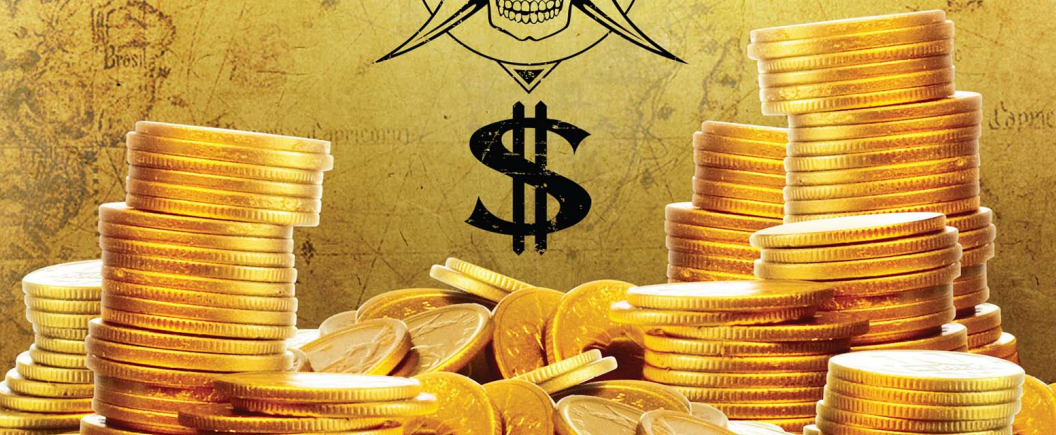


JOEY FEHRMAN

A Novel

PIRATES OF FINANCIAL FREEDOM



CHAPTER PREVIEWS

There is finally a way to master your finances while being entertained!

Pirates of Financial Freedom is a personal finance adventure novel for young adults and adults. Readers are entertained with plot twists, sword fights, interesting characters, treasure hunts, humor, and even a romance story while learning over 70 personal finance skills and concepts.

Topics include paying down debt quickly, budgeting tricks, investing in the stock market, spending guidelines, powerful money mindsets, retirement savings, securing a higher credit score, buying your first home, and much more. It all leads up to the exciting conclusion which delivers the most important lesson of all.

How is this different from other personal finance books? First, it is an adventure novel that also teaches finance, so it has entertainment at its core. Second, research shows that people learn best through stories, so these lessons are more memorable and easier to understand. Lastly, it focuses on taking action rather than just passive learning; the last chapter is dedicated to goal setting. Learn all the exciting details at POFFbook.com/details.

The following two chapters are excerpts from the book and will give you a taste of the material. Now get ready to experience a financial literacy adventure unlike any other!

PIRATES OF FINANCIAL FREEDOM

A Novel

JOEY FEHRMAN, CFA

LUDUS  MEDIA

CHAPTER FIVE

Joey ran outside. He felt the afternoon breeze and was relieved to be breathing fresh air again. He shielded his eyes from the sun as he looked for Owen. He saw the ocean washing up against the shore. He looked down the deserted beach dotted with palm trees. He finally saw Owen briskly walking inland toward the town. He ran to catch up. "What happened back there? What deadline are they talking about?"

"I don't want to talk about it," said Owen.

"I grabbed your sword for you." Joey held out the cutlass.

Owen snatched it from him and kept walking.

Sandy and Rusty caught up.

Joey asked Sandy, "Who were those guys?"

"They be two of the crew for Captain Goodman," said Sandy.

"Who is Captain Goodman?" asked Joey.

"The most ruthless pirate to have sailed the seas in many years, dealing death and destruction for no good reason," said Sandy. "Very few be surviving an encounter. Captain Goodman needs to be stopped."

"And I guess Owen doesn't like the crew?" asked Joey.

"Owen don't be likin' most people," said Rusty. "He often be letting his temper get the best of him. But I know what will cheer him up." He shouted to Owen, "Hey, Owen, let's take Giuseppe to the hat store and show him around."

Owen paused before answering, pondering the request. "I don't want to go."

“Oh, come on. He will enjoy seeing the greatest hat store of all time. Plus, he don’t be having a hat and doesn’t know how to pick one out, ain’t that right?”

“That’s right. I would have no idea how to pick out a proper pirate hat.” Joey preferred to skip the store and get back to the lessons. He didn’t want to spend too much time away from the office, but he was curious to see the store.

“See, Owen. Just go for a minute.”

Reluctantly, Owen agreed.

“I don’t be needing a new hat, so I’ll meet you all at the ship with the captain,” said Sandy. They said goodbye and she headed off.

They continued toward the hat shop. After a couple of minutes, they walked by a shop with a sign outside that read *Mr. Saylor’s Advanced Sailing School. Naval Warfare Training Fit for a Captain.*

“That shop looks interesting. I want to check it out,” said Joey.

“No,” said Owen hesitantly. “It not be worth the time.”

“It will just take a minute.” Joey walked to the door and the sign said *Open*. He walked inside.

Mr. Saylor was a heavy older man. He greeted Joey with a rough voice. “Welcome to me sailing school.”

“Thanks. I was just walking by with my friends and was intrigued by your shop. What lessons do you offer here?”

“Whatever a captain be needin’, we be offering. How can I help?”

Joey saw Owen’s head flash in front of the window as he peeked inside.

“Hold your sails,” said Mr. Saylor. “Do that be your friend?” He became angry. “I don’t be serving his kind. Get out of me shop!” Mr. Saylor ran to the door.

Owen was running away.

Mr. Saylor yelled to Owen, “And if I ever be seeing ye around here again, I’ll be grabbing me pistol!”

Joey wondered why he was so upset, but didn’t get a chance to ask. Mr. Saylor waved Joey out of the shop and slammed the door behind him. He turned the sign over for it to say *Closed*.



Joey, Owen, and Rusty arrived at the hat shop. It was a stylish shop with brick walls, wooden shelves, and an ornate black ceiling. They had a wide selection of hats, although Joey noticed that many styles were sold out and not re-stocked. The store also sold other items that appealed to pirates.

The salesperson behind the counter greeted them warmly. She was a Korean girl, about five and a half feet tall, with short black hair. Her nametag said *Hope* and she wore a green apron. "Welcome back, Owen," she said.

Owen ignored the greeting and went to the nearest rack. He examined the cut, look, and style of each hat. He tried on the various styles and looked in the mirror, turning from side to side, seeing if the hats fit well with his features. He looked back and forth between the hat and his outfit several times. He seemed at home in the shop.

Joey grabbed a hat and tried it on. He looked in the mirror, copying Owen's movements by turning side to side.

"No," said Owen. "That one be uglier than smashed fish guts thrown on top of a pile of puke. Try this one." He handed Joey a different hat.

Joey tried it on and agreed it looked a lot better.

Rusty grabbed a cart and began shopping. He first grabbed a rather expensive hat without trying it on. He walked to the clothing display, commented that he definitely needed a new outfit, and picked out a velvet crimson vest with matching breeches. The wall of rums from around the world caught his eye. He picked out the mango-flavored rum, then the passion fruit. He looked at the two bottles in his cart, back at the wall, then picked out even more bottles. His cart was filling up quickly and it seemed like he was just getting started.

Joey was surprised at how much Rusty was buying, without giving much thought to his purchases. Curious, Joey asked, "How are you going to pay for all this?"

Rusty smiled as he reached into his pocket. He pulled out a plastic card. "This be a magical device. The salesperson gave it to me last time I be here, and I saved 10% on me purchase. All I do is hand it to her, she swipes it, and I walk out with all me heart's desires."

Joey looked at the credit card and knew how dangerous it could be. "First of all, pirates should be swiping cutlass swords, not credit cards. Secondly, do you know that you have to pay that money back?"

"Of course I be knowing that."

"Do you have the money to pay it back?"

"Not at the moment. But we be expecting some good raids coming up, and that should give me plenty of treasure," Rusty said confidently.

Joey shook his head. He had seen this mistake many times. "That is a common mistake. You anticipate making more money in the future, so you spend like you have already made it. This is how non-wealthy people think."

"What be the problem with that?" Rusty asked.

"A few things. First, there's no guarantee that the extra income will ever become a reality. For landlubbers, bonuses are often smaller than they expect, people back out of commitments, that 'guaranteed' raise turns out not to be guaranteed, etc. For you, those raids may not happen, or they may not be as fruitful as you hope. Don't spend money until it is already in the bank."

"Aye, that happened to me before," Rusty agreed. "I went to a place that was supposed to have never ending treasure. I be digging through bags upon bags, but found nothing."

"What place was that?"

"I think it be called a landfill."

Joey cringed. He was consistently amazed by the things Rusty said. "You went digging through other people's garbage?"

"Aye, but don't you know the expression? 'One man's trash be another man's treasure.' So I dug through piles and piles of their trash, but I found no treasure. The only gold I be finding was some dry crusty gold flakes on some diapers."

Joey scrunched his nose at the thought. He tried to put the

image out of his mind. “Well, lesson learned, I guess. Anyway, the second reason is that it forms a bad habit. If you are always spending money you don’t have, once you get any extra money, you have to use it to pay for previous purchases. That makes earning extra money unsatisfying, and it also makes it difficult to build up your savings.”

“Is that why I don’t be having any treasure?” asked Rusty.

“That’s one reason, but I’m sure there are many more. Don’t spend like you’re already rich; wait for it to actually happen. Otherwise the debt and stress will pile up until it becomes overwhelming.”

Rusty now looked stressed. “What should I be doing about it?”

“I have seen people on this path many times before. Luckily for you, it is early enough where we can reverse it. I don’t want to see you end up in constant financial pain, or worse yet, bankrupt.”

Rusty frowned and his shoulders slumped. “I don’t be wantin’ to be bankrupt.”

“Then the first step is to spend less money than you earn.” Joey looked at the many bottles of rum in his cart. They came in different shaped bottles, were various shades of brown, and the labels all had a unique look.

Rusty followed his gaze. “You be wantin’ me to spend less on rum? I can’t live without rum, matey. I need it every day.”

Joey gave him a skeptical look. “You need breakfast every day, not rum.”

Rusty looked confused. “But if I stop buying rum, what am I supposed to put on me cereal in the morning?”

“Um, most people put milk on their cereal. You should try it.”

“Ah.”

“And I’m not saying you have to stop buying rum. Budgeting is about moderation, not elimination. If you want rum in your budget, then put rum in your budget.”

Rusty seemed happy he didn’t have to stop buying rum.

Joey saw Owen trying on another hat.

Owen whispered to himself, “Now this be a hat fit for a captain.” Owen took off the hat and cradled it in his arm like a pet. He walked over to Joey and Rusty. “What be going on here?”

Joey could see he was in a better mood. "I was just about to explain what a budget is."

"What be a budget?" asked Owen.

"It's where you plan ahead of time where your money is going to go."

"People do that?" Rusty seemed surprised by this idea.

"Yes. What do you spend your money on, Rusty?"

"Honestly, I don't know. It be frustrating too. I feel like I should be having more treasure."

"That's common. Many people have no idea what they spend their money on. In order to live below your means, you need to know where you are overspending. That's why keeping a budget is a good idea. It lets you figure out where your money is going, prevents you from over-spending, and most importantly, it makes sure that your biggest priorities are getting funded first."

"What do you be meanin' by that?" asked Owen. "My biggest priority's becoming a captain, the best captain the ocean has ever seen."

"Okay, I'm guessing you need a ship to be a captain?"

Owen nodded.

"Then each time you get a paycheck, you should budget to put aside a certain amount of money for a ship. Do it as soon as you get paid, since that prevents you from wasting your money on less important things. Unallocated money tends to burn a hole in your pocket."

"It does?" Rusty seemed scared and astonished. "It's a good thing I never be having money in me pocket!"

Joey smiled. "It doesn't actually burn a hole in your pocket. That is just an expression."

"Oh," said Rusty.

"What do your budget look like?" asked Owen.

"I actually don't keep a written budget every month."

"You don't?" asked Owen in surprise. "Why should we be taking your advice then?"

"Even though I don't keep a written budget every month, I can tell you where my money is going, and I never spend more than I

make. I don't think you should keep a budget forever, either."

"So I don't need a budget then?"

"No, that's not what I said. It is very important that you keep one for a while. Keep a written, detailed budget for at least a few months, until you know where your money is going and you're consistently living below your means. Being in control of your money rather than it being in control of you will make you a happier pirate."

"Aye." Owen nodded his head. He seemed to appreciate this wisdom. "What do you be spending your money on?"

"I spend my discretionary income on—"

"What be discretionary income?" interjected Owen.

"That's the money left over after paying for basic expenses like taxes, food, rent, and clothing. And four-star restaurants, luxury condos, and designer clothes don't count as basic necessities."

Rusty and Owen gave him a confused look.

"Those are things landlubbers enjoy. They will buy expensive clothing and call it a necessity since they have to wear clothing, but that is not correct."

"Do *Pirates of the Caribbean* action figures count as necessities?" asked Rusty.

"No," said Joey. "As for what I spend my discretionary income on, I buy investing courses, career books, instructional videos, I invest in my 401(k), and I give to charity."

Rusty waited for him to say more. "That's it?"

Joey tried to think of what else he spent his money on. Nothing came to mind. "Yup, that's about it."

"What about travel, restaurants, shows, partying, and buying things you want but don't need?"

Joey shook his head. "No, I don't want to waste my money on those things. It's important to save for retirement, consistently increase your income and net worth, and to always be learning and giving back."

"Aye, those be good things, matey. But don't you ever be having some fun?" asked Rusty.

"Fun? Fun isn't going to make me any money or make me any

smarter. Other people can have fun. I am trying to be successful.” Joey turned away and walked to another part of the store.

Rusty and Owen whispered about how they felt Joey was making a mistake, but they didn’t want to criticize their teacher. He was free to spend, or not spend, his money in whatever way he wanted.

CHAPTER SIX

Owen showed Joey how to pick out a stylish pirate hat. He explained how to pick a hat based on the shape of his face and the colors of his outfit. Joey tried on a brown tri-cornered hat that everyone liked.

“That one be looking good,” said Owen. “You should buy it.”

“No, I don’t need it. I only buy necessities,” Joey reminded him.

“Aye,” Owen said as he lowered his head. He walked over to the spices shelf. It had a dozen different spices on display, each one finely-ground in its own bowl. He reached for the spoon in the garlic powder bowl. He mixed the white powder around, watching the individual crystals fall from the spoon. He enjoyed the scent. He put the spoon back and went to the cinnamon bowl. He smiled as he brought the spice to his nose and smelled its aroma. He did the same with the rosemary.

“Are you a cooking fan?” asked Joey.

“Aye. When you’re on the ocean for days at a time, good spices can add a lot to bland food.” Owen walked to the register to buy the hat he was holding.

Hope smiled at him as he approached the counter. “How have you been, Owen?”

“Fine, thanks.”

“You only need one hat today?”

Owen glanced at Joey then turned back to the clerk. “Aye.” He reached in his pouch and pulled out a few doubloons. He looked at the hat, back at Joey, and back at the clerk. “Actually, I be having

enough hats. I don't be needing this one today." He pushed the hat away.

"Really?" she asked, surprised. "That's the first time I've ever seen you say no to a hat!"

Owen scratched his neck. "Aye." He walked away from the counter.

Rusty brought over his cart to check out. It was much less full than before. After talking to Joey, he had taken the time to decide what he needed versus what he just wanted. After thinking about some of the items he had picked, he realized he didn't even want some of them. They were impulse buys that he would have regretted later.

Hope greeted Rusty and asked, "Did you find everything you wanted today, sir?"

"Aye, more than I needed," said Rusty with a laugh.

She rang up his items. "Your total is fifty-seven doubloons. Would you like to donate some money to the local homeless shelter?"

"Naw," said Rusty as he shook his head. "I don't be having no treasure to donate yet. If I ever be finding Duarte's map I'll be sure to donate though," he laughed.

"Ha, good luck with that," said Joey. "If you want to waste half your life searching for a fairy tale, go right ahead."

"You be knowing about Duarte's map?" asked Rusty.

"Of course. The great Captain Duarte," Joey said with sarcasm. "How he accumulated more gold, silver, and treasure than any other pirate this century. How there is a map that leads to a fortune almost as big as the buried treasure of Blackbeard. How there is a mystical riddle that gives clues to its location. Blah, blah, blah. I hate that map and I hate that legend." He was becoming angry. "Do you know why?"

Rusty shook his head.

"Because none of it's true," Joey said, slamming his fist on the counter. "I love gold and hidden treasure as much as you. But the whole thing is a myth and I won't have anything to do with it. The captain spent decades trying to find that riddle, and it ruined our

relationship. Luckily he's come to his senses and is done with that now. That's the only reason I came back, because he agreed to stop looking for it."

Rusty and Owen looked at each other. Owen began to speak but stopped himself.

"Aye," said Rusty, not sure what else to say.

"Now let's get back to more important issues, such as your charity comment. How much did you spend today?" asked Joey.

"Fifty-seven doubloons."

"And you can't spare one or two doubloons for charity?"

Rusty thought about this. "But I be wanting to make a big difference when I donate. One or two doubloons ain't gonna do much, matey."

"One or two doubloons might be able to feed a starving child for a whole day. You just don't know. Some charities get businesses and others to match your donation, so your doubloons could go farther than you think. Giving to charity may not make you richer, but it will give you a richer life."

Rusty said, "I be too young to give to charity."

"You're never too young to donate. When I was a kid, my allowance went into three jars: one for saving, one for spending, and one for giving away. I believe that the way you act now with small amounts of money will be the same way you act when you have large amounts of money. It is important to get into the habit as early as you can, even if it is just donating a dollar per month."

"He be right," said Owen. "I be giving to charity all the time."

This surprised Joey. "That's good to hear, Owen. I'm proud of you. Do you get an inner satisfaction when helping those less fortunate in your community?"

Owen chuckled. "No, me hearty. That's not why I be donating. I be a selfish pirate. I care about me treasure chest filling up faster, and giving to charity helps with that."

Joey looked disgusted.

Owen continued, "Everybody knows the more ye give, the more ye get. There be some mystical force when you be giving away treasure. Treasure goes out one door and more treasure comes in

another door. I think the secret to being rich be simple: give more and more will come back to yar."

This kind of talk angered Joey. He took a deep breath and tried to speak calmly. "While there is truth to that, that's the wrong way to look at charitable giving." He thought for a second. "Owen, there must be one cause you are passionate about."

"Aye, there be one cause."

"What's that?"

"Times be tough for a lot of pirates, and many of them can't afford any rum. That's why I be supporting the AARP."

Joey definitely didn't expect this answer. "You support The American Association of Retired Persons?"

"What be that? No, The Alliance Against Rum-less Pirates. The fact that there are pirates sailing out on the high seas without any rum be a devastation and must be stopped."

"Right, thanks for sharing." Joey turned back to Rusty, staring silently.

"Argh. You be right." Rusty gave three doubloons to the charity fund at the register.

Hope smiled. "Thank you."

They started to leave the store. As he walked toward the entrance, Joey heard someone sobbing in the back room. He walked to the noise and opened the door. On the floor, he saw a girl there crying. She was wearing a green apron, and her nametag said *Misty*. He rushed over and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Oh nothing," she said. "I'm fine."

Hope came running over. "What's wrong?" She sat down next to Misty and brushed through her hair.

"Oh nothing," Misty said. "I just be hearing you all talk about money, and it makes me sad."

"Why's that?" asked Joey.

"Because I'm twenty-seven years old, and I'm a college graduate. I wanted to be so much more successful by now. But my money problems keep getting worse, not better. It seems like nothing is ever going to change. It's hopeless."

"Whoa, hold on there," said Joey. "I know a lot about finance.

In fact I have been teaching personal finance lessons all day. Maybe the lessons can help you too.”

“I doubt it. I live paycheck to paycheck. They wouldn’t apply to me.”

Joey shook his head. “That’s not true at all. These lessons apply to everyone.”

Rusty and Owen came in to look at what was going on.

Misty lowered her head. “Financial lessons are just theoretical; they don’t actually help anyone in the real world.”

“That comment would come as a shock to a lot of people. There are hundreds of ordinary people who blog about how they went from living paycheck to paycheck to being financially free.”

She dabbed her eyes with a tissue. “Really? What do they say?”

“They all have their own stories and I encourage you to look them up. But in general, they followed the same five steps.”

Her eyes lit up with interest. “Can you tell me the steps?”

UPCOMING CHAPTERS

Hopefully you enjoyed this preview of the first personal finance adventure novel for young adults and adults. Feel free to share this excerpt with others who could benefit from it.

Many lessons await the characters in the rest of the book, all building up to the exciting conclusion. Over seventy topics are covered. These include:

- Become debt-free faster without needing extra income
- Set up your accounts to become wealthy automatically
- Step-by-step instructions to improve your credit score
- The optimal investments for your 401(k)
- Harness your finances to blow money on things you want
- Save money on your mortgage and pay it off in less time
- And the ultimate lesson of all

In addition, there is a free bonus chapter that reveals a goal-setting system which can bring you the thriving life of financial success you deserve.

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Joey Fehrman, CFA, is an Ivy League graduate with over seven years experience in finance. He has managed millions of dollars for wealthy families and institutions for two large wealth management teams at top-tier investment banks. While there, he managed portfolios, provided financial advice, and developed profitable investment strategies. He studied for years to become a Chartered Financial Analyst charterholder, the gold-standard designation in the finance industry.

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Learn more at POFFbook.com/details

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READER'S NOTES

An entertaining way to master life-changing personal finance skills, great for those in their teens and twenties

With his back against the wall, Captain Dailey is forced to make a deal that's against every pirate bone in his body. In return, his son must save the crew from their financial problems before it is too late.

In between gun fights, kidnappings, a blossoming romance, humorous pirate-isms, mythical beasts, and a long-lost treasure so extraordinary that it threatens to tear the crew apart, they must master:

- Paying down debt quickly
- Budgeting effectively
- Effortlessly saving for retirement
- Prudent spending habits
- Securing a higher credit score
- Buying a first home
- Investing in the stock market
- Achieving powerful money mindsets
- And much, much more

*Apply these powerful lessons in your life
right now and take control of your
financial destiny!*



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