

(Excerpt from Chapter 4 The Elites)

*Bachelor of Baca Raton–The Stud*

In every bar across America, you will find the cocky barfly, the everlasting bachelor, with a history of legendary performance. The stud is more than likely all talk and never gets laid, but who has the evidence to dispute his claims? Since his home seems to be the bar instead of a bedroom, it's easy to believe his stories.

Transfer that same character into the lunchrooms of corporate America, where he becomes the know-it-all of stock picks that paid a 200% return in 30 days.

These Studs insinuate they were “smart” enough to get in on a high flyer at the very beginning, and of course cashed out their jackpot at the peak, right before it crashed. If that were true, pure luck was the more probable cause. You never know because their scorecard isn't posted. You never hear about the entry points or the trades they lost. There are no notches on the office wall.

A sub-category of the Studs are the Blabbers. They watch the news and check the market every day. They sling the lingo, they know the terms. You'll hear them throw out the symbol of a high-running stock as if they knew about it all along. They see themselves as movers and shakers, moneymen, talking about action and big money. Yet they're the first to cut off a discussion about what's really behind the market's moves, which may not be about stocks at all.

They blab at lunch, blab at gatherings. They get adrenaline rushes talking about the market. Stimulated from the action, they strut around the room as though they just satisfied a 25-year-old hottie worthy of an episode in *Sex and the City*.

Too often, I come home from a dinner party exhausted after listening to these guys pontificate about the markets. I want to beg my spouse's employer to regulate the market talk at lunch so I can keep my sanity.

Each tries to outsmart the other, throwing out his take on the market's recent moves or one-upping the other guy's story with a stock pick that jumped even higher and faster. Where do they get their information? I suspect their "insiders' scoop" comes from the Yahoo/Finance message boards they constantly check between meetings.

No one knows when or if they actually bought or sold their hot stock. The small print, the fine details are usually missing from these stories as the men nudge each other like football players on the field after a touchdown. At home, they blame their wives, their accountants and brokers, for missing those hits the other guys at work found. What's funny is that they actually seem to believe each other's tales about their performance.

"What's wrong with you? Why am I not making returns like my buddy at work? Fire the accountant, change brokers. We're taking control of this ourselves."

"We're missing out, when everyone else is playing the big game. Tim says he's making a shitload of money, and we aren't making jack." (I always found it interesting that this same Tim person keeps working at the same job and driving the same car.)

Once in awhile, when divorce time comes, these guys are exposed for who they are—fakes and frauds. Wives find out they have nothing to split, the kitty is empty, and the house has no equity. Following the money trail, expecting to find money-laundered to a secret overseas account, instead she finds the Guru of stock trading blew their wad.