

A Little Story

An American businessman was at the open air market of a small, rural Mexican village when he saw a man behind a counter selling several dozen beautiful casaba melons. He bought a slice from the farmer selling the melons and began to eat. It was the best melon he had ever had. The American complimented the Mexican on the quality of his beautiful melons and asked how much work it took to grow them and bring them to the market.

The Mexican replied, "Only a little bit of work, señor."

The American then asked, "Why don't you work longer and grow more melons?"

The Mexican said he had enough produce and cash income to support his family's immediate needs.

The American then asked, "But what do you do with the rest of your time?"

The Mexican farmer said, "I sleep late, go for walks, play with my children, take siesta with my wife, Maria, stroll into the village each evening where I sip wine and play guitar with my amigos. I have a full and busy life, señor."

The American scoffed, "I am a Harvard MBA and could help you. You should spend more time growing these wonderful melons and with the proceeds, buy more land and a bigger tractor. With the proceeds from the increased melon crop you could buy even more land and more tractors, and eventually you would have a huge business. Instead of selling your produce at this little market you would sell many truckloads of produce directly to a large processor, eventually opening your own processing plant. You would control the product, processing and distribution. You would need to leave this small farming village and move to Mexico City, then LA and eventually NYC where you will run your expanding enterprise."

The Mexican farmer asked, "But señor, how long will this all take?"

To which the American replied, "15-20 years."

"But what then, señor?"

The American laughed and said, "That's the best part. When the time is right you would announce an IPO and sell your company stock to the public and become very rich, you would make millions."

"Millions, señor? Then what?"

The American said, "Then you would retire. Move to a small rural village where you would sleep late, go for walks, play with your kids, take siesta with your wife, stroll to the village in the evenings where you could sip wine and play your guitar with your amigos."

This story was circulated on the internet and the author is not known.