

How A Fountain of Spit Taught Me Why AdSense Templates Don't Work!

The sign on the door said AAA. This had to be it. I inched the door open and was instantly overcome by a tsunami sound wave of chanting: YES SIR! ADCENT FIXMASTER SIR! YES SIR! ADCENT FIXMASTER SIR! Whoa! What had I gotten myself into? What was this, some kinda cult? Alright I'll admit it. I'm an addict--an AdSense junkie! But it was counseling I needed not some nutters' army! I tried to ease my way out without being noticed, but too late, the bald dude on the podium noticed me. He beckoned me forward with a flick of his hand. I approached cautiously and started up the steps but he practically shoved me back. I could see why, he couldn't have been an inch over five foot; I'd tower over him if we stood side by side--not the best situation if you're trying to be an effective commanding officer. Commanding officer--huh? I guess the atmosphere was contagious. "NAME?" he bellowed. "Marc Ting," I replied somewhat timidly. "SAY WHAT?" he barked showering me with a fine mist spray of spittle. "MARC K. TING, SIR!" I shot back. But apparently that was not good enough. He glared at me as his face chameleoned through various shades of red before settling on a beetroot hue. For a second there I thought he was about to smack me. I guess the same thought must have crossed his mind because he abruptly turned his attention to the rest of the troop. "YOU!" he growled to some skinny pimple-faced kid who had ADDICT written all over, "NAME!" "OTTO RHEES-PONDAR, ADCENT FIXMASTER SIR!" pimple-face shouted back with rank precision; looked like normal speech was frowned upon in this neck of the woods. The Fixmaster turned back to me. The look on his face left no doubt; I'd better get it right this time round or else. I did! But that didn't stop him from laying into me anyway. "WE HAVE TWO KINDS OF ADSENSE ADDICTS HERE" he boomed while pacing the podium, "THOSE WHO ONCE MADE A FORTUNE FROM ADSENSE AND THE LOSERS WHO NEVER DID!" He paused to catch his breath which was okay by me; the fine mist spray of spittle had long since turned into a cascading waterfall of spit that somehow seemed to land nowhere else but my forehead. Thus for the first time in my life I was grateful for the grotesquely bushy eyebrows the powers-that-be felt compelled to bestow upon me from the moment I was born. "Tell me son" the Fixmaster continued, "When did you first start your AdSense endeavors?" I wasn't sure what was more disconcerting; the fact that he called me son or the fact that he was talking normally. "JANUARY 2006 ADCENT FIXMASTER SIR!" I hollered back, as loud as the best of them. "AS I THOUGHT! WE GOT OURSELVES A GEN-U-WINE ADSENSE LOSER" he spat with obvious contempt and disdain. "I BETCHA TWEAKED, FIDDLED, ADJUSTED AND TRIMMED TILL YOUR FINGERS WERE RAW TO THE BONE, BUT YOU NEVER MADE MORE THAN NICKEL AND CENTS. AIN'T THAT RIGHT LOSER?" Evidently I no longer qualified as son anymore but I couldn't have cared less. He was right though; I never did make anything more than nickel and dimes from Google AdSense despite faithfully following every instruction from the plethora of expensive AdSense courses I had bought. In fact things had gotten so bad, that at one point my girlfriend started getting jealous of the computer. Imagine that--jealous of a computer! Anyway I suppose it must have been the sum of the past year's AdSense frustrations; my girlfriend almost dumping me; not to mention being publicly berated and humiliated by a five-foot tyrant that made my eyes suddenly well up. Apparently the Fixmaster must have noticed because just like that he stopped his tirade. I guess nothing quite kills troop morale as a grown man blubbing for no apparent good reason. From that point onwards the meeting was less boot camp and more group therapy. The Fixmaster confided that he used to make a ton of money from AdSense but had committed the cardinal sin of spending it just as fast as he made it! Like so many others he thought the AdSense party would never end. But end it did! And when that happened he lost a heck of a lot more than just his AdSense mega-revenue. He lost his wife, his kids, his expensive cars, his two houses and his identity. So he decided it was only fitting to lose the AdSense guru moniker too and start a new chapter of his life. One of counseling AdSense lost souls like those of us gathered at the weekly AdSense Addicts Anonymous meetings, as well as educate newbie marketers of the dangers of exploitative "AdSense gurus" who made their AdSense money these days by capitalizing on the newbie's lack of knowledge. Here's what he had to say: 1. So-called AdSense gurus only sell their eBooks or software after Google has nullified their systems. 2. AdSense gurus did not make their money the way they tell it in their eBooks. 3. AdSense Pre-optimized templates simply cannot work because of the changes that Google made to its AdSense algorithm and is continually improving upon. 4. Anybody who bought an AdSense eCourse or eBook after October 2005 was doomed to fail no matter if they followed the instructions faithfully and exactly. 5. The common sense kicker: why would AdSense gurus let you in on their mega-revenue generating system while it still worked! 6. AdSense gurus these days make their money by selling their bogus AdSense products to the unwary. 7. If you look carefully you'll notice almost all AdSense revenue screenshots are from 2005 not 2006!

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