

# Secret codes: An AI story

Secret codewords can be a good thing.

I love secret codes.

And secret passwords.

I wrote one for myself once when I was a teenager, on a note I carried in my wallet.

It said: The Mists Of Avalon.

I've been using that one for over ten years now.

You know, if I really wanted to give someone my secret code, and I didn't feel like telling them, I'd say it like this: I've got a special code I. I don't want to talk about it.

I've got a special code.

Remember that one.

You'll get it later.

Me, I'm glad she's learned to trust the whole team.

It makes all of us feel better.

Have I ever given you the impression that we see absolutely no danger in the weeds in our garden?

Yeah, I know, it's hard to imagine.

But this morning it was time for a walk with my four - year - old son.

He loves this walk, but this morning I felt different.

Like it was time for a warning.

A warning for him and me and his brother.

And it started with the weeds, of course.

I've just read him a book, and it's time to go.

Hidden codewords can be dangerous things.

He rushed up the driveway ahead of me.

No waiting for me.

I heard his feet racing up the incline to the top of the driveway, and then it was gone.

I imagined the little guy darting through the weeds, pretending to be a dragon, chewing a worm, listening to his big brother, who is not so lucky, calling for him and looking all around.

I started to go down the driveway, alone.

When I got to the top, I saw his sandals and my rubber shoes, sticking out of the tops of the weeds.

Oh, no.

I decided to risk it.

I reached down for him.

And he scrambled out of the weeds with his back to me.

I heard the mommy scream from inside my head.

Posted by

Isn't it cool?

I like these numbers.

Numbers I think might be fairly close to our market numbers.

I remember reading numbers like these when I was new to home lending.

Remember?

I think if we put a decent offer on a house, and did our best to make it happen, we could make it a secret.

You know, if we worked for a secret organization, there'd be a wing in the basement devoted to classified information.

We'd have to wear special shoes and we'd have a wall where all the classified information would be recorded.

I'd love to see the wall.

And probably some kind of secret password.

"This password is made from the bones of a walrus."

That could be good.

I'd tell you more about my plan for how I would do this, but it's classified.

Suffice it to say that I've got one, and I'm going to be announcing it soon.

Keep checking.

In case you haven't noticed, the floor on the post for "Passive Income" is getting crowded.

I started a "Holly" blog today.

I told you about Holly last month, but I haven't told you much more about her. She is a secret code for a password that I use when I'm negotiating a deal.

What does a Holly password look like?

I won't say.

I'll just tell you to look for her in the comments.

Today I'll tell you a little bit more about how I made the Holly password, and how Holly came to be.

When I did research into and wrote the book "The Secret to Financial Freedom", I had a lot of great sources to draw on for facts and advice.

One of the people I was drawn to the most was William Goldman, who wrote many of the books on which the movies Goldman Sachs was based.

I asked him some questions about the market I'd just discovered, and about the things that I liked in a home.

Then I made up a special password.

And I put it on all my correspondence, including my letters to people I would be looking to do business with, like mortgage brokers.

I made a copy of that special password and posted it in my office bathroom.