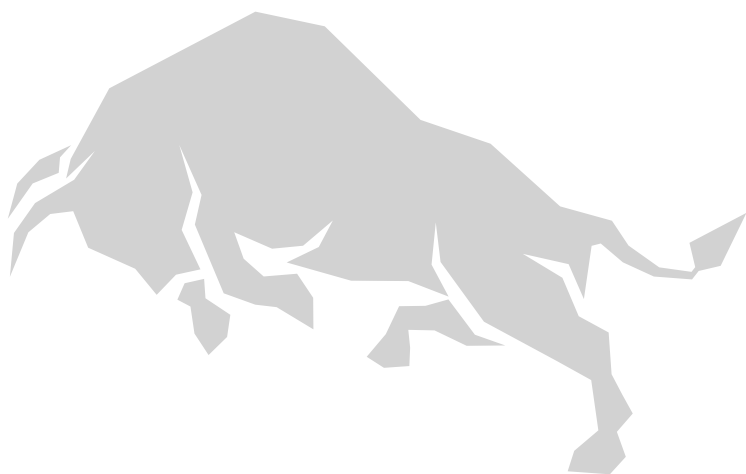
A portrait of Milton 'Todd' Ault III, a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark suit jacket over a dark shirt. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a dark, textured brown.

THE SEVEN RULES
FOR BUILDING
A BILLION
DOLLAR CAREER
IN BUSINESS

RISK ON!

Activist Investor, Wall Street Veteran, CEO,
Speaker and Entrepreneur

MILTON "TODD" AULT III



Take it from me: this guy Milton “Todd” Ault III is the real deal. I’ve worked on Wall Street and the DC beltway for decades now, and I’ve seen my fair share of bluster from businessmen and Wall Street wannabes. Todd Ault is anything but. He’s a seasoned and savvy businessman who started as a Hud Housing latchkey kid and built himself into a billion-dollar enterprise from the ground up. Todd took the “underdog” hand life dealt him and parlayed his gut instinct into becoming a significant shareholder in just about every industry out there, from real estate and cryptocurrency to pharmaceuticals and finance. He has a keen eye for recognizing value, opportunity, and great people, which is why his holding company is so diverse, including everything from cultured diamonds to a karaoke company, not to mention a biotech firm working on a treatment and vaccine for Alzheimer’s.

The guy is a tireless and fearless investor, who understands that relationships and people are as valuable as the numbers on a balance sheet. This is the true story of one man who learned as much from his mistakes as he did from his successes and who wants to pass on that wisdom to the reader. If you’re serious about investing, being an entrepreneur, and learning how to succeed in business—or in life, for that matter—read my friend Todd’s book. You’ll be glad you did.

—*Anthony Scaramucci*

New York, New York, October 1, 2022

RISK ON!

THE SEVEN RULES FOR BUILDING A BILLION
DOLLAR CAREER IN BUSINESS

MILTON "TODD" AULT III





Ault Alliance, Inc.

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INTRODUCTION:

Risk On!

JUNE 15, 2021

I rolled into the office at the ass crack of dawn, which anyone who works at Ault and Company can tell you isn't my normal thing. But nothing about that day was supposed to be normal. Alzamend Neuro, the biotech I dreamed up, then founded five years prior, would have its initial public offering in little more than two hours. When its stock hit the Nasdaq under the ticker ALZN, I would finally know what Wall Street thought of my firm's industry-bending, multimillion-dollar investment to find the first significant Alzheimer's treatment in more than a century.

I hustled to the elevator and punched floor two. Upstairs, the doors opened to silence. Usually, Ault and Company's Las Vegas headquarters sounded like a Wall Street bullpen. All day long, people busted in raving about a blockbuster partnership or ranting about the latest clusterfuck. Who am I kidding? Those "people" were me.

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I live to make deals, and I'd been busy. As of that morning, Ault and Company held eleven companies with more than \$350 million of assets. A big jump up from the \$3 million my holding company controlled when we opened shop. Our explosive growth came from my ability to find undervalued companies and disruptive technologies before anyone else sniffed a whiff of their value. I had my fingerprints all over environmentally friendly textile manufacturers, digital manufacturing tech, aerospace contractors, and sprawling real estate ventures. I'd even acquired a position in a luxury hotel on Greenwich Street in New York City.

Even with the air conditioning winning the battle against the desert summer, my palms were sweating. I hadn't slept in two days. Years of my life had gone into this moment. Hundreds of millions of dollars would be made or lost before lunch. Those who had an ax to grind with Todd Ault, and there were many, would be vindicated or forced to kiss my globally disruptive ass.

I'd seen my share of IPOs, but this time more than money was on the line. This IPO was personal. My father Milton "Chuck" Ault Jr. was in the final stages of his fight with Alzheimer's, a battle I knew was unwinnable with current medical science. He lived in the best care facility money could buy, but he couldn't remember my name. Talk about a kick to the stomach. My mother-in-law had died from the disease. Genetics can increase the risk for Alzheimer's. That's the kind of risk I hate. What if it came for my wife, Kristy, and our kids?

I don't scare easily, but I also don't run from a fight; so I did something about it. I went full Risk On.

Risk-on is a Wall Street term for when traders and investors take on risk. The Todd Ault version of Risk On is having the vision to create new businesses and being willing to take greater than normal risks to accomplish your goals. It's having the guts

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to take tough but necessary risks that have the potential to blast you into the stratosphere. Being full Risk On means you spot an opportunity that no one else sees and pursue it to the ends of the earth.

In August 2015, I was watching a Sanjay Gupta special on CNN when an interview grabbed my attention. Dr. Chuanhai Cao, PhD, Medical Microbiology, PhD Biostatistics and Epidemiology from Tianjin medical University (1996,1993 respectively), was speaking about the advancements his team had been making at the University of South Florida's Health Byrd Alzheimer's Institute. Cao was using cannabinoids and other forward-looking treatment methods that had real potential. He had real skin in the game too. His mother had Alzheimer's.

When a Risk On moment hits, you can feel it in your bones. It's a euphoria stronger than any drug. In a flash, you see years into the future with a clarity so vivid you no longer have a choice. It's a calling. You have to take action.

So I called Cao. After I'd run through my credentials and convinced him I wasn't crazy, he asked, "What can I do for you Mr. Ault?"

I said, "Let's try to cure Alzheimer's together."

During our call, Cao invited me to tour the USF research laboratory. I agreed to meet with him in South Florida and build a business around their findings if I liked what I saw. But I had one small problem. I had zero money. Back in 2015, my holding company had just started acquiring assets, and my personal funds were, let's say, limited. So I called my old friend and mentor Steven Caspi, a real estate mogul. We'd done deals together for twenty years. I'd take a bullet for that man. He believed in my vision enough to lend me \$5,000. Just enough to kickstart my new venture. My new upstart biotech had its first investor.

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That December, I hopped on a flight down to Tampa. Cao and his fellow researchers walked me through their facility, describing how they were attempting to develop a vaccine for Alzheimer's that, in theory, would take advantage of the body's existing immune system and that had the potential to be used as both a preventive and therapeutic treatment. They saw this vaccine working in real human beings. What they were manifesting in their labs had the potential to not only save lives but change the course of medicine. Then we talked numbers. To get things up and running, I would need to raise \$5 million. Which meant I was only \$4,995,000 short. Given the cost of the plane ticket and hotel, let's call it five million even.

Raising capital is always easier said than done. Especially for someone who at the time was being viewed by the regulatory snots on Wall Street with suspicion. I motored through my Rolodex. Most investors wanted no part of it. "There have been no new Alzheimer's drugs in a decade," they told me. "That's the whole point," I shot back. But others could see my fire. And when I'm in Risk On mode, you better get on board or get the hell out of the way. Within six months, I'd gotten commitments for \$1 million. That got us started. A year later, in August 2017, I raised another \$4.195 million through Spartan Capital, and Alzamend Neuro had enough to move toward clinical trials.

In May 2018, USF told me they had another drug in development that they believed would become "their Gatorade," meaning they thought it could generate hundreds of millions in royalties, as the University of Florida's drink has. It was an improved lithium formulation that might slow the pace of brain cell degeneration. It would be the biggest breakthrough they'd ever worked on. The university staff had been so impressed by my talent for raising investment capital, that they offered Alzamend Neuro its

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license. Together we created the name LiProSal to brand and market the new drug.

I have to slam on the brakes for a minute. Of course, I was aware of the financial potential. But the dream, the come-hell-or-high-water dedication, was motivated by one deeply gut-wrenching desire: to get a shot on goal against Alzheimer's. I wanted one opportunity to get a drug with real potential into patients.

What was then known as LiProSal is currently in phase two clinical testing under the FDA designation AL001. Even when funds were almost nonexistent, I poured millions into developing AL001 and its sister drug AL002, the potentially novel Alzheimer's vaccine. That took five tough years. Five years of grinding it out, shitcanning mojo-draining opinions, and staying my own course. Five years of making sure the right team was in place. Five years of pouring millions into a dream some of the "smartest" people on Wall Street said I couldn't achieve.

And that morning in June, five years of Risking On work would be judged by the market. By 7:00 a.m., twenty-five colleagues, friends, and family filled the office. ALZN's offering price was set at \$5. In my dreams (when I dared to) I hoped the stock would trade closer to \$10. If that happened, my father would be a multimillionaire. Dad was a roofer who never made more than \$35,000 in a year. I had wanted to be able to tell him that he was set for life, free and clear. And I had wanted that to mean something to him. Alzheimer's robbed me of that. But it didn't stop me dreaming. This IPO was a chance for the battle against Alzheimer's to finally receive some desperately needed hope. It was an opportunity for meaningful progress. It was a kept promise to my wife and daughter.

A giant monitor in the middle of the office broadcast a live trading feed. At 7:25 a.m., everyone gathered around to watch.

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I stood next to Kristy, who held my sweaty palm. Two minutes to go. Sixty seconds. Thirty seconds. Three. Two. One



Risking On drives my life—literally, it's the vanity plate on my Mercedes. I've been taking calculated risks on Wall Street for more than thirty years. I started as low as you can go at an entry-level sales job at a pet store and ended up managing nearly half a billion dollars' worth of assets. I got to where I am now by taking big chances in a systematic way and reaping the rewards. Risking On is when you know you are on the right road; but it still feels dangerous. That's the moment I live for.

I've been called a bull in the china shop of traditional financial wisdom. Thanks for the compliment. I don't look for conflict, but if someone comes at me, or a deal, sideways, they had better strap in for a dog fight. If your goal is to whip billion-dollar industries with their own switch, you can't shy away from doing combat. Sometimes glass gets broken, but I always sweep up the mess. Ask anyone who has worked with me long term: they've always made money.

Listen, I know there are a million financial advice books out there. Books that tell you to make your bed every day. Books written by guys wearing polka-dot bow ties lecturing you to invest conservatively. Books that explain what they teach at Harvard Business School. I'm sure some of those books are great. So go read them. And when you find yourself using their pages to wipe your ass, come back to me. You won't be bored reading this book, I can guaran-fucking-tee that. You may cringe at my mistakes.

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You may say to yourself, “No way in hell he just said that.” But boredom? Never. And you’ll learn how the financial world really operates.

That world needs someone like me. I don’t care what they teach at Harvard Business School. I never set foot there, or in any Ivy League college. I cold-called my way into my first job at a brokerage firm. I put hair on my chest hammering the phones in the bullpen.

After three decades of Risking On, I’ve learned a thing or two. Seven things, actually. Seven simple rules for success. Together, they form the acronym RISK ON! and will enable you to take the right risks that can change your life.

RELATIONSHIPS ARE VITAL

- The right relationship can save your ass when you’re nearly toast. As you’ll see in this book, that’s happened to me more than once. The wrong relationship can torpedo what seemed like an airtight deal. It can bring a company to its knees. Vet your business relationships like those people want to date your daughter.
- Verify (trust is optional). Take note when they show you who they are—because that’s who they are.
- Surround yourself with people who understand taking risks. If your wife or business partner’s style is to play it safe, you’ll always be second-guessing yourself. You need to be able to Risk On guilt free. With confidence.
- My lawyer once told me: “Todd, you don’t leave bodies behind.” And neither should you. Be honest. Be fair. *Especially* if things are going well. Success will piss people off

Risk On!

more than you can imagine. You're going to need the relationships you made on the way up when things get rough. (And it will get rough.)

INVEST IN YOURSELF

- In business there are only three ways to make money; leverage people, time and money. Learn to leverage all three and you'll be a rock star.
- But success always starts with you leveraging *you!* Your vision and talent.
- Discover your why: the driving force behind your career.
- You can easily lose your ass along the way. So you may as well get used to the fact that no one is going to save it for you. You must become a self-ass-saving expert. No online course or Instagram clip is going to teach you how to become motivated. They might provide some tools, but at the end of the day you either want it bad enough, or you don't.
- Always, always grow. Then grow some more. If you don't grow, you die. It's true in business and in life.

STAY ON YOUR OWN PATH

- You will suffer more unsolicited, uninformed opinions on your way to success than Vegas has slot machines. If those self-righteous vampires drain your mojo for even a nanosecond, shitcan them.
- Experience is something you gain two seconds after you

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needed it, so it's healthy to seek out the opinions of people who have been where you plan to go. But after you've heard them out *stay on your own path*. You'll discover an internal compass that will always point toward your true goal.

- When you stay on your own path, the lessons you'll learn are more valuable because you've learned them firsthand. You don't have to take someone else's word for it.
- If you only follow someone else's opinion, you'll end up very disappointed. With your career. With your relationships. Most importantly, with yourself.

KNOW YOUR COMPETITION BETTER THAN THEY KNOW THEMSELVES

- So you've decided to be an entrepreneur. Welcome to the arena. You are now competing against business gladiators. If you're not prepared, your blood will be on their swords.
- Some competitors will have more resources than you. Some better connections. But advantages can become a weakness. Resources may come with strings attached. Political obligations may slow a deal down. By knowing their strengths, you can be nimbler and counter with disruptive thinking.
- Be curious! Never face any potential enemy without first studying their patterns. Patterns make them predictable. Predictability makes them vulnerable. They might not even recognize their own weaknesses. But you will. To do so, gather huge amounts of data so you can be ready with a strategy they don't see coming.

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- When facing stiff competition, you need to know your own strengths and weaknesses equally well. Playing a personal strength against a competitor's weak spot may give you the edge you need. But if you're not aware of chinks in your own armor, you might make a mistake that leaves you bloody.

OWN YOUR MISTAKES (and Try Not to Make Them Again)

- If you're not making mistakes, you're not taking on enough risk. Screwing up is a sign that you're busting out of your comfort zone. You *need* to fail to succeed. I could blather on quoting Thomas Edison clichés, but I won't. Just get out there, get bloody, and get on with it.
- You have to be *willing* to confront your mistakes. That can be more complicated than it sounds. You must own your own shit. Really own it, or you'll make those same mistakes again and again. Take a hard look at yourself, at how you got there. Admit where you went wrong. Say it with me: *I fucked up. No one else. Me.* Tricky at first. But don't worry; it never gets easier.
- Learn from your mistakes. And learn from mine too, as I'll go into.
- Fuck up often. The faster you fail, the faster you'll figure it out.

NEVER EVER GIVE UP

- You *will* have failures. That doesn't make *you* a failure. Same as my failures, which I'll share so you can learn from those too. They didn't make me a failure. Only throwing in the towel does that.
- Don't look at highly successful people and think, *I could never become that person*. It's no big secret that they fail too. Maybe more than you. A lot more. You want to know what the real difference between highly successful people and you is? Not. One. Fucking. Thing. Winners never, *ever* give up. End of story.
- Failure isn't forever. Giving up when you're down and out is as stupid as buying high and selling low. Giving up is a permanent solution to a temporary problem. It's sure as hell not a business strategy. Keep Risking On, and your stock will rise.

! MAKE A BANG!

- A well-executed Risk On play ends with a huge dividends *bang!* In this book, I'll take you through a few of the big bangs in my career. Chapter by chapter, you'll see how calculated risks can lead to making the world kiss your newly disruptive ass.
- A bang is more than a moment. It's a mindset. If you follow me on Instagram or Twitter, you know my style: bull headed, sometimes inappropriate, with a big fat smile on

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my face. I enjoy the hell out of making deals. In fact, it's all I really like to do.

- Risking On means you're living *your* dream instead of helping other entrepreneurs live theirs. Act like it. Enjoy the freedom.

Back when I was just starting my thirty-plus years on Wall Street, I had to learn these lessons the hard way. Very few investment veterans were willing to help out an FNG (fucking new guy). You, on the other hand, have me. So you won't have to put up with as much bullshit as I did. You're welcome.

Today, I live in my wife's dream house in Las Vegas. Rare tortoises munch our lawn, exotic fish swim in our ponds, and the dogs each have their own shrink. But life wasn't always this baller. I started learning the seven rules of Risk On long before I got to Wall Street.

Growing up, I was never burdened by a daddy whose buddies were handing out opportunities. I grew up dirt poor in a box-like public housing complex at 1295 North Gilbert Street in Fullerton, California. We lived in Apartment 85 where I spent my afternoons drinking sugarless Kool-Aid (it was cheaper than the good stuff) and riding my Big Wheel down a patch of brown grass. Up until high school, I thought Salisbury steak must be the expensive stuff because it had a British-sounding name.

My mom's nickname was Nasty. She had me at eighteen. Which makes her both a survivor and a hero. To put food on the table, she clocked endless hours at Yamaha Motor Corporation in accessory sales. She was a charmer on the phone building relationships with dealerships across the country, so it makes sense I'm a born salesman. I've got Nasty DNA.

I was what they used to call a latchkey kid. Nasty couldn't

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afford a babysitter, so I came home from school to an empty apartment. I learned to take care of my sister and brothers, how to do laundry, and how to make dinner in a Crock-Pot. To this day I despise Crock-Pots. The first time I got married, three people gave us Crock-Pots as wedding gifts. I took one look at them, remembered all the stringy beef, and had my wife return them all. No Crock-Pots allowed in my house.

In my early years, money was more than tight. It didn't exist. And my mom made sure I knew that from the time I could walk. "Soon we're not going to be able to afford this place," she'd tell me while I gnawed at her Crock-Potted mush. "We're not going to have anywhere to live." I was a kid. I always took Nasty at her word.

No one wants to be poor, much less homeless. But that dynamic made me resourceful. It taught me at an early age that I'd have to *invest in myself* or I'd end up becoming someone else's Nasty. So, believe it or not, at the age of eleven, I started watching *Moneyline* with Lou Dobbs almost every night. Occasionally, one of his guests was a guy you may have heard of, Warren Buffett. I watched Buffett talk about how he had made a huge profit acquiring See's Candy in 1972. I was a kid; I liked candy. But I remember liking the idea of making money from candy even more. I'd found my first hero.

The next day, I went to the public library and looked up Buffett's office number. Then made my first cold call—to Berkshire Hathaway. A secretary with a Midwestern accent answered the phone.

"Can I get a copy of the annual reports?" I asked, trying to sound grown up.

"You sound like a kid. Is this a joke?"

"That's because I am a kid. But it's not a joke."

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“Which report?”

“All of them. Please ask Warren if he could send them all to me.”

“Give me your address, kid.”

For weeks I thought she blew me off. But then a package arrived at my doorstep. It was stuffed with *every* annual report since Warren Buffet took over Berkshire Hathaway. While other kids rode their skateboards, I read the fat stack cover to cover. Then I read it again. And again. Not exactly normal for an eleven-year-old. But what better way to *know your competition better than they know themselves*? Well, Buffett wasn’t exactly competing with a preteen in HUD housing, but, in my mind, I was gunning for his level of success. Still am. Always will be.

“I’m going to work on Wall Street one day,” I promised little Todd alone in his room. I’d begun my financial self-education. You have to be unnervingly curious when you’re not born into the world of prep schools and silver spoons.

When I Risk On, I take this technique to the max. I don’t peruse contracts, filings, and regulations. I *scour* them. Things jump out at me that others don’t see. When you know the rules backward and forward, you can use them to your advantage. Even my high-priced lawyers are stunned when I suggest a ballsy legal move they never thought of. “Are you sure you don’t have a law degree?” they ask. Nope. Self-taught. Have been since I was eleven. No law school motivates you like living in public housing.

I’m freakish when it comes to remembering details. Just this year, a competitor tried to yank control of a public company away from me. I owned 9.9 percent of that company, and they tried to pull a fast one by buying up a controlling amount of stock. They thought that would intimidate me. Figured I would back down. Bad bet. Because of my attention to detail, I knew that in Delaware I could legally purchase enough stock to acquire up to 14.9

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percent ownership. That level of ownership put me back in the driver's seat. All in a day's work.

Typically, if you want to work on Wall Street, you're supposed to get a degree from some hot shot university. Or you beg Uncle Rich Guy for a job at his firm. I'm living proof you don't need either. And it's way more fun when you make it your own way. I started out as a \$3.35-an-hour salesman at Petland in Huntington Beach, California. I was damn good at it too. I learned more about leverage and negotiation selling \$2,000 English Bulldog puppies than the rich kids ever could at an Ivy League prison. At seventeen, I was gaining practical experience on how to read people. I became fearless. I learned that if you don't ask, you don't get. The idea that you could just *ask* and people would give you what you wanted was a revelation.

After high school, I could have either joined the military to fly jets, work on Wall Street, or follow my mom's advice and play college football. I was a menace on the gridiron for the Edison Chargers. That would have been the safest and most logical route. And I would have been miserable. Always wondering what you could have done with your life is the worst fate a true entrepreneur can imagine. Personally, I'd rather have a fork jammed into my colon.

Instinctively, I *stayed on my own path*. Then, because I had done such a good job selling overpriced cat litter, Petland gave me a raise. That tiny reward taught me my first lesson in leverage. It got me *thinking*. I wouldn't just work there; I would dominate the sales team, then use my talent for outselling everyone else to get an even bigger raise.

My plan worked. Eventually, I negotiated with my boss to pay me more *and* cover my car payment. At age eighteen, I took my newly discovered leverage and graduated from selling dogs to

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Volkswagens. Vehicles flew off the lot. I could sell a Vanagon to a beach bum or a Jetta to a college student. I traded theoretical classroom experience for real-world experience. Sure, I was sling-ing scarlet macaws, Isuzu Troopers, and VW Bugs by the beach, but I instinctively knew that this would be my steppingstone to taking over companies on Fifth Avenue. I *believed* that in the pit of my stomach. I added to my portfolio of lessons learned with every car I sold, stacking up skills and knowledge. In the long run, it paid off. If you Risk On, your path is bound to pay off too. For me, living a life of risk will always be better than risking a life of regret. If I had listened to my mom's career advice, I could have stayed at the car dealership and had a good life. But I wanted an amazing life.

At twenty, I decided to make good on the promise I'd made to myself reading Warren Buffet's annual reports all those years ago in my room on Gilbert Street. I tried to land a job in financial services at Dean Witter Huntington Beach office. It wasn't easy. I cold-called the branch manager, asking him for a chance. No dice. I kept hounding him for months, trying to wear him down.

One day, he sighed and asked, "You're not going to stop calling me, are you?"

"No. You need to hire me."

Never, ever give up. The next morning, I suited up and headed straight for the action. In those days at stock brokerages, the action was in what was known as the "bullpen." A literal pit in the middle of the office where FNG's competed side by side to see who could make the most sales cold calls in a day. Feverishly banging away at the phone lines, dialing call after call. My first morning in the bullpen, I knew I was home.

Having made it to the fringes of Wall Street, I wasted no time going full Risk On. It wasn't long before I caught wind of a

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mammoth deal in the works. Donald Bren, one of the wealthiest real estate developer in the United States, wanted to bring a real estate project called Irvine Apartment Communities public. Smith Barney and Dean Witter were hired to bring Irvine Apartment Communities public offering them shares in the IPO. The deal was being handled by the syndicate division, which essentially crowdfunded real estate deals from a large swath of investors. Thousands of cold-call hang-ups had endowed me with the right experience and balls of steel, so I asked my boss what I could do to help. My boss hated the syndication department and handed it over to me.

I didn't just handle it; I crushed it. I hosted events, dinners, and cocktail hours, talking to every broker I could corner. "Why *aren't* you buying this?" I'd ask them. I solicited the shit out of that deal, raising so much money that Dean Witter corporate called up the Laguna Beach office and asked, "Who is this guy?"

Todd Ault, that's who. *Bang!*

My first major deal at Dean Witter was a \$685-million-dollar real estate monster. It put me on the map as a young broker with a fire under his ass. The Irvine Apartments IPO set me up to become an expert in real estate investment trusts (REITs), and it wasn't long before every REIT known to man crossed my desk. By giving myself a deep knowledge of REITs, I found a place for myself as a reliable broker.

I worked my tail off. Didn't dick people around. Remember, *relationships are vital*. I always made sure my clients made money because I kept my ear to the streets. In the mid-1990s, my investors made huge returns from a long play in Food Maker which owned Jack in the Box after the company's E. coli scandal.

Pretty satisfying, right? If you enjoy a sizzling slab of Salisbury, sure. I was never going to be satisfied with deal scraps. If you

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don't grow, you die. I wanted to spearhead IPOs. To do that, I needed to run my own hedge fund, just like Warren Buffett. I knew I needed to *invest in myself* a bit more. By now my vision had crystallized, and I knew firsthand where it could take me. I had the talent, I'd already proved I had the tenacity, and I had the ability to sell all three. I just needed a little more time and a shitload of deals to hit financial rock star status.

By my late twenties that investment in myself paid off, and I was running my own hedge fund out of a swanky new office in Santa Monica. I worked stupidly long hours, commuting four hours round trip so that my two kids could attend private school in Orange County. But I loved every minute of it. Then in my midthirties I met Kristy. The life partner I knew I would marry the moment I laid eyes on her. Kristy exudes thoughtfulness. Her rock-solid temperament is the stabilizing yin to my otherwise batshit crazy yang. She spun my head around. And still does. She's been by my side ever since, supporting every risk I've ever taken. She believed in my vision. Talk about a vital relationship.

Was it all smooth sailing? Are you kidding? Not by a long shot. I'll be the first one to tell you I've made mistakes. Massive mistakes. A metric buttload of them. They are all in this book, for everyone to see. And *I don't intend to make them again*. The financial crash of 2008 smacked me sideways and flipped me backward. Remember I told you that you can easily lose your ass? I filed for personal bankruptcy in 2009 *on my birthday*. I sank into a deep depression and gained 150 pounds. I'm still working on that, but I'll settle for one comeback at a time. Since then, I've *owned those mistakes* and faced them head-on.

Then, a year and a half after I lost my shirt, a company I founded back before the markets crashed, called Patient Safety

Risk On!

Technologies, suddenly sold for \$120 million. Bang! Talk about being gobsmacked. It was a huge lesson. It was *the* lesson. *Never, ever give up*. I reemerged from those lost years like a phoenix. (Some might say like Lucifer from the pit. Don't listen to those assholes. I'm a sweetheart when it counts.)

After my massive exit with Patient Safety Technologies, I was back in the game. And, believe it or not, still dead broke, as I had a lot of debts to pay off, and I *always* pay my debts. So I decided it was time to take on one of the toughest problems the modern world had ever encountered: fighting Alzheimer's. This book tells the story of how I built Alzamend Neuro from a \$5,000 investment to a publicly traded firm by sticking to the seven rules of Risk On.

You might be thinking: "Amazing story. For you! Right now, I'm pretty far away from taking a company public. I'm just trying to figure out how to pay my gas bill." Tell that voice to hit the road. I'm serious, tell it to fuck off right now. Don't take shit from anyone, especially yourself. Anybody can Risk On in a big way. Trust me. Change your mindset. If you don't believe first, no one else will either. Say it: *I am an entrepreneur*. Say it again out loud. If someone hears, good. Because you are. Even if you don't know it yet. I didn't write this book because I have nothing else to do. I wrote it for you.

No doubt, your story is, or will be, different from mine. Maybe you grew up in a nice house with a white picket fence and your mom's nickname wasn't Nasty. Maybe you knew your biological father. (More on that later.) Maybe you didn't have a father at all. It doesn't matter. The stories and lessons in this book are universal. You've picked up this book because you're like me. You're a risk-taker. You dream of making deals that will change your life and disrupt everyone else's norm for the better. Even if you're

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financially comfortable, you're probably not satisfied. Not really. I don't blame you. I know just how you feel.

The seven rules of Risk On apply to anyone who wants to become globally disruptive. They will empower you to think beyond a pointless nine-to-five grind. Why make money for someone else when you can make it for yourself? They will give you the confidence to take informed chances that can pay off huge in the long run. Make no mistake, there is no workaround or substitute for long hours and sacrifice. You'll have to work your tail off. The titans of every industry have a brutal work ethic. Success is never an accident.

If you learn how to not just tolerate risk, but embrace it in the right way, it's possible to reach heights you never dreamed of. It doesn't matter where you start. Or how much money you have. Or don't have. Or how many mistakes you've made. What matters is that you're willing to be different. That you're willing to take chances others never considered. That you're willing to Risk On.

RISK
ON!



Let Me Change Your Life!

Do you want to blast yourself into the financial stratosphere? Do you want to spot undervalued investment opportunities before anyone else? Do you have the guts to take the tough but necessary risks to grab the success those opportunities offer? If so, then dive in because you are ready to go full *Risk On* like legendary entrepreneur Todd Ault.

In *RISK ON!*, Ault lays out seven principles that can make you a massive success in business. One: Create the right relationships that can give you the boost you need and may just save your ass when you need it most. Two: Invest in your own vision and talent, so you can keep motivated, grow, and become stronger. Three: Stay your own course, ignore uninformed opinions, and avoid the attractive but potentially disastrous options. Four: Know your competition, so you can leverage their weak points and turn their perceived advantages into your gain. Five: Own your mistakes—because if you're not failing, you're not taking on enough risk. Realize that you need to fail to succeed. Six: Never give up. Accepting failure isn't a business plan. Learn to overcome. And seven, the one all these principles build to: Make a bang, the well-executed *Risk On* play that pays you huge dividends.

Throughout *RISK ON!*, Ault uses examples from his own career to illustrate each rule, show its many facets, and demonstrate how he learned its importance—often the hard way. Ault's storytelling offers a no-bullshit approach to the world of investment and finance. He'll show you how to get up and get going after you've been knocked on your ass because, once you're committed to *Risking On*, you'll realize that any misfortune is really just one bad moment in the long game of success. And those successes will come, so Ault tells you how to leverage them into greater successes.

Risking On means living your dreams, not someone else's. In *RISK ON!*, Ault will show you how to do just that.

You can follow Todd Ault on:

