

## Private information

Joe could hardly wait for Bonnie to come back from her business trip. He wanted to tell her all about his successes face-to-face. But she wouldn't be back for another few weeks.

Joe was very happy with his success so far. But this, he was sure, was only the beginning. He was right. One week later, as Joe looked at the shares on his computer screen, he saw that the price of shares for tin was low. He just knew that it was the right time to buy shares in the metal.

He didn't tell anybody else this time, though he knew all eyes were on him. This success would be entirely his own.

"Hey, Joe, any more tips?" somebody shouted out.

"You're the expert, Joe. What's the next winner?" asked somebody else.

"Hey, I was just lucky with the coffee!" Joe told them, but few believed him.

Joe knew Brad Benson was watching him. So was everybody else, but Joe wasn't giving anything away. Not yet. First he bought as many tin shares as he could.

Joe couldn't really explain why he felt like this about the shares. It was just a feeling he had, but he trusted that feeling. What Joe didn't know was that a secret deal to open several large canning factories had been reached. Cans for keeping every kind of food from tuna to peaches were made using tin. Brad Benson knew all about it, but Joe didn't. Once the market heard about the deal, tin prices would rise fast.

"Hey, look!" somebody shouted. And there it was—news of the canning factories had reached their screens.

"You'd better hurry, Joe," somebody told him. "Tin prices are going up and up. You don't want to miss this one!"

"Thanks for the tip," Joe said. He didn't say that he had already spent everything he could on tin shares. He was just waiting to sell.

Joe didn't have to wait long. An hour later Joe had a feeling that it was all too good to be true. He knew he had to sell his tin shares right away. Now. At once.

So he did.

"Why are you selling, Joe?" somebody asked. "Do you know something we don't?"

"Just a feeling I had, that's all," Joe told them. "Don't mind me."

"But you could double your profits the way things are going, Joe, if you hang on to those shares," one trader told him.

"Oh, no!" somebody called out. "Look! The canning factory deal has fallen through! No more tin sales! Sell! Sell!"

Tin prices now dropped quickly. Most traders didn't sell in time and lost out. But there always had to be some losers and, just so long as he wasn't one of them, Joe didn't really care. This time he had made a profit by keeping his business to himself. He had made a huge amount of money on the market by using the gift he knew he had and it felt good.

Joe's profits were big, the biggest so far. The only other person to make a large profit was Brad Benson.

Just over a week later, Joe was called in to Brad Benson's office.