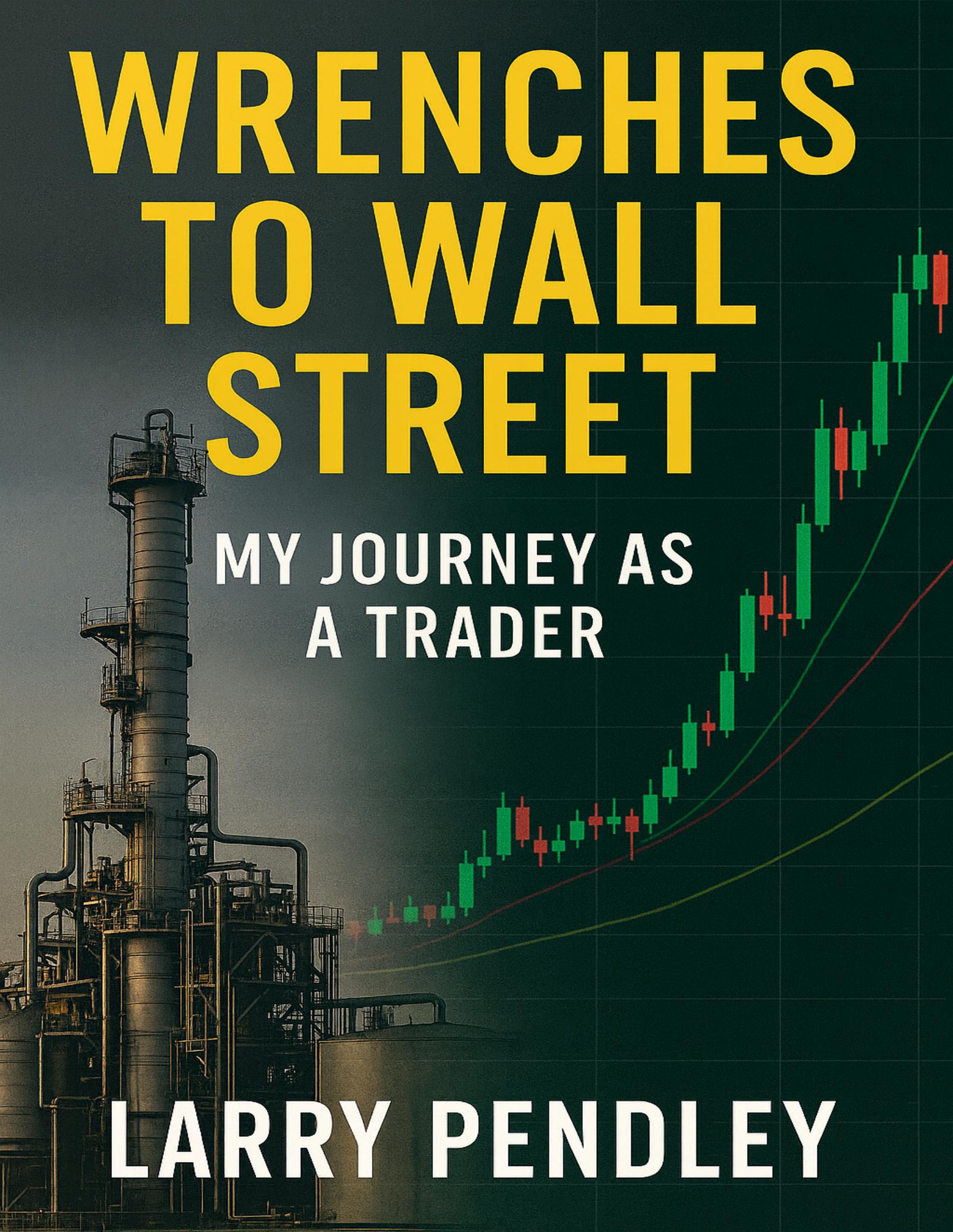


WRENCHES TO WALL STREET



MY JOURNEY AS
A TRADER

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From Wrenches to Wall Street: My Journey from Maintenance Worker to Full-Time Day Trader

Introduction

For years, I worked full-time maintenance at a chemical plant—long shifts, demanding work, and little room to breathe. It was honest work, and I took pride in it, but over time I felt a quiet pull inside me. I wanted more control over my future. I wanted freedom, opportunity, and a life where my success wasn't tied to a time clock.

I never imagined that day trading would be the path that changed my life. But during one of the most chaotic times in modern history, it found me—and it reshaped everything.

This book is my story. Raw, real, and unfiltered. My hope is that my journey helps anyone searching for something more, anyone struggling to find their footing, and anyone brave enough to chase a new beginning.

Chapter 1: Life in the Chemical Plant

The chemical plant wasn't just a job—it was a world of its own. Massive machinery echoed through every corner, steam hissed from overhead lines, and the constant hum of equipment created a soundtrack that became a part of my everyday life. I showed up before dawn, often when the sky was still black, and left long after the sun had set.

My responsibilities were endless: repairing pumps, troubleshooting mechanical failures, responding to calls, performing inspections, and stepping in whenever something went wrong. And things always went wrong. There was never a day where everything ran perfectly.

I adapted to the lifestyle because I had to. The long hours, the stress, the constant pressure—it all blended together. My body ached, my sleep suffered, and mentally I often felt drained. Yet I kept pushing, convinced that this was just how life worked. You put your head down, grind through it, and hope that one day it pays off.

But deep inside, I started feeling a shift. I began asking myself questions I never had before: Is this really the life I want long term? What am I building for myself? What happens if my body gives out? Those questions lingered in the back of my mind, quietly nudging me toward something different—even before I knew what that something was.

Chapter 2: Discovering the World of Trading

When COVID hit, everything changed. The world shut down—businesses closed, roads emptied—but not the chemical plant. While others worked from home, I was still reporting every day, often working 14- to 15-hour shifts with no days off. There was no break, no relief, and no space to process anything.

While I was pushing through exhaustion, I watched my 401(k) vanish day after day. It felt unfair and unreal—how could I be showing up consistently, risking my health, and still losing money?

That's when I started looking into trading.

It began with a simple question: How are people making money in a market that's crashing? From videos to articles to late-night research, my curiosity kept growing. Trading wasn't just a way to learn about the market—it became a potential escape, a chance to take control of my financial future.

And once that spark ignited, there was no turning back.

Chapter 3: Early Struggles and Hard Lessons

After devouring books and videos, I opened my first brokerage account. The moment I downloaded the trading platform, I froze. There were charts, indicators, buttons, and terminology I had never seen before. I felt like I needed a finance degree just to place a trade.

I started with penny stocks after seeing a so-called guru boast about turning a tiny account into millions overnight. I fell for the dream. My hopes were high—too high.

Then my first major loss hit: nearly \$5,000 on a single trade.

That loss rattled me. I won some trades afterward, but I lost far more. Then I found options, and suddenly I was drowning in delta, theta, and gamma. I didn't understand why I was losing money even when the price stayed the same—until I learned the hard way about time decay.

Frustration built to the point where I walked away for six months.

During that break, I discovered futures trading. I didn't know much about them, but the more I studied, the more sense they made. One symbol. One market. No time decay. No chasing scanners or juggling ten stocks at once.

Trading futures felt cleaner and more manageable.

And that's when things started to turn around.

Chapter 4: Finding Consistency

Consistency wasn't a sudden transformation—it was the result of countless small improvements, repeated failures, and honest reflection. I didn't just wake up one day and become a disciplined trader. I

had to build the habits brick by brick.

I began by slowing everything down. Instead of trying to trade everything that moved, I focused on understanding why the market moved the way it did. I stopped chasing noise and started studying structure: support, resistance, volatility, liquidity, momentum. The more I understood the market's behavior, the more confident I became in my decisions.

My trading journal became my most powerful tool. I documented not just what I did—but why I did it. Over time, I could see my emotional patterns as clearly as chart patterns. I noticed when I traded out of boredom, when I forced setups, and when fear or greed controlled me. Seeing those habits laid out in front of me was uncomfortable—but necessary.

Slowly, my approach shifted. I stopped treating trading like a lottery ticket and started treating it like a business. I practiced patience, embraced risk management, and accepted that losses weren't failures—they were part of the process. Real consistency came when I stopped trying to avoid losses and instead learned to manage them intelligently.

There were days I took fewer trades but ended the day more mentally clear than ever. I realized that true consistency was less about the market and more about mastering myself.

Chapter 5: The Joy of Breakthrough Moments

Trading is a journey filled with frustration, but the breakthrough moments are what keep you moving forward. Those moments don't happen every day—they show up after long stretches of work, often when you least expect them.

One of my earliest breakthroughs wasn't even a winning trade—it was the first time I fully stuck to my rules, even though my emotions were screaming at me to do the opposite. That moment proved that discipline was possible, and that I was capable of trading with intention instead of impulse.

I also remember the first time I saw a pattern forming before it played out—a moment where my chart reading skills finally clicked. Instead of reacting late, I anticipated the move. That shift in perspective showed me that I was evolving beyond surface-level trading.

Then there were the internal breakthroughs: the days when I felt calm in situations that would have once caused panic. The days I accepted a loss without spiraling. The days I realized I didn't need to chase every opportunity to feel successful.

These moments didn't happen all at once—they built upon each other, creating a foundation of confidence. Every breakthrough showed me that growth wasn't just possible—it was happening.

Chapter 6: Leaving the Chemical Plant

Leaving the chemical plant was one of the most emotional decisions I've ever made. That place had shaped me. I had spent years there, forming routines, friendships, and memories—good and bad. Walking away wasn't just quitting a job; it was closing a chapter of my life.

But as trading began to feel less like a gamble and more like a skill I could rely on, I started envisioning a different future for myself. A future where my success wasn't tied to physical labor or long hours. A future where my time belonged to me.

I didn't rush the decision. I spent months preparing, reviewing my trading records, building savings, and planning for the transition. I knew I needed more than confidence—I needed stability.

The day I finally decided to leave, I felt a mix of fear and excitement. Part of me wondered if I was making a mistake. But a bigger part of me knew I would regret never trying. I was choosing my future over my comfort zone.

The moment I walked out for the last time, I felt a weight lift from my shoulders. It was a bittersweet feeling—gratitude for everything the job taught me, but relief that I was finally moving toward my own vision of life.

Chapter 7: Helping Others on Their Journey

As my confidence grew, so did my desire to help others who were on their own trading paths. I knew firsthand how overwhelming the early stages could be—the confusion, the frustration, the constant feeling of being lost.

I didn't want others to feel alone in that journey. So I started sharing my experiences, not as an expert, but as someone who had lived through every mistake imaginable. I wanted to offer clarity, honesty, and support to anyone willing to learn.

I found joy in breaking down complex ideas into simple lessons. I enjoyed explaining what I wished someone had told me from the beginning. And every time someone told me that something finally clicked for them, it reminded me why I continued pouring into this part of my journey.

Helping others didn't just impact them—it improved me as well. Teaching forced me to refine my own discipline, articulate my strategy clearly, and stay consistent. It grounded me and reminded me of how far I had truly come.

I don't see myself as a guru or an expert—I see myself as proof. Proof that you can come from a hard-working, blue-collar background and build something new. Proof that discipline and perseverance matter more than talent. Proof that anyone can rise if they commit to the process.

Conclusion

My journey—from the long, grueling hours at the chemical plant to becoming a full-time day trader—has been anything but easy. It was filled with mistakes, setbacks, breakthroughs, and lessons I'll carry for the rest of my life.

But trading gave me something priceless: control over my future.

I hope my story inspires you to pursue your own path, learn from your own experiences, and believe in your ability to create something better.

Your journey may not look like mine—but it can lead you somewhere extraordinary.

And it starts with one decision: to try.