nettl
FABLES

The Designer, Printer & Client Who Changed Everything

"A must-read for every graphic professional"
★★★★★

"Explosive page-turner!"
★★★★★

"What a twist!"
★★★★★

Once Upon a Time...

Once upon a time, in a far away land,
there was an *enchanted* print store.
A *delightful* place to visit.
Full of *shimmering* printed samples and
exquisite stationery for local businesses.
Inside, Mr. McGee and his merry designers helped
clients to promote themselves with clever
creative ideas and printed advertising.
It was all going so well and everyone
was earning a very nice living.

Then one day, some clever scientist invented

a *magic box* called "the internet."

At first, everyone pointed and laughed.

Mr. McGee enjoyed those funny sounds when he tried to connect.

Those super long wait times to download images were a joke.

The designers found some new free fonts.

And that was *pretty cool*.

But for a while, everything else stayed the same.

And everyone was pretty happy about that.

Then one rainy Tuesday in January, the print store had a visitor.

It was Mike from *The Donut Shack* down the road.

"Hey, do you do websites?" he asked.

Sarah, the designer, looked at Mr. McGee.

They were both a little surprised. This was a *print* store.

McGee shook his head and finished sealing a box.

"Sorry, no" said Sarah.

"Our business cards are on special today though."

But Mike was gone. He was in a hurry.

"Rude," she thought. And turned back to Photoshop.

"What do you make of that Mr. McGee?" asked Sarah.

"This internet thing is just a fad!" McGee rasped.

"And besides, we're far too busy setting up business card orders to be messing around with website nonsense."

"We should get with the times. What if it's the future?"

"It sounds hard Sarah. Let's stick to what we know."

Sarah started "I could learn to design in my own time..."

McGee was becoming irate. His cheeks turned a deep crimson.

"Sarah! Stop! I wouldn't know the first thing about selling websites! It's all too much hassle. It's not for us. End of."

And with that, he stood up and abruptly left the room.

A few weeks passed.

Sarah was networking, hoping to meet some new clients.

Across the room she spotted Mike from *The Donut Shack*.

"Hey Mike!" she hollered.

"Oh, hi, Sarah." He looked sheepish.

"Decided on your Easter promotion yet?"

"Yeh, kinda. But. See. The thing is. It's already done."

"The kid who made my website made me some flyers."

Sarah's heart sank. She dropped her donut.

"He had everything from building my website, you see."

This was not good. This was not good, at all.

The next month, the print store door swung open again.

This time it was Brian from the Barbers.

"I am thinking of getting an internet web page."

Sarah smiled. She knew it! Ha!

Last month had been an eye-opener.

McGee was just plain wrong.

Sarah knew she *had* to get on this web design fad thing.

She'd started to make a website to showcase her cat.

"I'd *love* to help you with that," she said.

Because she was helpful. And it sounded fun.

"Great," said the Barber, *"make it jazzy."*

Over the next couple of weeks Sarah worked and worked.

She taught herself how to HTML.

She learned about servers and hosting and FTP.

She even figured out how to make the lamps flash on

the '*under construction*' barrier on the homepage.

The Barber was pretty patient. For which she was grateful.

Mr. McGee did a lot of tutting. And tapping his watch.

"How can I make money with you sitting for hours playing with websites?!"

Finally. It was ready to go live.

A homepage. Contact us. About us.

Three pages of glorious, internetty delight.

Mr. McGee tutted once more. And rolled his eyes.

She flicked the push live switch.

"This site cannot be reached."

Something about DNS.

"Dee-enn-what?! Fiddlesticks!"

This stuff is harder than PDFing a booklet.

"Right," she muttered "you ain't beating me, you piece of site."

After a few furious hours of Googling, she found the likely cause.

A few clicks here. And a string of dots and numbers.

"Kiss my DNS," she chuckled.

It's alive. It's ALIVE!

Months pass. Fewer people visit the print store each day.

A handful of clients ask for websites.

Sarah tries out new features she's learned.

She's nailing this.

But.

Most clients *don't* ask.

To them, it makes no sense.

Why would a printer design websites?

It's like a dentist selling shoes. Isn't it?

McGee is worried.

Maybe Sarah was right.

Sarah is proud of herself. She's become an *HTML hero*.

She's designing all the websites.

Although it's taken longer that she'd have liked.

She's seen what McGee has been charging.

Good margin. *Great* margin. Just for my time.

She could make a tidy income freelancing.

"What's stopping me?" she ponders.

"YOLO!" she shouts as she hits *New Document*.

"Dear Mr. McGee, thanks for everything..."

And adds a .com domain to her basket.

And her shiny new design agency is born.

A few months passed. Then, out of the blue...

"Heard you're working for yourself," said the LinkedIn message.

It was from Brian at the Barbers.

"People want to make appointments on my website. Help?"

"You've got a contact form on there Brian?"

"Yeh but I keep double-booking. I need, like, a system."

"Something that only lets them book free time slots."

A system. Uh-oh. Databases. Code.

"I'm a designer!" she murmured to herself.

<Do I look like I own a Star Trek T-shirt?!>

And "Ok I'll get back to you with a quote Brian."

"Sarah," said the Snapchat *"heard about McGee?"*

It was Finn, a graphic designer from the print store.

"No.....?"

"He's struggling. He's let me go."

"Shut the front door Finn!"

"Don't suppose you're looking for help?" Finn continued.

"Can you code?"

"What, like, morse code?"

"No, like computer code. Web development."

"Lol, sorry Sarah, no. But I know a guy, Dev, from uni. He can."

"Ooh, what's Dev's phone number? I'll call him."

That was the answer. It was logical.

She would hire a web developer.

HTML was one thing.

But learning Javascript, *no thanks.*

Then she could take on more work.

Bigger projects. *Higher value projects.* Time to scale!

So she met Dev for a donut.

He graduated last year.

He'd been doing some freelance coding.

"Yeh I'll take the gig."

"But I won't have to, like, talk to clients will I?"

In just a few days, Dev had a prototype.

He'd custom-coded a haircut appointment booking app.

"I thought I'd try this really cool new framework I've read about."

"Frame-what?" She didn't want to sound dumb.

"Clever. I've got myself a keeper here," she thought.

Brian, the barber, was delighted.

So much so, he wanted Sarah to refresh the design of his site.

"And I better get some cards printed, let customers know."

"What about some posters for your walls too?"

"Yeh! This is going to change everything!"

"You've got to be kidding me!"

Dev was standing in front of Sarah, eyes to the floor.

"How much have they offered?!"

"About double my rate now. I'd be an idiot not to..."

And with that, Sarah found that the market for software developers is pretty darned active.

"But what about all the custom-coded projects?!"

"I suppose I could help you out in the evenings..."

"...but that's obviously at a higher rate."

"Oh, for f...."

She was a hostage. In her own business.

Her growth plans were in *tatters*.

Clients wanted online bookings.

They *needed* ecommerce sites.

They wanted inventory management systems.

People were asking for them *more and more*.

Their own customers were demanding online interaction.

But she couldn't afford to double Dev's pay.

Was there *another* way?

As she was pondering, the phone rang.

It was Mike from *The Donut Shack*.

"Long time no speak, Mike!"

"Yeh, Sarah, I need some leaflets and an exhibition stand."

"Sure! What happened to that web kid who did your print?"

"Let's just say we had a fall-out. He got us Google-whacked."

Ouch. She'd heard about that. *Purgatory*.

When people try to *play dirty* with search engines,

the consequences can be pretty severe. *Banished*.

"You don't know anyone who does SEO, Sarah?"

"Erm. Maybe. I mean, yeh. Yeh, I do."

She didn't. But Sarah knew she *had* to say yes.

This was the week from hell.

She'd lost her web developer.

Clients wanted changes. But she couldn't follow Dev's code.

Now, here was an old client wanting to spend money.

But she knew *nothing* about search engine optimization.

She put her head in her hands.

"There *must* be an easier way!"

Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a green envelope.

What was this?

She opened the envelope.

Inside was a little book.

And a business card.

The print felt nice. All *sassy* and fancy.

"Nettl? Never heard of them. Why are they called *that*?!"

But as she read the book, she could see herself.

She could see others had faced the same problems.

And others had overcome them.

"I guess it doesn't hurt to meet them," she thought.

"I might *learn* a few tricks I can steal. He he."

And so it began. Sarah met someone from Nettl.

They explained the systems and the automation.

They demonstrated the smart software.

"This could save me a few hours a day!" she thought.

They showed her the *huge* marketing catalogue.

The mailers, postcards, posters and campaigns, all ready to use.

"You know, I never get round to writing my own brochures."

Sarah thought she'd asked a few tricky questions.

"You're telling me I could make that booking app myself?!"

But it *seemed like* they'd heard them before.

A *thousand* times. From a *thousand* businesses like hers.

Sarah slept on it.

She fingered the Nettl prospectus.

The more she read, the more it seemed to *just* make sense.

She stroked the printed marketing for end clients.

"This would make it so much easier to sell."

And with that, her mind was made up.

She *would* do it.

She would become the *exclusive* Nettl in her neighborhood.

And in a few clicks she booked herself onto the next training.

"No time like the present!" she chirped.

The months rolled on. Winter came, spring left.

Sarah was limbering up at a business breakfast meeting.

Over Eggs Benedict, her weary-eyes met McGee's.

"How's it going Sarah?"

"Hello Mr. McGee! I'm great, thanks. You?"

"Not so good Sarah, truth be told. Business has been tough."

McGee explained people were buying less printing.

He'd lost more staff. It was just him and a designer now.

He said he was thinking of shutting it all down.

"By the way, what's that Nettl badge you're wearing?"

And so, Sarah explained Nettl to McGee.

When the marketing helped her win new clients.

Which existing ones she sold more things to.

What Nettl has trained her. How the systems worked.

Why she could deliver higher value projects.

Without needing a programmer. Just her design skills.

"Maybe I should be more Nettl" he thought.

And Sarah smiled.

For now that was all three that would change.

The printer, designer and client.

And they truly changed *everything*.

The End.

EPILOGUE

It turns out this is a true story.

It's a story that has been told a *hundred* times.

Sure, the characters are fictitious.

There is no McGee. Sarah is made up.

But it's still true. *All of it* has happened.

And it's the reason Nettl was born.

You see, there *really* was a big network of print stores.

And now there are *hundreds* of Nettl stores.

They're all around the world.

And we think you should be one of them.

Nettl owners are people like *you*.

They come from the graphics industry.

They manage print stores. They own sign businesses.

They run web design agencies. Marketing agencies.

And now they've evolved.

They're printers, they're designers.

And they've *changed*.

Because *clients* have changed.

Nettl has helped them grow.

Nettl has helped them *thrive*.

You might be thinking you need *more* resources.

But hiring people is expensive. And it's getting *worse*.

It's more difficult to recruit people with the right skills.

What if Nettl helped you get more from your *existing* team?

The *same* people. But working in a *smarter* way?

Wouldn't it be great if becoming a Nettl cost less

than hiring another member for your team?

Well. *Here's the money shot.* It does.

It costs a lot less. *For a lot more*.

Nettl is a bolt-on franchise.

You keep your existing brand. And *co-brand* with Nettl.

Nettl is exclusive. It's *not* for everyone.

You'd be the *only* Nettl in your neighborhood.

Using our marketing to win new business.

To sell more to existing clients. To find *new* ones.

Benefitting from our training. And our clever systems.

Accessing our geeks, fast paths and shortcuts.

Take the first step today and arrange a quick call

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