

## Ep #50: No One is Coming to Help



### Full Episode Transcript

With Your Host

**Becca Pike**

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Welcome to Episode 50. I am your host Becca Pike, and it is time for your weekly dose of Hell Yes Coaching. Let's go.

Hey, guys. I'm Becca Pike and welcome to *The Hell Yes Entrepreneur* podcast, the number one show for entrepreneurs looking to create their first six-figure year. If you've got the drive and you know how to hustle but you're not sure where to channel your energy, we've got the answers. Let's dive into today's show.

Hey guys. I've got a fun episode for you today. I'm going to tell you all a little story, a story about a girl. So let's travel back in time. It is 2011. I am 22 years old. I have just left a relationship and a man that I believed that I was expected to marry. He was a good man. He was kind. He was a little older than me.

He was a doctor. That's actually how we met because he was my doctor. Keep your judgments to yourself, okay. He wanted a family. He wanted to get married. We had been together for a few years, had lived together for a few years. Although he would have made a good husband, he wasn't my husband, and I knew that.

On Halloween Day 2011 I told him that I was leaving, and I found myself an apartment. Although there was a part of me, at this time, that was grieving the person that at the time had been my best friend for so long, I also had never felt more free, more empowered, and more alive. I remember distinctly those days how have you ever like made a really empowering decision that changed the course of your life? You just knew that you had this whole new chapter ahead of you. Like, I just felt so unleashed.

I was so thankful that after months of agony of indecision and wanting to please my family and his family and not ruffle feathers with him, and just being scared of going out on my own again. That in the end I had chosen myself, and that I had chosen my wants and my needs. Although everyone around me, including my own parents, were absolutely shocked and horrified that I would call it quits with a good looking doctor, I felt that the sun was brighter, and the trees were greener. There was more pep in my step.

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One of the first things I wanted to do was, well everything. I wanted to do everything, but traveling was at the very top of my list. I was young. I was pretty damn broke. Just finished university. I had no kids, no responsibilities, and was paying my bills through waitressing. I wasn't tied to anything, and I was in love with the idea of getting the hell out of Kentucky for a little while.

I found a company that was called Travel to Teach. They took young folks like me, put them in remote villages in Cambodia, Indonesia, China, Peru, and other countries. If you were willing to work so many hours inside of a local school or an orphanage that they chose then you were housed for very cheap, and you could live and experience the country. I was hooked on the idea as soon as I heard about it, and I chose the country that I wanted to travel to. I chose Bali, Indonesia.

Let me just say to you this was like before Bali was Instagram cool. It was like after Eat Pray Love, but before like every millennial on the planet started taking selfies of rice fields to grow their following. Somewhere in the middle, okay. I'm not saying I like pioneered Bali being cool, but I kind of pioneered Bali being cool. You know what I'm saying?

The place I was going to live though was not westernized Bali that you might think of. This was Klungkung Bali, eastern Bali. Very remote poor village where I would be living on campus of a school, living with a group of other volunteers teaching inside of that school and teaching at the local orphanage.

My memories of Klungkung are nothing short of amazing. I was housed with several other Western volunteers, but very few American. I became very cultured living in that house, understanding exactly what people thought of Americans and the stereotypes and learning some of the languages between these people and the cultures. I just have so much love for this time in my life.

I became very close to my roommates. Some of them were from Austria, Hungary, Holland, Australia, a lot of them from Germany. Lindsey from

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Texas. We became hard and fast friends, not just acquaintances. There's a different level of love and respect and camaraderie or rapport that is built when you're young and scared and in a foreign country and hustling to learn the language and the culture quickly.

We spent our mornings teaching where I fell in love with my orphanage kids. They had never known anyone from America or very few people. So naturally they called me Miss America. These kids had no parents. They lived three teenagers per queen mattress on the floor. They each had one drawer for their belongings. They each came to school every day.

They were like the happiest, most loving, most alive teenagers that I'd ever seen. Like many teenagers, they were obsessed with love and relationships and drama and passing notes and giggling at their teacher. I think about these kids who must now well be into their 20s, probably raising their own families. I just have so much love and bittersweet memories of them.

So each afternoon the volunteers and I would travel back to our rooms, get dressed into more comfortable clothes, and spend entire afternoons and evenings and weekends traveling around Bali on our motorbikes. We were 30 minutes from Blue Lagoon Beach. We were two hours from Uluwatu, the surf capital of the world. We were a short ferry trip away from the beautiful Nusa Penida and Nusa Lembongan.

The most terrifying moment of my life was on my trip to Nusa Lembongan where Yip, a Dutch friend and I, paid this homeless guy to row us on his tiny canoe boat across extremely dangerous waters to get to the next island over, and watching him feverishly bucket water out of the bottom of the boat while simultaneously trying to dodge massive waves no land in sight will never be erased from my mind. We 100% shouldn't have made it there.

And when we did, we realized we were the first white people they had seen in ages, and we were dressed horribly inappropriately for their strict Hindu culture. The locals either aggressively wanted to take our photos, pulling on

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our clothes, and yelling at us, or they were like throwing dirt at us. But that's a story for another time.

It makes me really nervous now that I have children that are going to be doing shit as dumb as I did, or even half as dumb as the stuff that I did. I can't believe that my parents have both of their children still alive to this day because my brother and I definitely gave them a run for their money.

But we also were not far from Kuta, the party capital of Bali. We would make our way there on weekends, rent a place to sleep for 400 rupiahs or roughly four American dollars per night. We would party our asses off in the nightclubs with the vacationing Australians. We were close to Ubud, which at the time was the most westernized part of Bali. It was very rich, very touristy.

I did end up living there for a few months towards the end of my stay. It was like a culture shock moving from Klungkung to Ubud where there was like hot water and actual restaurants and a little more hustle and bustle in life.

So still to this day though when I think about the definition of empowerment, I always picture myself driving a motorbike age 22 bouncing from city to city, knowing my way around the back alleys and the short streets of a foreign country, wind in my hair, hand shoulders. My closest friends on their own motorbikes behind me, in front of me, and beside me with nothing on me. No baggage except for this little string backpack that I had.

I would always just put in it a toothbrush, one pair of clothes, and the smallest amount of money. It could last me for days. Just navigating my way through all of Bali. Speaking the local language, negotiating my food prices with the vendors, surprising the shit out of the locals when I spoke their language. I was at the top of the world and the most empowered person I had ever been.

My time in Bali is something I'm never gonna forget, of course. I still think about my friends there and the moments that we had together. I know I will likely never see them again. They have families now. They're in another part of the world, but I know that we are tied together because of that year

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in Bali. At least it was supposed to be a year. I only made it roughly seven months and here's why.

On a super kick ass day, the most beautiful day ever, we were traveling from Uluwatu back to our home base. It was a Sunday, and we needed to be back in our own beds to wake up and work at the orphanage the next day. Uluwatu was a good couple hours away, and Sky, my friend and I, were settled in on my bike, myself driving, getting ready for a long road ahead back to Ubud where we were living that month.

We were driving along a country road, very windy, and I was cocky with handling my motorbike. It was my only form of transportation for like several months, and it had become a part of me. I took a curve way too fast. I hit a large pile of gravel, and Sky and I flew off this bike going at least 50 miles per hour wearing nothing but shorts, tank tops, flip flops, and thank God full faced helmets.

Sky was luckier than me. I think if we could rewatch footage, my theory is that she traveled down the pavement on top of me like a backpack. She had some nasty cuts and scrapes on her hands and elbows, but all in all, she was pretty okay. I don't remember a ton. I do remember screaming "my arm, my arm" over and over because my shoulder had popped out of place, and that was very apparent. It was the most pain that I was feeling at that moment right when the crash happened.

I also remember very distinctly laying on the pavement looking up at the clouds. I remember feeling a sense of irony for how beautiful the day was and how perfect the four little clouds in the sky were. And the irony of how the birds were chirping, and I was just noticing how oblivious their little brain was to my accident.

I most importantly remember the moment that I realized that no ambulance was coming. I was laying on the pavement looking at the sky in the most horrific pain I had been in and realizing we're not in America. There is no magic 911. There's no ambulance. There weren't even really hospitals, not like the way that we think of them in our westernized culture.

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It dawned on me that no one was coming for me. It was my whole responsibility to get myself up off this pavement with my dangly arm covered in severe road rash and get back on a bike and get myself to the medical facilities to get my wounds scraped and cleaned, burns washed, gravel picked out of my wounds. It was my responsibility to get up and to get help.

I don't think I have the words to describe the ride from the wreckage to the medical facilities. When I got myself up, I could see like the bone in my elbow. My arm was so painful. My shoulder out of socket, but I had put it back in. My right thigh was stripped of flesh. So was my knee and my toes and both palms, completely road burned.

Henning, who was older than me from Germany, technically responsible for me. He was like the leader or the group manager. I don't know what to call him, but he was kind of in charge of like our Bali division of volunteers. He happened to be there. He saw the wreck. Thank God because he was the only person on that entire island that I knew that knew where to go for medical attention.

So I'm getting on the back of his bike. And getting on the back of his bike alone required a posture that I wasn't even sure that I could do. I did it, and I remember laying my head on his back and I went in and out of consciousness on his back. I remember him holding on to my bloody hand, just bare hand blood hand holding on his lap, and he was squeezing my hand. Still to this day, I don't know if he just didn't realize that it was a horrible wound and he was like trying to comfort me, or if he was trying to keep me awake by inducing pain so that I would stay on the bike with him and not pass out.

What I remember the most of that traveling to the hospital was the wind hitting my open wounds. It was unfathomable pain. The hospital that we pulled into was more of an old strip mall situation, and the doors were propped open. I remember watching flies and stray dogs walking the perimeter going in and out and asking him like this can't be it. This isn't it. This isn't where you just brought—Like I just got on a bike for 45 minutes, winds hitting my burns, dirt and gravel hitting my burns. I'm passing in and out, and this is this is where I'm coming to.



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I got on the table and inside the facility, and the doctor saw me immediately. I don't know if it's just how they do it there or if it's because I was in really bad shape, or if it was because of pure white privilege, which was running rampant in the suburbs of that island for me the whole time I was there. White people often had money, and they needed it. So I never stopped noticing how much privilege we had.

But the doctor made it clear that there was no pain medicine for me. He also made it clear I was about to go through the worst of the pain right there on the table as he pulled gravel out, scrubbed, washed, bandaged, poured like cleaning stuff on it. But before he did he put rice on my forehead and prayed with me like any good doctor does, and then he began his work, all while Henning was there with me. I was crying and begging not to have to do it. Henning's Balinese was much more fluent than mine. So he was doing a lot of translating.

I waited roughly five days to tell my parents. I wasn't one to worry them or at least I didn't want to, and I wanted to be sure that I was okay before telling them about the accident. Which in hindsight is kind of funny because like, if I wasn't okay, who would have told them? I'm not sure. Mainly, I had to tell them because I was being sent back to America to heal the rest of the way.

Thank God for travel insurance, who paid for me to be wheeled around the airports, fly first class, and ultimately get seated on the plane next to the funniest damn old cowboy from Texas I'd ever met who had a taste for Kentucky bourbon almost equivalent to mine, and kept me company flying to South Korea and then to the states.

So I tell you this whole story for a reason. I laid on that pavement on that day in Uluwatu, and I panicked when I realized that no one was coming for me. That I wasn't in plush America, and it was my job to get myself where I needed to go. It was my job to take care of me. It was my job to find help. I think back to that moment sometimes.



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There's times that Bali feels like a lifetime ago, like a decade has passed almost to the day since that accident. I still hold physical scars. I still can remember the complete panic that I would go through every day after the accident getting my burn bandages changed repeatedly.

But what sticks out most is laying there looking at the clouds. I am reminded that in life, in business, in mental fortitude, in my relationships with others, and in myself, the best and most useful possible thought that I can believe is that no one is coming to help me. That it is my responsibility to seek help. Ambulances are a privilege in America, and God knows I wanted one on that day. But what's not a privilege in my life and probably yours is being handed things.

If you're someone that doesn't get handed things, then you already know that a self-responsibility is what creates the experiences that you have in this life. It is your responsibility to seek help, right? Whether it's your business, your relationship, your life, you have to get yourself off of that pavement. You have to find the answers. No one is coming to save you. Even when it's scary, even when it's painful, you are responsible for the life that you want. You are responsible for who you want to become. You're responsible for learning what you need to learn to get where you want to get.

Most of you listen to this podcast because you are an entrepreneur. Most of you have sought out help before. That's why you're here. You have found the podcast. You have found the books but let me ask you this. Are you where you want to be? Is it working? Are you satisfied? Or are you still hungry for more?

My business mastermind 30 More is enrolling in four days from the day that this episode airs. May 1<sup>st</sup> through May 5<sup>th</sup>, we are enrolling for the July 2022 round. The results we are seeing from the hungry entrepreneurs that are completing these past rounds are nothing shy of astronomical growth. Not just in revenue, which is also amazing growth, but in the way that they show up to their business. How they conduct themselves, creating the balance that they want, deciding exactly what they're working so damn hard

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for, and zeroing in on creating the life that they really want with money, freedom, time, freedom, and freedom of being themselves.

If you are hungry for more of these types of things, is time to seek help. It's time to look nowhere else but yourself to peel yourself off of the pavement, do the scary thing, take the leap, and join us. Applications are reviewed in the order that they come in. This is the biggest waitlist that we have ever had. So be the first to apply on May 1<sup>st</sup>. Come with us. Come with us to Chicago in July. Come with us on the journey to calculated business growth. I cannot wait to see you inside. I hope you enjoyed this episode. Have a wonderful day. Bye.

Hey entrepreneurs. If you are ready to create your first six figure year, your next business investment is our course Three More. When you sign up, you will get instant access to our video vault. In these videos, I teach you exactly what I did to create a highly successful brick and mortar company as well as a booming online company. Both successful in their first year. It was not luck guys. It was a process. I am now offering that process to you.

In this class, you will become a master at organically attracting clients. Three at a time to be exact. #ThreeMore. You will know what to say during a consult or a conversation about your business so that people want what you're selling when you speak to them.

You will know what to do when your client feels timid to invest in your service. They might want what you're selling, but they feel on the fence about investing. This is normal. To become successful, you must know how to gently and confidently navigate these situations without being pushy but with their best interest at heart.

In Three More, you will learn new ways to think about money and sales and growing your audience, so they are lining up to buy from you. This is not gross and sleazy sales tactics. This is learning to inspire through quality service.

Best of all, you will have a community of other Three More members all reaching out for the same business growth where you can ask questions,

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make friends, and lean on each other. Our members say that the community is the best part.

If the community and the video vault doesn't already make you feel like you won the business coaching lottery, we also have weekly live coaching calls. Every Tuesday at 1:30 Eastern Standard Time, you will receive live coaching in our community via Zoom so that you always stay in line with your goals. You can begin coming to these calls as soon as you sign up.

Guys between the video vault and the community and the live coaching, the program is fail proof. We are so confident that you will love Three More that we have a risk-free guarantee. If it doesn't work for you, we will send your money back no questions asked. There hasn't been a single person that has wanted their money back. In fact, the reviews for this course are all five stars.

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