

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life



Full Episode Transcript

With Your Host

Becca Pike

[The Hell Yes Entrepreneur](#) with Becca Pike

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

So I spend a lot of time teaching you all about business and talking business. And I want to take a second and I want to look back at one of the episodes where I get really personal and I take you into a peek of what it was like inside of a relationship that I was in before my husband, and then me moving across the ocean and getting into a terrible accident and the thoughts that came with that and just the wounds that I had to heal while I was over there and then the physical wounds that I had to heal while I was back here.

And this episode is really just a storytelling and very vulnerable. And it's honestly one of my very favorite stories. And especially for those of you that are like brand new to my world, you don't even know these things about me, right?

Like, I can't wait for you all to hear this story. It wasn't that long ago. I mean, this is a story from when I was 23, 24 years old, and it's a big part of who I am. So I want to reintroduce to you episode number 50, but it is now today episode 201. I do hope you enjoy.

My name is Becca Pike, and it is time for your weekly dose of Hell Yes Coaching. Let's go.

Welcome to *The Hell Yes Entrepreneur* podcast. I am your favorite business coach, Becca Pike. If you're looking for high level CEO leadership skills, modern day marketing strategies that actually convert the hell out of your leads, and you want to create a big ass wallet and big ass impact in your community, then this podcast is for you.

Welcome to my world. In here, we do two things. We scale, and we play. Because what's the point of being rich if you can't have fun? If you want to make multi six and multi seven figures without sacrificing your gym time, your music festivals, your wine nights with your friends, then I'm your girl. Enjoy.

Hey guys, I've got a fun episode for you today. I'm going to tell you all a little story. Story about a girl. It is 2011. I am 22 years old and I have just left

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

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. He wanted a family. He wanted to get married. We had been together for a few years, had lived together for a few years. And although he would have made a good husband, he wasn't my husband. And I knew that.

And on Halloween Day, 2011, I told him that I was leaving and I found myself an apartment. And 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 or 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.

And 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. And 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 called Travel to Teach.

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

They took young folks like me, put them in remote villages in Cambodia, Indonesia, China, Peru, and other countries. And 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.

And let me just say too, 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?

And 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. And 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. Lindsay from 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

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

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 and they were like the happiest, most loving, most alive teenagers that I had 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 and I just have so much love and bittersweet memories of them.

And 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 Lembungan.

The most terrifying moment of my life was on my trip to Nusa Lembungan where Jip, 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 and the locals either aggressively wanted to take our photos, pulling on our clothes and yelling at us, or they were like throwing dirt at us. But that's a story for another time and it makes me really nervous now that I have children that are gonna 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.

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

But we also were not far from Kuta, the party capital of Bali, and we would make our way there on weekends, rent a place to sleep for 400 rupiahs or roughly \$4 American dollars per night. We would party our asses off in the night clubs 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. And 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, tanned 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, and I would always just put in it a toothbrush, one pair of clothes, and the smallest amount of money. And 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 going to forget, of course, and I still think about my friends there and the moments that we had together and 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 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

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

we needed to be back in our own beds to wake up and work at the orphanage the next day.

—

My team and I are doing something so big. We are making such a big leap. We are completely changing everything and flipping everything we know on its head. And we have just announced the biggest announcement probably Hell Yes Coaching has ever announced.

For the first time ever, you guys, we are bringing Hell Yes Live to Lexington, Kentucky, at the Manchester Hotel, on Manchester Street, in the distillery district, the same district that made me a business owner for the first time. I could literally cry thinking about this full circle moment. Five years ago, I had the shakiest hands as I signed a lease at the distillery district for my very first business that I could barely afford and didn't know if it was gonna work and just, you're such a beginner.

And now I'm signing a contract to host the biggest business conference in Lexington in the same area. God bless America. And we want this event to be drastically more accessible to the public than it has been for all of the years of Hell Yes Live. And we want to fill this room with literally hundreds of business owners. Hundreds. This is going to be the place to be in July. We wanna fill it with hundreds of business owners, even if that means that we profit way less.

So we are slashing the prices all the way down from what used to be \$3,500 per ticket all the way down to we are starting the pricing at \$397. What? Crazy, right? Less profit for us, but more potential for our community, more potential for more business owners getting their butts in these seats and growing the hell out of their business. Let's fucking go.

Hell Yes Live is an event that I have put on around the country for years. It's not your grandpa's business conference, okay? It is not just like a sit down and take notes event. Hell Yes Live is a complete identity

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

transformation. It's an interactive, intimate experience, and the sold-out seats and the constant outpouring of testimonials speak for themselves.

In three days, I take you through more intense business coaching, gap maps, profit creations, infrastructure, marketing strategies than you can get in most year-long coaching containers. Millionaires have been made on repeat in this Hell Yes Live room. You will leave this event absolutely unfuckwithable, ready to walk through fire in your company and with the exact strategy to grow and propel your business to see a 100% increase immediately.

A lot of my students are reporting 456%, 700% increases annually as they come to these events over and over each year. And it's all coming to Kentucky, my little bluegrass babies. So you're going to be surrounded by droves of business owners, wealth, potential at Hell Yes Live.

Not only will you have direct coaching with me, but I have teams of multi-seven figure business coaches who are ready to not only take my strategies, but help you strategize your own business and speak to your exact problems and make your company bulletproof. This is what we do all day at every day at Hell Yes Live. You don't just get me, you get my team too. The success is literally inevitable. It is baked in.

So here's what you need to know. Hell Yes Live will be in Lexington, Kentucky on July 15th through the 17th. There is a VIP day on the 18th as an upgrade. The price for Hell Yes Live tickets are going to go up every single month. So the very first price raise is mid-February, then again in March, then again in April, May, June, all the way to July. So this is the lowest price it will ever be. And the longer you wait, the more you pay. So by the time we get to the event, the ticket price is gonna be somewhere around \$1,000 each.

For now, this is all the information that you need to know. Okay, it is still early in the year, but we are getting these seats sold out. We are building out the best event that you could ever imagine. There's going to be

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

hundreds of the top business owners in one space. This is the absolute opportunity of networking, of creating social circles, and of exploding your business with me.

My team and I are so proud to be bringing this event to Kentucky for the first time. And we are excited to watch all of our Hell Yes students who are non-Kentucky folks fly in and experience my beautiful home state in the summertime. I hope to be toasting champagne with you on the rooftop of The Lost Palm of the Manchester Hotel the evening of our welcome reception on July 15th. Email us at contact@hellyescoachingonline.com to secure your ticket.

—

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.

You know, 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 mph, wearing nothing but shorts, tank tops, flip flops, and thank God, full-faced helmets. Sky was luckier than me. I think if we could re-watch 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

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

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.

And 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.

It dawned on me that no one was coming for me and 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 and he saw the wreck. And 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. And I remember him holding onto my bloody

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

hand, just bare hand blood, hand holding on his lap, and he was squeezing my hand.

And still to this day, I don't know if he just didn't realize that it was my 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. And what I remember the most of that traveling to the hospital was the wind hitting my open wounds. It was unfathomable pain.

And the hospital that we pulled into was more of an old strip mall situation, and the doors were propped open. And 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 where I'm coming to."

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. And 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. And Henning's Balinese was much more fluent than mine, so he was doing a lot of translating.

And 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

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

before telling them about the accident, which in hindsight is kind of funny, because 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 had 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.

And I think back to that moment sometimes. There's times that Bali feels like a lifetime ago, like a decade has passed, almost to the day since that accident. And 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. And 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 and 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 are someone that doesn't get handed things then you already know that 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.

Ep #201: How a Breakup, Bali, and a Motorbike Crash Shaped My Life

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?

Hey guys, this podcast is the blood sweat and tears of a lot of different people. The planning and the preparation of each episode is extensive. My team and I are really proud to bring you this free and abundant content each week, and we hope that you're loving it. If you are, the very best thank you that we can receive from you is a review and a share.

When you share this episode with a friend or leave us a five star review, it is like pouring a little bit of magic into our podcasting bucket. It is what gets our work recognized. It's what gives us energy and keeps us going, truly. Not one share nor review goes without recognition from our team. As always, we fucking love you here at Hell Yes Coaching. Have a beautiful day.

Hey, thanks for taking the time to listen to today's episode. If you're looking to get more clarity and momentum for your business, visit hellyescoachingonline.com. See you next week here on *The Hell Yes Entrepreneur* podcast.