

**100% of  
What You Want in Life  
is  
Between Your Ears**

*Your own mental strength is key to live the life you want*

**By AARON SOLLY**

***Foreword by Dr. Joe Rubino***  
**internationally acclaimed trainer,  
author, success coach and  
the best-selling author of  
TheSelfEsteemBook.com**

**\$14.95 CAD – Retail Value**

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*“Aaron Solly is an incredible personal fitness trainer for the mind. He uses inspiring stories from his own life to help illustrate the point that achieving success in anyone's life is all about using what's between your ears.”*

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and Personal Trainer for Your Mind**

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## **Acknowledgements**

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*I am grateful to all my friends and family that made this eBook a reality for me.*

*I dedicate this eBook to my Mom. The stories are from a time in my life when she was there for me through it all. Her guidance has allowed me to find my passion and stay focused on my goals and dreams. Thanks Mom.*

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## Foreword

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*“100% of What You Want in Life Is Between Your Ears”* is a compilation of stories. These stories represent the significant life memories that comprised Aaron Solly’s life and made him the man he is today.

We all have our own set of stories and remembrances. For the most part, the childhood episodes we are likely to remember the most vividly are those experiences that were most deeply felt. In particular, we tend to remember what was said and done by others that caused us to develop our opinions about ourselves, about others and about the world in general. The episodes that were most marked by significant emotions served to deepen our perceptions about what the world is really all about and how we see ourselves fitting into it – or being excluded from it.

It all starts early on in life, typically between birth and age 6, but at times up until age 12. One minute, things are going along fine and the next minute we experience an upset that changes the way we look at others and ourselves. The initial traumatic event may have been a spanking or a reprimand. It might have been an insult, a racial slur, a bad name, or an unkind word. Or, just as likely, someone in our world may have said or done something that had no ill intent at all and really had little or nothing to do with us. It was about them,– but we took it in such a way that we made it personal. And the meaning we gave these words or deeds caused us to begin to see ourselves as defective in some way, or unlovable, or not good enough. It was the first evidence we created that proved to us that we were flawed, not perfect like the many others we compared ourselves to all around us.

Perhaps we noticed that we were not as pretty or handsome as the TV and movie stars we compared ourselves to. Maybe we were not as smart as Suzie or Sam, our classmates, or not as witty or as popular as our neighbors next door. Perhaps we were the wrong color, had bad skin like Aaron did, had big ears or were too short, too fat, too tall or too thin. In fact, there were literally thousands of ways that we judged ourselves to be imperfect, flawed, not worthy of love, abundance, and all the good things we all really wanted out of life.

As time went on, we took that evidence of imperfection and judged ourselves harshly the next time a potential upset made itself available to us. We interpreted what mom or dad said and decided that they really didn’t love us – because we were really unlovable. Or we made something up about having a new brother arrive on the scene that proved we were not good enough...since, if we were, why would our parents need to bring another baby into the family.

Or the schoolyard bully called us a name and the other kids laughed at us. More proof that we were defective. Every day provided a hundred more opportunities to invalidate ourselves in some way.

This made us mad! For many of us, we latched onto the anger and made it larger. It gave us a feeling of power. (How dare you do that to me!) It allowed us to dominate others in our minds and avoid being dominated as we imagined our self-righteous plans of revenge. Maybe we took that anger out on others as we saw the chance to do so. For some of us, this anger rapidly turned to sadness. We felt sorry for ourselves as victims will. Maybe we became resigned to being unworthy or depressed that the names and insults or lack of attention just might be for good reason. Perhaps we withdrew, hid out, or somehow sought to protect ourselves from future hurt. Some of us turned the anger into fear. Perhaps we worried for most any reason at all, as Aaron did about his dad running out of gas.

As worriers addicted to fear, we would scan the landscape searching for just about any reason to make something up that would bring fear into our lives. We hated these feelings but they made us feel alive. They allowed us to feel sorry for ourselves and to have others feel sorry for us too. No matter if we gravitated towards anger, sadness, or fear, or some other flavor of emotional refuge, it all served the same purpose. Our disempowering interpretations gave us reason to justify our moods and reinforced the ‘fact’ that we were unlovable, unworthy, imperfect and destined to a life of struggle and suffering.

Of course, if you are like the 85% or more of the people walking on this planet’s surface, you made things up that ruined your relationships, diminished your happiness, brought scarcity rather than abundance into your world, and reinforced the belief that there certainly must be something wrong with you. And you probably continue to do so regularly to this day. All you have to do is track your daily upsets to see how often you keep yourself stuck and suffering the fate of a flawed victim. Most likely, you minimize the costs in terms of your health, relationships, happiness, fulfillment, productivity and peace of mind.

The good news is that just as we made up all this negative stuff or bought into other peoples’ negativity, we can just as simply reverse the process to create empowering interpretations about who we are. We can manage the negative self-talk by replacing it with affirmations that build our self-image and support us to manifest our true inner magnificence. As Aaron points out in every chapter of this book, we can “strengthen what’s between our ears” by both learning valuable lessons from each of our experiences and seeing them differently in such a way that we reinterpret our stories with empathy, forgiveness, gratitude, love, and appreciation for the fact that we did the best we knew how to do based upon our perspective of the world at the time.

For those of you who are familiar with my 3 step system for restoring high self-esteem, you know that the tools to heal and complete your painful past are at your disposal to end the struggle and suffering that may have been synonymous with your childhood. Without the weight of these disempowering childhood memories stealing your energy, you can now properly assess what's so for you now, identifying your strengths and weaknesses, gaining clarity about what your most important values are and what it takes to honor them, what gifts you possess that need nourishing, and what your self-declared life purpose will be to be an inspiration to yourself as you contribute the unique magnificence that you bring to our world.

You can then go about designing a compelling vision that reflects the real you, just as though you possessed a magic wand that offered you the ability to have every one of your wishes granted. When you believe that you have such a wand, you'll know that you can be, do and have whatever you can imagine.

As you read Aaron's stories and take on the exercises he suggests in each chapter, I invite you to reflect upon your own stories in a way that truly appreciates the wisdom you have developed over the years from your life experiences. Remember to forgive yourself and others for any mistakes you or they may have made along the way. Have empathy for what it was like in the other person's world to have had them act as they did. And lastly, find within your soul, the gratitude that comes from understanding that life is a journey and each of life's lessons provide for us the possibility of tremendous gifts that await our discovery. Enjoy the book and enjoy the process.

To Your Magnificence,

Dr. Joe Rubino,  
Founder and CEO, The Center for Personal Reinvention  
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## Preface

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If you were to type “Mental strength” in any Internet search engine, you will see a whole variety of sports related websites that focus on the importance of mental strength.

In professional sports, the mental side of a game is just as important as being in shape physically. The mental aspect of sports is what allows athletes achieve amazing feats from world records to gold medals.

Just like professional athletes, you can also use your own mental strength to achieve what you want in life.

**If you are facing issues in your life related to areas such as:**

- **self-esteem**
- **motivation**
- **self-confidence**
- **continuous negative thoughts**

**This eBook can help improve your life in these areas.**

**This eBook includes eleven real life stories** that start when I was in elementary school and end in my early adult years. You will learn about my own experiences and how they have helped me strengthen my own mental strength.

**This eBook is interactive.** I not only shared some of my own personal experiences, but I have also provided exercises after each story. The purpose of these exercises is to create action in your life. The exercises will get your mind thinking of ways you can start making changes to strengthen your own mind.

**Reading this eBook is one thing, but reading it and actively doing the exercises will allow you come out on top.** Stories such as “How hard are you willing to work?” and “When you have no other option, make it happen” provide real life proof that hard work and dedication does lead to what we want to achieve.

When I was younger, I remember being afraid of going on roller coasters and other big carnival rides. I was terrified of dogs until I turned thirteen when we got a puppy.

I used to worry like crazy on family trips when the gas tank was close to empty. I would stare at the gas gauge from the back seat keeping an eye on it for my Dad. He would continually hear from me, “Dad are we going to stop and get some gas soon?”.

I remember having a hard time being away from home when I stayed at a friend’s house. It would take me forever to fall asleep.

As a child, I had fears and worries of scary things, being alone or getting stuck on the highway. As I got older and became a teenager, my worries focused more on what others thought of me.

In grade eight, I became more self-conscious of the types of clothes I wore. I spent more time combing my hair than ever before. I started to get zits, which increased my awareness of what I looked like. It is funny looking back because I was completely okay with putting cover-up on my face. I used it almost daily. Throughout my high school years, I was on various medications to fight my acne challenges. My self-esteem was very low at this time in my life.

The more I became self-conscious of what I thought people were thinking and saying about me, the more nervous and uncomfortable I became.

I did manage to rid myself of acne by grade twelve. My doctor finally found a medication that literally cleared up everything. Where was this drug when I had big craters on my nose in grade nine and ten?

Ultimately, my days in high school prepared me for who I am today. As I grew older, I became more and more aware that my thoughts and attitudes had a direct impact on how confident I was. I began to realize I was the only one who had control of the thoughts in my head.

There were a variety of people in my life and experiences I had that showed me that I could use my mind to focus on anything I wanted to achieve in life. This realization made me realize that I was in control of strengthening my self-esteem, confidence and attitude.

I hope this eBook helps you in your journey to achieve what you want in your life.

# **My fear of trying new things**

## **My fear of trying new things**

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When I was in grade two, I went on a class field trip. I was so excited. Field trips were always an exciting thing at that age. The entire class would get on the school bus and go somewhere fun for the day. It meant no spelling, math, reading or social studies for one day. I was excited about going on this field trip, but wasn't overly excited about the destination.

Our grade two class was going to be spending the day at a pizza parlor. We were going to learn how to make pizza dough, how to add the toppings and how to bake the pizza. Then the class would get to have the pizza for lunch.

Now most kids at this age would be bouncing off the walls to experience this. For me, I had issues with any food that had melted cheese on top. Pizza wasn't my favorite. I preferred hamburgers (no cheese) and French fries with ketchup as the one and only condiment. On a side note, I had similar issues with spaghetti. At that age, anyone who mixed the noodles with the meat sauce was crazy in my books. I had to have the noodles on one side of my plate and completely separate from the meat sauce.

My lunch on this day included a sandwich, an apple and a cookie or two that my mom packed for me in a brown paper bag.

However, I did have fun. I did get involved in the making of the pizza dough. I had helped my mom with baking cookies at home so I enjoyed helping out in the kitchen. When the time came for all the kids to eat the pizza they made, I brought out my brown paper lunch bag. Some would have thought I was missing out. I couldn't believe that so many kids would eat melted cheese and vegetables together. Yuck!

Then came a day about two and a half years later when I visited a pizza restaurant with my family, aunt and uncle and cousins. My entire family ordered pizza. Any guesses what I ordered? I will give you three guesses and the first two don't count. ☺ (A famous saying of my Dad's)

I ordered none other than a hamburger (with ketchup only) and French fries.

An interesting thing did happen that night when we returned to my cousin's house.

There was some leftover pizza that they brought home from the restaurant. My Dad and uncle were still hungry when we got home so they heated up some of the pizza.

I can't remember who, but someone asked me if I wanted some. Something came over me, which caused me to take a piece of pizza. It might have been that my cousins liked it so much maybe I would too. Of course, I removed all the toppings. Basically, I had a piece of dough with pizza sauce on it. I took a bite. I was surprised at how good it tasted.

During the next few months, I was eating pizza with pepperoni and even cheese. I had grown a liking for food with melted cheese. Pizza had become an exciting food to me.

When I entered grade five, I didn't realize how much my appreciation for pizza was going to grow.

My grade five teacher made Friday's a lot of fun. We would do things such as drawing, painting, crafts etc. A couple times throughout the year, our teacher would teach the class how to make pizza. He taught us how to make dough from scratch and how to add toppings. Then we would bake it for lunch. By this time, I had grown to love pizza, so I got very excited.

We would spend the morning preparing the ingredients. We had to measure out the yeast (two packages of instant rise yeast), two cups of luke warm water, five cups flour, and a pinch of salt. We learned how to mix the yeast with luke warm water in a big mixing bowl and stir it with a fork until it was completely mixed with the water. Then we would add the flour and salt and begin to form the dough with our hands. As the dough would form, we would then get to knead the dough thoroughly on our desk (for at least five minutes) before setting it aside in a warm place to rise for an hour.

Once the dough was ready, we would spread it out on a pizza pan. Then we would add the pizza sauce and any toppings we liked.

While the pizza was cooking (approx. 20 minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit), our teacher would sing and play old songs on his guitar such as "Bad Bad Leroy Brown" and "Wasn't That A Party!". My classmates and I thought the words to the songs were funny. At that age, we had no idea what they really meant.

I never forgot the pizza Fridays from grade five. Over the years, I continued to make pizza at home for family and friends.

I learned a lot about how to make sure the dough turn out properly. My pizza dough making days did involve some mishaps that were really good learning experiences for me.

When making dough, I learned that the temperature of the water has a big impact on how the dough turns out. There were times when I used water that was too cold and the dough became too hard. Then other times the water was too hot and the dough didn't rise properly.

In the mid 1980's, I learned how to be efficient with the rising of the dough. My mom and dad bought a microwave. It changed a lot how my family ate. My mom taught me how to make dough rise in ten minutes by using the microwave. I got really excited because waiting over an hour for dough to rise seemed like forever.

Of course, there are things that needed to be done to ensure that the microwave rising method worked. The secret was to microwave a glass of water for one minute by itself. Then I would spread cooking oil on the dough, place it in a glass bowl and cover it with a dishtowel. I would then place the glass bowl in the microwave with the glass of water still inside.

The key thing I learned was to set the microwave on its lowest setting, power level one. I forgot to do this a few times and ended up cooking the dough rather than allowing it to rise. Once the power level was set to one, I would then set the timer for ten minutes and press start. In ten minutes, I had nicely raised dough ready to use for pizza.

The other important thing I needed to remember in all my excitement to have a pizza night, was to add the salt. It was only a pinch of salt that was needed. When I forgot to add it, I knew it because the dough would not rise completely or not at all.

As I got older, I created some of my own types of pizza such as a yummy chicken salsa pizza. I would use a can of salsa for the sauce. The toppings included stir-fried bite sized pieces of chicken, sliced green and red pepper and mozzarella cheese.

Also, I found a great pizza cutter that works better than a knife and is just like the pizza places use. Plus, it is plastic not metal so it isn't sharp to touch.

At university, I hosted pizza parties for my friends. It became a tradition for me. It was great way to help everyone forget about the stress in their lives and have an evening of fun and lots of laughs.









**Once you have a goal,  
you need to figure out  
how to attain it**

## **Once you have a goal, you need to figure out how attain it**

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On a sunny day in 1984, I won a race that I will never forget.

On this day, my gym teacher was completing the final testing for track and field. The last event involved running three laps around the school soccer field. The field had bright orange pylons at each corner of the field to make sure all the runners didn't cut corners. The start and finish line was marked on the outside edge at the center of the soccer field.

The class was separated into heats of four to five students. I was put into the last group with one of the fastest kids in the class. I liked to run and could run really fast, however, there were other kids in the class that were a lot faster than me. I really wanted to win this race.

Many people would not consider this race to be a big deal. There wasn't hundreds of screaming fans watching. Other than my grade four gym class of maybe twenty students, there were no other students or teachers watching.

During the first few heats of the run, I overheard other kids observing the strategies of some of the other runners. Some of the kids loved to sprint so they were sprinting as fast as they could right from the start. By the third and final lap their speed had slowed a great deal and they struggled to finish the race.

I noticed other runners that weren't strong sprinters would jog back near the end of the pack and would patiently wait until half way through the final lap. Then they would sprint the final meters and attempt to pass the leading runners. Some were successful and some were not. I decided I would try this strategy since I knew I couldn't sprint for three laps straight.

I watched the runners in the group before mine cross the finish line. The gym teacher with a stopwatch and clipboard in hand recorded the times of each runner.

I knew that my turn to run was only a minute or so away.

Then my gym teacher called the names of the five runners in the last race of the day.

I heard my name called and my stomach tighten. A whole bunch of "butterflies" entered into my stomach at that moment. I could feel my arms and legs weaken slightly from my nervousness.

The other four runners and I got up from where we were sitting and lined up next to each other at the starting line. I took a couple of deep breaths. With stop watch and clipboard in hand, my gym teacher raised his right hand and shouted out, ON YOUR MARK!...GET SET!.....GO!

The race was underway. The other four runners immediately passed me. I noticed the faster runners were sprinting quite hard right from the start. The fastest runner in the class was sprinting well ahead of everyone.

A moment of worry entered my mind that my plan wouldn't work, but I pushed myself to finish the first lap.

As I approached the start line to begin the second lap, I thought I heard my gym teacher yelling at me to run faster. My gym teacher didn't know about my plan. I kept repeating my plan to myself as I was running.

During the second lap, I ran just behind the second to last runner. I didn't realize it at the time, but I was using an important skill to conserve my energy. I was drafting behind the runner. One might argue that the effects may not have been all that great, but I sure felt a surge of energy in the final lap.

In the final lap, there were four runners running tightly together. Three of the runners were breathing quite heavily. I could hear them panting. I thought to myself, "I am not having trouble breathing like they are. I feel fine."

With three tired runners and myself running together, the faster runner in the class was up ahead of the group.

My moment arrived as I turned the corner of the second pylon in the last lap. I ran harder and faster than I had ever done before. I passed two of the panting runners with ease. The third panting runner was trying the same plan as me. However, I had conserved my energy so well that by the time we reached the third pylon, I passed them with no problem.

The sprint to the finish had one of the fastest runners in the class and myself side by side. We turned the fourth and final pylon and headed to the finish line. I had saved just enough of my energy for the final sprint and I was able to pass the fastest runner in the class a few feet before the finish line.

My strategy paid off on that sunny day. I had won the race.

An enormous amount of excitement and joy filled me that day. I had a big smile across my face after I crossed the finish line. My plan worked.





# How hard are you willing to work?

## **How hard are you willing to work?**

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Grade five can be a big year for an eleven year old. Grade seven is not as far away as it used to be. For me as a young boy, grade five became a defining moment in my childhood.

I had found grade four quite challenging. There was so much to do with friends that schoolwork became more of a distraction. My teacher and my mom seemed to be meeting more than previous grades. I found it hard to focus on what my teacher was doing at the front of the classroom. As summer time approached, I remember the end of the year being particularly difficult.

My grade four classroom was unique. It was in a separate building from the main school. We called it “The Portable”. The warm weather brought sunny afternoons and visits from various bugs. I was quite terrified of bees at this age. There must have been a nest nearby because it seemed like most days a bee was flying around the classroom. My attention would focus on the buzzing bee. I had to keep an eye on it to ensure that it didn’t land on me and sting me.

The bees and other things held my attention for much of my grade four school year. My mom seemed to become more and more concerned about me. I wasn’t sure why. I didn’t think that there was anything wrong other than that I had to avoid being stung by a bee almost every day. Eventually, I survived the bees and moved on to grade five.

The challenges didn’t end in grade five. After a few tests, my mom became more and more involved with my schoolwork. I had an upcoming social studies test and my mom made me study every day after school. I wasn’t very impressed. The last thing I wanted to do when I got home from school was sit at the kitchen table and study social studies. My mom wouldn’t have it and she pushed harder for me to read my textbook out loud with her. We did this for about two weeks straight.

All this hard work paid off. The social studies test day came and I couldn’t believe the number of answers that I knew. I wasn’t the smartest kid in the class and I was the first person done the test. My teacher seemed very surprised and asked me to take a few more minutes to make sure I had answered all the questions.

A week later, my teacher handed back my test. I couldn’t believe it. The test was out of fifty marks and I only got three wrong. I couldn’t hold back my smile. I remember thinking about how my mom had helped me every day to show me that I could do it.







# **I found my passion under a pillow**

## **I found my passion under a pillow**

---

When I was around ten years old, I was like any other kid. I had an imagination. I would create a whole highway for my cars in the front driveway of our house. I even had an imaginary friend named Joker.

During my years of elementary school, I really looked up to my teachers and all the other teachers at the school. I got excited to think about which teacher I would have the following year. This excitement stayed with me even after school and into the evening.

When there were nights that I couldn't sleep, I would put my head under my pillow. I was now in my very own classroom and I was the teacher. I would pretend I was one of the teachers in my school and I was teaching the class about math or social studies.

I would usually start off by saying, "Ok class this is what we are going to do today." I would even have my hands under the pillow to pretend I was writing on the blackboard. Eventually, the pillow would end up off to the side from all the activity.

If my parents were listening to me, it probably sounded quite funny. I didn't care. I didn't mind if my parents or my brother or sister could hear me talking to my class. I loved it.

As I grew older, I came to realize something profound about my teachings from under my pillow. I reviewed the things that I really enjoyed in life and a lot of things came back to educating others. I loved it as a kid and continue to love it today.

My passion for teaching is why I wrote this eBook to help people like you figure out what you are passionate about.

**Now let's strengthen that thing between your ears.**







# What motivates you?

## **What motivates you?**

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When I was in grade seven I had a job that I really enjoyed. I wasn't paid for this job. It was just something that myself and two other friends did every morning and afternoon for about a month.

The job involved setting up the soccer goals for the lunchtime intramural soccer program at our school. It was a pretty simple task. The metal poles for the soccer goals had to be taken out of the field storage hut and assembled.

While all the boys and girls from grades four to seven were running around the soccer field before school started, the three of us would carry the soccer goals to their appropriate places on the field. The soccer goals were about five feet across and about five feet high. The metal poles were pretty light from what I remember. Nothing a few young grade seven boys couldn't handle.

When we were done, the main soccer field had four mini soccer goals evenly spaced along the sidelines. The main field was divided into four mini fields. There was up to eight teams playing at lunch hour. I can still hear all the cheers that would go on during the lunch hour soccer games.

Before going home after school, we all would go out and put the mini soccer goals back into the storage hut. The next day we would be at school bright and early to do it all over again.

I think that I liked it so much because it made me feel responsible. After grade seven, I would be moving on to high school. The setting and taking down of the soccer nets was our way of showing our maturity to the other students. Plus it made us feel ready for the next step, high school.

One day, the principal at our elementary school surprised the three of us. The lunchtime soccer intramurals had come to an end and so did our job to set up and take down the goals. He had all three of us in his office and asked us what we would all want from McDonald's for lunch the next day. He wanted to show us that the school really appreciated the work we did.

This was completely unexpected. The whole time we were helping with the soccer goals it never once occurred to me that I needed to be rewarded for it. I do have to say that the smile across my face must have been huge when he told us where he was buying us lunch. As a kid, this was a big treat.

I remember my friends both asked for Big Mac's. So I did too. That was a big step for me. As you learned earlier, I was pretty picky about food back then and usually ordered a regular hamburger with ketchup and no pickles.

Let me tell you though, the next day at lunchtime I ate that Big Mac and I liked it. At our school, each classroom had to eat together unless you lived close by and went home for lunch. To be able to eat McDonald's in front of my classmates at that age felt like I was on top of the world.

Even though we received a reward for our hard work, I still would have done it for nothing. The reward was an added bonus. The real reward for me was putting those goals up. That simple task gave the kids at our school the opportunity to play soccer, to exercise and have fun.

**Now let's strengthen that thing between your ears.**

**1. Take the goal you wrote down on page 14.**

**What are three key things that would motivate you to reach your goal?**

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**2. What are three things you would do to ensure you stayed motivated to attain your goal?**

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**We created something  
out of nothing**

## **We created something out of nothing**

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One day when I was twelve, I was in my backyard and decided to build a fort with some wood that was left over from an old sandbox. I spent the afternoon putting boards together in a way that resembled a simple fort-like structure. I found some nails and a hammer from my Dad's workshop to keep the fort from falling over.

All of this construction caught the attention of my friend who lived next door. My friend's house looked over ours so he could see all the building that was taking place. He ended up coming down to help out. The time flew by and we had a pretty good fort by the end of the day. However, we weren't done yet.

The next day was a school day, but after school we were out working hard on the fort. There were no trees in our backyard so we were limited to a ground floor suite. We found some plywood that my Dad had and we used it to put up four solid walls. We even made a peaked roof so we were able to stand up inside the fort.

Over a few weeks, we managed to find hinges to put a door on the fort. We made a garage door out of one of the walls that also had hinges to allow it to open and close. My friend and I had go-carts that we were able to park in the fort at night.

We worked on the fort every chance we got. It seems kind of funny to me when I look back at this time because we were rarely inside the fort hanging out. We were always working on something outside of it. There always seemed to be something we could fix or enhance.

One day we painted the inside walls white to make it brighter inside since there wasn't any windows. For some reason, we also decided to dig a trench under the floor. We would turn the garden hose on and run water through the trench. The trench had an opening at one end of the fort so we could watch it flow out the other side. We even took things a step further and made a moat by the front door. We would have water flowing around the outside of the fort too. It was really quite something. The neighbor behind my house must have wondered why there was always water flowing into his backyard.

We even had to deal with vandalism. There were a few Saturday nights where someone kicked in the door and spray painted it. We didn't let it get us down.

One weekend afternoon we came up with an idea. We wanted to turn our fort into a candy store. The local candy store was a long walk for the kids in the area. We planned to buy the popular candy from the corner store and charge two cents more so our store could make money. We even had a marketing strategy. We made a sign and called the store, the KA Store.

The sign was a small square piece of plywood nailed to the end of a long board. We took the sign down to the end of the block and leaned it up against a stop sign at the end of our street. This would allow all the kids in the neighbourhood see it. There seemed to be some kids in the neighborhood that would knock the sign over into the ditch at the side of the road. On my walk home from school I would put the sign back up.

We did have a few kids come by. I sold some candy to my brother and sister. We didn't get the big crowd of kids that we thought we would. So we came up with another idea.

We turned the store into a mini carnival. We sold tickets for admission to the carnival. We made a golf hole-in-one game. We had a dart game. We put candies in balloons and kids could throw darts at the balloons to pop them and get the candy out. The carnival was a little more of a success than the candy store.

Overall, it didn't matter to us. The fort became more to us than pieces of plywood.

**Now let's strengthen that thing between your ears.**

**1. Write about a time when you faced a challenge that caused you to consider stopping your efforts to reach a goal.**

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**“Go for the Gold!”**

## **“Go for the Gold!”**

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I learned something in grade eight that I wanted to share with you.

In the first month of junior high school, a school assembly was scheduled in the gym. When I entered the gym, I couldn't believe how many students filled it. It was probably ten times the number of students we would have at an assembly at my elementary school. There so many students that the gym's four huge bleachers were full plus about ten rows of students were sitting on the floor. As a grade eight student, I had to sit on the floor.

At my elementary school, the younger kids were the ones that had to sit up front on floor. I felt quite small with the entire grade nine's and ten's filling the bleachers behind me.

After everyone was seated, a man approached the podium at the center of the gym. The man said hello and told everyone that he was the school principal.

Our principal went on and talked about the plans for the school year and some of the important rules that all students should be aware of. I couldn't believe it, we were allowed to chew gum in class! Plus, it was ok to wear hats at the school as long as you took them off during class time. This was unheard of at elementary school.

The principal had one final message for the entire school. He said he wanted all of the students to “Go for the Gold!”.

I found this saying interesting. I remember hearing a number of students around him laughing and mocking the phrase. At the time, I wasn't completely sure what it meant. I had achieved some gold medals when I played soccer at elementary school. “Is that what the principal meant by this?” I remember thinking. “How does winning a gold medal in soccer help me as a grade eight student?” I pondered.

**Now let's strengthen that thing between your ears.**







**“80% of the game is  
between your ears”**

## **“80% of the game is between your ears”**

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This is the story that inspired the title of this eBook. It all relates back to another phrase that was shared by a teacher who didn't provide a lot of additional insight into the meaning.

“80% of the game is between your ears”, is what my senior high school basketball coach would say to us at our practices. He would say it at the beginning of practice as he would walk around the center of the gym where the entire team was standing in a circle, stretching.

“80% of the game is between your ears”, he would repeat out loud. The snickers and rolling eyes from some of the players (myself included) could be seen by those in the stretching circle. This phrase meant nothing to us at that age. We all wanted to finish stretching and start practice so we could play basketball. In my mind, our ears and anything between them had nothing to do with playing basketball. The game had to do with being in top physical shape. The main skills are dribbling, passing and shooting.

What was interesting was what happened to me before most of the games we played. I had butterflies in my stomach the size of a 747. I had a hard time keeping my nerves down before games, which affected my playing. I spent more time worrying about making a mistake than focusing on playing my best. Guess what happened? I made a lot of mistakes. My mind concentrated on things such as what people would think of me if I messed up. I felt like every mistake would be seen by everyone and it would be never forgotten. It would be recorded in their minds and referred back to for years to come.

I think back to what was going on in my mind when I was in high school and it seems so silly to me. Why would I put myself through this? I was smart, athletic, and confident. I didn't need to buy into all those negative thoughts.

Throughout high school and into university, I had struggled with confidence in myself. I had all these thoughts in my head of what people thought of me. The majority of them were negative and untrue. Whenever I made a mistake, that mistake replayed over and over in my head until I was convinced everyone was laughing at me or they were constantly talking about me.

One day while I was doing some writing in my dorm room, I had a moment of clarity. I finally clued into what “80% of the game is between your ears” meant. I think it took me so long because this phrase in high school was a silly thing my coach said to us at basketball practice. I never consciously thought of what it actually meant.

My perspective of this phrase came full circle and I realized how this simple phrase was applicable to so many aspects of my life outside of basketball. I realized that my worries back in high school of making a mistake were directly related to the mental side of the game. Our coach gave us the insight into this; however, we didn't receive additional tools on how to strengthen our skills in this area.

This moment of clarity helped open my mind to the fact that these thoughts in my head were in my control. Basketball wasn't the only thing that involved that thing between my ears; life in general did as well. I began to learn more about strengthening my mind to control the negative thoughts that were interfering with my ability to have self-confidence and a strong belief in myself.

I read books and listened to audiotapes on this subject. I was pleasantly surprised to find an unlimited supply of resources.

I now use my website, [www.BetweenYourEars.ca](http://www.BetweenYourEars.ca), to share a whole variety of resources such as articles, ebooks, books etc. Some of the resources are my own and others are from professionals who helped me when I was first starting to strengthen that thing between my ears.

One book in particular is called, "The Feeling Good Handbook" by David D. Burns. You can find out my information about this book at [www.BetweenYourEars.ca/resources](http://www.BetweenYourEars.ca/resources) and then click on books.

I believe that 100% of what we want to achieve in life is attainable by using that thing between our ears, our mind.

Today, the media can put pressure on people to believe they are not smart enough, not cool enough or even not good looking enough. This can put thoughts in our heads that we can't achieve certain things that we want in life.

You may have experienced or are still experiencing negative thoughts, low self-esteem, low self-confidence and/or self-doubt.

You can achieve whatever it is you want in life. You can be confident and remain confident. You can believe in yourself all the time. And, you don't need to worry about what others think of you. It may take some time, but you can strengthen that thing between your ears to the point where your mind is clear and focused on what you want in life.

**Now let's strengthen that thing between your ears.**







# **A true winner sees losing as an opportunity**

## **A true winner sees losing as an opportunity**

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As you read in the last story, I loved to play basketball when I was younger. My Dad had set up a basketball hoop in our backyard, which was well used throughout my high school years. I had to learn quickly how to dribble the ball on gravel because the driveway in our backyard was not paved.

My mom must have really loved having the basketball hoop where it was. It was bolted to the railing of the sundeck that came off the kitchen. Every shot that I took would give the sundeck a good shake when the ball hit the basketball rim. I was pretty sure it could be felt all the way into the kitchen. My mom never complained though. She probably loved it because she very quickly knew where I was and didn't have to worry if I was getting into trouble.

There was a specific game that my friends and I enjoyed playing. It was a game that was great when there were only two people. It is difficult to play an actual game of basketball without having at least four people to play two on two.

You may have heard of this game before, it is called twenty-one. It involves one person shooting from a designated spot about ten to twelve feet straight back from the basketball hoop. This spot is called the foul line or free throw line. If the person shooting the ball from this spot gets the ball into the net, they get two points and get to shoot again from the same spot for another two points. They continue shooting until they miss.

Typically, the second player will stand a couple feet in front of the player who is shooting. If the shot from the foul line misses, the second player chases the ball and shoots the ball from wherever they pick it up. If they get the ball in the basketball net, they get one point and now get a turn to shoot for two points from the foul line. If they miss at their attempt to get one point, the other player chases the ball and shoots it from wherever they get it from. Again, if they sink the ball in the hoop they return to the foul line and shoot for two points. If they miss, the other player chases the ball and shoots from where they get. So all shots that are not from the foul line are worth one point and all shots from the foul line are worth two points. As long as you continue to get the ball in from the foul line, you continue shooting and receive two points for every successful shot.

This cycle of shooting the basketball continues until one person reaches twenty-one points. The first person to reach twenty-one is the winner. There is some strategy to this game because you cannot go over twenty-one points, you have to score exactly twenty-one. If you are shooting from the foul line and you have twenty points, the rules state that you have two chances to hit the basketball rim with the ball without sinking a basket.

The idea here is that if you can bounce the ball off the rim far enough away from the basket, it will make it difficult for the other player to be able to sink their next shot. This allows the person with twenty points to have an opportunity to get the ball if the other player misses and sink a basket for one point to win the game. If you do not hit the rim or the ball goes in the basket when you have twenty points (when shooting from the foul line), you go back down to ten points.

If both players get to the point where they are tied at twenty points, the rules state that you have to win by two points. In this case, the game can end up going above twenty-one points to decide a winner.

My friends and I liked the game so much that we would have mini tournaments. I had a friend next door who also had a basketball hoop. Two friends would play at his house and two other friends would play at my house. Then the winners would play each other. We would play for hours.

Over a few weeks, two of my friends and I started to play twenty-one regularly. What we would do is have two of us playing twenty-one and the other friend would play one of their favorite video games in my basement. The winner would keep playing and the person who lost would switch with the friend playing the video game.

We really enjoyed playing both twenty-one and the video game. We had a great mini competition between the three of us. At that time of the year, summer was approaching so it didn't get dark until 9:30 at night or later. The more we played something unique started to occur.

At the time it did start to bother me. Over the years, the three of us probably played over a hundred games. I didn't win one of them. I would come so close to winning and end up losing it in the end. I would have an easy shot to win the game and I would end up missing. Then one of my friends would hit all their next shots to win. Since I didn't get to stay on as the winner, I did become very good at the video game. I definitely had one of the high scores for that game.

I would get quite frustrated with myself for making some bad mistakes though. Over the years, I started to realize that it wasn't about winning. I loved playing basketball and hanging out with my friends. Even though I faced so many challenges, I still wanted to go out and play. No matter if I won or lost, I still got to have fun and enjoy the time I had with my friends.





**3. Write down three things that you feel are failures from your past.  
Now write down specific examples of what positive things resulted  
from these failures.**

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**Positive Outcomes:**

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**Positive Outcomes:**

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**When you have no other  
option, make it happen**

## **When you have no other option, make it happen**

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This story is from my grade twelve year in high school.

Graduating high school was a big goal for me. In order to graduate from high school, there were a number of mandatory courses that all students had to take and pass. One of these courses was English.

On the first day of school, I overheard a number of students talking about which English teacher they had. I mentioned the name of the teacher that I had and a look of worry came across the student's faces. Apparently, the English teacher I had was known for being quite strict and her course was very difficult. As I headed to English class, I was worried.

The first English class was very tense. The teacher made it clear that she was going to grade all our essays and assignments as if we were in university. She wanted to prepare the class for university. She told the class that those students who typically received A's would probably see a drop in letter grade to a B. Those students that were used to getting by with a C or C minus would need to work harder than they had in the past because they would not pass her class.

She talked to us about a variety of assignments that we would be required to do throughout the year. The final project of the year involved writing the ending to a Charles Dickenson's book called *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. "Write the ending to a book?" I said to myself, "How am I supposed to do that?"

I left English class feeling overwhelmed and anxious. This teacher was different than any other teacher I had ever had before. It appeared as though she wasn't interested in helping everyone pass her class so they could graduate. I was not looking forward to this class at all.

A few weeks went by and I was still a little nervous before each class. What I found interesting was during our classes she would sit at the front of the room and just talk with us. She wasn't writing notes all over the board or having us work on grammar exercises.

I remember one day she sat on a stool at the front of the class and said something to effect of, "Why do so many things involve the number three?". The lesson that day involved an open discussion about the number three. Someone mentioned that bars of soap came in packages of three. Why was this? The expression "three is a crowd" was another discussion. I kept thinking to myself, "What exactly is she teaching us? And how is she going to test us on this?" I didn't worry about it too much because I found myself enjoying the class.

At one point there was an essay writing exercise that probably eighty to ninety percent of the class almost failed. The fun seemed to be over and reality was sinking in.

Then one day I went to class and there was a substitute teacher. My teacher had hurt her leg and was unable to come to class that day. The substitute teacher had prepared typical English class exercises that she handed out for us to complete. It felt weird to me. I had started to become used to the different way that our regular teacher taught the class.

A number of weeks went by and our regular English teacher was still away. She was able to mark all of our assignments from home; however, the assignments were traditional English grammar exercises. They definitely were not very exciting.

At the halfway point of the year, the substitute teacher posted everyone's mark at the back of the class. At that point, I was getting a D. I was used to getting C+'s and B's. I needed this course to graduate and get into college. I never had a problem passing other English courses.

The substitute teacher had also posted a reminder that everyone should be working on his or her final project, the ending of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

The year was getting close to the end. There were only a few months left which meant about twelve more classes of English. Neither my friends nor myself had begun work on this project. They didn't seem to be as worried about it (as I was). I wanted to pass English and wasn't going to let anyone or anything stop me.

I got to work and started reading the book. I had a hard time reading it. It wasn't as exciting as the Stephen King books that I enjoyed reading. I remained focused and made a lot of notes as I was reading. I started to get to know the characters and had a good understand of the plot. It turned out the story was a murder mystery. This intrigued me to read more.

As I began slowly reading through the book, I started to get ideas popping in my head about how the book could end. I wrote these ideas down so I wouldn't forget them.

As I was working on the ending, an idea came to me that I would have never expected.

By now, my regular English teacher had returned to school. She was doing fine, but needed crutches to get around. One day after class I nervously went up to my teacher and shared some of my ideas with her. I asked her some questions about the story to clarify some of the details in the book.

To my surprise, she was very excited by my ideas. She was very helpful and encouraging. I left feeling completely energized and couldn't wait to continue writing. The meeting with my English teacher reaffirmed to me that my ideas were not crazy or silly. I had more determination than ever before to do a good job on my ending.

In the final weeks of school, I worked almost every day on my project. I would hear my classmates talk about how they hadn't started writing their ending. Most of them hadn't even read the book yet. I had finished reading the book two weeks prior and I was deep into the writing stages.

I became more and more excited about my project. I spent a lot of time on the family computer at the kitchen table after school and on the weekends. The words just seemed to flow from my fingers as I typed. I was glad I took typing in grade eight as it helped me a lot.

While working on the ending, I never forgot my goal. I wanted to graduate high school. In order to achieve this goal I needed to pass English. This assignment to write the ending of a Charles Dickens's book was the key to allow me to achieve this goal.

The day finally came when I was done. I felt very good about the work that I had written. I had no idea what my teacher was going to think of my ending, but I knew that I wrote the best ending I could. I was proud of the work I did no matter the outcome. I handed in my assignment to my English teacher.

I now faced a new challenge, waiting. I wanted to know as soon as possible if I passed and now it was out of my hands. The wait was nerve racking. It took about two weeks for my question to be answered.

The day came when my mark for writing the ending of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was no longer a mystery. The tension in the classroom was high. All the students knew that this English teacher was one of the hardest they had ever had. A lot of the students sitting around me seemed to be convinced they had failed. I didn't know what to feel. I did know I didn't feel as worried as everyone else.

The English teacher knew that this was a big day for everyone. She personally handed each assignment to each student individually and even made a brief comment to the student about how they did.

She started to walk in my direction. My heart started to pound. I noticed my English teacher had a big smile on her face. She placed my assignment on my desk. I was stunned by what I saw in red ink at the top of the page. My English teacher said to me my mark was one of the highest in the class. Then she said something interesting. She said she would like to be able to share my work with future students. She needed me to add a few extra things to properly copyright my work.

I thought I was dreaming. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I couldn't believe it! A smile became permanent on my face. I did it. My hard work and focus got me what I needed to reach my goal. I felt so good.

If you were curious about my mark it was ninety percent.

**Now let's strengthen that thing between your ears.**

- 1. Write about a time when you were put into a situation where you really needed to achieve a positive outcome.**

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**Life will test you for the  
rest of your life**

## **Life will test you for the rest of your life**

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Four years after high school, I completed my Bachelor of Business of Administration degree with a major in Human Resource Management. My next task was to find a job to pay the bills for the summer and ultimately find work that related to my university degree in Business.

I spent a few days going to the employment office searching for jobs. Back then they didn't have the online databases like they have today. I ended up finding a job at a golf course. It was one of the larger golf courses in the city and I thought it sounded pretty good.

One afternoon, I drove about twenty minutes out of the city to the golf course to talk with the hiring manager. I wasn't nervous at all until I drove into the golf course parking lot. It took me a couple of minutes to find out where the maintenance area was.

The conversation with the maintenance manager was under twenty minutes. He told me I had the job and I started the next day at six in the morning. I would be digging two feet deep holes to build mini fences for the golf cart paths on the course. It wasn't the most exciting job, but it paid well.

After the golf course job was completed, I was on to the next job. I worked three more labor related jobs that summer. Then my chance came to work in a business environment.

During the summer, I had sent my resume to one of the local financial institutions. They called me to come in for an interview. I was still learning about the business world since I was just out of university.

For some reason, I thought it would be okay to wear a dress shirt, a tie and jeans to the interview. Jeans or no jeans, I did end up getting a job at a bank as a Customer Service Officer. My new manager did tell me afterwards that next time I should probably wear dress pants rather than jeans.

Within a month, I had settled in pretty good. I was told I was only going to be part-time, however, in a short period of time I was getting full time hours. They provided me with great training and I learned a lot in my first six months. I received a promotion and was transferred to a different branch within my first year.

Before I knew it there was an investment course that I needed to take to be able to provide advice to my clients about investments. It was a self-study course that had a couple of assignments and one final exam.

I wasn't worried at all. I had been in school for so many years; one course would be a breeze.

The first assignment was a wake up call for me because I barely passed it. I didn't realize how challenging a self-study course could be. I pushed myself to work harder on the next assignment, which brought my mark up a bit. Now the final exam was the next thing I had to do.

In this course, you had to obtain at least sixty percent on the final exam and have an overall mark of a minimum of sixty percent to pass. I felt it was an easy grade to obtain.

I studied hard for the final exam just like I had studied in university. The course provided practice exam questions that I reviewed regularly. I was finding it challenging to retain the information because there wasn't a teacher to review the material.

The day came to write the exam. It was scheduled in the evening and it was in a classroom at the university I graduated from. It was a multiple-choice exam so I didn't think it would take very long. I had two hours to complete it.

I finished the exam in less than two hours. I felt good about how I had done. I felt so good about the exam that the next day I told my manager I probably got at least eighty percent on the exam. I wouldn't know for sure for a few weeks when they mailed out the marks.

About three weeks after writing the exam, I received a letter in the mail. It was my exam results. I confidently ripped open the letter. When I saw my mark, I felt my stomach drop to the floor and my face went flush from embarrassment. I had received forty three percent on the exam. I was so certain that I had passed. Now I had to go to work the next day and tell my manager that I didn't come close to eighty percent. Plus, I would have to retake the exam.

I realized that my overconfidence had impacted my ability to successfully pass the course. For the next three months, I studied the same course all over again. I had to pass it. Students were given three opportunities to pass the final exam before having to complete the entire course all over again. I struggled with having to study after work on my own time. Self-study was not an easy way to complete a course. I found it hard to book the final exam. I really wanted to pass it this time.

When I wrote the exam for the second time, I took my time on the multiple-choice questions. I reviewed all the questions a few times to make sure I had the correct answers. After the two-hour exam was completed, the real stress began. I had to wait at least three weeks to find out how I did.

I did not enjoy having to wait so long. I was used to my university professors having marks available within a week or two. I do look back and realize that waiting for my mark taught me a lot about patience plus three weeks isn't a long time in the grand scheme of things.

Finally, after three weeks the letter arrived. I was quite nervous this time. I opened the envelope and pulled out the letter. My nervousness was replaced by disappointment. I had received fifty seven percent, three percent away from passing. I would have to write the exam for a third time. I began to feel that this course was testing me for something more than just advising people about investing.

I spent another three months studying for the course. I made sure I knew the textbook inside and out. I had studied so much for this course that I was getting to know the content quite well.

Three weeks after writing the exam for the third time, I received my results in the mail. I didn't waste anytime to open it. I just wanted to get it over with.

When I pulled out the letter this time, a smile came across my face; a smile that stayed on my face for a few days. I had received seventy percent on the exam. I had finally passed.

My determination and hard work had paid off. I looked failure in the eye and said no way.

When I reflect back on this experience, the struggle to get through the course was replaced by a sense of accomplishment. At the time, it seemed like forever for me to get through the course. Today, I realize that six to eight months is a short period of time to reach a goal. It goes by faster than we think and is well worth the wait.

**Now let's strengthen that thing between your ears.**

**1. What tests stand out that life has given to you?**

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# What do you do after you complete this eBook?

Continue strengthening that thing **Between Your Ears**  
[www.BetweenYourEars.ca](http://www.BetweenYourEars.ca)

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## **What do you do after you complete this eBook?**

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Over the years, I would get excited when I found a book, video, course, eCourse, newsletter, eBook etc. that made sense to me and it really helped me strengthen that thing between my ears. The challenge I experienced was figuring out what to do after I finished using it.

What I found is that I would continue to use some resources until I felt that I had created new habits in my life, which were constantly strengthening that thing between my ears.

I have books and other resources I still refer back to today. Over time, I have accumulated a variety of resources that helped me at times in my life when I really needed them. I did come to realize that I may not completely change my situation just by reading one book. I may have to continue to focus on the exercises or seek similar sources to ultimately reach my goals.

There are so many ways to support yourself as you achieve your goals. The methods you choose can depend on a number of things. Such as your own learning style, where you are at in your life, what has worked in the past, if you like to do things on your own, or if you need help.

Below, I have provided a whole variety of ways to help you keep focused on what you want when you have completed this eBook.(that means the exercises too. ☺)

### **1. Continue doing it yourself**

Some people need a little extra push from time to time to get on track to reaching a goal or they have had help from some else and they are now able to work on that thing between their eyes on their own.

You can find a whole variety of books, CD's, movies, eBooks, eCourses, newsletters etc. at your local book store in the Self Help section or online at websites specific to self help resources.

I want to ensure that you have some additional resources that you can turn to when needed. I continually update new resources on the resources page on my website, [www.BetweenYourEars.ca/resources](http://www.BetweenYourEars.ca/resources).

## **2. You can take courses**

Most colleges, universities or community centers offer courses on great ways to improve ones self such as boosting self esteem, meditation, time management, stress management, anger management, public speaking, relationships.

Contact your local college, university and/or community center to obtain a current calendar of upcoming courses.

You may find that attending a course can help with motivating yourself to get on track to what you want in life.

## **3. Your family and friends**

The people who are close to you can be a great resource to help you reach your goals. Your spouse, friends, parent's etc. have their own experiences that may help you learn how to achieve what you want. Plus, they can be great resource to share ideas with or challenges you are facing.

Everyone needs help at some point. If you have people you are close to who can help you reach your dreams, goals, passions, seek their guidance.

## **4. Medical Help**

The things we eat, the amount of exercise we do, the things we worry about, the medical history of our family are all examples of areas that a doctor can help with. Plus, they all can impact our confidence, self esteem, motivation etc.

Your doctor can assess your physical and mental health and determine if you are perhaps not getting the proper nutrients or certain medical conditions that run in your family may be causing you challenges.

## **5. Counselors or psychologists**

Other medical resources are counselors and psychiatrists. People hire a fitness trainer to help them strengthen their muscles, they go to a massage therapist to relax their muscles or they may see a chiropractor to adjust their alignment.

Sometimes, people need to go to experts who specialize in that thing between their ears. Going to a psychologist has been seen as taboo for quite some time. It doesn't have to be. These careers wouldn't be in place if they didn't provide some value to others.

Not everyone has to go to see someone to get help, however, a lot of people benefit from talking about what is going on between their ears to get focused on what they really want in life.

A number of employers provide health benefit plans to go to a psychologist a number of times a year. Why not take advantage if you need the help?

## **6. Use a personal coach**

You may have heard of someone who is a life coach, a career coach or a business coach. Coaching is becoming a sought after consulting service for individuals, groups, and businesses.

Today, people are pushing harder than ever to do what they love. A coach is someone who helps people focus on their goals. A coach can be a great resource for people after they have been seeing a therapist. A coach can help people maintain self-confidence by ensuring they are continuing to focus on the now.

You can find a full directory of coaches at:

<http://www.findacoach.com>

<http://www.coach-federation.org>

## About the Author

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Aaron Solly's passion is to help others strengthen that thing between their ears so they can reach their goals in life. Since Aaron was a teenager, he faced many challenges that a lot of others have had to deal with at some point in their lives.

These areas may include areas such as low self-esteem, constant worrying, anxiety and failure. He is determined to share his experiences with others to help them overcome their own challenges so they can live the life that they want.

Aaron was born in Burnaby, B.C., Canada and he spent his childhood and teenage years in Williams Lake, B.C. Currently, he is living in Vancouver, B.C with his wife Mandy.

You may have faced challenges in high school, on sports teams, at work or at home that impacted your self-esteem, confidence or attitude. Aaron wants you to always remember that you are not alone. There are people that you know and there are people you don't know that are going through similar things.

Visit, [www.BetweenYourEars.ca](http://www.BetweenYourEars.ca) to learn more.