BROKEN EGGS

A SPEECH FOR

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The egg. A perfect symbol. One single cell holds life and hope, nourishment and possibility. What happens when the egg is broken? Have you ever had a broken dream? (Waiting audience answer here). Think about it…. the whole egg symbolizes life and the promise of things to come. What’s the other side of that image? The broken egg… broken dreams… hopes of golden fulfillment lost… (**Do you want to break the first egg here?)**

When I was five years old I dreamt I was Superman and could fly. I awoke and believed it was possible and tried. I will never forget how my mum saw me and said, “You can’t fly!! Get off that chair! Go back to your room.” I did as she said. I went back to my room and cried. It was the first time I felt the crack and had my first dream broken.

I was twelve years old and had another dream. I envisioned myself as a basketball player. I shared this with my father who said, “Forget it!! You will never grow to be two meters tall! Go back to your room and study.” I went back to my room and felt the scars formed by another crack in my shell. Second dream … broken.

It’s been said, “Where there’s life there’s hope.” I turned eighteen and dreamt I was a Hollywood superstar like Tom Cruise. Boy! Was he cool!! Again my father heard of my dream and asked, “Tom Cruise, eh?” Of course I was bursting with anticipation at the thought and said, “**YES**!!! Of course I want that!!” My father, the realist, looked and me and said, “But you are **NOT** Tom Cruise. You’re Thomas. Go back to your room.” I went back to my room and cried again.

It seemed as though my childhood dreams were broken. (Act and break the second eggs here) What is the point to dream in life? Why do we aspire to be greater than our circumstance? How do we prevail?

Yes, my innocent dreams were broken… I went to University and concentrated on my studies… no more dreams for me… school and study were so difficult that the only thing I felt confident to do was to copy and paste. My life was reduced to the act of ctrl C and ctrl V.

I graduated and got my first job as a headhunter. My ability to dream returned because the job was too hard. All I could do was pretend…. pretend to call… I really called my friends… pretend to email potential clients… I was really emailing myself…I pretended to print documents and applications …but between you and me? I practiced photocopying my hand…. one day my boss called me into his office. He said that we needed to **TALK.** **IMMEDIATELY.** That **NEVER** sounds too good but I went. “What do you think about your work?” He asked. I was a little puzzled. “Euuuhhh uhhh… What’s wrong? I did **nothing**…” To which he replied, “ Precisely. You did **NOTHING.**  That’s **EXACTLY WHY YOU’RE FIRED**!!” (**If you want to make a joke you can say**)… speaking of broken dreams… I had **EGG** all over my face!! (**That’s an expression that means you were embarrassed.. Wait for the laugh).**

**(3-second desperate pause).** A week later my girlfriend called.Somehow I felt I was in for another life-defining conversation. She began, “ What do you think of our relationship? You never answer my calls! You always come back late and drunk!” Once again, me, the poor little innocent egg, responded, “ Who? Me? I did nothing!” And once again I heard those now infamous words, “Yes. You did **NOTHING**! We’re finished!!” My career and my relationship…. Broken. Scrambled. Done. **(Break one egg here**) .

Let’s recap. …No girlfriend, …no job, and almost no hair. I felt like I had hit bottom. I was lost and alone. I went to buy a book, “How to Be Successful.” I read it five times with no success trying to figure out what to do with my life.

Then one day one of my best friends called me from Taiwan and said, “Bro, don’t be sad!! I have a friend who wants to import wine. Why don’t you come to China?” My father, the eternal optimist, heard of the idea and prepared to smash another egg into a broken dream. “Forget it!!” he said. “First of all, knowing you, as soon as you try to start reading Chinese you’ll get a headache and … don’t forget… the Chinese population is 1.3 BILLION… they **don’t need** ONE MORE… namely YOU!!

But my father didn’t realize Chapter 3 in the Book of Success was titled, “Don’t Listen to Fathers” so I purchased my ticket…

I was off to China and on my road to success. But first… the flight… twelve hours of turbulence … eating noodles all the way, I began to really **FEEL** like a noodle!! I finally arrived to Mainland China! My ability to dream returned… until…

* My first glass of water… burnt my tongue… it was HOT water.
* My first massage… almost broke my back
* My first business dinner… I got drunk on Baijiu!!!

I couldn’t wait to get home, but found a visitor greeting me… a **cockroach**!! (Joke part here, for the intro) Life was hard at the beginning….

Then Turning POINT HERE, from how I success and learnt from FAILURES

**Thanks to my past failures I realized I had really learned a lot through experience and was able to adapt to all situations:**

* I may have failed to be a basketball player, but when I played I met my best friend... (And we started a business together in China)
* I may have failed at becoming an actor but now I use those skills in the drama of life and business.
* I may have failed at being Superman as a child, but realized I was superman last year in my life.
* I may have failed at my first my first job, but I learnt valuable skills that stay with me today.

Ladies and gentlemen, have YOU ever had broken dreams? Yes? That means you have the **ability** to dream. I invite you- take back your dreams no matter what. Keep your dream, cherish it, hold it close to your heart, and one day **SUCCESS** will be yours! Your broken eggs will become golden!!! Just believe in yourselves! Thank you all!