



Hi.

You've been given this because someone thinks you should hire me to write something for you.

And they are probably right.

Unless that person is you. In which case, you are definitely right.

The samples below are taken directly from [this page](#) on my site.

Drop me a note if you need or want to see more.

- E.T.

## One Word Suggestion

The weekly [3-minute podcast](#) I write and produce for PowerProv. Here's a random sample inspired by the word "Hippos."

---

Most everyone knows who Pablo Escobar is, but what many people don't know is that his enduring legacy has less to do with cocaine and more to do with hippopotamuses.

In the late 1980s, the infamous Colombian drug lord smuggled four African hippos into a private menagerie at his palatial residence in the town of Puerto Triunfo. After Escobar's death in 1993, the hippos were deemed too difficult to seize and move, and so they were left to roam freely on the untended estate.

Twenty-five years later, their numbers had multiplied. Nearly seventy hippos were reported. All from the original four belonging to Escobar.

The beasts have since taken over the entire area. And without management, the population size is likely to more than double in the next decade. The situation is so serious, National Geographic made a documentary about it called "Cocaine Hippos."

Sadly there are no scenes of hippos getting high on Pablo's supply.

In addition to being an expert animal smuggler, another thing people may not know about Pablo is that he was also a fantastic improviser.

One day he was mixing cocaine with fish paste so it would go undetected by sniffer dogs. The next he was modifying planes to secret away more stash or building stealthy submarines. When he got caught, he designed his own jail, (that he later escaped from). And he was always coming up with new ways to launder money - and to bribe everyone. He even influenced politicians to make extradition from Columbia near to impossible.

Every time the DEA or CIA would get close he'd improvise a new way forward.

Just like any good improviser he was constantly reacting to unexpected situations, adapting to deal with new information, and communicating revised plans to his team.

And people loved him for it. Not just party people, but a nation.

When he died, twenty-five thousand people attended his funeral. Despite all the lives he ruined, he was Robin Hood-esque when it came to enriching the lives of Columbians, most famously for building schools in poor towns.

Like Puerto Triunfo.

Most people in Pablo's old neighbourhood have since grown fond of their hippo interlopers. Despite an isolated instance where a couple of rowdy beasts chased a few locals around, the arguably cute animals

have transformed the town into a tourist destination, creating a thriving new economy and local environmentalists are campaigning hard to protect the herd.

And in the meantime, they continue to expand their numbers.

Sort of like improvisers.

Because word is getting out. People are discovering the joy of improv, not only as a theatrical art form, but as a tool for life.

The soft skills that come as a by-product of improv training are powerful.

For listening, for collaboration, for innovation, for communication, for thinking on your feet, for being in the moment, for being more comfortable sharing your authentic self with the world, and more.

It's no wonder our herd is expanding too.

And if you're not already, I invite you to become a part of it.

## **Advice for the Recently Diagnosed Cancer Patient from Someone Who Beat It.**

Twelve things that just might save your or a friend's life. And possibly the most important thing I've ever written.

---

Every once in a while someone emails me about a friend or acquaintance who has been diagnosed with cancer. As a young adult cancer survivor and Founder of Prepare to Live they're looking for suggestions and hope from someone who has "been there."

I'm generally out of the loop these days, thankfully. After over 11 years cancer-free and coming up on one year without any cancer-related drugs, my attention is elsewhere, but I got asked recently and I thought I would share my suggestions in the off chance that someone you know may be coping with cancer.

Sadly, odds are that you do. Or will.

Be your own best expert. Every doctor has their own, sometimes hidden agenda, talk to lots of them and remember they work for you. You're hiring them to save your life. So interview them well — have questions, do background checks, see if they're involved with leading trials etc.

Use the web, but don't believe everything you read. There is as much bullshit online as there is truth, and when you're sick, looking for answers, you're vulnerable. Get lots of info, then take that info to real live human experts who can help you separate fact from fiction.

Ignore Statistics. Be your own statistic. Remember: Things Change. FAST. If you think your computer or mobile phone becomes obsolete quickly, wait 'til you get stuck into the world of medical technology. New things are being developed non-stop. Find out about them, research them. Be a medical tech nerd.

Make Changes. If you never exercised, start. If you ate crap, stop. If you worked all the time, stop. Learn to meditate. Tell your body you love it and are grateful to it — listen to what it wants and as best as possible, give it.

And obviously quit smoking, red meat, booze etc, but if you love those things and they make you happy, don't make yourself miserable. Have some. Once in a while as a treat. Except for the cigarettes.

Rally the Troops. Build a support network, and give them jobs. Your friends and family will want to help, but most likely, they won't know how. So they will hover and dawdle and give you sad looks. This is because, ironically, they feel helpless, after all, they can't fix your "problem." But they can do other things — get groceries, wash your dog, manage your emails, massage your neck, vacuum. Trust me, they will jump at the chance to feel like they're helping. And to have something to do besides give you sad looks.

Start a Blog (don't start a non-profit\*). Everyone is going to want to know how you're doing and you're going to get sick of telling them. Blogs didn't exist when I was first diagnosed, so I did email blasts, but now a private blog is a great way to share your progress with everyone without having to tell the same story over and over and over.

Get your Head Right. A large part of your recovery (and in my opinion, the cause of many diseases) is emotional. So get right in the head. However you have to. Get spiritual, get a psychiatrist, get a new job, make friends with a Monk, let go of any guilt, make amends if you must, but clear your conscience. Get your Karma bank back in black.

Get on the ACOR email list for your specific disease. Google it.

Get Outside. If you're stuck in bed, or in a hospital, and you can, get out and breathe the fresh air — even if only for 5 minutes. Especially if you're in a hospital. They smell funny. That said, more important than breathing fresh air, is learning to breathe. Meditation can help.

Get an Insurance Helper. Leukaemia may have come close to killing me, but dealing with insurance companies came closer. The stress, anxiety, bureaucracy and utter nonsense and incompetence I dealt with during my treatment may have had more to do with my hair loss than bad genes or chemo.

That thing I said above about rallying the troops and giving people jobs? This may be the most important one. Let someone else deal with it. Trust me.

And finally, check out the fantastic org that Prepare to Live now refers Young Adults to:  
[StupidCancer.com](http://StupidCancer.com)

Wishing you all health and happiness.

## Tall Poppy Syndrome

This is a 2-minute rant I wrote and filmed for the inaugural episode of the Sky News TV Show "[Entrepreneurs](#)."

---

I love Australia. I moved to Sydney 15 years ago from New York and made it my home. This country has so much to offer the world, but there's one cultural phenomenon that really frustrates me:

Tall Poppy Syndrome.

In the US success is desired and celebrated. The original version of the American Dream is that anyone with enough hard work can achieve it. And if someone we know has any level of success at all, we try and get as close to them as we can.

To be inspired.

To learn.

To better understand how to achieve our own dreams.

To make a real impact.

And be rewarded for our efforts.

America is the home of many a success story, and now Australia has the chance to show the world what we can do, but we're getting in our own way. If you work hard here and rise up in any way - professionally, financially, but most of all, visibly...

You get the chop.

I'm not talking about braggers, or posers exhibiting audacious displays of wealth - those kinds of people are annoying. I'm talking about the Doers. I'm talking about the people who get up and grind every day to manifest their destiny. I'm talking about the backyard innovators, the entrepreneurs, and the business owners who form the backbone of the Australian economy.

These are the people going the hard yards and battling to build something new. They create jobs, start movements, revolutionise industries. And despite enduring some of the slowest internet speeds in the world, they help keep this lucky country moving forward.

The problem is if you're the type of person who really wants to make something of yourself and build something great, chances are you won't stay in Australia. You'll go to Silicon Valley, or London or New York - or anywhere else where people celebrate success. Brain drain is real.

We may be winning on "lifestyle," but it's not a good look when your best and brightest have to go overseas to blossom. Which is a real shame, because I know lots of people would love to live here, and be successful as entrepreneurs and take their ideas to the wider world.

But we put a limit on our own success. The elements are not in place financially, culturally, and did I mention the slow internet? As a result not only are we losing talent, but we have a hard time attracting it.

The good news we can choose to change how we think about Tall Poppies and start giving them a fair go. And now is the time to make that change. We're no longer a nation isolated by distance. Technology and the digital economy mean we can play on the global stage. But to win there we have to level up and be competitive with everyone - everywhere.

This takes confidence, determination, and a huge drive to succeed. And we should be supporting and championing the people who stick their necks out because their success enables our own.

The plague of cultural insecurity that, in my opinion, is the root cause of Tall Poppy Syndrome has got to go. For real progress to occur we need to collectively create an economic and cultural climate where bravery, creativity, and achievement are celebrated and serve to inspire a nation to rise up to its fullest potential.

And the first step towards making this happen is to stop chopping our tall poppies down.

And start watering them.

## Hand Off the Hat

Contributed article for GQ Magazine.

---

The social etiquette of when and where it's acceptable for a man to wear a hat and the occasions on which a gentleman is expected to take his hat off are generally agreed upon.

What is less agreed upon, however, is when it's OK for someone else to take a man's hat off.

It seems that for many uncouth men and women other people's millinery is merely an opportunity to try before you buy.

Or flirt. Badly.

I'm talking to you drunken dance floor floozie.

You don't look cute. You don't make me want to get to know you better. And even though I may be smiling as you do your sexiest sashay away, every second my hat is on your head, makes me hate you more.

Unless you're 10 hot. And even then, it's questionable.

According to the "Law of the West," you should never touch a man's wife, horse or hat – and violating any of the three would likely get you a bullet. Thankfully, these days not everybody is armed. Well, at least not me, but still, my advice is to play it safe.

To make it easy for you, I've compiled a handy list below of when it's acceptable to grab a man's hat off his head:

1. Never
2. Never
3. Never

And just in case you need reason's why, I've put that handy list together too.

1. Hat head – Grabbing a man's hat is the equivalent of ruffling a woman's hair which is probably never a good idea always. Exception: Grandparents. A grandparent can get away with ruffling hair.
2. Hair gel, spray, or mousse – I don't need these things because I'm wearing a hat. You, on the other hand, have a head full of sticky residue that I don't want inside my lid.
3. Dents, smudges and stains – Some hats are expensive, most hats are flimsy, and all hats are hard to clean.
4. Lice – I don't know if you have them, and you don't know if I do.\* Definitely not worth the risk.
5. Defensive Action – Depending on the circumstances, the person whose hat you grab may not know if you ever plan on giving it back, in which case they may react unfavourably.
6. Respect – It all comes down to this really. Have some.



Oh and by the way, if you do ask to try on a man's hat, and the answer is "no," and you grab it anyway, whatever happens next will be entirely your fault.

In my case, I may not be armed, but I just might accidentally spill my beer.

On your face.

\* I don't.

**Things you have to click on.**

We live in a digital world. Not everything can be put into a PDF.

---

**The E.T. Blog**

I have [a blog](#) that I treat badly.

**eran.co**

This is my [advertising portfolio and repository](#), just in case you want to read some funny headlines or clever copy.

**Linkedin**

If you want to know [what I do](#) when I'm not writing words.

**Personal Site**

[All the things.](#)