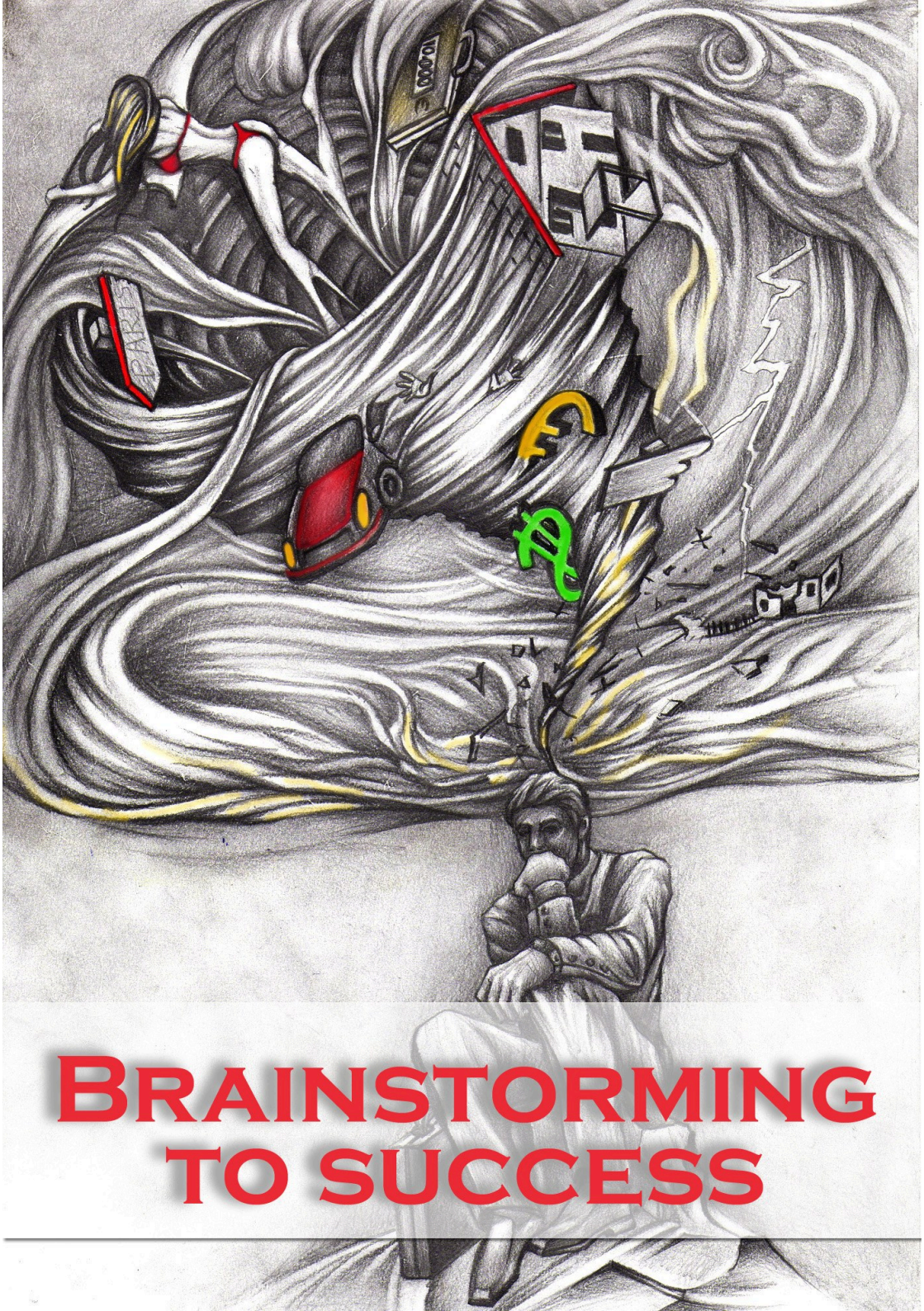


Brainstorming to success

Brainstorming to Success

G. Oran

“This is, unlike many others, a true story”

© 2014 G. Oran. All rights reserved.

Translation and adaptation: MAGNUS Translation Factory, Belgrade.

This e-book is licensed for the buyer's personal use only. Copying, forwarding or publishing it without the author's written consent is not permitted.

Contact: goran_antic@hotmail.com

Contents

Introduction	4
1. Growing up	5
2. A place in the Sun	11
3. The real chance	26
4. Do not work for money, let the money work for you	30
5. Exponential growth	42
6. Improve your investments	62
7. The sky is the limit	69
8. The sky is not a limit, there is no limit!	85
9. All you need is knowledge	98
Conclusion	126

Introduction

I decided to write this book mainly because I had read a great many "business" books that did not offer a single concrete example from the real world of business. I will try to change that by telling you about more than fifty examples that illustrate my success in business, in the world of real estate and especially in trading land lots. I will also try to analyze my actions in the light of scientific assumptions and of the books I have read or learned from, applying them to various aspects of my life.

CHAPTER 1

Growing up



I was born in 1980, at a time when my country was going through great political changes. Those changes followed me closely through every step of my life and interfered with my everyday growing up. Media isolation, political brainwashing and a dysfunctional system of values left the deepest wounds in my soul. But let's start from the beginning...

That same year, 1980, I was born into a modest family, as its fourth member. Besides my parents, I had an older sister, who was six at the

time. I would describe my early childhood, in a word, as a happy one. I spent summers and winters in a village with my grandma and grandpa, and the rest of the year with my parents in the city centre of our not-so-small town, which back then had some 100,000 inhabitants. Even in early childhood I became quite aware of the political changes that would later steer our lives in a completely different direction. I will deliberately not say which country I am talking about; it is enough to say that it is in the Balkans.

When I was four or maybe five, I started going to kindergarten, and even then I began to realize what the word "responsibility" means. Because of the nature of my dad's job (he held a high position at the time and was an outstanding worker), he was always the first to arrive at work, which meant that I had to be the first to arrive at kindergarten. I remember going there in the dark, since we set out at dawn. To a child that could sound a little crazy, but it had a positive long-term effect. As I write this, I remember an old Chinese saying: "A man cannot go hungry if he gets up before dawn 365 days a year." I am sure my father had never heard this proverb, but I am certain that deep down he knew he was doing the right thing.

During my early school years (I was a top pupil) I simply adopted that habit. When I was in third grade, political riots broke out, which in a way foretold what would happen later. I remember standing by the school fence and watching police cordons fight protesters with "beating sticks." But that did not stop me from playing all day like any other kid and studying just enough to be an excellent pupil, which I was, year after year. Right after school I did all my homework immediately, so that I could go and play soccer until late in the evening, every single day. I have to mention that I read about this in a book: we should do the unpleasant things first, so that we can enjoy the activities we like afterwards. I liked soccer very much, and my favorite team was at the peak of its fame, so I had an extra motive to play even more. I need hardly mention that I was

brilliant at soccer too, although I had never gone to any official training; but I was certainly better than most players of my generation in the city. This probably sounds like exaggeration, and you may think my ego is as big as Mount Everest, but I will explain why I write the way I do. First, the book is written under a pseudonym, so you will not know who that young soccer star was, or in which country he lived. Second, and more important, I was not a talented player, just a hardworking one, who took the sport seriously, like a job, and always worked hard on self-improvement. Many years later I read hundreds of studies, summarized in a couple of good books, explaining that ten thousand hours of work in any field is the key to success, not only for athletes or artists but for anyone on the planet. Actually, it was progressive training, and not soccer, that was the skill I mastered even as a young boy.

The desire for comfort, along with the growing basic needs of our family, led us to expand our living space, which was logical as we were getting older. That is why, after my sixth grade, we moved just a few miles away, but into an entirely different environment. The busy street in front of our old building was replaced by a beautiful park at the new location, with plenty of trees and grass at every step and a much healthier environment to grow up in. I was particularly glad because of the number of playgrounds for different sports.

At school I continued with excellent marks, and in the new surroundings I developed a desire for a new sport: basketball. Is it ironic to mention that until then I had been practicing karate and had won gold medals a couple of times at top-ranked competitions? In total I spent about ten years in karate. I was even a national champion, twice a vice-champion and a couple of times first at regional competitions; but slowly I began to lose interest in karate and soccer, and the new sport was basketball.

Then came the high-school period, with great marks, a first love and, of course, sport. By now I was heavily into basketball, which I trained for

two years, and although I was not very tall (188 cm), I played pretty well; the point was that I liked it. During high school I also tried handball (as a left-hander and a high jumper) and volleyball, which I played for the school team. Altogether, once I added the gym to my training routine, I realized I was having twelve training sessions a week! At that time I could run over 20 kilometers without any problem or fatigue. I had an excellent, well-built body.

For a moment you may wonder whether I got the title of this book wrong: did I make it as an athlete and then move into real estate? No, I did not. I simply liked sports, and I still do. What I want to show you is my relentless hunger for perfection. I would try myself in some sport completely unknown to me, get close to it, master it, and finally leave it behind. Someone might say I was a real Casanova of sports! Once I had mastered a sport, I would simply drop it, because I wanted a new one. To be clear, reading this you might think I was a Superman, which I certainly was not. My story is my personal view, because from the very beginning I knew I did not want to be a professional athlete, especially because I was so good at school. The second reason was that I was neither very tall nor strong, although, given my body proportions, I had reached the maximum in many standards. To give you a comparison: in high school we had two cross-country runs a year, eight in total. From those races I brought home eight diplomas, of which only two were for second place, while the rest were for first. Only one young man was better than me. Later he became a national champion in that sport, over 1,500 m.

That is what I am talking about.

I applied the "10,000 hours" rule constantly. During all those years the war was already spreading throughout the region. Sport was my escape from the pain and misery all around me. The high morale I had pushed me to keep going, and as soon as I felt nervous or tense, I would turn that destructive energy into constructive jogging out in nature. My growing up continued in a normal way. The older a person gets, the more aware he

becomes of the problems that can affect his life. I will intentionally avoid mentioning my emotional life and the difficulties, small and big, that my family had, or the problems in our close and not-so-close surroundings. You can find those everywhere, and nobody is exempt.

In this chapter I will focus only on my determination to be a perfect student. Although I considered myself a "campaigner"[1] who did things at the last minute, the results said the opposite. Through sport I gained habits that helped me a lot later on, and still do! You surely know that real athletes have goals and do not stop practicing until they reach them. I copied that pattern in all aspects of my life. Looking at parents today, I can say with pleasure that nobody helped me with my homework during my entire schooling, and I never had any trouble telling my parents that they should attend parent–teacher meetings, which today sounds like a dream to anyone with a school-age child.

It is said that good manners come from the family, and that is completely true. During my early schooling, and later, I showed on many occasions that I had very good manners, which I gained at school as well as brought from home. I think the key to my good manners was my involvement in sports. If I look back at my own development and schooling and compare them with those of today's youth, I notice that back then we did not have betting shops and casinos on every corner. Therefore I did not practice cheating the system. In gambling everything is based on a system, and players are in fact just trying to cheat it, although it is designed to favor the owner and not the player.

I had nobody to cheat. I could only cheat myself: when I felt I could not go on, I found the strength to run a few meters more. Likewise, since I was an athlete and a non-smoker, I hung around with such people. I imposed certain values on myself and expected the same from those around me. So the people in my surroundings thought just like me.

The end of my schooling will seem completely unbelievable to most people: it was cut short by the war.

Summary

- Acquiring work habits from the earliest childhood;
- Proper upbringing through a normal family and sport;
- Accepting and fulfilling obligations first, and only then indulging in pleasures;
- Continuous self-improvement, limited only by one's body type and innate character;
- Reaching mastery through the "10,000 hours" technique;
- Surrounding yourself with like-minded people.

---

1 Campaigner – a person who studies only from time to time.