


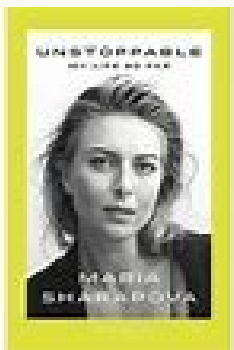
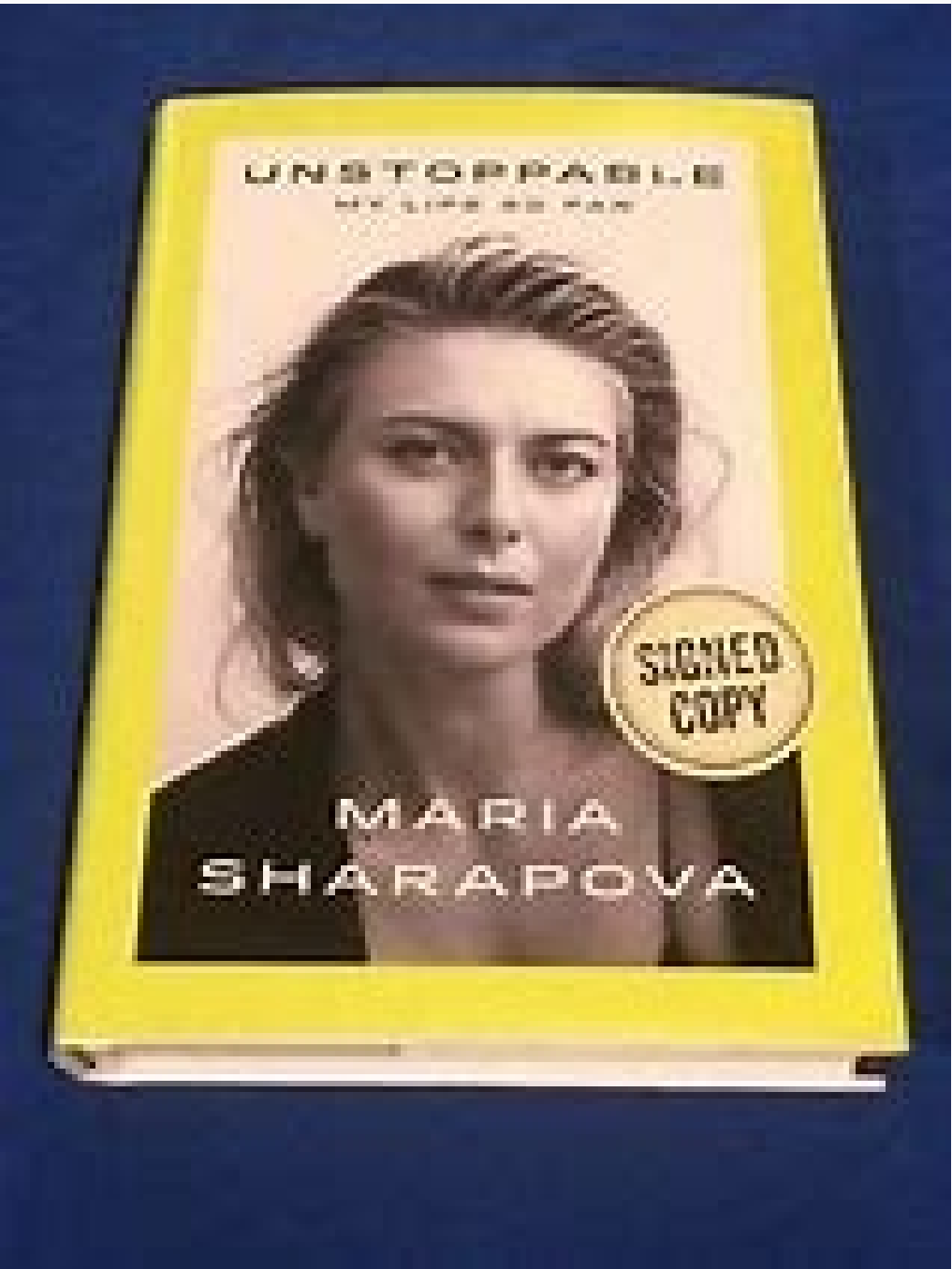
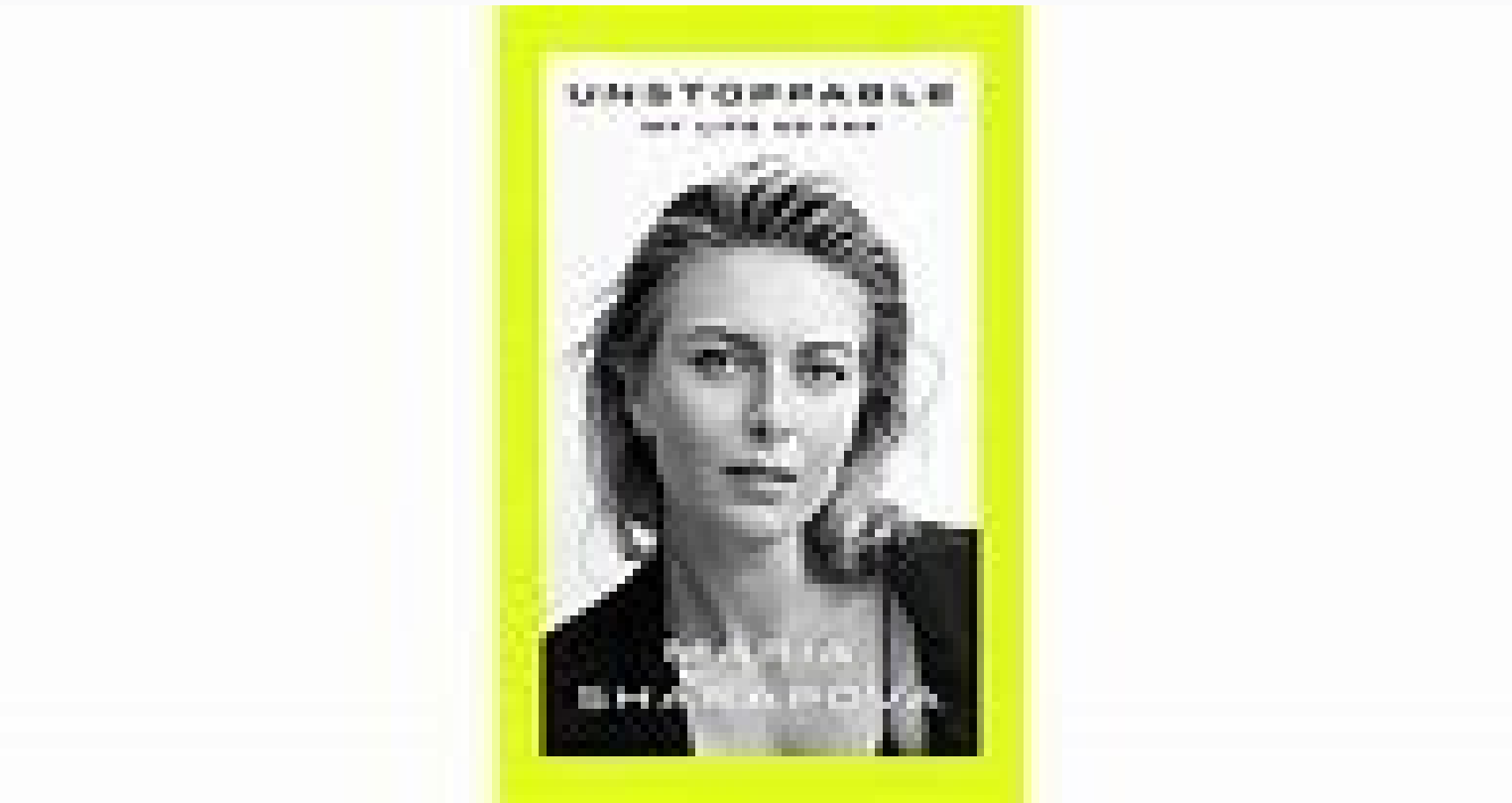
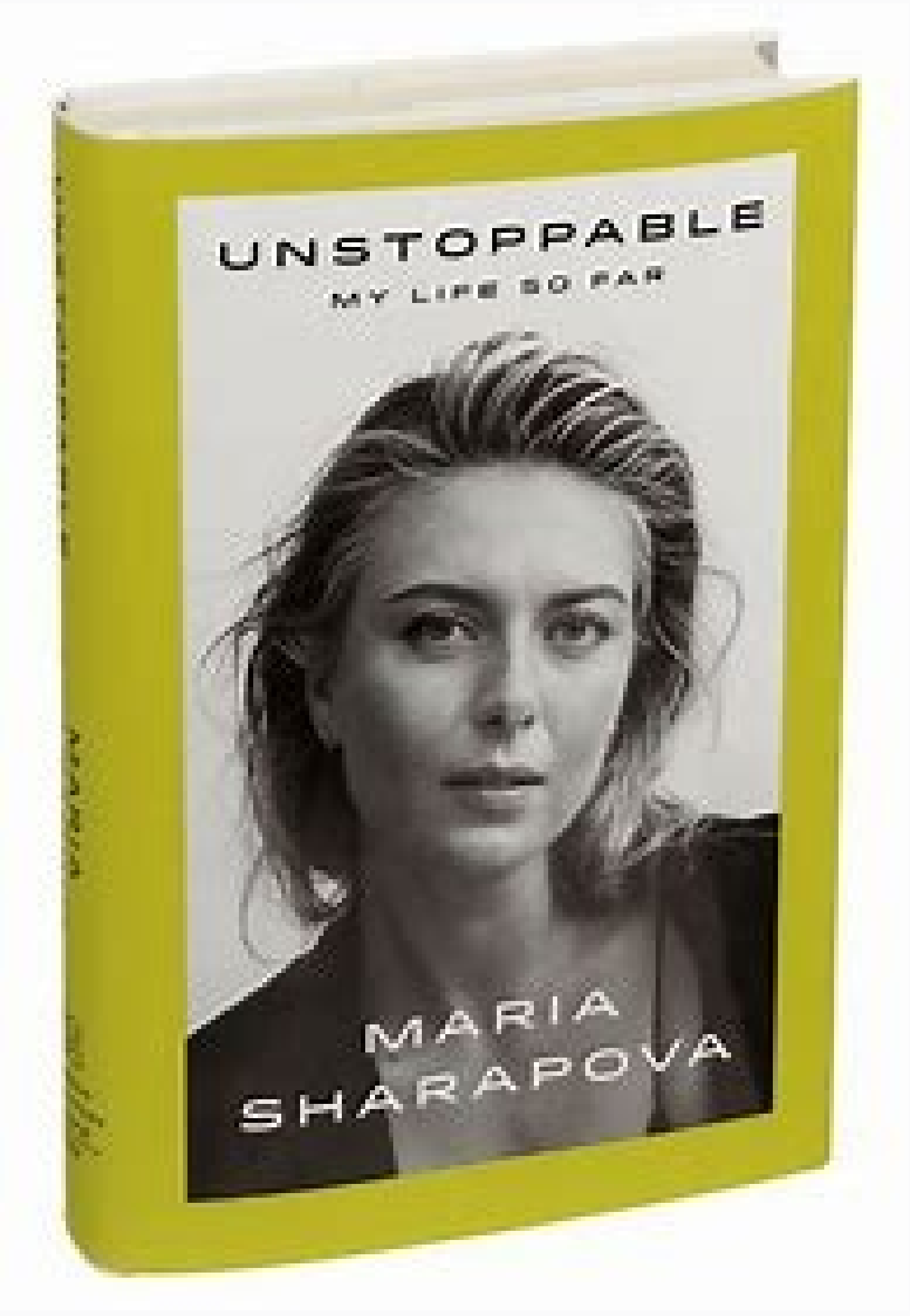
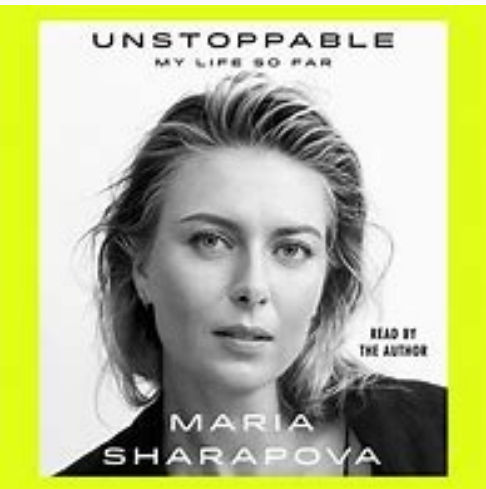
Unstoppable maria sharapova book pdf

☐

I'm not robot


reCAPTCHA

Next



CHAPTER 1I've always loved to hit. Since I was four years old. It's the only thing that can fix any problem. You lost Wimbledon in a frustrating game and everything that might have gone right went wrong? Grab a racket and hit. The ropes and the ball, the load you carry through your body fixes everything. Beating takes you back to the present, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing. Have you received terrible news from the other side of the world? Your grandmother died and there's nothing but a long flight and a funeral ahead? Get a racket, get a ball. And he struck. Did the rules change and you didn't know that the rules changed and suddenly a pill you've been taking for years has undone everything? Take a racket and hit!It's one of my first memories. He was four years old. My father, who had taken tennis a year or two earlier because his brother had given him a racket for his birthday, took me to the local courts where he played in Sochi. A small park with clay tracks, a snack bar and a wheel, from the top of which you could see over the apartment to the Black Sea. That day, because I was bored, I took a racket and a ball out of her purse and started knocking. A fence, a wall. I went around the corner and hit where other players were hitting. I was small and young and didn't know what I was doing, but I quickly went into a trance, the ball went off and back to my racket like a yo-yo in the palm of your hand. In this way, I got my father "Yuri", that's his story as much as mine, to stop doing what he was doing and to look at me. That's how my life began.I don't know if I remember this, or if I only remember the old faded photos: a little blonde with fat knees and a big racket. Sometimes I wonder if I'm still the same person who picked up that racket. Very quickly the game changed from the simplicity of hitting to the complications of coaches and matches and tournaments, the need to win, win, It is not about the trophies and hitting the other girls. I can get elegant and sweet about it, but deep down my motivation is simple: I want to beat everyone. It is not only the winner. It is because it is not beaten. The tapes and trophies age, but lose hard. I hate it. The fear of defeat is what really drives many of us. I say À «Weà €» because I can not be the only person who feels. This would never have happened to me if I had not started writing this book. When you look, notes patterns, connections. You see things in a new way. I have often asked myself: why writing a book? In part, it is to tell my story, and also to understand it. In many ways, my childhood is a mystery, even for me. They always ask me the same questions: How did I get here? How did I do it? What did he go well, what did he go wrong? As I said, if I am known for one thing, it is for the hardness, my ability to move forward when things look bad. People want to know where about that quality is coming and, because each one expects his own opportunity, how to acquire it. I have never discovered it myself. In part, is it for what do you know? If you look too deep, maybe you destroy it. It's my life and I want to tell her. I talk to journalists, but I never tell you everything I know. Maybe now is the time to open the door for more questions, and to make sense of my life and spend the first days before I forgot. I hope people take all kinds of lessons, good and bad. This is a story about sacrifice, what you have to give up. But it is also only the story of a child and the father of her and the crazy adventure of her. Forests taken from a fairy tale? It is close to the border with Russia, a short drive from Chernobyl in Ukraine. My father knew my mother at school. How were they? How were your parents What were you born? It's a mystery. My father will tell you that he was a genius. And charming. My mother, Yelena, will. He will do. All right. It could drive her crazy. He was the kind of student who doesn't do the reading and skips class, then walks in and takes the exam. School was never important to Yuri. He thought he would be smarter than the system, and there was no teacher who could tell him how.Yuri left school quickly. I was out in the world at 20, working on a job I still don't understand. He ran teams that maintained chimneys, the kind that vomits. He traveled for that job, taking planes to factories all over the country. He spent days on a scaffolding, hundreds of feet from the ground, holding what had to be held. If the Soviet Union had survived, it would have survived until it was old enough to retire. But the Soviet Union did not survive. In fact, it was falling apart in my childhood years. If I asked him, my father would say, "Gorbachev didn't have the balls". My father believes that a person must be tough to hold something together, a home, a career, even a country. He knew almost nothing about America. For him, they were blue jeans and rock ân' roll and save the rest. Same with tennis. He didn't know, he didn't care. In Russia, tennis was for deposed aristocrats. Yuri played ice hockey and loved to climb mountains, which may explain his life in the chimneys.My mother is beautiful and small, with blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She is better educated than my father: she went to high school and college, and then got the equivalent of a master's degree. She loves the great Russian writers (when I was little she would read me stories and make me memorize passages before I could understand what they were about). In 1986 I was living with my father in a house on the outskirts of town. There was a courtyard in front and a forest behind. My grandparents weren't far

[illegible]