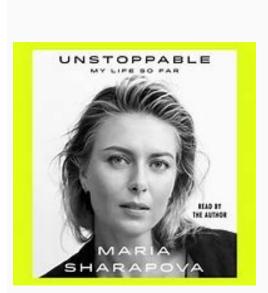
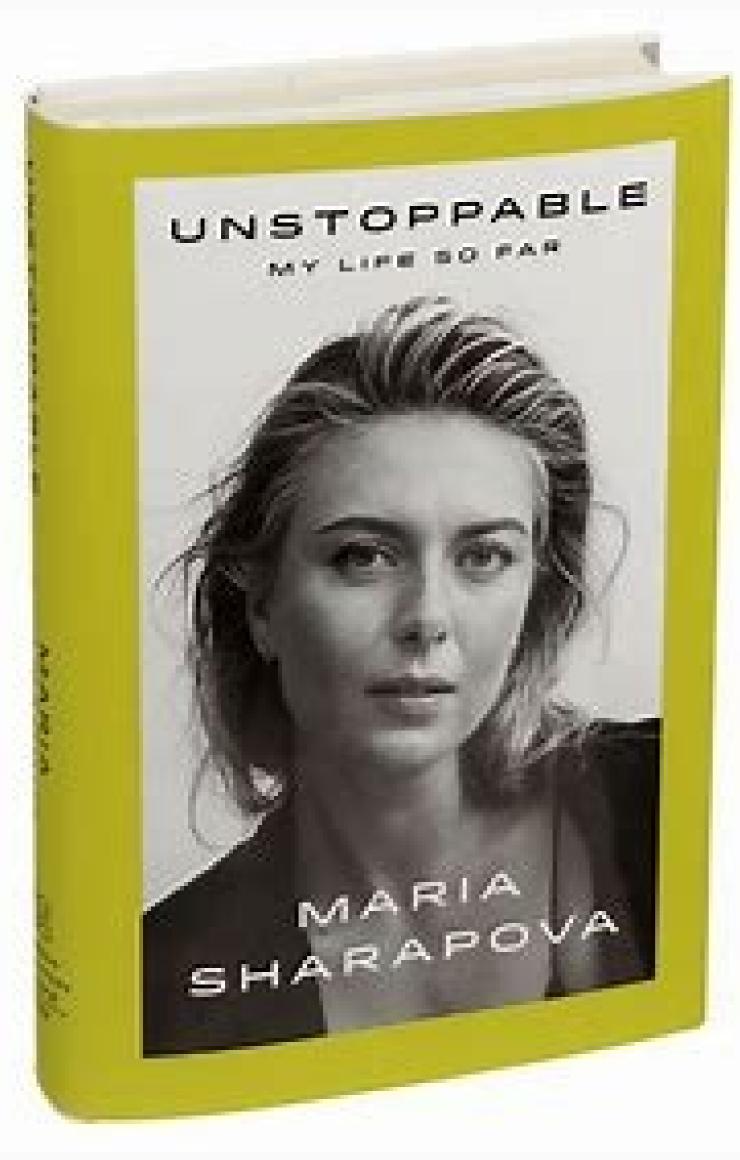
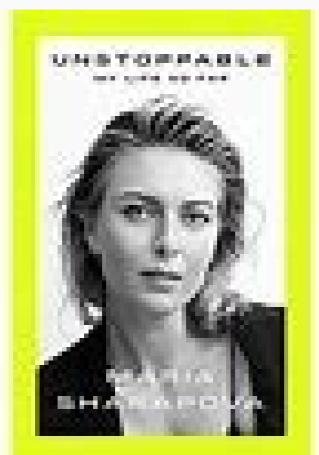
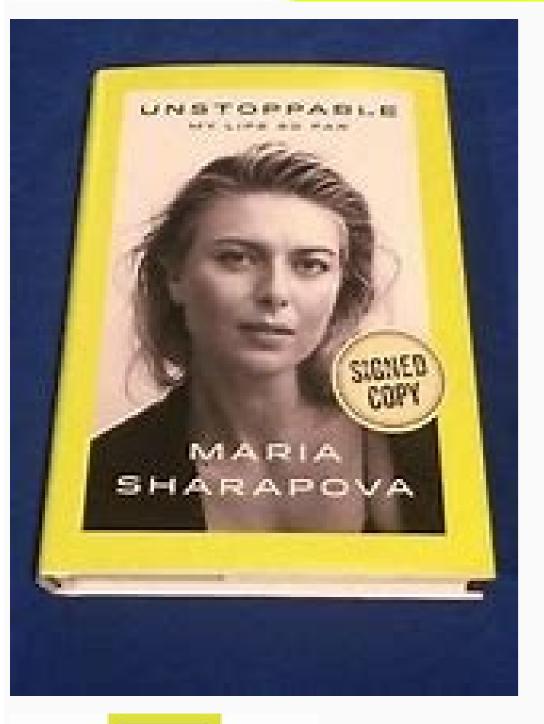
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CHAPTER 11've always loved to hit. Since I was four years old. It's the only thing that can fix any problem. You lost Wimbledon in a frustrating game and everything that might have gone right went wrong? Grab a racket and hit. The ropes and the ball, 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 change 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 yoyo 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 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 «Weâ €» 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 do it? 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 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

away. My mother's parents lived in the far north, Siberia, which will be important. When my mother and father talk about those years, it sounds like Eden. The house was small and draughts, but they didn't know it either. Then it happened my uncle gave my father a tennis racket for his birthday. It was a joke. Only the rich played tennis. But a club had just opened in Gomel and my father thought, "Why not?" He started too late to become a great player, but he's a natural athlete, and he recovered quickly. He fell in love with the game, read books and articles about the stars, watched the Grand Slams on television. He was getting ready, even though he didn't know it. He was training to become that strange, exotic thing, a tennis dad. (This is where you're supposed to laugh.) * One morning in April 1986, while I was working in the garden, my mother heard a roar in the distance, like thunder. He had a handkerchief on his head and no shoes, with his feet on the ground. He looked up at the sky, and then went on. At first, it was nothing more than that, just something that makes you look up. Soon she would be pregnant with me, her only child. The rumors began that night, wild and terrifying stories. What exactly caused that roar? There was smoke in the sky the next morning. That's when the rumors took shape. It was the Chernobyl nuclear reactor. People said that it had exploded, that radioactive material had been thrown into the air and that it would rain on everything was fine. Still, there was panic. Families were packing and leaving. My mother got a call from her mother, who had been able to learn more in Siberia than my parents 40 miles from the blast". We called your mother and told her to leave", Grandma Tamara told me. "Chernobyl was lethal, it killed all living organisms. It was an invisible death. We knew because we had met a man who had Sent as part of the cleaning. He said the radiation was off the scale. In in The officials did not say anything. Not even advised that people close their windows! Everyone continued to live as before. I remember that this man tells us: 'The fungi that come in the forest are as big as the dishes for dinner!' When he took pictures, the whole film returned overexposed. This man died forty-five or fifty years. All the workers did it. "My parents went to the north, other people stayed, my father's mother stayed. A few later, we go to his holiday home, we were surprised at the huge forest mushrooms, all said it was caused by Radiation, which makes you ask you. My mother and my father are not small either, but neither are they big, I have six feet two, without counting the heels. Tower of them. Then, where that height came? My father he says he grew because he needed a size to compete. He is a believer in the power of human will. But my mother was about to be pregnant with me when the reactor blew, drinking the water and eating the vegetables, and continued to drink the Water and eat the vegetables after it had become pregnant, who knows? When I asked my father about his escape from Gomel, he laughed. "It was a crazy, crazy moment," he said. "We went to the house of your grandparents because they lived in Siberia, who was as far as we could get. We took the train, an old train stuck with people. Thirty-six hours of Gomel to Yekaterinburg, called Sverdlovsk in those days, then two more hours by air to Nyagan, near the artistic circle. "My father calls Nyagan" a small city shit. "That is where I was born, in April. 19, 1987. Yuri had gone by then, had left for work as soon as my mother settled down. I was Back in Gomel, celebrating Easter with his parents, when he knew he was a father. Yuri Lugã Aa I looked a few weeks afterwards, it's when he got his first look at Nyagan, a brutal industrial sprout apartment blocks and factories, and he knew he could never live there, or go back to Gomel. He decided to make the best of the situation and take us to a He had always wanted to live: Sochi, a Black Sea resort between the mountains and the sea. Yuri had fallen in love with the place during a childhood vacation. Sochi? My grandparents thought he was crazy, but they lent him some money anyway. He was able to exchange our house in Gomel for a small apartment in Sochi. We got there when I was two years old. If we hadn't moved to Sochi, I never would have taken tennis. It's a resort and tennis is part of their life. That made it different from the rest of Russia, where the sport was unknown. If you had to pick an event that would make me a player, it would be Chernobyl. We still own that apartment. It is on a steep side street, Vishnevaya (Cherry), sixth floor, at the back of the building. When we got home, I ran up the stairs with the key, letting my parents go up the five floors behind me. I have fond memories of the afternoons I spent there as a child, the intimate dinners, the funny conversations, the people going in and out, my grandmother sitting on the stairs, chatting whole nights. My first memories are of looking out the window of that apartment at the boys and girls in the playground on the hill. My parents were very protective. They didn't let me out much. Most of all, I was right in the window, watching other children play. From the beginning, my parents assumed different roles in my life. My father practiced and practiced sports and competed outside. My mother was at school and letters and stories inside. He made me copy the Russian alphabet over and over again, working on every letter until it was perfect. He made me write stories and memorize Russian poems. The best part was when he let me read. Pippi Longstocking was my favorite. I dreamt of the world of the girl, daughter of a rich sailor, with money in my pocket, doing what I wanted, like an adult. He had a monkey! That book took me to the place I wanted to live. My grandparents Nyagan. I loved spending time with Grandma Tamara. I talked to her when I was working on this book, she remembers so much that I can't. She laughed when I asked about the day I almost drowned. "There's a simple explanation, which I might be able to understand better now", she told me. "I was only forty years old when you were born. He really didn't want to call me Grandma. When you were three or four, we'd go to the beach. I would swim a little, then you would go in the water and splash. Suddenly, I'd hear you scream, 'Grandma! Grandma! and I started twisting your birth panties, and suddenly you go, "You're not a grandmother! You're a juicer! "As soon as I was old enough to take care of myself a little, Yuri started taking me. Wherever I went, I went. That's why I was on the court that day, where I picked up a tennis racket for the first time. Riviera Park. For whatever reason, I had this skill. I could hit that ball against that wall for hours. It wasn't my skill that people were talking about. It was my focus, that I could do it again and again without getting bored. I was a metronome. ICT Tac. He drew a crowd. People stood around, watching. This happened day after day. He got to the point where Yuri felt he had to do something. That's why, when I was four years old, he enrolled me in a tennis clinic for children. That's how I found my first coach, Yuri Yudkin, a playground legend, a master soaked in vodka. He had been in the world, the great world of tennis, so he knew a thing or two. He dazzled in Sochi provincial. Tennis parents stopped online to listen to their pronouncements or, better, allow them to evaluate and to his children. Some notes had already done the big thing. big. Like Yevgeny Kafelnikov. My father enrolled me with Yudkin. He lined you the first day and said that I seemed to be something special, unique. It was how my eyes tracked the ball, and the way he kept me in it. If I became a player, I would depend on my resistance. "It has it Masha, or not? This is what we will find out ». Maria is not my real name. Masha baptized me. But there is not a good partner for Masha in English, and little after I got to rich, people started calling me Marsha, which he hated, Â € ceI connected with the Brady group! ", So I put myself in front of that and I told the people to call me Maria. For hardness, Yudkin wanted to say persistence, the quality that makes you lock and concentrate when you ask you to do the same one million times. If he asks him for the majority of the children who do something, he will do it once or twice, then they are disturbed, silent and leave. To be great in anything, Yudkin believed, he had to be hard. Was me? Time would say it. He was soon taking private classes in the rear courtyards. Yudkin was a genius building those first blows, and that's it. The basics. If you do not do it well, you will have problems. How to undertake a long trip and take the first step in the wrong direction. At first, it's all you have: a simple striker, a simple revil. It's all you have at the end, it also. Yudkin gives me a racket. Â € œWhat are you doing? Â »He gives me a ball:" And what do you do now? Â "He sits on one side, looking. He says: â € œYe, no, no, no. Not so flat, you have to put a loop on your swing, get under the ball. He asks, "while your right hand does that, what does your left hand do?" I gave me a task. Simple, I did it again and again. And again. And again. Was My stroke, but also developing my concentration. Â «Put yourself hard, hard, The player who continues to work five minutes after everyone else has dropped out, who continues late into the third set when the wind blows and the rain is falling, wins. That was my present. Not strength or speed. Resistance. I was never bored. Whatever he was doing, he could keep doing it forever. I liked it. I looked at each task, and stayed on it until I did it well. I'm not sure where that comes from. Maybe he wanted Yudkin's approval, or my father's approval. But I think my motivation was simpler. Even then, I wanted to beat them all. (Continued...) Taken from "Impenable" by . Copyright © 2017 SW19, Inc... Extract courtesy of Farrar, Straus and Giroux. All rights reserved. No part of this excerpt may be reproduced or reprinted without the written permission of the editor. Dial-A-Book Inc. provides extracts solely for the personal use of visitors to this website

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