

## Support Information for Ad On

### Bonus: Excerpt from my book: *The Art of Fear, Why Conquering Fear Won't Work and What to Do Instead*

#### INTRO TO THE VIRTUES OF FEAR

It all made sense now. Fear was behind every decision and every ski experience I had, in ways I couldn't see. My entire fearless past was, in fact, all about Fear. And Anger.

Anger came from Dad, who was dismissive of anything I deemed important. Fear came from Amanda next door, then Beth down the road, both of whom rejected my eager-beaver friendship. These were the best things that ever happened to my ski career.

Once on the mountain, the people and stories long forgotten, all I knew was the residual intense fire and passion to express myself in a radical way.

In my unconscious mind, Anger at my father translated into Anger at men in general, wanting to show them that I was better than them. This was bad for relationships, sure, but fantastic for skiing, which is a male-dominated world. Consequently, I couldn't care less about other women skiers or what they were doing. My standard was whatever level the men were at. I wanted to kick their butts, which is why I got so good.

Fear of being rejected made me jump off that first cliff in front of the cameramen and overnight become known as the best woman extreme skier in the world.

Fear of being invisible propelled me to ski twenty miles an hour faster to impress Rob. I became a world-class athlete in one run because of Fear.

Fear of looking like an idiot made me bring my A game to nearly everything I did.

Fear of failure made me work so hard as to never fail.

Without Fear, few of us humans, actually, would have ever amounted to anything.