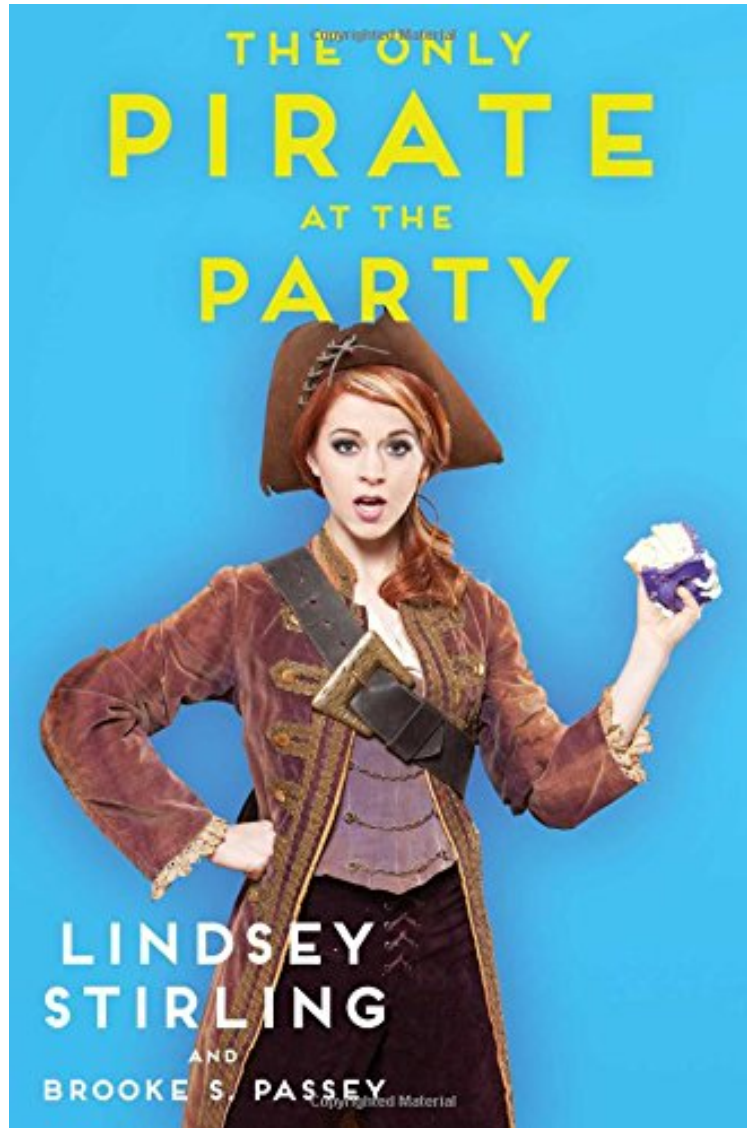


[Ebook pdf] The Only Pirate at the Party

The Only Pirate at the Party

Lindsey Stirling, Brooke S. Passey
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Lindsey Stirling, Brooke S. Passey : The Only Pirate at the Party before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Only Pirate at the Party:

62 of 64 people found the following review helpful. Meaningful and heartfeltBy Chris E. HansonThis is a real book about a real person. Many celebrity (auto)biographies are narcissistic promotional pieces, existing only to "build the brand" and re(de)fine the public persona of the subject. This one, like its subject, is a little different. Sure, nobody produces a biography about themselves to hide their inner self, in the end this book exists to bring more exposure to

Ms Stirling. But it's not the sort of self-sycophantic me-worship of so many others. There are the stories about the embarrassing moments of life and performance, the mis-steps, the self-doubt and the failure to meet the expectations of Reality TV Showbiz and orchestral professionals. But there are also the meaningful moments of triumph and friendship and family. While this is a book about Lindsey Stirling, violin super-star, it introduces you to Lindsey Stirling, the actual person with weird quirks, funny friends, awkward family, unpopular religion and strict morals and a peculiar pirate obsession. Will anyone who isn't a Stirling fan buy this book? Maybe not, because they wouldn't know why they should. Would anyone who isn't a Stirling fan get something out of this book? Yes, completely. Because at the end of the day, like many of Stirling's songs, this book is about a girl finding her true calling, being dedicated enough to pursue it through all the setbacks, eating disorders, crises of confidence, music business depravity and Piers Morgan, and overcoming them all to become a superstar. All while remaining true to herself, her family and her music. Just about anyone could learn from that. Written in a lighthearted and self-deprecating tone, in conjunction with her sister, this book is an easy and enjoyable read for anyone who likes Stirling's music and wants to know more about the girl behind the limelight, or anyone who wants to be inspired to take on their own demons. And overcome Piers Morgan.

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Never Never Never Give up - The Lindsey Stirling Story. By Richard Crabtree II This was truly a joy to read! I did not put it down for two days, I read it from cover to cover! Behind the charming, exciting, youthful person we see on Youtube and in concerts, we find a person that was facing many challenges and but finding strength through God, family and friends to overcome them. While there were doors that were closed along the way her journey thus far, many more have been opened. I really enjoyed reading about her humble beginnings, which have kept her grounded in life and her career. There are quite a few laughs in book, come on its Lindsey :) Every now and then I would bust to laughing and my wife would just look at me. I would say you'll see, you get to read it next ;) I have new appreciation for Lindsey and her craft and God given talent!!! I am so looking forward to her having a long career, more albums, and follow up to this book. Hint Hint ;) Well done Lindsey - Well done!

36 of 37 people found the following review helpful. Wonderful lessons and inspirations we can all learn from... By Whitewater Her music has such broad appeal, that the couple of times I've met Lindsey at her Meet Greets I've kidded her that I am "president of the senior Stirlingites!" (Someone has to speak for her legions of older fans!) After reading her book, I'm even more convinced that she is at the cutting edge of changing how the music industry works and operates behind the scenes. She is the new model of the American Dream and has almost single-handedly fought through every barrier and obstacle to achieve success. Despite what other celebrities want you to believe, Lindsey's independence is a rare commodity in Hollywood and she's built her own brand from the ground up through guts, determination, and never taking her fans for granted. She may be the only pirate at the party and because she is "different" she has always charted her own course -- even if she is using a couch as a boat -- to the chagrin of those who underestimate her talents and resilience. Lindsey wrote the book with the help of her sister, Brooke, who is an amazingly talented writer (their father is too!) and it provides a fascinating and honest look at Lindsey's roller coaster life. It's serious, funny, and touching all at the same time. This book would appeal to all age groups and I'm glad she documented her experiences -- I can picture her grandchildren reading this someday and laughing their heads off. It provides wonderful lessons and inspirations we can all learn from, regardless of our age.

Dancing electronic violinist Lindsey Stirling shares her unconventional journey in an inspiring memoir filled with the energy, persistence, and humor that have helped her successfully pursue a passion outside the box. A classically trained musician gone rogue, Lindsey Stirling is the epitome of independent, millennial-defined success: after being voted off the set of Americas Got Talent, she went on to amass more than ten million social media fans, record two full-length albums, release multiple hits with billions of YouTube views, and to tour sold-out venues across the world. Lindsey is not afraid to be herself. In fact, it's her confidence and individuality that have propelled her into the spotlight. But the road hasn't been easy. After being rejected by talent scouts, music reps, and eventually on national television, Lindsey forged her own path, step by step. Detailing every trial and triumph she has faced until now, Lindsey shares stories of her humble yet charmed childhood, humorous adolescence, life as a struggling musician, personal struggles with anorexia, and finally, success as a world-class entertainer. Lindsey's magnetizing story at once remarkable and universal is a testimony that there is no singular recipe for success, and despite what people may say, sometimes it's okay to be The Only Pirate at the Party.

About the Author Lindsey Stirling is an acclaimed electronic violinist, who has over 7 million YouTube subscribers, and 11 billion views on her YouTube channel. She has enjoyed Billboard chart-topping hits and sold out tours worldwide, all without the backing of a label. To date, she has released two studio albums: her 2013 self-titled debut and the smash 2014 follow up, Shatter Me. The latter debuted at #2 on the Billboard 200 and won her a Billboard Music Award for Top Dance/Electronic Album. On stage, Lindsey combines the infectious energy of dance, electronica, and modern classical music with ballet-inspired dance moves. In her spare time, Lindsey is a motivational speaker, and she uses her own story to help others build confidence, hope, and passion. Brooke S. Passey is a writer, a horseback riding instructor, and the co-author of this book. She is also a member of her local book club, The Muumuu

Society, where women of all ages gather in support of literature and muumuu sales. Brooke currently lives in Arizona with her husband, several horses, and a puggle with an embarrassing underbite. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

The Only Pirate at the Party A GIRLIN CURLS As a child, I had a big head, a tiny voice, and a total disregard for social cues. All young kids are oblivious at first public tantrums and soiling ones pants are somehow okay in infancy but eventually most children start noticing and mimicking cultural norms. I, on the other hand, managed to glide through childhood without perceiving (or perhaps caring about) these accepted behaviors. To be clear, my mother tells me I stopped pooping my pants at a very early age, but she also told me not to use any form of the word poop in my book. Anyway, I just never seemed to care much about what other people were doing. I was a natural-born drama queen, and my kindergarten classroom set the stage for one of my earliest impromptu performances. One morning as I was getting dressed for school I found myself digging through boxes of dress-up clothes instead of my dresser. And to think, all this time I'd been limiting the use of costumes to playdates and Halloween what a waste! Minutes later, I emerged from my room wearing a kimono, red sequined shoes, a single glove, and a curly brown wig. Had the wig been red I would have been overjoyed. Little Orphan Annie was one of my first idols but this wig would do. It had short, uneven ringlets, and if I shifted my weight just so, I could make the frizzy curls dance around my face. The cute outfit my mother had purchased for the first day of school lay in a heap on my bedroom floor. When I announced to her that I was ready for school, she took one bemused look at me and did what any good mother would do she handed me my lunch and drove me to Jefferson Elementary. When I arrived, my class was already gathered for Circle Time, reading quietly on the opposite side of the room. To draw their attention I walked through the door, spread my arms wide, and struck the most dramatic pose I could think of. Tada! I said in a mouse-like voice as I hopped from one spindly leg to the other. The class erupted into giggles, and I felt like a champion. Mrs. Fowler wasted no time in sending for the principal but only so she could showcase her slightly odd student. Despite my larger-than-life theatrics, I was always quite small for my age. In the first grade, I compensated by becoming best friends with two giants named Krista and Naomi. Maybe their tall-girl instincts told them I needed looking after, or maybe I subconsciously gravitated to their protective body types; either way, we made a wicked team. Here we are on a field trip to the petting zoo, Krista and Naomi mean muggin the camera in my defense. On second thought, maybe it was our mutual love for saggy denim that brought us together. Krista and Naomis parents were also best friends, so they were constantly doing things together outside of school. After a few months of playing with them at recess, the girls brought me into their inner circle of friendship by inviting me to Knotts Berry Farm. When Naomi asked me if I wanted to go with her I was speechless. Going to Knotts Berry Farm was considered a full-fledged vacation for my family. Apparently, to hers it was an average weekend activity, one to which she could invite friends no less! When Naomis mom called that night I could hear my mom in the next room. Hi Clair, I was just thinking we needed to invite Naomi over again soon. There was a pause. Oh, are you sure? Okay. My mom continued, Thank you, she is going to be so excited. And just like that it was settled. On the morning of our outing I slipped into my best saggy jeans and waited anxiously for my ride by the front door. As I sat looking out the window my mom watched from the kitchen. Lindsey, are you excited to go to Knotts Berry Farm? she asked. Yes, I said smiling, eagerly looking for Naomis red SUV. I want you to tell me about all the rides when you get back. Maybe another time well go together. Okay, I replied, my focus unwavering. My mom, like most, wanted to give her kids everything and more. But she was also the kind of mom who never spent money she didnt have. If we ran out of milk before the end of the month, we ate Cream of Wheat instead of cereal; and when we ate a lot of Cream of Wheat, we didnt go places like the local Blockbuster, let alone Knotts Berry Farm. Hey Lindsey, look at me for a second. Reluctantly, I turned toward my mom. She was smiling gently. You know I love you, right? Yep, I said quickly, but I was immediately distracted by the slow crunch of tires pulling into the driveway. Shes here! I screamed, jumping up and running for the door. All right, have fun! she yelled back, scrubbing a pan in the sink. Soon after arriving at the amusement park, we realized I wasnt tall enough for the most exciting rides. I frequently got left behind with Naomis younger brother, Troy. At first I was disappointed how was I going to tell my mom about the rides if I couldnt even get on them? But eventually Naomis mom started buying Troy and me special treats to keep us occupied. All I had to do was look at something for longer than six seconds and she would offer to buy it: cotton candy, churros, frozen lemonade, fry bread, and endless turns at the ring toss booth. The wonders of concession stand food were new to me. Usually, when we went out, my mom packed sandwiches that became soggy in her purse by lunchtime. Naomis mom had obviously forgotten to make lunches, which was okay, since she seemed to have an endless supply of five-dollar bills to fill their place. At one point, Naomis mom suggested that the girls go on a smaller ride with Troy and me. Naomi looked back and forth between her mother and Krista before she replied, But those rides are boring. I waited for Naomis mom to pull her daughter aside to have a chat about being polite and, I dont know, a good friend. Instead, she handed me another five-dollar bill and let the girls go on their way. Before long I was stuffed, but the more I ate, the more I wanted. There was no telling when I would get another opportunity to have so much processed food and sugar, or win such ugly (but giant!) stuffed animals again. So I kept looking, and eating, and playing the ring toss. When I returned home at the end of the day I felt sick. But I was delighted by the hideous stuffed lizard under my arm. So what if I'd spent the entire day with a four-year-old boy? Over time Krista and Naomi introduced me to other things: the Miss America Pageant,

eating at restaurants for no particular reason, and the idea of getting paid for doing chores. They called that one allowance, and they were both shocked to hear I had never received one. What do you mean you dont get paid to clean your room? I was also surprised to find out that a different tooth fairy visits rich people. One time Naomi received five dollars for a front tooth. One tooth! It wasnt even that big. In fact, Naomi had tiny teeththe kind of teeth that barely reached the cob when she ate corn. I, on the other hand, had beaver cleavers, and I was certain they were going to work in my favor. The next time I lost a tooth I asked Naomi if she would put it under her pillow, which she did, and I eagerly awaited my grand prize. Her fairy was going to be so impressed. The next day she returned with the tooth but no cash. Her fairy didnt buy it. Disappointed, I put it under my pillow and awoke the next morning to find two shiny quarters in its place. I imagined my little fairy carrying those quarters through the night, one under each arm (which would have been much harder to fly with than a five-dollar bill), and I was grateful for her extra efforteven if the amount of money was a letdown. At breakfast that morning my mom handed me a bowl of Cream of Wheat and sat down at the table. So, did the tooth fairy come last night? she asked. I considered telling her about Naomis five dollars, but I was worried she might call the Tooth Fairy Office to complain, and what if my fairy got fired? I kept it to myself and answered, Yes, I got two quarters. Two whole quarters? That must have been one big tooth! Tell that to Naomis fairy, I thought. But the more I thought about it, the more I appreciated my fairys quarters. She wasnt the richest, obviously, but she was definitely one of the strongest. I liked my little fairy, she did good.