I Swear I'll Make It Up To You: A Life On The Low Road
An odyssey of family, heartbreak, violence, punk rock, brokenness, broke-ness, sex, love, loss, drinking, drinking, drinking, and an unlikely savior: distance running. A misfit kid at the best of times, Mishka Shubaly had his world shattered when, in a 24-hour span in 1992, he survived a mass shooting on his school’s campus then learned that his parents were getting divorced. His father, a prominent rocket scientist, abandoned the family, and their home was lost to foreclosure. Shubaly swore to avenge the wrongs against his mother but instead plunged into a magnificently toxic love affair with alcohol. Almost two decades later, Shubaly’s life changed again when a fateful five-mile run after a bar fight inspired him to clean up his life. And when he finally reconnected with his estranged father, he discovered the story of his childhood was radically different from what he thought he knew. In this fiercely honest, emotional, and self-laceratingly witty book, Shubaly relives his mistakes, misfortunes, and infrequent good decisions: the disastrous events that fractured his life; his incendiary romances; his hot-and-cold career as a rock musician; meeting his newborn nephew while out of his gourd on cough syrup. I Swear I’ll Make It Up to You is an apology for choices Shubaly never thought he’d live long enough to regret, a journey so far down the low road that it took him years of running to claw his way back.

**Synopsis**

An odyssey of family, heartbreak, violence, punk rock, brokenness, broke-ness, sex, love, loss, drinking, drinking, drinking, and an unlikely savior: distance running. A misfit kid at the best of times, Mishka Shubaly had his world shattered when, in a 24-hour span in 1992, he survived a mass shooting on his school’s campus then learned that his parents were getting divorced. His father, a prominent rocket scientist, abandoned the family, and their home was lost to foreclosure. Shubaly swore to avenge the wrongs against his mother but instead plunged into a magnificently toxic love affair with alcohol. Almost two decades later, Shubaly’s life changed again when a fateful five-mile run after a bar fight inspired him to clean up his life. And when he finally reconnected with his estranged father, he discovered the story of his childhood was radically different from what he thought he knew. In this fiercely honest, emotional, and self-laceratingly witty book, Shubaly relives his mistakes, misfortunes, and infrequent good decisions: the disastrous events that fractured his life; his incendiary romances; his hot-and-cold career as a rock musician; meeting his newborn nephew while out of his gourd on cough syrup. I Swear I’ll Make It Up to You is an apology for choices Shubaly never thought he’d live long enough to regret, a journey so far down the low road that it took him years of running to claw his way back.

**Book Information**

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**Customer Reviews**

When you read something that is meaningful, you know it. This is one of those books. It is a finely written book, never holding back, only pushing forward. I commend Mishka for his raw honesty. Something I think very few us could achieve with a close friend or sibling, much less in a book. One
of the only books I've read that I immediately wanted to start reading over again...as I knew I had
read it too fast and I would miss it.

I knew this was going to be good after hearing Mishka on the RRP and reading a couple of his
singles. The man is WRITER!!! This is a story of humanity, of what it means to be a child, grow up,
deal with pain, substance abuse, addiction, push the limits of friendship, recover from the ashes,
seek what moves your soul and self-reflect. I appreciate Mishka's full disclosure, so refreshing in a
world of lies. I mean sometimes it comes across as cynical, but only because we’re so used to
hearing the PC version of life, that reality sounds harsh by comparison. But Mishka’s account is
REAL. He has not "arrived" in his life, but he is fully aware of where he is and how he is in relation to
the world around him, friends, family, strangers and his story of transformation is inspiring. He
clearly has a head on his shoulders, but he demonstrates the value of support in ones formative
years, particularly by ones parents, and how the lack of that can rip your legs out from under you. In
Mishka’s case, steal 20 years, but as he demonstrates in part 2, it’s never to late to begin anew.
Thank you Mishka, for the psychic friendship, I can see why Rich Roll has really connected with
you, I feel honored you let us all into your life journey and that you now share your amazing literary
gift with us all. As a father...well, the lesson you impart is unquestionably a precious one.

I could read this book from a sober alcoholic’s perspective (because I am) or from the side of an
ultra marathoner (because I am) but I don’t. I read this story as a mother. Weird? Right. I know. I
read this story as a person who fully understands that family comprises the universe in which we
orbit, each force relying on one another for sustainability. Mishka’s unwavering respect and
reverence for his mother is a reminder that us moms, well, we count for a lot. This story
acknowledges both mom and dad hold in their hands the most fragile of paper butterflies and
inclinations to protect or destroy it (whether intentionally or not) is a very heavy task to
undertake. This story is about realizing our perceptions of things are exactly that, our perceptions.
Parents are humans, not superheroes, but deeply flawed individuals, not unlike ANY of us. This
book is about opening ourselves to the possibility that we could maybe have some stuff wrong
about our family. That if we forgive and accept and love and consciously make connections with our
family, perhaps we can mend some things within ourselves. Maybe if we allow for this vast
openness with our assigned love ones, we can navigate life more smoothly, walk a little lighter,
de-chip our shoulder a bit. Sex, drugs and rock and roll? Sure. Alright. Yea, that’s in there.
However, to me, this book is not about these things. This book reminded me to be gentler with my
family and myself. Before you shrug off purchasing this book because it appears unrelatable I say: To find connection with a person whose life is so very different from one’s own is not because of the story itself but how that story is told. Mishka’s written word presents beautiful, engaging and intense imagery and in short: it’s simply smart writing. Well done!

So, here’s the thing. This book is full of all kinds of gritty, unpleasant realism that most of us avoid in real life. Hence reading about it should be difficult, but Shubaly’s got a rare gift in that he makes this story compelling, even hilarious at points, without glorifying his mistakes. This is as close to habitual drug use and its side effects as I ever want to be, but I highly recommend everyone come along for the ride. Shubaly doesn’t moralize, he entertains, while sneaking in life lessons and hard won wisdom when you least expect it.

I’ve read all of Mishka’s Kindle Singles, so I was excited to read this new book-length memoir of his. We weren’t friends, but I did go to the same college with Mishka for a couple years; one of the major events of the book took place there, so that is another reason I wanted to read this book. I shouldn’t really like Mishka’s writing: I’ve never abused alcohol or drugs. I’m not a runner. I’m basically happy and well-adjusted. But I really find his writing compelling. He’s painfully honest and able to see through his own bulls*** (at least in retrospect). At times I’d get annoyed with him for something he was agonizing over in the book, and then a few pages later he’d call himself out for making a big deal about whatever it was when he knew many people who’d been through rougher stuff. I think what was most surprising and interesting to me about this book was that the big idea of it wasn’t “look at all the crazy s*** I did and went through” that is what most memoirs like this tend to be like. Instead it was very honest about how much of the suffering Mishka endured was kind of self-inflicted. There’s no big push for people who are suffering like him to follow his example. He knows his path through to sobriety and adulthood probably wouldn’t work for most drug or alcohol abusers, but it very inspiring to read about his journey.

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