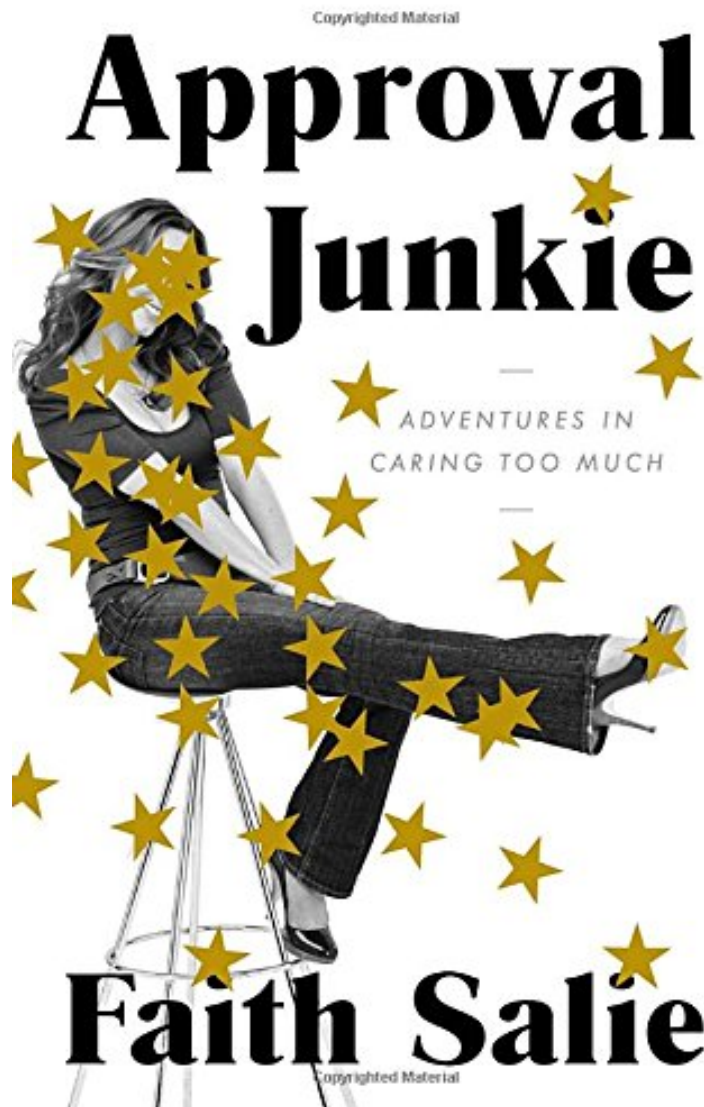


[Download] Approval Junkie: Adventures in Caring Too Much

Approval Junkie: Adventures in Caring Too Much

Faith Salie

**Download PDF / ePub / DOC / audiobook / ebooks*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

#721497 in Books Faith Salie 2016-04-19 2016-04-19Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.50 x .90 x 5.80l, 1.25 #File Name: 0553419935272 pagesApproval Junkie Adventures in Caring Too Much | File size: 54.Mb

Faith Salie : Approval Junkie: Adventures in Caring Too Much before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Approval Junkie: Adventures in Caring Too Much:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Must Read, Must Listen Approval Junkies UniteBy ChristineThank you, Faith for validating the internal struggle we all face competitively growing up and then realizing it is only the beginning. A little East Coast, Long Island meets Hollywood creates the perfect backdrop for this heartwarming, hilarious adventure you have graciously put on paper for the world. Five gold stars is the max or I would give you

more. This a must read or listen too as I did both. One was not enough, see there another junkie goes again, trying to be at the head of the class. It never ends. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Wonderfully candid combination of raw humor and brilliant insights. By Maturin Faith combines vivid candor about her insecurities and misadventures in life with great, uncensored humor. With the amusement, there wonderful insights about relationships, ambition and idea. Brilliant work. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Funny! Tender! Funny! Funny! Tender! By Sharon O. Faith has a great way of making me laugh with her and at myself over matters of the heart (and life in general) that most of us (especially women) are too embarrassed (or a bit too Southern) to admit to and openly discuss. Approval Junkie is a great read to take the edge off of what feels like a sometimes crazy life.

From comedian and journalist Faith Salie, of NPR's *Wait Wait...Don't Tell Me!* and CBS News Sunday Morning, a collection of daring, funny essays chronicling the author's adventures during her lifelong quest for approval. Faith Salie has done it all in the name of validation. Whether she's trying to impress her parents with a perfect GPA, undergoing an exorcism to save her toxic marriage, or baking a 3D excavator cake for her son's birthday, Salie is the ultimate approval seeker—an "approval junkie," if you will. In this collection of daring, honest essays, Salie shares stories from her lifelong quest for gold stars, recounting her strategy for winning (very Southern) high school beauty pageant; her struggle to pick the perfect outfit to wear to her divorce; and her difficulty falling in love again, and then conceiving, in the years following her mother's death. With thoughtful irreverence, Salie reflects on why she tries so hard to please others, and herself, highlighting a phenomenon that many people—especially women—experience at home and in the workplace. Equal parts laugh-out loud funny and poignant, *Approval Junkie* is one woman's journey to realizing that seeking approval from others is more than just getting them to like you—it's challenging yourself to achieve, and survive, more than you ever thought you could.

"Readers went wild for this Type A comic's ability to write about everything—from struggling with anorexia to the travails of eyelash extensions to her mother's death—with a magic mix of vulnerability and jest." —Elle (Readers' Prize) "Those wise enough to pick up this collection of essays are about to find their newest best friend in Salie.... Plan on reading this once for entertainment, or better, twice for the life lessons available." —Booklist "Funny, touching essays on being a multifaceted woman with unique dreams, desires, and needs." —Kirkus "When Salie...writes from the heart, the memoir is as pleasing as they come." —Publishers Weekly "I absolutely loved this book. And I'm not just saying that because I want Faith Salie to like me." —Elizabeth Gilbert "I dare you not to fall in love with Faith Salie. Her book is charmingly self-deprecating and snort-soda-through-your-nose laugh inducing! She reveals such vulnerability and insight into our flawed human condition, you'll be both dazzled and deeply moved." —Annabelle Gurwitsch, New York Times Bestselling author of *I See You Made an Effort* "I'm going to be an enabler and give Faith Salie some pure, high-grade, unadulterated approval. Because she deserves it. This book is a hilarious and emotional look at love, career, and Faith's mom's pelvic floor (among other things). You will approve of it as well." —AJ Jacobs "If it is a comfort to you, as it is to me, to find that somebody as smart, sophisticated, funny, accomplished, graceful, witty, and (not incidentally) drop dead gorgeous as Faith Salie is, inside, a weird, sopping mess of crippling insecurities, just like you are—then keep this book close at hand. You will turn to it in times of trouble, stress, and self-doubt. Remember, if a genuine Rhodes Scholar in a size 2 dress can be this messed up, then you're going to be just fine." —Peter Sagal, host of NPR's *Wait Wait...Don't Tell Me!* "Approval Junkie by Faith Salie is a hilarious cry for help that will leave you thinking, 'Oh sh*t, I think I'm an approval junkie too!' (Or maybe that was just me?) Do yourself a favor and read this book and then give it a 5-star review, because anything below 4 might send Faith over the edge." —Jen Mann, New York Times Bestselling author of *People I Want to Punch in the Throat: Competitive Crafters, Drop-Off Despots, and Other Suburban Scourges* "Faith Salie is exquisitely, sometimes painfully, honest and real -- and very, very funny. Whether you see where she's coming from or think she's bonkers, you'll be wildly entertained by this book." —Emily Gould, author of *Friendship* "I'm not the laugh-out-loud type; I'm the stone-faced-while-everyone-else-is-howling type. Well, I laughed out loud while compulsively reading this hilarious, sometimes, heartbreaking book. Let the Tina Fey comparisons begin!" —Jancee Dunn, author of *But Enough About Me: A Jersey Girl's Unlikely Adventures Among The Absurdly Famous* "Over the top, all too true, and laugh-out-loud funny, all in one easy to approve of package." —Seth Godin, author of *Your Turn* ABOUT THE AUTHOR FAITH SALIE is an Emmy-winning contributor to CBS News Sunday Morning and a panelist on NPR's *Wait Wait...Don't Tell Me!* She also hosts the PBS show, *Science Goes To The Movies*. As a commentator on politics and pop culture, she's been interviewed by the likes of Oprah Winfrey, Bill O'Reilly, and Anderson Cooper. As a television and public radio host, she herself has interviewed newsmakers from Lorne Michaels to President Carter to Robert Redford, who invited her to call him "Bob." Faith attended Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship, and while her fellow scholars went on to become governors and mayors, she landed on a Star Trek collectible trading card worth hundreds of cents. She lives in New York City with her husband, two children, and her husband's dog. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. I totally saw the proposal coming, because, well, it was simply time. We'd talked about getting married, explicitly and erosively, for so long that it wasn't worth talking about anymore. We'd been dating for

five years, which is also known as a “lustrum.” But even that rococo word doesn’t romanticize that half a decade is a long time to wait, and everyone in our lives was sick of it. There was an unspoken feeling of Let’s get this over with, so we can see if it will make things better. Please buckle up, because here comes some caps lock: YES I TOTALLY KNOW THAT GETTING MARRIED IS NEVER THE WAY TO FIX A CRAPPY RELATIONSHIP BUT I ALSO KNOW I SHOULD FLOSS MY TEETH EVERY DAY BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH THANKS. I really didn’t think it would happen this one particular afternoon. This explains why I had no makeup on and had decked myself out in an Old Navy shirt, comfy jeans, and boots that supplied no flattering heel height. The wasband had gone into the Lighthouse Museum, because his great-grandfather or someone had had something to do with the building of the village lighthouse. I was exhausted (from an-ticipation) so I stayed in the rental car, reclined my seat, and napped. He woke me up with a knock on the window and an enthusiastic grin. “You’ve got to see this view!” If you’ve watched Braveheart, you know that Scotland doesn’t really give a shite that it’s late May or that you’re about to get proposed to, so it was wildly windy and chilly. My hair was flying everywhere. Poised on the precipice, we admired the vibrant indigo of the North Sea and the was-band’s cultural provenance. When he told me to sit on the lone bench surrounded by wildflowers, I knew. His fist was clenched, and he began to kneel. My heart started beating faster. I shook my head. “Oh my God . . . no. Stop.” That is what I said. Something deep inside me, beyond ego and beyond heart, knew this thing for which I’d been yearning wasn’t what was best for us. He paused midkneel, his blue-gray eyes full of hurt. Un-characteristically, transparently, vulnerably surprised and hurt. I’d never seen that look on his face before, and I would never see it again. It lasted maybe “one Mississippi, two Mississippi,” and I couldn’t bear it. “Go ahead,” I said. “I’m sorry, go ahead.” He knelt down and asked me to marry him. He kept it simple. Perhaps that was a bold choice suggestive of a re-birth of our relationship, or maybe it was head-in-sandy not to acknowledge how rough our journey to this moment had been. Or, quite likely, I wasn’t much of a muse after ordering him to stop proposing. When he asked, “Will you marry me?,” I looked at him through my shades, coolly. His question, like his first “I love you,” created such a panoply of emotions that the best course seemed to be to try to keep my face neutral. I didn’t smile or cry or gasp. I waited a few moments, my heart beat-ing out of my chest, while I tried to relish the return of that ephemeral taste of power. The man I deeply loved and resented, in whom I’d deeply invested, was on one knee, asking me the question I’d longed to hear since our first date. It was, in theory, the ul-timate gesture of approval, but it didn’t feel that way. It was too hard-earned, and that made me feel hollow. The Scot-tish winds carried any “power” I had out to sea. I said only, “Yes,” quietly, because I wanted to. I wanted to marry him. You don’t have to believe in karma to understand this: he and I were meant to be, well, not meant to be. We had to live through the first part to realize the last part. I couldn’t wear his grandmother’s ring, because it was too small. Way to feel fat at your betrothal.