



## BIOGRAPHY

I was born on a Friday, March 13<sup>th</sup>, 1953, the second child of a family of six. Between my three sisters, my accountant father who absolutely adored me, and a dotting Mother who was a born story teller throughout our lives, I lived a rather uneventful childhood in a small suburb called Duvernay, Quebec.

I mean, I was perfectly happy – I had friends, fun, sports, and I don't remember ever walking anywhere -I always ran everywhere – an impatience developed since birth!

Indeed, my Mother still reminds me of the day I was born, and that she was forced to cross her legs on the way to the hospital that day, or else I would have been born right there in a taxi!

If I wasn't running to get to my best friends , I was riding my red CCM bicycle complete with white streamers on the handlebars. I was as free as the wind and had the lightest of hearts.

A fun childhood that very early was also dedicated to study. I wanted to please my very demanding father who wanted me to finish first in school- all the time- and when I ended up second, he would ask me in a commanding tone ; "Who finished *first?*"

I made sure that I didn't happen too often.

Very early in life, for reasons I can't fathom, I started thinking would one day make a living ... *using my mind!*

Strange, I know.

My Mother tells me that when I was a child I would imitate my father by walking around the house with the mail - I was already a man of words!

At twelve, fourteen and fifteen, I suffered attacks of rheumatic fever and was hospitalized at the Saint-Justine Hospital, making my grand entrance in a wheelchair unable to walk due to severe inflammation of the ankles which caused me much pain.

The third attack would change my life forever as it left me with a heart condition, a murmur, which signalled the end of the fun: no more sports that were too demanding, no more running around.



... I had the taste of blood in my mouth every time I pushed myself and demanded too much of my body.

Resigned to my condition, I took to reading.

At sixteen, I suffered more heartbreak which propelled me into a mystical state that lasted six years during which I stayed perfectly pure and celibate. This solitude permitted me to develop myself internally, which allowed me to discover that I wanted to become a writer.

When came the time to pick a career, I could have chosen whatever I wanted, thanks to my good grades. But the truth was, no traditional occupation interested me; not a lawyer, doctor or even chartered accountant, despite my father's wishes and desires for me.

So what would I do for a living?

I had to find an answer to that question.

When we were young my father used to pay my sisters and I to read at the rate of 10 cents per hour in order to develop our taste for reading.

Not a bad incentive! I averaged 2 bucks a week, which translated into twenty hours of reading.

A pace I have maintained all my life.

In my adolescent innocence, I dreamed that I could one day be paid...to write!

So I began to study literature, with a minor in philosophy.

But I dropped out of university before I got my degree, and at 25, I started a six year career in publishing.

At 31, I decided to give it all up and try to make it as a writer.

I had no obligations, I wasn't married and had no children to care for, and I had managed some savings due to my thrifty nature. I had inherited my Father's frugality which was fostered from a life of poverty when he was a child.

I also inherited from him a tremendous mental energy and an optimism that no obstacle could shake.

So why not do what I wanted to do before I lost the energy, or the boldness to do it?

Still, I felt I had to consult with my Father before making the final decision.

My Father wasn't exactly overwhelmed with joy when I told him about my dreams.

Still he was gutsy enough, and true to his optimism, to tell me: "If you don't do it now, you'll never do it."

A mantra everybody should have framed, and hang on their office wall!

To that he wisely added: "But your income curve might encounter a slight drop over the next few years."

It was said gently, but I knew exactly what it meant: I would possibly have to starve myself to make my dream come true.

Scary words, even if they were said in a nice way.

Yes, scary words. Especially coming from a man who was not only my Dad, but a mentor to a lot of great businessmen.

Could he be totally wrong?

Ruminating nervously, I remembered a meeting with a psychic years ago; while holding my trembling hands and looking at me with her mesmerizing blue eyes, Edith Spedding told me that day, out of the blue, that I would speak in many languages and that I would be known throughout the world as "Starfish", a name I found ridiculous at the time, but that strangely sounded like my pen name...Marc Fisher!

So I did it. I took the plunge.

And necessity being the mother of invention, a little while later, I pumped out *The Millionaire* in just thirty days!

And as I applied the final touches to the 130 page manuscript, I had shivers up and down my spine, and I said to myself, like most new writers probably do : "this book will travel!"

Well, it didn't get very far in the beginning because every single publisher turned it down saying it was; "A book with no handle,( whatever that meant!), that no one would ever read!"

I took a breather and finally stuck with my original thought: The book was good, and the numerous publishers who had turned it down were: " a bunch of idiots!"

You can always be bold by thinking that kind of thoughts.

But you have to be right!

If not, YOU become the idiot!

Just like those who had at one time disagreed with you.

So I took the hard road to success: I self-published *The Millionaire*, which meant I paid to have it published. It's *Vanity Press*, as they call it in the USA.

It had a mediocre success, just as those "idiot" publishers had said!

So I tried to find an agent.

It took me a year, and a bit of luck, ( probably just another name for perseverance, hard work and, of course, a modicum of talent) and I found Cathy Miller, an agent in London.

She thought my little book was great, but had a problem with my name: Marc-Andre Poissant. It didn't ring so well in English.

At that moment, I remembered the psychic's strange prediction that I would become popular with the name "Starfish". I remembered that my paternal Grand-Father used the name Fisher when he went to Burlington to visit his in-laws. So I said to my agent: "What about Marc Fisher? (Not phonetically far from Starfish!)"

She loved it. We were in business.

The Millionaire boasts more than thirty editions around the world and has sold more than two million copies to date!

And since then I have been graced with a daughter, Julia, whose Mother, Deborah MacKay, an artist I met at MacDonald's, (yes, McDonald's), where I used to have my one and only morning coffee.

Becoming a Dad, I felt I should play it safe and bought twenty-five houses (I sold some and kept some) just in case the publishing houses handling my books go out of business or worse, that they stop paying royalties!

I have also opened an office at Paramount Studios, California, and started a company called Eisenberg-Fisher Productions to produce my stories, among other projects.

I have only spent money so far.

Hollywood can be an expensive toy.

And I have been laughed at.

Even by friends.

But I'm used to that.

It's the story of my life, kind of.

I don't give up easily, anyway.

Especially if I have fun doing what I'm doing!

Especially since I'll soon be sixty.

So if you are only thirty or forty years old and you wonder if you should aim for the stars and do what you want to do in life, what exactly are you waiting for?

A green light from your banker?

Forget that!

To learn to swim one must throw oneself into the waters, take risks and seed with confidence.

So quicken yourselves, just as I was so eager to be born that day in a taxi!

I wish grace upon you.

In the meantime, I wrote *The Little Prince's Return*, using the storytelling secrets I've learned at The Beverly Hilton where I use to stay when I go to L.A.

I hope it will be a success!

Because I need it!

Sometimes, a great success comes after a terrible failure.

I'll keep you posted!

I promise!

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Dave Asprey". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. Below the name, there is a horizontal line that starts under the 'A' and ends under the 'y', with a small upward curve at the end.