

Behind the Book
with
BROCK LESNAR

Most people who have seen me steamroll opponents as the WWE's® *Next Big Thing*®, or pound another human being into submission in a UFC ® Octagon® would never in a million years guess that I would someday sit down and write a book. I never thought I would, either.

Ever since I started to make a name for myself as a college wrestler for the University of Minnesota Golden Gophers in the late 1990's, I have put a lot of effort into guarding my privacy and keeping the media away from my personal life and my family. When I'm not working on TV, or in the ring or the Octagon®, my life is my own, and what I do at home, and with my family is nobody else's business.

That's why I've never told anyone outside a very small circle of family and friends about my private life, or what motivates me to do what I do, or what I've been through in my life away from the TV screen . . . until now.

There has been a lot written about me over the years, and I have managed to ignore most of it. I don't watch much TV. I don't spend any time on the Internet. I don't read the fan magazines. And I don't listen to gossip. But even though I do my best to stay away from all of the hype, people are always coming up and asking about the latest rumor some jackass started about me. I can't stay away from it. It's everywhere.

After my October 2010 fight at *UFC 121*® I disappeared for several months, like I always do after an event. No interviews. No appearances. No press conferences. Total media blackout. During that time, there was probably more written about me than during the buildup to my title defense. Rumors had me retiring from the fight game and living out my days in the woods. Others speculated that I was making my return to WWE® at *Wrestlemania*.® Some people were even beginning to wonder if I was dead. All of the speculation was wrong, of course -- especially that part about me being dead.

It was, however, after I almost died for real in 2009 that I started to think about writing a book. I don't need the publicity, and I don't need the money. But I thought about a lot of things during my long recovery and decided that, when my children are old enough to read about me, I want them to know the truth. So I sat down with my old friend, Paul Heyman, and we went to work.

I couldn't have written this book with anyone else, because I don't talk about my personal life with strangers. This one time, and this one time only, you are invited to join me in my private world for a few hours. Just don't ever expect another invitation.