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My Story

In early 2005, my life had peaked to its worst. After starting my first year at high school my emotions had dropped to an unhealthy level as my weight dangerously escalated to a whopping 74 kilos! School students would tease, degrade and crush all of my positive thoughts, feelings and every ounce of living life within me.

My parents were constantly reminding me of the way I looked and the extreme damage I was doing to my body, but it only seemed to make the situation even worse.

I was afraid my life was slowly creeping to an end, as my weight issue grew even more and more. It was a continuous cycle of self-disrespect and hatred of my own body that lured me to try eating my feelings away. But the more I ate, the more depressed and helpless I became. I felt as though my body was no longer in my control and I was beginning to come to terms with an untimely death.

Every day was a struggle, from dawn till dusk.

I was slowly killing myself and I knew it, but I felt as though I couldn't do anything. I felt as though I was completely powerless with no control over what I ate.

I was sweeping my worries under the carpet of my soul, unaware of the increasing damage I was doing to myself. My weight issue continued to brew and worsen as my life grew more emotional and confronting.

Throughout my primary school years, my weight was a baggage of burdens on my shoulders. Whenever I ate lunch at school I knew I was being watched with disgust and antipathy. Some days I would go to the toilet and cry until the end of lunch time. This was the reality of my life as an overweight child. This was the life I had to wake up to every morning.

The way kids looked at me was destroying me—it was killing me

softly, but as an innocent child I never had the courage to stand up for myself. Instead, I allowed the damaging effects to take their toll. But the damage being done was destroying me as a person, as a child and as a free soul.

Some mornings before school I would pretend to be ill, just so that I would not have to face another day of torture, of bullying and of finding the courage to cope with my feelings of self-loathing.

Kids would make hurtful expressions of the disgust they felt towards me as I would eat my lunch slowly. They would wrinkle up their faces, look at me from the side of their eyes, whisper and giggle. I always pretended I couldn't hear them or see them, but I always did—I was always fully aware—but I never had the courage to stand up for myself.

While eating my lunch at school, I never took big bites because I knew I was being judged with anticipation for when I would show a stereotypical sign of being overweight. For example, shovelling food like it was 'the last supper,' taking big bites as though my food would escape, or eating any type of junk as though I was a garbage bin. To put it simply, I was embarrassed eating in front of people. Sometimes I didn't even eat my lunch until I got home from school. I wouldn't eat for the entire day and then when I would return home from school I would gorge myself with the most deadly foods. I would plant myself on the couch in front of the TV and begin eating teddy-bear biscuits, cookies, ice-cream, barbeque shapes, chips and much more. I would not leave the couch for at least 3–4 hours.

I made up for the meals I had lost during the day, plus more, and continued eating meal after meal, until I could barely stand, walk and breathe normally.

When I played Physical Education at school I was always seen as lazy and worthless, and when teams for certain sports had to be formed I was always the last person to be picked. It was a tradition at my school to always pick 'the fat kid' last, because they were the slowest, the laziest, and would make the team lose. This rejection,

which took place every Tuesday afternoon, was the most hurtful and downgrading day of my week. Whenever I played in a team I would try really hard just to show them I was worthy of having a position in their team, and worth playing with them every week. But it just wasn't enough. No matter how hard I tried, my weight was still seen as a disadvantage for the team. After trying so hard to win the acceptance of others, I simply gave up and instead of playing I would pretend to be ill or injured and sit on the side lines. I just couldn't cope with the rejection any longer. Every one should feel wanted. Every one should feel like they belong. But I never did. I never belonged at school and I didn't feel I belonged at home. At school I was rejected, called names and insulted about my weight. At home, when I ate junk-food, it was taken away from me. Even though my parents were only looking out for my health, I felt as though I was being punished at school and at home. I had no support, no friends and no help from anywhere. I felt as though I was lost in an evil world, surrounded by evil people, where everybody was out to hurt me.

Every night I would go to bed and cry over my life, the way I was treated because of my weight and the continuous struggle I endured every day to get my life back. My life didn't seem to be going anywhere or getting any better, and crying was the short-term release of my overflowing emotions and feelings.

To stop my parents from questioning my emotions, I would silently walk to my room retaining all emotion, open the door, quietly close it behind me, walk to my bed, and cry and cry and cry. I struggled not to make any noise but sometimes it was impossible not to.

Whatever happened to the child my parents had given birth to? The one they gave the opportunity to come into this world and to live the life of his dreams. The one they intended on bringing up as a happy and healthy child. But as years went by their hopes and dreams for this had faded and a feeling of failure had overcome them.

My negativity towards living was overwhelming, and my hope for a better life was fading quickly. My existence was beginning to have no

purpose, but I was struggling to pull through, hoping for a miracle but doubting its arrival.

With my parents' marriage on the rocks and continuous arguing taking place at home, it only made my life even more miserable. I tried ignoring what was going on, but I couldn't. It was almost impossible for me to emotionally disconnect myself from the break-up of my family, because it was so precious to me.

Every year, as I grew older, I also grew bigger, gaining weight as the years went by. Without even realising it, I was gaining kilos of pure fat in a matter of months. I truly needed a miracle, a miracle that could help me overcome my continuous weight-gain and redirect me on the path to success, where I would lose weight, be happy, make friends, feel proud of my body, have fun and finally be a kid.

However, the miracle's arrival in my life did not come, and I was left out in the dark with the smallest light of hope shining. I didn't want to give up, even though I thought I would be let down over and over again.

The way in which my weight affected my life was dramatic and the extent to which it impacted my health was deadly.

One Saturday night my dad and I had decided to see a movie *Charlie and The Chocolate Factory* (remake) at the cinema, and, as usual, we purchased the large combo at the candy bar before the movie began. However, to save time waiting in the queue, we had also bought marshmallows and chocolates beforehand from the local supermarket. However, the overwhelming and irresistible scent of pop-corn had lured me into convincing my dad to purchase the choc-top combo which had consisted of a jumbo-sized popcorn, jumbo bottle of coke and a choc-top ice-cream.

My hands were full as a powerful feeling of guilt and displeasure engulfed me.

The feelings I felt were beyond description, but the pain I experienced made my stomach rumble and churn with guilt and misery.

It was about half way through the movie, and I had been consistently eating for about fifty minutes non-stop. Then, my stomach had reached its limit and was full to a dangerous degree, but I continued to eat more and more food. Then, suddenly, my heart began speeding up and I started finding it hard to breathe. The beats were fast and irregular and I was really worried about my life. I held my dad's hand as hard as I could, thinking it would be my last breath. I had eaten to the extreme of where I truly believed my life was on the verge of ending. This was how extreme my eating habits had become. I had allowed my weight to impact my health to such a dangerous point where my parents were afraid of death creeping up on me, ready to end my life.

When I was 13, my mum and I went shopping for a pair of suit pants, which I needed to wear for an upcoming wedding.

First we went to the child department, where we found the perfect pair of black pants.

But the sizes only went up to size 16, which were too small for me. Perfect looking pairs were everywhere, but none of which I could wear.

We went searching at almost every child department shop, but nothing fit. I felt frustrated, embarrassed and so ashamed.

After hours and hours of searching, we gave up and went home.

My mum then called my cousin, who was much older than me and whose pants would most definitely fit. We asked him if I could try them on and I felt the lowest I had ever felt in my entire life.

When the pants arrived, I reluctantly tried them on, and guess what? They did not fit. They were still too small, so my mum had to use her sewing skills to open the seam and release another 5 centimetres of material.

At last, we had custom-made a pair of pants that would fit me.

I have never forgotten this day, because it was the most humiliating, embarrassing, and damaging day of my life.

I needed a change now, because the life I was leading was only

going to take me closer to where I did not want to be and a future I did not want to face.

I was a kid, and a kid should never have to endure, experience or lead the life I led.

A kid should be free, with wild, outrageous and limitless dreams where the possibilities are endless. A kid should never have to doubt themselves, or put limits on what he/she can achieve or should ever have to come to terms with their own death. But this was the life I lead, this *is* what I experienced, and whenever I compared myself to other kids my age, I knew this wasn't normal. I knew I needed a change, and soon, otherwise I would never have a childhood, or one I could reflect on with a smile, or one to share with my kids, if I ever had any. This is something that would live on long after it would end, and if I didn't make a change now my life would continue in this trend. Sooner or later I would be faced with my untimely death, just because I didn't make one choice—the choice to make a change.

Out of this scarring experience came an open door to a new, concealed world, a world I had known about my whole life, but had failed to reach. A world where pants fit with ease, where others want to be your friend, where you feel confident, where your life has purpose and where anything's possible. When I finally placed those pants on, I knew I wasn't going to be like this any longer. I knew that I needed to lose weight, and I knew I was going to do it.

I hadn't yet decided when I was going to lose the weight, but I knew I was going to do it.

This book is the one key to the door that took me fourteen years to open. I could always see what was on the other side, but I saw it as idealistic and a dream that would never come true. It wasn't until I saw who I really was and what I was doing to myself that I began to appreciate and realise that life was too precious to throw away.

I managed to lose 22 kilos in just over eight weeks and I had turned my life around entirely. Then, just one year after I had lost the weight, my parents got divorced and moved in separate directions. I

was stuck in the middle, because both my parents wanted me to live with them, and I didn't want to hurt their feelings.

For the first few months I was living with my dad at his house, while my mum lived on top of a shop. I missed her too much, crying for hours after she'd leave from visiting me at my dad's house, and I knew that I wanted to live with her. So, I followed my heart, and did what I knew would hurt my dad, but what would save me from a life of emotional distress. I packed up my bags and moved. I didn't have many belongings, just my school clothes, my school bag, a few books and my childhood box filled with school reports, treasured drawings from when I was young, and school photos. We stayed there for a few months, until we got ourselves settled. This was one of the hardest times of my life, because I didn't know where I stood with my mum or with my dad. I didn't know when I would see him next, and I didn't know what he thought about me living with my mum. For the first time, since I was fat, I was once again faced with the realities of my life.

After a few months of settling in at home and living in a new environment that was becoming bearable, we moved again. My mum, my sister and I all moved to a rental property for half a year, and then we finally bought our own home, which I am now very comfortable living in. I feel settled at last, and not once during these hard times did I become fat or gain weight. I am still the lean person I was when I first lost the weight. I kept my sanity by talking to people, having emotional support from my family, by following my heart and by forever looking ahead to the good that would come from all this. I had become a stronger person, a more understanding person, and I knew I was ready to help others.

Losing weight is not only about shedding fat, it's about shedding limiting thoughts and feelings. It's about accepting your past actions as history so that you can move forward to finally reach the amazing life you've always wanted. It is only when you reach your limit, that breaking point, where that priceless gift is given. Through experiencing what you have, everything you have endured, it is only then that your



life will change forever. For those people who have never endured something significant and never experienced a breakthrough, they are the ones whose lives will struggle. What do you think is the deciding factor between those who succeed in something and those you don't? Those who succeed have a stronger drive to achieve what they want, because they've experienced a breakthrough.. This is the purest and most effective drive in all of life's success.

Through everything I have gained throughout my weight loss journey, it is my gift to you, to pass over the power, the knowledge and the steps I took in achieving weight loss success. This is my intention for you and for the world.

If I've been given the knowledge to change the world,
why wouldn't I?

If I've been given the gift to help people, why wouldn't I?

If I've been given the power to save your life,
why wouldn't I?

I have written this book as a kid, with a fresh and pure mind untarnished from the adult world. What I will share with you is honest, true, pure and the most confronting and raw weight loss material on the market. It is not here to merely make you feel good about yourself, leaving you benefit-less, or to give you gimmicky feel-good strategies. This book has been written by someone who has achieved weight loss success through following every single step, strategy and exercise in this book. It will give you an insight into the world of weight loss, and how to confront it to your advantage.

My intention for this world is to help people everywhere to restore their lives to their full potential, and for their happiness, their health and their well-being to be of the greatest quality.

This is my calling, my destiny, my gift to planet Earth.

Introduction

Before You Begin

'Take the first step in faith. You don't have to see the whole staircase, just take the first step.'

Martin Luther King, Jr (1929-1968)

Through all my learning and understanding of weight loss, I can now reveal my secrets to successful weight loss and teach you too, how to apply them in your life.

Through applying every single step and strategy to my life I have since lost 22 kilograms in just eight weeks and have truly begun living my life for the first time in 14 years, whilst maintaining my weight for over two years.

I may not have a PhD in nutrition and weight loss, but what I do have is the raw experiences of losing weight and changing my life for good.

Humans have walked on the moon, created civilizations, formed languages, but people can't understand how to *simply* lose weight. It is because people see past a simple solution and settle for one that is complicated (which is thought to be effective). The dieting world can be extremely money-hungry. Many diets are created to enable quick weight loss, but weight loss that cannot be maintained. They are unhealthy solutions and deprive the body of many vital nutrients. People strive to lose weight to become healthier, but little do they know they are just doing more damage to themselves by consuming magic diet pills, dieting-milkshakes, weighing-food solutions and no-carbohydrates solutions. It is all a scheme to simply make money. The only effective solution is to return to what we know best.