

BIG LEAP

FASTING METHOD



Achieve your perfect health. Reverse your age with fasting.

POOYA

BIG LEAP

FASTING METHOD

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BIG LEAP

FASTING METHOD

*Achieve your perfect health.
Reverse your age with fasting.*



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Set in Hoefler Text and Avenir Next. Composed in Typst.

*To the 98%,
who were told to settle.
Don't.*

“The truth is naked, but lies are painted in fake gold.”

POOYA

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P R E F A C E

MARCH 12, 2024

“I picked something impossible and then made it possible, through the power of focus and persistence.”

I ATE ONE MEAL A DAY FOR 2 YEARS... HERE'S THE VERDICT!

IT WAS A SATURDAY NIGHT, and as usual, I was drunk out of my mind. I texted someone I shouldn't have. Her reply was harsh. I won't repeat it here. What matters is what it did. It crushed my ego.

Let me tell you who was holding that phone. I was about to turn 40. I stand 5'6". I weighed 177 pounds at an estimated 30 percent body fat: puffy, inflamed, full of aches and pains. And it wasn't for lack of trying: two years of gym. I had spent more than 20 years trying to quit alcohol, unsuccessfully. Nothing worked. My energy was gone, my sleep broken. My skin was aging fast, my hair was thinning and graying, and things I never once thought about were now things I noticed: getting up from the couch, climbing the stairs. My confidence was at the lowest point of my life.

Looking back, that harsh reply was a gift. Being out of shape, being average, being mediocre, not living up to my own standards. That was the real wound. Her message only pressed on it. And somewhere in that miserable night, the old nagging questions, *what if this happens, what if that happens*, went quiet, and a single question took over: *what if I don't do this now?* I knew the answer. I think you know it too.

Then the signs came. The next day, a photo of an influencer on Instagram reminded me of how I used to look when I was younger. A

sign from the universe. Then I created an AI version of myself, just to see what I would look like fit again. That image gave me the motivation I needed. Then another sign: early March 2024, a couple of my coworkers were Muslim, preparing to fast for Ramadan. I told them I would fast with them. For weight loss. No religious intent. They were happy to have me, and I was happy not to be alone. On March 10, 2024, I made the decision. The most significant day of my life. Not a birthday, not the day I landed in Australia: the day I decided. On March 12, 2024, I lived it: water at dawn, nothing until sunset, one meal inside one hour, kitchen closed. A quiet Tuesday. I simply did not eat.

The first few days were easy. I was full of motivation. By the second week, I was struggling. The smell of food everywhere, everyone eating around me. I was crying inside. But by week three, I broke through, like a rocket reaching escape velocity. Energy came back. My mental clarity was higher than ever in my life. And the hunger stopped bothering me, because I made the most important trade of the journey: I changed the meaning of hunger from suffering to success. Hunger was not starvation. Hunger was my fat cells screaming for a refill. A refill I was no longer willing to give them.

One month in, I was down nine pounds. Day 80: 154 — the weight where I was sure I would already be in great shape. I was significantly off, and so are you, most likely. Month nine: 132 pounds at 10 percent body fat, territory I hadn't seen in over a decade. A year in, a 45-day carnivore cut took me to roughly 6 percent: the leanest, most shredded I have ever been, and I did it in my 40s. In September 2025, at 41, after a 200-hour fast, the scale read 122.8 pounds. The last time I was at this weight, I was 16 years old.

Today I sit at around 7 percent body fat at 42, after more than 850 days of one meal a day. Fully natural. No supplements anymore. Not even vitamins. Nothing but food, fasting, walking, and will. I'm done with being average. I was there for four decades, and it wasn't pretty. How do you go from this to this after 40? That question is this book.

. . .

In February 2025, a month short of my one-year mark, I was fired from my corporate job. For months I was told I needed to eat more to work more; in the end, I didn't fit the company culture. Getting fit led me to get fired. On February 18, 2025, I put my phone on a tripod, pressed record, and started talking. I had 19 subscribers. My first video got a thousand views, and people from all over the world told me to keep going. So I did. Today I coach clients aged 30 to 70 around the world: people who tried everything the normal way, like I did, and watched it fail, like I did.

So who am I to teach you anything? A fair question. I'm not a doctor. I'm not a guru with a lab coat and a supplement line. I'm an immigrant in Perth, Australia, who only started speaking English in 2022, at 38. I grew up in a country where red meat was so expensive that most families could rarely afford it. I built this body past 40, on an ordinary income, with two old injuries and no advantages of any kind. Some people don't even believe that I'm fully natural. Some others call me AI. I take both as compliments now. But I documented everything from day one — the dates, the weigh-ins, the plateaus — and put all of it in public, so the doubters can check.

You are not reading a legend. You are reading a logbook.

Here is my promise about that logbook. This book contains everything I did and nothing I didn't. The food I ate is in here. The fasting is in here, from day one to the 200-hour fast. The walking that carried me is in here. The plateaus that tested me, and how I outlasted them, are in here. The supplements I leaned on early like a crutch, then dropped — because when things don't add up, you start subtracting — are in here. The mind, the part nobody sells you, because it's free, is in here. No secret protocol held back. No BS. If a thing is not in this book, I did not do it.

. . .

I don't know what your Saturday night looks like. Maybe it's a text you shouldn't have sent. Maybe a photo you deleted, a flight of stairs that humbled you, a doctor's report you keep not reading. Whatever it is, hear this from someone who was fatter, older, more broken, and more alone than you probably are right now: if I can do it, so can you. No excuses. Your day one is waiting, the way March 12, 2024 waited for me: an ordinary Tuesday, ready to change the course of your life forever.

You don't need luck or perfect genes. You need two words.

Lock in.



INTRODUCTION

THE BIG LEAP

“I used to look terrible. I just didn’t see it, because my imagination was blind to the possibility of anything better.”

THE MISSING KEY IN EVERY MAJOR WEIGHT LOSS TRANSFORMATION!

YOU HAVE TRIED DIETING for months or years with little to no success. Or worse — it worked. You shed a few pounds, then gained it all back, or even more. You counted calories. You counted macros. You hit your protein targets and swallowed the supplements. You tried keto. You tried intermittent fasting. And when the diet didn’t deliver, you doubled down on exercise: running, cycling, lifting weights, walking every day. You tried everything you could think of, and somehow you ended up right back where you started, staring at the same belly in the same mirror.

I know, because I was you. In March 2024, just before my fortieth birthday, I weighed 177 pounds at an estimated 30 percent body fat, on the doorstep of obese. I was puffy, inflamed, full of aches and pains. Two years of gym memberships had produced nothing, and twenty years of trying to quit alcohol had produced less. Today I am 42 and around 7 percent body fat, about 50 pounds lighter, with more than 850 days of one meal a day behind me. Fully natural: no drugs, no TRT, and these days no supplements either. My entire stack is a pinch of salt in a glass of water. Very expensive, I know. This whole book answers one question: how do you go from the first set of numbers to the second — from this to this — after 40, with a job, injuries, stress, a normal life, all of it?

On paper, losing weight is easy and simple: eat less, or eat less often, and move more. So what has made it so impossibly difficult? Start with the biggest myth, the one the media has sold you since the 80s: that exercise will do the losing for you. I love weight training for my muscle mass, bone density, and aesthetics. But it is not a weight loss strategy. Even walking, the king of fat loss, only works when the diet is on point; plenty of people walk all day, every day, and never get lean. Getting lean is roughly 95 percent what happens at the table and 5 percent activity. My proof: I started injured, barely able to walk, and the weight came off anyway. Once my knee healed and I could walk more, the speed of it was insane.

You can't out-exercise your diet, especially past 30, as a natural.

Picture fat loss as a square. The four corners are calories in, the quality of those calories, calories out, and training. In the center sit the two things everybody loves to blame: genetics and hormones. You cannot reach into the center. You move the center only by working the corners. Insulin, cortisol, testosterone, appetite — they all respond when the corners move.

Of the four corners, one tool moves more of them at once than anything else I have found: fasting. Listen carefully, because this is where most fasting advice goes wrong. Fasting does not cause fat loss. It facilitates it. It is like a knob: precise control over when insulin falls, when fat burning switches on, and how much you eat, without counting a single calorie. Once you commit, the decision is made; it puts you on rails, like a train heading straight to your goal. But the knob only works if the fast is clean. During a fast: water, black coffee, plain tea, zero-calorie electrolytes. That is the whole list. If it has calories, it counts as a meal: the splash of milk, the MCT oil, the bone broth, the “just a bite.” There is no such thing as almost fasting.

You will climb in one rung of the ladder at a time, the way my coaching clients do. If you are grazing all day, understand what that costs: snacking is running a blender ten times a day to blend three almonds. Every bite switches the entire metabolic machine on. So the first rung is three meals a day, with nothing that has calories in between. The second rung is two meals. The third is one meal a day: OMAD, the pattern I live to this day. And the fourth, much later, is the occasional longer fast to break a stall. Each rung is earned over one to two months: you adapt, the hunger settles, and then you climb again. This isn't a sprint. It's not even a marathon. It's an ultra, ultra marathon. It's actually a way of life.

Before rung one comes step zero: the reason this book has entire chapters on mindset while other diet books have a paragraph. This is a war, after all. A war against comfort and convenience, and against your own lower self, the Gollum inside you hissing *my precious* over every snack. Starting is in or out. No gray area, no middle ground, no so-called balanced life. That is why the mindset chapters come first and the meal plans come second. The same order everything happened in for me.

. . .

How to read this book: every chapter follows the same recipe. A story first, because I myself love stories; then the science, so you know why it works; then a protocol: numbered steps you can act on the same day. When I give you a list, I count it down, in reverse order of importance, so the most important one always comes last. Believe me.

Who is this for? I can already hear some of you: "Yeah, but I'm 62. When I was your age, I built the pyramids." Brother, this book was written for you. A man over 40 who gets lean and stays lean, fully natural, is maybe one in a thousand. Not because the body stops working, but because almost nobody is handed the mindset and the method together. If you have genuinely tried everything and quietly concluded the problem must be you — it is not. You were never broken. You were missing pieces, and the pieces are now in your hands: every rung, every meal, every step, exactly as I lived it.

But I have to be honest with you about one thing before we begin. I can only show you the door. You're the one who has to walk through it.

The door is right here. Turn the page.

PART I

THE DECISION



*Two Sufis were traveling companions.
One was poor and scrawny,
eating only once every three days.
The other was prosperous and chubby,
eating three meals a day.
Accused of being spies,
they were locked in a house without food.
Two weeks later, their innocence was proven.
When the door was finally opened,
the chubby one was found dead,
while the skinny one was still alive.
The sage said: it would have been strange
if it were the other way around.*

AN OLD PERSIAN STORY, RETOLD



1

DECIDE TOTALLY

“Starting this transformation journey is a binary choice. You’re either in or out. There’s no gray area, no middle ground, no so-called balanced life.”

THE FASTING MASTERPLAN

OUT ON THE PLAINS, when a storm rolls in, cattle and bison do two different things. Domestic cows have been protected by humans for so many generations that they have no answer to the full force of the wild. When the storm comes, they react from fear and run away. Here is the cruel part: a cow cannot hold solid ground while running. The storm overpowers them, and some never come out at all.

The bison is different. Shaped by the harshness of the land, it stands its ground. It turns toward the storm and faces it head on. Straight into the wind, into the ice, into the thing every nerve is screaming at it to flee. It survives and comes out stronger on the other side. Both animals feel the same fear. They just act differently.

Sit with that image for a minute, because every diet you have ever failed was you running from the storm.

The cut-back-a-little plans. The Monday starts. The programs you followed at eighty percent, one foot still in your old life. You were not weak and you were not broken. You were a cow running from the weather

with no solid ground under your feet, and the storm overpowered you every time.

I know, because I ran for a decade. Two years of gym, twenty years of trying to quit alcohol. And nothing to show for it except a knee and a left shoulder that hurt, the leftovers of believing I could exercise my way out of a bad diet. I have tons of photos of myself from that time, at an estimated 30 percent body fat, because I genuinely thought I looked great. I believed I was fit, just carrying an extra five pounds I could drop anytime, and I kept trying to lose that five pounds for years. I had tried many times before, and every single time I failed miserably. Maybe your story is gentler. Maybe a diet even “worked”: you shed a few pounds, then gained it all back and landed back at square one. Same storm. Same running.

. . .

Then came March 2024. On March 10, I made the decision: the most significant day in my life. On March 12 came day one. I was about to turn 40, standing at 177 pounds and an estimated 30 percent body fat, and I hated what I had let myself become. In a single day, I flipped the switch and went all in. Fully locked in. In my mind it was simple: either succeed or die. I went from eating many times a day, constantly grazing, to one meal a day. And more than 850 days later, I am still on it. I will be straight with you: I stepped off only once on purpose, for an overseas trip in May 2025. The day I got home, I went straight back. I had earned that right. You will earn yours too. Much later.

Here is the part most people miss: I did not learn some new secret that week. I already had the knowledge, like fasting. Knowledge was never my problem, and I promise you it is not yours either: determination comes first and knowledge comes second. What changed was the decision: binary, total, non-negotiable. You are either in or you are out. No gray area, no middle ground, no so-called balanced life while you are carrying 50 extra pounds. When was the last time you saw a seesaw perfectly balanced? Exactly. Only one side wins.

Why does the decision have to be total? Because of the size of the sacrifice. This road demands discomfort, hunger, and discipline, day

after day, for months. Small goals produce small commitment, and small commitment breaks the first time life pushes back. A half-decision leaves room for negotiation, and if I leave too much room for negotiation, that room becomes a doorway, and that doorway becomes a floodgate. If I say mostly keto but some bread, that bread becomes more bread, then pasta, then sweets, then chaos. But when I go strict, I become free. Because strictness removes the negotiation. Strictness gives me clarity. It gives me peace. The decision was made once, totally, and it never has to be made again.

A total decision is not magic. It is psychology, and it works on your mind in three ways, counted down in reverse order of importance, so the most important lands last.

Number three: motivation before discipline. I am not denying motivation. Motivation matters. If you feel motivated right now, this is the best time to start. Seize that immense energy and put it into action. Don't let it pass; you'll regret it. But be prepared, because motivation will not always be there to carry you. A month in, you will hit a roadblock. That is why you build a supply before you need it: the written commitment, the two images, the refusal list — filled on the good days, drawn on in the dark ones.

Number two: the negative push. The dream image is only half the equation. You also need the nightmare, like yin and yang: the dark version of you, the obese version, the one you were heading toward. That one should scare you. Write down exactly what you refuse to return to, in detail: the breathlessness on the stairs, the photos you quietly deleted, the clothes you chose to hide inside. On the hard days, the memory of that prison will push you forward when the dream cannot pull. And turn every dismissive remark into fuel. They will laugh at your one meal a day. They will call it another phase. Someone will even play the age card: yeah, but I'm 62; when I was your age, I built the pyramids. Sure you did. Don't argue with any of them. Answer with two words: *watch me*.

And number one, at the top of the list: the identity shift. You cannot pull this off while you still see yourself as that overweight guy trying to lose weight. You break the diet “just this once” because deep down, you are still him, and your body always finds its way back to the man in your head. So throw away the old identity and install the new one from

day one. It's like an OS upgrade: you can't install new apps on an old operating system. Early in my journey, I used an AI app on my phone to create an image of what I would look like fit again. That image alone gave me all the motivation I needed. Today I look better than that image. Decide who you are first. The behavior follows.

. . .

Underneath all three sits the oldest battle of all. There is a part of you that does not want any of this. It wants comfort, chaos, pleasure without consequence. Have you watched *The Lord of the Rings*? Do you remember Gollum, hunched over the ring, whispering *my precious*? That is your lower self at eleven o'clock at night, hunched over the pantry. Before the binge, it seduces you: you've had a stressful day, one bite won't hurt, you can start tomorrow. After the binge, it turns cruel: you're weak, you're pathetic, you'll never change. Both voices are the same creature, and neither one is you. And it lives by one law: whatever you feed grows. Every clean meal feeds your higher self. Every long walk feeds it. Every time you say no to alcohol, you feed it. Every time you go to bed instead of binging, you feed it. Every time you sit with hunger and refuse to obey it, you feed it. And every surrender feeds the other one: the one that has sat on your throne for decades and does not want to become a servant again.

You cannot feed chaos for twenty years
and expect order to become strong
in one day.

But you can start feeding the right part of you today. Over time, the lower self gets weaker because you stop feeding it, and the higher self gets stronger because you finally start feeding it.

If any hesitation is left in you, let me tell you how mine ended: rock bottom. Sometimes hitting rock bottom gives you all the energy

you need to save yourself. That is how my own transformation started. But you do not have to wait for the bottom. Ask yourself one question instead, honestly: *what if I don't do this now?* Fast-forward ten years. Where are you? Not in the same place — worse. The belly gets a little bigger every year. The spark in your eyes dims down. “I’ll start Monday” quietly becomes “it’s too late for me.” Your future version is begging you to take action now. And your past version, that child you once were, is looking at you and wants to feel proud. Don’t let them down.

So here is where reading stops and deciding begins. Thirty minutes, tonight, with a pen. No BS, no excuses.

☐ THE DECISION PROTOCOL

- 1** Write the commitment on paper: your exact goal weight, the exact date you will reach it, and the method you will follow.
- 2** Under it, write down why you started this and why you must succeed.
- 3** Create the two images with an AI app: the fit version of you, and the dark version you were heading toward. Put your current photo between them and decide which way you are walking.
- 4** Write the refusal list: everything you are never returning to, in detail.
- 5** Pick one month-one challenge outside your comfort zone and declare it where others can see it: family, a friend, a community that will hold you to it. That is how you reach the escape velocity.
- 6** Start today. Not Monday. Not the first of the month. Today.

Now the truth about what you just wrote, because it is not what you think. The first win of this transformation is not losing ten pounds. The first win is keeping one promise to yourself. If you have spent years breaking promises to yourself, belief will not come from the scale. It comes from self-trust, and self-trust is built when you say you are going to do something and then you actually do it. Even for one day. Especially

for one day. Because one day becomes two, two becomes seven, seven becomes thirty, and then it becomes a game. And one day, quietly, the person who thought he was hopeless catches himself saying: *I think I can do this*. That is when the real transformation begins: not on the scale, but in who you are. You become someone you can trust. You become your own best friend, not your enemy.

The storm was always coming, my friend. It comes whether you decide or not. The only choice you have ever had is which animal to be. Turn, and face it.

2

THIS TIME IS FOREVER

“So please, if you really do this, stick with it for the rest of your life. Imagine it as being like other things in your life, like brushing your teeth.”

NEVER REGAIN WEIGHT AFTER LOSING IT - HERE'S WHY!

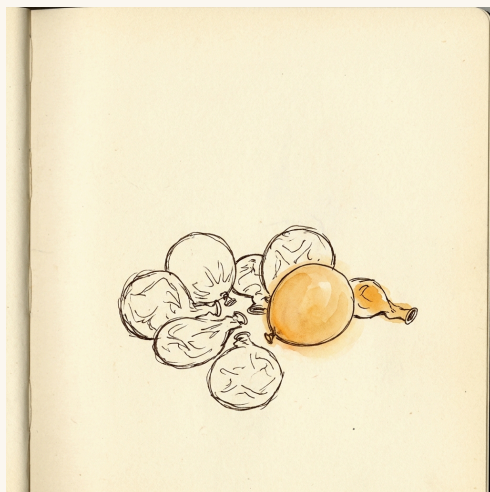
MY FRIEND FLEW TO THAILAND, and left behind a fridge full of everything I had been living without. Peanut butter, almond butter, pistachio butter, chocolates, cake, biscuits, bagels, cereals, chocolate milk. Before he left, he told me I could have whatever I wanted. At the time I was 129 pounds at roughly 9 percent body fat, a few pounds from my ultimate goal, and I want you to understand something: I was not struggling. I was winning.

And still, I could not stop thinking about that fridge. I opened it a few times just to look at all that stuff without touching anything. Then, on the night he left, I told myself I was going to try the almond butter. Just a tiny bit. It was delicious, but it was missing something. So I added a bit of manuka honey, and it enhanced the flavor tenfold. I added more, and it felt like heaven. After so long without carbs or sweets, I was instantly hooked, and I tore through the whole stash. The next morning I woke up with a severe craving for sweets, went back, and finished the unfinished job. Then I saw the sausages loaded with starches, and since I was already neck deep, I figured I might as well eat them too. So I did. Afterwards I

got very sleepy and took a two-hour nap, and when I woke up, I stepped on the scale: 139 pounds. Ten pounds up, overnight. I skipped dinner that night and weighed myself again in the morning. Still 139.

That was September 4, 2025, eighteen months into my transformation. So how does that happen? How does a man who eats one meal a day, who coaches other people for a living, who was a few pounds from the leanest goal of his life, end up elbow deep in another man's snack stash at midnight? That is what this chapter is about. Because the decision you made in the last chapter has a clause in it that most people never read: the decision is permanent. This time is forever. And you need to understand why, or your fat cells will explain it to you personally, the same way mine explained it to me.

Here is the only science you need for now. Your cells have memory. Muscles have it, and fat has it too. When you lose a big amount of weight, your fat cells give up the fat stored inside them, but they never forget how good it felt to be full. They do not know you were dieting. Nobody sent them the memo. As far as they are concerned, you just survived a famine. So they sit there in scarcity mode, screaming for a refill, and they make each other a promise: next time we get hold of food, we will preserve every little bit of it. That is why the person who loses 45 pounds and relaxes does not gain back 45. He gains back 60. The rebound is always faster than the loss, especially with carbohydrates, and it gets worse with age.



FAT CELLS SHRINK. THEY DO NOT DISAPPEAR, AND
THEY REMEMBER.

. . .

I did not learn that from a textbook. I tested it on my own body, twice, and I filmed both tests, because I have logged this journey honestly since day one and I am not going to start painting it now. Let me open the logbook.

May 2025. I had just touched my all-time best: around 126 pounds at an estimated 6 percent body fat, fourteen months of work. I was also run down and sick, and I was about to fly overseas to see my family for the first time in three years. I arrived completely wiped out, and instead of getting better, I got worse. So I made a decision: for two weeks, no rules. Healing first, family first, weight later. I ate whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted. Three full meals with rice, bread, meat and fish, desserts on top, plus constant snacking. Chocolate, biscuits, pastries, even midnight food runs. Somewhere between 3,500 and 4,000 calories a day, with almost no exercise, and I enjoyed every single bite without guilt. Part of me was even doing it on purpose. For months I had been telling people that after a big loss the body rebounds fast, and here was

my chance to test the theory firsthand and bring back real data. I became the guinea pig.

The data came in loud and clear. Two weeks later I stood on the scale at 144 pounds and roughly 12 percent. My body fat had doubled. To be fair, a good chunk of that, maybe five to seven pounds, was water and glycogen rushing back in with the carbs. But the fat was real, and so was the speed.

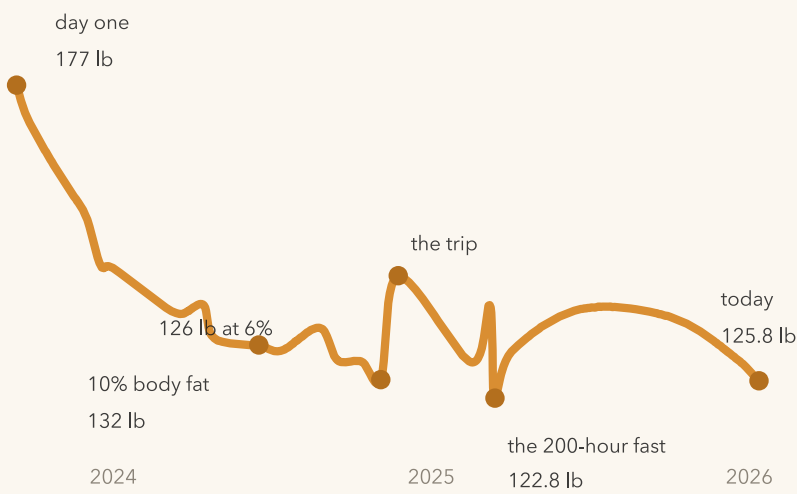
Months to lose those eighteen pounds.
Two weeks to gain them back.
That is what a refill looks like.

On May 24, 2025, home again, I restarted OMAD. Not the following Monday. Not after one last farewell feast. And here is the part that surprised me: getting back into ketosis was not hard, because memory cuts both ways. The same body that remembered how to store fat also remembered how to burn it. It snapped right back, and by late August I was down around 129 pounds again, roughly 9 percent.

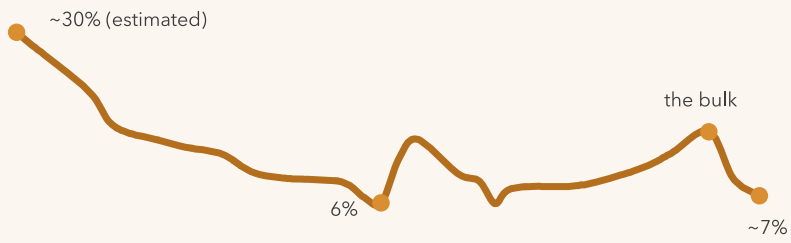
Which brings us back to the fridge. The May trip was a planned withdrawal: I chose it, I priced it, I paid it. The fridge was an ambush. It cost me ten pounds in a night and a day, and this time I answered it with a revolution. My last bite of that binge was at noon on September 4, and I did not eat again for 200 hours. What started as a three-day correction grew to five days, then seven, then a nice round 200 hours, the last 24 of them dry. On the final day I ran 10.7 miles barefoot and finished with 40 push-ups, and when I stepped on the scale on the evening of September 12, it read 122.8 pounds, at an estimated 6 percent. The last time I saw that number on a scale, I was 16 years old. What matters here is the shape of the answer: the slip took one night. The response took eight days. And the response is what defines you, not the slip.

So no, I am not preaching at you from some mountain of perfection. In over 850 days there were small detours, and there were two big falls:

one on purpose, one face down in a jar of almond butter. Both times, the moment the fall ended, I went straight back on the road.



THE WHOLE ARC, STRAIGHT FROM THE LOGBOOK: MARCH 2024 TO JULY 2026



BODY FAT, ALL SELF-ESTIMATED: THE SAME HONEST SHAPE

...

Now let me turn my two falls into your three lessons, counted down to the one that matters most.

Number three: life will disrupt you, so plan the disruption like a general. Trips, holidays, weddings: you can see most of them coming from months away, and my plan for them now has three stages. Before the disruption, grind. Tighten everything up and drop below your baseline, so the event spends your surplus instead of your progress. During the disruption, damage control. Walk every day, keep whatever structure survives the family table, and refuse the guilt completely, because guilt is the lowest state you can operate from, and it always ends in more eating, not less. After the disruption, damage reversal. Restart your fasting the day you come home. Not Monday. Not the first of the month. The day you come home. That third stage is the whole game. Everyone comes home from vacation heavier. Most people stay heavier.

Number two: maintenance is metabolic budgeting. Think of staying lean like a savings account. Fasting and walking are deposits. Pizza night is a withdrawal. If you are constantly withdrawing without depositing, you go into debt, and that debt is weight gain, with your fat cells charging interest. But if you have saved enough through discipline and lean living, you can afford occasional spending. Yes, you can have pizza, chocolate, ice cream, even wine. You just earn it first, and you spend it deliberately, on your terms, with the damage plan already written. And I will tell you a secret the everyday snackers will never know: when you indulge rarely, indulgence becomes magical. That one slice after months of clean living hits harder than the whole box ever did.

And number one, the most important lesson in this chapter: the real objective was never the goal weight. The real objective is moving your baseline. By my late thirties, my body had settled at roughly 30 percent body fat, and every diet I tried was a jump against that gravity. I got a little air, hung there for a moment, and the old baseline pulled me straight back down. That is what the work of 2024 really did. It did not just shed the weight. I reached escape velocity and broke the old orbit. My baseline now sits around 10 percent. For me, that is the sweet spot, and my body defends the new orbit the way it used to defend the old one. If I drift up a little, I pull it back down. If I get too lean, I take a few photos first, then eat a bit more. A lot of it happens almost automatically. That is why I could survive a two-week feast and a midnight ambush

without ending up back where I started. The baseline held, because the baseline had moved.

And that is the honest deal I am offering you. Reaching your goal is the hard part. That is the war: months of hunger, discipline, and discomfort. But once you are there, once the baseline has truly moved, keeping it is far easier than you fear. Not optional. Easier. It becomes maintenance, the way brushing your teeth is maintenance. You have brushed your teeth every day for decades and never once called it discipline, never negotiated with the toothbrush, never rewarded yourself with a week off. That is what your eating becomes: a permanent habit with a light daily cost, and a payoff so rare that almost nobody around you will ever hold it. Great shape at 60, off medications, visible abs.

Here is how you sign the forever clause and lock in for good.

▣ THE FOREVER PROTOCOL

- 1** Say it out loud before you begin: this is not a diet with an end date. This is how I eat now, permanently, like brushing my teeth.
- 2** Aim past the goal weight: your real target is a new baseline. When you reach your number, hold it, fine-tune until you find where you feel your best, then defend that orbit for life.
- 3** Run a metabolic budget: deposit through fasting and daily walking, and spend on treats only from savings, never on credit.
- 4** Before every disruption you can see coming, grind: drop below your baseline so the event spends your surplus, not your progress.
- 5** During the disruption, run damage control: walk every day, keep whatever structure survives, and refuse the guilt.
- 6** The day you come home, start damage reversal: restart your fasting immediately and do not stop until the scale reads your baseline again.
- 7** When an ambush wins a night, answer it the next morning with a plan.

One warning before we move on. Do not read my two falls as permission. In your first months there are no planned withdrawals, no earned credits, and no almond butter. You have no savings yet, and your baseline has not moved an inch. A break now is not a withdrawal. It is a default on the whole loan. The freedoms in this chapter live on the other side of your goal, and you will earn them there.

Your fat cells are patient, my friend. They are sitting in the dark right now, remembering how good full felt, whispering for a refill. Let them whisper. You already know the answer to whispers like that. The decision was made once, and it never has to be made again.

PART II

THE METHOD



*The fastest method
is the best method
or perhaps
the only successful method.*

P O O Y A

3

THE FASTING LADDER

“Going too extreme too soon is reckless. It creates a rebound effect, physically and psychologically.”

FASTING: 10 MOST COMMON MISTAKES THAT STALL YOUR WEIGHT LOSS & KEEP YOUR BELLY FAT!

DAY ONE, FOR ME, was the 12th of March, 2024. A couple of my coworkers were Muslim, and they were preparing to fast for Ramadan. By then I had made my decision, and I was looking for a starting gun. There it was. I told them I would fast with them: for weight loss, no religious intent. They were happy, and honestly, being part of a group was going to help me too. What I signed up for was this: wake up at around 5 a.m., drink some water, go back to sleep, and then let nothing pass my lips until sunset. No food. No water. Nothing.

Add it up and you'll see what my first month actually was. A dry fast of about 15 hours, a 23-hour fast overall, and a one-hour eating window at 8 p.m., right after sunset. For 29 days straight. That was day one of my transformation. Not day one hundred: day one, coming off a life of constant snacking, biscuits and chocolates, at roughly 30 percent body fat by my own estimate.

The first few days were easy, because motivation carried me. By the second week, I was struggling. The smell of food everywhere, everyone eating around me, and I was crying inside. But I had made a deal with

myself: the only scenario where I would break the fast was if I actually passed out. I did not pass out. Quite the opposite. By week three I was full of energy, my mental clarity was higher than it had been in years, and hunger had stopped scaring me, because I finally understood what it was: my fat cells screaming for a refill. By the end of the first month I was down nine pounds, and I knew I was on the right path.

Now here is the part that might surprise you. I told you about my day one so that you never copy it.

When someone starts working with me, I do not hand them my 29 days. That first month worked because I was a desperate man with his back against the wall. Desperation burns hot. If you jump off the same cliff without the fire I had that March, you will white-knuckle four days on willpower, binge on the fifth, and land back at square one, heavier and more discouraged than when you started. Trust me, I know that pattern personally. Back around 2016 I tried 48-hour and 72-hour fasts, and every time I broke one, I binged right after. All that suffering for nothing. Willpower runs out, my friend. Discipline is built. And discipline is built one rung at a time.

. . .

So this is what I teach instead, and what the whole method stands on: the fasting ladder. Four rungs. You climb one at a time, you earn each rung before you touch the next, and you never skip. It is simple, it is almost boring, and it has worked for the people I coach, from their 30s all the way into their 70s.

Rung one: three meals a day. I can hear you laughing. Three meals a day, some method. But read the fine print, because the fine print is the whole rung: three meals, and between them, absolutely nothing with calories. No bites, no tastes, no handful of nuts at 3 p.m., no cheeky spoon while cooking. Why does this matter so much? Imagine you have a blender, and ten times a day you throw in three almonds, run it for a few seconds, rinse it, and repeat. Sooner or later that machine breaks. Not because almonds are bad, but because you keep forcing the system to switch on again and again for no reason. Constant snacking does the same thing to your body. Every tiny bite starts up the whole machinery.

Rung one is not about changing what you eat. It is about closing the tap between meals and letting the machine rest, maybe for the first time in decades.



TEN STARTS A DAY, THREE ALMONDS A RUN

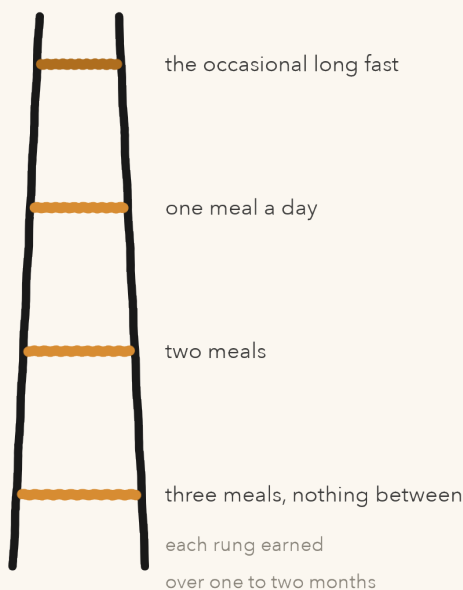
Rung two: two meals a day. Drop whichever meal you miss the least. For me that was breakfast; I was never hungry in the mornings anyway, and I think sharper on an empty stomach. Done right, this rung alone can carry a man down to around 15 to 17 percent body fat, and a woman into the mid 20s. For a lot of people, that is already a different life and a different mirror.

Rung three: one meal a day. OMAD. This is the rung I live on. As I write this, I have eaten one meal a day for some 850 days, give or take the one two-week break I have already told you about. My meal is between 8 and 9 p.m. It keeps me productive all day, and by the time hunger could come back, I am asleep. Your window can sit anywhere your life protects, morning or night, as long as it is the same window every day. Just keep it to about an hour. A window that lets you graze for hours is not a fasting window. It is the old grazing life with a new name.

Rung four, and notice how far away I have put it: the occasional longer fast. Much later in this book, and much later in your climb. And here is the thing nobody expects. For the entire first year of eating one

meal a day, the fat melted off me month after month with no stunts at all. The weight came off through the most unfashionable force in the world. Consistency beats intensity every single time. Stunts make good YouTube videos. Rungs make transformations.

How long do you stay on each rung? One to two months, and the signal to climb is not what you think. You do not climb because you are impatient with the scale. You climb when your body has adapted, when the rung has become boring. When three meals with nothing between them feels like nothing, when you catch yourself forgetting this used to be hard, that is the ladder telling you it is time. Boredom is not a problem here. Boredom is the signal to climb.



THE LADDER: EARN EVERY RUNG

• • •

Whatever rung you are standing on, three rules guard it, counted down, and the one that decides everything comes last.

Number three: fix your mealtimes. Same times, every day. The body loves routine, and hunger is trainable: give it a schedule and it learns to show up for appointments instead of ambushing you all day long. My appointment is 8 to 9 p.m. Pick yours and defend it.

Number two: the single portion. Fasting is not a free pass to feast like a king every night. Serve yourself one portion, eat slowly, and eat to satisfaction, then get up from the table before you are completely full and go brush your teeth. Minty taste means the kitchen is closed. The meal is over. This is one of the simplest fat loss secrets, and almost nobody talks about it. The more you stuff yourself, the more your stomach stretches, and the bigger the portion you need next time just to feel satisfied.

Number one, the rule that decides whether any of this works: the clean fast. During your fasting hours, the backbone is four things. Water. Black coffee. Plain tea. Zero-calorie electrolytes. Zero-calorie sweeteners like stevia or monk fruit? Fine. The occasional zero-calorie soda? Controversial, but it will not break your fast; just do not make it a habit. The rule that closes the list is calories: zero. The splash of milk in your coffee? That was a meal. The bone broth that supposedly doesn't count? A meal. The just-a-bite off your kid's plate, the three almonds, the little taste while cooking? Meals, meals, meals. I am not guessing here. I tested the milk myself, just a bit of froth in my coffee, and it stalled my fat loss, I kid you not. Your body does not grade portion sizes. Calories arrive, insulin rises, and the switch flips from burning your stored fat to dealing with the incoming food. The switch does not know "just a splash."

If it has calories,
it is not a sip, not a taste, not a nothing.
It is a meal.

And once you call it what it is, the rule turns out to be generous. The clean fast does not take your milk or your broth or your almonds away from you. It just moves them inside your eating window, next to your

meal, where they belong. The fast stays clean, and you still get your little pleasures. That is the trade, and it is a fair one.

Now, why does the ladder work when jumping straight to the top keeps failing? Because of what it costs to leave the ground. Have you ever watched a rocket launch? Almost all the fuel burns in the first couple of minutes, in that violent, shaking climb off the pad, with gravity doing everything it can to drag the thing back down. But once the rocket reaches orbit, everything changes. It coasts. The same journey that needed a tower of fire now needs a small correction burn here and there. A new habit works exactly the same way. Every rung of this ladder costs an enormous amount of energy for the first few weeks, while your old life pulls at you like gravity. Then the new order establishes itself and starts to carry itself, and you only need a little maintenance energy to keep it running. That is what earning a rung really means: you stay on it until the burn becomes a coast. And then the next liftoff starts from orbit, not from the ground.

It is the same reason ultra-marathon runners pace themselves. Goggins will tell you: nobody wins a hundred-miler at mile one, but plenty of people lose it there, sprinting off the line at a pace their body cannot hold through the night. The ones who finish are the ones who settle into a rhythm early and keep it while the sprinters drop away in the dark. Your transformation is an ultra, not a sprint. My 29-day cliff jump worked for me. I will never hand it to you. I want you at the finish line, my friend.

THE LADDER PROTOCOL

- 1** Start tonight on rung one: three meals a day, with absolutely nothing caloric between them.
- 2** Keep every fast clean: water, black coffee, plain tea, and zero-calorie electrolytes are the backbone. Anything with calories counts as one of your meals, so eat it at mealtime or not at all.
- 3** Fix your mealtimes and defend them, the same times every day. The body loves routine, and hunger keeps appointments.
- 4** Serve one portion, eat slowly to satisfaction, leave the table before you are completely full, and go brush your teeth.
- 5** Hold each rung for one to two months, until your body has adapted and it feels boring. Boredom is the signal to climb, not a problem to fix.
- 6** Climb in order: three meals, then two, then one. Never skip a rung, and never chase hours past 24 on this ladder.
- 7** Leave longer fasts alone until one meal a day has felt easy for months. That is rung four, and rung four can wait for its own chapter.

You do not need my brutal day one, my friend. You needed to hear it, and now you can forget it. What you need is rung one, tonight: three meals, nothing between them, and the humility to stay there until it bores you. It is a step so small that nobody brags about it, and it is the bottom of the same ladder that ends 850 days up. Put your foot on it.

4

REAL FOOD, FEWER CARBS

“There are no essential carbohydrates, unlike essential fatty acids and amino acids.”

300 DAYS ON KETO! WHAT DID IT DO TO MY BODY? | WHAT I EAT TO GET SHREDDED!

MEAT WAS THE FIRST THING I reached out for when I was weaned off milk. As a kid I always went for the meat first, and only if I was still hungry would I touch the rice, and only if it was drenched in beef or chicken stock. Bread did nothing for me. Candy did nothing for me. At the weddings where food was plentiful, I would sneakily eat nothing but meat, and I got the heat for it so many times: meat was expensive back then, and eating it all was disrespectful to everyone else at the table.

My preference was lamb and beef, and I was lean, shredded, and athletic as a kid. An avid swimmer. Then in my teenage years, in the mid-90s, on a dial-up connection, I went looking for the answer to one question: is it normal to love meat this much, and can a human survive on meat alone? There was no such thing as a carnivore diet back then. Instead of YouTube, there were blogs. And one day, probably in 1997, I found one.

It was an old man in the US telling stories from his childhood in the 1940s, when a Native American chief lived with his family and helped on the farm, the rest of his tribe having perished. The chief was very old by

then, probably 95, and he was healthy, strong, and muscular, with perfect teeth. His diet? Buffalo meat. Nothing else. I read that and something clicked into place: what my body had been telling me since birth was correct. I wasn't wrong.

And then I did what most of us do with the truth. I folded. Everyone, including my siblings, laughed at me, called me a savage beast, a prehistoric Neanderthal, and never mind that they were the overweight ones. The TV doctors had their say. Like a coward, I surrendered to everyone else's opinions. I got addicted to carbohydrates, and I ended up shaped like a potato.

So when I tell you what belongs on your plate, understand that I am not handing you a theory. I am handing you the road back. Let me show you how it played out on my own scale, because results are the name of the game.

For my first six weeks of one meal a day, I ate everything, non-discriminately. All the carbs, even sugar. If it fit in the window, it went in. That suffering bought me nine pounds in the first month, and then the scale began to stall. All that hunger, and the needle barely moving. The fasting was doing its job, and my dinner was undoing it every single night.

So at the end of April 2024, six weeks in, I bit the bullet and went keto. I eliminated all of it: sugar, bread, rice, pasta. I read every label in the supermarket and put back anything with sugar in it. Whatever carbs were already at home, I threw away. I will be honest with you: it felt like a divorce, a painful one. With fasting, I always knew I would eventually get to eat my favorite foods again. With keto, those foods were gone. For a month my body fought back and craved carbs. Then it adapted, and the weight started falling. Something else happened that I did not expect: the fasting itself became easier. Once your body runs on fat, blood sugar stays level all day, and the crash-and-crave cycle stops.

By June I was already running my first carnivore experiment to speed up the cut. Almost thirty years after that blog, I finally had my excuse, because here in Australia meat is cheaper than bread. Can you believe it? The complete opposite of where I came from. Later that year I went stricter: from August to December I ate almost nothing but meat, mostly lamb, my favorite, then beef and chicken. That block carried me from around 15 percent body fat down to about 10, in month nine of

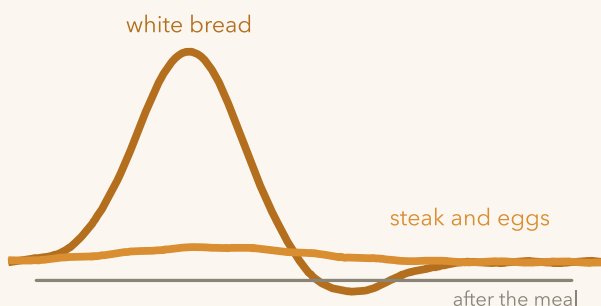
the journey. And here is the part nobody believes: I did it with minimal exercise, mostly walking, and kept my muscle. Even the old aches began to retreat, the knee first, then most of the shoulder. The rest of that story, the day the pain vanished for good, comes later in this book. And in 2025, when I wanted to reach roughly 6 percent, I reached for the same tool again. When I need to cut, carnivore is the knife.

Now the sentence that shocks people. Through all of it, from potato to shredded, I have never counted a single calorie. Not once. No macros, no apps, no kitchen scale riding in my backpack. I eat my one meal at night and I eat until I'm full, until it is physically impossible to eat any more. The mirror and the scale tell me everything I need to know. Counting is not accurate anyway: your body's reaction to food is its own, your digestion is its own, and the math is so cumbersome that nobody sustains it for years. I have never met anyone who counted their way to lean and stayed there. The eating pattern does the work. Your only job is to stop feeding it the wrong material.

• • •

I did not take my own word for it either. I went down a rabbit hole: over 500 videos on insulin resistance and continuous glucose monitors, real people wearing a sensor that reads their blood sugar every few minutes, meal after meal, so you don't have to. Once you have seen those curves, believe me, you cannot unsee them.

Eggs: the line barely moves. Flat, calm, boring. Steak with vegetables: same story. White bread: a mountain. Straight up, straight down, and soon you are hungry again. A donut: a bigger mountain that refuses to come down, hours of elevated sugar from one lousy snack, one of the worst foods they tested. And the drinkable carbs, the juices and sports drinks and sodas, are the worst of the worst, because there is nothing solid to slow them down. Even the respectable breads failed: whole wheat was barely better than white, and the fancy sourdough offered almost no advantage at all.



WHAT THE METER SEES, ROUGHLY

Here is my one sentence of science, so you understand what those mountains cost you: every spike ends in a crash that leaves you hungry, tired, and craving the next spike, and after enough years of spiking, the locks on your cells jam up, insulin stops working properly, and the leftovers get parked as belly fat and love handles. That's the whole textbook. Your body is running this experiment every day whether you wear the meter or not.

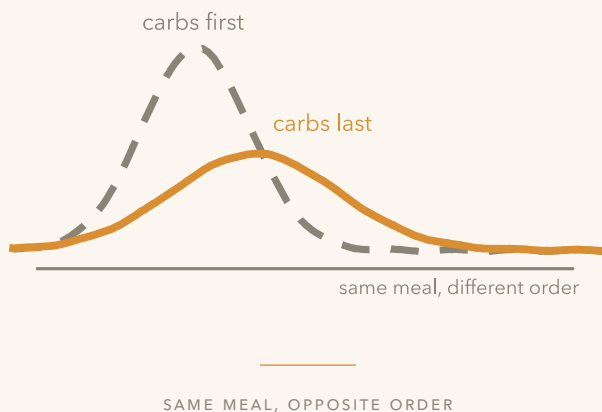
**Carbohydrates are just for fun.
They are not actually food.**

You will not always be at zero carbs, and I am not demanding that. So learn the three damage-control tricks from those same experiments, counted down in reverse order, saving the best for last.

Number three: eat slowly. The same sandwich eaten in four minutes and eaten in half an hour draws two different curves, and the slow one is noticeably smaller. Your grandmother was right. Chew.

Number two: eat in the right order. Vegetables first, then fats and proteins, and any carbs dead last, once there is already a wall of fiber, fat,

and protein standing in front of them. Same food, same amounts, and the spike drops to less than half. Take it.



Number one: walk after dinner. A simple walk after a meal cuts the spike by a third, give or take. It costs nothing, it needs no equipment, and it is a preview of what is coming later in this book, because when it comes to fat loss, cardio is king.

So what belongs in your kitchen? Real food, and only real food. Meat of every kind, eggs, fish and seafood. Dairy if it agrees with you: cheese, a little milk after the meal, yogurt you made yourself, because the supermarket yogurt has sugar hiding in it. Extra virgin olive oil, butter, animal fats. Vegetables: leafy greens, cruciferous, mushrooms, garlic, and raw onions, which I believe raise testosterone, so I never stopped eating them. Some nuts and some low-sugar berries, after the meal, not instead of it.



ONE MEAL, NO LIMITS: THE PLATE THAT DOES THE WORK

And the subtraction list, the reason this chapter is called what it is called: sugar, first and forever. Refined carbs: bread, pasta, rice, and everything made of flour. Seed oils. And processed food in every costume it wears, including the “keto-branded” products in the supermarket, which are often not keto at all. If it comes in a box with a cartoon and a health claim, it is not food, it is marketing.

How do you get there? I went cold turkey, and I told you what that felt like. You can be smarter than me. Retire your starch staples one at a time. Bread gets its farewell this month. Rice goes the month after. Pasta after that. Because you retired them one by one, there is no divorce, just a series of small goodbyes, and each one is permanent. It is the same ladder you climbed in the fasting chapter: one solid step at a time, and you never step back down.

And put the meal where it belongs. Mine lands at 8 or 9 at night, after the day’s work is done. Eating makes you sleepy, so why would I sedate myself at noon? Through the active hours my body runs on its fat reserves, which is exactly what I want it burning, and then I sit down at night to a plate with no limits on it, eat like a king, and go to bed full, satisfied, and calm. No bedtime hunger, no trips to the pantry at

midnight. Trust me: when the last act of your day is a feast, the diet stops feeling like a diet.

Your kitchen is either working for you or against you. Tonight, make it pick a side.

☐ THE KITCHEN PROTOCOL

- 1** Empty the house tonight: sugar, seed oils, and processed food go in the bin, not “after they’re finished.”
- 2** Read every label at the store; if sugar is in the ingredients, it stays on the shelf.
- 3** Restock with real food only: meat, eggs, fish, dairy, olive oil, vegetables, some nuts and berries.
- 4** Retire your starch staples one at a time: bread this month, rice next, pasta after. Retired means gone for good.
- 5** Plate the meal in order: vegetables first, then fats and proteins, any carbs dead last. Eat slowly, until you are truly full, and never count a single calorie.
- 6** Land your one meal at 8 or 9 at night and go to bed satisfied.
- 7** Walk after dinner. Every dinner.

All those years ago, a kid at a wedding table ate nothing but the meat, and the whole room called him a savage. That kid was right the entire time. I stopped listening to him and became a potato. I started listening again and got shredded. He is still in you too, my friend, sitting at the table, waiting. Put real food in front of him and let him eat.

5

BEFRIEND YOUR HUNGER

“The main key is learning to sit with hunger instead of reacting to it every single time.”

I ATE ONE MEAL A DAY FOR 2 YEARS... HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED

EVERY EVENING, a couple of hours before my one meal, an old acquaintance knocks. It starts as a hollow feeling under the ribs. Then a growl. Then a voice: feed me, now. For most of my life I treated that voice as an emergency. The moment it spoke, I obeyed. I ate many times a day, every day, and I obeyed that voice for decades. Look what my obedience bought me: an estimated 30 percent body fat, no energy, and a mirror I avoided.

The knock still comes, every single evening. Nothing has changed on hunger's side: same hollow feeling, same growl, same demand. Everything has changed on mine. These days I hear the knock and I actually smile, because I finally know what that sound is. In this chapter I am handing you the trade that made the difference: same hunger, new meaning. It costs nothing, and it changes everything.

Here is the trade. Early in my journey I stopped asking how to make hunger go away, because the honest answer is that you don't. Very counterintuitive, I know. Every diet you have ever tried promised to keep you comfortable while the fat melts, and every one of them lied. If you really

want to go from 30 percent body fat to 15, or from 15 to 10, curbing the hunger is not the goal. Understanding it is.

So understand it. When you are hungry during fat loss, it means your fat cells want a refill. That is all it is. For decades you answered every single request, and that is exactly how those cells got so big and so bossy. Now you are finally losing the weight, the cells are shrinking, and they are screaming for a refill that you are no longer willing to give. Let them scream. Every pang is a fat cell demanding a refill it is never going to get.

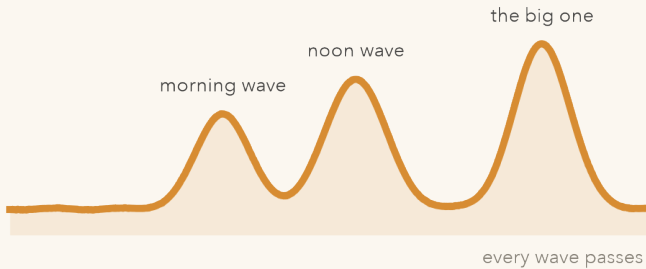
Let that sink in, because it flips the whole game: the very feeling you have been running from your entire life is the feeling of winning. Hunger stopped being a punishment for me and became a progress report. And no, this is not some starvation mind trick that leaves you weak and foggy. If I had a penny for every time someone called me crazy or said I was starving myself, I would be a millionaire by now. Look at nature. Lions in the wild are sharpest when they haven't eaten, and they don't look anxious, do they? Fully focused. Fully locked in. Your body was built for this.

Now let me give you the three things about hunger that nobody ever told you, counted down, and the one you will lean on most comes last.

Number three: most of your hunger is noise, not signal. Signal-hunger is your body genuinely asking for fuel. It is deep, slow, and patient. Noise-hunger is everything else, and most of it comes from the clock. You trained that clock over decades of eating on it, and it keeps ringing whether you need fuel or not. The good news is that the clock works both ways: a few weeks into one meal a day, the body adapts to that one meal at its set time, and unless you are close to mealtime, you will not feel that hungry. And here is the piece almost nobody knows: evening hunger is very often your body running low on salt. You have been drinking water, coffee, and tea all day, you have flushed out your electrolytes, and your body does the only thing it knows how to do. It asks for food, when what it actually wants is salt. Feed noise-hunger and you gain fat. Give it what it really needs, and it goes quiet.

Number two: hunger does not climb forever. This is the discovery that sets you free. You have spent your whole life assuming that if you do not eat, the hunger rises and rises until you collapse, and you always ate before you could find out. I found out, two hundred hours in a row.

During my long fast, the hunger surprised me: it came and went. Day two, it was there, but not strong. Day seven, it pushed hard. And on the final day, in all the excitement of finishing, I forgot about hunger completely, eight days without food. Hunger is not a rising line. It comes, and if you hold still instead of feeding it, it goes. Sit through it once, just once, and you will know something most people never learn.



And number one, the most important: every hour you sit with hunger strengthens the same discipline that every surrender weakens. It is a two-way street. Each craving you outlast is a repetition for the mind, and over time those repetitions rewire the prefrontal cortex, the part of the brain that says no. Each craving you obey is a repetition for the old master. This is why the trade matters so much more than the fat. Food stops being in charge of your life. Then alcohol stops being in charge. Then every cheap pleasure stops being in charge. Mastering food is the beginning of mastering yourself.

...

Befriending hunger does not mean going bare-knuckle with it all day, every day. I have a toolkit, and I am giving you the whole thing.

The first tool is black coffee, the best natural appetite suppressant there is. One cup in the morning quiets the noise for hours. Later in the day I switch to plain tea, black or green, lighter on caffeine. The rule for

both is simple and non-negotiable: keep them clean. No sugar, no cream, no tricks. If it has calories, it counts as a meal.

For the evening, remember number three: salt first. Zero-calorie electrolytes in a glass of water, and watch how often the “starving” feeling simply dissolves. And when the evening hunger is loud and mealtime is still hours away, I bring out my favorite invention, what I call my zero-calorie beef broth, even though no beef comes anywhere near it. Hot water, a splash of soy sauce for the salt, black pepper, garlic powder, turmeric, smoked paprika, a squeeze of lemon. Practically zero calories, so it keeps the rule intact. It tastes like an actual meal, it tricks the body into thinking one has arrived, and it buys you a couple of hours of peace. Trust me, it is delicious.

The last two tools do not come in a cup. Go for a walk. I do not feel hunger while I am moving, which is exactly why I keep my exercise close to mealtime, and each step you take is another fat cell shrinking. And stay busy. Hunger gets loud when you sit around with nothing to do. Pack your day full of work, walking, and building your new life.

One warning about the sharpest tool in the kit, because I learned this one the hard way. Caffeine is a tool, not a crutch, and the line between the two is thinner than you think. To make one meal a day easier in my first year, I started with one cup of coffee every morning. It worked beautifully. Then it worked a little less, so I made it two. Then three. Then it became seven, and seven cups were doing for me what one cup used to do at the start. On top of that came the energy drinks, five or six of them, with no effect at all. I told myself this was discipline. It was not. I was cheating on myself, using a substance to carry weight my own will should have carried. So about fourteen months in, I quit cold turkey, and the next day the headaches were so bad I could not even get up from my bed. That scared me straight, for a while. Then the morning coffee crept back in, quietly, the way it always does. On day one of my 200-hour fast I quit cold turkey a second time, and paid a second time: almost the whole day lying in bed with a splitting headache, good for nothing except sleeping it off. That is not appetite control, my friend. That is dependence, and I had built it twice, one harmless cup at a time. So use the tool and respect it. Keep it black, keep it modest, rotate in plain tea to reset your sensitivity, and take a break every once in a while

to prove you still can. If you cannot skip it, it is not your tool anymore. You are its.

. . .

Now the part nobody wants to hear, which happens to be the part that guarantees your success. You may have noticed that not one of these tools makes hunger comfortable. They shrink it, delay it, quiet it down. None of them deletes it, and no tool ever will. If a comfortable way existed, everybody would have six-pack abs, and you can check any beach yourself: maybe five people in a hundred. The discomfort is not a flaw in the method. The discomfort is the reason it works, and it is the reason so few people do it. And do not think the crowd on that beach is escaping discomfort. They pay too, quietly, spread over decades: the growing belly, the medications, the afternoon naps, the mirror they stop looking into. The same people who cannot sit with hunger for three hours will sit with the medications for thirty years. Make that make sense.

I changed the meaning of hunger from suffering to success.

That is the whole trade, in one sentence, and now it is yours. You do not defeat hunger, and you do not silence it. You sit with it, you learn its tricks, you shake its hand. It shows up every evening like a hard trainer who knows exactly what you are capable of, and every session with it builds a version of you that food cannot push around.

▣ THE HUNGER TOOLKIT

- 1** When hunger knocks, name it before you feed it: signal or noise? Ask what your body actually wants: fuel, salt, movement, or just the clock talking.
- 2** Hold still and let it pass. Hunger comes and goes on its own; it does not climb until you collapse, no matter what it tells you.
- 3** Pour black coffee in the morning, the best natural appetite suppressant. Keep it clean: if it has calories, it counts as a meal.
- 4** Rotate in plain black or green tea, and take regular caffeine breaks so the tool never becomes a crutch.
- 5** In the evening, reach for salt first: zero-calorie electrolytes in a glass of water.
- 6** When you need a “meal” that isn’t one, brew the zero-calorie beef broth: hot water, soy sauce, black pepper, garlic powder, turmeric, smoked paprika, a squeeze of lemon.
- 7** Go for a walk and stay busy, and keep your exercise close to mealtime: each step is another fat cell shrinking.
- 8** At your one meal, eat to satisfaction and stop. Never leave the table stuffed.

That last step deserves one more minute, because tonight’s table decides tomorrow’s hunger. Eat well, eat to satisfaction, then get up while you could still eat a little more, brush your teeth, and close the kitchen. I learned the flip side of this after my 200-hour fast: the morning after that first glorious meal, I woke up strangely, fiercely hungry. My body had sensed famine followed by abundance and instinctively wanted to feast. Feed the body a feast and it does not say thank you. It says more. I did not argue with it, and I did not obey it either. I went straight back to one meal a day, and within a few days it settled down. And here is the beautiful part of eating this way: when you finally sit down to that one earned meal, the food tastes like it has come straight from paradise. I am not exaggerating. Ask anyone who eats once a day.

Tonight, a couple of hours before your meal, the knock will come. Same hollow feeling, same growl, same old voice: feed me, now. For the first time in your life, you will know exactly what it is. Your fat cells begging. The old master testing the locks. Your training partner, arriving right on schedule. Answer it with the same two words you gave the doubters in chapter one: *watch me*.

PART III

THE BODY



*Now that I was just walking,
I felt amazing,
felt lighter, in less pain,
more at peace.*

POOYA



6

WALKING IS KING

“Walking. The king of sustainable fat loss. Whether you consider it exercise or not, no activity contributes more to long-term fat loss.”

THE MOST POWERFUL 2-STEP FORMULA FOR EXTREME WEIGHT LOSS
TRANSFORMATION OVER 40

ONE MORNING IN JULY, in the middle of the Australian winter, I ran ten miles on an empty stomach. I had fasted for twelve hours before the run, and I did not eat for another twelve after it. The route was filled with steep uphill and downhill, and it took me about two hours. Was it difficult? Of course. But I felt like I was flying. I came home, took a freezing cold shower, then lay down in the sun to warm my body, sipping zero-calorie electrolytes. That joy, that peace, that feeling: nothing else in the world gives me the same reward.

That run was sixteen months into my transformation. Now let me show you the other picture.

March 2024, day one. I could not have run to the end of my street. I had a bad knee, and my left shoulder was so wrecked that the arm was basically useless. I could not exercise. I could not run. I could not even walk properly. Those injuries were the leftovers of my gym years, when I still believed I could train my way out of a bad diet, and they had a vote in everything I did. So for the first two months of this journey, my entire

activity plan was walking at a very slow pace, for short periods, on the days my knee allowed it. No gym. No cardio program. No plan B.

And the scale dropped anyway.

Sit with that for a second, because if you are starting heavy, hurt, or both, it is the most liberating fact I can hand you. I had spent years training almost every day, kickboxing, bodybuilding, you name it, and gaining fat the whole time. Now I was doing close to nothing, eating one meal a day, and the fat was coming off week after week. The fasting was doing the heavy lifting, and my body, finally left in peace, had stopped fighting me. If your joints ache, if your doctor has banned half the gym, if you are so heavy that a flight of stairs feels like a summit, hear me clearly: if I could start like that, so can you. No excuses, my friend.

Then, after about two months, my knee felt better, and I could start walking long distances. That is when the whole thing changed gears. The weight loss massively sped up, faster than anything my gym years had ever produced. The fat started melting off like butter under a blowtorch, and I felt better than I ever did when I was crushing it at the gym: lighter, in less pain, more at peace. The rule was three miles, five kilometers, a day at minimum, and I held that average through the whole cut. That, combined with fasting, solved almost all of my weight loss issues. Not the barbell. Not some brutal program. Walking.

. . .

So let me say it plainly: walking is the king of fat loss. Not the most glamorous activity, not the most impressive one to talk about, but a king does not need to be glamorous. A king needs to rule, and walking rules because it is the only activity you can do every single day, for the rest of your life, without breaking anything. It is low impact. It needs no equipment, no membership, no recovery days. It does not spike your hunger the way hard training does, so it never sends you home to raid the fridge; if anything, it takes your mind off food. Consistency beats intensity every single time, and there is nothing on this earth easier to be consistent with than putting one foot in front of the other. And when you do it fasted, the mechanism fits in one sentence: with nothing in

your stomach, your body has nowhere to reach for fuel except the fat you are already wearing. That is the whole science of it, and it is enough.

Now, before somebody sharpens a comment about how working out is non-negotiable, let me put walking in its place. Nothing in this chapter changes the 95 percent you already own at the table. Walking is not here to compete with the table. Walking is here to be the workhorse of the other 5 percent, and it was mine. Through the whole climb, from an estimated 30 percent body fat down to 10 in nine months, walking was 90 percent of everything I did. The rest was decoration.

Which brings me to the rule that protects you from the mistake I made. In the weeks before day one, I wanted the weight gone fast, so at an estimated 30 percent body fat, I started running. It lasted two weeks. The knee pain that followed lasted almost four months, and that was the very knee that kept me shuffling through the first two months of this journey. Honestly, I am lucky it did not take longer to heal. So write this down as law: until you are somewhere around 20 percent body fat, you do not run. Not because you are weak. Because of simple physics. I was carrying roughly 50 extra pounds in those days. Strap two 25-pound dumbbells to your body and notice the cruel part: you never get to put them down. They ride your knees on every stair, every curb, every trip to the bathroom at two in the morning, around the clock, for years. Running adds impact on top of that load; walking removes the load itself, one pound at a time, and every pound you walk off is a gift your joints get to keep for the rest of your life. Then, when the weight is down and the knees are quiet, you can mix short stretches of light jogging into your walks, the way I did around month six. The jogging kept me company on the last stretch, from 15 percent down to 10, though you already know from chapter 4 what did the cutting there. And even then, walking stayed 90 percent of what I did. The king kept his throne.

. . .

And I still have not told you about the best part, because the best part is not physical. Somewhere in those first months, the daily walk stopped being exercise and became the hour of peace. Some days I walked in nature without listening to anything except nature itself, and

I tried to meditate. I say tried, because shutting off the thinking mind is one of the hardest things in the world. But I noticed something: even when you are thinking on a walk, the thoughts become more positive and more productive. Some of my best ideas come to me while doing exactly that. Other days I walked on the treadmill listening to health podcasts, and that supercharged my motivation: I was burning fat and feeding the mind that would keep it off, in the same hour. The kind of activity you do shapes your mentality; that is a fact. Walking peacefully in nature was once a luxury reserved for pharaohs, kings, queens, lords, and dukes. Today it is free, and almost nobody claims it.

**I lifted my way into my injuries
and walked my way out of 50 pounds.
Long live the king.**

The daily walk is the foundation. On top of it, I stack what I call invisible movement: activity that never gets called exercise, never needs motivation, and never feels like anything. Here are my three favorites, counted down, so the most important lands last.

Number three: choose the harder default. Stairs instead of the elevator. A shopping basket instead of a trolley, so your arms carry the groceries. Park farther from the door. Walk around the house while you think, instead of thinking into the couch. Each one is nothing on its own, and together they quietly burn through hundreds of calories a day.

Number two: pace on your calls. I used to spend hours on the phone doing absolutely nothing else in the meantime. Now I walk while I talk, or pedal at a low pace, and here is the funny part: the more the conversation heats up, the faster I go without even realizing it. Before I know it, I have easily burned a few hundred calories arguing about nothing. Free fat loss, courtesy of other people's opinions.

And number one: the after-dinner walk. You already met this one at the table in chapter 4: short and easy, every night, burning off the sugar

spike from your meal while the rest of the neighborhood sinks into the couch. It is the smallest walk of the day, and pound for pound, it might be the most valuable one.

One final rule, for the days when life squeezes you and there is only room for one session: cardio or weights, pick cardio. Every time. Weights build muscle, bone, and confidence, and I will give them their proper place in the next chapter. But results are the name of the game, and for fat loss, cardio reigns supreme. Get the hard part done first. Eat that frog.



THE ONLY EQUIPMENT

☞ THE WALKING PROTOCOL

- 1** Walk at least 3 miles or 5 kilometers every single day, rain or shine. If you miss a day, make it up the next.
- 2** Do your main walk fasted, so your body has nothing to burn except its own stored fat.
- 3** Keep the after-dinner walk from chapter 4: short and easy, every night, on top of your daily miles.
- 4** Do not run until you are down to roughly 20 percent body fat. Then mix short stretches of light jogging into your walks, and keep walking as 90 percent of your activity.
- 5** Stack invisible movement all day: stairs over elevators, a basket over a trolley, park farther away, and pace on every phone call.
- 6** Once a month, go long: a hike in nature, hills included. Better yet, join a local hiking group.
- 7** When there is only room for one session in a day, choose cardio over weights. Every time.

So put on your shoes, my friend. Today, not Monday. The road outside your front door has been waiting for you for years, and it asks for nothing: no fees, no equipment, no permission, no healthy knees. Three miles. Every day. For life. Quietly, daily, forever.

7

TRAIN WITHOUT WRECKAGE

“Your muscle should serve your life, not the other way around.”

I ATE ONE MEAL A DAY FOR 2.5 YEARS... DID I LOSE MUSCLE? (OVER 40)

WHEN THE KNEE PAIN ARRIVED in my late thirties, I told myself it was no big deal. I would simply double down on upper body instead. Worst decision ever. Within months I had a left shoulder injury so bad that my left arm was basically paralyzed. Now I could not lift, could not run, could not even walk properly. For three years I did everything with my right hand, even moving the pan I was cooking with.

And that, my friend, is how I piled on so much of the excess fat. When the body cannot move, the mind goes dark, and I reached for the best emotional painkillers money can buy: food, then processed food, then alcohol.

I tried everything on that shoulder. Massage, chiropractic adjustments, doctor visits, an MRI, you name it. The doctors could not even guarantee that surgery would fix it. So I accepted it as fate.

You have met these two injuries before. In chapter 1, I called them the leftovers of believing I could exercise my way out of a bad diet. Before my journey I had tried to lose weight a hundred times, and every single time I gained instead, because I followed the conventional wisdom: kill it in the gym, put my music on, get in the zone, lift heavy. Cardio,

bodyweight, heavy weights, even kickboxing. Any time there was pain, I pushed through it until I hit the breaking point. This chapter is the story of that wreckage, and of the road back: how to keep your muscle and your bones without destroying the machine that has to carry you to 80.

. . .

Here is the great irony of my transformation: the most successful fat-loss phase of my life began with almost no exercise at all. In March 2024 I started fasting and eating real food while I could barely move, and it worked fantastically anyway. After about two months my knee felt better and I could walk long distances, and the weight loss massively sped up. Around month six the knee allowed short jogging intervals, though walking stayed 90 percent of what I did. The strict carnivore block from chapter 4 did the cutting on that stretch, from an estimated 15 percent body fat down to 10; the walking and those short jogs just kept the machine moving. The whole trip, roughly 30 to 10, took nine months. Let that sink in. Years of brutal training gave me injuries and a protruding belly. Nine months of nutrition and walking gave me my health back.

Why does heavy training betray you in a fat-loss phase? Lifting heavy makes you hungry, and not gym-day hungry: hungry 24-7, while a long walk actually calms the appetite down. If you are riding the hunger waves from chapter 5, heavy lifting is you trying to put out a fire with gasoline. It is also stress: a brutal session on a dieting, under-recovered body raises cortisol, the stress hormone that holds on to belly fat. It masks your progress too, because beat-up muscle holds inflammation and water, so the scale stalls while you swear you are doing everything right. And worst of all, it invites injury: the first one happens, and the new warrior falls right back into being Shrek. One injury can park you on the couch for months, and the couch is where the fat lives. Consistency beats intensity every single time.

So here is my priority order for a fat-loss phase, counted down, so the most important lands last.

Number four: resistance training. It is for muscle, bone density, posture, and looking better. It is not a fat-loss tool, and it never was.

Number three: cardio. Running, swimming, cycling, kickboxing if you love it. When it comes to fat loss, cardio is king, but the crown has to be earned by joints that are ready.

Number two: walking. It got its own chapter for a reason. Three miles a day, every day, forever.

And number one: nutrition. You cannot out-exercise your diet, especially past 30 as a natural. The table decides the fat loss. Training just decides the shape.

. . .

Now I owe you the end of a story. In chapter 4, I told you the old aches began to retreat with the diet, and I promised that the day the pain finally broke would come later in this book. This is later.

By month nine the shoulder had started to feel a little better, so I worked around it with total caution: limited range of motion, slow isometric holds, adjusting my grip angle through the whole movement. Muscle memory did the rest, and soon I had enough muscle back to look good shirtless and carry a pan with my left hand again. But every time I got greedy and pushed, the injury flared up and cost me a month or two of no upper body training. Once I just flexed for a photo, heard something click, and spent weeks with pain radiating from bicep to neck. In one of my videos I said, imagine what I would look like without this injury. Probably like a Greek god. Someone replied, laughing: yeah bro, that's what I always tell myself whenever I get injured.

Alright, I thought. *Watch me.*

Then chapter 2 happened: the almond butter ambush, the correction fast that started as three days. I had long heard that extended fasts crank up stem cell production and can help heal old injuries, so when day three ended and I still felt strong, I kept going. Five days, seven, then a round 200 hours. You know what that fast did on the scale. Here is what it did that mattered more: when I broke it, my three-year shoulder was about 80 percent pain-free. Three years of massage, chiropractors, and scans could not touch that pain. Eight days of not eating did.

And then I nearly threw the gift away. With the pain mostly gone, I made the gym my second home. I pushed myself with the wild intensity of lovers reuniting after a long-distance relationship. I literally became the gym rat I had always warned everyone against. Why? Because I'm different, I told myself. I have ironclad willpower. The more I pushed, the hungrier I got. OMAD had felt effortless; now it was a daily chore, and I was hungry all day, craving carbs again after 18 months of no desire for them. Anytime I ate more, I exercised more to compensate, then got hungrier, and the cycle fed itself. Fasting held the line, because I stuck to it religiously, but at what cost? Suffering the whole day, overeating at night, sleeping terribly. The shoulder crept back toward 30 percent pain, and a new guest checked in: lower back pain. The only payoff was looking bigger in a t-shirt. It was vanity, not health.

So I went back to the drawing board and did the humbling thing: I watched my own older videos and realigned with my own philosophy. I cut the weight training right down. I replaced heavy sessions with long walks and lap swimming. I replaced 300 push-ups in an hour with 50 push-ups after a half-mile swim. I replaced 50 pull-ups with 20. I added proper warm-ups, cool-downs, and rest days of nothing but walking or a bike ride. My stall broke in less than a week. The cravings disappeared, the sleep came back, the cramps stopped. By mid-June 2026 I had cut back down to an estimated 9.5 percent, and the shoulder pain had dropped below 10 percent and stayed there. The day the pain finally retreated did not come from pushing harder. It came from an empty stomach and training light.

The gym took three years from my
shoulder.

An empty stomach gave it back
in eight days.

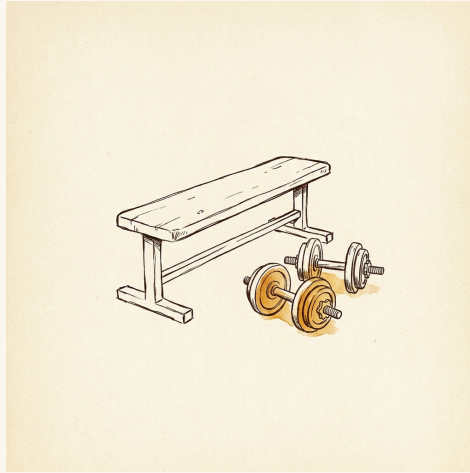
Which leaves the question every man is waiting to ask. Two and a half years of one meal a day: did I lose my muscle?

Let me answer with an anatomy lesson I never asked for. In my 30s I dislocated my thumb, and after the surgery my entire right arm went into a cast, up to the shoulder, for six weeks. I had been active my whole life, so you would assume there would not be much muscle loss, right? Wrong. When the cast came off, my right arm looked like the arm of a 10-year-old girl. Most of the muscle was gone, along with much of the bone, and mind you, I had been eating the same protein as always, if not more. All those years of pushing hard in the gym did nothing to protect that muscle once the arm stopped being used. Muscle is kept by use, not by counting protein grams and chugging shakes.

So no. After two and a half years of OMAD, I did not lose my muscle, and neither did my clients. What preserved it is simple. A diet built on meat, naturally rich in highly absorbable protein, without ever measuring a gram. Training light and constant, something I can sustain for decades. And fasting itself, which is muscle-sparing by design: growth hormone climbs when you fast, so the body burns fat and defends muscle. Yes, my arms look smaller at roughly 7 percent than they did pumped up at 15. That is water, glycogen, and the fat around the muscle going down, not the muscle itself. I can do 100 push-ups, 20 pull-ups in a row, swim long distances, run a half marathon, and still scratch my own back. That is enough muscle to do anything I want in life.

So what does training without wreckage look like? Mine takes about four hours a week, at home, with a pair of dumbbells and a bench I bought for a hundred dollars on Facebook Marketplace. I keep a menu of only 10 exercises, most of them bodyweight: push-ups, squats, pull-ups, a few dumbbell moves, the good old sit-ups. Dumbbells over barbells, always: this entire journey, not a single barbell squat or deadlift. I did them in my early twenties, thinking I would be the next Arnold. It didn't happen. Standing over seated, because standing trains your balance, recruits more muscle, and keeps the load honest. Where a movement hurts, I never push through the pain; I shrink the range, slow it down, or hold an isometric in a pain-free position, one minute on, one minute rest. Three short lifting sessions a week, two or three exercises per session, in and out. Not to failure as a habit; once in a while is fine. Keep your

ego out of it. And all of it fasted, often in the evening before the meal: an empty stomach burns body fat for fuel and cranks up autophagy, the cellular cleanup crew.



THE WHOLE GYM: ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS ON
MARKETPLACE

Two things I will flat-out tell you to avoid if you are over 40 and starting overweight: CrossFit, and HIIT. Anything that worships intensity. I do sprints now, but only after losing the weight and building up my joints and aerobic capacity first. Intensity is the last thing you add, never the first.

▣ THE TRAINING PROTOCOL

- 1** Fix the diet first. Until your eating is dialed in, training is not your fat-loss tool; the table is.
- 2** Walk at least three miles or five kilometers every single day. That is the floor, and it never changes.
- 3** Do every workout fasted, and keep it short: go in, finish, get out.
- 4** Lift three times a week, light: dumbbells over barbells, standing over seated, not to failure, ego at the door.
- 5** Where a movement hurts, never push through pain: shrink the range, slow it down, or hold an isometric in a pain-free position.
- 6** Skip CrossFit, HIIT, and every other intensity cult until the excess weight is gone and your joints are ready.
- 7** Watch the hunger gauge: if a workout leaves you starving all day, it was too heavy. Cut the intensity, never the fast.

I know some of you are grieving your heavy plates right now. I am not taking your muscle away. I am handing back the years you were going to spend in waiting rooms. Do you think that buffalo-eating chief from chapter 4 ever counted a gram of protein? He had bigger things to do, and so do you. Muscle that cannot carry you into old age on your own two legs is just decoration.

You get one body for this whole ride, my friend. Work it every day, and never wreck it. The dumbbells will still be there tomorrow. Make sure you are too.

8

OUTLAST THE PLATEAUS

“What we call a stall or a plateau is actually our body’s mechanism to create balance and equilibrium.”

ADVANCED FASTING – THE KEYSTONE OF MY EXTREME WEIGHT
LOSS TRANSFORMATION | 30% TO 6% BODY FAT AT 41!

SIX WEEKS INTO MY JOURNEY, I stood on the scale every morning, and morning after morning it told me the same thing: nothing. The first month had cost me everything I had: one meal at night, no snacking in between, and a hunger that some days honestly felt like dying. The prize for all that suffering was nine pounds. Then the scale slowed to a crawl, and some weeks it gave me nothing at all.

Nine pounds. I kept thinking the same sentence on a loop: *I am going through this much pain and suffering for only nine pounds*. That flat number is the exact spot where the 98 percent quit: they decide the method is broken and drift back to the pantry. I could not do that. I had made the total decision, and quitting was not on the menu. What kept me sane was the other math: if this much restriction was only holding me level, without it I was heading for 220 pounds within a year. So the question was never whether to continue. The question was how.

The answer was already in my pocket: Grant Cardone’s line, the one that had put me on this road in the first place. Massive action solves all problems. You need to go 10x. So instead of shrinking my effort to match

my results, I multiplied it. You know from chapter four what I did next: I went to war on the carbs, all of them. The scale that had been ignoring my suffering started moving again, and this time it kept moving. By day 96 I weighed 146 pounds, 31 pounds down from the start. I had simply refused to let a flat number make my decisions for me.

. . .

Here is what I did not understand back then: a stall is not your body failing. It is your body succeeding at the exact job it was built for. For almost all of human history food was scarce, and a body that gave up its fat easily did not survive the winter. Quick weight loss, to your biology, looks like dying. So when you cut hard, your body adjusts on the opposite side of the spectrum and defends the status quo, because energy is expensive in the universe, and your cells have no idea there is a Costco down the road. You cannot fight that, and sometimes you should even welcome it: every once in a while the loss stops while the body readjusts to its new weight, hormones settle, energy comes back, and the system catches its breath. That is not failure. That is recovery. Progress was never going to be a straight line. It moves, it rests, it moves again.

The scale stood still. I did not.

So what do you do when the number freezes? Three rules, counted down so the most important lands last.

Number three: hold the protocol and tweak one lever at a time. When the scale has been flat for about four weeks and you know it is not new muscle, do not blow up the system that got you here. The method is not broken; the body is negotiating. I tweak my eating plan once every four weeks, one lever, always in the same order. Carbs first: cut the carbohydrates as much as possible, starting with the refined and processed ones, because there is no such thing as an essential carbohydrate. Give that

four weeks. If nothing moves, drop a meal and take the next rung on the ladder. And if you are already at one meal and already lean, trim the fat on the plate. That is what I did in the middle of 2025, stuck at an estimated 12.5 percent for two whole months: I kept everything else identical, lowered the fat in my one meal, and dropped five pounds in the next month.

Number two: weigh daily, but judge monthly. Keep the scale, because what gets measured gets improved. Detach from it instead. During my first plateau I still stepped on the scale every morning; I just stopped letting the number touch my motivation. I told myself: *I am going to do this for a year. Let's see what happens.* The morning number is a data point. The month is the verdict.

And number one, the most important: the long game wins, month after month after month. A friend of mine started the same time I did. Same age, almost the same weight, more body fat. His goal was to lose a couple of extra pounds and “be healthier.” Mine was the best body of my life. Nine months later, I had gone from 177 pounds to 132. He had gone from 181 to 182, and he is still telling me slow and steady is always the best. You see, a plateau does not defeat ambitious people. It defeats people whose goals were not big enough in the first place. Consistency beats intensity every single time, and consistency is exactly what a plateau tests.

. . .

Now let me open the logbook to September 2025: the biggest stall-breaker I have ever used, from the inside, day by day. You already know from chapter two why it happened: my friend's fridge, the almond butter, a scale that jumped from 129 to 139 pounds overnight. In eighteen months of one meal a day I had never once fasted past 24 hours; consistency is what really matters. But this called for a revolution, and I decided on a three-day fast. My last meal was at noon on September 4. I call that day zero.

Day one, September 5. The caffeine quit you already know about from the hunger chapter: cold turkey, an excruciating headache, and most of the day asleep. At night I had my zero-calorie electrolytes instead of a

meal and went back to sleep. Nothing heroic about it. I spent the day in bed, and that was the whole plan.

Day two, September 6. I did my coaching calls, replied to emails, took a nap, and woke up with the headache completely gone. To boost my motivation I watched Rocky II, and by the final bell I was on fire. I went straight to the gym with the Rocky soundtrack blasting and ran seven and a half miles on the treadmill, fasted. Right then and there, I extended the fast from three days to five.

Day three, September 7. The headache came back softer. I rested, and watched a small channel document a seven-day water fast. If he can do it, why not me? Seven days, then.

Day four, September 8. A lingering headache, so I took the middle ground: mild black tea instead of coffee. A wave of euphoria hit me, I turned into a workhorse, and at 8 p.m. I climbed 225 floors on the Stairmaster.

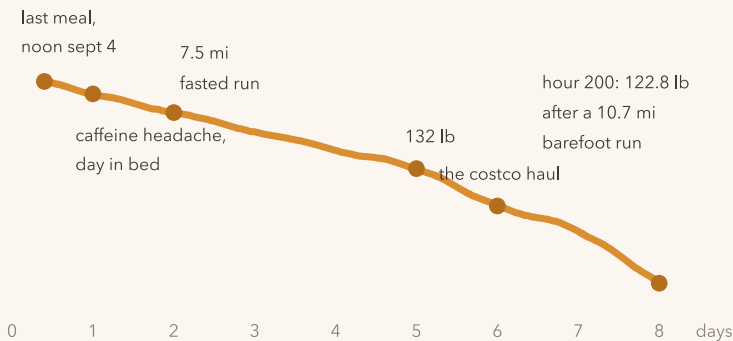
Day five, September 9. A cold morning, 40 degrees Fahrenheit, 5 in Celsius, and I felt it more than usual; that is one honest cost of being this lean. I weighed myself for the first time since day zero: 132 pounds. Read that again. Five days without a single calorie, training hard, and I was still heavier than one day before the binge. My fat cells were doing exactly what chapter two said they would. That night I trained legs anyway, four sets of ten on everything, no dizziness. Between sets I did the math: stretch this to dinner on day eight and it comes to a nice round 200 hours. Let's go for it then.

Day six, September 10. I skipped the tea and drove to Costco to shop for the meal that would break the fast: fourteen pounds of lamb leg and shanks, a 30-pack of free-range eggs, lemons, nutritional yeast. About 110 Australian dollars, two weeks of eating. Since day four my sense of smell had turned insanely sharp, maybe ten times stronger, and I wanted to eat everything in those aisles. Then I weighed myself: 129 pounds. The spell was broken, my lowest weight in months.

Day seven, September 11. The toughest day. Dizzy, lethargic, light-headed, vertigo every time I stood up, and no painkillers allowed, because this was a detox too. Then the dark thoughts arrived: *what if something happens to me? What if I pass out and no one is there to help?* I caught myself and took control: it is all in the mind. You got this. Fail this test

and you are a fake, a phony, a liar to yourself. Dead or alive, you are finishing this. By evening the scale read 127 pounds, another new low since the binge, and I was so excited I could not sleep until 2 a.m., like a man picking up a lottery prize the next day.

Day eight, September 12. I woke up with huge energy and no headache at all, and made the last 24 hours dry: no tea, no water, nothing. Then I put on my running shoes for a ten-mile run to the office that had fired me and back, stopped, changed my mind, and took the shoes off. Barefoot. Goggles in my ears, I hit the track. At noon I stood in front of my old building watching everyone on their lunch break, and I have never felt further from the man who used to sit among them. It's incredible how much we can change in only one year if we lock in. By the time I was home the watch said 10.7 miles, and I finished with 40 strict push-ups. Somewhere in that run I noticed the miracle: the shoulder that had refused to heal for three years and the knee that kept interrupting my runs were both silent. The pain was gone. In the evening came the weigh-in, and the scale said the number you already know from chapter two: 122.8 pounds. At 8 p.m., exactly 200 hours after my last bite, I attacked the slow-cooked lamb like prisoners of war being freed. The next morning I woke up super hungry, and went straight back to one meal a day. No way in hell was I ending up back at square one.



TWO HUNDRED HOURS, STRAIGHT FROM THE LOGBOOK

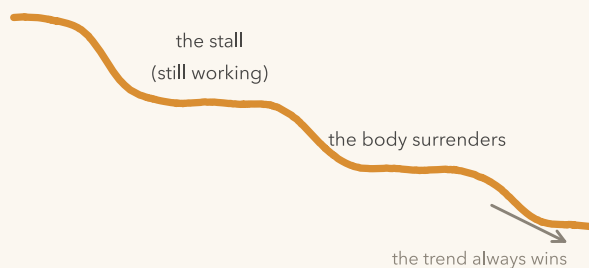
. . .

Before you file those eight days under extreme, look at what actually hurt me in them. Not the hunger. Not the training. The only things that ever touched me were the caffeine I had been leaning on and the fear that visited on day seven. That is the truth about every plateau you will ever face: it is fear and helplessness that poison your body and mind, not the stress itself. Stress is growth. The chick breaking out of its shell is under stress. The moth fighting out of its cocoon is under stress. A stall is that kind of stress: uncomfortable, temporary, and working for you. When the scale freezes, you have the same two choices you had in chapter one: run from the weather, or turn and face it like the bison.

Here is the playbook for the day your scale goes quiet.

THE PLATEAU PROTOCOL

- 1 Expect the stall before it arrives: write it into your plan as a scheduled event, not an emergency.
- 2 Weigh yourself every morning and write it down, but pass judgment only once a month: the daily number is data, the trend is the verdict.
- 3 When the scale goes flat for four weeks and you know it is not muscle, hold the protocol exactly as it is. The method is not broken.
- 4 Then pull the first lever: cut the carbohydrates as much as possible, starting with the refined and processed ones, and give it four more weeks. There is no such thing as an essential carbohydrate.
- 5 Still flat? Pull the next lever: drop a meal and take the next rung; if you are already at one meal and lean, trim the fat on your plate.
- 6 Tweak once every four weeks, one lever at a time, always in the same order: carbs first, then fat.
- 7 Keep walking every single day, through every stall. The scale can freeze; the protocol never does.



THE SHAPE OF EVERY HONEST TRANSFORMATION

My weight did not fall in a straight line, and neither will yours. It fell like a man walking down stairs: drop, flat, drop, flat, drop. From inside them, the flats felt endless. From two years away, I can barely find them. So let the scale go quiet. Let it sulk for a month if it wants to. You have months. You have years. The trend wins, my friend. All you have to do is still be there when it does. Outlast it.

PART IV

THE MIND



*This is a war after all.
A war against comfort
and convenience.*

POOYA

9

SYSTEMS, NOT WILLPOWER

“Willpower will always run out eventually, and when it does, it’s not pretty.”

WHY LOSING WEIGHT AFTER 40 FEELS IMPOSSIBLE (HOW TO WIN)

YEARS BEFORE MY TRANSFORMATION, back when I was still fat and slow, I used to do kickboxing. And one thing about that gym puzzled me for a long time afterward. Everyone kept showing up. Week after week, some people for years, to one of the most punishing sports on earth. I’d say at least half of us were really consistent. There is no mercy in kickboxing: show up gassed out, and some younger dude will absolutely destroy you. And still we came back, round after round. Including me, carrying all my extra weight into every session.

Now put that gym next to something I heard on a podcast while I was out walking. Alex Hormozi was talking about his past businesses, and he said something that shocked me. Out of all the different things he had coached people on, the area where people were the least consistent was weight loss. Lower than regular high-intensity training. Lower than building a successful business. Losing weight, the thing that looks easiest on paper, had the worst adherence of them all.

That got me curious, so I gave a long list of life goals to ChatGPT and asked it to rank them by the percentage of people who start and actually succeed long term. Before you jump into the comments of your

own mind with “that’s not accurate”: of course it’s not accurate. Nothing is. But it gives us a rough idea. Running a marathon at least once sits near the top, at 70 to 95 percent. Long-term recovery from serious addiction, around 30. And extreme weight loss naturally after 40, all the way down to a very lean, athletic body? Freak level: 0.3 to 2 percent. You have a much higher chance of getting rich in five years, starting from zero money in your pockets. You can literally go buy a violin today, and your odds of playing in the Berlin Philharmonic in a few years are higher than your odds of getting truly lean past 40 on your own. Make that make sense.

Here is what finally made it make sense for me. Look at the hard things human beings reliably pull off. Nobody climbs Everest alone; you need a whole team and a seasoned Sherpa. An Olympic gold medal comes wrapped in coaches, physios, teammates, staff. Even a business lets you hire employees, assistants, consultants. Every hard thing human beings reliably achieve has a massive support system built into it. Weight loss has none. You watch a bunch of videos, collect a pile of contradictory information, and then you are alone at eleven o’clock at night with an open fridge and nothing between you and the food except your feelings. You cannot hire someone to be hungry for you. So people walk into the hardest fight of their lives carrying the only weapon they think they have: willpower.

And willpower always runs out. That is not a character flaw; that is the nature of the tool. Remember the rocket from chapter 3: willpower is launch fuel. It burns hot, it burns fast, and it was only ever meant for liftoff. Nobody crosses space on the launch burn; you need an orbit that carries itself. So you resist, you diet, you shed a few pounds, and then one donut, one drink, and you’re back at square one, deeper in the hole than before. If I had a penny for every time someone told me, yeah, a few years ago I got down to this weight, but then I gained it all back, I’d be a millionaire by now. Nature always tends toward chaos until there is a system, a consistent system, keeping things in order.

That is what the kickboxing gym had, and what no diet I ever attempted had. Regular classes. A coach, Big John; teammates who corrected every mistake I made, and whom I corrected in return. Challenges, competitions, clear goals, zero mercy. Nobody in that gym

showed up because they felt motivated every single Tuesday. We showed up because the system expected us, and the system did not care how we felt. It's the same reason you have never once forgotten to go to work for a month: rules, expectations, and consequences keep you in line, and nobody calls that willpower. You have been obeying systems your entire life. We are simply going to build one around your transformation, so that staying on track stops depending on how you feel that day.

Without a solid system in place,
it's always hit or miss.

So let's build the machine. Four systems, and I am saving the most important one for last.

Number four: the mealtime rule, which you already know. Back in chapter 3, I told you to fix your mealtimes and keep your eating window under an hour, and you may have filed that under routine advice. It never was. Here is what that rule was really doing: it was killing decisions. Every open decision is a door, and your lower self only needs one door. Should I eat now or at three? Is this hunger or boredom? Did that meeting earn me a snack? Every little negotiation drains the same battery, and when the battery dies, you eat. The fewer decisions per day, the fewer chances to fail. A defended window closes every door but one. This is why my way of eating is secretly the easy way: it removes the burden of constant decision-making. You set it and forget it, like a train that takes you to your destination. My own window has sat at 8 to 9 p.m. for over two years, and all day long, food is simply not a question. My mind is free for the real war.

Number three: environment. You did the kitchen purge back in chapter 4, and I hope you understood it was never a cleaning tip. It was systems engineering. Your environment makes decisions before

your willpower even wakes up: whatever sits within arm's reach at your weakest hour will eventually be eaten, and the only real vote you get happens at the supermarket, while you are fed and strong. I'll give you the extreme version. During my carnivore phases, anytime I open the fridge, there is only meat inside, and raw meat is not appetizing to stare at. That completely removes decision fatigue. Nobody heroically resists a fridge like that; there is nothing to resist. Design your kitchen so the default action is the right action, and you can be weak at midnight and still win.

Number two: the log. I bought a smart scale the day before day one, and this journey has been logged since March 12, 2024; you saw the whole arc of it, straight from the logbook, back in chapter 2. Track your weight and attach your progress photos inside your master plan, right next to your goals, your rules, your food strategy, and your activity plan, so the entire war lives in one document. And guard that log with your life, hardest of all on the bad mornings. You already know how the fall happens: one bad decision becomes two, one bad night becomes a whole weekend, and a month later you are back in your old habits, deep in the downward spiral of cheating. The spiral loves the dark. The morning after a bad night is exactly when you least want to see the number, and exactly when the number can still save you. You watched me step on the scale the morning after the almond-butter ambush in chapter 2: ten pounds overnight, logged, and then told to thousands of people. That number did not shame me. It armed me. The scale is an instrument, not a judge: a reading, information about what to do next. You do not argue with an instrument; you adjust course. Then score yourself: points for consistency, points lost for slips, and a challenge to erase the negative points. A long walk or an extra-strict week will do it; a 48-hour fast is only for those who have already earned rung four. That margin of error is what makes the system livable. You are not just tracking anymore; you are gamifying the whole war.



INSTRUMENTS, NOT JUDGES

And number one, the most important system of all: declaration. In chapter 1, I had you pick a month-one challenge and declare it where others can see it; that is how you reach the escape velocity. Now let me tell you why that works, because this is the best habit-forming machinery I know. A goal that lives only in your head is negotiable, and your lower self is a world-class negotiator. The moment you say it out loud to people who will remember, everything changes. It's no longer just a thought in the back of your mind. You've said it. It's written there. There is evidence for it, everyone is watching, and now you have to follow through. Your pride, the same pride that protected your excuses for years, suddenly switches sides and starts working for the diet. So declare the goal to your family, even if they roll their eyes. Declare it to a friend and report your weigh-in to him every week. Best of all, declare it inside a community of people walking the same road, where the accountability flows both ways.

I know this works because it is the machine my whole transformation runs on. When I relaunched my channel in February 2025, nineteen subscribers saw my numbers. Today, thousands of people watch every weigh-in I share. I could not hide a regain if I wanted to, and believe me, that fact alone has ended a hundred midnight negotiations before they started. I have kept this weight off not just on willpower but because

of this channel: every time my story helps someone, I get a fresh hit of motivation, and every public number keeps me honest. And that is why, on the same walk where the kickboxing gym finally clicked in my head, it suddenly dawned on me: there is nothing like that gym for weight loss. No team, no corner man, especially for us past the so-called prime age. So I turned around, headed straight back home, and for the next two weeks I built one, working sixteen hours a day, sometimes eighteen, I kid you not. The Arena launched with six of us, and it runs on exactly the machinery in this chapter: public challenges, trackers, weigh-ins where everyone can see them. Even Frodo Baggins couldn't get rid of the ring without support. You don't need to build your own arena, my friend. You just need witnesses.

Here is the machine, ready to assemble. Build it once, this week, and let it carry you.

▣ THE SYSTEM PROTOCOL

- 1** Create your master plan in one document: your goal, your rules, your food strategy for the month, and your activity plan. Decide everything once, on paper, so the week never asks you to decide again.
- 2** Hold the mealtime rule from chapter 3: your window, under an hour, defended at its appointed time, so eating never reopens as a decision.
- 3** Set up your environment so the default action is the right action: nothing in the house that requires willpower at midnight.
- 4** Track your weight and log the number, especially the morning after a bad night. Attach your progress photos. Read your instruments; never argue with them.
- 5** Score yourself at the end of each month: points for consistency, points lost for slips, and a challenge to erase the damage and reset. A long walk or an extra-strict week will do it; save the 48-hour fast until you have earned rung four.
- 6** Declare your goal and your month-one challenge where people can see them, and report your weigh-ins to a person or a community every week.
- 7** When motivation dies, and it will, do not renegotiate the plan. Follow it exactly as written; the system will carry you, and you will get there even without motivation.

Motivation is the liftoff burn, my friend, not the orbit. It gets you off the pad; it was never built to carry you the whole way. The 98 percent wake up every morning and negotiate with themselves from scratch, and they lose that negotiation a little more each year. You are done negotiating. Build the machine, guard the log, say the goal out loud where they can all hear you, and lock in. Then get on the train and ride.

10

SUBTRACT BEFORE ADDING

"I haven't even taken any supplements for months now, not even vitamins, electrolytes, protein shakes, or creatine, none."

I ATE ONE MEAL A DAY FOR 2 YEARS... HERE'S THE VERDICT! (OVER 40)

ON FEBRUARY 14, 2025, I was fired from my corporate nine-to-five job. I walked out with no plan, no backup, nothing lined up. Nobody in the office even looked up from their screens to say goodbye. Then, out on the street, something strange happened. The sky, the trees, the people walking past, everything looked different. For the first time in what felt like forever, I was free. It felt like I had served a sentence and had just been released.

That night I slept for ten hours, probably the best sleep of my life. The next morning I made a coffee, and even the coffee tasted different. I had been so focused on being on time for so many years that I had never noticed how anything tasted or smelled. Now it was as if a veil had been lifted. I put on my running shoes and ran fifteen miles, right back to the building I used to call work, my former prison. I stood outside and imagined everyone in there glued to their computer screens, doing work they hate, counting the hours. And the tension headaches I had carried through my last months at that job? Gone. Instantly. The moment I walked out, they stayed in the office. Let that sink in.

Look closely at what happened that week, because it took me a while to see it myself. Nothing was added to my life. No new job, no new plan, no money coming in. Life did the opposite: it took something away. Losing a job used to be my worst fear. On that run I was listening to Napoleon Hill's *Outwitting the Devil*, where the devil admits that the fear of poverty is the greatest and most crippling fear of all. That book is where I decided I was going to be in the 2%. And once the thing I feared actually happened, it stopped being scary. My sleep improved in one night. My head cleared in one day. Four days later, on February 18, I uploaded a video to a YouTube channel with 19 subscribers, and everything I have built since, including the book in your hands, grew out of that empty space. The greatest blessings come disguised as painful endings. Sometimes the universe doesn't whisper. It shoves.

Getting fired was life doing for me what I never had the courage to do for myself. It subtracted. And it woke me up to the deepest pattern of my whole transformation, maybe of my whole life: when things don't add up, start subtracting. Not my quote, by the way. I heard it from someone talking about relationships. But it is true.

. . .

Everything in the modern world trains you in the opposite direction. Tired? Add caffeine. Fat? Add an app, a tracker, a gadget, a program. Want to lose weight? No problem, here's an injection for that. Aching? Add a pill, and when the pill brings a side effect, add another pill for the side effect. Every solution you will ever be offered has a barcode on it, and there is a simple reason for that: nobody makes money when you remove things. Subtraction is free, so nobody advertises it.

Now run my journey through your mind and count what I actually added. A smart scale. The running shoes I already owned. That is about it. Then count what I removed: junk food, refined sugar, seed oils, alcohol, vaping, constant eating, and later the supplements, the toxic content, the draining people, the old grievances. My body did not need one exotic ingredient to drop 50 pounds and heal a shoulder that had refused to heal for three years. It needed me to stop sabotaging it. Here is the one sentence of science you need: almost everything that was

wrong with me, the belly, the joints, the broken sleep, the puffy face, was inflammation wearing different masks, and the inflammation came from what I was putting in, not from anything I was missing.

Look back through this book and you will see the pattern hiding in every chapter. The ladder subtracted meals. Real food subtracted everything with an ingredients label. Even the total decision of chapter one was a subtraction: it removed the negotiation. So in this chapter I am handing you the master key itself. Let me open the logbook and walk you through my five biggest subtractions, counted down the way I always count, so number one hits last.

Number five: the poisons with barcodes. Junk food, refined sugar, seed oils, and the constant grazing that never lets your body rest. You already did this work in the earlier chapters, so I will only add the frame that makes it stick: the supermarket is not a pantry. It is a minefield of chemical-laced junk wrapped in shiny packaging, often disguised as health food. I stopped asking “what should I buy” and started asking “what should I never buy again.”

Number four: alcohol, my twenty-year war. I love alcohol. I have loved it since the first time I tried it, and for more than twenty years I tried to quit, unsuccessfully. Understand what that means for my journey: I was doing everything right, the fasting, the food, the walking, and this one thing was still in the way, slowing the fat loss and slowing the healing of my shoulder. Every failed attempt looked the same: I would resolve to cut back, hold out for a while, and then willpower would run out, because willpower always runs out. Some former addicts call themselves recovering for decades, always sober but never free, chained for life. That is not subtraction. That is a hostage negotiation.

Here is what finally worked. In March 2025, a month after the firing, I hit one of my lowest moments. A recruiter approached me, and out of desperation I agreed to interview for a job nearly identical to the one I had been fired from. My family said, finally, you’re coming back to your senses. For the next two days I lay in bed flat, physically sick, nauseous, drained, lost. Then, on March 14, 2025, I made a decision, a real one. I quit alcohol. I quit vaping the same day. And I ended a relationship with a person who was laughing at my dreams. That night I slept properly for the first time in days, maybe weeks, and the next morning I woke up

early, made my coffee, and decided I will be a warrior. Do you see the difference? For twenty years I had tried to subtract the drink from the old man's life, and the old man wanted his drink. This time I subtracted the old man. The habit died on March 14. What remains today is rare, chosen, and on my terms, which is a different creature entirely from a habit that owns you.

Number three: the supplements confession. When I started this journey, I used a small stack: magnesium, potassium, zinc, a B complex, vitamin D3 with K2 in the winter. I even recommended them in my early videos, and I am not going to pretend otherwise. Here is my honest position now: a few basics early on can act like a crutch while your body adjusts, and a crutch is fine when your leg is broken. But nobody should walk on crutches forever. So I applied my own rule to my own advice, and one by one I subtracted them all. By the middle of 2026, I take nothing. The drawer is empty. If you listen to the YouTube gurus, you will end up thinking you need 200 supplements just to be living. The supplement industry is a multi-billion dollar machine, and I just said no to it. The only tool that survived the purge is not really a supplement at all: a pinch of sea salt in a glass of water for the hungry hours. Everything else my body needs, it gets from real food, which was the whole point all along.



THE DRAWER IS EMPTY

I did not find health
in anything I added.
I found it under
everything I removed.

Number two: the invisible diet. You are not only what you eat. You are also what you watch, who you listen to, and what you carry. I used to watch a lot of red-pill relationship content, and one day I noticed what it was doing to me. Underneath the confident voices, it is anger. It is cheap dopamine dressed up as truth. It is men blaming women for every bad experience they have ever had, and I kept thinking: you have had ten bad experiences, so what is the common denominator? *It's you.* The moment you blame, you hand over your agency, and without agency there is no transformation. Viktor Frankl kept his freedom alive inside a concentration camp by refusing to surrender his mind. Some of these guys surrendered theirs to an algorithm. So I subtracted the feed: the rage merchants, the blame artists, every channel that left me fired up and empty. Then I went further, because people can be a feed too. The person laughing at my dreams went out on March 14 with the alcohol. And grievances are the heaviest subscription of all. When I was fired, I dropped the score-settling on the spot, because the same effort poured into my own life would buy me more peace than any victory over them.

And number one, the most important subtraction of all: the inner list. Fear, doubt, disbelief. Comparison with people running on injections and shortcuts. The voice that says you are too old, too far gone, too busy. You can empty your pantry, your bar, your supplement drawer, and your feed, and still fail, because the heaviest junk you carry is invisible and you consume it all day long. That is why this one sits at number one: fix your brain first, and the environment starts changing automatically. The next chapter goes deep into that war, because it deserves a whole chapter. For now, do what I did with everything else on this list. Write it

down, look at it in daylight, and treat every item like the junk food: not less of it, gone. Let it all go. Fear, doubt, and disbelief. Free your mind.

Here is how you run the purge, starting tonight.

□ THE SUBTRACTION PROTOCOL

- 1** Write the full subtraction list tonight: every substance, habit, feed, person, and grievance that drains you. Do not filter, just write.
- 2** Audit the purge from chapter four: check the kitchen, and if junk food, refined sugar, or seed oils have crept back in, out they go tonight. Then add this chapter's cuts: alcohol and vaping. Not smaller amounts. Gone.
- 3** Treat supplements as a crutch with an expiry date: keep the bare minimum while your body adjusts, then subtract them too.
- 4** Unfollow every channel and feed that runs on anger and blame, then give it seven days and notice how quiet your head becomes.
- 5** Step back from the people who laugh at your dreams. Your transformation does not owe an audience to doubters.
- 6** Drop one grievance you have been carrying, even if you are right.
- 7** Burn the inner list: write down your fears, doubts, and comparisons, read them once, and let them go with the rest.

One warning before you start cutting. Life may beat you to it, the way it beat me to the firing. Something you are clinging to right now, a job, a habit, a person, may get torn away, and it will feel like the end of the world. It is not. More often than not, it is the universe doing your subtraction for you. Do not stand in the empty space mourning what filled it. Ask what it was costing you, and you will usually find one more blessing disguised as a painful ending.

So stop shopping for the missing piece, my friend. There is no missing piece. The lean, sharp, healthy version of you is not waiting in a bottle,

a capsule, or an app. He is underneath the pile, and every subtraction brings him closer to the surface. The best quote I have ever heard is about him: if you are going through tough times, someone will come and save you. That someone is the future version of you. Trust him.

11

THE SPIRITUAL WAR

“This is why weight loss is not just physical. For many people, weight loss is a spiritual war.”

THIS IS WHY YOU KEEP FAILING AT WEIGHT LOSS

THE MOST DANGEROUS STRETCH of my whole transformation was not the first month, when the hunger was loud and the doubters were louder. It was the one that came after my biggest victory. In September 2025, I finished the 200-hour fast you read about in chapter 2 at the leanest point of my adult life. My three-year shoulder pain had finally eased. The channel was growing, the clients were winning, and I had been chasing that summit for eighteen months. Now I stood on it. And waiting at the top was a question I had never trained for: now what?

The initial excitement was gone. I had seen it, achieved it. Fasting that had once felt effortless started to feel harder than ever. The honeymoon period was over, and I did what I always did when something felt wrong on the inside: I outworked it. The workload I had been stacking since the May trip kept growing: the website, the whole new coaching system, the handbooks and diet and exercise plans, the book I had started compiling from all of it. Now I added my community, Big Leap Arena, rented a studio to outrun the Australian summer, stacked subscription on top of subscription, and somehow made fewer videos than before. I was doing too many things at the same time, running on

pure brute force, and handing myself more stress without even realizing it. On top of that, my healing shoulder had opened a door I sprinted through: I replaced more and more of my cardio with resistance training, and the heavier work turned my hunger up another notch.

Stressed and hungry, I was craving the yummy stuff more than ever. Anytime I went for it, in the moment, life was so beautiful. All the troubles, the worries, the stress: gone. Then immediately after, I would get sucked back into reality, followed by regrets. An hour later, another craving.

Let me open the logbook again. You know by now I do not paint it. From September 2025 to January 2026, my weight fluctuated between as high as 143 pounds at an estimated 15 percent body fat and as low as 130 at 9. I was constantly in damage control, and each round was harder than the one before. I was swimming upstream. I drank more and more coffee, and it only added to the stress. And now the part that is hardest to type: I even tried alcohol and tobacco again. Me. The man who had fought the bottle for more than twenty years, finally put it down, and preached about it on camera. They didn't help either. Nothing from the outside ever does.

. . .

Now understand what was happening, because it happens to you too. This whole journey, from the first skipped breakfast to the last stubborn pound, is a war against comfort and convenience, and the front line was never in your kitchen. It runs straight through the inside of you. You met the enemy back in chapter 1, hunched over the pantry at eleven o'clock, whispering *my precious*, and you already know the one law it lives by: whatever you feed grows. For eighteen months I had starved that creature nearly to death. Then stress came along and quietly set its table every single night.

Here is the one piece of science this chapter needs: when you are chronically stressed, cortisol can stay high, and high cortisol tells your body to hold fat exactly where you hate it most, the belly and love handles, while turning the volume up on every craving. The rest you do not need a lab for, because you have lived it. Under stress, you stop seeing

options and only see threats. It is like an animal in a cage with an open door: panic narrows its focus so much that it cannot see the way out, so it just keeps smashing into the bars. That was me, smashing into the bars with a to-do list.

And here is the trap nobody warns the disciplined ones about: you cannot willpower your way out of it. The harder you try, the deeper you sink. Willpower had carried me through the firing, the breakup, the war zone; those blows only fueled my fire. But stress does not burn like that. Push against it and it pushes back through your own hormones, until you are fighting your body with your body, a slave to the moment.

So how did I get out? Not by fighting harder. One evening I got into the jacuzzi, closed my eyes, and went silent. Five minutes, no thinking at all. Then I asked myself one question: what is weighing you down? I expected the answer to be burnout. It was not. I missed my family. The last time I visited them, on the trip you read about in chapter 2, the region collapsed into war around me, and I escaped overland in such chaos that I never got a proper goodbye. That was the weight. Not the workload, not the channel, not the number on the scale. A missing goodbye.

The moment I saw it, everything unlocked. I had a reason again: crush it for a couple of months, get lean on my terms, then fly back and say the goodbye properly, and while I am there, enjoy every meal with the people I love, guilt-free, on a plan written before the plane ever takes off. You learned that three-stage trick in chapter 2. What I learned in the jacuzzi is the engine underneath it: delayed gratification. Most people release their emotions in little bites, a thousand times a year, each bite chased by shame, so they never truly enjoy a single one. I hold mine, and I spend them at a time of my choice, on my terms, and I enjoy them to the max. And strangely, the minute I let go of what I could not control, the hunger stopped bothering me. The weight started coming back down, and by late February I was around an estimated 10 to 11 percent. I was no longer swimming upstream, because I had stopped swimming against myself.

People do not quit because
they run out of energy.
They quit because they run out of faith.

That is the war. Now here are the weapons, three of them, counted down, as always, so number one lands last.

Number three: gratitude. A heavy, resentful soul makes dieting impossible, my friend. A heavy soul weighs you down; it pins you to the ground. For years I had been following a young Russian soldier on Instagram, super fit, always training, always smiling, and watching him genuinely motivated me. In 2021, the roof of the military complex he lived in collapsed. Many people died. He survived, but he lost both legs completely, injuries so extensive he could not even use prosthetics, with a wife and three kids at home. Devastating, right? Not for him. His next posts showed him rehabilitating with the same energy, learning to crawl, learning the wheelchair. One year later, he made it to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro using only his arms. So please, do not tell me you have it that bad. Your main issue is a lack of gratitude. True, genuine gratitude makes your soul light, and when your soul is light, your body follows. Fasting becomes a hundred times easier when you are not carrying that weight inside. Count your blessings, starting with the biggest one, life itself. Then go for a walk in nature and appreciate the simple fact that you can walk.

Number two: forgiveness and detachment. Look around: people are walking around with their souls trapped in invisible cages. A divorce. A debt. A betrayal. An injury. A childhood. The bars feel like steel, but the cage is built by your own brain to keep you inside a familiar pattern, and the door is open. Viktor Frankl kept his freedom inside a concentration camp; you can keep yours inside a stressful job, a hard marriage, a slow month on the scale. Start with forgiveness. If somebody has done something wrong to you, forgive. If that person is you, forgive yourself,

for every single mistake. If you need closure, go and get it. Then practice detachment, because we cannot control outcomes; we can only control our actions. The meals are yours. The walks are yours. The log is yours. The scale belongs to time. If it is not moving this week, so be it. Water hits an obstacle and it does not get anxious or depressed. It simply finds another path. Be the water. You do your part, you stay consistent, and you let time handle the rest. I genuinely believe this: if you keep showing up, the results will come.



THE DOOR WAS ALWAYS OPEN

And number one, the weapon that carries all the others: hardship you choose on purpose. This book was never only about fat. There is real science here: every time you pause, take control of an impulse, and choose the harder but better action, you are physically rewiring your prefrontal cortex, strengthening the exact parts of your brain responsible for discipline and emotional control. It works exactly like a muscle. Every time you sit with a discomfort you chose, you grow a little stronger against the discomfort you did not choose. You even start to enjoy hardship, because you know it is building calluses in your mind. Hunger does not control you. Temptation does not control you. The stress of late 2025 met a man who had practiced hardship daily for eighteen months; that is

why it bent me but could not break me. This practice is how you end up a slave to nothing: not to food, not to the bottle, not to the coffee, not to comfort, not to the opinions of people who quit on themselves. Go without, on purpose. And it is where faith gets refilled, because that is what actually ends most journeys: not the energy, the belief. Remember chapter 1: the first win was never ten pounds, it was one kept promise. That is still the mechanism. Every promise you keep in the dark, when nobody is watching and the scale is being stubborn, is a deposit of faith, and faith compounds the same way self-trust does: one kept promise at a time.

Here is your weekly armory. Most of it happens in silence, and none of it needs a gym.

☞ THE INNER PROTOCOL

- 1 Once a week, sit in complete silence for five minutes, then ask yourself one question: what is weighing you down? Write the answer in your log, right next to your weight.
- 2 Every night, count three blessings on paper, and never repeat yesterday's list. Start with the fact that you can walk.
- 3 Forgive on paper too: name the person who wronged you and release them. If that person is you, forgive yourself for every single mistake. If you need closure, go and get it.
- 4 Detach from the scale: grade your week only on the actions you control, the meals, the walks, the log, and let time move the number.
- 5 When stress spikes, reach for a walk instead of a fix. Take a deep breath, throw your worries to the wind, and move under the open sky.
- 6 Save your indulgence for a day you choose, planned and guilt-free, on your terms, spent from savings the way you learned in chapter 2. Scheduled joy beats stolen bites.
- 7 Once a month, pick one comfort you lean on and go a full day without it. Be a slave to nothing.

Now look at where you are standing, because I do not think you have noticed. Ten chapters ago you picked up a method: a decision, a ladder, a plate, a walk, a log. Somewhere between that page and this one, the method picked you up. When you decline the drink now, it is not compliance, it is character. When you sit with hunger, you are not enduring your diet, you are feeding your higher self, and whatever you feed grows. The people around you can sense it too, even the ones who laughed at the start. You did not just change what you eat. You changed who is sitting on the throne.

The war never fully ends, and that is the best news in this book, because you are no longer someone who needs it to end. You know the enemy, you know the weapons, and you keep your promises in the dark. So walk out of this Part the way a king walks back into his kingdom. Feed the higher self today. Let the scale answer to time. And be a slave to nothing.

PART V

FOREVER



*My number one priority was
to create a movement,
especially for those of us
past the so-called prime age,
so we can get our health back
and basically age in reverse,
naturally, without medications.*

POOYA

12

FAT CELLS REMEMBER

“Your fat cells remember how it feels to be full.”

10 MONTH TRANSFORMATION PLAN TO GET SHREDDED - 10% BODY
FAT - PART 3/3

EVERY TRANSFORMATION VIDEO on the internet ends at the after photo. The music swells, the shirt comes off, the comments go wild, roll credits. Nobody shows you year three. Well. In mid-December 2024, month nine, I stepped on the scale at 132 pounds, an estimated 10 percent body fat, and I remember thinking I had finished something. I had not finished anything. I had been handed something. This chapter is year three: the part of the story nobody films.

At the end of the last chapter I told you to walk out of that Part the way a king walks back into his kingdom. Well, here is what nobody tells the king: winning the throne and ruling from it are two different jobs, with different tools and a different enemy. The war's enemy was fat. The reign's enemy is drift.

You already know what my fat cells did the two times I tested that reign, because chapter 2 told both stories in full, and you watched the stress wobble of late 2025 in the last chapter. I am not re-telling any of that here. This chapter is about the machinery that caught those falls: the honest mechanics of forever, what the maintenance years actually

look like from the inside, because there are decades of them ahead of you.

. . .

The first job of the reign arrives in the very first month after the goal, and it is the one that ruins most people: reintroduction. You have been cutting for months. The plate has grown lean and light, and down in the dark your fat cells are still sitting in scarcity mode, waiting; chapter 2 taught you why. So when the finish line arrives, every instinct in you wants to celebrate: bring back the nuts, the fruit, the fat, the bigger portions, all of it, this week. Do that and you will hand back months of work in a fortnight, because the body is hungry to get the weight back, and you just opened every door at once.

Here is the move instead. Reintroduce one thing at a time, never everything at once. Raise your activity first, so the extra food has somewhere to go. Then add back the fat, gradually. Then a few nuts. Some berries. More protein. One addition at a time, a week or two apart, and after each one you watch the morning scale, because every addition is a question you are asking your body, and the scale is the answer coming back. Carbs stay where they were: minimal. If an addition holds steady, keep it. If the number starts creeping, you have found your line; take the last addition back out.

I can already hear the protest: yeah, but I earned it. I starved for months, and now you want me to add food back a spoonful at a time? Listen to me. What you earned is the body, not a buffet. Chapter 2 already taught you how indulgence works now: from savings, deliberately, on your terms, with the damage plan written first. Empty the whole account in two weeks and you are back at square one, and this time with no excuse, because this time you knew. Slow feels unfair. Slow is also the only version of this that lasts.



REINTRODUCTION, ONE BOWL AT A TIME: THE BERRIES COME BACK LAST

• • •

Now let me open the logbook one last time and show you what forever has actually looked like, with real numbers, because “maintenance” sounds like a flat line and it is nothing of the sort. From September 2025 to January 2026, I lived between 130 and 143 pounds, the wobble you already read about, and by late February I had pulled it back to around an estimated 10 to 11 percent. Then I did something that would have terrified the 2024 version of me: I gained weight on purpose. My shoulder had finally healed, you read that story in chapter 7, and for the first time in years I could truly train. So I ate for the training and let the scale climb: an estimated 13 percent body fat in April, peaking around 15 to 16 by the middle of May, carrying new muscle the surplus had paid for. Then I realigned, locked in, and came down from an estimated 16 to 9.5 percent in about a month, by mid-June. By July 12, 2026, the scale read 125.8 pounds at roughly 7 percent, give or take, and the love handles I had hated for years were not just smaller. Obliterated. Good riddance.

Read that paragraph again, because the shape matters more than the numbers, and the numbers are all self-estimates, as always. Sixteen

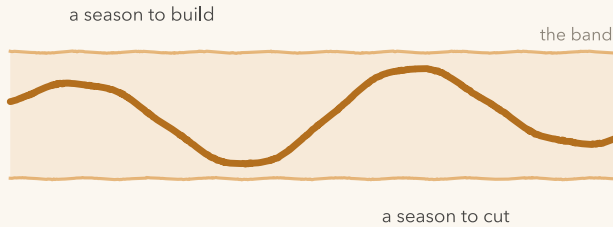
percent in May. Seven in July. To a stranger scrolling past, that looks like chaos. It was not chaos; it was a season to build and a season to cut. But I will not paint it for you, because you know by now I never do. The build was chosen. The size of it was not. The heavy lifting turned my hunger up, the surplus ran further than I had planned, and chapter 7 already told you how I caught it: I went back to my own philosophy, realigned, and locked in. That is exactly what the mature years are, seasons instead of drift, and a season needs a decision and a date. I had the decision. The date is the part I have learned to write down first.

So here are the three laws of the reign, counted down as always, so the most important lands last.

Number three: live in a band, not on a point. The goal weight you chased was a point, and points are for the war. Bodies do not sit on points. Water, salt, glycogen, sleep, one big meal: that is two or three pounds of noise in either direction on any honest scale, before a single gram of fat has moved. Treat every wiggle as a verdict and the scale will drive you crazy. So draw a band instead: a floor and a ceiling a few pounds apart, wrapped around your sweet spot, the baseline you moved in chapter 2. For me, 10 percent is the sweet spot. Inside the band, nothing is happening; live your life. The daily number is data and the trend is the verdict, exactly as chapter 8 taught you. The edges are the only places where a job exists. Touch the ceiling and you act. Touch the floor and, well, you know my reflex by now: a few photos for the archive, then a slightly bigger plate, most of it running on autopilot exactly as chapter 2 promised. You can live a long, calm life inside a band.

Number two: choose your seasons on purpose, never by accident. Muscle is built in a surplus. Leanness is carved in a deficit. You cannot stand in both rooms at once, so you alternate, the way I did in 2026: a build with a target, a start date, and an end date, then a cut with the same three things, each one declared in your log the way chapter 9 taught you to declare everything. And keep the seasons small, a few percent each way, a micro-bulk and a micro-cut; the six-month dirty bulk from the bodybuilding forums is how a lean man volunteers to be Shrek again. Now hear the warning underneath this law, because I paid for it: a season must never start itself. Nobody drifts into a bulk, my friend. People drift

into being fat and rename it a bulk afterwards. If it was not written down before it began, it is not a season.



THE REIGN: A BAND, AND SEASONS CHOSEN ON PURPOSE

And number one, the law that carries the other two: retire the vows, keep the tripwire. In my first year I made iron vows about numbers I would never see again, and I meant every word. Life had other plans, and I logged them honestly. Those vows were not wasted; they were training wheels. They held a beginner upright while balance was still new. But the mature system does not run on vows. It runs on drift-and-correct, and its whole engine is one habit you already own from chapter 8: the daily weigh-in, first thing in the morning, forever. That number is your tripwire. The morning it crosses your ceiling, you correct that same day: trim the meal, stretch the walk, tighten the window. A two-pound correction is boring. It costs almost nothing, nobody claps, and there is no video in it. That is the point. You read about my 200-hour fast in chapter 8, and I stand by every hour of it, but call it what it was: a heroic rescue, a 200-hour answer to a one-night ambush, and it made a great story. The king's ambition is to never be that interesting again.

Small corrections beat
heroic rescues,
every single time.

Now the part I most want you to carry out of this chapter: maintenance is genuinely easier than the climb. I need you to believe that, because the fear of forever stops more people from starting than hunger ever will. The climb took everything. The hunger was loud, the habits were new, and every day was uphill against your old baseline, an engine burning everything it had to reach the escape velocity. That fight does not repeat. You broke the old orbit, and a body in orbit barely needs its engines. Once the new order is established, it starts to carry itself. The hunger you befriended in chapter 5 stays friendly. The walks happen without negotiation. The baseline defends you instead of fighting you. Easier, truly. But easier is not the same as unattended, and that distinction decides your next twenty years. A monument is finished the day it is unveiled; you can walk away and it will stand there without you. Your body is not a monument. Your body is a garden: never finished, fed by a few minutes of tending most days, generous beyond belief for as long as the tending continues. Skip a day and nothing visible happens. Abandon it for a season and the weeds are back to the fence line, because the weeds never surrender the soil. Their seeds just wait in the dark for the gardener to get proud. And you already know the name of those seeds.

Here is the whole system, small enough to run for the rest of your life.

II THE MAINTENANCE PROTOCOL

- 1 The day you reach your goal, write it in your log: the war is over, the reign begins today, and the daily weigh-in from chapter 8 stays for life.
- 2 Reintroduce food one addition at a time: raise your activity first, then gradually add back fat, then a few nuts, some berries, more protein, one addition every week or two, watching the morning scale after each. Never everything at once.
- 3 Draw your band: a floor and a ceiling a few pounds apart, wrapped around your sweet spot, both numbers written where you will see them every day.
- 4 Inside the band, do nothing. No panic, no punishment, no verdicts. Live.
- 5 The morning your ceiling breaks, correct that same day: trim the meal, stretch the walk, tighten the window. Never wait for Monday.
- 6 The morning you touch your floor, take a few photos, then eat a little more.
- 7 Declare every season before it starts, in writing, with a target, a start date, and an end date. No date, no season.

Your fat cells will remember full for as long as you live. Let them. You hold the scale, the band, the seasons, and the pen. That is the whole of forever: a short morning ritual, a small correction now and then, and a garden that pays you back every single day. Tend it. Strangers are going to guess your age wrong for the rest of your life. That is what it looks like from the outside, and the next chapter is about everything else they cannot see.

13

STAY LEAN, AGE IN REVERSE

“Speaking of aging, the best gift I have ever received from not eating for more than 23 hours a day was and has been youthfulness.”

I ATE ONE MEAL A DAY FOR 2 YEARS... HERE'S THE VERDICT! (OVER 40)

A YEAR INTO MY TRANSFORMATION, I sat down to record a video, and the title practically wrote itself: I had applied natural anti-aging techniques for a year, and the results shocked me. Here is the strange part. I never set out to reverse my aging. I set out to lose belly fat and love handles. But when I opened the logbook to take stock of what the lean life had actually bought back, most of the entries had nothing to do with the scale.

The knee that once made walking painful now carries me ten miles without a word of complaint. The shoulder that screamed for three years, the one you watched heal in chapter 7, is silent. I fly up stairs that used to beat me by the second floor. My sleep is deep, my energy is constant, and my head is clear in a way I did not know existed; it feels exactly as if I had been plugged into the matrix the whole time and finally woke up. My hair loss reversed, and some of the graying with it. The tooth and gum pain that were creeping in before day one are gone. My skin cleared up, and my jawline came back from wherever it had been hiding. I am 42, and I feel more alive than I did in my twenties. That

was the shock. I went looking for a smaller waist, and the smaller waist turned out to be the cheapest thing in the package.

Now let me answer the question that stops half of you from ever starting: loose skin. I lost roughly 50 pounds, about 30 percent of my body's total weight, past 40, at a below-average height. By every warning on the internet, I should be wearing a deflated suit right now and pricing surgeons. Instead, when I filmed a comparison video, I dug out the cream pants I used to wear at almost 160 pounds, which was not even my highest weight, and put them on. There was room in there for a baby kangaroo. And the skin itself? It followed the body down. I have to bend and hunt just to find any looseness at all.

That was not luck, and the how matters. I lost the weight fast, the way I like it, and the skin still followed, most probably because of three things working together. Real food: animal foods are loaded with collagen if you eat them the right way, tough cuts and chicken cartilage, cooked low and slow for a couple of hours until they turn gelatinous. The fasting itself: you already know autophagy from chapter 7, and the cleanup crew went to work on the leftover material too, so the skin stretched right back up. And no sugar. Sugar sticks to the proteins in your skin, and that glycation strips out the collagen that keeps you elastic. Wrinkles and sagging are not just about your age, my friend. A big chunk of it is dessert. Let that sink in.

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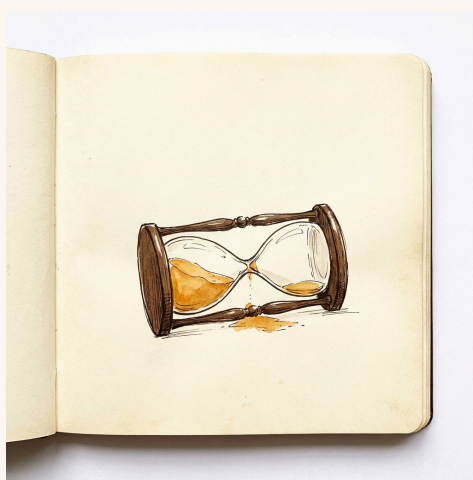
So what were these shocking techniques of mine? That is the second surprise: the list. Here are the four that mattered most, and not one of them is a product: no creams, no serums, no clinics, no injections. Every one of them is older than every brand name on earth, and almost all of them are free. Counted down, as always, so the most potent lands last.

Number four: the sun and the walk. Morning sun on your skin, and a daily walk that goes into nature as often as life allows. Some days I walk listening to nothing but nature itself, and my best ideas arrive on exactly those walks; even my thoughts come home more positive than when they left.

Number three: heat and cold. The heat settles the body down, the cold lights it up, and alternating between the two is where the real magic is. A cold plunge can boost your dopamine by 250 percent, and it feels so good.

Number two: sleep. When you are awake, your body spends. When you are asleep, it regenerates: skin, muscle, hormones, even the brain gets defragmented overnight. Go to bed early, wake up early, and if life steals a night from you, pay it back with a nap. A nap is free, and it is the only sleep aid I have ever needed.

And number one, the most potent anti-aging tool I know: fasting. For more than 23 hours of my day, my body is not digesting anything. It is repairing, cleaning, rebalancing. Pair that with real food and the daily walk, and you are holding the entire machine. The doubters can argue with the theory all they want. I am the experiment, and the experiment is now more than 850 days long.



TIME, SET DOWN

• • •

Now the part the men always ask about, and I am going to tell it honestly, because the internet is full of bro science warning that if you

get too lean, your testosterone will tank. Here is what actually happened when I went from an estimated 30 percent body fat down to 6.

First, the honest caveat: I did not judge this by blood tests. I judged my levels the way a man actually lives them: energy, strength, recovery, drive, mornings, mood. You do not need weekly labs to know your own body. Weekly labs do not make you healthier. Consistency does.

At 30 percent, my testosterone was abysmal. Low drive, terrible stamina, no confidence. I blamed my age, and I was dead wrong. It was never the calendar. It was the fat. Then, in the first weeks of the cut, came the part nobody warns you about: my levels dropped even lower. If my drive was at 10 percent before, it fell to almost zero. I did not panic, because an aggressive cut is like renovating a house: at first everything is a mess, but once the dust settles, it is better than before. And it settled. Once the rapid loss slowed, my testosterone did not just return; it rebounded, I would say twice as high. From there, the leaner and cleaner I got, the higher it climbed. There was a stretch where I felt 18 again: fast recovery, high drive, a stable confident mood, and a straighter, more dominant posture. That posture even played its own small part in getting me fired, but you know that story already.

The peak was 10 percent. That is where I felt strongest, and it is one more reason I call 10 the sweet spot. At 15 percent I was still about 90 percent of the way there. Below 7, and I was only there for a short stretch, the bill arrived: my performance dipped, I was hungry all the time, and I started cramping during high-intensity exercise. Every bit of it faded once I came back up from that extreme. Today, at 42, by every symptom I can read, my levels are the same as they were two decades ago, if not higher.

So do not fear the temporary dip. The dip is renovation dust. Living at 30 percent is the collapsed roof.

Shredded at 18 is easy.
Fit at 60 is freak-level,
built one ordinary day at a time.

As I write this, I am 125.8 pounds at an estimated 7 percent body fat, at 42, naturally, with zero supplements. Not even vitamins, electrolytes, protein shakes, or creatine. Thirteen percent was already amazing, but 7 percent at my age, naturally, is next level. It is one in a million territory. And I will tell you exactly why I chased it: I am done with being average. I was average for four decades, and it was not pretty. These days, when people learn my age, they do a double take, and some, as you read in the very first pages of this book, still call me AI. That is how unreal it looks to them. I keep walking.

But hear me clearly: one in a million is my mountain, not your entry fee. Here is the number I actually want you to want. Anyone can get shredded at 18. Great shape at 60, off medications, with visible abs, puts you in the top one in 500, easily. That is ten times rarer than the 2% I told you I was joining back in chapter 10, when Napoleon Hill got his hooks into me, and you buy it the same way I bought mine: one boring day at a time. Consistency beats intensity, every single time. I coach men and women from their thirties into their seventies, and the comments under my videos prove the horizon is real. Ken is 72; when people see his driver's license, they do a double take, and he says it never gets old. Chris turns 77 this year, four years on one meal a day, and still makes his weekly visit to the climbing gym. Use it to improve it, he says. That is your horizon, my friend. Not a summer body. A different old age.

And this is bigger than one man on a YouTube channel. People ask why I built all of this, the videos, the Arena, this book, and money was never at the top of the list. My number one priority is to create a movement for those of us past the so-called prime age, so we can get our health back and age in reverse, naturally, without medications. Because in this day and age, nobody else is taking care of us if we don't. We take care of ourselves, and we do it together.

This book began on a Saturday night, with a drunk man, a text he should never have sent, and a crushed ego. It ends here, with you. Look at the distance between those two pages. From this to this. That man

had nothing: no method, no ladder, no plan, no proof that any of it was possible past 40. You are holding all of it. The decision, the ladder, the plate, the walks, the log, the war, and now the payoff. The only thing standing between you and the one in 500 is your own day one.

Here is the daily practice that runs the clock backwards. Almost all of it is free.

☐ THE AGE-IN-REVERSE PROTOCOL

- 1** Walk every day, three miles minimum, and take as much of it as you can into nature and morning sun.
- 2** Guard your sleep like treasure: to bed early, up early, and when life steals a night, pay it back with a nap.
- 3** Keep the fasting rhythm for life: one clean fast every day, so your body spends more hours repairing than digesting.
- 4** Eat real food only, and eat your collagen: tough cuts and cartilage cooked low and slow, with no sugar to strip it back out.
- 5** If you have access to heat and cold, alternate them: heat to settle the body, cold to light it up.
- 6** Every few months, put on the same clothes and take the same photos. Your logbook is your proof of the reversal.
- 7** Keep one promise to yourself every single day, because self-trust is the only supplement I still take.

I can only show you the door, my friend, and for thirteen chapters I have shown you nothing else. You are the one who has to walk through it. Walk through it hungry. Walk through it grateful. And when the doubters laugh, you already know the words: watch me.

One last line. I have said it at the end of my videos more times than I can count, and it was never just a sign-off. It is the whole method, six words long.

Take care out there, and I'll see you soon. And until then:
Stay lean and age in reverse.



SEE YOU INSIDE THE ARENA

BIG LEAP FASTING METHOD

You've tried the programs. You've counted the calories. You've owned the gym membership. And the weight came back every time. I know. Because I was you. Worse than you. Just before 40, I was 177 pounds at an estimated 30% body fat: on the doorstep of obese, injured, exhausted, settling.

Then I locked in.

Two years and four months later, some 850 days of one meal a day, I weigh 125.8 pounds at an estimated 7% body fat, at 42, fully natural. No drugs. No calorie counting. Today, not even supplements. Just fasting, real food, walking, and one total decision. All of it documented on camera.

This book is everything I did and nothing I didn't. The mindset that comes before the method. The fasting ladder, rung by rung. How I changed the meaning of hunger from suffering to success. And how you can too. How to stay lean and age in reverse, at any age.

I can only show you the door. You're the one who has to walk through it.

FROM THE BIG LEAP COMMUNITY

"Four years OMAD, no carbs. I will be 77 in July." — Chris

"I started eating carnivore, settling naturally into OMAD. It has been a great combination for me and I dropped from 365 pounds to 180." — Joe

Pooya is a Persian-born immigrant to Perth, Australia. He started speaking English at 38, worked for a multinational in the financial sector, and was fired on February 14, 2025. Getting fit, he says, is what got him fired. Four days later he relaunched his YouTube channel, Big Leap Theory, to 19 subscribers. Some 850 days of one meal a day after day one, he had lost 50 pounds — roughly 30 percent of his body's total weight — fully natural, and these days without a single supplement. He is the founder of Big Leap Theory and the Big Leap Arena community, home of Big Leap Academy, and coaches clients aged 30 to 70.