

Why enslave yourself with dieting?

At about this time last year, I was emerging from a thoroughly enjoyable festive season and going through my slight annual dismay at the reading on my bathroom scales as I stood on them.

Being overweight has never been a problem for me - even after it actually dawned on me that some people found it odd that I weighed so much. That particular realisation occurred at Mengo Hospital where my Aunt, Sister Joy, worked and provided ready sanctuary whenever we suffered ailments.

Going through some treatment course, at the age of about 16, I was asked to step onto the weighing scales but that routine exercise ended with a group of medical personnel gathered round to confirm and double check the readings, as well as their machine. I was at 80 kilogrammes.

They found it difficult to reconcile my age and weight. I received warnings and words of advice that I took to be the normal practice from medical people and life has gone on ever since with me accumulating more of these statements from a variety of people who did well in Biology and related subjects at school.

After my university days, when I was master of my own domain and destiny and did not need to rely on anybody's menu allocations to determine my meals, I generally hovered between 96kg and 100kg.

None of that worried me and even the reading at the start of 2016 caused me no alarm even though none of my T-shirts felt comfortable anymore and my trousers tended to twist about in discomfort as if to give me hints of what I should be feeling. The scales said I was 117kg.

My suspicion was that the meals during the festive season had been exceptionally heavy and my exercise pitifully low and I went about trying to correct it somewhat.

By April, not much had changed, as my past corrective measures had been compromised by the busy political period and other excuses I cannot go into right now. And then I walked a lady called Lucy Ociti, from the Fat Loss Laboratory.

She had tried to track me down with little success for a number of weeks and when she eventually did I marvelled at her luck so

much so that I had to give her two minutes. Just two minutes. She could not even pitch her solution properly because I kept interrupting with specific questions. I despise diets because I have spent most of my life (at this point) seeing my wife suffering through them quite unhappily.

I was happy to try one and show the loved one that:

1. I was capable of dieting myself and;
2. It was possible to diet without suffering.

I knew 1. above, and the questions I asked Lucy proved 2. above because the diet involved meats (besides pork) and allowed for some light cream salad dressings. The cost made me hold my breath a little but turned out to be the best sh1.5m I spent all year on anything personal.

Following it more strictly than some people do religion, I got mid-way and thought I was on the verge of hitting my weight target. See, I thought a lot about how it worked, exactly and then realised that it revolved around science we had learnt back in school. Those lessons about food values? The manner in which the body processes food, creates energy, stores fat and so on and so forth? We know all that. We studied it. People took up sticks and beat us for getting answers wrong. And for some reason, we grew up into adults without understanding it.

When my scales told me I was merely 90kgs, I proudly went over to Lucy to proclaim victory and inform her I was en route to a platter of pork ribs within a matter of weeks.

She was impressed, but still whipped out her own weighing scales - digital, this time - which said I was 99kgs, fully clothed and pockets full.

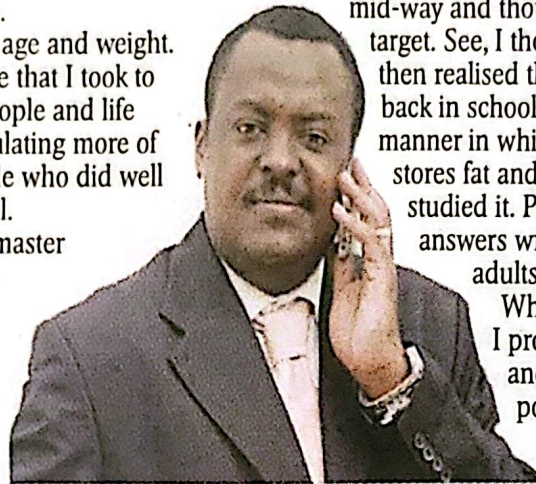
I was flabbergasted but also happy about one thing - that meant my 117kgs of January 2016 was actually a lower reading than my real weight at the time...

Today, I oscillate between 90 and 92kgs in the morning and I still eat carefully, following the Fat Loss Laboratory principles. It makes for an easier approach to weight loss and fitness related resolutions.

It has also underscored how much of what we learnt in primary school actually applies to the real world. Both these realisations are going with me into this new year.

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