

YOUR STORY

YOUR STORY: 16:8 - The Diet to Dine For!

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I began my weight loss journey on 13 September 2018 tipping the scales at a shirt bursting 94.5 kilograms.

Ninety-four and a half kilograms might not sound extreme to some, but for a short person on the lighter side of a 44 gallon drum (and whose weight once hovered around 70 kilograms years ago) 94.5 kilograms is a lifetime gone amok.

By the time of my third weigh-in a month later I had already lost a total of 8.5 kilograms over six weeks; that's almost 1.5 kilograms, or two roast chickens a week - nearly ten percent of my original body weight.

"Whoa!" My undies were starting to fall down!

Now mid-June 2019 and I am down, down, down - down to 77.5 kilograms; that's a whopping loss of 17 kgs, or 34 X 500 gram tubs of margarine.

Imagine that, thirty four tubs of greasy, buttery, lard! "Eugh!"

What's worse, is that over the last few years I have been carrying around a useless and deflated spare tyre - my flabby, over-hanging and drooping belly.

Looking in the mirror: "God! Have I really lost that much?" It's like an epiphany. One of those struck by lightning, "der!" moments when you suddenly realise, "shit! I'm fat and I'm overweight!"

When the shock of seeing your own reflection finally sinks in, the realisation that you've been way out of shape - well really, you've got no shape, just a blob - you appreciate just how much stress you've been subjecting your body, bones, organs and hip-pocket to; a bit like trying to pull an overloaded caravan with a mini.

That aside, it's even more confronting going to the dairy aisle at Coles and

seeing so many tubs of margarine stacked-up and thinking "that could be me? That is me!"

Try and pick up four tubs, "ok, that's easy." Try for 10 and you'll be in for a shock!

I have now managed to jettison almost 20 percent of my original body weight.

"But what the! I haven't felt this good in years," and I've managed to keep it off as well, whilst at the same time stuffing my gizzards with sugary treats and fatty delights that would bring down the wrath of Atkins and Dukan, and make Pete Evans' head spin!

So people, just proves "diets aren't only for the fairer sex. We meat eating, smoking, spitting and alcohol infused guys can diet too - and quite successfully," I might add!

"Yeah, right! Sounds pretty good, so how did he do it," some of you are probably asking?

Yawn

As for some of you others, you are probably sarcastically thinking to yourselves, "oh here we go again, another scam! Someone else selling us desperate and hard-up suckers another bloody miracle diet!"

Well, I am not selling anybody a miracle - trust me!

If you want a miracle then seek the company of a spiritual advisor or the counsel of a religious confessor.

"The only miracle is you finding the courage to confront your fear of looking into a mirror and admitting you're overweight, chunky, obese, fat, the size of a car, built like a house, or otherwise."

And to the cheapskates, misers and frugal spenders out there - it won't cost you a darn cent! You won't be financially sodomised, so don't panic.

The best things about the diet I am on, and NO, this is not an advert for any 'new' product on the market (though I have raved on like one of those bloody annoying funeral insurance adverts), is that there are real, quick and visible

results with very little effort on your part except for having to lift a burger with your hands, cut a juicy steak with a knife and fork, chomp down into a pie, tear a pizza with your teeth, and exercise your jaw as you chew with frantic contentment.

Believe it or not, I have a sculptured form now about my body to more places than you could even imagine?

"Hmm! Get your mind out of the gutter."

NO expensive liposuction procedures! NO invasive surgery! NO exercise! NO gym classes! NO fad and costly exercise equipment! NO expensive diet foods! NO milkshakes! NO pills! NO dietary supplements! NO meal replacements!

Just good honest food; whatever you like to eat!

Having tried other diets over the years, I can honestly say that the diet I am doing is the real Lite 'n' Easy of all diets; Jenny Craig's worst nightmare, the envy of Weight Watchers!

And once a day you can shove whatever you want down your gob without any remorse about that juicy medium rare 500 gram steak you woofed down with a pot at the local sports club in front of that table of vegans.

"Bored yet?"

"Oh for God's sake," you might be thinking? "Just give us the bloody low-down!"

"Yeah, yeah - I'm just getting to it, hold on!"

Here it is, read it and weep people. It's called the 16:8 Diet? Same as in the title of this piece, but because of all of my waffling-on you've probably forgotten that by now?

Anyhow, the 16:8 diet involves eating only during an 8-hour period (or 'window' as the experts say) during the day whilst fasting (a cool word for starving yourself) for the remaining 16 hours of the day.

The geezers who came up with the fancy 16:8 diet name suggest that fasting now-and-then and limiting your intake of calorie-containing beverages (fatty foods in English) can not only help you lose weight, but control it, whilst at

the same time lowering your cholesterol rate, reducing your blood pressure and protecting you against heart disease.

"Yadda, yadda, yadda ..."

All of the things many quacks preach about but don't practise.

I eat breakfast around 10 in the morning, stuff myself at lunchtime anytime between noon and 2 pm, and then eat a small meal before 6 pm.

My lunchtime menu? Well, a regular pizza made locally (not the hodgepodge chunky crust rubbish served-up by those franchise mobs), a generous serve of chips, and a bottle of Coke to boot.

I can even squeeze in an afternoon cappuccino with a garnish of donuts!

After that it is just drinking water (not grog guys); but if I get hunger pangs, I will allow myself a cup of tea and a bland, albeit "yuck!" plain biscuit so that I can down my crappy medication.

It is really up to you to find a 'window' that fits in with your daily routine.

But whatever timetable you create - "stick to the bloody thing!"

"Whatever floats your boat?"

And before you shift workers try to pull a shifty and come up with some piddly excuse to your partner as to why you can't try this diet, there is nothing preventing you from exercising some culinary celibacy.

Going from day to night intermittent fasting requires no great change to one's diet program other than setting a new 16:8 'window'.

The know-it-all diet specialists reckon that you can repeat the 16:8 cycle as frequently as you like - from just once or twice per week to every day, depending on your personal preference.

I am of the opinion that if you are wanting this diet to work (as it has for me) you need commitment, and commitment means dedication, regularity (and I don't mean going to the dunny fellas), and resistance; and there is no better way to commit yourself other than by repeating the cycle every day.

And after consulting our bestest friend Doctor Google, the closest enemy of medicos, I discovered that if you confine your part-tay time to the middle, or peak of your 'window' you don't really get that hunger itch at night.

Think of it like a roller-coaster; up you go slowly (breakfast), rise to the top and enjoy the view (lunch, "mmmm...") then slide down towards the evening - of course not forgetting that afternoon tea.

So what motivated me and how did I prepare myself for dieting?

Well, first it was that visit to the quack who told me my cholesterol level was way up there and that I should take the 'Statins' he was going to prescribe me.

"What the 'F' are frickin' Statins? English man, English!"

In short, cholesterol lowering tablets.

And this coming from someone who is twice as wide as me. "LOL!"

Just like the government, "do as I say, not as I do!"

But the real kick up the backside that sent me on this diet was staring at those man boobs in the mirror. My titties were bigger than my sisters!

So, in the few months prior to starting my diet the first thing I did was cut back on sugar in my coffee; then the number of coffees I was having.

Next I cut back on sweet cakes, opting instead for few small slices of carrot cake.

The orange juice, blackcurrant cordial and soft drinks took a licking.

Portioning - that came next!

From an over-stacked dinner plate to food arranged around the plate. Appealing to the eye and looking at my food actually reduced my tendency to want to scoff it.

"Well placed distractions always do the trick."

Then then I substituted my half-a-dozen bits of chocolate in the evening with

a few unsweetened biscuits.

Out went the crisps and flavoured biscuit shapes woofed-down in the evening in front of the telly.

As for sticking to high-protein foods, fruits and vegetables, that is up to you, but I have never liked fruit fly delicacies and caterpillar munchies.

Adapting to the diet was, as you might expect, a bit of challenge.

When I actually got into the swing of things, everything went fine for few weeks until I started to get hungry at night; but I was buoyed by the fact I had lost almost 3 kilograms quite quickly.

It became a case of focusing on the very visible amount of weight lost and turning a blind eye to the juicy and tasty leftovers staring me in the face every time I opened the fridge.

Drinking plenty of plain water soon started to extinguish the flames of hunger.

With visitors arriving or when going out I take things in my stride and just make that special meal a one-off indulgence and fast afterwards.

Now the worst things about dieting?

People think you're sick, or worse dying! The loose skin; well, what can I say "gravity is the enemy of every dieter!" Your clothes are baggy which makes you actually look fat! You're undies fall down! "LOL!"

And a final word.

The 16:8 diet isn't suited to everybody, so it is very important that you talk to your GP or treating specialist before you embark on your health journey.

Good luck!

#Helon