

## **Long Hard Road out of Hell or Why Fat Girl went Primal (the unabridged version!)**

reprinted from: Robb Wolf | The Paleo Solution, [www.robbwolf.com](http://www.robbwolf.com)

Being a little OCD I have a strict rule about calling before you drop by my house. So on December 25, 2009 as I lay in bed in agony from a migraine that was so indescribably painful that I actually hoped that I wouldn't wake up, Death knocked on my door. But as he hadn't called first he did not gain admittance. He's been pissed ever since. I can't say I blame him. After all, I was asking for him.

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

I've spent the majority of my life in a weight war. As a result I've tried everything there is to try: popular methods, fad diets, potions, pills, voodoo, I was even a vegetarian for seven years. You name it, I tried it. All to no avail, of course. Then in 2004 a friend of mine lost 80 lbs by joining a gym and getting a personal trainer. She was thin, defined, energetic, and so enthusiastic about her accomplishment that I bought into it. I joined the same gym (though at a different location) and hired a personal trainer. I spent the next four years doing everything he told me to do and eating what he told me to. I would lose 30 lbs only to gain it back. It was a yo-yo diet with machines added in.

Four years later in early 2008 I was angry, frustrated, broke from the exorbitant personal trainer fees, and not making progress. Another friend of mine said a very magic phrase: You should try CrossFit.

Now I'd never heard of CrossFit. When I asked him what it was he would only say, "Google it."

So I did. And when I saw the WOD listed for that day my eyes popped out, my jaw dropped, and I yelled, "Are these people CRAZY?!" I continued to shake my head as I scrolled down and clicked various videos. "Mm," I thought, "this is for those nut jobs who are obsessed with fitness." No, this was NOT for me. "Military? Law Enforcement? Elite Athletes? Where the heck was the workout for Fat Girl who just wanted to lose weight??" I closed my browser, still shaking my head.

Funny thing though – I couldn't get those images out of my mind. The women were beautiful. They weren't grotesque manimal-looking Miss Universes. They were strong and powerful and there was something natural about the way they looked. Most women these days look either starved or stuffed. The women on the CrossFit site looked like graceful animals you would see in

the wild. Their muscles weren't exaggerated or disproportionate and everything about them was compelling.

So in May 2008 I found myself caught up in the CrossFit phenomenon. I watched every video I could find on the basics and took the information back to my trainer. Naturally, he didn't even have a clue what a clean was so I had to teach myself. But after that point I refused to use the machines anymore. It wasn't long before the contract with my trainer was up and I was on my own doing CrossFit at my local gym.

I have a tendency to have an all-or-nothing mentality so once I started CrossFit I was determined that I was going to do it right. That meant nutrition. That's your solid foundation, right? But where to start? I subscribed to the CrossFit Journal and looked at all the nutrition advice. The Zone was everywhere. My first impression was that it was too complicated and if it was that complicated I wouldn't be able to stick to it. Next! IF. Fat Girl go without food? Pfft! Right! Next! Paleo. I found a suggested shopping list from some guy named Robb Wolf who was plugging Trader Joes like he owned stock. So I'm reading this list and getting madder by the second and yelling at my computer. "Who the heck can afford all this food? Trader Joes? I'd have to take out a second mortgage just to shop there! I don't know who the heck this Robb Wolf is, but he doesn't have a clue what it's like to be a struggling single mom with two kids. Screw you, Robb Wolf." Then I closed out my browser again. I decided pretty quickly that I hated Robb Wolf.

I went back to my friend who had suggested CrossFit. I figured since he was a power lifter he'd give me some good advice. He said to just "eat clean". So I did some searches and ended up at Fit for Life. I printed out a bunch of recipes, bought my cheap food, and was fairly successful. Within six months I had lost 30 lbs and could deadlift 210. But I didn't think I was losing weight fast enough. I felt stronger and looked better, but it was like everything was still hidden under all the fat. I was getting frustrated again and since I was now posting on the message board on the CrossFit site I was being bombarded with The Zone. Fine! I'll give it a shot. It only took a couple of weeks of feeling like I was starving to give that up. 12 blocks was just not enough for Fat Girl. I struggled a bit longer with my nutrition and attempted to go back to just eating clean despite the fact that it didn't seem to be the optimal diet for me. Then disaster struck.

By the time October had come around I was so obsessed with CrossFit that I was doing two workouts back-to-back. I was doing the regular WOD and then afterward doing a Burgner Oly workout. In November I began to notice some twinging in my back, but considering the workload I was doing I wasn't surprised. I just ignored it and went on. That was one of the biggest mistakes I've ever made. The following Friday during a snatch workout my feet hit the ground and a pain shot from my lower back all the way down my leg. The bar hit the ground and I nearly did too. It felt like I'd been electrocuted. I could barely stand and walking was excruciating. And

I only had myself to blame. I had a pre-existing back condition that I used to see a chiropractor about. I had been adjusted weekly right there at the gym. After he left to open a practice in another city I stopped going. Another mistake. I spent the weekend in bed and on Monday went to my mom's chiropractor. He took x-rays and said my lower spine looked like someone had twisted it like a wet rag. This was causing pressure on my sciatic nerve and it was not letting up.

That was when I gave up. All or nothing, remember? I couldn't work out – hell, I could hardly walk. So like a petulant child I decided that if I can't do CrossFit I might as well eat what I want. So for the nine months it took to get my back “lined out” (ha!) I did just that. Not surprising that I gained everything back and then some.

By the summer of 2009 I felt like my back was strong enough that I could start working out again. But by this point I was so huge I wasn't sure I could do much of anything so I decided I needed to get the nutrition back on track first. I knew that the “clean” eating had worked before, but I also knew that it had stalled quickly. I needed something better. During this time I ran across a number of references to Gary Taubes and because these were disparate sources I took it as an omen. I bought and read “Good Calories, Bad Calories” and felt like I'd experienced an epiphany. I bought a meat cookbook and got started.

The first two weeks were amazing. Delicious meat dishes with fresh veggies or fruit to round it out. I even discovered that I loved cooking. I cooked and cleaned and pored over recipes in the book and online. Then I became obsessed with ketones. I bought some ketone sticks and checked my levels every time I went to the bathroom. I would panic if it wasn't dark enough. And because all the meat and fat kept me from being hungry it was easy to slip into not eating any veggies or fruit. In fact, after the first two weeks I didn't even like the taste of fruit. After six weeks I was down to nearly zero carbs, but I was giddy because those ketone sticks were burgundy, baby! Whoo!

Unfortunately, there were two problems with this. Despite the fact that I felt amazingly “clean” on the inside, my ass was d-r-a-g-g-i-n-g. I attributed this to not getting enough carbs. The other problem was – I wasn't sleeping. I have suffered from OCD as long as I can remember, but most of the time it's manageable. The compulsions are always there, but it's goofy things like having to have my eggs evenly distributed in the carton in a symmetrical pattern. The obsessions come and go. I get fixated on something, but after a while it just goes away. I tend to enjoy my obsessions because I get this energy burst where I'm all wired and frenzied and it's fun to be able to dedicate myself to something so completely. But when it gets out of hand I stop sleeping. I'll go for days and not sleep. And this happened right about this time. It got to the point it was affecting work and my ability to care for myself and my kids. It hadn't been this bad in ten years. So I made yet another mistake and went to the doctor.

You guessed it. He whipped out the prescription pad and wrote one out for Zoloft. Yet another monumental mistake. The progression was slow at first so I didn't really notice it but I started eating things I hadn't eaten in six weeks. And I couldn't stop eating them. On top of that I was feeling agitated. I had started grinding my teeth constantly and I was getting a very short fuse. After two weeks I couldn't take it any more. I called my doctor and told him that I didn't think I could take the Zoloft anymore and told him why. He said, "Double the dose." My reply was, "Oh my god! You're going to make me homicidal!" He laughed and said that my body was "fighting" the medicine and we needed to up the dose so it wouldn't be able to. Umm...ok. He's my doctor though. He knows what he's talking about, right? So I doubled the dose. Within a couple of weeks you could now hear my teeth grinding, I was yelling at perfect strangers on the street, I was hostile and belligerent, and I was sucking down food like I was a vacuum cleaner.

I started feeling really bad one Saturday. I was eating Lucky Charms (the frosted oat cereal with marshmallow surprises!) bowl after bowl after bowl. I began feeling very bloated and heavy. It was like my food wouldn't go anywhere. And I just kept thinking, "If I eat another bowl it will "push" it down." Before it was over with I had eaten the entire box. And it wasn't a little box. It was the mega-jumbo-feed-a-family-of-eight-for-a-week box. And I'd polished it off in one sitting. I was bigger than I'd ever been in my life.

Then a couple of weeks before Christmas I was at work. I travel for work so I was going from one location to another and decided to stop for lunch. I stopped at Bo-jangles and had a Buffalo Bites combo. I ate it in the parking lot then drove the 20 minutes to my next location. I was sick before I got there. It felt like there was a boulder in my stomach and my head was starting to hurt. I texted my boss and told her I was going home for the day. My head was pounding before I got home. I took some Advil and went to bed. The headache was still there when I got up. I took something else and eventually it went away.

Over the next couple of weeks this would play out over and over again always with that "rock" feeling in my gut followed swiftly by a headache. These were sometimes so stubborn they would last for days.

On Christmas Eve night 2009 I was up all night wrapping presents and getting everything together to take to my mom's Christmas morning. At some point I noticed that I was having a hard time walking. I looked down and my calves, ankles, and feet were so swollen that my toes had almost been engulfed by the swollen flesh. That heavy "stone" feeling in my gut was now so much a part of every day life that I didn't notice it but I did notice the headache coming on. By Christmas morning I was feeling nauseated from the pain of the headache. But it was Christmas. I had to push through. My two little girls were counting on me. I took four Advil and went to mom's. I

suffered through the gift-giving and Christmas lunch (of which I ate comparatively little) taking a total of eight more Advil during this time. I told mom that my headache still hadn't gone away and that I felt like I needed to go home and rest. I didn't tell her how bad it was. I remember thinking that animals often crawl off to die alone.

By the time I arrived home the pain was so intense that all I could do was cry. I took another handful of Advil and went to bed hoping that when I woke up it would be gone. It wasn't. I woke up an hour later gasping for breath and the pain was so excruciating that I considered calling someone to take me to the hospital. But it was Christmas. Who wants to be in the hospital on Christmas? So I took another handful of Advil, wondered momentarily how many Advil it took to kill you, and cried myself to sleep. An hour later I experienced an identical repeat except instead of wondering how many Advil you could take before it would kill you I thought, "I don't care if they kill me", took another handful, and cried myself back to sleep yet again. After the third time of waking up feeling like I was suffocating and like my brain was trying to squeeze out of my ears I understood why people with terminal illnesses want to die. I had only been suffering for a few hours and I already didn't want to live. With my next handful of Advil I actually had the thought, "You're probably not going to wake up" and then my mental reply: "I hope not."

You can see why Death might have it in for me. He hates it when he doesn't collect, especially after he's been summoned.

I began blaming everything on the Zoloft. The problems began when I started taking the meds and I thought that they would go away if I quit taking it. I didn't consult my doctor. I just stopped taking it. I knew that you were supposed to wean yourself off of it, but I was so sure that it was the cause that I couldn't bear the thought of taking it one more day. I figured any withdrawal couldn't be as bad as what it was doing to me. Within the week the teeth-grinding had stopped, I was not as irritable, and I could slowly feel "me" coming back. But I was still sick. The swelling in my legs, ankles, and feet went down some, but it would always come back. The suffocating feeling I had experienced waking up on Christmas day was now happening multiple times every night and even when I was just sitting around I would suddenly feel like I couldn't breathe. The "rock" in my stomach became visible – a large football-shaped bulge appeared between my rib cage and under my breasts. I felt like I was swollen all over.

January came and I was still convinced that everything was because of the Zoloft. I felt damaged. I was positive that it had messed up my brain chemistry and screwed up my whole body. I just didn't know what to do about it and things weren't getting any better.

Eventually I ended up at the hospital. But the problem with going to the emergency room is that they want to fixate on one thing. I was mostly concerned with the swelling in my feet and I knew

that whatever was causing it was what was causing me to have trouble breathing. But you go into the emergency room and tell them that you're having trouble breathing and all they want to do is check your heart and lungs. When I pushed them about the swelling they decided to check for blood clots. Blood work was requisite, of course, but not telling. In the end they sent me home with a prescription for TWO anti-inflammatory pills which they told me to cut in half. If that didn't help I needed to see my regular doctor. Yeah. A lotta help they were.

My regular doctor wasn't much more help. He did have the presence of mind to ask about my bowel movements. I'd been so sick I didn't even realize I wasn't having any. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd had one. He gave me a list of things to take to 'clean me out', did a bunch of blood work (of course) and referred me to a GI Specialist. I chose the one my mother goes to and went to see him in early February. Of all the doctors I saw my GI Specialist was the most help. That's not saying a lot, but he was at least able to pinpoint a few things that helped ME figure out what the problem was.

My mother suffers from auto-immune hepatitis and non-alcoholic cirrhosis. I briefly wondered if I was in the process of suffering the same fate. Some of my symptoms were similar, but I didn't have any of the itching that she had when she first got sick so I discarded that thought quickly. Besides, it was the Zolof, right?! The testing process to figure out what actually was wrong with me was long and drawn out, but as long as they were testing I felt like I could stand it because at least I was \*doing\* something. I couldn't stand just sitting around not making an effort to get better.

I won't go into every test they took, but suffice it to say I have seen every nook and cranny of my insides. During the testing this is what we discovered that was helpful:

1. My stomach was emptying it's contents at half the normal rate.
2. My C-reactive protein level was a 12.04 when tested on Feb. 8.

Other than that I seemed to be in perfect health! Being a layman my thinking at this point was that the Zolof had messed up my body chemistry and set off the inflammation and this in turn had messed with my digestive tract. Nobody believed my Zolof theory. My GI doctor (and every doctor I had seen up to that point) was scratching his head. I made the comment that when we finally figured it out I could be on an episode of Mystery Diagnosis and we laughed. Then he asked me if I knew Dr. House and we laughed again. He said that everything pointed to auto-immune, but he couldn't figure out what auto-immune disease would shut down the gut like that. The only thing he knew to do was to refer me to a rheumatologist based on the CRP numbers. In the meantime I had to take a handful of pills at every meal just to make my digestive tract work

properly. Two of these were prescriptions and one I couldn't even buy in the United States. I had to order it from New Zealand.

My GI doctor called the rheumatologist and made me an appointment. For six weeks later. Six weeks? I couldn't wait that long. I called them to see if I could be put on a cancellation list. Apparently they don't have one. I hung up and screamed, "I COULD BE DEAD IN SIX WEEKS!"

Now, as well as being obsessive-compulsive I am also impossibly stubborn and bull-headed. Who knew those could be positive traits? I decided I was going to figure it out myself.

My GI doctor was positive it was something auto-immune so I made a list of every auto-immune disease I could find online. I pulled each one up individually and compared the symptoms with my own. One after the other I crossed them off the list. Then I got to Celiac Sprue. Eerie. It was like reading a list of everything I was suffering. I called my GI doctor and asked him if he had tested me for celiac. He said, "No, I don't think that's what wrong with you. But we can test you if you want." Umm, yes please! I went in on a Wednesday morning to do the blood work. I decided it might be a good idea to forgo wheat until I got the results back. You know... just to see. Funny thing – I felt a little better. That awful bloating/sick/rock feeling wasn't there after every meal anymore. I was still as blown up as a zeppelin, but I felt like I was onto something. That Friday night, my GI doctor called me back and said the tests were negative for celiac. Hmm. "That's funny," I told him. "Especially considering the fact that I've gone without wheat for three days and I'm feeling better." He seemed surprised at first when I told him this, then decided that perhaps it was a wheat allergy. He recommended staying wheat free for two weeks and then getting the CRP redone.

After being off of the wheat for five days I no longer had to take any meds to assist in digestion. On Feb. 18, ten days after being wheat free, my CRP was down to 8.47! We called it a wheat allergy. I was bummed, of course, (who wants to give up cake?) but I was thankful that I had found the apparent underlying cause of my illness. The GI doc recommended that I stay the wheat-free course and I agreed. Just a month later on Mar. 15 we retested my CRP again and it was down to 6.8.

So it wasn't the Zoloft (damn!) and I apparently had the cause and effect backwards. I now believed that I had developed this bizarre wheat allergy, it had shut down my digestive tract and subsequently caused the systemic inflammation. But not only was it treatable without medication, my condition was obviously reversible based on the falling CRP numbers. Yay!

I spent a few weeks wondering how I could bill all these various doctors since I was the one who figured out what was wrong with me and then one Friday evening a peculiar thing happened – I

got sick. I had eaten rice and got sick. I don't normally eat a lot of rice, but after cutting out all wheat products I found myself looking for other things to fill the void. I thought maybe it was a coincidence. After all, wheat is sneaky. It's in everything. Maybe I had misread a label or something. So I gave it a couple of days and tried rice again. Sick, sick, sick. Very nearly as rock-stomach sick as wheat made me. Since then I've read quite a few things about rice and I've seen so many people – even in the Paleo community – who consider it the least evil of all the grains. Every time I see a comment like that I just want to cringe because what rice did to me is only a few degrees shy of what wheat did. Trust me – it's evil and there's nothing good about it.

Eliminating the wheat and rice stopped the GI issues I was having, but for some reason I still had the ebb and flow of inflammation in my legs. I knew by now that it was directly related to nutrition I just didn't know what was causing it so I began my own food elimination test trials. I went without sugar for a month and it seemed to help some, but not enough. I knew I had to continue to test and eliminate, but it seemed so futile considering how long you had to wait to see the effects.

Then near the end of my sugar-free month in late June of this year I was up late packing for a trip to the beach the following morning. I started getting that familiar heavy feeling in my legs and sure enough – they were swollen nearly as bad as at Christmas. I was angry, frustrated, exhausted, and at my wits end. I couldn't do anything the week I was at the beach except lay on the couch looking out at the ocean. My stubborn streak set in again and I opened up the laptop and did a search for “inflammation and nutrition”. And what should pop up but The Zone. DAMN!!! But at this point I was willing to do anything. When I had failed with The Zone before, it was because I was hungry. Since then, I had begrudgingly read “42 Ways to Skin The Zone” after Coach Andy Hendel at CrossFit Charlotte suggested it. I was still annoyed with that Robb Wolf. After all, if you change the amounts of the blocks then it isn't The Zone anymore, is it? It just didn't make sense. But as I said – I was desperate. This time I figured I'd try going the recipe route. We were still at the beach and I had someone drive me to Books-A-Million. I bought The Zone and The Zone Cookbook and read them while I was laid up on the couch. When I got back from the beach I started immediately.

I managed to stay on The Zone for a whole month this time. And I felt better. Sort of. I wasn't hungry like I had been before and the swelling went down a lot. The problem was it never went away completely and sometimes it would come back out of nowhere. I also had some other problems with The Zone. I DESPISED weighing and measuring. I would rather slit my wrists than have to weigh and measure my food. The LAST thing Fat Girl needs is to obsess over food. Another issue I had was the fact that every freaking day I had a dishwasher full of dirty dishes. I felt like I was working in Hell's kitchen. And lastly – and this was my biggest beef with the diet – I was sick at my stomach half the time. And this was while I was taking Prilosec. I finally figured it wasn't worth it. It obviously wasn't controlling the inflammation like it claimed.

Then one day in late summer I was messing around on Facebook and noticed that a Crossfitting friend of mine had “friended” Robb Wolf. “Mm,” I grunted, “THAT guy.” Then I shrugged and thought, “What the hell” and sent a friend request. After nearly two years of mistakes compounded by mistakes I had finally made a good decision. I saw that Robb had a book coming out. It seemed he was going to make Paleo accessible to the masses. And despite the fact that I “hated” that guy I was actually looking forward to reading it. Desperate times and all.

When Robb’s book finally came out I did read it. Cover to cover. I looked at my finances and took into consideration the incredible expense of all those doctor bills, hospital bills, lab bills, and radiology bills, and figured that paying for good food was actually a better deal. I decided to make some cuts. I eliminated several monthly charges that were frivolous and decided that I would do whatever it took to make Paleo work for me. That included getting the kids on board. I have two daughters, the oldest is 14 and the youngest 11. I made them understand how important it was that they support me and that they understand the necessity of what I was attempting. They were completely supportive and seemed happy that mom was finally doing something to get better. That is until I cleaned out the pantry. There was most certainly a melt down for a couple of days and a hunger strike by the youngest. I know I was being tested. I don’t know who they thought they were dealing with though. They’ve known their entire lives that their mother is an immovable object when she sets her mind to something. Needless to say it didn’t take long before they were eating what I was cooking.

I began my 30-day Paleo test on September 27, 2010. That morning I had my blood work done as recommended. Within two weeks I started feeling like a human being again. When I got my pre-paleo test results back I got a big shock – my CRP was down to 0.9! This was before Paleo and after ONLY eliminating wheat and rice. Even on The Zone I had other grains, dairy, and legumes so I knew that the drastic change in my CRP numbers had nothing to do with that. Seven months wheat free and five months rice free and all of the indicators of systemic inflammation were GONE.

I realize now that what I was experiencing was full-blown metabolic derangement. (Being deranged was familiar enough, but the metabolic part was new.) I have no doubt that had I not worked so hard as my own health care advocate that I would have developed, or been diagnosed with, an auto-immune disease. I got lucky. I dodged a bullet. And that’s how I think of refined carbs now – it’s a game of Russian Roulette with a machine gun. The more you eat the more ammunition you’re putting in the gun and eventually the odds are stacked against you. The thing is you never know which bullet is going to get you or when.

During my 30 days on Paleo a lot of things changed. The swelling in my legs, ankles, and feet

is gone. My skin has cleared up. I started sleeping like the dead because the sharp pain in my right hip joint (which I've had for a year) is now gone. The swollen bulge in my abdomen disappeared. I feel better every single day. By the end of my third week I stopped taking Singulair for allergies and Prilosec for acid reflux. Two days later I was sorry I had stopped taking the Prilosec. Apparently you can't fix that much damage in three weeks, but I felt so much better it was hard not to be optimistic! On the 27th day I had to buy clothes a size smaller. My wrist is so much smaller that I have to push my watch farther back on my arm or it becomes a bracelet. At the end of the 30 days I had lost 12 lbs and had a waistline again. As for the blood work numbers I have that too:

Total cholesterol – Before: 229, After: 208

HDL – Before: 44, After: 29 (I know – big concern. With the inflammation in my legs now gone I feel like I can get back to Crossfitting. That should fix it.)

LDL – Before: 175, After: n/a (The nurse said, “Apparently it was so good that it didn't register because it came back n/a.”) Crazy!

Triglycerides – Before: 51, After 45

Glucose – Before: 112, After: 100

LDL Particle Size: Before: Type A (because it was already type A before we didn't have this re-tested.)

A1C: Before: 5.5, After: 5.3 (They consider this normal? They didn't even want to re-test.)

CRP in March was 12.04. In September 0.9.

The biggest change, however, has been in my attitude. There is a stigma attached to being obese. You are viewed as undeserving. You are ridiculed and snubbed. People find you disgusting. And worst of all – you think these same things, and worse, about yourself. What I hated the most was that I was obviously weak. I have never felt like a weak person. I am forceful, opinionated, intelligent, confident, and optimistic. I'm a Leo for god's sake! We RULE! How could I be so weak when it came to food? I found countless things over the years to blame it on, but in the end I would hate myself even more knowing that I was an adult and had the power to let that stuff go. I've always despised individuals with a victim mentality and I hated it even more in myself. But then I read Robb's book. I no longer look at myself and see someone weak and repugnant. I see a girl who has been fed a steady diet of nutritional misinformation, confusion, contradiction, and outright big fat lies. We don't look at diseased people and find them repulsive and yet that's how the obese are seen. But in fact, obesity is just a huge red flag that a very ugly disease is looming. After reading Robb's book I no longer believe that I'm weak or that I have a problem with will-power. When I look in the mirror now what I see is a very sick girl who is finally getting the help that she so desperately needs.

I've had many teachers, coaches, and directors over the years who I've detested. They pushed

me and harassed me and I hated being singled out. It wasn't until I was an adult that I realized why they pushed me. The teachers I despised the most were the ones who saw my potential. They knew what I could accomplish when I didn't. At some point during my 30 days I realized that this was why I hated Robb Wolf. He isn't one of those guys who wants to be your pal and pat you on the back and say, "Sure, it's ok to have a Twinkie as long as you watch the portion size." Robb is the guy who sees your potential. He knows what you're capable of and he's not going to lie to you. Trust me, the last thing that Robb will ever do is "sugar coat" ANYTHING. He's going to smack that Olive Garden bread stick out of your hand and say, "Don't eat that! It'll kill you!" Ok, maybe he won't do that. At least to a total stranger. But he is going to ask you to do things that you don't want to do. He's going to ask you to give up things that you don't want to give up. You're going to hate him. And that's ok. Because in the end you're going to be very grateful. Just like me.

