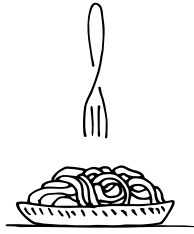


INSPIRE

TANYA UNKOVICH

F^{the} FOOD

*When the title "F*ck the Food" came to me, it felt perfect, mainly because it was my truth. Those were the exact words I said one day, which was a major turning point in my own struggle with food, body-image and yo-yo dieting.*

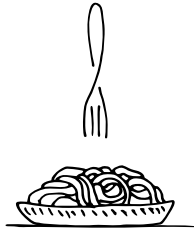


I had been playing around with some key words as my title for a number of days and nothing felt right. They felt unnatural and inauthentic. Then, out of nowhere, those three words came to me. No other title could have described one of the magic pivotal moments in my own food freedom journey, as did those three words. Upon searching, surprisingly the exact same domain name was still available.

I felt the need to share the title and domain name with my girlfriend, as the voice in my head told me those words might not seem appropriate and what would everyone think of me with a title like this. Knowing who I was writing this book for, and that this was my exact journey, she loved it.

I was now over-the-top excited and on an adrenaline high, so I needed to burn some of this energy off. Off I went on a brisk walk, as this is where I do my best thinking and feeling. By the time I had returned, without a doubt, this was the title of my next book.

Never before did I have so much clarity on not only the title of a book, but who it was to be written for, and the content I was about to share.



This book is about how my long journey to FREEDOM began

One Saturday afternoon, in my late twenties, something inside me changed. I literally said, "Oh f*ck the food. I can't do this anymore. I can't stand this madness. I give up. I am going to let go of this craziness and see what happens when I relax more around food."

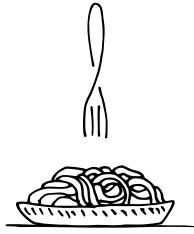
My food story began as a 14-year-old. Thankfully, my healing journey began only four years later, at 18. An extrovert, at five feet eleven inches tall, no one would have known of my inner turmoil. I knew it was more than just being about my size or the

just being about my size or the food. Yet here I was years later, back in the same self-destructive cycle of highs and lows, which, over time, slowly eroded my self-worth.

On this magical Saturday, I said, "No more." I'd had enough. No more starting a new diet on a Monday; no more magical quick-fix schemes; and no more gagging on bland foods that I couldn't stand. I would no longer deny myself the pleasure and taste of food, nor would I deny myself the pleasure of life itself.



”
NO MORE



This was the first of many moments of letting go, no longer trying to control this part of my life, and everything else to do with food, my weight and dieting. I was going to let go, and just see what happened. Then, each decade, I continued to let go more, and more, until one day I realised this problem no longer controlled my life.

I considered myself intelligent, resourceful, even successful, with my whole life ahead of me. Yet here I was, at times feeling I had absolutely no control over how much food I put in my mouth.

This embarrassed me.

In fact, I carried quite a lot of shame around this issue, especially around my other successful, professional peers. Whilst I could share it with a few people, I still kept so much of this part of my life a secret. And it was taking its toll.

This decision to just give up, and every other time I did it after that, always came from a place of total frustration with myself. I had such a deep desire to live my best life possible and considered myself to be a personal development junkie, investing so much time and money on my education, seminars and mentors.