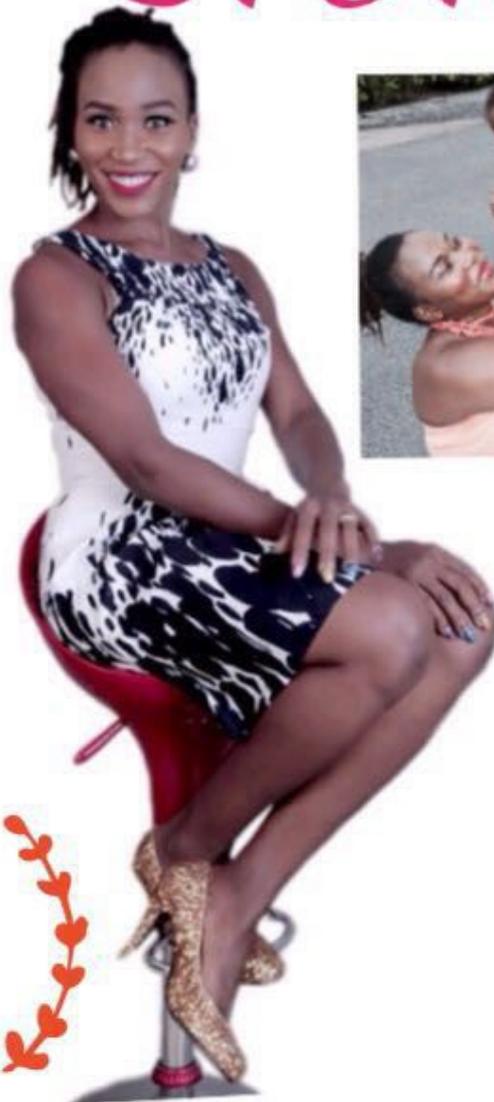


# MY FAB TRANSFORMATION STORY



'I CELEBRATE  
THE DISCIPLINE  
THAT LED TO THIS  
TRANSFORMATION' - REV  
ALBERT ODUWOLE

# My FAB TRANSFORMATION Story



2015 /2016

**Eziaha Bolaji-Olojo**

This Book is not intended as a substitute for medical advice from your Doctor. You should consult a Professional in all matters relating to your Health, especially in cases where symptoms require a medical diagnosis.

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Thank you.

First Edition: September 2016

Published in Lagos, Nigeria, for a worldwide audience.

## DEDICATION

To my *Purr-Fect* Slice of Heaven, BOLAJI OLOJO, who never body-shamed me, even when I was almost double his weight.

He would also go further to encourage me all through my transformation journey.

Thank you, *Aku'm*. I love you.

## Appreciation

My deepest gratitude goes to Chisom Chris-Nwoji and Titi Oliyide, for being my biggest cheerleaders, especially on those early days when I wasn't even sure of what I was doing. Thank you for always telling me how great I was doing, and then finding positive results to magnify, even where there was very little.

A special 'Thank you' goes to Vivian Ayibufo-Uwandi, for giving of your time and resources generously, at the start of my journey.

And finally, a big shout out goes to Yomi Awe, Jane Inyang Boms, and Bennie Adenikinju, for the perfect gifts of Dumb bells and Yoga mats, to encourage me at the start of my journey.

You ladies are AWESOME!!! God bless yawl...

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## Introduction

*(Eziaha), I have prayed for you in particular, that you do not give in or give out. And when you have come through the time of testing, turn to your Sisters and give them a fresh start (encourage them)...* *Luke 22: 32 MSG*

Nearly every woman today is on some kind of weight-related journey; a relative minority trying to gain a few pounds, and a larger majority trying to lose unwanted pounds and inches.

Weight loss can be a tough call, and at 30kg down, I should know.

I still marvel at how all of these panned out for me, but what is even more surprising is how many ladies have been inspired just by watching me lose the weight, and stay committed to keeping it off.

I wrote this Book to inspire even more people, not just to lose the excess weight, but to believe that with God's help, you can set your mind to do anything, and get it done like the Boss-Chick that you are. Then you can go ahead and inspire more of His Children from your success story, just as I am doing.

I have intentionally called this a 'TRANSFORMATION' story as opposed to a 'Weight loss' story because, even though my weight dropped significantly, I

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experienced a total transformation in every area of my life in a way that still surprises me.

I share my story in detail, and as openly as I possibly can, fully aware that some parts of it might come off as intimidating, but I want you to take all that negative emotional energy, and convert it to inspiration fuel instead.

That is really my heart in writing this.

I don't want you to copy everything I did, but instead, I want you to pick what you can, especially the principles within, and then apply it to your own life in a unique way, so as to get the inevitable - RESULTS!!!

This is MY story; I want you to CREATE YOURS!!! And then go ahead and make me one happy Saved, Fit and FAB Chick, by inspiring one more woman out there. I cannot wait to have you dive in, apply and then share all your amazing success stories with me.

Strap yourself in. this promises to be quite the ride.

With Love,



July 2016

**Eziaha Bolaji-Olojo**

## CHAPTER 1

### My Reality Check!!!

*When He finally came to his senses, He said to himself... Luke 15:17 NLT*

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I still recall how this journey began for me.

Quite vividly too.

In August of 2015, my dresses, including my undies, had started to tell me I had literally exploded in size, but I would somehow delude myself into thinking the dresses were shrinking as a result of washing.

*Damn you H2O!!!*

My husband had taken these pictures of me in Church one Sunday, and when I saw them, I somehow deluded myself *again* into believing that ALL the angles he took them from were wrong. Of course, I was not that fat *jor*.

*Damn you Camera lenses!!!*

Later that month, I did a photo shoot to mark my son's 6<sup>th</sup> month on earth and the end of exclusive breastfeeding (we made it, yay!!!). I had this beautiful concept of a trendy African mama, tying a wrapper and 'backing' her baby, which I had seen in a Magazine. Only, when I got my pictures, my arms and face didn't quite reflect the 'trendy mama' image I had in my head.



I wanted to blame the Photographer but I didn't have the time to. I just conveniently shared the pictures that I thought did me some kind of justice [on my blog](#), and hid the rest far away from the world.

Somewhere in my mind though, I was beginning to get worried.

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*Wasn't this getting out of control, Eziaha?*

This fateful day however, I was returning to Lagos, having been away for 3months, and I had to weigh myself before boarding this small private flight.

I heard the attending lady say 'Wow 106kg', and then she gave me a sweet 'hey ya' look. Frankly, it didn't quite sink in until I landed in Lagos, went into the Ladies' at the Airport, and mistakenly caught a glimpse of my image in the mirror.

The image that looked back at me was HORRIFYING!!!

Right in that bathroom, I started crying.

I rang up a friend and she said;

*'Oh you are probably not that fat, you are just self-conscious because you are back in Lagos. You know how Lagos is na...'*

I kind of believed my sweet friend, and half hoped she was right, until I got home and met my big Sister. Her reaction was very dramatic, for someone who is usually very conservative. She said she had NEVER seen me so fat in my entire life, not even when I had hit the 42-week mark in my pregnancy.

And now that I think of it, let's do some simple Math.

Simple, I promise.

I weighed a whooping 111kg at my 42<sup>nd</sup> week of pregnancy. I popped out a 4.4kg baby, and all the other 'stuff' that leave your body when you birth a baby; Think Amniotic fluid, also known as 'water', a few pounds of blood, the placenta, a shrinking uterus, and hey, goodbye to the 'crazy hormone' Progesterone, and all its manifestations within the body.

All these meant I had gone down to a double figure by 3months post-partum, just before I travelled.

So, if I weighed 106kg at that time, and I was not pregnant, my sister was spot-on right!!!

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This was the **FATTEST** I had ever been, and **FAT** is a term I was not ashamed to describe my state then, as it was my honest truth.

I saw all my hopes of being a **YUMMY MUMMY** evaporating fast.

Having stopped Work a couple of months earlier, I now fit into the perfect Nollywood stereotype of *'jobless, fat housewife who spends all her time in front of a TV and is constantly eating her husband's money'*.

Now, I am not endorsing stereotypes, or body shaming of any sort, not only because they are wrong, but also because they are incomplete (*Thank you Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie*). One never fully knows the challenges people are dealing with in life that may be affecting their weight, but appropriating Shakespeare's *'...To thine own self be true'*, that stereotype was not far from my own current reality.

**S A D L Y.**

Someone else would also try to make me feel better by saying that Prolactin levels, which increase in the body to aid breast milk production, contribute significantly to weight gain in those early breastfeeding months, especially as I was exclusively breastfeeding.

Sorry mama, but that is a huge breastfeeding lie/myth, and I feel the moral justification to stand up for the helpless hormone, Prolactin.

While it is not debatable that the increasing prolactin levels in breastfeeding mamas stimulates hunger, I didn't have to indulge that legitimate hunger need with all kinds of foods, in the wrong quantities, and at the wrong times too.

Oh, I did almost everything wrong.

My daily meal plan went something like this daily:

Breakfast:           9 or 12 slices of toast bread and 3 eggs.

Lunch:                Fried Yam or Potatoes and oil-laden sauce.

Dinner:               Noodles or Spaghetti plus fried eggs.

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I would drink *pap* (a local Nigerian meal made of fermented maize) intermittently, and beverages too. I also snacked on 'empty calories', especially those over processed and fried ones.

I also constantly committed one of the biggest eating errors ever - Eating mindlessly in front of the TV, and so I was hardly ever in control of my portions till the entire pack, plate or pot was empty, depending on what I was eating from.

This was in direct contrast to my disciplined Husband, who always ate a portion, and saved the rest.

Truth be told, my eating wasn't only a disaster, but also a disgrace.

I ate it all under the excuse that I was a breastfeeding mama who needed to stimulate constant milk let-down.

I dedicate an entire Chapter in this Book to pregnancy, breastfeeding, and how I intend to manage it with my next pregnancy. I pray that every pregnant and breastfeeding mama gets some applicable wisdom out of it.

Ok back to my story.

Initially, I did hold on to the 'Prolactin lie' as a defence for my 106kg self until my cousin walked in, saw my frame and exclaimed!!!

Let's leave out what she shouted but it was neither cool, nor in the Bible.

Of course I proceeded to tell her that it was as a result of my high prolactin levels, and *bla bla bla*,

What I conveniently forgot was that I was talking to a Doctor!!!

**BIG MISTAKE!!!**

Oh, she burst into laughter, and laughed and *laughed* and *laughed* at me. When she stopped laughing enough to speak, she said...

*'Prolactin gini? Biko hapu okwu prolactin Eziaha, this is FOOD!!! Prolactin ko, Prolactin ni...'*

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(Prolactin what? Please leave off Prolactin Eziaha, this is FOOD. Prolactin indeed...)

I still recall that laughter. It hurt to my bone marrow. But guess what? It also made me introspect, and tell myself some hard, but honest truths.

**THIS WAS NO LONGER PREGNANCY FAT!!!**

**THIS WAS NO LONGER BREASTFEEDING, PROLACTIN OR  
PROGESTERONE FAT!!!**

**THIS FAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MY BABY BOY, KINGDAVEED!!!**

**THIS WAS FOOD AND INDISCIPLINE FAT!!!**

I had zero food discipline, and as a result, I had let myself, and all my yummy mummy dreams, fly out the window. If I wanted to get it all together again, I had to be brave enough to admit the problem FIRST, and stop blaming poor and helpless hormones.

Just in case you missed it, I would highlight the lesson here.

At some point in our lives, we need to ask ourselves WHY we are facing any challenge, and have the balls to receive the honest answer.

That is the first step to TRANSFORMATION!!!

Having admitted I was my own problem, I decided I was going to give all it takes to get my body back. And I use the term '*...get my body back*', because I knew I had let my body go.

I have always admired moms (and aspired to be one) who didn't let themselves go after having their kids, especially those who had to be disciplined enough to do that, not just those to whom Mother Nature had been relatively kinder.

I must admit, at first, I wanted to get back at everyone who had laughed at me, and told me it was impossible.

Those who had told me that the way the bones expand in pregnancy, makes it impossible to revert to the initial shape and size.

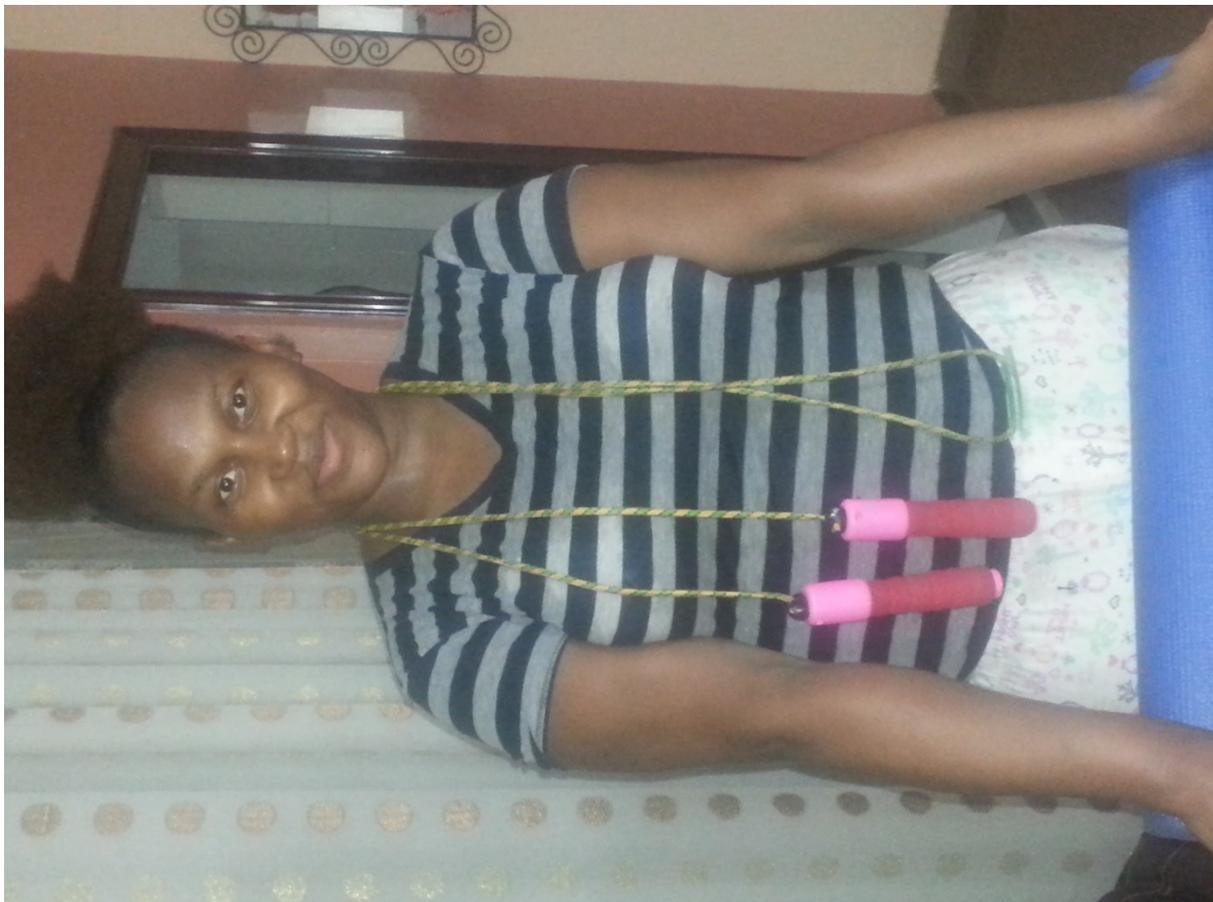
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I truly and really wanted them to eat their words.

I wanted to '*show them*'.

It was my earlier motivation and frankly, it did see me through to some extent, but I would later change my motivation to something even higher, and better, which I would share subsequently.

And on Thursday, September 03, 2015, my FAB transformation journey began.



September 2015

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