

Day 1: Welcome to the team!

Hi {name}

Thanks for signing up!

I wanna thank you, personally, for joining team fit.

This may seem like small but right now I want you to know that you'll look back on this day and thank yourself for taking this small step.

The 16 killer recipes book I promised is over here. Feast on the meals I planned out in here so that you can indulge once in a while without feeling like a guilty slob.

Tomorrow, I'm going to send tell you EXACTLY what made me start my journey to being a weightloss expert, but for now I want you to do something for me.

Well, two things.

First, take a picture of yourself right now and print it out. Write the date on the picture. This is important, you'll look back to this picture one day and remember why you're fighting.

Second, reply to this email and tell me that you took the picture and how you feel right now.

If that's too personal, then a simple "hi" will do.

Tomorrow ;)

Oh, and one more time...welcome to team fit.

Laura "Queen fit" Hudgeons.

PS, don't forget to get your recipe book over here.

PPS, tomorrow's email will have the subject line " The day reality gave me a bitch slap ".

PPPS, still reading? Well, here's the picture I took when I started. It's not the "before" picture on my blog. This one was taken waaay before that.

Day 2: The day reality gave me a bitch slap

Hi {name}.

Hope you did as I asked and actually took a picture of yourself.

Today, I want you to take a 10 minute walk. Don't try weaseling out of it. There's a reason why I asked for just ten minutes.

Anyways.

As I promised yesterday, today I'm going to tell you the depressing story of how I became a weight loss expert.

It was a rainy sunday. And he was running late.

My friends from work set me up on a blind date with a stud I knew from another department of the office. He only saw the pictures I sent him.

All headshots, nothing below the shoulders(like duh).

I didn't want him to see the "extra meat" I had on my then 28 year old bones.

As the time passed I kept getting more and more nervous. I glanced at my phone, hoping to see a text from him...

But I didn't get one.

After waiting five hours for him I then left the restraurant, embarassed. Went home and spent the whole night crying into a pillow.

Imagine how it felt being peskered at work about "how the date went"...eish

Couldn't they give me a break? I made up a fake story of how romantic it was then my cousin, who I worked with pulled me aside and told me the REAL reason why my date was a no show (they where good buds, so they talked about everything)

He may have whispered it into my ear, but the reason left me sobbing in the toilets for a good 3 hours, till HR asked me to go home.

Want to know what he told me?

Look out for tommorow's email, where I share the juicy details of why my date was a no show.

From your friend:

Laura "She who did the impossible" Hudgeons.

PS, just to make sure you got the recipe book, you can get it over here.

Watch out for tommorow's email, the subject header is " He did WHAT?"

Day 3: "He did what?"

Hi there {name}

Remember when I told you to take a walk yesterday?

Well, I want you to do it again today. In fact, take a ten minute walk everyday from now on.

Sounds crazy?

Well think again. What I'm trying to do here is to teach you a simple healthy habit. When you've gotten used to walking everyday then ANY fitness regime will be easy to squeeze in.

Besides, I'm pretty sure you noticed that your walk yesterday was over before you realised it.

So, continuing with my story.

My cousin told me that the stud was actually telling his version of the date to everyone in his department.

Turns out he really did show up, but when he saw me he just turned around and left.

Without even saying hello.

He told his friends about how "lied to" he felt and "how he should have seen this coming"

And to top it off, he described me as a "beached whale"...you can guess what that did to my already non-existent self esteem. I had to call sick at work for a week to recover for the ordeal.

It was during this time that I had a "breakthrough of sorts". I always read all these fashion magazines and envied the slim models inside them, but one issue had an ad that really caught my eye.

This ad would mark the start of my journey.

Wanna know what i saw? I'll send what I saw in tommorow's email.

Look out for it, eh ;)

From your friend:

Laura "former landwhale" Hudgeons.

Day 4: "A new hope I was ignoring the whole time."

Hey there, {name}.

Hopefully you're now getting used to taking a walk everyday. Don't worry if you're still utterly exhausted at the end, it takes some getting used to.

And it'll be harder to stop once you start, trust me ;)

So, getting back to that ad I saw in the paper, which opened my eyes to what I could achieve...

I'd asked for a week off at work, to recover after what happened.

My days were spent watching reruns of Lost and reading fashion magazines, in between bouts of crying into my pillow, of course. One day though, I came across an ad for a super weightloss programme made specifically for women.

Yes, I know.

It seems too good to be true. But curiosity got the best of me and I ordered it, including the box of weight loss "pills" they included (like, c'mon, you know how enticing those "before" "after" pics are).

I gave the programme a go but turned out that I just couldn't keep up with it. It demanded more than 2 hours of my day doing exercises I never knew existed. And each time I did it I ended pulling muscles I never even knew I had!

I gave up after a couple of weeks. This so called "magic pill programme" just wasn't for me. I decided to give up on ever becoming slim and fit, and just accept what I was.

Then I made an even more shocking discovery in my bathroom, the next day.

Wanna know what it was?

I'll send the juicy details tomorrow ;)

Look out for it.

From your friend:

Laura "beyond the impossible" Hudgeons.

P.S you absolutely can't afford to miss tomorrow's email. It has the breakthrough that later became the foundation for my programme.

And if you are dying to actually see my programme, check it out here ;)