

IF YOU'RE DEPRESSED & OBESE, WORKING A DESK JOB, HEAR MY STORY

HOOK:

It's 2022. I'm dragging myself to my cubicle, the bright lights somehow making everything look even grayer than I feel. The same chair. The same fluorescent-lit prison. The same miserable version of me slumped at my desk.

Then—my boss calls me into his office.

Not an email. Not a passive-aggressive Slack message. This was different. His voice was sharp. Urgent.

I walk in, my obese ass squeezing through the door, and for the first time ever, I see it—rage in his eyes.

“Take a look,” he says, shoving his laptop toward me.

My gut twists. My hands shake. I don't want to look. I *know* it's bad.

But I do.

And in that instant, my stomach drops. My chest tightens. My face burns with panic.

Because what I see?

It's my absolute downfall.

Before I can even stammer out a word, he slams the laptop shut and explodes—

“GET OUT!”

THE WEIGHT OF THE PAST

I stood there, frozen. My boss's voice was still ringing in my ears, but my mind? It wasn't in that office anymore. It was somewhere else—years back, buried deep in the past.

Why did this hit so hard? Why did I feel like a failure? It wasn't just about today. It was about everything that led up to it.

When I was a kid, my dad left us. Just gone—like a ghost in the night. No explanations. No closure. Just silence. When you're a kid, you don't understand abandonment. You just *feel* it. A hollow, aching feeling that never really goes away.

My mom, bless her, did the best she could. She loved me the only way she knew how: through food. When I was sad? Food. When I was bored? Food. When I needed comfort? Another plate, another snack, another reason to sit down and eat. She wasn't trying to hurt me. In her mind, food was *love*. It was warmth, safety, something she could control when everything else felt uncertain.

And so, from as early as I can remember, eating became my *coping mechanism*. It's a psychological loop—one backed by science. Studies show that when we eat, our brains release dopamine, the *feel-good* chemical. Over time, if eating is tied to comfort, stress relief, or emotional security, it becomes an *automatic* response. We don't eat because we're hungry. We eat because we've trained ourselves to believe it's the answer to everything.

By the time I was in primary school, I was already the chubby kid—the one whose belly hung over his waistband, the one who needed the "husky" section in stores. The one who *avoided* mirrors.

While the other kids were outside playing football, racing their bikes, or climbing trees, I was inside. Call of Duty became my playground. The screen was my escape, my distraction. Twelve-hour gaming marathons, inhaling Doritos, drowning in fizzy drinks. I never noticed how much time was slipping away because, in that world, I *wasn't* the fat kid. I was just another player, another username. And that was safer than reality.

But my body paid the price. My sleep was trash. I'd stay up all night gaming, fueled by junk food and caffeine, then drag myself through school like a zombie. My metabolism slowed. My energy plummeted. My body wasn't just *gaining weight*—it was *shutting down*.

And then there was my confidence. Nonexistent.

By high school, I was a ghost. Invisible. I never figured out how to talk to people. I had no idea how to navigate social situations, no clue how to connect. I'd walk down the hallway with my eyes glued to the floor, afraid to make eye contact.

My grades? A joke. Nothing made sense. Teachers spoke, but it was like they were talking to someone else, like I wasn't even in the room. Because mentally? I wasn't.

But the worst part? The voice in my head.

That voice was ruthless. Cruel.

"You're fat."

"You're useless."

"No one gives a shit about you."

And I believed it. Every word.

Then, at 16, I found the gym.

At first, I hated it. Every movement felt awkward. My body was slow, weak. The weights were heavy, the treadmill was hell, and I wanted to quit a thousand times.

But then something changed.

One day, I looked in the mirror and saw progress. I wasn't shredded, but I wasn't the same. The weight started coming off. My body moved differently. My energy returned. And for the first time in my life, I felt good at *something*.

That should've been my turning point. That should've been the moment everything changed.

But when high school ended, I panicked.

I loved fitness, but becoming a trainer? That felt like a risky dream. I could already hear my family:

"That's not a real job."

"You need something stable."

"What if it doesn't work out?"

So I took the "safe" route. An office job. A steady paycheck. Stability.

I convinced myself it was the smart choice.

Two years later? I was right back where I started.

Bigger. Slower. Depressed as hell.

And now? Fired!

THE BREAKING POINT

I left the office that day in a haze. My shirt clung to my back, drenched in panic sweat. My hands shook as I gripped the steering wheel, staring blankly ahead. The world outside moved on—cars honking, people walking, life continuing—while I sat there, drowning in the realization that I had lost everything.

I couldn't breathe. My chest felt tight, like something was caving in. My mind spiraled, running through every possible scenario, but they all ended the same way: I was screwed. No job. No backup plan. No purpose.

And the worst part? I had seen this coming.

I had felt it in the way I dragged myself out of bed every morning, already exhausted. In the way my body ached from sitting all day, in the way my reflection looked back at me—bloated, sluggish, lifeless. I had ignored every warning sign, every gut feeling that told me I was spiraling.

And now? Now, I was sitting in my car, staring at nothing, too paralyzed to move.

For the first time in years, I wasn't distracted by food, by video games, by mindless scrolling. There was nothing left to drown it out.

Just me.

And the realization that I had done this to myself.

THE CLIMB BACK

I didn't wake up the next morning with some grand epiphany. There was no Hollywood moment where I stared into the mirror, clenched my fists, and decided to change my life.

No. I woke up the same way I always did—tired, heavy, and drowning in regret. But this time, something was different.

I had nowhere to go. No job to sleepwalk through, no cubicle to hide in, no paycheck to pretend was enough. Just me. And the mess I had made.

I sat on the edge of my bed, staring at the wall. My boss's voice still rang in my ears.

"You're a disgrace."

He was right.

For years, I had been stealing time—hours upon hours wasted in a trance, glued to my phone, lost in an endless scroll of social media while my job sat untouched. Emails ignored. Deadlines missed. Tasks half-done or not done at all. And all the while, I

stuffed my face with junk food, shoveling in empty calories as if they could fill the void inside me.

And then, my boss found out.

Not through office gossip. Not through some subtle performance review. No—he had *proof*. Cold, hard data. A full log of my work activity, exposing every wasted minute, every mindless click, every digital escape I had indulged in while I let my responsibilities rot.

And when he turned that screen toward me, his jaw tight, his eyes burning with disappointment and fury, I knew—I was done.

His voice was sharp, cutting through me like a blade.

Then came the final blow.

“Get. Out.”

No more paycheck. No more “safe” office job. Just me—fat, broke, and unemployed—staring down the wreckage of my own making.

I don’t know what made me do it, but that morning, I put on an old, stretched-out gym shirt and walked out the door.

The gym was the last place I wanted to be. I hadn’t set foot in one in years. But as I stood in the parking lot, staring at the entrance, something inside me whispered: *Just go in*.

So I did.

That first workout? Humiliating.

My lungs burned. My legs shook. I couldn’t even finish a set without feeling like I was going to pass out. And the mirror—the one thing I had avoided for years—didn’t hold back. I looked weak. Bloated. Unrecognizable.

But I stayed.

And the next day? I went again.

At first, it was just blind stubbornness. I had nothing else to do. No job. No obligations. Just time—and a deep, gnawing anger at myself.

But then, something shifted.

One night, I left the gym drenched in sweat, my lungs still heaving—and for the first time in *years*, I felt something other than shame. It wasn't happiness. It wasn't pride. But it was something.

Relief.

A flicker of something I had forgotten existed.

I didn't know it then, but my brain was rewiring itself. The same way I had spent years chasing dopamine hits from my phone, junk food, and mindless entertainment—now, I was earning them. My body was releasing endorphins, dopamine, serotonin—not from distractions, but from effort. From work.

And that feeling? It was addicting.

So, I kept going.

I cleaned up my diet—not with some impossible, miserable crash diet, but with small choices. One meal at a time. One decision at a time.

Weeks passed. Five pounds. Then ten. Then twenty.

The voice in my head? The one that told me I wasn't capable, that I would always be the same? It got quieter.

And one day, months later, I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror—not just my body, but my eyes.

I wasn't the slouched-over, defeated guy who had walked into his boss's office that day.

I stood taller. Shoulders back. Eyes locked forward.

I wasn't just surviving anymore. I was *fighting*.

WHAT YOU NEED TO HEAR

If you're sitting in a cubicle right now, miserable, overweight, scrolling through this on your lunch break, I get it.

I was you.

I know what it's like to feel stuck—trapped in a life you don't even remember choosing, weighed down by regrets, convinced that this is just how things are. But let me tell you something: you don't have to stay here.

No one is coming to save you. No perfect opportunity is waiting around the corner. Life doesn't work like that. If you want change, you have to make it happen yourself.

And I know it's scary. Starting over feels impossible when you've spent years in the same routine. You might be thinking, *I'm too far gone. It's too late for me.* But that's a lie. A comfortable, familiar lie that keeps you exactly where you are.

Here's the truth: one moment can break you, or it can break you open.

It is your call to make!

Eat one healthy meal. Go for one walk. Lift one weight. And then do it again tomorrow.

Because progress isn't about overnight transformations—it's about showing up, even when it sucks, even when it's slow, even when you don't believe in yourself yet.

I won't lie to you. It won't be easy. But comfort is the enemy of growth.

Real rock bottom isn't losing your job, gaining weight, or failing at something. Real rock bottom is staying the same when you know you can be more.

I clawed my way out. You can too.

Now stop waiting.

Go do something about it.