

Me wearing size 28 jeans in 2020



YOUR
real-life
stories

HOT CHIP ADDICT

I halved my weight FOR MY BOY

When the scales reached 165 kilos, Eve knew she had to make serious changes

Eve Fox, 35



too busy worrying about all Corey's medical needs to think about my weight.

Corey never learned to walk, and only managed a few

words. As he grew, I did everything for Corey, from taking him up and down the stairs to bed, bumping his wheelchair in and out of the house, and transferring him into his car seat.

Too busy to cook, we lived on takeaways. Tuesday was two-for-one night at Domino's, so James and I had a pizza each, with garlic bread and wedges, and choc chip cookies for dessert.

I also picked at the kids' food and pumped endless

slices of white bread into the toaster. Cakes and chocolate were a real weakness – I could eat a whole box of Ferrero Rocher in one sitting.

Still addicted to takeaway hot chips, I'd head to the Macca's drive-through several times a week to get my salty snack fix. I could eat two servings of fries at once!

By the time we married in 2018, I was a size 28, and weighed 158 kilos. After struggling to find a wedding dress I liked in my size, I eventually came across a gorgeous white satin gown that I felt beautiful in.

The following year, in early 2019, Corey, then five, was also diagnosed with hereditary spastic paraplegia, which affects the lower limbs. Shocked, we were told it runs in families, so James and I had blood tests, and I was

a carrier – though symptom-free.

At 165 kilos, my weight was affecting my ability to care for Corey as he grew.

His daily physio was the hardest. I'd be down on

the floor with him, leaning over to massage and move his limbs. But being so heavy, I struggled to get up and down.

Many nights I'd wake at 3am, anxious about the future.

Then the first Covid lockdown hit. Initially all the takeaways were shut,

which meant no greasy hot chips or fatty bakery treats. And suddenly everyone was exercising online. I'm a member of a carers' support group and they offered a five-week online exercise program, which I started.

With extra time at home,

I looked at Slimming World online and started copying their recipes, taking notice of protein, fat and portion sizes for the first time.

I tried making healthier hot

chips at home in the air fryer, but didn't like them so ended up going cold turkey instead.

When the carers' workout sessions finished, I found exercise classes on

YouTube and started doing Zumba in the front room.

My weight started to creep down, so as soon as restrictions

lifted I joined a gym. After losing 57 kilos on my own, I found a personal trainer.

Soon I was in the gym most days after dropping the kids at school.

Over three years, I lost half my body weight,

Soon I was in the gym most days

Corey, James, me and Orla



dropping to a size 12 and weighing 82.5 kilos.

There was just one problem – I had so much loose skin flapping around my 165cm frame.

One day, I was working out on the cross trainer in the gym when the battery in my headphones died.

What's that clapping noise? I wondered.

I was mortified when I realised it was my saggy arm skin slapping against the sides of my body.

In May 2024 I underwent lower body lift surgery. They cut away a total of five kilos, and I even lost

an entire butterfly tattoo on my lower back!

But afterwards I felt like I was finally able to see the results of my hard work.

Deciding I wanted to help others in the same way my PT had helped me, in July 2024 I signed up to a five-month course to become a personal trainer.

Now I work as a PT in my local gym, and I'm able to organise my clients around Corey's needs.

When working out and lifting weights, I think of how it's functional training to help me lift Corey, now 11, or his wheelchair.

In losing half my bodyweight, I've gained a whole new career – and am the best mum I can be for Corey and Orla, now 14.

Even though mostly non-verbal, Corey is hilarious and loves to wind up his sister.

Those moments are priceless! ●

As told to Jade Beecroft

Fancy a Big Mac, love?" Dad smiled as I climbed into his car.

Growing up with divorced parents, the first thing my dad did when he collected me for the weekend was treat me to Macca's. I loved a Big Mac with large fries and a Coke, and a vanilla soft serve for dessert.

But when I was six, I decided to be vegetarian.

Takeaways became hot chips or Chinese, as they had more veggie options – and at home I loved to eat cheese and potatoes.

My weight crept up and, as I grew older, I turned to food when sad or stressed.

Aged 22 in January 2013, after chatting on a dating site with James, for a first date he took me for fish and chips – minus the fish for me!

Wearing a size 16-18 and weighing 107 kilos, I'd often felt left out as all my friends had boyfriends. But James made me feel like my curves were sexy.

I already had a baby girl, Orla, from a previous relationship, and James and I had our son, Corey, in 2014. But after his birth, I piled on even more weight.

By six months, Corey was missing his milestones and was diagnosed with global developmental delay.

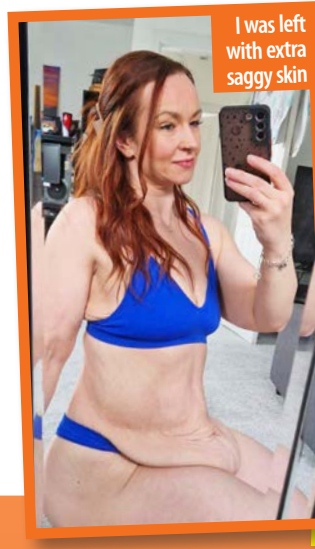
A young mum at home with two kids – one with extra needs – I snacked for stress relief.

Stepping on the scales, the needle juddered up to 139 kilos.

Even though I was then a size 22, I was



Me eating Macca's fries



I was left with extra saggy skin



Me after losing weight



Me carrying Corey