

# 10 Day Master Cleanse Journal

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This journal was not written by Dr. Venus. It is provided to give you a closer look at one person's experiences during the Master Cleanse.

**Time: 10:17pm**

**Day: 01**

**Weight: 161 pounds**

**Mood: I'm in Hell**

**Energy Level: Moderate**

Today is my first day of being on Master Cleanse, and as the time went by and my hunger set in, my dominant thought has so far have been, "What the bleep was I thinking!?"

For the past two days, I was busying trying to psych myself up and in the process of trying to temper my fears, I proceeded to eat everything within reach. I ate like a death row inmate; having some cheese, wine, pizza, Chinese, candy, chips, and an amazing pumpkin custard pie. It was a decadent goodbye and now I'm paying the price.

My stomach is not a happy camper.

I also made the mistake of watching TV commercials. Who knew there were so many commercials for food!? That's all I can think about. I'm obsessed. It's been years since I've been to a McDonald's, but now I'm having very elaborate fantasies, imagining what it would be like to eat one of their new Angus burgers that they been advertising every five minutes.

I'm also having bizarre, random thoughts of all kinds of food. My latest was picturing a stack of buttered pancakes with oodles of Vermont maple syrup dripping off the sides. Yum.

The lemonade-syrup-cayenne pepper concoction isn't bad at all. It's certainly not fulfilling on any culinary level, but I was grateful to realize that the regimen only calls for drinking the equivalent of two 1 liter Fiji water bottles more or less. It's actually been a breeze, so far. I'm sure by Day 3, I'll never want to eat another lemon again.

I read in another person's journal about the sense of smell increasing. Super true. My partner heated up a frozen Boca Lasagna and had a glass of wine. I could smell the wine and the lasagna and I could imagine eating it and the sense of smell was so strong. I really believed I could taste it.

I also have a really bad headache which I was forewarned about. It hasn't gone away, even when I imagine drinking some coffee.

Nonetheless, as much as I want a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup or two or seventeen of them, I keep visualizing what it will be like to expel all of that rancid gunk lodged inside of me. I'm trying to remember that this is a chance to get clean on a whole new level and get even healthier.

This cleanse will break old bad habits and it's the perfect opportunity to incorporate better, healthier habits. I've been transitioning for about two months into becoming a total vegetarian, and I believe that this cleanse will help purge whatever residual desire I have to eat meat.

I feel a lot better writing that; it's helpful to remind myself that this is an act of corrective health. I actually enjoy having the tea in the evening. I'm used to having tea in the evening, so having that little nugget of emotional security is nice. The tea doesn't taste so bad either.

Tomorrow, however, will be my introduction to the saltwater oral enema. Yikes. Super Yikes. Stay tuned.

**Time: 10:22pm**

**Day: 02**

**Weight: 158 pounds**

**Mood: The cooler end of Hell**

**Energy Level: Moderate, climbing**

I was finding every possible excuse in this world to postpone what I regard as torture. Yes, I think I would have preferred the CIA to "water board" me than to be forced to drink 1 qt of salt water.

Nonetheless, at 11:00am I did it. It was yucky.

No, it was beyond yucky, it was truly horrific. I almost vomited at one point, and then my body did something interesting. I have this reflex of shaking my head violently, like I'm nodding in the negative, when I eat something that I just absolutely do not agree with. Eventually, I downed it all and survived to type the tale.

**\*\*WARNING: This journal starts to get a graphic\*\***

The salt water really is a very powerful enema. In a matter of twenty-two minutes, any lingering drunks hanging out in the bar were flushed out-stat; all the cows were hurried out of the barn (Moo-ing loudly). I'm trying really hard not to be too graphic.

I was kind of surprised that my GI tract would have anything, but was I shocked, and the cleanse hasn't even begun to work on the nasty bits yet. From research, that doesn't usually happen until towards Day 4 at the earliest. This was confirmed earlier this evening; nothing came out except a bunch of honey colored mucous. Sorry, but yeah, if you're reading this expect graphic descriptions of my "expulsions."

I actually look forward to lemonade drink, after the salt-water enema it tasted like Gatorade. That, for me, is the easiest part, cayenne pepper and all.

People who have gone through this experience were spot-on by what happens to your smell. I'm beginning to feel a like a blood-hound. It's amazing what happens to one's sense of smell. I was at a drugstore, and I could pick up all these chords and notes off of people.

I smelled the shampoo (berries) off of the woman's hair standing in front of me - I must have been two feet from her. I could smell the mix of musky cologne and sweat wafting off the teenage clerk behind the register. It's everywhere; I'm smelling scents in my flat that I never smelled before.

People smell. They smell pungent, ripe, smoky, some like spoiled fruit, others like booze.

It's amazing how heightened my sense of smell has become. I guess it's my biological response, desperate for food, I'm sure I could root out a half-eaten plum buried under a mountain of dirty diapers. I MISS FOOD.

My food fantasy of the day involved me eating at an all-you-can-eat Chinese food buffet; deep fried chicken in that glowing red sweet and sour sauce. (Happy Chinese New Year, by the way!) I also cannot get Papa John's out of my head. These decadent delusions of sin are supposed to pass, all these wild, random cravings. I really hope they do because it's torture when they pop into my head.

I want to say that I feel sluggish, but it's actually the opposite. Surprisingly, I have a lot pep for someone in a constant state of hunger.

I was watching Oprah today and she had this project organizer on her show who basically educated people on getting rid of clutter in their home. He said that if one gets rid of the clutter, it can revitalize their lives. He had no idea how well I related to that comment.

This cleanse is really hard, but there's one thing I know for sure: I'm glad I'm doing this, and I will use this opportunity to make some major changes in my diet. This really is a fresh new start to make some very positive changes.

Oh, I almost forgot, I lost three pounds. of course, I know much of that's water weight and internal waste but, damn, it feels good to be shedding weight. Nice consolation. Onwards and Upwards!

**Time: 10:05pm**

**Day: 03**

**Weight: 156 pounds**

**Mood: Rough Morning, but Better**

**Energy Level: Moderate, climbing**

Things are definitely changing. This morning was very difficult. I wanted to quit, but I persevered. I definitely kept myself busy avoiding the dreaded salt water flush, until left with no choice but to do it.

This time I held my nose and drank it. It was much easier this go around. I'm actually not so terrified about having to do it tomorrow. What I did find interesting was after doing the salt water flush, and having liquid explosive poops, I was soooo surprised by what came out.

I have not eaten a single morsel of food for almost three days and yet stuff still came out, solid stuff.

I was blown away. It's really true, we really do hold onto crap. pun intended. I kind of felt like that shark in the movie JAWS when they cut open it's stomach and find all sorts of stuff like the license plate, etc... Now in the evening, I'm getting small stuff, but mostly the honey-colored mucous that smells like lemonade! (lol!)

Which reminds me, I need to cut back on the laxative tea...it's working a little too well. With the salt water flush, I'm probably just going to do it only in the evening and not in the morning too. I'm pooping way too often to the point where it hurts.

My sense of smell is still amazing. I was entering the vestibule to my apartment building tonight and could smell the cleaner that the super used to clean the floors. I thought he had just cleaned, but later found out that he actually cleaned the lobby much earlier in the afternoon. I'm utterly fascinated by the whole smell thing and how it really turns on when you stop eating solids.

Throughout the day, I was feeling super hungry and really missing food. It's Friday night and I missed not being able to have fun. I was also feeling crabby, and then my partner said something that completely changed my paradigm.

He said, "Here you are going through this cleanse, but all you're doing is complaining and focusing on the negative. Why are you cleansing the junk from your body if you're still willing to hold onto the junk in your mind? You always stay where you are when you think negative; to advance you have to think positive."

And like that, poof my entire mindset is changing. I even wrote it down to remind myself. It's so true, if I continue to dwell in this negative energy and lust after all of this junk food, then the minute I'm off of the cleanse I'm going to run towards it, back in the same place...going nowhere.

I have to cleanse my mind to make this work for the next seven days. I want to start focusing on how I can make positive choices about my eating and thinking in the next days to come.

On a positive note, I dropped another two pounds.

**Time: 9:59 pm**

**Day: 04**

**Weight: 153 pounds**

**Mood: Getting better,**

**Energy Level: surprisingly good**

Well, Day 4 is over and I'm feeling a lot better than I did in the first three days. I'm not quite ready to sing from the rooftops, but things are definitely better.

I think since reconsidering my mental approach, a more positive effort has certainly made for a better day. The Salt Water Flush was still gross, yuck, sick, nasty and putrid. I don't think my body will ever get used to it. But, I did drink it quicker than the previous two times (I didn't drink one on Day 1). I held my nose the entire time.

I'm still physically craving food, I miss it so terribly. I can smell it everywhere, on people's breathe in the subway, on their skin, the wafts from street vendors. I have developed an even deeper level of compassion for anyone in this world who goes hungry. It's a horrible, desperate pain and now when I see those images of people abroad and here, the 32 million in the US who go hungry every day, my heart prays for them. It's not something I would wish on anyone.

I'm making a more concerted effort to focus on "cleansing" other things in my life, and today I spent nearly four hours deep cleaning my apartment. I got rid of so much clutter and unused junk that I feel even lighter. Having a sparkling clean home was a great experience that helped me enjoy what is going on inside my body and now my mind.

I'm starting to purge huge amounts of honey-colored mucous. It was a grizzly scene this morning in the toilet as the salt water went to work. There's also this kind of crumb-like debris that is also coming out with the honey colored mucous. And I'm dropping weight so fast, it's starting to become more noticeable, I had to wear a belt with my pants today.

I'm laying off the tea for now---jeez, that tea is a little too potent! I felt like a busted pipe last night, my stomach and intestines were making all kinds of noises, and my bum is raw and sore. So, I stopped it. What I do appreciate about the salt water is that once it goes through you and has that explosive session, that's it, all done, no surprises.

Not the same deal with the tea. It's all night, all morning, all afternoon. And let me tell you that cayenne pepper does me no favors at the back end! The lemonade is so easy to drink, it doesn't taste bad at all, in fact, it's a bright spot in my day and by far the easiest part of the cleanse.

What nobody else seems to mention in their journals is how emotionally unstable you become on this diet. I was watching this video on Youtube about Jessica the hippo and how a South African family found her as a baby and raised her - a hippo! She behaves like a dog and they treat her just like all of their other pets. She was sleeping and they bundled her in some blankets and I lost it; I was a puddle of tears. It was certainly a feel good video, but to cry, well, that's definitely the cleanse.

I'm trying to use this to my advantage because I know when I engage in positive experiences, the moment is super-amped with good energy that it feels like a high, of course I'm also trying really hard to avoid situations that can pull to the other end as well.

Stay tuned...

**Time: 10:18 pm**

**Day: 05**

**Weight: 152 pounds**

**Mood: good**

**Energy Level: really good**

The Obsession for food has lifted. Well, as much as it can...I would gladly eat something if I could. Now, however, I no longer obsess about it the way I did for the past four days.

This is the best I have felt during the entire process. I feel like all of those horrible dark clouds that were plaguing me in the start have lifted. I know that a lot can be said for actively staying aware of my mindset and trying to focus on the positive.

I'm beginning to realize how much food has played a role in my life, especially a medicating role. I'm a professional health and wellness writer and by any measure, most people would consider me well above the average in terms of taking care of myself and eating a relatively healthy diet. But still, I, too eat to medicate.

I feel like that realization was a major gift for me. I'm more inspired now more than ever to really be conscious of what goes into my body. I know that I don't need to be a puritan, but in my own life there are a lot of little "dirty" eating habits I have that now I want to change.

My mental state is not as precarious as it was yesterday; just to be cautious I decided not to go on Youtube today. lol. Nope, no emotional episodes today. Has my body acclimated or resigned itself for the duration of this process? Hmmm.

I drank the salt water flush, and still have the same feelings towards it. It did its job and my expulsion was more or less the same honey colored bilge with something new;



kind of a more viscous mucous that was a little more opaque. I'm wondering if this is fatty by product from my abdominal reserves.

My weight today was virtually the same. I know it's not about the weight, but I was hoping for it to drop more than 1 pound. Interestingly, my energy level has improved too. I don't feel lethargic like I did on Day 2 and 3. I've only had one expulsion, so I'm going to go back on that tea, but only drink it once towards the later afternoon.

Tomorrow, I'm going to start planning a weekly diet of foods to eat after I finish this cleanse process. I have loads of information and food resources to draw from, and now that the sight of food does not induce me to frothing at the mouth, I feel like I can reasonably begin this project.

As usual, the lemonade drinks are a delight to drink. I can't believe that something this sweet and delicious is also good for you. I'm seriously thinking about buying lemons from now on just to add to my water. I'm really digging the lemon juice in my water. It gives it a tang that leaves my mouth refreshed.

Wish me luck!

**Time: 11:48 pm**

**Day: 06**

**Weight: 149 pounds**

**Mood: good**

**Energy Level: Wow!**

To best give you an idea of what the cleanse feels like on Day 6 would be to refer to that Tom Hanks Movie where he's stranded on the island and eventually makes a raft to get rescued. While he's in the middle of the ocean he just floats and bides his time until something comes along to either rescue him or destroy him.

That's kind of what it feels like psychologically at this point. I simply cannot believe that I have not had food in 6 days and yet I continue to expel stuff. It happened again to me, this time I had gunk come out, really gross gunk that was nothing like a regular stool sample, it kind of resembled mud with mucous.

I'm simply amazed to experience the great deal of wisdom behind this cleanse. My weight dropped a lot today. I've lost any baby fat I had on my face and neck. A

neighbor today asked me if I was OK, noting that I appeared rather gaunt and wanted to know if I got the flu that's been going around the city.

I told her that I was on the cleanse and she asked what day and I told her Day 6. She said she could only last three days. She said she did it because she was gluten intolerant and want to cleanse her body of the gluten that was probably in her tract from all the "no-no's" she couldn't resist eating in the past (I love how other people have their own vocabulary for problem foods/habits; I'm definitely using "no-no" in the future).

Long story short, she didn't last, and I totally relate. Seriously. Anyone who can get to Day 3 should get a medal, the first three days are pure Hell.

Fortunately, I'm way past the junk food craze, I'm just bobbing on that raft now waiting to float into Day 10. The thought of all that crap food like pizza and Chinese take-out repels me. I think my body knows I would fall seriously ill if at this point I ingested anything like that. Oddly, I have been thinking about cucumbers and avocado. Random, right?

Of course, ask me ten minutes from now and you're likely to get a completely different story. My mood swings are back, no doubt my brain is in DEF CON5 Freak-Out mode trying to make sense of what's going on and so it just keeps on pumping out the serotonin telling the rest of the organs, "This is your captain, everything's OK folks, just experiencing a little turbulence, make sure your seat belts are buckled...just in case."

I did the salt water flush and found it oddly relaxing...still gross, but I like the predictability. I started with the tea at 2:00 and have been rootin' and tootin' like the Chattanooga Express for the past 8 hours. Not only that I had three bowel movements on top of the salt water flush. My bum is raw, no doubt. I might lay off the tea, that stuff is potent. Never again will I have to fear constipation. I know exactly what works for me.

The lemonade gets better tasting by the day. I really don't mind it all.

I was supposed to be planning my meals for next week, but I'm not in the zone right now to think about food in a structure or logical way.

Instead, I've been using all of my energy in various writing projects and running errands. It's true what people say about the increased energy level and I think it's

because of what's going on in the brain - I feel like I have a form of runner's high. I'm definitely feeling something that borders on a hallucinogenic, euphoric rush.

The only drawback: It's really hard to focus and recall things. Otherwise, it's all good. I'm just floating to day 7. I love going to bed because it means a new day.

**Time: 10.15 pm**

**Day: 07**

**Weight: 148 pounds**

**Mood: High**

**Energy Level: Wow!**

It's Day 7 and I'm feeling really good. I'm in this super blissed out state where I'm just cool with everything. It's amazing how it all just falls into place. This is what I would call the sweet-spot of the cleanse process. I'm super hungry, but now I'm also drinking water to fill my stomach and just move on.

I did the salt water flush, still the same there, gross as all hell, but it's all good my output is still the same, murky honey color mucous with odd brown muddy like stuff. This time there was tons of mucous, it was so gross, it looked like my output was having a bubble bath.

I had a glass of tea this afternoon, not so much gas, but had two bowel movements of the same stuff as above. When my bum is raw, the cayenne pepper can really burn as it did a few hours ago. I can see why people have issues with the pepper, but I can deal with it for now.

My partner told me, interestingly, that my breath stunk. Or as he put it, "You tryin' to kill me with those fumes? I thought you loved me." I told him to buzz off; I was detoxing. Seriously, people, there is a situation happening up here. My grill is lethal. There's some kind of viscous funk in my mouth.

It's been there for a few days, cottonmouth from Hell and I'm getting it on the corners of my mouth. Add that to the all the weight I'm losing and people are probably taking one look at me and thinking I'm on drugs. Lol

And despite the fact that I can smell a restaurant well before passing it, I seemingly can't smell the noxious treat that is my dragon breath.

A friend of mine says models get that all the time because they don't eat. "It's the tell-tale sign of an anorexic," he tells me with an awkward pause and then continues, "Do I need to worry about you?"

I told him I'm on the cleanse and we both had a laugh. He then went on to tell me about a fabulous dinner he ate last night. That conversation promptly ended. It's weird, I'm OK thinking about food myself, but when others start talking about it or are with it, I have to do everything I can from wanting to devour it.

I had this dream last night that I was in this room with walls made of glass. The glass gleamed and was super clean with all this soft light, and then suddenly it became like a Whole Foods type of place. I was walking down this aisle and there was Britney Spears, the Crazy Britney, not the Pop Princess Britney. She had those ratty hair extensions and was eating from an open box of cereal - I think it was cereal. She was shoveling the food into her mouth and then she told me I was in the wrong place and that I need to get to the other side.

I didn't understand her and then the aisles of food were on fire, all this food was burning. It was wild. Nobody seemed to be phased; people were just walking around like their grocery stores always lit up in plumes of flames. I was screaming but people just looked at me instead of the fire, and then I woke up.

Isn't it amazing how symbolic our dreams become when we're in the process of an amazing learning experience? I thought it was a pretty awesome dream, with a cameo from Crazy Britney no less.

stay tuned...

**Time: 10.32 pm**

**Day: 08**

**Weight: 146 pounds**

**Mood: High**

**Energy Level: Really Good**

Day 8 and I'm feeling Grrrrrrreat! Sorry, I just had to write that, couldn't resist. Seriously, the Master Cleanse is coming to an end and my body knows it. This morning my output (I can't even call it poop) after the beloved Salt Water Flush (if you've read

my past journals, then you know I'm being sarcastic) was a mellow yellowish color today, mostly all mucous and it's been that way for other two times I've gone today.

With the SWF and the tea, I've been averaging almost three expulsions for the past few days. My bum is starting to heal or maybe it's just me acclimating. My mindset has completely changed. It's accepted everything about this experience without difficulty. It's almost been like, what was all that fuss about anyway?

I can now be around food without an emotional breakdown. I even touched it today. I made veggie burgers and vegetables for my neighbors and partner who came over to see how I was doing with the cleanse. We were watching a news report on the Beagle who won the Westminster Dog Show (Way to go Uno!).

Anyway, the reporter was going on about their impeccable sense of smell and how beagles can sniff out a mouse in an open acre. I blurted out, "Oh please, that's for amateurs, I could do that and point out all the places where that mouse took a piss."

Everybody had a good laugh. My sense of smell has been the ongoing joke. It's scary how developed it has become; I have been able to identify 63 distinct odors! (This is what happens when you can't eat food, you smell EVERYTHING.)

Today, I actually feel cleaner than I have in a really long time. I actually feel younger if that makes sense. I have all of this energy with no help from caffeine - it's amazing.

The only thing I'm not crazy about is all the weight loss. I wasn't overweight to start with, so, this has really made me skinny, like hospital skinny, like "baby's-got-the-bug kind of skinny." Not to mention, I still have that wicked cottonmouth. I have no fat on my body and I know that my body is starting to feed on my muscle.

Even though it's happening, I look surprisingly super-ripped; I can even see a clearly defined six-pack, but it's more like a four-pack. lol. My face is starting to get really gaunt, and I actually appear older with sunken in cheeks. The last time I weighed 146, I think I was seventeen.

This kind of brings me to my other dilemma. I'm using this cleanse as a way of "re-booting" my taste buds and mindset to start eating completely vegetarian. The problem is that vegetarian diets are naturally low-fat with plant derived proteins. I'm trying to figure out what I can eat that is healthy but fattening.

After Google search later, I discovered the wonders of nuts. These guys are super high in monounsaturated fats that will put the butter back on my body without the negatives

of saturated fats. Believe me; I could easily eat a jar of natural unsalted peanut butter in less than an hour. YUM.

Today, I was actually able to start developing a menu for the next two weeks. I'm really excited. Now that my taste buds have not had food in forever, I know that I will relish the simple taste of steamed mixed vegetables. That's seriously the best thing about this cleanse. I can go back to eating ultra healthy foods and it will be the equivalent of eating at an all-you-can-eat Las Vegas buffet for me. I could eat a Raw Food Diet for a week and it would feel like Thanksgiving every day at this point.

I can't believe Day 9 is around the corner. HIP-HIP-HOORAY!

**Time: 11.09 pm**

**Day: 09**

**Weight: 143 pounds**

**Mood: Low**

**Energy Level: Low**

What a difference a day makes. I'm really fatigued, my body has just quit. It's totally had it with the cleanse process. I've been feeling weak all day and I think I might be coming down with something.

My throat was killing me this morning and I did the salt water flush and it immediately quelled it - I mean it was gone just like that. Who knew the salt water flush had my back? My expulsion is coming out clear, LOTS of very pale yellow mucous which means I'm basically pooping bile and snot at this point. I'm all done; my colon is clean as a whistle. And thank God, because I need something in me.

It's like my body finally told me, "Look, I know you wanna get pure and all this, and I've put up with it for a while now, but I needs some fuel...know what I'm sayin' - don't make me shut your brain down and put you in a coma, K?"

Seriously, my body is getting all gangsta with me; it's done with this ride. I kept falling asleep today. I was just so tired and lethargic. Nothing seemed to give me any kind of energy. Thoughts of food, ironically enough, didn't give me the mental boost I was hoping for. It's like my stomach was saying, "Yeah, I know how that carrot and stick work - I'm done with it."

I am excited about tomorrow being done and all. I think since I went completely clean on Day 1 from am to pm that I might begin having some Orange juice after 3pm, just to give my body some added Vitamin C. And then the next day I might move into the vegetable broth.

Several amazing lessons have come out of this. I know what it is to go to bed hungry, day in and day out. As a result, I will volunteer some of my time in a soup kitchen or meals-on-wheels helping to alleviate hunger in this country and I'm more determined than ever to eat as healthy as I possibly can.

This journey has been difficult; I don't want it to be for nothing by going back and eating trash. I want to honor this experience.

**Time: 11.51 pm**

**Day: 10**

**Weight: 142 pounds**

**Mood: Excellent, it's Day 10, Baby!**

**Energy Level: Moderate**

Nine more minutes and Day 10 is officially gone and the Master cleanse comes to an end. I decided to not break the fast until the cleanse process officially ended, and so, as I type this entry, I have a tall glass of orange juice sitting next to me that I will be drinking at the stroke of midnight.

I did my last salt water flush and I cannot tell you how happy it made me feel. My throat has magically cleared up! My poop was all mucous, all clear! I did not have any tea today - I actually stopped with the tea once my expulsions started coming out "debris" free.

I just cannot believe that I did this. It's overwhelming; I feel like I have learned so much. I honestly didn't think I had the strength in me to do this - there were many times where I felt like completely breaking down and stopping - especially the first three days they were so torturous.

But here I am, really skinny, and feeling so good about myself and what's happened. I also drafted a two-week menu that is vegetarian. For the next week I'm eating vegetables, fruits and soy-based foods and nuts.

One more minute...Ok...now it's 12:00 and I'm going to have my very first glass of orange juice... WOW!!!!!!!!!! OMG OJ tastes soooooo good. That sugar is going right to my brain, I can feel serotonin explosions in my brain. Wow. I think I might have another glass. LOL.

So, today, I'm drinking as much OJ as I want until noon. And then I move to vegetable broth until tomorrow. And then I have vegetable broth until noon and then I can have my first meal. I am going to make every morsel of that food last - I'm going to chew it until it becomes a puree. I miss chewing and I'm so glad to be getting to do it.

I'm just grateful to be eating soon and this process is over. It's kind of anticlimactic - but I feel great knowing that my intestines have expelled so much toxic buildup that is inside of me. Knowing that I sacrificed short-term wants for my long term health is a huge boost to my self-esteem.

And in this process I know that I have a much easier chance of sustaining a healthy vegetarian diet. I'm just grateful to eating food soon that I would gladly chow down a huge bowl of vegetables. It won't bore me, it will excite me.

Well, to anyone wanting to do this, hang tight, it's a wild ride! Overall, I can now say that it was worth it. I stand a real shot of developing the healthiest lifestyle I'll ever live and so whatever suffering I endured these past ten days was definitely worth it!

I have the chance to get older and not suffer from diabetes type 2 or obesity because for the past ten days, I made a conscious choice to radically alter not only my diet but rewire my entire mindset of eating and food.

The real question remains: how much of this amazing sense of smell will I lose!?