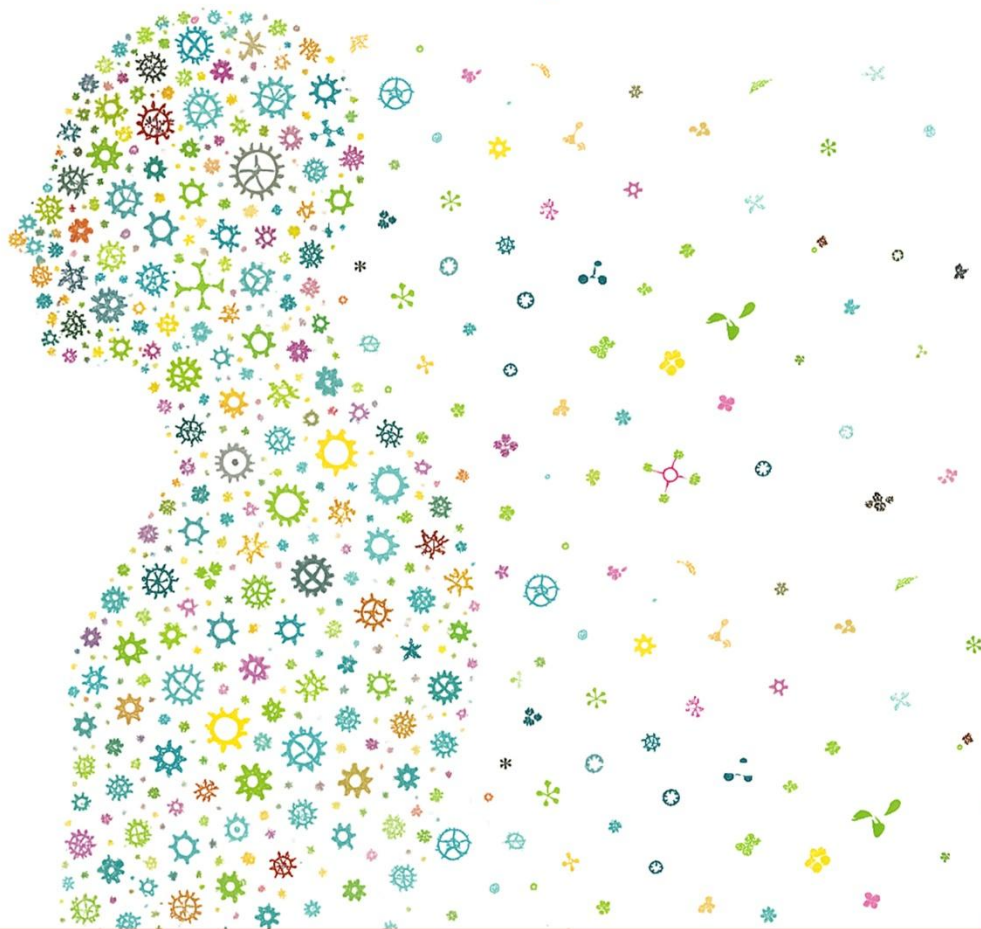


# THE BIO HIJACK

*Trauma, Biology, and the Kryptonite of the  
Modern Food System*



SAMANTHA ANCY

*The Bio Hijack – Samantha Ancy*

# **THE BIO HIJACK**

Trauma, Biology, and the  
Kryptonite of the Modern Food  
System

**BOOK INTRODUCTION**

*Samantha Ancy*

**Dear You,**

Before we go any further, I need to ask you something... Where are you right now — not just physically, but mentally? What's it like inside your head, behind the polite answers and survival mode? Is your body trying to tell you something?

Are you tired in a way that sleep can't fix?  
Anxious in a way that deep breathing won't touch? Are you braced, waiting for something to change, but unsure where to even begin?

This isn't a test. There are no right answers.  
Just a moment to stop and reflect.

Before we unpack the science and the raw personal stuff, I want you to arrive. Fully. Gently. Honestly.

Maybe today, maybe tonight — open a notebook, or a blank note on your phone. Write a letter to yourself, from yourself. Answer all those questions in the sanctuary of your heart and mind.

You deserve to be heard — even by you.

— S

## Introduction

If you've picked up this book, there's a good chance you're tired and frustrated. Tired of feeling like you're constantly getting it wrong, or like you finally get it right for a little while... only to fall flat again.

Maybe your body feels heavier than it used to. Or maybe it doesn't, but you're still exhausted. Maybe your gut is a mess. Your sleep is broken. Your moods are unpredictable. Your immune system is shot, you catch every bug going around, or you're stuck in a constant loop of inflammation and low-grade symptoms no one can quite explain. You're stuck in a cycle of cravings, shame, fatigue, and frustration, and no one's given you an answer that actually helps long term.

I know that kind of stuck.

When I started writing this book, I thought I was speaking to women like me, women who had battled their weight for years, who had tried everything, and still felt like their bodies were working against them. But the more I talked to people, the more I realised this goes so much deeper than BMI.

It's not just about being overweight. I've heard from women who can't gain weight. From men who feel bloated and exhausted by a simple task of clipping toenails – true story. From people of all shapes and sizes who feel like something is off, but can't quite name it, or fix it.

Digestive disorders affect millions of people each year. Our lives are busy. Our nervous systems are overwhelmed. Our food system is wrecked. And our biology hasn't evolved fast enough to keep up with the mess that's been left behind.

This book isn't just for people who've battled their weight. It's for people who've battled their biology, no matter what their size. You can be thin and sick. You can look "fine" and still feel like your body is falling apart. You can be male, female, somewhere in between, or outside of that entirely, and still be overwhelmed, confused, and desperate. You might look fine, and sometimes you even believe you're fine, simply because you've forgotten what "good" is supposed to feel like. You've normalised symptoms that were never meant to be your baseline.

I wrote this because I was done with all of it.

Done with the idea that health is just about discipline. Done with diet culture, toxic fitness narratives, and wellness advice that ignores trauma, stress, and the nervous system entirely.

Done with trying to fix my body instead of understanding it.

You'll find stories in these pages. Science, too - but mostly, stories. My stories. Raw. Unfiltered. Real. `

Because this isn't a weight loss manual. It's not a detox plan. It's not a one-size-fits-all protocol.

It's a map back to your body.

To the part of you that's been trying to survive. To the symptoms you've been taught to suppress. To the small voice that's still whispering, *"Something's not right - but I don't know what to do anymore."*

Start here. Start with one breath. One chapter. One shift.

This isn't about perfection. It's about compassion. You don't have to overhaul your entire life by Monday. You just have to start listening.

Because your body? It's not your enemy. It's been trying to get your attention all along.

And maybe... this time, you'll hear it.

I never imagined that at 48 years old, I'd still be negotiating my weight-still feeling the need to explain to people that my appearance is in no way

a reflection of my lifestyle. Almost like how people assume I'm not smart just because I move slowly. Really? Really.

Truth is, I have killer reflexes, a brain that's on fire most days, and a body that's been subjected to all kinds of fad-diet battery during youth and beyond.

I've started to notice that my upper arms are softer than they used to be, starting to resemble skin twenty years older than I am. And then there's the subtle appearance of a turkey neck that comes and goes with the ebb and flow of weight fluctuations. Interestingly, a few extra kilograms seem to soften the look, making it less noticeable. But I've come to accept one fundamental truth - I'd rather live with a bit of loose skin than carry the burden of what that extra weight was doing to my health.

Health has become the priority. Not the kind of health measured in dress sizes or flawless skin, but the kind that lets you sleep through the night, digest your food without discomfort, wake up with energy, and move through your day without feeling like your body is constantly fighting against you. I've learned that losing weight isn't about chasing perfection, it's about freedom. From inflammation. From fatigue. From fear.

I'll take the soft edges, because they mean I'm healing.

For me, it started in the 90's, during my teenage years. I was constantly trying to lose weight to match the beauty standards of the time: unhealthily thin, waif-like, bony. Looking back at old photos now, I was a tall, curvy, beautiful girl... I would have fitted in perfectly in the 50's.

By the age of 15, I was already on diet pills. I created my own starvation eating plans-days of only soup-while my mother congratulated me on how much weight I had lost. I was always the "big girl." My shoe size was 10, while most girls my age were between 5 and 7. I looked bigger, yes-but I wasn't fat.

But the health standard told me otherwise. The charts said I should weigh 70kg (154 lbs), and I stood on the scale, disappointed at 80kg (176 lbs). "Obese." That word marked me.

It's a brutal example of how the system weaponizes numbers without context. We're conditioned to trust external validation over internal truth. A number on a scale, a BMI chart, a doctor's offhand comment-these things become gospel in a society obsessed with shrinking women instead of understanding them.

Add to that a food system poisoned with chemicals, preservatives, and artificial additives-and it was no wonder I found myself in a

neurosurgeon's office in my 20's with nodules on my overactive thyroid.

I did what I was told. I took the radioactive iodine, a treatment that was meant to cure my thyroid. Instead, it shut it down completely.

Back in the 90's, this kind of treatment was standard. Doctors believed it was better to permanently disable the thyroid with radioactive iodine than risk the complications of an overactive gland-especially when nodules were involved. The assumption was that hypothyroidism would be easier to manage with a daily pill than the rollercoaster of hyperthyroidism. There was also that lingering fear around nodules becoming cancerous, even though most are benign. At the time, radioactive iodine was seen as a safe, effective "cure." Surgery carried more risk, and functional medicine wasn't even on the radar.

Looking back now, it's wild how quickly they offered such a permanent solution. But back then, that was just how things were done. My GP was dead set against it, but did I listen? Nope. The neurosurgeon and endocrinologist said otherwise, and I figured, well, they've got fancier titles. More degrees. Bigger offices.

Turns out, the GP was right all along.

It's funny now - I've had people question *me* because their GP said something different. And I get it. Credentials feel safe. But let's not pretend qualifications are the only thing that matter. Personal experience, self-research, actually living through it - that counts too. Especially when you're the one left dealing with the consequences.

It wasn't the first time modern medicine let me down, and it wouldn't be the last.

Even with thyroid medication, my metabolism runs differently. My body holds weight differently. It's not an excuse, it's just the reality, one of many. There's no magic pill, just ongoing maintenance for a body that doesn't always do what it's supposed to.

We all have something. A diagnosis. A trauma. A history. Something that makes the journey feel steeper than it should be.

And it's okay.

Shit happens.

But it doesn't get to define you, unless you let it.

At my heaviest, I weighed around 130kg (about 287 pounds) -maybe more. And all I was doing was eating what everyone else was eating... admittedly, just in larger portions.

That was the worst time of my life.

I had just come out of a deeply abusive relationship. I had just lost my mom to colorectal cancer. I lost a close friend in a freak choking accident. And then COVID finished off what was left of my financial stability.

It just kept coming, all within the space of two years.

I was a shell of myself, surviving off pasta and pizza, everything I once told myself I'd never touch. I had no energy left to fight. But I still believed I had to "get healthy." And like so many of us, I believed that meant weight loss.

Here's what I've learned the hard way:

Weight loss is not the goal.  
Not because it isn't important.  
But because it's not the place to start.

The journey must be gut health.  
It must be about eating for nourishment.  
It must be about rebuilding a relationship with food that doesn't involve punishment.  
It mustn't be compromise. It mustn't be shortcuts.  
It has to be healing.

And believe me when I say:

It's not your fault you're fat, or sick, or tired,  
It's the system.  
And it's time we stopped blaming ourselves for it.

Back then, I didn't question anything. Not the pills. Not the radioactive treatment. Not the "just eat less" advice. I thought the system knew better. I thought the numbers didn't lie. I thought if I just tried harder, cut the calories, moved more, and weighed less-I'd finally be happy.

Spoiler: I wasn't.

And I know I'm not alone in that.

This book exists because I'm done letting people carry the shame of a broken system. I'm done watching people blame themselves when the truth is, they've been set up to fail.

I'm done with people thinking they're living a healthy lifestyle because they've trusted the front of a package, not realising the back tells a different story. "Low-fat," "gluten-free," "heart-healthy"-all slapped onto products packed with inflammatory oils, hidden sugars, and chemicals the body can't recognise, let alone process. We've been taught to trust marketing over intuition, labels over symptoms, and surface-level health over deep, functional wellbeing.

The truth is:  
the food is poisoned,  
the data is corrupted,  
and the advice is outdated.

I'm done watching people eat themselves sick  
trying to be "healthy."

I started researching gut health because I was  
desperate for understanding. Bloating. Tired.  
Inflamed. Angry. I didn't want another meal plan.  
I wanted answers.

And slowly, I found them.

I began to understand how the gut controls  
everything—from hormones and cravings to  
inflammation and brain fog. I started learning that  
the body isn't just about calories, it's about  
*communication*. About safety. About regulation.

I learnt that when your gut is inflamed, your body  
is in survival mode, and you can't heal in survival  
mode.

The more I learned, the more obvious it became:

The weight wasn't the problem.  
It was the signal.

The system told me my weight was the issue.  
But really, it was the side effect of imbalance.

And now I want to give that same perspective shift to you.

I'm just a woman who's lived it.

Who lost herself.

Who gained the weight.

Who lost some of it again.

Who's still healing.

I'm also a relentless truth-seeker. Maybe you are too-the kind of person who needs to understand the *why*, not just follow the rules. The kind of person who doesn't want another generic health plan, but wants to know how it all connects. Who needs to make sense of the finer details to see the bigger picture.

That's why this book isn't just filled with personal experience, it's backed by research. I've included references at the end of the book for every major topic I explore. If you're like me, you'll want to read them for yourself. Not because you doubt the truth, but because you need to understand it.

But what I've gained in this journey is clarity. And that's what I want to give you: A new way of seeing your body, your health, and your worth.

This is not a "how to lose weight in 30 days" guide.

This is not about punishing yourself thinner.

This is about understanding the *why* behind your body's resistance. This is about reclaiming your health-starting with your gut.

And if weight loss happens along the way?

Beautiful.

But it won't be the victory.

The victory will be freedom.

Peace.

Energy.

Sanity.

And trust in your body again.

You don't need to try harder.

You just need to understand what's really going on.

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