

Loss of Operational Control

The day-to-day operations of a body quietly slipping out of its owner's control.

(When the Machine Could No Longer Perform Its Basic Functions)

Collapse rarely announces itself with drama. It doesn't arrive with sirens or flashing lights. It shows up quietly, in the small, private failures no one sees - the moments when the machine you live in can no longer perform the simplest tasks without breaking down. For me, one of those moments happened in a public restroom.

I didn't understand how far the decline had gone until the day my body failed at a function so basic, so universal, that losing control of it felt like losing control of my dignity.

The Geometry Problem

I was out shopping with a friend when I felt the familiar pressure of a bathroom break. Nothing unusual. Nothing dramatic. Just the routine mechanics of being human. I stepped up to the urinal, reached for the fly of my pants, and discovered a problem so simple it was almost absurd: I couldn't reach around my own belly far enough to do what

needed doing.

It wasn't clumsiness. It wasn't bad luck. It was geometry. My body had grown into a shape that no longer supported the basic operations of daily life. The same geometry that made tying my shoes a negotiation now made urination a logistical challenge. I thought I had things positioned well enough. I was wrong.

The Moment of Failure

A sound reached me - a soft, steady trickle, like a faucet left barely open. It took a moment to register that the sound was coming from me. My urine wasn't hitting the urinal. It was hitting the floor. My shoes. My pant legs. I had lost control of the stream entirely.

There is a particular kind of shame that arrives when you realize you are about to walk back into a brightly lit store with wet pants and the smell that will follow. I wasn't a child having an accident. I was a fiftysomething man who could no longer physically manage one of the most basic human functions. I felt humiliated. I felt exposed. I felt broken. But most of all, I felt the truth.

The Slow Walk of Shame

I apologized to my friend, told him I needed to go home, and began the slow, humiliating retreat through the store. I

ducked behind displays, hugged the edges of aisles, tried to hide the evidence of my failure from strangers who didn't know me and never would.

I felt small. I felt defeated. I felt like a man who had lost operational control of the machine he lived in. This wasn't an accident. It wasn't a moment of clumsiness. It wasn't a fluke.

It was a system failure. A failure of mobility, reach, control, and dignity.

The Engineering Reality

In engineering terms, the machine was no longer operable within its intended tolerances. The system had drifted so far from functional geometry that basic tasks were now beyond its capacity. Some humiliations you can prepare for. Others ambush you. This one ambushed me. I didn't talk about that day for years. Not because I wanted to forget it, but because I couldn't face what it meant. That moment wasn't a random embarrassment. It was a diagnostic event - a clear, undeniable signal that the system was collapsing. And once you see the truth of a failure like that, you can't unsee it.

The Collapse After the Collapse

Years later, after I had lost more than a hundred pounds,

another incident occurred - not a bathroom failure this time, but a wardrobe malfunction that revealed something just as important.

If the urinal disaster was caused by too much body, this one was caused by not yet understanding the new one.

I was alone in a store, wearing a pair of shorts that were loose around the waist. Loose felt like victory. After being so big for so long, looseness felt like freedom. I thought, They fit just right. I don't even need a belt. I was wrong.

The Drop

I felt the waistband shift - a subtle downward slide. I tugged the shorts back into place and kept moving. No big deal, I thought. A moment later, a young girl and her father crossed in front of me. I took a deep inhale - just a normal breath - and in that instant my waist shrank just enough for gravity to take over. The shorts dropped straight to my ankles. There I stood, in front of a traumatized sixyearold, with my pants around my ankles and the lower half of my body exposed to the world. It lasted only a moment, but it felt like an hour.

I yanked the shorts back up, mortified. I couldn't process the look on her face. It read as trauma - for her and for me. I went straight to the belt rack, grabbed one, put it on

immediately, paid for it, and walked out of the store.

Identity Lag

The problem was caused by the same thing that caused the urinal disaster - my weight. Not because I had too much of it, but because I didn't yet understand my new form. I had spent years worrying about splitting my pants. It had never once occurred to me that I might lose them. This moment wasn't collapse - it was reconstruction. It was the awkward, hilarious, deeply human reminder that the body I was living in now was not the body I had lived in for decades. I had to relearn its dimensions. I had to relearn its tolerances. I had to relearn how to operate the machine.

The Truth No One Tells You

Losing weight doesn't automatically update your identity. You have to rebuild that too. This was the moment I understood that the next phase of my journey wasn't about losing anything. It was about building. It was time to engineer the system that would carry me forward.

ACTION STEP

List the accommodations you make daily. The list is the diagnostic.

PREVIEW ENDS HERE

This is a free preview from the book. The complete chapter, and the rest of the volume, is in print. To order Volume III - The Blueprint, email metabojoe@gmail.com.

metabojoe.com - The Metabolic Engineer by J.F. Kilty