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The Furious Method

TYSON  
FURY

Transform your mind,  
body & goals



# The Furious Method

Tyson Fury is the undefeated lineal heavyweight champion of the world. Born and raised in Manchester, Fury weighed just 11lb at birth after being born three months premature. His father John named him after Mike Tyson.

From Irish traveller heritage, the 'Gypsy King' is undefeated in 28 professional fights, winning 27 with 19 knockouts, and drawing once. In 2015, he famously stunned long-time champion Wladimir Klitschko to win the WBA, IBF and WBO world heavyweight titles. But he was forced to vacate the belts because of issues with drugs, alcohol and mental health, and did not fight again for more than two years. Most thought he was done with boxing forever. Until an amazing comeback fight with Deontay Wilder in December 2018. It was an instant classic, ending in a split-decision tie. Tyson was victorious in the second fight against Deontay Wilder in February 2020, defeating his opponent by seventh-round technical knockout. In October 2021, Tyson concluded the trilogy with victory against Deontay Wilder by an emphatic eleventh-round technical knockout.

Outside of the ring, Tyson Fury is a mental health ambassador.

‘Tyson’s story ranks as one of the greatest comebacks ever.  
Not just in sport.’

*Telegraph*

‘Full of tips on getting physically and mentally fitter.’

*Evening Standard*

‘King of the ring . . . king of how to make a regime work for you.  
[Passes] on the message without preaching, without lecturing.’

**Chris Evans**

‘It’s a very positive book, it’s got some incredible things in  
here . . . [this] book will help so many people.’

**Roman Kemp**

‘The People’s Champion.’

*The Times*

‘A number of very useful tips . . . A great example to anyone.’

**Phillip Schofield**

‘There’s great humour in the book . . . This is my favourite  
interview we’ve ever done.’

**Holly Willoughby**

‘A very open, honest book . . . I think the advice in it is great.’

**Susanna Reid**

‘It’s a great read . . . a great book.’

**Piers Morgan**

‘A feel-good and motivating tonic, full of inspirational  
advice for readers on how we can all improve our  
physical and mental health.’

*The Sportsman*

‘Inspirational.’

**Alan Brazil**

‘An incredible book.’

**Jonathan Ross**

# TYSON FURY

**The Furious Method**



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Penguin  
Random House  
UK

First published by Century 2020  
Published in Penguin Books 2021  
001

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Typeset by Jouve (UK), Milton Keynes  
Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A.

The authorised representative in the EEA is Penguin Random House Ireland,  
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-1-529-15634-8



*I had to get back up.*

*I had to show the world that nothing is impossible.*

*For all the people who suffer with mental health problems,*

*I dedicate this book to you. If I can come back from the  
brink, you can too. So get back up! Seek professional help.*

*And let's do this together, as a team.*

Warning: sensitive content. If you have been affected by mental health problems and have experienced or are experiencing suicidal thoughts please get professional help immediately – a list of mental health resources are available at the end of this book. This book is based on my personal experiences and learnings, and I hope you may find some of my approaches useful. But what worked for me will not work for everyone and I am not an expert, so you may require medication and medical help. In terms of nutrition, if you are considering a ketogenic diet, you should first talk to a doctor or registered dietician. Please consult your GP before changing, stopping or starting any medical treatment.

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## PROLOGUE

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### 22 February 2020: MGM Grand Garden Arena, Las Vegas, USA

It's showtime. Nearly midnight in Vegas. My second fight against the big dossier Deontay Wilder, the biggest knockout merchant in boxing history. This is the most hotly anticipated bout here since Lennox Lewis faced Evander Holyfield twenty years ago. Outside it's a cool evening; inside the arena it's a cauldron of expectation. They've had to lock the doors at the MGM Grand Garden to keep people out. A capacity audience of 17,000 people is buzzing, the darkness popping with the flashes of camera phones. At ringside there are celebrities including Michael J. Fox, Magic Johnson, Triple H from the WWE, and the chef Gordon Ramsay – the latter two kindly wish me well before the fight. Punters are paying up to £13,000 for a front-row ticket. My fans are singing 'You big dossier!' against the Wilder crowd shouting 'Bomb squad!' I feed off their energy.

I always enjoy coming up with ideas for my ring walks; they're like my miniature productions. I pick songs and outfits that mean something to me and that people can relate to. My first fight in Las Vegas in 2019 I came out in

the stars and stripes outfit Apollo Creed wore in *Rocky IV*, with James Brown singing ‘Living in America’. For my next fight I was boxing on Mexican Independence Day, so I wore a sombrero and had a mariachi band. For tonight’s battle I’m dressed as a king in a crown and cape, sitting on a golden throne and carried into the arena. I’m accompanied by the syrupy voice of Patsy Cline singing ‘Crazy’ – an ironic nod to my mental health battles!

I’m enjoying every second of the build-up to Fury vs Wilder 2. This is my moment, my chance to be a showman on the world’s biggest stage. The Gypsy King never disappoints. There are no butterflies in my stomach, I have nothing to fear. Mentally, I’ve already won this fight, which is most of the battle. I’m ready for a twelve-round war or a one-round knockout. It’s my time to shine.

It’s been fourteen months since me and the Bronze Bomber last ‘danced’, which was a controversial draw even though anyone who watched it knows I was the winner. Tonight’s fight will be a very different story. I know what needs to be done and, like Muhammad Ali, I’ve made no bones about telling Wilder that I’m going for a KO in two rounds. At last night’s weigh-in I clocked in at 19 stone 7 pounds (273 pounds), Wilder at 16 stone 7 pounds (231 pounds), so I have a good forty pounds on him. He’s the heaviest weight he’s been in years; maybe he’s looking for more strength in our clinches, throwing

shots on the inside. Both of us are heavier than we were last time, but there's more to this game than weight. I'm the master of mind games and I've already burrowed deep into his head. At our last press conference a few days ago, I told Wilder: 'You're terrified. Your little knees are knocking. Keep that belt warm for me!' The upshot was that we ended up shoving one another about the stage. So, come the weigh-in, Bob Arum, my promoter, and the Nevada Commission wisely made the decision to keep us far apart.

There are two things that can happen when a shaken champion like Wilder takes a rematch with a fighter who has schooled him in the ring. Either he does something drastically different in style to redeem himself, or he sticks with the routine that didn't work for him last time and walks straight back into the same nightmare. For this fight, I hear Wilder's camp have been working on his precision; he's going need it if he wants to get close to this slippery 6 foot 9 eel. Fourteen months ago, I gave the Bronze Bomber his first taste of trouble with the draw in LA, upsetting the symmetry of his perfect record: thirty-nine wins by way of knockout, no losses, with nineteen of his victims impressively dispatched within the first round. Since then he's added another two knockouts to his record, another one of which was in the first round. But I'm the one with the mental edge here, the boxing

IQ, the hand speed and fancy footwork. Wilder can't cope with my personality or my fighting skills.

It feels like a million thoughts pass through my head, but I think of the heritage of my fighting family and it calms me; warriors past and present willing me on to make history tonight. You see, I come from fighting royalty and there are Gypsy Kings – meaning the best bareknuckle fighter of the Gypsies – on both sides of my family. On my dad's side, Bartley Gorman was the last in a long line of Gorman Gypsy Kings. For twenty years he ruled supreme – from 1972 to 1992 – and would take on brawls from all challengers. As a ten-year-old, my dad witnessed him at the Doncaster Races facing up to a mob of thirty men with iron bars, hammers and knives; he'd gone there to fight one man, but was ambushed by a gang. One man against thirty. But he didn't cave in, he just kept going, dropping them like flies even as they cut him to ribbons. He had the option to walk away but instead he said grimly to himself, 'this is my moment of truth.'

Now this is my moment against Wilder. It feels weird not having my former trainer Ben Davison with me, as we'd become an inseparable team. I wouldn't be here without him, as he helped me so much during my comeback from the depths of depression. We're still the best of mates, but for certain fights you need different styles and what I did before against Wilder back in late

November 2018 clearly wasn't enough to win conclusively (though most scorecards had me ahead). To nail this fight and finish it the way I want to – up close and toe-to-toe – I've had to channel something else: aggression. And nobody does controlled aggression like the legendary Kronk Gym in Detroit. The battered heavy bags I've destroyed and knocked off their hooks are evidence of the explosive style I've been developing. Let's see if the dossier still calls me 'pillow fists' at the end of this fight!

I'm nearly at the ring now. I'm up off my gold throne, on my feet and blowing gloved kisses to the crowd as 'Crazy' plays a second time. I can almost taste battle now, like when you smell a storm coming. Our procession finally stops, and I slowly descend the steps as calmly as if I was on my way to sit down at the table for a Sunday roast. The crowd roars as I walk to the ring and climb over the ropes. Vegas: once the working home of Elvis Presley, Tom Jones and Frank Sinatra, and now my home fighting turf. I feel loved by the Yanks; they've taken me in to their hearts. They seem to welcome comeback artists, and also seem to like that I look and talk like a normal bloke.

From a cloud of dry ice and beams of purple light emerges Wilder, also wearing a crown, and decked out in glittering black armour. True to form, he's hiding behind another mask as he does for all his entrances, this one

with glowing red eyes. Somewhere between a *Lord of the Rings* villain and the rabbit from *Donnie Darko*, he looks extraordinarily . . . daft. Slowly, those red eyes get closer, but they don't unsettle me. The WBC reigning champion raises his gloved fists to the heavens as if he is charging them with lightning, and he climbs in to join me for *unfinished business* . . .

Wilder seems stiff, even tense behind the mask. Andy Lee, my cousin and number two coach, was in his dressing room earlier to check that his wraps were correctly applied. This is to ensure no hardening materials are present in the gauze padding around the knuckle area (including sulphur and calcium, two of the ingredients in plaster of Paris). Andy said it was tense and quiet in there, as opposed to the positive vibes in my room. Apparently, you could have cut the atmosphere with a knife.

As Jimmy Lennon announces the fight in his rich baritone, I'm throwing shapes and savouring the moment like a glass of chilled champagne, loving every second of every minute. Then the bell goes for the promoters, cut men and coaches to exit the ring – that lonely, desolate fighter's square which I've known most of my life. In a little over half an hour's time – or if my plan goes the way it should, much less – the blue canvas will be scattered with pools of blood, hopefully not mine. I see my wife, Paris, at ringside, dazzling in a ruby dress. I exchange a

glance with ‘SugarHill’ Steward, my head coach from the Kronk Gym. Ali once said: ‘The fight is won or lost far away from witnesses – behind the lines, in the gym, and out there on the road, long before I dance under those lights.’ And SugarHill knows just as I know that we’ve done the work we need to; now it’s time for me to enjoy myself. Train hard, fight easy.

Earlier that day, seven of us had gathered in the lounge of the house we were staying at in Vegas as SugarHill went over the fight plan. It wasn’t complicated. I’m to hold the centre of the ring, stalk Wilder relentlessly so he’s always on the back foot, while throwing rounds of heavy punches at him. It’ll be pure educated aggression. I can’t let him come forward and build any momentum, allowing him to be at his most dangerous. If you’re wondering if I lost any sleep the night before the fight trying to second-guess what Wilder might come up with this time to silence me, all I can say is I slept like a baby. Nuff said. It doesn’t interest me what someone else is planning to do to me; let them plan all they like. As Mike Tyson once said, and tonight I can see him sitting ringside in my corner as a show of support: ‘Everyone has a plan until they get punched in the face.’

Back in the ring. Moments before the bell. Kenny Bayless, the referee, calls us fighters together before seconds out, and as Wilder presents his gloves to touch

mine, I make him wait a beat before I bring mine up. Up close, I can see his tattoos of rosaries, psalms, crosses and Chinese lettering. Now his eyes are fixed on mine. *Just another bum with a pair of gloves on*, I think to myself. *Time to go to work!*

As the bell for Round One rings, I sprint out to the middle of the ring to control the action, working the feint and hitting the Bronze Bomber with solid spearing jabs. I've been telling him throughout the build-up to the fight that I'm going to be dropping my own bombs. Maybe he didn't believe me, but now that it's happening, Wilder seems surprised by the weight and power of my shots. I'm moving him back, scoring him with jabs and as I get right into his face there's a look of panic in the whites of his eyes. He's not used to being backed up like this; he can't punch off his back foot. It's out of his comfort zone and beyond his skillset.

I have the greatest of respect for Wilder, this man who I've verbally danced with, mocked and faced-off with over the last week. That's all part of the theatre and brings a bit of drama into people's lives. It's more thrilling if everyone thinks we're arch enemies and that we hate each other. But there's no hate from me. You have to admire a man who only started boxing eleven years ago at the age of nineteen, with the sole purpose of making enough money to take care of his baby girl, who has spina

bifida. We are so blessed to have the NHS taking care of us in the UK; if you can't afford medical insurance in the US, you're screwed.

I witnessed that first hand with the many ill and homeless people on Skid Row in LA in the lead-up to the first Wilder fight; it bummed the hell out of me. Like those people, I know what it's like to be a vulnerable person. Although I wasn't without a roof over my head, during my depression I'd had the same drug and alcohol problems that many of these people who had landed on the street had experienced. Just because someone is ill or addicted it doesn't make them a loser and they shouldn't be forgotten. People need help. I had help and lots of it; I wouldn't be here without it. I respect Wilder for helping his daughter and for inspiring others to get help, too.

I also respect Wilder's grit. When he was trying to make it as a pro, he worked himself beyond exhaustion driving a Budweiser delivery truck, some days for seventeen hours. During this time, he slept in his car outside the gym, training at every spare moment. He was in a hurry to learn his craft, his motivation was strong: his little girl's illness worsening. Within a year and a half of putting on his first boxing glove, Wilder was invited to the Olympics and won a bronze medal. It's amazing what you can achieve when you are focused and when time is against you – a lesson for all of us.

And I'll tell you one final thing about Wilder. Years ago, back in Detroit when I was being trained by Manny Steward, the wise old trainer predicted that one day two young punks would dominate the heavyweight division. The first one was Tyson Fury. The second one? The man with the freakish strength and the devastating right hand that feels like a sock full of snooker balls whacking you on the temple: Deontay Wilder, of course. Wilder's punches hurt more than they should do. How else can a man weighing an average of 210 pounds regularly drop guys of 260 pounds or more? Apparently his grandma once said he was anointed and special. I don't know about anointed, but he's definitely special.

Back to the fight, and for all my respect for my opponent, I'm still going to put Wilder's arse down and knock his lights out. Throughout the opening two rounds, I'm dominating using my orthodox left foot forward as a range measurer. Wilder doesn't know if it's a feint jab, a one-two or a straight right hand coming next. I pressure him, not permitting him a second to compose himself or come up with a plan. Not that he ever seems to have one. There's arrogance for you. That's the problem with knockout merchants: they're so spoilt by getting their own way in the first few rounds, they never prepare for the long haul and the box of skills they'll need to employ over twelve rounds. The best way to beat a bully is to take

the fight right to them, bully the bully, and that is exactly what I'm doing. In the last thirty seconds of the second round, Wilder attempts to land an overhead bomb and misses by an Alabama mile. So much for the precision training his camp were supposed to have been working on.

Towards the end of the third round, I hit Wilder with a quicksilver left-right hook combo, and literally whip him onto the canvas. The crowd are up on their feet cheering, scenting blood and victory, like the crowds in Rome thousands of years ago who paid to watch gladiators cut one another to pieces.

Wilder springs up off the floor like the warrior he is.

What were you saying about my pillow fists, Deontay?

I trot to the corner and wait while the ref gives Wilder the count. I feel sprightly and light on my feet. Adrenaline is coursing through my veins; it's hard to describe the euphoria. I haven't felt this good in years. Standing in the ring right now, everything in my life feels on track. All of the pain, the suffering and the dedication during my comeback was worth it. My family and friends are all watching – in the arena or back at home. I feel them with me. I'm thankful for everyone who got me back here.

I'm not here now to humiliate Wilder, nor do I want to slowly turn the screw and play this torture out over twelve rounds. Ali once said in an interview that he was a sportsman and that he took no pleasure in drawing

## TYSON FURY

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blood or making another man suffer – the sweet science of boxing isn't about that. I agree with him, I just want to finish this quickly. There are still thirty seconds left in the round as the ref waves Wilder back into the contest. A lot can happen in thirty seconds. I feel great, but it only takes one punch . . .

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## INTRODUCTION

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I was 50 per cent of myself the first time I fought Deontay Wilder. But when I faced the Bronze Bomber for the second time, in February 2020, and beat him, shocking the world, I can honestly say I have never been more perfectly prepared and well-conditioned for a fight. Everything worked smoothly in the run-up to that night: my training camp, sparring partners, diet and mindset. I was 100 per cent firing on all cylinders.

In this book I want to share with you the secrets and methods I employed both in my comeback against Wilder, and my comeback in life. I'll show you how I was able to create positive personal change and how you can go about doing the same.

For me, there's no sensation in the world that can match the feeling of going into battle with another high-performance athlete at world-class level. It feels amazing because I know I've done all the work, I'm where I'm supposed to be, and it's all down to me to make history. Are they going to write 'Tyson Fury lost by knockout' or 'Tyson Fury won'?

I appreciate not everyone will share the same desire to get into the ring and knock ten bells out of someone. But I believe the building blocks of my successful comeback

over depression and weight issues to become heavyweight champion of the world once again can be useful for anyone. Remember, I look like an average Joe: bald and a bit fat around the midriff. In the depths of my depression I was suicidal and weighed 28 stone. But thanks to the support from my family and friends, and by seeking professional help and focusing on a positive outlook on life, I got healthy in body and mind. I hope you haven't been through what I have, but I do hope the challenges I have overcome will resonate with challenges that you have faced, or are facing. I'll draw on my experiences from boxing but also from out of the ring. Far from being exclusive to 6 foot 9 giants, these simple approaches and life tips are there for all of us to access.

Over the course of twelve chapters and twelve rounds, we'll address being knocked down and how to get back up again with resilience (all the wiser and stronger for it). We'll look at the transformative power of exercise, and how to find your natural fighting (and living) weight, with tips to help you stay happy and to keep the weight off in the future. Together, we'll re-train our minds to create a positive mindset. Along the way we'll challenge ourselves with goal-setting, we'll tackle self-doubt and we'll learn to fully believe in ourselves. At the start of each chapter, I've also included a cardio workout for you to try each morning, based on similar workouts that I like to do.

What made me sit down and write this book? In March 2020, the global pandemic turned our lives into a science-fiction film as we saw city streets empty and gyms, restaurants, pubs, shops and cinemas close. Sports in every form came to a sudden halt. As people retreated behind closed doors to socially distance, poor mental health became an issue, even for many who hadn't experienced it before. I wanted to reach out and help people who might be suffering from depression. I also needed a routine to keep my own sanity in check. The daily live training sessions I did on Instagram with Paris and sometimes my five kids (if they were behaving!) ensured I started the day off on a positive note. I hope these workouts also helped others do the same. How many times I've banged my skull on that bloody chandelier in our front room while doing burpees doesn't bear thinking about, but the thought that we've been a catalyst for others getting fit and feeling mentally stronger for it gives me no end of pleasure. In fact, it got me to thinking about what else I could do. The road back to health was a tough and at times lonely one for me after my dark depression in 2015, but it was not without precious learning milestones along the way.

Sometimes, we get lost in the speed of life, and in the pursuit of our ambitions, and we lose sight of the really important things we should be thankful for, like friends,

loved ones and our health. When you lose your happiness, your health declines, and when your health declines, it's game over. My road to redemption began with exercise and positive thinking. It's up to us whether we live our lives as glass-half-empty or glass-half-full people; whether we obsess over what's gone wrong in the past and what might go wrong again, or whether we look for a positive in every situation, however challenging. The quality of our thinking informs everything we do from the moment we get up in the morning to whether we get up at all. Being a fat, lazy bum with millions in the bank is no way to live, but being hungry, fit and really alive in the middle of life's journey, now that's a thing worth fighting for!

In years to come we might remember the Covid-19 lockdowns as a time the world stood still and gave us a chance to reflect on who we were, what we were grateful for and things we wanted to change. I believe you can take positives out of every negative, and the virtue of lockdown for me has been that I have been able to spend valuable time with my family. If we could remove the tragedy of the pandemic, perhaps we should have a few weeks' lockdown every year? Every morning as I look out from the balcony of our house at the nearby sea, I count my blessings. They say your life is a reflection of what you hold inside of you, and these days I'm glad to say it is light not darkness.

## THE FURIOUS METHOD

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Before we begin, I want to give you four pieces of advice: short-term goals, positive thinking, healthy diet and exercise. Together, these are my magic formula. But ‘magic formula’ doesn’t sound very boxing, does it? How about: this is my Furious Method. And you can follow it too. So today is your day – a day for change, a day to motivate yourself. You can do anything you put your mind to, remember that. Put the sacrifice and dedication in, and try to become a better person than you were yesterday. Be positive, spread good vibes and do great things. Now come on, you big dosser, let’s get to it!

Tyson Fury



.....  
ROUND ONE  
.....

**GETTING KNOCKED  
DOWN: HITTING  
ROCK BOTTOM**

# FURIOUS WORKOUT I

Good morning, dossier. We're on it, let's go! This is a gentle workout to ease into things. Warning: they get harder.

## 1 Minute 30 Second Warm-up

(You can set timers on your phone or you could use an interval timer app)

- Jog on the spot doing straight punches with both arms for 20 sec
- Bounce on the spot for 20 sec
- Swivel hips clockwise for 10 sec, then the opposite way for 10 sec
- Slow squats for 20 sec

(Stand with your feet hip-width apart, put your arms out in front of you and slowly lower yourself until your thighs are parallel with the ground – as if you are sitting on an invisible chair – putting weight on your heels. Then stand up straight. This is one rep)

- Kick legs out and shake for 10 sec

## 10 Minute Session

(Remember: hydrate and rest for 30 sec after each exercise)

- Walking lunges x 10  
(Lunge forward with your left leg and then your right. This is one rep)
- Jump squats x 10  
(Follow the same instructions for a slow squat, but faster, and jump up off the ground as you stand up)
- Press-ups/push-ups x 10
- Full sit-ups x 10  
(Lie on your back with knees raised and feet planted. Place hands behind head and use your abs to sit fully upright. This is one rep)
- Bicycle crunches x 10  
(Lie on your back, hands behind head. Lift left knee towards chest and bring right elbow towards left knee, while extending

## THE FURIOUS METHOD

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right leg. You should feel a crunch across your stomach as you partially sit up. Repeat for opposite leg/elbow. This is one rep)

- Star jumps x 10
- Half sit-ups/stomach crunches x 10
- (Like the full sit-up, but only lift yourself half as high off the ground with your abs)
- Fast squats x 10
- Static leg lunges x 10  
(Instead of walking forward with the lunge, plant left leg and lunge backwards with right leg until left thigh is parallel with the ground. Then alternate legs. This is one rep)
- Burpees x 10  
(From standing, bend down and put hands on floor in front of you, quickly kick both feet back behind you so you're in a press-up position and then quickly jump feet back towards hands. Stand up straight and then jump. That is one rep)

### Warm-down

- Toe touches x 10 (standing – reach down as far as you can)
- Still standing, cross legs and slowly touch toes x 2, coming up gently, vertebra by vertebra
- Roll hips x 5 each direction

If there was just one word I could give you to carry forward and keep in your pocket for the rest of your life, it wouldn't be 'diet', 'heart', 'courage', 'self-belief', 'commitment' or 'stamina' – though all are paramount. It would be a ten-letter word that is the fuel for life's greatest achievements: P-O-S-I-T-I-V-I-T-Y. Having a positive mindset is essential in everything we do, and