



P E N G U I N  C L A S S I C S

# LondonFrog

*The Last Binge Ever Volume 1*

## Introduction

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, but for this one over fed-frog, London's perpetual rain always manages to find him. Habitual strolls through the streets of London are what keep this melancholic amphibian grounded as he searches for an escape from the chains of ennui that characterize his daily life.

In what reviewers are exalting as the “Internet's Waiting for Godot”, *The Last Binge Ever* is a tour de force of its age. Transcending a Modernist absurdist aesthetic into a post-(post)-((post))-(((postmodernist ))) tale of disillusionment, dissatisfaction, and demoralization with the conditions of modernity. A self-proclaimed “blackpilled ugly beta nofriends loser autistic” who has “wasted his youth” attempts to salvage a semblance of meaning amidst an all-consuming existential dread. With a protagonist that is simultaneously pitiable, loathsome, and at times oddly relatable, many readers consider his writings to be the definitive literary work to capture the underwhelming existence of life in a digitalized age.

## Compiler's Note

This compilation arbitrarily begins on August 29th 2018, as that is when this task was started. Given the nature of the material however, an arbitrary starting point is arguably the most appropriate format. For one, it would be nearly impossible to trace which post is LondonFrog's first. But more than just that, organically encountering LondonFrog's posts have a fundamentally arbitrary nature to them. It is unlikely for even an avid lurker of /lit/ (or /biz/ or /fit/ or any other board he frequents) to consistently run into his posts everyday. Time zone, when he chooses to post, and how soon the threads either get pruned or expire are all contingencies which make it unlikely for some one to consistently run into his threads. Unless if you regularly sift through the archive, catching all his posts in a chronological order would be nearly impossible. In fact, despite my best efforts it is likely that at least a couple of his posts over this past year were over-looked and didn't make it to the collection. Thus an arbitrary beginning, for an otherwise arbitrary experience I believe would most suite a compilation such as this.

This is an on going project. Each volume will contain around 50 – 60 posts, with the latest volume being the most up-to-date one. Depending on demand, an attempt to release a volume of his older posts may also be done in the future.

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>be yesterday

>wasted the whole day and had a morning binge (Ben and Jerry's birthday cake flavour) and a late night fast food binge and went a third day without exercise

>felt really fat at 11 pm, wandering the streets while feeling sad about life; surely a life changing, inertia busting level of fatness?

>surely THAT was the final binge and I'd finally stop binging and, more importantly, do productive stuff in my huge amount of free time

>woke up today

>read a book while drinking coffee instead of browsing internet

>went jogging (first time jogging in over two weeks, first exercise in 4 days)

>did boring admin stuff

>now 2.30 pm and in the stark light of a mundane Wednesday I can see that I have no motivation or inspiration to do anything other than being a consumercuck or an aimless London wanderer, hoping that my dank 20s spontaneously stop feeling wasted

>I feel like I'm stranded and a million miles from anywhere

>feel anxiety about everything I do, don't do, and how I do things

>will actually have to go in to work tomorrow for boring meetings; not sure if vacuous non-work will motivate me or not (it didn't the previous million times)

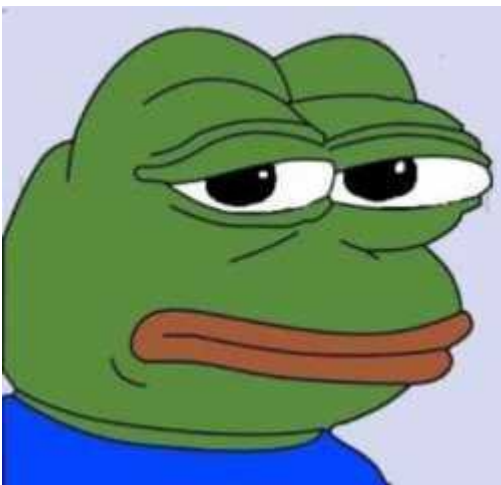
Sitting in my flat alone, in a silence that I tell myself I like but which feels deadening.

Do you know the Eisenhower matrix, where everything is either urgent - non urgent or important - unimportant? I feel like I have lost the ability to even attempt important-non urgent stuff. So as a result I get no important - urgent things in my life. But I avoid all productivity systems or written down goals because they feel self limiting.

Really, what's the point? The normies get everything handed to them. I'm an ugly nofriends male so my life is on hell mode.

I am currently planning to go for a walk, binge at KFC and then go to the gym.

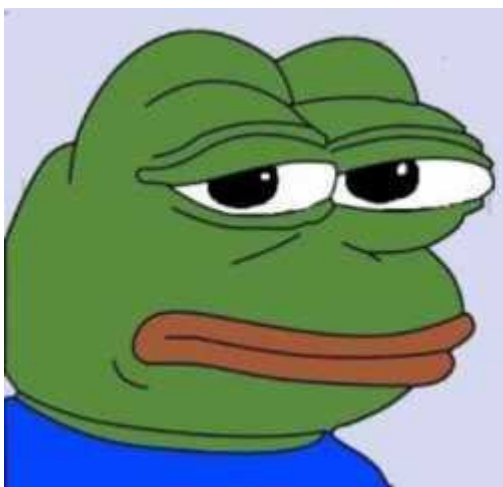
The only positive of the past month is that I have officially gained the ability to ignore boring fiction or continental philosophy and not feel like I have to read them for pseud cred.



I was sitting in my boring job today and realised how stark the difference between consumercuck and producerbull is. Look at the whole of the European Union, apart from the UK. Many smart people yet absolutely nothing is invented because the consumercuck culture destroys the initiative of people.

I whine about a lack of money but I must have easily spent over £1000 (conservative estimate) in the past year on junk food and coffee. I whined about a lack of free time today but I've wasted the past 5 hours.

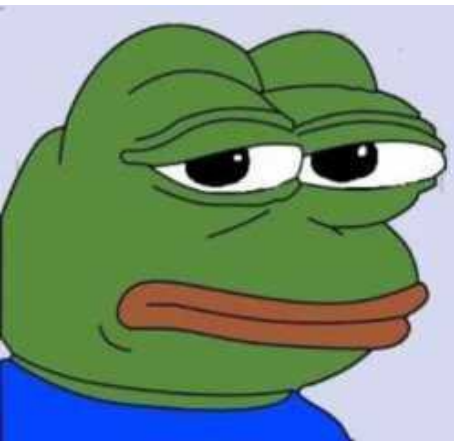
Literature is utterly dead. It is so boring seeing low IQ, American suburb raised, low tier state school continental philosophy lovers on this board. You are the lower tier midwits. Pynchon is midwit boring crap. So are Delillo (not all of his books) and DFW and gaddis.



I had a KFC binge last night but went to the gym afterwards and it felt good to exercise for the first time in just over a week. I woke up this morning and felt good but then I had my final ever junk food binge (berry flavour Ben and Jerry's, Doritos and dip, skittles, chocolate).

I went walking outside in the hope that my youth spontaneously stops feeling wasted. I still felt a crushing lack of motivation in my flat. Doing productive things under your own initiative doesn't feel like it's within my physical vocabulary. I know brain scans are bullshit but they would find a dead region in my brain. Why even bother? All the normies glide through one normie filled institution to another, while being judged solely on normieness.

I had coffee today but it didn't do much to fill me with energy.



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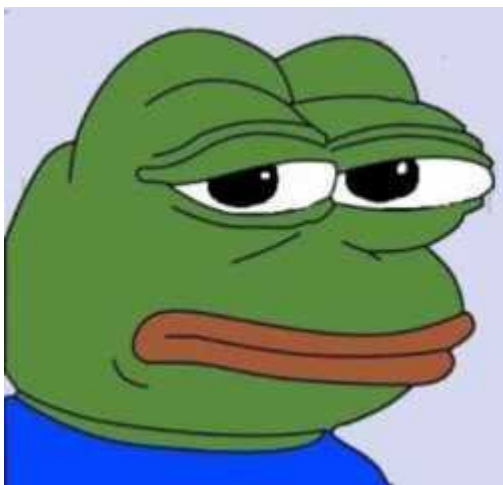
How do I make myself productive in my huge amounts free time, under my own initiative, when I have zero motivation and a cynical outlook on life due to the fact that I am a 27 year old ugly beta male with no friends or social life, no female attention ever, and never been to a pub, club, or party?

For the past 6 years I have wasted almost all of my free time on mindless internet browsing. I have gone to the gym regularly and also been very strong at some points but being healthy has never automatically made me feel like I have a great or meaningful life (thank god I'm not that dumb). I finished university with an acceptable grade and periods of zero effort after a long life of doing well in education, though I hated the subject so I perversely see this particular lack of effort as something to be proud of. I also managed to get and am currently in a job that looks good on my CV and it requires almost no work or time at the office. I will start an even better job later this year, though I wouldn't class myself as a high flyer for my age (definitely not in terms of pay), though to an uneducated observer I would seem to have potential. So I am not a complete loser, just unable to motivate myself to work hard in my free time, with uncertain goals, chances of success, and no externally imposed deadlines.

The only other hobbies I have are a daily binge on either junk food, fast food, or both to stop feeling sad about life, aimless walking or driving around while hoping that my 20s spontaneously stop feeling wasted, large amounts of coffee drinking to give myself an aimless urgency, and reading.

I have had gigantic amounts of free time in the past 4 years. I have wasted almost all of it. I have done some productive things in my free time but I think, if I was completely driven, I could call it two months' worth of work. I endlessly agonise over how productivity systems or rules could help me but I see all structure as a self-limiting sign of failure. We all have the image of the nerdy guy in the braindead office job with his scheduled lunch or a low IQ person who takes motivational self-help slogans seriously. I am sure that constant self-questioning is the price you have to pay if you live in the nihilistic void and I will surely feel like a failure if I ever leave it, whether because I choose personal rules or a productivity system, or if I get a job that requires me to have a regular schedule.





Londonfrog here. I binged on KFC a few hours ago and it was The Last Binge Ever. My binging has intensified in the past 2 weeks. I have exercised less and binged twice on some days, so I am now genuinely fat.

But it has to stop and that was the last binge. Right now, as I lie in bed, I can know that if I don't binge tomorrow then I am heading towards health just by doing nothing. And saving so much money.

As an on topic question: What do you think of those introduction book series like "A very short introduction..." and pelican introduction or a dummies guide. Are they always pleb or midwit shit? I am reading a pelican book (economics: a user's guide) and enjoying it.

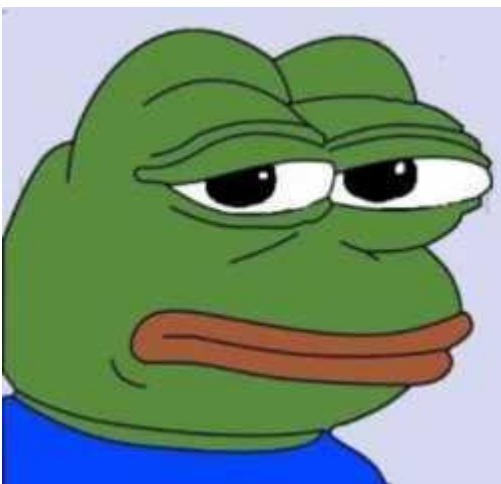
>>  Anonymous Wed Sep 5 07:26:49 2018 No.11735005

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>>OP

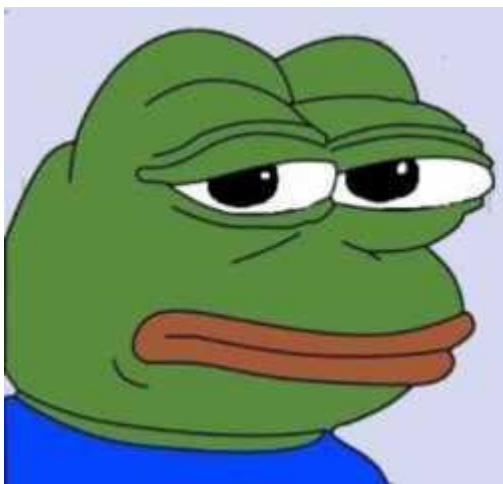
Stick with your guns. It's going to be hard at first, but you'll get there.



I know that I said last night that it was the last binge but I saw lots of happy young people on my way home after buying junk food, which retrospectively justified my purchase of the doritos and ben and jerry.

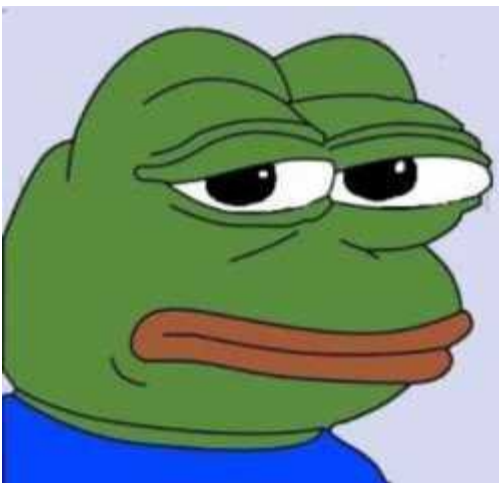
I went to the library and borrowed a few books. I didn't want to borrow more modern politics books. I was bored of fiction. I borrowed one contemporary philosophy book which I expect to dislike. I didn't borrow the bacteria to bach book by Dennett because I looked in to it for a second and assumed it's a charlatan playing with labels, though I may look in to it later. And I picked a history book that I now worry may be too plebby. Its about events during WW1. I'm not quite sure whether to read history through magnum opus style books or lighter works. I saw a large russian revolution book, which is a topic I want to know more about but I think I could be lost in detail. I also saw some interesting Roman books but I've read many this year and forgotten almost everything.





I listened to a great Joe Rogan podcast yesterday where the guest was a craftsman who created knives. It was pleasurable just to hear from a guy who knows his stuff. But I had to skip 5 minutes because Joe talked about the potential of objects having memories.

Earlier yesterday I had started a book by a respected philosopher who wrote a book about the curiosity of intellectuals (in late Victorian England and later in the book Soviet Russia) about life after death. It's such a bore. It's just people juggling around unfalsifiable ideas. Of course the author doesn't believe this crap but this book, and his other books, are lazy strolls through bullshit. This is an English analytic guy but who has the heart of a continental. "Bloomsbury bien pensants thought dumb shit back then. I will strongly hint that they're just as dumb now but not quite say it." We KNOW! But saying it by meandering through dumb parts of history isn't illuminating in the slightest.



I took up a weekend part time job in a clothes shop for extra money since I spend my full time job's paycheck. The time in the job passes quickly but it is so humiliating to be working for £7.83 an hour while people casually spend £50+ on clothes.

And it's so humiliating to have less than £1000 in savings when I'm 27. And I still can't resist spending £3 for coffee or much more on junk food binges. Seriously, normies simply glide from normie filled institution to another normie filled institution while being judged solely on normieness.

I saw some teenagers last night in a group at night and I realised that they are the gods of society. Youth is everything.

I walked home in the evening and saw lots of women dressed for nights out, all on the hunt for chad.

I'm now completely bored of 4chan after being on here for about 6.5 years but I still waste time on the internet. My eyes glaze over 99.9 % of lit and pol topics (my 2 favourite boards)

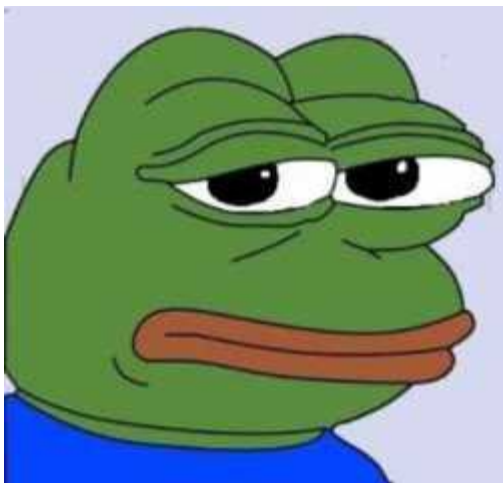
>>  Anonymous Sun Sep 9 07:50:17 2018 No.11755519

>>OP

This might be your most based post yet.

>>  Anonymous Sun Sep 9 07:51:59 2018 No.11755523

B A S E D



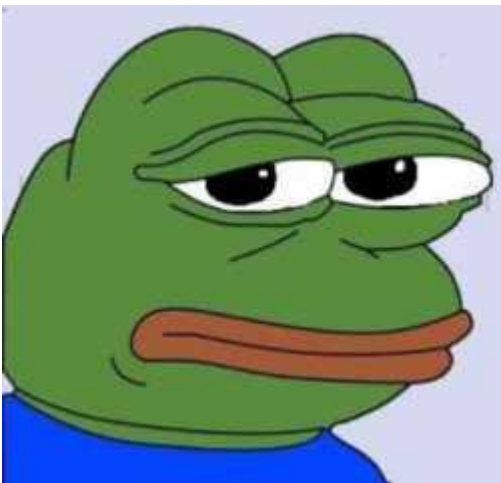
I now consistently imagine the people around me insulting me when I am not in the same room. I used to just hear the phrases ("Oh my god, what a creep!") but now I vividly imagine them all laughing at me.

I have realised why I am the only guy who complains about wagecuckery and various things on 4chan. It is because this board is made up of mostly NPCs.

I am so sick and tired of hearing people on /lit/ talk about "transcendence" (i.e., "I want to talk utter bullshit (on par with Joe Rogan talking about objects having memories) but I want to dress it up as something deep"). /lit/ is a bunch of NPCs who pretend to be unimpressed with Hillary / Blair style leftist worshippers but who are all slavishly devoted to the commands from Harvard Literary Cultural Critique Professors and New Yorker writers on which books to like.

I really consistently worry about my IQ while doing anything, especially after reading about high IQers being better at literally everything. I worry an extreme amount about some sort of efficient market except with sorting humans in to their stations in life depending on their IQ (so long term rich people can't be stupid and in the long term smart people won't stay poor). My dad is definitely booksmart and has done impressive stuff but flawed in some respects (from the point of view of making lots of money or having societal impact) and I worry I inherited his flaws and not his intelligence, even though I did well at school. At least seeing Elon Musk on Joe Rogan can let me completely eliminate being a slick normie as an inevitable consequence of a good IQ.

I am still bingeing and still drinking coffee. I can't be bothered going to the gym when I am tired.



I finished a boring book yesterday just for the pseud cred and I'm not sure what to read now.

I binged twice yesterday. The first time on Burger King, the second on junk food. I had some more junk food this morning and I'm sure it's the last time.

I'm trying to figure out how to make myself do anything productive in my free time.

I saw Chad and Stacey couples in regent's park, which was demoralising as fuck. If everybody is supposedly a wage cuck slave (and I should accept being one) then who are all these people out enjoying life in central London right now?



After exercising for the first time in a week yesterday, my sleep was long and I felt shattered when I woke up, like I could have slept for a few more hours, but I feel ok now. Obviously it was the good type of tiredness.

I had a meeting yesterday at work where I was on video and the only one in my room and there were people in the other office. I thought of myself as "that ugly guy on camera with nothing to say". At least I went home afterwards while they had to work until 5.

I saw a large stream of young people walking around. I saw a tall chad looking guy with an attractive blonde who wearing instagram-core clothes. I thought about how the most masculine of men are paired with the most feminine of women, and the slightly less masculine men with the slightly less feminine... and so on until the man and woman seem near identical. I then wondered whether any self improvement to try and be above your league was a waste. The normies (NPCs) seem to subconsciously dress for their leagues. I never see a beta looking ugly guy who obviously lifts a lot and wears good clothes, or a non-8+ girl who dresses like an Instagram Stacey. It's like they have sorted themselves in to tiers based on the generic lottery. Not to say that it's wrong. Maybe conscious people such as myself have deluded ourselves in to thinking anything else could be the case.

I am outside and drinking coffee. Since university I have only had about 2 months of working 9-5 (the start of my current job before I realised I could do no work and stay away from the office). I found working 9-5 horrific and demoralising. I feel like a chicken who has left the coop and wandering around the forest before realising he has nothing to do except go back. I am going to hugely regret wasting so much time that I could have spent learning stuff.

I have a history book I will read room but it's all so petty. WW1 is petty. Politics is petty. Technology and science and non-BS philosophy (not much desu) is all that matters.

>>  Anonymous Thu Sep 13 20:21:23 2018 No.11777920

>>OP

It's like 4chan-Houillebecq but without any literary merit.



- >wake up
- >check my phone
- >got an email saying I was rejected for a job for which I did an asynchronous video interview that I did a few days ago (where you are recorded over the internet, answering questions, but you don't actually talk to anyone; they review it later)
- >check my bank account
- >less money than expected from paid in from my job
- >phone HMRC (UK IRS) and they change my tax code but I won't be repaid the extra money for a while
- >go outside and see attractive young people in the primes of their lives (I'm 27 and haven't had friends since school or female attention ever, never been to a pub, club, or party)
- >see Staceys driving expensive cars in the middle of the day (they are probably rich)
- >listen to BBC radio 4 program that misrepresented Ayn Rand
- >currently drinking coffee in central London to feel less alone and pass the time
- >paid £3 for Starbucks coffee with young happy zoomers at the till
- >thought I had an epiphany and would turn the corner last night: don't feel like having any junk food, so maybe I have changed, but I am still extremely unhappy: feel like I need to be productive all the time
- >feel bad I'm 27 and haven't really started a solid career yet

Nothing too bad but life grinds down the soul  
I binged again but only a small binge



I saw a guy with a creepy demeanour, not because he was overstepping any boundaries, but because of his negative body language and quietness, and had this epiphany: oh, so THAT'S what I'm like. But he is normal looking and I am ugly, so I can barely imagine what I seem like.

I am so demoralised and bored by life. I almost considered applying to an accountancy grad scheme, which is how bad things got (a boring job with no chance to succeed through hard work or skill, something you just turn up to and lose hours of your life in; and you're really just a castrated investment banker).

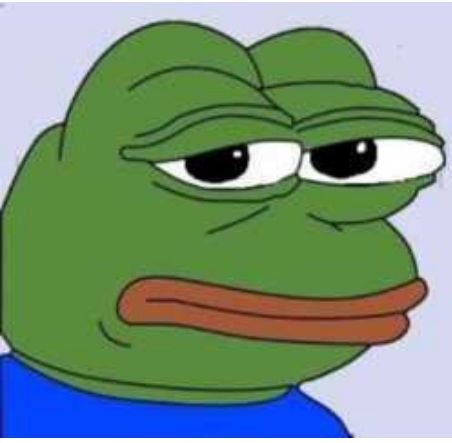
I feel so demoralised because Elon Musk literally changes the world while I can't make myself do anything productive in my free time. I considered making myself a list of things to do but even that level of structure makes me feel cucked. Elon does 50 things at once and starts businesses while on the toilet.

What it boils down to, is that every single job requires you to act like a normie and be judged solely on normieness. And fulfilling technical jobs pay like shit (in the UK). If you didn't go to a top 10 uni in the UK, or to a posh private school, you are fucked.

Leaving for a wagecuck job in the morning, in the dark, after waking up with an alarm, is the most cucked feeling ever.

I went to the gym for the first time in 10 days and lifted a lot, relative to what I can currently do, and felt great.





I went to the gym and lifted weights 3 times in the past 6 days, so I feel pretty good, even though I still binge.

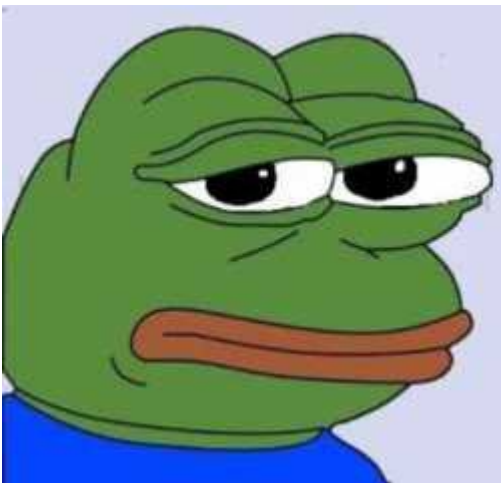
I finished reading a history book today, which was good. I borrowed 3 more books from the library today, all of them non fiction because I'm bored of fiction. I still haven't done anything productive in my free time but at least the books might leave something in my mind, some pseud residue. Of course I feel bad and know that only understanding derived from action (more active than reading) really matters.

I'm currently outside and drinking coffee in central London after riding around on the underground. I feel calm and slightly content because I am currently realising that when i get a 9-5 job that requires actual work I will not have this freedom.

I saw some Staceys. I thought of some rational statements in my mind ("They are attractive s they receive a lot of attention so they are likely to have had sex with many males but Tinder experiments show that these males likely make up only the top 10 % of males in attractiveness") and I realised that it was striking how simple deductive statements and statements of probability lead to conclusions that are offensive to many people and need to be rationalised away. I also saw some university aged looking qts and felt sad that I'm an ugly guy who has never had female attention ever. The weather is mundane today. I never even had a simple mundane day where a girl ever wanted to talk to me, nevermind some movie style winter / summer day.

I saw posh private school girls (Jailbaceys, though they looked older than 16) and realised that within 5 years they'll all be making £60,000 in their first jobs, where they will be judged by clones of themselves.

I feel tempted to instill more order in to my life: goals, deadlines, maybe even a schedule. But it feels pathetic.



I woke up and drank coffee, ate, and am drinking more coffee before a day of wasting lots of time.

- >apply for graduate job
- >fail online personality test

I know that you're supposed to lie but it says a lot that I have failed a few despite having applied for many and done many tests before.

And in the UK some applications require you to do an asynchronous online interview, which is just you recording yourself over the internet on your webcam answering questions (with time limits and only one shot, and you are expected to wear formal clothes) and they review it later.

I keep imagining what some rock stars or rich people would think. These are uncucked people who can't even fathom the cucked nature of lower middle class aspiring-to-above-average salarycucks.

And even if I got an interview I would be judged solely on normieness, looks, poshness, and whether i'm one of da ladz. And all that just to be an empty suit. If you live in the UK and don't go in to law (after Oxbridge / LSE) or investment banking, or your parents don't have a house in London, then you are fucked. Not to say that non-posh people are any better. They are still stultifyingly normie.

No wonder YouTube celebrities are so popular with kids. Kids can sense uncuckedness. The true redpill is that kids are just unfiltered adults, so all that social darwinism high school clique stuff was the real face of humanity.

I should just give up on ever being a non-friendless non-loser and stay inside more.

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Post the video interview pls

>>11819126

It's recorded through proprietary online software.

I'm currently feeling so pathetic because I haven't created a fast growing internet company that makes me a millionaire. Look at all the people getting rich.

I'm also feeling pathetic because I don't work in investment banking or as a programmer or in law.

I am having a day-nightmare where I am at a televised sporting event on my own, sitting near a woman, and there's a kiss-cam and the woman looks at me and laughs and the whole crowd laughs.

I am going to binge today. I feel like having one of those large crunchie chocolate bars and the new chewy skittles



I lifted heavy weights (relative to now) at the gym yesterday and I may be stronger than I've been for over a year. I had a late night McDonalds binge afterwards.

I had skittles and cherry cola and chocolate today. I considered having honey flavour Ben and Jerry's but I think I can overcome it and stop binging, for now. I am having coffee from Starboocks right now but I won't have it after 4 pm, so my sleep won't be affected too much.

I wrote a large 6000+ character sadpost last night.

I am unsure whether to start reading a history book or a sci-fi book. The sci-fi book seems less interesting. It's really quite damning that novels feel like more work than history books. I can see why someone would say otherwise, by saying fiction works your imagination, but I don't take that seriously.

I saw an otherwise 7/10 with large boobs and it really hit home the idea of genetics being everything.

I am starting to see everything as an intelligence test: avoiding junk food, avoiding coffee, and so on. But in the end, is it more intelligent to have junk food and maximise pleasure or sacrifice pleasure for the sake of some ideal that is merely a spook? It's arbitrary, of course.

I feel like such a subhuman for not having a highly technical job, not being rich, or not being a high paid lawyer or investment banker. Young people these days start financial companies for fun or become bitcoin millionaires after zero effort or work in fancy city of London offices in companies where everyone is under 35 and they have job titles with "strategy" in them and they go on 10 holidays a year and rent their large London flats on Airbnb and feel sincerely sad about Brexit or work as academics (it's all charlatanism outside of STEM, but still) or work in the UK public sector surrounded by their clones and Oxbridge college friends and with a pressure free job for life.



I have already seen two and a half (two Staceys and one qt) day ruining girls- ones where I see them and my day is ruined because I realise they fuck ten Chads a day and consider me a disgusting loser. The two Staceys were walking together and looked university aged. They were both blonde and almost looked "homely" enough to not be full Staceys but you can tell they are because of the cropped top of one of them. They seemed like the upper middle class understated Stacey, where you know they fuck a rugby team a week but they act quiet and normal during the day time. The qt looked like one of those girls who gets with bohemian, witty, 6'2" English Literature majors and who strings along socially adept betas.

I did some boring administrative stuff this morning and had 3 ice cream bars. I then went outside. I am currently drinking Starboocks at eets pyoorest. Yesterday I read most of a short sci-fi book at the library. I will finish it today for the pseud cred but it's not that good.

I was outside yesterday when the daylight went away and it becomes dark. At that point I always feel like a loser for not being indoors and working on something. I feel like a dumb loser because the normies have just spent 8 hours working on something and advancing their lives while I, with my lack of any scheduling, have wasted my day. In London the streets are still busy and some libraries are still open, so I can walk around and feel busy albeit loserish. In my home city, the evening would mark the silence of basically everywhere and signify an utter lack of motivation. Even in London some busy train stations become dead at 9 pm. I wish I lived in Manhattan.

I feel like such a loser living in a small flat when everyone on tv lives in a mansion. I just want a desk and chair combination in my flat which isn't optimised to rape my lower back.

I feel like I need to create my own sense of order. I avoid writing down my goals or things I want to do because I see all systems or order as self-limiting and like cucking myself. I hope I will wake up one day and start being hard working but I've remained lazy for years.



Did anyone else goof compared to their potential?

- >did really well at school, perfect grades, enjoyed my maths and science courses; started reading books for enjoyment at 17, so in retrospect I was at my peak intellectual growth rate relative to my age
- >went to nearest university instead of most prestigious one I could have entered (level of uni could have been much worse, but still nowhere near my potential)
- >did STEM degree I found boring as fuck (put no thought in to my subject choice)
- >ugly nofriends loser all through university; was insanely unhappy while surrounded by attractive normies in their primes
- >initially continued doing really well at university despite lacking interest in all courses but motivation eventually went off a cliff
- >realised mid-way through my degree that university prestige matters a lot for jobs and also correlates with course difficulty, so even if I got good grades it wouldn't mean much
- >my final few years were characterised by less than zero effort and huge amounts of procrastination as I did the absolute bare minimum and horrible work; it was also tough to emotionally come to terms with how much of an ugly loser I was all through university and how the "best period of my life" was ending;
- >found r9k and then the incel-blackpill mid-way through uni, which gave me a powerful framework for my utter social failure which hasn't been refuted (if I had ever had a social life at uni, or attention from women ever, that is the point at which I would have stopped being a cringey "nice guy", as a reference point)
- >regretted not doing Maths or Physics; the academic level of some of my university courses was pathetic and lowered my motivation further; in the UK you have zero course choice and your maths / physics courses are tarded up by becoming "Diff. Eq. for Biologists" and so on
- >final few years also had me failing huge amounts of internship and then graduate job interviews due to at first awful, then merely below average, social skills
- >failed huge amounts of interviews with financial companies (to be in Canary Wharf or the City of London on one day, and then my dull, grey, shitty small town uni the next was crushing)
- >ironically, I failed the few interviews I had for jobs related to my subject probably even worse, because they wanted nothing but social skills
- >realised that normies go through life in normie filled institutions while being judged by normies based on normieness and I will probably never be successful; in all of my jobs I become the ugly loser autistic nobody talks to within one day
- >barely graduate with an acceptable grade (2:1)
- >post university: no job, humiliating part time retailcuck jobs, semi-prestigious but low paid bureaucrat job in London that miraculously requires no work or time at the office (seriously, and I genuinely wonder if I am being observed as a basic income experiment subject), and will start an even more prestigious, higher paid, higher ranking but still zero skill bureaucrat job soon



I woke up at 8 am, browsed the internet on my phone a bit, and then had to sleep for a few more hours to stop being tired.

I was up until 2 am last night applying for jobs. I should think of that with pride, but filling in forms makes me feel like an uber consumercuck that can only follow the set track.

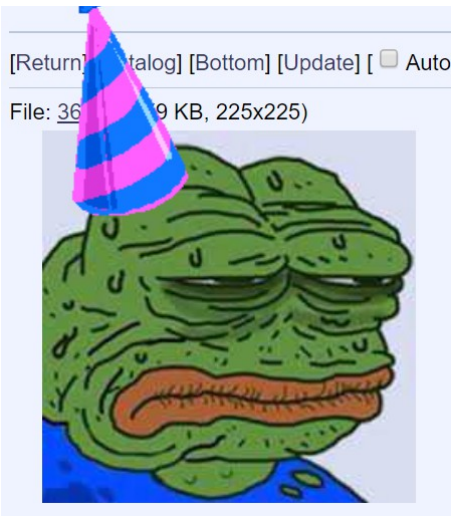
I did an online test for one of the big 4 companies last night and another today. These are usually dumb personality tests you have to lie about and some easy arithmetic questions. They are becoming more involved than in the past. They have videos and come off as corporate propaganda, which made me feel pathetic in doing them. Last night's online test involved looking through fictitious sources to answer questions. These sources included fake interviews with a fake startup or a student doing an online MBA (sitting on the couch with a tablet and no pen and paper) at a fake university. Another fake source was a video of a radio programme where they discuss a (fake) potential new free speech smothering EU law. It was creepy as fuck.

Maybe big companies are soul crushing but seeing that fake video of the fake London based startup with the happy clappy owners: posh english guy, a black British woman, and Spanish accented woman in shiny offices eating ethnic food and talking about travelling made my skin crawl. Maybe that was the aim of the propaganda.

I am outside drinking coffee (I ordered a latte because I saw an image on /TV/ yesterday making fun of males who drink black coffee as fedoras). I kind of want to go back to my flat to watch the Kavanaugh hearings with /pol/ but it seems like the exact type of daily hyped circus that I have to learn to ignore if I want to amount to anything in life.

I had 3 ice creams and since I have the gym tonight I plan to eat junk and drink coffee until the gym, and then watch question time because mogg is on it. The day feels so short, even if I plan to sleep at 2 am.





- >woke up today
- >had coffee in flat and pot noodle that I didn't have yesterday during my Last Binge Ever ever
- >saw news story on BBC website about 26 year old owning a fitness clothing company with £100 m in revenue
- >he's probably fucked all of the company's models
- >browsed the usual shit aimed at distracting midwits like myself
- >bought and ate minstrels and fizzy maoam
- >went outside to walk around (left flat at 1 pm)
- >currently drinking coffee in central London and feeling sad about life

I'm so old. I'm 27. I saw a jailbait a few minutes ago go in to an Audi but then she drove it away. I saw a news story about Tories discussing the idea of giving £10k to young people but I realised I wouldn't even be classed as one now. When I get in to bed at the end of the day I make that old person \*loud exhaling noise\*.

I'm so ugly. I have binged every day for a long time. I have an ugly face.

I'm so cucked. I have multiple asynchronous video interviews to do for graduate jobs I want. Little cucky cuckboy cucking himself in front of the cuckbox for a cuckjob so he can afford a bigger cuckshed after 20 cucky years. Meanwhile Chad builds companies with his fratbros and is a millionaire and enjoys every second of life. Or he works in investment banking and makes tonnes.

I'm so pseudointellectual. I barely read 100 pages of a history book I started 5 days ago. It's interesting but I have no passion for this particular book. I am a consumercuck who gobbles up the producerbull's dump: in this case a book he probably wrote for the sake of writing a book.

I'm so lazy and demoralised. I have gone over 6 months without doing a single productive thing in my free time, like learning maths or programming. It is like a mental block. Being productive is not within my mental vocabulary. I know I'm in the middle of an ocean of possibilities with no land in sight as normies party on cruise ships.

I'm a meek charismaless bore with no friends for years and no female attention ever.



I am so bored. I can't motivate myself to do anything productive with my huge amounts of free time. I want to do productive stuff... in the future. But right this second I have no desire to do anything. Not only that, I can't bear to give my life the slightest bit of structure because it feels like I'm admitting defeat, like I'm saying that I can only function as a cucked cog in a corporate machine, being told what to do by some middle manager normie.

I want to be able to spend all my free time learning maths or programming (or actually programming) but I can't bear to do anything. Anything worthwhile will take me shitloads of work. I've already emphasised this in the past with the perfect metaphor. I'm stranded in the middle of an ocean with no land in sight and an endless distance to swim to, as the normies enjoy themselves on cruise ships.

I have no clue how to gain the motivation to do anything.

I lifted heavy weights yesterday in the gym and I'm stronger than I've been for over a year. It doesn't change much about my day to day life but it's a plus.

I have a dull office job in London that requires no work or time at the office but I still only just live paycheck to paycheck. I got a weekend part time job to actually save money but I still waste so much on coffee and junk food binges. Every one of them is the Last Binge Ever. Even going in to the large and shiny supermarket yesterday to buy binge food, as it was filled with uni students full of life, was sad for me. If I choose to work hard then I'll be indoors all day and miss everything. >inb4 balance. There is no cutoff before I stop feeling guilty and pained and FOMO. I feel bad at everything I do, don't do, and how I do it.

I see more and more university students lately and it's demoralising.

I read books but it is a consumercuck activity. I am going through the motions. I need to drop all the midwit shit that I read, and the stuff that I am only half-interested in.



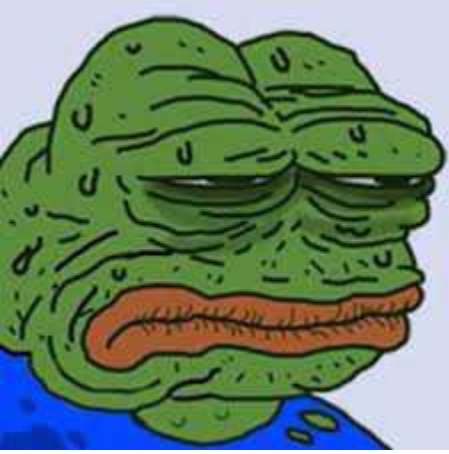
I binged last night on Ben and Jerry's cookie sandwich ice cream, plus a few other things. Maybe that was the last binge ever but I say that everyday. I woke up this morning after dreaming that I was in the last day of school (I'm 27).

I applied today for a graduate job which I've been to interview for 3 times previously in their prestigious London location (not a high paying job, but prestigious). Failing each time, of course, because I'm an ugly autistic. I also applied for a job that's actually related to my technical major but I have forgotten everything in my degree and hated it at the time.

My part time job (in addition to my zero work full time job) paid me over £200 but I barely have more than two weeks ago in my bank account because I am a millennial who wants to live like he's in a movie. I just paid £3 for a coffee.

I didn't exercise yesterday but I will go jogging today and will probably lift more than I have for well over a year tomorrow (for the 4th time in a row).

I am reading a philosophy book and I think the guy is just labelling things, even though it's interesting.



I binged on KFC yesterday and then had ice cream later at night.

I have already binged on burger king today. The day feels wasted and it's only 3 pm. I planned to go jogging today but I feel too lazy.

I'm currently drinking coffee after having walked around outside and felt sad about life.

Life is so uninspiring. Last night when I went to the supermarket to buy ice cream and it was dark outside but bright in the supermarket, which was filled with young university students (I'm a 27 year old silent generationer) it felt kino. But I just bought my food and left to go back home. I need coffee or else I have no urgency.

I'm going to go to a library to read and feel less alone but I'm such a loser for doing so.

#### >NIGHT TIME UPDATE

I read parts of a philosophy book. I binged on ice cream and procrastinated jogging, and have ultimately decided not to exercise today. I plan to go jogging tomorrow. I bought ice cream from the shiny supermarket when it was dark outside.

I drank coffee in my flat while listening to music and playing agar.io. this reminded me of my life in late 2015, when I did exactly the same thing.

I am hoping that tomorrow I somehow start my real life

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why can't you fucking control yourself

**Anonymous** Tue Oct 9 06:41:15 2018 No.11902458

>>11902440

All productivity systems or life rules feel self limiting and pathetic. If I can't be successful simply through being myself rather than cucked systems, then I am intrinsically shit.

Giving up coffee or junk food is fine. But I don't want to do it by proclaiming right now, "no coffee for a month". That's self limiting cuckoldry. I want to be awesome enough to spontaneously resist coffee every second of the day.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee while browsing internet (played agar.io a bit)
- >applied for a few jobs
- >went jogging, which felt good
- >went outside to drink coffee, walk around while feeling sad
- >currently drinking coffee

I want to binge on fast food again. Why is all regular food so shit compared to carb filled sugar filled stuff?

When will my real life start? It's another sterile day. I have no motivation or inspiration

>NIGHT TIME UPDATE, 8 pm

I went to the library and finished reading a philosophy book. Then I binged at McDonalds. Now I'm unsure whether or not to binge some more. A second small binge is acceptable if it marks the end of all binges.



Is there any book that can make up for the feeling of missing out on any social life in my 20s and never having had female attention ever?

Don't bother trying to find any books. There are none. Some dumb book from 150 years ago about a rich guy seeing a woman's ankle is no substitute and no source of familiar feelings. Novels these days are a medium endorsed by a centralised cabal of sjw midwits. No book will talk about issues like women having Chads on tap due to the internet, NPCs, any reasonable person's complete disconnect from the wider culture.

If you didn't go to Oxbridge or one of H/Y/P/S/NYU/Amh/Will then you're not getting in either.





I binged on McDonalds last night and then had chocolate. I had trouble sleeping because of that and all the coffee so I had to lie in bed from midnight to 11.30 am to get a full night's sleep. I had to drink large amounts of water at night

When I woke up I had a tub of Ben and Jerry's and skittles and Pepsi Max. This could have been the final binge. I played agar.io a bit.

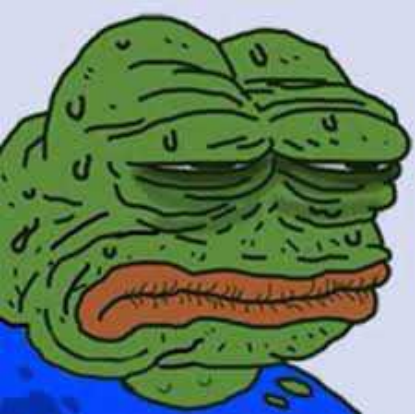
I am currently drinking coffee in central London after walking around and feeling sad about life. I saw a qt-stacey hybrid and some Staceys. It's sunny and over 20 degrees so it's almost like a bonus day of summer. It's incredible that people pretend being in an office from 9 to 5.30 and missing all daylight is normal. Look outside and see all the normies enjoying life.

Maybe everyone out right now enjoying life is a human, while NPCs are told that life is bad and "haha bro, a job's a job, everyone has to work bro \*dumb self satisfied boomer expression\*". I'm the NPC that miraculously got a zero work job, which lets me see the humans enjoying life.

I'm feeling particularly subhuman today for not being a scientist. I applied for a job related to my major, an r&d job at a large consumer goods company. Of course it's remote that I get the job, but even if I did I'd be subhuman compared to a 24 year old PhD physicist. The guy who made agar.io is younger than me and rich as fuck.

I finished a philosophy book yesterday by a contemporary philosopher. He unsuccessfully tried to transmogrify his verbalisations in to non trivial insights about consciousness. This guy is a famous analytic yet he is still a fraud. At least I can feel superior to him.

I have a zero work full time job so I took a part time job to actually build savings. I work in a clothes shop part time. Seeing normies spend tonnes on clothes is demoralising.



I'll post assorted stuff, there is no narrative today

I went to the gym and I'm stronger than any time since 1.5 years ago. I don't go to a hardcore gym so I probably lifted more weights (squats) than anyone else in the building could, yet I'm a big loser.

I realised that my 20s nostalgia (I'm 27) consists of me driving or walking around my home city or London respectively, while feeling sad about life. While other people have all sorts of memories. I'm currently feeling particularly sad about my second year of university. I was as much a nofriends loser as any other time but it feels particularly bad in multiple ways.

I still waste all my free time. I never "seize the day" and I look back on life as if I've been sleepwalking through it. I'm worried that I am an NPC. I have thoughts and an internal monologue and imagination, obviously, but I worry that my lack of initiative is the real NPC indicator.

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**Anonymous** Sat Oct 13 09:40:50 2018 [No.11923444](#)

And whose fault is that?

**Anonymous** Sat Oct 13 09:45:51 2018 [No.11923478](#)

>>11923444

All the normies get everything handed to them. So them.

Another thing I was thinking of is that I'll never get anywhere in life because to achieve anything requires connections and networking gained from social events, formal and informal. I feel like my entire life will be characterised by me applying for shit and being rejected by committees of insiders who have everything planned in advance.

Remember when I used to whine about feeling like I have to read pseud shit? The feeling has gone. I even want to throw away at least 30 books I own. Fuck midwit fiction.



Today I woke up at 10 am and ate the chocolate bar from yesterday's binge. I plan to go jogging later today.

I did two online tests for graduate jobs. One was routine online tests, the other was this weird test called pymetrics. It was literally doing psychology experiments but online. It involved mashing the space bar repeatedly, testing reaction times, and doing fake psychology experiments (e.g., ones where one player gets given \$5 and can choose to take or give money from another player. But I know I'm playing with a computer and without real money, so this is literally worse than non replicable psychology experiments ). In short, a company managed to sell this pseudoscientific process to HR roasties. I did well but got rejected soon afterwards, which is a typical experience. On the bright side, I have a phone interview for a good job soon.

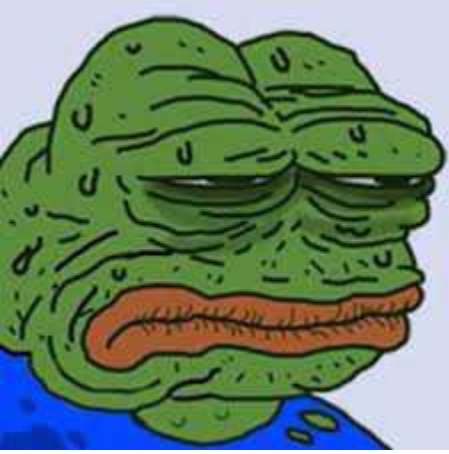
I have gone outside to walk around London and feel sad and bored by life. I am currently drinking coffee. The university Chads and Staceys are out in full force, which is demoralising.

I feel like binging with fast food but I'm not sure how. I want McDonalds chips and mcflurry, KFC popcorn chicken, and burger king burgers.

The history book I'm reading is only barely passable. It marketed itself on the cover and blurb as a top down look at Europe but is more bottom up and jumps from time to time.

'ate ennui  
'ate pseudos  
'ate bein' an uggo  
'ate healthy food  
'ate normies

love KFC  
love maccas  
love burger king  
love free time  
simple as



The most memorable demoralising moments list (in no order). There are too many to list.

1. Going to Camden Town for the first time, the hipster haven, seeing all the happy young tourists
2. Walking outside in a blazingly hot London day, seeing Staceys everywhere, realising that the Notting Hill carnival was on that day. I went there
3. Going for a job interview in Canary Wharf and then being in my dull grey cloudy university campus the day after.
4. Walking through Shoreditch at night during the summer, to experience the catharsis that came with seeing normies enjoying nightlife (though I'm not sure if catharsis can happen once a day everyday) and being made fun of by a girl who was walking down the street with another girl ("Look at the nose on that fucker!")
5. Working a retailcuck job after university and being laughed at by young girls who I didn't know ("Oh my God, it's Anon!")
6. Walking through Brick lane (hipster ground zero) on a hot and sunny day and seeing all the young people enjoying life
7. At my university library when I was a student. I head towards the toilet at the back of the building. I open the door to the room next to the bathroom entrance. I see a literal Chad and Stacey making out. I turn around and go to the other bathroom on the other side of the building. As I go back to my seat I see the Stacey sitting next to her Stacey friend, laughing and pointing at me.
8. That really fucking hot and sunny weekday where I walked through regent's park and went to the British library. Everything was packed with normies enjoying life.

I have many others of course but the reason I keep mentioning these landmarks and London is that nobody would care otherwise. I haven't mentioned the routine demoralisations or the demoralising moments during mundane moments that became memorable.



>be me

>be ugly beta 27 year old nofriends loser autistic with no friends or social experiences since school, no attention from women ever, never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university

>walked past a university today and saw literally tens of qts and Staceys in their primes

>felt incredibly demoralised because I'm an eternal loser with no motivation in life and they'll always see me as an ugly loser

>went through university as a loner loser

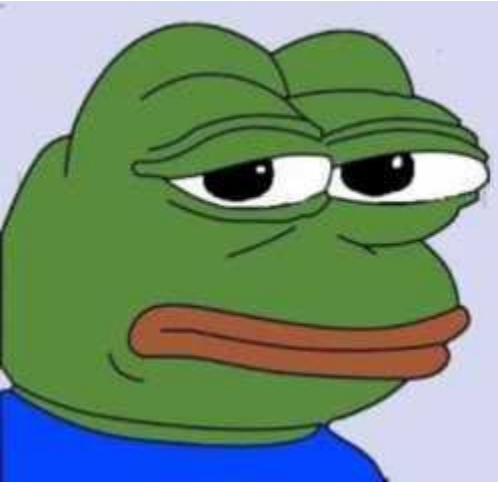
>lifting did nothing, having a full time job did nothing

>normies are all enjoying themselves and I've missed out on everything

After seeing some pop music videos and Instagram posts today I became even more demoralised. Everyone but me is loving the good life. I have no motivation to do anything in my free time. I just waste it on the internet. I have no passions in life.

I'm such an ugly boring charismaless loser. I become the ugly loner nobody talks to within one day of all my jobs. My level of introversion and lack of normieness makes all professional effort worthless because you need to be a normie networker to get anywhere.

Even junk food barely keeps the pall of ennui and boredom away anymore.



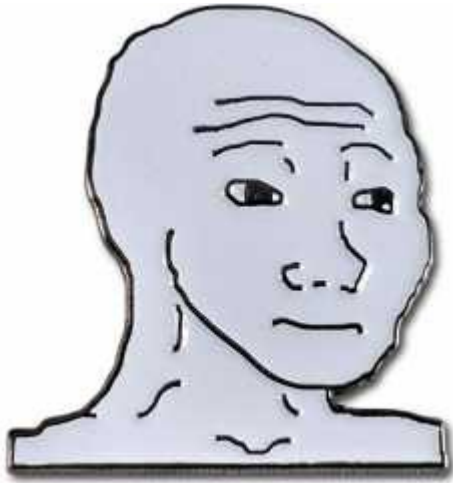
I woke up at 10 am. I wasted time on the internet while eating and drinking coffee, I went outside and walked around while feeling sad about life, then had coffee, then read 30 pages of a book in the library and then wasted many hours at home while bingeing on junk food.

I have got to stop wasting so much time online. But the real world is demoralising.

Its unironically "university qts everywhere and I'm demoralised" season. How do basedboy numale bearded types, or even just nonChads, get the motivation to work hard? It's unbelievable. I have more admiration for 130 lbs skinny fat Silicon Valley autistic programmers than SAS soldiers.

The history book I'm reading is good.

Any structure in life is painful for me and makes me feel like a failure. I've made myself a temporary checklist just to list stuff I should be doing in my free time but even that makes me feel like a cucked loser.



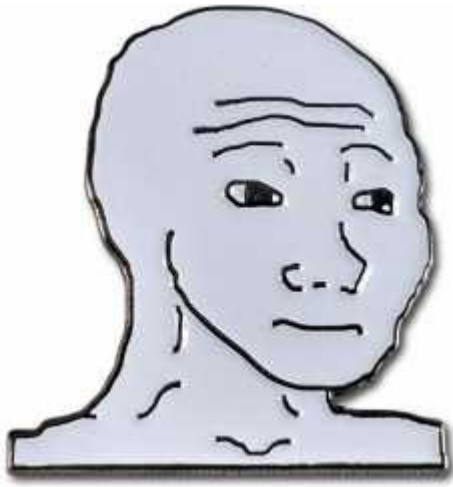
- >be me, a late 20s loser wagecuck living with his parents
- >went to my minimum wage retailcuck job today
- >wore the cucky uniform and did the cucky braindead job
- >saw a Stacey who was in my year at school and who used to make fun of me
- >went back home, ate, mindlessly browsed the internet
- >have told myself I need to work for 200 more hours to have enough money to quit my job and have savings for when I go back to London and hopefully work in a graduate level job
- >have spent over £400 on junk food, Starbucks, and fast food in the past month and a half
- >currently lying in bed and craving chocolate, ice cream, and sweets

I am craving junk food. A junk food binge costs about £12, or about 1.5 hours of my life.

I waste all of my free time. I spend the entire time at work mentally checked out, feeling superior to the normie cattle, telling myself I could be doing great things in my free time. But I waste it all.

Even 30 hours of work per week feels like an incredibly large amount to me.





I woke up at 8.30 am. I browsed the internet on my phone while lying in bed. I read 35 pages of a history book. My mind wandered while reading the book and I thought about whether I should read only one book at a time, and risk being bored by it and not reading at all, or multiple books and let my interest take its course. But then this non-determinate view of myself, with habits aiming to account for my perceived lack of free will, is troubling for me to accept. Also reading for the sake of reading is boring and has turned what should be fun in to work.

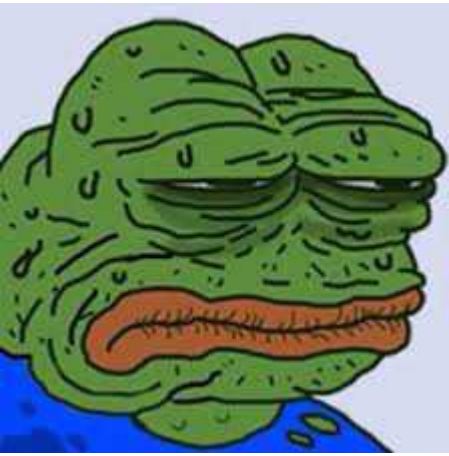
I wondered why I can't really bother doing anything productive in my free time (e.g., learn maths or programming, go through MOOCs, or anything that a producerbull would do, instead of consumercuck bullshit like reading). It's like that the idea of doing it has completely dropped from my mental vocabulary.

I drank coffee and ate food while browsing the internet on my laptop.

I went and bought binge food. I ate a big bar of chocolate and fruit mentos and sour maom and a small bag of supermarket sweets. It wasn't as satisfying as I imagined it. I then went out and I'm having a £3 Starbucks coffee. This has all cost me £7, which is 7/8th of an hour of my life, in retailcuck wage terms.

I am going to go to the library to read a book.

My main problem is my inability to do anything productive in my free time and under my own initiative. If I fix this, I think everything else will be fine. Life's most important skill is the ability to arrive home after a demoralising 8 hours of wagecucking and immediately doing productive things.



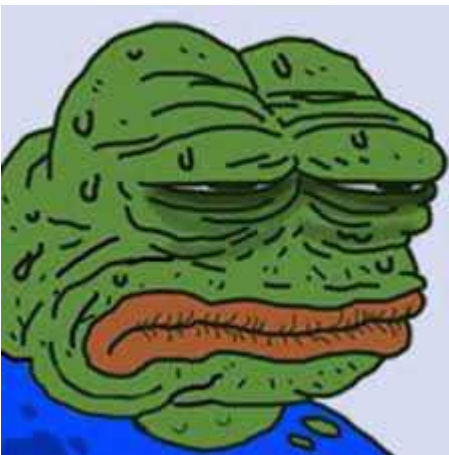
I thought I would do something productive at home but I'm outside drinking coffee. I will read a book at the library.

I need to obtain the producerbull mentality and get rid of my meek consumercuck mentality. I have FOMO, as absurd as it sound for a loser like me. I walk around outside while hoping my life spontaneously stops feeling wasted.

I wish I lived in California or New York so every day was either sunny or busy, so I could never miss anything. I could work hard and then go outside at any time and live life. Do other UKers know this feeling of brutal dullness and a lack of inspiration when the weather is bland and middling?

I haven't done anything productive in my free time for over 6 months. I know I am doomed because I'm ugly. I know I live in a world where connections, youth, and looks are everything.

At least I'm stronger than I've been for over 1.5 years. I binged on KFC and ice cream yesterday but saved the day by squatting almost 350 lbs for 5 reps.



Today was a more pointless day than usual.

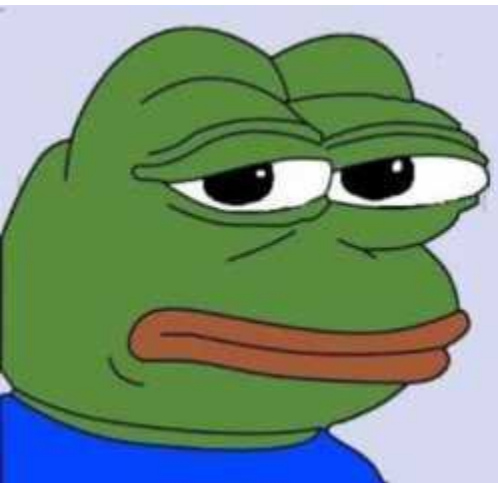
I woke up, ate food and coffee while browsing the internet. I then had a small junk food binge (chocolate, sweets that included mints that felt like put sugar, diet cherry cola). I then walked around and had a £3 Starbucks coffee though it tasted like hot water with a tiny bit of flavour and I worried that the hipster zoomers who worked there were laughing at me. I then wasted many hours on the internet. I couldn't be bothered walking around.

I was going to the gym and lift heavy but I won't start my routine until Monday anyway so I'm lying in bed at 8.18 pm and I will read until I sleep.

I have a job interview for a job that looks good on my CV and would let me save a lot of money but which would take up all my free time. If I can't even prove to myself that I can be productive in free time, with no external pressure, it's like admitting I'm a born slave, though being productive in free time after wagecucking is maybe the bigger challenge. One of the interviewers is the same age as me, judging from LinkedIn. At least I can console myself with the fact that all his jobs look boring as fuck. I don't dare type "LinkedIn Morgan Stanley analyst London" in to Google.

Why even bother with life when being an extroverted normie is the only path to success?

I simply can't make myself do anything productive in my free time. It's a mental block. All self help and life philosophies and organisational structures feel both cucked and self limiting. On the other hand, I am an autistic Anglo minded person, so I feel like a savage for not having a schedule and being orderly. I feel cucked no matter what I do.



I'm so low energy today. I'll exercise today but I haven't done so since Sunday. I definitely can't have junk food after today or skip any exercise. I feel so bloated.

I'm fat. I'm ugly. I'm a loser. I'm a fat ugly loser.

I'm not extroverted. I'll never be posh or one of da ladz. You have to be extroverted and either posh or one of da ladz to get a good job in the UK.

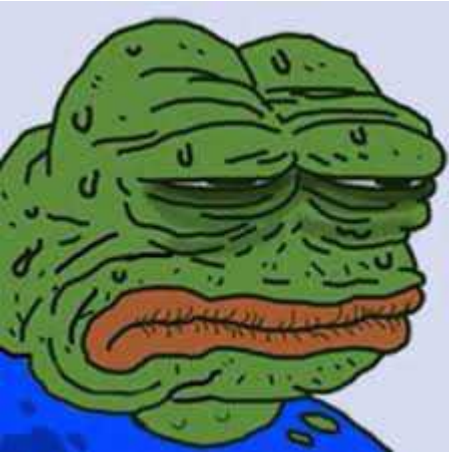
The history book I'm reading still has 200 pages left. I'm reading about 18th century royal gardens for the pseud cred.

I have so much free time today but I don't plan to do anything substantial.

I spend money on junk food and coffee quicker than I make it from my part time job. I barely save money. I could work more hours but it makes me feel like a cuck.

I had a job interview for a job that looks good on my CV and if I get it then my free time is gone.

I'm about to buy a Starboocks. Then I'll read a book.



Welp, I just got told last night that my contract at my minimum wage job won't be renewed. I'm NEET.

I don't even have that much more money than when I started the job a few months ago because I spend so much on junk food binges.

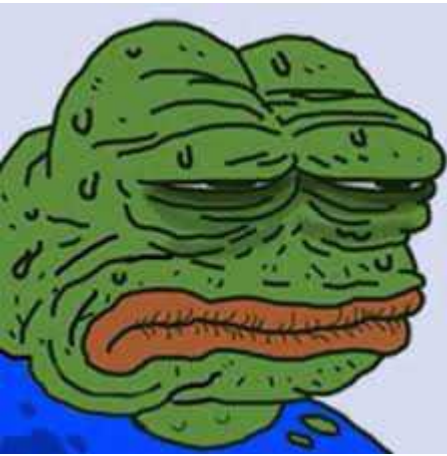
>be me

>be a 27 year old ugly beta loser nofriends autistic with no friends or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university

>become the ugly loser loner autistic nobody talks to within a day of all my jobs

>applied for huge numbers of graduate jobs but failed all interview processes because I'm not extroverted, posh, or one of da ladz

I've had good jobs in the past to put on my CV and I'm in the middle of some graduate interview processes but I still feel pathetic



>be me

>be 27 year old ugly beta loser nofriends autistic with no friends or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university

>become the ugly loser nobody talks to within one day of all my jobs

>currently NEET after not having my contract renewed at a minimum wage job

>have failed many graduate job interviews in the past because I'm not extroverted, posh, or one of da ladz

>had one good grad level job in the past but the people cared so little for me, they gave me no work and I was paid to do nothing

Everyone I went to school with is probably in relationships and have bought houses by now. They would be so happy to see me, the ugly nerd, doing badly. My teachers would be happy and laugh about me too.

If you're not a normie, you have no chance at anything. All normies glide through normie filled institutions that judge them solely on normieness. Everything and everyone gets judged by appearances and connections / appeals to authority. I'd say that this is uniquely British degeneracy but every other country looks more subhuman.

Remember when I walked through Shoreditch and Brick Lane on that sunny and hot day? I was so pathetic, walking around as if my life would spontaneously stop feeling wasted my 20s were wasted. Remember when I posted about walking through the London museum on that rainy day, or the Notting Hill Carnival on that sunny day? Remember when on that incredibly sunny day I went to Regent's Park and then the British Library? I used to have automatic nostalgia and sadness at all my recent memories. Now I just see patheticness.

My life is so dull. Everyone on TV lives in a mansion and went to Oxbridge (not that arysfags learned anything worthwhile but they'll always be seen as smarter than me because of it). Every normie has a new build mansion and multiple holidays. I waste all my money on junk food and coffee.



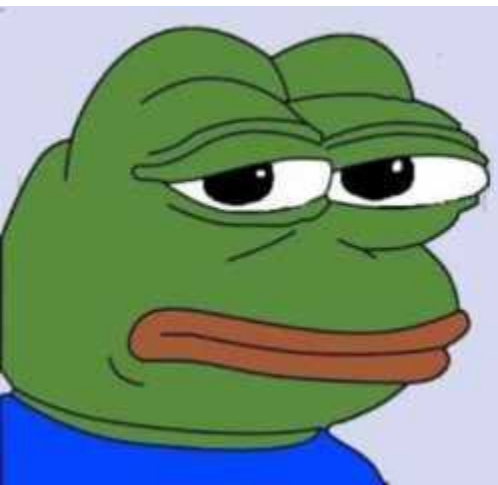
I woke up today after over 9 hours of comfy sleep and I had an extra hour in the morning because the clocks went back. I read about 50 pages of a history book and then ate while browsing the internet on my laptop and drinking coffee.

I went outside to walk around, feel sad about life, and drink coffee. I went to the library and read the rest of a 600+ page history book that gives me a lot of pseud cred.

I went to a supermarket to buy junk food for my Last Binge Ever. It was dark and cold outside and it was bright inside, so I felt like I was in a Refn film, though I am ugly as fuck so my tortured brooding has zero profundity, despite being kino. The supermarket was filled with lots of university students in the prime of their lives. It was all filled with Stacey/qt hybrids. Now that I'm a 28 year old boomer I just feel an abstract sense of sadness and loss at being an ugly nofriends loser for many years (no friends or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, never bee to a pub, club, or party).

I went home, binged, wasted time on the internet, and I'm now at the gym. I read about how surgeons work 100 hour weeks but still find the time to write books and so on.





Today I woke up, read a little bit (a pulpy onions book that is enjoyable but feels so pointless to read within the context of my life and search for purpose), drank coffee and ate food while browsing the internet, then applied for jobs, including some time spent doing an asynchronous video interview.

Then I drank coffee and ate some more, while contemplating my inability to do anything productive. I spent an hour going through a computer science textbook 3 days ago and it felt great and rewarding and was the first productive thing I did for over 6 months but I just can't make myself do it again, or do anything else productive. I'm so lacking all motivation

Then it became dark and cold outside really quickly and I realised that it's too late to go jogging, so I should go to the gym late at night. And I feel so pathetic and lonely inside so I have gone outside. I will binge on McDonalds for hopefully the last time. I will maybe go to the supermarket to see the shiny lights and feel less alone.

I disliked summer when it was wall to wall Staceys but now that it's winter I feel so lonely and purposeless. Imagine if I worked 9-5 in this weather and missed all daylight hours! (We live in a society...)

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**Anonymous** Tue Oct 30 05:25:09 2018 [No.12005639](#)

UPDATE: I just ate at McDonalds and I felt disgusted with myself by the end of the meal.



>be me

>be ugly beta 28 year old nofriends loser autistic with no friends or social experiences since school, no attention from women ever, never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university

>woke up at around 10 am, browsed internet on phone, finished reading a short fiction book

>ate while browsing internet but there was no coffee in the flat

>find out today that I failed another asynchronous video interview (you do a video interview recorded online and they watch you later)

>for some reason they're offering me a feedback call

>have scheduled it but it'll be humiliating

>have gone outside but because I binged on KFC and fast food within the past 24 hours, and ate today, I feel lethargic and don't even feel like drinking coffee

I will lift heavy weights later today, which will feel good, so I may as well have a small binge beforehand.

I can't really bear to do anything productive in my free time.

My loseriness and waste of life is hitting home. Picrelated kind of sums it up. Life is Chads and Staceys all the way up.

I'm so bored. Everybody on TV is a millionaire with a rewarding job. I'm reading a lot of history and all the famous old people were empty suit frauds. Ideals are a joke. It's all about power.

I recently got £1450 in the mail, pretty much (money I paid in to a pension they're refunding), so I no longer need to work very much to reach my previous goal. Retailcucking is humiliating and unbearable. I'm not posh enough to easily pass graduate job interviews but not one of da ladz or lower class enough to be worth helping or seen as a success story. But for me, as an ugly loser, leaving the house takes more willpower than a normie who works full time.



I woke up at 7.30 am, browsed the internet on my phone a bit, went back to sleep and woke up at noon. I slept a lot because I lifted weights a lot on Wednesday. I then browsed the internet on my laptop while drinking coffee. Then I went for a long walk. Then I went jogging. Then I browsed the internet until midnight, with a break for my Last Binge Ever, at McDonalds and then junk food at home.

I simply cannot get myself to do anything productive in my free time. I have a huge mental block. I don't know how to snap out of things and just start living the hard working life I want to live. I saw a Chad and Stacey kissing during my walk, which made me realise the utter uselessness and humiliation involved with going outside.

I watched question time with /pol/ and it was a big disappointment, like always.



I feel so Reddity for going to the library when I could download things from the internet. The library is so reddity. I've never seen an attractive person in a public library.

I went outside and saw the Saturday Chad and Stacey couples. I had a small binge. When I woke up I read more of a history book.

It gets dark so early that by the time I am outside and contemplating why I am not indoors and being productive, I have to go back indoors.

I am fairly confident of starting "my real life" soon, by working on stuff in my free time. I deleted the list of stuff to do on my phone, because all systems are for self-limiting cucks. I have already created the consumercuck-producerbull dichotomy anyway.

The history book has pretty much convinced me that ideals mean fuck all in the real world.

**Anonymous** Tue Nov 6 06:08:23 2018 [No.12037194](#)



I had a big binge on McDonalds food. I know I say this every day but I think that may have been the last binge.

I was going to do some productive stuff in my free time but it's late and my trousers are tight, which is annoying my balls, so I'll just read until I go to the gym.

The library pictures topic made me feel sad. Those places are filled with purposeful, attractive people living the time of their lives.

I need to lose weight. My exercise routine is great, I just need to fix my diet. Existential ennui is much less profound when it's done by overweight people.

Wallowing in existential ennui is so tough in our era. In 1900 a homeless man was only a shave, a meal, and a few fiery speeches away from taking over a country. These days you need to harness the power of autism to get out of bed in the morning.

I recently received around £1.5k in a completely unforeseen way, so I can work minimum wage jobs in full knowledge that I can quit whenever I want (my only money target right now is enough to easily move back to London if I get a job)

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**Anonymous** Tue Nov 6 08:34:59 2018 [No.12037831](#)

OP here. I didn't go to the gym today but it wasn't a heavy lifting day or part of my routine, just a redundant day. I read a history book instead. Who knew there was a Germany France war in 1870?



I woke up at 5 am, browsed the internet on my phone while in bed, read a history book a little bit, went back to sleep and woke up at noon. I browsed the internet while drinking coffee. I did some cleaning (no existential benefits detected). I then went outside on a dark and cloudy day.

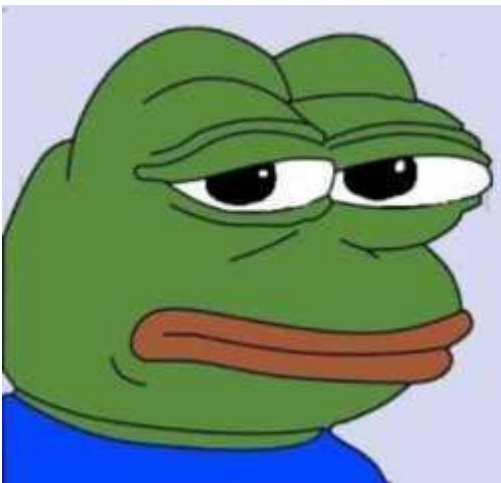
My lifting routine will have to go back two days because I skipped exercise in the previous two days. I am currently drinking Starboocks coffee outside but in this dreary weather my loneliness doesn't even go away. Coffee doesn't even fill me up with much energy. I have also had a small amount of junk food today. I feel like having one last fast food binge today.

This may sound crazy, but even my current near spookless state may be too spooked. I am considering a deal with myself where I won't have any productivity expectations of myself until next week or month or year. So I can laze around guilt free. But I have no ideas really.

I have memories of Christmases of recent years and I'm wondering where the time went.

Maybe there is no trick and I'm just a lazy lazy fucker. But unlike a regular person, I have a crystal clear idea of the hardness of an ugly person's life (like mine)) and the easiness of normie lives. And I also know about the arbitrariness of all philosophical axioms. I have a very enlightened ennui.

I am so charismaless and physically ugly. I am so impatient and lazy. I am a mental masturbator and over analyser, not a doer. I have no expertise that a reasonably intelligent person couldn't learn in about 2 hours. I have no friends or acquaintances but in Britain great pleasure is felt by 99% of people when they see ugly quiet nerds like myself fail in life. Other British people here can confirm. I waste so much money. I am not on the Oxbridge to prestigious job track. I am not and never will be one of da ladz. I am 28 and have had a wasted youth. I hated university and now have to see young uni students loving life all year (term time and pressure free holidays).



I woke up at around 10 am, applied for a few jobs, drank coffee, and then went outside for jogging. I then went outside to feel sad about life. I saw lots of university students in the prime of their lives. It seems that many qts have partially Staceyfied themselves in response to some change in conditions. Maybe #metoo has decreased beta orbiting and they need to attract Chads now.

I'm currently drinking my £3 hot water from Starbucks.

It's really incredible how much I wasted yesterday by browsing the internet. I also binged on KFC yesterday and today I just want more binge food. I want to eat at burger king.

There is nothing else to report.

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Anonymous Fri Nov 9 00:10:39 2018 [No.12049367](#)

What most /lit users fail to grasp is the significant lack of original material which can be generated by the imageboard medium. Reposting stale (but humorous nevertheless) memes can only get one so far in the /lit scene. Londonfrog's genius is that he (we assume) transcends the medium and attempts to give plot and structure to memes and therefore the culture of 4chan. Zhuangzi asked are we men dreaming we are butterflies or butterflies dreaming we are men; in the same way LF asks are we real people or are we memes. Truly astounding!

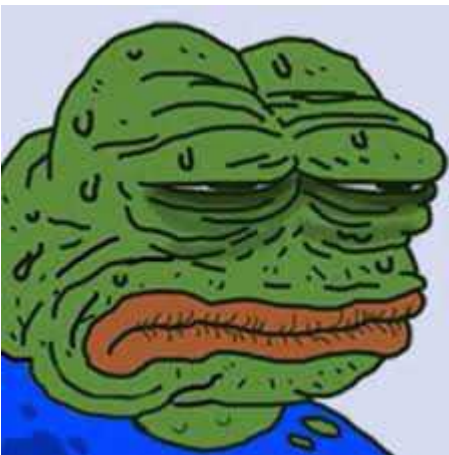
Anonymous Fri Nov 9 05:08:20 2018 [No.12050630](#)

OP here. I had the coffee and read a little bit and went back home. I did productive stuff for about 20 minutes but realised I could postpone the hardworking rest of my life for at least another day or two, which caused a wave of relief to flow through me. I am going to the shiny supermarket to buy junk food.

I will read and waste time until I watch question time with /pol/.

It's kind of laughable how little I read when seeing how much free time I have. I feel like setting aside about two weeks to spend 10+ hour a day reading but I know the list of stuff to read will never end.





I woke up early at 8 am because I had chores to do. I drank coffee while browsing the internet, did some chores, then tried to go back to sleep but I couldn't. I then went outside and have had a McDonalds binge. I saw lots of Staceys, which was demoralising. I am now drinking coffee. I'm not sure if I have enough energy to lift heavy weights at the gym tonight but I'll try.

>>  Anonymous Sat Nov 10 02:35:16 2018 No.12054674

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>>OP

> I drank coffee then tried to go back to sleep but I couldn't.



I woke up at 9 am, browsed the internet on my phone, applied for a few jobs, decided to skip exercise today, and went outside to feel sad about life. I binged on burger king after telling myself that yesterday's KFC was the final binge. I am now drinking Starbucks.

I still can't bring myself to consistently do productive stuff in my free time. I did some productive stuff in my free time on Saturday but not since then.

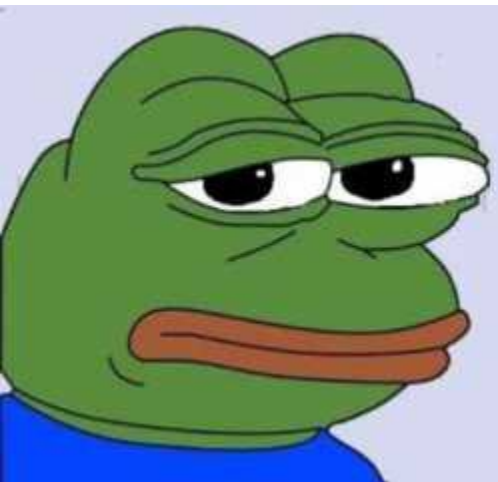
I can't even bring myself to make myself any rules or anything like that, because I want to stay unspooked. Even spooks I make myself feel self limiting. But staying unspooked leaves me in a vulnerable and primordial state where all ideas feel like attacks. Possibly my inability to accept the use of my own spooks is as laughable as olden time people who rejected books or other new innovations, like anaesthetic. And maybe creating my own spooks won't be so cucked. I will always have to use, in some sense, meta-spooks, to judge spooks or even stay in my spookless state or do anything. So I may as well

But having spooks is so embarrassing. And yet there is the supreme irony that I have these feels while being a laughable slave to habit. "Ye, Massa Habit, I'sa binge on mo' o' dat cracka Ben 'n' Jerry icecream fo yo, yessuh!"

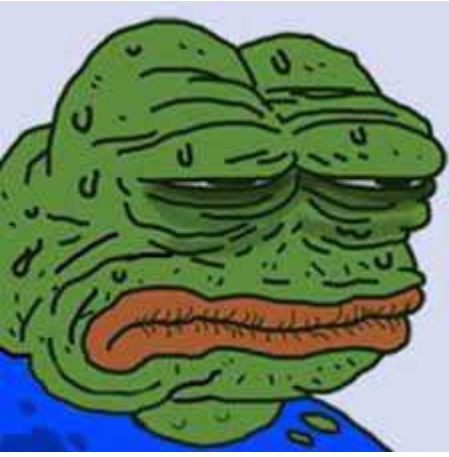
I saw Staceys and qts today, and on previous days when I didn't post any whining topics. Feels bad to be an ugly beta male.

I'm fat. I get bad sleep. My bank account is raped constantly. Giving up junk food and coffee is win-win-win but I just can't do it.

Reading is boring. I am thinking of writing a short treatise on the consumercuck / producerbull dichotomy. I am a consumercuck.



I did almost nothing today (really yesterday because it's 1.35 am). I woke up, drank lots of coffee while browsing the internet, went to the gym, then drank coffee while browsing the internet and eating. I don't feel too bad because I lifted a lot in the gym, didn't have junk food, and didn't waste money on a £3 coffee. But it's worrying how easily I throw away a day of my life and how I have no motivation to do anything productive in my free time.



I'm lying in bed at the end of a day spent doing not much. It's 8.34 pm. I simply have no fucking motivation to do anything productive. I imagine myself getting out of bed and learning something or doing something but there is some mental barrier between myself and the action. And any attempt to create rules or goals for myself feels like the most pathetic thing in the world and an admission of deep failure as a person. I'm not even joking.

I thought about setting goals like, "Do X by this date" but it just means I'll do sub par work and not follow my curiosity. I thought about a goal like, "Start doing something productive 100 things by the end of this year", to try and build a habit. But even using the word habit feels like a denial of free will. Of course, I see that my future self is not like my current or past self. I see my past self as an automaton who never truly grasped the present moment. Even when I was young and doing well in school I was simply doing the tasks put in front of me.

I've recently had multiple interview invites and I will likely be trapped in a respectable office job that I couldn't reasonably quit, within 6 months.

I used to have this recurring dream where I would punch something and my hands were somehow slowed down as they got closer to the thing, by some invisible force. I don't do producerbull activities because I worry that I'm fundamentally ineffective (non-effective is maybe be a better term).

I read books yet I forget everything and it sums things up. What is the point?

The Silicon Valley superhuman autists start companies at the drops of hats. To me, an entrepreneur is someone who does something before he knows how to do it, making something extremely obvious that nobody else predicted. Even midwit BBC presenters have written multiple books. Even no mark, vacuous politicians went to Oxbridge to McKinsey / law, before networking in to politics.



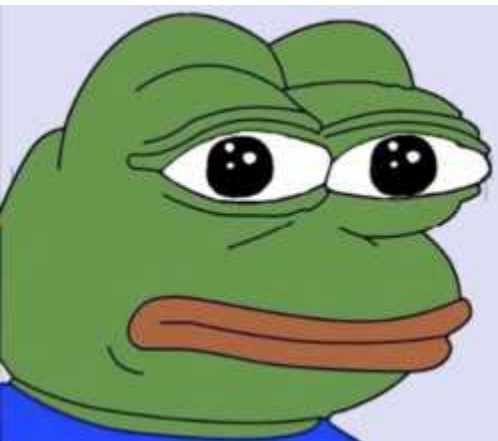
Londonfrog here. I woke up, did a few minor chores, ate while browsing the internet and drinking coffee, went outside and had Starboocks while doing nothing, then binged on McDonalds and then junk food while wasting shitloads more time on the internet. It's now 9.22 pm.

I don't feel so bad because I have multiple job interviews coming up soon and passing any of them would solidify my CV etc. I also have to give up coffee now until at least Thursday, because I have to wake up early on that day to go to an assessment centre. I need to conserve my IQ points by getting all the sleep I can get.

Last night I felt hopeless about doing anything productive in my free time. I don't feel hopeless now for some reason. But I still feel cucked by everything I do, don't do, and how I do things.

I am going to have to get over myself and construct some spooks. I.e, create some goals etc.

I only have 180 pages left of a long history book.



Londonfrog here. I am going to have ONE LAST BINGE\* and if I don't wake up tomorrow feeling like I am capable of finally working hard in my free time, and doing all that productive stuff I tell myself I should do, without any external "productivity systems", then I have no idea how I can have any hope.

My complete and utter lack of motivation is like a permanent weight. I don't have "brain fog" or anything like that. I simply have no desire to work hard when I am utterly redpilled about life.

My main hobby for the past 5 years has been driving or walking around the city while feeling sad about life, hoping my 20s spontaneously stop feeling wasted. I'm now 28. Life feels wasted. People my age are beginning academic careers or making 6 figures in silicon valley or investment banking or law. I have wasted incredible amounts of time on the internet.

I have binged on junk food almost every day for the past 3 years. I can't give up coffee either. It gives me an aimless energy.

I am an ugly charismaless meek bore. I have had no friends or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, and I've never been to a pub, club, or party, even though I went to university.

Normies have easy lives. They simply float through normie filled institutions that judge them solely on normieness. I find interviews nearly impossible because I'm not posh or extroverted. Trying to be productive while sitting at home feels so cucky, it's unreal. Teenagers make millions on bitcoin. Chad and Stacey go to their City of London sinecures and then party every night. What the hell can I do at home? Learn programming? It's too late anyway. Thousands of people graduate from prestigious universities every year. They are all headed straight towards success.

\*The last for at least 4 months, so I can stop being fat.

>>  Anonymous Mon Nov 19 05:02:54 2018 No.12101764

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>>OP