



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

LondonFrog

The Last Binge Ever Volume 3

Introduction:

In this new, exciting 2020 release of LondonFrog's journey through a perpetual existential crisis. We continue to chronicle his unexciting, entirely unmotivated and monotonous routine of last year. Nothing has changed, and yet every new day holds the potential to liberate us from our chains of habit. Will that blessing grace our beloved, utterly miserable Amphibian? Probably not.

Compiler Note:

The third volume of LondonFrog's compilation of posts starts immediately where the second left off. Like the previous volume this one contains around 50 posts from February 25th 2019 – May 10th 2019.

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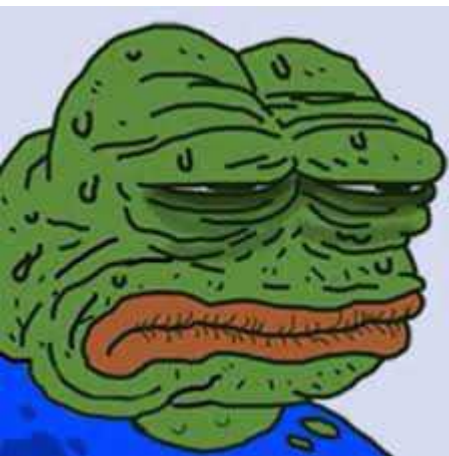
All rights reserved to the anonymous sad Amphibian who originally posted these threads. This is simply a fan-made compilation to archive his work into the most /lit/ format (but currently lack the financial resources to print paper copies).



- >woke up earlier than usual after having a large McDonalds binge yesterday and not going to the gym
- >drink coffee, browse internet
- >google "LinkedIn SpaceX engineer" and feel demoralised while looking at profiles of people with high paid jobs they love
- >read around 70 pages yesterday and tell myself I'll read a lot in the coming days for pseud cred and inspiration but the idea fails to inspire me at all because reading is a consumercuck activity
- >go outside to feel sad about life
- >walk for a while on a warm but uninspiring day
- >listen to a podcast that has a politician who had an easy life and who is now successful
- >feel demoralised as I get back in my car from my walk, but then feel more motivated for some reason
- >plan to have one last binge today: I think simply considering this Pavloved me in to a better mood
- >drink one last Starbucks latte, have a large burger king binge
- >go to the shiny supermarket with lots of student Staceys and buy junk food for my last junk food binge ever
- >have the junk food at home (can't finish it due to fullness) and waste time on internet
- >now it's 11.24 pm

I was invited for a job interview for a full time retailcuck job that would let me save more money than I need within 2 months but I was struck with terror as I imagined being indoors on a day like this: uninspired as fuck.

If that's not truly the last binge, I don't see how I have hope



- >be me late last night
- >finish reading the last 20 pages of a boring book for the tiny amount of pseud cred then slept
- >woke up before 9 am (early for me; probably had bad sleep due to too much coffee)
- >have told myself I've given up junk food after yesterday's binge
- >told myself I'll eat nothing until noon tomorrow
- >browse internet, drink crappy coffee, read about Brexit being cancelled
- >no motivation, no inspiration
- >tell myself that I'll have one last binge today and then give up both junk food and coffee tomorrow
- >know that my inability to do productive stuff in my free time is my main problem
- >go outside
- >will go for a walk and listen to podcasts, then have a Starbucks coffee, then another walk around a park, then a binge (maybe McDonalds), then readings then the gym at night

I wrote a note to myself (on my phone), saying to stop junk food and coffee tomorrow. But I wrote in the note that I just need to do productive stuff in my free time and then I can get rid of all life rules / spooks. But my desire to do productive stuff instead of be fat is a spook. I can't win. Whether a spook is a mental illness or a simple desire to get a pebble out of my shoe, it's still a spook that tortures me. Regardless, I feel optimistic about giving up the unhealthy stuff tomorrow.

I'm sure that my anguish at spooks is a high IQ feeling that most people don't understand. I am annoyed by my inability to be as pure as Plato's forms.

I am 3/4 through a midwit but enjoyable book. I thought of starting another book before I had finished the first. "But that means I can't focus on one thing and I'd dilute my effort. But reading more than one book at once is no effort and many people do it. But I can get more pseud cred if I skip the midwit book and read the old, boring one. But I should read for enjoyment. But I should read a discrete number of old boring books before only reading for enjoyment. But I know this guilty feeling that makes me want pseud cred will never leave me and I should fight it now. And reading isn't a producerbull activity, it's consumercucky. Ideas can be summarised. But what if someone asks me if I've read that old book and I say no and they think I'm a pleb. But I know they're wrong. But I know that perceptions matter more than reality in many cases. And should I read the book all at once to finish it sooner? But I can't waste a day on only reading. But I know I'd waste it anyway. But ideally I

wouldn't waste it, and then, compared to the ideal day, filled with producerbull activities, reading would be a waste of time. And I should always be reading 3-5 books so I'm always in the mood for something to read and I'll get more reading done. But I am pathetic if I admit that I can't make myself read or give up one book and I would procrastinate instead. But procrastination is part of human nature and I should plan for it. But plans constrain me and can conditionally be overruled."

Now multiply that by the number of other life activities.

>>  **Anonymous** Tue Feb 26 23:05:22 2019 No.12666679

[>>12666667](#)

>tfw miss when londonfrog used to post his sainsburys binges



- >woke up before 9 am
- >told myself last night, after stuffing myself with burger king and chocolate, that I wouldn't have junk food anymore
- >feel genuinely fat because I've barely exercised in 2019 but binged everyday (fucking RIP, my bank balance)
- >drank coffee, browsed internet, had zero motivation to do anything productive
- >decided to go outside to feel sad about life
- >saw lots of Staceys and qts, which demoralised me
- >went for a walk while listening to podcasts I don't really care about (would appreciate some recommendations)
- >read on my phone that Brexit would be cancelled
- >Google "LinkedIn deepmind research scientist" and feel bad that I disliked my degree and don't have any passions in life
- >it was hot and sunny, summer as fuck; how could I sit indoors and work on something on days like this? How do the California supergeniuses and millionaires do it?
- >drive around a bit but don't go for any more walks
- >feel really sad and frustrated with life (I think it was the effect of no junk food: I also told myself I'd go 36 hours without food)
- >go to McDonalds to binge (I remember very clearly not feeling hungry. I craved it only for the carb rush)
- >go to the shiny, attractive student filled supermarket to buy a few more bits of junk food
- >ate some of it at home, to finish my Last Binge Ever
- >decided to skip the gym
- >now lying in bed at 10:29 pm

Today was almost a rerun of yesterday and I plan tomorrow to be a rerun of today except without the binging and I'll go to the gym.

I think all this overthinking about spooks is a rationalisation intended to justify my current habits.

I do not have the ability to sit down and simply do productive stuff in my free time.

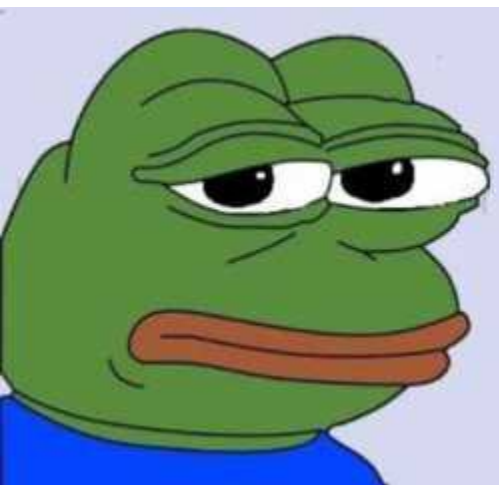
Today's coffee and sugar and carbs still keep me optimistic.

>> **Anonymous** Wed Feb 27 07:54:04 2019 No.12669411

File: 14 KB, 220x309, 220px-Jordan_Peterson_June_2018.jpg [\[View same\]](#) [\[iqdb\]](#) [\[saucenao\]](#) [\[google\]](#) [\[report\]](#)



Clean your room or life will bloody well clean you bucko. And that's not something you should take lightly at all.



- >woke up
- >browsed internet and had coffee
- >went jogging, which felt good
- >went outside and walked around
- >it's hot and sunny; it's literally summer as fuck: the day (TYBGW)
- >felt sad after seeing lots of Staceys and qts
- >currently drinking Starboocks
- >plan to go for another walk and then maybe one last binge, then reading at home, then the gym at night

I am mourning for my future 9-5 wagecuck self who will miss all daylight hours. How do people cope now? I remember back when I worked in London there was an incredibly hot day where I skipped even going in to the office for my zero work job and I walked around Regents Park. I saw lots of people enjoying life during a work day. The people who say "DUDE EVERYBODY SUFFERS 9-5 JUS GRIND BRO" are filthy liars.

I saw students walking around, in their uncucked idyllic lives. I felt sad at seeing that and at being an ugly nofriends loser when I was a student, being denied any good memories.

I haven't figured out how to motivate myself to do productive stuff in my free time. Ever since I have been blackpilled about my life as an ugly male, my motivation has been completely gone.

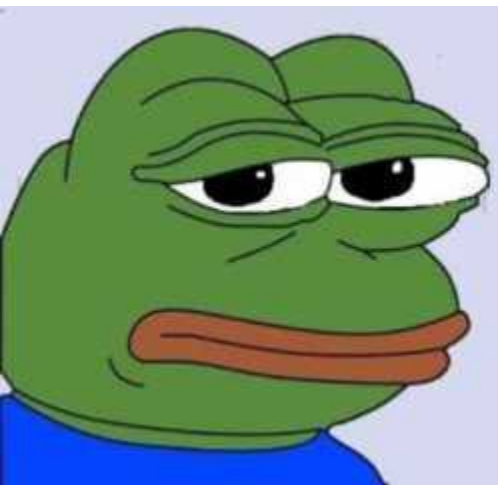
>> Anonymous Thu Feb 28 00:19:30 2019 No.12672833

Quoted by: >>12673412

DEAR GOD THANK YOU FOR BLESSING ME WITH ANOTHER BASED POST FROM BASED LONDONFROG

LONDONFROG YOU ARE TRULY BASED!!!!!!!!!! KEEP EM COMING BROTHER

Anonymous Fri Mar 1 01:21:14 2019 [No.12678650](#)



>woke up
>browsed internet and drank coffee
>went to a retailcuck job interview
>went back home and drank cola
>went outside but it's already 4.14 pm so I'll have a short walk, then maybe coffee, then a binge, then reading, then the gym, then watching qt with /pol/

Even though the interview was short and easy, having anything at all on my schedule felt like an oppressive spook. A patrician intellectual such as myself is sensitive to all spooks.

Literally nothing else to report. After two days of summer, the weather is back to being dull as fuck. The BBC website says that in Los Angeles it is cloudy and 19 degrees Celsius.

Anonymous Fri Mar 1 02:13:53 2019 [No.12678908](#)

>>OP
no starboocks? how many interviews has this been?

Anonymous Fri Mar 1 02:16:07 2019 [No.12678921](#)

>>12678908

It's too late for Starboocks.

When it's before about 3 pm, I can have Starbucks and feel like I am part of society despite being an ugly nofriends loser. After that, I'm just a weirdo drinking coffee in the dark.

This doesn't apply in London, where I can have it at any time because everywhere is always busy. That lead to me having Starbucks at times as late as almost 10 pm.

Anonymous Sat Mar 2 01:18:00 2019 [No.12684606](#)



- >woke up before 9 am
- >browse internet and drink coffee and have a tub of Ben and Jerry's from yesterday's last binge ever (KFC plus junk food)
- >feel so fat because of the junk food; belly feels like a chemical dump
- >get phone call saying I have a job interview for a job that'll look good on my CV and is located in my city (so I can do something CV-worthy before I go back to London)
- >go outside to feel sad about life and because I have a mental barrier between myself and doing productive stuff in my free time
- >go for a long walk while listening to podcasts
- >walk up a hill that I walked over a few years ago during summer and get hit by a wave of nostalgia
- >see university students and feel sad about life
- >currently drinking Starboocks
- >plan for one final fast food binge, then reading at home, then the gym at night

Do you ever have that experience where you go for a walk on a hot and sunny day, and you take a new route or go to a new area and you know it will become a memory. And then you walk the same route a day later and it's not as sunny or new and it feels pointless?

I want to gain the ability to do productive stuff in my free time without any oppressive spooks. I don't even want to write down rules for myself (even if they're one off rules like "start X today") but I may have to.

>> **Anonymous** Sat Mar 2 01:18:54 2019 [No.12684608](#)

>>OP

>last binge ever
the eternal binge is over?

Anonymous Sat Mar 2 01:22:47 2019 [No.12684626](#)

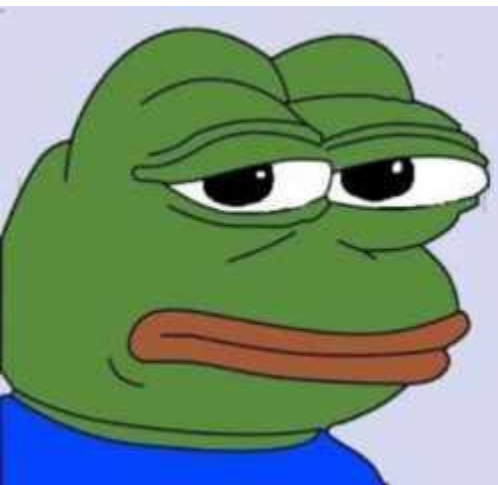
>>OP

londonfrog, this literally can't be true. its the same every damn time

>wake up, browse internet, drink coffee, maybe snack

- >somehow get some wageslave interview lined up
- >walk outside, maybe go to gym
- >see people/women and get upset
- >'one final binge'
- >drink starboocks

are you LARPing, londonfrog? please tell me the truth



>be me yesterday

>woke up, read a book, go outside and drink coffee, buy some junk food and go back home to watch tennis and binge, mindlessly browse internet, go to gym at night for first time in maybe 2 weeks and lift weights (squat almost 290 lbs for 5 sets of 8 reps), then go home and finish reading a 500+ page book

>be me today

>woke up, read a little bit, slept again, browsed internet, went outside to feel sad

>currently drinking Starboocks

>plan to go walking, maybe binge, read, go to gym again in evening

Nothing else to report, really. I saw a depressingly large number of happy hipster student types. I saw some 6s and 6.5s and thought to myself, "15 years ago they would be loading up on hopeless beta orbiters and maybe stringing along a load of betas, maybe handing out infrequent sex, but these days they settle for nothing but Chads". Of course, I've always been too ugly to be in any solar system.

I will start a high level pseud cred book, one of the pseudiest ever, soon and it will be boring as fuck.

I felt like such a sucker when I heard the price for my Starboocks coffee. The regular black coffee tastes like hot water sometimes so I bought something else. Of course, what I'm really buying is the feeling of being a busy non-aimless person who needs coffee to function, because I am a pathetic consumercuck.

I still haven't figured out how to motivate myself to do productive stuff in my free time.



- >woke up at 6 am
- >watch YouTube videos on phone in my bed before sleeping again
- >woke up at 11 am
- >drank coffee, browsed internet, had two shits
- >checked my bank balance and I've wasted £700 in about a month, or something insane like that
- >went jogging outside and then stretched thoroughly, which I hadn't done in a while
- >felt good afterwards
- >went outside after 3 pm
- >went for a very short walk, now drinking Starboocks (not very good and it should be the last in a long while)
- >planning a McDonalds binge but I won't feel guilty because of the exercise
- >have job interviews upcoming and aim to work full time for at least a few months to stop my financial self harm

It's a forgettable day but not bad. A perfectly acceptable way to postpone life.

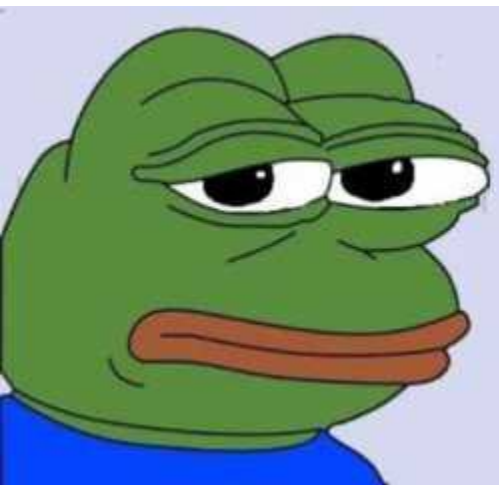


- >be me
- >woke up yesterday
- >went to job interview and the office had a pall of oppression
- >interview was a low pressure discussion, had zero nerves and probably failed anyway
- >sunny and clear sky day
- >felt like I was living the literary lifestyle, as I took a litizen's advice and bought my coffee from the McDonalds drive thru, instead of Starboocks
- >went back home, went outside again to walk around aimlessly in the sun
- >felt more aimless than expected
- >had a McDonalds binge for less than £10 by using vouchers
- >went to shiny supermarket to buy more bingefood
- >binged at home, decided not to go to gym that day, continued mindlessly browsing internet on laptop and then phone in bed instead of reading
- >woke up today
- >phone interview for retailcuck job
- >32 hours feels like a prison sentence
- >need the job because of my spending on junk food
- >browse internet and feel sad about not being motivated to do anything productive
- >went outside to feel sad and binge
- >weather is opposite of yesterday, which looked comfy from my house but feels bad outside
- >went to book store and bought two books, one that looks enjoyable, another to cultivate pseud cred (paid the parking meter like a risk averse betacuck, though to my credit I usually don't)
- >currently drinking Starboocks coffee (i.e., hot water served by zoomer hipsters who probably laugh at me)
- >plan to read in the car or go walking, have one last binge, go home, then the gym at night

My fundamental problem is that I don't have the motivation to do productive stuff in my free time. I am blackpilled. Every person has their "thing", like playing sports to a semi-pro level, or extreme career success. I have nothing and I am sure that my future co-workers in my graduate job will tell that I waste all my time.

I got my £300 monthly NEETbux but it means little.

I can't bear to plan for tomorrow or create rules because they feel so self limiting and like oppressive spooks.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee and browsed internet
- >went to retailcuck job interview
- >went back home
- >went outside
- >the weather isn't very good
- >currently having Starboocks and browsing internet
- >have a book in the car but I haven't bothered reading it
- >plan to binge on fast food, go home, read, go to gym in evening, then watch qt with pol
- >will likely not go to gym or read

I have no idea how to meme myself in to making hard work one of my favourite memes.



- >woke up
- >ate the junk food left over from yesterday's last binge ever and drank coffee and browsed internet
- >feel so fat because of the binges and lack of regular exercise
- >check my bank account: NEETbux has arrived although I have wasted more money than I thought
- >got email about a job I applied for at a small company; position has lot of responsibility
- >emailed saying I couldn't have the interview
- >don't have enough money to move to London at short notice and I'd quit the job for my other one after a short time anyway
- >made the correct choice, as things stand, but still feel sad (especially because I have wasted over £2000 on junk food in the past 6 months)
- >look at LinkedIn profiles and realis people the same age as me are already high up in companies while I'm still waiting to start my first real career job
- >go for a walk and listen to dumb podcasts
- >Staceys out in full force
- >drinking Starboocks, about to have a fast food binge, then maybe gym at night

I need to work full time for 2 months at a retailcuck job to have more money than I need (1 month is enough to move back to London at short notice). But it's so demoralising to work. I waste money on junk food instead.

Seeing people's LinkedIn profiles is demoralising, especially people at startup companies who get promoted multiple times a year. God knows what level of enthusiastic normieclone you have to be for that.

I listened to cumtown podcasts because they're funny but I hate when these things get too chummy. That's when I feel like a loser listening to virtual friends. That's why I prefer BBC stuff despite the bias and Joe Rogan. Bam Margera was on the podcast and I felt pathetic for looking both ways when crossing the road.

I have a bottle of coke at home and I earnestly contemplated about whether I would be cucking myself by drinking it.

People start companies. They're producerbulls and then women join and get promoted at lightning speed while moping consumercuck betas like myself achieve nothing.



- >woke up
- >browse internet, drink coffee
- >almost went jogging but decided not to
- >went for a walk and listened to podcasts
- >now drinking Starboocks
- >weather is sunny and near cloudless but the day feels extremely dull (Saturday is the day of the normie)
- >haven't eaten anything today (told myself I'd not eat until tomorrow to make up for the binges but now I want to binge; my commitment to eat nothing today was a mere oppressive spook)
- >plan to waste some time, then binge, then go home, then go to the gym at night

A McDonalds binge is good for a Saturday.

I have barely read anything recently despite having so much free time. Binging while being plugged in to the internet and current events is so much easier. I don't enjoy any books anymore as well. They all feel like work because there is always pseud cred to be harvested.

I feel so jealous and inferior when I see a scientist or businessman who doesn't care about politics or is clearly ignorant. If only I had such all consuming productive interests.

I have wasted all 67 full days of 2019 yet I can't bear to commit to any plan to leave my rut because I see all spooks as oppressive. I'm lacking in motivation. I see university students having a happy time and I hope my bitterness at having been an ugly friendless loser, both now and at university, could be channelled in to productive activity. With every activity, I feel cucked if I do, and cucked if I don't, and cucked however I do anything.

And in the brutal practical real world, I'm an ugly, meek, charismaless, uninteresting loser. A slave to habit.

I can't even give up coffee for a few weeks to benefit my sleep and feel stronger at the gym. I have an overthinker's self doubt but a savage's ability to defer gratification and plan.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee and started reading a non-pseud-cred-filled fiction book
- >gave up on it after 10 pages
- >started a really pseud cred filled old non-fiction book and read 40 pages
- >went jogging
- >ate regular food and browsed internet
- >went driving outside
- >didn't go walking but drive around, had a bag of sweets and chocolate, browsed internet on phone while drinking Starboocks
- >feel the good sort of tired, after the jogging
- >plan to go back home and browse internet and read

When I now read non pseud cred fiction, I feel cucked by the author when they deviate in any way from pure enjoyment. I have lost patience for it.

I have 3 retailcuck interviews in the upcoming days and I live in fear of getting a job and losing my free time, despite needing the money (2 months of full time minimums wage work would make me feel rich). Can't stand full time work. Can't stand part time work (full time suffering but more time until financial freedom). My previous retail job was over 40 hours a week and it was a total soul sucker.

London flashback: Early on in my job, when I went for a job interview during my lunch break and was worried about being noticed for my lateness (lol). I travelled a few underground stops to get to the other place. What innocent days.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee, had the remaining junk food and pepsi
- >got email for a job interview for boring office job I forgot I applied for- check email and it says full time (have job interviews this week for full time retailcuck jobs)
- >realise how fucking fat I feel, it's just awful
- >sunny, summer-like day outside
- >go driving, see happy students living in their primes
- >went for a walk in the sun
- >listened to podcasts (latest cumtown was boring af, just lowlife banter; listened to radio 4 show that involved entrepreneurs who casually start biotech companies and I felt subhuman)
- >the walk was aimless and I literally facepalmed while driving when thinking about full time work and how it would take my freedom
- >currently drinking shitty Starboocks coffee
- >plan to have one last binge then definitely going to the gym at night

I just need a bit more than two months of full time work to have enough money to do nothing until my graduate job starts.

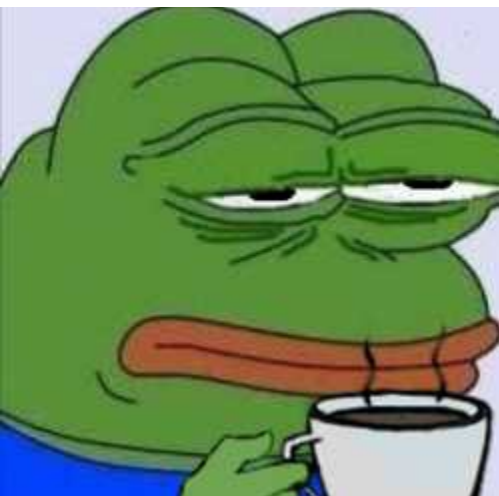
I'm such a subhuman for not being a programmer or someone with marketable skills or someone who is making money online.

I don't think I am an impatient person. I simply feel cucked from all directions and binge to stop noticing my everythingstential crisis.

I saw a female student wearing bunny ears and I thought (in a mock girl voice) "Look at me, look at me!!!"

I'm simply not a doer. My awful time at university, followed by learning about the incel related blackpill, followed by other stuff, have crushed any sense of intrinsic motivation I may have ever had. My binges have crushed my bank balance. I remember having a query at my bank and the teller advised me to do something with the money I had because it was so much for a student.

It's not all my fault. My life is on hard mode because I'm an ugly meek charismaless nofriends beta and people treat me like shit as a result. Everybody else gets everything handed to them. Normies glide through normie filled institutions while being judged solely on normieness by other normies.



- >be me today
- >woke up
- >browsed internet, drank coffee
- >went to full time retailcuck interview: the store was DEAD and 8 hours there would seem like an eternity, though I doubt I passed
- >had another retailcuck phone interview and interview invite (<20 hours a week)
- >weighed myself and I'm now 265 lbs: today has to be the last junk food day or else wtf
- >had the last fast food binge at McDonald's (wasn't even hungry, just wanted the carb rush)
- >bought junk food but too full up to eat it so tomorrow will have the last binge
- >read at home, watched qt with pol

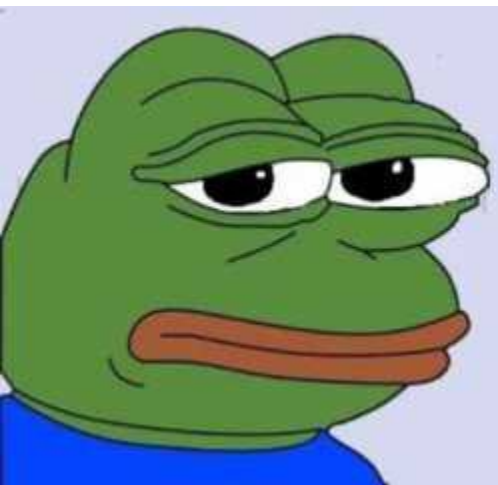
I barely read anymore. I am currently reading a boring 600 page pseudy non-fiction book. I feel guilty when I read only one book at a time. I feel guilty when I read more than one book at a time.

I wrote down a checklist of stuff I want to do (just minor habits or one-off things) and I almost deleted it because it felt like an oppressive spook.

I'm so sad that Brexit is being cucked. I really hope that May's deal doesn't pass. May's deal is a stab in the back of the public. A delay would be a spit in the face. A new referendum in any form would literally be the establishment shitting in the public's face. But I'm such a loser for paying attention to politics. I wish I was one of those ignorant highly paid Remain voters who say stupid shit like, "Leave voters were tricked." Being blackpilled is a full time job.

Jogging as a fatty is a joke. I remember randomly deciding to start jogging as a sedentary healthy weight person many years ago and I was easily better than now. All that jogging in the past few years was a waste compared to what avoiding junk food would have done. And I would have saved shitloads of money. But setting myself rules feels like surrendering to spooks.

I googled "LinkedIn [my future graduate job] Cambridge university]" and felt sad. I can't outnormie these people.



- >woke up
- >bought lots of non-junk food yesterday
- >eat a day's worth of non-junk food, drank coffee, browsed internet
- >went outside in car but weather was bad and my car's heating wasn't working so I didn't read in the car, I just had a Starbucks and went back home to watch Federer Vs Nadal
- >buy junk food on way home; can't remember what justification I thought but I'm sure it's the last binge
- >have the small binge
- >Federer Vs Nadal is cancelled
- >waste time on mindless internet browsing
- >now it's 9:17 pm and I've decided to leave the gym until tomorrow

I feel so scammed by Starbucks. The people there are such ubernormies.

The book I'm reading is so boring, it's unreal



- >woke up
- >drank coffee, ate food, mindlessly browsed internet, watched rest of ballad of buster Scruggs
- >read Pete Buttigieg's Wikipedia page and felt sad about my life and lack of motivation
- >realised how fat I feel, it's just depressing
- >go outside
- >went for a short walk
- >currently drinking Starboocks in the car
- >plan to have a small binge today and then start trying to lose weight afterwards
- >currently agonising over how to make myself work hard (or at all) in my free time
- >made a checklist but it felt like an oppressive spook
- >set myself a reminder yesterday, for a few hours ago, to write about my life philosophy and plans for getting out of my (over 5 year long) rut
- >ignored it, gave no fucks
- >have set a reminder for tomorrow

I remember one summer day in London, as I was drinking coffee in a busy place, feeling really sad. It was some sort of milestone I had noticed (X hundred days since something, like graduation or a job or something), and I thought about how I would start getting motivation tomorrow.

I remember also going to some sort of first day induction at a really cucky post-university retailcuck job and how I walked home in the dark afterwards, telling myself I'd use my free time to do productive stuff. Of course, I barely did very little since (less than ever in the past year). My motivation is non-existent. I am blackpilled as fuck about my difficult life as an ugly beta meek charismaless male.

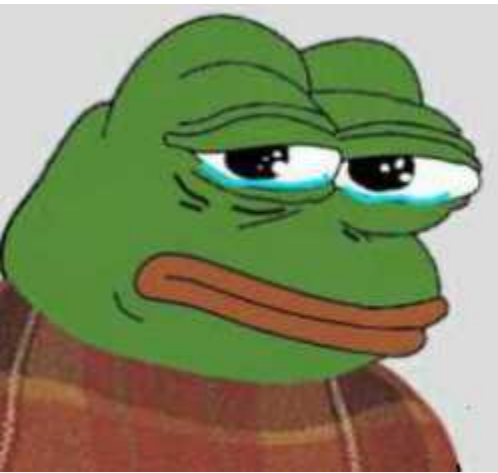
Life is really passing right by with no achievements to show for it.

I need to channel my bitterness in to productivity.

Being fat sucks and I really feel it now, due to daily binges and little exercise. Sugar and caffeine are all that give me pleasure. I'm so bitter about being a nofriends loser through university while others enjoy themselves and have easy lives and success guaranteed because they're normies.

I'm procrastinating reading because I'm going through a long, boring, pseudobook.

How do I motivate myself without being spooked?



- >felt really fucking fat during the night, like I was drowning in fatness, after a fast food binge
- >woke up today
- >browse internet, drink coffee
- >have two large shits, feel a lot better
- >get rejected from job I had an interview for last week
- >go outside
- >drive around pointlessly, walk around park I hadn't been to since childhood
- >place was smaller than I remembered; felt pathetic being in a place I hadn't been to for 14 years, like I was childishly clinging on to a zero responsibility time
- >currently drinking Starboocks
- >not sure what else I'll do

It's a sunny day. This is exactly like one of those pointless, aimless, zero inspiration summer days. I simply have nothing to do and no motivation to do anything productive. I'm not in London anymore so I can't walk around and ride the tube and feel important, like some future great guy in his lost youth. Today, everyone worthwhile finishes Oxbridge at 21, does 2 years at McKinsey / IBD, then in to startups / private equity.

I should be happy because I have a good job lined up and lots of free time but I feel awful. I want to binge for the last time and postpone the start of my real life until tomorrow.

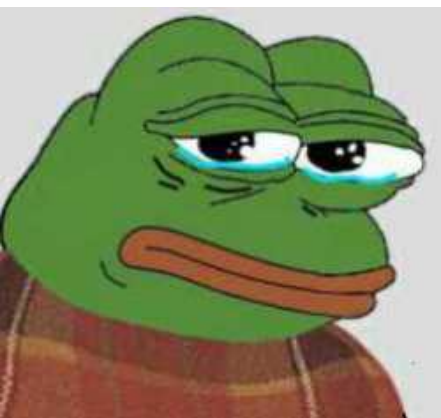
The idea of being a 9 to 5 wagecuck is depressing. That's life: all daylight hours forfeited.

I get £10 a day NEETbux but my bank balance is so low because of my bingeing. I'm such a perfect consumercuck. Keynes would be proud.

The boring pseudy book is within arms reach. I try not to think about it.

The past 5 years of my life have consisted of bingeing, procrastination of everything, feeling guilty about not doing anything and guilt about methods when I do anything, incel blackpill ideology (I wouldn't call it a pill, in my case it is vapourised and pumped through me like I'm wearing a Bane mask). I'm on track for millennial nu-poor-middle class mediocrity, but without the social life or Instagram travelling.

The IQ meme got to me. Now if I don't find anything easy, I see it as pointless for me to try.



- >woke up
- >drink coffee, browse internet
- >kind of have a mini-epiphany while shaving where I realised that I could just do productive stuff instead of agonising over everything, but it may have been temporary
- >got rejection email about a retailcuck interview I had last week (full time, boring as fuck)
- >go back to sleep at 10.30 am because I hadn't slept enough
- >wake up after an hour, go outside
- >not motivated enough to walk around
- >bought a bag of sweets, chocolate, and supermarket sandwiches
- >ate them and felt immediately full and bloated; feel too full for a fast food binge but since my real life starts tomorrow, I'm worried that I need to take advantage of today and have a final binge (but I feel so full)
- >currently drinking Starboocks
- >nothing to do

In my car I have a pseud book and an enjoyable midwit book, which I feel guilty for reading.

I'm such a bottom feeding sub-consumercuck. I am so lacking in motivation and inspiration due to a mixture of blackpill philosophy, laziness, r9k philosophy, pol philosophy, Stirner, authenticity worries, fomo, and more.

Flashback 1: My first term at university, when I was feeling sad about being an ugly loser (I didn't go to the fresher's events due to anxiety, later self-diagnosed as a rational assessment of my ugliness), and I'd read books in the library between (STEM) classes. I enjoyed reading back then. Now it feels like work. In the first term some of the books I read were huckleberry Finn, heart of the dog, Sherlock Holmes. I hated my degree from day 1. I remember I had a crush on a girl (I was pre-r9-pill) in my class who never sat with anyone but thankfully I rationally talked to her or anyone else and no one talked to me. "Everyone is friendly when university starts!" Only among normies.

Flashback 2: Taking the bus home from a summer part time job in-between university years. I browsed the internet on my phone and saw Nadal lost in Wimbledon and I was obsessing with pol over the Zimmerman trial.



- >woke up early and couldn't get back to sleep
- >browsed internet, drank coffee
- >went jogging (carried on my routine but I remembered how bad I am at jogging compared with my previous lighter self, so I may stop to save my joints)
- >had phone interview for retailcuck job; it ended after ten minutes and I suspect it may be premature (I wasn't answering badly but I probably sounded unenthusiastic)
- >looked at my bank balance and see how much I've wasted
- >canceled an interview next week for a sales job; don't want a cringeworthy memory
- >go outside, driving
- >don't bother going for a walk
- >read 30 pages of the really fucking long winded, boring and pseudy book
- >now unsure what to do

I am unsure what today's last binge ever will look like. I had pepsi max raspberry recently, which was kino. I had KFC yesterday, a McDonalds binge the day before.

Not gonna lie, I wish my NEETbux were higher. £10 a day is not enough.

When the clocks move forward soon, I will see more daylight and the feeling of wasting my life will increase.

I am thinking about how best to be productive. I haven't done anything productive in my free time in months. I am waiting for the true epiphany. But I am also waiting for no epiphanies. My problem is that I have epiphanies every day.

I had an interview for a retailcuck job last week. Before the interview they gave me this numeracy and reading test to do. Two points: Firstly, some of the questions resembled the ones given to blacks in southern states that they had to answer to vote, which was funny. Secondly, sitting at a desk with authority figures right there, with work I could easily solve, initially inspired a cuckey eager to please mentality, which I hadn't felt in years and which I recognised as pathetic and servile. Wow, consumer/wage-cuckery is a lower order mentality. Aristotle was right.

I read Joshua Kushner's Wikipedia page and was depressed.



- >be me the previous few days
- >wake up, browse internet, go outside, feel sad, walk, read, drink starboocks, gym, binge
- >be me last night
- >have large KFC binge and junk food binge at home ("Love" flavoured Ben and Jerry's), skip exercise
- >I am fat and know that I should stop the junk food
- >go to bed
- >wake up in middle of night, typical dry mouth because of the huge binge and salt intake
- >drink water but can't get to sleep easily
- >feel paranoid that my binging has caused me heart problems
- >feel paranoid that I will get a stroke
- >feel paranoid about any slight strange feeling in my body, could mean imminent stroke
- >test my body movement, everything feels fine
- >smile in the mirror and see a line on one side of my face that isn't replicated in the other side and one side feels a bit more "muscley"
- >throw all the junk food in the bin
- >leave house at 4 am or something, drive to my city's A&E to get them to diagnose me (I've never been to the doctor for anything serious or hospital for as long as I can remember)
- >park nearby, phone the nhs helpline and say that I am worried about my fatness and possible heart problems and how I feel no symptoms but I feel strange
- >woman says to go to GP in morning
- >go back home
- >smile in mirror and make effort to smile in mirror and switch the tension from one side of my face to the other and everything is fine (I just want bothering to "tense" the other side of my face, when I smiled the first time)
- >browse internet on phone, can't get back to sleep, worry is gone
- >get out of bed
- >drink coffee, browse internet, apply for jobs
- >go to shop, buy chocolate, crisps, pepsi
- >eat it
- >go outside to drive and walk around
- >sit in car, tired as fuck, go straight back home without walking

- >sleep
- >mum wakes me up at 5 pm, asks why I'm sleeping
- >drive outside
- >buy junk food
- >bought two subway footlongs for the last binge ever (have just ate them)
- >may or may not have the rest of the junk food
- >be me typing this
- >may watch the zahler movie



- >woke up
- >ate the remaining junk food in the house (popcorn, sweets, pepsimax, pot noodle)
- >since this is my last binge, I went and bought Ben and Jerry's and had that, to signify the end of the binge
- >weighed myself and I'm heavier than ever and feel so fat and disgusting
- >went for a walk outside and listened mainly to a cumtown podcast
- >drove around some more and felt sad
- >saw students and it's late in the term and they look like they have that joyous feeling where the culmination of the academic year, possibly their entire university experience, leads them to a sense of fulfillment and happiness in this period; of course I felt sad about life
- >sat in car and grinded through 15 pages of the boring old pseud book
- >now drinking Starboocks
- >feel uninspired beyond all belief; I literally cannot imagine myself sitting down and doing something productive in my free time
- >plan to go to gym tonight but I also want to..... binge on fast food and postpone the rest of my life until tomorrow (I'm not even hungry)

I am so far from having the motivation or inspiration to do anything worthwhile in my free time. Everything feels like a crushing grind. Mindless internet browsing and junk food binges are the only reprieve. I used to binge once every two days. In 2019 the average is between 1 and 2 per day.

I have talked about the producerbull / consumercuck dichotomy but there is a category below that for mindless internet browsing but I forgot the name I gave it.



- >woke up
- >browse internet, drink coffee, apply for jobs
- >feel like such a consumercuck for applying for jobs; I should be creating online forms, not filling them in like a cuck
- >go outside
- >drive a little bit
- >see students loving life; feel sad; think of my wasted youth; feel mad; see a Stacey; she fucks Chad
- >it's a sunny and regular temperature day; summer is here, and any binge and extra fat will be extra humiliating; sitting inside and doing productive stuff will be even more unbearable, being outside will be even more demoralising
- >currently drinking coffee in car
- >will go to gym
- >haven't eaten anything since last night (normally would've binged by now)

Life is so sterile and uninspiring. I literally can't gain the motivation to do anything productive in my free time. This is my main problem. How the fuck do other people manage? I'm ugly and have life on hard mode while normies get everything handed to them. A normie can always be guaranteed a reward for whatever they do, or have a fallback. While everything is uphill for me.

I feel guilty about everything I do, don't do, and how I do things. Everything feels like work.

I will start a good job later this year, which is the first step on life's ladder after education but I will be bored as fuck. Until then, I need to get a job to save money because I wasted it all on junk food.

I want to binge but know I'll feel guilty. I always say that every binge is the last one ever and that tomorrow I'll start eating healthily and working hard. It never happens.

I made a list of stuff I should do by the end of this week. It was yesterday's "epiphany" but it is stupid now.

I have an everythingstential crisis. I hate all spooks. Everything feels like an enemy spook trying to existentially cuck me.



For literally over 5 years I have been telling myself that I'd start my real life tomorrow. By real life I mean attempting to fulfil my potential by working hard on productive stuff in my free time, avoiding junk food consistently (or at all, lately), and avoiding large amounts of mindless internet browsing. Instead I procrastinate my real life.

What THE FUCK is going on?

I am ugly and blackpilled and know that I have a life on hard mode. But my level of life wasting is extreme.

I don't even wish for more IQ. I wish for bare minimum motivation.



>woke up

>went to a retailcuck job interview (when I go into the demoralising backrooms it triggers wagie depression; I want to work as many hours as possible now and then stop working, but I thought that during my previous job and proceeded to waste the money on binging)

>went to the gym

>browsed internet

>went out in car; it's practically a summer day; Staceys and happy students everywhere and I'm sad as fuck

>currently drinking Starboocks; saw the Washington post graph saying 28 % of 18-30 year old men are incels and I got bitter at seeing the happy attractive young people serving me coffee

>plan to have one last fast food binge and finally watch the zahler film tonight

My weight would drop like a stone if I stopped the junk food. I weighed myself today and it was 2.7 kg less than a few days ago though I know it's probably water fluctuations.

Once again, the mystery of how to motivate myself to do anything productive continues. I have no clue. My current method is simply a two line reminder on my notes app on my phone, telling myself to do stuff and stop eating junk food. Even this feels like an oppressive spook that I will delete.

Most of my favourite politicians betrayed me on Brexit today. Reading the Wikipedia pages of Boris Johnson or Gove is depressing. They've never needed jobs (journalism isn't a job). But Britain is doomed anyway.



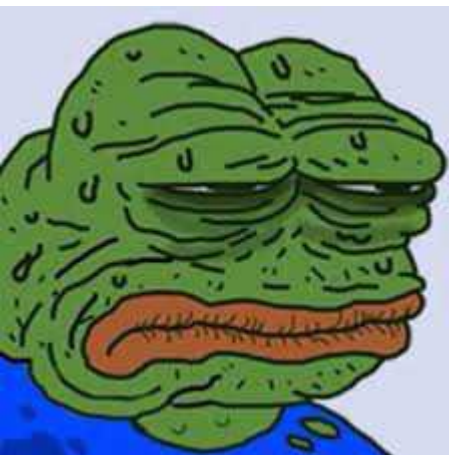
- >feel tightness in heart area for a few days
- >feel worried about heart because of my fatness being higher than ever
- >feel strange feeling in left arm, like pressure in the muscle
- >feel no other symptoms
- >"Oh my god, not only am I an ugly loser, my life will end in horrific farce as my binges of the past few years have caught up with me and I will die a pointless death- but, more importantly, I will have lived a pointless life"
- >finally call the NHS yesterday and describe my symptoms and worry
- >get out of hours GP appointment
- >can literally feel myself becoming more socialist as I walk in
- >get blood pressure taken, plus my finger in a clamp, plus the electrodes on my body and the beeps like on TV
- >everything is fine
- >walk out in the glorious sunshine like I've been given a reprieve
- >realise later that my new gym routine, with the rowing machine and high volume on bench and ohp was giving me DOMS
- >binged that night and watched dragged across concrete
- >woke up today feeling groggy due to clocks going forward and can't go back to sleep
- >drink coffee, browse internet
- >went for a walk
- >plan to watch tennis at home while having the last binge ever, and then gym later

I am down by 2 kg from my peak weight because I regularly go to the gym now.

I have lost all patience with fiction. I am reading Stone Junction and it's a fucking chore. I got about two lines in to Pynchon's intro before thinking, "Oh, stfu you windbag". I haven't even finished the large pseudonfiction book I'm reading. Reading for pseudocred is horrific.

I need to make myself work on productive stuff in my free time or else my life is doomed. But the weather is already summer-like. How can I make myself sit indoors and work for 10 hours a day and miss all daylight? I feel guilty about everything I do, don't do, and how I do it.

I've wasted so much money, I need to work full time for two months to get to a reasonable bank balance. This is soul crushing. I hate working.

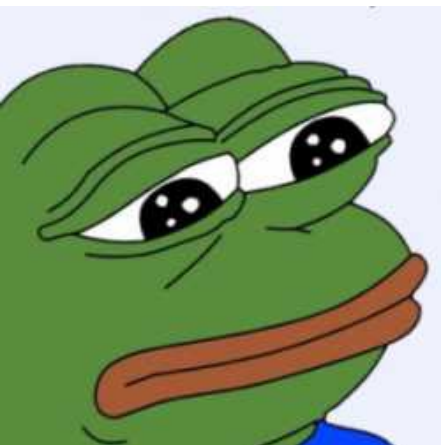


- >be 28yo autistic nofriends loser without any acquaintances or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, and I've never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university.
- >know that I have life on hardmode as an ugly beta and that Chads and Stacys get everything handed to them.
- >Woke up today at 11am and went for a short binge at KFC and drove around for a bit before getting coffee

I saw a Giga-Stacy while waiting to get my Starbucks™ coffee and it reminded me how I was a nofriends autistic loser even in my prime at University. After getting my coffee and feeling sad about life, she walks up to me presumably to talk to a chad behind me. “Hey Anon, I haven't seen you since Uni”

- >I wish this were me. But as a blackpilled male know it never could happen.
- >awkward pause
- >“Are you talking to me?”
- >”Yes Anon! Don't you remember, we took xxxxxx together 3rd year?”
- >Talk for a few hours and she confesses that she always had a thing for depressed fat men.
- >Spend the evening at her place

For the first time in my life today I felt the pleasure of a woman's skin. Suddenly I have found the gateway to doing productive stuff in my free time and will start companies like Chad instead of consumercuking the days away. I think I finally found the solution to my everythingstential crisis with this last epiphany. Goodbye /lit/, I'm not going to be walking around sad in London anymore, I'm finally going to start my real life. Just after this one LAST BINGE EVER



- >woke up
- >drank coffee, browsed internet, did some chores
- >looked at my bank balance and there's even less than expected, though my NEETbux is incoming and the minimum wage went up to £8.21, though I need a job for that
- >ate healthy food and chocolate and carb bloat made me feel so incredibly fat (feel slightly better now)
- >saw an Italian field medallist's Wikipedia page and felt demoralised
- >had a mid day nap (healthy but always demoralising when it's 2 pm and people my age are doing prestigious shit)
- >drove outside
- >borrowed two interesting looking history books from the library (library had groups of young zoomers studying and solitary weirdo older men looking at books)
- >read 23 pages of the pseudy non fiction book
- >drank Starboocks and browsed internet on phone
- >feel so demoralised and lacking in motivation
- >instead of the gym I will binge at home

The truth is that I have a good job (for my CV) starting later this year and lots of free time now but I'm too demotivated to do anything.

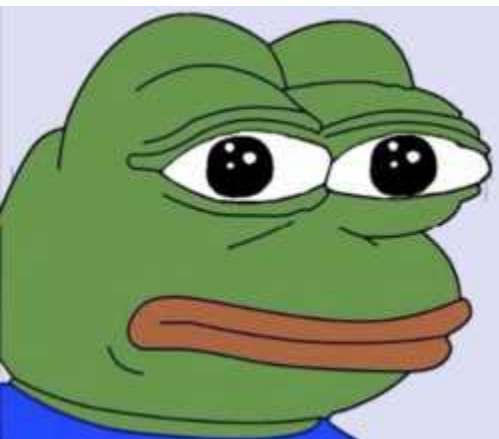
My 20s are so fucking wasted. I'm 28. I'll be 30 within a few years. I hate being old. I am jealous of young people. They are balls of magical potential. No wonder the media focuses on them so much. I remember watching Nadal and Federer in 2008 and thinking, "It's a good sign that I wouldn't trade lives with them." But now I am lifemogged every hour through media that didn't even exist back then.

I feel so fucking subhuman for reading a pseudy book at 4 pm. Reading is such a fucking shallow activity compared to advanced physics or programming. I can't bear to work hard on anything but I feel unfulfilled by my lack of expertise on anything. But expertise and making money means missing out on daylight hours or keeping a schedule. I can't stand all options.

Being fat is so disgusting. I have to give up junk food tomorrow. As I have said before, no fat person can mope in a profound way. I need to become a doer and ascend to a more refined depression.

Bonus /lit/ content: I was fooled by multiple April fools jokes: Tinder height verification, Larry the cat cat-flap on Number 10, a ban on April Fools jokes to stop share prices moving (just the headline).

Anonymous Fri Apr 5 01:28:10 2019 [No.12879845](#)



- >woke up
- >read a chapter of the history book (not as good as I initially thought; it covers 3000 years and it's just one damn thing after another)
- >drink crappy coffee, browse internet, eat food
- >drive outside, feel really aimless
- >sit in car and browse internet on phone and drink Starboocks
- >plan to binge, go back home, go to gym later, and watch qt with pol

I'm so aimless and all aims and life rules or heuristics feel like spooks.

I'm wallowing in my own aimlessness. I'm such a consumercuck. I'm so demoralised by my own ugly beta meek charismaless loserdom.

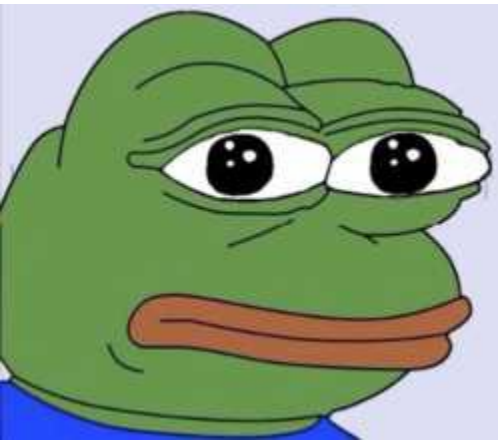
Anonymous Fri Apr 5 01:34:16 2019 [No.12879883](#)

I'm getting bored of londonfrog. A whole year has passed and still zer growth.

Anonymous Fri Apr 5 02:28:03 2019 [No.12880154](#)

[>>12879883](#)

If you were expecting any positive personal development by Londonfrog over the year that is on you.



- >wake up
- >have two shits but still feel fat
- >browse internet and drink shitty coffee and eat food
- >have to do chores for a few hours
- >feel so fat; haven't exercised since Monday
- >drive outside
- >currently drinking Starboocks
- >planned to go to gym but may binge since it's already 6 pm
- >as soon as I woke up I realised I had no motivation to do anything productive

I think I have finally realised that I need some sort of self-intervention or else I will remain in this binging, consumercucking, zero productivity depressed state for over 5 years.

I'm unsure how to binge right now. McDonalds is the most likely option. Surely this has to be the last binge. Maybe the second last.

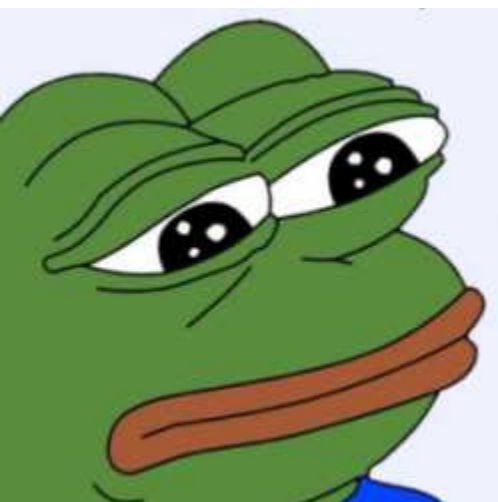
I'm still procrastinating reading. I'm not sure whether reading more than one book at a time is good or not. It's one of the aimless things I fret about in order to postpone reading. I even procrastinate consumercuck activities. I read all sorts of books so I end up forgetting everything because there's no clear theme. Reading without writing and discussion or a genuine interest in the topic is probably a waste of time.

Brexit is dragging on and on. This country is cucked beyond belief. If people don't react at the ballot box after Brexit is smothered, I will only feel deep admiration for the politicians as they fool the sheep and go off to their sinecures. I swear I will become a Blairite if the public doesn't react.

I wasn't outside a lot today but Stacey levels are critical because today was pretty much summer. It was demoralising.

If I went to a private school my life would be fucking easy. I'd be on £80+k right now because I'd be a posh clone who could pass job interviews. We live in a society (lol) where being a posh normie matters more for being successful than intelligence, past a very low point. When I read about 20 % of private schoolers claiming dyslexia for extra time or something, the unfairness hits home.

Can you recommend me non-fiction books that are edifying?



- >wake up
- >lie in bed, browse internet on phone
- >have coffee, told myself I'd eat nothing today to compensate for yesterday's binge but eat food anyway, browse internet on laptop
- >do a few chores
- >see guy in a supermarket who is a university lecturer who taught a class I had
- >Google his name when I get home and then see profiles of all sorts of accomplished people
- >google "LinkedIn [my town's name] Oxford" and see profiles of people more accomplished than me
- >go outside to sit in car and read but I've only browsed the internet on my phone so far; have also had a bag of minstrels, part of a bag of skittles, and some pepsimax
- >currently drinking Starboocks

I'm so demotivated and demoralised. Every single year thousands of people enrol in prestigious universities and will therefore always be judged as smarter than me. Every year millions of people turn 18 and 95+% of them are more normie than me and have better social skills. I am doomed. I did really well at school but since I didn't cash out my results for somewhere prestigious, they're lost forever.

I'm starting a good job later this year. But promotion will be hard because I'm not posh. I will never have a network. I will always be applying online, like a sucker.

Books are all boring right now. I have no passions or interests. Everything feels like work.

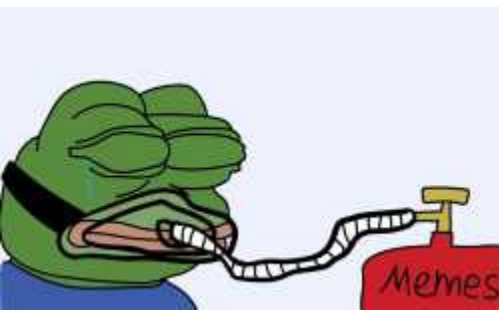
>> **Anonymous** Sat Apr 6 23:19:18 2019 [No.12890269](#)

Quoted by: >>12890449 >>12890480 >>12890488

>>OP

Nice Londonfrog imitation, but we all know that he found his happy ending.

Where is that anon who promised to publish Londonfrogs memoirs?



- >woke up
- >binged yesterday but also went to the gym and went back to my heavy lifting routine; squatted over 325 lbs for 5x5
- >ate food, drank coffee, browsed internet
- >left house to drive around and read in car
- >have just browsed the internet on my phone instead of reading (just like when I was lying in bed last night and this morning) and am drinking Costa coffee at eets pyoorest

I'm about to actually start reading but it will feel like a chore.

I've had so many part time job interviews in 2019 but failed them all. If only I hadn't wasted so much money on junk food. If I had worked for 20 hours a week this year at minimum wage, I'd be rich right now.

I simply don't have the slightest bit of urgency to do anything productive in my free time or to stop eating junk food or wasting time.

/lit/ is my only friend but they're all a bunch of poser zoomers who have lots of friends, will graduate university and have two months of unemployment that they will see as a grand quarter life crisis, and then get their comfortable lower middle class jobs, get married, transition to full normiedom, have kids etc. /pol/ is similar but maybe without university and with fatter lower class wives. I see /fit/ as like a less intelligent/lit/ but who will be unexpectedly more successful because they are bland normies, literal composites of the population. I have full confidence in every single 90 - 110 IQ cawnfidence /fit/ poster becoming a millionaire by the age of 45 through conventional means.

The above paragraph is both true and funny but I want to make clear that the path of the normie is not open to someone like me.

- >being such a fuckup that 4chan culture has actually colonised your mind and radically influences your perception of the world.

Stay off the tubes



- >wake up
- >browse internet on phone in bed
- >go to laptop but read a book instead (life progress)
- >do some chores
- >go jogging and I'm really bad at it due to unprecedented fatness
- >go outside driving
- >have short phone interview for full time retailcuck job
- >buy Starboooks and read the large boring pseudy book in the car (24 drawn out pages)
- >binge on KFC
- >will now go to shiny supermarket to buy a small amount of junk food and I'll give it up afterwards

Where did the day go? I can't argue against the brutal efficiency of 9 to 5 working in terms of getting asses in seats. I need to start working hard before I get a job, to prove to myself that I'm not a born slave.

There's a post on hacker news about a large percentage of young men being sexless losers. Now that it's on mainstream media websites it is now admitted.

I looked at the profile pages of the Oxbridge boat race competitors and felt sad about life.

My NEETbux will be paid in a few days but my bank balance is horrifically low. Two months of merely minimum wage full time work would make me feel rich as fuck and able to quit. But I'd also have to stop the binges.

Oh my god, I hate full time work. I am imagining it now, that disgusting feeling after the end of each shift, whether 4 hours or 8.5, retail or prestigious office (I assume that's what women feel like after being raped, which makes their complaints valid). Also I always calculate my future earnings in my head and immediately feel like I've earned it that second, so the upcoming month's earnings are all accounted for by the reward section of my brain blowing it's load straight after the mental maths. I doubt stupid people or NPCs suffer from that. My problem is that I'm too damn forward thinking.



- >woke up
- >browse internet, drink coffee
- >go to retailcuck interview
- >do some chores
- >borrow modern non fiction book related to the pseudy one that I'm reading
- >ate food
- >somehow it's now 6:27 pm
- >plan to go to shiny supermarket, buy binge food, binge, then go to gym at night

I'm bored as fuck. I have to give up junk food today or else my fatness will stay. My thighs are so fat when I'm sitting. I don't care where the fat goes, I just want it to go.

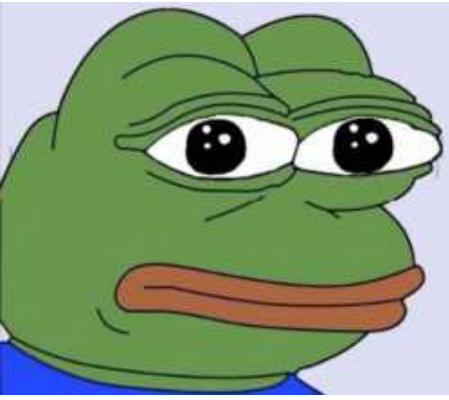
I'm wasting my freedom and NEETdom. But then I was miserable when working as well.

I looked at flights to America because I haven't been on holiday or abroad for around 5 years. But going on holiday by myself would be so pathetic and awkward. I went to New York on a family holiday many years ago and I don't remember much. I have never seen LA or Washington DC or anywhere inbetween.

I will never ever be working in finance in New York in the 90s. FML. I will never be in Silicon Valley right now.

Reading feels so pointless and pathetic. I felt so pretentious carrying a book from the library today. Books don't contain useful or profound knowledge and everybody knows it. Information is either hard won in academia or gleaned from Wikipedia/ online pages. Everything between those two, including books, is midwit shit. Reading is a consumercuck activity.

I looked at masters degrees online but they are like the midwit degrees between the normie bachelors and the autistic PHD and they cost tonnes. Going back to university would make me feel like a loser. But my BS was boring bs.



- >wake up
- >go to retailcuck interview at 9.45 am
- >go back home, eat, browse internet, sleep for two hours because I had to wake up early for the interview
- >pointlessly went driving about at 5 pm
- >now it's 6.36 pm and I am drinking Starboocks and planning to go back home, have a small binge and go to the gym at night

The chickens have come home to roost in terms of the binging destroying my bank balance. I got an email saying I could start a good job in London soon. But I would leave it for a better job in October anyway. After months sitting at home, earning retailcuckbux and NEETbux with no rent to pay, I have less money than when I started.

I told them I can start the job in about 5 weeks and then said no wait, 7 weeks. But I need a job to get the money to pay for London rent, deposit, the train ticket, food, maybe more money if my first paycheck doesn't align with when I pay my rent etc. Plus some actual spare money so that my bank balance doesn't run down to zero each month.

A full time job for 5 or 6 weeks would get me the money but I can't get one. Applying for jobs when you actually need money is kind of stressful. Does 4 months at a good job matter on a CV or is it a blemish?

I could always ask my parents for £1000, and more when I'm there, but I'd feel bad, and my mum lectures me about wasting money (and this with her not knowing the scale of my waste). I could choose not to take the job and enjoy myself until October and save much more money than I could in London, just by retailcucking for 20 hours a week. And have some savings.

DESU, I am heavily leaning towards staying until October, for both financial and laziness reasons. Hopefully my parents agree.

I went to the gym yesterday for the first time in 4 days and squatted over 370 lbs for 5 reps.

Sleeping in the middle of the day is so demoralising. Some people write algorithms to create accurate pictures of black holes and some people waste their potential.



I'm an ugly beta autistic loser 28 year old with no friends, acquaintances or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, and I've never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university.

I did a degree I had no interest in, so I forgot everything in it. I became the ugly loser that nobody talked to within one day of all of my jobs. I'm blackpilled and know that women and Chads have lives on easy mode and sex and good times on tap, while my life will be difficult

I waste all my free time on internet browsing. I binge on junk food and coffee almost every day, which rapes my bank balance. I have no passions. I have read many more books than most people my age but couldn't talk about anything in an informative manner for more than 10 minutes. I see my previous success in education as evidence of my lack of initiative and high docility. I now feel more proud of the times when I did badly due to losing all interest- at least that was evidence of balls.

I'm a meek, charismaless loser. I failed over 50 graduate job interview processes. I have a good job that I will start later this year but I am not posh or extroverted enough to succeed in the workplace. A large percentage of my money will go on rent. Working 9-5 feels like a prison sentence.

I'm 28 and have none of the happy social memories that people my age have. I lived in London for over a year and felt sad the entire time, from summer to summer. My job miraculously required no work and I couldn't use the time at all. I spent two years straight as a NEET or working part time, and I didn't show any initiative to do anything seriously productive in my free time at all.

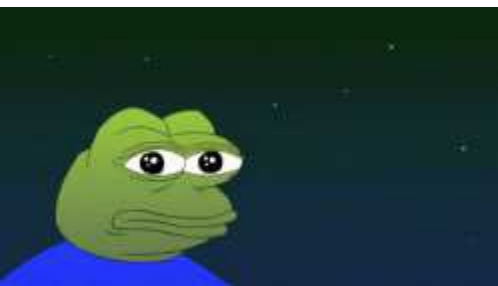
I envy people that can "produce", i.e., entrepreneurs, STEM academics, good artists. I just mindlessly consume. And at work, I will be a bureaucrat. I am back office material without any connections. There are hundreds of 21 year olds making millions through software.

I have had huge amounts of free time in the past 5 years but I waste almost all of it through internet time wasting and procrastination of my "real life" until tomorrow. I am not a doer. I have no network and no external motivation. I have spent thousands on junk food binges in the past few years.

I feel like I need to stay unspooked or else I am being cucked on an existential level or self-limited. Yet I am a laughable slave to habit. Any self-imposed rule, such as "no coffee for a month" immediately feels pathetic and I feel like I need to break it to show myself that I am not a mental prisoner.

I have recently become fat as fuck but it feels easily reversible compared to the mental barriers.

Anonymous Sat Apr 13 03:34:09 2019 [No.12924272](#)



- >woke up
- >drank coffee, browsed internet
- >went to retailcuck job interview
- >went driving around but didn't go walking
- >drank Starboocks in car as I read 44 pages of the boring long winded pseudy book (only 180 pages left)
- >decided to have one last one last binge at burger king (planned to eat nothing all day but nvm)
- >now plan to go home and watch a movie but not sure what

I could be back in London sooner than you think.

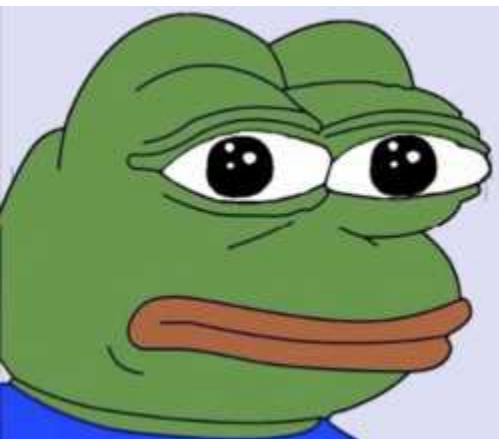
Anonymous Sat Apr 13 03:45:58 2019 [No.12924333](#)

What is this job you keep going on about? You have been saying you're going to start it soon for ages but you're still having retailcuck interviews for some reason? What is going on?

Anonymous Sat Apr 13 03:54:48 2019 [No.12924377](#)

[>>12924333](#)

I am being stalked but, needless to say, if, this November, I am not walking around a rainy London on a Saturday, seeking refuge in the British museum, and shitposting about my unhappiness with life, something will have gone horribly wrong.



- >be me yesterday
- >wake up, drink coffee
- >go to retailcuck interview at 9 am but don't go inside the store because I was sickened by normies and the thought of being judged by them
- >go to gym and front squat around 330 lbs for reps
- >browse internet on phone in car
- >binge at KFC
- >go home
- >be me today
- >wake up, drink coffee, have phone interview for retailcuck job
- >have around 127 pages of the long-winded, long, boring, pseud-cred packed old non-fiction book left to read and it was due to be returned today
- >leave it until after 12 to even go outside (like to do my reading in the car)
- >buy a coffee, sit in car and read and read
- >and read and read
- >drive near library, have to read faster and gobble up the pseud cred
- >the writer repeats himself so much and is so long-winded, it's insane, and I notice it much more when I read more than 30 pages at a time
- >based on 2 minutes per page, I may not be able to read it on time...
- >go to library to hand back book as soon as I finish it
- >5:29 pm, literally 1 minute before library is due to close, the book is returned
- >go and binge at burger king

That's a gigantic brick of solid, boring as fuck, common-sense-exalted-as-profound, pseud cred that I can tick off and forget, until I see humanities pseudos claiming how profound it is by today's standards.

Is this the end? **Anonymous** Fri Apr 19 07:51:44 2019 [No.12956126](#)



>woke up

>get an email saying I have a job that looks really good on my CV, pays me enough to save some hundreds every month, with upward mobility and important responsibilities, at a prestigious employer

>drank coffee, wasted time, had Starboocks, binged on fast food, didn't go to gym

On the one hand, that's what I wanted.

On the other hand, I am mourning the passing of my post-graduation, un/under-employed (or employed in name only) life. Although the extreme procrastination and blackpilled hopelessness and time wasting really started before I left university and definitely has a well defined beginning, though no clear trigger.

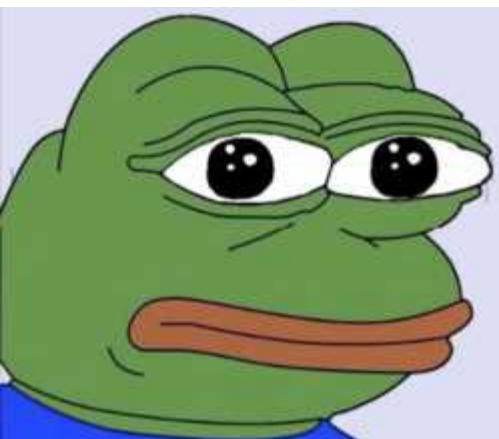
There's no such thing as youthful hijinks for ugly beta males like myself.

Anonymous Fri Apr 19 08:51:44 2019 [No.12956393](#)

>>OP

Are you the londonfag who kept making blog posts about being rejected from assessment centres and vacation schemes?

Congratulations on becoming employed. You can now enjoy living out your days in corporate mediocrity.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee and browsed internet
- >went to retailcuck interview at a clothes store and felt condescended to because I'm ugly as fuck
- >went back home
- >left home to drive around
- >saw lots of happy young people in the primes of their lives, which was demoralising
- >now drinking Starboocks and about to read

I need money because I'm moving to London in a few months for a job. I have been trying to get a job for months but I'm unable to. Not even retailcuck stuff.

I haven't binged for 3 days and I've had 3 great workouts since then but I still feel fat. I may binge on McDonalds or burger king today.

It's hot and sunny, which is bad for fatties like me.

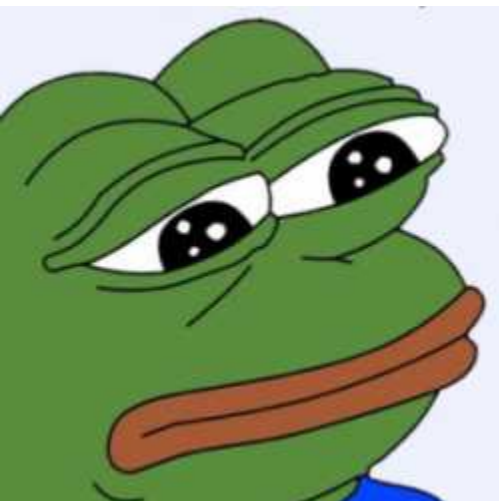
I'll be stuck in an office all summer in London. And then permanently afterwards. How do wagecucks cope? I've already decided I'll have to wake up at 6 am to fit in gym sessions or else they'd nuke my evenings.

I read about Rory Stewart, born rich and who has done lots of stuff, which is demoralising.

>> Anonymous Mon Apr 22 23:46:15 2019 No.12983913

Last time I saw your post you scored with some chick from high-school. What happened?

Anonymous Thu Apr 25 00:26:19 2019 [No.12996626](#)



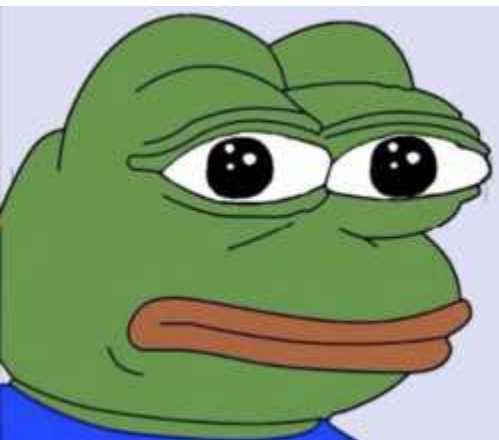
- >be me yesterday
- >wake up, browse internet, drink coffee
- >finish read a pseudy history book
- >go for a walk for the first time in a long while
- >walking feels good and I go driving afterwards
- >drink Starboocks, read a book
- >evening comes
- >feel extremely demoralised by the pointless consumercuckoldry of reading and how uninspired I feel
- >skip the gym
- >go and buy junk food and see lots of extremely happy young people in the supermarket, which is depressing
- >binge then sleep
- >be me today
- >woke up, drank coffee, browsed internet, ate food, did chores, am now in car and will read and maybe binge and then go to gym later

I'm so uninspired. I have wasted so much free time, it's unreal. And I continue to waste time. I am too demoralised and lazy and blackpilled to put effort in to anything.

Anonymous Thu Apr 25 00:35:24 2019 [No.12996651](#)

- >I go driving afterwards

Aimlessly driving? Starting to exhibit Elliot Rodger-type of behavior froggieboy.



- >woke up after last night's binge and gym skipping
- >feel so fat
- >drink coffee, browse internet
- >become convinced that I should postpone my moving to London until October
- >tell myself I'll absolutely postpone it
- >eventually decide not to
- >went to library I've never been to before to borrow a book (non fiction, by a guy who went through an interesting experience)
- >felt pathetic being in a library during the daytime when I should have been at a job or something
- >drove around and now drinking Starboocks
- >plan to binge for the last time and then go to gym later

It's so sunny.

I don't know how I managed to wake up at 9 am and leave the house at about 2.45 pm without doing much in-between.

I had burger king yesterday, McDonalds a few days ago, and I'll have one of those or KFC today. I haven't gone to the gym for about two or three days.

It's the same mental pattern everyday. Large sorry or sadness in my brain causes me to have one last binge and then I'm happy.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee, did chores
- >extremely sunny day; feel like I should be happy or something but I feel nothing
- >drive around, feel sad after seeing Staceys, feel sad after looking at my bank balance
- >moving to London in early June but on a permanent contract, starting the rest of my pathetic life
- >have still applied for retailcuck jobs to work in until I leave, because I have so little money
- >sat in car and read the last 43 pages of a pseudy book
- >currently drinking Starboocks
- >considering One Last Binge (a McDonalds binge)
- >will definitely go to the gym tonight

That feel when I finished a really fucking pseudy old non-fiction book last week and I just finished a recent non-fiction book about history / ideas / economics that talks a lot about the first book and I don't really care for either (though I can see the merits of the first one for its time) and the recent one is written by a guy who has to overintellectualise in an effort to get insights and I don't really think it was worth it.

Shall I have a McDonalds binge? Has anyone else noticed the dryness of Big Tasty with Bacons when you leave them until the end?

I am considering a flat or house share when I move back to London. On the one hand, awkwardness, possibly robbery and death, and, worst of all, waiting for the bathroom. On the other hand, that extra few hundred I could save per month would make me feel like a millionaire.

I need to start doing stuff and not reading about people who do stuff. /lit/ and other sources instilled this consumercuck mentality within me and I need to detach this spook.

Anonymous Sun Apr 28 00:03:08 2019 [No.13014712](#)



>read 50 pages of an enjoyable nonfiction book late last night / this morning
>woke up today, felt really fat because I haven't been to the gym since Sunday or something like that
>drank coffee, browsed internet, had a big shit
>went to gym
>squatted more for 5 reps than I maybe have ever (though I'm heavier than I used to be); also did great volume on bench press; spent a while on cardio as well
>feel tired in the rewarding way; now considering a cheeky binge and going straight home to watch them vs Nadal

Nothing much to report

Anonymous Sun Apr 28 03:17:13 2019 [No.13015738](#)

you don't sound like londonfriend

Anonymous Sun Apr 28 03:42:53 2019 [No.13015847](#)

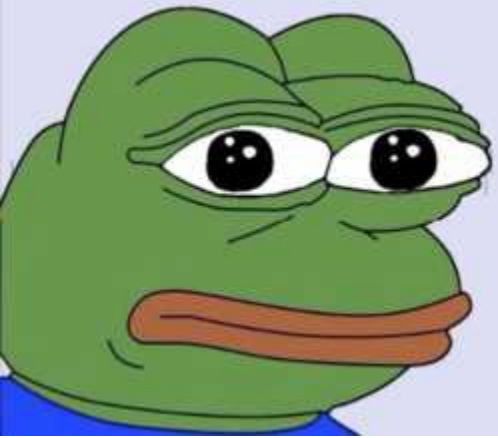
It's truly me. I had the binge and watched tennis and wasted more time online. I am now about to drink coffee and read a book.

I am coming to the end of my post-graduation "lost" period. On the one hand, I have got a good job that I will start soon. On the other hand, I never took advantage of all that free time I had. I never learned to work hard or under my own initiative. Even 20 hours of work a week felt like brutal oppression.

On the other hand, maybe that's good. Maybe all great people had a "lost" period. I am always suspicious of these type-A people who do everything society tells them to do.

And let's note that this lost period had unironically a period in London where I was paid to do fuck all. I still moped every day.

I am hoping that my new job, which will finally solidify my CV as pretty good for someone at the start of their career, will give me the ability to choose to do what I want. But I have no clue.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee, browsed internet
- >went to retailcuck interview
- >went back home, ate food, drove outside to return book to library
- >sunny day, just like California in a late 90s / early 00s music video
- >saw lots of happy students and felt sad
- >drinking Starboocks in car, about to read a book

Yesterday I did not much. I binged yesterday but I don't think I'll binge today. I deadlifts yesterday and my grip was bad. So I did more reps at a lower weight and one of my calluses was ripped open, so I had to leave the gym early.

I'm currently reading an enjoyable but zero pseud cred nonfiction book who went through a unique experience. The book is by a current Conservative MP who is really a left winger. I look at his Twitter account and wonder how he can spout such bs. Is he a careerist psychopath? Normies are terrifying

I want to get out of my rut and start being a doer. But it would feel pathetic to create a checklist or plan. So I'm just going to pick a day, maybe next Tuesday, and say I'll be a go getter on that day and afterwards.

I'm still fat but my strength is catching up to my weight. I squatted my highest ever 5 rep max a few days ago and I will soon equal my highest ever 5x5 in squats and I doubt it will be hard.



- >woke up
- >squatted a lot of weight last night for 5 sets of 5 but still feel really fat due to binging
- >drink coffee, browse internet
- >decide not to go to retailcuck interview scheduled today
- >drive outside in the sun
- >see Chad and Stacey students, feel sad
- >drink Starbooks at eets pyoorest and read 90 pages of a nonfiction book
- >am about to probably have a KFC binge soon before going back home and then the gym at night

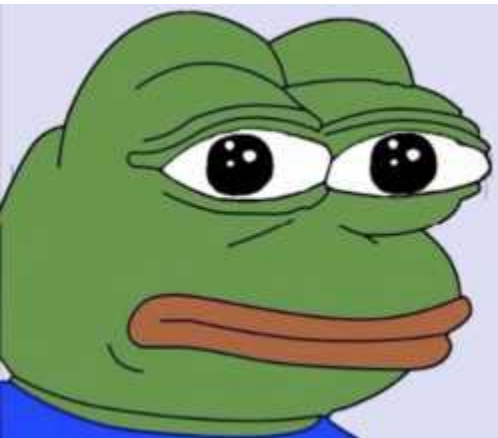
Yesterday I felt so sad at 5.30 pm yesterday, after a similar day, because I had spent my time reading (consumercucking).

I thought summer would make me happier but walking around still feels pointless when I do it. Summer reminds me of my final few weeks at school, zero pressure part time jobs in university summers, extremely hot lunch breaks during my old job as I browsed 4chan in the shadow of Big Ben, and also zero work summer days that I'd waste until 3 pm, before walking through South Kensington and Hyde Park.

As soon as PM (the radio 4 show) ends at 6 pm, that signifies the start of my home city feeling dead and sterile to me.

I hope Liverpool and Tottenham lose. They are both more Reddity than Barcelona. Tottenham not moreso than Ajax but Ajax produce great players and deserve more success. Have you noticed that all Tottenham players are swagfags? This was true 10 years ago as well. It's like wearing a Tottenham shirt turns someone in to a better looking, taller, skinnier, better spoken North London faux-urban type, but ultimately ineffective at the last gasp.

I need to decide on a date after which I will be a "doer". I am stuck in a rut. I feel so ineffective. I am going to write about my loserness, with specific examples, in a (private) personal note to try and spur my motivation (me Vs the world). Although I don't want to make myself follow self help or a programme. I don't want to admit that I don't have free will.



- >woke up too early at 7 am
- >browse internet on phone
- >felt so fat
- >almost went to retailcuck interview but didn't bother
- >briefly considered delivering stuff for ubereats for extra money
- >watch British YouTuber delivering stuff
- >feel sad at seeing such a non cucked rich person who makes thousands by working 2 hours a day on YouTube and his clothes company
- >decide it's a scam
- >ate some food
- >browsed internet
- >drove outside
- >ate some chocolate and supermarket sandwiches in car and feel really fat (haven't been to gym since Sunday)
- >plan to drink Starboocks and read in car, go home, go to gym, and watch qt with pol

I finished a book yesterday. It was an enjoyable and therefore non pseud cred filled non-fiction book.

I have binged on junk food hard in recent days. I had a burger king binge yesterday.

I'm such a disgusting consumercuck. I just browse the internet. I've told myself that I should be a go-getter starting on Tuesday.

My next book I'll read is a history book about a great event that I'm supposed to know about but don't really care about.

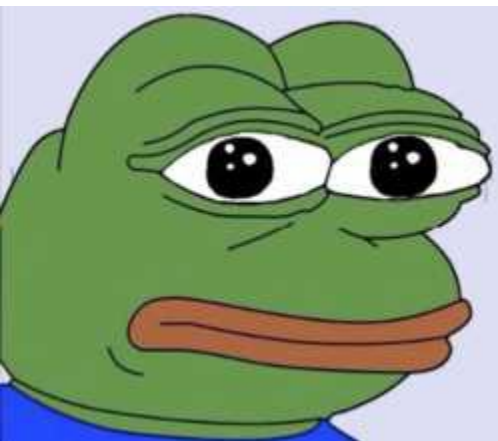
In job interviews, you're judged solely on enthusiasm and normieness and looks. YouTubers are doing a real job. They're just better at what they do than plumbers or surgeons and so on.



- >woke up
- >start reading book (boring book I'm only reading for the book finishing pseud cred)
- >read for a while
- >eat food
- >browse internet
- >feel like a huge failure for not being a millionaire Silicon Valley go-getter; my lack of motivation is awful
- >go outside
- >go walking for around an hour, listening to pointless BBC Radio 4 politics related podcasts; whether now or in the past, it's all pointless melodrama, with technology being the true societal influence
- >drive around a bit on a sunny and aimless Sunday
- >feel sad after seeing happy young people
- >buy minstrels and sweets for a mini binge which I've just eaten
- >currently 7:28 pm
- >was going to have coffee and then go to the gym but, like yesterday, I've become tired and I don't think I could do the heavy squats
- >feel like having one last binge and then being healthy from tomorrow

I'm so demoralised and demotivated. My loserdom at university was the first motivation killer but the r9kpill and then incel blackpill formalised the pointlessness of beta male life.

It's still sunny and not very cloudy yet the late Sunday pall of pointlessness is still here. There's a bank holiday tomorrow but I'm a demoralised NEET so who cares.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee, browsed internet
- >went to gym
- >had my highest 5 rep squat and bench press maybe ever (to be expected at my weight), also do cardio
- >drive around have Starboocks
- >read a non fiction book
- >binged at KFC for the last time ever
- >going to binge again for the last time ever and watch football at home

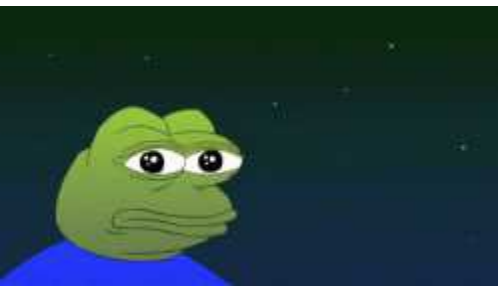
It's a sunny and idyllic day. I felt sad when seeing happy students. But I feel better than late last night and I feel ok today, overall.

I looked at the LinkedIn profiles of some successful people and felt sad. Every autumn people get accepted to elite universities and they will forever be seen as smarter than me.

I'm parked in a supermarket car park that is really big relative to what the supermarket would ever need, probably even during Christmas periods. The large amount of empty space reminds me of both PS1 games and, along with the sun, 50s California.

After this binge, I need to stop. And I mean really stop. I am way too fat.

OP here. I did what I said I'd do and now I'm lying in bed.



- >wake up
- >drink coffee, browse internet
- >do some chores
- >drive outside, drink Starboocks while reading a new nonfiction book (pop-philisophy / pop-futurism)
- >finish the book and received some pseud cred but not much
- >the book was a globalist primer on current events aimed at very ignorant normies; though it did have some good parts but couldn't go very deep
- >am about to have a burger king binge (my last binge ever) and then go home

I am not feeling so bad today, for some reason.

At some point in the next month I'll have to casually ask my parents to deposit £2000+ in to my bank account. It's kind of beyond parody how little they nag me or out me under pressure.

I am worried that I am a mind attached to an NPC, with no control. I am looking back at my youth and previous years and even a few months ago. At school I was always one of the smartest kids. I always did well at my favourite subjects. But, apart from videogames, I had no long term hobbies. I got bored of video games at around the age of 19-21. I started reading at around 17, when I could buy books online, and read a lot, but mainly fiction. There was no great intellectual awakening or ambitions. I remember being young and watching a video of Dawkins dabbing on religion (mid-00s, so it was cutting edge edginess). I thought he was right, but put no more thought in to it.

I chose a degree I ended up hating, so I have never done anything intellectually edifying. I went to my nearest college, not the most prestigious possible, so I threw away some potential.

After a lot of reading and internet browsing, I ascended to a state where I can put intellectual figures currents in to a very vague but wide context. When I was 18 I could not have told you who Kant, Aristotle, or Descartes were; what Napoleon roughly did and when; and all sorts of other stuff.

On the one hand, I have put a lot of effort in to ascending above my crappy comprehensive school and bog standard STEM at uni beginnings. On the other, do those beginnings fuck me over?

And what worries me more is my inability to put sustained effort in to anything without an external authority making me do it.

[Will continue after my Burger King binge. This post is taking longer than expected]

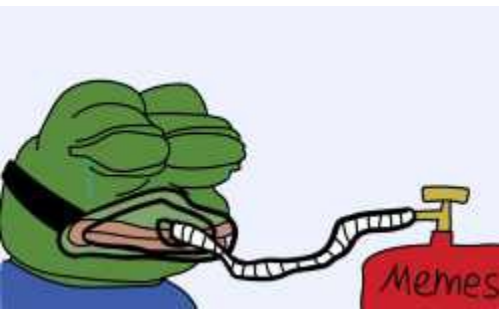
Anonymous Thu May 9 02:50:10 2019 [No.13079414](#)

[>>13079210](#)

I'm not having these NPC thoughts only because of the book.

But let me continue: My inability to put sustained effort in to anything worries me. I was r9k pilled a short time in to university and incel blackpilled a few years later after reading about Elliot Rodger.

On second thought, I have to leave this long post for another day.



- >woke up
- >browsed internet, drank coffee, went to gym
- >squatted a little more than LMAO4plate for 2 reps multiple times, plus a bit more lifting and cardio
- >sunny day
- >go back home straight after gym
- >get home at 4 pm and somehow only leave house to drive around at 7.30 pm (wasted time on internet and looked for flats to view when I go to London for a few days)
- >it's still sunny at 7.30 pm and I look around at the trees, while feeling sad about having to go to London to work, and I wonder how the fuck I could have felt so sad throughout my time at home (of course, it's because I'm an ugly beta who is too blackpilled to have the motivation to do anything, but when I'm in a wistful state, that logical step isn't immediately apparent)
- >drive around while drinking coffee and feeling sad
- >currently writing this post at 8.45 pm; planning to have one final binge at home and watch QT with pol

I'm looking back at my life 6 months to a year ago with nostalgia even though I know I was sad and felt pathetic at the time. My constant shitposting during the past few years have been the carefree days, believe it or not. There were a few weeks or months when I actually stayed at the office from 9 to 5 and I was coping horribly. I hope that's not what will happen when I go back.

Life is simply passing me by. I can't muster the initiative to do anything. And soon my free time will mostly disappear.

Being fat sucks but I still can't be bothered going a day without bingeing. My waistline is a joke. My neckline is 0.5" bigger than a while ago. I'm sure today will be one of the final binges.

I'm looking for a place to stay in London. My pay is higher but the place I stayed at last time only has slightly inferior rooms at slightly higher prices. I will probably flatshare but I don't want to talk to people. Maybe a bitcoin gambling habit will make daily life more exciting.

If I want to fit in a 9-5 job plus a lot more without being inefficient, I will need to live a monastic life, getting up at 6 am to fit in my workout. This is not appealing to me.

My degree was 4 whole years, including zero pressure summer holidays. How the fuck did I waste it? I studied a subject I hated, joined no clubs, had no friends, gained no hobbies or good habits. I hated my subject so much, I think it pavloved me in to being a procrastinator. When I see other young

people, they are living "fuller" lives. I imagine people at Eton and Harrow cultivating strong work habits and enjoying grand environments that they take for granted.

Seeing what I could rent if I could sensibly afford £1500 a week is depressing. I have a small room in a regular sized family home but London flats only become liveable at the £1800 per month mark.