



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

LondonFrog

The Last Binge Ever Volume 2

Introduction:

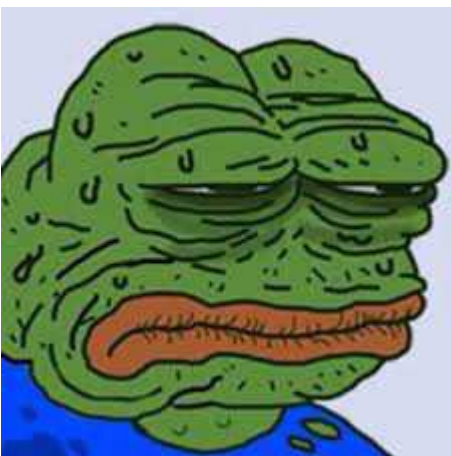
In the previous installment of *The Last Binge Ever*, our morose slimy skinned Frog protagonist pronounced that he would have “ONE LAST BINGE” (for at least 4 months so he can stop being fat). Motivated by an ambition to be the master of his own free-will, our London based frog boldly defies conventional human wisdom rooted in self-discipline. Instead aiming to be a simultaneous slave and master of the whims and fleeting desires of his will. After all, isn't waking up early, following a routine, and cutting addictions from your life nothing more than a different form of slavery? It is with this cynicism that guides LondonFrog through the continuation of his “everythingstential crisis” in this next volume.

Compiler Note:

The second volume of LondonFrog's post compilation starts immediately where the first left off. Like the previous volume this one contains around 50 posts from November 20th 2019 – February 25th 2019.

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If I don't work hard, I have wasted my potential and opportunity to maximise success. If I work hard, I waste my opportunity to maximise pleasure and I feel cucked because people have worked less than me for more success, either due to their IQs or luck.

If I eat healthily I feel bad for missing out on junk food. If I eat junk food I become fatter.

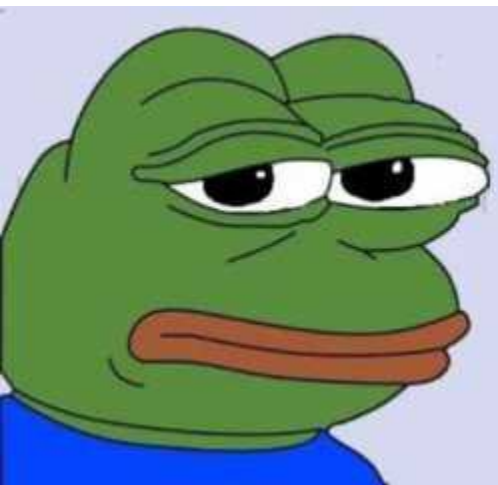
If I read a lot of books then I miss out on actually doing things. If I don't read a lot of books I feel like a pleb.

And if I try to be moderate then I get the worst of both worlds.

Now repeat for every single possible life trade off. How the FUCK do I stop feeling like this?

>> Anonymous Tue Nov 20 10:25:00 2018 No.12108659

Londonfrog, you keep this board relevant.



Guys, intellectually I'm all spooked out. I can't stand philosophy because of all the unfalsifiable garbage. Many fields like economics etc are just applied common sense and stamp collecting. I see novels as nothing but entertainment despite pretentious people claiming life / philosophical insights and tons of people will consider you a disgusting plebeian if you don't initially read shitloads of boring as fuck canon novels.

I think I am painfully adapting to the idea of the Internet age / information overload by abandoning any pretension that I can be an all rounder or even dilettante in everything. There are ten trillion books called "Introduction to [broad and important field]", even if you only have one of each field.

History is similar to novels. Shitloads of reading along with a shitload pretension thrown on top telling you that you truly cannot know nothing unless you have an in depth understanding of the Greeks / Romans / Christianity / USA / WW1 / WW2 / financial systems / or shitloads of other topics I can't stand it. And then there's current events. I don't care about climate change, outer space, inequality, China, the EU, applied psychology, the education system, diversity, Russia, South America, refugees, nutrition, mental health, and more. Admitting just one of these would make me an irredeemable idiot, no doubt.

Has anyone else had similar thoughts? The spooks are powerful and must be removed but their removal leaves your mind in a primordial state that is more susceptible to spooks than before.

I go to the city centre and see people shopping and the streets are busy, which is comforting compared to when they're empty, but walking through then brings no epiphanies.

I am so past watching movies or tv shows, even ones that pander to "edgy" young males. I just about read books but only because society tells me I should, though I don't derive much enjoyment

And obviously I have an existential crisis but /lit/ is fucking pathetic in demanding that anyone who has one should immediately "grow up" and become a monotheist and wagecuck. I fucking hate wagecucking. Seeing attractive young people is humiliating. I tell myself every day that I'll soon work intensely on one thing but I can't bear to do this. If you're really good at one thing then there are people lining up to call you a tard for not watching opera or being able to run a marathon or whatever shit. So I do nothing.

Every "thinker" is at their core an utter fucking fraud. Nietzsche is a Tony Robbins tier Rorschach test. Science and mathematics provide non trivial insights but only in ultra specialised ways that probably require autism to appreciate. I listen to In Our Time podcasts and Bret Easton Ellis podcasts and I think at heart everyone cares about nothing more than social drama.



I'm a 28 year old ugly beta loser nofriends autistic with no female attention ever, no friends or social experiences since school, never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university. I became the ugly loser nobody talked to within one day of all my jobs.

I waste almost all of my free time on the internet. I read books and go to the gym but those aren't really fulfilling. I can't muster the motivation to learn hard things or do productive things in my huge amounts of free time. I feel like a sucker when Chads and all women get everything handed to them. All institutions consist of normies judging other normies based on how normie they are. I have binged on junk food almost every day for over 3 years while telling myself it was the last time and tomorrow I would become hard working.

I have somehow managed to pass the job interviews for good jobs and this time next year I'll be in a respectable looking and fairly "prestigious" job. But my 20s are gone. I feel extremely bitter to have been deemed too ugly to be a part of all that stuff British youths do to have fun (parties, holidays music festivals, etc). Though I am so ugly that I cringe at the thought of myself even being in regular social situations (not jobs, just unstructured things).

Life and, more importantly, my 20s, are passing me by at lightning speed. The internet is the opium of the demotivated underemployed ugly beta males, including myself. It isn't even pure enjoyment like vidya (which I haven't played for years). It is a way of procrastinating both work and play. Though 4chan and incel blackpill literature are embedded within me due to their truth. Finding 4chan in 2012, and then getting the full on "it's all about looks" blackpill after ER died in 2014 were both watershed moments. After the blackpill, assorted facts and observations all fell in to place and I've never been happy or hopeful since.

I had no interest in my STEM degree and, if anything, it Pavloved me in to hating all work, even intellectual work. I strongly think society should act as if people have free will but I am evidence against it. My present self is cucking my future self (or maybe it's my Id and Superego torturing my Ego).

Anonymous Sat Nov 24 22:43:02 2018 [No.12130113](#)

>>OP

That sucks man I can't imagine not being handsome? If you decide to an hero can you leave your money to me? I'm pretty Chad but do not have enough money to live the kind of lifestyle I want. If I want to keep having threesomes I'll need a nicer apartment and a nicer car (my place is shit and I drive a 2001 Acura). You're obviously not enjoying your money; give it to someone who will. I promise in exchange I will send personalized nudes from all the slags I bang and I will even tell some of them to fuck you/pretend to be your girlfriend for a few days at a time if you want (a few of my girls do whatever I say.)



I binged on McDonalds last night but I went to the gym afterwards, where I lifted heavy weights (374 lbs squat for 3 sets of 2, 171 lbs overhead press for 3x3, plus some cardio), so I don't feel too fat.

I started an enjoyable history book. The previous one I read was long and heavy stuff but still very good.

I have come to the realisation that the ability to work on thing under your own initiative, without external pressure, is the key to ascending to Producerbull nievana and escaping consumercuckoldry.

I'm currently drinking Starboocks at eets pyoorest while feeling sad about life. A lost youth and mainly drudgery ahead of me.

>> Anonymous Mon Nov 26 02:27:10 2018 No.12135245

ok now this is epic

>be me

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

Life is going by so fast and I waste it all. I waste a lot of time on the internet but if you read the below, you will know why. It's like I view everything as a chore that needs to be avoided through procrastination.

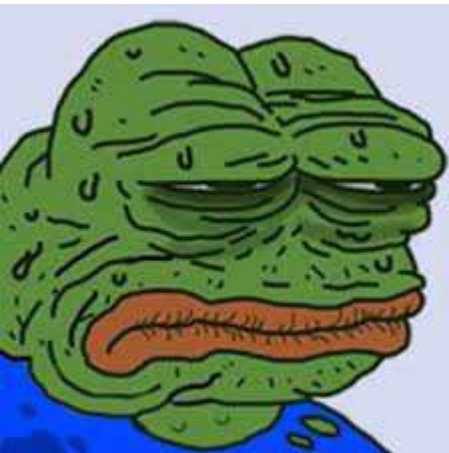
I got bored of a history book I was reading and gave up on it. I abhor the modern humanitard mentality. If you want to know what it is, imagine an upper middle class person who says (honestly or not) Pynchon is funny and who reads the New Yorker. He is a pseudointellectual that claims his philosophising and literary interests are due to a love of knowledge but he knows nothing about STEM or anything practical or anything not marketed by a major publishing company or university. That's as succinctly as I can put it. The humanitard mentality is the prism that 99 % of all media is refracted through.

I don't have productive interests. There are just things I feel like I need to do to stop the pseudointellectuals coming after me (going through SICP, reading boring old books). I feel guilty for everything I do, don't do, and how I do it. I feel like I have to be more efficient in how I do things.

I have a full time job that requires no work and about 10 minutes per day at the office (plus commute) but I am still unhappy. I am insanely lazy and when I worked from 9 to 5 I saw my life as over. It was soul crushing.

Being an ugly autistic without a posh accent is a career death sentence. I don't know how I will ever bother putting effort in to things, especially when I know Chads and women get everything handed to them. I see decades of boring work ahead of me.

My only pleasures in life are junk food, coffee, and McDonalds. My main hobby, apart from wasting time on the internet, is walking around London and hoping my 20s spontaneously stop feeling wasted



I've thrown away the coffee. I've avoided junk food all day. I'm lying in bed at 5 pm with no motivation to do anything. How do I get the motivation to do anything productive and my free time when I'm an ugly 28 year old beta male with no friends or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, and have never been to a pub, club, or party, even through university and living alone in London and working in an office with other young people?

No motivation. Utterly blackpilled. Feel guilty about everything I do, don't do, and how I do it. Have FOMO about everything. Life ends at 30.



I woke up. I found out that I have another job interview in London. I did not much today apart from wasting time online and then I had a small junk food binge at around 8 pm, out of habit more than anything.

I finished reading a history book but I barely remember any of it apart from a laughably vague outline because it whizzes through so much. I think it's not worth reading about a topic unless I read at least 3 books about it in a short space of time.

I feel jealous that I am not currently in an elite university, doing an essay at 9.30 am for the next day. I can't remember what it's like to have any motivation to do anything.

I saw a silicon valley guy's Twitter feed and felt like a subhuman because I haven't started 10 companies yet and become a millionaire. I saw the web page for the doctoral adviser for the Chinese guy that genetically modified the babies and it's all about applying physics to biology and so on. Why am I not working on stuff like this? It's because I did a degree I fucking abhorred, which killed all of my motivation.

>> Anonymous Wed Dec 5 06:41:08 2018 No.12181515

Quoted by: >>12181791

>>OP

You have a normies brain in a frog body



I woke up and wasted pretty much all of today. I had a really sugar filled junk food binge in the evening.

I still can't make myself do anything productive in my free time. I have descended in to such deep consumercuckoldry that even producing 4chan whine topics is being procrastinated. I'm completely out of ideas as to how to just wake up and start "living my real life". Hopefully I'll do it tomorrow



I had a big sugar filled binge last night, which was meant to be the One Last Binge. But I'm about to have more junk good right now. I am stronger than at any time in the past 21 months but I'm now at the point where I can only progress in the gym if I sleep well and stop drinking so much coffee. Of course I don't do that, so I lack the motivation to do any exercise right now.

I finished reading a really short history book today but I rushed through it because it was so boring. The middle ages were boring as fuck. A French king invading England meant fuck all. Geopolitical and cultural history is too hyped up.

I woke up today with absolutely no motivation for doing any productive things in my free time. The best way to put it is that simply deciding to do productive things has completely left my mental vocabulary. I don't feel like I'm fighting procrastination, I feel like I want to want to do something. I think doing a degree I absolutely hated completely Pavloved me out of the ability to sit at a desk and do productive things.

I waste so much time on the internet, it's insane. It's funny how I invented the phrase "Consumercuck / Producerbull dichotomy" yet I haven't managed to put its teachings in to practise. But I guess that's part of the lesson. An advanced Consumercuck (frequently referred to as a critiquer) has no special predisposition for Producerbullness within a certain field. It's negative, if anything.

I feel so pathetic for having no passions and nothing I could lecture about. I'm so vacuous. I am a 28 year old meek, charismaless, ugly beta male. I unironically can't handle the bants. I am going to work in a slightly prestigious but dull organisation, probably on course to languish in middle management forever. I am tiring of 4chan. Zoomer culture is alien to me. I saw an article about how commonplace influencers are and how they make magnitudes more than minimum wage jobs. Social skills, extroversion, having a great network: these are superpowers.



Guess who's feeling sad as fuck in central London today, alone and with nothing to do?

>saw some GigaStaceys
>wasted the daylight hours

Whenever I read some article about someone who does interesting stuff, they're always "falling in to" things by near accident. Why does this never happen to me? Why is my life so boring and pointless and lacking in all motivation?

Why do I waste all my time? Why do I not have the Producerbull mentality? Am I genetically deficient?

>> **Anonymous** Wed Dec 12 02:42:21 2018 [No.12214122](#)

>>OP

I always wonder if london frog is real or a very consistent troll.



I woke up. I drank some coffee while browsing the internet. I went jogging. I did some chores. I had some chocolate and jelly beans. I was planning to binge on McDonalds later but I'm not sure now. I'm currently drinking Starbooks.

I'm 28 and I feel so old. People my age have been building their careers for 7 years and I've barely started. People my age are investment banking Vice Presidents or senior civil servants. I have had interviews for prestigious graduate jobs for years- I am just shit at interviews. I am now at the stage where other candidates are literally zoomers. At least I have the small consolation of younger people having huge tuition fees. I haven't learnt the result for the interview I went to recently but every experience leaves me thinking that next time I must double my lying, extroversion, psychopathy etc.

I am reading a famous 21st century novel. It's good so far but reading fiction feels like the ultimate in consumercuckoldry, especially when it's not boring.

I will never have gone to a famous public school or Oxbridge. I will never do a degree I liked. I will never be extremely hard working. 99 % of all notable people went to Oxbridge or the Ivy League.

I have lots of free time but I just apply to jobs and waste time like a little cucky slave who can't do anything through his own initiative. For the past few weeks I felt like I was on the verge of working hard and giving up junk food but it was a passing phase.

I went to the V&A museum, which was kino, especially when the weather is bad. I went there once on a boiling sunny day and I remember feeling distinctly pathetic, as the Chads and Staceys frolicked outside in Hyde park or their South Kensington garden parties.

I used some software but then I felt bad for not being the guy who writes the software. I'm the cuck who uses it. 160 IQers writing Facebook, 80 IQers who use it. I'm surrounded by lampposts and coffee cups that I could never have invented on my own. I'm so pathetic.



Another day wasted. I have wasted the past year. Yes, my career is moving forward, but 2016-2018 are lost years. 2016 was the bottom, based on what an outsider would have perceived, but I was 2 years younger.

To be brief: I literally cannot muster the motivation to do anything productive in my free time. I waste all my free time on the internet instead. I also binge on coffee and junk food every single day while telling myself it's the last time. This has gone on for over 3 years.

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

How do I wake up tomorrow and not have no motivation?

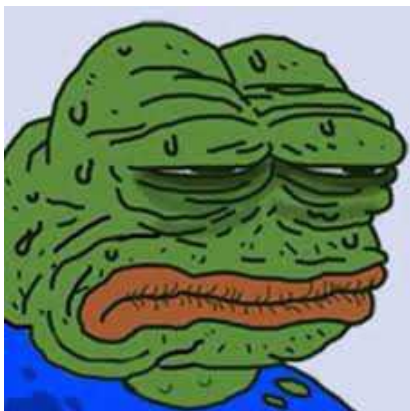
Anonymous Sat Dec 15 08:03:12 2018 [No.12228567](#)

Londonfrog, are you familiar with the saying "A bird that has come to love its cage"? You clearly get off on this shit. Fuck off stop posting on lit its so tedious, you dont listen to advice anyway ever

Anonymous Sat Dec 15 08:06:35 2018 [No.12228581](#)

[>>12228567](#)

londonfrog is one of the better threads on lit on any given day



I've just realised that my extreme malaise started in 2014 and I'm about to come up to the 5 year anniversary. Maybe it started earlier but I remember a different feeling at the start of 2014. So that's 5 solid years of wasting all my free time on the internet, feeling constantly sad at my ugly betaness (I was already r9kpilled before 2014 but seeing the lookspill / blackpill when Elliot Rodger became famous was a new level), procrastinating my "real life" of hard work, and huge numbers of binges on junk food or coffee.

In that time I've graduated university, had a good job, and my career will start soon with another good job, but I still have an empty life with my 20s (I'm now 28) consisting of no friends, no female attention ever, no holidays, and I've never been to a pub, club, or party. I'm a zero charisma and uptight person.

I read books. I exercise. But I simply cannot go from being a consumercuck to a producerbull. I listened to the radio today and heard about teenagers selling hacked Fortnite accounts for thousands a week. These kids have more life than me.

2016 *really* stands out as the nadir. I had so much free time and I did nothing. But having free time is simply the least worst state.

From 2014, my main hobby became established. It involves walking or driving around outside (and riding the underground train and visiting museums / parks when I was in London), browsing the internet on my phone, feeling sad about life, stopping for coffee or fast food binges, all while hoping that my 20s spontaneously stop feeling wasted. Of course I waste shitloads of money on food, and I could have had thousands more in the bank, though money is not currently a worry.

My existential ennui is deep but I see all philosophical axioms as arbitrary so no alleged system of thought can motivate me.

Life is flying by. I know how I want to spend my free time (learning maths / programming), I simply don't have the motivation to do anything.

>> Anonymous Sat Dec 22 11:28:43 2018 [No.12265245](#)

[go back to /biz/](#)



I didn't realise it was Friday until a few hours ago, when I saw young people in the supermarket getting ready for debauchery. I have been wagecucking so much recently although it's only temporary.

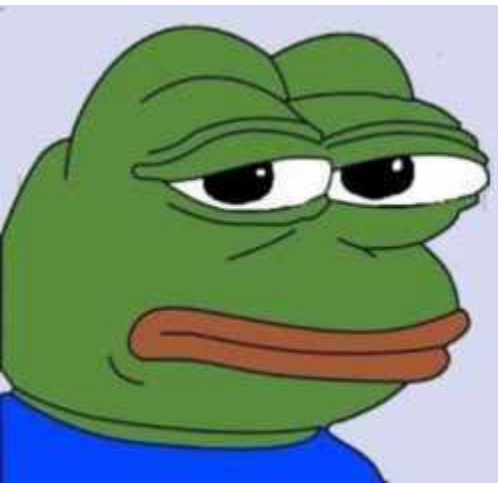
Anonymous Sat Dec 29 06:49:18 2018 [No.12301964](#)

>>OP

I just got done crying hysterically in a McDonalds with a mound of BigMac wrappers on the table in front of me amid scattered fries while Oreo McFlury dribbled down my face alongside snot. I couldn't stop sobbing when I thought about how alone I've been all my life and how I would always be alone and how disgusting I am and the more I tried to stop the harder I cried. People sort of looked awkwardly on but I am such an ugly deformed goblin no one tried to come over to say anything except the manager who eventually said I had to leave.

Most of the cashiers were qts who looked at me with a combination of fear and disgust as I left. On the walk home a group of dickheads and their stacy consorts blew their horn at me and shouted incomprehensible chad-speak jeers as they drove past which made my heart start racing in my fatfuck chest all the way home and I'm still anxious from it.

I hate everyone who argued against eugenics and allowed evolutionary fodder like me to exist.

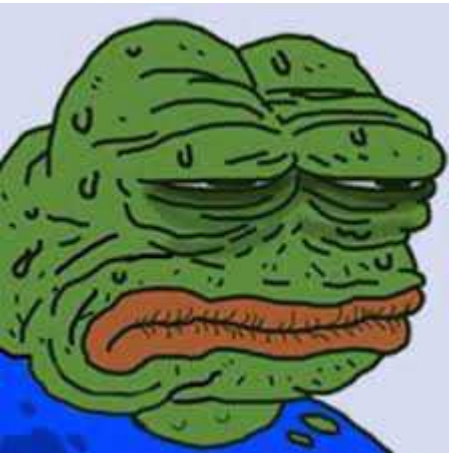


I had a junk food binge last night but I slept well and managed to do over 3 plate squats for 5x5 so I don't feel fat now. I'm currently at my temporary retailcuck job, which I'll probably have to stop soon. I'll probably hand in my notice because full time work is too much. I had over 3 hours of breaks yesterday to cope. Nobody has noticed yet.

Remember when I used to walk around central London and narrate my journey while shitposting about how sad I was? I had invented a shit-travel-feelsposting hybrid, which was much more glamorous than my current feelsposts, especially when it was summer. I once literally shatpost during a blazing hot summer day in the shade of Big Ben.

I'm going for a job interview in London soon, with my travel expenses paid, so I'll be able to see my favourite areas and shitpost live from the locations.

I recently bought new black shoes for around £60 i.e., almost 8 hours of minimum wage cucking. Though I have almost reached my minimum savings goal because I'm working so many hours during Christmas but I am starting to think that capitalism doesn't work, in the same way that socialism doesn't work, because of human misery. I will have a higher status job in the near future but working 9 to 5 feels depressing no matter what.



- >finished retailcuck job shift at 9.30 pm yesterday
- >had to start at 9 am today for a 9.5 hour shift
- >slept for only 6 hours and turned up almost 15 minutes late
- >become so fucking bored almost immediately because the job is so menial and repetitive
- >take my 1 hour break, plus 40 minutes of unauthorised break, and still have over half the shift left
- >doing menial retailcuck stuff; feeling so low energy
- >won't be able to buy binge food for tonight because shops will close
- >saw a 6'4" GigaChad who made me feel subhuman; he was literally the mogginator, with perfect face, frame, etc
- >saw a former Stacey who made fun of me at school
- >currently taking a second 30 minute unauthorised break

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

I will start a respectable and kind of prestigious job in London later in 2019, though it's not high paid. I have failed over 50 graduate job interviews over the years, due to ugliness, autism, etc.

For the past 5 full years my everythingstential crisis has intensified so much. I waste all my free time on the internet instead of learning programming, maths, and other stuff. I binge on junk food and coffee almost every day.

I lived in London in the past and had a job which looked good on my resume and required almost no work. I didn't even have to turn up to the office on most days by the end. The experience was wasted. I spent my free time walking around London, feeling sad about life.

I go to the gym but lifting changes nothing (it's all about the face). I read books but it feels like work if it's a boring classic, like mindless consumercuckoldry if it's enjoyable.

The only good thing about my recent years have been freedom. Working 9-5 crushes me mentally. When I actually stayed in the London office, plus the rush hour commute, plus boring life chores, I felt imprisoned.



- >went to sleep at half an hour before 2019 started instead of staying awake and contemplating my loserdom at midnight as the normies partied, which felt good
- >woke up at 9.30 am
- >spent 11 and a half hours wasting time on internet browsing, plus a short trip to buy junk food for a large binge
- >had some healthy food but also Ben and Jerry's, crisps, chocolate, skittles, pepsi, coffee, noodle
- >will have to eat nothing until next evening to make up for it
- >did some chores at 9.30 pm
- >currently lying in bed and planning to do productive stuff tomorrow, plus maybe giving up junk food and coffee

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Another day completely wasted. How the fuck do I get the motivation to do anything with my life in my free time? People who can work hard on stuff under their own initiative are aliens to me. Tonight I'm also suffering the feels of a beta who has had no social life in my 20s when everyone else is living it up and travelling around the world.

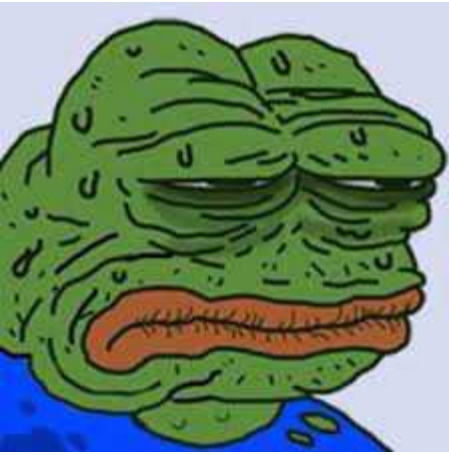
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Anonymous Sat Jan 5 08:18:59 2019 [No.12344953](#)

I despise your posts. I despise you. All you do is start a new thread every week with that same Pepe, and the post itself is always, "Waaahh, I binged on coffee and junk food and I've never been to a pub, club or party, I sure am depressed you guys." I have no idea why you haven't been banned. Your posts have nothing to do with literature. They have nothing to do with anything. Just a series of low-effort blog posts with only the slightest variation in content (by which I mean very, very slight, because your posts have virtually no content to begin with). No one cares about your totally uneventful life. Is this some high-level form of trolling, not even inciting conflict or insulting anyone, but just posting nothing at all? You are a pathetic human being. A navel-gazing little worm. You deserve every negative thought that enters your mind. I open these threads every time and I think to myself, "Hasn't this guy killed himself yet?" Is this your entire life, just complaining about having no motivation and wasting your time, then getting thrown into a mild existential tizzy because all you do is complain about having no motivation and wasting your time? Get your shit together, you fucking infant, or just neck yourself. Anything to stop you from posting here ever again.



It's currently 2 pm. I'm drinking Starboocks after wasting the morning. It's cold as fuck outside. It's light and almost sunny but everything is damp and the cold goes straight to the bones. I currently plan to binge on junk food when I go back home. I have no motivation to do anything productive. I started reading another book last night but there is nothing I am truly interested in right now.

When I read about a tennis player I haven't previously heard of, I may be impressed by some of his recent results. But then I see his age, mid 20s, and realise he will amount to nothing. Or I see that they have less than \$1m in prize money and I consider them unsuccessful. Then I realise what I'm like.

I need to give up the coffee binges to sleep better and so I can lift heavy weights. I should delay my gym routine by another week to catch up on sleep.

Would I feel different if I was in an inspiring environment? Would I be hard working and successful if I went through the right institutions?

I have started downloading and watching movies and TV shows, which feels like the next level of failure (I hadn't watched anything since blade runner 2049 in cinemas).

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This was maybe the most mundane and boring day of my malaise so far.

- >wake up at around 10 am
- >eat food and drink coffee while browsing the internet
- >go outside and have a Starbucks coffee
- >almost go to burger king but don't because the previous food meant the expensive binge wouldn't give maximum satisfaction
- >go back home and have a forgettable junk food binge
- >spend even more time browsing internet while drinking coffee
- >aimed to go to the gym today to continue my routine but couldn't be bothered because it's a light weight day
- >realise at 9 pm I won't go to the gym
- >now it's almost 11 pm

I'm currently telling myself that I'll give up junk food tomorrow. Also my room is really untidy but I worry that if I tidy it up right before my renaissance tomorrow then I'll be a pathetic Petersonfag who had to follow self-help.

I don't see how I can wake up tomorrow and do all those things I keep thinking I should do. My real life has been postponed for over 5 years now.

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

Anonymous Sun Jan 6 07:58:42 2019 [No.12351547](#)

is this really a thing? you american fucks are so obsessed with consuming garbage that your daily consists of moving from one fast food joint to another?
what the fuck dude just sit at home and grab some shit from the fridge

Anonymous Sun Jan 6 08:03:30 2019 [No.12351569](#)

Why do still you post here? You've been given every piece of advice known to man and ridiculed just as much. Doesn't it get boring seeing the same replies over and over until the mods finally prune the thread?

[>>12351547](#)

Londonfrog is from london dude. Hence it being "almost 11pm" while the sun is just setting in burgerland.



Guess who's loitering in a famous location, with the juxtaposition of his ugliness and famous and Stacey filled location imbuing the scene with a casual hopelessness?

I'm in London for a job interview that will take place in the later afternoon. I already have a guaranteed job similar to the one I'm applying for, but today's one would start sooner.

I'm currently trying to think up some good made up answers for the inevitable bullshit "competency" questions they will ask me. These types of interviews are not always hard but this company really takes this bullshit seriously. If I describe a shit I have, it would have to be done as part of a diverse team with lots of communication and planning.

It's quite funny. I have made up some lies for these interviews but I struggle to invent new and authentic sounding lies, despite reading many novels. This illustrates the consumercuck / producerbull dichotomy. And the lies I have repeated for years don't even register as lies any more unless I make a mental effort to realise it.

But possibly my inability to invent plausible sounding bureaucratic bits of work reflects my distaste for bullshit. I see that there is almost no plausible productive work in the place I worked in previously.

I am also reading an entry level literary theory intro by a Marxist academic and, although I will finish it for the satisfaction of seeing it on my city's library's shelf, taking up space as a book I've read, it all amounts to contrived bs. It's like Zizek. You get insight nugget after insight nugget, which creates a smug feeling, but when you close the book it all vanishes in to bs. You realise it was all grasping nonsense.

At least when I get the failure email I will feel smug when I send in my travel expense claim.

Where should I go during my free time?



- >woke up at 9 am
- >went to claim my NEETbux
- >had a large binge that had Ben and Jerry's, Doritos, pot noodle, Coke zero, chocolate, and sweets (still feel like I could eat more but that list covers all parts of the food chain except fast food), plus coffee
- >wasted many hours on mindless internet browsing
- >noticed that the days are becoming longer and by the end of March there will be long sunny evenings, which made me feel incredibly sad because those are the prime youth and 20s enjoying periods; I will be alone and sad and even my British town will feel like a cooler California, where the youth are living the life
- >it's now 6:32 pm

A few days ago I was in London for a job interview for a prestigious job and today I was in the NEETbux centre. It's a brutal contrast but I am too apathetic to care. I am not extremely happy and smug like the NEET memes said I'd be, but I know I would feel like a loser at any part time job. I will start a job in London later this year and I can easily save more money in a retailcuck job now than when I move there.

The idea of doing anything productive in my free time feels remote. I plan to do it soon but it feels like one part of my brain is lying to another part and I believe both parts at the same time.

I'm lying in bed and I'm going to start reading a book that I don't really give a fuck about.

I should have lied more in my job interview a few days ago. The job I will start later is almost the same as the one I had an interview for so it's no big loss to know I'll probably be rejected. But I still get annoyed at the mental image of those smug roasties in those small rooms right after I left. "Did his answer convey an ability to encourage others in a diverse team?" They wouldn't say out loud, "He's an autistic loser" but they would look at each other and know that they are marking me down for it / being harsher than they might have been. The normies just know.

I'll read until 10.45 pm then watch QT with /pol/



- >wake up
- >eat and drink coffee while browsing internet and watching tennis
- >do some chores outside
- >get email saying I've been rejected from a job interview I went to in London and feel sad
- >have two Starbucks coffees, one of them a fancy sugar filled latte
- >buy junk food despite telling myself the binges would stop today
- >eat junk food at home while browsing the internet
- >do some more chores
- >go to gym for first time in almost two binge filled weeks
- >expect not to be strong at all
- >somehow feel fine and do the lifts (325 lbs squats, 200 lbs bench press, both 5x5)

If I ignore the rejection and think rationally, I have a slightly more prestigious and higher paid job secured anyway. I just need to make up lies for answers and act high energy (I think).

And even though I binged, I've lifted a lot since then. I can sleep while knowing the gains are flowing through me.

It's 12:45 am and I am lying in bed, once again knowing that tomorrow is the day I can really "start my real life".



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.

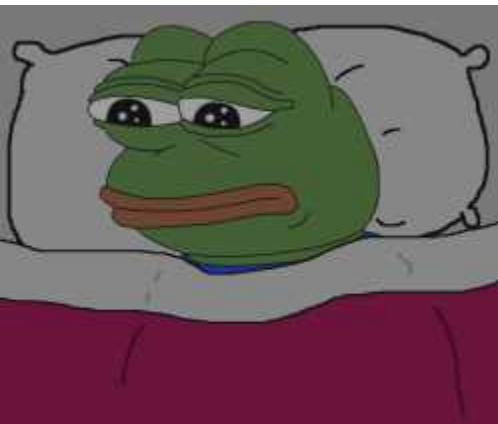
I'm a meek, charismaless loser. I failed over 50 graduate job interview processes. I have a good job that I will start later this year but I am not posh or extroverted enough to succeed in the workplace. A large percentage of my money will go on rent. Working 9-5 feels like a prison sentence.

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.

>> Anonymous Wed Jan 16 06:29:45 2019 No.12414666

wow great blog sure is literature related



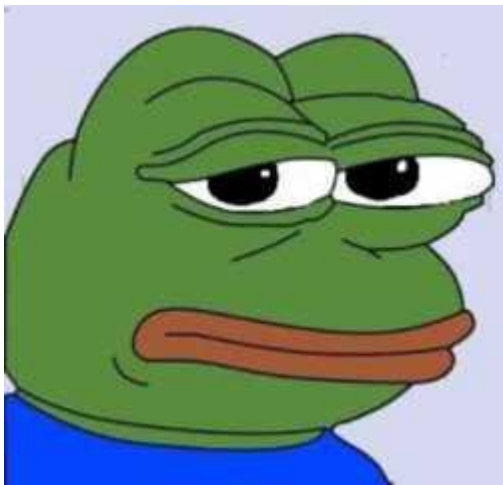
I woke up at 12:30 pm and wasted the entire day on mindless internet browsing. I had a small junk food binge and drank lots of coffee. It's now 11 pm and I'm lying in bed

I'm fairly sure that I can start my real life tomorrow, while not having junk food.

I listened to Blink 182 while browsing the internet and realised that nothing is better than pop punk stuff for making you realise that the early 00s and late 90s are gone and I'll never be carefree again

>> Anonymous Sat Jan 19 08:05:40 2019 No.12434104

You spent your day doing nothing. Seems pretty carefree to me froggyboy



- >woke up at around 10 am or something
- >watch Federer lose and feel sad
- >browse internet, drink coffee, eat food
- >go jogging a few hours later (first exercise in six days)
- >only jog for a short time but puke after jogging uphill because I had eaten too soon beforehand
- >hurt my ankle on a kerb when walking home but it's fine now
- >go outside and currently drinking Starbucks coffee
- >considering one last fast food binge tonight before throwing away the coffee in my house and TRULY starting real life tomorrow
- >plan to watch NFL with the lads on spuh
- >remember watching superbowl in 2015 and telling myself I'd work hard and reset my life on the day after

I am currently midway through 5 books but only infrequently reading all but 1.

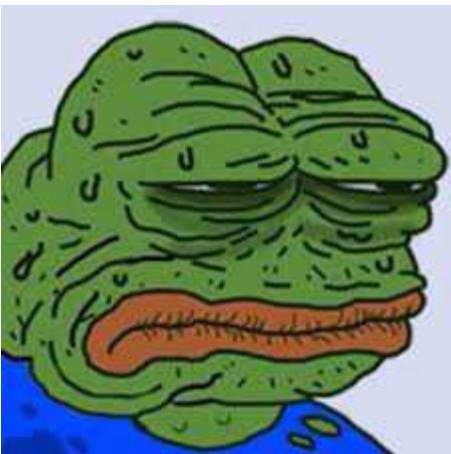
I am currently lolling and outraged at the outrage against the maga hat kid but also disgusted with myself for paying attention to passing news at the expense of doing anything with my life. I am such a meek non-doer. I am an overthinker. Or maybe I am Plato's ideal citizen, completely unproductive and paying attention to things.

My past 5 days have all followed the same "wake up late, bit of coffee and internet, going outside for Starbucks, new last binge ever, more internet, decide at 9 pm that I'll exercise tomorrow" formula. I am NEET but I am only pathetic because I cannot take advantage of my free time. I need to will myself to become a free range human.

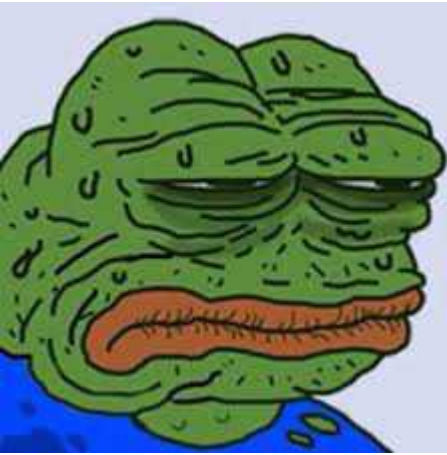
I abhor having any life rules or schedule or daily lists to follow because they make me feel cucked. But, ironically, I am a slave to habit. Literally a Josef Fritzl victim tier slave to habit lol. The false hope is like a form of Stockholm syndrome. "H-habit will let me go t-tomorrow..."

I had this mini epiphany about my constant whining. I think it shows some self esteem to think my life is worth whining about. I don't care about the starving children, thank you very much.

I just want the ability to work hard on productive stuff in my free time, through my own initiative.



- >woke up at 10.30 am
- >waste time on mindless internet browsing while drinking coffee and eating the junk food I hadn't eaten yesterday (chocolate tastes even better when I haven't just eaten other bits of junk food)
- >go for a walk and feel sad after seeing Staceys and a university age male and female sitting on a park bench
- >go back home, waste many more hours on mindless internet browsing
- >decide not to bother going to the gym
- >it's currently 1.53 am
- >hoping that tomorrow will be the day that my real life will start



- >woke up at 11 am
- >tennis match already finished so I just waste time on the internet for a few hours
- >have now gone outside on a day that's wet, cold, sunny, but warmer than past few days
- >saw qt and Stacey students and feel sad because I was such an ugly loser during university (same as now, but that was during "the best time of your life")
- >plan to spend rest of today by drinking coffee, binging, reading, then going to the gym for first time in 10 days

Current thoughts:

- >I feel so pathetic compared to rich people and teenagers making billions in Silicon Valley.
- >Should I give up coffee?
- >Shall my real life start tomorrow or at the start of next week?
- >How do I make myself so anything productive in my free time? How do I make myself want to do anything productive in my free time?

The problem with these Last Binges Ever is that I am binging for happiness while telling myself I will give up the happiness forever after. It's like admitting life will be shit.

Seeing Chads and Staceys enjoying their youths is like a brute force fact that as an ugly beta I was always doomed.

Anonymous Fri Jan 25 00:15:27 2019 [No.12468021](#)

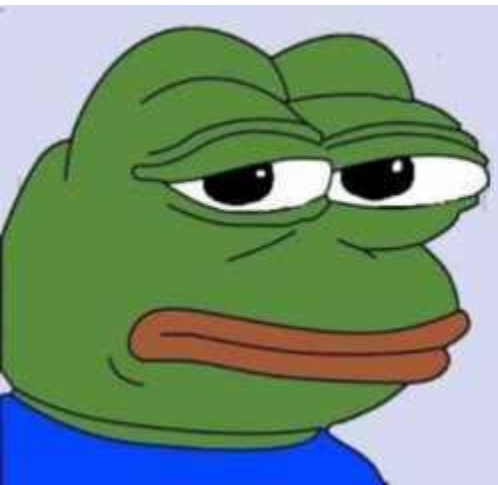
LondonFrog Yesterday:

- >hoping that tomorrow will be the day that my real life will start

LondonFrog today:

- >woke up at 11 am
- >tennis match already finished so I just waste time on the internet for a few hours

You didn't even try Froggy boy



Londonfrog checking in for my late night post. I did my major rant in the afternoon. Since then I had a large fast food binge and also a medium sized junk food binge (Ben and Jerry's, large chocolate bar, sweets, popcorn, pepsimax). I don't know how I had the appetite for it. It's 12.43 am and I'll stop eating junk food now. I'm sure my healthy diet will start today.

I have a job interview in London soon but the company booked the travel for me, so I won't have a lot of time for walking around and feeling sad in my favourite spots.

I played minesweeper so much on my computer and managed to get a good time today. I realised as I was playing that the randomness plus quick feedback made it a Skinner box that ensnares suckers.

My internet time wasting has been so intense in 2019, I have finished only one short book since Christmas day. I'm not even a good consumercuck. My producerbull / consumercuck model needs a third category with a catchy name for someone like myself right now who mindlessly browses the internet and who doesn't even consume hard to digest stuff. Maybe the name would be ZombieNPC or NPCcuck.

But I hope to improve from now.

Anonymous Sat Jan 26 02:02:49 2019 [No.12474539](#)



- >woke up between 11 am and noon so I missed the tennis match
 - >browse internet and drink coffee
 - >go jogging outside (first bit of exercise since Sunday)
 - >feel good to have exercised
 - >felt aimless so I went outside
 - >saw some university students and felt sad
 - >haven't even bothered to have Starbucks
 - >considering a junk food or fast food binge but I'm not sure what
-

Anonymous Sat Jan 26 02:09:33 2019 [No.12474588](#)

>>OP

What happened the your latest last binge ever? do you struggle with weight londonfrog?

Anonymous Sat Jan 26 02:17:44 2019 [No.12474622](#)

>>12474588

Yesterday I had a large fast food binge and a medium junk food binge. Since be exercised today, maybe today's last binge ever would mark

Anonymous Sat Jan 26 03:04:17 2019 [No.12474860](#)

I've just had a McDonalds meal and extra burger, which is small by my standards, so I'm going to buy a bit more junk food, eat it at home, then spend the rest of the evening reading

>>[12474735](#)

What I've just described in my OP describes every day of 2019 so far.



- >woke up at 9 am today with an alarm to watch tennis
- >watch tennis while drinking coffee
- >have spent the rest of the time wasting time on the internet, inside and outside house, while drinking coffee
- >plan to go to gym today after not going yesterday
- >plan to have one last binge today and maybe give up coffee tomorrow
- >read 100 pages of a non-fiction book yesterday and finished it (at least I'm back to being an advanced consumercuck rather than a YouTube / 4chan / Reddit bottom feeder)

I'm getting noticeably fatter after bingeing every day this year and exercising 6 times at most.

I plan to start being productive, stop junk food, and stop coffee tomorrow. I can't even remember the last time I liked the taste of coffee.

Tennis majors are like a memory capsule for my life and mood at the time, like a lot of books. I remember watching the French Open final in 2015, on TV, as it was sunny outside, and thinking I would start being productive in my free time as a NEET soon (I didn't).

I am worried that if I don't start getting my act together soon, it could prove that I'm an NPC. I did well in education, have a prestigious job starting later this year, but I worry that my lack of motivation (which I have rationally justified due to my blackpilled insights about my beta ugliness giving me a hard life while Chad and all women have easy lives) could be a sign of either a low IQ or something like that.

I have such an everythingstential crisis, I can't even give myself self imposed deadlines or goals or schedules without being worried that I am cucking myself. This is while I am a slave to habit.

Buying my binge food from a shiny supermarket filled with attractive students, while having an excuse to leave the house and look like a busy member of society, is a big part of the ritual. The lights make me feel like I'm in a Refn movie.

I don't think I could bear working in a retailcuck job anymore. It's so humiliating.

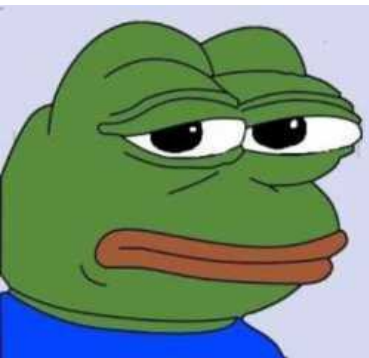


- >woke up
- >feel so fucking fat due to binging every day this year but then have a huge shit
- >planned to go jogging but decide not to
- >wasted time on internet while drinking coffee
- >ate the junk food that I didn't eat yesterday
- >went in to town to reconfirm my NEETbux
- >go to library
- >decide to borrow non-fiction because reading fiction feels like it doesn't add to me as a person (conversation); I feel like a bit of a non person
- >borrow one old book that gives lots of pseud cred; one new book that gives a medium amount of pseud cred (history / economic book by an academic); and borrow one pulpy fiction book so the librarians don't think I only borrow books for the pseud cred
- >go to supermarket to buy junk food so that I can complete today's last binge ever
- >see lots of Staceys and feel sad
- >binged and wasted more time on internet
- >currently sitting in comfy mode, writing this, drinking coffee, about to start one of the books
- >have just decided not to bother going in to gym until tomorrow

I have decided not to even bother telling myself that I'll do productive things tomorrow. Maybe I will then do so.

The streets are filled with student Staceys, which remind me of my horrific time at university.

I am so desperate to stay unspooked, I can't even tell myself I'll do X tomorrow. It has to be a spontaneous choice made at the moment. All procrastination is like the desire to stay unspooked.



- >woke up
- >drank coffee and browsed internet and ate some healthy food
- >read 50 pages of a book (120 pages in past 24 hours) (it's consumercucking but a higher form than internet browsing)
- >have 20 minute low pressure phone interview for minimum wage job I don't really care about
- >afterwards I realise I have no appointments or deadlines or anything planned for about 2 weeks
- >will maybe have a last binge ever, read some more, then go to the gym tonight

I just need to start doing productive things. Reading feels so consumercucky.

Anonymous Wed Jan 30 07:16:27 2019 [No.12500096](#)

OP here. I binged and was about to go to the gym but it's not convenient. I have decided that tomorrow must be the last day for regular coffee and junk food because I am wasting all my potential gains.

Despite all m

Anonymous Wed Jan 30 07:17:32 2019 [No.12500111](#)

>>12500096

Despite all my free time today, I didn't read more than 50 pages (until now) because I find reading unrewarding. I am just a consumercuck consuming a producerbull's product.

Anonymous Wed Jan 30 07:23:11 2019 [No.12500152](#)

>>OP

>have 20 minute low pressure phone interview for minimum wage job I don't really care about

wtf londonfrog, you said you had a prestigious job coming up

Anonymous Wed Jan 30 07:25:42 2019 [No.12500169](#)

>>12500152

It won't start for quite a while.

And i save shitloads more money working minimum wage while living with my parents than at an entry level good job while renting in London. If I didn't spend money every day on junk food, I'd be rich as fuck



- >woke up at 7 am
- >browse internet and eat junk food I bought yesterday and drink coffee
- >start reading at 11 am but I feel too tired
- >go to sleep for 2 hours
- >go jogging and do well, considering how far I am
- >go back home, eat, browse internet, drink coffee, etc
- >also applied for some jobs but I can consider that procrastination
- >now it's 8 pm and the day is gone
- >thinking of having tomorrow as the "one last binge and coffee" day, maybe for real
- >reading is mere consumercuckoldry
- >will spend my last few hours today reading

I keep thinking that tomorrow is the day my real life really starts but I keep putting things off for a day or two.

How do I stop having one last binge every day? Subway, KFC, McDonalds, Doritos, Ben and Jerry's: these are my main pleasures in life. I recently discovered subway. Two footlongs subs are a good pre-junk food binge meal, though I'm still working out how much junk food I can stand afterwards.

How do I stop having coffee everyday when the aimless caffeine rush it gives me is all that gives me hope?

I'm applying for jobs to start now but I know how pathetic and miserable I'll feel when I start working again.

There are really only two things I need to do for my life to be acceptable, in my eyes

1. Get over the mental barrier that stops me doing anything productive in my free time.
2. Stop ruining my sleep with coffee, so I can lift heavy at the gym and be motivated to even go there, so I don't become too fat due to constant binges



- >wake up at 9 am
- >was lying in bed last night in some existential terror because I couldn't really imagine myself waking up with the motivation to do anything productive or become a hard worker (my pessimism was a symptom of not bingeing enough, normally after a good binge I am optimistic)
- >browse internet and drink coffee (no more coffee left in house)
- >go to gym for first time in 17 days (only went jogging 3 times in that gap as well)
- >somehow do well in my squats, do over 1mao3plate for 5x5 (so it was a productive gym session that's part of a routine, not a pointless day of lifting with no energy like I feared)
- >now it's 2.31 pm and I have nothing to do
- >I've already postponed the start of the rest of my life until after Sunday because I'll be watching the Superbowl with spuh
- >will watch qt with pol tonight
- >will binge today but I'm not sure how

I've exercised twice since I had my mini binge yesterday and I feel great.

I can't imagine myself becoming hard working unless I'm under the hold of caffeine or sugar induced optimism. I feel like even giving myself goals feels too cucky.



I am currently thinking about how to make sure I start being hard working in my free time. For the whole of 2014 to 2018, 5 whole years, I wasted 95+% of my free time (on either internet browsing, walking around outside while feeling sad about life, or low level chores used to procrastinate), felt hugely demoralised, and binged on junk food and coffee. This has continued in 2019.

I still got jobs and passed university in that time and will start a good job later this year but my life motivation has been nuked. I'm a 28 year old ugly nofriends meek charismaless beta autistic with no friends or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, and I've never been to a pub, club or party.

I tell myself I'll start my real life soon (on Monday) but my missing life motivation is a mystery to me. I should be one of those people who learn maths or programming in their free time or has productive hobbies but I just don't. I read and go to the gym but those are not productive.

I can't stand all self help or philosophical bullshit even though I am a slave to habit. I know that Chad and all women get everything handed to them while I have life on extreme hard mode. I failed over 40 job interviews due to being an ugly non-posh sperg. This makes me pessimistic about my chances of promotion.

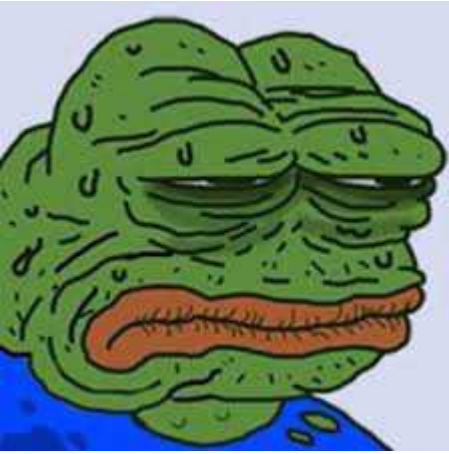
My youth is gone. 22 year olds are making millions in silicon valley or £70k/year in banking. I never travelled anywhere abroad since school or gone to music festivals. More importantly I couldn't enjoy a holiday anyway.

I had a job in London that looked good on a CV, lasted over a year, and required almost zero work or time at the office and I still couldn't enjoy myself or feel happy. It feels surreal to think that is true. If you told the average 27 year old if they wanted a year living alone in London with a no-work job, they'd think they won the lottery or use the time to become rich like Zuckerberg. I will go back there but will work 9-5, which will feel horrific.



- >drank three cups of coffee in the morning
- >tried to read for one full hour but stopped after twenty minutes
- >decided to take a walk in Central London
- >nothing but staceys enjoying life, laughing and thinking about Chad
- >binged on McDonald's

I've set my mind on it: this will have been my last binge, except for tomorrow (Sunday is a very bad day to swear off coffee and food). I didn't even bother to apply to jobs anymore.



>be me yesterday

>woke up at 11 am, mindlessly browse internet while drinking coffee, go to gym in evening, have a large junk food binge at night while watching the Superbowl, go to sleep at almost 5 am

>superbowl was disappointing but afterwards I still felt that emptiness I feel after the end of major sporting events (Noticing that it was a great distraction from my life and something now has to fill it)

>be me today

>woke up at 1 am

>have the small amount of remaining junk food

>browse internet a small amount

>have gone outside on a cold and sunny day

>despite the temperature, it's sunny without clouds, so I feel demoralised in a summer time way

>have wasted so much money on binge food in the past month, it has eclipsed my NEETbux easily;

>try to figure out the optimum hours per week to ask for if I get another retailcuck job (not too much, because I'll be demoralised as fuck; not too few because then I may as well be on NEETbux and a few binges would wipe out a week's pay)

>the crushing dullness of a wagecuck job is coming to me when I try to remember

>currently drinking Starbucks coffee outside

>will spend rest of today reading, moping, going to the gym, trying to figure out how to get out of my rut

I told myself I'd start my real life today but I'll leave that until next week.

I bought yesterday's binge from the same type of supermarket as I bought my London binges from, which brought back memories.

I considered setting myself goals or something like that but I feel so cucked when I do anything like that. I hate all spooks. They all feel so self limiting. But I'm spooked if I do, spooked if I don't.

Since I came back to my old town from London, I have wasted so much on binge food. I could be on financial easy street, not even bothering with NEETbux. A month of 40 hours per week on a minimum wage job would make me feel rich but I just can't bear it.

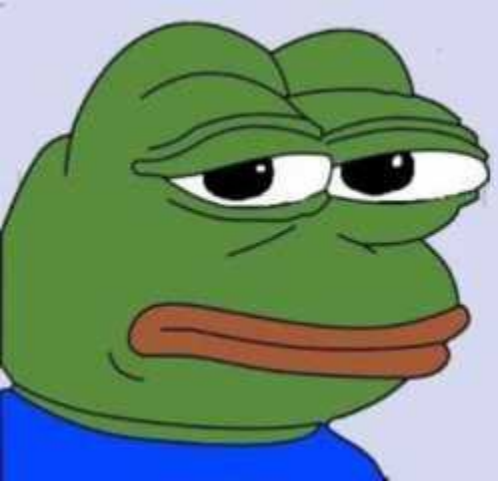
If anyone knows the secret to sitting at a desk at home and doing productive stuff, pls tell me.



- >woke up at about 10 am
- >drink coffee, browse internet, do some chores
- >chores included installing Ubuntu on a new laptop that was slow as fuck when on windows but it's fast now, which felt good
- >calculated how much I've spent on junk food and coffee since start of November: approximately £1400 (though junk food is almost all I eat so maybe subtract £250 to get wasted value)
- >decide to skip jogging and just go to gym in evening
- >go outside to feel sad but waste time browsing internet on phone
- >go to a public library but felt like a loser (anyone who has been to a UK public library during working hours knows the sterile atmosphere)
- >decide to go straight to the fast food binge (the Last Binge Ever)
- >have some more junk food at home
- >waste rest of day on mindless internet browsing, skip the gym, and now it's 11:30 pm and I'm lying in bed

I'm not so optimistic for some reason, despite the binging. If I give up junk food tomorrow, exercise regularly, work hard, save money, will I even feel fulfilled? I can't really picture myself feeling happy.

It's gotten to the point where I am fed up of the things I have been procrastinating. And everything in my life outside of my control consists of fitting in with normies, which is kind of hopeless.



- >woke up at 10 am
- >browse internet while drinking coffee
- >go jogging
- >realise how fat I am
- >left house to drive around and feel sad about life
- >have multiple job interviews coming up, one prestigious graduate job, one ok office job, two retailcuck jobs
- >told myself I'd have no more junk food but I can't think of anything except burgers that will make me happy about life right now
- >will walk around a park, then drink Starbucks at eets pyoorest, and then consider what I'll do for the rest of the day
- >have barely read anything for the past few days I have descended below consumercuckoldry

Life goes on. It's impossible to have any motivation in life.



- >woke up early at 8.30 am to go to a job interview at 10.30 am
- >go to interview and it was one of those really casual interviews where I have a zero pressure conversation and will get rejected later
- >the guy asked me what I do in my (huge amounts of) free time and I couldn't say anything other than reading and exercising- he tried to draw out more but I don't think saying "wasting gigantic amounts of time in the midst of a 5+ year long everythingstential crisis" would improve my chances of getting the job
- >go back home to have yesterday's spare junk food: a tub of Ben and Jerry's, sweets, plus coffee
- >have now gone outside to feel sad about life
- >planning maybe one last binge today before I start my real life tomorrow (maybe a subway binge)
- >will walk around a park and have Starboocks right now, have the binge at home, then read until the evening, when I will maybe go to the gym then watch qt with pol

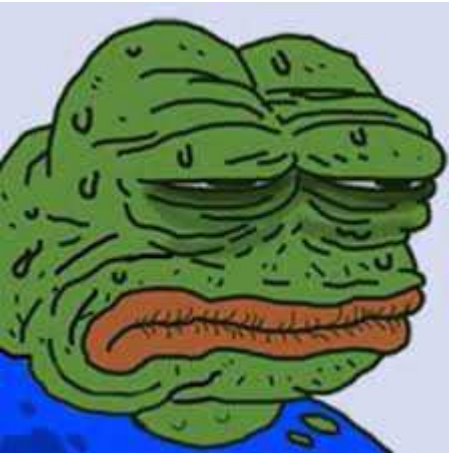
Maybe this is the sugar and caffeine making me say this, but I have a good feeling about starting my real life tomorrow.

As soon as I walked in to the office I felt this oppressive wagecuck aura, even though it was a fancy modern office.

The interviewer exposed the fact that I'm a consumercuck, at best, and not a producerbull. Normies go on holidays on weekends. I have years of free time and do fuck all. I would also out mindless internet browsing in to a sub-consumercuck category. But I felt no pressure at the interview, which was new.

Anonymous Fri Feb 8 00:30:09 2019 [No.12552777](#)

LondonFrog has a post modern charm that you could never understand. He is The Waiting For Godot of our time. LondonFrog constantly talks about starting his real life. Everyday he hopes for circumstances to change. But the very next day he always finds himself in the same exact position, and doesnt even question or even seriously consider his complete lack of progress. And when he does, the next day he invariably returns back to the same point. Showing a never ending cycle of perpetual failure.



- >woke up at noon
- >mindlessly browse internet
- >go outside and walk around a park
- >go back home and binge on junk food but not a lot
- >currently mindlessly browsing internet, hoping my life motivation will appear

I am so bored. I have actual productive stuff that I have to do by the end of tomorrow but I'm procrastinating. I'm thinking of writing today off, lol. I say lol because I have procrastinated this for over a few weeks.

I can't see anything being rewarding. I daydream about various scenarios like what I'll be like in my new job but I can't see anything as rewarding. I have zero charisma.

Even if I learn programming, life will still be an eternal grind. When I start my white collar job, life will be a grind.

I need to stop the junk food. I need more money in the bank

Anonymous Sun Feb 10 05:40:21 2019 [No.12566934](#)

LondonFrog, your existence is the fundamental essence of postmodernism. The repetitiveness, the futility, the simultaneous hyper sense of self-awareness and the complete lack of it, and most of all the absurdity.

Everyday you complain about your condition and vow for improvement, and every next day you completely forget about your previous promises and fall for the same exact cycle of failure without making any effort otherwise.

Anonymous Sun Feb 10 05:55:58 2019 [No.12567018](#)

>>[12566934](#)

This. Decentered, displaced and fragmented, Londonfrog's untraceable collection of rants is the ultimate novel on postmodernity. If he saved all of them to publish in a book-form, all will be lost



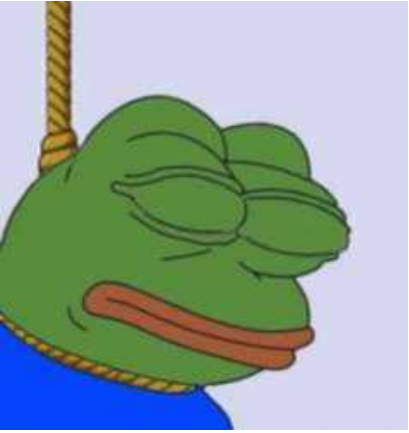
- >wake up at noon
- >go to toilet and then realise that, no, I have woken up at 9 am
- >it's a cloudless sunny day and I look outside and feel grateful for having extra hours in the day
- >drink coffee while mindlessly browsing internet
- >have to study some material for a job interview I'll have in London soon- have procrastinated it for over two weeks
- >Also: feel like I need to go through two small sections of a maths textbook on statistics or else I'm a pleb (I went through these sections over a year ago in the Christmas holiday, did the exercises, and promptly forgot everything because I had no reason back then either)
- >tell myself I'll do the textbook and then the interview material
- >have also told myself I'd exercise a lot to not go back in to London while fat but it's too late for that
- >procrastinate all the tasks
- >leave house to go outside on this sunny day which feels like a cool summer day
- >go to park but it's too crowded to go to right now
- >have a small junk food binge (some chocolate, sweets, supermarket sandwich)
- >currently drinking coffee
- >plan to go back to park and then go home and do the work and then exercise a shitload in the gym, cardiowise, to feel less fat

I can't trick myself in to thinking of work as anything but a huge ordeal. Does success mean missing out on all daylight hours for the rest of my life?

I've done less than 3 hours of productive stuff in my free time (so I don't count my jobs, or interviews, or chores: these are not intellectually or in any way psychologically edifying) in a year.

I am blackpilled as fuck. I am a 28 year old ugly meek charismaless beta loser. I have no motivation. Remember those few months when I stayed at my job from 9 to 5 (before I realise I didn't have to) and I would sit in my tiny flat after work, feeling sad on 4chan about not being as uncucked as zoomer YouTubers?

I feel like a cucked prisoner if I have any spooks but I am a slave to habit. Having any spooks is like prison to me.



- >woke up at 9 am
- >browsed internet and had junk food
- >got email confirming my offer of a good job that'll start later this year
- >went outside to walk around and feel sad
- >walked around a park while having two short phone interviews for retailcuck jobs
- >feel bad about potentially losing free time
- >have Starboocks coffee
- >realise there was no real point to the day
- >go to supermarket to buy some more junk food and eat it at home
- >decide not to go to gym
- >waste more time on internet
- >now lying in bed at 12:20 am

I feel like there is a pall over me. I am thinking of myself working in my job later this year as a member of the rat race. It's so depressing. And other people get promoted quicker due to being normies, they live with their normie friends in house shares so they pay less rent (or they have their own London houses), they have friends at work while I am the left out autistic, and on and on. Why even bother?

I can imagine myself giving up junk food and hopefully I will do that now. But I can't imagine myself doing any productive things in my free time. I am trying to twist my brain in to getting an epiphany but it's not happening. My motivation is dead.

I went to London recently and saw so many Staceys it was depressing. I had a burger king meal when I was there. I got offended by all the people in the crowded streets and underground because they were showing off that they had somewhere important to go. I went to my favourite library but left quickly because of all the people. I remember the summer late afternoons I'd spend there when I barely turned up to my miraculous zero work job and when it was blazingly hot and I'd read by the window while young people hanging around outside lived out their future memories. Then I'd have an 8 pm Starboocks.

I'm such a zero emotion charismaless beta nofriends meek loser ugly autistic.

I looked up previous coworkers and people I had vaguely met before on LinkedIn and felt offended about any change in their circumstances.



Problem 1: I'm incapable of doing anything productive (e.g., learn stuff) in my huge amounts of free time because of a complete lack of motivation. I waste all my time on the internet instead.

Problem 2: I binge on junk food everyday while telling myself that it's the last binge ever. I have spent over £1400 on junk food binges and coffee since the start of November.

Problem 3: I drink too much coffee, especially at night, so my sleep is bad and I am too weak to lift heavy weights at the gym. Coffee is the only thing that gives me motivation (to work hard tomorrow) and optimism.

Problem 4: I am a 28 year old ugly beta charismaless meek nofriends autistic male with no friends or social experiences since school, no female attention ever, and I've never been to a pub, club, or party. I am blackpilled and know that my ugliness is a huge handicap in life yet I cannot use that as motivation.

Problem 5: I feel guilty about everything I do, don't do, and how I do it. E.g., If I try not to drink coffee I feel cucked for admitting that I can't live well while drinking coffee. Example 2: If I even choose to do something productive like learn a topic, I feel guilty for not doing the task for 8 hours instead of 2. And not doing enough in the time frame. And even doing that task instead of many others.

Problem 6 (maybe the most important and only problem): I feel cucked when I have any spooks at all. I can't stand have any spooks. But remaining in a spookless state leaves me feeling like I'm under attack by all spooks and I am a slave to habit and inertia to an insane degree. I can't even bear to choose my own spooks. It just feels like weakness and self-limiting behaviour.

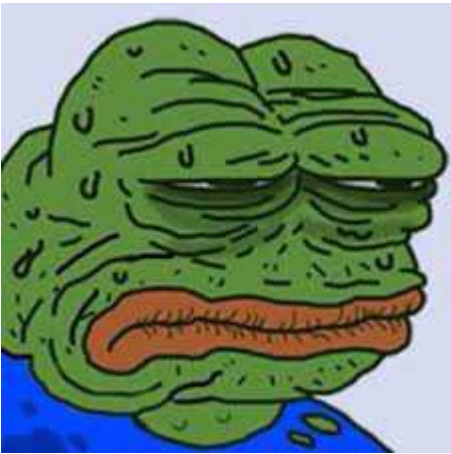


- >woke up at 10 am with an alarm because I had an interview for a retailcuck job
- >drink coffee, go to interview, go back home and do chores
- >drink coffee while eating the junk food I didn't eat yesterday
- >get message saying I was rejected after a job interview for a retailcuck job I went to a few days ago- thought I'd get it but didn't want it but now kind of wanted it like a little cuckslave wanting a shed
- >go outside to feel sad about life
- >thotfus everywhere, which makes me feel sad
- >go to park to walk around
- >listen to the Joe Rogan podcast with the guy that crossed the Antarctic and I feel like a slug in comparison
- >reminds me of the David goggins podcast months ago which made me feel motivated until I went to bed that night
- >now that I'm starting my job later this year, I looked up people I used to know on LinkedIn and i realised that I'm not even behind in life, career wise
- >have a really fucking big fast food meal, so I've had all three of McDonalds, KFC, and burger king in the past week
- >buy junk food but eat none of it: saving it for tomorrow's One Last Binge
- >mindlessly browse internet and it's 11:38 pm right now

I keep giving myself final deadlines to get out of my rut or else I'll self impose rules, but I then delete the rules ahead of time because I think they're self limiting. If I don't give up junk food tomorrow, I don't know wtf I'll do.

And I need to mentally condition myself to do productive stuff in my free time. But again, if I actually try anything to change my mentality, I feel like a phony. It's like I get in a boxing match with the world and while they batter me with their spooks I tie myself up and tell myself I should remain spookless.

London flashback: Walking through Liverpool Street Station on a sunny day during a 2 hour lunch break, seeing that my second paycheck came through, getting a monkey brain endorphin rush, as I then pay £4 for sandwiches and £3 for coffee while telling myself that I'll spend money wisely afterwards.



- >woke up
- >browse internet, have some junk food
- >have gone outside walking
- >the weather is literally like summer
- >realise that when summer actually comes, it'll feel much better to have money in the bank and less fat so I am not a fat sweaty mess like I am right now
- >go back home and eat remaining junk food
- >about to binge on fast food, on my last day of unhealthy eating

I know this is dumb but I am currently agonising over whether or not I can give up junk food or coffee without being existentially cucked. On the one hand, I am redpilled about Stirner, so I know I am the guy who creates my own spooks. On the other hand, having any spooks at all makes me feel cucked and like I'm limiting myself. On the other hand, I am under constant attacks from other spooks. On the other hand, if I have any spook other than "Do what I want at the time", it's like admitting I'm a pathetic cuck who needs a master (e.g., a rule such as "No junk food"). On the other hand, I would create those rules and could change them at any time. On the other hand, people can choose to be cucks, and their ability to stop at any moment doesn't stop them being cucks.

And the very fact that I think of myself in probabilistic terms is fucking humiliating. I feel guilty for not figuring out a life philosophy that would let me know what to do at all times, while maximising happiness, wealth, success etc. I know that's stupid and, like the underground man, even if I knew this philosophy I would disobey it to feel free. I also feel (mostly) sure that dismissing this problem will lead to me being lazy and going back to being a slave to habit.

The sunniness was nice but depressing in an all new way. The California startup millionaires who work hard despite being distracted by incredible weather every day truly are gods.



>woke up at 9 am

>browse internet, drink coffee, beat my minesweeper record, eat healthy food but still crave junk food (am planning one last binge later today)

>go outside

>walk around a bit like yesterday but for much less time, and it's slightly colder and cloudier

>now drinking Starboocks and plan to go back home for a binge, then read, then go to the gym

I'm currently agonising over my bingeless future and the life requirement of having to spend my time indoors on desk work while not being rewarded according to my ability due to being an ugly male. I simply do not have the ability to do anything productive in my free time.

I weighed myself yesterday and I'm 117.5 kg (259 lbs). I remember feeling fat a long time ago when I was 107 kg. There is no mystery, I binge everyday. I could easily lose weight if I stopped the junk food and exercised regularly like I did before the past few months. But a cheeky binge to stave off the old everythingstential crisis for another day is necessary.

I listen to podcasts and I cringe at the idea of what would happen if I was being interviewed by Joe Rogan. I am a mental masturbator. I am completely rigorous about my thoughts regarding my wasted time. Meanwhile even Rogan was the typical American as a youth, who drops out of stuff and gets rich after taking risks.

Normies simply glide through normie filled institutions while being judged solely on their normieness by other normies.



- >woke up
- >had a bit of junk food, coffee, mindlessly browsed internet
- >found out my NEETbux was less than I expected for the past month, which was a bit bad but nothing catastrophic
- >went walking around a park, while feeling sad about life
- >currently drinking Starboocks
- >plan to go back home, binge, browse internet, then go to the gym

I'm just so bored. I can't get out of my 5+ year depression / burnout, though I see it as more of an utter lack of motivation.

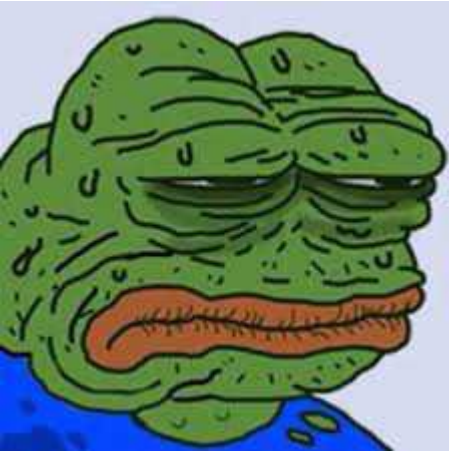
I hate having spooks.

It's funny that I still can't really see the value of money. I don't feel pain when paying £3 for coffee. I'm sure that I'm also paying for the idea of myself as a non-materialistic thinker (or, at least, a non-cuck), plus the caffeine clearly gives me an aimless energy and optimism.

[>>12626236](#)

Goals are by definition limiting you because they require you to do stuff that you may later choose not to do.

For example, I don't want to set myself an official rule of "no junk food". I want to naturally be like that, through my own free will, not as a slave to a spook.



- >woke up at 8.30 am
- >do some boring chores and then browse internet and have some junk food
- >put away my laptop that I use for mindless internet browsing and don't intend to bring it back out
- >go outside and walk around some parks while feeling sad about life (saw a genuine GigaStacey, which felt bad)
- >now it's 5:58 pm and I intended to go to the gym at night but now I want to have one last binge which would leave me too full to exercise, although the previous junk food has stopped me from truly craving anything

It was sunny but the day still felt pointless.

I'm simply completely purposeless and lacking in motivation. I know that my ugly betaness means my life is on hard mode.



>woke up

>browse internet and eat some junk food

>go outside for a long walk while listening to podcasts I don't really care about

>walked around some nice places and thought that it would be nicer to walk around in summer as a non-fat person, with more money in the bank, and with an ability to do meaningful work in my free time

>drive around and become demoralised at seeing all the qts and two GigaStaceys

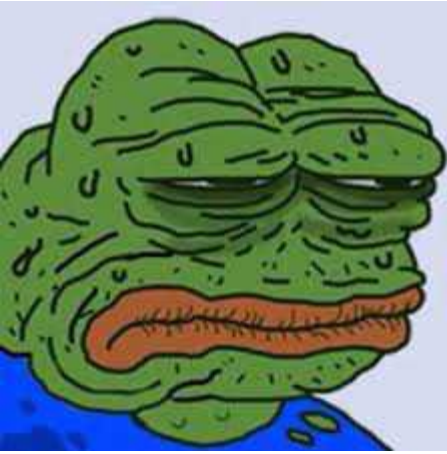
>plan to maybe walk around some more, have One Last Binge at either McDonalds or KFC, go home and read, maybe go to the gym at night, and watch qt with /pol/ in the evening

I feel bitter about being such an ugly loser. It feels even worse to think of my past self than my present self because my past self was younger and in university / school / various jobs and his hope was pointless.

I plan to finish the book I'm reading now but to read about 10 really pseudy books for the pseud cred. I doubt I'll enjoy them. I tried to make a list of them right now but I deleted it a few seconds later because I don't want to live under the tyranny of a spook and it's a lie to think that the all encompassing guilt about everything I do or don't do can ever be stopped.

I downloaded the Elon musk biography on to my phone and I'm skimming through it sometimes. Everyone works on such pointless shit compared to him. The sheer banality of everybody's lives compared to him or Jeff Bezos is depressing. Imagine being some Assistant Retail Administrator in Pawtucket, Georgia or something, and spending your working day doing pointless shit and not even having a mansion to go home to. This is partly why I do nothing: it's better than pointless work.

Being an ugly beta in 2019 truly makes me a third class citizen.



- >woke up
- >had some junk food while mindlessly browsing internet
- >go outside and walk around a bit while feeling sad
- >go to burger king and binge
- >go and buy junk food just as an excuse to walk around the shiny bright supermarket
- >go home and mindlessly browse internet and leave exercise for tomorrow
- >currently lying in bed at 11:24 pm

I have watched multiple Elon Musk videos and saw his meme review and I have concluded that life is a pointless joke because I'll never do anything that's 10 % of his importance.

My bank account has been raped so much due to my junk food buying, it's unreal. I'm not under any pressure though.

I have no idea how to motivate myself to do anything productive in my free time. For over 3 years I've delayed my "real life", which would consist of me working extremely hard.



- >woke up
- >browsed internet, drank coffee, had regular food
- >went outside to walk around
- >felt a bit pathetic at aimlessly walking around
- >currently drinking Starboocks at eets pyoorest
- >plan to maybe have one last junk food binge (which I'm craving, to keep away the existential dread), read a book, and go to the gym in the evening

I felt sad because I saw some Staceys and some qts and so on and I remembered how much of an ugly nofriends loser I was during university. It's more pathetic the more I think of it.

Once again, I have woken up and have not gained the ability to do productive work in my free time.

I am 3/4 through a merely ok but widely praised modern fiction book.

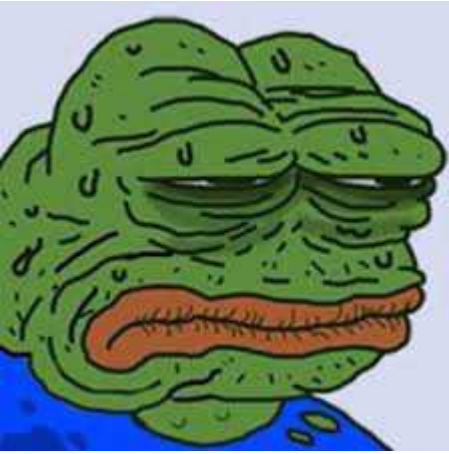
I wish they would bring back those special Ben and Jerry's flavours, such as honey flavour. Cookie dough is the dependable choice but it can get too familiar. Birthday cake flavour is nothing special after more than one tub.

Sundays like this are so fucking sterile.

My prestigious graduate job doesn't start for a long while, so I'm applying for retailcuck jobs. I hate working. My previous job had me working for 50 hours a week (including 5 hours of breaks and my unauthorised breaks which could last for up to 2 hours). I thought working a lot per week would be mentally easier because I knew that I could save up enough and quit sooner. But it was soul sucking. I've spent so much money on binge food since that job, I would have been better off being frugal and not working.

I hated my university subject and experience so I may have been Pavloved out of doing anything productive through my own initiative. There are so many mental barriers: Normies get everything handed to them. I'm so lazy and impatient and feel guilty about everything I do, don't do, and how I do it. I'm ugly so my life is on hard mode. I can't channel my bitterness in to a work ethic.

I can't stand having any fucking spooks. Even a to-do list feels like an attack on my soul.



- >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
- >plan to go on another walk, read, go to the gym in the evening, and start my real life tomorrow

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.

I don't know how the fuck I can wake up tomorrow and feel like I can do anything productive in my free time. It's easy to say I will, but I said that on many previous days.