

# My Transformation (About Me)

Kill Your Inner Loser | 12 December, 2019 | by Andy

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**NSFW:** This article contains nude pics.

**Disclaimer:** Everyone here is 18+. I have permission to upload every nude photo. Happy to remove pics/stories – [contact me](#).

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NeeNoise left this comment on my last post:



**NeeNoise**

7 mins ago

Fuck to the yes! So glad you started this site. Your transformation(s) from the Debbie downer never leave the house-r, to Mr walking talking confident badass is a helluva motivating journey! Looking forward to seeing what you make out of life!

Yellow text on yellow background. Thanks, WordPress.

He got me thinking about where I started and [where I am now](#), and I guess I have come a long way. It's often hard to give yourself credit for your achievements (partly out of not wanting to feel arrogant, and partly because you're so focused on your future goals you forget to take a moment to glance back at where you came from). But it's a very useful – even *mandatory* – exercise to do every now and then.

Like everyone in the world, I was born with a handful of natural advantages, and a handful of disadvantages. I'm 6ft2 tall, very witty and funny, extremely intelligent, and had a great upbringing with two very loving and supportive parents. I don't have any disabilities or deformities. I was born into a 1st world country where I can be whomever I want to be.

But we're not here to talk about what went right in my life. Let's look at the things that were fucked up:

I was **extremely suicidal** from age 14 to 23. As in, every single day I'd have fantasies of killing myself. I lost count of the number of times I found myself in the kitchen holding a knife to my wrist, willing myself to have the courage to *finally fucking do it*.

Existence brought me nothing but pain. I told myself, "When I have my 30th birthday, that's when I'm allowed to kill myself."

I hated myself more than you can possibly imagine, and I used that self-hatred to flagellate myself and make myself even more depressed and suicidal. I made myself miserable, tormented myself and berated myself – I used to say the most fucked-up, evil things to myself every single minute of every day. I'd tell myself how worthless I was, berate myself for being useless and constantly remind myself I wasn't good enough.

I used to cross the road, see traffic coming towards me & think, "If I just closed my eyes and stood in front of this car, it'd all be over." I'd imagine how good it'd feel to finally be taken away to somewhere where every moment wasn't suffering.

The only reason I didn't go through with killing myself was because my self esteem was so low I didn't

even think I *deserved* to end my suffering.

I literally thought I deserved to sit there and wallow in my existential misery. I thought I deserved more pain than anyone else in the universe, more suffering than anyone else alive. I thought I was the lowest of the low, and never deserved even a single second of happiness. In fact, I used to feel guilty if I ever had a moment where I enjoyed life, and I'd torture myself for it – "You don't deserve to smile, you fucking piece of shit. Fuck you for thinking you're allowed to be happy, you pathetic scum."

UPDATE 26th March 2021: Here's a huge, detailed account of my depression which goes into *way* more detail than what you'll read below:

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I was in an **abusive, violent relationship** for 6 years... then I left that one and walked right into a second violent, abusive relationship for another 4 years. I'm talking *very* violent, to the point I sustained injuries. Neither of them were attractive or slim either – I just didn't think I deserved any better.

At no point did I think to leave – my self-esteem was so low I truly believed nobody else in the world would ever want to be with me, so I had to desperately cling on to this shitty, abusive relationship. I was so convinced I was utterly unlovable and unworthy of a girl who treated me with respect that I never even *considered* I was allowed to leave. The thought of being alone – truly alone – felt more terrifying than any abuse anyone could throw at me.

Clearly I thought being emotionally, verbally and physically abused was totally ok and something I should put up with. After all, I put up with it for a decade.

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I developed **extreme agoraphobia**, to the point where I could not leave the house unless someone came with me. The only reason I survived was my girlfriend at the time did *everything* for me.

I couldn't go to the supermarket without her coming with me – and even then, I'd suffer extreme anxiety and almost have a panic attack being around other people. I became paranoid, convinced everyone in public knew I was fucked up and was watching me, which only made me less likely to go outside, making the agoraphobia and paranoia even worse.

Over the years, it got worse and worse, until it got to the point I couldn't even go check the mailbox out the front of my apartment without my girlfriend coming with me. I was completely dependent on her for survival, which only made her hate me more and made our fights that much worse.

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**I had no self-awareness.** I had absolutely no idea why I did the things I did; I was reacting to everything emotionally like an animal would, with no pause for thought or any sort of rational logic behind any of my day-to-day decisions. I was *never* rational, never used logic, never paused before doing anything. I was impulsive, with zero self-control.

I felt like I was a passenger in my own life, like I wasn't in charge of where I was headed. I knew I hated my life, hated myself – but I had no way of changing anything. I suffered deeply from *learned helplessness* – the notion that nothing you do really matters, and therefore there's nothing you can do to improve your life. It all felt completely and utterly hopeless.

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**I became an alcoholic.** I was drunk every single day, even when I went out in public. Alcohol became my crutch; I used it to get through the tough moments, and eventually just to get through *every* moment. I built up such a tolerance I'd have to drink most of a bottle of wine just to feel that slight buzz. I looked forward to that feeling; it was like a warm embrace at a time when I felt like the universe had otherwise

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turned its back on me.

I had a liquor cabinet full of 50 or so different spirits, liqueurs, vodkas, whiskeys, etc. I bought a cocktail making book and convinced myself I was “learning to make cocktails”. Truth is, I just wanted to be drunk all the time because it numbed the pain and made me forget how much I hated my existence... even if just for an hour.

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I developed an **extreme porn addiction** – I’m talking 8 hours a day, 7 days a week. I’d jerk off for hours and hours, until I lost my erection, but then just keep watching more porn.

I threw myself into it, being completely absorbed in my addiction – it was a form of escapism. In those hours while I was drunk and staring at the computer screen, I could forget that life sucked, that I sucked, that everything sucked. The girls in porn didn’t reject me; they welcomed me with open arms, much like alcohol did.

It became a huge problem though; I got to a point where I felt like porn was the real world, and real life was “fake” somehow. Every moment I wasn’t watching porn, I’d start getting anxious and antsy, like a junkie desperate for his next fix. I’d get angry at my girlfriend just for being at home, because when she was home I couldn’t look at porn. We’d have fights where I’d try and get her to leave the house, just so I could jerk off. I’d sneak off into the toilet and sit in there for half an hour watching porn on my phone, I’d wake up in the middle of the night and sit up until 3am watching even more porn. I barely did anything else.

It affected my ability to perform – I couldn’t even get it up for my girlfriend any more. There was no way she could compare to the unlimited new and exciting women porn had to offer me. I felt like I wasn’t a man any more.

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I developed a **video game & TV addiction** too. I bought a Nintendo Wii, modded it so I could play games on it for free, and must have played through hundreds of Wii and Gamecube games. I’d sit there for 30 hours straight, not even sleeping – just playing video games and wasting my life.

The worst part was I could delude myself into thinking I was *making progress* and working towards something; building something. Video games give you a sense of progression, because you always start out as a weak character and you yourself are new to the game; by the end you and your character are both more experienced, more worldly, more awesome. I poured tens of thousands of hours into video games, convinced I was being productive – when really I was just trying to avoid facing any of my problems.

I also did the same with TV shows – I’d binge-watch entire seasons of shows without taking a break, sometimes 48 hrs straight, until I eventually passed out. I watched 1000 episodes of the anime show Bleach, thousands more of Cowboy Bebop, Ghost in the Shell, Full Metal Alchemist and about 20 others. I binged on every TV show you could think of, even ones I wasn’t into. I watched hundreds of movies, melting into my couch as one day flowed into the next and they all blended together, an endless flow of misery, self-medication and avoidance.

I wasn’t *living*; I was merely *existing*.

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I had absolutely **zero friends**. Quite literally none. Nobody I could talk to, nobody who’d hang out with me, nobody to turn to with my problems to or ask for help. I had my girlfriend, but that was clearly an unhealthy, unhappy relationship. And the second girlfriend I had was just as unhealthy and abusive and fucked up.

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I truly felt alone in the world. It was just me, and my suffering.

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**I was on the cusp of obesity.** I weighed 104kg (229lbs) with NO muscle mass. Walking was starting to take effort, and I felt fat and gross and unattractive all the time... Because I was.

I hated looking at myself in the mirror – I avoided mirrors entirely. I didn't have the courage to face myself or even acknowledge I didn't like myself. I ran from it, hid from it, buried my self-loathing and covered it by self-medicating with porn, alcohol, TV and everything else.

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**I used to call myself a feminist,** and was convinced all women were beautiful delicate flowers who could do no wrong. I had all sorts of fucked-up notions about how men should be gentle & kind and not masculine and not be too muscular and not want to have sex with women and other shit.

I went one step further though and bought in heavily to all the feminist dogma about men being disgusting, evil creatures. I hated the fact I was born a male, feeling vastly inferior to every woman around me, and hating myself for having a penis. I felt gross, vile and unworthy of respect or love.

It took me a lot to overcome that brainwashing; it fucked me up for years.

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**I really did have NO muscle & I was a complete weakling.** I was not a strong person. I literally couldn't do a single pushup (even with my knees on the ground), or a single chin-up, or a bodyweight squat. I couldn't pick up anything over 20kg, and even that took all of my willpower and all of my might. It's been *hell* to get to where I am now in terms of strength/muscle – it's taken me *years*. And I still have more work to do.

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I absolutely **DID NOT believe I had the right to talk to girls.** I didn't think I had the right to stop them in the street, or hit on them on Tinder, or try to have sex with them, or “bother” them by starting a conversation. I felt like a loser who wasn't on their level.

I didn't really even think I deserved to have a girlfriend – I felt like even the two abusive, horrible, unattractive girlfriends I'd been with were too good for me.

All of my fears, insecurities and doubts about having the “right” to talk to girls was *hell* to overcome. It was probably the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. I had so many mental hurdles to overcome in order to even *start* trying to get laid – the vast majority of my self-improvement work has been just giving myself permission to actually try to get laid.

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**I started out with NO confidence.** I was meek and scared, not just with girls... I guess with life in general. I didn't believe I had the “right” to be a cool, fun guy, so I held myself back. I thought being cool was “arrogant” or something.

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I had **ZERO fashion sense** or knowledge of how to dress myself. Half my clothes were ones my mother had bought for me as a teenager, 10 years earlier. They were tattered, faded, ripped and worn. I looked like garbage, and I felt like a nobody.

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**I'm balding VERY badly** – my receding hairline is very bad. It used to be such a huge point of insecurity for me I'd think about it at least 10 times a day; it'd always be on my mind. It ate away at me,

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became something I obsessed about – it drove me mad.

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I was **28 by the time I got serious about self-improvement**. I had all sorts of insecurities & doubts about being too old to fix my life (after all, 30 is supposedly “past your prime” and I was only 2 years away from 30). I certainly thought I was too old to be hitting on 18-25yo girls (how wrong I was...) I was terrified that if my life was this fucked up in my late 20’s, it’d take me til my 40’s or 50’s to fix it.

I felt hopeless.

So many guys in their early 20’s who come to me for coaching say, “Dude, I’m 25 and worried it’s too late for me.” I was 28 and a complete wretched mess, so I perfectly understand the fear of it being “too late”; that feeling of your life having passed you by and you missing out on everything everyone else is taking for granted.

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And none of this is mentioning all sorts of other self-esteem/self-doubt/low-confidence issues that I let hold me back.

So I certainly had my issues and things I needed to fix. I was a complete and utter trainwreck, by most accounts. Suicidal, depressed, 10 years of abusive relationships, obese & unfit and **generally a pretty fucking big loser**.



Self-sabotage was my forte.

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## How’d I fix it all?



## Depression:

Eventually I hit rock bottom & had a breakdown, which forced me to tell my family and friends about my depression and suicidal thoughts ([more on that here](#)). I saw a counsellor/psychologist, read hundreds of self-help books (*You Can't Afford the Luxury of a Negative Thought* changed my life), taught myself [CBT](#), worked on breaking down my negative thoughts and negative habits, and [trained myself to be optimistic](#) instead of pessimistic. Years later I also took psychedelics (LSD) multiple times, and each time felt like I'd compressed 10 years worth of therapy into a 16-hour period; LSD was massively beneficial to my healing.

It was bloody hard, but I didn't have a choice; **I couldn't go back to being the loser I used to be.** I'd seen the depths of hell; the most painful parts of existence. I had no intention of ever going back.

## No Friends:

I forced myself to go talk to people, especially through the social site [Meetup.com](#). I tried social meetups, sports meetups, went to art groups, took a candle-making class, a soap-making class, an origami class and even a magic trick class. I made a tonne of friends and proved to myself I was capable of interacting with other human beings.

I also sought out more masculine-focused groups to make male friends; particularly one called "The Red Pill Bookclub", where we read books on masculinity, taking responsibility for your issues, self-

development, etc.

I've got an [in-depth guide on making friends](#) here – read through that if you're in a similar boat. If a loser like me can make friends, you sure as hell can too.

## Agoraphobia:

Since being around other people terrified me, I forced myself to do the opposite. I remember the first day I set myself a goal of walking around a shopping centre by myself for an hour. That was a herculean task for me at the time; I even called up my mum afterwards & told her about it, I was so proud of myself.

I eventually started putting myself into social situations every day; I went clubbing by myself 5 nights a week for about 6 months (completely by myself – I didn't go with anybody else) and chatted up bouncers, bartenders, girls, guys, anyone and everyone. I made a tonne of friends and turned myself into the social person I am today.



## Abusive relationships:

Eventually I got to a point where I realised, "I deserve better than this. This isn't me." I walked away from a 4-year relationship and decided from that moment on I'd walk away as soon as I got even the slightest *hint* a girl had abusive tendencies. It's been years since I put up with even the slightest hint of disrespect; I have a hair-trigger towards rudeness and disrespect these days. I don't tolerate it, and I don't have anyone in my life who's even the tiniest bit rude towards me.

Looking back, it's insane how much horrible shit I put up because I thought I deserved it.

## Weight:

I started counting my calories religiously, walked for 12+ hours a day every day (no exaggeration)... most days I'd stay up til midnight just walking nonstop. I walked all day at my job, then I'd finish work and walk for hours and hours more. I took the stairs all the time, I bought a "standing desk" so I'd never be sitting down, I did tonnes of cardio, I started playing sports again.

I was obsessed with reaching my goal weight, and ended up losing 35kg (77lbs) in about 9 months. I've written in-depth about [how I lost the weight here](#).



## Addictions and Self-Medicating

This one surprisingly took care of itself, as I started to improve myself and work on my biggest issues. Dr Phil explained my situation brilliantly on the Joe Rogan podcast:

I had a lot going wrong with my life, and as Dr Phil says – if your life is shit, you *should* be depressed about it. As soon as I started getting my life on track, my need to self-medicate with porn, TV, alcohol & video games went away. I had no need to hurt myself with my addictive behaviours, because I actually started to *like* myself.

I still watch porn from time to time – probably more than I should. I still have to watch how much alcohol

I drink (I try to just never drink), because I'm still tempted to use it as a crutch, especially when I'm going through rough times. But it certainly doesn't rule my life like it used to.

If you're in a situation where you self-medicate too much or have addictions, ask yourself: Is there anything in my life that's making me deeply unhappy? Work on fixing those things, and you might find it a whole lot easier to work on your addiction.

## **Weak/no muscle:**

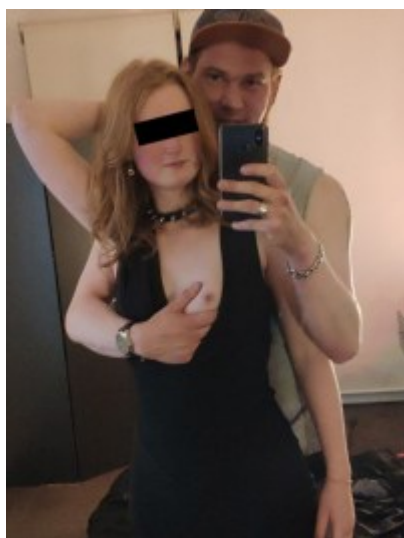
I started hitting the gym, which was terrifying at first. I was so intimidated because I was BY FAR the weakest person there; I actually had to ask one of my mates to go with me the first few times because I was so nervous.

I read absolutely *everything* I could on bodybuilding, powerlifting, nutrition, sleep, exercise, etc. I hired a strength coach and got into powerlifting. I went from a guy who couldn't even do a pushup to (at the time of writing) being able to deadlift 2x bodyweight (170kg/375lbs), squat 1.5x bodyweight (120kg/264lbs), bench 1x bodyweight (90kg/198lbs). I still have a long way to go, but I'm pretty damn proud of how much I've improved.

I've got an in-depth article on [how I got stronger here](#).



**Not having the “right” to talk to girls:**



Oh man, this was a tough one. First I did a *grueling* “Approach anxiety program” to give myself the

confidence to actually start hitting on girls. I kept logs and videos of the entire process:

- [How I Beat My Approach Anxiety](#)

Then I had a complete breakdown when it came time for me to actually start hitting on girls. I had to go through several months of hell where I did nothing but process my emotions, my insecurities, my doubts, my fears, etc for 8+ hours a day. I literally took time off work to work on it. I had to sit down and ask myself, “WHY don’t I feel like I deserve to talk to women? WHY do I feel like I’m not good enough? WHY do I feel like I’m a loser?” That was incredibly confronting and by far the hardest thing I’d ever had to face. *Much* harder than everything else on this list.

As I mentioned, I took LSD quite a few times – specifically to work on my notions of not “deserving” to have any girls like me. It was very confronting, and very hard to work through, but in the end I got there.



I’ve gone on to have a fucking awesome sex life – [click here to check out stories and pics/vids](#) from my lays, including plenty of proof I actually get laid. I’ve gotten laid well over 100 times, had a [MFFF 4some](#) and plenty of 3somes, done all sorts of wild shit like sex in public. I’m very much into BDSM and kinky sex now, have a cupboard full of whips and chains and sex toys – girls love it. I’ve become a very confident and dominant man – a far cry from the scared little boy who was a staunch feminist.

I’ve gotten myself to a point where I have sex with new girls with almost no effort – my Tinder profile is set up to be very efficient and I make it very clear I’m looking for sex when I match with a girl. I don’t have dates any more – it’s literally, “Let’s meet somewhere in public, and we’ll walk back to my apartment together and bang.”

I also have a main girlfriend who brings in extra girls from her bisexual Tinder profile, and we share them together in 3somes.

## **Feminism/screwed-up sense of masculinity:**

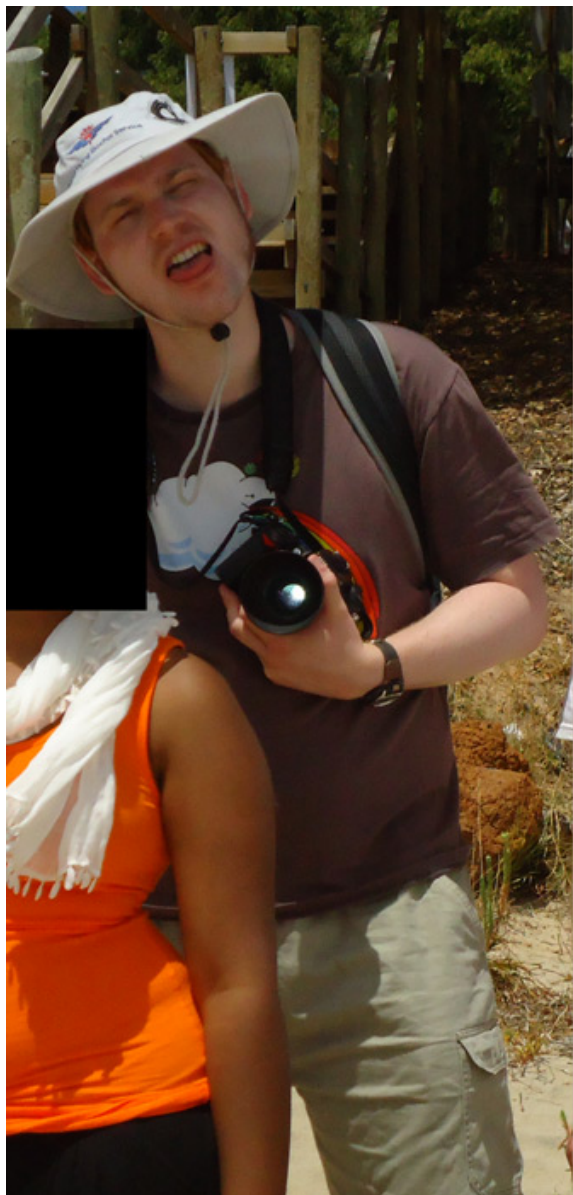
This one took me about a year to “un-brainwash” myself. I specifically sought out masculine sites and books such as [The Rational Male](#), [Good Looking Loser](#), Danger & Play, [The Red Pill Reddit](#), and others. I joined a local [Meetup](#) group dedicated to self-improvement and self-knowledge & made friends there. The more I got to know women, the more I stopped pedestalising them & started treating them like normal people.

It’s crazy how god damn sexist I used to be – there’s nothing more sexist than thinking an entire gender is “perfect” and can do no wrong. Jesus christ.



## Balding:

I wore a cap/beanie 100% of the time, whenever I was outside. This was really just avoiding the issue... so I recently went to a barber, showed him my receding hairline and he came up with a haircut that almost entirely covers it up. You can't tell I have old man hair now.



## Fashion sense:

Did a tonne of research and went shopping with a mate who's great with fashion. It took me a tonne of failed attempts to dress myself, hundreds of outfits tried on in changerooms, sending pics of each outfit to him and other mates I trusted.

I slowly improved my wardrobe/accessories over a year or two (with *lots* of trial and error). Got ear piercings and a tattoo as well, and now I'm pretty happy with how I look.



## Self-awareness:

This was something I had to teach myself over time. The CBT helped, as did my counsellor, and some anger management books, as well as books on philosophy, ethics, psychology, self-knowledge, etc.

Self-awareness is something you build with time; it takes practice. It involves being *present*, and focusing on your emotions and how you're feeling. It involves taking a deep breath before every action, and asking yourself, "What do I want to do in this situation; how do I want to react?" I got better over time, and now consider myself one of the most self-aware people I know.

## Confidence:



That just came over time, from kicking ass with my goals.

If you want to read an extremely detailed 26-page log I kept on how I overcame my fear of approaching girls, [that's here](#).

I then made a [100+ page detailed log](#) of my struggles with actually getting laid, dating, overcoming my limiting beliefs, etc. I still post in that log today.

**Those two links detail more of my struggles, fears, doubts, insecurities & successes more than any one article or guide ever could.**



I've achieved other things in my life too – I got brilliant at photography & Photoshop by sheer hard work day in, day out. I did a “365 Project” where [I had to take a photo every single day for 365 days in a row](#). I've gotten laid enough times I've now lost count, including a bunch of threesomes (something I never thought would EVER happen to me in a million years). [I've shagged 150+ girls](#) from Tinder/online dating/approaching in the street. I'm dating an awesome girlfriend who brings us girls from her Tinder, and is cool with me banging other girls from my own Tinder. We have an incredibly close, very honest and open relationship where we push each other to kick some serious fucking ass with our goals – I love her to bits. And I finally set up this site, which is something I'd been wanting to do for ages.

Especially the sex stuff – **I never in a million years thought I could be a guy who gets laid**. It took me years of hard work, but in June 2018 I was able to post this on the [GoodLookingLoser forums](#):

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*Ok. I'm finally able to admit this to myself:*

***I am a guy who gets laid.***

*More importantly, I am a guy who CAN get laid. If I moved to a new city, or a new country, and had to start my life anew... I know I could get laid within 1 week, without much effort.*

*Online dating, cold approach, I'm absolutely comfortable with all of it.*

*That's such a massive fucking thing for me to say... It's taken me 3 years of work to get there. This was*

*my end goal when I first found Good Looking Loser. I wasn't even sure I'd ever be able to reach this point.*

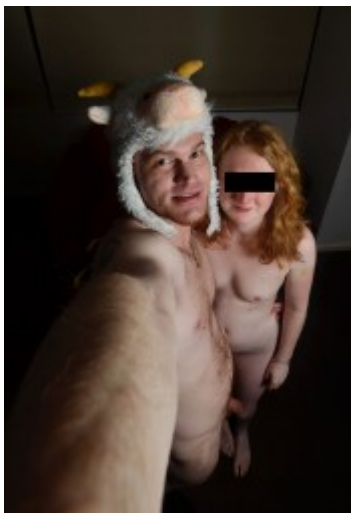
*Now that I'm here, I'm not sure what the next goal is. Part of me thinks "Ok dude, you can delete your account and stop posting on the forums. You don't need it anymore".*

*I'm so tempted to do that. To just enjoy this "golden era" of my life without keeping a journal of it. But I'd miss the friendships I've built up with a lot of you guys.*

*Plus I know it's arrogant and stupid to think just because I'm getting laid right now means "I've made it" and can slow down and rest. **This is the time I need to push myself HARDER, not rest of my laurels.***

*I'll keep doing what I'm doing – trying to get laid more and more, improving my looks, improving my body, working on my killer instinct, pushing the boundaries. There's still a LOT on my sexual bucketlist, plus I'm just enjoying getting new pussy. I'll keep posting on here.*

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So as you can see, I'm a long way from where I started. I obviously still have a LONG way to go – I feel like I'm about 25% of the way into my journey. I've only just started working on my finances and starting a business – this website is me taking my coaching/mentoring seriously and helping other guys walk the same path I have. My body is only 30% of where I want it to be – I still have a tonne of muscle and strength to add. I feel like there's a million billion things I still have to learn in life. I'm super excited for the future.

One good thing about sharing my story is it's encouraged others to share their stories with me. I get emails every week from people who've been through their own impressive self-improvement journeys, and it's bloody awesome to see; **I love a good underdog story.** I've met so many amazing people through this awesome journey. I've even helped my main girlfriend go through her own pretty awesome self-improvement journey.

So if you're at the start of your journey, or maybe you feel like a complete loser, or you worry that your life is *so much worse than everybody's else's*, or you wonder if you'll ever be able to achieve *anything*: you're not alone.

I felt like that, my friends felt like that, and a million other people have felt like that.

**If a complete fucking loser like me can get his shit together, *you sure as hell***

*can too.*



## Want to kill your inner loser too but feel like you have NO idea where to start?

[Hit me up for coaching](#) – I'll simplify things for you and give you a clear plan to move forward and build a legendary sex life and a kickass life. I'll analyse where you're at currently in terms of appearance, give you a plan moving forward to lose weight, or hit the gym (including a workout plan and diet plan), style guide, and I'll help you take better Tinder pics, and all of that. I even give you some free follow-up sessions for the next 2 months after our call, to make sure you're on the right path and to keep you accountable.

Remember that I started out as a complete unhappy, obese mess. So if I can get my shit together, you sure as hell can too. I absolutely guarantee I'll kick your ass into gear.

I know if you're reading this, there's a big part of you that feels like, "Yeah but my problems are even more insurmountable than anybody else's; *I'm a special kind of fucked up.*" I absolutely promise you that isn't the case. We all felt like that at the start; we were all convinced we were exceptionally fucked up and could never change. Truth is everybody can change; you just have to start with one tiny little baby step and take things one day at a time. *The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.*

Don't make excuses. **Make it happen.** [Contact me.](#)

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