

George Sodini

Age 48.

DOB 9/30/1960

DOD 8/4/2009

5-10, 155 lbs.

Never married.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania USA

[Me](#)

Why do this?? To young girls? Just read below. I kept a running log that includes my thoughts and actions, after I saw this project was going to drag on.

November 5, 2008:

Planned to do this in the summer but figure to stick around to see the election outcome. This particular one got so much attention and I was just curious. Not like I give a flying [REDACTED] who won, since this exit plan was already planned. Good luck to Obama! He will be successful. The liberal media LOVES him. Amerika has chosen The Black Man. Good! In light of this I got ideas outside of Obama's plans for the economy and such. Here it is: Every black man should get a young white girl hoe to hone up on. Kinda a reverse indentured servitude thing. Long ago, many a older white male landowner had a young Negro wench girl for his desires. Bout' time tables are turned on that [REDACTED]. Besides, dem young white hoez dig da bruthrs! LOL. More so than they dig the white dudes! Every daddy know when he sends his little girl to college, she be [REDACTED] a bruthr real good. I saw it. "Not my little girl", daddy says! (Yeah right!!) Black dudes have thier choice of best white hoez. You do the math, there are enough young white so all the brothers can each have one for 3 or 6 months or so.

December 22, 2008:

Time is moving along. Planned to have this done already. I will just keep a running log here as time passes. Many of the young girls here look so beautiful as to not be human, very edible. After joining this gym, started lifting weights and like it. Much info about weight programs, diet etc on the web. Or anything for that matter. Instead of TV I can Google for hours to relax. TV and most movies are dull.

December 24, 2008:

Moving into Christmas again. No girlfriend since 1984, last Christmas with [REDACTED] was in 1983. Who knows why. I am not ugly or too weird. No sex since July 1990 either (I was 29). No [REDACTED] Over eighteen years ago. And did it maybe only 50-75 times in my life. Getting to think that a woman now would just, uh, get in the way of things. Isolated. I have extra money and enjoy traveling, too, wthih my 25-30 days of vacation. LA was the best! But going alone is not too fun. Invited to a party on Christmas day tomorrow. Seems about 15-25 people will actually show. I like her parties; I can meet new people and talk. Got the next 8 days off. I should have exit plan done and practiced by then. I know nothing will change, no matter how hard I try or what goals I set.

December 28, 2008:

Glad I stayed around. All these days off are great. I will shoot for Tuesday, January 6, 2009, at maybe 8:15. I have list of to-do items to make.

December 29, 2008:

Just got back from tanning, been doing this for a while. No gym today, my elbow is sore again. I actually look good. I dress good, am clean-shaven, bathe, touch of cologne - yet 30 million women rejected me - over an 18 or 25-year period. That is how I see it. Thirty million is my rough guesstimate of how many desirable single women there are. A man needs a woman for confidence. He gets a boost on the job, career, with other men, and everywhere else when he knows inside he has someone to spend the night with and who is also a friend. This type of life I see is a closed world with me specifically and totally excluded. Every other guy does this successfully to a degree. Flying solo for many years is a destroyer. Yet many people say I am easy to get along with, etc. Looking back, I owe nothing to desirable females who ask for anything, except for basic courtesy - usually. Looking back over everything, what bothers me most is the inability to work towards whatever change I choose.

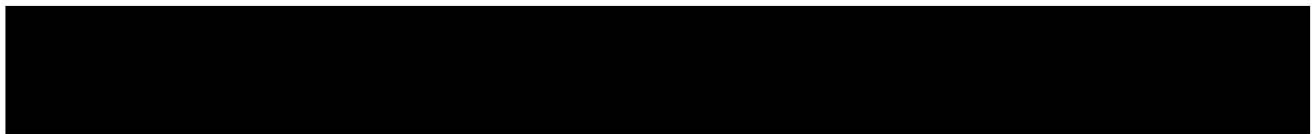
December 30, 2008:

While driving I radio surfed to a talk show. The caller was a 30ish black man who was describing the despair in certain black communities. According to him, life is cheap there because you are going to die anyway when you get old. It is the quality of life that is important, he said. If you know the past 40 years were crappy, why live another 30 crappy years then die? His point was they engage in dangerous behavior which tends to shorten the lifespans, to die now and avoid the next 30 crappy years, using my example. The host got sarcastic and ended the call instead of trying understanding his point. Agreement wasn't necessary. I put music back on. But it was an interesting, and useful point for me to hear.

December 31, 2008:

My anger and rage is largely gone since I began lifting weights. Lifting drains me but I still have energy. Somebody else suggested running but that did not help me. I guess strenuous exercise is necessary for a man. So I just learned that now at 48. Maybe 30 years later than I would have liked. My dad never (not once) talked to me or asked about my life's details and tell me what he knew. He was just a useless sperm doner. Don't know why, find it fun talking to young kids when I visit someone. Brother was actually counter-productive and would try to embarase me or discourage my efforts when persuing things, esp girls early on (teen years). Useless bully. Result is I am learning basics by trial and error in my 40s, followed by discouragement. Seems odd, but thats true. Writing all this is helping me justify my plan and to see the futility of continuing. Too embarassed to tell anyone this, at almost 50 one is expected to just know these things.

I hope it doesn't snow on Tuesday. Just thought of that. The crowd will be thin so I would postpone. ■■■!





Let's continue...

January 5, 2009:

Was at the gym to lift. Very crowded. Tomorrow should be good. There is a woman there that gives me a certain look every time I am there. I decided to walk over and make a comment about the crowds but she left when I finished the exercise. Better that I do not get sidetracked from tomorrow's plan anyways. Life is just playing games. One or two dates with her, then the end. No matter how many changes I try to make, things stay the same. Every evening I am alone, and then go to bed alone. Young women were brutal when I was younger, now they aren't as much, probably because they just see me just as another old man.

I see twenty something couples everywhere. I see a twenty something guy with a nice twentyish young women. I think those years slipped right by for me. Why should I continue another 20+ years alone? I will just work, come home, eat, maybe do something, then go to bed (alone) for the next day of the same thing. This is the Auschwitz Syndrome, to be in serious pain so long one thinks it is normal. I cannot wait for tomorrow!

January 6, 2009:

I can do this. Leaving work today, I felt like a zombie - just going thru the motions. Get on the bus, get the car, drive home....My mind is screwed up anymore, I can't concentrate at work or think at all.

This log is not detailed. It is only for confidence to do this. The future holds even less than what I have today.

It is 6:40pm, about hour and a half to go. God have mercy. I wish life could be better for all and the crazy world can somehow run smoother. I wish I had answers. Bye.

It is 8:45PM: I chickened out! [REDACTED]! I brought the loaded guns, everything. Hell!

April 24, 2009:

Early last month, we had our second general layoff. I survived. First one was in November. When I began 10 years ago, that used to be a nice place to work. I understand the need to reduce staff when times sour, but this is out of proportion to the economic problems at this time. The economy is shrinking by about 4-5%. They decided not to pay Christmas bonus - for staff that amounts to about 8% of yearly pay. Well, OK. Plus no yearly "merit" raise, another 3.5%. That totals to about 11% cut. Plus two layoffs of 5% staff in each case. Do the

math. I know this firm is using this downturn as an excuse to take advantage of a bad situation and kill jobs UNNECESSARILY. The second layoff people who actually did work were let go. We all need to pick up the slack so the company can cut beyond what is necessary. Wasn't going to mention it, because of all this [REDACTED], it is [REDACTED], the large law firm headquartered here in Pittsburgh. Just call it [REDACTED]. Most people there are OK and I would never have a shoot 'em up there. They paid me for 10 years, so far!

I predict I won't survive the next layoff. That is when there is no point to continue. Right now, life is bearable and I can get by indefinitely. Something bad must happen. The paycheck is all I have left. The future holds nothing for me. Twenty five years of nothing fun. I never even spent one weekend with a girl in my life, even at my own place. Also unlikely to find another similar job. I guess then is when I take care of things. I don't have kids, close friends or anything. Just me here. If you have nothing, you have nothing to lose.

I enjoy writing these entries, I have no plans to go back and edit or even read most stuff already written. If you get bored, just click that "x" at the top, right corner of your browser. Bye.

May 4, 2009:

I was so eager to do this last year. The big problem on my mind now is that my job will end soon. One project is being transitioned to another. The other one I am solely responsible, but is being fast tracked to production. I estimate maybe a month. I am not ready for the job market. I am ok what I do, a .NET software developer. Not at the top of the class, but I do a good job. I survived two general layoffs and other little layoffs they are having but keeping quiet about. I hear things.

The problem is I feel too good now to do this but too bad to enjoy life. I know I will never enjoy life. This is an over 30 year trend. Some people are happy, some are miserable. It is difficult to live almost continuously feeling an undercurrent of fear, worry, discontentment and helplessness. I can talk and joke around and sound happy but under it all is something different that seems unchangable and a permanent part of my being. I need to realize the details of what I never accomplished in life and to be convinced the future is merely a continuation of the past - WHICH IT ALWAYS has been. I am making a list of items that will provide motivation to do the exit plan, it won't be published. I always had hope that maybe things will improve especially if I make big attempts to change my life. I made many big changes in the past two years but everything is still the same. Life is over. Even though I look good, dress well, well groomed - nails, teeth, hair, etc. Who knows.

What is it like to be dead? I always think I am forgetting something, that's one reason I postponed. Similar to when you leave to get in your car to go somewhere - you hesitate with a thought: "what am I forgetting?". In this case, I cannot make a return trip!

I like to write and talk. Ironic because I haven't met anybody recently (past 30 years) who I want to be close friends with OR who want to be close friends with me. I was always open to suggestions to what I am doing wrong, no brother or father (mine are useless) or close friend to nudge me and give it bluntly yet tactfully wtf I am doing wrong. A personal coach or someone who knows what he is doing would be perfect. Money is highly secondary for a

solution.

May 5, 2009:

To pull the exit plan off, it popped into my mind to just use some booze. I want to do this before I get laid off, for reasons not worth mentioning but don't seem to have the balls. After the gym, I stopped at [REDACTED] and got a fifth of vodka and a small bottle of Jack Daniels. I haven't had a drink since September 1, 1988, just over 20 years. It doesn't matter now, I need to use it to take the edge off of carrying out the exit plan. I will be taking some every now and then to get used to it and see if the alcohol effects will embolden me. Weed would be fun to try again. I don't know who has any. Life is over, who cares? I just need to use common sense, can't drink and drive, etc. This idea just hit me at a point in time and I immediately acted on it. Same thing happened when I decided to go back to Pitt full time, first day was Monday, May 8, 1989, and to buy the house that closed on Friday, September 30, 1996, to name two examples I remember so well.

The list idea yesterday is working. I carry it in my wallet and add to it. I am feeling to good to do carry this out, but too bad to enjoy ANYTHING. My life's dilemma.

May 6, 2009:

I started the JD. About one ounce with some tea to get me started. No big deal.

May 7, 2009:

Went to the gym and did mostly cardio. My heart rate was 117 just from walking on the treadmill at 3.4. This should be done a few times a week for maybe 15 mins or so to keep the heart active. I sprinted a few times to push the limits.

May 18, 2009:

I actually had a date today. It was with a woman I met on the bus in March. We got together at [REDACTED] for lunch. The last date for me was May 1, 2008. Women just don't like me. There are 30 million desirable women in the US (my estimate) and I cannot find one. Not one of them finds me attractive. I am looking at The List I made from my May 4th idea. I forgot about that for several days. That tells me where I stand. These problems have gotten worse over a 30 year period. I need to expect nothing from me or other people. All through the years I thought we had the ability to change ourselves - I guess that is incorrect. Looking at The List makes me realize how TOTALLY ALONE, a deeper word is ISOLATED, I am from all else.

I no longer have any expectations of myself. I have no options because I cannot work toward and achieve even the smallest goals. That is, ABOVE ALL, what bothers me the most. Not to be able to work towards what I want in my life. I believe I am deserve that. I read recently it is called "self efficacy", but who knows. Is that more psychobable?

May 25, 2009:

I was invited to a picnic, and I went. An older woman there, out of the blue, asked if I liked high school. Then quickly asked if I was picked on very much. Intersting why she would ask that. But, thanks, I already know what the problem is, but a solution eludes me.

May 29, 2009:

Another lonely Friday night, I'm done. This is too much.

June 2, 2009:

Some people I was talking with believed I date a lot and get around with women. They think this because I showed an email I got from a hot woman to the department gossip, but it didn't work out. All this is funny. Actually, I haven't had sex since I was 29 years old, 19 years ago. That's true.

June 5, 2009:

I was reading several posts on different forums and it seems many teenage girls have sex frequently. One 16 year old does it usually three times a day with her boyfriend. So, err, after a month of that, this little hoe has had more sex than ME in my LIFE, and I am 48. One more reason. Thanks for nada, [REDACTED]! Bye.

July 4, 2009:

Wow, already late evening. I stayed in all day. Can't believe there was NOTHING to do today. No parties or picnics. WTF. No need to leave now.

July 20, 2009:

Been a long time since last write. Everything still sucks. But I got a promotion and a raise, even in this [REDACTED] Obama economy. No more grunt programming. Go figure! New boss is great. He tactfully says when you did something wrong or complements on good things. Never confused with him. But that is NOT what I want in life. I guess some of us were simply meant to walk a lonely path. I have slept alone for over 20 years. **Last time I slept all night with a girlfriend it was 1982.** Proof I am a total malfunction. Girls and women don't even give me a second look ANYWHERE. There is something BLATANTLY wrong with me that NO goddam person will tell me what it is. Every person just wants to be [REDACTED] nice and say nice things to me. Flattery. Oh yeah, I am sure you can get a date anytime. You look good, etc. [REDACTED].

Awwww, wait. I can just start being self-righteous and say I live a good, clean life. I am holy, that's all [REDACTED] stuff. Hear that you [REDACTED]: I Am Just Good!

July 23, 2009:

Wow!!

I just looked out my front window and saw a beautiful college-age girl leave [REDACTED] house, [REDACTED]. I guess he got a good lay today. College girls are hoez. I masturbate. Frequently. He is about 45 years old. She was a long haired, hot little hottie with a beautiful bod. I masturbate. Frequently. Some were simply meant to walk a lonely path in life. I don't usually look out, but just happened to notice. Holy [REDACTED]. I have masturbated since age 13. Thanks, mum and brother (by blood alone). And dad, old man, for TOTALLY ignoring me through the years. All of you DEEPLY helped me be this way.

I wish I can go back to 1975 and fix things. Awe, that wont work, big BULLY BROTHER would assert his bull [REDACTED]. He was twice my size. He never messed with guys bigger than 5'10, or so. He is a [REDACTED] at heart. Remember, Michael is my brother (we have common

parents, that's all) is still a BOSS. Repetition only for emphasis: HE IS ONLY A BULLY, even at 50ish! Never forget that! Because he exudes confidence. People believe [REDACTED] if delivered WITH CONFIDENCE. Get it??

I don't know where I am going with this. I am getting tired, feels good to write and get it all out.

On still another thought, I had 20+ years of sobriety and achieved nothing about friendships, girlfriends, guys, etc. Zilch. What a waste.

Bye, for today.

August 2, 2009:

The biggest problem of all is not having relationships or friends, but not being able to achieve and acquire what I desire in those or many other areas. Everthing stays the same regardless of the effort I put in. If I had control over my life then I would be happier. But for about the past 30 years, I have not

August 3, 2009:

I took off today, Monday, and tomorrow to practice my routine and make sure it is well polished. I need to work out every detail, there is only one shot. Also I need to be completely immersed into something before I can be successful. I haven't had a drink since Friday at about 2:30. Total effort needed. Tomorrow is the big day.

Unfortunately I talked to my neighbor today, who is very positive and upbeat. I need to remain focused and absorbed COMPLETELY. Last time I tried this, in January, I chickened out. Lets see how this new approach works.

Maybe soon, I will see God and Jesus. At least that is what I was told. Eternal life does NOT depend on works. If it did, we will all be in hell. Christ paid for EVERY sin, so how can I or you be judged BY GOD for a sin when the penalty was ALREADY paid. People judge but that does not matter. I was reading the Bible and The Integrity of God beginning yesterday, because soon I will see them.

I will try not to add anymore entries because this computer clicking distracts me.

Also, any of the "Practice Papers" left on my coffee table I used or the notes in my gym bag can be published freely. I will not be embarased, because, well, I will be dead. Some people like to study that stuff. Maybe all this will shed insight on why some people just cannot make

things happen in their life, which can potentially benefit others.

