

Heathcliff-- ARCHIVE

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"Communication is the key to a healthy relationship"

610 upvotes | April 26, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Summary: "Communication" is, for women, a synonym for "making demands". Women are used to getting their demands met, constantly; hence why they think "talking to your partner" about their problems (aka an ultimatum) is such a successful tactic. It is... for them.

In this post, I use the word "relationship" to refer to any relationship with a girl, friend, plate, coworker, or LTR. It will mainly apply to those in LTR or with consistent plates, but the theory is true for every woman.

So I'm sure if you've been on a certain entertaining advice subreddit any time in the past few years you will have heard this nugget of wisdom from a commenter:

"Just talk to her/him. Communication is the key to a healthy relationship".

Often it is in response to a post about a girlfriend who won't put out, a lazy or uncaring boyfriend, or the actions of a spouse that are negatively affecting the other.

The problem with this advice becomes very clear very quickly if you are a man. It doesn't work.

I'm sure we've all been in the situation where we have "talked to her" about a problem with our plate/LTR, and she has either thrown it right back in your face and turned it around on you, or she's smiled, nodded, agreed, and didn't do anything about it. Or she did, for a while, but quickly regressed back into how she was before you had "the chat".

I'm certain this is common to all guys who have ever been in a relationship. But why? Let me try my best to explain why I think "talking to your girl" about problems won't work and will ultimately doom your relationship.

"Communication" = "Making Demands"

When a girl "communicates" with a guy that she is unhappy with a certain tenet of their relationship; whether it be sex, his job, his behaviour, his availability, his hygiene etc, whatever it is, what she is actually doing is serving him an ultimatum.

She is demanding of him that he changes a certain thing in order to accommodate her needs.

If he does not change, she will leave and hop back onto the carousel. That is her bargaining power. Those are the chips she holds.

The demand could be legitimate ("you need to shower more you always stink") or stupid (a plate wanting to be exclusive, a girlfriend telling you to stop talking to a female friend). Whatever it is, she is threatening to leave if you do not follow through and meet her demand. "The chat" is a serious one, and is often a relationship ender.

The feminist imperative teaches us that all women are noble and moral, and in any kind of male/female relationship the female will always have the best and most moral interests of the couple at heart.

We all know this to obviously be untrue. But we are a minority, Think to how many white knights are

out there giving in to every whim and demand their girlfriend piles on them. This teaches the girl that every time she needs something or is unhappy with her boyfriend, all she needs to do is "communicate" with him, and the problem will be solved.

She doesn't understand that her bluepill boyfriend is bending over backwards in order to appease her because he has super strong one-itis and is super scared of losing out on starfish duty sex.

I'd even go as far to say that the majority of women learn from an early age that making demands of men can get them what they want. Daddy always bought her the toys if she asked and never said no to her.

She goes through life thinking that "communication" is why her relationships are going well ("going well" defined as under her control) and so when some chump on reddit or a bluepill orbiter asks for advice she comes out with that beautiful line "communication is the key to a good relationship".

You'll only ever hear that from women and white knights.

So let's now look at what happens when a guy tries to "communicate" with his partner/plate.

Woman can say no, bluepill AFCs don't know how

| Him: We haven't been having much sex recently.

| Her: I've been tired and stressed from work

| Him: Anything I can do to make it better?

| Her: No babe it's just me. I'll feel better soon and then we can get back at it don't worry.

Completely and utterly shut down. I'm certain many of us have gone through this script before. He made his demands, she denied. Obviously, she won't "feel better", and he'll have to bring it up again, much to her annoyance.

| Him: You haven't given me a blowjob in a while.

| Her: So? We still have sex.

| Him: I like blowjobs though, I would appreciate if you could do it once in a while.

| Her: I don't though, they make me feel really disgusting.

| Him: I do (xyz) for you though! It doesn't have to be often.

| Her: Next time I feel sexy, maybe.

Of course, as usual we all know the script. The blowjob never comes, she never "feels sexy". The guy waits and waits wondering when his girlfriend will finally reward him with duty-head.

Women are not afraid to say no to their partners.

The one who cares the least about the other holds the most power. In this case, the woman holds the power to say no. Women can be very dismissive when you come to them with demands, especially if you're the bluepill beta in the relationship.

She has no problem saying no to you because she is not worried you will leave her. She is secure in the idea that you will stay committed to her regardless of whether she gives in to your demand or not.

The other option is that she has no problem saying no to you because she cares for the relationship so little that she wouldn't mind if you broke it off (and would prefer it that way so she can call you an

asshole to her friends later on... "broke up with me because I wouldn't suck his dick"). Or she's getting her AF on the side.

Girls are born with power talk

Women learn from a very early age how to powertalk with each other, they need to, the competition and bitchiness between woman requires them to be fluent. If not, they are quickly ostracised or labeled "the weird girl". I won't go into the definitions of powertalk here, it's best you read it from people who can explain it vastly better than I can. Women default to power talk (especially with each other), while men default to straight-talk (especially with each other, if not posturing). This is especially true in serious situations, like "The Chat"

Women use power talk as a way of telling you "no", "go away" or "shut up". They craft their words in a way so that you may even think the conversation was polite, or that you came out the winner. Don't be fooled though, she had you right from the beginning, and when you tried to "communicate" your thoughts to her, she just told you to fuck off in a very sweet way.

The reason for this is obviously because the vast majority of unplugged don't know how to recognise power talk. There is a huge dissonance in conversation when a couple have "The Chat". The two are speaking a different language.

When a guy hears "We need to talk" (itself an invitation to power talk), his translation is "this is going to be a serious topic". Hence, the man puts on his "Straight Talk".

When a girl hears "We need to talk", her translation is "a verbal battle is about to take place, how do I win?". The woman then puts on her "Power Talk".

The two are speaking different languages. The guy cannot read through the lines of the girls speech, he interprets it as straight talk. He accepts her justifications and hamstering as real truths, "she wouldn't be lying to me during this heart-to-heart, relationship defining talk would she?".

The girl listens to the guy whine with real contempt, and then covertly tells him his feelings don't matter to her and he should drop the subject.

Because that's how women see "communication" from their partners. Whining.

This is the third time we've had this conversation!

Nothing dries up a girl's panties quicker than a guy pestering her for something. Whether it be sexual favours or to pull more weight around the house or to stop being late for dates, the more you "communicate" (read: complain) the faster she will close her legs and leave you.

Women do not tolerate whining. Only children whine. Women do not want to date children, they want to date a real man.

And it's sad, but we have to accept it. Your SO, plate or wife cannot be your moral support. The more you show weakness, the more you complain, the more you admit you are "unhappy in the relationship", the more contempt she will show you. She will see you as weak and complaining too much. It will piss her off, and she definitely won't give in to your new demands now.

You cannot negotiate attraction.

No matter how many times you take her aside and "communicate" to her that you want your dick

sucked more often, she won't do it. In fact, every time you do your SMV drops in her eyes. You need to be her rock, stoic and unmoving. If you are complaining incessantly and demanding things of her, she will lose attraction to you fast.

Yeah I don't like it, we aren't all perfect, we all have weaknesses and days where we just want to complain about shit and be angry at the world. No one is perfectly stoic. Just don't do it in front of your girl. Women won't allow you to, no matter how "tolerant and accepting" they tell us they are. You will only truly digest the red pill when a girl you think you love laughs at you for crying. That's when you'll understand the true nature of women. This is also why it is important to develop some close male friends that you can straight-talk with about your problems. The more you show your LTR your weak and complainy side, the faster she'll leave you.

So what can a redpill man do to combat a woman's unreasonable demands?

First I want to say that not every chat that your girl sits you down for is going to be about her demanding unreasonable things. Sometimes what they want is a fair request and you were just oblivious or unaware. One girl sat me down and told me that foreplay needs to be longer with her because I was always trying too early and made her sore. Fair, I had no idea and so changed it up for her. Big success.

However often, (and we all know it) your plate or LTR will ask you for something ridiculous under the guise of "you can't treat me that way" or "I'm unhappy with where we are headed" or some other hamster way of saying "you need to do this for me".

It's very easy to get past these, and being a redpill man you probably know.

Abundance mentality allows you to say no, or leave.

Knowing when to be able to say "no, you are being crazy, I cannot do this, let's just break up then" is a powerful tool that you should keep prepared at all times. Nothing will make a girl backpedal faster than calling her bluff and actually breaking up with her when she presents you with an ultimatum.

Abundance mentality means that you'll have the security of knowing that you can drop the crazy bitch who was trying to be controlling and move onto the next girl with no trouble. Developing an abundance mentality, or always having two in the kitty for backup will mean that you will eventually have no problems with drawing boundaries and nexting a girl when she starts demanding that you change for her.

Making demands are just as easy when you don't give a fuck. "Stop going out so late with your girlfriends or we break up. Stop flaking on me last minute or I will move on". With enough of a threat, and accurate dread game (she should know that you will have no trouble moving onto a prettier girl after her), your girl should take the demand seriously.

Personally I believe that if you have got to the point where you're whining and bitching for sexual favours, or negotiating things with your SO, the relationship is already dead. If a girl is truly and fully attracted to you, if she gets aggressively turned on by you, then she will do anything you ask. With enough dread game and stoic control over your plate, she will never do anything to piss you off. Any concerns she has won't be voiced and she'll get over them, and if she does bring them up (and they're unreasonable) you say no, or break up. Just make sure you are always at your peak potential SMV and she will devote herself to you.

Lessons Learned

- "Communication" = "Making Demands"
- Women expect their demands to be met, while rejecting the demands of their partners.
- Women employ powertalk to dismiss your demands.
- Women see your demanding as complaining and whining. When you complain at her your SMV drops.
- **You cannot negotiate attraction**

Tinder: a dating app for women.

228 upvotes | May 5, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Summary: Tinder, the hookup app (or so it's called) is actually just a simple dating tool women use to simplify their hypergamy. It breaks the men down into digestible, tangible qualities that a swiping woman can use to easily and quickly qualify them with.

I wanted to jot down some thoughts on the app Tinder. I know it's a bit late and past its major heyday but analysing what the app tells us about the SMP can help us uncover some redpill truths. I also know many guys here still use it.

I was in an LTR during the peak Tinder days so I never really got the chance to master the art of pulling a Cinderella, but from the experiences I had with friends phones and the short stint messing with the app while broken up I've come to some realisations about what it tells us about women.

Tinder is pushed as an app to find a quick hookup. There is no need to go to much effort and you can get straight to talking with people you find attractive and interesting. Naturally the promoted casual sex part of it leads many men to believe that they will find success on the app, but, as many of us know, quickly find themselves with no matches and a shattered ego.

Why is it that so many men have such little success using an app made exclusively to meet easy, DTF women?

It's because **Tinder is not an app intended to be used by men.**

A women's dating app

Men use Tinder to try and find an easy lay, they put up the best pictures of themselves, craft a funny bio and wait for the interest to start rolling in. They are looking for one night stands or casual flings with the app. Many guys would not want to date a woman they met on Tinder, because they presume that any woman using the app is a slut. They are mistaken. The women who use tinder are just as promiscuous and hypergamous as the average girl on the street. Normal women use Tinder, in fact the vast majority of Tinder girls are just like any girl you would pick up at a bar or see at your university.

If you were of college or high school age a year or so ago, you may have come to the realisation that almost every single female friend of yours had tinder. I know I certainly did. These were girls I presumed were not promiscuous at all, girls who said they had the app "for friends", and even the pretty girls turning down advances every night. They all had the app. They were all thirsty hoes. AWALT.

Thirsty for what exactly?

Girls do not use Tinder to try and find casual sex. Women do not really enjoy casual sex. Stranger sex for girls is scary, risky, and most of the time boring. It takes a while for a woman to get comfortable enough with a guy to start losing her inhibitions and enjoying herself. It also takes a while for the guy to learn exactly how the girl wants to be fucked. Tell me, how often have your drunken one night stands involved mind shatteringly great sex? It's rare. Women know this, they're not on Tinder looking for good sex.

If a girl tells you she "likes casual sex" what she is really saying is she "likes casual sex **with attractive guys**". If women really enjoyed sex just to get off then you'd see HB10s hooking up with short and hairy Larry Longcock with the 10inch dick and pneumatic tongue.

Women look to fuck attractive guys for two reasons

1. Self-validation. They want to be confirmed they are attractive and need a high SMV male to do that for them. They will trade pussy for compliments and validation.
2. They are looking for a high SMV boyfriend. They will trade pussy for continued contact with alpha males, hoping to one day rope one in.

eBay of the SMP

All women you find on the app will be after one or both of these things. I'd say the vast majority of women using tinder are on the app solely to find a partner. The *true*-Sluts who use the app for validation are actually in the minority.

Tinder simplifies dating for a woman immensely. It takes the SMP and provides a simple platform with an easy interface for women to practice their hypergamy. Its sole purpose is to help women find their mister right, their Alpha Bucks. Of course we know that just like our unicorns, they don't exist, and so the Tinderellas swipe away the neckbeards with essays in their bio and get pumped and dumped by the Chads with abs in their pic. It's a quicker, simpler digitization of the female mating strategy.

For those of you who have pulled on Tinder and it went well, how often would you say the the girl hits you up the next day? I'm willing to bet it's quite a few. If you have qualified yourself enough to her, (high SMV, good game, great sex) she will naturally fall hard for you. It "just happened". She is on tinder looking for a boyfriend, and she will ride the carousel until she finds one that "is different".... and she will try to lock him down.

If you were a woman, why would you **not** want to use this app?

1. Vastly reduced effort. Only your best pics are shown to potential suitors. They will see you in your favourite outfits at your best angles. No need to get dolled up every weekend and hit the bar in order to find a guy, you can lay in bed all night swiping in your pyjamas. No urgent need to impress right away.
2. No need to approach. Before if you saw a cute guy at the bar there was no chance you could just go over and chat him up; sometimes you'll make the fuck me eyes but he won't notice or be too much of a pussy. With Tinder you can have 1000 guys profiles literally delivered to your phone in seconds! You can get through and tick off hundreds of guys a night. Approaching guys just got so much easier, and there's no chance of them misreading hints at first.
3. Tangible qualities are out in the open. This one is the main point. Tinder exists solely to take all of the SMV points you have and lay them out in the open for girls to see. You are basically saying: "Here is what I look like, this is what I do, these are my friends. Take it or leave it". Your tinder profile is a listing on the eBay of the SMP. The women are the buyers. There is no room for negotiation like in real life. No haggling until you are matched. You can't employ game on tinder, and that's why women love it, they won't be tricked. They will only see the

parts of you that they care about, in the order of the importance.

Be Attractive. Don't be Unattractive

First they look at your appearance. This is the one and only qualifier that women will use, the great filter, the most important. If there's anything to take from this post it's the realisation that Tinder all but confirms to us that you will not be getting any quality pussy whatsoever if you are unattractive. If you have game but are unattractive you will fail often. If you try to pick up girls and you are unattractive you will fail often.

Women rate looks so highly that they are willing to discount literally everything else about the guy on the basis of it. When a woman insta swipes left without even looking at other pictures or reading the bio, it means that the guy was simply just too fugly for her to care enough to pursue. In order to win, you *must* work on your looks.

Ugly men are invisible

The red pill is the shocking realisation that women are just as shallow and solipsist as men are portrayed to be. Think to how often you have completely disregarded a girl as a sexual prospect without even thinking, based solely on the first glance you got at her. Women do this. All the time. At a much higher level. Tinder makes this easier for them.

Product Specifications?

If you're lucky enough to have passed the attraction test we go onto the next step. If you are a 9 or 10 then you've probably already been swiped, that's how easy it is. I'll repeat, if you are stunningly attractive you can have no other pictures and no bio and still be flooded with matches.

The next thing a girl will look out for is your Bio, and only really if you're toeing the line between "would only fuck him with beer goggles" and "I wouldn't be too ashamed to show him to my friends". A wall'o'text indicates beta behaviour and neckbearded bitchiness. Don't write your life story in your bio, it'll dry up every pair of panties that comes across you. Women look for stoicism. Stoicism is having a short bio.

Your bio should only include things about yourself that raises your SMV. Keep it short and simple, bullet points could even work. You are selling yourself to the market, and no one wants to read the product specifications in prose. Make the job for the lady an easy one, help her qualify you by not making her do work in order to figure out who you are. If you are tall, your height NEEDS to be the first thing on your bio. Next is your job and university/major only if they are impressive. Next is any sport or significantly important hobbies you are actually into. You want only masculine and important information on your bio. Eg.

| Chad

| 6'1

| UCLA/Economics/Soccer

That's it. Nothing more to it. Make the job for your potential match an easy one.

A word on jokes in the bio, you can try it and sometimes they will work, but I always think they come across as too try hard. A stoic alpha with abundance mentality doesn't try and impress online

women with jokes. He lists his qualities on the app and waits to be chased.

Show them you are a cool guy that does shit

If your bio and initial pic is okay, she will look at your other pictures to try and find out what kind of person you are. The key here is to only post pictures that up your SMV and never ones that embarrass you. Here are a few of the best kinds to have as supporting pics.

1. Pictures with a pretty girl on your arm. (Preselection)
2. Pictures with a few friends on a group outing, only if your friends are attractive too. You don't want to be thought to hang around with losers. (Social Proof)
3. Funny picture with a celebrity. (Social Proof)
4. Picture of you with a dog.
5. Picture of you playing a sport.
6. Picture of you doing something rad (rock climbing, skating, painting, whatever.)
7. Picture of you working with kids.
8. You in your nice car. Not just your car, that's try hard.

Try to avoid posting multiple pictures that say the same thing, or pictures where she has to guess who you are. 5 pictures of you at a club with friends tells us that you have no real hobbies. If you are ugly use your picture with the highest social proof as your main.

You matched! Now what?

Simple, only after all those qualifiers will a girl then deem you worthy to speak to her. I say that because a woman will never message first, just like in real life your first shit test is having the balls to approach. Once the conversation has started she's testing to see if you have game. If you don't and start to flounder like a beta, she will drop you faster than a turd, even if you're supermodel attractive. Just like an interview, if a girl matches with you, you've already got the job. The conversation is required for them to make sure you're not crazy/a total beta.

T&A

All women need to do for their profile is post pictures of their body. Guys will qualify based solely on looks. The bio could be (and often is) empty. That's because women know this. They know how the SMP works. They know that they will be judged solely on their appearance. Why else would they all try and trick us into thinking they are more attractive?

Tinder is a very accurate condensed model for how real life dating works. The girls ignore the uglies first, then the losers, then the betas. They fuck the top 20% alphas in the hopes of getting commitment. They use sex as a bargaining chip to get what they want. All women know this, most employ it. Sex is not something women get, men get sex. Sex is something women *give*... in order to get what they want.

If you can't tell whether they're fat or not, they're fat. If you don't know which one she is in the group, she's the ugly one. Pretty girls don't hide themselves. They flaunt.

Show me your wares

Tinder allows both parties to come to the electronic trading table and offer their products simply and straightforward. The girl comes to the table with her body (money), the only thing the guy wants and all she needs to offer. She proves she's kept it in good shape. After that it's her turn to choose whether she wants to buy.

The guy presents his items and it is the girls job to qualify whether he brings enough to match the perceived value of her pussy. There is no haggling or negotiation. If she deems him worthy, he still has to prove himself now in his actions; but it's highly likely that they will take place in the transaction of sex for commitment.

Branch Grabber 2000

Lastly I want to touch on one more reason why I think Tinder is a dating app for women.

Women cheat. They branch swing from man to man, often never staying single for too long or at all. They use cheating to get out of dead relationships. However, cheating can be hard, especially if your SO knows your normal schedule. It would be suspicious if Shirley Suckscock suddenly started going out on the town every other night, but if Shirley downloads Tinder and finds Chad cock to bounce on her boyfriend is none the wiser.

Branch swinging becomes much easier if you have an anonymous app that can connect you with all the single high SMV males in your city.

Lessons Learned

- Women do not like casual sex, they like casual sex with hot guys
- Women who use tinder are no sluttier than those who don't, they are just lazier
- Women use tinder to try and find high SMV guys and rope them into a relationships
- Your tangible qualities are all a woman cares about.
- You are selling yourself, make it easy for the buyer with a simple product listing
- Social proof and preselection is enough to raise your SMV a significant amount
- Women commodify their own sex. They trade it for the potential of a relationship.
- Tinder allows for no negotiation before matching. You cannot negotiate attraction.

Analysis Paralysis

22 upvotes | June 15, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

“No man has the right to be an amateur in the matter of physical training. It is a shame for a man to grow old without seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable.”

Socrates

This post is intended for Beginners.

Summary: TRP has been full recently with lots of great (and not so great) fitness posts. One of the core tenets of our philosophy is LIFTING. Every man must lift. Every man must push his body to become the strongest and most powerful it can be.

I'm sure you don't need me to tell you just how much of a difference lifting will make to your life. You've heard it all before, you've seen the progress pics and read the stories. Lifting will make you more confident, lifting will make you taller, the attention you get from girls will literally baffle you. Once you've had a taste at what good health and fitness can offer you, what completely owning and mastering every part of your body feels like, you'll never want to go back. In fact you will be SO ANGRY with yourself for not having started sooner. If you want to be a successful man, you must succeed in mastering your body.

You must lift. We all know this. If it wasn't so great we wouldn't be pushing you to do it so hard.

So to all you newbies out there. Why haven't you started yet? Why are you reading yet another lifting post?

Stop reading, start lifting

Yes I know there are plenty of you who have sat here and read the sidebar and subscribed to gain it and bought a gym membership and new fucking gym clothes, but still haven't stepped foot in the temple of iron.

We always get a boost in subscribers after the yearly "the red pill will kill you inside" post, and I guarantee that for many of them it will click. And they will read and will read and their mind will be blown and everything will fall into place. That's what women are like. Oh, so that's why the ex did that. This totally explains this one time. I'm a piece of shit. Women are all horrible. I'm a fat tub of lard who hasn't made anything of his life. I need to LIFT.

And so the fat tub of lard finds a fitness subreddit or looks up a few things online. One guy says he should do SS, another recommends SL5X5, while yet another swears by 5/3/1. Some say he should do 3 days a week, some 5, some say start with accessory exercises, some say wait at least a year. Alan Thrall says to squat like this, but some guy with the best progress pics I've ever seen says he did it this way. What variation of row should I be doing? What if everyone laughs at me at the gym?

The frustrated yet motivated newbie keeps reading and planning and making timetables and schemes and custom-programs that he forgets to do the actual thing that matters. Start.

I've made a meal and exercise plan!

This is the basis of analysis paralysis. We all get it, and it's not exclusive to lifting. It's a form of procrastination that you've probably used when planning out your revision timetable and never actually followed through with it. It's the massive amount of data and differing opinions from multiple sources that can confuse and trap a beginner into thinking the activity is much more complex and inaccessible than it actually is.

All of you newbies have probably been super motivated to start lifting, and there have been multiple posts on the front page recently pointing you in different directions. You probably have a host of personal factors that you are using to excuse away your procrastination (There's no gym near me, I can't afford it, I don't think I'm strong enough yet).

Stop fucking about and get to the gym. Find a program, stick to it for 3+ months, and don't falter. Don't switch programs, don't add random extra exercises or switching out lifts. Don't mess around with your training days. Don't make excuses to skip training.

Discipline > Motivation

Your muscle will be built with discipline and consistency. Motivation can get the ball rolling but it won't hold you up forever. You will have to lift on days you have no motivation. You will have to lift on days where lifting is the thing you want to do least in the world. You will learn to hate specific exercises and you will do them anyway. Only the men disciplined enough to grit their teeth through the pain when motivation has long abandoned them are the ones who you see on top of the world.

So start lifting. Find one good program, stick to it. Honestly, it doesn't really fucking matter about the specifics. If you are lifting heavy things up and putting them back down again you will see progress. If you are fuelling your body properly and giving it all the parts it needs to build more of you, you will see progress. It doesn't matter if it's 3 x 5 or 5 x 5, it doesn't matter if you squat 2 or 3 times a week. It doesn't matter if you run on rest days or if you don't. As long as you are lifting heavy things up and putting them back down again, you will get stronger. And you sure as hell are doing a better job with your time than just sitting there *thinking* about how you're going to lift.

Find one good source for form and follow it. I used the Alan Thrall videos. Go to the gym and make a dick of yourself for the first few weeks. Be embarrassed and self conscious all you want, you'll soon learn no one gives a shit anyway. Start with just the bar and perfect your form, swallow your pride, lower your voice and ask the dudebros to teach you how to deadlift properly. Side eye the guy OHPing double your body weight and note how he does it. Save up some fucking money and pay for a one hour personal training session to check your form when the weight actually starts getting real. And it will get real. If you do this properly, your noob gains will amaze you.

Except...

But to be honest, none of this actually matters, it won't, because I can guarantee you, your diet is shit. You can work out all you want but if you keep eating the shit you are now you will see slow progress and be sore and tired all the fucking time. Diet is 80%, abs are built in the kitchen, bla bla bla. We say all this because IT'S TRUE. Don't even think about stepping foot in a gym until you are certain you can actually fuel your body first.

You need to learn to cook. And you must fucking avoid analysis paralysis with your cuisine too. Stop looking up recipes and fitness meals, stop trying to get too fancy and stop worrying about it too hard.

All you need to do is learn to feed yourself properly, the fancy stuff can come later. Find a simple recipe and try it out. Fuck it up, try it again and get it right. Learn to cook chilli. Fuck it up a few times. Fuck it up less times. Get good at chilli. Move onto your next dish (mine was bolognese), fuck it up but eat it anyway because protein. Get 3 or 4 staple meals under your belt that you can cook with your eyes closed. Get good at making breakfast and eating leftovers. Learn to hate your staple meals but eat them anyway because you need the gains. Cook your master chilli for all your friends and get laid because you've demonstrated some fucking value by having actual attractive hobbies and skills.

Learn to eat breakfast. You need to pile in as many fucking calories as possible at the beginning of the day. I'm not going to tell you what your bulking breakfast should be like. Experiment with different shit until you find one that you can eat 5 days a week no problem. Mine consists of pitta bread, butter, a fuck tonne of scrambled eggs, ham, spring onions cucumber and tomatoes, a fucktonne of pastries and yogurt, wheatabix, jam, fruit, chocolate, juice, water and a protein shake. You can get 1600-1800 calories in one fucking meal and you will get so good at eating it it will feel like nothing to you. It is possible.

On weekends I make myself a fry up. Heart attack on a plate.

Only a child relies on others to be fed

Learning to cook is one of the most important things you can do as a human being. Not being able to chop up some veg and feed yourself is fucking atrocious, and it pains me to see how pathetic my peers are when it comes to their diets.

I do not believe it is possible to succeed at lifting if you do not have control of your diet. I do not believe you can have control of your diet without knowing how to cook for yourself. I do not think you can call yourself a functioning human being if you cannot cook an edible meal from scratch. We as humans have had to have had this skill for centuries, in fact our ancestors had to grow the crops and raise and butcher the meat themselves,. Count yourself lucky you can buy fresh produce and slabs of good meat at the supermarket, you are living in a time of abundance and prosperity. Learn to cook.

Now fucking go.

So you've read your wall of text Mr AFC. Congrats. You're still in the midst of analysis paralysis. You haven't got up yet to go to the gym. You're waiting to be told what to do. And in fact, it's probably not a bad idea for someone to actually tell you what to do. The most important thing really is to get you started, it doesn't matter how. Only once you've struggled through the first few months will you start picking it up and soon you will get the hang. You will enjoy cooking, you will look forward to hitting the gym every fucking day, you will get your 8 hours sleep each night religiously. But in order to achieve all that, you need to fucking get started don't you. Here, I'll give you the first few steps:

Diet:

- Find your TDEE. There are calculators online.

- If you are a fat tub of lard, your new goal is to eat 500 calories less than your TDEE. If you are skinny shit, eat 500 more.
- Download the myfitnesspall app on the smartphone I know you have.
- Log everything.
- Log EVERYTHING.
- You will religiously log everything until you start remembering the calories of the foods you eat the most off by heart. Do not falter. Do not skip days.
- As a skinny shit you will be amazed by just how small your daily caloric number is. You'll think "but I ate so much"! No. You ate like a child. You will soon start realising just how much food you need to eat in order to get swole.
- As a fat tub of lard you will be shocked when you realise just how much full of shit your diet has been. And how much you fucking eat. The very act of having to keep logging your food into the app will remind you that you are eating too fucking much.
- You will falter. Some days you will hit your targets, some days you will miss them completely. Do not beat yourself up about it. DO NOT give up just because you fucked up a few days. We've all done it, in fact we all still do it. Every time you have a shitty food day, reset the next day and get back on the fucking horse.

Find a recipe online and perfect it. Then do another.

Lifting

- Stronglifts 5X5
- Follow the program religiously.
- Lift 3 times a week with rest days in between
- Use youtube videos or subreddits to learn form
- You won't know what you're doing the first few times and will look stupid
- It's natural. You'll get over it.
- Your form will be bad the first few weeks, that's why you MUST start with light weight. Just the bar. Don't try to be a big man and load up weight on the bar the first few times so you don't look pathetic in front of the guys who have been doing it for years. Those guys will judge you more for biting off more than you can chew than they will seeing your skinny ass actually start with a safe, light weight. Everyone at the gym either started out too thin or too fat, they've all been there.
- Once you start getting the hang of it, develop some frame and ask the bigger guys around you to critique your form (if they look open to it, like if you're sharing a rack, don't just bother random dudes).
- You will soon develop mad respect for these guys when you realise just how much work and discipline they put into achieving their bodies. Hollywood makes getting swole look easy. No, it will take you years and years of pain and sweat and you will still not feel big enough. No one accidentally Arnolds.
- Once the weight on the bar starts getting heavy, pay for a personal trainer to check your form. Don't let them try and make you a program or give you exercises. Be firm, "I want to do these

exercises safely, can you show me the proper way."

- Don't tell anyone you've started lifting. Don't brag to friends and family. You will notice when they notice. Telling people of your self improvement plans actually releases the same dopamine rush to your brain as if actually having fulfilled those plans. It makes you less likely to actually do it.
- Even though we tell you not to skip days, you will skip days. In fact you may skip weeks or months. Every time you fall off the horse, you must get back on again. Every single time. A man is made through the pain of failure and defeat. You will hate yourself every time you skip the gym, use that anger to fuel your next workout
- Fat tubs of lard. Run on your rest days. In fact you should all do it. Running occasionally won't fuck your gains, and having healthy lungs and good stamina is fucking important. Run for 20 mins, next time run for 25, then 30. Or, run for 20 mins at 9.5kph on the tread, then next time at 10. Whatever you do, just run, and make sure your run is harder every single time. Swimming is just as good. The more you run the more you'll start enjoying it, the more you enjoy it the more invested you'll get in finding good running programs and aims.
- Skinny shits. Fix your posture. Be always fucking aware of it. There is no quick hack to this, the more you lift, and the more you consciously correct your posture every time you catch yourself slouching, the better your back will get, the more confident you'll feel, and you may even grow an inch or two. I definitely did.
- Yes you can curl on your rest days. We all want big arms quick. We don't blame you for it. Run for 20 mins then do some curls and chin ups. Those will get you the biceps the ladies want. Just don't tire yourself the fuck out, your main compound lifts (SL5X5) are more important. They must always take priority. If you find you can't lift because you're not getting enough rest on rest days, then stop running and curling and actually rest.
- I started incorporating a short bodyweight/plank routine in my rest days after my runs. I would run, plank and curl. The running was to clean out my smokers lungs, the planks for the 6 pack abs, and the curls for the biceps. You don't need to actually do this, what I'm getting at is that you should keep your Stronglift days consistent, do all of your "you" stuff, in the spaces between. Any specific area you want to work on, do it in your off days, but don't hit it too hard and always remember that your compound lifts come first.
- Use your squat and your chin up to gauge your progress. I found that at my peak I was able to add one extra chin up to my record every single time I hit the gym. Try and make that your aim, or something similar.
- You need objective goals. Find a REALISTIC weight aim and set a date you want to achieve that weight by. Mine is 80kg by December 2016. Your main lifts should have goals too. My first objectives were: Squat 1 x My Bodyweight, Bench 1 x My Bodyweight, Deadlift 1.5 x My Bodyweight. If you are a beginner, those should be yours too.
- **DO NOT OVERWORK YOURSELF.** 5 days a week is enough, 3 lifting, 2 lighter exercises. Give yourself at least 2 days a week where you do absolutely no exercises bar stretching out your aching muscles. They need the rest, and so will you.
- **8 HOURS SLEEP MINIMUM** No exceptions. Cut down on your time jacking off and scrolling reddit and use that time instead to sleep. Every moment you are awake wasting time in

the evening you should be chanting "I could be using this time to build muscle, and I'm not. I will never again complain about slow progress, for it is all my fault.". Muscle only builds while you sleep. Give your body some incubation time. Your bedtime is earlier now. Don't complain. You made this decision when you decided you didn't want to be an unattractive piece of shit anymore. Skip the late night DOTA stream and get some fucking shuteye. 10PM-6AM is my ritual. Big breakfast then straight to gym. Eating and sleeping are the two things you will do the most in your life, in fact, EVERY DAY, for the rest of your life. You'd be stupid not to get good at them.

There we go, I've given you diet instructions, I've given you eating tips.. I've given you a training program, I've told you what you can and can't do. I've given you specific goals and aims. I've explained accessories and when you should do them. Now start. Most of you will fail and give up. Start again when you do that. It doesn't matter how many times you've started from scratch, do it again. I can't even count how often I've had to swallow my pride and put just the bar back on my shoulders. Those of you who make it through and stay consistent the next 3 months, you will quickly learn to take your own route. You will stop following my advice and start your own training, some of you will thank me for finally getting you started, some of you will call me an idiot who didn't know what he was talking about and gave bad advice. That may or may not be true, but it won't matter, because I got you to start lifting regardless. That's all the aim is here.

If you're a beginner and still don't know where to start, get off your ass and go embarrass yourself a few times until you know how to lift. If you REALLY don't know where to get started, follow my program, your hand can be held for the first few months; after that you'll learn enough to go it out on your own. Lifting will change your life. Having the strength and power to look like an actual masculine male will do wonders for you frame and will change your outlook guaranteed. You might not believe us now, but it's likely you just don't understand through lack of experience. When you get straight up approached by a girl for the first time in your life, or a big ass motherfucker gets out of your way when walking down the street. That's when you'll understand.

Lessons Learned:

- Planning and analysing will result in you never starting
- Lifting is super fucking simple and not the complex art you think it is
- You cannot call yourself a functioning human being if you cant feed yourself properly
- It doesn't matter HOW you start, as long as you do

TL:DR: Stop reading posts about lifting and actually go do it

Now, I will no longer waste my gift.

436 upvotes | June 27, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Summary: Your life is a fucking gift, and you are wasting it.

There are few things I and traditional religious people can see eye to eye on. One is the control and subjugation of women's sexual strategy. It's required for a society to function correctly. I didn't fully believe this until I realised that EVERY successful society in history has been patriarchal. The civilizations where men were in charge and women were controlled were the ONLY ones that survived. They all ended up like this. It's not a coincidence. Its natural selection on a societal scale. Never again will I doubt.

The second thing I agree with them on is that life is a gift. It is an extended holiday in the world that you should not waste. God hasn't given me this gift, my parents have, they have given me roughly 70 or so years to experience the wonders of the planet, enjoy myself fully, learn the mysteries of the universe, shape and mold the world and enrich the lives of the people around me.

And I realised a while back. **I've been wasting this fucking gift.**

- If I went on vacation to an exotic island or a great city or beautiful rainforest I would kick myself had I spent the entire time lying in bed all day playing video games and masturbating.
- If I went to tibet or japan or the amazon rainforest and didn't take the opportunity to learn from the masters and monks the ways of discipline and spirituality I would fucking hate myself for wasting that opportunity
- If I studied at cambridge university and didn't dedicate myself to getting the best possible education and meeting and connecting with some of the smartest people in the world I would smack myself multiple times for not taking advantage of the gift I have been given.

And I realized. Life is the same. I had all these fucking opportunities offered to me, yet I spent the majority of my teenage years playing video games and watching anime. I went to a school full of great people and beautiful teenage girls and instead of working on myself and my friendships and slaying pussy I was a depressed loser who laid in bed all day blaming the world for my problems.

It's disgusting. I've been given a gift and for the longest time I have not appreciated it. TRP was a great smack in the face that made me realise, I'm wasting my fucking life. I'm throwing the gift back in the face of the giver.

And even worse, I have even more gifts that I've been wasting. I'm lucky enough that I was born with tall genes. It makes my life significantly easier. I know there are many many guys out there who would kill to have my height, who would make the absolute most with the benefits it gives them. I haven't. I've been a hunchback skinny fuck afraid to talk to girls even when it's obvious the girls were into me *just because I was the tallest guy in the room.*

- I was born with thick hair that probably won't recede. Another gift that I wasted by letting it be ugly and greasy and not taking care of it. If I was a balding guy I would have smacked the shit

out of teenage me.

- My teeth grew in straight and my family instilled the importance of dental hygiene from an early age. While I may not have pearly whites, I have a presentable mouth.
- I was born with the capacity to learn and be intelligent. Science and mathematics came naturally to me. Instead I flunked a year of high school and a year of one of the best colleges in the world. Guys out there who are grinding through community college trying to get an entry level job who developed good study skills would smack me across the face for wasting the natural intelligence my parents so kindly passed down to me.
- I was born a white male in an english speaking country. That's the best fucking gift of all. How many fucking people across the world would have killed to have been born and raised a white man with decent education in a world leading country. I'm not a starving Ethiopian, I'm not a poverty stricken discriminated against black guy, I'm not a chinese sweatshop worker with no chance whatsoever of climbing the social ladder. And I'm not, (thank god), a woman.

I lost a friend recently. I was trying to give him girl advice. I was trying to teach him RP truths. Treat them like your little sister, don't accept their bullshit, don't be afraid to just drop a girl who's playing you about bla bla bla. He stopped me mid sentence and pointed something out. I'm a tall attractive white male, he's a short indian guy. I had ridiculous privilege with girls that he couldn't even comprehend. The game was different. I've been playing on easy mode, he's been playing insane difficulty, and sick of my lecturing him on shit that just won't work the same. Only recently have I realised the privileges I've been given, which I really didn't fully notice before.

And yes, while I might have been dealt one of the best hands, I don't have it all. I was born into lower class poverty, I had no father, my face is aysmmetrical, I have a non-english unpronounceable name girls are allergic to. Regardless, I still have a good hand even though I don't have the best cards, and I can still win my round. So even if you are short or ugly or unqualified, try to find the cards you can play well, and regardless, playing your shit hand to the best of your ability is vastly better than just straight up folding. Folding is for fucking losers.

I'm a 6'2 white male with an education, a job, and presentable face. And I've been fucking wasting it. My body has the capacity to be huge and strong and pick people up and crush things and for years I've been a weedy shit.

- My supermarket has aisles and aisles of fresh produce shipped from across the world and I used to live off ready meals and takeout.
- My library is full of the books and scratchings of people who are vastly more intelligent and accomplished than I am and I spent my formative years playing call of duty and watching cartoons.
- My schools have been full of gorgeous and intelligent teenage hardbodies and I was too much of a pussy to even talk to them.

I was a peasant, a prole, a worker ant. I was to wake up, work and die depressed and lonely and having made nothing of myself. I was given a gift and was on the track to waste all of it.

Not anymore. I refuse to live and die a prole. If I'm going to be living this life I would rather live it at 100% and die young and powerful than to live a long but unhappy obedient peasant existence. How can I lay on my deathbed and realise that I wasted my life? I refuse to.

- Now I lift. Now I'm on my way to the kind of body that other men are jealous of.
- Now my skin is clear and taken care of. My hair is cut and styled.
- Now I spend my days cooking, studying or reading. Video games and masturbation are special occasions.
- Now I have a well paying job that I get extreme satisfaction from doing. I get back home exhausted but fulfilled every single day. I collapse into bed knowing that I have made a difference in other's lives.
- Now my mind is calmer, I am no longer depressed, I hold frame, I don't get wildly emotional. I meditate, my mind is clearer than it has ever been. Now I see the world for what it is. I've accepted that one day I will die.
- Now I have an absolutely beautiful LTR with an N-count of 0 before me. She cooks, she cleans, she's submissive and smart and fucks like a pornstar. And she understands RP, she understands AWALT and accepts she's not exempt. She knows RP truths, she accepts them. She accepts them so fully that she understands the need for me to have plates. I have a gorgeous teenage HB10 that allows me to fuck other plates on the side.

No, I can't believe it either. No, I'm not bullshitting you. I sometimes have to step back and process just how crazy/great my life has become. All over the course of 3 years.

And yes, honestly, it's TRP that has helped me push through it all and improve (and psychedelics but that's for a different post). I've been inconsistent, I've broken frame, I've skipped gym days, skipped gym months, I've fallen off the horse multiple times. Every single time I've pushed myself to get back on it and my life has slowly but surely improved. Improvement is incremental, I never internalised it until now. I didn't do this all in a couple of months, it's been two steps forward one step back the whole time. And I'm still going.

The 18 year old weaboo me would have never believed the man I'd become 3 years later.

The 18 year old me was wasting his fucking gift. I refuse to.

I will not be a prole, I will die a great man.

Lessons Learned:

- Life is a gift, do not waste it
- It is better to be powerful and bright and burn out then to be a prole your whole life
- Every single second you are getting closer to your death, stop wasting time
- Any hand can be a winning hand if you play it well.

Using Psychedelics for Personal Development.

455 upvotes | June 28, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Summary: TRP's resident junky here to give you a low down on how *I* used psychedelic drugs for emotional development and life progression. I've had way too many requests from people to type this up, so this is really for those that are interested. The post is long, I know. Many will be too intimidated to read the wall of text. I wanted to get it all out at once. Multiple posts would be disjointed and I didn't want to spam the sub. If you can push through it well done to you. This isn't a joke post, this isn't just a deadbeat druggo trying to push his lifestyle on you, this is an information post. A life field report. Take from it what you will. I owe my entire life to psychedelics and TRP. These were the two things that woke me up to the world. I want to share how.

When Gavrilo Princip shot Archduke Franz Ferdinand on the streets of Sarajevo it set off a chain of events that led directly to the first world war. The dominoes had been in line for a couple of years all over Europe and that assassination was the finger that tipped them over. One by one each domino fell until the world was a different place, ravaged by war, border lines redrawn, a new era for the world. And WWII, entirely impossible without the events of WWI. WWI needed to happen to set the stage for the second, even more destructive world war; and when we came out of that, the world was drastically more different. Drastically.

In the summer after my first failed year at university my girlfriend and I went on an impromptu trip to Amsterdam. I'd just discovered weed at college, and I took to it like catnip. We got a hotel, we smoked some bud and ate some edibles, got high off our faces and wandered museums. Then on one of the last days I stumbled into a smartshop and we bought two 10g packs of psilocybin truffles each. My gf pussed out when she saw and smelled what we had to eat, and to be fair to her, they were disgusting. I told her I was wary of having my first trip while she was there sober, so I told her to go to Vondelpark for a few hours or something. She left me in the hotel room with a bottle of water, a bed and my phone.

8 hours later I came out of that hotel room a different person. The dominoes in my life had been stacked for a long long time, and that trip was the push that led me into a world of self discovery and emotional growth. I call it my Princip trip.

I've found that growing up isn't really that gradual. Now others may have different experiences but I've realised that you don't really grow up every day, it's not like you earn maturity points every day you wake up. No, I realise that growing up, or developing emotionally, is something that happens *in stages*. You jump from one level to the next, you do not slowly climb. My adult development has come in a series of big leaps triggered by major life events. Only after these life events have I come out the other side and realised I'm a different person to the man I was before. It's like I'm on a platform, and every so often, I climb onto the next. I look down on the platform I was before and laugh or cringe at how stupid or immature I was.

I often see others on the lower stages I was on before, and having lived in those stages myself, I understand and don't hate or blame them for their immaturity or stupidity. I see a kid spending all his

time playing video games or pedestalizing women and I don't blame him, I was at that stage once in my life. I've left that platform now, and I'm on the next.

And often I see people in stages of emotional development that are vastly higher than mine. Some of my role models, some celebrities, some of the posters on here. It reminds me that I haven't "finished" yet, that there are still levels to climb onto, and that one day I will look back at my current level of development and laugh and cringe at myself.

My life has been defined in before and afters. Events so important to me that they have made a lasting impact and taught me huge things about myself and the world. The knowledge all comes in one go and it comes in thick, it can be psychologically painful or freeing. The Epiphanies and eureka's all come in at once, and they seem so fucking obvious in hindsight. You collect dominoes throughout your life and set them up, it's the big life events and the subsequent quiet meditative moments to yourself where you process and digest it all.

It's those nights that you spend awake in bed wondering what the fuck you're doing with your life. It's those plane journeys staring out the window contemplating your existence. It's those evenings sitting next to an amsterdam canal with a joint and a psilocybin comedown listening to Lorde and realising you've been a fucking embarrassing idiot for the majority of your life.

I'm going to list some of the life events that caused "jumps" in my consciousnesses, where I ascended to a higher level of "me". You can call each and every one of these events "waking up", because that's what they essentially are.

- Realising I was a sentient being. This must have happened sometime in my early childhood. Such a big jump that I can't even remember anything before it.
- Reading the Harry Potter books from start to finish. 9 year old me came out of these stories utterly changed and different and more mature and emotionally available. They were the first "real" books I'd read and they smashed open the world of literature for me to appreciate. Required fucking reading for any child.
- Rejecting God at an early age, and questioning the sanity of the adults who pushed it on me. I was 11, how could these adults around me cling to this? Are my parents really that stupid?
- Questioning authority and getting unjustly punished for it. The first time I realised that life was not fair, I was freed. I started seeing the world for how it actually was, not how I was told it was.
- The first time I left the country, and discovering how big the world is
- The death of my father
- Performing for others on stage and absolutely embarrassing myself.
- Losing my virginity
- Getting beat the shit out of and lying in bed regretting my fucking arrogance
- My first job.
- That first fucked up relationship every guy has at least once in his life, where he comes out of it a different person and with a new outlook on life. For some of us, this happens multiple times.
- Travelling by myself for the first time

- Moving to college
 - Reading Machiavelli
 - Psilocybin
 - TRP
-

Now, of course I've got to have a disclaimer. I'm just a kid who messed around with psychedelics in college. I will be honest about my drug use and explain, chronologically the benefits they've given me, and the times they've fucked me up. My experiences will not be your experiences if you decide to try them. I am no authority on drugs. I do not have all the information. I do not want PMs with drug questions, I won't be able to answer them. There are countless places online where you can learn about other's trips and various drugs. Erowid is a good place to start. I'm only going to be talking about my experiences.

Weed

"I sit back with this pack of Zig Zags and this bag Of this weed it gives me the shit needed to be The most meanest MC on this - on this Earth"

Weed is a trap. Take that from a stoner. I understand fully now why the government, or my parents, are so against it. I do not want my child smoking weed at an early age. Only when he is mature enough to control it.

I didn't have the capability to control my THC intake. I loved it. It sedated me. I did it all the time. It shut up the fuzz of depression in my brain. It chilled me the fuck out. It allowed me to talk to people without stressing out about the interaction.

It made me so fucking creative. Bud made me daydream in ways that I hadn't since I was a kid. I couldn't write or compose while high, but I sure as hell had the most creative, best fucking ideas of my life while blazed. I would jot down notes or lyrics, or even hum melodies into my phone recorder to listen to later and make into a song. I would be astounded by just how... *good*... the shit I would come up with would be. I would write stories and while they were still shit, they were vastly better than anything I could have come up with sober.

But then I stopped using it for creative purposes. I started waking and baking, and smoking after every meal, and before bed, and after sex, and after a shit. I'd smoke all the fucking time. I became broke, groggy and fucking lazy.

It spiraled me into a deep depression. I spent all day just laying in bed on reddit, having a toke, maybe playing a video game or two. I did not study, I didn't partake in my hobbies or follow my dreams, I just blazed all day. Weed was my only hobby. I went to amsterdam so I could smoke better weed than the shit I could get.

Weed causing depression is an odd thing. I've learnt that drugs changing you isn't some kind of outside affliction, like a disease. No, they just set off the train of thoughts that lead into the eventual epiphany or depressed state. I could have achieved this myself sober, the drugs just sped up the thinking, made me reach the goal quicker.

Weed didn't make me depressed, weed made me lay in bed all day. Weed made me not eat because I couldn't be bothered to cook. Weed made me broke because I spent all my money on weed. Weed made me skip class or the gym because I was too high.

Skipping class and the gym, not eating, being broke, not getting out of bed, not seeing my friends, not showering and playing video games all the time. These things made me depressed. And while I could have done all these things without marijuana, it was the bud that put the pieces in place for me to fall into it. The bud made me depressed, I smoke bud to drown out the depressed thoughts. You can see how the cycle perpetuates.

I pulled myself out, and you'll see how. I still smoke weed, I've learnt to control it. I've learnt how to make the most of it now. I follow one simple rule with my weed intake:

Never smoke on your own.

I realised that if I was to sit on my balcony with a six pack and drink them all and then collapse into bed, and do this every night, and drink in the morning too; I'd be a fucking alcoholic. People go to meetings for this shit. I was no different. My first step was *admitting* that I had a problem with weed.

The next step was to stop masturbating with marijuana. I stopped smoking on my own, only with friends, only at parties, only after fucking some broad if she was down too. It changed everything, it gave me complete control, it allowed me to channel the high into something creative or social.

I have made SO many friends, good friends, lifelong friends, best friends through marijuana. All the stoners just kind of glue together, and I'm glad. Some of them are fucking losers, some of them are finding their way in life like me. I am glad weed has given me the chance to meet them. I owe weed everything, even if it did fuck me up for the longest time. Weed was my gateway drug, it led me to other drugs, and they changed my life in other ways.

Oh, and it makes you eat fucking loads. For a skinny shit on a bulk, it was a godsend. That's if I could be bothered to cook.

Weed was the first drug that took me from one stage of my life to another. I came out it different. I came out of it realising my body and mind were capable of so much more. I wanted to find out how far.

Psilocybin

There's only one way to describe a mushroom trip, or any trip for that matter, ineffable.

I would do it no justice trying to explain it in words. Those who have tripped before will understand exactly what I mean. Language just isn't capable of expressing the feelings and thoughts you have while tripping, but I'll give it my best shot.

I took 10g of truffles in a hotel room in amsterdam. I waited and waited, nothing. Nothing happened for a while. I'd follow the instructions on the packet, I had an empty stomach, I had two packs of trip stoppers in case I was to have a bad time. Nothing happened for a while.

And then I felt the tingles, and then I realised I'd been standing in the middle of the room doing nothing for half an hour. I was coming up and I was about to experience something I was unable to comprehend. I'd taken 10g of my truffles, the overconfident idiot in me decided to take my girlfriends dose as well. I wouldn't recommend starting your first psychedelic experience on a dose made for experienced users. It might fuck you up. I was fine, in fact I think I came out better than had I done a lower dose. But i'm not sure others will be the same. Regardless, a deep, dark, fucked up trip was

exactly what I needed.

The room had started to warp, hallucinations had begun. You realise very quickly on your first trip that while the warping and twisting and colour of hallucinations is astounding and beautiful, you know it's just your eyes basically malfunctioning. I had complete control over the hallucinations, I just needed to focus my eyes and they went. Or I could lay back and let them go wild and deep. It was very very fun. Then I stopped looking at the walls and lamps and flowers and started thinking. And oh boy.

I understood everything. It was like my mind had gone from 30mph to 100. I was still me, I still had self awareness, I still had my memories and my thoughts and my philosophies, they were just amplified.

I could think about anything and understand it, just straight up make complete sense of it with no trouble. I looked up my old math exam paper that I flunked in high school. I spent two hours doing it, I was rusty, but i'd never enjoyed myself so much.

I looked back on my life, the way I've been acting, the things I thought. I processed it all. My relationships, my family, my school, my friends. One by one I picked at all these things, analysed them, deconstructed them, filed them away.

Only years later during one of my first CBT sessions did I realise that I'd CBT'd myself under psilocybin. That 8 hour trip was better for my emotional wellbeing than months of psychotherapy.

I cried and cried. I sent my mother a message telling her I loved her. When my girlfriend came back I looked at her in wonder. I'd never fully appreciated her until that trip. I'd never fully appreciated just how beautiful and supportive she was. I remember thinking that day, I am captain of the ship, she is my first mate. She is my sous chef. I want to hold her hand and take us both on a journey. I was confirmed in my thoughts by TRP later on, and I now I understand why I thought that way.

Coming down from your first trip is probably one of the saddest things you can experience. It's painful yet melancholy. You don't want the trip to end, in fact, you wish you could operate on that level of consciousness for the rest of your life. You learn to accept it and let it go. It's very akin to the end of a relationship, a breakup. The insecure child inside wants everything to remain the same, but you know that everything has to end eventually. You wake up in the morning with a hangover and a slight afterglow. You wonder through the Van Gogh museum and are fucking astounded. Honest to god, I never truly appreciated or even understood art until I'd had a good dose of Psilocybin. Now I like to think I do, now I can look at a painting and draw something from it. Before I couldn't, but holy shit were the galleries in Amsterdam absolutely beautiful on the afterglow of my first mushroom trip. For the second time in my adult life (and not counting being kicked in the balls) I cried.

I came home, staring at the clouds through the plane window, and realised my life was going to be different from there on out. Everything was quiet, people seemed more relateable, there was much less stress, more understanding. I'd moved onto the next level of maturity, it all happened at once, in the space of 8 hours. The mushrooms had kicked it off. The dominoes had fallen. I was a different person, but still me.

Not so bad

One thing that the shrooms trip taught me was that while it was intense and deep and magical, it didn't fuck me up like everyone said it would. I'd had this idea of drugs instilled into me that they can

make you go crazy, that people who do drugs always turn out worse at the end, that drugs are SUPER SUPER powerful and it's a big deal to even be around them.

Nah, shrooms made me realise just how tame and "disappointing" drugs are. Well they're not disappointing, but they're definitely don't live up to the ridiculous paranoia projected on us about them. They're just really fucking cool. Plus, I'd just survived 20 grams of psilocybin truffles for my first time, if that didn't fry me into a potato, than I doubted anything less would.

MDMA

I do not snort MDMA up my nose. In fact I refuse to do any drug that needs to be injected or snorted. I bought some Ecstasy pills on the darkweb. I used a VPN, I used tor, I encrypted all my messages. 10 100mg pills arrived, I'd read reviews of the seller on the website I bought from. It all checked out. I looked up the pills on erowid, they checked out too. I didn't buy a testing kit but I probably should have. They were MDMA though.

I took two pills, then another. Then the rest. What a fucking idiot. I would not recommend doing 1 gram of MDMA for your first time. If you do trip you'll realise that you feel invincible and on top of the world, that you can handle anything. And to be honest, you can. 1 gram was okay, and the way that MDMA works means that I wasn't exactly tripping equal to 1 gram. The more you take, the less effect each subsequent pill has. Your brain can only produce so much dopamine.

MDMA made me forgive myself. I forgave myself for being depressed. I forgave myself for wasting my life. I forgave myself for not following my dreams. I forgave my failures.

I forgave my mother for not being mentally stable, I forgave my dad for dying. I forgave my girlfriend for not being the perfect pedestalized unrealistic unicorn I was expecting her to be. I forgave women for behaving in solipsistic ways I for some reason expected them not to. I forgave them for being just as "shallow" as we are. I forgave the betas and the white knights, while I can't save them, I hope they can save themselves.

MDMA was the kick up my ass that told me to do something with my life. It made me feel like anything is possible if I work at it (which is true), it made me stop stressing about past mistakes and fuckups, it made me stop blaming the world for my troubles, it reminded me that life was unfair, something that I'd forgotten for a while. It removed all sense of entitlement I had.

MDMA gave me empathy in ways I couldn't believe possible. Everyone is lost and just trying to find their way. Everyone. It makes you realise everyone is just as insecure and fucked up as you are. It made me realise that my anxiety and insecurity is just an evolutionary programming that helped my ancestors survive. I wouldn't be rid of it, I will carry it for the rest of my life. I should stop trying to fight it, or cure myself, I accepted that anxiety is an inherent part of me, and everyone.

I stopped blaming and judging people for stupid shit. I started to understand that good people do bad things because they are hurt or in pain or just don't understand. I stopped losing my temper at people, I stopped being impatient with tourists on the street. I stopped taking it personally when I was slighted.

I don't really understand how people can go clubbing on MDMA. It makes me want to just lie down and contemplate existence. I also get pretty bad turbulence; those 30 minutes or so of rolling around sweaty and your stomach turning that you wish you hadn't take the drug. That's normal. These pills aren't made by GlaxoSmithKlein, it's just some dude in his basement. They won't be pressed

perfectly, you'll be hit by it all at once. Ride out the anxiety and worry and sweatyness, it's over before you know it.

I still have the trip stoppers from Amsterdam. I've never needed to use them. I've never had a bad trip. Bad trips don't exist for me. If you're in a shit mood and take drugs, you'll have a shit time. Who knew. Plan your trips well, have some food, some water, and a day of recovery afterwards. You'll get hungover because you're dehydrated and your serotonin levels are shot, that's normal. Drink lots of water before bed, take a multivitamin and 5-HTP when you can. These things help.

I CBT myself with MDMA all the time. All the fucking time. It tells me to calm the fuck down and get on with my life. It's not a big deal. Everything is chill.

MDMA taught me stoicism better than any book or trip post ever has. It made me shut the fuck up and observe.

And the first time I did MDMA with my girlfriend? Wow. You'll never be closer to another person. All your problems are resolved. You just talk it out, complete straight talk, no dancing about. I can imagine MDMA has fixed a lot of relationships, and ended a few too, those that needed to end. It just makes you behave so.... logically. It's the perfect couples therapy. Take it with your LTR if you're having problems.

And the sex, wow, the sex.

One thing I do have to say is, if you're gonna drop Molly, lock your phone away and every form of communication you have with people. I messaged everyone I wronged in my life on my first MDMA trip and apologised, I tried to connect with old friends and scared a few away. You will be a sappy bastard and people will not understand, and you will wake up in the morning and cringe.

LSD

This is my drug of choice. This is the one I've done more than any other. LSD is very akin to a shrooms trip, just "milder", less deep, fucks with you less, and much more bright and colourful. If I had to compare them in terms of music, I'd say my mushroom trips are Radiohead, my LSD trips are Gorillaz. Both smart, both deep and dark and complex, but one more playful and colourful and funky. And that's what LSD gives me. The funk. It's this weird kind of groove that I carry with me. This IDGAF attitude that will stick with you even after the trip has ended.

LSD makes me MAD. It allows me to be pissed off with people who are no good to me, toxic friends, stupid colleagues. It allows me to be more assertive and not a fucking doormat.

It makes me pissed off at myself. I look at myself on Lucy and I say "damn son, you haven't lifted in like a week, you skinny shit. You've been eating crap, you didn't talk to that girl cos you're a weak faggot, why is that book half read, why are you so behind in your studies?".

LSD is akin to the older brother or the dad or the TRP poster who's shouting at you to stop being such a wet rag. It makes me get up and lift, it makes me cook, it makes me read. It's the best brain bleach you can have. Cleans all the fucking shit away from your brain. It shuts up that inner monkey child inside of you, in fact it beats the shit out of it.

And it teaches you IDGAF in ways you wouldn't believe. The only 10s I've ever cold approached and picked up have been while on acid. And it was fucking easy. Fucking easy. Don't believe me? Try it. You straight up don't give a fuck. It makes me dark triad to the core. It makes me Machiavellian. It makes me super fucking productive and driven, it tells me to follow my dreams and complete my

mission or GTFO.

LSD cured my addiction to weed. Once again, it wasn't some magic drug that stopped me smoking. No, it just gave me the tools and thought processes to follow a line that eventually led to me dropping the dependency. I've had friends who said it's done wonders in helping them quit cigs.

LSD is where I learned and developed my frame. LSD is where I finally figured out amused mastery. I went on my vacation, I discovered shit while out there, and I brought it back with me. LSD is like a study room, or a TRP page, I sit there, I learn, I epiphanise, and when I'm back in the real world I put it all into practice. And it works.

LSD has made me *powerful*. Powerful in every aspect of life. It amplified the intensity of how much I want things. It encourages goal seeking behavior. I feel stronger, I feel smarter, I feel like my life is in control, I understand everything, I feel like I can shape myself in any way I want.

I'm not lying when I said I developed frame under acid. My eyes are stern now, I speak less, I observe more. I don't bother giving advice or trying to save people. I don't let myself be affected by other people's shit. Amused mastery is absolutely natural to me now.

And whenever I slip frame, or I can see myself breaking down; I take another good dose of acid, and every single time without fail it pumps me back into the groove of my life and sets me back on the right track.

There was a phase during a hard time in my life where every sunday I would take the train up to the countryside with a bag of weed and a few tabs, lie in a field or a forest and just trip. Every sunday I would allow myself this break, this little getaway from the world, and it would do wonders. The rest of the week would be perfect and productive. I did this every sunday. I needed the rest. It was my church. It was a time for me to connect with myself, to process my thoughts and sort out my life, to plan ahead.

Now I don't need that, my life is better, meditation helps, I have more control. But if ever things start falling to shit again, I'm going to start going back to church. There's nothing better than tripping somewhere beautiful by yourself. Try it. One thing I've yet to do is look at the milky way while on acid, too much light pollution where I live. That's one of my life goals.

I started having some really deep trips. I was taking 400, 500, 600 ug at a time. I would lay in bed for hours and think. Just think. I would sometimes forget how to breath, and have to do it manually. I wouldn't feel my face, I would touch it and it would feel like my hand was going directly though my head. I would sometimes go blind for a few minutes. I would close my eyes and dream awake, have full fucking dreams while awake. I would experience insanity for hours. It was ridiculous. I never want to get that deep again. It wasn't good for me, but I'm glad those trips happened.

During exam season I would microdose on acid. I've tried Ritalin, I've tried Adderall. They have nothing on this shit. Acid is my drug, it's propelled me through life and into the next stage of maturity multiple times, although I think now I've exhausted it's powers. I've learnt all that can be learnt, and now I just use it as brain bleach, a reset button, or for church.

DMT

Never again.

Maybe ayahuasca one day with a trained shaman and a good, safe environment.

Otherwise, never again.

I cannot fucking believe my body was capable of that. I cannot process it. Not even now. I was an idiot to even try.

I don't even really want to talk about it. All I know is that I shouldn't go back to that place again.

EDIT: to avoid more people thinking I'm trying to paint this drug in a bad light. I'm not. I'm just terrified by it still. I wasn't ready for DMT. I didn't have a bad experience, I didn't have a good experience. I just wasn't ready. It was mind shattering. It felt like dying and being born at the same time. The "beings" I met basically told me to fuck off out their world. Some people have had great experiences, I'm not sure what to define it as. I've never understood true terror until DMT. I felt the icy cold horror chill you feel when something startles you from behind. Like a huge catlike predator was hunting me the whole time. For 20 minutes. At the same time it felt like I was at the centre of a giant star/womb, burning hot and protecting. Never have I understood Orwell's doublethink until DMT. Never have I understood yin yang until DMT. It was subsequently the best and worst thing I've ever done at the same time. I don't understand how I could feel such polar feelings at once. I could even feel the different sides of my brain working independently. Or maybe that was projection. I don't know. I can't remember a lot of it. I repressed it. I came to on the floor drooling and having shit myself out of fear. I wasn't ready. If I am to try it again, I'd do it with a professional or someone experienced

Vacations

I don't do drugs that often anymore. I think I've learnt all that can be taught, drawn out as much as possible from them. It's something that has to be rare. It's called a "trip" for a reason. It's a holiday, a vacation. It's something you do to clean yourself and get away from your world. I'm sure many of you have come back from a vacation utterly changed and refreshed and ready to tackle life again, that's how it feels after all of my trips.

And vacations, you don't take them every week, or even every month. If you decided to holiday every weekend, or every day; you will soon find you have no control of your life and are so busy enjoying yourself on your "trips" that you don't do anything productive or work on your mission.

I treat my drugs like vacations, I take long breaks between trips, and I trip only when I think I need it. When I need the reset button. That's what psychedelics are too me, Psilocybin, MDMA, LSD. Every single time I do them I feel like my brain has been washed. Like I've hit a reset button. Like I've cleaned away all the brain sickness and shitty depressed or bluepill thoughts.

As I go through my life I collect all these bad thoughts and hurt and pain and anxiety. They collect like dirt in the pure glass of water that is my mind. Meditating is like letting the glass sit and the dirt collect, then skimming it off. A psychedelic trip is like emptying out the glass and refilling it with fresh water.

I refill every so often, sometimes just for fun. Sometimes when the glass gets really fucking dirty. But If i keep refilling a clean glass, it may be fun, but it is not productive, it won't give me any benefits. It is better for me to wait between my trips and live a productive life, using the trips only as vacations.

Psychedelics "ascended" me onto the next level of maturity, each in their different ways. I did each drug multiple times, sometimes mixing them, they didn't "ascend" me anymore after a while. The

jump had already been made, and it wasn't going to work again. I was already on the next platform. It wasn't a hack that would make me grow up every time I used them. Now they're just a cleaning tool. And just like how WWII was impossible without the events of WWI, I could not jump to each level of realisation until I'd made the previous jump to the step before that. Weed gave me the jump that paved the way for shrooms. Psilocybin gave me a HUGE jump, then MDMA, then LSD, multiple times.

I don't know what I need in order to jump to the next level. No one does until they see it in hindsight. TRP was a big fucking jump for me, and so were psychedelics. Now I continue work on myself and my mission. The next jump will come eventually, no need to rush it.

Lessons Learned

Well really, I'm not trying to teach you any lessons, but you can draw what conclusions you need from this post. Yesterday I posted a rant on how TRP has helped change my life, but I owe a lot, A LOT, to psychedelics too. That's what this post is for. Maybe the lessons is that drugs can be useful if used correctly. The conspiracy theorist in me wants to believe they're restricted because governments are afraid of people figuring shit out and getting smart with them. I know I did. Whatever the reason, I honestly think that everyone in the world should have at least one psychedelic trip if they want an enriched life. Even just MDMA. You won't know how they change you until you try.

Q4BP: If TRP is incorrect, why are there so many success stories?

7 upvotes | July 6, 2016 | /r/PurplePillDebate | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Going off from the most recent post. A lot of people buy into theredpill, now you may excuse that away by saying that a lot of people are just wrong. Sure.

How then can you explain the countless success stories we get from pillers who have changed their lives around? We get many of them a day, they come in thick and they come in consistent.

And I know that many of you will say we're all liars. I refuse to believe that. There are just way too many success stories for them all to be elaborate lies. Yes there are some people who are sad and get their rocks off to making up fantasies on the Internet.

But that's not all of us. Some, in fact, a LOT of us have vastly improved our lives and relationships directly because of the teachings from TRP. Our lives are vastly better and this only happened after we swallowed the pill.

Before the pill we were shit, after the pill we are happy(er). What other factor could there have been that changed our lives so drastically?

I don't think for one bit our sub is full of people just talking about theory and making shit up they haven't experienced. I think the field reports are real. I think the success stories are real.

And even if 50% of the stories are fake, or 60, or 70, that doesn't change the fact that for the rest of those men TRP has given them perfectly real or tangible results. And that's still a lot of men. And those success stories, the vast number of them, MUST confirm that the tools used to achieve those successes are valid.

I laugh when bloopers tell me I'm completely wrong and following a fucked up doctrine. I laugh because I know they are 100% wrong. I know that because my own success story is 100% real. I would not be where I am now had it now been for the redpill. I would not be healthy physically or emotionally if it weren't for the redpill. I would not have a great relationship or the soundness of mind to pursue my goals of it weren't for the redpill.

So when someone says "no the redpill is wrong, it won't help you". I laugh. I know they're wrong. My own life is evidence to the contrary. The lives of all the successful pillers are further evidence.

You might say that it's all just confirmation bias. Maybe my life changed anyway and I'm just projecting the success to TRP. Bullshit. TRP is such a drastic awakening for most men that it will change your life so powerfully that there is no way anything else smaller could have done so. The pill is the big moment for these men, it changes their entire world philosophy. Rewires their brain. It is highly unlikely their success came from other smaller factors. Or even if they did, it was TRP that was the first initial event that sent them on a path of improving their lives.

You might pull out the classic "TRP is full of good advice attached to bad ideas". Once again bullshit. The pill isn't just a self improvement sub with a side helping of misogyny. We don't have "acceptable" advice and "bad" advice. All our advice is straight up redpill pill truth. Where you draw the line between "good advice" and "sexism" is entirely up to you and where you get offended. For bloopers that is very soon. For us, nowhere, we accept we're sexist by your terms.

Our "bad advice" has helped us in our success too. I know it certainly did for me. It's not like I picked

and chose the good bits and "bad" bits and improved because I only got the good parts of TRP. No, I accepted and internalised ALL of TRP and my life improved as a result. Even the "bad bits". Even treating women like teenagers, AWALT, etc etc all the bits you find reprehensible. Those helped me just as much as the bluepill "acceptable" parts of the philosophy.

So, for you bloopers, explain away my success with some hamstering. explain away the success of others on the sub. It *can't* have been due to redpill teachings, not at all. What could t have been then?

They will look at you weird. (On IOIs)

673 upvotes | August 15, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

This post may be obvious to some, but it'll be useful for some newbies on their journey. I sure wish someone had mentioned something like this to me a while back.

I got hot, but didn't realize it for a long time.

It takes a while to get hot. It won't happen overnight. It will come in stages. If you're lifting (like you should be), you won't really notice the change in your body, as you're constantly scrutinizing yourself in the mirror. You'll always be forever small.

However, friends and family will. One day someone you haven't seen in a while will come up to you and say something like "wow you've really changed!" or "you lost a lot of weight dude well done" or "damn your arms got huge have you been working out?". You'll be genuinely surprised; you won't have noticed the drastic changes because you'll be so focused on the increments.

And girls will treat you better. I guarantee you. Women might "accidentally" touch you more, they will look at you different, they may hug you when greeting when they've never done that before.

While working out presents incremental changes; fixing your style or haircut will be a drastic change that people are sure to notice straight away. Some may even make fun of you for it at first. Don't stress too much about it; a lot of people are weirded out and uncomfortable with drastic change. They have this mental image in their heads that they've assigned to you, a caricature per se, and when you break through that image and present yourself as something different, their reality is flipped on it's head and they may be a bit befuddled at first. That's normal, they quickly acclimatize again and get used to the new you. It happens quicker than you think. Don't stress too much about it.

But the real clincher is the looks you get from women. They check you out. All the time. All the hot guys on this sub know what I mean. If you don't know what I mean, it's because you haven't reached that stage of attractive yet. I'm going to explain what happened to me:

Even though I've been lifting for at least a year now, I'm still pretty slim. The combination of doing a strength program over hypertrophy, being tall, not eating enough consistently and having an albatross wingspan means my skinny arms and weak chest really give away how beta I used to be. I can still be bigger, and that's the plan.

However, I fixed my posture. I started dressing for my age (Don't just dress well. Dress for your age). I got a decent haircut and I take care of my hair properly. I got some shades that suit the shape of my face. I started shaving every day. I wear cologne.

One day I was commuting to school and I noticed a woman was giving me a weird look. When I saw her looking at me she snapped away. I was confused. Was there something on my face. Did I have a booger? Did I just look weird?

Being beta and self conscious I went to the bathrooms before my lecture to make sure there wasn't anything in my teeth or whatever.

On the way back, some teenage girls kept glancing at me. One turned around to look and I caught her. Her friends laughed.

I went home that day dejected, were those girls making fun of me because I looked stupid?

The next day I was sitting on the train and some HB7 looks at me. Then looks away. Then looks again. She was staring me down angrily. I remember thinking "what's this bitches problem".

Another did the same thing, fixed her hair when I met eyes with her. I looked away quickly. "Damn, can't have her thinking that I'm stare-raping her".

This kept happening, for a long time. I seriously went at least a few months wondering why all these women were looking at me weird on my commute to and from school. Why did they keep staring at me? Maybe I just had a fucked up face. Maybe I dressed weird? Smelt weird? Gave off a weird vibe? I was so used to being that weird nerd kid that I assumed every time someone looked at me they were making fun of me.

And then one day I had a pretty obvious eye opener. A very effeminate camp man stared me down on the tube. He wasn't even shy about it. When I looked at him again, he smiled.

"Why did he smile?". I realized he was the first man I'd found who was looking at me with those weird "scared" eyes that all the girls were giving me. I thought I was scaring those girls cos I looked, acted or smelt weird.

But no other men were staring me down on the train. I couldn't remember a single time a man looked at me weird on the tube like the way the women were. If I looked, acted or smelt weird, surely I'd be getting death stares from all genders?

And bam, that's when I realised. Maybe they're checking me out.

The "imposter syndrome" post recently got me to write this up, because really, that's what I was feeling. I couldn't for the life of me notice that I was being checked out, because I never considered myself hot. I never even realized that I'd GOT hot; but of course it had to happen eventually. I was actively working on improving my appearance after all. I just never really internalized that at one stage I actually would reach "attractive". Eventually I was going to get to a stage where random strangers on the street were going to check me out. I just hadn't realized I'd hit that stage.

And from there all the previous encounters with women on the train made sense to me. They were all checking me out.

"No way", I thought. "There's no way they can be that blatant".

And then I started looking out for it. They do it ALL the time. On the train, at the library, at the coffeeshop. Women check me out CONSTANTLY now. I couldn't believe it. I've never had this much attention from random women before in my life. I've never been validated so much by strangers. Is this what it's like to be a pretty girl?

Once I started noticing it, I learnt to look out for it, and now I notice it more. On every commute I take there will be at least 3 or 4 women who give me the eye. They look at me, look away, and then look at me again. This is an IOI.

If they touch or fix their clothes or hair straight after seeing you, it means they want your dick. Almost certainly. A woman who notices an attractive guy will almost straight away groom herself to ensure she's looking at her prettiest. If you see a girl across the bar/cafe or whatever fix her hair after looking at you, you have been given a free pass to approach. I have never been had a rejected approach after hitting on a girl who fixed her hair after staring me down.

I know it's a sure thing because I realized I did it to. If I saw a hot girl I'd fix my hair quick while she

wasn't looking. Women are the same.

I read in a comment on here a while back that if you catch eyes with a girl, don't be the first to look away. It's true. If you look away first it signals how beta you are. In almost all cases the girl will look away first. Some snap straight away. If she stares you down and you end up playing chicken it means you've got a feisty one.

If she looks away and then looks back at you and your eyes are still firmly locked on her, she will melt. It's a sure technique to framing yourself as alpha before you even open your mouth. You know what you want and you're looking at it, you won't look away because you're scared of her. She'll notice you checking her out and her panties will wet.

So, for those guys out there that are getting stared down; you're getting IOIs. If a girl you're checking out sees you and fixes her hair or clothes. You're getting IOIs. If she looks at you, looks away and then looks back at you, you're getting IOIs.

And no matter how you hamster it away to your beta self, it's because she thinks you're hot. You might not think so, you might still see an ugly nerd in the mirror, but the women who are checking you out don't. Don't let imposter syndrome stop you from approaching girls that are very obviously sending you cues; you're wasting opportunities. Use these obvious cues to break through approach anxiety; these girls are basically begging you to talk to them.

Or you could just have something on your face.

Lessons Learned

- You will become attractive before you yourself realize you've done so
- If women are staring at you in public places, you're being checked out. Even if you don't think so.
- If you're being checked out, it's because you're hot. Even if you don't think so.
- Women who groom themselves after seeing you are sending IOIs
- Never be the first to look away when you look eyes with a girl
- If she's constantly looking at you don't waste the opportunity and go fucking talk to her

It's Hip to be Square.

198 upvotes | August 19, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

In my last post I mentioned "Dressing for your Age" and I've had a few people ask me about it. I'm going to expand on that point a bit further, this post is going to be about "fitting in", dressing and acting like everyone else, and getting laid because of it. As usual, because I love talking about myself, here's some backstory.

Phase 1:

My beta days were full of anti-conformity. Everyone else was a stupid, mindless sheep; they were consumers who liked dumb music and spent too much money on clothes and had the same haircuts. I however, had a far superior taste in music. I didn't waste my money on mere garments, spent my time on far more intellectual pursuits like Video Gaming and old movies, and my hair was long and luscious because fuck gender norms, I was sticking it to the man. I wore band t-shirts and ripped jeans.

Guess how much attention from girls I got.

I'm sure you don't need me to answer that.

Phase 2:

When I finally had the shocking realization that I needed to be attractive in order to get laid, or even for a girl to like me enough to want to date me, I started lifting, and looking into mens fashion.

You don't need me to tell you how stupidly important lifting is. You'll hear it from everyone on here all the time. You will not believe just how much it changes your life and the way people see you until you do it. Women are *programmed* to get wet for big muscles. You know how when you see a nice big, round, pair of tits you just can't help but look and get slightly turned on even if the girl has a fucked up face/flat ass? That's what women are like with thick arms and abs. They like to tell us that it doesn't matter; but it does. Significantly. My girlfriend has never fucked me as hard as when I started to develop some real strength; and she's told me before that she doesn't care if I get swole. Well she likes to say that but she does care, it turns her on more whatever she says to me.

Now I was a stupid faggot at the time, and "lifting" to me meant looking up starting strength, squatting, benching and giving up with everything else because it was too hard or I couldn't do it properly. I also ran every session "to warm up", ate like an ethiopian, and skipped gym days constantly because I was "too sore and needed to give my muscles some time to recover".

I eventually stopped being a pussy and figured out how to lift properly, and what with the calloused hands and protein farts I'm finally on my way to getting swole, even though in my eyes I'll be forever small. But that's not what this post is about.

After lifting, my next step was to cut my hair. The difference it fucking makes. I fucked it up the first few times, I didn't know what to tell the barber and I got some cuts that broadcast "bootcamp trainee". A couple of years later and I've figured out what to tell the barber, and while I always look stupid the week after a fresh cut, when my hair grows in my face finally looks masculine. I guarantee all the guys with long or medium long hair out there, it is highly likely you look better with a smart,

clean cut. Get your hair cut every month or 6 weeks, don't wait for it to get long and feminine and stupid. While YOU think it might look cool and rad, the girls you're trying to lay have a different opinion on what a cool guy should look like, and overwhelmingly, masculine guys have short cuts. You can only really pull off long hair if you have the style to go with it. Guys who have found their style know who they are, if you're trying to go for the rocker look or exotic foreigner good on you, but really look at yourself and rationally decide if you're actually pulling it off or if you just look like you're playing a character. Once again, the vast majority of you guys most likely look way more attractive if you looked *normal*.

Phase 3

Next step was clothes. I went on MFA. What a fucking mistake.

I bought OCBs and chinos, Clark's Desert Boots and Sperry Topsiders, and a watch. I dressed the way they told me to, and went to parties that way.

Stuck out like a sore thumb. I was 19 years old at events with other university students and I looked like I should have been at a yacht club. I looked like a teenager in his dad's clothes. Not only did I not suit the fashions of the demographic I was in, the clothes looked stupid on my tall skinny frame too.

Dressing for your age and demographic is important. You *NEED* to fit in where you're being social. If you're trying to pull hot girls, you need to appeal to what hot girls find appealing; that means dressing in the latest fashions for the current group you're in. A "bad bitch" teenage girl who wears chokers and LBDs and snapbacks and posts on instagram is not gonna find a guy who looks like he came out of the 1940s attractive. She's gonna do the guy in the sweatpants and Jordans.

On the flipside, if you're a 30 year old dude who frequents bars and business events and has a bit more bulk on you, go ahead and wear the rolled up oxford shirts and boat shoes. Not only will it suit you, you'll be displaying massive value to the people around you. If you still wear sweatpants and the latest sneakers and baseball caps you'll look like an overgrown child.

Dress for your age. Always.

Phase 4

So after spending at least a year looking like a WW2 child evacuee, I became a "badman". Weed and rap music made me pick up sweatpants, nikes and hats. I started wearing t-shirts that suited my frame, hoodies that made my shoulders look bigger, sweats that added bulk to my legs, and snapbacks because they were in style.

And my pussy-meter shot through the roof. Like I mentioned in my last post, I was getting checked out and getting IOIs everywhere I went; from girls that were attractive and my age. That wasn't happening before.

And people started treating me different from the get go. People treat you SO MUCH BETTER when you are dressed well. It's like they have this stereotype of how you're gonna act just from the way you dress, and if you dress alpha, they will think you are.

Of course whenever I opened my mouth the beta came out instantly. I had a lot more to work on, and that was inner game. Only TRP and multiple fuckups/rejections beat it into me; but I'd like to think I got there eventually. BPer's have this idea that our advice is straightforward: "dress well and talk to

more girls is not new advice" they say. What they don't seem to realise is that dressing well and talking to more girls means nothing if you don't have game to pull it off. Without having frame, actual self confidence (not projected) and the knowledge of how women act and what they like, you can be as pretty and well dressed as you want, you won't get laid.

Phase 5

So I dressed like a badman, lifted, didn't have a girl haircut and eventually figured out how to talk to girls. That's when I found out I had nothing to talk to them about.

I picked up on some of the popular music. A lot of it was shit. Honestly, it was garbage. Coming from Radiohead and Mark Ronson and Kasabian I didn't understand just how people could get into it. Then I found Drake and Futures's album, which I loved and couldn't understand why, it was so unlike me at the time. Then I found RTJ and fell hard. Then I realised Lana Del Ray and Grimes and Lorde have some fucking great albums. British grime was a genre that I never understood and then suddenly "got", and it was and still is very popular. I understand why, it's legitimately great.

Branching out with my music taste meant not only could I enjoy parties and clubs much more because I genuinely liked the music, I also had things I could relate to people with, "cool" people. I made "cool" friends with the popular kids, I started talking to the popular girls (who are the hot girls lets be honest), and I became one of the popular kids. Now that I was doing "popular" things and dressing like "popular people", I was fucking the popular girls and making friends with all the Chads. And the Chads aren't bad people. The Chads are actually some pretty swell guys, they just aren't beta. Everyone hates the Jocks until you get in on the Jock group and become a Jock; then you realise the Jocks are cool people.

Your aim is to become a Jock. Then you can fuck all the cheerleaders. Dress normal, act normal. It's not so bad.

Lessons Learned:

- Lift, cut your hair.
- Dressing for your age is important, don't look up fashions online, look at what the people who are "cool" and getting pussy around you are wearing.
- Women are super conformative, and so the 9s and 10s are almost always going to be in the in-crowd. You need to conform to the in-crowd if you want that pussy.
- Liking the stuff other people like gives you a huge advantage over the genre-purists. Branch out, it's good for you.
- Dressing and looking good doesn't mean anything if you don't have the game to back it up.

EDIT: Also thanks to the guy who gave me gold on my last post, I appreciate the sentiment, but please no one else. Don't give Reddit any money they are bluepill cucks.

EDIT2: Bunch of salty betas in the comments think "dress fashionably and cut your hair" makes you societies bitch. No you neckbeards, dressing in a way that maximises your chances of attracting the opposite sex if that is your goal is not radical or beta advice; calm down. You "conform" when you lift in order to get muscles so women want to fuck you, don't front like that's not the only reason you're doing it, well you also gotta conform by wearing the right clothes for those muscles. Calm

your tits and stop stressing about whether your actions are "bluepill" or "redpill" and start focusing on what achieves success and what doesn't. "Be yourself and don't conform" is such special snowflake bluepill advice I'm starting to wonder how long some of y'all have been here. Stop stressing about categories and go get some poon ffs

EDIT3: I'm special so I don't need to work on my style

[Discussion] Has a RPer ever actually harmed someone because of his beliefs?

7 upvotes | August 24, 2016 | /r/PurplePillDebate | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

For the sake of this argument I'm going to exclude kids who have just found the redpill and use it as an excuse to be mad at the female gender. If you've done your reading you'll know that after the anger phase comes the acceptance phase where a redpill man accepts that AWALT, he won't be able to do anything about it or fix the world, and that he just has to use his newfound knowledge to help him get sexual and emotional success.

Now I want to challenge the notion from BPer that the misogyny and sexism rampant on the TRP leads to manipulation, emotional and sexual abuse.

Let's accept for this thread that redpill men ARE sexist and hate women. I firmly don't believe this but I don't want this thread to dissolve into an argument about whether TRP is misogynistic or not. Let's pretend we are and that we hate women and see them as inferior to men.

Now let's look at the actions of a redpill man who hates women:

- He stays away from women with promiscuous pasts. A person has every right to not want to sleep with or date any other person for any reason they desire. A redpill man chooses not to marry or date promiscuous women as that lifestyle is at odds with his worldview.

Has he hurt anyone by making this decision? No.

- If he does sleep with carousel riding women, he makes it clear from the beginning that he is not committing to her or looking for anything serious. He does not lie to her, he does not manipulate her, he sets his boundaries and he sticks to them.

The man sets his boundaries and he makes his intentions clear from the beginning; a woman who is hurt or offended or emotionally damaged by a man she thinks is "using" her has no excuse to complain, when from the start the man has been nothing but open and honest with his intentions. Many redpill men make it clear to their plates that they are seeing other girls at the same time, what a girl chooses to do with that information is her own prerogative, if she stays with him then any emotional pain or hurt she feels at his actions are self inflicted. She has every right and chance to leave whenever she wants. No one is keeping her there.

Have his actions directly hurt or discriminated against anyone? No.

- A redpill man tries to maintain an abundance of women he is seeing so that if any one woman starts to test his boundaries and cross the lines that he has drawn, he can quickly and precisely exit the relationship before it becomes messy and abusive and replace the woman with one that is more willing to play the game by how he would like it played.

He is not forcing any of these women to operate by these rules, rather he says "these are my terms for our encounters, take it or leave it".

Has he hurt or discriminated against anyone doing this? No. The women can leave as they please, and the man is open about how the relationship will be from the start.

- A redpill man is acutely aware of how the law is against him and how he is disadvantaged in any he-said she-said scenario.

Terpers are paranoid about false rape claims. A terper understands to stay away from women who can cause such trouble, to make sure every sex act they share is consensual and documented if possible, and to ensure that the mental and emotional wellbeing of the women he sleeps with are maintained so that she does not turn on him. A redpiller has frequent sex with many different girls, and he has the tools to not get angry or bitter when he is denied sex, and not get aggressive or forceful with girls who don't put out.

As we like to say in our sub, if she is playing games or making you wait, next.

There is a strawman created by bloopers who think that we get angry and violent when we're denied sex. That is wrong. If we are told no, we next the girl. That is how it is supposed to be done. Any man who calls himself redpill yet still gets salty or flies into a fit of rage when he is rejected is quickly mocked and ridiculed by the rest of the sub.

- A man who has just discovered the redpill has realised that his relationship is emotionally abusive and that his LTR doesn't respect him or his wishes and sees him as disposable and easy to control. The man tries to take the reigns of the relationship back so that they are on more equal footing by drawing boundaries and reminding his GF that he has options outside of the relationship and they aren't as steadfast as she might have thought.

He does not cheat on her, he does not force her into anything. He just draws new boundaries. Often this does not work because they are too far gone, so he leaves the relationship entirely. He is looking out for his own emotional wellbeing above hers.

In all of these scenarios, if we accept that the man is a misogynist and hates women, where do his actions show this? Who has he hurt? Who has he discriminated against? While internally he may think of her as lesser or as a child etc etc, where do his actions directly harm the woman or emotionally abuse her?

If anything a redpill man treats women with more respect, with more tact, with more understanding than the average frustrated beta. He does not get angry at women for being women, he does not mull over rejections, he sets his boundaries and sticks to them, he is open and honest about his relationships with the women he is seeing, he strengthens the ties with his girlfriend or leaves abusive relationships.

Where does he hurt, discriminate against, or oppress? What actions do redpill men take that actively harm the people around them?

Are redpill men really emotionally abusive, or have we been so conditioned by the "women are wonderful effect" that any man who draws boundaries and looks out for himself at the expense of the women he encounters is labelled emotionally abusive?

If a man is a misogynist on the inside but has never harmed a woman with his actions, should we still shame and demonise him for it?

[FR] Pre-selection triple combo.

185 upvotes | October 7, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I'll try and make this a short one. This all happened yesterday. Highlights the absolute power of pre-selection and how it can be one of the most potent tools you can use.

I opened a girl sitting next to me in a lecture a few days ago. She wasn't hot, but her friend was. We chatted for a bit, traded numbers after the lecture, and for the past few days if we see each other while waiting to enter the lecture hall we'll chat and sit together, her friend often joining us. Her friend is friendly but distant towards me, we'll exchange pleasantries but nothing concrete. Often the girls will just chat amongst themselves and gossip anyway, ignoring me.

Yesterday, I'm sitting in a double lecture bored, fiddling with my pen, looking around, across the other side of the room I spot a blonde who's falling asleep. Her head keeps bobbing forward and falling, startling her awake... and then she falls asleep again. I thought it was hilarious, laughed to myself like an idiot, the girls next to me looked at me weird. I recognise this blonde from before, I saw her with a group of her guy friends being quite bouncy and jokey earlier. She was hot, at least and 8, and from the demeanour I remember of her, potentially fun to be around.

Lecture continues but nears its end, we're set to have a 1 hour break and then return for the last lecture of the day. I've got nothing to do so I text a plate. She lives on campus, in the dorms 5 mins away from me. (I've mentioned her in FRs before) I'd often just text her during breaks and see if she's in, and then pay a quick fuck visit. She's always receptive, never says no, is always happy to see me. (Besides these visits I don't talk to her whatsoever, and I often leave long breaks between seeing her.)

My plate replies back that she is in. I text "I'm coming over". Start walking towards her dorms. In front of me is Sleepy Blond and her guy friends, I spend 2 or 3 minutes trying to come up with some kind of opener to talk to her/them without it coming across too forward or cheesy or tryhard. I always have trouble with this, I can never think of innocent openers.

I overhear their conversation, she tells them she's going home to nap before next lecture, they say bye and head off in another direction. She's on her own now, it's my chance to talk to her. I've learnt from countless approach failures to just bite the bullet and start talking to them straight away, the more you dwell on it the more the you think about it in your head, the quicker approach anxiety consumes you, and you end up pussyng out. You need to start the conversation before you can hamster yourself scared.

So I talk to her, "hey are you going towards (plates dorms)".

Her attitude instantly changes. She's cold from the get go. I know from her first creeped out look that she's not interested. I've seen this look countless times before. It's too late to back out now. She says "yes" and I try to maintain a strained conversation. One word answers from her, I'm nervous because of the shutdown so I'm talking too fast. She's got the demeanour of a girl who's used to being opened and shuts down guys often. I can tell she's not attracted to me from the way she's responding. Heck, this isn't my first rejection, I've got used to it by now, but we're walking in the same direction and I can't just bail out without it being awkward. I managed to get a genuine laugh out of her by telling her I saw her falling asleep, I asked her how she was finding the course etc etc. It felt like I was grilling her with questions but she really wasn't putting any effort into keeping the conversation going so I had to keep it up lest we just walk in awkward silence. She was sleepy because she was out partying

last night, she is on one of the sports teams so I know she's popular.

She asked me where I lived, I said, "at home, which is why I have to talk to strangers outside of class to make friends". I'm setting up plausible deniability here, trying to make it out like I wasn't hitting on her this whole time. She says, "why are you going to (dorms) then". "I'm meeting someone, I'm not just following you...." I say to her. This gets another laugh.

I need to tone it back and look un-invested in her if I'm to save face, so I interrupt her mid conversation and call my plate to come and get me from the dorm reception. After a few more minutes of strained, bored conversation. We get to reception and my plate is waiting for me. Sleepy Blonde sees Plate, Plate sees Sleepy Blonde. I say bye to Sleepy Blonde, hug the Plate and pick her up, watch Blonde watch us and she walks off. Plate is hotter than Blonde, objectively.

Plate starts grilling me on who the Blonde was while sucking my dick. I tell her it was "just a friend". As I'm leaving she keeps trying to get me to skip my lecture and go for round two, I leave anyway.

Get to the lecture and find Lecture girl and her friend waiting outside, chat with them for a bit, and wow look who bumps into us; if it isn't the Blonde girl from earlier! I chat to the blonde, pretend to forget her name, make the other two girls wait while I speak to her, asked her how her nap was etc etc. She's blushing and talking differently now she's noticed me with the other two girls. We walk into the lecture together and she sees her guy friends, she walks with me towards them as if I'm going to sit with her, but I say bye again and instead sit with my regulars.

Lecture girl and her friend are acting differently to me now. The friend is speaking to me as if we've been friends for a while. I sit between them rather than on the side of them as has been the norm for the past few days. These things aren't coincidental, the friend changed her positioning because she wanted to speak with me. We had a good chat, she laughed too hard at dumb jokes. I was sitting below Blondey so I couldn't see her during the lecture, but when I got up to leave she was looking at me.

All three girls changed their dynamic just from seeing me with another girl. I didn't even need to do anything different. Blonde did a complete 180; she may have not found me attractive earlier, but from seeing that other girls do her opinion of me changed. Attraction is based on what other people find attractive, and seeing me do well with another girl framed me as sexual and masculine in the eyes of each girl. My plate is acting differently to me now, lecture girl and friend are more open towards me, and the Blonde is now more receptive to my advances. I'm going to ignore her for a bit more before I try to open her again.

Lessons Learned:

- Pre-selection is king. You can shift a girls opinion of you entirely just by being with other attractive women,
- Don't wait to open a girl, you'll hamster yourself into paralysis. Just go for it within 3 seconds.
- Even a failed set can turn it's self around eventually. Her opinion of you can change just as quickly as her feelings do.
- Getting girls to compete for you will keep them invested in you. Plate fucked me eagerly after seeing the Blonde, Blonde "coincidentally" bumped into me later in the day.
- Some women won't see you as a sexual prospect until they see other women do.
- If she starts chasing, start running. She'll chase harder. Don't get too invested once she's into

you.

Switch off Autopilot

258 upvotes | October 24, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Summary: Another "uplifting" post aimed at the depressed loser and the mindful veteran alike. I attempt to frame "mindfulness" in my own words, and in a way that is easily understood by those finding it hard to comprehend how it is taught in it's current form.

I've been thinking about Christmas lately. The department stores around me have already brought out their Xmas merch, September turned to October, the sun sets while I'm still at work, and I've started waking up while it's still dark out.

There's an odd feeling waking up in the Autumn while it's quiet and black outside. It's the stillness... a silent morning where every sound is sharper and crisper, the shower feels harsher on your back, breakfast tastes better, the leather smell of the car seat, pungent yet familiar. The wind outside bites harder, you feel all these things much more acutely, your awareness is amplified in these mornings. Your mind wanders more freely; anxieties and stresses seem smaller, problems easier to manage, the world less foreboding, easily triumphed, your thoughts sharper, more logical.

It's during these mornings you have some of your best ideas, your eureka moments, your "that's so obvious" hindsight realisations, your showerthoughts. Those "clicks" where you finally overcome that one niggling doubt or worry much easier than you thought possible; where you tuck it away and accept it, where you see the world for the game it is, and your place in it.

These moments, they aren't confined to the cold winter mornings. They happen, sometimes often, sometimes with long breaks in between. These hyper-aware moments, where you "zoom-out" of your current frame and have a realisation of what's actually happening... where everything outside feels alien and different, where you feel like a stranger in a world you'd grown comfortable with.

They happen a lot on vacations. When you visit somewhere spectacular and marvellous, a culture that is shockingly different to your own, a landmark that is huge and breath-taking, a city that scares you with it's strangeness. I'm sure we've all had those moments staring at the waves on the beach of a foreign country, or the stars in the night sky in a different part of the world, contemplating life, laughing at insecurities and mistakes that up until just recently, had been huge worries back home. Everything seems smaller and manageable, things worry us less.

And they happen in crowds; for me, nightclubs, often. Drunk off my head or rolling on some psychoactive, watching all the people around me jumping up and down and going "holy shit". Suddenly aware of where I am, what's going on, how... *ridiculous* the situation is. At festivals with trance music and colourful people, outside a bar in a smoking area, deep bass and ringing ears, the sharp smell of tobacco.

Sometimes, on a packed train, squished between a group of commuters, suddenly grossly aware of the people around me, contemplative, almost sad.

Sometimes after finishing a book that took me by surprise, that shook my psyche in ways I didn't expect a stranger from a different time to be able to. Where you have to just stop and think, to process, hyper aware, yet calm.

And always, for me, at Christmas. The whole world around me changes. The colours are different, the songs are different, the streets and lights, brighter; people, more cheerful. It's like the whole *frame* of society shifts, and during the first few weeks before familiarity and monotony sets in, I feel odd...

strange, more aware. Being in that different frame without having time to adjust forces my body into an aware and contemplative state, and christmas time has that weird effect on me, and I'd bet it's the same for a lot of you guys too. It induces the thoughtful, more realistic, slightly more caring version me. The morning of the New Year does it too.... as does the comedown from a psychedelic.

I didn't type this all out for poetic writing practice, there is a reason for it. I want you to think to yourself about all the times you've felt this acute awareness, this sad contentedness, these memorable and important moments. If you're like the rest of us, these have happened at significant times of your life, and probably a lot more when you were a kid or teenager.

This is mindfulness.

I've read so much meditation and mindfulness literature, scoured through all the self help I could find, read all the TRP meditation posts, listened to many "experts; the idea of "mindfulness" never really made sense to me until it clicked one day. It was a word on a page that I kept reading, but never actually understood. I pretended like I knew what it meant, but in reality, I could never comprehend it the way everyone was intending for me to understand it until I'd framed it in my head in a sentence I could understand.

Mindfulness is switching off autopilot

I've been reading Mike Cernovich's "Gorilla Mindset"; in the book he tells the reader to use self-talk to try and be fully "in the moment". To be hyper aware of what he's doing. Using Headspace app to meditate, I've been told to tune out all other thoughts and focus on my breathing and my body. When lifting, I've been told by countless people to focus entirely on the feeling in my muscles and bones and complete the movement with perfect and almost performance level form.

And one day without realising it, I understood *why* I had to do all these things. I was doing them because I was being told to, but I didn't understand the reasoning behind it. I was completing the action, ticking the box, but not actually *doing* the action.

I was "talking to myself" in my head while walking, just like Cernovich told me to, and I had a hyper-aware "Christmas" moment. My body felt weird under my control, my walk felt strange and alien.

I was meditating, and had a hyper aware "christmas" moment. The room I was in felt utterly bizarre and unfamiliar. I'd induced a feeling I thought only came to me at significant times in my life.

I was squatting, and had a hyper aware "christmas" moment. I looked back through the mirror at the guys behind me and marvelled at just how ridiculous the whole situation was. Standing there in shorts, weight on my back, in a basement with other men sweating it out picking things up and putting them back down again and completely ignoring each other.

I'd induced all these moments. They hadn't occurred to me naturally like they used to. I used to *wait* for these moments to happen and then be pleasantly surprised by them; now I was in complete control.

You have to Manually Flip The Switch

The control is the ability to flip the autopilot switch. Autopilot is your worst enemy. Autopilot is the

state of being where you get up and go through your day exactly how you've been doing so since you could remember. It is "Default" you. It is getting up after snoozing the alarm a couple of times, the same lazy breakfast, the same commute, the same landmarks and people, the same fast food lunch, the same conversations, the same procrastination, the same exact time you jack off each day to the same porn, the same process of scrolling through reddit on your smartphone every night before falling asleep.

Autopilot is the default mode of every person. Every depressed person. Autopilot is the itch that keeps you addicted to that game or drug or stupid procrastinatory habit. The truly "woke" people are the ones who are able to switch off their autopilot. These are the "mindful" people. These people achieve this state of mindfulness in different ways. Some are temporary: go on a holiday and come back mindful for a few weeks only to slip back into monotony. Change house and be hyper-aware of your life for the first month, then back to old habits. New relationship, new dog, new season, new time of year.

You can be forced out of autopilot by the changing of your surroundings and situation. Christmas time does a good job of slipping the populace out of it's autopilot for a few weeks a year, vacations are expensive ways of forcing you out, drugs; quick and cheap. People are always looking for ways to freshen up their lives, to have those hyper aware "I feel alive" moments; what they're really looking for is that escape from the robotic programmed lives they live.

But these are all temporary, these will never last. They can't last because your autopilot state is your default, you're just switching it off for a few hours or weeks at a time, you will always resort back to it as long as your surroundings remain the same and you process them the same. It's why people always say that travelling is one of the best things you can do for your life. You cannot, by definition, be on autopilot while travelling through new places. It's why people have so much fun and enjoy themselves and come back changed.

Those people who say bullshit like "happiness comes from within" or "live in the moment". Those are people who have learnt to switch off their autopilot and *force* themselves into aware and content mindframes.

I used to think these kinds of phrases were bullshit and these people were just deluded child hippies. I used to think meditation was some weird mystic praying that people tricked themselves into doing. I never understood it. I understand it now.

| Meditation is the process of actively switching your autopilot off.

It's recommended you do it in the morning, you get up, make sure you get in the right frame so you don't just coast through the day; make sure you're aware of your surroundings and body, zoom out a bit, and hit the day running "like it's your last".

People who have had near death experiences, people who have fought illness and lived? These people who have brushed death, why are they so happy? It's because they have their auto-pilot permanently switched off.

When hippy-types or self help books tell you that "happiness comes from within", this is what they mean. You will never be happy while on daily autopilot. Autopilot is worker ant mode, autopilot is controllable and marketable, autopilot is depressed mode, autopilot is the narrator from Fight Club. You want to be happy? You switch off your autopilot.

But what does this actually mean?

It means being aware of what you are doing and who you are at every moment, it means completing every task and day with purpose. I know what I'm typing sounds like hippy shit, me a couple of months ago would have read this and wouldn't have understood, I know some of you guys won't, but I'll give you examples.

- Before, I used to brush my teeth. I'd put toothpaste on my brush, rinse my mouth, move the brush in my mouth at the same pace for roughly the same amount of time twice a day, and think about other things while doing it. This was autopilot.
- Now, I *brush* my teeth. I actually think about the purpose of brushing, I feel the bristles on my gums, I try to get every tooth. I focus entirely on the feeling in my mouth and getting my mouth clean and free from dirt or leftover food. I don't wonder to myself about anything else. I stop when my teeth feel clean, not when I feel like it's time-up.
- Before, I used to "study", I'd read the books, copy out some notes and "understand" the content. I'd then wonder why I'd have to look over it and basically re-learn it all during exam cram time; it's because I wasn't learning shit.
- Now I *study*. I read the content, I *read* the content. I don't just let the words enter my eyes, I try and fully understand, I don't make notes for the sake of writing things down so it looks like I did work, I make notes on things I know I need to memorise and learn, I come back to my notes. I *actively* learn.
- Before, I used to lift. I'd have my headphones in, perform the movement, diddle around on my phone between sets, time the rest breaks, and then perform the movement again.
- Now, I *lift*. I have no music, no phone. I focus entirely on the bar, on the tenseness of my body, on the direction of the movement, on which muscles I've been using, on the patches of tightness and soreness. I don't time my rest-breaks to some arbitrary time, I lift again when I'm ready, or just before to push myself. There was a guy who posted on here earlier about how meditation can help you lift better. He was right. This is the process. This is the mechanism. It's nothing magical or mystic, it's simply about being aware of the moment, of your bodies capabilities, and using them fully, rather than just half-assing and completing your actions for the sake of completing them.

Ticking the box is not enough, you need to do it *properly*.

So if you're used to hearing useless platitudes like:

- "live life to it's fullest"
- "treat every day like it's your last"
- "be mindfull"
- "happiness comes from within"

What these people are actually telling you, in a different frame is, "turn off your autopilot". I know for some people it needs to be framed in this way for them to understand, that's the only way I could ever understand it. It's why these people are able to overcome stresses and worries much easier; yes they still have them, but they deal with them much in the same way you deal with them when you're on holiday and your worries feel tiny. Except they've internalised this mechanism for self-reflection, and they didn't need to go to a travel-agent or coke-dealer to get it.

And you know what, it's very obvious when someone has their autopilot on or not. You can see it almost instantly. You can almost smell it on them. That aura of assertiveness and "go-getter" attitude that you'll see in almost all dream-fulfilling successful people, albeit in different flavors. You can separate people by whether they're just floating through life waiting to die, or whether they're actually out to do something, whether they have purpose and will, or are directionless. I think it was in a Molyneux/Cernovic podcast where I heard the phrase "People are either Do-ers, or Be-ers".

Don't be a "Be-er". Don't just exist and wait to die. Be a "Do-er". Switch off your autopilot, create those magical moments, don't just wait for them to happen. Don't just wait for the environment around you to change and kick you out of your comfort zone; do it yourself. These are the people who fulfil those dreams.

I know it's not easy, I know it's hard to be aware and force yourself out. You will slip back into autopilot, it's natural. We all do it, even the best. But the most mindful people are those who have disciplined themselves to catch when they have slipped into autopilot mode, and jolt themselves back out. It's why daily exercise and meditation is so important, it's an active exercise in keeping yourself switched on and tuned in. You won't get anywhere following your assigned, depressed programming. That's not how a successful person works.

A successful person breaks away from auto-pilot mode and *takes* success.

Lessons Learned:

- Hyper-aware moments are significant times in your life where you have been thrown out of auto-pilot.
- These happen because your environment has drastically changed and you need to process new information and feelings in a different frame
- These moments can also be induced. When you force yourself to enter these moments, this is called "mindfulness".
- This can be achieved through daily meditation, in fact this is one of the primary purposes of meditation.
- Happy and successful people are never on auto-pilot, they are always switched on and tuned in.

- You can find fulfilment and happiness in these small moments by being aware and mindful.

When are you going to get serious?

[FR] Banged some chick from TBP

785 upvotes | November 28, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I'll try and keep this short.

A while back, I enjoyed being a faggot and arguing with the shrieking landwhales over at PPD. For some reason I thought I could reason them into a more logical position (WRONG), redpill them on gender dynamics/current affairs (WRONG) and save some of the cucked nu-males on that sub (WRONG WRONG WRONG).

It was stupid of me and showed a distinct misunderstanding of TRP. You cannot save anyone, they must save themselves, and you cannot use logic to debate feminists; they do not have the capability to process it.

In fact, thinking about how I was wasting my time with women who I would not even give a second glance at any day makes me cringe. I was arguing gender dynamics with blue haired butterhuffers while I could have been improving myself and working on my mission. The hambeasts are not worth any of my time and shouldn't be worth yours. They are lost causes.

Anyway there was a comment I made on PurplePillDebate where I said something along the lines of (paraphrased): "You think we're all ugly neckbeards but we're not and I can prove it. PM me and I'll give you my snapchat".

4 users messaged me over the next day and we swapped snaps. I demanded pics of them before I sent anything. 2 of them never replied. One was a fatty, I sent her a face pic and topless photo and she screenshotted them (probably to share in their super secret Blue Pill group chat) and then we stopped talking.

The last was some hipster/alt chick who wasnt round and had a decent face, like a 5/6. I sent her the face/ab pic and she gives me a "wow" and then we don't talk for a while.

I notice she has been viewing my snapchat stories and so I start watching hers and lo and behold she lives in my city (to be fair I mentioned where I lived in earlier PPD posts so maybe she was more interested in me because of it).

She keeps posting weed shit so I reply to her weed shit with my own weed shit and thats all we did for a while until I posted a pic of me wearing my MAGA hat and she messaged me with "you're delusional if you think he's going to win".

So I say to her "bet you 20bag he does". At this point I've already decided to try and get into her pants and knowing trump is gonna win I'm setting up for a meeting. Of course she takes the offer and on the 9th I don't even need to message her as she messages me first acting all surprised and shit. I tell her she owes me weed and I say we can share it at her place. She says okay.

That's the bang locked in. She's invited a stranger she met on the internet who she knows has a bad attitude to women over to her apartment. This is pretty much broadcasting "I want you to fuck me".

Day of the bang, I go climbing (to get a decent pump) and then visit her place. She opens the door and she's wearing like hippy/goth shit and got too many peircings and her hair is all fuckt up in that kind of trashy way idk how to explain it but it was kinda hot.

I find out she's older than me (but her young-ish face will save her for a while) and that she works and lives at apartment with other "alt" flatmates. She's got a fuckin che gavuera poster hanging on the

wall and has like feministy shit in her room and we talk about about weed and psychedelics and she tells me she didn't expect me to be so "normal" (her words) and asked me "why I needed TRP if I'm so attractive". (Bitch didn't understand, if she'd met me pre-TRP she'd be singing a different tune). So eventually she asks if we should go smoke and I say "Nah I'd prefer we fucked first blazing is always better post-nut" and this makes her double take a bit and go red and she's all like "that's not why I asked you to come" and I say "bullshit you know exactly what you were doing" and then went in for a kiss and she doesn't resist so I screw her in multiple different positions and pull her hair leave bruises on her ass the usual shit. Body was okay, very skinny and tight ass but had those flat saggy titties girls get when they don't wear bras their whole life.

After we smoke and listen to tame impala and I make her suck me off and we talk about Reddit and TRP. She found reddit cos her ex introduced her (what a surprise) and she tells me "I'm an exception, I'm nothing like what real redpillers are like (Hamster Hamster Hamster) and that I must have been a jock/got girls in highschool (WRONG, i was a skinny beta nerd weeb in highschool)."

So she keeps hamstering away about how I'm not a real redpiller and that obviously I respect women cos I talk to her like an adult and bla bla bla and I tell her to read my post history and pack up. I say "i'm gonna write a field report about you" as I'm leaving and she's like "omg no *giggle*" but I bet she's dying to read what I wrote about her.

I make sure to text her later on "so you want me to fuck you again" and she replies "yes please" and I screenshot that shit with the phone number at the top. A trick i learnt from here to make sure she don't get any accusatory ideas.

Anyway if this doesn't go to show that a girl will drop all her ideologies and long-held beliefs in order to get some chad dick then Idk what will. This chick *knew* I was a "misogynist", she *knew* I was just out to fuck her, and she *knew* that I was gonna screw her and leave. She's got all my comments and post history to back up the fact I think women are children yet she hamstered away all my game and pedestaled me into some chad-tier alpha god cos I got abs and made her laugh and slapped her in the face while fucking her.

And of course every time I called her a slut or a whore while my dick was inside her she'd suck on it 10 times more eagerly or furiously rub at her clit.

Women like to be objectified and used as sex objects by high tier men they find attractive; even the pierced hippy goth feminist SJWs.

Yeah I know there'll be some bloopers in here like "r that happened". I'm sorry ladies that you can't get the alpha cock on the reg you'll just have to lose a few hundred pounds.

And Ana when you eventually read this hmu I'll bring some md next time and put my dick in your butt.

Lessons Learned;

- They will betray their ideals for alpha cawk
- They will hamster away evidence of their own betrayal to keep them on top of their cognitive dissonance
- What they say online/to their friends/to betas is completely different to what they do when a large penis is in their face
- Look at what they do, not what they say

- Hipster feminist chicks are wild in bed and you can treat them even worse than your normal thots

EDIT: lol she mad I called her a 5 with saggy tits haha...

She is not celibate. She will make exceptions. Be the exception.

394 upvotes | December 7, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I'd like to go over something that I read in a previous post on here that I think was very important but wasn't understood by a lot of guys here (as evidenced by the hamstering in the comments). Here is my way of explaining it.

She's out of my league

When you meet a pretty girl, or are mustering up the courage to cold-approach one, you may hamster yourself into paralysis by thinking of yourself as too ugly for her standards. You may think "a girl like that would never go for a guy like me". This will cause you to pussy out, or only approach ugly girls that you think you are in the league in.

Even if you do manage to snap yourself out and talk to her, you may be super nervous and edgy because you have still pedestalled her into someone so attractive that she is bothered by your presence.

STOP

It is not your job to determine whether you are in her league or not

I'm going to repeat this.

It is not your job to determine whether you are in her league or not

This is *her* job. This is for her to decide. If you decide this for her, then you may be right, or you may have drastically lost out. You are working with limited information and making a snap judgement based on the scraps of info you have.

No good salesman or rational thinker would make decisions based on this. All you know is how you view yourself and your own worth/attractiveness (which is often drastically diminished by your lack of self esteem) and her own attractiveness scale (which is drastically inflated by your inferiority complex to women and the fact that she is a stranger to you).

You don't however, know what's going on in *her* head. You expect her standards to be incredibly high, yet you have no proof of this. You don't know the type of guys she fucks, you don't know whether she's actually super horny that day, you don't know that maybe she's been eyeing you up for the past 10 minutes wondering if you were going to approach her, you don't know that she sees you as this interesting mysterious guy and has pedestalled *you* and really on the inside you're both freaking out about each other. It's pretty funny if you think about it.

So because you don't know any of these things, you should never make a judgement on how you think the girl will react. You will never know but are assuming she will react badly because you're terrified of rejection. Girls are much more open to being approached than you think, and they are much more intimidated by guys with the balls to approach than you think. I've had situations where I have been *terrified* to talk to a pretty girl with a resting bitch face and grew the balls to do it, only to find the girl is stumbling and tripping over her words because she is so flustered by the fact I spoke to her.

She is not Celibate

Let's first dispel this idea that girls have standards, as the holy prophet Mike Haines said in his wonderful Warlord post, girls don't really have standards.... or to put it in a different way, their standards are *much* lower than you expect them to be.

When you see a pretty girl and are getting nervous, I want you to imagine; what kind of guys has she fucked? What kind of guys are courting her right now? Think about her n-count (which will be in the double digits if she's anywhere near attractive) and think about all the guys she's allowed access between her legs.

Some of them will be high-tier alpha chads who pumped and dumped her and she still thinks about when she touches herself.

A lot more will be average guys or betas that she regrets even talking to.

She has fucked guys *far* uglier, stupider and beta than you. She does not exclusively bang Chads, she would if she could, but Chads are in such low quantities nowadays and in such high demand that she doesn't always have access to one for as long as she'd want.

Girls settle, and they settle all the time

You can be one of the guys she settles for. And you won't be the last.

What does a girl do when she doesn't have access to a Chad, do you think she just goes about her weeks completely celibate and not flirting with any guys?

Bullshit. Girls are horny, all the time. They are just as horny as we are. In fact majority of women make men their *primary* purpose of their lives. They love the contact, they love the flirting, the validation, being chased, great, animal sex. All of it.

Every single pretty girl in the 7+ range has a string of guys she's talking to that she is considering for a lay. All of these guys are nowhere near her ideal standard (which for most women is a Christian Gray or Chad Athlete type) and so she is settling for these men. She is giving them the opportunity to *prove themselves attractive* in other ways, even if they don't meet her physical requirements, and some may score.

Chads are rare

Chads are few and far between, especially in this day and age. The 80/20 rule always holds up, but now it is becoming increasingly hard for women to find chads because the majority of men nowadays have been completely pussified, so there are few real alphas left.

I'd say in my lecture theatre of 400 people, out of the 200 guys, I can count maybe 5 attractive chad-types.

And all 200 of the girls in that theatre are thinking about those guys, but do you think they get a shot at them?

That's 1 guy for every 40 girls. Let's say 10 of them are fuckable, do you think the dude has time to deal with the bullshit of 10 different girls? There are far too few chads for these girls to share, so the majority of them *settle*.

Chads do not have time to screw every single girl they meet. They have options so the turnover for girls is incredibly high (this is the position you want to eventually find yourself in).

Take it from me, I made it to Chad status. I drop plates like turds, one screw up or red flag or high-

maintenance moment and I've moved on. I do not have time to juggle more than 4 girls at once, in order to do so I'd have to sacrifice the self-building activities that make me a Chad in the first place! So these girls I throw away or ignore or have lost their chance with me, where do they go? Do you think they go about their lives waiting for the next "Mr Right" and bang *no boys* in the meantime? No way. *They Settle*, for the next best thing. You should see some of the other guys my plates are banging... it's *embarrassing* for them. It makes me think so poorly of them. These guys are fugly, way below my standard, but they're the guys my plates turn to when I'm "too busy" (read: banging a different plate).

There are so few Chads nowadays that girls are settling for okay-ish ugly guys who had the balls to talk to them. That's all that's required.

All you need are the balls to talk to her and not treat her like a magic princess and she may be down. Guys are such pussies nowadays that just showing you have the confidence and self worth to chat up a girl is enough to qualify yourself to her.

The Chads have pumped and dumped her, and the rest of the guys are terrified of her. You are all that's left.

You don't even need to be pretty

Remember, guys and girls are different. We are visual creatures, a girl could be a stupid shit but if she has a tight bod we'd do her.

Girls are different. Stop projecting the way you think onto the way they think. You don't need to be extremely physically attractive to get into her pants.

Of course there's a scale, but they won't automatically disqualify you as quickly as you think, and their standards for disqualification are lower than you think.

And unlike guy-attraction, girl attraction can be negotiated. She might think you're an ugly fuck and then 10 minutes later after you've made her laugh a bit she looks at you completely different. It is not a done deal, negotiation can take place. There are other factors at play.

Here's an example;

You know how sometimes you meet that one girl that you wouldn't normally find attractive; like maybe she's a 4 or 5, a bit chubby, has weird features or whatever. But there's just *something about her* that's alluring and hot. You can't really tell what it is, maybe the way she carries herself, maybe that cheeky glint in her eye, the way others treat her, maybe just how *tuned-in* she is to what's really happening around her and how socially capable she comes across.

This girl is hot and you don't know why, you wouldn't be able to explain it to your friends, you'd be embarrassed to show her to your bros.

But if you got her alone you know that the sex would be wild and great and hot and you two could just "click".

In fact this girl is so alluring that you worry that she might actually think *she's out of your league*, even though you know you're objectively too attractive for her.

Newsflash: This is how all girls are attracted

This is how it works for all girls. Being hot is a bonus, but most girls get wet for guys in the same

way that you do when you meet that enigmatic kinda ugly but irresistible girl. Once you pick up on her "inner hotness" all outward put-offs just kind of diminish.

Imagine this amplified 1000x, this is how women work.

She will make exceptions, be the exception.

Key Points:

- Be the enigmatic, mysterious guy with the glint in his eye that drives the girl crazy, even if she's "out of your league".
- You don't need to be Adonis, you don't need to be Chad, she has screwed guys uglier and and stupider and more beta than you.
- Alphas are rare, girls are horny. She will make exceptions for non-Chads while she waits for Christian Gray (and the wall)
- She is not out of your league, that's for her to decide, not you.
- Girls standards are much lower than you think, especially their physical standards, girls settle ALL THE TIME.
- Be the exception.

Our Parents Were Right

99 upvotes | December 21, 2016 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Our Parents Were Right

Raising a child Right

The role of a parent is to guide and teach their children how to become successful and upstanding adults. The parent role is akin to the role of a trainer; the task is to raise a child in a way so that when they flee the nest, they are able to handle themselves in the real world and do well for themselves.

Some of us had good parents, a lot of us didn't. I'll be writing about the decline in parenting standards and single motherhood in another post, but for this one I want to touch on a different matter. Let's see how it works when the parent *does* know what they're doing.

"But Why??"

A lot of the time, a child doesn't know *why* they are being told to do what to do. They reluctantly eat their greens or go to bed at 9PM because of their fear of punishment and their submission to authority. Raising a small child is very similar to training an animal, you have to be strict and rigid with your rules and punishments.

There's no use trying to explain *why* the rules are like they are to the kid, they don't yet have the intellectual or emotional capacity to process it. You can explain the nutritional benefits of cod liver oil all you like to little Jimmy, he will still resist the spoonful when it comes near his face.

You can spend hours explaining good diet, exercise and sleeping habits to your kids, they won't understand, they have yet to see the real benefits and put two and two together. Rather, they only do it because they are *made* to do it. If the kid had the choice they would spend the whole day doing fun things that *feel* good, rather than things that will develop their body and mind and grow them into a healthy adult.

So good parents realise you just have to **make** the kid do it. You have to force them to eat well, or brush their teeth or go to bed early even if they throw a tantrum. Jimmy doesn't understand the importance of tooth hygiene; he's hasn't experienced a full toothache or dental procedure or even just the social shame of yellow teeth. When he is older he will reflect and look back on why his parents made him brush his teeth, and understand why with the new adult information he has, but until then, he does it because it is just something he is told to do and expected of him.

As you instil this "programming" into your kid, they will grow up with good habits and values. Make studying a normal part of life for a child, and they will take these study habits into adulthood. Have them exercising from an early age, and they will see exercise not as a chore but a necessity.

Good parents ban vices like fatty foods, excessive TV, and porn in their house. The child doesn't *know* why these things are bad, they are never explained why these things are bad. Even if they are given great explanations about the dangers of these things, the kid will do them anyway, they are impulsive and hedonist and have no foresight, they are too stupid to make rational choices. Rational choices need to be made for them.

She was right all along

I had a huge problem with Video Games when I was a kid. My Mum would take a real hard stance against it and we would argue all the time. I would spend hours gaming and my mother would really clamp down on me for it. I hated her for it, I tried to convince her that it was perfectly acceptable and all the other kids did it and it was healthy and a way for me to express myself. She told me it was a waste of time and was numbing my brain and that I would understand when I was older but she wouldn't let me waste my youth now. I thought she was being a stupid, out of touch old person and she just "didn't get it".

I grew up, and my mum was right. I look back on how much of my life I wasted gaming and how I got *nothing* for it, and I realise, with the information and worldview I have now, I was being a stupid little shit and she was right.

This happened with a lot of things. My mother used to always berate me about my posture, I didn't care. Now, I care a lot. I'm fixing years of bad posture that could have been solved if I'd just listened to my mum. She was right.

"Masturbation is healthy" I'd argue with my mother. Everyone does it, it's normal. She thought it was stupid and only losers masturbated excessively. She was right.

"You're too skinny" she used to say "eat more and do some exercise". I didn't care, "stop body shaming me, I don't need to be muscley, girls will love me for who I am". Stupid fucking 16 year old. She was right once again.

I learnt the hard way so you don't have to

We all kind of grew up thinking our parents were stupid and out of touch and just "didn't get" us; only to realise when we hit adulthood that our parents understood all along and we were just being stupid kids. Hopefully, the lucky ones were forced by their parents to behave well and reaped the rewards of good habits and values; most of us didn't, and had to re-learn, the hard way, the things that our parents had to learn the hard way.

Our parents learnt the hard way and wanted us to avoid that struggle, so forced the lessons on us for our own good. A lot of us didn't listen, only to discover the very same lessons decades later, wishing we had taken the advice.

Now let's zoom out.

The Winning Formula

"Social Progress" is the biggest lie of our lifetimes. We, as a society, have been pushing through "progressive" and liberal ideals into our culture, and shedding off the rules and norms we used to have, in the name of progress. Our society, western civilisation, was built entirely on a foundation of social rules and regulations, religious cohesion, gender norms and familial attitudes. Ideas such as:

- The Nuclear Family
- Anti-Homosexuality

- Monogamy
- Subjugation and Inferiority of women
- The role of the husband and wife
- Anti-promiscuity
- Religion

These have all been *foundations* of every single successful society in history so far. Name one large culture or civilisation that made it to the 21st century without incorporating these basic tenets.

The Chinese have a strict societal structure, with rules that keep everyone following the general consensus and shaming in place to keep people in line. The Japanese do the same, the Hindus, the Jews, the Christians, the Muslims.

Islam is a perfect example of a well-functioning and successful culture that embodies all of these aspects of living together as a unit. They are expanding rapidly and invading the western world because they are *cohesive*, they are *traditional* and **it works**.

I have to stress this, as a societal strategy, traditionalism **works**. It has been the only one that worked. It is the reason the English colonised the world, the reason the Europeans had an enlightenment. The nuclear family with the white picket fence that goes to church every Sunday and is part of a strong, rigid community is the **reason** the US became the world superpower in the 20th century.

Societal Darwinism

As a strategy, this works. This strategy did not come about by accident. This strategy beat out every other cultural strategy and structure. I'm sure there were plenty of tribes and cities that practiced non monogamy and promiscuity and treated women as equals. What happened to them? Where are they now?

They lost to the superior strategy. Traditionalism was not an accident, Religion was not an accident. Religious rules are *genius*, they are the rules that result in a cohesive and well-functioning society. Our parents, our Ancestors, came up with these rules after millennia of trial and error and battle and take-over and Darwinism. This set of rules is the supreme winner, and is why you can see it in every successful society so far. There are no exceptions.

Without this rigid spiritual structure, without controlling women, without sexual strategy on a cultural scale, society collapses. It weakens and it crumbles and is defeated by cultures with a stronger, stricter, more cohesive populace.

But whyyyyyyyyyy?

Our ancestors came up with this shit, they weren't stupid, they knew what they were doing.

And we, like spoilt, stupid children, are questioning their authority. We are questioning thousands of years worth of refinement because what? It *feeeeels* bad? It's not politically correct? It's *current year*?

Shedding these traditional values will lead to our downfall, or already has. It may be too late. Cultural Marxists have gone on a rampage ensuring that we break every rule that our Ancestors have given us, and this will destroy us.

We are rebelling against our parents, we are not following their rules, because up until now *we didn't*

understand them. Just like Jimmy who won't eat his spinach doesn't understand he needs the vitamins and iron to run properly, the society who drops monogamy doesn't understand that it needs the nuclear family and gender norms in order to run properly.

We are the petulant children throwing a tantrum and not doing as we're told, and the other cultures, the ones who have stayed true to their traditional roots, are *laughing at us*.

The Muslims have every right to consider us degenerate, because **we are**. They can see how weak our society has become, they can see us rebelling against the very foundation of what made us great, and they will take advantage of this. They will invade and they will destroy, and they have every right to. Nature doesn't care about morals or history, nature doesn't care about how progressive or how much "freedom" a government gives to its people. The "freedom" to fuck about freely and be gay will result in these very people having their lineage destroyed and lands taken by the cultures who understand not to do these things. The "freedom" to choose to be a hedonistic degenerate will result in your entire genepool going extinct because a culture disciplined enough to control their sexual desires and treat their women like the children they are, will overcome.

"Because I said so"

Our ancestors had no way of *explaining* these rules to the children. They couldn't say "control your wife because if you don't her hypergamy will result in you being cuckolded and your lineage dying out". They couldn't say "homosexuality is a mental disease that threatens the fabric of inter-gender relations and will result in you having no offspring". They couldn't say "masturbation is bad because it fucks with your dopamine levels and turns you into a mindless unmotivated zombie".

There is no way to explain these complex social dynamics to the average worker ant, and no way to convince them to do these things with reason and logic. Instead, they resorted to "God said so, and if you don't listen, you will burn in hell for eternity". And lo and behold, it worked. The fear of punishment and submission to authority resulted in people following the rules and society functioning well.

You can't explain to little Jimmy that he must pull his tooth out straight away so that his new tooth doesn't grow in crooked, he doesn't really understand these things, and he isn't motivated by them. Instead tell him that the Tooth Fairy will give him a good reward, or Santa will put him on the naughty list. Jimmy now starts following your advice and he gets his straight teeth, following the rules but not really understanding why.

We have been following the rules and not understanding why, and it's lead us to good places. The leaders understood why, Jesus and the Apostles understood why, Mohammad, the "prophets", the "word of god", all geniuses who came up with successful ways to construct society.

Learning the hard way

Now that we have dropped the rules and are starting to see the damage not following them is causing us, we understand *why*. We know *why* the rules were in place, but we had to irreversibly fuck ourselves over to discover it. We had to learn the hard way the things our ancestors were trying to teach us. The things they learned the hard way, knowledge passed down, through millennia now shunned. It's frustratingly arrogant.

Our parents were right. Our ancestors were right. Traditionalism is correct. It is the winning societal

strategy. We have destroyed all of the pillars that held up our great western civilisation, and now the walls are tumbling down.

We are choosing what *feels* good, over what works. We are choosing Hedonism and Death, over Discipline and Life.

Lessons Learned:

- Western Civilisation was built on Traditionalism
- Our ancestors were very clever and realised Traditionalism is the best way to build a cohesive society
- Traditionalism is the Evolutionary successful strategy
- We have rejected Traditionalism and adopted a worse strategy
- We will be destroyed by Traditional societies
- We are learning this the hard way
- It may already be too late

Don't Smile

1 upvotes | February 12, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I was at the gym the other day and was just finishing up my squats. A dude twice my size came up to me and asked, nervously:

| “hey bro, how many sets do you have left?”

He was smiling, when I said “1” he smiled back, nodded, nervous laugh. The whole shebang.

All I could think was, “what does this guy have to be so nervous about??? I’m not that scary am I?”.

Same exact gym session, finishing up my deads, another dude walks up to me.

| “How many left?”.

He doesn’t smile, looks me dead in the eye, it’s like he’s boring a hole in me. Real intensity in his gaze, mouth clamped shut. He’s got this real serious aura around him. I find myself nervously smiling myself as I reply. I realise only seconds later how much of a little bitch I looked.

We smile when we are nervous or scared. It’s a sign of discomfort and anxiety. We try to comfort ourselves and the others around us by smiling.

But it has the other effect. It shows weakness, it shows insecurity. It is entirely unmasculine. You will see it a lot in women, girls who are nervous around you and you are gaming well. Nervous smiles, nervous laughter.

You need to try and avoid this. You will have much better responses from *everyone* you speak to if you avoid the nervous and comforting smiling. Stick to your straight poker face, look them in the eye or the bridge of the nose, and talk slowly and seriously.

The effect will be startlingly obvious. People will treat you with much more respect. They will think you are scarier or more important than you actually are. Guys at the gym twice your size will submit to you.

There’s just something about a serious resting bitch face in a guy that makes him scary, unapproachable but also powerful. It doesn’t work in women because they are supposed to look feminine and open, but with guys, the locked off “don’t talk to me face” can go a long way in changing the aura your project to people, the way they treat you, and your frame in general. Try it next time you cold approach a girl. You might resort naturally to smiling, or “mirroring” their facial expressions. I know I used to. I used to smile when they smiled, soften when they softened.

Now I have a hard, straight, serious face; as if I have shit to do and I can’t be wasting my time with her. This instantly puts you above her, and can really shoot down a girl who thinks she is too hot for you. If you submit and smile, she will put herself above you, if you show you won’t submit to her, she will second guess herself. She will start qualifying herself to you, she won’t shit test you as hard, won’t play games.

Try it with everyone, not just girls. The straight, serious, stern face you see in bosses, police officers

people who have to deal with shitty members of the public all of the time. Once you adopt it and see the effect it has on people, practically scaring them into submission before you even open your mouth, you won't ever go back to nervously smiling again.

Lessons Learned:

- Don't smile (needlessly). Of course smiling at the right opportunities and laughing is important. In fact, it lends more weight to your actual smile if it's rarer.
- Resting Bitch face in guys can make you seem important and serious.
- Don't mirror the facial expressions of the people you are speaking to. Keep up your pokerface.
- Eye contact can be scary and powerful, use it to your advantage.

The Directing Mind

38 upvotes | February 20, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Summary: A post on mens mental health, consciousness and the ability to employ the advice you are given to improve your life.

It's becoming ever more apparent to me that there are two distinct sides to r.TRP. There is the first, the side that discusses Men's sexual strategy and is a platform for men to share their ideas, successes and horror stories when it comes to women. In the manosphere we compare notes and trade tips and gradually, as tends to happen when ideas are allowed to be debated freely, a consensus has been reached on what the *best* strategies are and the best ideas have risen to the top. Concepts such as AWALT, Hypergamy, and AF/BB have all proven to be true and are considered the foundations of what a man needs to understand in order to have a successful sexual life.

What sets TRPI aside from the greater manosphere is that we have drifted away from focusing entirely on women and sexual strategy. While this is still a core part of what our community stands for, what has emerged on the sides of TRP is a *mens mental health and support movement*.

There is no real mainstream forum or movement around that helps men become men, and helps depressed men pull themselves up into success. We somehow, with the intention of helping men get laid, became that movement.

This was bound to happen, as you cannot be successful in the sexual marketplace without first being mentally healthy and strong on the inside. The most numerous and accurate diagnosis for the dating problems of the western man is that he is not mentally sound enough to be attractive to women.

You must have inner game in order to have outer game, and with the way our current society is set up, men are more than ever, increasingly marginalised, depressed and without guidance. The inner health of the past few generations of men has deteriorated rapidly, with the suicide rate amongst men disproportionately huge. There are many, many factors to blame for this, including feminism, the sexual revolution, loss of religion in the west, cultural Marxism, the Frankfurt school, and more, but this post isn't about that.

You will see many posts on this sub from well-meaning and learned users sharing their knowledge, their stories and their paths in self-realisation, developing their masculinity and improving their overall physical and mental health. It is a prerequisite of seduction that you must have all the inner cogs working properly before you can be successful on the Fucking Frontier. You will never have any success with women if you are still a blubbering mess inside; of course you can learn the techniques and act like your favourite pick up artists, and in fact many betas turn up here and think that all they need to do is put on an act and say the right things, but what they quickly realise is it all falls apart because they do not have the inner framework to genuinely understand or employ these techniques. They are transparent in their self-doubt, anxiety and sometimes, borderline social autism. Women and men alike can smell it on them. I'm almost certain that will be a lot of you reading this post, and a lot more of you who have finally figured themselves out after making these very same mistakes are nodding their heads in understanding.

You can teach a beta how to act alpha, but you cannot teach him how to BE alpha; that is only something he can teach himself, you can however, give him the tools and the guidance to make that

journey.

You cannot teach a beta seduction techniques, it won't work. It is like teaching them how to run before they can walk, in fact, trying to teach them to run when they have no legs. First, mentally unsound, anxious, depressed betas need to grow legs. Once you have your legs, are content and have a healthy mind and body; then seduction comes easily. You won't need tips or tricks. You will find your own way. You will marvel at how you ever found it difficult.

But first, you need to grow your legs. How do we do it?

| *Shut Up and Listen*

By being shown how, and listening to the men who have already had to grow their own legs. This used to be the job of fathers, schools and churches. Now, we have none of that. Some of us on TRP have grown our legs and we write these posts in order to help you grow your own. All you need to do is shut up, put up, read and put in the work. You are not special or unique or different, you can make it just like we all did. This is why TRP takes such a hard, no bullshit, stance. It is the stance of the all-knowing father, teacher, drill instructor, coach. It is the masculine presence saying "I know better than you so shut the fuck up and listen". A lot of us have never had enough of this in our lives, and TRP is our first taste of it.

| *Tick the Box. Make no progress.*

So the first steps you need to take is to read and learn the literature. Absorb the guidance. However; There's a trap a lot of newcomers fall into when they first arrive here where they read, and read, and read some more. They read all of the side bar and the top posts and keep up to date with the front page consistently. Doing this, they feel like they have learnt something, they feel instantly as if they have joined the club and are enlightened. They have "oh that's so obvious now" moments and realisations. They read up on tips on how to behave and how to think and what to say. For example; there was a good post on the front page yesterday about how to talk less.

The average frustrated chump will read this and think, "yes, I have read it and now I am a smarter and more socially adept person and now I will talk less". They may do the same with posts about shit tests, or holding frame.

They will read, but they will never *employ*.

When it comes to an actual social situation, the average guy will forget *everything* he read. Does he have time to go back into his memory banks and remember all the tips and life hacks he scanned through? No, in fact he probably forgot most of them before he even closed the tab. He definitely does not have enough time to think about how he's saying and acting when in front of a woman. He does not analyse every word that comes out of his mouth and cross examine what she is saying.

There's a massive fallacy in thinking that just because you read something means you understood it. I read the whole of the 48 laws of power over the course of a few weeks, did I come out of it a Machiavellian genius? Absolutely not. I read it all, but I didn't *understand* it all. I didn't *internalise* it all.

Theredpill, nofap, getdisciplined subreddits, self help or philosophy books, whatever; there are huge resources everywhere you find that can help get your thinking back on track, but what you must,

must, must avoid is reading something, pretending like reading it was *enough*, and patting yourself on the back for it.

Oh I read “No More Mr Nice Guy”. I’ve checked that box. Now I am a better person...

WRONG. Reading was not enough, you must actually *employ* what you read and translate it into real action. You must take the new information and program it into your brain. You must internalise the thought processes.

This is kind of like when you go to the gym and do a few lazy sets of light weight and just fuck about and check out the hot girls and leave after 30 mins and feel proud of yourself that you went to the gym that day. Yeah you might have ticked the box, but did you actually make any progress? Did you actually build anything? Don’t bullshit yourself, you know what the difference is between actually working out and gym-masturbating. You know.

When you read but don’t internalise, you are doing the same thing. A lot will even do it with this article. They will read it, think “huh, that was a good post, I learnt a lot”. Yet they will forget about it for the rest of their lives, they will never think about it or the concepts discussed in it ever again. They will read, but they won’t absorb.

How does one do this? How does one take the information they have absorbed and convert it directly into a real life change? How can we avoid letting good philosophy and self-help wash over us?

You must strengthen the Directing Mind.

Aurelius refers to the directing mind multiple times in his Meditations It took me a while to understand what he means.

The Directing Mind is the voice in your head that tells you to do stuff. It is the voice of reason in your head. It is the voice that makes you go to the gym or study, the little niggling “you’re not good enough, work on yourself” anxiety. The one that makes you have that protein shake before you leave even if you’re incredibly full because you need the calories. The one that tells your stomach to shut up when you want that piece of chocolate cake. The one that fights the fapping urge you get consistently when you’ve been a porn addict all your life.

Your Directing Mind is YOU. It is you when you are off autopilot, it is what Freud would call the superego. It is the rational voice in your head that knows what you want and knows the steps needed to get it. It is the part of you that is super stimulated when you have bursts of motivation, either fuelled by jealousy or angst (or drugs).

Your unconscious is always telling you to be a lazy, hedonistic piece of shit. It always wants you to lay in bed where it’s warm and jack off and play video games all day. It doesn’t want you to try.

Your Directing Mind is the guy inside you that is saying “hey man, we need to lift or we will stay skinnyfat. We need to eat 500 more calories today. We need to study for that test in 2 weeks”

Your directing mind is rational, and honest and the true representation of you. It is in a constant battle with the lazy, childlike, monkey that is your autopilot.

Think about when you operate absentmindedly. When you flick through new tabs on a whim, start “just one more game”, “just one more episode”, “I’ll study later”. Think about the word “absentmindedly”. When you operate on this auto-pilot setting, your mind is absent. You are not you,

you are at the whim of your urges and itches. Your Directing Mind, you, the conscious you, the you that wants you to succeed and own your life, he is losing to the monkey child.

Successful men are those who have an active and strong Directing Mind, that overrides their own Auto-Pilot, that can keep their body disciplined and focused. They have the whims and urges and laziness programmed into them just like us, but their drive, training and discipline overrides it.

The problem is, with many young men, their directing mind is hidden, suppressed or clouded in brain fog. It only comes out occasionally, or when needed desperately; such as stressful situations like the week before the exam you should have studied for all year.

Most young men lose to their unconscious, hedonistic desires. Their Id controls them. They have no sense of self to help them stay disciplined and consistent.

You need your directing mind to employ advice you have read

When you read a piece of advice (A) and you want to implement that advice in the real world, you cannot rely on that advice to just appear from your subconscious at the right time and place. There is nothing that will just trigger you to call upon skills and techniques you learnt magically, especially if you are consistently on Auto-Pilot. No, what you need is a Directing Mind to first 1) read (A) properly and understand it fully, internalising it within you, 2) be observant for situations in which (A) would apply, and 3) implement (A) at that time and successfully carry it out.

Here's an example from my own life. I read everywhere that cold showers would be good for me. I read it in multiple different posts, heard the advice from multiple different people, and thought, "yeah, cold showers are healthy"... but I never did it. I wasn't just a pussy, I just never *thought* of it when it came to the time to shower. Then one day, I was thinking properly, I was using my Directing Mind, I was in a nice hot steamy shower and thought "well, I've heard a million times that cold showers are good for me. Why haven't I done it yet?"

It was this mindfulness, this being present in the moment that reminded me that I needed to actually try this thing out. Normally I would just go about my shower with my fears and anxieties and thoughts of the day in my head, but this time, I was so present that I remembered that I needed to try out this technique I'd been told. So I did it, and it was painful and shocking and I didn't last long.

But I remembered to do it again the next time, and the time after that, and every time after. I forced myself to do it. Inner me was trying to make stupid rationalisations "who cares if you don't do it this one time. No one's watching you. You might make yourself ill. It's probably not that good for you anyway", but my Directing Mind took control and said "just do it you pussy" and I had the self will to be able to do it.

In order to better yourself, you need to willfully work on your actions and thought processes. It is not enough to just read books and articles and tick the boxes. I wrote a post earlier called "Switch off Autopilot" and this is what I am advocating again in this post.

Stop going about your day as if your body is controlling you. Your body, your subconscious, your Id only wants pleasure and comfort. Your Directing Mind is the rational, human, male part of you that knows you must suffer pain in order to build yourself. You must strengthen the Directing Mind, you

must amplify that inner voice, bring it out more often, make it clearer.

And because I hate when articles tell you to do something but never give you the tools on how to actually do it, I am going to give you some techniques right now on how to do it. This is not an exhaustive list, this is just what worked for me:

Strengthening the Directing Mind and achieving Mental Stability:

The Prerequisites:

These three things you will hear everywhere and in almost every “self help” post. You must have got bored of them by now, but there’s a reason we keep repeating them. They are non-negotiable. You cannot be a healthy person, a stoic man, an enlightened individual without first getting these basic things on track.

You cannot skip out on these things, they make the foundation that the rest of your self-building will rest on. You cannot take short cuts. I don’t care about what excuses you are making for not being able to exercise or sleep well or meditate, you are only bullshitting yourself.

Once again, stop trying to take short cuts and magic remedies for your own self-determination. There are none. Your insistence in trying to find a quick way is symptomatic of the very problems you are trying to fix.

1. Meditation.

People are scared off by this always. They don’t understand it and think it’s some wishy washy mumbo jumbo.

Simply put, if you want your Directing Mind to be more present and consistent, you must first clear away the hazy fog that years of depression and anxiety has wrapped your brain in.

You must learn to shut up the thoughts constantly floating about your head.

You must learn to keep your mind focused and steady and not allow negative emotions or curve-balls to rattle your frame.

You must learn to just switch off your head occasionally. As you do this, you will become more “mindful”. More “in the moment”. Your autopilot will switch off, you won’t float about the day, and you’ll actually think about the shit you’re doing as you’re doing it. Your Directing Mind will have more space to manifest itself, more time to survive before it’s swamped again.

The more you meditate, the more you’ll have mindful moments throughout your day, without forcing them, just by accident. The more this happens, the more consistently you can fill these moments with introspection, understanding and planning.

Meditation. We all tell you to do it, it’s like exercising. I don’t think it’s something you can get away without doing. It’s lifting for your brain, it just makes it stronger, more durable.

2. Exercise

'Oh it's going to be one of those "obvious shit we've all heard before" lists isn't it'.

Shut up and listen. You, as a male, need to exercise your body in order to survive. You were built to hunt and kill things. You were not built to be a flabby, skinnyfat, immobile piece of shit.

Until you start exercising, you will not understand the real benefits it gives you. It is more than just looking hot and getting muscles. The discipline, the pain, the struggle, these are all things we must go through. It helps the rest of the world seem smaller when you've just squatted double your bodyweight and have the strength and agility to climb a boulder or beat the shit out of a person.

Learn to fight, play a team sport, train your body. Just do anything that makes you sweat and grunt and angry.

It's only during days I exercise do I ever feel truly at ease with myself and content. It is like a drug. You chase the feeling of accomplishment and conquering. You feel like you've finally earned the dick between your legs.

And with that feeling comes the rationality and clarity that your Directing Mind manifests itself in.

Ones again, this isn't optional, if you want to be a man, if you want inner and outer health, train your body.

3. *Sleep*

Nothing gives you brain fog more than a fucked up sleeping schedule. I truly mean it, don't stay up past like 10/11pm. Wake up at 6 or 7. Days will feel different. You will have whole mornings that you used to lose before. The morning sun and air is a different feeling entirely. It is exhilarating and refreshing.

Having a consistent sleep schedule will do wonders for the way you think and the clarity of your day. 8 hours sleep minimum every night. If you are exercising, you will have no trouble sleeping whatsoever. You may even start dreaming deeply again.

The rest of these can only be accomplished once you have the first three sorted. They are accessory exercises to your main compound lifts.

4. *Get Laid*

There's a scene in the 'A Game of Thrones' book where Ned Stark makes an important decision after fucking his wife and staring into the night sky. There is a magical clarity to the post-nut thought. Having done psychedelics for years, it's oddly similar.

This is your Directing Mind at its peak. When you have fulfilled your biological imperative (planting your seed in a beautiful woman) your brain fog and anxieties die and all that is left is your rationality and free thinking.

Conquering women, chasing and getting the catch, courting and being successful, all thrills that push your masculinity to the extreme. They compound each other, once you get that first good lay, other women just seem so much easier. You're riding off the wave of your previous success, and you are more clear in your thoughts and powerful in your actions

during the weeks of a new plate than you ever are.

5. **Stop Masturbating.**

Stop being a fucking loser. This really fucks you up. Porn really fucks you up. It's a brain fog machine. Stop making excuses for why you think it's okay to fap. You are an addict clinging onto your drug. Don't touch your dick unless it is to piss or to slide into a cute girls pussy, period. For the rest of your life.

6. **More Testosterone**

All the above tips have multiple effects but the one they all have in common is that they boost your testosterone levels. Test is what it means to be a man. It is what separates you from the irrational, emotional children that are women. This steroid hormone is what causes all your successes and is more of a defining part of who you are than what you think.

Ask transgenders who have started hormone therapy to be men and they will all say that they *feel* and *think* differently. More rationality, more clarity, more control over their emotions.

If you ever meet a high test woman you'll see just how, *chill* yet *driven* she is compared to other women.

Try and find ways to up your Test levels. Take a blood test if you need to. I won't give you tips on how to up your Test as there are a million places you can find that information.

I have yet to try taking Test intravenously, but I'm assuming the effect is the same (any guys who juice care to share their thoughts?). I have however, upped my Test levels massively since I stopped smoking weed (fucks up your test) and started eating, sleeping and lifting better.

7. **Read Philosophy**

Find out how other people think, and see if you can adopt it. Men greater than you have achieved so much, and all due to the way they see the world and how they act within it. If you can find out how others perceive the world, you can shape your own reality through their teachings.

Once again, it is not enough to read philosophy and then just shut the book and never think about it again. You must truly *study* the book. You must debate the concepts in your head. You must try and understand. You must see the author as another man talking to you face to face.

When I read I use a highlighter to mark the most important passages, and then I re-read those passages, and then I translate those passages into plain English into my journal so I can read them simply again later on and also solidify in my own words what those passages mean.

8. **Journaling**

Write down how you feel and what you think. You have brain fog because you allow the same thoughts and feelings to float about in your head all the time.

Vomit your ideas onto a page. Your hopes, your stupid dreams, the people you are angry at, the girls you want to fuck senseless. Write as if no one will ever read it. Write for yourself to read later and laugh at. It is drastically important that you put your mind down onto a page, don't just let it stew up in your head forever. You will lose important things, you will forget.

And when you write, that is your directing mind that is speaking onto that page. You are training it, you are strengthening it. Your auto-pilot does not write, the only person on that page is you, your Directing Mind. It is the best way of reading your own inner voice and seeing what it sounds like, seeing what it is telling you. If there's one thing that I want you to do after reading this article, one habit that I want you to pick up, it's this. It is super important to transfer some of who you are onto a page, something permanent. You will absolutely thank yourself in the later years, and you can read back and watch yourself grow.

Jordan Peterson has a great Self Authoring program where you can be guided on how to start doing this. Look it up.

9. *No Dead Time*

“If you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run”

I define dead time as anything where you just sit staring at a screen like a mindless zombie not building anything.

Watching TV and playing computer games is okay, but only as a short reward once you've ticked off all the important things you do that day. If you constantly marathon TV shows and movies or spend hours gaming then you are wasting your time and frying the circuits in your brain. You know what habitual, addiction like screen use is.

You should not be using reddit, the internet or Netflix/Steam to fill time. If you have free time, use it for something productive. I know I sound like all our parents sounded like when we were teenagers, but you will soon discover they were right.

Only fucking losers waste hours of their day on shit that gives them *nothing*. While you are sitting there playing “just one more (40 minute) game”, some other guy is using those very same seconds to build himself into a smarter person. And he will win, you will lose, and then you'll complain about how life didn't go your way.

No excuses. No dead time. Leisure time and dead time are different things. You know the difference. You earn leisure time, you use dead time to avoid your responsibilities.

10. *Psychedelics*

Note I say Psychedelics, not all drugs. Most drugs are bad, some are brain-medicine.

This is a controversial one so I will not touch on it too deeply, and I don't want the comments below to be a debate on whether drugs are good or not and ignore the rest of the post. I truly believe that a good, heavy dose of Psilocybin or LSD once or twice a year (and not more) is needed for many men who have no Directing Mind, who are truly lost, who have no masculinity or even self-realisation. This is the quickest way to *wake up*, whether you've been asleep your whole life or you've fallen into a depressive slump. Repeated use

will not have the same effects, you only need one good trip to make the realisations, after that, take the information you gained on your holiday back home, take the new voice you've discovered, and use it to build your life.

All these things have a snowball effect, they compound into one another and make getting your life and health back on track easier once you can get some going in tandem. The hardest step is and always will be, *starting*. This is what many men struggle to even begin, because you need a Directing Mind to tell you to get off your ass and fix yourself, and many of us have it hidden behind too much brain fog.

Once you have started, you need to remain *consistent* and not give up. This is where the rest of the failures fall. If you break at the first sign of hardship or resistance or pain you will never make it. It will never be smooth sailing, there will always be struggle, but every time you fall off the horse you must always get back on it again.

The men who succeed don't just magically have it easier than everyone else. They have the same worries and hardships and anxieties and things restricting them. They are just able to navigate through them easier with the help of a stronger, sounder mind. And once again, there is no point reading all this if you will just forget it all once the tab is closed. You must fully try and internalise these techniques I've taught you, the philosophies I've attempted to pass on. Make notes, write in your journal, translate some of this into your own words. If you want to take this advice, you should not be thinking of it as "something some guy said on the internet", it should be "something I believe".

Lessons Learned:

- You cannot game women if you are not mentally sound and sure of yourself as a man first.
- It is not hard to be a mentally fucked up man nowadays, the whole of society is against us.
- TRP and other male-focused movements have become forums for men to share mental health tips and advice, from those who know better and have made it themselves.
- In order to understand and employ this advice, you must first have the tools and capability to process and translate this advice into real action.
- Your Directing Mind is the inner voice of reason in your head that overrides your lazy subconscious and drives you to be a better man.
- You can use your directing mind to understand and employ the advice and lessons you learn.
- You can strengthen your Directing Mind in a multitude of ways. I have outlined in this post the few that have worked for me.

It's very easy for a girl to rack up a HUGE n-count. Here's an example.

230 upvotes | February 23, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

College is the cock carousel on steroids. If you still do not believe the sheer quantity of dick a girl can accumulate during her college years you are setting yourself up to be lied to and wife up a used-up slut in the future. You should always stay away from "party" girls, never, ever LTR a girl who partied in college, no matter how "reformed" they claim they are. If you think that girls these days don't have n-counts in the 30+ range, I'll explain to you just how easy it is for a decently attractive and intelligent girl to rack up huge numbers.

Hot girls get laid, A LOT. I remember one of my plates telling me she was going through a "dry spell", I asked her how long, "like a month, it's so sad!" I was bemused but not surprised.

I think a lot of guys who aren't having sex don't seem to realise just *how easy* it is for a girl to rack up a huge N-count. It does not take a lot of concerted effort, it happens by accident and gradually over the course of a lifetime. Here's how:

My girlfriend started university in September last year, she moved into a house with 5 medicine students. That would be pre-med in the US. These girls are in their 3rd year of medicine, and fall into the "popular girl" group, if they were in the US they would definitely be sorority girls. The closest we have to frats/sororities in the UK are the university sports teams, and that's where the rich/popular kids end up, and where the Chads and Beckys make their social circles. I'd say they're all 7 or 8 out of 10s when dolled up.

I stay with my girlfriend a couple of times a week and was initially shocked by just how often these girls would go out to party. Wednesdays, Fridays or Saturdays would be a consistent party day, and they would all go out twice a week and come back loudly late into the night. I thought maybe this would taper off as term got into way, but it was a consistent thing. Twice a week, every week these girls would go out and get fuck drunk.

A few times while I've stayed with my girlfriend the girls brought back a guy to fuck and we'd have to listen to them drunkenly go at it. One girl in particular, a turboslut who I'll call A, has amassed a significant N-count in just the time I've been there.

A is an 8, maybe a 9 on a really good day. My girlfriend says that she will come back home with a new guy at night once a fortnight *at minimum* and has consistently done so since she moved in in September. She's done more than twice a fortnight before, but we'll lowball it and say it's once every two weeks.

Let's run some numbers here, new guy every 2 weeks, 2 guys a month. Sept to end of Feb, gives us 12 guys in this school year *alone*.

But these are only the guys she's brought back home with her. My GF has more than once seen A stumble into the house in the morning wearing a dress and heels, and this happens just as often as when she brings a guy back, and that's only when my girlfriend has been there to see it. Of course we know that a girl is highly more likely to go back to the dudes house than she is to bring one home, but for the sake of fairness, let's assume that this ratio is 1:1.

So, in the past few months alone, this future doctor has amassed an N-count of 24. If we assume that she doesn't slow down until maybe exam season, she'll get to 30 by the time the school year is done. Once she goes back home for the summer, it's unlikely she won't stop partying with her friends back in her home town and swallow a few dicks there too, but I won't add any to the count as I can't make a good estimate. Hey, maybe she has a long-distance boyfriend/fling waiting for her every summer.

And this is all just in this year, her *third* year of university, a year that is busier and harder work than her other two years. As far as I know this girl didn't have a boyfriend for the first few years, so if we assume that she's kept the same consistency in casual sex, we can comfortably multiply our estimated number by 3, giving us 90 so far.

And this is assuming that her first year at university was no faster or wilder than her third year, which I don't believe one bit. If anything, it's safe to assume that she was much wilder in her first year in college where she was living in dorms, had a lighter workload, and was in peak drinking/party culture, so our "average" of 30 guys for this year may well have been close to 40 or 50 guys for her first year.

And let's not assume that she didn't add a few notches to her count while in high school or on her girl holidays too....

And I know it sounds incredulous and ridiculous, 50 guys a year? Bullshit no girl can go that high. Remember, one guy every week over the course of a few months is enough to get to 20 or 30 no problem. These girls are partying twice, sometimes three times a week, she only needs to be picked up once out of those 3 opportunities in order to add a number to her count. 4 new guys a month still gives us 48 a year, 3 new guys a month, 36 a year. And this is assuming she doesn't use tinder or bang guys she meets at her sports things. I'm not even going to count that.

So if we take all the lowball estimates so far, we get a number of roughly 100 for this girl in just the 3 years she's been at university.

And let's be nice, let's lowball it even further and cut all these numbers by 50%. Even though I've seen for myself she's averaging 3-4 new guys a month, I'll assume that she's had some long term flings or FWBs or slow months, and cut all her numbers by half.

That's still easily 50 guys, and she hasn't even hit 25 yet. That's absolutely incredible.

Some guy will wife this woman one day, not knowing she's been through 50-100 dicks. She'll smile and tell him her number is "like, 15?" and he'll believe it.

And this girl will be someones doctor one day. She's training to be a *doctor*. Imagine the sorority girls who study bullshit majors and have more free time... how many dicks do you think they've been through?

Astounding. If a girl is single and enjoys partying with her friends, assume she's getting railed every weekend by a new guy, and you won't be wrong. Our generation of girls is fucked.

Lessons Learned:

- It's very very easy for a girl to rack up a high n-count.
- Party girls are the biggest turbo-sluts, if she enjoys getting drunk with her friends, she enjoys taking strange dick.

- Never, ever, wife a party girl.

The Sadness Phase

1756 upvotes | May 12, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So there's this girl, i'll call her SadEyes, I've been gaming for a while. Read: a few days. I met her outside campus while she was having a cigarette with her friend, a guy I kinda sorta knew. Used that excuse to start a conversation, get her name, and then bounced. Didn't really think much of it. She's small, 5'2, slim, cute as heck, waifu kinda girl. Has really deep, sad eyes, like she's seen some shit. . Few days later, studying in the library, she walks in and gets her chemistry shit out. I saunter over and plop myself down next to her. Pre-TRP beta ass me would have spent hours stressing over whether I should go talk to her and what I was going to say. I didn't even think for a second, I got up and started talking to her as if we'd been friends for ages.

We say here, "*always assume attraction*". I think you should take it one step further, "**assume you already have the bang**".

I've been doing this for a while now and it's improved my frame with girls tremendously. I used to always be kinda nervous and beta around girls before I fucked them, and if they did somehow let me into their pants, the alpha would burst out and I would have that girl wrapped around my finger after. The girls would be **hooked af** once the wild cocky alpha came out of me, and I would never lose them after.

So I started treating every new girl like I'd already fucked her, or I was going to fuck her eventually. I'd import the frame I had with girls I was already fucking and employ it on every new girl I'd meet. BAM. Instant results.

| 1. Act like you've already fucked the shit out of her

So I'm chatting to this girl and she just malfunctions. Nervous, tripping over her words, saying stupid shit, really embarrassed. I've had this effect on girls before but this time it was so stark. I reminded me cruelly of the way I used to act around super hot girls that scared the living shit out of me, and it made clear just how gross and unattractive it must have been.

Anyway, it was cute coming from this girl. It's very uplifting to know you can make some girls break just by talking to them. Girl was probably soaked. Had a really fucking huge realisation at that point; "**Holy fuck, I'm Chad**". I went from Naruto messenger bag skinny federalord to being able to do this to a chick...

I tell her to let me know next time she goes out for a cig and I'll join her.

She goes out for a cig and I go out with her and we make smalltalk and shoot the shit. She says she will add me on facebook, I tell her I don't have that shit and give her my number instead. She texts me, I ignore her for like, 2 days. Idk.

Bump into her on campus a few days later. I'm chatting to another girl I'm gaming and her hot friends and she's eating that shit up. Hair twirling, stupid laughing, that twisty knee thing they do. Blondie is boring holes into me from afar. Bunch of my chad friends walk by, I do stupid bro shit with them, like frat boy chest beating and all that.

Chat to SadEyes, get interrupted by my climbing buddies, more Chads. Chat to Uni lecturer who walks by and knows me by name. Shoot the shit with him for a few seconds. Displaying massive value all over the place without even thinking about it. She just stands there swaying and waiting for me to pay attention to her again. Once again, it flashes through my head. **"Holy fuck, I'm Chad"** Start talking to SadEyes about movies. Very easy way to get some plausibly deniable way to get into her pants: "You've never seen Shrek 2??!!? What the heck?!?! I definitely got to show it to you one time".

She's all up for that shit. "Yeah sure" she say. "I'll text you" I say.

2. Use Movies or TV shows to set up an easy way to get some alone time. "Netflix and chill" isn't just a meme, it's precisely handcrafted fuck strategy honed over the ages. Use it wisely.

I don't text her for a while until she texts me. "Hey xxx" she says, or some shit. I get straight to the point, "Movie at yours later?". She's apprehensive. "I'm not sure about mine... etc etc". "We can't do mine" I say, and then just drop it.

I cant bring girls back to my place at the moment. Makes it much harder to get the bangs, but hey, you gotta work with what you got. We're all going to have something holding us back, all you gotta do is work through it.

I try again in person a day later. "Okay, whatever," she says, "they'll just have to put up with it". I don't know what she means by this but damn do I eventually find out.

Next day I text her "coming over, meet me here at 6". Didn't ask for shit, didn't mess around with logistics. Every single one of the 3 texts I sent this girl was to set up a meeting. Drove her fucking wild that I wouldn't text her at all, she told me later.

3. Texting is only to set up meets. Don't be the beta that has long conversations with her over text. Your time is valuable, she doesn't want to see you wasting it on her. She wants you to be mysterious and more important than her. As I said in my previous post, the hottest thing a girl can hear you say is "busy".

So we get to her place, dingy little room in a block of flats, but hey I don't judge cos we're all broke students here. Her room is particularly lifeless and bare though and I start to get an odd kind of... pity... for this girl. She's very shy and anxious and sweet and not outwardly slutty or masculine like the other "bad bitch" slut kinda girls. She seems like she'd make a great girlfriend/wife one day, or she would have at one point.... plus, she has really sad eyes, like, I just look into them and I can just tell she's hurting real bad on the inside.

So I fuck her anyway. There's no movie, I go straight for her lips once my shoes are off and she's going crazy for it. Girl really wants to be fucked. Get her clothes off and she's got a great, tight little body that she's been hiding. Obviously I'm pretty aggressive from the get go and as I've said before I normally skip the blowjobs the first time round and go straight for the aggressive fuck. This girl *really* wanted to suck my dick though, so, whatever, I let her. Got some of that great, "first time I'm

sucking his dick so gotta impress him " head. She wants to get on top and ride me, so here's where I employ "**The Slut Test**".

Me: "I don't think I have any condoms, I didn't expect this to happen" I say (HAAAAHAHAAAAHAAA).

"Oh fuck" She says. "....."

"We're going to have to stop. Next time I'll bring some"

She's sitting there twiddling her thumbs. "I guess, I don't mind that much..."

"Don't mind what"

"you can not use a condom if you want " she's looking at the floor.

"I'm not sure... are you on birth control?"

"no... but if you pull out we should be fine..."

"Hmmm... I don't know... Really wanna fuck though...let me just check in case I left one in my back pocket"

Oh, would you look at that! Miraculously I find a condom. Slap that shit on and start pounding away at her. Sadly though, the massive red flag has already been raised and I probably won't fuck this girl again unless she gives me a really good reason to.

I do this with *EVERY* girl I bang for the first time. Pretend I don't have a condom and see how many of them will fuck me without one anyway. If they have any class they'll say no... but the vast majority of girls I've done this with were totally okay with it. SO MANY girls fail the test. That's fucked up. If they are willing to fuck me raw then they are down to fuck every other guy like that too. It fucking worries me just how degenerate our teenage girls have become and how they'll allow any alpha chump to give them a disease because she got the tingles.

I've only ever had one girl who stopped sex and just sucked me off. Some girls have their own condoms. That's less worrisome then the bad option but still irks me that they're fucking around so much that they keep their own condoms just in case. Oh well, whatever, AWALT after all.

So I'm really going at this girl, hand around her neck, fistful of hair, she's burying her face into her pillow, trying to be quiet, I think. Then out of nowhere:

BAM BAM BAM. Loud knock on the door.

"Fuck", she says.

First thing I think is, "boyfriend???".

"What is it?" I say. She seems visibly pissed. "It's my flatmate." She says. "He doesn't like it when I bring boys back".

"What...."

"He gets really crazy when I bring boys back here".

Dude is still knocking at the door and calling her name.

"What, why?"

"I don't know, but he gets really angry"

"Wow is he your dad?"

She seems very nervous and shy and definitely the non-confrontational type. He's still going. I don't know what the fuck to do. She puts on some clothes and opens the door a crack. He starts shouting at her and I can practically feel the angry beta seep into the room.

"Who is that? Just a friend? What did we tell you! Too many! etc etc etc"

She's just trying to placate him. I'm astounded. This keeps going, kind of sounds like a manager telling off an employee, I go up to the door, still naked, she's like "no no no go back".

He's standing outside in the corridor, all 5ft 7 of him. Stupid beard, reeking of autism.

"What do you want dude"

"Who are you?" He says.

SadEyes is just pacing around the room freaking out.

"What's your problem?". I'm still not very good at maintaining eye contact, but I'm high test and fucking blue balled at this moment in time so the anger has me shooting lasers into him. He breaks and looks away.

"She's not supposed to bring guys back here".

"Are you jealous dude?"

"No, no it's just -"

He sneaks a look at my dick. I watched his eyes snap down then shoot back up.

"I mean if you want you can come in and watch I don't mind"

"-" dude is silent. I close the door and lock it.

Walking back from that interaction, I can't help but be astounded at the reversal of the situation; I would never have dreamed that I would be on this side of the door a couple of years ago. I would always have been the salty beta, but holy fuck, now I'm Chad. I've reached peak Chad.

SadEyes is happy I dealt with it but she's still super fucking stressed about it and the shit she'll get tomorrow and we end up going to bed without fucking again and I'm still blue balled af and have to listen to her complain about her flatmates. Apparently the dude has had a crush on her for a while and asked her to be "friends with benefits" and she said no and now he just spergs out whenever she brings any guys back, which apparently, is quite often.

Imagine being that fucking beta. Looking at it from his perspective, I'm just a douchebag tall Chad who's fucking the girl of his dreams and now I'm the worst person in the world. This is what most Betas don't understand about Chads... most of the time they haven't got that way by accident. There's a lot of hard work and self growth needed to get to Chad status. Some guys have good upbringings and genetics and learn it through childhood. Some guys never do, even the ones who won the genetic lottery. I've seen plenty of tall, potentially attractive guys who are beta as fuck because they never discovered the tools needed to become Chad. TRP was the tool I needed, and while this beta

shlub might think that I've "always been this way" and that he just can't compete with someone as genetically gifted as me, he doesn't realise I used to have a BMI of 17 and fapped to futanari hentai.

Anyway I'm pissed, not only because I was blue balled and now I don't have another condom so can't fuck her again, but also because I'd somehow let myself believe (even with my super advanced, diploma level TRP knowledge) that this one wasn't a massive slut and maybe I'd found a "good girl"™ and that she was just so infatuated by me she made an exception. Fuck, so stupid. Nice little slap in the face. AWALT, AWALT, AWALT.

Small cute girls always get me. They look so innocent and that they shouldn't be fucking about and you just want to protect them. Especially this girl, with the sad eyes and what I imagine to be crippling depression and longing for a real man to guide her. Laying in bed with her she asks me how many girlfriends I've had, and if I was looking for something serious. My heart broke. I tell her no, of course not. But I couldn't not feel for this girl. All she wanted in the whole world was to be loved properly by a guy who could actually guide and protect her, and she was giving up her body to try and find a guy who would do that for her. She thought she found it in me, and she went crazy for me, asking for commitment within a few hours. Having to take that hope away from her and throw her back into the pile. Fuck man. How could I do that kinda shit and not feel bad about it?

And she's not the only one either. Every single girl I've fucked, every plate has had this effect on me. Maybe I'm just a big fucking softie, it just makes me sad. Sad to see so many lost girls with no idea what they want and what will make them happy. Throwing their bodies at guy in a hope that one of the will love her. I've seen the sad eyes in too many of the girls I've fucked, eventually I think they just die inside and get that thousand cock stare, but some of them still have hope... and to be the guy to dangle the carrot in front of them and take it away after, fuck, I can't keep doing it.

"Do you have a dad?" I ask her.

"no." Exactly as I thought.

Almost all my other plates are fatherless too.

In the morning while she showers I look around her room. She has some old photos by her bedside table, family photos, when she was a baby, both parents in the pictures, happy memories with siblings.

Fuck. My heart broke again.

All I wanted was to take this girl into my arms and be her dad and tell her everything was going to be okay. But I can't save her. It's not my job. It's not even possible. There are thousands, *millions* of other girls out there, exactly the same. Broken and lost and sad and longing for a real guy to love them. These are our sisters and daughters and this is what has happened to them.

I can't blame women for being sluts anymore. I had a long, dark Anger phase where I hated them and the way they acted, now I'm just sad, very very sad. It hurts. To blame them for not being able to control their emotions and indulgences is like blaming a fat child for being fat. They don't understand, they don't know how. They're grown children with no parents and they are all really, really sad.

I've connected with every girl I've ever fucked and had to sever that connection, and it must fuck them up, fuck them up real bad. No wonder none of them can pair bond anymore. It was this last time

though, seeing that at just how sad this girl was and the photos next to her bed.... it really got to me... I walked home that day in a sobering stupor of sad, pensive thoughts. I stopped by the chapel in my school and sat and thought for a long long time, I guess naively hoping it would help clean me. If there's an Anger Phase to the Red Pill, then there's a definitely Sadness Phase, and man is it harsh. I don't even think I can plate anymore, I can't keep doing this to these girls. I know if I don't others will, but it won't be on my conscience at least.

What's happened to our sisters and daughters and mothers. It's sad. Really sad.

Lessons Learned

- 1. Act like you've already fucked the shit out of her**
- 2. Use Movies or TV shows to set up an easy way to get some alone time.**
- 3. Texting is only to set up meets.**
- 4. The Sadness Phase is real**

You do not **DESERVE** attractive women, you must **EARN** them. There is no shortcut. Become **POWERFUL**.

250 upvotes | July 9, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's a trap I see a lot of newbies who turn up here fall into, and it's one I'd really like to address. Our community is a very "no bullshit" kind of place, and we take a hard line on guys who live in fantasy land and delude themselves; understanding that it's better to hear a harsh truth and be torn up about it for a while, than to live a miserable lie of an existence.

A lot of guys who turn up here are ugly, sexless, depressed or socially weak. It's the clientele we have. Well, of course. If you're a Chad getting laid consistently, you don't need to be here. You're a "natural" and instinctively understand the things we teach here whether you're even conscious of it or not.

But the guys we get aren't Chads, they're the betas and losers of the world, and there's a never ending abundance of them at the moment. Our subscribers just keep shooting up, and we will always have more and more newbies finding the redpill, having their eyes opened, struggle with it for a bit, and then proceed to fill the comments section with literal horseshit. It can't be avoided, it's just what comes with the format.

But the main mistake a lot of guys seem to make once they're redpilled is that they subscribe to a new (still bluepilled) way of thinking, just a different, "pick-up artist" flavor.

They seem to think that saying the right words and speaking the right way and acting like a different person will get them laid. If they follow instructions and emulate the way guys who get laid act, they will eventually achieve the same kind of success.

Let's try and make it clear for you now.

| "You cannot **trick** women into having sex with you".

Attraction is not a game of saying the right words and swindling women into making them think you're Alpha or not. You cannot *pretend* to be Alpha. You cannot *act* Alpha. You either **are** Alpha, or you are not. It is an **EARNED** title. No amount of fake frame or pea-cocking or over-analysing your interactions will change that. You cannot pretend to be Alpha.

Guys who are Alpha do not *try* to be Alpha, they just *are*.

Women will know whether you're Alpha or not within the first few seconds of meeting you. They can practically smell it on you. They have a very good radar for this kind of shit.

That's why a lot of you kids who are pretending to be redpilled aren't getting laid even though you're employing all the techniques. It's not enough just to *act* the part, you need to actually **BE** the part.

| **Earn your Way**

Listen, if you want to fuck hot women. You need to **EARN** them. Women are a prize to be earned and won. They are not a bird to be caught, or an animal to be hunted, or a person to be swindled, they

won't fall in your lap because of your skills or your technique. You will only get women if you **EARN** them.

What do I mean by this?

Achieving women requires work. You need to work to get attractive girls. You need to work on **YOURSELF**. The more you build yourself up, the more desirable and powerful you become, the more you *deserve* the women you are pursuing. If you are not busting your balls to better yourself into a better, more powerful man, why the heck do you think you deserve supermodels?

Once you legitimately deserve these top-tier women, well, that's when they'll magically, effortlessly, fall onto your dick.

Ask yourself now, sitting in front of your screen reading this, what have you done recently that has made you **DESERVE** a HB9? What have you achieved in your life that would make a woman think "damn, I should fuck that guy before he leaves my life forever".

Sitting at home feeling sorry for yourself and masturbating by reading theory posts is not enough to earn you women. Not enough at all. Having the knowledge yet not employing **does not entitle** you to the women. Being redpilled and seeing the true nature of women still **does not entitle** you to them. You might know how women work and what they are attracted to, but have you **EARNED** their attraction? You need to **EARN** your women by working for it, if you don't work for it, you get **NOTHING**.

How have I earned my women?

- Every time I'm at the gym and I've finished my main sets and I'm tired as fuck but I know I need to do some accessory exercises, I need to willfully stop myself from giving up and throwing in the towel. While I'm sweating and panting, I tell myself "I am **EARNING** the women I pursue by lifting this iron and doing these extra sets. These extra sets define me as better than all the other men who pussy about at the gym. If I give up now like a little bitch, I do not **DESERVE** top class women. Why the fuck would a 10/10 want to fuck a quitter like me? There are thousands of other guys out there who get ripped as fuck because they push through moments like this. They **EARN** their bodies, and so they **EARN** their women".
- Every evening when I'm 500 calories short of my daily goal, I make myself a protein shake, which frankly I'm sick of by now, but I force that shit down my throat and gag but keep it down anyway. Doing this, I **EARN** the muscle I build, and the strength and resolve I show **ENTITLES** me to beautiful women, much more than the skinny or fat fucks who don't watch their diet.
- When I'm working my second job and feeling tired as fuck, wishing I could just be at home with Netflix and a joint, I tell myself to suck it the fuck up and **EARN** the money to pay off my debts, because a man who is not financially secure does not

DESERVE high calibre women.

POWER

You do not deserve women by nature of being a Redpilled man. In fact you do not deserve anything, but you can **EARN** your way into these women's panties by working for it. There is no shortcut.

There is no magic trick. "*One secret technique all women hate.*"

Here's something to drill into your frame; if there's one thing that women are all universally attracted to, it's **POWER**.

POWER comes in many forms, and if you can cultivate your power, and earn your way into becoming a powerful man, you can get you some hot bitches.

- A hot, ripped body is a sign of physical **POWER**.
- A huge bank account and impressive house is a sign of financial **POWER**.
- A large social circle or network is a sign of social **POWER**
- A high standing in a career or hobby is a sign of competency **POWER**
- A strong frame and witty speech is a sign of intellectual and mental **POWER**

Women are attracted to all these things, they are attracted to **POWERFUL** men. In what way are you powerful? What power do you have in your life?

If I can hazard a guess, most of you have no real power whatsoever.

How do you expect to deserve women without being powerful? Women **LOVE** power, they get drunk on it, it's what gets them wet as fuck. You can be powerful in lots of different ways. Sure you might be small and weak, but get rich and socially savvy and you still display attractive levels of power.

Sure you might not be rich or strong, but get on stage with your guitar and blow the socks off an audience and you display panty dropping **POWER**.

You will get no pussy without being **POWERFUL**. All the most desired and attractive men in the world are **POWERFUL**. You must become that way, and you can only do so by working hard to achieve that **POWER**. There is no shortcut to power, you must **EARN** it.

Ask yourself a few questions:

Key Points

- What have you done to **DESERVE** the women you desire?
- What are you doing to **EARN** your right to top-tier pussy?
- In what ways do you have **POWER**?
- How can you make yourself more **POWERFUL**?

How to be a Social Butterfly [Part 1: Theory]

493 upvotes | August 1, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So these past few days I've noticed some posts on the front page discussing aspects of sociability, how to have good conversations and how to be a friendly person in general. I've been meaning to write my own post on the topic for a while now, and recently I've had some experiences that warrant being discussed and some lessons I've learnt that warrant being shared. I'll warn you now, this post will not be short, but it will be full of a lot of information, a lot that I haven't seen being discussed before and a lot of new terms or ideas that I think will help *a lot* of you guys reading the sub.

We *all* have Social Anxiety

I used to be a loser. To a huge extent. I had a hard time making friends, and the ones I did make I couldn't keep around. I'd panic in social situations and clam up. I wouldn't know what to say. People would scare me, the ease at which they could communicate with each other and *effortlessly talk* and befriend one another astounded me. I didn't get how they did it. I had a lot of anxiety and low self worth, and sometimes I was just plain awkward or aggravating around people. I've been ghosted and ostracised from groups before, or gone to parties and stood in the corner not knowing how to connect with anyone.

I'm sure many, many of you guys can relate.

For a long time I thought this was how I was going to be forever, thought I was borderline autistic and was destined for a life of introverted loneliness.

Fast forward four years, TRP and many lays later, and I'm the biggest sweet-talking, shit talking, social Chad I know. I can make friends very easily, with strangers or large groups. I can cold open anyone and be in a deep conversation within 10 minutes. I can meet people on nights out, and reconnect with them later on, forming strong friendships and bonds. I am "that guy" that everybody knows.

How did I do it?

I practised.

Naturals had to learn too

Being social is a *skill*, a skill that must be learnt, practised and honed. It is an act that must be developed and perfected, and moulded to suit your personality.

"Naturals" do not exist. No one was born understanding social dynamics. No one was born a social Chad. Get that idea out of your head. Thinking this way is a buffer to explain away your own shortcomings and avoid the hard work it takes to learn these skills.

These "Naturals" that you see who can charm a whole group no problem? They learned how to do this... just a long time ago. A lot of them learned it during middle school, or high school... they learned early on how people work and what it takes to be like-able, they were exposed to more friendships and groups early on and honed their skills through trial and error over the years, and yes, they've made plenty of mistakes and had foot-in-mouth moments too.

They learnt how to be this way, and so can you, it's not too late. You just need to be taught the skills

and techniques that naturals "just get" and put them into practice, and eventually, you will internalise these skills effortlessly and you'll be a "natural" too. These are skills that you will pick up simply from **getting yourself out there** and **embarrassing yourself**.

It's true, you have to be willing to fuck up. If you are not willing to ever be bad at something, you will never reach the point of ever being good at it. This is the same for all skills in life. If you could just try something and be great at it straight away, well I'm jealous dude, because that makes you superhuman. Every single person, whether they were a singer, or a swimmer or a salesman, was *horrible* at their skill for a long time before they ever got some proficiency.

So yes, you need to get out there and actually TRY and be sociable, and *you will fuck up* and **that's okay**. It's a natural process of growing and learning.

"But isn't it autistic to have to take tips and tricks from a dude on a forum to learn how to make friends?"

I can hear the bloopers shrieking on their subreddit already.

Women have a lot of trouble taking social interactions and breaking them down into digestible, discrete lines of thought. For a lot of women (who have high emotional intelligence) they "just get it". A lot of naturals "just get it" too. The problem is, they can never really explain what "it" is.

As men, we **LOVE** to construct methods and theories and find the hard truth of reality, so for a lot of us, the only way we can get "it" is to find out what "it" really is. To break reality down into distinct phenomena and find the patterns and relationships is a masculine endeavour, we **love that shit** and we're **very good at it**. It's what got us science and engineering and the theory of music.... and it can 100% be applied to sexual and social dynamics as well.

In fact, that's why TRP has done *so* well the past few years. We break down sexual dynamics into a male-orientated mindset, we find the patterns and methods and theory behind something that a lot of women "just get". That's why the landwhales over on their subreddits like to call us autistic neckbeards because we "analyse things too much".

Well girls, our "over-analysing" is what gave you science and civilisation... and it's created a community of men who have started to understand the mechanisms of sexual dynamics far better than you can.

So in the next post on this topic, I'm going to give you *hard* broken down, employable methods for being social and making friends. Methods that can be understood easily and employed straight away. Nothing wishy-washy, no bullshit, real hard techniques.

But first, we need to touch on *how this will change your life*.

Fission Reaction

Last year, I saw a dude in one of my new classes. He was very tall, very jacked and emanated Chad at all levels. He was also on his own and had serious resting bitch face. I took my chance.

| "Hi, my names Heathcliff"

| He looked at me like I was bothering him. "Hi, I'm Chad"

| "You taking this class?" (Stupid question I know)

| "Yeah, you?"

| "Yeah, but I'm really bad with Pharmacology, too many drug names to remember and shit"

| His face lit up, "I know right, how do they expect us to have to learn all these?".

And bam, from there it was easy. Chad was actually a really nice guy, he could bench my deadlift and went rock-climbing twice a week. We sat next to each other in class every day.

Chad took me bouldering at the local wall once. From there I was hooked. 1 year and 10kg of muscle gained later, it's become one of my favourite hobbies.

The girls at the climbing walls are literal smokeshow, and easy to open. I've banged three girls I met from the wall alone. I've also made a lot of friends simply from being at the wall consistently.

ClimbingChad taught me how to deadlift better, he spotted me when I was attempting 1RMaxes.

ClimbingChad and I had a close relationship on campus, and we slowly attracted more and more people, including a lot of cute girls, to hang out with us.

By the end of the year, we had a group. We had a squad of people that would hang out in class and outside of it.

Now imagine that first interaction had **never** happened. Imagine if I never had the balls to just talk to a random stranger. My **whole life** would have been different. I'd be significantly weaker, less jacked, fewer friends, lower n-count, and less one incredibly important hobby that I now hold dear.

All that because I'd gone up to a stranger and had a friendly chat with him.

It's why we're top of the food chain

Networking and connecting with people is incredibly important because *the people you know are the most important determiners of your life direction.*

There is **no better** influence on who you're going to be and where you're going to end up in life than the people you know and the connections you make. Networking is **vital** and the difference between a successful man and a mediocre man is the charisma and social strength the successful man has in finding and manipulating new people and friends.

There is literally no downside to knowing lots of people. *The more people you know, the better your life will be.* Period. You have a greater resource pool to draw from, and vastly more potential experiences.

It's very important to make new friends and acquaintances with everyone you meet, you never know where it will take you or what you can get out of them (or mutually do for each other). You never know how significantly your life will change just from having the balls to talk to strangers and put yourself out there. And for every laugh and rejection and embarrassing moment you get, (and they *will* happen) you will have 20 more life-changing interactions.

DickWeed Girl

A few years ago, I was at a comic-con with my friends. Wondering about alone, I spot a cute girl sitting on a couch by herself. She was on the phone to her mother and was complaining about how bored she was and how she was surrounded by nerds. I sit by her for a bit, wondering if I should talk to her, hamstering myself into paralysis and finding excuses for why I shouldn't bother her. She puts

her phone down and lets out a big huff, then glances at me.

Shit, there's my chance.

"You look really bored" I say. (Wow what an opener, genius....)

She gives me a big smile. "Yeah, my brother has Aspergers and my mum made me take him here but he's gone off without me and I can't find him"

"Um, I'm sure he'll turn up.... this place isn't that bad though there's plenty of stuff to do, I'll show you around".

She bounces up with a big grin. "Sure!".

A couple of weeks later I'm balls deep in this girls throat while her boyfriend is blowing up her phone next to us.

This girl was a massive weed addict. Whenever we hung out we'd smoke all the time, 4-5 grams a day easily. One time I didn't have weed and she freaked the fuck out... had a full on anxiety attack and stormed out of my house and started going around asking all the black guys in the neighbourhood for a plug. Over time I realised this girl was batshit insane, and eventually dropped her. But she left me with a pretty crippling weed addiction and I took the "hobby" too seriously for a long time.

A few months later I decide to go to Amsterdam with my then-girlfriend, to try out some good weed of course. While there, I took around 5grams of dried psilocybin mushrooms and my life changed entirely. No exaggeration at all. That first trip fucked me up so good I was never the same again, and from there I slowly went on a path of fixing myself and improving until I got to where I am now; significantly healthier, significantly more mature, much better relationships with drugs and the people around me, and a more wholesome person all round. I would not be here writing this had it not been for psychedelics.

And this entirely because I'd taken the chance I'd been presented with and didn't fuck it up. Entirely because in that moment, I'd had the balls to talk to a cute girl I was intimidated by. In a parallel universe my hamster might have won and I would have pussied out and never spoken to that girl, and I have no idea where I'd be now. Probably entirely worse off.

Social Game

Lastly, before we start on the methods section of this post, I want to stress the importance of Social Game in helping you *get laid*.

In fact, I think there is no better game at all than Social Game. All the cold-approaches and Tinder bios and lifting in the world won't get you as much pussy as actually 1) having the ability to effortlessly talk and charm people and 2) having a large group of friends and social circle with women in it.

Social Circle game is how most people meet each other and fuck each other. Bar approaches and daytime approaches do happen and they can be successful, but you will always have it easier if you meet people through a large group of friends that you are part, it also helps immensely with Night Game.

Not only do you have massive amounts of **Social Proof** and **Pre-Selection** you also have access to lots of different women that you can easily meet, who won't treat you as a potential threat and are already comfortable with your presence. Women in bars who see you walking in or hanging out with

a mixed group of friends will respect you much more, and will want to be part of the vibrant group energy, making it significantly easier to game them. Women who see that other people like you and you have lots of friends will instantly think of you better. Remember, a girl needs to consider you safe and secure in order to want to fuck you, and seeing that other people like you is enough to check her box.

In my next post, I'm going to give you all some hard-methods in achieving Social-Butterfly status and a field report on how I recently employed these techniques. I won't write them in this post as this has already been pretty long and I know from experience that the longer the wall of text the less likely people are to read the whole thing and instead just skim, and I honestly think this information is so important for the community that I'd like a lot of the newbies to read it. Pick-Up Game has been done to death and we all know how it works, but Social Game is a bit of a harder topic to tackle and I'm going to give it a shot.

Watch out for the next post coming straight after this one which will detail methods and lessons in social interactions.

Lessons Learned

- Being Social is Skill that needs to be learned and practised
- "Naturals" are just people who honed their skills earlier than most
- There are definite methods and techniques that you can use to improve your social game (will be discussed in the next post)
- It's okay to fuck up, it happens to all of us. You'll never improve if you don't
- Men are very good at recognising patterns and methods for success in all phenomena
- Talking to people and making new friends will have HUGE effects on your personal life
- Getting laid is much easier when you have a large group of friends, a large pool of women to meet and the ability to effortlessly find more

How to be a Social Butterfly [Part 2: Methods]

482 upvotes | August 4, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I'm back with part 2 of my post: *How to be a Social Butterfly*. Apologies for the wait, this is actually the third draft of this particular section, as I wasn't happy with the length and waffle of my previous two versions, so I rewrote it entirely.

If you haven't read part 1 yet, I strongly suggest you do, it should be somewhere in my post history. Part 1 gives reasons and justifications for why learning good Social Game is vital for your development as an adult and your life success. I outline the reasons for why being sociable and friendly is important, and the mindset needed to learn how to become a naturally gifted people-person.

In this part of the post, I will give you some real methods and techniques that you can employ in your own life and practice every day. These methods of socialising are things that I've picked up over the past few years, things that I've observed in "naturals" and had to teach myself, and things I've stumbled upon by accident that worked really well.

A lot of "naturals" intuitively know to do these things as they picked them up when they were younger and have internalised them into their character. Us, being the betas that we were, were never taught or were given the opportunity to learn these things, hence the social anxiety and awkwardness around strangers or groups. Once you employ these methods a few times and get the hang of them you will quickly internalise them just like the naturals did, and to the outside observer, you will be a natural too.

So without further ado, let's begin.

Method 1: Play a Character

Now this is probably the most important lesson I learnt during the past few years of self improvement and learning to socialise.

You know when you're meeting a salesman for the first time, or a new boss, or a sociable Chad, and you notice there's something quite... *off* about the way they are speaking to you.

They have a sort of *disingenuous* tone to the way they act and speak, it can sometimes sound quite condescending, like you're being spoken down to. It may even seem a bit fake, a bit phoney, you may feel like this person doesn't really behave this way, but they are putting on an act just for you.

I noticed this a lot, especially around the most friendly and sociable people that I came across, the guys and girls everybody liked and who could carry a conversation well. They didn't *seem* like themselves, instead, it seemed like they were putting on a super friendly facade in order to facilitate an easy first meeting and make things go smoother.

Over time, I befriended some of these people and became close friends with them, and I slowly noticed the facade drop and the real person come through. Normally these real versions of the person were much more genuine, relaxed and serious, and they were often very strong-willed and disciplined people.

Yet when we as a group would meet other strangers, or game girls, or work together in a professional

environment, the act would spring back up again. It was kind of weird for me, like watching a schizo switch between different personalities.

Yet this phoney act worked *wonders* for the networking and socialisation ability of these people, it would allow them to dominate the conversation, appear very confident and likeable and have the whole group eating out of their hands.

I tried it one day. I began speaking to new people and strangers and putting on a whole new persona, a much more energetic and lively persona. I wasn't myself at all, I was playing a character, a kind of super-friendly, fake, incredibly forward character. I would fake a lot of interest in what people were saying, I would smile and laugh too loudly at simple things, to make the other person feel at ease and liked, I would treat new people as if we were best friends.

And it worked perfectly.

It was like night and day. Noticing how people responded to me was very eye-opening. This "character" that I was playing was not me, I don't normally behave so disingenuously or up-front as that, but when I employed this persona, people were much more respectful around me, wanted to be around me more, and were quick to re-connect later. The fake-confidence and high energy would attract people to me and it would spread throughout the group. People would feel much more relaxed knowing I was socially capable and could lead the group and take the reigns. Keeping conversations going would be very easy with a lot of feigned interest (I couldn't give two shits about your parents house in Lagos, but I'll keep asking you questions about it to make you feel like you're worth something).

After seeing how well this worked for me, this "fake" me, I started using it everywhere, especially in business and professional contexts. It seems to me everyone in business speaks like this, especially salesmen, they all use this very strong- disingenuous form of powertalk. Ever seen Peep Show? Mark's boss Johnson is a prime example of the scary levels of fake likeability you can achieve with this method.

Out of all the techniques I'm going to teach you, this one has been the most important for me to learn, and the most conducive to my healthy social life. Of course, with close friends I no longer need to hold it up and I let it slip away, but when meeting new people this fake character, this fake hyperconfidence will go *a long way* in making connections and impressing others.

Next time you go out and meet people, try and spot which people you meet are being *genuine* with their outside personas and which are *playing a character*. You will quickly spot there are two types of people, those who are honest and upfront in public and those who are disingenuous and "fake". Now notice what kinds of people employ these methods, you'll soon realise the "honest" and "normal" people are normally quite awkward, beta or shy; while these people who put on a different front when out in the real world are always the "winners", the bosses or leaders or coaches or team captains. It's a trend I've definitely picked up on. Yes there are exceptions and you will always get that smart, genuine honest alpha that everybody likes (before you all sperg in the comments), but let's be honest, those kinds are cut from a different cloth and we can't really hope to match them, they are "natural alphas" and learned how to be perfect men a long time ago when they were kids. You however, are still struggling to talk to people at parties, so you'll never reach that level of DGAF contentedness until you first go through the intermediate step of faking a persona in order to learn how to game and influence people. The whole world does it, so there's nothing to be ashamed of in trying it.

EXERCISE 1: Your first exercise is not to create your own fake persona, that will come later. All I want you to do now is to go out and try and *notice* it in others, that's the first step, and knowing is half the battle. Afterwards you can start copying these people and emulating their techniques, but for now, just observe.

Method 2: Restricted Exposure

There's a technique in pick-up where you're supposed to open a girl, talk to her for a while, and bounce almost immediately after. You are busy, you are important, you have shit to do, you have people waiting for you, you don't really care about her all that much and she's cutting into *your* time. Start using this technique for everyone you meet.

Whenever I meet a new person, whether it be at work or at a nightclub, I'll have a polite first conversation with them, and then I'll find an excuse to leave a few minutes later, even if I don't actually have to be anywhere.

The importance of this is to show people that *your time is valuable*. If you stick around too long and cling onto a girl or person you've just met, they can't help but think of you as a bit of a dork. "Doesn't he have better things to do?" they think. "Why is he still here, we just met..."

This is especially important if you've just been invited into or met a new group of people. Never stick around too long lest they think you are a scrape.

People want to be friends with **cool** guys. No one wants to befriend a loser. If you give people any reason to think you're a loser, they will quite rightly become allergic to you. If you show people that you don't really have much shit going on outside of this interaction, they will quite rightly place themselves above you.

The easiest way to get people to like you is to **appear cooler than them**. Everyone wants to be friends with the cool guy. If people naturally look up to you, if they think you are alpha, if they see you can lead, people will cling to you like molluscs. Everyone wants a piece of that pie.

In order to do this, you must always restrict the time you spend with people you first meet. Never let the conversation stray into awkward territory. Appear busy. Make them feel like they are cutting into your valuable time. Make them feel like you are *tolerating their presence*. Be the one to cut off the conversation and leave first.

I unconsciously follow a mathematical formula with the amount of time I spend with new-people or girls. If I'm first introduced to someone, I never let myself spend more than 2-5 minutes introducing myself and getting to know them, or trading details if need be. If we call this time (t), next time I meet them I'll aim for no longer than 2(t), the time after 4(t) and so on, until it's possible to hang out with them for longer periods of time and we're comfortable with each other. This allows *gradual exposure* to the participant, allows you to vet them over time and get to know them easier, stops you getting too close so that a cut-out is easy if necessary, and makes them feel like you are in charge of all interactions (which you are).

Exercise 2: Next time you meet a new person or group of people, check your watch. Try to spend no longer than 2 minutes, and then find an excuse to leave. If you know you will catch them later (you work with them, they're on your campus), leave with nothing. If you're

not going to meet them later, tell them you're "in a rush and it's a shame because they seem cool and it would be great to hang out more," then ask for their phone and call yourself on their phone. (This way you both have each others numbers, and it's quicker than faffing around with typing in contact details and shit. Especially important with women as they never call/text first).

Method 3: Dominance

Leading on from the last two points, I want to stress the importance of *appearing important* in making friends. As I said in the last section, people only really want to be friends with those they deem on their level or above. If they look down on you, there's no chance. If however, they feel like you're looking down on them somehow, they will vie for your attention in order to prove to themselves they're worthy.

So appearing important and busy is a key component in doing this. You're at a bar, you open a group of girls, you don't stick around too long, you leave them early and you make them wonder why you didn't seem to give a shit about them and left. You bump into them later and they're cling to you like you're their pimp.

You see your friend talking to someone you don't know, you decide to **Link** (more on this later). You barge into their conversation and shoot the shit with your friend for a while, completely ignoring the other guy and making him stand there awkwardly in silence. You cut him out of the conversation while talking to your friend, until you say "so are you going to introduce me?". You exchange names, *and then go back to talking to your buddy as if you didn't really care in the first place.*

I know it sounds rude, and well, it kind of is. But the next time you see this new guy, he'll be at your feet willing to talk to you. He will have pedestals you into the rude but cool guy, and he will be much more willing to be open and friendly with you.

On that note actually, don't be afraid to interrupt or barge into conversations uninvited, especially if you have the confidence to pull it off. People will not call you out and the dominance shown will instantly elevate you to near the top of the group where people will be thinking "who does this guy think he is?" but will be intimidated and impressed anyway.

If you have the option between being polite but awkward (for example, standing outside the group waiting for a lull in the conversation for chance to say something) or aggressive and rude, *always pick the more dominant.* Sure it will backfire sometimes, but most of the time it will work better than you expect.

Exercise 3: Interrupt a random conversation, just to see the effects. Two people chatting on the street? "Hey do you have the time?". "Hey do you know where this place is?" "Hey do you have a lighter?". Really just barge in there mid-sentence. Do it a few times. Watch peoples reactions, and in-fact watch the way you carry yourself during and after, you'll notice you're way more confident and open. Why is that?

Method 4: Mindset shift ----> People are friendlier than you think

Most of us come from a place of betadom and social-anxiety. People seem scary to us, especially strangers. You see everyone's serious, walled off faces and expressions and you imagine them as way more important and busy than they actually are. They intimidate you.

Have you tried actually speaking to any of these people out of the blue before? Their face instantly morphs, suddenly smiles and soft tone.

The vast majority of people are much nicer and friendlier in public than you'd imagine. Contrary to what you might think, there are still manners in the world and politeness still exists.

If you're just trying to be sociable in the queue of a nightclub, or at a bar, or at a college club or even just out in public, having the confidence to approach people is often more than enough to set up a friendly interaction. People will more often than not respond extremely positively. Most people love meeting new people, especially the kind of friendly stranger who will randomly talk to them out of the blue.

Just think about it, you probably have a pretty bad resting bitch face, but would you chimp-out if a random stranger started talking to you at the bus stop? You might be a bit awkward at first but after a while it would be chill, and much easier still if the other person was a good conversationalist and knew how to keep the conversation going despite your initial apprehension.

You can be that guy. It's not hard at all.

Exercise 4: You've been told to do this one a thousand times before, but have you actually done it yet? Talk to 10 strangers, about anything. If you're still scared of women, start off with men only and work your way towards women once you're a bit more confident. Just practice cold opening random people and judging their reactions, I promise you they won't be too bad at all.

Method 5: Linking

This is a technique I've found to help me tremendously in opening new people and having some sort of plausibly deniable excuse in talking to those I've never met before.

The best way to really meet new people is to **LINK** to them through people you already know. Now this might be obvious but it needs a bit of explaining. In this case, an example might work better.

I was on holiday recently and went to a bar by myself. I knew no one there, and most of the people at the bar didn't speak English, in fact most were French. However, I managed to scope out a fat English girl who was talking to some French people. I opened her and we hit it off, we'll call her A. A introduced me to her much hotter (and drunker) friend B. A and B mentioned to me a French guy that B was fucking, C, and when C arrived we all went to speak to him and I introduced myself. Afterwards, I bailed (restricted exposure), went to get a drink, and awkwardly went to dance by myself for a bit. I go outside to the smoking area and C is having a cig with some french people, I barge in and interrupt the conversation and act like C and I are already great friends. C introduces me to D,E,F and G but their English wasn't too good (I can't speak French at all so no fault on them). I chat with them all for a while, and tell them I'll meet them inside as I go off to dance with A and B. They all

eventually come to the dancefloor and I dance with their group as if I'm already part of the family and they're very receptive, A and B jealously looking on.

Outside in the smoking area I see F getting gamed by a group of guys. I go up to her and put my arm around her and introduce myself to the guys, H, I, J. I ask one of them for a cig and he obliges, then tell F to get back inside as her friends are waiting for her, and slap her on the ass to make her leave. She laughs and goes inside. I talk to these new guys for a while, say "she's a real fine one isn't she", "oh she's not mine you can try your luck I'm not going there".

I really hit it off with these new guys and we do a few shots together and eventually on the dancefloor our new group spans A-J. In fact, some of my new buds pulled girls from the original group, and later on in the week I saw some of the guys I connected that night hanging out as friends. It's actually quite heart-warming to see connections being made and knowing you were the spark that caused it.

By the end of the night, we had a nice large, fun group that I'd pretty much built from scratch. I'd arrived alone and left with 10 other people and a girl on my arm.

The technique I employed here I've named **Linking**. If you see someone you know talking to someone you don't know, you must jump on that opportunity straight away and use them as the bridge to form a new connection. People are much friendlier to strangers if those strangers are already vouched for by people they know. You'll have a much easier time forming new bonds and relationships if you use people you already know as tools to facilitate this. And, like nuclear fission reaction, **Linking** will exponentially increase the number of people you meet and befriend.

Exercise 5: Next time you see someone you know hanging out with a stranger, even if you're just acquaintances, use that as an excuse to enter their bubble and have them introduce you. Stop thinking of this new person as "his friend" and start thinking of him as "our friend".

You will make *a lot* of new friends and network very well using this technique.

Method 6: Remembering Names

I've always had a lot of trouble remembering peoples names, and it can get quite embarrassing after a while. People are very rightly offended and you can come across incredibly rude. I'll give you some tips in how to remember names better.

1. I realised after a while was that the reason I was forgetting peoples names was that I wasn't actually properly listening to them when they told me. I know it sounds stupid, because it was, but you probably do it too. Really focus and pay attention when someone tells you their name. I repeat it back to them and also for a split second close my eyes and repeat it in my head. Sounds dumb, but it works.
2. Use their name a couple of times in the conversation instantly after, repeating it back to them and yourself. The more you say it, the more you associate it with their face and the more ingrained it becomes.
3. This one is important. If you forget someones name that you only met a few

minutes/hours/days ago, be honest and upfront and tell them this *straight away*. If you do not do this and instead are too awkward to say anything, you are *only making it worse for yourself in the long run*. This person assumes you know their name so if you have been hanging out with them for a while eventually a situation will come up where you will have to reveal you forgot it and you will look like a massive twat. The longer you leave it because you're dumb and awkward, the more awkward you make it for yourself later, exponentially. People will forgive you the first few times you forget their name, so be straight up about it then; people will *not* forgive you if you reveal you still don't know their name after hanging out for a week. This has happened to me too many times before and I still cringe about it, now I am blatantly upfront about forgetting and make a huge effort to remember names first time, it's respectful and people like you much better.

Method 7: Make people talk about themselves

Mentioned a million times on this subreddit and it's very good advice, but I'm going to bring it up again for those that have missed it.

People *love* to speak about themselves. We're all raging narcissists and love to show off about our families and vacations and hobbies.

If you're having a conversation with someone, let them do all the talking. Just ask them questions every now and then as if you were interviewing them and watch as they waffle on and on once they're comfortable with you. Soon, you will be like a best friend to them. They will feel like they had the best conversation ever when really you might have contributed no more than 10%.

Exercise 7: Next time you talk to a stranger, grill them like t's 20 questions and find out their whole life story. Say nothing about yourself whatsoever.

Method 8: Outcome Independence

Again, this has been done to death here but I think it bears repeating for the context of this post.

You will have a much easier time on nights out or at bars if you *stop trying to get laid*.

People can smell the desperation on you, especially women. You will have a hard time coming across as likeable if others can sense a hidden agenda behind your actions.

Your nights will be much easier if you stop focusing on the outcome of your night. The more you try to get laid, the harder it will really be for you. Instead, start seeing your night as just a time to fuck around and have fun for a while, with sex at the end being an added, but rare, bonus.

Have you ever been on a night out with buds and tried your hardest to pull some gash but failed miserably? You felt like a right loser at the end didn't you? Shittest feeling ever, like you wasted all your time and money only to be told you're unattractive and not good enough.

Now imagine you had left that goal out of your mind, you'd no longer feel that way in the end.

Imagine *anticipating and accepting failure* and how your actions would change in that light.

When I used to go out with the express purpose of getting laid, or even when I'd bump into a pretty

girl during the day, I'd focus way to hard on what I said and how I acted, thinking "I better do this one properly, cos this girl is hot and I really want her, so I can't fuck this up".

The result would be that I was too awkward and nervous and took the interaction *way too seriously*, and I crashed and burned each time.

Eventually I started telling myself "Tonight, I'm not going to get laid. That's not what I'm here for. I will go home empty handed and sleep alone tonight".

So when speaking to a girl "Well, I'm not going to fuck this broad... I'll probably never see her again in my life.... so who gives a fuck how I behave".

Bam. Instantly more confident, at ease and attractive.

The nights where I stopped trying to fuck women were the best nights of my life. They were incredibly fun and I met a lot of cool new people.

It's also important for meeting guys and stopping yourself getting cockblocked that *you do not hit on the women in their group*. In fact, I straight up *ignore* women for the first few hours of the night. I speak to the guys and barely even acknowledge the women are there. This works in multiple different ways

1. makes everyone easier around you as they know your intentions, you're there to have fun, not fuck the girls
2. men are very defensive of their women, especially in large groups. If you want a chance with these women later on in the night, you need to befriend the guys first and make them not see you as a threat.
3. women will only fuck you if they think you're safe and they feel comfortable around you. Showing that you have the acceptance of the rest of the group, especially the Chads, will go a long way in helping you game them at the end of the night

Exercise 8: Next time you go out to a bar or club or anywhere where you used to try and pick up girls, make a promise to yourself. "Tonight, I'm not getting laid. I'm going home alone." Watch as the whole night changes.

Method 9: Bartender Game

Another one for night game, I won't go too deep into this though as I have a bit more to say on other topics still.

On the holiday I mentioned before, that bar that I first went to became a regular. On the first night I scoped out who the head bartender was and I made sure to tip him well each time and develop a rapport. It got to the point where he would prioritise me over others waiting and knew my regular drink each time, because I always tipped him and shot the shit; it wasn't much, but it was consistent.

Once you're friends with the bartender, magical shit happens. You ever been with a girl waiting at the bar and the bartender skips all the other shmucks and hits you up straight away with a quick fist bump and your regular drink? She looks at you like you're Usher for some reason.

There was one night where the dude definitely got me laid. I'd offered to buy a group of girls some shots. (I know what the comments will be already, REEEEEEE, DON'T BUY WOMEN DRINKS.

There's a time and place for everything friends, and if you have the cash, spending it wisely at opportune moments will get you very, very far. There's a difference between allowing yourself to get gamed by a bitch out of a free drink and buying a girl booze in order to get her alone/score some credibility. Women LOVE to see you flash cash, you just have to do it tactically).

Anyway, I'm buying these girls some shots and I see the fat chick from earlier arguing with my favourite bartender over a cocktail she had bought. She had ordered the drink and didn't have the cash to pay but had started drinking it anyway. Things were getting heated so I offered to buy the drink for her, mainly just to show off to the girls I was with. The bartender says "You're a good guy. For you it's on the house" and told the fat girl to go away. He poured us all out double shots and the girls thought I was some kind of god.

Same concept can be said for the bouncer. Befriend your bouncer only a little bit, get on first name basis, tip him, give him cigarettes, and walking in with people will make you seem much cooler if you're tight with the establishment.

Exercise 9: Make friends with the establishment at your regular watering hole. One day, they will get you laid.

Method 10: Cigarette Game

This one will be controversial, so, if you don't agree, don't sperg out in the comments and make this post revolve around this one point, there's more important stuff here than just this, but this is something I haven't seen mentioned before and I think should be.

Cigarettes are very, very good at making you friends.

I am not a smoker, never have been. However, every time I go on a night out, I hit up the store beforehand and buy myself a packet of Cigarettes, and no lighter.

"Have you got a lighter" is the best opener in history.

You will make friends with a thousand different people this way. It's perfect plausible deniability, it opens the conversation up easily, it allows you to bond over something shared and it puts a time limit on the interaction.

Smoking is very social, even if it does kill your lungs. Smokers always get together and chat and naturally, they all befriend each other.

Another very, very important thing I learnt from carrying a pack of cigarettes with me at nightclubs and bars was that it gives you a perfect excuse to isolate a girl you're gaming.

Nightclubs are hypergamy on steroids. Once you're on the dancefloor there's no way you can employ any kind of real game, it's too loud to talk. You're restricted to just your physical characteristics; so the tall, ripped Chads are the only ones getting any.

Grabbing a girl's hand and saying "I'm going out for a cigarette, come join me" is the perfect excuse to get her alone, get her somewhere that you can actually talk openly, and see if she's actually ugly or retarded or not.

Plus, and I know it's dumb (but girls are dumb, we all know that): women are very attracted to men who smoke. For some reason, they think it's *really cool*. Don't ask me why, I think it's stupid, but

women are children and they seem to think guys who smoke are badass and alpha.

I have had a lot of success isolating and gaming girls in the smoking area, as well as making friends over a shared cig.

I never smoke during the day and I always make sure to try and clean my lungs the day after (Wim Hof method and a 5k the morning after has kept them healthy for the past year).

Exercise 10 (OPTIONAL): Try taking a packet of cigarettes with you (and no lighter) next time you hit up a bar. Use it as a tool to connect with people and isolate girls

Method 11: Dancing

A lot of us here do not find dancing natural or enjoyable. That is normal. As men, especially men of this generation, dancing is not something that has been taught to us or been a significant part of our lives. We weren't raised where dancing was commonplace and we could all learn and enjoy it.

We are also quite reserved and un-expressive, which makes dancing, an act built around expressing yourself in movement, a very scary and uncomfortable thing for us.

Let's not also forget that the postmodernists and cultural marxists have killed off music and dancing for our generation to the point where we don't really dance properly or the way we used to before. Gone are the days where you could grab a girls hand and Jitterbug and both have a fun time and it could be cute but completely asexual. No, nowadays, at clubs and bars, dancing has no structure nor culture and we are reduced to the lowest form of dance, spazzing out alone on the floor and grinding up against each other when necessary.

(I'm convinced that if we're going to take back our culture from the postmodernists, not only must we take back control of music and make it less sexualised and more wholesome, we must also re-introduce asexual, couples and group dance as a cultural practice. Every other culture still has dance and it's a pivotal part, ours in the west has been murdered).

Anyway, if you're going to a bar or club, you need to be able to dance. It's pretty much imperative. There's no quicker way to kill a woman's boner than to be awkward and clammy on the dancefloor. You could be running perfect game on a girl but if you start to dance and you don't know what you're doing or you're too shy her panties will dry up instantly.

You do not want to be that guy who just stands there swaying side to side and looking around nervously. There is nothing more unattractive than low self-confidence and high self consciousness. Men who can dance are **VERY** attractive to women, and very intimidating to other men. You will get a lot of cred for just being confident enough to dance and will make a lot of easy friends. Plus, it's pretty much a meme at this point, but if you can dance well, you can fuck well. (I've found it's very true for women. Professional dancer girls I've fucked have been wild in the sheets)

I used to be a terrible dancer, in fact I still am. It's just not my jam really. I'd love to be able to learn a real dance like Swing or Salsa and I probably will sometime with my girlfriend, but at a nightclub where the songs consist of Jason Derulo telling girls to suck as much dick as possible, you gotta work with what you got.

Here are some tips I've picked up over the years.

1. Buy a drink and hold it in your hand. This gives you an excuse to be a bit more rigid, and gives your arms something to do so you can focus on leg movement.
2. Listen to the music and move along with it, use your feet to match the beat. Yeah the music is normally shit, but you can't change it, so just suck it up and try and enjoy it. There will normally be a few good songs.
3. Just let go. Stop restricting your movement and thinking you look dumb. You look fine, hit that beat a bit harder and move a bit more vigorously and you'll look even better. You're better off dancing "too much" than dancing "too little"
4. No one is really paying attention to you. They're all focused on themselves and wondering if they're looking stupid. People are too self conscious and self absorbed to scrutinise your actions.
5. Women love dancing, let them take charge. Nowadays, you're better off just being *okay* at dancing and letting the girl do all the work. Women love to show off on the dancefloor, as long as you look okay and don't make her look bad, you're doing your job. Just let her strut her stuff and be her accessory.
6. It's okay to look silly and dance badly. In fact, it's probably better. Just acting stupid and showing you don't give a fuck what people think can be *very* attractive to the girls around you. Yeah you can't dance and you admit it, why pretend, just fuck about anyway and clown it up. In fact, and this is true, I was pillow talking with a girl I pulled from a club and she said to me "Your dancing was so bad and you didn't care, it was hilarious, I loved it. You cutie".

Exercise 11: Next time you are at a dancing establishment, just let go. Let loose and look like an idiot for a bit. Observe how others treat you after.

Method 12: Trust your gut.

This will be my last one as a wrap up.

Some people you meet you will just click with, on the spot. You feel, in your gut, that this person is a good person and you will be close friends for a long time.

It's a phenomenon I used to experience but never really put much weight into, being a federalord science-abiding atheist and all.

Recently though, I've started questioning all aspects of reality. From the remote-viewing CIA releases, to DMT trips, to the world-elite and their satanic cult and ritual child sacrifice, to mememagic being real, I'm not really sure what to believe anymore, and have started questioning everything.

I've always had gut-feelings but never really trusted them or had any reason to. I've been told by a lot of different people to always follow them, including on here, and now I've definitely come around to the idea that there is something we don't quite understand about human experience and consciousness that can influence and direct us on the right path.

Sometimes, you will meet someone and everything about them just seems *right*. They seem like the most genuine person you have met so far, and they seem like a long lost friend you have reconnected with.

When you trust your gut and befriend these people, you will find that often, they become lifelong

friends.

I believed this before, and I believe it even more firmly now. Especially after reading this excerpt from Solzhenitsyn in *The Gulag Archipelago*, which I thought was so potent that it needed to be shared with you guys.

"I had not yet even heard the word "nasedka" — "stool pigeon" — nor learned that there had to be one such "stool pigeon" in each cell. And I had not yet had time to think things over and conclude that I did not like this fellow, Georgi Kramarenko. But a spiritual relay, a sensor relay, had clicked inside me, and it had closed him off from me for good and all. I would not bother to recall this event if it had been the only one of its kind. But soon, with astonishment, and alarm, I became aware of the work of this internal sensor relay as a constant, inborn trait. The years passed and I lay on the same bunks, marched in the same formations, and worked in the same work brigades with hundreds of others. And always that secret sensor relay, for whose creation I deserved not the least bit of credit, worked even before I remembered it was there, worked at the first sight of a human face and eyes, at the first sound of a voice — so that I opened my heart to that person either fully or just the width of a crack, or else shut myself off from him completely.

This was so consistently unfailing that all the efforts of the State Security officers to employ stool pigeons began to seem to me as insignificant as being pestered by gnats: After all, a person who has undertaken to be a traitor always betrays the fact in his face and in his voice, and even though some were more skilled in pretense, there was always something fishy about them. On the other hand, the sensor relay helped me distinguish those to whom I could from the very beginning of our acquaintance completely disclose my most precious depths and secrets — secrets for which heads roll. Thus it was that I got through eight years of imprisonment, three years of exile, and another six years of underground authorship, which were in no wise less dangerous. During all those seventeen years I recklessly revealed myself to dozens of people — and didn't make a misstep even once. I have never read about this trait anywhere, and I mention it here for those interested in psychology. It seems to me that such spiritual sensors exist in many of us, but because we live in too technological and rational an age, we neglect this miracle and don't allow it to develop."

Lessons Learned:

1. Play a character, put on a facade, it is easier to connect with people if you are "fake at first".
2. Restrict exposure to new people you meet. Connect slowly, appear busy and do not be too clingy.
3. Become confident and dominant in social encounters. People will look up to you and respect you more.
4. Accept that people are actually quite kind and most love to make new friends.
5. Use people you know to "link" mutual other that you have yet to meet.
6. Be respectful with peoples names, pay attention and try your hardest to remember them, and be honest and upfront when you have forgotten.
7. Enter every interaction with outcome independence, don't focus on your intentions or the end

goal, focus on the here and now.

8. Make friends with the establishment at venues you frequent and you will get a lot of perks.
9. Cigarettes can be very helpful in building a quick and easy social circle, and can be very useful when gaming women.
10. Let go when you dance; it is better to take it too far and look stupid than it is to be awkward and nervous. Dancing is very important to the way people perceive you.
11. Trust your gut.

Concealed Intentions and Plausible Deniability (Day/Campus Game)

276 upvotes | December 13, 2017 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I've had a few questions recently asking me to address picking up girls in high school or on campus, as well as others wondering why their daytime approaches are going so badly; I've noticed a recurring theme with these questions, a mindset their owners have yet to understand and internalise, so I will explain it in the post, as well as some other concepts and ideas that need to be discussed. Let's jump straight to it.

Day Game vs Night Game

The game of seduction takes place in two main arenas, and these arenas have different rules, challenges and gameplay that define them. The two I will discuss here are:

- Day Game (picking up women on campus, at school, at cafes/bookshops etc)
- Night Game (picking up women at clubs, bars and parties)

These two environments have to be maneuvered in different ways, you cannot port your playstyle from one side to another, it's a different game altogether. Of course, there are techniques you can employ that are universal to both, passing shit tests for example, but there are a lot of techniques you need to know about that will fail hard in one environment where they would have worked in the other.

Day Game and Night Game are played differently, there is no universal style. Those of you who are having trouble with their Day Game are doing so mostly because you are treating picking up the girl who sits next to you in class the same as picking up a girl at a nightclub. It's not the same.

What's different about them though? What defines one from the other?

The Watering Hole

When a girl agrees to go to a bar with her friends, she knows what she's signing up for. She says yes for a reason. She picks out her outfit a few days before. She washes her hair that morning. She puts on the black lingerie. She does, removes, then redoes her makeup.

This girl knows that when she goes to this club, she is doing so to get hit on. She is seeking attention from men. Maybe she wants to get laid, maybe she doesn't. (Some women really *do* feed off the attention solely, and will slut it up at a club and go home alone/back to her beta feeling fulfilled and content with the validation itself.)

This girl is fully anticipating male attention and getting hit on, she *expects*, even *encourages* flirting, aggressive sexuality and straight-forwardness from the men at these bars. That's what she's there for!

Men and women go to bars, clubs and parties for one reason only; to get fucked up and eventually get laid. We all know this but it's unspoken to help the women save face. Very, very few guys enjoy

spending too much money on booze and awkwardly dancing with their friends every weekend. They only do so for the chance at ogling the girls who've dolled themselves up, and maybe, if they're lucky, getting to fuck one of them. If you ask any guy if he would go to a club willingly and dance, with no women involved, he'd look at you funny. The vast majority of guys would rather jack off and play videogames... it's cheaper after all.

Women are almost exactly the same; while yes, they enjoy dancing and getting dressed up more than we do, they still do these things primarily for the chance to meet attractive men and get fucked senseless. If you asked most women if they'd go to a club with no guys, most would look at you funny. Women go to bars and clubs to meet men; full stop. The classic "I just like dancing with my girlfriends and having a good time" is bullshit hamstering, don't swallow it. It's true they might not actually want sex, but they definitely still want the male attention.

At these places; bars, clubs, parties, there's a feeling hanging in the air; an aura of sexuality and mystery. These are the places where magic happens, this is where we meet new people, maybe that special someone. This is where we drink, guards are let down and strangers can talk frankly, this is where women who are too shy to do so will openly flirt in public. This is where you can hit on a girl and she will welcome the game, accepting your offer to play. This is where you can be forward and aggressive with your intentions, escalation and kino.

These are the environments where the act of seduction is *accepted* and *encouraged*.

These are the environments where you have no need to conceal your intentions, and no ability to. Everyone knows why you're there (they're there for the same reason). When you open a pretty girl out of the blue, she knows *exactly* what you're after, she sees it straight away, but she'll still play your game, because it's fun, and she wants to. She likes the game and she likes the attention.

The fundamental difference between talking to girls during Night Game and Day Game is **Assumed Intentions**

Daytime Bitch Shield

You open the pretty girl you've seen on campus a few times. You introduce yourself politely, tell her she's gorgeous and give her your number.

She looks at you like you have leprosy. One word answers. It's awkward. You never get a text. You notice her avoiding you the next few days... her friends stare at you.

Where did you go wrong? You did fine, you've pulled this exact same move on prettier girls at parties and it went fine... Didn't TRP tell us that you just need to be upfront and confident with girls?

Wrong. You fucked up.

You fucked up because you broke the rules.

These are the environments where the act of seduction is **NOT** accepted and **frowned upon**.

If you hit on girls, overtly, in the daytime, you will very, very quickly come across as desperate and a creep. EVEN if you are very attractive.

If you do not *conceal your intentions* when opening a girl, she will be shocked and weirded out. Women live their lives very strictly by social rules, they build a nice little structured bubble for themselves. It gives them comfort.

Strangers do not try and fuck each other, or even flirt, in daylight, that's obscene, unladylike.

When you waltz up all alpha dudebro and demand her number, touch her a bit too intimately, make fun off her too harshly, well, you smash her facade and leave her speechless, worried and confused. She doesn't really know how to deal with this situation, she malfunctions slightly. You can't just break the rules like that, she thinks, are you mentally damaged?

And you? How does she see you? She sees you as that creepy desperate pickup artist. She sees you as a guy who is only talking to her because she's pretty, she is insulted by this. She thinks you're gross and stupid for breaking the laws of social interaction. She sees you as entirely 2D, a caricature, no depth, no mystery. No way she can be attracted to you now, the first impression has been made. There's no way you can come back from this really.

(And before I get the spergy comments again, yes, this CAN work if you're 10/10 hot, famous, 6ft7 or any other ridiculous outlier. But I'm not writing for those kinds of men, why would they be on this subreddit? I'm writing for you ugly losers who're just now starting to figure out how to make your dicks work)

The best thing about all this, had you met this girl at a club and pulled the exact same moves, it would very likely would have worked. What's the difference here? Well it's not you, nor the girl. It's the environment. The setting and time of day deeply influences how she behaves; she's the same girl, just playing by different rules.

So how the fuck do you pull that cute girl in class, or that girl at your gym, or the barista at the coffee shop?

It's very simple, you need to *conceal your intentions*.

Plausibly Deniable

When opening a girl during the day, the most important aspect of the pickup process is to *conceal your true intentions*. You know that the only reason you're talking to her is because she has nice hair and a great ass. You DO NOT want *her* to know this. You must keep her guessing on the reason you're talking to her. You need to have a *plausibly deniable* excuse for talking to her. If she thinks you're trying to fuck her, you lose the game. Instead, you need to keep her hamstering, confused and charmed, and this will get her attracted to you.

This is what will be going through her head.

"Wow, this guy is confident and really upfront, is he just trying to fuck me? No way he's just friendly, he only started talking to me because of X anyway.... Nah bullshit he's just trying to pick me up... but I can't assume that, what if I'm wrong and he's like this with everyone? That's kinda hot if he is though...."

...and on and on ad infinitum until eventually the ice is broken, her panties are wet and she's *hoping* you're hitting on her but secretly scared you actually aren't.

This is the only real way to pick up girls during the day. You need to convince her that you're *not* only talking to her in order to get her naked, and that you're actually just a confident charismatic dude who has no problem talking to strangers. If you can project this frame into your interaction, you will

uphold the rules of the social game, keep her bubble intact, and make her comfortable. Women need some form of comfort to develop attraction, and knowing that you're not an autistic but actually just DGAF will put her at ease. She will see you with much more depth, complexity and character than the previous 2D alpha pickup artist who was upfront with his intentions. You are keeping her guessing, and she loves the mystery, it's an aphrodisiac. She won't realise this was your plan all along, it "just happened".

To do this, you must have a REAL excuse to talk to her and open the interaction, after that, the conversation can flow naturally with your intentions still concealed. A REAL excuse means *plausibly deniable*. Plausibly deniable means that your excuse/opening is believable and if questioned, will hold up.

I'll give you some examples, ones that I have really used.

Girl is looking lost. "Hi, are you lost? Where you trying to get to?"

Girl is smoking a cigarette. "Hi, do you have a light?"

Girl is wearing t-shirt of a band I only kind of know "Hey that's a good band"

Girl is sitting next to me at a fast-food joint by herself "that's a lot of food for a girl your size... are you going to throw it up after?"

Girl's lace is untied "hey, your lace is untied" She ties her lace, says thanks "So do you want me to hold your hand too or are you a big girl now?"

Girl is studying one of the things I study at the library "Hey, you're doing X module too? I haven't seen you in lectures?"

The fast food joint girl was german and eventually joined by her friends who were ordering and came to sit with her. I was suddenly swamped by 4 more sneering german girls. I would have panicked at this, even a few months ago, trying to game a whole group of girls by myself would have been unthinkable. This time, I had them eating out of my hand (quite literally, but that's another story). They were a giggling mess by the end of the meal. Why? Because I made it very clear that I wasn't hitting on them at all during the interaction. Playful teasing but nothing overt. To them, I was just a charismatic guy who they bumped into at a burger joint. It "just happened".

The trick is to always have an excuse to talk to her that isn't "you're hot I wanna bang you". She will still secretly suspect, but will never be overt about it unless you give her a reason to, and until then, she will play along and allow herself to be charmed until it gets to the point where she *doesn't care anymore and wants to be seduced by you*. Well, "it just happened" you know?

When it gets to this point, when the iron is hot, well that's when you bounce.

Ending the Set

How you decide to finish the interaction will determine whether you get a callback or not. It's very, very important that you do this well, else the whole thing just crumbles. There are a few rules you

need to follow.

1: DO NOT hang around too long. Refer to my previous posts "How to be a Social Butterfly". This is called *Restricted Exposure*. You must cut the time short you hang out with people and never spend too much time with them, else they will get bored, think you have nothing else going on in your life, and assume you're a loser.

Instead, saying something like "Hey I have to be somewhere but it was nice meeting you" is the perfect way to end the conversation. Your time is valuable, you lent her some of it, now, you deprive her of it. She will want more of your time, having had a taste and liking it. The hottest thing a woman can hear you say is "I'm busy".

2: DO NOT ask for her number. Now, there's a generational gap here and it might be a point of contention. This will be different for younger guys than older guys, and I'm mainly writing for the kids on the board who are still having to deal with 18-25 year old women who are basically overgrown 16 year olds.

When you ask a girl for her number, nowadays at least, it's very clearly for one thing and one thing only. Girls don't talk to their friends or peers through texting anymore, at least the hot ones I know. It's all Snapchat, Facebook Messenger and Whatsapp... maybe iMessage too.

If you ask for her number, you break the plausible deniability. You're letting her know that your real intentions are "getting to know her better" and "chatting one on one with her" and even "meeting her again".

Wrong. Don't do this.

Instead, make her feel like you don't really care about her and you're only connecting with her to be polite. Make it seem like she's cutting into *your* life, and that you're actually just being friendly and you do this with everyone.

If you're still a teenager, ask for her Snapchat, she'll be happy to give it to you. Otherwise, "uuh I have to go but, add me on facebook?" is enough. Make it seem like you're just being polite and this is normal for you, you're not trying to fuck her after all right? Throw in a joke ("I'll send you some sick lace tying tutorials") and then send her a request in front of her, or have her add you. Then leave.

Don't ask for the number. It's TOO personal. You want an impersonal gesture of connection, because it keeps her second guessing.

(As a side note: if you are running this game on a girl you see around campus or school or somewhere you have the chance to bump into each other regularly, don't even bother adding her or asking for her number. It shows great DGAF and abundance. Next time you see her, greet her as if you're already good friends. She'll be incredibly receptive, and happy to see you again if it hasn't been too long. Remember *Restricted Exposure*... absence makes the heart grow fonder.)

3: Wait, then message her out of the blue I won't go too deep into text game cos you all know how it should work by now. Wait a few days as if you forgot about her (but not too long or she will actually forget about you). Open up with something that connects you to her ("so did you learn how to tie your shoes yet?) and then invite her to a place where you can Night Game her.... if she says yes, she is pretty much telling you to fuck her. After that it's all textbook.

Final Note on Campus game

I consider myself very qualified on talking about college game, considering I'm still at University and smash more plates than a Greek wedding. The girls are young, beautiful, ditzy and wild; the perfect combination.

Campus game is pretty much all day game though, and you should use all the techniques above in order to get laid. But really, you shouldn't need to cold approach girls on campus.

The best, and easiest way to get laid at University, is through a Social Circle.

Social Circle game is the most important way to get high-value women to trust you and hang around with you.

Just make friends at Uni, make friends with EVERYONE. It's really not that hard. Everyone is waiting for everyone else to be the first to introduce themselves. Just be that person, it's not difficult.

For the first few weeks, don't focus on getting laid, focus instead on forming strong friendships with a few smart and important people, and then develop a huge number of acquaintances. Make friends with the Chads, and definitely the ugly but loud Beckies and Stacies. They have hot friends.

I literally cannot walk for 5 mins through campus anymore without having to greet or stop and chat with someone I know. Most of them I don't know TOO well, but keeping the connection is super important regardless, and something as simple as seeing an acquaintance chatting to a hot girl can be a perfectly plausible deniable excuse to slide myself into the conversation and meet her. This is called *Linking* and is once again in my "Social Butterfly" post.

When meeting girls, don't ask for their numbers or anything straight away. Just meet them. You'll bump into them again later. After a short break, they will be kinder and more receptive towards you. You are no longer a stranger. This is the "second date".

As you build a group of friends and you hang out with girls non-sexually, you will see a strange mechanism appear again and again.

Over time, the more a girl is exposed to you, the more attracted to you she becomes.

If you hang out with a group of friends, over time, the girls in that group will start to trend towards you, assuming you're displaying your pack leader alpha qualities, messing with them like children and passing shit tests.

Once a girl is comfortable around you and you're vouched for by all the Chads and Stacies, it's inevitable she will develop a crush on you. Masculine men are so hard to come by nowadays that if you manage to build yourself into one, almost every woman you meet will get a schoolgirl crush on you, no matter how fleeting. It's your job to capitalise on this.

Lessons Learned

To sum this all up though, the best thing I can say is that for Day Game, it's super important that you *dial it back*, make her comfortable and don't be too overt with your pickup. Make her question your intentions, keep her hamster spinning and become a mystery to her.

- Day Game and Night Game have different rules
- During Night Game your intentions are assumed and welcomed, overt sexuality is allowed
- You must be more covert during Day Game
- Conceal your intentions when talking to women you're picking up
- Have a plausibly deniable excuse for interacting with her
- Don't ask for her number at the end, it breaks the facade
- Campus game is all about Social Circle

FR: My Worst Fuckups

463 upvotes | January 7, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

One of the biggest mistakes I see a lot of the guys on here make is their utter fear of failure and hamstering to support why it's okay. They do not put themselves out there because they are terrified of rejection and the shame that comes with it, or, we have the guys who have fucked up in some way with a girl and didn't get the lay, or got ghosted, and they stress about it for a long time, getting emotionally shook and posting 50 threads on asktrp demanding to know what they did wrong.

To Fail is to Learn

Failure is a huge part of life, so you need to stop being so terrified by it. It may seem like the worst thing in the world, the shame, the humiliation, the hit to the ego; but without failure, you would have no way to learn what works and what doesn't, no lessons to teach you where to improve, no signposts to direct you in the right way.

| If you want to be good at something, you have to be willing to suck at it first.

This goes for everything in your life, skills, hobbies, career, social interactions. I was a horrible guitar player for years before I could play a song anyone recognised. I could barely bench the bar when I first started lifting. I was a social aspie for most of my life, failing almost every interaction I had with people, before I started figuring out what works and what doesn't. I had to fail time and time again in social situations (and embarrass myself profusely) in order to learn how to traverse them; and I did, it's a skill that can be picked up and practised. I wrote two whole posts on that shit; if you're still having trouble talking to strangers and making friends, check out them out in my post history.

Failure itself never hurts as much as you anticipate it. The fear of failure and the anxiety that comes with it is always so much worse than when it actually happens. It never hurts as bad as you think it will. The dishes always take much quicker to clean than you thought they would.

Ecsatic Relief

The first time I asked out a girl I was 14. I had worked up the courage to do it for weeks, and was so incredibly nervous I was cold sweating and stuttering when I did so. She rejected me, politely.

I was elated. It was the happiest I had been in a long, long time. It didn't make any sense, my crush had just shot me down, yet I was bouncing around with a big grin on my face.

Why? Because the weight had been lifted. I'd got the answer. I could move on and stop stressing about it. No longer did I have to think "what if".

Having the balls to make a move on a girl and getting a "no" is infinitely better on your psyche than wondering what could have been for the rest of your life. Grow a backbone and just do it, the rejection is never so bad. I'm sure you can all think back to a time where you got shut down by a girl and didn't really care that much after, or even, felt much better. Internalise that. This is how you should approach failure.

But still, I won't be able to logic most of you guys out of your fear of failure; it's a deeply emotional and personal feeling, it seeps out of all the childhood scars and insecurities you carry with you. There's only really one way to get over your fear of failure, and that's to experience it first hand; to drown in it until it no longer cuts you as it used to, to drink the poison gradually until you are immune.

And still, even with that knowledge, a lot of you are too embarrassed or scared to put yourself out there, because you imagine your failures and humiliations to be *so much worse* than everyone else out there. You think other guys never fuck up as much you do (because you hyperfocus on your own failures and insecurities) or that they are never as shook by it as you are (because you imagine others to be emotionally stronger than you are).

So with that said, I will combat this with a nice bit of *schadenfreude* for you all. Here are the most potent fuckups, failures and idiot moments I remember. I will be brutally honest, and explain where and how I went wrong with my fuckups, and even more importantly, analyse *what I learnt* from those experiences.

So here we go, I may be be-lovingly endorsed and I may smash more pussy now than I can feasibly handle, but I was a stupid fucking kid for a long time (and still am), and you'll all know it now.

Girl 1: Lab Thot

In my first year of university, I paired up with one my buddies in the first Chemistry Lab session. A girl arrives late and sits with us, 5ft1 ish, short hair, tanned, hot in the kind of "instagram hoe" way, you know what I mean. He knows her from somewhere, I assume he's tapping that.

Now I'm an idiot kid at the time, I'd only just started reading TRP and hadn't fully understood or internalised it, and I was still pretty terrified of girls, I didn't know how to speak to them. She kept asking me questions. I brushed her off with one word answers, being too anxious to come up with anything witty or flirt back; I was incredibly aloof.

This was very attractive to her. She thought I was some dark mysterious guy who just wanted to focus on the work and wouldn't put up with her shit. In fact, I was malfunctioning on the inside, this was the hottest girl I'd come into contact with who didn't immediately sneer and ignore me. The anxiety was incredible.

This is a concept I've seen mentioned on here before, "*The Accidental Alpha*". When a guy is so aspergic with his social interactions that he actually comes across as cool, collected and masculine. He's not actually, but to women on the outside, they see these simulated attractive qualities and fall for it.

Over time I started hanging out with this girl at school a lot, going to classes together, etc, I thought we were "just friends". I thought there was NO WAY a girl this hot could be into me. I still thought that men and women could hang out platonically and be non-sexual friends. Obviously this is wrong, but I didn't know it at the time.

One day, she came over to my dorm so we could study for a test together. She was very dressed up, as if she was prepared for a date. I was in my gym clothes. I teased her about it. "I'm meeting a guy

afterwards" she says. I believed her.

We studied for a while in the communal kitchen, then I mentioned going back to my room to take a break. I actually meant this, I was tired of studying. She heard "let's go back to my room to fuck".

She was down. "Yeah okay. But we're not having sex" she says.

"Of course not. Why would you say that?" I was confused.

Fucking idiot.

If a girl ever says those words to you out of the blue, it means she has been thinking about fucking you for a while. It's on her mind. She frames you as a sexual prospect.

We go to my room and lay on my bed. We start talking about relationships and sex.

Green flag number two. If conversation strays into that territory, she wants to fuck you.

I did nothing.

She shows me the guys she's flirting with at the moment. Trying to make me jealous. She shows me the nudes she sent these guys.

Fuck, this girl was showing me a picture of her naked body and I didn't get it.

I did nothing.

We start talking about the gym. She's a regular cardio bunny. She squats too. She can prove it as well. She pulls her pants down to show me her ass, frilly thong and everything. It was a work of art. I was rock hard.

Still, I did nothing.

She pulls her pants back up, and we chat for a bit more. She says "the hottest sex I ever had was when the guy just grabbed me and fucked me, didn't wait or ask or anything".

At this point she is basically BEGGING me to make a move. She's been making solid passes at me this whole time, short of actually kissing me. Remember, women do not make OVERT attempts at escalating, they hint and hint and hint, opening themselves up to the opportunity for you to make the move; but they never commit to any final concrete action, that's YOUR job. As the man, it is YOUR responsibility to escalate.

I didn't. I didn't even understand why she was doing or saying these things. I thought she was just kind of eccentric and weird.

Fucking idiot.

Eventually she went home, I walked her to the bus stop. The atmosphere was really weird, she seemed quite angry, or disappointed. I didn't understand why.

Guess what. She came back the next day. Just as dressed up. We did the whole charade all over again, but this time I was getting quite suspicious, my inner logic was finally showing.

"Maybe this girl likes me?" I was almost there.

But then my anxiety won.

"No way. I'm a skinny nerd loser, she's smoking hot and fucks guys way bigger and cooler than me. We're just friends and I'm reading too much into it, some girls can just be a bit crazy and flirty like this. What if I make a move and she just laughs at me and tells everyone, that would be horrible!"

Fucking idiot.

After that second time, she stopped replying to my texts.

What I did wrong: I did not see the IOIs she was broadcasting at max capacity. This girl was showering me with "good-to-go" green flags and I just did not pick them up; or rather, I noticed them, but I did not understand them, or attribute them to what they actually meant. I had such low self-worth and self-image that I did not believe there was a world where a girl this attractive would actually be into me, so I saw every interaction with her through my idiot anxiety lens rather than a redpill lens, or the lens of the Real, of truth.

What I learnt: Accept IOIs for what they are, don't let your low self-esteem get in the way of obvious clues, girls can like you for crazy reasons you won't understand, so don't place your value in how you see yourself but instead on how others see you.

Also, don't be a fucking idiot and just make a move and see what happens.

Girl 2: Club That

A few years ago, I went with a few of my first year uni friends to a famous nightclub in my city. Now I was never really the partying type, never really understood nightclubs or dancing, but I wanted to make friends and I wanted to get laid. The group I arrived in was mixed, and we had the one magic ingredient that every guy needs when entering a club: pre-selection. We were walking in with 9s and 10s and guys were hitting on the girls we were with pretty hard.

In comes a bouncy brunette with huge sparkly eyes and long straightened hair, sneaking her way into our place in the queue. Slim, short black dress and an insanely pretty, young face. Instantly, (for some reason) this girl was into me. She was very bouncy, chipper, I assumed at the time quite drunk.

Once again, the sperg inside me didn't understand what this girls deal with. I had never been opened by a girl before. I was aloof. I was speaking with the HB9 tall Californian I was quite close with instead. Club that gets a bit vexed at this, asks "are you two a couple?". I brush the question off, my friend says nothing.

When we get inside I instantly leave the girls and go get a drink, the club that follows me like a puppy. We dance for a bit, idk what I'm doing, but she's all smiles. I don't get it, this girl seems very into me. Why??

Well, I learnt my lesson from the previous girl. Fuck it, if she's into me I won't question it, I go for the kiss. She reciprocates eagerly. We make out on the dancefloor, and then the smoking area, my friends are there watching us and cheering me on.

Feelsgoodman.

We leave the club, it's the dead of winter now so it's freezing. She's in her short dress but doesn't seem to care. I'm shivering like a madman.

I'm going to take this girl home I think. Holy shit. I actually did it! I pulled a cute girl at a club, who the fuck said this was hard?

I have it in the bag. We walk around for a bit, we make out in an alley. She says "lol I'd never suck a

guys dick in an alleyway" out of nowhere. I didn't understand why she said that, I do now; it was an invitation for me to make her. I didn't. (Probably a good idea anyway, no way I would have got hard in the sub-zero temperature).

She lifts up her dress and shows me her thong; fuck. This girl really wants to get laid. Okay, I say, let's get the bus to my dorms.

We wonder around for 20 mins looking for a bus stop. I notice her gradually losing her chippiness and interest, she gets less bouncy, less energetic.

We wait at the bus stop, she is quiet now. I don't see it. With a big stupid grin on my face, I assume I still have it in the bag.

3 stops into the journey, she gets up and exits the bus without saying anything to me. I never saw her again.

What I did wrong: I assumed that just because a girl was into me at the start, she would remain interested. I had low investment, and didn't continue to game the girl throughout the night like I should have. I also did not have the logistics in place to bring a girl back to my place, I didn't know how to get home quick enough, and I wasted a lot of time wondering around. Not once did I consider the idea of getting a fucking cab back. Idiot. It would have been a small price to pay for the crazy wild pornstar sex that girl would have given me.

I realise now, after a few years of doing drugs myself, that this girl was most likely hopped up on MDMA or Coke, and was coming down just as we got on the bus. She probably realised the mistake she was making and bailed last minute, which was likely a very good shout for her, because I was a stupid idiot kid and wouldn't have been able to fuck her the way she wanted me to anyway. I cringe all the time thinking about how I was this girls "mistake" and her friends probably rib her for it, I'm the loser they make fun of her about. Ouch.

What I learnt: Strike while the iron is hot, the girl will not always have the same level of investment and attraction; and have the logistics in place to quickly bring a girl back and get to the fucking. Every minute you waste getting home and getting sober makes her less and less attracted to you.

Girl 3: MPDG Thot

So a year or so later, I'm scrolling through facebook and I see a picture of one of my friends tagged in with a group. With him is a girl with purple/pink hair in a skater dress, bright smile, crazy eyes, extremely beautiful. I think, "wow, I wonder what kind of guy get girls like that".

Skip forward a few months and somehow I've ended up in the position where she's hanging out with me and my friends. This girl is the stereotypical "reinvent yourself at college, have a few breakdowns and dye your hair stupid colours, experiment with drugs and fuck a few too many guys" manic pixie dream girl. I was into it. She had this whole bohemian tortured "I travelled europe on my gap year

and read Kafka" look to her.

She liked me, I could tell, we would hang out one on one together but I'd be too scared to make a move; but hey, at least this was an improvement from the last girl, at least I was picking up on the IOIs now; it was just a case of not having the balls to capitalise on them.

Anyway, at this point in my life, I had got incredibly tired of being a skinny fuck, and I'd finally started taking the TRP advice of LIFTING. However, I was making next to no progress, I eventually realised it was because my diet was shit and I just wasn't taking in enough calories at all. I was having one or two huge meals a day, instead of consistent small meals throughout and snacking like I should have.

I desperately needed to stop being a spooky skeleton, so I took some drastic measures. GOMAD and mass gainer was my plan, as well as dirty bulking at McDonalds and the like.

I'm sure you know where this is going.

At one point I was hanging out with this girl and another guy, we were looking at apartments together. That morning I'd forced down a mass gainer shake with whole milk, a huge protein filled breakfast, another glass of milk, some McDonalds later on, and then another milkshake after the gym.

I was feeling kind of woozy, my bowels were really twisting and turning, we were in an apartment block, returning from a viewing, and suddenly out of nowhere, I threw up everything I'd eaten that day right at their feet (the estate agent who was with us included). It would have been funny except for the fact that I wouldn't stop throwing up, there was loads of it, and it smelt absolutely horrible. They all started to retch and hold back their own puke, and we all ran out of there quickly. It was like a scene out of a teenage slapstick comedy. The girl and my friend found it quite funny and disgusting at the same time, the estate agent was horrified, I'd thrown up all over the block of flats he'd supposed to be taking people to view, and I sure as heck wasn't in any position to clean that shit up.

I still think about it to this day, people actually lived there and I was just the phantom chunderer who stank up their homes in the middle of 30 degree summer.

Mad cringe bros. I'm so ashamed.

And I did this in front of the girl I wanted to fuck too.

....

But guess what. Amazingly, this did not deter her.

Amazingly, she still wanted to hang out with me one-on-one anyway.

For some mad reason, she was still into me.

Whatever. Some women will apparently look past these kinds of things if you're Chad enough.

So I invite her round to my place to smoke weed, this time intending to actually fuck her.

But this is during the year in my life where 1) I am incredibly depressed and anxious and 2) I'm habitually smoking weed every hour of the day (hmmm, I wonder if there's any correlation).

So I know she's coming, but I don't really make any real effort to get ready. I don't clean my room or change clothes, I don't shower or shave, I just smoke weed. I figured to myself "well, I'm so redpilled and alpha and attractive, she'll be into me no matter what I look like". Plus, if she could still stand me after I threw up a sewer in front of her, I couldn't do any worse right?

Wrong.

She arrives and it's all downhill from there.

Firstly, we smoke weed and I get to that stupid level of high where you can't really talk properly and everything you say is dumb. I have no game, none of my normal witty banter and things are just kind of quiet and awkward.

Secondly, I'm unshowered and greasy, and all the GOMAD is making my skin break out.

Thirdly, my room is a real fucking mess. I haven't cleaned it in over a month at least. When Jordan Peterson says a cluttered room is a sign of a cluttered life he's absolutely correct, my life was a mess at that time, and the floordrobe and strewn take out boxes and old food was a testament to that.

But, amazingly, incredibly, this girl still ended up naked in my room. I have no idea how, well, I kind of do; she'd been through 3 different hair colours and 2 suicide attempts in the time I'd known her; this girl was just as mentally damaged as I was. Still though, she put up with a lot of shit to get at my dick, I have no idea what was so special about it.

Anyway we didn't make out much cos she didn't seem too into it, I realise now it was probably because my breath was horrifically bad; it's what shitty weed and old tobacco does to your mouth. The universe (or God's) way of telling me to quit the habit, punishing me even.

So she takes my pants off and is about to go down on me; it's all kind of mechanical and there's no real energy or excitement to the whole encounter. Then I think, hmm, I should be polite.

"One sec I'm gonna go wash up my dick"

"What why"

"Well if you're gonna be sucking on it it might as well be clean"

"Um okay" She says.

I go to the bathroom and wash up, grinning at myself stupidly for somehow managing to bag the gorgeous girl I saw on FB that one time. Well done stud.

I return to my room and she's all dressed with her handbag on her shoulder.

"Where are you going" I say.

"Um, I'm supposed to be somewhere and I'm kind of late".

My heart drops. I understood instantly. I'm not THAT deluded.

"Okay" I say. I'm not gonna push it. I know when I've lost.

She leaves with a polite smile, but more a grimace to be honest.

I sit alone in my room, still hard, but now just sad and ashamed. I needed to drown it out.

Well, I still had weed, so I invite my friend from down the hall to come and smoke with me, to cheer me up after my abysmal humiliation.

"Dude, your room smells really bad like farts WTF " he says, as he opens my window.

Fuck.

That's when I decided to quit GOMAD. And weed.

What I learnt:

Hygiene trumps all. Cleanliness is important, and smell/taste are the most base human senses that override all emotions and logic. Don't be gross around girls, in fact, be hyper

aware and vigilant about your breath, your BO, boogers up your nose or wax in your ears. You need to be super put together and clean, mentally and physically, for a girl to want to bang. Sure there are some girls (as above) who will give you a few free passes depending on how much they like you... but everyone has their limit.

Awh man, this one still hurts a lot, one of my biggest "cringe while you lay awake at night" memories. I still see her sometimes which is even worse, and all our interactions are awkward, mainly because I clam up and get all red and embarrassed around her, for good reason...

Girl 4: Holiday Thot

I mentioned in my previous post about how I went on holiday this summer and went to a resort filled with families. There were a few clubs and bars on the resort so at night I would go out alone and make some friends and game some girls and just try and make the most of it. It was a pretty swell time.

At this point I'd formed a group of friends I hung out with, mostly French bros that lifted and their bitchy girlfriends. We're at a bar and in walk a group of Dutch girls. They dance with us for a while, and the one that is giving me the eyes is pretty hot. She's got the curves without being fat, she's stacked as fuck, and most attractive of all, she has this long, natural, platinum blonde hair that you only see in a few girls in your lifetime if you don't live in a Nordic country.

So obviously, I game her, and I'm pretty good at it by this point too; I've failed countless times and learnt a lot of lessons and posted about them on this subreddit. I know what I'm doing and it all goes swimmingly, until I find out one thing; she's 16. (I'm 22)

Fuck. She's still just a kid. Obviously she's got a woman's body and is smoking hot, but I'm not going there. Not worth it.

I mention this to my french friend. He says "so what"

"What do you mean, 'so what'? That's illegal!" I say.

"No it's not." He says. "The age of consent here is 15"

"What? No way"

I look it up. Yep, the law of the land on the small european party island I was on said it's totally cool to fuck 15 year olds, even as an adult. Pretty fucked up if you ask me.

I check. And double check again. I even posted a question on the countries' subreddit. I get downvoted and shamed, but get my answer.

"Wait so I can fuck this girl and it will be totally legal?"

"Yes" says everyone.

The cogs start turning in my head.

On the one hand, this girl is still just a kid and I shouldn't really take advantage of her like that. We are in completely different stages in our lives after all.

On the other hand, I've learnt from heavy experience that she's as developed now physically and

emotionally as she'll ever be (the 18-21 year old girls I fuck behave pretty much the same as the 16 year olds I fucked when I was a teenager. Girls don't really mature past their teen years, they just get more responsibility).

And she's totally into me, it seems consensual to me. I mean, she was at a bar, drinking, and dancing with different guys. She knew exactly what she was doing.

And, let's be honest, the main driving force here was: I am getting older, to the point where it will be weird for me to even interact with girls this age soon, there will probably never be another opportunity for me to fuck prime teen pussy like this ever again in my life. I never got to fuck girls this hot when I was 16, they were all screwing older guys.

Well I'm the older guy now, and I should take this opportunity to fulfil the fantasy before I never get it again.

She might even call me daddy or some shit and it could actually work without being too forced, what with the age gap and difference in maturity.

So I decided I'll go for it.

The next night, she's all over me again, and buying herself and her friends drinks at the bar (European party island, they didn't give a shit). I put no drinks in her and she's pretty drunk and hanging onto me all night. It's kinda hot, she follows and I lead and she's bouncy and cute about it. I totally get why some people like the age-dynamic thing, she made me feel so important and powerful. Never experienced or understood it until now.

Anyway I've learnt my lesson now, strike while the iron is hot. I tell her I'm going out to buy cigarettes, she says "I'll come with you".

Damn, this slut really want some of this older chad dick. She probably has 16 year old orbiter nerds back in high school who think she's some pure innocent angel who wouldn't do shit like this. Whatever, AWALT after all. I've come to accept it.

I "conveniently" realise I'm out of cash and need to grab some from my room. She hops along with me, eagerly.

We get to the apartment blocks, we enter the elevator to go to my floor. It's the dead of night, silent. The elevator is pretty grimey, the light is buzzing and flickering. I feel like I'm in some kind of Film Noir.

She's looking up at me with her huge doe eyes; I know what this look is, I've seen it countless times before and have learnt what it means. Successful guys here will know what I mean, it's the "kiss me" eyes.

It's silent. We just stare at each other.

I do nothing.

It's getting awkward.

I start panicking and wrestling with myself in my head. Do I really do this? (Yes do it faggot) She's 16. (And smoking hot). This is wrong. (She's not stupid, she knows what she wants). What if I'm wrong and this goes horribly? (Perfectly legal apparently). I shouldn't even be alone with her like this. (Stop being a pussy and just do it).

I've hamstered myself into paralysis. This has happened to me before, and I've learnt to catch it. The only way is to just be drastic and go for something crazy.

I'm about to go in for the kiss.

The elevator dings. The door opens.

We stare at each other.

The moment's passed.

Fuck.

She leaves the elevator.

I am dejected.

I tell her to wait outside my room as I grab some cash. Second opportunity, wasted.

We take the elevator down again, this time we chat as normal, there's no sexual tension anymore.

She doesn't come with me to buy cigarettes, instead she returns to the bar.

I sit outside in the middle of the night and chain-smoke a pack, beating myself up for fucking it up, but wondering whether it was a mistake at all and maybe I did the right thing. Maybe I was subconsciously holding myself back, morally, maybe I'd finally learnt to control my own sexual urges and do the right thing.

Or maybe I was just an anxious pussy who didn't have the spine to kiss a girl. She had regressed me back to my 16 year old self.

We don't really talk or interact after that.

A few days later, I see her aggressively making out with one of the French guys I hung out with. He was 25. He took her back at the end of the night.

I get angry and ashamed just thinking about it.

Idiot.

Conclusion

Honestly, I could keep going with all the times I've fucked up this bad. These are some of the worst but there are even worse ones I won't write here because they are either too embarrassing or give away too much personal information, but really, you get the point. Even though I've ascended to the pinnacle of TRP Chad godhood now, banging 10s every day and getting bored of it, drinking Incel tears, I had to get there by fucking up, making mistakes, embarrassing myself and being an utter loser a lot of the time. Failure has been an huge part of my life. I've flunked out of school too many times, I've performed in front of people and got laughed at, I've been fired from jobs, I've puked on people I wanna bang.

These were all incredibly important to my journey of development as a man, without them, I would never have learnt the lessons that took me to where I am now. I have given you a few of my highlights, really, to try and put a lot of you at ease who still cringe about the stupid shit they've done and the times they've wasted opportunities and years of their lives.

I'm sure I'll make a lot more mistakes in the future, in fact I fully intend to and I'm ready for them. No one is perfect and I still have a long journey of self-actualisation left ahead of me, as do we all.

It's still possible to improve and grow, no matter how stupid you were in the past. The important thing is not to dwell on failure and let it negatively impact your future endeavours, instead learn from

those mistakes.

You cannot change the past, all you can do is look back at it and laugh, even if it hurts.

Now it's your turn, as Peterson says, if you have memories that still make you cringe or cry, don't bury them away; grab a diary, write them down, meditate on them, and you'll find it's easier to accept and let go.

Lessons Learned:

Failure

- Failure is an integral part of human experience you, cannot avoid it.
- Learn from your mistakes, use them to influence your future actions
- Learn to laugh at and accept your past failures
- Analyse your mistakes and failures qualitatively, with a pen and paper, write down what happened, where you went wrong, and how you will avoid it in the future.

Game

- Do not hamster away IOIs with your anxiety and low self-esteem
- Strike while the iron is hot, the moment won't always be there
- Make sure you have the logistics in place to seal the deal
- Women are fickle and will change their minds, you are not guaranteed the bang until you're actually inside her
- Stop being gross and be hyper aware of your hygiene, women understand the importance of it, you should too
- Women pretty much reach their maturity peak at 16-18 and never really improve from there, they just get more money and more wrinkles

Hitting on girls at the gym

652 upvotes | April 4, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

This one's a doozy so catch it quick before I delete it. Reddit is compromised and while I do enjoy writing these for you, the management and endorsed will be first in line on the dox firing squad when all inevitably goes to shit.

I've got a naked girl in my bed, a bag of weed and enough vasopressin in me to tell a few good stories ...and share some insights. I can't aim to beat Dr.Warlocks recent masterpiece that's hit the front page right now, he's been doing this shit for years and has the concise no-bs teaching shit locked down. Instead, I'm going to ramble about some of my approaches at the gym, and hopefully inspire a few guys to start approaching too.

Gym Thots

So, a guy recently asked a question on asktrp about hitting on girls at the gym and whether it was a good idea, and if anyone had any stories. The replies are good, and he's been given good advice. Generally, the consensus is to not shit where you eat, and that's normally very sound. Because often at the gym, hitting on a girl can go completely wrong and end in humiliation.

However, I'll let you into a little secret... *most of the pretty girls at the gym are there to get hit on.* It's true. They will deny it but we've all experienced it; the bouncy college girl who turns up in her best lululemon, does a few stretches, runs for a bit while instagraming, wonders around for a while... and then leaves.

And there are loads of these girls! Weekday afternoons at my gym we have a slim persian with rocking jugs showing 90% bare skin, hanging around the weights area hip thrusting and begging for male attention. These girls are horny as hell! They are crazy! They come to the gym to check out sweaty hot guys and show themselves off.

Of course there are women there who actually want to workout. The fat ones, the old ones, and the athletes. You will know who these are immediately; they keep to themselves and don't want any of your shit. Do not bother these women.

But the Mannequins, they make an entrance, they want you to see them. Like a bird of paradise, she fluffs her neon nike feathers, does her ab wheel dance and sings her song of "umm, could you help me move this -teehee-?"

Because yes, just like any possible place you can game, the gym is one of them, and if you get obvious IOIs from girls at the gym, don't be an idiot and go *capitalise*.

Most will hover around you, sometimes following you between stations. Stealing glances and hoping you'll say something. They may pick the treadmill next to you, or mimic your workout.

The braver ones will actually say something to you, in an effort to get you to open. This occurs especially if she's been trying to get your attention for a while but you've been oblivious or hesitant.

But the Mannequins all have one thing in common, they're not really there to exercise. If you watched them you'd notice they don't break a sweat at all. They're there to have an excuse to wear their expensive workout clothes and take instagram photos for later, and if a guy notices her ass and gets

her number well, it just happened you know? ;)

Approach Methods

Girls are just as horny as we are if not more... ALL THE TIME! If you don't believe me you haven't been getting laid enough. I used to think women were noble and pure and had control of their impulses, unlike us disgusting male savages. Bullshit, it was all a lie. They are crazier and hornier than most of you guys can even imagine. Wait till you experience that shit man.

So hit on these girls, that's what they want. They like it. Sure you might get shot down, but only because you're ugly, not because you're at the gym. Most of the time, you will do surprisingly well... a lot of guys don't have the balls to approach anywhere, let alone the gym. She will like that.

But you need a few things first, which, if you've been doing your homework on my posts are:

(1) **Frame**, and the ability to approach in a hostile arena like the gym. If you cannot first make small talk and befriend the lifting regulars you see, there's no way you can approach the insta thots. Become a "somebody", know the management and regulars, give yourself some social proof and hope that the thots see you displaying it, and then you're ready to start tackling real women.

Because seriously, some guys on here are attempting model tier level approaches, *hard mode*, when they can barely make small talk with their subway sandwich artist. Gain some xp at the lower ranks first man. Learn to game dudes.

(2) **A rocking bod**. Of course. You're competing with jacked dudes and athletes, if you're a skinny or fat fuck, you can just stop here. You're at the gym to lift, so gain some size first, and then start approaching girls. Otherwise you will be politely laughed at. And not just by her. I have experienced this sadly.... stories below.

(3) **Plausible Deniability**. Always! Have an excuse to start talking to her, don't sexualise early, and have her guessing your intentions. Sometimes, you will be lucky and she will open you. Once again, use your damn head and methods of deduction; you will know whether it is just a girl being polite and asking for weights, or if she's interested in you; you will see it in the eyes normally, girls are good at reading intentions in the face like this... it is a skill that you should develop too, and you will over time.

Anyway, remember the fat, the old and the athletes. If they talk to you, they speak to you as just another gym bro. Female weightlifters are serious man, I don't think I could ever approach a girl who looked like she could OHP my bodyweight.

So now we've had the theory; it's story time. I approach at the gym; not as much as I'd hope, but a significant amount. I pussy out a lot too, don't get me wrong, but I've had some good experiences and some shocking failures. I'm going to write out the best ones I remember, it may make the post a bit too long but I'm not bothered, if you're still here by now you're in for the ride. Plus, I should probably write all the shit down before I lose it all to marijuana induced Alzheimers. My future self will thank me.

(1) First ever gym approach.

I was squatting. She was doing her stretches and yoga and planks and shit on a mat.... next to the squat rack. She would glance. I would glance. We would catch each other glancing. She would point her butt in my direction during every exercise. I think she was ovulating.

This girl was T H I C C. And not fat too. Proportions in all the right places. And best of all, I had seen her before. She was in one of my classes. I had plausible deniability.

I had never hit on a girl at the gym before, but I wasn't about to hamster myself into not doing so. I caught that shit early and just went for the approach. She was way too hot to regret passing up anyway.

It went magically. Like any textbook youtube approach could go. Hair twirling, laughing too hard at the jokes, fidgeting, giving me her number, fucking me a week later.

Well you know how it goes.

(2) Italian 10

Yeah you're all gonna give me shit for this because 10s dont exist bla bla ba, but man, I have a 10 category, and this girl was firmly in it. Hey, maybe I just have a thing for platinum blonde Italian 18 year olds with lots of ass.

This one "opened" me. I'm doing pulls ups. Taking my 1 min break and pacing around like an autistic (I can't stand still or diddle on a phone I lose hype). She saunters in, removes her headphones and asks if I'm using the Lat Pulldown machine next to her. I say "no. go ahead" and ignore her.

The pullups continue. I only had 2 sets left but bumped it to 5 so the girl didn't think I was lazy and also so I could ogle her more. This girl was just so HOT and she knew it. I was staring and she knew it. She just played on her phone.

Eventually it was too late. I had remained paralyzed by the siren for too long. I had missed the window and now she thinks I'm lame. Or so I hamstered. I pussied out. It doesn't happen often, but it still does. A whole host of factors come into play. I felt skinny and weak. She was too hot. I was tired and near the end of my workout. She was too hot. I had never successfully approached and banged a 10 sober. She was too hot.

I finished my sets and left.

In the changing room I sat for a while hating myself for missing another easy opportunity. It would not have been hard to talk to her. She seemed open to it. Nothing was stopping me. Yet I still didn't do it.

I dressed and left in a dark mist of regret and self-hate.

I fill up my bottle, say bye to the girl at reception, and see the blonde Italian girl leaving just as I am. Bam. Second opportunity. I'll never get another one. And I cannot pussy out again.

Behold, the actual conversation, call bullshit all you want, but I'm a smooth fucker now, I've had practice.

"Hi"

She looks at me oddly. "Hi"

"What's your name"

"Um Luciana, you"

"I'm Heathcliff"

She mispronounces it but that's okay.

"I don't normally do this really but you're just too pretty I couldn't not talk to you" -I'm ramping up the ~bashful~ here.

She giggles and says "thanks".

"I would have talked to you earlier but just a bit sweaty you know..."

She laughs again. I think I got it.

We chat for a bit more, exchange usual small talk pleasantries, majors, ages, ethnicities etc.

Then comes the time to bounce; it's been almost 2 whole minutes! Way too long. I'm a busy man you see. I gotta go to the library and study you see. I tell her this.

"We should see each other again. When are you next at the gym?" (Best way to set up this date, we have something common and it's familiar turf. Don't jump to the fucking nightclubs right away idiots)

"Um idk I'm kinda random with it". Ofc she is....

"Well let me get your number then and we can sort it out"

"Whatsapp?" she says.... why do girls always do this....????

But I fucked up. I kind of panicked. I didn't take her number. I gave her mine instead. I put it in her phone and left. And then I realise.

I don't have any way to contact her.

There's no way this girl is gonna make the first move over text. She has literal miles of dick queuing up for her.

It's already over. I fucked up again. My Luciana lost, no ficky ficky for me. Despair.

For a while I was about to get all angry at myself, about to beat myself up about fumbling yet again, for the 1000th time now.... but then my little Marcus Aurelius, the Directing Mind, caught me.

"Hey, you spoke to her. You got over your approach anxiety. And she was receptive to your advance. You did well, so what if you fucked it up at the end, can't change that now, and at least you know you can do it again for next time."

And so I had a spring in my step the rest of the day.

Thanks Directing Mind.

I put the girl out of my mind completely. Knowing I would never see her again. I learnt a good lesson from it though, but that's all it was going to be.

Until, 2 days later. I get a whatsapp message with 3 thumbs up emojis. The DP, an Italian girl in a dress sprawled on the hood of a car.

Holy shit.

The universe rewards me.

(3) The Nuclear

5/3/1 deload week. I'm benching. Not particularly sore and could probably lift more but I do what the program tells me to do.

In comes a blonde american girl. Good kind of skinny and curved, flat chested; pretty though, but with mad resting bitch face and a general "fuck off" aura.

However, I know this girl. She's in one of my classes. And friends with one of my friends to boot. Won't get a better opening than that.

I've actually seen this girl at the uni gym pretty frequently, and we've pretty much ignored each other. She seems pissed off by my presence, and I've been too scared to talk to her. It's just the high maintenance vibe man. Feels like she'll eat me after sex.

Well not this time. I've vowed to myself to no longer pussy out with approaching and at this point I'm riding on some pretty great recent victory waves.

This time though, we're not alone. It's the lifting area, the other bench is being used by the resident loud dudebros that I'm only on acquaintance terms with. They're bigger than me. Others are dotted around too.

She bounces in, struts around for a bit, her ass swaying in all the right ways. All eyes in that basement tracked the movement of those shorts and I'm pretty sure some new PRs were broken that day. I slyly add some more weight to the bar...

And most attractive of all. She was doing real exercises. When she put the bar down and started deadlifting I knew I had to speak to her.

Her stance was very wide as I watched her. Too wide for a conventional deadlift. Was she doing sumos? Maybe? Would it be bad for me to assume she's just doing deads wrong and interrupt her in order to correct her stance? Of course. Am I going to do it anyway? Definitely, it's the only opener I have right now and I learnt the hard way you gotta act quickly.

| "Your legs don't have to be so far apart you know"

| (wow what a line. either complete genius or utter stupidity.)

| "what?" she says? and removes her headphones.

| I repeat the damn line. The rest of the weight room are sneaking glances at us.

| "But it's sumos" she says.

| Fuck.

| "oh so you know what you're doing... I'm Heath by the way"

| "I know" she says. Interesting.... Seems I'm a bit more popular than I thought. The dudebros are now deathstaring us.

| We small talk for a bit, and she's polite and friendly, but I don't want to hang around too long, so tell her I will return to my bench.

When I get there, my plates have gone. The bottle left on the bench (ancient gym code for brb) is still there. The salty betas stole my plates.

I smiled and reloaded. This is something I will have to get used to.

Eventually I finish my set and decided to talk to the pretty girl again. Mainly to say bye because I feel like that's polite etiquette with people you know, but also to taunt the betas a bit more because why not.

She's just started a set. I don't want to interrupt her. I wait. I admire her form. Someone taught this girl how to lift. Swole boyfriend probably. Good on him.

She quits mid set and gets up.

| "What?!?!" she spits at me. Seething venom in her tone. Death in her eyes.

| Wow. This went 180 real quick.... (Is it possible?...)

| "I came to say bye...." I fumble out feebly. She took me off guard.

| "What??" she says again, angrier, more indignant. (It could be...)

| She didn't hear me. Cringe.

| "I came to say bye"

| "Bye." she says. In this most fuckoff way you can imagine. (No way... it is).

| "wow ok..". I reply. My frame suddenly returns. I look her in the eyes and I see it.

The penetrative hate stare of The Borderline.

She saw right through me in seconds... and turned on me viciously.

Undeniably Borderline. I've experienced these girls before. Wild, beautiful, erratic, exuberant, powerful and *dangerous*. An almost autistic level of emotional intelligence, manipulation that would make old man Machiavelli cry, and an existential need to destroy everything around them.

Who cares if these personality diagnoses are real or whether they're psycho-gibberish, this archetype of girl exists; they all manifest the same behaviours and fuck you better than your fantasies.

I turn around and leave. She calls after me "Dont bother me while I'm exercising' or something like that.

I keep walking. The other guys are sniggering.

I sit in the changing rooms for a while in humiliation, then stand under a cold shower.

Fuck. A borderline.

My greatest weakness.

Like an addict, I had another taste and it fucked me up good.

And now I need another line.

I'll end it here, gonna wake up the girl with some dick in her face because I wrote myself into horny. She'll be happy about it too. Probably.

I'll try to write more posts, I have a lot I want to say, but no promises they'll stick around for long.

And yes, there's more to the story with these girls... they may pop up in future threads.

Thanks for reading,

Heath

Edit:

Some clarifications because we're getting some sperg comments.

1. I am attractive. How you read this post really depends on how you imagine the protagonist. I can get away with a lot of "creepy" shit because I lift and have frame. Girls stare at me on public transport.
2. As stressed in this post. **THIS DOES NOT APPLY TO ALL WOMEN.** I emphasise that you should only approach girls that are giving you clear signals at the gym, and that there are girls there that are open to being approached and you can pick them out easily. Problem for many of you guys is that you can't pick up on the IOIs so never believe these girls exist.
3. It is normal at my gym for people to talk to each other, give advice and have conversations at. Its a university after all. I have good rapport at my gym and have been going there for 3 years. If i was some newbie, I would be much more hesitant to be so forward. The number of smokeshows is high too, yet so is their turnover... They never stick around for long (gotta catch em while they're hot).
4. Fuck following the rules to a T. It's always arbitrary and situation dependent. If I stuck hard to the "never hit on girls at the gym" rule, I would have significantly fewer great lays, and fun experiences with pretty and intelligent girls. So maybe getting shot down a few times and embarassing myself is worth it, who cares?

Some of you are just too scared to approach and use these dogmatic rules as buffers to rationalise failure.

Autists vs Borderlines

486 upvotes | April 6, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"Why the fuck do guys keep trying to understand women when we can't even understand ourselves". - one of my plates.

Sober for this one so hopefully it's a bit more coherent. And it's going to be long. But fuck you, read it. It may be one of my most important posts to date, and a lot of you retards need it.

Got a lot of salt in my last post, from terpers and angry feminist soyboys alike. God do I love that shit, maybe I have a bit too much Milo in me but I take a special glee out of stirring shit up and then being called an autistic faggot by losers on the internet.

Autist indeed. I won't even deny it. Sure I may not have a diagnoses, but there's always been something "odd" about the way I've operated in the world, I never really got along with the normal kids and I didn't really get why... why was I weird? Did I think differently to the way other people think? Was I just stupider than everyone without realising? Was it that I was much smarter than them and so couldn't fit in properly? Is the internal wiring of my head just... *different*?

The answer to all of these questions is: yes. And eventually I found out why.

The Extreme Male Brain theory of Autism posits that Autism, which is overwhelmingly found in males, is a byproduct of a brain structure that leans heavily on the "male" mode of operating, that is, systemisation.

The author argues that the autistic male has an overwhelming ability to systemise the world around him, a result being superior abilities in mathematics, engineering, music, construction, games, science etc. But this comes at a price; a dominant male brain results in an underdeveloped and underused female brain.

And what does the female brain do? It *empathises*. It is heavily, heavily fine tuned to understand and navigate the social world of humans; far better than the male brain ever could.

This will be the main focus of this post; the battle between systemising and empathising that takes place; in our own heads and in the sexual marketplace.

If you have access, I suggest you read the above article first. The author explains the concepts very well and makes a good case for over-systemisation in autistic men. I also got to give credit to my ex-LTR for this post, because, being a psychology student, she was the one who introduced me to this article and these concepts.

The Systemising Autist

The author defines Systemising as such:

'Systemising' is the drive to analyse the variables in a system, to derive the underlying rules that govern the behaviour of a system. Systemising also refers to the drive to construct systems. Systemising allows you to predict the behaviour of a system, and to control it. I review evidence that, on average, males spontaneously systemise to a greater degree than do

females

...

By a 'system', I mean anything that takes inputs and deliver outputs. When you systemise, you use 'if-then' (correlation) rules. The brain focuses in on a detail or parameter of the system, and observes how this varies. That is, it treats a feature as a variable. Or a person actively manipulates this variable (hence the English word, systematically). They note the effect(s) of this one input elsewhere in the system (i.e. the output). 'If I do x, then y happens'. Systemising therefore needs an exact eye for detail.

....

Systemising is an inductive process. You watch what happens each time, gathering data about an event from repeated sampling, often quantifying differences in some variables within the event and their correlation with variation in outcome. After confirming a reliable pattern of association – generating predictable results – you form a rule about how this aspect of the system works. When an exception occurs, the rule is refined or revised; otherwise, the rule is retained.

Systemising works for phenomena that are indeed ultimately lawful, finite and deterministic. The explanation is exact and its truth-value is defeasible. (e.g. 'The light went on because switch A was in the down position'). Systemising is of almost no use, however, when it comes to predicting moment-by-moment changes in a person's behaviour. To predict human behaviour, empathising is required. Systemising and empathising are entirely different kinds of processes.

(Baron-Cohen, 2002) Not *the* Baron-Cohen, but his cousin.

To put in plain English, when you systemise, you find the patterns in the chaos of the world, and use these patterns to make predictions and theories. You then use these predictions and theories to help navigate the world successfully, adjusting and fine-tuning the framework you have built for yourself as you go.

As men, we are very, very good at systemising. It's what defines us from women, and what separates stupid men from smart men.

We are all capable of systemising, some of us are better at it than most, autists take it to pathological (or savant) levels. And it's really important. Without the ability to systemise, we cannot make sense of the world, it is just way too chaotic.

Because it was the systemising autistic cavemen who first looked at the white dots in the night sky and started noticing patterns. The cavewomen were oblivious.

"I'm telling you Mom, there's patterns in them. I swear"

"No there aren't, they're all just random little dots, Ug, now stop overthinking it"

"No I swear mom, I've been watching them every single night. Look, that one there looks like a hand... and that one, a tree"

"Stop being stupid, you're just dreaming. Why can't you just go foraging like the other kids"

"But mom it might mean something! It can't just all be a coincidence... look, that one has moved since we last saw it"

"It means nothing, now stop wasting my time. -sigh- I knew I should have breastfed you"

Newton, an aspergic incel, manipulated the laws of the universe into his very own system of mathematics. Magnus Carlsson plays 10 simultaneous chess games in his head without even looking at a board.

In fact, Chess is a good way of explaining how systemising can take multiple different levels

Because while chess is a system in itself, you won't do well unless you meta-systemise the game. It's not enough to just know that the Rook is better than the Knight. To systemise chess, you start assigning points to the pieces; 1 for a pawn, 3 for a knight or bishop, 5 for a rook and so on. This isn't actually part of the game, but it's a new system you created for yourself in order to help you achieve. Take it further and start learning the optimal moves for the openings, learning which squares are important to attack, splitting the game into opening/mid/late game.

Chess, and gaming in general, is so systemised, that there's no wonder that we need two different chess leagues; One for women, and one for men. Women have literally no chance in competing with us in a systemising battle.

Game of Life

I've always been a heavy gamer. Not just video games, which I'm sure we've all overindulged in at one point; but board games, TCGs, flash-games, arcades; anything really that required me to **figure out the system of the game, and beat it**. I enjoyed that shit so much and still do. It's what I did a lot as a kid.

Eventually, as I grew older, I started to become more and more depressed, and more of a loser. It started to become obvious to me that sex and relationships were an important part of life, and so was money, and power... and I was losing this game, that's what was making me depressed, the realisation that *I was losing*.

Because a game it was. There's only one game that we all have to play, whether we want to or not, the **Game of Life**.

We're born into the **Game of Life** and we play it until we die. Some of us win the game; spreading our genes, making children, climbing the ladder and becoming more powerful than our parents were. Some of us win very well, and become CEO billionaires with harems of women. Some of us die in our moms basement with a hand around our dick and a rope around our neck.

How do these guys do it then? How did they win the game?

Well first of all, they realised that there was a game in the first place. Some people coast through their whole lives never realising that they're in fierce competition with everyone around them. They end up mediocre.

Next, they constructed systems in their life to win the game. This includes things like a strict workout schedule, good sleep habits, little time wasted not building their lives, and an autistic level of determination and willpower.

They also managed to notice systems in the world as clues to their direction: people who abuse drugs never normally turn out well, good investing is a quick way to make money, getting onto the property

ladder ASAP is of utmost importance, being a pushover at work will never land you a promotion. Noticing these patterns and employing them is what helped these men win.

And importantly, they learned to split the **Game of Life** into its constituent mini-games, systems in themselves. Mini-games include the **Game of Health**, the **Game of Money**, the **Game of Power**, and the **Game of Love**. (Not an exhaustive list, and we all play different minigames)

All of these have been systemised pretty well over the centuries, with philosophy, books, science, schooling etc. We've learnt what works and what doesn't, through analysis and trial-and-error, and we've passed down the information.

All of these except one however: the **Game of Love**.

Love, Women and the Sexual Marketplace are so wild, chaotic and unpredictable that it's been so hard for us to learn how they work, we've in the past just said "fuckit" and scrapped the game entirely and created our own; we used Marriage, Chastity, Religion and the like to help give us some control over what is otherwise a crazy sub-world of pain, hardship and unpredictability.

Well, whether you think it's a good thing or not, that structure has now collapsed, and we're back to where we were before, not understanding the enigma that is women and suffering heavily in the **Game of Love** because of it.

Because the winners in the **Game of Love** are those that can embrace its chaotic randomness and use it to aid their solipsism. The ones who ENJOY the social warfare and drama that comes with it.

So as men, we're losing, and have been for a long time. Without the ability to systemise the game of love, we're at a loss for what to do.

Except we're not anymore. We *did* manage to systemise the sexual marketplace.

It's called "The Red Pill".

The Red Pill is a collective effort by men to systemise the sexual marketplace into an understandable and navigable framework

Just like the old scientists and philosophers of the past, we find the patterns in our own lives, share them with others, and compare notes on what works and what doesn't. Over time, the truth rises to the top, and a system is built, with its own philosophies (AWALT, you are the prize etc) and jargon (AF/BB, Hypergamy, etc) and leaders (Rollo/RSD etc). Sure, it's not exactly "hard science" (queue the soyboys "POST PEER REVIEWED STUDIES ELSE NOTHING YOU SAY IS CORRECT") but it doesn't need to be. Aristotle and Plato did not rigorously follow a scientific method, and they were wrong about a lot of shit, yet are still some of the most intelligent, and correct men to ever exist.

TRP is systemisation of women and sex. This is why you, as the above-average intelligence, slightly autistic beta male, are so drawn to it. This is why you love the jargon and the field reports and the theory posts. With every new post you read, you are adopting and fine-tuning a system in your head that will help you navigate the world, win the **Game of Love**, and ultimately, the **Game of Life**.

TRP is super, super important for males in today's world, because without a system of guidelines to follow, you will lose to women (who play this game like second nature and don't *need* help) every single time.

Count yourself lucky you stumbled across this place early, or at all. Some men never will.

The need for Empathy

Women play the **Game of Life**, just like us. But they play a much, much easier version.

To win the **Game of Life** as a woman, all you need to do is win one minigame, the **Game of Love**.

In fact, a woman will never be able to compete with men in any of the other minigames, they do not have the intelligence, drive, or systemising power to do so. Any woman who tries to compete with men in their games quickly realises that she will never win.

But they don't *need* to win these games, win the **Game of Love** as a woman, and you've won everything else. Find yourself a provider, get yourself some good genes for your offspring (regardless if they come from the provider) and raise the kids well. Boom, you win. So much easier than having to build yourself into a machine of destruction and risk your life in the war that is the real world. That's the males job.

So, because of this, women have evolved to maximise their abilities in the sexual marketplace, sacrificing other, non essential qualities (like physical strength, high IQ etc) in order to do so.

Women min/max their abilities. Nothing matters to them except a few important skills; manipulation, deceit, devotion and support; but these all stem from the same base characteristic skill: **Empathy**.

Here is the definition of empathy from the article above:

‘Empathising’ is the drive to identify another person's emotions and thoughts, and to respond to these with an appropriate emotion. Empathising allows you to predict a person's behaviour, and to care about how others feel. In this article, I review evidence that on average, females spontaneously empathise to a greater degree than do males.

The female has an uncanny, almost scary ability, to empathise with the people around her. This means that not only can she feel what they feel, she can also understand their mood, their body language and their unconscious communication patterns far better than themselves.

The female, especially the high empathising female, has a superpower. She can basically *read your mind* without you realising it. You might think you've got good frame or pokerface, but a well adjusted female will *see right through you*.

We, as males, will never be able to understand just how good women are at this, we can never comprehend. Just like your girlfriend will never beat you at chess, or can't even use two thumbsticks on an Xbox controller to navigate a game character (anyone else notice this?), you will never know the mechanism for how she can always tell when you're lying, hiding something, or upset.

For all intents and purposes, women are psychic compared to men.

And it is this superpower that women are using to destroy you in the **Game of Love**.

Try it, [take this test](#) and see how you score. Women always score better at this kind of shit. Now this is just one test so don't take it to mean anything concrete, but it gives you a general idea to our relative abilities.

And because of this, because she can empathise and *understand you* so well, she can manipulate you to extents you're painfully unaware of.

And she uses this empathy, this psychic mind reading, and this manipulation, to win her game. And

we're the losers, because we play with a handicap.

In order to overcome that handicap (a handicap we once had under control by limiting women's hypergamy and sexuality) the manosphere was born, and then TRP, and then the women found out. And they hated it.

Women hate TRP for these reasons:

1. They cannot systemise the way we do, so do not understand fully the systems we create, or why we even do it. Because they empathise, they mostly see people as individuals, not as groups, and cannot make generalisations (which is important for predictive systemising) and cannot even SEE the patterns, let alone understand them. In their solipsism, their world is much smaller than ours, confined to their immediate surroundings and the people they know, hence they cannot see "the bigger picture". This is why teenage girls in europe line up to welcome the muslim "refugees" (their future rapists) into their countries; because they truly do not see them as a block of invading rapists, and instead consider each man as an individual with dreams and struggle and humanity. You cannot, and should never empathise with your enemy, because then you will never defeat him. You MUST dehumanise the enemy.
2. They do not NEED the systems like we do. They see us writing these long-ass posts and the complicated jargon and think "wtf do these losers need to analyse all this shit for? It's not that difficult seriously". And it's true, to women, this all comes natural; they don't NEED to learn how to do it, so they have contempt for those that do. They want us to "just get it" like they do, not understanding that we don't even know what to get. We NEED to systemise to understand. Its our nature.
3. It threatens their feminine imperative; massively. They've basically been cheating at this game up until now, covertly playing a second meta-game underneath us that we had no idea of. Now that the wool has been removed from our eyes and we're starting to learn how they work, and how to combat it, they are freaking out. They use their shaming tactics to try and bully us back into submission, because we threaten their position as winners in the game. But we know better than to give up at the slightest hint of resistance, in fact, it's the one thing that tells us we're on the right path.

The Hyper-Feminine Brain

If the autist is the hyper-masculine brain, with a pathological level of systemisation, than surely there must be a female equivalent? The author of the article posits that these women should exist, those with a hyper-feminine brain and little ability to systemise. Do these girls exist?

Of course. We call them Borderlines.

The BPD girl lives in a chaotic world with only herself at the center. There is no system for this girl, just wild erratic emotionalism. The BPD is fiercely insecure and terrified of the world because she cannot make sense of it, she cannot systemise and NEEDS men in her life to lean on in support. She sees all as individuals, and cannot generalise. This may be a noble thing, but it leads to her relationships being unpredictable and impulsive, and lots of poor decision making. She finds it very

hard to abandon people, as she is terrified of abandonment herself; so will string guys along not only for her own ego, but in order to avoid hurting them. Having people be angry/disappointed/ignore her terrifies the BPD.

But the BPD makes up for all this with her superhuman levels of empathetic understanding. She feels what you feel, she "gets" you within the first few lines of conversation, her eyes, which you cannot maintain prolonged contact with lest they burn a hole in you, can see into your soul and asses you with a few seconds. She knows exactly what to say and which buttons to press, and when she fucks you.... well...

Does the BPD ever use this superpower for good?

No, she uses it to crush everyone in her path as she rises up the world and wins her **Game of Life**.

This is why it's so very hard to game a borderline; because there's no faking it. She will know whether you're the real deal instantly, she will see through the fake alpha pickup artist bullshit immediately. And in fact, this is the main barrier that a lot of you are facing when it comes to getting laid, and if you're going to take any thing way from this post, the next section is the most important bit.

Oversystemising and Underempathising

So when I posted a screenshot in my last post with a conversation I had with the gym girl (in order to shut up the "fake and gay" faggots) I got a lot more faggots telling me that I was beta in the conversation and that I said the wrong lines and that I shouldn't have said this and should have instead said that and bla bla bla

These people are missing a huge aspect of game and will suffer because of it. And it's not just them, there are a lot of you kids who do it too.

While TRP is the best thing that could have happened for you in terms of learning how the SMP works, and it has helped a lot of men; *too many of you dogmatically follow the rules and oversystemise.*

You treat the whole thing as if it's some strict game/competition with rules and guidelines that **MUST** be followed, and results are guaranteed should you follow the playbook correctly.

These are the guys who make a million asktrp posts asking "how do I be alpha" or will post a FR about how they did all the right things with a girl and pulled all the correct moves they learnt yet it still didn't work! "How could it not work?" They cry. "I followed the textbook perfectly"

In fact, pick up artistry is a great example of this over-sytemisation. You use the same canned lines and routines and repeat over and over, hoping you will eventually get a hit.

But there's a reason women find pick-up artistry or spergy TRP betas gross and offputting. In fact I do to.

It's because *THEY SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU.*

Remember, women are *PSYCHIC*. When you open a girl, she will be able to tell instantly, from subtle queues you didn't even know you were giving off, whether you're the real deal or not.

She will see past the fake frame.

She will notice the lines you rehearsed in the mirror.

She will see your nerves and your pedestalisation of her. It might not be obvious to you, you think you're hiding it well, but it's clear as day for this bitch.

And more importantly, she will see instantly that **you are not treating her like a human and instead seeing her only as a sex object.**

And this makes her hate you more than anything.

Because if you're using canned lines on a girl, or being super-forward, or putting on a fucking act like a jester, what you're doing is *ignoring the actual person* in front of you and are seeing her as just a vagina to be won.

In your inability to empathise properly, you have removed all traces of humanity from her.

No girl wants to feel like a fucktoy to be used.

No girl will fuck a guy who considers her meat.

No girl can respect a guy who only sees her for her sexual value.

And she will see it, I guarantee it. You are less subtle than you think, she will see it in your eyes.

Law 48: Assume Formlessness

When you oversystemise, you will become way too rigid in your approach. She is not a machine where, if you press the right buttons and say the right things, she will yield. If only it was that easy.

Sometimes, even though a Rook is worth more than a Knight, the right play is to make the trade. Adjust your game for every girl, remain fluid and adaptable. Do not dogmatically follow rules.

From the article:

Systemising is of almost no use, however, when it comes to predicting moment-by-moment changes in a person's behaviour. To predict human behaviour, empathising is required.

Systemising and empathising are entirely different kinds of processes.

While TRP is great and all for everything outside of the physical interaction (building frame, learning to lift, gaining stoicism, picking up IOIs), it will not help you during the actual conversations you have with girls. You do not have time to analyse everything she says or read her behaviour moment-by-moment. For that you need empathy.

You want to game a girl properly? First you gotta treat her like a real person. Learn to **EMPATHISE.**

Now, before the snowflakes and landwhales on TBP start joyfully masturbating, no this does not mean I've suddenly converted. I still think women are stupid children, and the TRP system is still incredibly correct and accurate for predicting and understanding female behaviour. But children deserve respect too.

I won't take credit for the next line because I read it somewhere on this subreddit, but paraphrased, the really good advice is this:

"When you meet a girl and she's giving you the bitch shields and shit tests, don't get too fazed; just try and imagine the little girl behind the makeup and push up bra. The dorky girl

| with the glasses sitting around the Christmas tree with her family opening presents."

Empathise with the girl and try and imagine what she's going through/thinking/feeling at this moment. Sure, it won't be easy and we don't have the natural skills women do, but it's still a skill that can be learnt. Consider her age and where she's from, and how rich her life must be; full of experiences and happiness and hardships that have shaped her into the being you see in front of you. A whole other human with a whole other inner voice.

When you do this, when you start embodying this ethos, seeing people for the humans they are (instead of objects to be used/fucked), it will seep out of your pores and the women will smell it. They will see it in your eyes, they will know you are the real thing; that unicorn of a man who "just gets it".

And you will stop needing to follow the dogmatic strict rules you were using before, because then the game will just come naturally. You will be able to talk to the girl without getting nervous, you won't have to think of witty things to say, the whole dynamic will feel organic and normal; for her, "it just happened".

You need to first befriend the girl. This is important. She won't fuck you if she can't see herself spending nonsexual time with you and still having a good time. If you don't "click" as friends, sex isn't happening.

And once again, she will notice if you're unable to see her humanity.

The guys who get laid, a lot, and with high-tier women, are the guys who are able to connect with women on this level. When you see a ugly guy with a 10 on his arm, I guarantee you it's not just frame and money that got him the girl, but the connection they have that isn't visible on the outside.

And girls need this connection. They CRAVE it like we crave pussy. And so they *will* settle for below average looks guys who treat them like real sentient beings if other options don't exist.

People ask me all the time "Heathcliff, how do you do so well with women?", "Heathcliff, why are your posts so interesting and entertaining to read?", "Heathcliff, why is your penis so large?".

I'll tell you why. As a child born from a stoic, math-genius engineer father and his BPD trophy Wife, I have both superpowers, hyper-systemisation and hyper-empathy. BPD is 60% inheritable, and while it may not manifest as often in males (its basically a female disease), I'm almost certain I got a lot of the characteristics.

I can autistically systemise, too much sometimes, but enough that I can pick out shit-tests and push through LMR and see the structures of the SMP. Enough so that I can pull out condensed and potent theory and analysis from my extreme-male mind and present it for all you to learn from.

But I also over-empathise too. I second hand cringe when I see people embarrass themselves... and then 2 weeks later I remember the event and cringe again... FOR THEM.

I understand women on a personal and emotional level, and so have no problem gaming them. Sure I fail a lot too, but that's the price of success.

And I understand you betas well enough that I can write appealing, entertaining and emotional posts that will keep you reading right till the end, I know what you want.

Practice your empathising power. I'm sure you're all very good at creating systems and using them to help achieve success, but if you can master BOTH skills, you will be, quite literally, unstoppable.

Gonewild

394 upvotes | April 8, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Had an observation today that I thought may be potent for some of you guys who still haven't fully internalised AWALT yet.

A plate commented on a picture I had as my desktop background; it was a picture I took from a subreddit called accidentalrenaissance, where users post modern photos that look strikingly like classical art. She really liked it, so I told her there were more like it on reddit.

"what's reddit?" she says.

Now this plate is pretty smart, well as smart as women can be... she gets better grades than me at least. However, I quickly found out that she wasn't internet literate. She didn't really know how to use the internet beyond facebook, netflix and buzzfeed quizzes, and the general scope of it was beyond her.

A while later I send her the link to the subreddit. She replies with:

"I don't get this"

"what's not to get?"

"this is too complicated and boring"

And that was that, interest lost. It seems the UI was just too much for her to handle and she bailed without really giving it an attempt.

I thought for a while about the women I know, especially the attractive ones, and how internet literate they all were.... and I came up with blanks. These girls, the pretty ones at least, didn't know how or why they would use a website like reddit, they were too focused on their snapchats and instagrams.

In fact, a simple, childlike UI is what these girls need in order to operate technology at all. ALL of these girls had iPhones and MacBooks, and had trouble operating any non apple UI. These girls also freaked out after the recent snapchat update. They are allergic to websites like reddit and have no interest....think they're lame af.

I know only two girls who use reddit irl, and they both only do so because their boyfriends are redditors too. These girls are also GoodGirls^Tm; above average IQ, conscientious, and low N-counts.

I then started thinking about the kind of women who use reddit in general. They're obviously in the minority compared to men on here, but they represent an interesting sample of women.

These girls are internet literate, are able to navigate reddit's UI, and have similar interests to us. These girls are nothing like the instagram thots who wouldn't even know why or how to upload an image to imgur.

I would even go out on a limb and say that female redditors are on the high end of the female intelligence bell curve. If for example, you were looking for a LTR, a girl who uses reddit and is internet literate is not a bad place to start right?

And then we have gonewild.

So we have this subset of women who are more intelligent than their thot peers, more down with the times, and presumably, more sensible with their sexuality as a result.

But nope, they're still horny sluts.

They find reddit and use it to.... post pictures of themselves naked for neckbeards to jerk off to. And they get off on it.

When presented with this groundbreaking technology, they use it to hoe about.

And these are the cute shy redditor girls that never speak in class and you assume are 'not like that'

Well, they are like that. All women are like that. In fact these girls are even worse than their instagram peers: at least the instagram thots keep (most) of their clothes on.

How many of these gonewild posts go along the lines of 'if only the guys at school/work knew what the shy quiet girl/nurse/waitress is wearing under her clothes' as she posts her spread asshole bathroom mirror selfie.

These are the GoodGirls^Tm that no one would expect to be degenerate thots, yet they're freakier even than the club hoes you pump and dump.

And they're not stupid, they're high IQ for women... and they use this high IQ to slut it up even harder.

Fuck.

AWALT AWALT AWALT AWALT AWALT AWALT

(Even the cute nerdy girls)

(especially the cute nerdy girls)

AWALT

Mystery Man

704 upvotes | April 10, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I deleted a lot of my old posts; *it wasn't the mods*. I'm scared of being outed and doxxed, and I also broke up with my girlfriend of 5 years recently (who knows my reddit account). I'm still not sure whether it was the right call or not, but I've had literally countless messages from people asking for copies of old posts that they found useful.

I feel bad depriving you all of my masterpieces, so over the next few weeks I shall repost edited and improved versions of the ones that survived on my computer. Some posts, like "The Sadness Phase", are gone forever, so count yourself lucky if you got to read them.

For now, here is a post I made when I was new here that got a lot of traction when I first posted. I haven't edited it much, just cleaned up a few bits. Hopefully it will open some eyes, but it's mainly for those that were late to the party.

The Flake

I got flaked on recently... for a second time, by a girl who I thought I had wrapped around my finger. She's never done this before, and in fact, her behaviour recently has been colder, more distant. I reflected on what could have happened to cause the sudden shift in attitude; maybe she found a better Chad, maybe she's been doing drugs, maybe she's just at a stage in her cycle where she doesn't care for the Alpha dick.

But after thinking for a while, I realised why. I had broken frame with her; not for long, maybe like, a few sentences; I let her know a bit too much about me and what I was struggling with, and while at the time she seemed to not care too much, in fact seemed supportive, it changed our dynamic completely.

Girls will find lots of different ways to dress up a flake. It will normally come packaged as "Sorry I can't do today I feel kinda sick and I got a test tomorrow", sometimes they've "had a death in the family", sometimes they "have lots of work to do" or are "tired from work" sometimes their "car is playing up" or "dog is ill".

Regardless, a girl who is lazy and unreliable will come up with multiple different fabrications in order to skip out on meeting you. She needs to keep up appearances and feed her cognitive dissonance that she's a good, trustworthy girl. Reliable people don't flake out on plans made with their friends or a guy, but sometimes life just gets in the way you know?

Except for these girls, life just keeps getting in the way of meeting you.

You need to start picking up on what's a flake and what isn't. Sometimes it's true, something really *did* come up that means she can't see you that night, but these are much rarer than you think. People, especially girls, don't have lives as exciting or varied as you imagine they do in your head. Accidents do happen, but not at the rate the average excuse-maker likes to think they do.

And if a girl has a date booked with a guy she likes, chances are that will be the highlight of her week and she's been thinking about it every day leading up to it, she's already picked out her outfit.

If a girl *really* wants to see you, she'll get over her dead grandma and leave that assignment undone in

order to drive the 20 miles to your place. A girl who is head over heels for a guy will jump any obstacle to get the chance just to see his penis again.

I'd say 9/10 flake excuses are absolute bogus. Girls who come up with an excuse to not see you are telling you two things:

1. She is still a good girl and "reliable" and it's just *not her fault* she can't see you today. This is an effort to keep up appearances, have plausible deniability, and feed her female solipsism; she can't be a bad person for flaking, it's just out of her control! The problem is, she can't be upfront about what the real reason is which is:
2. You no longer give her the tingles enough that she can be bothered to see you. She's vetted you, assessed you and decided you aren't good enough.

Realise this now.

| Girls *do not* flake on guys they are attracted to.

The thought of disappointing or letting down a Chad, or an Alpha guy they are really into, is *mortifying* for the average girl.

Their sole aim is to impress this guy enough that he chooses *her* to stick around with him. That he picks *her* over the countless other girls courting him at that moment.

Girls understand abundance mentality and understand that a top-tier guy has options. If she flakes on him, she will be replaced by the next that who was ready and available.

Girls **do not** let down guys they are trying to impress. They are on their best behaviour. It's like flaking on an important job interview, no one does it, even if their grandma died that morning.

So where does that put us?

If she flakes on you, more than once, it means you've blown it.

It means she's decided that you're the kind of guy she can skip out on because

- a) She isn't attracted enough to try and impress you anymore
- b) She knows you don't have any other options so you'll stick around anyway
- c) She's come to a conclusion on who you are and where you stand in her own social hierarchy

Thus, she's stopped trying her best to stay in your good books. She knows that flaking is lame and that you'll probably be mad at her. She doesn't care. You aren't Chad anymore and the only guy she wants to impress is Chad.

The Demi-God

We've all experienced the 180 flip from a girl who thought you were cool and alpha and did all she could to keep you happy, to when she realises you're none of those things and actually kind of lame and then bam suddenly it's like meeting a different woman.

There's a reason for this:

Girls project an aura of mystery around guys they know nothing about, *and they assume the best.*

| The less a girl knows about you, the more attractive you are to her.

This is because her hamster likes to spin any unknowable facts about you into good qualities. The more she has to wonder about your life, the more she assumes you've got your shit together, have a large group of friends, are always busy, and are banging multiple other girls.

In fact we all kind of do this, by default we assume strangers are more competent or better than we are. Our own inferiority complex and insecurity makes us assume that every new person we meet is cooler or doing better in life than we are, if we see a stranger doing something "odd" (like turning up in the wrong dress code for example) we don't automatically assume they're stupid or making a mistake, we first wonder if maybe there's something *we're* missing and that *we're* the ones who are mistaken. We assume the best, rather than the worst.

Women do this too, at a much greater level. They pedestalise *every* hot guy into demi-gods. They get giggly and submissive and cutesy around these guys because they assume these guys are vastly *superior* to them.

You'll notice this the first time you get into a new girls pants, it's nearly always the *best*, most animal fuck, because she sees you as absolutely above her in every way, and is trying *her hardest* to satisfy the superior man.

And as you fuck her more and more you'll realise that her investment and enthusiasm slowly diminishes, why is this, what's changed?

She's got to know you better. And as she's done so, she's come to realise you are nothing like the idealised version of you that she's come up with in her head.

And the more she realises this, the less attracted she is to you. Eventually you'll figure out that she was attracted to the *ideal version* of you she'd hamstered into existence, an ideal that you could never accomplish.

And you'll start realising this with every girl you fuck, they expect you to be so much more than you actually are. They don't have a solid grasp of reality, they don't realise that the guys they are attracted to *are just normal dudes on the inside*. They see this big muscled alpha who passes all her shit tests but they never consider the fact that he farts and sometimes gets acne and has depressed days and his friend group is actually quite small. And when they do, well the attraction fades.

Beauty in Perfection

To put it simply, they want you to be perfect, they want you to adhere to the image they have of you in their head, they want you to essentially be *the man of their dreams*. Only the literal man of their dreams is enough, and when they realise you aren't him, you're nexted. You're flaked on. She flips from submissive and available to "just tolerating you".

Now we know she will never actually find "the man of her dreams" and will eventually settle on some beta shmuck once she hits the wall. This is the plight of the modern woman. Their standards are so inflated that no man can ever reach them, and this is because the standards for each woman are vastly different and vastly changing according to her own whims and greener grass.

Have a strong bulky, masculine blue collar father for her children, lust after a millionaire, have a guy

who makes lots of money, complain he doesn't spend enough time with her and cheat with Jamal from the gas station; deep, mysterious guitar playing band member, "hasn't grown up" and needs to "get a real job".

Women, even those who have met a decent mate who used to live up to her standards, will always lust after *more*. They always want *better*. They are qualifiers and consumers and they will never really know what a super good deal to settle for is, they will always want the next best thing, the next rung on the ladder. It is absolutely in their nature; they're programmed to swap out their man if a better option comes along. Why wouldn't they? The pre-historic women who stayed loyal in the face of upgrades were quickly bred out of the gene pool

The problem here is; they will lust after *perfection* until the moment they realise they have diminished bargaining power, and then they will begrudgingly settle for *less* than what they could have achieved before.

If women are "Sex Objects", then men are "Success Objects", and women are attracted to the success, but they don't really understand the true sweat and hardship needed to achieve that success, they don't like to see how the sausage is made, and they are turned off by *any* sign of weakness, any slip up.

Show any weakness, any imperfection to a girl, and you will get a mental black mark in her head. Women treat frame-breaking, pussyng out, being broke, anything "embarrassing" as mortal sins. They want the perfect man, and every slip up from the act you have to put on shatters that image of "perfect" she's created in her head, and also pisses her off because she feels like she got swindled; she put so much effort into this guy she thought was the winning formula, only to see him lose his job or pussy out from a challenge.

Cracks in the Armour

Women completely overvalue weak moments and focus on them much harder than any of the attractive things about you, Briffaults law comes into play. You could be masculine, swole, charming, witty, foot the bill, sweep her off her feet, but if you trip on the doorframe as you leave the restaurant; ALL of that is shattered. The façade of perfection has been broken, and any past attraction she had to you is overshadowed by that big glaring mistake that she will use to take you down a peg.

Keep making mistakes and eventually you have a ghost or a flake. Once she realises you aren't the perfect man of her dreams, she will move on and start testing the next guy. Women have abundance mentality and they *do not* waste time with guys they have already deemed *imperfect*. They know that if they drop quick and move on, the next guy might meet the standard.

You will never be able to meet up to the standards of your plates or girlfriend even if you are pure Alpha Bucks, this is impossible because their standards are always changing and readjusting to new base levels, and will always be too high. They **dehumanise men into success objects to the point that they are not allowed to have any flaws.**

It's impossible for us to have no flaws, but women, especially hot women (alpha females), do not understand this. They want to find that one magical, perfect guy who has *no flaws* and they want that guy to swoop in, make her a princess and live happier ever after. At heart, women fantasise about these ideal situations and ideal guys, just like children; you will find few who are rational enough to understand the struggles, hardships and imperfections of the modern man (but there definitely are

some).

And we all *know* that women fantasise about this shit, all you need to do is look at the popular female literature/television. It all follows the same fucking plot, scene by scene. Generic bland female is lusted after by demigod alpha bad boy/vampire/millionaire for no discernible reason, and he swoops her away and takes her to a much better world that is nothing like that the boring grey world she used to live in. This world has crime, or BDSM, or werewolves.

But the thing about this is; while most men consume our male reading/viewing-porn with the knowledge that it is all just fantasy and our lives won't go the way described; women truly believe that they *deserve* to be rescued by a Christian Gray type like this, and that it actually *will* happen to them one day (with no effort from them of course). And so they wait for "Mr Right" until their pussy dries up and their vet bills overwhelm them.

Joseph Campbell describes the Hero's Journey, the monomyth story that all men strive to emulate and fulfil in their own lives. Well, women have their own version of this; The Princess's Rescue.

Combating the problem

Her goal in "getting to know you" is to find out who you really are. She is trying to build a general idea of what you are, what you do, who you know, what your frame is like, where you're placed on her rating scale, and what your imperfections are, so that she has an excuse to drop you for "the next best thing*".

Her power comes from *what she knows*. She can only work with the information given. So there's one easy way to win her game; **control the information she has**.

The less she knows about you, the more she has to guess, the more she has to idealise, the more she has to pedestalise.

If she knows little about you, she won't know your weaknesses. She will start filling up the gaps with her own imagination. She will start imagining you as *much cooler* than what you really are. She does this because her solipsism doesn't allow her to think that she is crushing on a loser, this mysterious guy she has the hots for *must* be awesome.

The more information about you that you give her, the more she has to disqualify you with. The less you give her, the more she idealises you into something better, as Rollo says (paraphrased): "A woman's hamster is the best tool of attraction you can use".

Keep her guessing. Always. Make her always be wondering where you are, who you're with, what you're doing. You could be in your basement watching anime, she doesn't know that, she assumes you're off at some high-profile event with girls hotter than her.

You could have the most dull, monotonous job ever, but if you refuse to talk about it, she starts wondering if you're some CIA agent or secret billionaire.

Never tell her how much you make or what you really do unless it's cool af, and even then hold back on the details. Definitely do not reveal your job or money if it places you in the beta bucks category. Don't let her into your friendship circle, don't let her meet your family, don't tell her about your life story and childhood and exes.

Every scrap of information you give her exposes you as the imperfect human being you are to her, and for her, that's not enough. She will use all this as ammunition to eventually discount you.

“Oh his friends are kind of lame and he’s a Trump supporter and still not really over his ex and he seems pretty disposable and low-ranking at work.... Etc etc etc”.

Do not have long conversations with her over text or even in person. You might think it makes you sound smart and you’re impressing her, but really she’s thinking “this guy talks too much and is too passionate about boring shit and he’s telling me all this, why is he wasting time with me doesn’t he have better things to do?”

| **The most attractive thing a woman can hear coming out of your mouth is “busy”.**

Your life does not revolve around her, the less she can get her claws into your personal goings on, the more interested she is in you. If you are too busy for her all the time, she will go *crazy* trying to get into your pants. If you only ever communicate with her to set up meets, she will blow up your phone and social media constantly, if you’re always kicking her out after fucking because you got shit to do, she will go wild trying her hardest to see you again and again and again.

The more she knows about you, the less attracted she is to you. It’s simple.

Methods

Women *love* mysterious men. They can’t make their mind up on the guy yet, they haven’t seen his flaws and weaknesses, they overhype his strengths, and the guy seems *perfect* to them. The only way you can be Mr Right for a woman is to be dark and mysterious.

How do we incorporate this into game?

When Opening a Girl

| Do not divulge too much information. Do not show off. Get her to ask questions of you, don’t just spill the beans outright. Don’t linger or hang around too long, always “be in a rush”, always “have somewhere to be”. Look busy, look important. Don’t try and impress her, get her to try and impress you, remember, you are the prize. Close quickly and then leave. Don’t text her straight away, wait a day or two. Always seem “busy” and like you have a faster paced life than hers.

Plates

| Plates are disposable, treat them as such. They aren’t girlfriends and they are not there to be your emotional support, or your personal diary. Don’t rant at them, don’t talk to them about your politics or ideologies, and don’t tell them about your friends and family and work. Mention hobbies or interesting bits of information but only on a surface level. Always be too busy for them, kick them out after you’re done, ignore their texts sometimes. If they ask to meet up and you’re free, pretend you’re “too busy” anyway. Make the meetings on your terms. She needs to get this idea that you have shit going on outside of her and she’s just a side part of your life. She will be attracted to this, this is what women want to see.

LTR

| Dread game is your friend here, and as they say “comfort kills attraction”. You never want your LTR to get too comfortable with you or “fully understand” you. Of course she will get a lot of information out of you because she’s the closest woman to you, but you can still be dynamic. Always be cultivating new hobbies, new friends, new missions. Never stagnate.

Ignore her; sudden phone silence, busy days. Don't let the relationship get boring, always be starting new things, new dramas, keep that engine fuelled. As soon as you settle out and flatline, that's when she starts to wonder. Keeping yourself busy occupied and silent will keep her guessing. Guessing is the biggest aphrodisiac. She will think you're at parties with supermodels and Saudi bankers. She'll fuck you like she did when she was trying to impress you at the beginning of the relationship, because now she thinks she has competition and has to "win you back". You might just be playing games on your computer, but if you ignore her "wuu2" texts, she thinks you're snorting coke off a hookers tits in a private jet.

To sum up:

- If a woman flakes on you more than once or twice, she is not attracted to you. Women do not disappoint guys they are trying to impress.
- Women are all seeking the "perfect" guy with no weaknesses to sweep them off their feet.
- Women test guys and can only qualify them with the information they have of them.
- If you disappoint a woman too many times, she will next you.
- It doesn't take much to disappoint a woman, they undervalue strengths and overvalue weakness.
- Women who don't know much about you fill in the gaps of knowledge with idealised versions of you.
- The less information you give to a woman, the more mysterious you are, the more attracted she is.
- Stop talking too much and shut your fucking mouth.

Just Fucking Lift

987 upvotes | April 11, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Just fucking lift already.

The vast majority of your problems will be solved by just doing some form of fucking exercise.

I know a lot of you kids still don't lift. You read the sidebar a million times over and buy all the books and practice your lines and 'build your frame', but you seem to think for some deluded reason that you're the fucking exception and you don't need to lift.

All of us losers are just insecure and overcompensating, you however, can get away with being an oestrogen weakshit because you're just *different*. Girls will notice your uniqueness and not care about your physique.

Fucking. Bullshit.

You're too scared to exercise, too lazy to put in the work, and too damn stupid to realise that this is the BIGGEST factor holding you back in your life.

Listen, retard, you have the ancestral genes of marathon runners, hunters and soldiers. Your body is a machine *built* to crush and destroy things.

If you are not maxing out on your physical capabilities as a man, then you are operating in CHILD mode. Your body is soft and weak and pathetic like a child, you are not a man.

Every single cell in your body is tightly and intimately related: improve your body in one aspect and the rest follows; every single guy here will tell you that exercise has greatly improved his cognitive abilities. Brain fog lifted, willpower increased.... you literally get smarter.

If you do not exercise, you are operating at STUPID capacity. We, the meatheads who pick things up and put things back down again, are much, much smarter than you are.

The Pareto Principle states that 80% of results come from 20% of the work. Well wanna know what the real 20% is for improving yourself as a man? The one activity that reaps the most rewards? That's right. Lifting some fucking weights.

Your life will drastically improve should you employ this one simple life change. This is the most time efficient and effective thing you can do to grow as man.

Fuck the sidebar, fuck the rational male, fuck frame, fuck cold approaching, fuck haircuts and style and IOIs and shit tests. Fuck women.

All of these things are moot if you do not lift. Lifting will fix your life in and of itself. Your testosterone will increase, you will learn discipline and accountability and you will stop giving a flying fuck. Your frame will build naturally as your balls finally begin to descend and you will game women effortlessly without realising it. You will literally become the man you dreamt of becoming through this one act alone.

Because the biggest blue pill lie you were told was that daily exercise is unnecessary, and just a hobby for the insecure and obsessed.

Exercise is imperative and non-negotiable. You must break sweat every single day of your life until you die. If you do not, you are not a male. You are not even fully human.

Just lift you stupid fags. Stop wasting your time posting a bazillion threads about 'this one girl' and masturbating over every new trp post. You won't learn shit. Lift some damn weights and ALL your problems will be solved.

And yes, I was inspired to write this by the recent fatass post. The only thing that pisses me off more than lards are the skinny retards who think they're the magical exception and can coast through life without exercising.

Fucking lift already.

Übermensch Mode

1602 upvotes | April 12, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

This post will be long, it's a fucking novel. In fact I almost hit the 40,000 reddit character limit. There is no TL:DR, this information is all relevant and connected, it will not make sense to split it into multiple posts. If you need to, take breaks and read it in parts

PART 1: PHILOSOPHY

TRP is not just about women and sexual strategy.

Sure, it may have started out that way in the manosphere, and may have been the initial purpose of the subreddit when it was created: a place for men to vent about their women troubles, share notes, and collectively construct a system to help each other navigate the sexual marketplace.

Very quickly though, we realised that the AFC struggles with a lot more than just women. In fact, his problems with women are just a symptom of a much larger disease.

We discovered that teaching weak, depressed beta males to become *real, productive* men was the real trick to getting women. We're not pickup artists, we don't put on an act and learn lines and fake being attractive in order to get the ladies, instead, we encourage men to *actually become attractive*, physically and mentally. After that, the women fall into our laps effortlessly. It's not that complicated is it?

So a better system was created. We encourage you to exercise and build a great body, we encourage meditation, mindfulness and philosophy. We tell you to find a mission and dedicate yourself to, discover your purpose in life.

TRP has become the reddit space for men who are committed to **self actualizing**.

Metamorphosis

We attract a lot of losers here, depressed betas, sad soyboys, fat midlife crises-ers; and for good reason. These losers are men who are deeply unhappy with their lives, and are looking for guidance and support; some way to pull them out of their hole.

And they find it on TRP. For the first time in their lives, there are some answers, there are real truths to life. They're sick of being lied to and pushed down by the bullshit peddled since childhood, they want to be **MEN** but they don't know how.

And here are some real **MEN**, showing them. There is cause for rejoice, finally a community of driven, disciplined and successful people.

So the depressed beta follows the advice and his life magically starts to improve. He finally has the body he dreamed of, and he enjoyed working hard to achieve it; people treat him better and he feels more in control of his life; everything is going great at work or school, and most importantly of all; he's finally started to get laid, with the kind of women he could only dream of while he masturbated as a kid.

He begins to climb Maslow's Pyramid. He starts by fulfilling basic needs, he eats and sleeps better,

and he builds a healthier body. Then he starts getting laid and having real, intimate relationships with women, and males too, he makes good, close friends. This is incredibly important, and is a reason why Incels are so pitiable; intimate relationships are imperative to our growth as humans. There is no such thing as a "lone wolf alpha".

And so he keeps climbing, he starts to gain some prestige and confidence and feel like a real person.

But still, and surprisingly, our new "alpha" is unfulfilled.

He still feels empty on the inside, in fact, even more than before. He gets all the pussy he wants, but it's meaningless. It's not as fun or interesting as he thought it would be. He has more money and more toys, but this doesn't really interest him anymore. He might be doing very well on the career ladder, but feel totally un-invested in his profession.

This is because our new "alpha" has yet to reach the final stage of his purpose as a man: *Self Actualization*.

There was a post on asktrp a few days ago from a guy with exactly this problem. His life was going great and he was getting all the pussy he wanted, but he still felt like shit. Still felt like he had no purpose, no direction in life.

That's because he didn't. He was going through the motions of what makes a successful man, but with *no end goal in sight*. No true mission.

We teach men here that without a purpose in life, without a goal and direction, a man has no meaning. Your purpose could be anything: maybe you want to be the best at a sport, or a famous youtuber, or filthy fucking rich. Maybe you want to be the next Alexander the Great, or Hitler... or Kanye; maybe you want to die for a cause, give your life to your religion or country. Or maybe you have more realistic and practical aspirations; you want to pull your family out of poverty and remove them from your shithole thirdworld country and settle in the first world.

But without a goal in mind, without a direction, you will wonder through life and *waste* it without realising. What are you going to accomplish? How will you be remembered?

Win the Game

I outlined in a recent post my idea that life itself can be split and compartmentalized into multiple minigames. You win the *Game of Life* overall by winning the other games. You win these games with micro and macro plays: You wash your hands so you don't get disease and lose the *Game of Health* a micro play; you also lift and take care of your body for the same reason, a macro play. You cultivate a great Social Media profile to win the *Game of Power*. You study at university so you can get a god paying job so you can win the *Game of Money*; but there are other ways to win that game if you want, hustle, invest, deal drugs. Whatever, we all have different strategies to try and win our games. Some work, some do not.

Your purpose as a man is to win this game. You were put on the earth for this reason. Everyone is competing and we don't have a choice; failure is death and collapse into nothingness, success is existing for a few more millennia (as a genetic entity in your progeny, or as a memetic entity in your ideas) and telling entropy to fuck off.

The depressed beta is losing the game of life. That is why he's so sad and hopeless. He may not

realize it on a conscious level, but his subconscious definitely knows. It compares his current ranking in the game with those around him, and assesses whether he is winning or not. And when he realizes he's losing, the beta falls into a spiral of despair and *gives up*. There's no point continuing anymore, he thinks. I've missed the chance, might as well just kill myself.

This is why high school reunions can be so juicy, or painful. You are comparing your results to your peers, people in the same socio-economic class as you, with roughly the same starting position and opportunities. So when you see that some guys, who were basically the same as you when kids, managed to rise far further than you did, you get sad about it, or pissed off at yourself.

It's sad, because a lot of men do not realize that they are playing this game, not until it's too late anyway. They coast through life thinking it's all chill and there's no real pressure to succeed, and then they crash hard halfway through when they realize this is wrong and they wasted a lot of time and a lot of opportunities. Sometimes, it may be too late for them to do anything about it. A lot give up and settle into a sad, mediocre existence (and infecting their kids with this attitude, hence perpetuating the cycle). Some give up and kill themselves (male suicide rate is astonishing for this reason). The brave ones say, fuck it, I'm not going to waste the time I have left, I'll attempt to WIN anyway (this is a mid-life crisis).

Because winning is the only option. Winning is what you're here for.

Fuck being 'happy', that's just another myth pushed on us to make us content with mediocrity. You are better off being a sad and angry WINNER than a happy and content LOSER. Nature does not give a shit if you are happy or not. Do you think the men at the top of the world are '*happy*'? Absolutely not. Their lives are messy and dramatic and stressful; but these men are **Winning**, and this gives them purpose and reason to continue. This is the drug they snort, success.

And in fact, you are descended from a line of **WINNERS**. Every single one of your ancestors was a winner, down to when you were just a damn amoeba. They all survived and spread their genes, they all made offspring and continued the line, all the way down to you, the loser reading this on his computer screen. The kind of shit your ancestors had to do to survive would shock and horrify you. You are descended from soldiers who killed their enemies with brutality and glee, and then raped their women. You are a descendant of murders and rapists, of people who committed genocides. You are *also* a descendant of those who survived genocides, a descendant of slaves. There are women in your ancestry who were rape slaves their whole lives, and these women pushed through it all and survived so you could be here now. We are all descended from slaves and murderers.

So, you do not have the comfort of being an average loser. You do not have the freedom to be an incel and die in your mother's basement or to a drug overdose. To be a failure, right now, is to spit in the face of every single person in your genetic line who struggled through hardships you could not even imagine in order to give you this life. This isn't your life, you do not own it. You carry the burden of every single one of your ancestors on your shoulders.

Do not fuck it up.

"But Heathcliff, I'm short and balding and ugly and -hamster hamster hamster".

Fuck, so was everyone else in your family. The shortness you got from your father, well he had it too, and he managed to fucking get laid to produce you ungrateful bastard. The "bad" genes that you complain about are all genes that survived up until now, your great-great-great grandparents had it

too and they managed to fucking win regardless. You do not have an excuse. You can't do anything about it. Heck, your bad genes aren't really that bad; the truly bad genes never survived up until this point, they died to entropy centuries ago. Your genes are fine, you're just a pussy making excuses for your failures.

The men who win the Game of Life all have one thing in common. They realize they're playing a game, and they tackle this game seriously and with every fibre of their being. They all have the same mindset, and in fact, in order for you to truly get your ass out of the chair and start winning too, you must adopt the mindset.

And it's not a new one, but it's one that a lot of us have lost.

The overwhelming *Fear of Death*.

Death Pressure

When I was 11 years old my father was diagnosed with cancer. As a child, I watched my dad, the greatest and most powerful man in my life, a god in my eyes, degenerate into a yellow sack of failing organs and pain. My dad, who could lift up the sofa with one hand, kick a football all the way across the park, and play with electrical sockets like they were toys. Over the course of a year, my father crumbled into a bedridden mess, was destroyed by his own body, tortured by the chemo, and disintegrated into nothing. At 36 years old.

Only now that I'm older do I realize how fucking young 36 years old is. He did not even get the chance to live half a life.

And this took a massive toll on my childhood psyche. It wasn't conscious at first, but now I understand that I behave the way I do because of this.

I have a crippling, horrifying, but healthy fear of **Death**. I understand just how short life can be, how it can be stolen from you at any moment, and how we do not have the luxury of pissing it away. Life is a gift, it is not yours to waste.

Death Pressure is real, and is the primary driving force behind the actions of the men who rule the world, and the men who rise from nothingness to be great. These men all have a terrible fear of death, and mediocrity. To be an average loser for these men is akin to **Death** itself. We've all heard the stories of the person who has almost died but survived; be it an accident or illness, and suddenly they are a different person, tackling life in a way they couldn't even conceive of before. They have had a taste of **Death**, and it horrified them.

So I've always tackled life at 100%, knowing that I may be killed or succumb to illness at any moment. And I see the hurting eyes of the men in later stages of their lives, the eyes of those who realize they've lost the game, and I vow NEVER to be that man. I try to milk as much experience and meaning from my days as possible; whether it means fucking the prettiest girls, doing the hardest drugs, travelling to the most astounding places; or creating, writing for the people around me, leaving my mark on the world, and ascending humanity.

Fuck being a loser. Fuck being a prole. Fuck being a slave. I live my life as the **Urbemensch**.

It is your job in life to succeed and win the game, and become the *Higher Man*, the best version of

yourself.

We all have the capability, but very few of us actually do it. The vast majority of us are too fucking lazy, scared and weak to ever even attempt becoming something other than a fat, mediocre bastard.

Self-Actualizing is hard, if it was easy we could all do it. It's a fucking struggle, and it's your struggle; but you can and will achieve if you stop fucking around and dedicate yourself to it 100%.

I managed to do it, I'm operating at max capacity right now, I know I will turn out a great man, especially if I continue on this trajectory.

But I used to be a fucking loser. The worst fucking kind of loser. I was just as bad, if not worse than a lot of you guys who've already given up. Later on in this post, because I am never ashamed of talking about my shortcomings, I will give you a taste of what my depressed Beta day looks like, and what my **Ubermensch** day looks like.

But for now, I want to give you all some actual methods and techniques in achieving Ubermensch mode; because I hate when an article gives you a call to action but doesn't show you how. Here is how I managed to ascend into demi-god levels of productivity, there's obviously lots of information out there on how to do this, but this is how *I* personally tackle the problem, and some of these ideas I have not seen discussed before

PART 2: METHODS

Efficiency Principle

You are a cell. The cell takes material from the outside and converts it into useful material for itself. The cell aims to be as efficient as possible with its actions; any waste, any inefficiency will be punished by nature. The cell competes with other cells, and so the inefficient, lazy, and wasteful cells will always lose to cells that operate closer to 100%.

The cell is always trying to optimize its usage of time, energy, and resources. The closer to 100% the cell can get, the better it will do in the world. It is a mortal sin for the cell to be wasteful.

The efficiency principle is the mechanism in your head that governs the little ways you go about the world. You finish your bowl of cereal, instead of getting up and putting it in the sink immediately; you leave it on the table and tell yourself "I will take it with me next time I enter the kitchen". This saves you an extra journey, kills two birds with one stone, and conserves your energy (yet we still fucking forget to do it, every single time). This is a natural, intuitive thought and we all have it. The *Efficiency Principle* is what makes the dishes pile up in the sink, with the knowledge that it is better for your time, energy and budget, to wash all the dishes at once instead of individually. The *Efficiency Principle* is what encourages you to set-up a meeting with your buddy if you happen to be in that part of town, it's convenient, you don't have to go out of your way because you're already there.

The efficiency principle is what makes you fucking rage and despair when you lose all your work because your laptop died or accidentally closed your tab (because you're an idiot and didn't save). All that time and effort, completely wasted, nothing to show for it. This is a mortal sin for productivity, and a grave wound to your day. When you're with a girl for 10

years and break up, the efficiency principle is what makes you feel like shit about it even if it was the right move; all that time and effort wasted on a venture that amounted to nothing. In fact because of this, some people won't break up even through problems; it seems like the smarter thing to do to push through it then to have to start again from scratch.

Beware of being hijacked by this principle and making fallacious mistakes like this; but always be aware of it in the back of your mind, you will feel happier and better about yourself should you act efficiently in all your actions. This leads into the next point

Dead Time

Dead Time is any time not spent growing or recovering.

Time, in essence, is the only real resource you have. It is finite, and wasting time is the worst thing you can do for your development as a human. You will always lose to those who are efficient with their time. The winners in the world make sure that their entire day, to the second, is filled with effective and productive time use.

Dead Time is any time you spend not building yourself, or recovering in order to do so. I'll give you some examples. You're on Stronglifts 5x5 and workout Mond/Wed/Fri. Tuesday and Thursday are not wasted days, they are days you spend recovering and building muscle, to train on these days is detrimental. This is not dead time.

But if you begin skipping workout day, days in which you are refreshed and capable of building; you are in **Dead Time**. It is time that could be useful literally dying in your hands.

You bust out a massively stressful day at work, but you achieved a lot. You get home and pump on the netflix and watch 4 episodes of Peep Show. This is not **Dead Time**. You are recovering from the hardships of the day, you are taking a breather and healing yourself.

On the weekend, you wake up refreshed and ready to tackle the day. Instead you continue to watch Netflix. This *is* **Dead Time**, you are not recovering from shit, and the task isn't useful. You are replacing a useful thing you could be doing (maybe lifting, cooking, studying something) with an unproductive task. You are murdering time.

This one isn't hard to get. Your task now is to assess your day and try and realize how much of your time is really spend in **Dead Time**, scrolling reddit or fucking around. I guarantee you it will be too much, and you can cut it down.

Day of Rest

This doesn't go to mean that you cannot do the things you enjoy, or that you don't deserve a break. You do, it's very important, but schedule your breaks. Every single religion and culture in the world has a concept of a "Day of Rest", a day where you just stop, take a breather and relax for a while. This is an important human foundation. Use this day of rest as a cheat day, on this day, allow yourself to do the shit that you know is bad for you during the rest of the week, get it out of your system and scratch the itch. If you want to fap, go for it, if you want to smoke weed or drink, do so, if you want to binge netflix or play videogames, go ahead.

As long as you keep these things compartmentalized to this one day, the day that you allow yourself to sleep in and eat takeout, the urge to indulge later on in the week will diminish.

You'll also find, as the weeks go by, your day of rest will start to become less indulgent too, and even a little bit productive without you realizing. My day of rest is on Sunday, and I used to smoke weed and play videogames to wind down; now it doesn't really interest me at all; instead I do my laundry and read the books I don't have time for during the week.

Progressive Overload

This is a trap that many guys fall for, myself included.

"Tomorrow I will be a different person, I will do everything I need to do. Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of my life"

It never lasts. Jumping straight into different habits all at once will have you crashing fast.

You are so desperate for immediate results you will hurt yourself and damage any progress you're making by going too fast.

Gradually adding different habits over time, solidifying initial ones before moving onto new ones, that's the only way to do it.

No one says "tomorrow I will deadlift 300 pounds, tomorrow is the first day of my powerlifting career" when they've never even set foot in gym

You will not be able to jump straight into running half marathons, studying 8 hours a day or cooking like a professional chef. You need to slowly ease into it.

I started out by just getting my diet sorted first. 3 good meals a day. Once I did that, exercising was easier, and I became disciplined with that. Once I was exercising properly, sleeping 8 hours each night was inevitable and easy. Once I could sleep, eat and train properly, meditation was an easy next step.

Take them one at a time and build on them like a pyramid. Add or improve on a new skill each day, one a day is enough. I guarantee you, progress will be faster than you think, and sometimes exponential. I was unable to even study for 30 mins the first time I sat in front of my books. The next day was an hour, then I could bust out two. I'm on four at the moment, and I'm trying to work my way up to 6. I know my limits.

Extended Cognition

At school, I learnt of a concept known as Extended Cognition. The idea is that you are not just the product of the data stored inside your head; rather, any data that is "you" stored in other places is also you; any tools that you use to navigate life are also you.

The watch on your hand is YOU, it is a part of your being. It is a tool for navigating the world just like your legs and arms are. A pad of paper with a "To Do" list is also you. It doesn't matter whether the "I need to do this today" concept is stored in your neurons or on the pad, it is still a part of your being. Your glasses, another organ, just an extra set of

corneas, makes your perception better.

The calendar that you use to track the days, that is you. Your cell phone, a massive brain upgrade, a data bank used to store all the information and memories in an organised and compartmentalized way, that is you. You store your memories in your brain, but also as images on your phone. You store your ideas in your thoughts, but also as notes jotted down in an app.

Successful men use all the tools at their disposal to extend their being into the real world, increase their data capacity and recall, and organize their life. They use diaries and calendars and apps and lists and even secretaries to become more cognitive, and warp the world around them much more powerfully.

I'll give you an example: I learnt the hard way that whenever you have an idea, you must write it down immediately, because you will NEVER remember it later. You might remember that you had a cool idea, but you won't remember what it was, and it will frustrate you massively. After losing too many genius thoughts to this, I started immediately writing them down on my note app on my phone, an extra brain I carry around with me. In fact, this post was sparked by a thought I quickly jotted down. Without this extended cognition, I wouldn't have written a lot of the posts that have done so well and changed the lives of guys on here. Right now, my evernote app has 10+ potential TRP articles I intend to write, with short brainstorm, that I come up with while I'm commuting or lifting or sitting on the toilet. You never know when genius will hit you.

Meaningful Dopamine

So I'm gonna get flack for this post because it's so fucking long, but I don't care. I enjoy writing this shit and I know there are plenty of guys here who will read it all, and then go back and re-read it again. It's for them that I write, not the lazy assholes who are only here for masturbation.

In fact, you may have noticed I've recently been pumping these posts out like muslim babies. I've been writing a lot, and for good reason.

I am addicted to it. I love every aspect of it, I enjoy the writing, I could do it for hours. I enjoy sharing my ideas and arguing over them, and like an addict, I enjoy more than ever that little orange envelope telling me that someone has read and acknowledged my work.

These are my dopamine hits, and the only ones I allow myself to have.

I used to get my dopamine fix from video games and masturbation and social media and weed. I eventually cut that all out. This is what is known as *cheap dopamine*. Dopamine you did not have to earn, dopamine that is limitless and overindulgent.

This cheap dopamine addiction is fucking you up, truly it is, it's the scourge of our society remove all sources of cheap dopamine from your life, it is a drug you must ween yourself

off.

But you still need dopamine, it's important for your growth and general well being. Where do you get it from though?

Generate your Dopamine from Meaningful Sources

Your dopamine should only ever come from the things in your life that give you meaning and help you grow. Once you stop overindulging in the drug, even a little hit will be enough to brighten your day. Take a walk in the sun, you instantly feel good. Finally master a song you've been practicing; ride that wave for a week. Beat that PR in at the gym and you feel on top of the fucking world.

Find what you love and use it as your dopamine source; you will become addicted to the drug, yet indulging in it will *help you grow*.

At the end of a long day, if I've studied enough, lifted, done all the things I need to do and am feeling beat, instead of sitting in front of the TV, I fire up my computer and write for the redpill for 3 hours. I lose myself in the work, enter **Flow**, proofread a few times, and then hit the submit button.

And every orange mail box telling me "hey man you just put so many pieces together for me, you're a great writer" or even "lol ur an autistic faggot" is enough for me to feel like I've earned my place in the world and I'm making a difference. And my writing improves with every post I make. I am growing, and enjoying myself while doing so.

Find your meaningful dopamine well, and tap into it

Flow

I can write for hours, in fact, it's been almost 5 hours since I started this very post. I literally haven't stopped typing since then, vomiting out the words as they escape my fingers, like a man possessed. I have not stopped to check social media, or my reddit messages. I have not taken any breaks. Pure, focused **Flow**.

If I could study like this I'd be a fucking genius, but sadly I cannot.

Flow is the magical mindframe you get when you lose yourself in something you love. We all **Flow** for different things, for me it's writing and playing my guitar. I can go for hours and not even realize it. Others flow while playing sports, or while solving problems under high pressure in their career, or public speaking, or poker.

We all have different **Flow**, yet we don't all make the most of it. This is super important, because the things you **Flow** with are the things that will help you succeed at life.

Find what makes you **Flow**, and dedicate your life to it. You will have a much more meaningful life pursuing the things you love and are good at. If you have a career you hate,

or are even just ambivalent about, yet a hobby you **Flow** with very well, then maybe you should consider a swap.

PART 3: EXAMPLES

I'm going to finish off this post with a description on how I carry out my day; mainly to brag, but also to give inspiration. I'm not operating at full capacity yet, but I'm almost there. If you're still here by now, here's your reward.

Yet I used to be such a fucking loser it's shameful. I'm not embarrassed to talk about my fuckups though, and I think it's important for great men (like me) to be open about their shortcomings, it teaches those who have no faith in themselves, and those full of self-hate, that it's entirely possible to achieve and rise like we did,

This is what my life looked like when I was at the lowest of my lows.

Depressed Loser mode

I wake up around 11/12, dehydrated and feeling like absolute shit. I am hit instantly with the overwhelming need to smoke, but the bed is warm and I don't have the energy to get up. My first fap of the day is achieved through imagining me fucking my one-itis, the little morning testosterone I have allowing me to get hard without porn.

I scroll through reddit on my phone for roughly an hour and a half, and then facebook for a while. I don't have instagram or snapchat, but if I did, it would probably add another hour or two to my morning session.

Eventually the need to smoke is too much and I pull myself out of bed. I roll a joint (with too much tobacco) and smoke it by the window. I don't get high, instead I simply revert back to a "less shit" mode from my "really shit" mode. The weed is very quickly rejected and I rush to the toilet to throw up, but my stomach is empty and I dry heave for 10 minutes. My body still thinks I threw up though, and so floods me with the "post puke" endorphins. This + plus the THC is the only way I can feel high anymore.

I immediately smoke another joint, and then contort myself onto the sofa. My second fap of the day consists of me hitting up gonewild or amateur porn subreddits and wondering what it would be like to fuck some of the girls on there.

I put something on netflix but it's not stimulating enough, so while I "watch", I play games on my laptop or my phone. I do this for the next 4-6 hours, stopping only to roll more weed.

In order to achieve my third fap of the day, I have to watch teenage girls get gangbanged or do shit that makes me mad. I get angry but horny and manage a few spurts of cum. It doesn't even feel good, but I've removed the itch to fap and that's all that matters.

At some point I start feeling very very ill and realise it is around 7pm and I have yet to eat anything. I drag myself into the kitchen, which has piled up with dishes. I have no bowls, so I wash a bowl, put the kettle on and make some instant noodles. I'm so hungry it tastes like the best thing I've ever eaten. I use the same bowl for cereal afterwards, and smoke weed to make the most of the sugar rush. This is my meal of the day.

I get through 2-3 grams of weed throughout the day, smoking it like cigarettes.

I play games and watch netflix until it's around 11pm, where I migrate to my bed and continue there. The creeping urge to masturbate returns, and my fourth fap of the day consists of me beating my soft dick trying to make hard. I browse around for more fucked up porn, but the whole shit/piss thing still disgusts me, and the porn only works for about a minute before I get bored. I eventually resort to watching women fuck animals (what a fucking blackpill that is) until I'm angry enough to dry cum, this takes roughly an hour or more.

I fall asleep playing a game on my phone. The next morning I wake up feeling like death.

Repeat. For two fucking weeks. Sometimes I remember to shower.

What fucking hell that period of my life was. I lost pretty much all my muscle and weight, 2 years worth of progress. and could not even bench the bar when I eventually returned to the gym

Once I pulled myself out, I vowed to never, EVER, return to that point again. How fucking pathetic. Laugh at me all you want, this was me for a while.

This is me now.

Ubermensch Mode

My alarm is set for 6:20 but I wake before it, as I have every day these past few weeks. I immediately open the curtains and let the light flood the room. I lay in bed contemplating life for about 20 mins before I get up. My phone is charging in the other room, nowhere near my bed. I make my bed immediately, fighting entropy as the first thing I do.

I down a glass of water, then hit the shower immediately. I start off warm because I'm still a pussy, but gradually shift it to ice cold by the end. I stand under the ice water and count to 22. Yesterday was 21 and tomorrow will be 23.

Once dry, I have my first breakfast, tea, yoghurt and fruit. This stimulates my appetite. I then take Vitamin D and C, Zinc, Cod Liver Oil, 5-HTP and Lions Mane Mushroom. I then begin cleaning my flat; there isn't much to do because I keep on top of things mostly. Fuck off entropy. I then wash my dishes from the night before and use that time to think about the day ahead and reflect. Once I'm done, I do my Wim Hof breathing exercises for 10 minutes, then meditate for 10 mins.

I then write my to-do list for the day. I do this every morning. If I do not, I forget what I need to do. I don't use fancy apps or trackers or anything like that, a simple list is enough. At the end of the day, I count up what I managed to do vs what I intended to do, and give myself a percentage score. I aim to always be above 60% minimum, with 80% being a goal.

Once I'm done, I either blast music loud to get myself pumped or put on a podcast. I cook my second breakfast, depending on what I'm feeling. I enjoy cooking and plan my meals on the whiteboard I have in my kitchen, writing down the meals I know how to cook (otherwise I forget) and ordering what I'll cook on what days.

I have my breakfast, which is never less than 1000kcal, and a protein gainer shake with creatine, almost another 1000 calories and then pack my bag for the day. I then practice my guitar for roughly an hour. I do this in the morning so i can avoid the morning commute rush, and also out of respect for my neighbors. I return late in the evening and it is unfair to them to be playing at that time.

I leave for school, and commute the 30 mins to my university. At school I first stop by the chapel and spend 10 minutes absorbing the numinous and constructing the rest of the day in my head, more meditation. I then hit the library and go over everything I studied the day before, using questions I find online to test myself on the material. I do this for an hour.

I then hit the gym and lift for roughly an hour. I do 5/3/1 with BBB and other accessories. I shoot the shit with the management, and gym bunnies stare at me as I deadlift. It feels good. Easy, meaningful dopamine.

After the gym I have a snack, and then study new material for 2 hours. I use the pomodoro method and do 4 pomodoros. I then hit the school cafeteria and have lunch, replying to my reddit comments as I do so. After that, I study for 4 more pomodoros, and then heat up the leftovers from yesterday and answer more reddit messages.

Once I'm done I travel 30 mins to my tutees house, and I teach a 16 year old girl basic chemistry for \$60 an hour. I teach her for 1.5 hours. She hangs on every word I say and keeps touching the inside of her thighs, and fiddling with her hair/neck. She started off failing miserably, now she's top of her class. How convenient...

I travel home during rush hour and hate it, but distract myself with chess against the computer on my phone. I lose a lot.

I get home at roughly 7pm, and relax for about 30 mins. I then cook a meal, whatever I had planned at the beginning of the week, and I really enjoy the act of cooking itself, the precision timing and the aesthetics and the art. I eat my meal while browsing reddit. At about 8 pm one of two things happens. I either sit in front of my laptop and write a long ass reddit post, vomiting all the ideas that I came up with throughout the day OR I get a pussy delivery and a plate shows up at my door (pre-planned). I fuck the plate or fuck the minds of TRP readers for a while.

The plate has two options, she either leaves and goes home, or she stays with the knowledge that my bedtime is strictly 10pm and I'll be getting up at 6am in the morning. Most leave, which I prefer, I need the alone time, and I only need her for sex anyway. Some decide to stay, and I wake them up with sex in the morning and make them do the dishes.

Before bed, I write in my diary and drink a glass of Casein. I note anything interesting or out of the ordinary that happened, and any insights throughout the day.

Around 10 I hit the sack, I attempt to read but am normally too sleepy; I never read as much as I'd like to. I fall asleep immediately and without realizing, I do not lie awake at all.

Repeat, for the past month.

This is how I live my life now, and I fucking love it. I feel so on top of things and massively in control. I feel like I'm living at maximum potential, a real fucking superman. I am the happiest and most fulfilled I have been in my life. I probably won't be able to keep it up, and will crash at one point; but I have been giving myself rest days and not being too hard on myself when I fail, so getting back on the horse won't be hard.

I would like to hear, from Vanguard and Endorsed Contributors, their own accounts of their Ubermensch days in the comments. I'm sure some of you operate so much better than I do, and I'm genuinely interested in what kind of people you are.

In Conclusion

Hopefully this post has given you a taste of what it is like to be a Higher Man and the philosophy and mindset needed, and hopefully, along with the methods I set out, you are inspired and able to emulate this mindset and in your own lives. We all have the capability to do so, we just need a push to become the best we can be, super fucking human.

I think back to my father, and how much he achieved in his life before dying. Did he win The Game of Life? Was he just a loser who died too early and fucked it up for his kids?

My dad grew up on a farm in a third world country, they shat in holes and had a well for water. My dad had to live through communism. He hiked to school across a mountain every day, and got himself a place at university, and then the army as an engineer. He found himself a beautiful but BDP girl, and had a kid with her, but she stillbirthed. So they tried again and had me. Eventually the communism and the war was getting too much, so he smuggled himself out of the country and into the UK. He didn't get caught. The dude, with an engineering degree, cleaned toilets and sold furniture while earning his accounting qualifications; and brought his family over. He moved them from a shithole flat in an immigrant-crime neighborhood to a rented house in a quiet town, to eventually, saving up the money for a deposit on a real house. Then he got cancer.

My father lived two lives, surviving poverty and communism and rising high in the ranks, and then starting from scratch in a foreign country and still fucking bossing it, his climbing speed was tremendous, almost exponential.

I was always so baffled by my father during the last few weeks of his life; he was so chill, so accepting, so stoic. I couldn't understand why, the dude was collapsing into death. But now I get it.

He was a winner, through and through, and he knew it. He knew that he achieved tremendously in his life, and that his kids would turn out great. My dad died with a smile on his face.

The Healer and the Tank

581 upvotes | April 14, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I was messaged by a girl after my last post, she wanted to know why I write primarily for men, and if the 'self actualisation' post applied to women too.

She was very respectful, and didn't throw a tantrum calling me a virgin loser neckbeard autistic. She just wanted clarification. I decided I would reply to her. But as usual, I got carried away, and basically wrote her a whole post. These concepts have been sloshing around my head for a while now, and it felt good to solidify my thoughts into words. That's one of the strengths of writing.

I know I have a lot of women who read my posts: there are those who hate-crush on me and post all my work to their subreddits. The ones who PM page long essays telling me I'm a narcissistic loser. The ones who attempt to fuck me because my writing and stories got their ovaries going.

I feel like the advice I gave this girl is important, especially for the women out there who intuitively feel like there's something deeply wrong with the lives they're being forced to live. So I will share it with the rest of you. This post has information relevant for both genders, but is primarily directed at women, which means it will be **controversial**.

I already know what's going to happen, first the landwhales and soyboys will freak out and spam the comments/my inbox/their subreddits with indignant and witty insults. I'm a virgin small dicked loser, never had a real intimate relationship bla bla bla I get it. Remember, when women are unable to attack the actual argument (because it's solidly correct) they will use ad-hominem personal attacks and shaming. Shaming works very well on women as they are agreeable and are always working to fit in. They do not realise that shaming won't work on arrogant autists like us.

Next will be the trp kids with 'omg you focus so much on women a real alpha doesnt care about pussy so much', not realising my posts are incredibly varied, some are FRs, some are solid theory, some are straight game advice and techniques, some are uplifting shitposts. My last one literally did not mention women at all. Regardless, women are important and a pivotal part of all our lives, if women don't take up a significant portion of your headspace (which they do, don't front) then you're just kinda gay.

Then there will be those who freak out : "NEVER GET MARRIED" and will discount the whole post because I encourage marriage for women. This is true, marriage as an institution is dead. Marriage 2.0 is a sham. In this post however, I speak of the ideal 'marriage', the way our grandparents got married, marriage 1.0, which was solid. We don't really have it anymore, and it's hard to find a woman to achieve it with, but it is still, definitely possible.

Anyway the post. Her questions:

Hi, sorry if it's been asked, but why are your posts directed towards men? Are they not applicable to women, or is it just speaking generally? Thanks. Btw, know Ayn Rand? I'll think you'll like her.

What's the different game? Aren't women humans who want to actualize themselves, climb up the social hierarchy, be healthy, fit and attractive and find the best romantic/sexual partners? How is that any different from men?

My answer:

I mentioned in a previous post how, while we all play The Game of Life, men and women play different minigames, and on the whole, the Game of Life for women is much easier. A man plays on medium or hard difficulty, a woman on easy. A disabled person: Insane mode. Hot girls? Tutorial mode.

As a woman, you have been born with the most important piece of human machinery in existence: **the womb**. As such, you have a huge responsibility to further the existence of humanity/your race by producing the next generation. You are the only ones that are able to do this, so your life and purpose are already defined for you from birth. Without you, we literally do not exist as a species, you have a job more important than anything a man could ever do.

This is why women are such high value and protected and men are almost disposable, it's 'women and children first' after all. *Sperm is cheap and widely available, wombs are highly valuable and in contested supply*. This is why when an historic city was sacked and conquered, the men would be put to death and the women captured as sex slaves... or rather... breeding stock. Wombs/women are a *commodity*.

Because you have the breeding machinery, you are guaranteed your right to procreate, whatever happens, you will likely have a kid. Men do not have this luxury. In order to procreate, men have to *earn* the right to breed.

Mitochondrial DNA analysis shows that throughout history, more women than men reproduced.

A man has to earn his right to breed, he needs to become a high value male and convince the female to have his children, she holds all the cards and his future existence rests firmly in the grip she has around his balls. We instantly lose to women because of this, and it's the only real power you have over us, but it's stronger than anything we can use on you.

Thus, *everything* a man does is in an effort to earn his access to a high value, healthy and loyal womb. I stress, *everything*. He lifts and works hard and makes money and develops security and competency and power as a very fancy peacock dance to attract females. His whole life is built around this purpose. In order to win the Game of Life as a male, he needs to win all the other minigames, especially the Game of Money and Power. This is all in an effort to win the Game of Love and get laid. Men play many, many minigames, and so have developed skills and evolved to maximise their chances at winning these: they get taller and stronger and smarter and less solipsistic and more cooperative and systemise much better. All in an effort to not just find a high value partner, but for some males, any partner at all. A lot of males never breed, and thus lose the game.

Women are born with high inherent value, which depreciates over time, men build theirs from nothing as they age.

As a woman, you are guaranteed a partner and guaranteed procreation by virtue of having the breeding machinery. As such, you have no need to strive for power like men do: there is no need to

compete, you are working for a prize you already have.

You are still competing in the game though, but against other women, and not for wombs, but for the best sperm.

As such, you do not need the skills to win the game of power or money or war: they are superfluous, and in fact, you've evolutionary dropped these skills over time. You are weaker and less intelligent and less driven because you have no *need* to be. Nature is efficient, and instead of wasting energy and resources on skills that are redundant, women have instead maxed out on the skills needed to win the only game they play, the Game of Love. These are skills like empathy, manipulation, devotion and deceit, even bitchiness.

Women only compete in the Game of Love as its the only one they can and *NEED* to compete in. Any woman who tries to compete in the other games quickly realises that she will never beat the men who's sole purpose and evolutionary adaptation is to win these other games. *It's a man's world*. She also realises she doesn't need to, winning the Game of Love can put her in a position much better than any male, and much quicker.

Hell, if I had the option between busting my ass for 30 years in order to build my life and get my genetically healthy trophy wife, risking death and failure OR finding someone who has already sorted their shit and become powerful, fucking him a few times and having his kids, buying into his life, dedicating myself to him and winning as a result, well, we all know what that decision would be. If I genuinely had the choice to be born as a woman, I would always pick it. It's safe, guaranteed procreation and survival.

The Warrior and the Mage

So you compete in the Game of Love against other women, for access to the best providers and genes, and that's all you need to do and should do, and why women are so vicious and cruel and bitchy with each other. While we fight each other for any pussy, you fight each other for Chad.

The smart women are not those those who get a career and education and attempt to climb the ladder and work 9 to 5. These are not women, these are fake men. They are attempting to play the males game because they think it makes them valuable, but they have been tricked. What they're really doing is losing a lot of their female value and wasting a lot of important, fertile time. And all these women find no meaning in their careers, they often hate it but are too ashamed to admit so. They're 'smart, independent' women after all, but the world of work tires and bores them very quickly, and beats them up emotionally and spiritually. The outside world is cruel.

The truly smart girls are the ones who realise their sexual power and dedicate themselves to a high value male early in their lives. They know they cannot survive in this fucked up world without the support of a man, it might be bitter, and you wish it wasn't so, but that's the truth. So, they get married quickly and early, hopefully as a virgin, and they give themselves to the man completely. Knowing that their success is tightly linked to the success of their partner, she does her best to support his life, like how a Healer would support a Tank in an RPG game: the Tank Class bears the brunt of attack from the real world, pushing through the hardships and pain, the Support Class heals his wounds, applies power boosts and gives him emotional and sexual support. And they both win together.

She also does all the things for his life that are important but otherwise a waste of a man's time. For every minute a man spends doing his laundry, or cooking his own meals or cleaning his house, he is

spending not working, growing into something greater, is wasting valuable time, and is losing to all the men who save time avoiding this bullshit, because those men have devoted and eager sex secretaries to do it for them. Powerful men spend every minute of their day collecting power and becoming great, not scrubbing dishes.

The man with the devoted and loving wife will beat the single bachelor pickup fuckboys and beta incels every day of the week, because he is not 1 human, he is 2, and operates at double capacity. His wife succeeds with him, reaping all the rewards of her support and dedication, her success tied intimately to his. They are a team, a new living organism, a new fundamental genetic unit, the **family**. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

And she loves it. Women love this shit, you've evolved to do so. Dedicating yourself to a man you love, building and decorating your own home, pleasing and satisfying him, feeling useful and appreciated and watching him become civilised and powerful, 'fixing' him. And most importantly, having his children.

Making children will be the best and happiest thing you'll ever do, and raising them your most important and fulfilling job. You swoon whenever you see a cute doggo, and chase cats to pet them on the street, but imagine making your own cute human pets and raising them into powerful and beautiful adults. Holy shit is that fun and meaningful. There's a reason The Sims has such a huge following among women.... you love this shit and live for it.

Hell, if I was a girl and was made a job offer right now and it read like the following, my CV would already be in your hands, (and my mouth around your dick):

Tall, attractive male requires home sex secretary and nanny. Roles include:

- Doing my laundry (not much of it)
- Keeping the house clean (doesn't taken long)
- Cooking good meals (an enjoyable hobby in itself, you love cooking and now have all the freedom and time to get really good at it)
- Decorating the house and making a beautiful home (women are nest-builders by nature, and take to the interior decorating role gladly and eagerly)
- Fucking me when I need it (which you would probably do anyway without the job, this guy is hot and fucks well, and you need sex too... well here is good, consistent, safe sex)
- Stay fit, attractive and healthy as long as possible (not difficult as a woman, and something we should all strive to do anyway)

Salary: Your own house and car, a shared bank account with me, and I'll let you buy whatever the fuck you want within reason.

After this, after these duties, your time is free to do what you will. You have full autonomy to pursue any hobby you want, master any skill, and all the time and freedom in the world to do so. You can even relax and do nothing all day, and your boss won't care so long as you fulfilled your main duties, which honestly in this modern world take less than a few hours, Fuck those unappreciative women

who complain about having to clean for the man that supports them... I'm a lazy fuck and even I can keep my house in order, it's really not difficult.

And your boss is someone you love. Someone you care about. There's no higher ups, no 'head office', no HR, no quotas to fill, or disciplinary write-ups. You work for a man who you truly think is amazing and respectable, who treats you with humanity and fucks you silly when you need it.

This is quite literally, the best job ever. I would take this job over a 'career' any fucking day of the week. Anybody who says otherwise has never had to really struggle in the real world of work, and has idealistically glamorised employment,

For a woman: employment is slavery. Devotion, to someone you truly love, is freedom,

Edit: If you're a woman and are PMing me angry messages or requests for advice, the quickest way to get my attention is, send nudes :)

[FR] Literally the best date ever.

56 upvotes | April 15, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

You may have realised I've been pretty unhinged lately, and been writing a lot of intense, insight-rich posts. I'm tired of the analysis for now though, and really have been itching to give you something lighthearted, it's been a while since I wrote a field report too. You're all pretty good at the analysis anyway so i'll leave that all to you.

I also realise that I've hijacked the sub with the my word vomit for too long now and it's not my personal subreddit to spam, so last post I swear.

This happened recently and was a very important day in my development as a man. It was a simple day, but quite literally the best date ever, so I'd like to share it with you. And like all good stories, it starts with a girl.

I met this girl in the library. English, brunette, small and very cute. Pretty face.

It's exam time and everyone's been pulling all nighters or staying up late. We were in a computer room that was pretty empty, and she kept glancing over. I saw that we were studying the same thing. We 'studied' like that for a while but actually I was just on reddit and she was playing some kind of RPG on her mobile. It was hot.

So I walked over because she was cute as hell and approach anxiety doesn't even register for me anymore and as soon as she saw me her eyes lit up and then she knocked her coffee over her computer keyboard. Lol.

We studied together for a while, (we had taken the same module,) answered some exam questions, flirted quite heavily and then decided to head off because it was late. She was very cute and smiley and seemed to be enjoying herself a lot.

It was like 2am or something, she lived in the halls close by, I lived far away. I decided to walk her back to her halls, because, you know, it was 2am. She was happy about it.

We walk in the night and she brags to me about how her IQ is 170 and she's in mensa and I'm like "whoah this girl is into me huh.

I see her off at the front gates and then go to head home, but not wanting to pass up a sure thing, I say to her "we should study together again, that was fun".

She gives me her number eagerly.

Skip to a few days later. I wake around 1pm to a pounding headache, ass taste and a dry throat. Pulled an all nighter for an exam the day before and my recovery sleep seemed to have run over deep into the next day. Oops. Gotta make up for that sleep debt I guess.

The first thing I do is drink some water, take a piss, brush my damn teeth and then check my phone and see the message;

"Omw"

Oh it's the girl.

She's on her way.

On her way where?

Shit, yeah. We were 'hanging out' today. Supposed to meet at 1.30.

I check the time. Shit.

I am not ready. And I will be late.

How long can I make her wait?... Well this is directly correlated to the attractiveness of the girl. In this case, not very long.

I get a move one.

The house is a tip, and I anticipate maybe possibly potentially hopefully fucking this girl after, so I can't bring her back to a shithole can I?

I begin cleaning the house immediately: airing out the smoke, beer cans, food wrappers, trading cards. Soon I have a substantial rubbish bag and am not gonna let it stink up the flat. I put on my trusty slippers, put the door on latch and head downstairs.

I head out the main downstairs door and deposit the rubbish bag in the bin and attempt to re-enter through the front door.

But I've only gone and done it haven't I.

I've locked myself out.

The first thing I did was buzz the neighbours. It's the downstairs front door that's locked, the door to my flat is on latch. They only need to buzz me in and I have access.

But no one was answering. I only have 2 neighbours, the cute Asian girl that lives across from me, and a European couple above. Whenever I bring over screamers they try to match us. It's pretty fun actually.

Poor asian girl though...

Anyway she wasn't answering. And neither was the couple. Well fuck they were probably at work. Of course. Real adults have real jobs and don't sleep in until 1pm to 'study'.

I weigh up my options and variables.

I should be at the library with this girl in 20 mins.

I am, quite literally, in the clothes I slept in. Luckily for me, that entails a thick hoodie and sweats, because I save money on heating and pyjamas are for fags.

Oh and my slippers of course. However, no phone, no keys, no wallet. No current way to enter the house.

I consider scaling the building, I'm a climber... But no parkour maniac. And I don't think I was stupid enough to leave any windows open.

Fuck. I realise that this date isn't gonna happen. I'm stuck outside, completely technologically naked, with no way to contact anyone.

I feel the slow creep of phone anxiety settle in.

Gonna have to flake on the girl, cos i'm a damn idiot and locked myself out of the flat. A silent flake

too... harsh.

Oh well. She'll probably like me more after anyway.

So I decide the smartest thing to do is wait for my neighbours to get back.

Which will probably be like 6 or 7 right? That's when normal people finish their normal jobs right?

Well until then I guess I just gotta kill time.

A few years ago, I woulda stressed about a situation like this. But I've read Solzhenitsyn... this... this is no big deal at all. Pretty funny actually. Lets make the most of it.

So I wonder down the high street in my slippers, and get looks from the people on the street. I probably look like a mess, unshowered and unshaven and in my sweats; but then I see my reflection in a shop window and I've got that whole just woke up bed-head grizzled college boy stoner look going on and I marvel for the 1000th time at how attractive I am. Thank god for lifting.

The slippers flop on the pavement, they probably will not last the day if I'm gonna be walking around. But oh well. I remember buying these slippers. Only a few weeks ago. I was in a store and I spotted them and immediately felt this ethereal feeling like they were important somehow and I needed them. The slippers damn called to me. So I bought em.

Interesting. Now I know why. Morphic Resonance after all. Or maybe just very good slipper marketing.

I sit on a bench by the river and watch the water. It's a cold day. I feel oddly naked and unplugged, and for the first time, actually feel good about it. I had no phone or money, no internet connection, no dopamine inducing distractions, and I was alone with my thoughts and the cold air. A sudden weight lifted from the top of my head. It felt like I'd just taken a small dose of... something....

It was freeing. I realised it was going to be one of those days. I haven't had one of these in a while, and I cherish them.

It now has to be past the time when I was supposed to meet the girl but I have no real way to tell. I meditate for a while cos the air feels good on my face and then people-watch in the park and pet a dog. I begin listing off places to visit and planning out how I'll spend the next 5 or so hours until my neighbours get back.

It's as I am walking up the highstreet that I find what I thought was an extinct species of store; the internet cafe.

An oasis.

Shit. Pass the tourniquet I have internet access again.

The Pakistani guy at the desks sees me in my slippers.

"I've locked myself out. I have no money. Can I use your computer please?"

He looks at me. "Ok. Number 5".

Thanks bro.

I get on facebook and its 2:05 and i notice she hasnt messaged me yet. Playing it cool. Nice.

I scroll reddit and memes for a while.

Then I have an idea.

I google the number of my estate agent. Paki bro let me use his phone to call them.

The lady on the other side didn't seem happy with my shit. They couldn't help me.

Plan foiled. Waiting for the neighbours it is then.

I scroll through trp for a while. The old hambeast next to me is watching some music video and breathing very loudly through her mouth, and she's scrolling back and watching the same 10 seconds over and over. Has been doing it the whole time.

I finally get a "?" From the girl.

Nice. Still playing it cool.

I make her wait for 5 mins then hit her with the:

"cant come sorry"

She says "why"

I start to think about what I should do. But I know immediately what I'm going to do. It's one of those days after all, and I want her along for the ride.

"you could come here though"

She waits a long time before saying "where"

I message her the name of the nearest train station. She says "why though?" I tell her "lol its a surprise".

This was obviously too much for her to bear and she texted "ok lol coming"

Wow that worked. Maybe I have her hooked already, or maybe she's just an adventurous one. Both options are great.

I didn't really have a plan for what happens next though. But who cares, I'll make it up as I go along.

Without my phone, or my wallet, I was entirely free to just drift with no responsibilities. It felt amazing.

Frankly, it felt like I was a kid again. Playing outside during summer.

I was suddenly very excited to see her.

When she arrived at the station and saw me in my slippers she gave me the goofiest smile. I could see in her eyes that she knew immediately that it will be one of those days.

"I locked myself out" I said.

"How?!?" She's laughing.

So I tell her the story, as we walk around town. I'm very self conscious that my breath might be bad due to the fact I actually haven't eaten anything yet, but am very thankful I am OCD about brushing my teeth as soon as I woke up.

I didn't really think about gaming her at all, I didn't analyse anything or hyperfocus on my actions. I just kinda went with it. It was fun, I was completely in the moment and just ran around the town and played with her, like a boy dog with a girl dog following him around.

It helps that she wasn't shit testing me or anything bitchy like that, made it so easy and she happily

bounced along like a lil' sidekick.

Well we try my flat again but my neighbours still aren't in, obviously, so we sit on the doorstep. I ask her if she wants to study. So we study on the doorstep for a while.

"Wait when do you have to be home?" I ask her.

"Uh, anytime." She smiles back.

"Cos I have no idea how long it will be till my neighbours get back. You don't have to wait with me the whole time you know"

"No I like it this is fun"

Wow. What a great feeling. When a pretty girl genuinely wants your company.

We chat for a while and quiz each other on metabolic pathways and then decide to wander again.

I climb a tree and then we talk about our families. I feel like a kid hanging out with his middle school girlfriend after school.

Eventually we spot a McDonalds.

I take us in. I haven't had breakfast, or eaten in hours. Fuck if I'm losing gains.

"So you know I don't have my wallet right?"

So she gets us a chicken nugget sharebox and sprites and we blow the straw packets at each other. Then we have ice cream.

We wonder by the park for a bit and it's getting colder so we head to a sports department store and check out all the cool bikes and skiing and climbing gear and I tell her I'll take her bouldering some time and she's down.

We leave and I reveal I've stolen a tennis ball and she gets mad so I keep bouncing the ball at her until she backs off and laughs and we play catch and she cant throw for shit and its cute.

The whole time, everything felt right. Like we'd been friends for ages, and we were on an adventure together.

We hit up a supermarket because I'm getting hungry again and we buy ham and sea salt dark chocolate and tangerines, and a jar of pickles. I wanted to get salted pistachios and mentioned it but the pistachios were very expensive and she was paying so. This time though we had a security guard following us around. For good reason too, I was still traipsing around in my slippers... Which were muddy and beginning to fall apart. Probably looked like we were on drugs

She pays again and I mentally add the tab up in my head with the nuggets. As we leave the guard says to us "scuse me did ya pay for those" and I say "why would we steal pickles mate" and she waves the receipt at him and gives him that stacey disgust sneer that we've all sadly been on the receiving end of. It was astounding watching the pretty girl face morph into ultimate bitch putdown mode. There are probably betas in her life who only ever know her as this.

But hey I get to experience the cute, dorky side of her, and I'm loving it.

We leave the supermarket and she reveals that she actually stole the pistachios and hid them in her purse and I hug her as thanks and squeeze her ass and then we eat our meal in the park.

After the meal we lay together on the grass for a while and I give the tennis ball to a dog that tried to

steal our food and then we attempt the neighbours again but still nothing and its like 6pm and I'm starting to get a bit irked.

It's beginning to get cold now and I'm afraid the girl is getting bored of me and also that my neighbours might just have gone away for ever and I don't wanna have to call a locksmith but soon it will be late. I decide to take her to the one place in town I haven't taken her to yet

Paki bro is cool again with us using the computers, and so we browse memes together for a while, and the hambeast is still there literally doing the same thing as before. She tells me about rick and morty but i don't really like rick and morty but I pretend its cool anyway cos why not and then I show her reddit and she doesn't really get it and then I tell her 9/11 was an inside job and we spend then next 2 hours arguing over conspiracy theories.

I make 4 journeys to check on the neighbours in the meantime and my slippers are broken and flapping at this point and its fucking almost 9pm and no one is home yet. I really don't want to have to do the lame and expensive option of getting a locksmith but its getting increasingly likely. What if my neighbours were just away? I hadn't heard them banging in a while tbh...

Everytime I get back to the cafe she is slouched there browsing instagram and she hasn't left yet and its dark now and the cafe has got that dingy yellow light grimeyness to it and with the pretty bored girl sitting there and the ambience it looked like a damn Hopper painting and that snapshot remains imprinted in my mind. Really nice.

I tell her no one is stopping her from going home as it's getting late.

She says she feels bad for me and wants to see me get tucked in bed nice and warm.

Sweet

At 9 pm I break and realise my neighbours probably aren't coming back tonight and it was just my luck (or providence) that I got locked out today. I decide to go for the last resort and call up a locksmith using the girls phone. I'm bit grumpy about it but also got shit to do tomorrow.

| "I only have 1 door I'm locked out of how much and how long?"

The lady on the other side said £70. Reasonable. 40mins.... Sure.

But first I have to run it by the girl.

| "You're not broke are you?"

"Why"

"I need 70 for the locksmith"

"Sure" she says

"Okay please come immediately"

We leave and I attempt to give the internet cafe guy £10 of her money as a gesture of thanks but he's not having it and seems more invested in the asian tv show he's watching anyway.

So we go to the ATM so she can withdraw the cash and then return to the doorstep to wait for the locksmith.

It seems locksmiths and drug dealers have a lot in common. They always seem to be '20 more minutes"

After 80 mins the girl starts yawning and I begin to shiver cos it's cold and she cuddles up to me. I call again and basically shout at the lady on the phone to hurry up and also to give me a discount. She says 10%. I say that's not enough and I wanted 20. She said 'ok ok'.

I can feel myself getting hot angry at the whole situation now but I catch myself cos I know its stupid and I don't wanna break frame in front of the girl.

So finally, after 90 mins the guy arrives and I think its gonna be a simple affair but nope, life ain't that easy.

Final Boss

So this guy shows up and he's eyeing me up oddly and asks what needs opening.

I show him the front door and the top latch lock that just needs to be picked or whatever, I actually have no idea how locksmiths operate but I'm sure he's had this a million times before.

He gives me a 'hmmm' and a 'haaa' and says "well it looks like I'm gonna have to drill it"

That sounds expensive.

"Drill it? Is there nothing else you can do?"

"No I'm gonna have to remove the lock and install a new one"

"Does that mean new keys and shit?"

"Yeah I'm afraid so"

"Hey man I don't wanna bother my neighbours just cos I'm an idiot, you sure there's no other way you can try?"

"No this happens all the time only way is to drill it out" he seems pretty sure of himself.

"Nah dude I'm not gonna pay for that".

It's got a bit tense because we both realise neither of us is willing to back down yet. The girl can feel the animosity between us but she seems to know her place and doesn't say anything.

The frame battle continues.

I weigh up my options. I need to get in. This guy wants to rob me. I could get a new locksmith, that means another 90 mins probably, and maybe another scumbag. Fuck that I want to get inside *now*.

Then I think back to one of the first lessons I learned when i stumbled across this subreddit.

"Your greatest power as a man is your ability to walk away".

I smile.

"Okay dude cool I'm not gonna inconvenience my neighbours, will figure out how to get in tomorrow"

I ask the girl "hey, can we go back to your place tonight?"

She's surprised but says "sure of course".

"Cool that's sorted then, sorry dude I'm just a broke student you know haha"

I see the panic of a lost sale in his eyes, he realises that I'm not bluffing.

But I give him an opening. In truth, I actually want this damn door open.

"Could you just give it one last look though just to make sure?"

"You know what mate, let me try something" he says, as he rummages in his van.

Of fucking course. You go for it *mate*. You try something *mate*.

Bastard.

So he grabs this long hook claw thingy and feeds it through the letter box and opens the door in 4 seconds flat and I wanna bash his fucking head in but mostly I'm just glad that we're finally inside and it's warm and also victory tastes sweet cos absolutely fuck this guy. Don't blame him that much tbh, most people are weak and agreeable and probably fall for this one all the fucking time, but that's still such an asshole way to behave.

So she hands me the cash but I give her 20 back and she has a 5pound note and so I give him the £55 (for 5 mins worth of work not bad bro) and he says

"Its 70 mate"

I get a hot flash of anger. Wow. Round 2 it is.

"Your boss gave me 20% off for being late"

"I wasn't told anything about that" he says.

"Well she did"

He pauses for a moment. Still holding the money. I can feel the girl get more anxious. We're inside now and the silence makes the tension worse.

I'm pissed. "Whether she told you or not you still owe me a discount you were very late"

He smiles. It's a good shit eating smirk, ladies must like it.

"Okay but its 56."

Thus guy must be joking.

The hot anger cools into a shrewd sharp chill as I realise.

Fuck this guy. I know exactly what he's doing. If he's not gonna get his cash, he'll at least try and make me sperg out and break frame in front of the girl. Petty but effective, cant allow me to win too hard can he?

I give them both a smile. "Do you have a pound babe?" I ask her. She doesn't. So I go upstairs and grab a pound from my loose change. It feels great to be back in my home again. I also clean up a bit more and fabreeze. Lol.

Probably should not have left her downstairs alone with the asshole, but I get back down and he hasn't murdered her so I put the coin straight into his palm.

"Okay we're done you can go now"

He seems pleased with himself and leaves.

We get upstairs and I put the radiators on, down a glass of water and stare at myself in the bathroom mirror for a while to try to dissipate the anger. Such a great day and one guy's gotta be an asshole and ruin it.

Then I realise that I don't have to think about it that way and actually I just smashed through a significant confrontation that I would have failed miserably years ago. This is the kind of shit Dads train you for and I never had a Dad but shit, I managed to do it.

And the day had been fucking great too. A day disconnected from responsibilities and exams and social media. A day free of anxiety, where I could just flow in the moment and mess around with a cute girl like I did when I was a kid... And had I never even spoke to the girl, had I pussied out in that one pivotal moment in the library, this day literally would never have happened .

Always approach guys, you never know where the story with that girl will go, and pussyng out kills the story before it even gets to start. Regret is always worse than rejection.

As I think about this I give myself shivers and am proud, and then smile in the mirror like a fucking psycho and scare myself.... but then realise its not that bad and I can smile when I'm proud if I want it's no big deal.

I enter the living room and she's taken off her coat and shoes and looks at me warmly and says "you have a nice place" and I say 'thanks' and then she immediately and very eagerly begins removing my clothes.

Epilogue

The next morning we cook breakfast and I'm head chef and she's like my nurse handing me scalpels and shit and its fun to boss her around and she follows my instructions. Afterwards I walk her to the high street to see her off. At the ATM I withdraw all the money from the tab I racked up yesterday and pay her it all back immediately. Then I kiss her off at the station.

I feel pretty darn great about myself and basically skip home and jump into bed and just take some time to process things now that I'm finally alone.

The whole of yesterday was amazing, and I learnt so much about myself. All it took was some damn disconnection from life for a while.

I consider trashing my phone and getting a brick. Could I make the leap? Probably a good fucking

idea. We know now that Zuck is listening to everything we say, and I'm trying to avoid getting on more lists than the many I'm already on.

Then I think about the girl, and just how lovely and sweet she was to be around. It was like she energised and supported me, gave me the life and exuberance I was missing. I suddenly really wanted to see her again, and felt the first few hints of one-itis settle in... She was so nice and feminine and loyal and had the whole girl next door "would never cheat on u" vibe going. Hey, if we were a couple this would be a great origin story to tell people... I wonder what our kids would look like...

I settle for going on facebook to look at her pictures and miss how pretty she is, but I don't have her last name.

Facebook is one step ahead though and serves her profile to me immediately. Either it knew we were hanging out yesterday or it read her number in the contact list I didn't give it permission to view. Either option scares me.

I click on her profile pic which is very demure and innocent and makes her look smart and then I see it instantly.

| "In a relationship with"

Lol. Why did I get my hopes up. What was I expecting.

AWALT after all.

A meeting with The Supervisor

101 upvotes | June 7, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The Supervisor's office was a plain, undecorated room at the end of the corridor. Victor had only been there once before and wasn't happy to be back. He always got nervous meeting upper management, and the Supervisor was to him like a stern headmaster; approachable yet terrifying. He entered after a knock. The Supervisor, sitting at his desk, did not look up from his paperwork. "Take a seat" he said.

Victor sat down. The Supervisor was filling in some forms. He was a large man, with tired, sad eyes, and a leathery face, wrinkled with age.

"I hear you've been having some trouble with your cultures"

"Yes sir"

Besides a few small plants and what seemed to be a picture of his family, The Supervisor's office was naked. A borrowed room, or an unloved one.

"I read your email, you say they're aware already?" He lifted an eyebrow.

"Yes sir"

"This early? How long has it been?"

"Only a month sir"

"What was your procedure?" he said, sitting back into his chair.

Victor took a moment, then began.

"Well as you know after the last time I uh- messed it up, I had to flood them so I did and left a few colonies and then I ran the standard procedure for a while and then it was going well, and then a few days ago I gave them a war again just like it says in the spec"

"And then?"

"Well...they had another war straight after"

The Supervisor furrowed his brow. "That's unusual"

"...and they became aware"

"How many?"

"A lot of them"

"Any awake?"

"Miniscule"

"Do they know about the plants?"

"A few..."

The supervisor frowned.

"Well you need to sort this out quick son, you can't be failing again this early...eventually these will start to show on your record you know"

Victor gulped. He hated grad school.

“I’m not sure what to do now though, I don’t want to make it even worse”

The Supervisor sat and thought for a while. The silence made Victor anxious.

“Kill some of the colonies off, the ones causing the most trouble, and especially the aware ones”

“Okay.... Another war?”

He paused for a moment.

“No. Another war won’t work, you’ve got to do this one slowly”

“How?”

“How’s your Communism coming along?”

“Well I had to help them win the last war because the aware ones were dominating but now they’re having a lot of trouble infecting the rest of them”

“And Religion?”

“Strong, as usual”

The Supervisor huffed. “Too many mistakes Victor, if you don’t take action now I’m afraid it’ll have to be another re-do...”

The boy shifted his feet nervously. “I really want to avoid that again sir... is there nothing I can use to fix it?”

“Hmm, I’ll give you a few things to try, have you got something for notes?”

Victor scrambled in his bag but did not. The Supervisor handed him a sheet of paper.

“Okay so firstly you’ve got to establish your Communism throughout the rest of the cultures, use your plants-“

“Uh do you have a pen sorry” Victor chuckled nervously.

The Supervisor rolled his eyes and handed him a pen.

“As I was saying, you’ll lose control very quickly if you don’t get Communism hooked into your remaining cultures, but you’re going to have to sell it differently, they’re probably immune to current Communism by now so just use different masks to force it in”

“Like Liberalism?”

“Exactly, or socialism, social-justice, post-modernism, they all work. Create a fake left/right dichotomy, make them think “left” policies are equal in merit to “right” policies, which are really just survival policies”

“How?”

“Oh just paint the left policies as moral and altruistic and justifiable, even inevitable, right policies as oppressive and outdated.” He waved his hand dismissively.

“Okay”

“In fact you have to warp their morality entirely”

“How do I do that?”

“Oh that’s not difficult, have your plants got media control yet?”

“Almost”

“Well when they do, create new narratives and archetypes to subvert their morality and enforce it on

the children through media and your schools; children are very easily moulded, so stop educating them on things that will awaken them, in fact your schools should be used as inhibitors by now anyway”

“Yes I’ve been doing that for a while”, Victor grinned.

“Good. Also you need to wash out your Religion”

Victor was puzzled. “Why would I do that?”

The Supervisor eyed him curiously. “Have you been keeping up with your reading Victor?”

The boy rubbed the back of his neck “Uhh no I’ve been pretty swamped recently you see I’m a bit behind”

“It’s very important you keep up with your reading...” The Supervisor said, tapping his knuckles on the desk “This field moves fast and you don’t want to keep making silly mistakes do you?”

“No sir”. The boy looked down.

“Well if you’d done your reading you’d have realised the new consensus is that Religion is only useful in the first few stages, and there are actually better methods of control at this stage, I suggest debt slavery, that one always works for me”

“Okay, but how do I wash out the Religion?”

“Once again, as always, media archetypes and narrative control, and hit the kids, kids are easily influenced and as you know they love to rebel, reframe the religion as oppressive and totalitarian and they will reject it very quickly. You can clean it away in as quickly as one generation with this method”

“I’ve always had trouble getting to the kids though, it seems the parents shield their kids too well” said Victor.

“That’s because you probably still have strong familial units ... how many of your cultures are superorganising?”

“Superorganising.... Sir?”

The Supervisor frowned again, and leaned forward.

“Think Victor, this is undergraduate stuff, you should know this”

Victor said nothing. He just sweated.

The supervisor sighed “The Male and the Female become the...” He said rhythmically, as if reciting a nursery rhyme.

Victor paused, then it clicked... “the Family... and then the Village and the Clan and the Tribe and the Nation and then the uh-” he had forgotten.

“-the civilisation and so on” The Supervisor finished.

“So if you want to stop a colony from growing, where’s the best place to halt the Superorganism?”

“Right at the start.” Victor said.

“So attack the male and the female psyche, and halt the formation of the family, encourage individualism and subjectivism and you have complete control over the minds of the children, they will forget their duty and wander around lost, in fact they will begin to reject any kind of parental authority and guidance.”

“Attack the Male and Female psyche...” Victor wrote on his sheet. “How do I do that?”

“Oh that’s simple, for the Males you’ve just got to lower the Testosterone levels and starve them of Love. Your two wars probably did a lot of the work already, killing off most of the high T males, now you just have to make the remainder depressed and unloved”

“How though?”

“You attack the Male by attacking the Female; Males are very hard to control, but the Females can be manipulated very easily, and they are a great method of gaining indirect control over the Males. You should read up on the Feminism method, I’ll give you a brief outline though:

First, remove all sexual inhibitors from the Female, once you wash out Religion that’ll be most of it, but also inject some Sexual Revolution and Political Equality, and clean out the Shaming, which is the strongest female repressor, those are all you need really. Females are programmed to conform, so if you sell this all as in-group behaviour, they will all quickly comply to avoid ostracism, and enforce the new behaviours on each other.

Without any sexual inhibitors, well we all know how Females behave, they breed like mad, having diminished impulse control relative to the Males; and without control of the Females the Males will be starved for Intimacy and Love, and have no authority over their societal breeding. Leave the Females to choose breeding partners for the next generation and you’ll quickly find they are very bad at selective mating without the Males to guide them... quick way to weaken the stock...

And with the price of sex and breeding driven down, they’ll all just overindulge in Hedonistic Sex, one of the strongest Distractors... but you’ll need other Distractors too, what are you using at the moment?”

He took a moment as he caught up with his notes. “Uh, Sport, Alcohol, Entertainment Media”

“Good, up the Alcohol content, this should hit the older males hard. Introduce THC for the younger males, and makes sure to sell it as counterculture and rebellious, keep it illegal for a while, this will encourage them to do it more, and will significantly hinder their Testosterone and cognitive abilities. Oh, and flood them all with Pornography. This will cripple the young and old males alike, and will irreversibly stunt the younger ones. For the females, Promiscuity and unchecked Hypergamy are already good enough Growth-Inhibitors, but Consumerism and Social Media should tie up the loose ends”

“What about hard drugs? I heard they can be useful”

“Those are tricky. Stimulants and Opioids should be available at low concentrations, as they very effectively hinder growth, but can often be too damaging to productivity, so balance them carefully...you need your cultures to be obedient and distracted, but not entirely unproductive. Do not use Psychedelics though, they cause very quick awakening”

“Okay noted”

“Oh and one more thing, and I’ll give you this one for free because I think you need it... but don’t tell anyone else because I haven’t published the paper yet, I’m certain it works though”

“What is it?”

“No-fault divorce with alimony *and* child support as a follow up”

“No-fault divorce with alimony and child support *as well*... surely that’s a bitch too much sir?”

“Well no, not really. If you allow the women the freedom to divorce their husbands at will, with the

right amount of Feminism, their Hypergamy will result in very short and unproductive marriages; fewer children, no parental control, and eventually, extreme male crippling. Productive and potentially powerful males can be very effectively and irreversibly crippled halfway through their lifespans with this method, and their energy transferred to their previous partners, who will squander and waste the energy. Follow up with alimony and child-support and the high-potential male will almost never be able to return to success again, effectively neutralising him as a threat. In general, marriage as an institution should be cleaned away entirely, it's one of the quickest methods of Superorganising, or rather, you should co-opt it as an attack on the Males using this method"

Victor scribbled on the paper vigorously.

"The end result of all this, should it be implemented correctly, is the complete and slow destruction of the host culture, without having to use violent means like wars or viruses. Destroy the Superorganism at its base unit, the Family, and it will never form."

The boy continued to write "This is all very useful sir thank you"

"My pleasure, I just want to see you do well son. Anyway I think I've given you all the advice you need, off with you I have another meeting soon"

Victor jumped up. "Thank you sir, I will put all these into action immediately" he said, nodding his head furiously.

"Come back after a week and let me know how it all goes". He smiled.

"Thanks sir, I will". Victor stumbled out the room, sheet clutched in hand. The Supervisor returned to his paperwork.

A week later, the Supervisor heard a very sharp knock on his door. It was Victor, and he looked very distressed.

"Sit down, what's the matter boy?" the Supervisor said.

Victor fell into the chair, "It's all gone very, very wrong sir, they're all aware and a lot of them are awake and they keep fighting each other and my plants are losing control and -"

"Slow down boy. From the beginning please". He was marking an essay and did not look up.

"Well after I did what you said everything was actually going really well, I removed all the sex inhibitors and they all started breeding like mad and then I added TV Media which was a really powerful influencer and distractor and some of the cultures stopped superorganising entirely and some slowed down and some even began to reverse, well the ones that were causing trouble before--"

"And your plants?" asked the Supervisor.

"Well I finally managed to establish a permanent colony for them but the problem is everyone's aware of them now and I don't know what to do"

"They know about the plants? How many?"

"Way too many of them sir I don't think I can reverse it at this point"

"Why didn't you come to me sooner?"

"Well you said come after a week and I didn't want to bother you so...."

The old man sighed.

“How did this happen Victor? Explain.”

“I’m not sure, they were all just partying and consuming for a while and I was starting to lose TV control so I gave them Internet to try and get a grip on the influence and the economy shot up massively afterwards and surveillance became much, much easier –“

The Supervisor looked up from his paperwork. “Wait, say that again”

“Uh say what”

“You gave them Internet?”

“Yeah a few days ago”

The man’s eyes widened. “Are you joking?”

“Uh-no”

“You haven’t done your reading Victor have you?”, there seemed to be something different in his voice.

The boy scratched the back of his head “haha no not really sorry”

“If you’d done your damn reading you’d have realised Internet was banned from our labs *months* ago... it causes very rapid awakening leading to irreversible ascension... where did you even get a hold of it??”

“Ascension?” Victor began to understand. So that’s what that smell was...

“Yes ascension Victor, ascension! My god.” Victor had never seen him so agitated. “How many did you give it to?”

“Uh” A cold sweat had formed on the back of his neck “... all of them”

“Holy sh-”, the old man caught himself. “You damn idiot Victor do you realise what you’ve done?!” He stood up quickly.

Victor sat in the chair, paralysed, his heart beating against his chest.

The Supervisor pressed a button on his intercom. “Barb can you instruct security to begin quarantine procedures immediately”

There was a pause from the other side, a woman’s voice “...uh, okay...sure”.

The Supervisor grabbed his coat and hat and headed for the door. Victor remained in his seat, eyes wide, unable to process.

“Victor” said the man, standing by the open door.

“...yes, sir?”

“Get out of my office”

One of those days.

1343 upvotes | June 8, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I met this girl in the library. English, brunette, small and very cute. Pretty face. It's exam time and everyone's been pulling all nighters or staying up late. We were in a computer room that was pretty empty, and she kept glancing over. I saw that we were studying the same thing.

We 'studied' like that for a while but actually I was just on reddit and she was playing some kind of RPG on her mobile. It was hot.

So I walked over because she was cute as hell and approach anxiety doesn't even register anymore and as soon as she saw me her eyes lit up and then she knocked her coffee over her computer keyboard. Lol.

We studied together for a while, (we had taken the same module,) answered some exam questions, flirted quite heavily and then decided to head off because it was late. She was very cute and smiley and seemed to be enjoying herself a lot.

It was like 2am or something, she lived in the halls close by, I lived far away. I decided to walk her back to her halls, because, you know, it was 2am. She was happy about it.

We walk in the night and she brags to me about how her IQ is 170 and she's in mensa and I'm like "whoah this girl is into me huh."

I see her off at the front gates and then go to head home, but not wanting to pass up a sure thing, I say to her "we should study together again, that was fun".

She gives me her number eagerly.

Skip to a few days later.

I wake around 1pm to a headache, ass taste and a dry throat. Pulled an all nighter for an exam the day before and my recovery sleep seemed to have run over deep into the next day. Oops. Gotta make up for that sleep debt I guess.

The first thing I do is drink some water, take a piss, brush my damn teeth and then check my phone and see the message;

"Omw"

Oh it's the girl.

She's on her way.

On her way where?

Shit, yeah. We were 'hanging out' today. Supposed to meet at 1.30.

I check the time. Shit.

I am not ready. And I will be late.

How long can I make her wait?... Well this is directly correlated to the attractiveness of the girl.

In this case, not very long.

I get a move on.

The house is a tip, and I anticipate maybe possibly potentially hopefully fucking this girl after, so I

can't bring her back to a shithole can I?

I begin cleaning the house: airing out the smoke, beer cans, food wrappers, trading cards. Soon I have a substantial rubbish bag and am not gonna let it stink up the flat. I put on my trusty slippers, put the door on latch and head downstairs.

I head out the main downstairs door and deposit the rubbish bag in the bin and attempt to re-enter through the front door.

But I've only gone and done it haven't I.

I've locked myself out.

The first thing I did was buzz the neighbours. No need to panic yet. It's the downstairs front door that's locked, the door to my flat is on latch. They only need to buzz me in and I have access.

But no one was answering. I only have 2 neighbours, the cute Asian girl that lives across from me, and a European couple above. Whenever I bring over screamers they try to match us. It's pretty fun actually.

Poor asian girl though...

Anyway she wasn't answering. And neither was the couple. Well fuck they were probably at work. Of course. Real adults have real jobs and don't sleep in until 1pm to 'study'.

I weigh up my options and variables.

I should be at the library with this girl in 20 mins.

I am, quite literally, in the clothes I slept in. Luckily for me, that entails a thick hoodie and sweats, because I save money on heating and pyjamas are for fags.

Oh and my slippers of course. However, no phone, no keys, no wallet. No current way to enter the house.

I consider scaling the building, I'm a climber... but no parkour maniac. And I don't think I was stupid enough to leave any windows open.

Fuck. I realise that this date isn't gonna happen. I'm stuck outside, completely technologically naked, with no way to contact anyone.

Missing phone anxiety begins to creep in.

Gonna have to flake on the girl, cos I'm a damn idiot and locked myself out of the flat. A silent flake too... harsh.

Oh well. She'll probably like me more after anyway.

So I decide the smartest thing to do is wait for my neighbours to get back.

Which will probably be like 6 or 7 right? That's when normal people finish their normal jobs right?

Well until then I guess I just gotta kill time.

A few years ago, I woulda stressed about a situation like this, really just got stupidly anxious. But I've read Solzhenitsyn... this... this is no big deal at all. Pretty funny actually.

Lets make the most of it.

So I wonder down the high street in my slippers, and get looks from the people on the street. I

probably look like a mess, unshowered and unshaven and in my sweats; but then I see my reflection in a shop window and I've got that whole just woke up bed-head grizzled college boy stoner look going on and I marvel for the 1000th time at how attractive I am. Thank god for lifting.

The slippers flop on the pavement, they probably will not last the day if I'm gonna be walking around. But oh well. I remember buying these slippers. Only a few weeks ago. I was in a store and I spotted them and immediately felt this ethereal feeling like they were important somehow and I needed them. The slippers damn called to me. So I bought em.

Interesting. Now I know why. Morphic Resonance after all. Or maybe just very good slipper marketing.

I sit on a bench by the river and watch the water. It's a cold day. I feel naked and unplugged, and for the first time, actually feel good about it. I had no phone or money, no internet connection, no dopamine inducing distractions, and I was alone with my thoughts and the cold air. A sudden weight lifted from the top of my head. It felt like I'd just taken a small dose of... something....

It was freeing. I realised it was going to be one of those days. I haven't had one of these in a while, and I cherish them.

It now has to be past the time when I was supposed to meet the girl but I have no real way to tell. I meditate for a while cos the air feels good on my face and then people-watch in the park and pet a dog. I begin listing off places to visit and planning out how I'll spend the next 5 or so hours until my neighbours get back.

It's as I am walking up the highstreet that I find what I thought was an extinct species of store.

An internet cafe.

An oasis.

Shit. Pass the tourniquet I have access again.

The Pakistani guy at the desks sees me in my slippers.

"I've locked myself out. I have no money. Can I use your computer please?"

He looks at me. "Ok. Number 5".

Thanks bro.

I get on facebook and its 2:05 and i notice she hasnt messaged me yet. Playing it cool. Nice.

I scroll reddit and memes for a while.

Then I have an idea.

I google the number of my estate agent. They should have a spare set of keys right? Paki bro let me use his phone to call them.

The lady on the other side didn't seem happy with my shit. They couldn't help me.

Plan foiled. Waiting for the neighbours it is then.

I scroll through trp for a while. The old hambeast next to me is watching some african music video and breathing very loudly through her mouth, and she's scrolling back and watching the same 10 seconds over and over. Has been doing it the whole time.

I finally get a "?" From the girl.

Nice. Still playing it cool.

I make her wait for 5 mins then hit her with the:

"cant come sorry"

She says "why"

I start to think about what I should do. But I know immediately what I'm going to do. It's one of those days after all, and I want her along for the ride.

"you could come here though"

She waits a long time before saying "where"

I message her the name of the nearest train station. She says "why though?" I tell her "lol its a surprise".

This was obviously too much for her to bear and she texted "ok lol coming"

Wow that worked. Maybe I have her hooked already, or maybe she's just an adventurous one. Both options are great.

I didn't really have a plan for what happens next though. But who cares, I'll make it up as I go along. Without my phone, or my wallet, I was entirely free to just drift with no responsibilities. It felt amazing.

Frankly, it felt like I was a kid again. Playing outside during summer.

I was suddenly very excited to see her.

When she arrived at the station and saw me in my slippers she gave me the goofiest smile. I could see in her eyes that she knew immediately that it will be one of those days.

"I locked myself out" I said.

"How?!?" She's laughing.

So I tell her the story, as we walk around town. I'm very self conscious that my breath might be bad due to the fact I actually haven't eaten anything yet, but am also thankful I am OCD about brushing my teeth as soon as I wake up.

I didn't really think about gaming her at all, I didn't analyse anything or hyperfocus on my actions. I just kinda went with it. It was fun, I was completely in the moment and just ran around the town and played with her, like a boy dog with a girl dog following him around. It helps that she wasn't shit testing me or anything bitchy like that, made it so easy and she happily bounced along like a lil' sidekick.

Well we try my flat again but my neighbours still aren't in, obviously, so we sit on the doorstep. I ask her if she wants to study. So we study on the doorstep for a while.

"Wait when do you have to be home?" I ask her.

"Uh, anytime." She smiles back.

"Cos I have no idea how long it will be till my neighbours get back. You don't have to wait with me the whole time you know"

"No I like it this is fun"

Wow. What a great feeling. When a pretty girl genuinely wants your company.

We chat for a while and quiz each other on metabolic pathways and then decide to wander again.

I climb a tree and then we talk about our families. I feel like a kid hanging out with his middle school girlfriend after school.

Eventually we spot a McDonalds.

So we go in. I haven't had breakfast, or eaten in hours. Fuck if I'm losing gains.

"So you know I don't have my wallet right?"

So she gets us a chicken nugget sharebox and sprites and we blow the straw packets at each other. Then we have ice cream.

We wonder by the park for a bit and it's getting colder so we head to a sports department store and check out all the cool bikes and skiing and climbing gear and I tell her I'll take her bouldering some time and she's down.

We leave and I reveal I've stolen a tennis ball and she gets mad at me because stealing is bad and scolds me so I keep bouncing the ball at her until she backs off and laughs and we play catch and she can't throw for shit and it's cute.

The whole time, everything felt right. Like we'd been friends for ages, and we were on an adventure together.

We hit up a supermarket because I'm getting hungry again and we buy ham and dark chocolate and tangerines, and a jar of pickles. I wanted to get salted pistachios and mentioned it but the pistachios were very expensive and she was paying so... This time though we had a security guard following us around. For good reason too, I was still traipsing around in my slippers, which were muddy and beginning to fall apart. Probably looked like we were on drugs.

She pays again and I mentally add the tab up in my head with the nuggets. As we leave the guard says to us "scuse me did ya pay for those" and I say "why would we steal pickles mate" and she waves the receipt at him and gives him that Stacey disgust sneer that we've all sadly been on the receiving end of. It was astounding watching the pretty girl face morph into ultimate bitch putdown mode. There are probably betas in her life who only ever know her as this.

But hey I get to experience the cute, dorky side of her, and I'm loving it.

We leave the supermarket and she reveals that she actually stole the pistachios and hid them in her purse and I hug her cos I'm proud and squeeze her ass and then we eat our meal in the park.

After the meal we lay together on the grass for a while and I give the tennis ball to a dog that tried to steal our food and then we attempt the neighbours again but still nothing and it's like 6pm and I'm starting to get a bit irked.

It's beginning to get cold now and I'm afraid the girl is getting bored of me and also that my neighbours might just have gone away for ever and I don't wanna have to call a locksmith but soon it will be late. I decide to take her to the one place in town I haven't taken her to yet.

Paki bro is cool again with us using the computers, and so we browse memes together for a while, and the hambeast is still there literally doing the same thing as before. She tells me about rick and morty but I don't really like rick and morty but I pretend it's cool anyway cos why not and then I show

her reddit and she doesn't really get it and then I tell her 9/11 was an inside job and we spend then next 2 hours arguing over conspiracy theories.

I make 4 journeys to check on the neighbours in the meantime and my slippers are broken and flapping at this point and its fucking almost 9pm and no one is home yet. I really don't want to have to do the lame and expensive option of getting a locksmith but its getting increasingly likely. What if my neighbours were just away? I hadn't heard them banging in a while tbh...

Everytime I get back to the cafe she is slouched there scrolling instagram and she hasn't left yet and its dark now and the cafe has got that dingy yellow light grimeyness to it and with the pretty bored girl sitting there and the ambience it looked like a damn Hopper painting and that snapshot remains imprinted in my mind. Really nice.

I tell her no one is stopping her from going home as it's getting late.

She says she feels bad for me and wants to see me get tucked in bed nice and warm.

Sweet

At 9 pm I break and realise my neighbours probably aren't coming back tonight and it was just my luck (or providence) that I got locked out today. I decide to go for the last resort and call up a locksmith using the girls phone. I'm bit grumpy about it but also got shit to do tomorrow.

| "I only have 1 door I'm locked out of how much and how long?"

The lady on the other side said £70. Reasonable. 40mins.... Sure.

But first I have to run it by the girl.

| "You're not broke are you?"

| "Why"

| "I need 70 for the locksmith"

| "Sure" she says

| "Okay please come immediately" I tell the lady.

We leave and I attempt to give the internet cafe guy £10 of her money as a gesture of thanks but he's not having it and seems more invested in the asian tv show he's watching anyway.

So we go to the ATM so she can withdraw the cash and then return to the doorstep to wait for the locksmith.

It seems locksmiths and drug dealers have a lot in common. They always seem to be '20 more minutes".

After 80 mins the girl starts yawning and I begin to shiver cos it's cold and she cuddles up to me. I call again and basically shout at the lady on the phone to hurry up and also to give me a discount. She says 10%. I say that's not enough and I wanted 20. She said 'ok ok'.

I can feel myself getting hot angry at the whole situation now but I catch myself cos I know its stupid and I don't wanna break frame in front of the girl.

So finally, after 90 mins the guy arrives and I think its gonna be a simple affair but nope, life ain't that

easy.

Final Boss

So this guy shows up and he's eyeing me up oddly and eyefucking the pretty girl. He asks what needs opening.

I show him the front door and the top latch lock that just needs to be picked or whatever, I actually have no idea how locksmiths operate but I'm sure he's had this a million times before.

He gives me a 'hmmm' and a 'haaa' and says "well it looks like I'm gonna have to drill it"

That sounds expensive.

"Drill it? Is there nothing else you can do?"

"No I'm gonna have to remove the lock and install a new one"

"Does that mean new keys and shit?"

"Yeah I'm afraid so"

"Hey man I don't wanna bother my neighbours just cos I'm an idiot, you sure there's no other way you can try?"

"No this happens all the time only way is to drill it out" he seems pretty sure of himself.

"Nah dude I'm not gonna pay for that".

It's got a bit tense because we both realise neither of us is willing to back down yet. The girl can feel the animosity between us but she seems to know her place and doesn't say anything.

The frame battle continues.

I weigh up my options. I need to get in. This guy wants to rob me. I could get a new locksmith, that means another 90 mins probably, and maybe another scumbag. Fuck that I want to get inside now.

Then I think back to one of the first lessons I learned when i stumbled across this subreddit.

"Your greatest power as a man is your ability to walk away".

I smile.

"Okay dude cool I'm not gonna inconvenience my neighbours, will figure out how to get in tomorrow"

I ask the girl "hey, can we go back to your place tonight?"

She's surprised but says "sure of course".

"Cool that's sorted then, sorry dude I'm just a broke student you know haha"

I see the panic of a lost sale in his eyes, he realises that I'm not bluffing.

But I give him an opening. In truth, I actually want this damn door open. You must always give them an opening to backtrack, it helps them save face.

"Could you just give it one last look though just to make sure?"

"You know what mate, let me try something" he says, as he rummages in his van.

Of fucking course. You go for it *mate*. You try something *mate*.

Bastard.

So he grabs this long hook claw thingy and feeds it through the letter box and opens the door in 4 seconds flat and I wanna bash his fucking head in but mostly I'm just glad that we're finally inside and it's warm and also victory tastes sweet cos absolutely fuck this guy. Don't blame him that much tbh, most people are weak and agreeable and probably fall for this one all the fucking time, but that's still such an asshole way to do business.

So she hands me the cash but I give her 20 back and she has a £5 note and so I give him the £55 (for 5 mins worth of work not bad bro) and he says

"Its 70 mate"

I get a hot flash of anger. Wow. Round 2 it is.

"Your boss gave me 20% off for being late"

"I wasn't told anything about that" he says.

"Well she did"

He pauses for a moment. Still holding the money. I can feel the girl get more anxious. We're inside now and the silence makes the tension worse.

I'm pissed. "Whether she told you or not you still owe me a discount you were very late"

He smiles. It's a good shit eating smirk, ladies must like it.

"Okay but its 56."

Thus guy must be joking.

The hot anger cools into a shrewd sharp chill as I realise.

Fuck this guy. I know exactly what he's doing. If he's not gonna get his cash, he'll at least try and make me sperg out and break frame in front of the girl. Petty but effective, cant allow me to win too hard can he?

I give them both a smile. "Do you have a pound babe?" I ask her. She doesn't. So I go upstairs and grab a pound from my loose change. It feels great to be back in my home again. I also clean up a bit more and fabreeze. Lol.

Probably should not have left her downstairs alone with the asshole, but I get back down and he hasn't cucked me so I put the coin straight into his palm.

"Okay we're done you can go now"

He seems pleased with himself and leaves.

We get upstairs and I put the radiators on, down a glass of water and stare at myself in the bathroom mirror for a while to try to dissipate the anger. Such a great day and one guy's gotta be an asshole and

ruin it.

Then I realise that I don't have to think about it that way and actually I just smashed through a significant confrontation that I would have failed miserably years ago. This is the kind of shit Dads train you for and I never had a Dad but shit, I managed to do it. They say TRP is just for picking up women but honestly it's so much more; this place taught me how to hold frame and power-talk and navigate confrontations like this. Beforehand I would have been an agreeable pussy and bent over for the guy.

And the day had been fucking great too. A day disconnected from responsibilities and exams and social media. A day free of anxiety, where I could just flow in the moment and mess around with a cute girl like I did when I was a kid... And had I never even spoke to the girl, had I pussied out in that one pivotal moment in the library, this day would never have happened.

Always approach guys, you never know where the story with that girl will go, and pussying out kills the story before it even gets to start. Regret is always worse than rejection.

As I think about this I give myself shivers and am proud, and then smile in the mirror like a fucking psycho and scare myself... but then realise its not that bad and I can smile when I'm proud if I want it's no big deal.

I enter the living room and she's taken off her coat and shoes and looks at me warmly and says "you have a nice place" and I say 'thanks' and then she immediately and very eagerly begins removing my clothes.

Epilogue

The next morning we cook breakfast and I'm head chef and she's like my nurse handing me scalpels and shit and its fun to boss her around and she follows my instructions. Afterwards I walk her to the high street to see her off. At the ATM I withdraw all the money from the tab I racked up yesterday and pay it all back immediately. Then I kiss her off at the station.

I feel pretty darn great about myself and basically skip home and jump into bed and just take some time to process things now that I'm finally alone.

The whole of yesterday was amazing, and I learnt so much about myself. All it took was some damn disconnection from life for a while.

I consider trashing my phone and getting a brick. Could I make the leap? Probably a good fucking idea. We know now that Zuck is listening to everything we say, and I'm trying to avoid getting on more lists than the many I'm already on.

Then I think about the girl, and just how lovely and sweet she was to be around. It was like she energised and supported me, gave me the life and exuberance I was missing. I suddenly really wanted to see her again, and felt the first few hints of one-itis settle in... She was so nice and feminine and smart and loyal and had the whole girl next door "would never cheat on u" vibe going. Hey, if we were a couple this would be a great origin story to tell people... I wonder what our kids would look like...

I settle for going on facebook to look at her pictures and miss how pretty she is.

I click on her profile pic which is very demure and innocent and makes her look smart and then I see

it instantly.

| "In a relationship with"

Lol. Why did I get my hopes up. What was I expecting.

AWALT after all.

Now I am become Chad, the destroyer of pussy.

2210 upvotes | June 14, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

"I began to see why woman-haters could make such fools of women. Woman-haters were like gods: invulnerable and chock-full of power. They descended, and then they disappeared. You could never catch one."

Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar*

Around two years or so ago. I became attractive.

I'd swallowed the pill a while back, but like most of you, I assumed I was some kind of exception and didn't lift. Well I kind of did, but had a pretty severe case of fuck-around-itis and no discipline; not to mention an inability to cook and feed myself properly. I made no gains.

I was redpill aware, and gamed girls, but really didn't make that much progress. I knew how to pass shit-tests but didn't get any, I knew what to do with LMR but had no girls in my room. 9s and 10s were actually quite kind to me; I mistook this for attraction, not realising that I'd actually just fallen into the "asexual-child" category women put guys in who have are not even considered men, let alone a prospect.

Eventually the humility hit me, I couldn't stay deluded forever, and I had to accept it when looking at myself in the mirror. I was ugly.

Now I had been given a few gifts that I was wasting; one was height, no one can call me "tall", but I'm above the average at least, so, hypothetically, I was at the threshold most women needed to consider me. The other was a not-ugly face. I wasn't beautiful, I didn't have a thick jaw or strong cheekbones, but my face was passable; no stand out blemishes or disproportioned features.

I can work with this, I thought. I may not be Brad Pitt but I can scrape through into "attractive" if I work hard enough.

There were however, downsides to the gifts, and things I didn't get; my height came with a skinny, ectomorphic body, with an albatross armspan leading to thin wrists and pencil neck. My face can be considered feminine, boyish; more Justin Bieber than Ryan Gosling, weak chin, unable to grow a beard, or even sufficient stubble. My hair at the time was long, thick and gay. My back twisted into one of the worst cases of rounded shoulders I have seen on anyone, with a forward facing nerd neck, video-gamers anterior pelvic tilt, the whole shebang. It was gross.

I was a 3, if I'm being nice. But at that level ratings mean nothing anyway; anything less than a 7 and you're invisible to women.

At the time I still had this magical idea of women, that they were different than us, that they could look past the beauty and be attracted to alpha-personality on the inside, that they didn't need us to look good in order to want to fuck us, we could make up for it in other ways. That they had better control of their sexual urges and weren't as visually turned on as us. That they didn't really enjoy sex like we do and degeneracy put them off; that they were pure, poised beings with grace and innocence.

Lmao. Delusional.

After years of painful rejections and bitchy put downs, I stopped making excuses and began to accept

that I wasn't the exception; I needed to lift and fix my body in order to become attractive; all the game in the world couldn't help me if I still looked like a teenage fedora nerd.

So I began to take it seriously.

I started off as a 3.

The first thing that happened was my posture sorted itself. Deadlifts and Bent-Over-Rows fixed my forward shoulders within a fortnight. Stretches solved the APT. I was purposefully checking my posture and neck whenever I remembered, and forcing myself upright. It was uncomfortable, sometimes painful, at first, but my body fell into a new equilibrium and settled. I stood up straighter and sat better in chairs; people would notice, a few said "did you get taller?". I became a 4.

Next I cut my hair. It used to hang below my ears cos fuck gender norms and short haircuts were for jocks and I liked heavy metal. This time though I told a new barber to cut it short. Men have short hair.

It was a disaster. I was horrified at the boot-camp haircut he gave me, it made my face look even skinnier and gaunter than before.

But I pushed through it, after a few weeks the hair grew out and became scruffy and messy and actually... looked good. I suddenly felt 3 years older and more masculine, looked like an actual male. I began taking care of it better, stopped shampooing it every day like a retard, and after a few weeks of grease it settled into a natural, thick cleanliness. It felt so nice I would just play with it sometimes. People commented; "your hair looks so much better this way". I became a 5.

At this point I was lifting properly. I was going 4 times a week, no exceptions, no excuses, and enjoying it. I wasn't lifting heavy, and was a bit insecure about my low weight on the bar, but knew ego-lifting was for pussies who hurt themselves. More importantly though, I was cooking properly, and eating properly. I enjoyed this new hobby, cooking, more than the lifting. I was hungry all the time, something I had never known or experienced, and so I grazed throughout the day until I was hitting 3k+ calories consistently. Everything about me got slightly chubbier, and I stopped being able to see my ribs; my face started packing on fat too, and began to take on a more masculine appearance, my skin looked and felt different. A few people said "you look healthier, you look like you're glowing". I became a 6.

I changed my wardrobe. I'd just hit it big time on a STEM scholarship so splurged out on new clothes. At first I went on reddit fashion subreddits and brought desert boots and oxford shirts and chinos, but I looked like a damn Victorian twink wearing all this. I was very self-conscious going outside because it just didn't feel right, it was like I was in a costume.

Sometimes I would go out in sweats and a hoodie and trainers and think "wow I actually look kind of badass" like, old women would walk across the street to avoid me. So I adopted the style. I dressed like a black dude for a while and felt much more comfortable; it felt like "me", and it would hide my skinny frame. Eventually I started finding which colours worked for me, and adding my own personality to the style; things about me from teenagehood I couldn't just drop, band t-shirts and

chucks and vans and flannel. It worked, very well. I got compliments from people on the roadman-grunge hybrid, it felt effortless and suited me, didn't feel like a costume. I'm young, and stopped trying to dress old. I became a 7.

It was at this point I started getting looks from women on public transport. I would hop onto a train and a 5/10 would see me and I'd see her and then her eyes would snap away and I'd be like "weird" and then she'd look again and see me looking and her eyes would snap away again and then she'd fix her hair. Often I would check my face to see if I had anything in my nose or whatever.

This kept happening for a while and I was getting quite self-conscious about it. Was I creepy or weird? Was I dressed funny? Have I got a big nose or ears or something and they just can't stop looking?

It's been about a year at this point and I can finally squat my bodyweight for 5x5 and while I still look skinny in clothes I check myself out shirtless in the mirror and am impressed. I moved on from my strength program to an aesthetics program and started actively working on my pencil neck to make it thicker and chest to make it wider. I saw results within weeks. Suddenly my neck was solid and thick and I was stretching my shirts. I'd also picked up bouldering and this pumped up my forearms and back like no-ones business. I became an 8.

It started to become undeniable that women were checking me out. Every time I would get on a train there would be at least one woman who would see me and we'd meet eyes and she'd quickly look away. Then her hand would go to her nose and scratch it or she'd smooth down her skirt or she'd fidget or fix her hair or fringe. I didn't understand why. Often she'd look back at me when she thought I wasn't looking again and I'd catch her and she'd snap away again and I started having a lot of fun messing with girls this way.

I even began to count how much it happened during the day; my average is 6. Some days are better than others, normally after a haircut or during rush-hour. Honestly, if this is what it's like being an attractive guy getting checked out by women, I cannot even begin to imagine what it's like being an 18 year old HB9 in public; like minor a celebrity probably. No wonder they're all so damn entitled and full of themselves, the validation is immense. Or maybe it just gets tiring and annoying after a while. I still enjoy it though.

Some women would hover nearer to me or turn their body so they were facing me and their feet would point in my direction or they'd begin copying things I did or how I sat. Some just couldn't stop looking, even if I caught them. There was this one girl, not that attractive, who backed up into me on a very crowded sardine train and started grinding her fucking ass into my crotch like we were in a club. I thought it was an accident at first but got a boner anyway but then she kept fucking doing it and I knew for a fact that she could feel my hardon poking her buttercrack yet she continued.

It started to become flattering when I would get the looks from really hot women. Girls who I still considered out of my league would stare at me and sneak glances and I'd look back like "wtf you looking at" and then they'd sit next to me or across from me and play with their hair or part their legs or touch the inside of their thighs. Sometimes it would come from older women, cougars and milfs who were much more subtle about it but would also smile at me when I caught them looking.

Oh yeah, the smiles from women were a big giveaway, women don't randomly smile at ugly men.

I was still denying it though. Still sneakily checking my reflection in my phone to make sure I didn't have anything on my face or a booger. I couldn't accept I was attractive, not after a whole life of invisible betadom. AI was actually getting laid at this point though, with 6s and 7s I met at school, and this would improve my mood and mindset. It began to show in the way I walked, my aura changed and I would manspread or check out girls without giving a fuck. At this point, I'm a 9 to some women. I can't pull off the whole big and masculine thing, still too boyish, but I definitely got that pretty boy Dorian Gray fuckboy vibe going.

It was when I got these stares from women who were with their boyfriends that I began to get blackpilled. They would sit there holding their boyfriends hands or he'd be diddling away on his phone and the bitch would sneak glances and then get all fidgety. We'd meet eyes and I'd hatestare her and then she'd blush and then start grooming herself and the guy would be fucking oblivious. She would continue to sneak glances for a while until they left, or sometimes the guy would pick up on it and then hatestare me back and then put an arm around his girl or something. I don't blame him. The whole time all I could think was "stop looking at me whore your bf is right there".

It's when I started getting stares from the teenage girls and children, some of them quite clearly pre-teens that it started to make me feel sick. I understand that I look like I could be in one-direction or something but I was not ready for this level of blackpilling. They can't start this early can they? When I was that age all I cared about was yugioh. Wtf are they doing staring at me? This is wrong, very wrong. Often it would make me so uncomfortable I would get off and wait for the next train.

Every time I looked in the mirror I was unimpressed, still fuck ugly and twinkly, still and forever small.

Yet the indicators from the outside world were undeniable. I would be walking past a group of girls who were talking loudly and they'd all go quiet and look. Women in my vicinity would get louder and more obnoxious, trying to draw my attention. And still, always, excessive spontaneous grooming from any girl who would see me.

One girl in the library who I used to check out while she squatted at the gym would plop herself down next to me and sigh loudly. Then she'd keep doing it and then accidentally bump into me sometimes or drop things and then sigh some more. Another girl followed me around a party and eagerly fetched me drinks and asked me very personal questions until her boyfriend had to confront me and I acted all oblivious.

A lot of women conveniently forget to mention their boyfriends around me. I'd hang out with them for weeks or months and we'd chat in class and I'd flirt quite heavily but subtly as I'm good at it by now and she just won't tell me she has a boyfriend until I either find out myself through social media or I see them together or she's forced to mention it because we're in a group setting or one of her friends sabotages her and brings it up. Normally there's a quick "wtf bitch why u do that" look between the two girls after. Hilarious shit.

Then you get the betas who are scared of you and treat you like a king. The guys who stutter around you and worship the ground you walk on. You have the guys at the gym who end their sets early if you ask them for the rack because they're so fucking agreeable they're scared of telling you they

have sets left. There was a dude who basically did my coursework for me for a while, whenever I'd ask him for help with a question he just sent me the full answer and it confused me at first why this guy was bending over backwards for me until I found out he was a faggot and that's when I realised just how much worship women get from betas; pathetic.

Then you have the betas who are absolutely threatened by you and try to AMOG you at every turn. They get all hyper-competitive in groups, especially with girls, and are fucking loud and obnoxious. I just sit back and let them crash and burn, knowing the golden rule is the more you talk the more faggy you come across. I feel kinda bad for these guys because they're not attractive and hate you because you are, but they don't lift or make any real effort and think being aggressive makes them more alpha so not my problem.

Ugly and average girls are super nice to me and give me the sparkle eyes like I'm a god and seem to be happy they're just in my presence. They laugh at everything I say even when I'm not trying to be funny and stalk my facebook profile with their friends (attested by the random likes on photos posted 4 years ago). Pretty girls go into full on bitch mode as soon as we meet. This never happened before, I was treated like a child before, but still human. Now the 8s and up all assume I want to fuck them (or hope I do) so start shit-testing me from the first word.

Then there's the girls who change their whole personality around you and become fake. There's this histrionic jewish girl in my class who bounces around me and does all she can to try and impress me and is wild and childish but in that attractive way where you know she's crazy in the sack. It was cute at first so I asked her if she wanted to hang out after class with my friends to smoke weed and so we did and I brought my bro round who is one of my best friends but also kind of beta still and we all smoked and he didn't really say anything embarrassing or cringey he's just kind of shy and doesn't lift and this whore went into full on beta shaming putdown mode on the dude and made fun of him and laughed. It made me SO angry that she could so easily flip between submissive sex kitten to ice queen sneering maneater, especially to my best friend, and so I caught that shit and stopped it as tactfully as I could in the situation then ghosted her.

At this point I'm actually getting laid a lot, from women who meet my standards, and it's hard not to start hating women and just how fucking degenerate they can be. I started off being scared of women; thinking they were smart little princesses with sweet smiles, and they terrified me because they seemed to see right through me and had this magical, ethereal power of intuition. Now I know that was just me projecting my own weakness and insecurity and actually they're all fucking stupid and malicious and irrational.

Before trp I didn't hate women. They baffled me, they confused me, they scared me, but I didn't hate them. I treated them with "respect", which really meant I kissed ass and sucked up to them. I didn't get laid.

Now I get laid, and I hate women. Now they piss me off. Now they frustrate me. Now they disappoint me. Now I'm a misogynist.

I'm not a woman hater due to inexperience like the feminists think so, in fact when I was inexperienced I treated women better than I ever do now. It's precisely because I deal with the

prettiest and smartest girls on the daily that I've come to the conclusion that they're all fucking retarded. All of them. If they're pretty they're a whore. If they're smart they're also a whore. The "smartest" girls I know are the biggest sex addicts and wildest in bed. If they're not a whore they're normally ugly, or just fucking dopey, or incredibly bitchy and hard to be around.

Oh and "boyfriend". Lol. That word means nothing to pre-wall women. Or at least, it doesn't mean what we think it means. It means companion. It means backup option. It means fashion accessory. It means status symbol. To be paraded around and make other girls jealous. But it definitely does not mean "exclusive sex partner". The "boyfriend" is a term for the baseline, comfortable branch she's sitting on at the moment while reaching for a higher-chad, at the slightest hint of confirmed upgrade the dude is dropped. Closest translation to trpSpeak is "main plate". There is no such thing as a girl who is 100% exclusive to her man, they all cheat, and often without thinking about it, never "on purpose". They don't see it as cheating, it's just normal to them, they feel entitled to it. Their definition of cheating changes with their whims and the weather. I've banged way too many girls with boyfriends to ever take the "I have a boyfriend" shit-test at face value.

You'll be surprised at the things girls tell you when you've just pounded her into an existential crisis and she realises you'll never actually commit to her, you know she's a whore and accept it without judgement. She's honest in that moment. The n-counts they reveal... the experiences they've had, and the way they speak about their boyfriends, or orbiters... With utter contempt! With revulsion, mockery! I've had more than one girl lay there telling me about the size of another guys dick or how much of a pussy he is or laughing about when he cried or did something embarrassing and it made me fucking sick.

I'll be laying in bed after having cum in some girls asshole and she'll sigh as she picks up her phone and there are 20 ignored messages from her orbiters and I'll sometimes look over and it will be something like "sorry for getting all emotional yesterday I was drunk lol, wanna get lunch today?" and she'd be like "not today sorry xxox" and if only the dude knew that she's laying on my chest scratching my balls with her other hand while typing this. Sometimes I'm pounding a girl with a fistful of hair and her phone keeps buzzing and it's her boyfriend and I say "aren't you gonna get that" and she says "nah just ignore it" and I say "it's distracting switch it off" so she switches off her phone.

And then you have the ones who are all sweet and innocent and demure and shy and have the perfectly cultivated family oriented social medias and aesthetic photography instagrams yet are in an uber to your place at the slightest hint of a booty call and eagerly tongue swirl your asshole while you browse reddit on your phone.

The wool is no longer over my eyes. It has been burnt away violently. They're all whores. All of them. women on the train who stare without shame. The MILFs who brush their tits up against you. The teenage girls who think they're being sneaky taking snapchats of your manspread. The girls who kiss you while their boyfriend is in the other room at the party. The girls who sit in front of you during lectures and bend over and turn around a lot. The girls who take selfies for their boyfriends while their lower half is grinding on your dick.

All of them. Without exception. All it took for me was to get attractive and suddenly I'm in a completely new world, an entirely different fucked up game where the true nature of the female sex is

revealed. Becoming Chad was the best and worst thing that ever happened to me. Sure I wasn't getting laid before but at least I had faith in the "fairer" sex and my world was more pleasant. The illusion was nice to uphold for a while... but now that it's shattered I'm left with a disgusting, stark, reality that I didn't sign up for. I didn't want this shit, send me back to the Matrix please.

You don't get hit by the anger phase just once, it comes in waves. Initially when you swallow the pill, but multiple times after that. The first time you fuck a cute little thing and she treats you like a sex-god only to realise you're actually her plate and she treats every other guy this way too. The first time you accidentally meet the kids of that woman who's face you cum-splattered a few days before. The first time you get given an STD by that small innocent girl you met at the art gallery. Each time you'll get the surge of rage. Why the fuck do they have to be like this? How can they ALL be like this, yet uphold the good-girl image so perfectly and sweetly? They're all fucking whores. They're all damn liars.

The sex isn't worth it. After overindulging as Chad for a while it becomes boring. Meaningless. I don't want to use these girls as fucktoys, I hate it. And even if I stopped, some other guys will use them anyway. I just wish they'd all stop being lying fucktoys period. Can't we just have enforced monogamy again where everyone fucks only one person their whole life and sex isn't a big fucking deal at all? Where we understand the destructive nature of sex as a drug and keep it under control?

Yes I know it's delusional and beta of me and imma get the spergs like "still bluepill, still anger phase why r u endorsed u retard, just deal with it enjoy the decline blab la bla" but fuck man, if you'd seen what I've seen you wouldn't just be able to cope with this shit and remain a bystander, it's sad what's happened to our women. They're not the enemy, they're not something to be used and enjoyed and thrown away, they're our sisters and mothers and daughters... "enjoy the decline" is for hedonistic, nihilist losers, faggots who assume they have no power in the world so just fucking give up trying to change it.

I became attractive to get girls, I became Chad, and the world I was inducted into horrifies me. I want out.

Make her day.

1688 upvotes | June 20, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A few weeks ago I was standing on an underground escalator and did that thing where I turn around to watch all the bored people behind me as I slowly rise backwards into the air and feel like I'm in some kind of dystopian movie cutscene.

As I turn I'm greeted by the face an older woman. She's standing right behind me on the step below, and notices me turn around; looks a bit puzzled about it. Of course it's kind of a weird thing to do to turn around on an escalator, I don't blame her, and I can't just ignore her presence as if she's not there, we're standing uncomfortably face to face. Hey don't blame me she broke the escalator etiquette of leaving one step in-between each person. We have those rules for a reason man.

Okay so she's not that old, like middle age, but I'm young so she's out my range for women I can comfortably hit on. I can tell that back in her time she must have been a real looker, well hasn't smashed her too hard yet, nice hair and makeup, but I can see the tiredness of a long office day in her eyes. It's kind of awkward though and I'll look like more of a sperg if I don't say something.

So I say "Hi".

She's very suspicious of me. Of course, I got that whole fuckboy thing going on.

"Hello" she says.

"You're very pretty" I say.

Her eyes light up, then her mouth follows, into a big, toothy smile.

"Um, thank you" she stammers out, blushing. She seems very surprised yet pleased by this. Her face looks younger and softer.

"That's all I wanted to say-bye".

I walk up the remainder of the escalator.

She laughs hard and then says "bye" too.

As I hop off I sneak a glance behind me and she's still beaming like a happy child, smiling to herself. When I got home I had this tremendous sense of satisfaction with myself, a wellbeing that followed me into a pleasant dream and a happy morning. It felt great.

So I did it again.

It was an underground train, and a girl hopped on in what seemed to be a cosplay. Had a blue wig on and the pleated schoolgirl skirt and the zettai ryouki; had she been older I would have been all over that shit but actually probably not because I still have mad anxiety with hitting on girls on public transport... everyone's watching and can hear everything!

But I remembered what happened the day before... what if I just... complimented her.... and didn't

hit on her explicitly?

The idea that I'm not actually after anything and there's no possibility of rejection at the end because I'm not gonna request anything off her was absolutely freeing... so I spoke to her as the train stopped into the next station.

“Hey, I like your cosplay”

She blushes. “Um, thanks”

“Who's it supposed to be?”

She told me an anime that I didn't know, and that she was going to a photoshoot, stuttering the whole time.

It's cute when you can make girls malfunction like that.

I was going to say something else but then the train started moving again and the Jubilee line wails like the grinding gears and billowing winds of hell itself. So we waited, awkwardly, in silence, while people around snuck glances at us. We reach the next stop.

“Well, have fun at your photoshoot” I say, as I hop off. This stop was actually mine.

“Thanks” she says back, looking kind of upset I was leaving.

Once again, easy peasy. I was kinda bummed I didn't get her number but she was also a bit too young and that wasn't the intention anyway. I just wanted to make her happy. I bet her photoshoot went much nicer and her smiles were much brighter in the pictures.

And it didn't cost me anything. In fact, I probably got just as much out of it as she did.

Looking back, if I set out with the intention of actually closing on her, I know for a fact I would have hamstered myself into pussyng out. “Not in front of all these people” I would have said. “She'll think I'm creepy”, I would have said.

But this... this was practice...this was benign, no ulterior motives. And in fact I just proved to myself that it actually would have gone well and she wouldn't have gone super bitch-mode and girls aren't that mean and strangers aren't that scary.

I remember whenever my ex-LTR would get hit on by Incels and pickup artists she would come home beaming and tell me about it immediately. We'd laugh about their cringey lines together but I could tell she loved it because it was the best compliment she received all day.

Women love compliments. They feeeeeeed off of them. They live for them. They want them all the time.

But compliments from friends and family come in thick, and they can be disingenuous, or repetitive. Does she really look pretty in that dress or is her boyfriend just trying to get head later?

But a compliment from a stranger? That's a real compliment. There can be no other reason for it except that it's genuine. Getting hit on or stared at by random dudes is a huge life-giver to a lot of women... because it tells them that they are objectively attractive, attractive enough to meet the criteria of strangers on the outside world, attractive enough that a dude literally broke social

convention just to tell her “that dress really suits you”.

It makes her day. Quite literally. It will bring a skip to her step and she’ll go to bed thinking about it, a small highlight of an otherwise monotonous life.

So why not do it? Why not bring some happiness into the life of a stranger, and yourself in the process? It feels good to make others feel good.

And it’s good practice, especially for those of you who are still having trouble with cold approaching. Go cold approach a girl and tell her you like her shoes, or she’s just so pretty you had to say something, or “hey, sorry I can’t stop staring at you, you’re beautiful”... and then just leave.

Over time, after the first few nervous failures, you’ll get used to just approaching random girls, and you’ll find out that a lot of them, more than you would expect, are very kind and take it very well.

Eventually you can learn to extend these into actual conversations, and then a number, and then a date, and then a marathon fuck session.

But it all starts with having the balls to compliment a stranger.

So let’s go over the benefits:

1) Kills Approach Anxiety

Immunises you to talking to strangers. You get used to it and realise it’s not that bad.

2) You realise most women are kind

Teaches you the majority of women respond positively to strangers speaking to them and aren’t rude about it.

3) You realise rejection isn’t that bad

Some will be bitchy, but who cares, you weren’t trying to pick her up... and then you’ll be fine and you didn’t die after... hmm, maybe this rejection thing is kind of okay. Maybe some people are just rude or having a bad day and it reflects nothing on me...

Plus then you get to reverse her once you leave and think like “ha, you were bitchy but I was actually just being nice how does that feel huh?” Good shit.

4) Abundance mentality

Do it once a day, or whenever you feel like it, and you’ll quickly realise there’s a huge amount of very pretty girls everywhere and maybe your one-it-isn’t the only beautiful woman to ever exist.

5) You did a good thing

And most importantly, it spreads happiness and good intentions without asking for anything in return; yet you will reap the rewards in Karma, almost instantly.

So try it, for me, and yourself. Make her day.

How to write a damn good TRP post

194 upvotes | July 22, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So during my hiatus I would pop into the sub from time to time and check out some of the posts. Sometimes I would find some real gold and learn a lot or reassess my own knowledge. More often than not the sub would be full of horseshit. Crappy, unedited streams of dribble parroting long established side-bar knowledge, humble-brag field reports, “look at me I am important too” articles imitating popular posts and contributors. Often these posts would be upvoted a lot too, by guys who didn’t really know much better, and they would be left on the frontpage for all the world to think and judge us for, and for newbies to get corrupted by.

I don’t blame the mods, they have more important things to do than sit around curating posts all day; they have lives too. But they work very hard anyway, in fact the front page would be unreadable without them. I do blame the attention-seekers who post this shit though, and their upvote enablers too. In fact, if you would like to help the mods out in keeping the sub clean, I suggest all you lurkers or guys who never vote actually start upvoting the posts you like. A long time ago I used to be guilty of this too; I would read a great post yet not actually upvote it out of apathy or forgetfulness, now I make a point to upvote everything of value I see. You need to do this too, as it helps separate the wheat from the chaff and teaches the newbies and lurkers what the real content actually is and what is just dribble.

Anyway, I’m probably being a bit too harsh on you guys. I realise a lot of you are young, or new to this whole writing thing, or non-english speakers. I’d like to help you improve. Writing is one of the most important things you can do for your own personal growth. It takes the disjointed thoughts and ideas that grow and die in your head and gives them form in words, sharing a part of your soul with others to teach and entertain. It’s really quite amazing, and should be something we all do. (If you don’t at least have a personal diary by now, start one.)

For that reason, I wanted to make a guide on how to actually write well. Now, I ain’t no expert, but I’ve learnt a lot over the years through experience and have made some pretty good posts that have aligned well with people here, so I’ll let you decide for yourself whether you’re willing to take advice from me. Just like everything, the best way to get good at writing is to practice, practice, practice... and suck at it for a while first. Heck, had any of you read my first few reddit posts under a different account years ago you’d be laughing me out of the sub.

So read my guide, and practice. Doesn’t have to be for redpill posts specifically, but I do expect some of you to actually give it a shot and post your articles on the subreddit for us to judge.

Genuine Insight

Now one of the most important things I’ve realised as I’ve written is that there’s no substitute for genuine, novel insight. You can present the most well-written, verbose, passionate piece ever, but if it doesn’t actually have anything of quality to it, if it doesn’t teach the reader anything new, if it doesn’t spark an “a-ha” in the reader, then you have not achieved anything.

Conversely, there are many posts on the subreddit, and that I’ve written too, that are sloppy and disjointed and unedited and lazy, yet do very well because they teach the reader something new. It’s

just like how some of my favourite youtubers are ugly or cringey and beta but their videos have genuine insight to them so I let it slide. Or how some bands can produce an amazing one-hit song, then never make anything good ever again. Genuine quality stands on its own two feet.

There's no way to dress up bad content to make it look better, regardless of fancy tricks and techniques, people always see through it. So when you decide you want to write something, think about whether what you're about to say actually has any value to it, whether you will change any lives or teach something new. Do not write for the sake of writing. [/u/whisper](#) put it very succinctly in his post "First Post Syndrome" where he called out the guys who were posting just so they can get their name on the subreddit. Are you writing for attention? Are you writing for upvotes? Are you writing to cause drama?

None of these things will do well for you. Readers will see through your bullshit, they want to be taught and entertained, so if you fuck them around they won't give you the time of day.

So when writing an article for the subreddit, are you doing one of these things? If not, are you bringing anything of value to the readers? Or are you, like a pride-parade faggot, shaking your feathered ass just for people to look?

Write with your inner voice

Whenever my plates or friends read any of my posts, the most common comment I get is "Wow, this sounds exactly like you".

In fact, I write almost exactly the way I speak. I pause in my speech a lot, to think and give the listener time to process, and also to add rhythm. Sometimes however, I go on long rambling lines of thought to add speed and urgency and weight to my words, inflection and lists used to add emphasis to important points. Often I use beats.

The important thing to notice here is that your writing will sound much more natural if you avoid trying to sound like a writer. Do not try and write what you think a writer should write like, do not imitate your favourite authors, do not use big words and phrases you would otherwise never use in your speech.

Your writing should be a projection of your inner voice onto the page. When reading back your work, does it sound like something you would actually say? Would you be able to get up in front of people and speak your work and have it sound natural?

Readers will very quickly pick up on fake writing; your inner voice reads much more natural on the page and will hook the reader much better than a manufactured voice you copied from somewhere else.

Also realise that reader's tastes have changed, and attention spans have decreased. You won't be able to pull off a verbose and sophisticated imitation anymore, you'll just bore the redditors. Keep up with the times, and make it punchy. Get down with the fellow kids. You may have realised I use a lot of slang in my posts, or expletives, or abbreviations. It helps befriend the reader, and makes them feel like you're on their level, part of their culture.

Write the shit *you* would want read.

When I first came to this subreddit I was blown away by the level of analysis and advice and discussion on women, the sexual marketplace, and hypergamy. I learnt a lot, and quickly picked it up. The sidebar is a goldmine, and is all a newbie really needs to swallow the pill, although it can be a bit daunting sometimes.

One of my favourite posts in the sidebar “confessions of a reformed incel” is a long, rambling, emotional post where the writer tells us about his life and his transformation. It is well written, angry and bitter, and you can feel the writer’s personality seep through the page. I really liked it. I felt like I knew the guy, experienced his rage. It really opened my eyes and pushed me to sort my shit out. Sometimes posts like these would appear on the front page, and those were my favourite. I really enjoyed reading about the lives of redpilled guys and their interactions with women; the detailed, funny, angry field reports were great.

There was also a lot about women, but not a lot about men. A lot about lifting, but not much on further self improvement. I realised when I began writing that there was no need for me to try and compete with the sidebar, or Rollo, or IM or any of the other established guys on here. They had their niches locked down, and who needs more regurgitated sidebar content? All the info is already there. Why repeat it over and over?

I realised I could teach in a different way; it didn’t necessarily need to be articles. I started writing stories, and posts on male self-actualisation. The kind of shit I enjoyed and wanted to read, and the kind of shit I thought was missing in the sub. I didn’t do well at first, but as my writing improved so did my popularity. It seemed that others liked, and needed, these kinds of posts as well.

When writing a post, think to yourself: would I click on this and upvote? Is this the kind of thing that I feel the sub needs? Would this entertain me personally?

Title is the most important, it *needs* to be clickbait

Now sadly, the most important part of your entire post will be the title.

You can write for days and craft a perfect article, but if the title doesn’t hook anyone no one will read it. Click bait is a necessary evil, especially if you want your efforts to be rewarded. On our subreddit too you also have to compete with other articles stealing reader’s limited attention, and Endorsed/Vanguard posts who automatically have more weight and pull to them.

Your title should hint at what your post is about without giving it all away. It should be enigmatic enough anybody scrolling past would be too anxious not to click on, they should want to feel like they’re missing out by skipping past it. Use buzzwords that generate interest, or leave it open ended like a newspaper title.

Do not title your post “You should do XYZ and here’s why” or any other “you should, you must, everyone should “ etc, and do not give away your entire post as a TL;DR in the title.

Use structural tools to make it look pretty and easy to read

Structure is super important in this aspect too. How often have you opened a post only to see a wall

of text with no paragraphs or formatting and thought “nope”. You must make it easy for your reader, they don’t want to feel like it’s a chore to read your work. Use **bolds** and *italics* to spice up your lines. Vary your sentence lengths; use lists, headings and subheadings, quote blocks, bullet points and line-breaks. Jazz it up so that the reader always feels like the reading is no effort at all, just one more paragraph, they think, until they realise they’ve just finished a post that hit the reddit wordcount.

Keep your paragraphs varied, do some analysis in one, and then maybe a mini field report or story in the next, and then back to analysis and then maybe some humour, and then a quote. You need to take your reader on a rollercoaster, keep that dopamine train going.

Don’t masturbate

Another new mindset to adopt is that you are *performer*. Your article is a performance for your reader, and it is your job to keep them entertained and engaged throughout. Your reader doesn’t owe you shit; just because you made a good post before or they opened this post and read half of it already does not mean they will actually finish it should it begin to bore them. The biggest crime a writer can commit is boring his reader. Some guys begin by telling their life story from when they were 6 years old to when they found TRP. Realise this now; *no one cares*.

Guys aren’t here to indulge in your masturbation, they’re here to learn from you, we’re a team sharing notes after all. If you can’t give them what they want, they will disappear. It is your duty to ensure that from start to finish your reader wants to keep reading your post, wants to see it through to the end. Often I find myself reading a post that started strong but getting bored halfway through due to rambling, leaving for something else more stimulating.

And that’s the important point, you must keep your reader stimulated and entertained. Your post cannot be monotonous, and your reader needs to feel like he is learning something new with every new paragraph; avoid repeating yourself, each paragraph should extend your point further, all leading up to the general conclusion. If you’re repeating yourself, pick the best-sounding sentences that fit together and delete the rest.

Entertain the reader

It is vital that you keep your reader entertained throughout. If they are not entertained, they will not internalise the core message. I understand that some writers are very good at presenting cold analysis and making it easy to digest. I am unable to do that. I need to have emotionality and humour in my work. If you cannot take them on a ride of emotions, your reader will get bored.

Your post should be fun to read. It should not feel like a chore. It should be funny and interesting or hard hitting; your reader will know within the first few paragraphs whether they will see it through to the end normally. You are a performer, and your reader needs to come out of the post feeling like they got something valuable from giving up their time to read your work, whether it’s new knowledge or a few chuckles.

The important thing to know about emotional writing and making your readers laugh is that the harder you try the more you will fail. These are tricky techniques to employ, and readers don’t like to feel like they’re being manipulated. It needs to be natural, and so when writing, do not attempt to

force humour or emotions into the text; if you have something genuine to say and write well with your inner voice, it will shine through without you noticing. When I would get comments from guys saying they found my work funny, I would be genuinely surprised, that wasn't my intention but it kind of just happened anyway.

Know your audience

Who are you writing for? On this subreddit, you are writing for beta men, men who are in the middle of their self-improvement journey, and kids who were lucky enough to stumble upon the correct answers early. Your readers are normally dopamine-addicted, low attention span men. Also neurotic and emotional men, who like to rebel and push boundaries. And a lot of kids, highschoolers and college students. Some of you seem to hate the fact we have children on our sub, I think it's a GREAT thing. How many of you wished you were taught this stuff early before you fucked up your lives? These kids, while a bit cringey and spergy, are actually the smartest of their generation; they found this place and didn't fight against it, were brave enough to separate themselves from the herd of masturbating, video-game playing weed addicts and accept the "misogynist" label. You should be proud of them, even if they make retard baby comments.

Take all this into account; write to keep them stimulated else they will find a meme or game to occupy their time instead, appeal to their sense of rebellion and anger at the world. Befriend your reader, make them like you. Not hard to do if you present yourself as genuine, teach them important, novel insights and show your altruism. You do not want to come across too pushy or arrogant or superior. Would your reader feel like he can actually have an enjoyable conversation with you in person over a drink? If yes, you've done your job well.

Use Rhythm to make your writing poetic.

Rhythm is very important, and is a structural technique that adds character to your piece; your writing should have a poetic quality to it. This makes it easier and more enjoyable to read. Use a mix of long and short sentences, and use lots of commas. Vary your sentence and paragraph lengths. Your writing needs to be musical. It is a song.

The "list of three" is a technique that is probably the only good thing I ever learned from high school English class; it consists of grouping your points into three clusters, adds rhythm to your writing, and ends the list on a solid stop. It helps make your prose seem more comprehensive, adds flow and tempo, and gives your sentences intonation. It is also very important to use beats, stops in your writing that stress and emphasise a point, and generate tone shifts.

How do you use a beat?

Like this.

Tell the truth (but lie a little bit)

Speak the truth. Readers will pick up on your bullshit. Do not lie. Is your field report entirely made

up? We'll know. We'll almost always know. It shows in your writing without you being aware. People have more intuition than they like to believe, and they can generally feel when they're being fucked around. Do not bullshit your readers, you may get away with it a few times but they will quickly pick up on what your lies sound like.

Your posts will do much better if you actually just tell the truth about your life and what happened. You may think you can teach better by making up scenarios or stories to prove a point, but you're really harming yourself and others more that way. If it didn't actually happen, don't write a whole post about it.

However, and as always, there's an exception:

You should lie a little bit.

If your lies can be small and white and boost the entertainment value or readability of your post, you should.

Remember, the most important rule is to keep your reader stimulated and entertained; if fibbing a few times in the post helps keep them reading, adds colour, makes them laugh and gets them to the core message better, then I personally think its excusable. Your story does not have to be a documentary, it does not have to be an 100% accurate retelling. Add some colour and frills to it, you're a performer after all.

Think of a great comeback to that shit-test the next day in the shower? Use it anyway. Conversation was long and boring and had too many details? Shorten it into something more digestible. Making up an entirely new character by mashing together other characters? Good for keeping the story clean and concise.

I don't lie much in my posts, but when I do, it's for the sake of cleaning up the post and not making it a slog to push through. For example, in a field report, if I have girl-A who gave me some great shit-tests and girl-B who taught me about hypergamy brutally, normally I just fuse them into a new Girl-C and talk about this new, imaginary girl. But only if this Girl C is a quick example, never as the topic of an entire post. It keeps me from having to bounce between names or write multiple paragraphs, and it teaches the concepts just as well and cleans up the post to make it easier to read.

In my "One of those days" post, my argument with the Locksmith actually went on for a while, as we discussed prices and money and options, but fuck that would have been boring and monotonous for the post, so I condensed it into something snappy, and it worked.

Just, try not to get caught in the lie. It's always embarrassing when this happens... I've been caught a few times. It can ruin your whole post if your white lie is caught; no reader wants to feel like he's being duped. If you are going to lie, the lie should be small enough that should it be caught it doesn't really matter much for the post overall. If your lie fucks with the whole post, it's too big.

And importantly, and once again, only lie for entertainment and legibility value. The rest of your post should actually be true, actually be things that happened. If it's not, you're doing a disservice to yourself, the people reading, and the universe at large. You're painting a picture of a world that doesn't actually exist, leading others astray; for what? So you can get your orange envelopes? You know that's not fair, on you and everyone else. The bad karma will catch up to you eventually.

If it didn't really happen, don't pretend it did.

Sleep on it (and cull)

I have a confession to make... I used to post first drafts.

Horrrifying I know. Don't do this. First drafts are almost always horrible. I did so because I wanted the immediate gratification of the orange crack, not realising that it harmed the purpose of the post overall to hand in a shitty essay. Often I would wake up the next morning and read over the post and just cringe hard.

Your first draft will always be sloppy. It will be a spew of verbal vomit with everything in it... as it should be. First drafts are for writing down everything you can think of and may be important; you want to shit out all your ideas, even if they're not that great. Don't limit yourself.

On your second pass you will cut all the crap and may find you are able to expand on and improve on lines that weren't fully formed initially.

Once you're done with your first draft, do not post it immediately. I know it's tempting but hold back... you can always make it better. The first thing to do is sleep on it. You will return to it in the morning and find a lot of bullshit that you can cut out entirely. There will be a lot of waffle you didn't see in your first write, that's okay, just cut that shit.

In fact, you will probably need to go into full on cull mode, especially if you're a rambler. Distil your post into its core message.

Do this a couple more times, and I suggest waiting at LEAST a week before posting. I've come back to a post after 2 weeks once and still edited it heavily, and it did very well. Sometimes though, you may read over a post and think "this is just bad, how did I ever write this". You will then have to just kill it entirely. It's painful, but good practice to get into the habit of. Don't post garbage. It fucks with your reputation.

Ignore the haters.

If you make any kind of good post, there will always be salty commenters.

The most common one I get is, "this is too long", mostly from lazy kids who are only here to masturbate and get their rage-porn dopamine fix. If your post doesn't give them their high within 2 paragraphs they get mad. These are also the kind of guys that still don't read books. I purposefully don't make short posts for this reason, in my effort to try and fix the world one word at a time, I'm in the practice of helping guys learn to just sit and read for a while.

Next will be all the people telling you that everything you said was a lie, especially if it's a field report. This used to irk me, a lot, but now I realise why they do it. Their lives are boring and interesting things don't actually happen to them, they don't approach women and they don't often leave their room. So when they read posts like these they think they're bullshit because in their jealousy they refuse to believe there are guys who actually lead interesting lives or have the balls to game women. So that's when you get all the "this is just neckbeard fantasy" or "lol at the state of this subreddit" bullshit. They also miss the point of the entire post itself; whether its fiction or not the point of the post is to teach, entertain and guide, but they are so caught up in its perceived validity they miss the lessons and the insights. Often these people never actually contribute posts to the subreddit anyway... try checking their post histories... you'll find some good cringe.

Oh and there's also the "this sub has gone to shit" (which we've had literally from the sub's inception), and "this is not what I come here for" from entitled guys with high standards expecting every single post to be side-bar worthy, oh, and once again, never contribute themselves.

You can't actually do much about these comments, if you attempt to DEER you just come out looking weaker, they will never be satisfied anyway. They've made up their mind that nothing ever happens before they've even opened your post. The best you can do is accept they'll be there, accept they're the kind of angry pessimists that are prone to complaining about their life and whining, and silently smile to yourself knowing that no matter how snarky their comments, how angry they get...they are wrong, because you've genuinely lived the story.

Have direction, and wrap it up

Your post should have a clear direction from beginning to end. It is a journey, with ups and downs and twists and turns. Start with an intro to lube your readers up, fuck them brutally during the midsection, and afterwards, soothe them gently, make them feel loved and nurtured, content with themselves in the conclusion. As you write, hint at concepts you will discuss later in the post, bring back previous ideas you introduced earlier, and have a clear flow of purpose. Your post should be a road, leading to a conclusion, and your conclusion should always hit hard enough that your reader actually stops and thinks afterwards, doesn't immediately go to a new tab, maybe decides to comment on the post, and wants to do something with his life after.

Give your readers a call to action at the end, encourage them to attempt the thing you just taught them, ask them to re-asses their lives. Your post needs a purpose,so make it clear what the lessons are at the end and the important things they should take away.

Sometimes, bullet points highlighting the key ideas are very helpful.

- Genuine insight is king
- Write the way you speak
- Write the things you would want to read
- You are a performer, you must keep your reader entertained
- Your title is your success-limiting step
- Rhythm and poetry keeps your reader reading
- Always tell the truth, but lie a bit for entertainment's sake
- Sleep on your work, and edit it later
- Wrap your post up and condense into key points

I don't use TL;DRs because they enable laziness and dopamine addiction. You ain't learning shit

from a few lines, it's not the destination, it's the journey.

I have a subreddit. Link in my profile.

Snowballing

1 upvotes | July 28, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

[removed]

Snowballing

1 upvotes | July 28, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

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Snowballing

268 upvotes | July 28, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The first step was to just get used to talking to strangers. I've always been pretty bad at smalltalk, and "acting the part" in public, I would get nervous with everyone I met and women were the worst. This was why my first few cold approaches went horribly, floundering and stuttering like a schoolboy. I was having trouble having quick conversations with cashiers... it was delusional of me to think I could jump straight to gaming 10s and not make a fool of myself.

"Hey how's it going" with the subway guy, "Wow the weather's finally good isn't it" with the trainers at the gym, or "how's your day been" with the cashier dude at the cafeteria. Quick conversations, warming myself up, learning the lines, and just getting comfortable with making smalltalk. This really helped clear out my "stranger anxiety". I always felt like I wasn't worthy of being part of other people's daily lives, like I had to hide from them because I was awkward and ugly. Like I was intruding. Years of introversion and school bullying can do that to you I guess. Once I found out people wouldn't sneer at me for attempting to talk to them, and everyone was generally polite, I could move onto step 2.

Complimenting women came next. While it was nice and all to talk everyone, the aim was to get good enough at it to pick up any random pretty girl. For this, I would have to bite the bullet and actually speak to beautiful women, as scary and intimidating as they were. This was a different ballpark entirely, because there's always an assumed sexual motive behind opening a woman, regardless of how innocent you try to come across. Of course, I don't blame them, some of these girls get hit on *constantly*, and it must get very tiring after a while; hence the scowl and the bitchy putdowns they've all had to learn. And well, they're right to assume, because behind the facade, I am attempting to get into her pants after all... why else would I be speaking to her?

So anyway I needed to get over this first approach anxiety of actually talking to a woman without becoming an awkward mess. Always was my problem. Too much pressure on myself to succeed, no outcome independence, and too afraid of being put down and humiliated in front of people. So I began by trying to talk to girls for a few seconds and then just leaving, normally complimenting something about them and then moving on. Immunising myself slowly. I wrote a whole post about it. This did wonders for helping me kill approach anxiety; **it taught me that a lot of women are actually quite receptive to strangers**, something I didn't expect (I thought they'd all be annoyed I bothered them). **It taught me that they can throw up the bitch shields but it has nothing on me, it's just a conditioned response. It taught me to act immediately without giving myself time to hamster into paralysis.** I know some of you were mad at the whole "never compliment women it just makes them more entitled bla bla bla" and that may be true, but this technique helped me overcome some personal blocks so I think it was worth the price.

I would say things like "I like your shoes", or "oh you go to x college me too" or "that's a nice dress" or "you're very cute" and then just leave. Really fun to watch the girls get all defensive and then pull the rug out from under them as I left, or to just see a few smiles. Some of them would be quite receptive and I could have extended them into real sets if I tried, but I wasn't ready yet.

Merch Girl

The next step was to put the first two steps together; approach a girl, and actually have a casual conversation with her. Now, this is actually quite difficult. Why? Because the girl never makes it easy. She will give you one word answers or be awkward and unresponsive. There's no way to avoid it. It gets to the point where you have to just keep asking her questions in order to keep her talking, it may feel like you're interrogating her but that's the only way I've found that works. Normally she quite likes it anyway.

Women are the *receiving sex*, they are acted upon; so you have to do the acting. Don't expect her to just play ball immediately once you open her, you gotta work your way through her defenses, so there'll be a lot of;

“Where are you from?”

“What do you do?”

“Oh you're a student, where do you go to school?”

“Oh I have a friend who went there, did you like it?”

“What are you studying?”... “Oh that seems hard”

It will feel a bit disingenuous, and it kinda is. But it's an act you gotta play. She knows this, and wants you to do it. If you pull it off well you may eventually develop a real rapport and fall into a real conversation, but until then, you gotta act the part.

I remember one of my first ever cold approaches, I said to her “Hi you're really pretty can I have your number”. She said “No. Nice try though”, and laughed at me. Cringe. How autistic. You can't just go in with no lube, you gotta warm her up first.

There's no way to avoid this, no one is attractive enough that you can just burst in and number close immediately. Not even GigaChad. You must build comfort and show her you're socially capable and not a psychopath murderer. She will be a bit on edge because no one ever talks to strangers in our culture anymore, and the vast majority of men are too pussy to cold approach... so she will think you're a bit strange at first and will be guarded. You gotta show her you're the good kinda strange and not the creepy kinda strange.

Look for **Hooks** in what she's saying to give your conversation fuel, lest you burn out. Here's an example.

“Oh I go to University¹ of California² Berkeley, studying International Relations³”

“1. Oh California, that's a nice place, you from there originally?”

“2. Oh I've heard good things about that school, did you like it?”

“3. International Relations? What's that?”

Three different directions you can go, three different hooks that lead into more hooks. If the conversation dries up and you've run out of things to say, bring up a hook from earlier.

My first experience of this was on a tube and there was this woman next to me, pretty once but post

wall, who was being gamed by these absolute middle age dorks. These guys were bluepill cringe incarnate, they were both almost 40 but acting like damn teenagers. Stupid jokes, lots of smiling and laughing at dumb shit, very clear nervousness. She was just nodding along and talking to them like they were toddlers. I didn't say anything and just listened to their dumb conversation until they left, neither of them being brave enough to actually ask for her number. Once they were gone I said "they were a bit odd weren't they" to her. She seemed very happy, almost relieved, that I spoke to her. We spoke for a bit more, found out that the two guys had been at a Foo Fighters concert and she was one of the Merch girls. I asked her if she had any free Merch for me, she laughed. I asked her more questions and she responded well, the stark contrast between the two dorks and the socially capable, younger chad seemed to put her at ease with the male sex again. Eventually *she* asked *me* a question and this is one of the best and most obvious IOIs you can get. If she isn't interested in you she will work to make the conversation die; one word answers and no effort to extend the chat. **If she starts asking you questions back it means she's interested.**

Anyway I didn't get her number because was still too nervous and inexperienced to figure out how to crack that question.

What I learnt? Not hard to have a conversation with a stranger if you expect nothing and are outcome independent. They will fall into your frame normally.

Student Midwife

The next girl was a bar thot where I learned the power of assuming attraction and blasting through the bitch shields. As mentioned earlier, this is the first and only shit test most women need. They attempt to scare you away by just being mean and cold. Don't fall for it, remember it's a test. She will warm up to you as you show her that you are unaffected by her ice glare.

It's actually a very good shit test, as it instantly qualifies who the alpha and beta men are to her. Are you such a pussy that you will become a floundering mess in the presence of a mean girl? Yes? Shit test failed. Beta.

Alpha men aren't scared of little girls, no matter how mean. She's lame, she knows this, inwardly. She's a 100 pound Netflix binge watcher who cries at stupid things. If you're so scared of her that you trip over your words, then how are you supposed to protect her from all the other gorillas or even just not socially embarrass her in front of other people? She uses this technique to divide the men who approach her, find the ones who have balls and are socially capable. The only way to pass is to ignore it.

So this girl was a short, T H I C C, blonde at my university bar. Big ol tiddies. I was drunk and approached her in the queue for the cloakroom and she says "who the hell are you" with a scowl.

"I'm Heathcliff nice to meet you what's your name?" and just grab her limp hand with both of mine and shake it.

She tells me her name but that's it and she's still scowling.

"What do you do?" I say. She tells me she's a student midwife and says "why are you talking to me?"

“Wow are you always this rude?” I say and then the scowl disappears and she gives me the wide eyes and says “you’re weird” and I say “thanks... so who are you here with?” and she points out her friends and I continue to talk with her as if she hasn’t been a bitch to me this whole time and slowly I see her shields relax and her face softens and she’s even smiling at this point and we get to the counter and then I say “nice to meet you” and bail.

It was so easy, no problems whatsoever just blasting through her defenses until she was kind and responsive. Just had to not take her seriously. Danced with her a few times later in the night, but was unable to close.

What I learnt? It’s just a shit test. She might like you but will be bitchy anyway. Ignore it and talk to her like normal, she will fall into your frame eventually.

“No thanks”

Next girl was at some kind of business training event for students at my university. Pretty long haired Slovakian brunette. I was mentoring at a summer school in the lecture hall opposite. I see her on the first day, and without thinking, and having finally killed my approach anxiety through practice, walk over to her. She gives me the wide eyes and is very nervous around me. I took this as a good sign. I find out she’ll be here the entire week so I decide not to insta-close, I tell her I’ll catch her another day.

The next day I try to talk to her and she’s a bit more confident and less eager to talk. Whatever, I think. Just bitch shields. I attempt a few more times throughout the week, and she is polite but not very responsive.

On the last day I say fuck it and decide to just try and number close. “We’re probably not going to see each other again”, I say. “Give me your number so we can meet up”.

“No thanks” she says.

“Wow you’re breaking my heart” I say with a smile. She skips away and I never see her again.

What I learnt? You can’t win them all. It would be stupid to assume you can have a 100% success rate. She probably had a boyfriend she was actually loyal to. Or maybe she thought I was ugly. Or too forward. Point is, I failed. Did I get all bitter about it? No. Did I overanalyse what went wrong? Not really, I think I played it correctly. You just won’t win sometimes. Before, this kind of rejection would have stumbled me for at least a few days. Now, it was just par for the course. I was getting rejected left, right and center, and it stung less each time. In fact, until now, I completely just forgot about it. I was gaming other girls, and I had begun to develop that one important thing; *abundance mentality*.

When you’re not gaming everywhere, every girl you meet becomes the most important girl in the world. You fall in love with all of them, and develop small little one-itis. So when you eventually fuck up it hurts hard each time.

But then you get into the habit of trying your luck with every girl, and accept that not even the best celebrities have 100% success rates, and yours might even be below 50% ...yet even that is enough, and better than your 0% when you didn’t try. Eventually rejections stop hurting, and you stop falling head over heels with every pretty girl who pays attention to you, because you have a lot of girls

paying attention to you and it stops being something special.

You know what abundance mentality isn't? Writing a whole reddit post about every girl who you manage to close as if it was some great feat. I did this with the next three girls, entire posts, edited and proofread; but before posting them a new girl came along and I forgot about the previous girl and realised it was just kinda gay to get so invested in each girl that I was writing for hours about her. Abundance mentality is allowing these girls to have a few paragraphs instead of entire posts.

Climbing Actress

This girl was an actress I met at the climbing gym. All actresses are crazy and this one was no different, she carried herself like a disney princess and had this general happy go lucky vibe that was very attractive. I struck up a conversation and my game was *impeccable*. She bounced off me very well and laughed a lot and tripped over her words and we developed very quick rapport. I had no anxiety around her whatsoever and she was totally in my frame. It was textbook. There was this guy there who attempted to game her before me who looked on incredulously as I made this girl giggle and got her number. In fact everyone kind of stared at the show. It was a great feeling, watching myself ascend up the dominance hierarchy. She says to me as we leave, "you're very confident" and I say, "I know".

We arrange for a next date at the gym and I meet her again the next week. This time it didn't go so well. I was a bit of a nervous mess. I didn't attempt to game her, as I thought I had it in the bag already. I was stuttery and quiet, and in her frame and could feel the attraction wane as the date went on. We went to the park after and she found out I liked Trump and was a "conspiracy theorist" and I found out she was a "communist" (but actually she knew jack shit about politics) and at one point she made fun of me to my face and I knew all was lost. When I texted her a few days later to hopefully arrange another date so I could salvage it she gave me the "I might have work on that day I'll let you know" which was nice and polite and more than most girls would do but I got the hint and didn't text her again.

What I learnt? That you gotta keep up the game the whole time. You might have knocked her socks off the first date but it's all forgotten and reset and you gotta start from scratch each time, you gotta maintain the act. There is no such thing as a sure thing. Hey, at least with this one I got a number, and a second date. I'm improving each time...

Bitchy 10

There's this girl on my campus who's an easy 10. Undeniably. If you saw her, you'd all agree. Her body alone makes her a 9, tan, perfect hourglass, double Ds on a tiny waist and squat ass, thick thighs and long legs. A girl like this shouldn't be allowed to have it all, but she was also blessed with a gorgeous face too. The universe just gave this girl everything.

Of course, it comes with a price. She's a massive bitch. A histrionic, entitled bitch. The kind that puts down and humiliates betas for the fun of it, and has one of those horrible witch cackles and crazy eyes. Instagram queen too. These kinds of girls always terrified me, and I never even attempted to game them before, as I knew they'd eat me up. But this time I was ready, I thought; fuck it. Let's just try. Let's try something crazy. What's the worst that can happen? I get shot down? I've been shot down a thousand times, who cares.

Now I'd seen this girl glance at me a few times throughout the year, and sometimes even a little smile. I just scowled back at her, playing up the whole "dark and mysterious" vibe. She continued to give me these little IOIs, maybe just baiting me into giving her attention; I couldn't fully believe it because this girl is smoking hot and I'm not really her level, but I learnt a while back not to deny the IOIs and just go for it. I also learnt, from this subreddit mainly, that you gotta play 10s an entirely different way.

I walk up to her. As expected, the scowl:

"What's your problem?" I say.

"Huh?"

"You keep staring at me. It's creeping me out"

"I'm not..." The scowl disappears. Now just surprised eyes. I let the silence sit for a while.

"Look I get that you have this little crush on me but forget it, it's not going to happen. You realise I'm out of your league right?"

She stutters at me. Awkward silence.

"Are you autistic?" I say.

Now she's just speechless.

"Leave me alone okay?" I say. And walk away, smiling to myself.

The next day in the library this girl couldn't take her eyes off me and knocked her macbook off the table when I walked by. Her friend was sneaking glances now too and they would mutter and look over. Fuck. That actually worked as intended... I'd primed her perfectly to game her much better in the future, and she was ready and open to get wooed. These girls used to make me piss my pants. But all you gotta do is be mean to them. Who knew...

What I learnt? Frame is everything with dimepieces. You gotta act like you're better than them, and you control the dynamic. Negging doesn't work much with lower-tier girls, but with 10s its mandatory.

Goth Spinner

The next girl was a tiny little goth I met at the supermarket. Russian, flat chested, long black hair and this black maxi dress and cult necklace, she looked like a vampire. I was totally into it.

At this point, gaming is second nature to me, and approach anxiety is dead, so I just walked up and spoke to her in the queue. **Cold-approach is as much mindset as it is technique, and you just gotta make yourself into the type of person that speaks to everyone casually. It is a muscle that needs to be trained, and you can lose it for a while if you don't use it, but get it back again after some work.** This is why we tell you to warm up with girls at clubs, have a few practice thots you

don't intend to close, where you can just sharpen your blade and adopt the frame, ready for the real challenges later.

Anyway I've been in total "confident fuckboy, I don't care I'll talk to you" mode for the past few weeks, have snowballed out of control with all the practice and rejections, so I approach her in the supermarket. She's quite awkward about it at first, makes the conversation tricky, but eventually warms up to me. She studies art. Typical. I offer her some of my food and she takes it, a little bonding trick I've learnt. She's also my age, but doesn't look it. Lucky girl won't hit the wall for a long time. I see also, from the glint in her eye, that this girl has a lot of crazy in her. I'm totally into it. She is the one who texts me first the next day which is a great sign, but I'm busy. She offers another time at a bar and we go and the conversation is a bit strained at first as we're both a bit nervous but she eventually warms up to me and actually likes my conspiracy theories. I suggest we go back to my place and she says "I'm not so sure" and I say "Don't worry I'm not trying to fuck you it's a bit trashy to try and get laid on the first date" and she likes this so agrees.

At my place she is impressed by my posters and my bookcase and I ask her to make tea (another bonding technique, ask her to do something small for you and she falls into your dominant frame, and also develops a small relationship with your home). We drink our tea and play chess and she's actually pretty good at chess (for a girl), as in she doesn't make mistakes and can appreciate a beautiful move and this is more attractive to me than anything about her. I realise she fulfills my oneitis trifecta: pretty, smart, and crazy. When she leaves she does that girl thing where she asks to borrow a book in order to give her a plausibly deniable excuse to see me again (sometimes they may "accidentally" leave an item of clothing behind) and so I give her my copy of *Ender's Game* because it's my favourite book and she says she'll read it.

The next date doesn't go so well. I was supposed to meet her at a park but she isn't there. There's this muslim guy smoking a joint on the grass and I think he was looking for company because he beckons me over and offers to me the joint and I can't say no as I'm a damn addict. He is very pleasant to talk with and has these deep, tired eyes and raspy voice. He tells me he works night shifts and I thank him for the weed and he asks me if I'm gay and if I believe in God and I say "no" and "yes" and this seems to please him so he gives me his number so we can smoke again and then I tell him I gotta meet the girl and he says bye. I'm totally fucking high at this point, like stupid-acting high and people are giving me looks and she's still not at the park and then I realise we got mixed up and she's actually at a different park. So I walk all the way to the different park like a loser to see her and when I arrive she seems a bit weirded out by me and I know it's because the weed makes me autistic and bad posture and probably bad breath too. She's doesn't seem as into me as before but agrees to go back to my place anyway and we play more chess and I'm not seeing the disinterest through the weed haze and instead have started autistically coming up with redpill rules for why she wants to fuck me even though she didn't.

She mentioned I was being a bit too forward and I didn't get the hint and it gets late and she wants to play a card game and I say "I know a better game" and she says "what?" and I say "the one where we take our clothes off" and she doesn't laugh and says "why would you say that what's wrong with you" and we have a little back and forth where she calls me arrogant and I say "you think you're smarter than me?" and she says "no, I know you're smarter than me but you're such a shit about it" and then she called me creepy and got up to leave and so I tried to kiss her but my hail mary didn't work and she basically ran out the door.

She didn't reply to any of my later texts and I had nothing to lose so I attempted to apologise but she just ignored me entirely and it hurts when you can get punished so hard for a dumb mistake like that. I'm not infallible and will fuck up occasionally, but one fuck up is enough to drop you for most girls... and being ignored totally without a bye hurts like shit. Girls can be cruel man.

Oh, and I never got my book back.

What I learnt? Stop getting high around girls. And stop autistically following redpill rules thinking they should all work in every situation. Heck, I even wrote a whole post about this, yet I fell into my own trap. There's no need to be too forward, even if you think you have it in the bag, and some girls need more comfort than others, you'll scare them away otherwise. Sucks, I quite liked that one.

I'd taken lessons away from all the girls I'd gamed thus far, and learnt to adjust my technique until I had a pretty good toolset.

- **Approach anxiety never disappears, but you learn to deal with it better.**
- **Small talk is a skill that needs to be practised and honed.**
- **Bitch shields are always there, but they become easy to blast through with the right mindset.**
- **Irrational confidence and assuming attraction is mandatory, especially for entitled women.**
- **Rejection happens and is unavoidable, don't let it faze you too much.**
- **Girls are fickle and you need to constantly game them, don't get too comfortable, yet don't be too forward either.**
- **Girls are all different, and dogmatic rules won't always work on them all the same, play it by ear and adjust your game to each one.**

I was sitting on a train as I was contemplating all this, and had one of those life realisations on how far I had come and how much I had grown. From a guy who used to stutter on the line with telephone banking to bringing back girls I met at the supermarket and putting down 10s like petulant children. I allowed myself to be proud without getting too bigheaded about it. It wasn't easy, I had to practice a lot and fail a lot too, and it wasn't something I could learn from subreddits or self-help books, I had to actually go out there and risk my neck and lose a few times. Progress had been made, and I was ready for my next challenge. I wanted to actually close a girl I met in public and get her into my bed, this was the next step, the final test of my abilities, it had all been leading up to this. I was ready and just a bit excited, in one of those moods where you're itching to befriend strangers and flirt with pretty girls. But there was no one on the carriage except a couple of old women and a guy in a suit. I considered just talking to the suit guy for fun but then the carriage doors open and she walks in; the universe delivered her to me: the Bait.

I have a subreddit. [Link](#) in my profile.

She wants to feel small

629 upvotes | August 1, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I remember something my ex-LTR said to me once while we were fucking; *“I love it when you curl me up into a ball, I feel so... small”*.

A few months later I met up with a plate I hadn't seen in a while. I've been lifting properly for a couple of years, and I'm much bigger than I was when we first hooked up. She commented on it with a large grin, *“wow you're so big now what happened?”* while rubbing my arms.

What happened? 5/3/1 and 3300kcal a day, that's what happened.

The next plate was bitching about her boyfriend while laying on my chest. He was the same height as her and she didn't like it. She told me *“I love how little I feel when I'm with you...I love it when you pick me up during sex”*.

I thought about this for a while, and came to a few realisations. A huge part of the attraction these girls have for men is the physical dominance. In order to get the tingles for a guy, she *needs* to feel like the dude is much bigger and stronger than her.

I've had a lot of problems with tall women and athletes in the past. I can't seem to hook up with tall girls, even though I have size and wit and frame; I'm still just *too short* for them to get subconsciously aroused. It seems this is a common trope amongst all tall women. They are very picky because they are still subject to the same psychological forces all women are; that is, she is **only interested in guys noticeably bigger than her**... which can be hard if you're a 6ft1 girl.

There was a girl I was running solid game on once who lifted pretty well, and she treated me like dirt. I just wasn't big enough for her, that was the reason, and it overshadowed everything else. When I saw her with a guy eventually... well this guy was a real fucking beast of a man. An absolute unit. She was like a giddy schoolgirl with him. He was a bit of a dweeb, very blue, but I realised it didn't matter to her, she just wanted to feel small and feminine and young around him.

You'll have a hard time gaming woman if you're smaller than them, and I don't mean just mean height-wise. You can be taller, but if you're stick thin, if you *look weak*, she'll clock onto this and her pussy will be dry. You're better off being fat than skinny for women. At least fat mimics size, and hints at strength, which is enough for her. You *can* get away with being shorter or her height sometimes, but **only** if you have the muscles to make up for it, and absolutely solid frame. There's no way around it, you need to make her feel weak.

She needs to feel like you can overpower her at any moment for there to be any way of her being attracted to you. If she feels like she can hold you off in a fight, or she could stop you from just... taking her... it's not possible that she can be attracted to you. It might sound fucked up, because it kind of is... women are fucked up after all.

One of my plates loved it when I pinned her wrists down during sex and would struggle to break free. I allowed her, not wanting any of that #MeToo nonsense. Then she would get mad and call me weak, a pussy. I had to show her that I was actually holding back *a lot* and she could never break free from me even when I was putting in miniscule effort. Never felt her cum so hard.

Women yearn to be small and smooth and weak and feminine just as much as we want to be big and rough and strong and masculine. It turns them on, in irrational, subconscious ways. Are you able to make her feel feminine? Are you able to make her feel small?

I've only ever been with one girl that was my height, and honestly... it felt weird. It made me uncomfortable. I'm so used to girls being small and cute and inferior around me that having a girl that felt like "my equal" in stature left a bad feeling in my stomach. Like I had less control, like I was less masculine. Honestly, I think she felt it too, and very much wished I was taller. The only way I managed to get away with it was that there was an age difference between us, and she knew I was smarter and more mature, so this made her feel inferior in other ways.

Because that's another important aspect, one that underlies all this small/tall talk. She doesn't just want to feel *small* around you, she wants to feel *inferior*... in every way. She wants to be a small, dumb little girl in your eyes, a little pet owned by a capable, collected and powerful man. If she feels like you're equals, or, even worse, if she feels like she's *better than you* in any way; stronger, more intelligent, more socially adept, more emotionally adjusted... you're going to have a lot of problems with her. **At heart, she needs you to be better than her in every way.** No exceptions. All women fundamentally want to feel inferior to their man, they want (and I cringe saying this cos I hate the term) to feel like a little girl with a *daddy* owning her; even if she can't verbalise it. Once you've lost the "dad" role and she no longer feels like your innocent, dumb little plaything, well... she can't bring herself to fuck you anymore. She wants to be owned and dominated, physically and mentally.

Are you taller than her? Are you stronger than her? Are you smarter? More in-tune with the real world? Able to hold your own in a physical, or verbal, confrontation?

She needs this from you. You can't avoid it.

Heck, are you even able to pick her up?

Looking for a post.

8 upvotes | August 4, 2018 | /r/askTRP | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Can't remember the title. Was a really cool post where the guy was telling us about how we aren't special and powerful by virtue of being ourselves and that it's a fallacy to imagine like we can get away with something just out of some magic "i'm the exception" mindset. Some of the post went a bit like this, where he gave a list of "i'm the exception" bullet points.

"Thinking just being yourself and is enough to get the girl"

"Thinking you will naturally know what to do in a fight even though you haven't been trained before"

"Thinking you can survive on minimal sleep even though everyone else can't"

"Thinking your smoking and drinking won't catch up with you and you'll never get an illness"

"Thinking you can study 8 hours out of nowhere when you haven't done anything like that before"

Some of these might not have been on there but you get the gist.

Many thanks if anyone manages to find it.

Women do not have political opinions.

238 upvotes | August 15, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

True story. Met this qt virgin german girl fresh out of high school, went on a few dates with her, but she wasn't ready to put out yet. She teased that it would probably happen eventually. Said all guys her age were childish and cringey and she liked that I was older and confident (I cold approached her on a train *Before Sunrise* style and swept her off her feet). I wasn't being pushy and didn't mind either way whether we fucked or not, happy I just got to spend time with a young blonde girl who ticked all my boxes...guys would stare jealously and model scouts would approach her.

I was a bit hesitant at first about the whole virgin thing, the bluepill in me wanted to "save" this girl from throwing away her chastity, in more ignorant days one-itis would have got the better of me. But I realised after a few red flags she dropped that she wasn't a "good girl" worth preserving and her virginity didn't mean much to her. If it wasn't me she'd throw it away to the next Chad. She was, as explained succinctly in an earlier post this week, a "hoe-in-chains", not some virginal innocent pure schoolgirl but a horny future-whore who just hadn't found a dick up to her standard yet, nor had the freedom to pursue one... until I swooped in, a Chad in shining armour.

Anyway, she went to the Trump protest with her friend when he was in London, fashionable thing to do. Get the snapchat story, post the instagram pics, do some chanting; it's a female bonding exercise basically. We have sports, they have collective nagging. I picked her up after work when it was done. Never seen so many faggy lanklets and smelt so much soy in my life.

We get back to my place and she's ranting to me about Trump and I calmly point to my MAGA hat that I display proudly above my bookcase. She looks at me with the whole "no way" face and says "are you serious?" and I say "very" and we debate about it for a bit and she tells me I'm ignorant and I tell her she's just a naive little girl.

A few hours later I cum all over her pretty face after she gives me her first blowjob ever (it was very toothy). When she gets home she tells her friend about me being a Trump supporter and her friend tells her to "dump me". Lol at bitches sabotaging each other. A few days later I take her virginity. It was fun, she was a natural. I ask her *"how does it feel getting fucked by a Trump supporter"*, she says, *"I try not to think about it"*. We have sex again and I put on the hat while I'm railing her but she keeps taking it off as I laugh.

"I try not to think about it" sums it up so well.

Feels go over ideology and logic, tingles rule all. If you're Chad, she won't care one bit, you could be a neo-nazi and she'll still swallow your load.

Women do not have political opinions. They follow what's fashionable and acceptable in the moment. They don't actually understand the politics nor do they care too deeply about it. They will absorb the values of whatever Chad is railing them at the time, and can switch out ideologies to accommodate each new dick like they switch hairstyles.

If you have the frame, you can be openly conservative or pro-Trump or full on racist with a girl and she won't care. She might even like it. You're a "bad-boy". Forbidden fruit. Just don't buckle when

the shit-tests eventually come in. Once she sees that *her opinion does not matter to you* and that you have complete disregard and will stick to your guns, she will slowly but surely slip into your political frame. I've had me Californian SJWs complaining about immigrants and gun-control after only a few dicking-down sessions.

One thing I asked this girl that triggered her, which I suggest you ask the leftist women you interact with:

"Out of all the guys you know, who are the most attractive? The left-wing guys or the right-wing guys?"

Watch as her hamster contemplates this for a while, and then the smoke begins to come out of her ears.

Meditations

243 upvotes | August 22, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Ha, you thought this would be a post filled with philosophical musings didn't you?

Don't worry, I won't bore you with my metaphysical insights, I ain't no philosopher king (yet).

Instead, this post will actually just be about **meditation**.

Meditation is a very tricky topic, and can be incredibly confusing for those who don't understand it or who are just starting out. You may have read a thousand different articles and posts claiming to explain meditation and still not get it. Everyone has their own different way of describing it, and they can be very contradictory and confusing. When I began to meditate I honestly didn't know what the fuck I was doing and had a hard time for a while; eventually I stumbled on how to do it properly and I *think* I have the technique down, so would like to explain how *I* do it, in ways that really would have helped me had I read them as a noob.

But first, why meditate?

Every culture in history has had some form of meditation encouraged as a practice. It is a central part of Buddhism and Hinduism, Christians meditate in the morning and before bed, also sometimes before meals. Muslims meditate five times a day... why? Why is it that this practice has been evolutionarily conserved memetically throughout history? Why are we all encouraged to do it, and why has the western world dropped the practice entirely?

Now meditation has a lot of different purposes, I would not be able to write out an exhaustive list, but the main focuses and goals of meditation are:

- To improve the sense of self
 - To raise mindfulness
-

Thoughts vs Self

An important point to internalise:

Your thoughts are not you.

Now this may be tricky to understand at first, but once it clicks it becomes very clear.

We are not our thoughts. A thought that you may have, for example "I need to study today" or "Leftists are deluded traitors" or "Lifting is good for your health" exists as its own entity. It is not a part of your consciousness, instead, it is an entity, a meme, a concept, that is held by your consciousness. Whenever you think a thing, you are bringing the thought into view and focusing on it, but that thought is not you, that thought is a thought.

Who are you then?

You are the thing experiencing the thought.

Imagine your mind as a web browser, your homepage blank, or a search engine. A thought would be a website that you open in a new tab. Each tab you open holds a different thought, and you can only focus on one tab at a time, you flip between them. But your websites are not the browser, the browser is the software that displays the websites. Your consciousness is the software that experiences the thoughts, they are not the same thing.

Now I have a really bad habit of never closing tabs and leaving them all open until I have a stream of them at the top of my page; I realise now that this is analogous to and stems from my tendency to keep all my thoughts floating about my head and flipping between them endlessly, even if they're not important in that moment.

So what is meditation? Meditation is the act of closing all the tabs and returning to the home page.... So that you continue the day/browsing session in a cleaner and clearer browser.

You shut them all off one by one until you are left with the base software, just you. A good meditator has achieved the ability to just be themselves, without thoughts controlling or taking up their mindscape. Once you are able to just be you, your consciousness, as a blank slate, focusing on nothing entirely, well then we can achieve the next step: mindfulness.

Mindfulness

What is mindfulness? Mindfulness is described in many different places and literature, this is just the name we have for it at the moment: it used to be known as “being in the moment”, Aurelius called it “the directing mind”.

Mindfulness is the ability to experience the here and now without any kind of distraction, a mode of complete concentration and focus, a “flow” state.

You will achieve mindfulness sometimes without realising it; if you are flowing with something, like writing or making music or driving or even just washing the dishes and zoning out, what you're doing is letting all your other thoughts die and focusing entirely on the task at hand.

Now this is vitally important, because men who can do this, and switch it on when required, achieve their tasks with 100% ability and effectiveness. If you are writing with nothing else taking up your mindscape, all of your creative ability and brain processing power can be directed at this task. This simply makes you better at it.

In fact mindfulness is more important in our current era than it ever was; people 100 years ago did not have so many distractions and vices and apps and social media competing for their time and attention. Our attention spans are weak and fragmented, we are unable to focus on anything for more than a few seconds... ever find yourself unable to watch a 10 minute youtube video without checking the comments below? Or scrolling through reddit post replies to get the TLDR of an article because you can't be bothered to read the full thing?

Well it's because you have no ability to focus on any one thing without having your attention stolen by a more stimulating thought (only to get bored of it very quickly too). You're scrolling through the porn tabs in your browser trying to find the best one, never being satisfied with any of them. Every video has to be as good or better than your previous best, every article needs to be more eye-opening and life-changing than the ones before. We need perfection, we need large doses, big hits. We can't

deal with *just good-enough*, or "a moderate dose".

A lot of us live our lives on autopilot mode; we let our thoughts and common habits dictate our actions and never think much about what we're actually doing. We get up and brush our teeth and make breakfast in a kind of zombie mode, all while musing and mulling over stupid shit that isn't important at that very moment, stressing about future events or re-living past ones.

Meditation takes this autopilot mode and switches it off. It flips the switch and gives you the wheel and says, "now drive, focus on nothing else".

This gives you an immense source of power and ability, it puts you "in the moment" and your browser, your software, is able to experience emotions and tasks at a much deeper and effective level.

Things that never really mattered to you before or you didn't even notice suddenly get amplified and you experience them so much better and joyfully. With no other dopamine sinks or distractions, you start to downregulate your dose of happiness and find meaning in simpler and smaller things.

You leave the house and have nothing to think about, nothing occupying your mindspace, so you actually notice the sun warming your face and the breeze on your skin; shit, this actually feels kind of nice, a small burst of nostalgia for summer days in the park as a kid... it makes you feel slightly better about the day.

You're driving your car and you feel this sudden one-ness with the vehicle, like you're the same entity, the way you can manipulate it and swerve and glide with the slightest touch... wow, this is incredible.... I have so much power in my control...

You're with your plate, and you're thinking about nothing else, not work, no other girls, not whether you're going to have sex later or not, just *being with her*. Suddenly her eyes seem brighter, her laugh, that you've heard a thousand times before, much more endearing and energising, her skin softer, the feminine aura around her nurturing and warm. She hasn't done anything different, hasn't changed... you're just experiencing her better. Loving her more.

Imagine going throughout your whole day like this, with simple, easy interactions impressing and astounding you, that you wouldn't have even bothered with before. Like a child, the whole world takes on a magical wonder, and you find happiness and meaning in everything.

These are known as "**peak experiences**". Moments in your day that just make you feel on top of the world, make you feel so happy for being born and existing, make the world feel much less cruel and more welcoming.

You see those Buddhists with enigmatic smiles on their face, utterly at peace, or those damn hippies rolling around in the grass giggling like children; well now we know what they're feeling...it would be nice to feel this way too right? ...

So how do you do it then? How do you become more mindful? How do you achieve more peak experiences?

Because up until now, I've told you why people meditate, I've told you what it can achieve, and I've made you aware of the experiences of people who can do it, but I haven't actually taught you how.

Here, I'll show you. This is my method; I've taken the things I've been taught, from literature and reddit posts and the Headspace app, and developed my own method, tweaked from experience.

The Method

| *Firstly, you have to do it twice a day.*

Some people say once a day is enough but I don't think so. I think you need to do it once in the morning and once in the evening. Why? Because your first one, at the start anyway, will almost always be a "fail" meditation, and your second will be the "proper" one, or sometimes vice versa. You will fail a lot in your first few tries, maybe even your first few weeks. This is to be expected. No one turns up at the gym and squats 100kg first go. You *will* be doing it wrong at the beginning, you just gotta push through this in order to get to the real meditation.

After you've actually started doing it properly, you will continue to do it twice a day. The morning meditation will be your "get ready for the day" meditation; closing all your tabs from the day before or you opened while asleep, and clearing out for a fresh new browsing session. Your evening meditation will be your "wrapping up the day" meditation; closing all your tabs you opened during the day, and preparing your browser for a good sleep session.

You will meditate for 20 minutes, or 15 minutes minimum. Some people say 10 minutes but I don't think that's enough... for beginners 10 minutes is the amount of time it takes just to settle down into the *start* of something effective, the *warm up*.

If doing nothing for 20 minutes seems terrifying for you, because you cannot even make it through a 20 minute TV show without checking facebook/reddit.... Then you definitely need to start meditating. You may feel like you're wasting a bunch of time and that's really what's putting you off... you could be doing something better after all... but 20 minutes is nothing compared to the rest of the day, you spend more time jerking off. Force yourself to do 20 minutes, even if it seems scary at first. Eventually, 20 minutes will feel like absolutely nothing, and you'll start wanting to spend more time.

| *Pick a place where you won't be distracted by anything.*

So no TV on in the background or people talking in another room. It can get really annoying. I'm a big fan of spots with an air con humming away, or even a washing machine, it can be really soothing; some people like to use white noise while meditating, or binaural beats, which I've found to be really useful as well, or 432/528hz tones. Don't ask me why they work but they do, at least for me anyway. There's just something about them that puts me at ease.

Okay, now for the actual process itself.

| Sit in a chair or on your sofa, hands wherever, it doesn't really matter. Some say keep palms facing up, but ideally just sit in a way that's comfortable enough that it's not distracting, and you don't constantly think about how uncomfortable it is. No need to do a crazy lotus posture or anything, that's too advanced for you at the moment. Some people lie down while meditating, but I find when I do that I just end up falling half asleep. You need to be

focused for this.

Next, close your eyes, and take some really deep breaths, in through the nose and out through the mouth. Deep enough so that you can actually hear yourself breathing, and someone else near you could too. Your abdomen should fill with every breath in, and you should imagine, when you breath out, you're breathing out all the bad shit from the day; in a physical and spiritual sense. Imagine all the smoke and particulates and dust that's entered your lungs being expelled, and also all the worries and anxieties and anger being blown out with it. Eventually you'll settle into normal nose breathing, but slightly deeper than you're used to.

Your mind should be racing at the moment, that's normal. You're probably thinking about a lot of random bullshit. Most meditation guides will move on from this point and tell you to begin focus, but what I've been doing is taking around 2-3 mins to actually just think about the things that are bothering me. I find if I get all this thinking out of the way first, it doesn't nag at me later on during the focus. I allow the thoughts to do their dance in my head for a while and then I start.

Now what you want to do is pick **one** thing and focus on it entirely, think about nothing else except that one thing. You're training your concentration after all, just like a muscle. This won't be easy, especially if you're new to it. Some people pick a chant or phrase or prayer, and repeat it over and over, some people count to 10 and loop that; 1 on the in breath, 2 on the out breath and so on. Some people make a sound and zone in on it (this is where you hear the Buddhist "om"). If you're playing a binaural beat or frequency, you can try and get lost in it entirely. But the most common focus that most people will use and is probably the easiest is to **focus on the breath**.

Direct your mind entirely on the breath and... become the breath. Be nothing else except the rise and fall, the expansion of the body, the feeling of the air travelling in and out, the small pause in between. Don't think about it... *be it*.

At first, your mind will still be full of thoughts, each time you catch yourself thinking about something... tell it to fuck off. Silence it.

Erase it.

This really won't be easy at first, especially if you're new. You'll be thinking about everything and anything, and most commonly you'll be thinking:

"Am I doing this right?"

"Shit I don't know what the fuck I'm doing"

"How do people do this?"

“I’m just an imposter” “Maybe I’m just not the kind of person who can do this”

“I don’t get it”

This is very normal. Just actively remove these thoughts from your head. Some people say allow them to glide in and out, don’t be forceful. I find that I do better if I’m strict with them and zap them as soon as I notice they’re there.

You want to try and achieve periods of nothingness for as long as possible; at first it may only be 1 second each time, maybe you’re a natural and get 3 or 4, but really at the beginning your silent periods will be very short. As you get better at it you will have longer and longer silences, and each time they will probably be broken by “shit I’m actually doing it properly... aww fuck”.

At points you may accidentally zone out and end up on a train of thought that lasts for a few minutes, and you’ll catch yourself eventually and think “oh shit I just fucked up for ages”. That’s fine, just go back to the breath. Each time you catch a thought, just go back to the breath. Remember, you are you, not your thoughts. Your thoughts are just imposters in your head, your goal is to remove them until you’re back to base blank slate.

Continue doing this until your 20 minute alarm goes off.

That’s it really. Not too crazy right?

Alternate and Warm-Up Meditations

Now this isn’t the only way to meditate, but it’s the most common one people use. There are a lot more you can do, and in fact, I’ll give you some things to try that might help you get into the right mindset required for proper meditation, and warm you up.

1) Book Meditation

Sit outside in a crowded public place, like a train station, bench in a park, or supermarket. Grab a book. Read the book. You’ll find quickly you’re getting distracted by the stimulating things around you. When someone walks too close you’ll instinctively look up to see them, your dick radar will hone in on all the pretty girls, people may have loud conversations around you. Ignore it all, try and focus on the book. Get lost in the book. Zone out of everything around you and create your own little bubble, you should focus entirely on the words on the page and get absorbed in the writing. It’s not easy, especially with the stimulation around you, but try and practice this 10 minutes every day. I was really bad at this at first, I couldn’t read unless I had silence and comfort. Some might be naturals, see what you can do.

2) Music Meditation

I used to listen to music wherever I went. If I was commuting I’d have my headphones on rap, if I was at the gym I’d blast heavy metal, during study time, Lofi hip hop mix - Beats to Relax/Study to. If I forgot my headphones sometimes I’d get really anxious and crave the music. This is when I began to realise I was hooked onto the comfort music provided, and was using it as a cheap dopamine sink.

Miraculously at around the same time as that realisation, I lost my headphones entirely. They were nice headphones too. I considered buying a new pair, but then got the message and decided I would try and just go about my life, walking, eating, travelling, studying, lifting, without any music. Like NoFap, but NoMusic.

It was hard at first, and I got the withdrawal symptoms, but after downregulating those receptors I found myself going about my day much more mindfully, as I was actually just “in the moment” more and not lost in the music.

Now when I actually listen to music, I make music the TASK, instead of a background accompaniment. I lay down and put the song on and really focus on the song, no browsing or texting during. I try to get lost in the song and let it envelope me, actively listening to it. This not only helped me appreciate the music more, but allowed me to fall for genres that required more concentration to “get”, that didn’t need to overload me with dopamine hooks and bridges and drops to keep me invested, and I otherwise would not have given a chance to before.

3) Lifting Meditation

On that note, once I stopped listening to music at the gym, I found I lifted better. I started focusing much more on the actual act of lifting itself, and the movements, my form, my muscles, how the blood travelled in my body. If you “get into the zone” while you lift, and don’t use music as a pump-up, but instead focus on your body and its intricacies and the way it works while you perform your music, you may find you’re able to push through a harder workout than you did before.

So put away the song or the podcast. Put your phone in your locker and don’t scroll Instagram in between sets. Really just focus on the weights. If you find you can’t drown out the chart garbage your gym sadly pumps out, use your headphones and try white noise or ambient tones to drown it out. Don’t fragment your attention.

So how do I know if I’m actually doing it properly?

The first few times, in fact for some people the first few days or weeks, you will pretty much fail each time.

Do not give up. It is normal and important to not be very good at it to begin with. In fact, you’re actually making background progress without realising. Just like lifting, keep going twice a day every day, learn the movements and proper form, and then eventually you’ll actually begin lifting heavy.

Now, there are a few things that will happen that will clue you into the fact you’re getting somewhere, and actually astound you at first, most people are amazed they can achieve this shit without drugs, I call them, headaches, layers, the buzz, and fractals. Bear in mind a few things before I explain this though:

These are identifiers that you’ve hit a kind of “advanced mode”. For some people, this will never happen. I don’t know why, because this happened to me very quickly once I started meditating. I have some suspicions as to why, and will discuss them later.

If you don’t get any of these phenomena, that doesn’t mean you’re not doing the meditation properly or you’re not seeing benefits. There are those that never get these yet still reap massive benefits. I can only speak from experience though, meditation is a deeply personal

thing, and this is what I've noticed.

Do not go into the meditation with the purpose of reaching these states. You must enter each meditation with no expectations, go in completely blank, expecting nothing. If you force yourself to try and feel a certain way, you will block yourself off indefinitely.

Headaches

Over time, as you start achieving longer periods of silence, you feel a slight tension behind your eyes or at your temples that can gradually get almost painful. I initially placed this down as just an anomaly or dehydration, but when it started happening every time I meditated, and when eventually the ache would spread up my temple into the middle of my forehead... well then I couldn't deny it. As you progress, the pressure will almost certainly focus itself in the middle of your forehead and sometimes deep in the front-centre of your brain, there's not really much I can say to explain it except... the hippies are probably right, this third eye shit is real.

Layers

So as you're staring at the inside of your eyes you will be looking at a dark reddish/pinkish glow, or black if you're in the dark. Eventually, during periods of silence, you may find yourself falling into differing layers of darkness. Now this is not easy to explain at all, but you almost definitely will experience it; it feels almost like a wave washes over your vision and you're staring at a slightly darker shade of red or black, except the colour hasn't actually changed, you've just kind of gone deeper into yourself; in fact it may feel like you're retreating away from your eyes and falling into your brain. This will happen again and again through multiple layers, slowly at first but then quicker and rapidly as you get better at it. You may only go through layer 1 or 2 at first, and it may be difficult and slow, eventually you can hit multiple rapid layers and going through 1 and 2 is easy and natural and you'll wonder how you ever had trouble before. The layers will get deeper and deeper, and when you lose focus you may go backwards and have to make the journey back.

Buzz

The deeper you fall into the layers, the more you'll feel a low, deep hum, or buzz, wash over your body. You may also feel as if your head or whole body has began to vibrate. It's the same psychedelic buzz you get when you've taken a strong dose of mushrooms, and it can drown out the rest of the noise around you until it's your everything. I have pretty bad tinnitus and it was very distracting when I began to meditate, until I realised I could incorporate the tinnitus whistle into my focus and it became part of the buzz.

Fractals

As you fall deeper into the layers they will start to move rapidly, and shapes will begin to form in the darkness. At first they will be blurry and undefined; kind of like when you accidentally stare at the sun and get a blurry pink spot in your eye for a few seconds before it dissipates. Like that, but over and over again in the darkness. These shapes will be shitty concentric circles or squares or pentagons or whatever, just as if they were drawn by a kid, and they will sink away into the distance and shrink into nothingness only to be replaced by bigger ones taking their place and repeating. It will feel as if

you are travelling through a tunnel slowly.

Eventually, these shapes will begin to solidify and become more regular and intricate, the tunnel will travel faster and patterns will begin to emerge... and eventually different colours. It's actually astounding and very beautiful. If you've ever done a psychedelic it's exactly the same as closed eye visuals, it seems the psych just skips the first hundred or so layers and throws you right into astral spacetravel mode. When I used to hear that people could achieve these states through meditation I didn't believe them, but now I'm totally on board. I'm not able to do it that well yet, and my fractals are still weak and shitty, but the fact that I even can do this, completely sober, is really amazing to me. Sometimes, you'll get a closed eye vision, like a face or a location, or even hear voices that are almost definitely not yours, sometime gibberish, sometimes snippets of conversation. I imagine this is how remote viewers do their thing. When this started happening I began taking the meditation more and more seriously and am now pretty dedicated to it. If I have the ability to make myself trip twice a day, I totally will.

"But Heathcliff, I've been meditating for years and I've never experienced this, surely you are wrong?"

Maybe I am. I'm not sure. I definitely experience these things though. I think it may have to do with a few things: 1) I used to do deep dose psychedelic drugs and 2) I use fluoride free toothpaste....

Try meditating while drunk or high one time and see if you can achieve layers or fractals. Also try cutting out fluoride for at least half a year, and, if you're serious, attempting other pineal decalcification methods. See if your results change then.

So that's it, my guide on meditation. It's not hocus pocus bullshit and it genuinely does help; you feel more in control of your life, time gets slower, people become more interesting and the days turn out better. I'd like you to try it, for a week at least. Don't give up as soon as it gets hard or boring; attempt it properly for a week and see where you get to, you might find that switching off your autopilot twice a day is enough to give you control of your anxiety and procrastination, or you might find yourself blasting off into astral planes and meeting ethereal entities. Who knows.

I have a subreddit. Link in my profile.

Rejection is better than Regret

1254 upvotes | September 11, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I came to this understanding a few years ago; I was on bus drunk, alone, on the way home back from a bar. I'd struck out all night, being too scared to approach women, or, with the ones I did talk to, too nervous and beta. I was angry at myself and pissed at my cowardice, and I must have given off some kind of dark, brooding charm, as two similarly drunk girls on the bus kept glancing over at me.

One of them was very pretty, and she was sitting there demurely while her friend babbled loudly at her.

She would quickly turn around and sneak a glance at me occasionally, catching my eyes and looking away. This kept happening. Thinking back, she was begging me to come over.

I couldn't do it. I wanted to, but the resistance was too great. I was too scared, too down on myself, too anxious; all sorts of excuses.

Eventually we were at my stop and I went to get off. So did she. Evidently this was her stop too. Here was another chance "oh you're getting off here too". Easy opener. You don't really need anything too smart or witty, just something that connects you to her. I could have done it. I didn't. We both get off and she walked ahead of me and I walked behind her like a stalker and eventually she turned off down another road and I went home.

I laid in bed furious. How could I have fucked up such an easy opportunity? She was so pretty, so receptive, gave me easy signs. It would have been magical, romantic, two drunk people meeting on a bus on the way home. Maybe she was just as horny and drunk and I could have gone for the same night lay. She lives so close by, what a convenient plate she would have made.

Round and round in my head this repeated, for a good week afterwards. I was kicking myself for being such a loser, such a wimp. In fact, it affected me much more considerably than it should have. I know I should have got over it, but I was just so angry and defeated, my cowardice winning once again. A damn loser who's too scared to even talk to a girl who is interested in him. What did I have to lose? What would have happened if she rejected me?

Then I realised. Nothing. I would have been totally fine. I would have laughed it off in fact. It would have been just another rejection to add to my ever-growing list... book... *tome* of rejections. I would have slept fine that night, I wouldn't have sat in class kicking myself and dreaming about her... what if? What if? What if I'd just been brave? What if she'd smiled and I took her home. What kind of girl was she, what was she into, how did she fuck, what would our kids look like? I'll never know. Now, she'll always be a "What if?"...

What if?

And this "What if?" is so much worse, so much more damning than a simple "No". "No" is hard and absolute, it closes the chapter, ends the story, allows you to go off and attempt a new one. "No" gives closure.

But "What if?" hangs in the air around you for days, weeks, sometimes years. Poking at your self-hate, teasing you with fantasies, trapping you in the past. That girl in the red-dress at the party who

was flirting with me, what if I'd just escalated more... what would the story have been? Now I'll never know, I can only guess. The pretty cashier who was chatting at me... what if I just went a step further and asked for her number... well she might have said "I have a boyfriend"... then at least I'd know it wasn't possible... I'd shut her away, erase her face. But now, she'll always hang there as a "What if?"

This is so much worse, I realised, than just a simple rejection. Rejections can be hard and painful, but the regret, the self-hate, the dark cloud of doubt is much, much worse. I'll take a damn rejection any day over that.

"No more what-ifs" I told myself. Just go for it. Get the answer straight out. You have nothing to lose.

There was a pretty "alt" girl who lived close by me who I'd always been meaning to talk to, but been too intimidated by. She dressed each day like she's in a gothic-lolita fashion-show. I'd been "What if"-ing about her for a while, so this time I just went and spoke to her. She was very happy to be approached and I gave her my number, and she actually texted me. Awesome. That was so easy! But then she kept replying to my "let's meet up" texts with "oh I'm actually busy that day" or "sorry I'm really hungover can't make it". I got the hint, I can decode girl talk now, she'd lost interest. But hey, fuck it, who cares. **I didn't have her before, and I don't have her now. Nothing's changed, except I killed the "What-if", I can be free of her.** Net positive for me.

Two girls on the train... always hard opening two girls at once, they reinforce each other and are more open in their bitchiness, but I was in a confident mood and said hey fuckit lets go. They laughed at me; laughed in my face and told me to go away. Horrible witch-cackles. Malicious. That one was harsh; girls can be cruel as hell. But I got over it pretty quickly. Now I had no reason to be angry at myself, I wasn't a coward, I actually did it. Sure I got shot down, but that's nothing on me, I actually had balls to approach.

Girl I was pining after during lectures; pretty deep one-itis, real dreamgirl. I'd had dreamgirls like this before and have always been too afraid to talk to them, they were always "What-if"s that hung around for years, making me sad that I'd never approached even one. Just fantasies to admire from afar. Fuck-it, no more "What-ifs". I'll just go speak to her, I'll at least try. Well it didn't go well, went pretty horribly in fact. She was a huge bitch, very promiscuous, and borderline, almost certain. Had that Cersei Lannister Regina George kinda vibe.

But the "What-if" died. I had more information about her, she was a horrible bitch, someone I couldn't get along with. It was instantly easy to get over her after that. So what if we got together? She would have eaten me up and chewed me out. She would have used her borderline sorceress powers to wreck me emotionally and then throw me away. And the sex

would have been lazy too. Question answered, "What-if" killed, time to move on.

Freedom

It was so easy, so freeing. The "What-if" became a much bigger evil than the rejection, I began to fear the "What-if" much more than a bitchy put down. Now whenever I start getting approach anxiety, hamstering myself into pussying out, the voice in the back of my head will say "you will regret this and beat yourself up over it later, a rejection is nothing compared to that".

And suddenly approaching becomes the easiest thing ever. It stopped being so terrifying.

The pretty young blonde girl on the train. I went and spoke to her. No more "What-ifs". She gave me a big smile. We got off the train together, I walked her home, kissed her goodnight. The next day we hung out, fucked a week later; grew very close, developed a good rapport, in-jokes, intimacy, affection. When we hung out she'd give me happy little sighs like she was in a dreamworld and I was her fantasy prince. It was beautiful. She enriched my life, gave me memories I will cherish, snap-shots of her smile and laugh, her bright malevolent eyes when she was shit-testing me, the way she got frustrated and fidgety when turned-on.

And What-if? What if I'd just been a pussy, like all the times before, and hadn't spoke to her. A whole chapter of my life would have vanished into thin air. A whole beautiful girl, unknown and forgotten; a mirage, a dream that didn't live out. She was everything I fantasised about, and I manifested her into my reality; all because I killed that rejection anxiety and just spoke to her. All the bitchy-putdowns and cruel witch cackles in the world were worth it for just one day I got to spend with that girl.

And then my heart sunk, for all the times I had been a coward and hadn't approached a girl, or escalated. How many of these girls would have turned out like the train-girl? How many potentially beautiful stories in the making had I killed by being a scared loser? The answer was more than 0, definitely. There were relationships there, entire stories, hanging in the air, ready for me to grab, which I threw away, destroyed, through my anxiety. Through a fear of something that couldn't even hurt me. Fuck, so stupid. So depressing. So cowardly.

No more. No more what-ifs. No more cowardice. No longer will I kill the story before it even starts. I'll go and speak to her, and open the book. And it may only turn out one page, or one sentence long. But I'll still get something out of it, I'll still learn something, and it's better than not opening the book at all.

And for every failed story and closed-book, there will be some that remain open, some that are beautiful and keep you hooked, some that nourish and thrill you, some that you cherish and celebrate and follow through a lifetime.

No. No more what-ifs.

[Reader Question] Just starting university, what do?

259 upvotes | September 14, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I often get messages from readers asking for specific advice. The entitled ones I ignore, the polite ones I reply to. If I like the topic I may end up rambling about it at length. Sometimes I get questions that I know may apply to many more trp users, and so I think it might be smart to share some of these conversations for those of you who are in the same boat.

This user is just starting university in the UK and wants to know how best to approach his freshers week (first week before classes start).

I'm starting uni soon and I was wondering if you had any tips for freshers week and uni in general. I had to ask you because it looks like most red pillers are ~40/50 and don't know what it's like to be 18 again. You've obviously experienced it more recently and knows what works best.

My reply:

Stop trying to fuck girls, don't make it obvious that you're sexually interested in them. Chill out and just befriend them and make a social group, you can fuck them later. Covert game is the way to play it, don't go around "picking up" or "gaming". You will quickly get a creep reputation. We're not in the US, and girls are a bit more mature and clued in here, so they'll see right through you. Read over "Autists vs Borderlines".

Girls in freshers are just now tasting some kind of freedom, they will be gagging for it, and a lot will be making "mistakes". Just play it chill and they will fall into your lap. It's much easier than you'll expect it to be. You will get a lot of IOIs and go aheads if you're not too forward and spergy, attracting the girl is never that hard, where most guys fuck up is that they never escalate. Just focus more on making some solid male friendships and branching out into LOTS of acquaintances, networking is key. If you make women your primary focus, you'll fuck it up. The old adage holds up, "the harder you try to get girls, the fewer you actually fuck. If you stop trying, it's suddenly easy".

Join a sports team or society, even if you suck. They won't really care that much. Play on the third or fourth team if you must. It's the only place to get the chad bromance and upscale girl attention, our version of frats. Just being associated with some of these dudes is enough to get you some pussy. I started climbing at university, good sport.

Oh, and don't forget to actually study. A lot of people never do. Remember what you're here for, it might not be important to you now, your first year might only be worth like 10% or even nothing at all, but getting involved in the academic side, actually working every day and being a student will ALL pay off for you later. It's totally possible to be both studious and social at the same time, many people do it. Actually study every day, even if it's just for an hour.

My best tip is to get into the habit of waking up early. Like 5/6AM. All the most successful people in the world do this. There's nothing better than busting out an hour at the gym, and an hour in the library learning that morning's lecture before most people are even awake. You turn up to the lecture energized and already knowing half of it, thus allowing you to focus on it better and picking up the

intricate details that separate the 2:1s from the 1sts.

And if you find yourself falling behind, get on that shit IMMEDIATELY. Do not think "I'll make up for it later" or "I'm already so far behind now there's no point starting". These are brutal traps. If you're slipping, sacrifice some time to catch up. A few hours of work while you're slipping is equal to 10 hours of work when you've already fallen off the horse. Be efficient.

Oh and you'll probably go to a lot of clubs and "events" during freshers week. For most people, it's their first time ever doing this kind of thing. They'll be awkward as hell. Don't be the dude standing in the corner nursing a drink because you're self conscious about dancing. Just clown it up and be silly, as GLO says, just play the character and become a stupid club bro for a night, accept the music even if it's stupid, dance even if you look dumb, no one cares, they're all caring too much about themselves. I've gotten laid by girls who said I was a stupid dancer but they liked that I didn't give a shit.

But yeah, don't hyperfocus on getting laid. Uni is much more than that, you'll lose a lot of great experiences if you dedicate yourself to one path.

Dads and Big Brothers

180 upvotes | September 28, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Was going to post this until the censorship happened, but things are slightly different now. I will post anyway, unedited. Guess we won't be here for much longer. I'll continue posting on here and my subreddit until they ban us all.

I've been here for a while. Many years ago I stumbled upon this place, and after reading only a few top posts and a bit of the sidebar, I was hit with an instant intuitive wallop in the gut: this is Truth.

I could feel it, there was no denying it. Like I had been lost and clueless for so long and suddenly the path was illuminated before me, clear as day, and under my nose the whole time.

A scramble of reading followed. I took it all in, devouring like a half-starved child. There wasn't much resistance, it all just made sense, confirmed everything I had suspected but was too afraid to fully admit, truths that lurked in my subconscious were finally given confirmation.

Success was lagging. It took a while for me to actually internalise what I'd learnt into real action. On the internet I was a redpill warrior, a crusader against thots and a champion of truth. In real life I was still just as bluepill and spergy as ever, being too much of a coward to make the leap and become a better person.

Eventually it *did* happen, after much pain and struggle, and many, many mistakes and readjustments. I began to taste the first few drops of success, and this reinforced the truth of the redpill even further for me. Women were easier to talk to, I didn't clam up around them, and some of them even wanted to suck my dick.

And, surprisingly, the rest of my life improved too. Everything about it got... better. It was easier for me to interact with people and navigate the social world, I got bullied less, I learnt how to pick and choose friends, I felt less guilty about not wanting to spend time with dumb people, I woke up earlier, I ate better, I performed better in sports, I studied harder.

Everything; simply everything improved. And this was totally unintended. Was it my testosterone levels finally reaching an acceptable level? Well that definitely played a part. But there was more. I had rounded out, somehow, and become more of a man than I ever was before. In my quest for pussy I had accidentally stumbled upon the path to masculinity.

There seems to be two types of reader of TRP, from what I've seen. I think I've been here long enough to observe the patterns in the commenting and posting, and we seem to fall into two distinct categories.

The first I call **proto-Men**. They write almost all the successful posts and rarely comment unless they really have something to say and things of value to add. All the endorsed fit this category, but there are many lower-ranking posters and commenters too.

These are often older guys, and those that have had success with women in the past. They may be just out of a failed marriage or LTR; in fact many of them were brought here because they were burned heavily by a woman, cheating or divorce rape or what have you. They may also have been some of the originals who were here right from the beginning, or followed the redpill origin blogs before we

even had a subreddit.

I call these guys proto-men because they are *almost* fully fledged “men”; they have achieved mastery in almost all aspects of their lives except one: women. The hardest one. Money and power and finances and career and health and status and looks; mostly cracked and solved and achieved. But these men still struggle deeply with letting women control and fuck up their lives.

They are able to talk and interact with women in a good way, for the most part. They get dates and girlfriends and wives, but still can’t understand the women nor make them behave in sane ways. They get laid, but often not enough or with the standard of woman they really desire.

These proto-men are here to learn mastery of women; the original aim and goal of the redpill blogs and this subreddit. They share notes and anecdotal data and discuss game. And that’s what we were for a long time and still remain, a forum to discuss sexual strategy.

But something changed over time, not in the redpill, but in the core readership; or rather, in the core of young western-males themselves. It was only a hint at first, but has quickly become very stark, and very obvious.

The second type of redpill reader is the **Boy**. This is often a young male in high school or college, but also, and increasingly, extends to “adults” who reach their 30s. However, these guys aren’t adults at all, or even men, they are still boys. Their adolescence has extended far past its expiry date, and with it has remained the anger and depression and anxiety and teenage angst.

These boys can’t even talk to women, let alone game them. They get nervous and sweaty and stuttery. They have low self esteem and horrible self image. They do not have many friends, and can’t make smalltalk. They don’t lift, they don’t exercise, they can’t feed themselves properly. A lot of them are virgins, or have had very few, and sometimes traumatically embarrassing experiences with women.

They come here initially to try and get laid. That’s what we all want at the end of the day; but these kids are struggling the most. At least the proto-men have experienced pussy; many of the boys never have.

And so they attempt to learn to run; they learn how to spot an IOI and pass a shit-test and how to breakup with a girl properly or solve ASD.

But it’s all moot. It’s all a damn waste of time. These kids can’t run. They can barely *crawl*.

The proto-men write all these great posts for each other on the psychology of women and share techniques and mindsets and these kids eat it up and post their meaningless comments like “this is the best post I ever read” or “this should be sidebared” or “fuck I needed this right now”.... But they never get the chance to put any of it into practice; because they’re too afraid to leave their room to actually game; or when they see a girl she sneers and walks away from him. Many of these kids can’t bench the bar.

There is no point at all trying to teach these guys how to game women, because they do not even pass the first barrier needed for attraction: being an adult male. These kids need to be taught how to be men.

I remember the morning after my “Ubermensch Mode” post, I woke up and instantly regretted it.

What a narcissistic spiel of cringepost. What a waste of 40000 characters. Honestly had anyone else posted it I would have downvoted within the first few paragraphs. It didn't belong on the subreddit, and in fact was just childish. Yet, for some reason, it had done very, very well.

This confused the hell out of me at first. Could these guys not see the infancy of the post? Are these "realisations" and "philosophies" not obvious and clear to anyone who was raised remotely well? Do they really enjoy being bossed around and told how to behave by some stranger on the internet with no credentials?

And that's when I realised the full extent of just how many boys we have on our subreddit. Boys that aligned with the infancy, boys that had never actually been taught these things before, so were astounded by them, and boys who really, and desperately needed to be told what to do.

And with horror, I realised that these were only the smart boys, the brave ones, the ones who had broken out of the herd and accepted the teachings of a misogynist rape-cult. How many more boys were out there, drinking their soy and playing their Nintendo switches, who outright reject this truth or never even found it? How many western men are living their lives as castrated adolescents?

The TRP boys are on a quest of masculinity. They have to first become men before they can even think of gaming women. Their problem with girls was not that they couldn't game them properly....they were never even allowed into the game in the first place. Barred entry at the first sign of anime-backpack or mom-haircut.

And they need, more than anything; guidance. These boys grew up without fathers and a masculine support system. Men throughout the millennia have taught and guided the young and the weak. We sort ourselves into hierarchies and pass knowledge and wisdom down into those teenagers at the bottom. The men teach the boys how to become men.

It's these boys who are filling the subreddit with their Jordan Peterson worship. They crave fatherly guidance, and are willing to accept it from any source; be it Peterson or Harris or Rogan or any other internet-dad exploiting their need for direction.

One of the things I loved about TRP when I first came here was the "we're not all equal" mantra. Finally! I loved the attitude of "sit down, shut up, and listen". I loved that we had endorsed contributors who held more weight, who had to be vetted and voted in by the others at the top. Finally, a hierarchy I can join and work my way up, the honest way, through merit and accomplishment.

Eventually I became endorsed, I don't really think I deserved it, still don't, but my posts resonated with the audience for some reason, I had no clue at the time but I now understand why. I had only recently ascended from boy into proto-man, and my struggle was easier to identify with for the boys who were trying to do the same thing. Rollo and IM and the senior endorsed and vanguards were writing for the Proto-Men, and while some masculine wisdom would trickle down to the boys this way, no one was really caring or addressing them specifically. A demographic of the subreddit that was mostly ignored and glossed over, yet a hugely significant one. Maybe even the majority.

I clocked onto the fact that we can't really control who our readership is, reddit has certain demographics that dictate who end up on our board, and our aims and goals align very closely with the virgin and clueless teenage boys. I wanted to get these kids laid, I wanted to help them, just like

all the other blogposters and endorsed; but I had to go about it the indirect way, and get to the root of the problem.

And what did the boys need? Fatherly and brotherly love and guidance. Men to tell them what to and when to do it. Men to tell them to lift and stop being a pussy. Men to crush their bullshit excuses and whining. Men to inspire and motivate, to set them dreaming and planning and creating. Men to give them a model of masculinity they can admire and emulate.

Every one of us needed this in our lives, and some of us were lucky enough to have someone to do it for us. But many, many young men, far more than ever, are growing up with a lack of masculine presence to learn from. Many of these boys are fatherless and, and they have no church or community where they can learn from stand-ins. Yet they crave it. They crave the testosterone and the locker room talk and the no-bullshit approach. They realised they were missing something so vitally crucial to their development. So they went looking for it. And they found it on TRP.

And so I began to see TRP for what it was. A bunch of dads and big brothers, teaching a bunch of boys how to become men. Fundamentally, that's what it has become. Of course, game is still a huge, huge part of it; getting your dick wet is your first step to becoming a man, and is what drew the majority of us here in the first place; but there's so much more teaching and learning that has been going on under the surface that we all knew was happening but never really addressed.

And these posters, these endorsed guys and mods and vanguards and blog posters; try to appreciate just what they're doing for their society and communities. They spend their time, writing or curating or moderating for boys they do not know and will never meet; growing them up. For what benefit of theirs? To make more competition?

Sure we all love posting our narcissist dribble and getting praise and attention; but there's more to it, definitely. Only the truly genuine, most educational and most virtuous posts ever do well anyway, the readers can feel the love in them and reciprocate. These guys want to give back. They want to teach. They want to guide.

These men are truly men in the best sense of the word, and no one better to emulate and admire. They may have their own demons to fight, especially with women, as we all do, but they still embody all the characteristics of great men; a thirst for truth, an unapologetic bravery, and a humble quest for virtue.

Count yourself lucky kids, and be proud. You looked for them and you found them. These are the men you needed to guide your lives. These are the dads and big brothers you were missing from your childhood. Here they are.

Just ignore her for a while

469 upvotes | April 15, 2019 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

<https://www.trp.red/p/heathcliff/915>

Met plate's friend and I'm totally into her.

24 upvotes | August 23, 2019 | /r/askTRP | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Plate took me out with some of her friends and one of them I fell for instantly.

Swedish natural blonde, very, very pretty face, graceful and feminine, shy and quiet, looks like she will age well.

Looking for advice on how I can slide into her without plate realising or making a fool of myself.

Looking for advice from those who have experience; no "you have one-itis get over it" or "try for a threesome bro lol" please.

Thanks

Didn't Cling, Didn't Mate Guard, Didn't Care

408 upvotes | March 29, 2020 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I met this girl on campus. Was waiting with a bunch of friends to go climbing with the climbing club, and saw her walking past: blonde, tan, long legs in tight shorts. Damn, better get me a girl like that, I thought. Well she walks over to us. She's here to try out climbing. Nice.

We all take the train together. I catch her name and find out she's a medical student. Quickly see the twitchy neurosis and snarling rage hidden behind her eyes. This girl has a good dose of angry crazy, easy to tell. Very tightly wound. I'm kind of into it. After initial greetings I ignore her to speak to my friend. There's another guy in the group obviously hitting on her and telling her his life story. Do I attempt to speak to her more? No.

We get to the climbing wall and as regulars of the club it's our responsibility to teach the newbies how to tie in and belay and all that so they don't kill themselves or their partners. I could have offered to teach her, and she looks at me imploringly. But I don't. I teach some Asian kid instead and she gets paired with blabbermouth who eagerly jumps at the chance. She looks mildly disappointed. Do I try to spend more time with her? No. In fact, I ignore her the rest of the day and leave at the end without saying a word to her.

A week or so later I decide to go to a hiking club meet. We're doing a short walk and then going to a pub to socialise. Whatdy'know, med student girl is there again, looking fine as ever and very North Face. After initial greetings and "oh we met before" I ignore her for the rest of the walk, and speak to *everyone else except her*.

At the pub half the people leave and we all sit down to get drinks. I'm speaking to everyone including her now, as we're in a group. Conversation is quite good and I can tell she's pretty smart, but ofc, wound up in the "I hate myself but I'll take it out on everyone else" kind of way. Other guys are all interrupting each other to get a word in with her.

There's a really cute goth bartender at the bar. Has the kind of sleepy, spaced out vibe to her. One of the guys obviously has a crush on her because he can't stop staring and keeps going over to get drinks directly from her. I tell him to just go for it, hit on her bro. He's like, nah... too scared. I say "If you don't hit on her I will", he says "be my guest". The med girl is grinning at me like "is he actually going to do it?", and ofc, I get up, walk over to her, tell her she's really cute. "When does your shift end?" she tells me a time which was much later; normally I'd wait around to meet them if it was soon but that won't happen this time. "Okay can I get your number then?", she's quite taken aback and of course says yes. "Do you get many guys hitting on you then?" I ask her, "Not really" she says, and blushes.

I walk back to the table and they're all mouths agape impressed like I'd just did a backflip or something. "Whoah dude that was smooth", "Thanks". Blondie is grinning with her big white teeth and giving me the "bend me over and fuck me right now" eyes. The guy next to me asks me (out of earshot of medhot) how I learned to do something like that and I tell him "practice, after failing many, many times and embarrassing myself".

As the people trickle away over time I'm left talking to medhot. We have a nice conversation and I tell her I'll take her climbing sometime again. She's totally up for it and gives me her number.

Important note here: plausible deniability. It's not a date, I didn't ask her out. I said I'd take her climbing. I'm doing *her* a favour, imparting my experience onto her. It's just friendly, there's no way I'm doing it because I want my dick inside her. Obviously....

So a week later I text her out of the blue telling her I'm going climbing on Wednesday if she wants to come. She replies like five times, and then bombards me with texts on the day as well like "I will be 5 mins late", "where are you?", "I'm nervous haha", "Do I need this and that etc etc etc". I ignore most of them and reply with one word to the relevant ones. Text message ratio is like 5:95 me to her, at this point I know I have her.

So we go climbing and it's more time to speak together more intimately and I tease her and make jokes about her competence and I use the excuse of tying her in and helping her out to put my hands on her, her hips, her waist, her hair etc. She's blushing and I think getting a bit turned on and after we finish I just leave. Don't ask her to extend the date or anything... well it was just platonic climbing together after all right? She's a bit disappointed by this and asks me if we'll go climbing again soon and I say maybe and leave.

Do I beg to see her again? Do I make her any promises? No. Left her hanging completely.

Well another week later where I don't message her at all, I text her that I'm going to a party and she should come with me. Ofc she plays a bit coy at first like "I might be busy, who's party idk the people etc etc" but I just ignore the texts entirely. On the day of the party I text "I'll pick you up from your place where do you live?" and she sends me the address.

So I meet her at the front door and she's all Urban Outfitters and looks nice, and we go to get booze and walk to the house party. As we walk we have a dark conversation and I can really pick up on her overt rage and superiority complex; she is a med student and I'm not and that makes her better than me. To be fair, she must be really smart, she gets great grades and I wouldn't be able to get her grades or even get accepted onto her course, so her raw power and anger translates somewhere. But it also means she belittles literally everyone else who isn't a Med student and thinks of herself as queen.

We get to the party and there's barely anyone there, we're not that early, and the people there are kinda nerdy, I cringe because I took this girl to a lame party. But do I apologise and make excuses? Nah, I just go with it. We meet all my friends who I haven't seen in a while, and they're used to me bringing a conveyer belt of girls to these things and they talk about all the usual things "where are you from, what do you study" etc. I can see just how proud she is whenever she says "I study medicine". It's so funny. My friends respect me a bit more now because she isn't just a dumb bimbo and she's also hottest girl at the party by far.

Well the party fills up with actual cool people eventually and as it does so I don't trail around with her like a dog. I let her do her own thing and go and hang out with other people. We bump into each other occasionally and at one point another girl shows up who's tied for or even slightly hotter than her and I can tell she hates her immediately. The girl, who I have history with, is polite and friendly with everyone but literally ignores me and medshot. Medshot seems a bit insulted by this. A bit later on she asks me if I'm going to hit on her like I did with the bartender, in a jokey way of course, and I tell her "No, not with her, we don't have a good relationship, we ignore each other now".

This set her cogs turning and she starts asking me more questions about her and I tell her, “I don’t want to talk about it. Drop it” and she says “Oh, okay” and does. Truth is, this girl rejected me recently and was very bitchy about it, I hit on her quite overtly and she was disgusted by it. Now she ignores me and thinks I’m a creep. That’s fine... but medthot doesn’t need to know this, and I can spin it in such a way that she thinks we fucked or something. Plus I can rub medthot in rejection girls face.

So we’re going round the party and another dude shows up. He is an acquaintance of mine, friend of my friends, and we’re on good terms but not exactly close. He’s fucked girls I’ve been into and I’ve fucked girls he’s been into and it’s stupid to say there’s a rivalry there but I think there is, even though it’s dumb. He is very handsome, more attractive than me, has a chill stoner vibe, and now the chaddest guy at the party. Whatever, I’ll only get mogged if I allow myself to get mogged. We have a friendly chat and I can see that he’s taking an interest in medthot and she’s taking glances at him. Great.

So what are my options? Guard her all night, be cold and distanced, tell her to stay away from him, or just sit back and let it happen? Well there’s only one option really. I introduced them to each other. Not doing so implies saltiness, and I had to be courteous to save face and keep that dgaf vibe. I could see the hungry “wow he’s hot” sparkle in her eye which feltbadman, and he was being really smooth and chill with her and they were focusing the conversation at each other and I started to feel like a fucking thirdwheel so I left to talk to some other girls.

Idk what they spoke about but eventually she came back to me and we had a good time the rest of the party, shared a few cigarettes with otherChad, and then left. I told her I would walk her home. Important that there was precedent that I picked her up from her place, now it’s not about discovering her house for the first time, but instead taking her back to somewhere familiar.

I kiss her on the journey there and hold her hand and when we get to her place I tell her that I need to pee (this was actually true) and she is hesitant but I think she was just looking for an excuse to let me in. We get up to her flat and I pee and then go into her bedroom and start kissing her and the rest is textbook, bit of ASD, but get through in the end and the sex was quite bad. She was eager yet inexperienced and I just collapsed, fell asleep and left in the morning.

I meet her one more time at my place a few days later. She was hesitant at first and had to wrangle a bit to get her to meet up again. Bad sign. I tell her we’re going to cook together.

Cooking together is my favourite date of all because it sets a power dynamic and allows you to lead her, lets you show competence, gives her a plausibly deniable excuse to come to your place, and your bedroom is right within reach. Ticks all the boxes.

We cook pasta and salmon and I’m in charge and show her simple things like chopping onions. She doesn’t really know how because she’s a spoilt rich girl but she really enjoys being bossed around like this and the whole time I’m pinching her ass and kissing her and picking her up and just being affectionate in a way that she wasn’t used to. We go to my bedroom and she tells me her life story (god I’ve heard a million life stories by now) and I am resistant to telling her mine and remain mysterious and closed off. I do tell her that I’m not looking for a girlfriend and I’m seeing two other girls at the moment and she shouldn’t expect anything serious. She seems a bit taken aback but also impressed by this. I ask her to suck my dick and after some resistance she does so and it was the scariest and most aggressive blowjob of my life I thought she’d fucking rip my foreskin off she was

so violent with that thing and I couldn't cum out of fear so I told her to just lay down on my thigh and jerked off onto her face.

Well a few days later I ask her to meet up again and she says we need to talk about something and I'm like "great... oh well". And we meet in a park and she gives me this whole, "It's the wrong time for me. I don't want to be your third girlfriend. The way you talk about women offends me etc etc". I tell her she's being dramatic and acting like she's in a reality tv show. She tells me that she told her friends all about me and they told her to run away because I'm a horrible person. Fucking "friends" man. Girl's friends always sabotage it for each other. Always bitching at each other about their guys... and when is the advice ever "stay with him"? They're always telling their friends to break up. Whatever, cool, we won't see each other anymore. "We'll still talk though right?" She wants to keep me on as an orbiter. Lol. "No". I tell her. "I will block your number". "Oh, okay". She looks sad about it.

I don't block her number but I do ignore every text she sends me for the next few months. Polite things like "I just saw you on campus lol" or "Are you going climbing this week?" She's trying to reconnect with me, by giving me openings to ask her out again, this is the way women do it, they're never overt about wanting you back. I ignore her.

At climbing and the hiking trips I see her there. She looks very pretty. I ignore her and talk to other people. Sometimes I bring other girls that I'm dating, plates or potential plates that are prettier or more extraverted or blonder than her. She gives me quick glances but maintains her distance. I see it in her eyes, she wants me back. If the sex was better, maybe, but atm, nah....

A few weeks later I'm sitting at the cafeteria eating my lunch when I notice the chad from the party. We say hi and sit together. He asks me about the medthot and what happened between us. I tell him the truth. "We met like two times and she dumped me but tbh I don't mind that much the sex was bad and she was really high maintenance and kind of crazy".

He tells me that he's been hooking up with her for a few months now and yes she is crazy.

Of course... What did I expect?

I smile at him. I'm not actually as hurt as I thought I would be, in fact I find it kind of funny. If he was looking to get me upset or anything, it didn't work.

"Well you lasted longer than I did bro haha" I tell him.

"Yeah man I went deep... it was bad". He has to go to his class so we bump fists and I spend the rest of the day with a smile on my face and a good mood. Whores will be whores. Just accept it.

I run into her a month later, on campus. I can't just ignore her now because that would imply saltiness. We have a brief conversation.

"I'm walking this way, walk with me?" I ask her. "Sure" she says.

"I saw (otherChad) the other day" I say to her. She gives me that toothy grin again when I bring up his name. She didn't think I knew, or at least didn't expect me to mention him. She likes the idea of

me finding out and being hurt. I can tell. It's that bitter rage again.

"What did he say?" She's being hesitant to reveal too much. Probing.

"Oh, we just both agreed you're crazy"

She laughs. "Well he's just mad because I dumped him and he was *so* in love with me and got all emotional and wouldn't stop texting me af-

"Ah, ah" I put a finger to her lips. "I don't want to hear it".

"Don't want to hear what?"

"I don't want to hear you badmouthing my friends. That's between you and him. You shouldn't be telling me these things. I like him. I don't want my perception of him changed"

"Oh okay" She looks a bit taken aback.

We walk in silence for a bit more.

"I'm going to a party this weekend if you want to come" she says.

I think about it. "Maybe".

Bunch of tryhard coomers

142 upvotes | June 5, 2020 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I'm at a pub with a date and her friends. Haven't fucked this girl yet but I invited her to a party and she said yes. Mine was cancelled though because the covid thing was just getting started so she tells me to come along with her friends to a party they were going to go to. Her friends, one of them cute, the other fat, are sitting there sharing a plate of cheesy fries. They offer us some. We both look at each other and refuse. The girl and I are both physically fit, we exercise a lot, sometimes together. She's nice and slim, does a lot of running. There's something disgusting and very offputting about watching a fat girl eat. In fact, truth be told, watching any hungry women eat is a massive turn off for me. Something about a woman caving in to her base desires and desperately gorging herself. Gross. Have some self-control.

We get to the party and it's full of losers and the date and I are clearly the most attractive and most sane people there and I suddenly feel very old. I didn't think I'd grow out of the university life so quickly but sitting there with a bunch of 19 year old kids getting drunk, chatting about rick and morty and some shit and I'm wishing I could just go home and read. But oh well I make the most of it. Speak to the kids, the guys are all a bit threatened by me at first but after some conversation they warm up to me. Some dudes try hitting on my date but they're dweebs and have no chance so I just let it happen. I go out onto the balcony to smoke and bring my date along and we have a nice conversation, with the city lights and the wind blowing in her hair and the way she looks at me, feels really poignant, like in a movie.

A bunch of American high schoolers show up. No one knows who they are and they're not related to anyone at the party. Turns out one of the dudes who was invited met them on the train here and asked them to come along. Nice. There's six of them and four are obese. Not just fat, genuinely obese. It's gross. The other two are good looking. One is clearly the queen bee of the group, stacked and blonde and she's wearing tight jeans and a crop top exposing her midriff. Hot but also just very forward and loud and "party girl". Reminds me of the kind of whore who eventually ends up doing porn. Would have been into this once but now the aggressive sluttiness puts me off.

The other one is a tanned girl who's dressed much more modestly and is well spoken and is anxious about having a foreign name. She still has that neuroses I see in every American girl I meet but she's clearly the most mature of the lot.

I give the guy props for pulling the girls and tell him he's a chad and it's clear he was going for the blonde one but she doesn't seem that interested in him anymore and he's got a fat one clinging to him now. I chat to the landwhales and they're as stupid as I imagined, and I chat to the shy girl while she drinks too much and very fast. I quite like her, won't make any moves or anything but she's sane enough to have a good conversation with. The blonde one who's been snapchatting the whole party with the Big Ben London filter comes to sit next to us and starts telling me about how great my hands are and is touching them and telling me I have beautiful and strong hands. Great. My date is eyeing us from across the room. The shy one is now getting far too drunk and is probably gonna throw up and we all roll our eyes and my date and her friends start doing their worried babying thing "do you need some water" blab la bla.

The blonde one is now following me around the party and sitting on my lap and asking me lots of questions and tells me her name is Jason and I say that's a boy's name and she gets pissed. She keeps

wanting to take selfies with me for her snapchat and I won't let her then she asks me for my snapchat and I say no. She is offended and surprised and I tell her I don't have snap. She asks for my Instagram and I show her my nokia brick phone and tell her I don't have any social media and she short circuits slightly. I then get up and leave and go upstairs to chat with the date.

The shy girl gets far too drunk and her friends decide to take her back to their hotel because they're late for their curfew. They were here on some Europe trip with their school but got stuck in London because of covid shutdown. Jason gets her things together and goes around the party saying bye to everyone and "I love you, I love you, I love you too" and when she gets to the group I'm with she says "I love you all, except you" to me specifically and I roll my eyes, and my date and finds it funny and asks "why?" and she says "because he rejected me", and everyone laughs and gives us the "ooooohs" and my date is beaming at me like a proud mother.

The American high schoolers leaving killed the party a bit and we leave soon after and I want to walk but her friends are "tired" and order an uber so we all take an uber back and I see my date off at her house but don't try to go in even though she asks me if I want to stay at hers that night. Basically an open invitation to bang but I was a bit tired myself and wasn't really feeling it. Knew I could screw her any time now anyway and she seemed so impressed and attracted to me after my self-restraint at the party that I thought I'd just roll with it.

At home I lay in bed and think about how I would have handled this situation a few years ago. The truth is I would have been thirsty as fuck. I would have tried to game all the girls and showed off and probably tried to fuck Jason at the party. Except I would have failed. My desperation would have shown clearly and it would have put her off. It was specifically because I was so resistant to her advances and ignored her for her friend that made her try harder for me. In fact, recently I've just stopped wanting to get laid as much as I did before. It's not even a real effort I'm just not feeling it and don't really care. If it happens cool... but I'm not gonna spend all day trying and thinking about it like I used to...is this how chad feels?

And the strange thing is that during this period of not giving a fuck is when I've had the most attention from any women ever. They can smell it on me. The abundance mentality. The self-control. They're attracted to it. They need men who have overcome and learnt to control their sexuality. My date was so turned on my me btfoing the whore. A weaker man would have caved.

I think about Jason and how grossed out I was by how forward and obvious she was with her attraction to me. No tact. No subtlety. Just unchecked and aggressive sexuality. The way she dressed, her brash loudness. A whore. Female coomerism. I've had girls be this foreward with me recently and it's' weirded me out. A lot. I've rejected all of them. This must be what a girl feels like when a guy is obviously and desperately hitting on them.

I had a lot of problems with women before, even post red-pill, and to be quite frank even though I've been looksmaxxing I don't look much hotter than I used to when women were constantly rejecting me. I'm about the same, yet my success is far higher. What's changed? My attitude. I've stopped trying so hard. I've stopped showing my thirst. I've stopped being so obviously horny and desperate. And what's the quickest way to make a woman disgusted by you and ruin any chances you had with her?

Easy. Show her how fucking thirsty you are.

There's nothing that disgusts a woman more than uncontrolled male sexual lust. Horny, desperate men sicken them. Any sign of loneliness, thirst, or tryharding dries them up and ruins your chances. Of course this seems counterproductive because I'm preaching to the thirstiest group of men on the internet. God are you guys thirsty. The kind of shit I see you guys write. The shit you say in your field reports. It makes me cringe so hard man.

Think about Chad. Is Chad a horny fucker? No. In fact, Chad has complete control over his sexual desires. What's that Chad movie trope? The James Bond-like protagonist is being hit on by a dime piece and he rejects her because he's too busy with his work or mission. When he seduces a woman he is cold and aloof. If he fails, he doesn't care. He's not *desperate* to get laid, doesn't bother him... Just like a fat girl eating is gross and offputting, your unchecked coomerism is a repellent to every woman you meet. Women want a man to be chill and not be enslaved by his dick and sexual lust. So many men kneel before the coom and there tryharding and desperation is the exact thing that stops them getting the pussy they crave.

This is what we mean when we tell you to cultivate abundance mentality. Because with abundance mentality you are *less thirsty*, and with less thirst you have *better game*. Remember, women can *see right through you*, they are social psychics, they can *smell* your thirst from miles away. Even just the way you look at them, they know. And it disgusts them. To see such unchecked, aggressive sexuality. It's sad.

Yes, it disgusts them. There will be guys in here with shit like "you just gotta be forward and upfront bro it turns them on". "I picked up a girl once by telling her I'd suck on her tits and fuck her in every hpole". Most of these guys are lying, and when they're not, they're speaking of isolated cases involving drugs, money, and whorey, low standard women. Real pretty girls and high-value women get understandably scared and put off by horny men. Especially horny men in benign social situations. You get overly aggressively forward at work or a coffee shop or even a damn party and she's weirded out. Women do not understand male sexual desire. They will never experience the constant undercurrent of turned-on and horny that every healthy man experiences. They come close to it during their ovulation, but that's just a few days every month.

When you walk across the room to talk to the hot girl that just arrived. That's THIRSTY. You failed the first test immediately. She sees it and you've fucked up your first impression. When you try to impress the girl from the fist convo and brag about yourself, that's THIRSTY. She hates you for it. Why can't you just be chill? Chad would have been chill. When you make sexual jokes or comments... that's THIRSTY. Why's sex always gotta be on your mind? Chad doesn't make these jokes. Chad doesn't even really think about sex.

Gaining control of your sexual energy; not being lustful, not masturbating, not thinking sexual thoughts, not fantasising; these are all the accomplishments of a self-realised man. The best and most powerful men aren't jacking off every day and trying to get laid. Getting laid is *not important* to them. They have a higher purpose. Women see these men and see their intuitive control over their desires and are attracted by it. They're attracted to the fact that their one female weapon, sex, is ineffective against the powerful man.

They are disgusted by the men who capitulate to their tits and ass at first sign. God, I've gotten so much more, and better pussy, after I stopped acting like a thirsty, desperate loser, than I ever did when I was tryharding every day using TRP techniques to get laid. When you first encounter TRP there is a sudden urge to tryhard, and go out every night and use pick up lines and "it's a numbers game" and all that. But the women you meet will see your insatiable thirst, and they will see themselves being used as pussysleeves, and they'll reject you in favour of the chad who's all "yeah whatever".

If there's one thing I wish was taught to me outright instead of just implied when first finding TRP it's this. I wasted a lot of time tryharding when I could have done so well just being chill.

TL:DR; stop tryharding you fucking coomer.