

# Back out Hunting || 8 More

Days of Game | 19 June, 2016 | by Nash

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It was the day after [my day out with Yad](#), and I wanted to get some practice done. Focusing on the [specific coaching Yad gave me](#) about my game... and... let's not forget what this is all about... I want some girls in my life.

Let's run down the girls for the day:

1. Slow start, couldn't find anyone to open for a bit, and then a Chinese girl... okay. Opened her, painting her as a tourist. She's semi-local, and was going to the local art museum. Pretty boring girl, meh, I let her go. I'm supposed to be pushing my sets a little more, closing more, but this one... I honest don't want to date her. No weaseling here.

2. This was one of my favorite sets. She was a cute girl, not Asian, Euro girl? Turned out to be from Venezuela. She popped open, was a very engaging, fun girl. I told her I was initially attracted to her style and her cute thigh-high socks, but it was her great eye contact that had my interest as we talked. She had just graduated film school, and when I said congratulations, she high-fived me. She was fun. I was slow and sexy with her, and it felt great. I tried to take her for a drink, but she had to meet a friend. I number closed her, it was a good deal. As we wrapped up the interaction, she came forward with a "euro kiss" on my cheek. Okay, cool.

3. Very pretty Asian girl. She didn't really get it, didn't stop, smiled. I should have reopened. This would have been a good one to practice that with.

4. Ummm, short girl, glassy black hair, big butt. Uhhh, it was that ass... Sweet Jesus. I got out in front of her, but she didn't stop, hot girl.

5. I stopped her using my "contrast" type of story to say that she looked like a yoga girl in a hurry. I read all that right... she was late for a class. She also wasn't into it. I let her go.

6. Short girl, amazingly straight, black hair, all black clothes. I thought she might be from Peru (she had that "native" look to her), but she turned out to be Mexican. Maybe less than 5'. So cute. She barely got what was going on, but eventually started to smile. It was awk, she wasn't really hooking, so I let her go.

7. She was a short Asian girl, maybe close to 30, big butt and a slow walk. I opened, and she stared at me for a while... I wasn't sure she could speak English, and I said so. Yes, she understood, she was just checking me out. Then, she seemed to love it. Big smiles. I tried to close her, and she said she only had her Chinese phone w/ her. In retrospect, I think that sounds like BS. She asked me for my card several times, so eventually I gave it to her. She's business-y. She's already added me to LinkedIn, which is weird. We've had a few email exchanges, and if anything comes of that, I'll share that story... she's complicated... we'll see.

8. This is a more involved story... I usually reward myself after 3-6 approaches w/ a tea and a cookie. I go to this one caf   every time. One day I was there, and this interesting mixed-race girl was working. Kinda cute. I chatted her up... she was very young, but fun and charming. I came back in last week, and she recognized me. Very friendly, even mentioned wanting to hug me at some point. Hmmm, okay. So this week, I was thinking she might be there, and she was. And she gets excited when she sees me, but her coworker jumped in front of her to help me. I get my order, and the girl goes on break. She walks over near me, we make eye contact, say hello, and I ask if she wants some company. So I have something like a little i-date with this girl. I think she's 18. She was a happy little girl, sitting there with me. She's messy, hyper, very young. Lipstick on her teeth. Chipped nail polish. Dropped her phone 3 times as we talked... fidgeting the whole time. Sounds like her life is a little rough. I'm not really interested in this girl, I think

she would be a mess to get involved with... but the thirsty part of me kept trying to get me interested. It was exhausting to talk w/ her, to try to lead and manage her young wildness. As we got up, I could tell she wanted a hug, so I hugged her. All of this felt vaguely lecherous, as her co-workers (who see me all the time) could watch us sit together. I don't want anything from that girl... too young. I don't care about her age... it's the lack of anything resembling maturity that makes this a deal breaker. Damn... I'm thirsty, but she's not the one.

Viva daygame.

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