

I bang my first 31 year old Swiss ballerina

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Already I can hear a collective sharp intake of breath throughout the manosphere. *Thirty one!* I guess this post will be equal parts lay report and mea culpa.

As my long-suffering readership is aware I have been easing my way back into the life of London daygame. Cold, wet, miserable but I feel the nagging pull to get some girls on the go and add a few notches. It's gone well. The streets are not exactly brimming with flange but if you stay out long enough and look hard enough there's usually enough girls to make it worth the effort. Land Of The Tens it isn't. More like Village Of The Sevens. Round about my third day out I spot the usual target walking past the National Portrait Gallery. My assumption stack bombs horribly but that's the point of the stack... you just transition off her answers no matter how wrong you were.

Me: Hi. I want to tell you something. I just noticed you walking up there and thought you look cute. Very Polish.

Her: I'm Swiss.

Me: Perhaps, but you look Polish. I think its the light skin, wide eyes, and neat clothes. You look like a Polish librarian. A cute one.

Her: Yes. But I'm Swiss.

Me: Then that means.... you like..... mountains.... chocolate.... and collecting Nazi gold.

Her: Haha (etc).....

Did I ever tell you the reason to assumption stack? In the beginning you both have nothing to talk about so you have to create something out of nothing. The whole point is to get into a conversation – find a subject to talk about. Naturally you'll talk about her because that's what you're interested in. So you make an assumption (I recommend her nationality) and then tell her three reasons why based on three things you can see. Make the last one a light tease to show a little backbone, a little push to perk up her interest.



I've never been, but I imagine it's...

If your assumption gets *any traction at all*, no matter if you were right or wrong, stick with it. Use that as the topic. Many guys get too excited about their creativity and keep making new assumptions like they're Derren Brown. No no no. You aren't trying to impress her, *you are trying to get into a conversation with her*. Less is more. Once you've got her real nationality its easy to then list three things you "heard" about her country... make them borderline racist stereotypes.

- **Romanian:** In my mind its full of towering mountains, vampires and gypsies
- **Russian:** I think of Russia being all snow, vodka and KGB
- **Brazilian:** I imagine Brazil as one long beach where everyone drinks Caprianhas and plays football.

Just stick with the first stereotypes that come into your head. So long as you deliver it with a playful smirk and drag it out slowly then she'll laugh. If you're stuck, go to the Emergency Krauser Stack:

My mum told me to be careful of girls from [country]. She said three things. They are all beautiful.... good cooks.... and sex maniacs.

So back to the story. She's very shy and demure which I like. After ten minutes or so the hook feels good but she seems to lack any real flirting ability. The whole thing feels a bit flat. Nonetheless I bounce her across the road to a pub where we chat for an hour or so. She's new in town, just here for a couple of weeks to find a university. The spark isn't there. I just can't read her interest levels. I seriously think she's too oblivious to realise what's going on and I'm on only my second instant date of the year and very rusty. I take a number thinking I may have dropped the ball. Sometimes you just never know. Still waters run deep. This girl is very shy and thoughtful, kinda mousy. She's into reading, ballet, and gives me classic introvert answers to my probing. She must've hooked strong as I discover during the texting. I'll give an entire transcript so you can see how I'm able to turn it around and get the frame right. I see lots of bad text game in blog comments.



In front of Top Shop, 7pm

Me: So this is my cute new Swiss friend... it was a pleasure [*Remember this is a "nice girl" from an idate that had little spark. It's important to be the same guy in texts as you were in person. I start soft with the aim of gradually ramping it up*]

Her: It was a pleasure for me too, thank you. How are you, cheeky Englishman? [*Good sign*]

Me: Good morning! I'm having coffee while I look at all the snow in my garden. How are you? [*A ping text. Give a little window into your life*]

Her: Hello! That sounds very relaxed.. I am in the Shakespeare Globe and recovering my slight cold... are you interested in visiting the theatre for a play? [*An invitation. I don't want to go to the theatre, that's all wrong for a date. Wrong activity and in her frame. I don't like theatre. I shall have to refuse.*]

Me: I'm more of a movie person. Take care of yourself with that cold. I want you looking your prettiest when we meet! *[Making it clear that it'll be a date, not friends.]*

Me: Hey crazy. I made a snowman today. *[Ping text I sent to four girls the next day]*

Her: We will see, how I will fulfill your desire.. I think being healthy is sufficient for our appointment. Are you in the city next week? *[Keen]*

Me: Young lady, I'm sure we shall have the pleasure of each other's company this week. What is your eta for a full recovery... Tuesday? *[She's letting me take the frame now]*

Her: Good evening, how do you do? London is really exciting. There is sooo much to discover, incredible.. should we meet each other this week once? It would be a pleasure. *[Keen]*

Me: Hey ☐ I'm quite busy this week, but Thursday evening is good. 8pm?

Me: I just bought a black biker jacket. I'm now officially a bad boy! *[No reply to my invite so I leave it two days and ping with this]*

Her: Hi Nick, you scared me a 2nd time! ☐ bad boy, good girl. Did you receive my message?

Me: Hey. I never got a message. What was it?

Her: Really? I asked if you have a time to meet each other once... do you?

Me: I replied. I can meet you Friday *[Logistics]*

Her: What about Saturday? Would it be also possible?

Me: Hmm.. Will you wear your prettiest dress and brightest smile? *[Restate the frame that its a date and I expect her to play into it]*

Her: Almost surely ☐ I've a new haircut! *[Frame accepted]*

Me: I look forward to messing it up with my hands ☐ Saturday, 7pm, Oxford Circus

Her: I warn you. Cool, Sat 7 at tube station

I then completely forget about the date. I gatecrash one of Tom and Jon's bootcamps and chatting to them on the walk back to the Daygame HQ when I realise I'm supposed to meet this bird in half an hour. Oops. So I throw out a ping to check its on. I'm not much fussed about it having already got laid two days earlier with the Colombian.

Me: Hey, you good?

Her: Yes, c u at 7

Me: Cool. And no mischief, girl!



Imagine this as a 7, partially obscured with my hairy arse

Once I meet her it goes more or less the same as my last two girls. A drink in a normal pub, walk her to a darker bar. This time she's hungry so we stop off at a Chinese fusion place. She's difficult with kino so except for the usual hair-touching I focus on the verbals. Generalised sex talk, laying the man vibe on her etc. Then in the second pub I pull her in to kiss. Finally she loosens up. Her eyes spazz, she becomes touchy-feelly, her knees touch mine constantly... I start to think maybe I can take her home. I remember writing these texts to Bhodi while I was on the date, because he often gets stuck in date escalation so I wanted him to get a window into how I think during a date:

[Just before the date] **Me:** She's well into me, very shy, and goes back to Switzerland next week.... Hmmmmm...

Him: Fuck. I wanted to play Black Ops 2

[An hour in] **Me:** This one s awkward as hell. She wants it and I like her, but she has huge nerd barriers. Haven't kissed yet.

Him: Just get her back, whatever the excuse, then try it on. Once she's thru the door the chances of fucking go up astronomically

Me: True. Gonna take the leap regardless

[Two hours in] **Me:** K close but still tough

Him: Unless its a def second date then just go all out

[Three hours in] **Me:** I had an Its On Moment and 3 cabs stolen under my nose....

Him: agh

We are walking up Tottenham Court Road while I blab on about finding another pub while keeping my eye out for a cab to hustle her into. None show up. The world is against me. Somehow I persuade her to get the tube back to mine and then a bus up the bank. It's all about leading and brass-necking my way until she's in my room with her shoes off.

Then it's an hour of pretty real LMR and I send Bhodi the +1 text. Really nice tight slim body. She looks good when I'm fucking her. [Proof of lay.](#)

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