

Eurochode Hell – Spanish guys have no game

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It's part of my relationship game that I teach my girlfriends about [life, the universe and everything](#). I want to impart upon them in short order the sort of wisdom it took me a (much longer) lifetime to acquire. There's so much bullshit and quackery in the world and I want to inoculate the girls against it before I send them back into the wild, outside my umbrella of leadership and protection.

It also gives opportunities for fun. In the case of my Barcelona trip, some tooling of Eurochodes.

I firmly believe that while the [universal law of gender parity](#) prevails in the long run, in the short run there can be wildly different mismatches in countries between the men and the women. I'm talking top-10%-of-sexual-market here. Mutants, mongs and [munters](#) are invisible in this analysis. For example:

- **Britain:** cool guys with style and game vs fat entitled masculine women
- **Lithuania:** dorky computer nerds vs curvy warm feminine sweethearts
- **Russia:** dorky square-headed aspy kids vs leggy smoking hot ice queens
- **Italy:** suave good-looking pussy-beggars vs stunning witches
- **Spain:** spineless pretty boys vs sultry but kinda chubby hotties



"Will settle for a six"

A skewed sample perhaps but I swear I only saw one couple in the whole of this holiday where the man wasn't at least a point more physically attractive than his girl. That couple was Russian. Throughout the streets I see lithe tall good-looking guys being led around like puppies by fairly-hot-but-porky-bellied women. This flouts the first rule of game: **You should be banging girls better looking than you are.** When the sexes turn up at the evolutionary mating pit, women bring their svelte DNA. They are a nicely-formed oven for you to bake your bun in. The guy brings pretty much everything else except looks. So if you are bringing your looks it's like the old poker table adage: *every table has a sucker. If you don't know who it is, it's you.*

I've been clubbing two nights in a row here with my two Lithuanian girls. One is [my official girlfriend](#), the other is her friend and single. First night I sent my girl onto the dancefloor to sway her hips and wave her arms. Sure enough within a few minutes a chode crystal formed around her and four friends spent half an hour slitting each other's throats trying to get at her. A horrible display of anti-wing rules and an obvious telegraphing of low value. My girl was disgusted. After giving them half an hour I jumped in with some retard dancing to AMOG and sure enough the chode crystal shattered. Not a fair battle, but a fun game.



Eurochodeland

Next night was worse. We went to Razmatazz, a "cool" club, shortly after 1pm. As expected it was a sausage factory mixing local Spaniards and assorted other Eurochodes. Soon lots of painted up 6s arrived to attention whore. I didn't spot an eight or better all night. Me and my girl tried reading the club and were amazed that nobody was having fun. The guy's all stood awkwardly near the dancefloor value-scanning or else danced awkwardly off time to the music, or did chode-hopping displays. At no point did any guy seem to be dancing for the sheer joy of it. Most of the girls were just positioning themselves into sight lines to shake their arses in little rapo games. As the night progressed things improved a little and people started to chill a little but that's when the pussy-beggars went into overdrive.

Again I sent my girl out to dance and she was opened about ten times in half an hour. I say “opened” but I think only one guy did it fairly well – it was like a mild version of 60’s rapid escalation. I’d call it **Tepid Escalation**. He came in full-on and started a challenging conversation but unfortunately telegraphed too much dependence and crumbled when my bird gave him the Russian Minute. Then he just got creepy until dismissed. Some fat omega begged her friend for a photo. Other guys did really half-arsed grinds or walk-by stares. At no point did any guy seriously commit to the open in a manner that put his balls on the line. These pretty boys are terrified of real rejection. It wasn’t really an environment conducive to indirect game. No one was having enough fun to be the warm end of the pool to draw women in unopened.

So me and my bird just did retard dancing all night and had a great time.

I never considered myself good at club game but I’ve realised just how poor most of the competition is. These guys had nothing behind their looks. I saw guys being tooled all night long. Tall, suave male 8s and 9s getting tooled by little fat 6s. Horrible.

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