

An Italian wanders into my killzone. Be careful with that “send friend request” button, girls!

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I’m minding my own business on Facebook chat with some girls, as I’m wont to do, when a **random Italian** sends me a friends request. I search my memory and I’m pretty sure I’ve never met her before. She’s made a mistake.

A big mistake.

Let’s find out what sort of trouble she’s landed herself into.....

Her: are you the guy from soho???

Me: probably, I go there alotÂ Â Â Â on the street?

Her: maybe...but you are the wrong guyÂ Â *[ok, that’s cleared up the mystery. Let’s see if I can reel her in]*

Me: no problemÂ Â Â Â I have a common nameÂ Â Â Â so who are you?Â *[low investment, she ought to be polite after opening me]*

Her: the most common in england i thinkÂ Â Â Â i am [Milano]

Me: That much I already knowÂ Â Â Â you look ItalianÂ Â *[slight defiance, make a guess – easy because of her name – and see if she’s curious about what I think of her]*

Her: hahaÂ Â Â Â i am

Me: like one of the crazy SardiniansÂ Â *[tease, start to put her into a box]*

Her: noÂ Â Â Â from milano

Me: oh dear.....Â Â Â I nearly got murdered in MilanÂ Â *[bait a story, see if she wants to draw it out of me]*

Her: hahaÂ Â Â Â why?Â Â Â mafia?

Me: I was there on businessÂ Â Â Â my last job I travelled all over the worldÂ Â Â Â usually Brazil, Japan etc, but we had an office in MilanÂ Â Â Â on my first night I get a taxi from the airportÂ Â Â Â as we come into the city centre, the taxi goes slow because a woman is lying in the roadÂ Â Â Â this is a black mercedes. It doesn’t say “taxi”. My secretary booked itÂ Â Â Â there was a group of 10 middle-class middle-aged people near herÂ Â Â Â like they were going to the operaÂ Â Â Â very Milan-style clothesÂ Â Â Â and suddenly they attacked my taxiÂ Â Â Â shouting they were gonna kill usÂ Â *[standard A2 DHV story. All true. She opened me so I can easily feign disinterest in classic Mystery manner]*

Her: hahahaha

Me: ð□□!Â Â Â I thought “Milan is full of crazy people”

Her: probablyÂ Â Â Â thats why i’m not there anymoreÂ *[she’s happy to talk about herself, so I can get her to work a little]*

Me: why did you come here?

Her: i dont like milanÂ Â Â Â or italyÂ Â Â Â in generalÂ Â Â Â haha

Me: your food is goodÂ *[positive frame]*

Her: that’s trueÂ Â Â Â i’m still cooking it here

Me: oh, so you like cooking?Â *[bait]*

Her: yesÂ Â *[hook]*

Me: +10 points for you ð□□□Â Â *[reel]*

Her: hahaha

Me: women in England can't cook! My last girlfriend was from Uzbekistan. She cooked amazing stew! *[release]*

Her: uzbekistan? omg!hahah

Me: well, she was culturally Russian cos she lived in Moscow since she was 15 for all the shows but cooked Uzbeki food. Yum!!!! *[preselection DHV and a chance for her to ask about me, which she doesn't take this time]*

Her: i've never tried that food

Me: I cook Japanese mostly *[minor DHV]*

Her: japanese? i love japanese food *[rapport seeking]*

Me: I lived there. Beautiful people have you been? *[DHV, allow commonality without jumping on it, stack]*

Her: yes once it's an amazing country and culture

Me: wow +5 where did you go? *[reward, stack]*

Her: tokyo, yokohama, shizouka and yamanashi and some towns between *[she's investing]*

Me: ok, I understand the first 3 but why yamanashi? *[not completely won over]*

Her: don't remeber all the names my friend is from there hahaha

Me: ! So you wandered around Japan, causing trouble.... like a ninja or wild geisha *[put her in a box]*

Her: yes always

Me: yeah, you're trouble

Her: i am *[she's playing along, she knows that if we meet I'm not gonna force her to be a nice girl]*

Me: I'm gonna tell my mum

Her: hahah

Me: she told me to avoid Italian girls *[flip the script – frame her as chasing me for sex]*

Her: she is clever

Me: “Nick, never date an Italian” she said. “They are all perverts” “She will kill you when you sleep”

Her: hahahah yes, that's what we do *[playing along, she's attracted]*

Me: So I tried dating an Italian. *[bait her to ask about it]*

Her: are you british? *[she ignores bait, she wants to find out more about me – an IOI]*

Me: English

Her: same...

Me: nope. that's like me saying you are from Greece *[defiance, and put it back onto her]*

Her: no

Me: you look a bit Greek, actually *[another box she doesn't want to be in and will qualify to climb out of]*

Her: thats not the samei don't look greek

Me: yeah you do I found a photo of you looking greek



Burto's Greek Flag

Her: idiot... haha *[IOI]*

Me: So what do you do in London? *[elicit investment on a high]*

Her: i found one yours as well... *[playing along, working, investing – a great sign]*



Woof woof

Me: British Bulldog ð□□□

Her: i love that dogsÂ Â Â Â they are so uglyÂ Â [IOI]

Me: hey!Â Â Â Â that's saying I'm uglyÂ Â Â Â my profile photo is so cuuuuuuteÂ Â Â -3 points for MilannoÂ Â [tease disapproval...]

Her: ahahhaÂ Â Â Â what u do in london?Â Â [....which triggers rapport-seeking. She's thinking "who is this guy I'm suddenly attracted to?"]

Me: I was an investment bankerÂ Â Â Â now I'm a writer

Her: a writer?

Me: yupÂ Â [not jumping on the chance to talk about myself. I'm not gonna qualify]

Her: how many events have you written?Â Â Â Â booksÂ Â Â Â hahah

Me: 4

Her: did you sell any?

Me: One of my jobs in Japan was a fight journalist. I wrote alot about fight / boxing / martial artsÂ Â Â Â all of them ð□□□Â Â Â Â sold out!

Her: to your family and friends?Â Â [she's enjoying this and I'm happy to let her keep investing]

Me: -5 points for the cheeky Italian girlÂ Â [more teased disapproval]

Her: hahahahaha

Me: If you were here, I'd spank your naughty assÂ Â Â Â Are you a reader?Â Â [sexualise then immediately stack, see how she reacts]

Her: yesÂ Â Â Â but i just read real booksÂ Â Â Â hahahahÂ Â Â Â not boring onesÂ Â Â Â ð□□□Â Â [she accepts it but doesn't expand upon it. Good sign but not a slamdunk]

Me: blah blah blahÂ Â Â Â I don't think you readÂ Â Â Â I think you just talk alot

Her: why notÂ Â Â Â i talk a lot too

Me: this is the books you read



Grist for the mill....

It's about youÂ Â [another box, while also letting her know the sex will be good and non-judgemental]

Her: haahaÂ Â Â Â yesÂ Â Â my favorite book

Me: So why London?Â Â [need some comfort and qualification before progressing to close]

Her: i like londonÂ Â Â Â its a cool city

Me: trueÂ Â Â Â do you work here?

Her: yesÂ Â Â Â do you know [name of where she works]?

Me: the shoe shop?

Her: no

Me: it sounds like a club

Her: its a bar restaurantÂ Â Â Â very coolÂ Â Â in [west end] street

Me: ah, I know [that] st. My favourite cafe is thereÂ Â [commonality]

Her: hahaÂ Â Â Â well, i work there as an event coordinator

Me: oh, so you're a very organised girlÂ Â [qualify her]

Her: yesÂ Â Â Â at least at work

Me: I just knew you were gonna say thatÂ Â Â Â and your social / personal life is disorganised!

Her: exactÂ Â Â Â hahaha

Me: typical young girl....Â Â [more boxes]

Her: hahaÂ Â Â Â are u organised?

Me: extremelyÂ Â Â Â too organised for youÂ Â Â Â you'd hate meÂ Â [false disqualifier]

Her: haha

Me: I'd be always telling you off for being late..... forgetting things...Â Â Â Â ... losing my stuffÂ
[basic Mystery style]

Her: hahaÂ Â Â Â do you think so?

Me: well, I've never actually met you...Â Â Â Â but probably I'd need to discipline youÂ Â Â Â make you into a real elegant ladyÂ Â Â Â like that Audrey Hepburn movieÂ Â *[set her hoops to jump through to please me, while framing myself as above her]*

Her: i amÂ Â Â Â i'm better than herÂ Â *[she thinks she's winning, but she's qualifying]*

Me: big words

Her: hahaÂ Â Â haha

Me: Do you work normal Monday-Friday?Â Â *[logistics, assume the sale]*

Her: no

Me: when's your days off?

Her: it dependsÂ Â Â Â not always the same onesÂ Â Â Â it depends on work

Me: this coming week, I mean

Her: wedn and thursday

Me: ok, I'll have a look at you. Give you some tips on being a proper English ladyÂ Â *[I'm being won over, just]*

Her: i don't want to be an english ladyÂ Â Â *[resistance is part of the game for girls]*

Me: I know, it's tough for ItaliansÂ Â Â Â we'll start with some English teaÂ Â *[reframe, bulldozer objections]*

Her: I won't be an english girl... never!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Me: I guess it'll be mojitos then

Her: ok, betterÂ Â *[it's on]*

Me: text me [my number]

Her: i can't now

Me: ok, what's yours

Her: i'll text you laterÂ Â Â Â idon't know my non-work phone number

Me: no probsÂ Â Â Â You're at work now?

Her: yes

Me: obviously they aren't working you hard enough.....

Her: hahahaÂ Â Â Â i can do two things at the same time

Me: Walking and chewing gum?

Her: yes

Me: I'm gonna have a showerÂ *[escape the scene of the crime before the cops show up]*

Her: ok...

Me: Nice meeting you Milano. Now get back to work!Â Â *[comfort and order her around]*

Her: i am workingÂ Â Â Â not hard at the momentÂ Â Â Â but working

Later that evening I get the "hey, it's me!" text. Result.

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