

FR: I'm really fucking stupid....

Krauser PUA | 5 October, 2009 | by krauserpua

No I haven't broken my fast. This is a field report of the last straw before I started the fast. **Friday 2nd October** and I'm in Cargo again. I didn't want to go out. My flight home was cancelled and the next one (two hours later) rerouted through Heathrow. So I barely have time to drop off my stuff and shower before Subzero badgers me into coming out.

I tell myself I should take "right action" even when I'm not motivated. So I stumble out and get there for about 9:30pm. No queue, and it starts quiet. We are just sitting drinking and I make a decision to just enjoy that and not open. It's a weight off my mind. I relax and enjoy just normal masculine company.

And then a **HB5 English** sitting next to me in the beer garden opens me:

HB5: Excuse me, are you Polish?

Krauser: Da

HB5: Where are you from?

Krauser: Krakow. It's a small town near [my obvious English hometown, cos of my accent]

HB5: Oh.. blah blah

That's not word for word, I forget, but it turns out she's into the UFC and so I negged her about her poor choice of favourite fighters. Her two friends were HB7s but totally uninterested. Nonetheless the touch paper was lit and I forced myself to open.

Looking around it seemed awfully cliquey. University is back in season and the whole beer garden was composed of large mixed sets ignoring all other sets. No interaction between sets at all. Subzero is urging me to open but blatantly bottling put his money where his mouth is.

I need a plan to motivate me and I hit on one. I shall use Jeffy's stupid opener and try to burn the whole bar. Ten sets in half an hour go some variation on this:

Krauser: Hi. *[stands full-on, legs wide, staring]*

HBs: Hi

Krauser: I'm really fucking stupid. Will you be my friend?

HBs: **laugh, snort, sneer, whatever**

Krauser: Uh, okay that's fair. *[turns away dejected]*. Three years of therapy... wasted

HBs: **giggle**

Krauser: *[turns back]* Anyway..... blah blah

Only one or two sets dismiss me but I'm way too bored to stack so I end up ejecting early. The few times I stack it's just stupid shit like asking if pandas should be allowed to die out because they are gay bears. It's vaguely fun.

I've got five numbers to follow up on so at midnight I text the recent **HB7 Italian** and **HB7 Japan** telling them I'm back in the UK and we should meet. The Italian texts right back with "now?!!?" so I decide yeah and taxi to Piccadilly. It's a weird meet cos her body language mostly accepts the escalation but her verbals don't. I'm bored so after an hour I put her on a bus to Camden and go home.

Next day I meet Instinct for daygame and it's pitiful. I just don't want to open, and there's no shortage of sets. We've tried Spitalfields market in the rain and it just seems so twatish. I know I'm projecting, but I also know I won't open if I think all the girls are bitchy princesses. The one 2-set I do open, **HB6 Brit** **HB6 Japan**, actually confirms it, being the bitchiest I've ever opened. We just have coffee instead.

HB6 Spanish picks up a call and is chatty till I cut it short. HB8 Polish returns texts to say she's going to

Poland for a while because her mother is sick. HB7 Somali doesn't reply to my booty call.
I just can't be bothered.

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