

FR: My first day game number close

Krauser PUA | 8 September, 2009 | by krauserpua

It's still not in my reality to stop random girls in the street, interest them, and then get a phone number. Nah, not me at all.....

1st June 2009, St James Park

I'm very nervous for my first two sets. I'm wandering around the park looking for any girls sitting by themselves. I flounder for a while and sit in a deck chair reading a book. Pretty tempting to stay there but I force myself to open.

HB8 sitting with her little dog. I walk over and stroke him, going to my haunches so I'm not towering over the girl. I say I like her dog, what breed is her etc. She responds but I'm not hooking. Really I'm trying too hard to find an IOI but I'm nervous and subconsciously looking for an excuse to eject before my ego gets battered by rejection. Time in set: 2 min. She doesn't dismiss me, I just bail.

HB7 Frenchie reading the Economist. I open with "Hi. What's that you're reading?" She opens up well and we chat but I am so nervous I'm just wittering on about the magazine, France, and doing the 20 questions routine. Way too nervous, seeking too much rapport, trying too hard to fill the space. I sit down and she doesn't flinch. Yet I still contrive to eject at the earliest opportunity. This set could've gone on much longer.

2nd June, Soho.

I'm off work and I start strong. I get on the train and there's an **HB8 Asian** sitting listening to her iPod and doing sudoku. I chode out initially because there's a random guy next to her and I don't want to risk being rejected in front of him (I still haven't internalised the "I don't give a fuck what anyone thinks of me" mantra). Luckily she changes train at the same station as me. I plan my exit so I'm ahead of her on the escalator. I turn over my shoulder:

Krauser: Hey, I've always wanted to know, is sudoku really Japanese?

HB8: Um, I'm Korean

Krauser: Pangapsumnida

HB8 *smile*

Krauser: Yeah, it's just I used to live in Japan and I never saw them play sudoku. I think it's probably one of those things they say is "big in Japan" because they know nobody is gonna prove them wrong. We chat, she gets the same train as me. She sits down and indicates for me to sit with her. Mystery is speaking in my mind that I should affect disinterest so I stay standing but next to her, not giving her my full body language. I'm struggling a bit for conversation and I know I have to get off in two stops.

Krauser: Hey. I'm getting off in a minute. If I wanna see you again what do I do?

HB8: Um, take my number

Krauser: OK *gets out phone*

We swap about thirty texts but I can't get a day 2. Re-reading the texts now with the benefit of hindsight I realise my text game was awful, but that's for another post.

For now it's a victory story – my *first ever* day game close. A reference experience for changing my reality into the kind of guy who picks up girls in the street.

Flush with the rush of success, in true noob fashion I proceeded to kill the opener by doing it on another four Japanese sets that afternoon. One 2-set hooked really well but I was lacking direction.

