

124 Approaches in a Day: RogerRoger Breaks Records

Kill Your Inner Loser | 19 October, 2020 | by Andy

(Cover image by Floris Andréa)

A couple of months ago, one of my [coaching clients](#) had a crazy idea: “*I want to hit on 100 girls in a single day.*”

Nuts. But I’ve seen it done before (a guy on the *Good Looking Loser Forums* did [122 approaches in a 12 hour period](#)). And this client of mine – *RogerRoger* – is a very headstrong guy; when he sets his mind to something, *he gets it done*. If anyone could hit on 100 girls in a day, it’d be him.

And with me [being stuck in hotel quarantine for 2 weeks](#), what better time to help someone else hit on girls so I can live vicariously through him? I offered to stay up all night with him (we’re in different timezones – nighttime for me, daytime for him) and be his personal cheerleader during the whole thing. We spoke at length over multiple coaching sessions, coming up with a detailed gameplan of how he was going to get it done. We considered him travelling to other cities with more people (his town isn’t super populated), we did tonnes of research, and in the end he settled on doing it in his own town. Partly for the bragging rights, partly so he could actually go on dates with any girls whose number he got.

The goal was to just do 100 approaches (for the sake of doing 100 – *for the bragging rights*); rather than focusing on the actual outcomes. As long as he did 100 approaches, that was a success; no matter how many girls gave him their numbers.

Did he succeed? Here, I’ll let him tell you himself:

To prepare, we planned out the locations he’d do it in (several shopping malls, a university campus, and a few other places), planned out what he was going to wear, what he’d say to the girls (we came up with a bunch of different things to say, to keep it fresh and stop him getting bored). We planned out meal breaks and other logistics.

We talked about the inevitable “wall” he was going to hit somewhere in the middle of this journey; somewhere around the 60-girl mark. Marathon runners face the same wall. The start is always exciting, new, novel – adrenaline is pumping and each approach will feel like an exciting adventure. And the end will be fun too; the last 20 girls, you’ll be super motivated because you’re almost at the finish line.

But the ones in the middle; oh, how those will suck. The novelty of this mission will have worn off by then. And you’ll still be so far from the finish line, it’ll feel like the end will never come. That’ll be the struggle point. That’s what I was here for. I’d already planned a bunch of motivational pep talks to give him, ways to help him reframe this into an exciting adventure, rather than a grind. After all, that’s why he was doing this – because it was an awesome challenge, an exciting adventure; something to tell his mates and maybe even his grandkids.

I prepared myself too; snacks ready (keto-friendly!), I planned out how I was going to keep myself awake all night, readied my playlist of motivational music.

I wanted both of us to be truly ready for this; if he was going to do it, I was going to make damn sure he had every chance for success. The day approached, nervousness mounted, excitement built. The day before, RogerRoger posted on [my forums](#):

Starting in 7.5 hours. It's supposed to fucking rain tomorrow. And my advisor called for a random meeting (typically Mondays are 100% free).

But fuck it all. I WILL GET THIS DONE.

My honor is my life.

Legend.

I felt my own excitement build as hour 1 drew closer. Would I do a good job pushing him? How would we deal with any roadblocks he ran into, or mental fatigue? Would he be able to get this done? Would I fall asleep (we were *starting* the whole adventure at 11pm my time)? Those questions bounced around in my head as the hours ticked by. Until, finally, it he sent me a message telling me he was ready to get started.



(Client)



11:03:42 PM

Walking outside



Andy

11:04:51 PM

If you don't do 100 approaches, I'll kill you by the way.

We'd previously agreed I would keep a tally of how many girls rejected him, how many said they had a boyfriend, and how many girls gave him a number. We even came up with a fun little code – he'd quickly type “R” (rejection) to me if the girl wasn't interested, “B” if she had a boyfriend, and “N” if he got a number.

A few minutes after he started, he was straight into it:



(Client)



11:05:06 PM

R

R

11:07:02 PM

B

11:08:30 PM

2nd was B also actually

11:08:43 PM

R

11:12:33 PM



Andy

11:12:54 PM

4% of the way through go go go

At this point he decided to really go for it, and stop wasting time on girls who were on the fence and not

super into him: *"I'm going to call it a rejection and bounce early if they're sorta obviously not interested rather than pushing on from now on"*

Fast forward a bit, and barely 30 minutes after he'd started, he was 10% of the way through:



(Client) [redacted]

11:35:57 PM

R

R

11:37:06 PM



Andy

11:37:25 PM

10 down. 10% of the way there.

At this rate, he'd be finished the whole thing after only 5hrs. But could he keep up this kickass pace? Only time would tell. I shoved some snacks into my mouth, took a piss, and returned to my laptop, ready to cheer on this *cold approach marathoner*.

At this point he'd gone 10 approaches without a number – not great. But he was busting them out and not hanging around to chat the girls up much. He decided to switch things up and do one of the other pre-planned "lines" he and I had come up with; one of the sillier ones:

"Do you know how I can get to Sesame St? Are you single? What's your number?"

How'd it go? 3 more rejections & 1 "I have a boyfriend" with the new line. *Ouch*. What the hell kind of girl doesn't like Sesame St? Clearly these girls didn't know a *real man* when they saw one. He didn't mind though – *"Last girl was best reaction so far. Actually both girls were super sweet."* He went home quickly to change into more comfortable clothes, and went back out to keep soldiering on.lit

RogerRoger knocked out a bunch more – all of them rejections – as he passed the 20-girl mark. At this point I felt like maybe he was being a little *too cavalier*; after all, 20 approaches and 0 numbers isn't great odds. You usually expect a fair bit better than that, and I didn't want to see my boy sweating out there for nothing. Just as I was about to talk to him about it, he beat me to the punch, collecting his first number:



(Client) [redacted]

12:17:33 AM

N

Wearing a turban thing but looked hot

12:17:50 AM



Andy

12:18:32 AM

Kickass. Springboard off this - I want to see you getting more numbers now. That's my challenge to you.

Just over 1 hour in, already 23 approaches down and 1 number – he was making good pace. At this pace, maybe I wouldn't have to stay awake until 8am. I knew I wouldn't sleep any time soon anyway; **I was far too invested in this.**

A bunch more approaches, no new numbers, and he crossed the 33 mark; one-third done. Only 1 number so far though, so I suggested we switch things up and aim for some more numbers (since at this point he'd been focusing more on just getting in a tonne of quick, speedy approaches). He agreed:



(Client) 

1:02:40 AM

Okay, about numbers, maybe I'm shooting myself in the foot asking if they're single

I'll try asking for numbers or giving them my phone, being more aggressive

1:03:07 AM



Andy

1:03:31 AM

Perfect.

He was called into work for a meeting at this point, so we took a break for an hour or so. As I sat in the dark, 1:07am in the morning, I pondered: would he make it to 100? I knew the question already had an answer; **RogerRoger is the kind of guy who gets shit done.** *Of-fucking-course* he was going to make it to 100.

As soon as he was back (2:21am, my time) he busted out a bunch of approaches in rapid succession. He was a man on a mission, here to kick ass and take names. On girl #50, he got another number. *Awesome.* The next 20 approaches were uneventful – most had boyfriends or politely turned him down. As he neared the home stretch, girl #71 gave him her number. It was 4:12am my time at this point, and my eyes were weary. Only 29 more to go...

RogerRoger was starting to fatigue, so he took a break for a bit, and then came back strong. A few more rejections as he powered through, nearing the finish line – only 20 more to go. I'd been up for 24 hours straight at this point, but felt revitalised as RogerRoger rounded the last turn.

During the final straight, he got quite a few numbers in quick succession, boosting his mood a bit – and mine. Saving the best til last. And then the magical number 100 hit, and I felt a tremendous sense of... relief? Sadness that it was over?

Oh dear reader, it was not over yet. RogerRoger kept texting me, the symbols still coming in – “R B B N R B N”, in rapid-fire now, him picking up the pace. 100 became 105 became 110, and I realised he was going to go for the record: 123. And in a much, much faster time than the previous record.

As the numbers kept climbing, as he drew closer and closer, my excitement grew. We kept up our little code of letters, not talking much, just focusing on the mission.



Andy

7:59:26 AM

That's 117.



(Client)

7:59:50 AM

R



Andy

8:01:23 AM

4 more to tie it.
5 more to beat the record.



(Client)

8:07:10 AM

Got the right leg and left foot limp going



Andy

8:07:42 AM

You got this. So close.



(Client)

8:09:04 AM

R



Andy

8:09:38 AM

4 more.



(Client)

8:12:35 AM

R



Andy

8:13:30 AM

3 more.

We'd both been at it for over 9 hours now; each of us battling our own individual mission. Him, out there on the front lines, doing the work. Me, struggling to keep myself awake post 24-hours without any zzz. I knew I had the easier job of course, but it did feel odd having such a huge disconnect between what we were going through. I paused to ponder how he must be feeling, how sore his body must be, whether he was elated or just exhausted, and I wondered if he'd spent much time thinking about what I had been up to these last 9 hours as we sat these 14,500km apart from one another, connected only by the mission at hand.

"2 more to go".

As we drew closer to the conclusion, I started to feel a strange sense of sadness knowing it was all about to be over. It felt like we'd been on an epic adventure together... well, he'd been on an epic journey while I sat around in my pyjamas. But I'd had fun living vicariously through him, and keeping tally the whole time – like I was his personal cheerleader, but without the cute skirt and pom poms.

"Last one".

“R”

And with the 18th letter of the alphabet, it was completed.

“One more R”

Of course he had to be a show-off.

Here’s the final tally:

Rejected (“R”)	Has a Boyfriend (“B”)	Got a number (“N”)	Total
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81	30	13	124
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I also recorded the exact order in which they happened, if you care (yeah, we went full-autism on this project):

R B B R R R R R R R
R R R B B B B R R R
R N B R B B B R R B
R R R R R R R R R B
R R B R R R B B R N
R R B R R N B B B R
R B R R B B R R R R
N R R R R R B R R R
B R R R R N R N R N
R B N B R N R R B B
B R R R B N N R R R
N R R R R N R R R R
R R R R

Afterthoughts:

It’s funny looking at that grid of all the little symbols... and then reminding yourself each one of those represents a human. An interaction, a conversation, a moment in time, a memory. Some of them good (“N”), some of them neutral or not great (“R” and “B”). He’d walked up to 124 girls and told them they were cute/attractive and hit on them. And all in only 9.5 hours, smashing the previous record of 122 in 12 hours. (In case you’re wondering, 17 is the most number of girls I’ve personally talked to in a day.)

If you look at the distribution of the numbers, you can see he went long periods without a number, then all of a sudden had a bunch of numbers close together. That’s the nature of the game; it’s incredibly random and strange.

I’ll make it clear to any newbies reading: **RogerRoger got far less numbers than you will if you put in more effort.** His mission was to bang out a tonne of approaches; *not* necessarily to get numbers. He kept his conversations ultra short (barely even talking), walked away at the slightest hint of her hesitating, and wasn’t really aiming to get as many numbers as he normally would. His mission with this project was to approach 100 girls; not to get a bunch of numbers.

And boy did he succeed – and in rapid time too. What a fucking legend.

And now it's your turn – RogerRoger and I are handing over the mantle to you. It's up to you to go out there and hit on a bunch of girls – maybe even beat his record if you're feeling game. At the very least, use him as motivation to go talk to *twice as many girls as your previous record*. If 15 is your record, talk to 30. If 10 is your record; 20. And if you've only ever talked to 1 girl in a day, aim for 2 today. Challenge yourself, push yourself, and kick some ass.

If you want me as your personal cheerleader like I was with RogerRoger – [contact me](#) and we'll kick some ass together. I'll teach you how to overcome your approach anxiety, push you to go out there and talk to a bunch of cuties, and put penis-in-vagina the way God intended. [Message me](#).

Above all else, go out there and slay with your goals.

-Andy

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