

Saturday game—weaseling, instadate fail and one-off.

RedPillDad | 23 July, 2019 | by RP McMurphy

I finally got myself out of the house at about noon this past Saturday and ran some game from about then until 6ish (there's a reason it was so long—I'll fill that in later).

The first thing I did was weasel myself the fuck out of a ton of sets—still pissed at myself for that. Let's go to the stats and then I'll say more:

- Opens: 14
- Proper sets (stack, vibe, ground, close): 3.5
- Eject: 2
- Indirect: 8
- Direct: 6
- Set Steal: 2
- Blowout: 3
- Didn't stop: 5
- Weasel: 9!!!
- Numbers: 2
- Insta: 1 (I know, I know—dumb)
- Out of town: 3 (1 was keen)
- Instadate flake: 1

Right away I was at a farmer's market, and I had 4-5 beautiful girls saunter past and I didn't say a fucking word. Horrible. It's been too long between sessions and I lost my mojo. Normally AA isn't a problem for me, but Lord Almighty it was today. I went on to waffle on at least 9 girls during the entire session.

If we run the numbers guys: 9 girls—can expect to get 3-4 numbers (normally—today was bad, but I usually close around 30-40% of the time), which means 2 replies, which means decent chance at a date. And usually if I get a date, I can get the lay.

So one could argue I gave up a fair chance at a lay with all those weasels. At least a 50% chance—if I'm feeling my swag, I think it's a 100% chance I gave up a lay by weaseling that much. That's where the numbers come into play fellas. And I don't have a good excuse other than nerves and AA. Hit me hard unfortunately.

However... I kept gaming. This is partially why my session took so long: the first hour I just walked around and hardly did anything. I actually went inside a bathroom and wrote out mantras on Evernote until I was ready to roll. Then I went back out and started opening and it was fine.

One I'll share: *I'm out, I'm doing this, and even if I get zero numbers and approach no one, I had a good walk and experienced the city. But, if I do approach girls, nothing bad is going to happen. Literally nothing bad can happen that will affect my self-respect, life, son, family, or money. Nothing. So... why not talk to some pretty girls?*

Overall, it was a pretty bad session to be honest. Way more girls didn't stop than usual. Way more girls seemed uninterested, busy, non-committal, etc.

Some things you can control; some things you can't.

The stopping is one of the things I can control. No, you don't want to trap the girl, but approaching in a way where she has to address you or it's weird for her if she doesn't can be done. Moreover, yesterday I

don't think I was loud and commanding enough—it's actually one of the cool things about day game: you can see male dominance in play. Girls WILL stop for you if you come across as an alpha/dominant male. It's in their DNA. And when you do it right you can see that this is more than her stopping out of social convention.

No—she's stopping because it's man to woman. And there's a chemistry already there when done well. It's compliance.

OK, so once I got my ass in gear, I did fine in terms of approaching for the rest of the day. Here are the more noteworthy sets:

Japanese ballet dancer

[Nash would have been all over this.](#)

I open with a tease—there was a street performer nearby playing loud and bad rock music, so I sidled up next to her as we're about to cross the street, lean toward her and say: “that's your favorite song isn't it? I bet you've got it on your iPhone right now—you should go tell him you're a fan!”

She starts to laugh and blush and we start crossing the street. Then she says something like, “yes, favorite,” and I can tell she's obviously a foreign girl—and I guess she's from Japan (HB 8–24?). She nods and blushes.

For the stack I start telling a story about how I one time made broth for Ramen soup and it took me all day, but it was one of the best meals I've ever had. Good stack, but the vibing was difficult; this is the first time I've run into language issues. Most girls—even tourists, and even the Asian tourists—in my city speak English, or at least the ones I've opened.

So I had trouble vibing and grounding, although it wasn't bad—but a lot of me talking, not her, which is the reverse of what you want.

Anyway, long story short I go for the close—ask her if she would like to get coffee or tea or a drink sometime. This is where she says she's a ballet dancer and “very busy.” I say, why don't I take her out after a performance to let off some steam? Still, “very busy.” At this point, I can tell I'm not going to get the number and even if I plow forward and try to get her Insta it's not going anywhere (maybe still worth it, but I fucking hate Insta), so I tell her to enjoy her time here and good luck on her show.

Hot real estate barbie—will I live this one down? Probably not.

Ugh.

This is a story where an experienced day gamer gets a SDL and where I, friends, fail.

I'm pretty tired—it's three, I've been walking the whole time, and have zero numbers to show for it. Probably at 7 approaches. So I go into a restaurant to get some food, rest, cool off, and get ready for another session.

And the day game gods said unto RPD—here, sir, is a gift for all your good works: a beautiful blonde girl who is absolutely shimmering with fuck me eyes.

Without hesitation I sit next to her, order a beer and ask for the menu. I immediately start flirting with the bartender (pre-selection/confidence), then turn to her and open: “so what's a pretty girl like you doing all by yourself on such a beautiful afternoon.”

I love this kind of opening—the pull: “you're pretty.” The push: “you're alone, drinking... WTF?”

There's risk there: I also got blown out Saturday for teasing a woman who was smoking a cigarette while wearing yoga pants and an athletic top, “now, come on you've ruined your workout by smoking—haven't

you heard that's not good for you?" And she replied, "mind your own business fuckhead!"

Fair play.

But I like the polarity of it and challenging the girl. Delivered with that perfect day gamer's smirk, it usually works.

With Real Estate Barbie, it works. We start chatting about this and that, she reveals she's in town for a convention, wants me to guess her job. I make a couple of guesses and I'm continually wrong... and now it becomes a shit test.

I choose to A & A, so I say, "there's a stripper convention going on and I'm not there—WTF?"

Luckily, she loves it. Punches me in the shoulder, "noooo!" but then tells me she's in real estate, yada, yada, yada.

And that's when Marx cuts in—a guy who claims to be named after Marx, as in Karl, decides it's time to get in on my set. Mother fucker.

But I play it cool as he starts asking her questions and being a dick in general. It's kind of interesting: as a player, I'm like, this guy has some pretty good game. However, his flaw is that it's all him. He's making ridiculous demands, bragging, and the girl feels nothing. So in some ways, this is excellent—playing into my hands. I'm clearly the more poised, confident guy in the set.

Then she says something to the effect of: "this is my husband," pointing to me.

And this friends, is where I totally fucked up.

Now, before I continue, I want to say a few things:

1. Until you're actually in this situation, with a super hot chick, you don't get to say shit. Because it's easy to think of what I should've been done in retrospect from the comfort of a keyboard on reddit—much different IRL.
2. There's no guarantee that the smart play works—but it's better than what I did. And, my gut tells me if I play it right in this case, *it does work*.
3. Be skeptical of guys who don't tell stories like this: we're human beings. Sometimes we lose, sometimes we fail, sometimes life is NOT ideal. If a guy says he's batting a crazy average, always wins, and has a perfect record with chicks, he's lying.

So, initially, I play along. But she doesn't do that good of a job selling it and I don't either. But this is the lesson for red pill guys here: she was asking me to lead—to take control—and I didn't. She was tired of that guy and liked me and she wanted to me to get rid of him or get us out of there. And I didn't. I should have immediately adopted the frame of being her husband, bought her drink, marched her out of the bar and either to a second bar for another drink or bounce back to her hotel to fuck.

The way it all ended was fine, I guess. She and I hinted he was bothering us, and before I left I got her number in a clever way, making her type it into my phone and telling her I'd text her, but again, not the correct play.

Fuck.

Instead, texted right away, set up a date a two hours later.

Short IOI set in Whole Foods—get the close.

I get back on the streets after this and continue to game.

Get blown out by a stupid lesbian looking chick who's mate guarding her hot partner who's stoked I came

up. I'm telling you guys, there are a lot of "lesbians" who aren't actually gay—they just haven't met a guy with strong enough frame to get them wet.

"So why do they go for the bull dykes with short hair dressed like dudes?" you ask. I don't know. Those bitches hate me like they hate all players, because we actually have what they can only pretend to offer. On the other hand, it takes pretty strong frame to be a woman who's dressed like a dude and walk around like it's perfectly normal.

My guess, however, is that it boils down to good sex. Bull dykes probably give fantastic head and they've got advanced knowledge of the female anatomy because, well, they're women. Anyway, it's a good reminder that if you give a woman orgasms ([good post on this by RedQuest](#)) she'll come back for more AND I also think there's an opening for the player with the more feminine "lesbians"—because they aren't really. They just haven't been fucked good by a dude.

Yet.

Regardless, I continue up the street and then go to one of my tried and trues: Whole fucking Foods. Amazing. I've now closed at this particular store 3 times (keep in mind, I only started truly day gaming in March). And that's me being in there for less than 10 minutes a sesh.

This one was interesting and important for newbs: I'm walking toward the exit and I get a super strong IOI from this girl—her eyes focus on me, get big, and then she flicks her hair and smiles—and I'm like: thank you Lord Jesus. Something easy, finally.

She's carrying a shitload of kombucha so I open teasing her about it.

It's a very short set. Maybe two minutes tops. But she clearly stops. Makes a point of introducing herself and asking my name. Keeps eye fucking me.

So I go for the close, "hey, I can see you're busy, but we should grab coffee or a drink sometime—put your number in my phone and I'll text you."

Easy peasy, get the number and I feel good finally, even though it's not a proper set.

I don't believe in opening purely off IOI's—you should open every girl you think is hot—but holy shit if you get one from a girl you HAVE to open. This girl is indicating she's interested. Dumb to not take her up on it.

The fail you've been waiting for...

OK, so Barbie girl is supposed to meet me at a bar at 5. She texts right up to about an hour before—seems quite keen, then... doesn't show up. I wait an obligatory half hour and nursed my beer, but assume at this point she's gone.

So I go back out on the streets, try to run a bit more game, but at this point I'm pretty tired, and I end up just grabbing another pint at one of my favorite tap houses, thinking I'll just head home after. Then midway through she calls! Calls! This never happens anymore. Anyway, she says she fell asleep and now she wants to meet at 7, and I'm like, cool, but you totally owe me now. She laughs, says I won't be disappointed, etc. And then gentlemen, guess what happens?

She flakes. Again.

My window with her was short. She was at the bar, she was drunk or at least drinking, and she set up the roles... like, I'll tell you guys, writing this is painful. Cause I know I should've made hay while there was hay to be made. But I fucked up. Oh well.

(□)/

We often learn best by failing first, right? Next time I'll know what to look for and get the SDL.

A one off bad-ass approach with lessons.

Sunday I went to the beach to read and chill and relax.

But I did happen to put my blanket next to some very hot chicks on blankets of their own.

I “forgot” something in my car, and asked them to watch my spot for me—and indirect open, but also in some ways testing for compliance and interest. An HB 8 and 9—the 8 is full figured but in good shape. Huge breasts I have to fight not to stare at. The 9 is smaller, prettier, more petite with a fantastic ass.

The 9 teases me, “what if we steal your precious towels,” and I reply, “those towels are made of fine Persian silk. I expect you to guard them with your life!” Again, always with the cocky smirk when teasing/flirting.

When I come back they're in the water. I sit on my blanket and read for a bit, but then I get hot and want to go for a swim. I had overheard the HB 9 talk about “living together for a year” so I assume she has a boyfriend, and I swim up next to the 8 and re-open, making some comment about how she did such a good job guarding my towels she gets a gold star.

She laughs, I ask her what she does and she says she's a student—studying math. I tell her that sounds incredibly boring, then go on to stack with a story about how she'll be the next great code breaker like Alan Turing, only hotter and not gay or a man.

From there we start vibing and somehow the conversation turns to baseball and she says *that's boring*, I ask her if she's ever been to a game and she says no, and I'm like, “well that's why you think it's boring—on TV it is. But at the ballpark, you get to sit in the sunshine with a beer and some peanuts or a hot dog, people watch, smell the green grass, etc.”

Then I tell her she and I should go: my move toward getting her number. She's kind of unsure, so I'm like, well I mean you could be crazy and baseball games are pretty long—maybe just drinks or a coffee first. She says can she think about it, and I say of course, I'll just be sitting up there on my Persian silk towels.

Long story short, I go back to reading, then she and her friend are going to move to a different spot and she comes over to give me her number.

When I text her later, she responds right away and has been super responsive so far. Tried to set up a date but she's busy except for the one day this week I'm not free, so I pinged that we can try next week.

Actually on that point, I'd love for guys to share any tried and true methods for keeping leads fresh and interested when there's a delay of more than a few days between the time you get the number and the time of the date. Chick is super interested and I want to keep it that way. Either post in the comments or [hit me up on Twitter](#).

I take a few lessons from this:

One: Inadvertently I figured out a gambit on a two set—if they're close in terms of attractiveness, hit on the less attractive chick.

Why? Because they're friends and you can bet that when they go out, the more attractive girl gets far more attention from dudes—probably in life in general. Better matches on Tinder, more boyfriends, etc.

The hotter chick, being aware of this and not wanting to embarrass or humiliate her friend, is far more likely to reject you (also more likely to have a BF) simply out of deference—this has happened to me on multiple occasions where I can tell there's interest, but then go for the close on the hotter of the two and it's either BF or no thanks.

And then you're fucked because once you've tried to close one girl, you're not going to close the other—no one likes being picked last.

I would have for sure hit on the 9 if I hadn't overheard her talk about "living together for a year..." turns out she was talking about the 8. They're roommates. But my gut tells me that if I'd done that I wouldn't have gotten the number for reasons I've stated above.

Additionally, by hitting on the less attractive of the pair, you make her feel special—you chose *her*, not her hot friend who always gets hit on when they're together.

Understand, this only applies when it's a two set, BOTH chicks are attractive (above a 7), and you can't get isolation with the hotter of the two. If there's an 8 and a 5, you game the 8 and take your chances.

But this happens quite a bit to the point where it's worth trying—there are a lot of chicks who travel in pairs, and it's often the case both are fairly good looking, though one is slightly hotter than the other. IMO you're better off gaming the one who's slightly less attractive—or who you think gets hit on less.

Make fun of me if you want, but I'm telling you, the dynamic is very much not in your favor if you ask for the number of the hotter chick, and very much in your favor if you do the opposite. And if I end up dating and sleeping with this chick, I'll be perfectly happy with the result.

Two: the lead here is strong, partially because it was more drawn out—not true day game I guess—but when I engaged her it was a really good set with a lot of spiking, teasing, and story telling. Guys complain about a lot of dead leads in pick up, but if the pick-up is done correctly and your game is strong, the leads tend to flake a hell of a lot less. Not always the case, but true more often than not.

Three: You don't need to be rational. Be playful, silly, and flirtatious. Hell, make shit up. Persian silk towels don't exist to the best of my knowledge, but that doesn't matter. Girls don't care about that shit. As long as you're setting the tone and flirting, it almost doesn't even matter what you say.

Updates...

Both of my plates are officially broken.

Socks is continuing to ghost me—kind of odd after several months of red hot sex—but as I've said before, holding her attention was extremely difficult. For all I know she's had some fucker offer to fly her to Europe again and this time she took him up on it.

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On the flip side, I broke my other plate, Kitty, on purpose. She was a weird chick to begin with, but when she started talking about her playing the dominant role during sex, I bailed. I have no interest in taking on the mother-son dynamic in a relationship—I'm too old for that and it's not what I'm looking for anyway. If you want more on that stuff, [check out this post by Magnum](#).

Date tonight with the lead from Whole Foods—going for drinks so I'll feel it out. If it's on, I'll try to pull. If not, go for the two date model.

Good luck out there boys—and remember if you've got a good strategy on keeping leads fresh when you can't get them out right away, let me know!

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