

Why Friday and Saturday nights are tough, plus: bulls and hens.

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It's kind of funny.

I didn't think it would come to this, but here I am, creating a blog about pick-up. Have you guys ever wondered why pick-up and game is such a literary community?

I think I now know why:

Because we can't talk about this shit anywhere else. No even with friends.

No, society frowns on the idea that men want to fuck women, and that they're willing to employ strategy to do so. I could get into the why, but frankly, I've come to discover the "why" in life is irrelevant unless it leads to actionable information. In this case it doesn't: shaming male sexuality isn't something that's going away anytime soon, so we may as well get on with it.

And that brings me to my first topic, which was an observation I made the other night while out with some friends.

As always, when presented the opportunity, I run game and pick-up. To be quite honest, that night my game was absolute shit. I failed to approach as much as I should have, and the few times I did it was the usual boring sort of conversations men have with women when they go out drinking on a Friday night.

That's one thing I'm going to preach here all the time: stand out. Be unique. Be different.

For that reason I'm actually beginning to question whether going out to meet chicks on a Friday or Saturday nights is worthwhile at all—because let's face it, that's probably the most difficult situation there is...

A: She's probably out with friends—and all women slut shame each other (AWALT) and cock block. Remember that guys: unless *she's* getting the attention, she doesn't want anyone else to have it. In this way, women are far more arrogant than most men.

B: Every other guy (and 5 of his goons) goes out on these nights to hit on girls and get drunk. They're not PUA's and they don't have game, but don't bother telling them that: that's the role they're going to try to play that night and alcohol is their fuel.

C: On these nights, girls *expect* to get hit on. They expect the guys I just described to try to run game—and because those guys don't have any—girls on Friday and Saturday nights get really used to rejecting dudes and not giving a shit about it. Their inclination to shit test you is at a staggering height.

What this boils down to is essentially an environment in which women almost stand to gain more in terms of the short term by playing hard to get, dismissing guys, being aloof, etc.

Ultimately, I think this is why peacocking, flash game, and that sort of thing really has its place on those nights in particular—high volume, peak nights at popular bars are the tits when it comes to game in my opinion. Yes, day game is hard, but that's only because it's usually done in a systematic, completely randomized way. If it's done in a setting where it makes sense, like a coffee shop or a grocery store—especially if you've gotten an IOI beforehand—it's much easier. My number close percentage in those situations is probably 50% or higher, and rarely do those girls flake.

In that sense, I think learning the opportunistic approach is best—girls you come across in day to day life over the natural course of events. The tough thing is you have to have the skill set to do that and be ready to pull the trigger at any moment and take risks at any moment, and that's infinitely more difficult than going out with friends on a Friday night and getting wasted.

But back to that Friday night. I approached a set of twins at the first bar, and my friends, as they always are, were impressed. Note again, that my game was shit and I didn't get a number.

What's funny is that it didn't matter to my friends: two girls, one guy. They were in awe of the fact I just did it. That boys, is the power of pick-up. It shows incredible confidence and social proof—especially in this day and age of smart phones and social media.

The girl who was most impressed, you'll be shocked to know, was a lesbian. Well sort of.

She's what I call a hen—the feminine half of a lesbian couple. These girls have often been with men before and either didn't find what they were looking for or simply wanted to try something different. To be honest, I don't even see them as true lesbians. If they had a strong masculine dude to lead them and fuck them good, they would never go that way.

And I saw that in this chick's attitude. After I approached the twins, and did so with a few other pretty girls later in the night (again, all fails), she was in awe, and ended up constantly Snapchatting me the next day, even though I barely knew her—and, according to her story, she shouldn't even be interested in me.

Honestly, if she was hotter I would try to bang her, but she's not, so I don't see the point.

Funny thing was when she sent me a pic of her and her “bull”—what I call the masculine half of a lesbian relationship.

Now a bull is a true dyke. “She” likes women to the point where she's willing to undergo a massive change to the outward appearance in order to look like the man she knows her hen wants. She becomes a masculine figure, only at the end of the day has a vagina.

But let's not pretend there's isn't penetration with some sort of phallic object when the two of them go home together.

Anyway, my point is that:

A) I don't think very many women are actually lesbians. Only the bulls. The hens would much rather fuck a cock and desire the masculine presence—if they didn't, then why the fuck would they choose to be with a woman who's essentially transformed herself into a man? It seems to me that hens are either women who aren't attractive enough to get the kind of man they want or are girls who've had some sort of traumatic experience with men and therefore find it hard to be with or trust a man in the future, even though that's really what she wants.

B) True masculinity is powerful and extremely attractive to women. Maybe that's obvious, but when all it takes is a guy showing he has the balls and social calibration to approach women to get a “lesbian” hen to start chasing him, that speaks to something.

And it's something I've heard so often since I've begun this journey into game and pick up—women always tell me it's so refreshing to get approached and asked out, that my confidence is so sexy. That sort of thing turns women on in ways society knows deep down, but doesn't want to acknowledge.

Why? Because it's dangerous to everyone living that blue pill fantasy.

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