

Anatomy of The Perfect Red Pill Date: Introduction

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I've been taking the Red Pill for a while now, and successfully Gaming my wife for over two months to spectacular success. A few days ago I decided to test myself: did I have what it takes to plan and execute a maneuver designed to up my SR (relative to my wife) dramatically? **Was I ready to pull out the Big Date?**

That question was answered for me when I quite unexpectedly got some money I hadn't counted on.

The life of a freelance writer is exciting, which means scary, which means poverty stricken. That's why I appreciate my day job so much, because then freelancing isn't how I pay the rent, it's how I pay for the luxuries and extras after the bills are paid. One of the vagaries of the profession is how long it can take you to get paid for a job. I just got some cash for one I did almost two years ago – so long, I'd forgotten I'd done it and was supposed to get paid. It wasn't an extravagant amount, but with our bills thankfully paid for once and no pressing need elsewhere, I had some capital to work with for a change.

So just how could I plan, plot, prepare and execute the Perfect Date with my wife without fumbling? That was the question I decided to answer. After all, I've been running Game for a couple of months, she's responded admirably, and our relationship has never been better – why push it?

Well, I wouldn't be Ian Ironwood if I didn't push it.

No good experiment is valid unless you know up front what a positive conclusion will look like. In this case, I was looking for five results:

- 1) **Increase just how attractive I was to my wife by increasing my sex rank to nearly overwhelming levels**
- 2) **Do so with a powerful series of Alpha moves softened with Beta sophistications to keep**

things fun.

- 3) Have an *incredibly* good time myself**
- 4) Ensure she not only had a good time, but is so surprised and delighted by the wonderment I cause that she can't shut up about how romantic I am.**
- 5) Get laid commiserate to the level of difficulty and resources consumed.**

And of course all of this is designed to strengthen our bond, our relationship, our marriage, all that good stuff.

As experiments go, it was a worthy one. And since I feel I have a duty to the Manosphere to share whatever successes and failures I have on the Red Pill path, I'm going to give you the play-by-play of the whole thing. Learn from my mistakes, learn from what I did right. And feel free to take credit for the latter your own self if you end up using my stuff – I don't mind.

PART I: PLANNING AND DATE PREP

This is the fun part: just what do you want to treat your woman to? What will entertain her and delight her and make her think of you in tingly terms? In my case, I recently got my teeth fixed, and I can finally eat steak which we've avoided for over a year since my dental problems arose. So for the dinner, I chose the finest steak house in the metro region – you know, the family owned one that's been there for three generations and it's almost impossible to get a reservation?



I called in a favor and got a reservation. Luckily I still know plenty of people in the restaurant business. It was a late one – 9:30 – but that actually worked to my favor. Still, that reservation determined the course of the rest of the evening. We had to be at the restaurant at 9:30 or give up our spot.

From there the rest got tricky. A quick search of the local music sites showed that all the cool stuff that

was playing in town in terms of live music would all be starting at 9:00 – which would conflict with dinner. So live music was out.

While there was a Broadway show at the local performing arts center, tickets were sold out and my connections couldn't help. No show.

The movies that weekend sucked. No movies.

I was rapidly running out of conventional “things for married people to do on a Saturday night” fare – but that simply inspired me. I didn't want just “dinner and a movie” – that wouldn't inspire the kind of reaction I was looking for. So I got creative. An hour later, my creativity having failed me, I asked my 18 year old niece (lined up for babysitting for the occasion and sworn to secrecy) what she thought of as a perfect date. She thought for all of five picoseconds, and then said “*Shopping!*”

Oh, dear Goddess . . .



And apparently the Goddess heard my prayer and sent me inspiration. I figured out how to incorporate shopping into our date without a) me waiting in silent frustration while she tried on a bunch of stuff she knew she wouldn't like and b) holding a purse and rendering an opinion. I liked the idea so much that I built the rest of the date around it.

But first, I had to set things up. I stashed my suit in a garment bag in the back of my car. I cleaned out my car and gassed it up. Got a haircut. I ensured the Niece was on call to babysit. I knew that Mrs. Ironwood had a Girl Scout thing that morning, then a Cub Scout thing that afternoon. I also knew that Preselection is a powerful tool that I rarely employ in my Game, at least not directly. If I really wanted maximum impact for this date – and I wanted it to feel like an Atom Bomb of romantic lust – then using some unfamiliar elements would not only be more of a challenge, it had the possibility of amping up the rewards *significantly*.

So first things first: when my wife returned from Girl Scouts that afternoon, and prepared to take the boys to Cubs, I began my run.

I took my 10 year-old daughter to go see her first Roller Derby bout.

Because if you *really* want to make your wife feel jealous, the safest way to do so is to take your daughter

out, just the two of you.

Next Time: The Pre-Date Date

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