

# Why Can't I Use A Smiley Face?

Roosh V

© 2013 by Roosh V  
<http://www.rooshv.com>

All rights reserved.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                    |    |
|--------------------|----|
| The Leaving        | 1  |
| The Arrival        | 3  |
| The First Night    | 5  |
| The Bang           | 13 |
| The Argument       | 23 |
| The Visa           | 26 |
| The Casino         | 28 |
| The Pussy Violator | 32 |
| The Rich           | 35 |
| The Meetup         | 37 |
| The Slap           | 43 |
| The Punch          | 49 |
| The Goodbye        | 55 |



# The Leaving

“Petra told me I was the first guy to come inside her,” I said.

“Was she telling the truth?” Dexter asked.

“I believe so.”

I didn’t think she was lying because there were no slut warning signs, not like the girl Dexter just smashed. She let him raw dog on the second round and commented how she liked being tied up. The biggest sign, by far, was when she told Dexter, “I don’t usually do this.”

She took it to the next level the following morning when her girlfriend came for coffee to state how “surprised” she was that Dexter was able to take his conquest home so soon. Sluts have a damage control routine after banging a guy, not much different than a routine I’d use to get them into bed. Nice girls don’t have a routine because they think what they just did was a one-in-a-million chance event, dictated by the stars. They hug you close and close their eyes, savoring the moment.

Dexter’s girl, in her late twenties, hinted that she was having trouble securing a long-term relationship. And so it goes, the gradual transformation of another woman into a spinster. This isn’t a complaint, since my dick has benefited from this degradation countless times, but I wonder if something is lost when women start seeing men as no more than vessels for short-term sexual pleasure.

For a man it takes about fifty or so notches before his brain is permanently affected by his sexual experiences. Sex becomes a commodity and his dealings with women become ruthless and manipulative. The concept of love becomes more mathematical than romantic.

It’s harder to estimate when women begin to decline. I don’t think there’s a university professor anywhere studying the cock number at

which a girl's ability to find a lifelong companion becomes impossible. If there is, he'll be immediately dismissed from the school once the study is released. I estimate that it takes ten male partners for a woman to start realizing that she doesn't "need" a man. Any man who dates her after that will get half-assed relationship efforts and increased entitlement. She knows how easy it is to get another cock that, though maybe not as good as yours, will validate her nonetheless.

Petra's body was thin, her long legs flexible and toned, and her complexion tan and smooth. She was nervous when we first had sex and didn't make much noise. It wasn't until the sixth or seventh time that she finally got into it. Her pussy became so responsive that foreplay was no longer needed.

On the fourth date, she said, "I missed you" when we greeted each other in the main square. She was on her period. That's when she let me blast inside her. At twenty-six, I figure she has been with seven guys.

She came over the night before I was to return to Washington DC. After a couple hours of food and sex, I walked her to my doorway. I hovered above my body, looking down as she got teary-eyed. I saw myself trying to conjure up some type of emotion to make it seem as if I was sad. For a second, I considered thinking of my parents dying so that my goodbye would seem more sincere. It's during these goodbyes, when I'm unable to feel, that I question what the game has done to me. I really did like Petra, but Europe's womb seems to produce an unlimited supply of her. You lose one and there quickly comes another.

# The Arrival

My mom jumped up from her seat in the arrival hall at the airport and rushed to greet me. A couple weeks before, she told me on the phone, not so cheerfully, “If I knew you were going to leave, I would have had more sons.”

I gave her a big hug and she yelled, “My baby’s back!”

She appeared to have shrunk slightly. My sister was next to get a hug, and after that was a continuation of the conversation we had the night before, and every Sunday before that.

The story wasn’t much different at my dad’s house. Big hugs with Dad, my two younger brothers, and my stepmom. We sat at the kitchen table, talked for an hour, and then went to bed. The next morning I resumed a routine I’d done in his house hundreds of times before: eat breakfast on the living room table while skimming through *The Washington Post*, the paper copy that my dad still receives.

The anticipation of coming back from a long trip is more exciting than the reality. I’m always tempted to think I missed so much that it will require weeks of catching up and that I’ll need to concentrate hard—maybe even meditate—to soak in all the changes. But besides an old bar closing, a new building going up, or a friend banging some new broad, the changes are always insignificant.

What’s most disheartening is the line my friends and family parrot to me: “You haven’t missed anything.” Every time I think, “There *has* to be something I missed, some surreal event or legendary night out,” but no, I haven’t missed anything.

When you don’t see someone for nearly two years, it only takes two minutes to feel like you never left them. It’s almost disappointing how anticlimactic returns can be. I *want* it to be exciting. I *want* to feel like the world has changed. But the world hasn’t changed. Your

## WHY CAN'T I USE A SMILEY FACE?

family and friends continue to live the same life as before you left, while you've done things they couldn't possibly understand. The saddest part is that the change you go through while living abroad puts you even farther apart from those you care about most. It's harder to identify with them, their stability, and their reluctance to dive into the life you love.



# The First Night

My first night out was a Friday. My friend Virgle Kent told me to meet him at a new place on U Street. I got there early and ordered a scotch. Coming back after so long, I was expecting women to be even fatter than before, but things didn't seem to have gotten worse. I saw a group of six girls celebrating a birthday and taking pictures. They weren't unattractive, but made no attempt to make eye contact with anyone. Each girl wanted pictures on her phone so they struck the same pose for multiple cameras. Their teeth were whiter than anything I had seen in Europe.

On my right was another group—three girls and one guy. The girls were deep in a conversation that I could hear perfectly. They were talking about a weekend trip, the things that happened, who attended, and the problems that came about from one girl liking a guy. They went on about the most minor of details, as if to fill in space. If I told a story like them, I'd right now be describing all the patrons of the bar, what they were wearing, their height, their eyebrow thickness, their body shapes, and their favorite beverage.

Sitting on my left were two girls who were finishing a meal. I could hear them perfectly, too. One said, "Last night we went to so-and-so restaurant and it was *awful*! It was like eating in a dungeon! It was, like, so depressing!" I'm sure it was.

Earlier in the day while on the bus, a girl sat next to me and had a phone conversation about how she had broken her nail and how much it sucked. At the coffee shop a barista was loudly recapping a night out, to the point where I perfectly understood her sexual tastes and flirting style. Though she was unattractive, the optimum game to fuck her couldn't help but enter my head.

Americans want you to know they exist and are a unique snow-

flake, with something special going on in their lives. They get happiness by impressing strangers, while Europeans tend to avoid strangers. At the same time, Americans block out their environment with earbuds. If they're talking, they want everyone to hear it, but if they're not, they don't want to hear you.

I talked to Virgle regularly on the phone while I was in Europe, so there was nothing to catch up on when he came in with another friend. We went up to the roof and were greeted by a big crowd. At first glance, it didn't seem so bad—the scene was lively and everyone appeared to be having a good time. I showed Virgle pictures on my phone of some European girls I had fucked. I said, "I'm much more calm now. I feel like a gentle lamb, with none of the rage I had before I left. European girls changed me for the better."

I judge a venue by how many approachable girls there are, and by approachable I mean pretty girls who are in groups smaller than four, without any males present. In Europe, it was common to be in a club with so many approachable sets that I had trouble picking which to approach, especially if the groups were standing near each other. I couldn't handle choosing, maybe because I never had to do that in DC, so I'd just wait until all the attractive girls moved away from me except the last, which I'd then eagerly attack.

The rooftop was big. There were at least 100 people, but for a long time there wasn't anything to approach—only a couple pairs of unattractive girls who seemed thirsty judging by their slow stares. They were slump-busters and nothing more.

Attractive girls were in bigger groups and plugged into their cell phones. As the night went on, I saw some opportunities with 6s who had thick arms. They're the type of girl that causes you to rub your chin for a couple seconds, squint your eyes, and ask yourself, "Do I really want to bang that?" While thinking about it, you subconsciously hope she walks away so you won't have to act.

In Europe, girls text on their phones, but after sending the text, they put the phone away. In this bar, the girls wouldn't put their phones down. I gave up waiting for one girl to stop texting and approached while she was still staring at her screen. She responded favorably, lowering her phone to her stomach, and I thought maybe I was interesting enough to possibly beat the phone. Thirty seconds

later, however, she got a call. She showed me the screen, saying, "It's Kate. I have to answer!" She did and then walked away.

Virgle later introduced a girl that took me a few seconds to recognize. She regularly attended the DC blogger happy hours we had co-hosted five years earlier. Her face had definitely improved for she had gotten rid of the acne, but it was canceled out by what appeared to be heavy weight gain. I didn't know it at the time, but she had conspired with Virgle to meet me at the bar, just to find out if I was "still a dick."

"You're looking good," I told her, being polite. I hoped she liked the softer, gentler Roosh that Europe molded.

"So you're back now?" she said. "I think I read about it somewhere."

"Yeah, you know, coming back to visit family and friends for a while."

"So you're not staying long?"

"No, there's no way. Europe is like filet mignon, and coming back here is like going back to ground beef. You just endure it until you can get back to what makes you happy."

"Well, not everyone wants to move just to get laid," she said, apparently deciding on the "sex tourist" attack.

I said, "It's easy to say that when you're already in a city that's great for women. Look around at how many more guys there are than girls."

"It's not about that," she said. "I shouldn't live in a city just because it's easier to get a guy."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Thirty."

"Are you single?"

"Yes."

"Well, maybe you should."

She turned away. Later she told Virgle that I was, in fact, still a dick. There's a long line of European girls who would disagree with that.

We went to another bar that was more like a stinky basement. Right away, an older woman looked at me and let out a big smile. A freebie. I approached her and she commented how I was "different"

from all the other guys there. I told her I lived in Europe for the past couple of years and she seemed pleased that her assessment was correct.

The bar was dark but I could tell that she was older than me. Her body was fine, and I'm sure she had been a looker back in her day, but a dank basement was no place for a woman of her age.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"You first."

"Thirty-three, and you?"

"How old do you think?"

"Thirty-five."

"Yeah," she said quickly, relieved that I thought she was three or four years younger than her actual age. I let it go and decided to see what the cougar scene was all about, surprised at how quickly my standards were going out the window in such a low-quality environment. Had I been in Zagreb, I wouldn't even have noticed her, let alone talked to her. If mediocre girls like her can still get attention from guys, maybe their entitled attitudes make sense. Maybe I'm the one who feeds the beast.

Within ten minutes, she leaped up and planted a wet one on my lips. I went with it and we made out for a while. The kiss wasn't too bad but she felt as if she had to explain it. She said, "Before we left the house, my friend and I made a bet on who would kiss a handsome guy first."

"Lame," my boner replied, as it softened about 5% and prepared for an onslaught of bullshit that was about to come.

Her 28-year-old friend was a drunk blonde who was giving eye contact to every guy in the bar. They'd make an attempt, she'd flirt with them, touch them, then laugh and walk away. As I saw all the guys entertaining her, I felt more guilty for giving my cougar a chance at a guy who, all ego aside, could compete well with most of the male clientele present.

The cougar had a habit of abruptly ending the conversation with me to go babysit her blonde friend with whichever new guy she was talking to. She seemed to get a kick out of playing matchmaker, but she started to make me look like a fool, expecting me to wait for her every time she left. A man can only take so much from a girl he

doesn't even like.

She gave me a kiss then said, "Hold on, I have to talk to that guy over there to hook my friend up."

"You go talk to that guy and when you come back I won't be here," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not going to wait while you talk to him."

"Whatever. I had a boyfriend for three years and he was controlling just like you. That's why I broke up with him."

"You can do whatever you want. You can talk to him, but I'll be gone."

"I don't believe that. You're blowing it, you know. Do you want this to work or not?"

"It's my way or the highway."

She said nothing while I looked around. Then she put her arms around me and kissed me. I wanted to laugh that I was being tested by an older woman who wasn't that attractive. I was curious how many poor saps had failed her stupid tests only to wonder why things suddenly went south.

Something inside me started to come alive, a part of me I hadn't seen in a while. It was the part that wanted to hurt a woman, just for the hell of it.

Whenever I made a joke that was too cocky for her, she'd say, "You're blowing it." Blowing what, exactly? Ten minutes of penetration in your worn vagina? She tried to direct how the seduction would proceed by giving a running DVD commentary on everything I said. We were having more of a panel discussion than a conversation.

Soon I suspected she was a lawyer, so I asked about her job. "I am a lawyer," she said. "I prosecute rapists." My heart stopped for a moment as I pictured myself in five years, rotting in a jail cell, asking myself why I had to bang a rape-obsessed lawyer chick. I'm surprised I didn't walk away right then, but the prospect of easy sex is a weakness for many men.

Last call arrived and we went outside and sat on a bench. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"I just got out of the relationship, so I'm staying with my parents

in Georgetown. My friend is staying there, too.” At that moment her friend was doing gymnast splits in a circle of black guys. “Where are you staying?” she asked.

“I’m staying with my dad in Maryland.” I already told her I wasn’t in town for long.

“Well, why don’t you take my number? We can go to dinner.”

I chuckled. Her face turned upside down. “Wait, so you don’t want my number?”

“Honestly, no. I told you when we met that I’m only here for a month and now you want to go on dates. I’m sorry, but I have a lot to do. I can’t take you on a date.”

“So it’s either a one-night stand or nothing?”

I nodded. My boner, by this point, was gone.

“Hey I wonder if I could still catch the metro home,” I wondered aloud.

“So now you want to leave because you’re not getting laid? I don’t believe this. Stop hurting me.”

“But taxis are expensive.”

“I don’t believe this!” she repeated. Believe it.

“Look, there’s no future here. I told you that from the beginning. Why is that hard to understand?”

“Because there *is* something here,” she said, her face getting animated. “There are airplanes, you know. I don’t kiss you like I kiss other guys. It’s different, and now you’re telling me you don’t feel anything for me?”

As I shrugged, her friend interrupted to say she was going to a burger joint with the black guys.

“So you always meet girls and kiss like that?”

“Europe has a lot of beautiful, feminine women,” I answered, “but I don’t want to argue. Let me go see where my friend is.” I got up and walked away. I turned around to see the effect of my handiwork. Her jaw was on her lap. I was getting a kick out of it.

I found Virgle standing on the sidewalk talking to a German girl. A moment later, the cougar came up to me, telling me how stupid I was for being willing to “throw it all away.” I started painting strokes with her emotions, giving her a compliment about her soft lips while being blunt about not wanting to go on a date with her. Tears welled up in

her eyes, and that pleased me. I hated her.

Virgle invited us both to his apartment, where I knew I could fuck the cougar on his couch, but she had to look after her friend so she denied his offer. She kept offering me her number but I refused to take it. She wanted to feel the anticipation of waiting next to the phone in some romantic way when there wasn't a romantic bone in her body.

She said, "If you want me to leave, if I mean nothing to you, and what we had didn't affect you, I'll leave."

I looked at Virgle then back at her, saying nothing. She walked away and we broke into laughter.

I figured it was done for good, but five minutes later she was back, saying, "I just wanted to come back to see where my friend is, and look you're really cold, and I still don't believe this."

"What's the point if we can't have sex?" I asked.

"Does it have to be tonight?"

"Yes."

"I don't know, there's alleys, and I have condoms. Why are you so closed to adventure?"

If she had been a dude and showed that type of desperation, she would have been blacklisted by all women in the city.

The three of us walked to the front of the burger place where the blonde was talking to a whole new set of guys. She took a break to grace us with her presence. Virgle once again urged us to go to the cougar's parents' house and hang out while he waited in the car. The blonde looked at me and said, "You're letting your friend take care of you like that? You should take responsibility for yourself!"

"You must be kidding," I said. "Your friend has been babysitting your ass all night, trying to protect you from getting raped, calling you constantly to make sure you're not doing something stupid, grabbing your hand and taking you to safety when guys are groping your ass, and you're telling *me* that I need to watch out for myself? You're fucking retarded."

She said nothing, just huffed and went back inside the burger place. You'd think that I would have lost out on the cougar by calling her friend retarded, but if anything it made her want me more.

"Just get my number," she pleaded, but I hemmed and hawed,

giving her just enough hope to keep the interaction going. Then I told Virgle I was going to take a cab and he didn't need to drive me to the opposite side of the city.

After he left, I told the cougar, "I'm bored. I'm going to take a cab home since there's no place to hang out."

I hailed a cab, and while I was negotiating the fare back to Maryland, I felt a tug on my arm. It was the cougar, this time being very sweet and trying to turn me on by touching me and kissing my neck. My boner came back.

And then she killed it again.

She said, "I've dated a lot of guys and I've had many one-night stands, but I like you more than any of them. That's why I want to date you." She complimented me by saying I was the sucker who got to take her to dinner while lesser men got fast sex. Sometimes I wonder if all the American girl hate I write are exaggerations, but at that moment I met a specimen who was validating my life's work.

"Okay, I'll get your number," I said.

She smiled broadly as she gave it to me, saying, "Call me, so I'll have yours."

"Oh no, I want it to be surprise."

We sucked more face and then I got into the cab. On the ride home, I told the Ethiopian driver how crazy American girls were. He agreed. I deleted her number from my phone, amused that my nice guy personality had completely evaporated after just one night back in DC.



# The Bang

The next night I met up with Virgle and our friend, Rookie. On the subway ride to the first spot, my mind was racing through scenarios of how to cut down women based on what I had experienced my first night out. I was thinking not of game to get laid, but game to ruin a girl's night.

We went to a Latin-themed bar. It was full of second-rate Latinas who wouldn't be able to compete in most of the South American cities I've visited. After Virgle pointed out a mustache on one, I caught Rookie up on what had happened with the cougar and her friend.

"She was old, but her body was tight," I said.

"The old girls have to keep it tight, or they got no chance," Virgle added.

"She had no breasts, though," I said. "And actually, her ass was kind of small."

"Nah, a girl needs to have tiggs," Virgle said. "You gotta go for the titty fuck."

"I haven't tried that before," I said.

"What? Dude, you need to do the titty fuck. The funny thing is that no girl complains when you spit on her chest, mount her, and then tigg her. They squeeze their breasts and bend their neck down so the tip of your dick goes inside their mouth. But they have to be real tiggs. I tried it with fake tiggs and it's too hard. Fake tiggs don't mold around your dick like real ones do. Like look at that girl over there. Those are perfect tiggs."

He pointed to a Latina with a black shirt that wrapped around her neck, yielding a hole in her upper chest where cleavage was popping out.

Virgle said, “That’s like a tigg glory hole right there. Just go up to her and say, ‘Excuse me, miss,’ then spit on her chest and start going at it.” He thrust his hips and made sex sounds. “Guys, it’s so funny when you fuck a girl’s tiggs. It’s better than anything, you need to try that shit.”

The one good thing about me and Virgle is that we never go for the same girl. He likes tiggs and I like ass, and in every pair of girls there’s usually one who has the better ass and one who has the bigger breasts. It seems to always work out.

In Europe I would never approach groups. I singled out the girl I wanted, even in a pair, and talked to her without being bothered for at least a couple minutes. In the States, it doesn’t work like that. Wingmen play bigger roles. When I did my Euro style game with an approach at the Latin bar, the girl I didn’t like took over the conversation and did all the talking. I was friendly to both, but I didn’t know how long I could keep it going. I felt like a jester.

I did one of my unconscious moves when talking to women in loud venues—I put my hand on the friend’s shoulder to stress something I was saying. She then acted like my hand was molten hot lead and shifted her body to show her displeasure. I moved it away and gave her a blank look. I had never got that response before. There was no point in continuing.

I turned to see Virgle and Rookie standing nearby. “I had trouble talking to them both at the same time,” I said.

“Bring us in! That’s why we’re here,” Virgle replied. I had forgotten how we used to wing each other.

We went to another bar, one of our old favorites. It used to be a hipster spot but now it attracted a lot of yuppies and preppies from Arlington. The room was dark but all I could see was thick women. At first glance, a lot of the more petite girls seemed to have good bodies, but then I’d see a baby bump above their pussy area and fat arms that wobbled when they moved.

The style that women were rocking had a function to conceal blubber, not to arouse men. Five years earlier I would have been tricked until it came time to intimacy, after I had invested a lot of time into an approach, but there was no tricking me now.

In the past, girls only deceived men via Internet dating sites where

they would upload perfect pictures that didn't represent who they were. Now they go to dim bars and wear fat-concealing clothes. The average man needs to touch early or have x-ray ability to find out what he's dealing with.

The only positive development was that there were fewer land whales than I had expected, but well over 50% of the girls were overweight. The government wouldn't classify them as fat, but in Eastern Europe they would have been shamed into an eating disorder. Their arms were often bigger than mine. I started scanning for a unique trait or a flash of feminine spark that would motivate me to start a conversation. If a girl was going to be thick, there had to be something special about her for me to work.

Rookie followed me to the patio. "Remember when there used to be cute girls here?" I asked.

He looked around at the expanse of mediocrity and said, "That's why we get drunk now."

"I used to do well from this spot. We'd chill here and approach girls who came within our reach, but the past two years I worked differently. I went to clubs, waited by the bar, and approached girls who came to buy a drink. There was constant movement and replenishment, but here it's so static. Look at all these groups—they aren't going anywhere."

"Sometimes you have to wait a while until something happens."

So we waited a while. Then two girls came to my right. They were thick and unapproachable in my mind, but they started talking in what sounded like Swedish. I had lived in Sweden for one month.

"Excuse me, are you two from Sweden?" I asked.

"No, we're German."

"I always confuse the two."

They lived in North Carolina and had come to party for the weekend. One was very nice, smiling and encouraging me to continue, but her friend seemed to be having a bad time, frowning at the crowd.

"We're going now, maybe we'll see you later," the nice one said.

I looked at Rookie. I had forgotten to bring him in, but I doubted if he could have done much with the other girl.

There were no more approaches to make, no pretty girls to check out. I could have talked to Rookie and Virgle some more, but we

didn't need to come to a dim, crowded bar to talk. Virgle suggested we go somewhere else, but as we headed for the exit, I spotted a petite girl standing on the outskirts of a large group.

I stopped to get a closer look from about ten feet away. She was pretty with a slight Latina look. Black hair, an hourglass shape, a thick butt, and not much in the way of tiggs. She was the best-looking girl I had seen all night, and for the first time, after more than the handful of approaches since coming back, my dick actually wanted to make it work.

I walked up to her and tapped her on the shoulder three times. "You don't look like you're from here," I said. "You look like you're from Argentina."

"My mom is from Spain."

"I was close! A lot of people from Argentina have Spanish ancestry. I lived in Argentina for a few months, and your face is similar to a lot of girls there."

She seemed mildly interested that I had lived in South America, and for fun I said a few things in Spanish. She reciprocated. I don't want to say she was cold, but she was giving me only slight eye contact while answering in short sentences. It wasn't quite enough to where I thought she wanted me to leave, but it didn't give me much hope that I'd be demolishing her pussy later.

"Are you from DC?" she asked.

"Yes, I was born here, but now I live in Europe." I put my hand on her shoulder and said, "I'm only here for a month, so we can't fall in love and have babies."

She smiled and asked me where I lived.

"Poland," I replied, then went on to tell her about some of the countries I had visited. When I found out she was from California, I asked, "What's the difference between California and DC?"

"It's just different."

"I'm sure it is, but in what way?" I honestly wanted to know.

"People in California are more laid back."

"That's it?"

"Yeah."

If she had asked me the difference between DC and Zagreb or DC and Helsinki, I could have gone on for an hour or more, bringing in

schools of thought from anthropology, sociology, and linguistics, but she offered me a comment that my 16-year-old brother, who had never even been to California, could have proffered.

She told me she left California because of her “career.” The last thing I wanted to know about was her paper-pushing job, but I could tell it was important to her and would help with the connection. I asked what her job was.

She replied, “digital strategy.”

I thought it was only guys that made up job titles to impress women, but she was doing it to me. I was certain her job is to spam consumers with corporate propaganda. I had no doubt I would have been offered a card if I asked, something shiny and self-important to conceal the fact that she was actually a PR flunkie who crafted tweets and made advertising banners.

It didn’t take long to get into a debate about the concept of family and career. She said that people can have both, but I disagreed, saying, “Family *or* career. Pick one.”

“You’re wrong. There are women who have both.”

“Show me her kids and let’s see how much time mommy spends with them. While it’s easy to have a family and make sure everyone is well-clothed and fed, it takes a full commitment to raise children who are getting enough love and guidance, especially early in life when their development is most important. Putting kids in daycare isn’t family at all.”

“So you think a woman should stay home like a slave?”

“I wouldn’t enter a marriage unless my income was sufficient to support her and the kids. She has the choice to work, but I don’t know of a single woman that would rather work in an office eight hours a day than be with her children.”

“So you want a woman to be dependent on a man?”

“Woman are still dependent on men.”

“I’m not dependent on a man, not like women of the past.”

“You’re even more dependent, actually. Who owns the company you work for, a woman or man?”

“Well, a man.”

“Every two weeks, your paycheck is given to you by a man for trading your labor in his service. You eat and live because of the

money he gives you. The modern woman has exchanged one tyrant in the house, who happened to love them, for a tyrant who doesn't love them and can send them packing if quarterly earnings are low enough that he has to postpone the purchase of his new yacht. I also see that you have an iPhone. Who owns Apple? Male shareholders. You pay for cell phone service, cable, Netflix, and student loans. You pay men, men, and more men. You give a big chunk of your time, the most important thing in life, to enrich the boss man, and then the money you get from working forty hours a week goes to even more men, yet you're telling me you're independent? That's interesting."

I took a sip of my drink. It took about ten seconds for her to muster an "I don't think I agree" answer without giving any reason why.

I said, "Whereas in the past women were in the house, doing three hours of housework a day, with a lot of free time to pursue their own interests while the kids were in school, you have to do three times as much work for even less happiness, with a lower chance of having a stable family. But as long as you're happy. Would you say you're happy?"

"Yes, I'm happy."

"Then great, who cares what I think? Cheers to happiness." I lifted my drink and she reluctantly tapped it.

In Scandinavia she would have turned away from me, but in America it's not as damaging to disagree with women. You get bonus points for being your own man. The balance of having your own opinions and not offending a girl can be difficult, and I think I went too far because of how quickly she clammed up. There was an awkward silence and she started looking away. I should've kept the conversation more fluffy, maybe talking about the weather in California or the new season of *The Bachelor*.

After a couple minutes of stale conversation I was ready to jump ship. I said, "I may have annoyed you. I don't want to bother you so I think I'm going to find my friends."

"You're not bothering me," she said.

"Okay. In that case I'll get a drink."

I took a step toward the bar and she turned toward her friend. I gently grabbed her arm and told her to come with me to the bar. She complied and I asked her what she wanted. I ordered a round and she

introduced a girlfriend who actually lived in Poland. I said, “I should have met her instead!”

She smiled and took a sip from the beer I had bought her. Usually I would have gotten cockblocked in a group as big as hers, but the group was so large that they kind of forgot about her.

“So tell me what it’s like to live in DC,” I asked.

“It’s okay, but I want to go back to California. I’m just here to work for a couple years.”

“What do you think of the guys here?”

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t have an opinion?”

“Well, I like the guys in California better. They aren’t as shy.”

“You’re not an unattractive woman. I’d imagine that you get approached a lot by guys in a bar like this.”

“Actually, I don’t get approached much.”

As I looked around, I couldn’t see a girl who was more attractive than her, though I did see many somewhat attractive guys talking to thick women.

“I think DC guys are intimidated by thin women,” I said. “I hate to say it, but fat women get approached more. It’s easier on a guy’s ego to know that he won’t immediately get rejected if the woman isn’t very attractive.”

I rested my hand on the side of her hip, her feminine figure covered by tight jeans. I asked how she got them on—if she wiggled into them while standing or if she had to lay down on her bed and slide them up. I couldn’t believe that guys weren’t throwing themselves at her, but we were at a yuppie bar. If she had been in a K Street club with a bunch of Middle Eastern dudes then I’m sure that by the time I got to her, the bitch shield would have been at full strength.

Besides the whole feminism-enslaved-women bit, my game was soft. I didn’t compliment, but I didn’t come close to insulting. I was being a good listener whenever she offered sentences of more than ten words and I did my best to be entertaining. I also kept my flirtations physical in the form of touch instead of verbal like I did with European girls. Being flirty with an American can be risky, especially if she construes that you’re falling in love with her. I didn’t want her to get “creeped out” by real affection. I had to be cold on purpose in

order to experience sex, the warmest form of intimacy.

When her drink was halfway gone, and she was no longer starting new lines of conversation, I decided to tighten the vice and get closer to her lips to feel out where I stood. The first time I got close, she looked at my lips for a second, smiled, then looked away. I was close. Ten minutes later, I came in again and she didn't turn. We kissed in front of her crew. Thankfully, she didn't give any commentary on what was happening. My boner stayed engorged for much of the remaining time with her.

"Now I'm just going to put this out there," I said, "but my friends are at a bar down the street and I'd feel like a bad friend if I didn't go there before the night is over, since I'm only in town for a month. You don't have to tell me now if you want to go, but just keep it in mind."

I planted the seed and then watered it with some passionate kisses that I always pulled away from first. I wanted her to get hooked on the kisses so that when I announced my intention to leave, she would decide to come in order to continue receiving the pleasure.

I finished my drink five minutes later and said, "Okay, why don't we head down there? We'll have one drink and if it sucks, we'll come back."

"I just need to say goodbye to my friends," she replied.

A small procession formed and she had to give parting words to a number of female friends, followed by hugs and kisses, as if she was never going to see them again. It took me less time to say goodbye to my friends when I had last left the country.

We went to the basement bar where I gave knowing nods to Virgle and Rookie. I ordered a round of drinks and we kissed for a while until about twenty minutes later when I felt she was ready for sex. I said, "Let's go outside." She nodded.

Before I could ask her where she lived, she said "I'm two blocks away" and started walking in the direction of her apartment. I chatted nonstop to distract her from having to make a conscious decision about sex but it didn't work, because she asked me if I had condoms.

"Yes, I have one."

"Okay, good, because there's a pharmacy a little farther and we could go," she said.



“I’m straight.”

We walked into a basement apartment she shared with a roommate. Two black cats emerged from the living room to greet their master and she made baby sounds to express her love for them. We settled into her room and she put on The Weeknd, a singer I had played for some two dozen women after bringing them back to my pad. His songs are primarily about sex and drugs, so I knew I was definitely going to tear her pussy up in a moment or two, as if there was any doubt.

I used a condom the first go-round and gave it to her good, but was unable to cum and had to roll off her. Her body was perfection and I wanted to get there, so I told her that I wouldn’t blast inside her (she had mentioned earlier that she wasn’t on the pill). She let me put it in raw and a short time later I came all over her chest.

After cleaning up, before my heartbeat had even a chance to settle, she said, “You don’t have to stay.”

“Wait, you want me to leave?” I said.

“I didn’t say that. I just said that you don’t *have* to stay.”

“Look, I’m not stupid,” I said. “‘You don’t have to stay’ really means ‘If you want to leave now, then leave.’”

“Well, yeah.”

At a time when I thought she’d want to hold me tight to soak in the moment, she was ready to kick me out like a dog. I don’t remember that in any of The Weeknd’s songs.

I said, “Okay. The metro opens at 7:00 in the morning. I’ll leave then.”

“It’s just that in the morning I don’t want to do stuff. I’m not a morning person.”

“Don’t worry, it’s not like I was going to take you out to brunch. You won’t even hear me leave.” I really didn’t want to pay for another taxi to the suburbs.

She softened a bit and we talked. I told her how things were in Europe, where some girls fell in love after sex. “I don’t want a relationship,” she said, abruptly.

She was twenty-four, in the prime of her beauty, and was going to delay a relationship until she reached an age where she would have no choice but to settle for a lesser man, all so she could become an expert

at making advertising banners on a computer.

She didn't ask me any questions. She gave me no compliments, either about my look, personality, conversation, or sex technique. I was just a disposable cock for her Saturday night amusement, and the next day I'd be worth maybe a ten minute recap for her friends at the Starbucks down the street. She'd discuss my flaws and her friends would laugh. She'd go to work the day after that and read articles on the Internet about how men need to man up, how women make less than men for the same work, and how you can still be healthy if you're fifty pounds overweight.

Before she went to sleep, there was so much I could've said to challenge her beliefs, but it was no use. I wasn't going to change her mind. She had made her bed, and as long as I was lying in it, I wanted to fuck her pussy one more time. She let me. She made a lot of noises as if it was the best sex for her in the world, but her pussy was getting dry, enough that I regularly had to spit on it. Her screams didn't match the feedback from her sex organ. I knew she was acting, but I definitely wasn't as I grunted my way to a second orgasm. We both fell asleep.

I woke up a little after 7:00 and got dressed. I decided not to ask her out, since I was sure she didn't want to see me again, but that felt like such a cold way to leave things. We kissed, we had some interesting conversation, and fucked three times—it didn't feel right not to extend a bridge.

I found a piece of paper on her desk and wrote, "If you want to say hi..." then added my email address. I wondered whether to leave a smiley face or not. My naked dick was inside her and I came all over her body, so why not? I had a vision she would show off that note in front of her friends and say, "What a loser! He drew, like, a smiley face. So when is happy hour this week?" After debating it for two minutes, I decided to draw the smiley face. I gave her a peck on the cheek and left.

She never emailed me.

# The Argument

On Sunday afternoon I went to my mom's house. We sat at the kitchen table and she offered me all kinds of food and drink. It's a habit I got from her. Whenever a girl comes to my apartment, I ask what she wants, eager to serve. A woman has cooked for me maybe seven times in my life, but I've cooked for women more times than I can remember.

My sister joined us at the table, and then, suddenly, they teamed me. My mom said, "You need to start respecting women more. You can't hurt them like you do."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because you have to."

"Yes, but why should I respect women more?"

"Because they're women!"

I looked outside the window and said, "So you're saying that every woman out there on the street should be treated like a princess?"

"No, but you can't hurt them. You have to treat them better."

My sister chimed in, "How would you like it if a guy treated me or Mom like that?"

"I'd be happy for both of you."

They looked at each other wide-eyed. I said, "When I date a girl, she rarely has to pay for anything. I tell her good stories about my travels. I teach her things I've learned in life. I take her to places she's never been. I bring her to a comfortable apartment. I cook for her. I make her drinks. I give her good love in bed. I barely lie to them. I really hope both of you can meet a guy like me."

My mom said, "Yes, but..." though nothing came out.

"And what do I get in return? Only their vagina. They don't enter-

tain me. They don't buy me things. They don't stimulate my mind. They rarely do anything for me, like cook a big meal or a nice cake. If anything, I respect them too much. I should ask for much more."

"No, son, you must respect them."

"Mom, you think that things are like how they were in the '60s or '70s. You have no idea what it's like now and how women sleep around and don't want commitment. They don't even want respect, they just want sex. Before they hit thirty, they've already been with a couple dozen guys."

"That's not how it is in Turkey. There's a tradition."

"This is *not* Turkey! Do you go out on Friday or Saturday night here in DC? Do you talk to men my age and ask what they have to go through? Do you know it only takes a couple hours to get a girl to open her legs? You want me to respect girls who do that every other weekend?"

She backed down and softened her tone. She had disapproved when I quit my job, but I didn't listen to her. She had disapproved when I started living abroad, but I made my trips longer. I give her points for still trying.

Sometimes it takes a while for a person's true feelings to come out. For the longest time they both seemed amused at my lifestyle and the writing that came out of it, but now I knew what they really thought. They objected enough to challenge me like an anonymous woman would on my blog. At the same time, I remembered why following my mom's advice when I was younger led to no sex or intimacy with women.

Things cooled down and we talked about Croatia and how the culture was in some ways similar to Turkey. My sister didn't stay in the room because the Washington Redskins game was on. I didn't remember her being such a fan, especially since she was hooting and hollering. I said, "You know, I forgot to tell you that I'm only here for a month. When I leave there will be ten more games. Then the playoffs. Then the Super Bowl."

"Ew, stop being an asshole," she said. "Our lives don't stop just because you're in town."

I bit my lip, not wanting to escalate to war. I began to feel just as welcome in my mother's house than in the girl's apartment from the

previous night.

When you come back from a long trip, there are two things that can happen with your family and friends: you either get closer to them or get further away. I knew which road this was taking. Now that I knew my mom and sister didn't agree with how I lived, how could I look forward to calling them and telling them about what I was up to in Poland or wherever?

I thought back to all the stories about random girls I had told my sister from our Sunday calls. I realized that the happiness she had expressed was just acting. No way could I tell her those stories now. No way I'd tell her I finished yet another fuck guide. In that case there wouldn't be much to talk about. To tell her and Mom that I was healthy and doing fine wouldn't require a weekly call. Once a month would be sufficient.

The following night I had a nightmare. I dreamed that my mom tried to kill me.

# The Visa

Europe's Schengen Zone is a collection of countries that operate under a unified border control agreement. A citizen of any Schengen country can move freely across an unguarded border into another Schengen country. If you take a flight from one to another, there are actually no border control agents to look at your passport. Legally, American citizens can stay in Schengen for 90 days then exit for 90 days before returning. They can't exceed staying for 90 days in any 180-day period.

I didn't fully comprehend that rule and ended up overstaying by several months. When I realized my error, I was anxious that I might be fined or banned from returning. I left through Lithuania and was asked by an agent if I had worked local jobs during my time in Schengen. When I replied truthfully that I hadn't, he made a call to his supervisor and I was let go with a normal exit stamp. From talking to other travelers, Americans get a lot of leniency when it comes to overstaying. If I had been a citizen of a third world country, the hammer would've been brought down on me.

I figured I could overstay again and get away with it, but I wanted to keep it legal. I didn't want to feel paranoid every time I came across a policeman or had to leave Schengen. I decided to get a visa for whichever country would have me. My first choice was Poland.

I went to the Polish embassy in Washington DC, less than an hour's subway ride away. The nice Polish lady mentioned a certain type of visa that would allow me to live in Poland. I went home, filled out the forms, and fulfilled all the requirements, like getting health insurance and showing three months bank statements. I went back and another lady said I didn't qualify for that type of visa since I was self-employed and didn't have work in Poland waiting for me. She said to

come back the next morning to talk to the consul.

I dressed up for the occasion as if I was going to a job interview. I was prepared to tell him the truth—that I loved Poland and I wanted to put down roots there. I also had three ideas of businesses that I could start (bar, real estate, or laundromat).

After shaking his hand and exchanging pleasantries, I said, “I’d like to move to Poland.”

“Yes, I was going through your application. You want to start a business?”

“Right now I have an Internet business with income coming in every month. That has allowed me to travel to twenty countries in the past several years, but Poland is my favorite.” His eyebrows raised as if he was surprised. “Now I want to start a physical business and settle there.”

“You actually don’t need a visa to do that. You can go right now and start a business. You have 90 days.”

“But do I have to leave for 90 days after that?” I asked.

“Since you’re American, you have an exception. You can stay for 90 days, then make a border run to another country, even one in Schengen. You can go to Czech, have lunch, and then come back after an hour and get another 90 days.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “So I just need to visit another country for a day before going back?”

“That’s a privilege Americans have. Just get a receipt or documentation that shows you left. We want Americans to visit and invest in Poland. And if you want a residency permit, you can apply for one in Poland that will last for two years.”

We talked a few minutes more before I thanked him for his time. I had never felt so happy to have an American passport.

That night I logged into my fake Facebook account to message Petra. She had contacted me two days earlier to say how much she missed me. I was thinking how to deliver the bad news that Poland would accept me with open arms. At the same time, I had another browser window open to my real Facebook account. There, to my horror, I saw that she had sent me a more recent message. It could only mean one thing: she had found out about my blog, my books, everything.

# The Casino

I told my dad that I was itching to play some blackjack. We had been to Atlantic City a couple times before many years earlier. He doesn't go often, but when he does he plays somewhat big, enabling him to get complimentary rooms and meals. He asked me on a Tuesday if I wanted to go for a night, and on Wednesday morning we were on our way.

On the drive, I asked about his family in Iran. I was interested in knowing my roots and if the person I had become was mostly a product of being raised in America or mostly due to genetics. He told me about how his father was a wealthy landowner and one of the first to use mechanized farming methods. This increased yield and profits, enabling him to have four wives and twenty-four children, my dad being one of them.

My grandfather had wanted him to be a clergyman, but my dad was a class clown. He got kicked out of religious school and received a secular education, eventually doing well on an exam for eligibility to study abroad. He had two choices: the University of Tehran, which was where his father urged him to go, or a university in America. He didn't want to disappoint his father, but he told his dad, "I have to find my own life." He left at the age of nineteen, and only visited Iran twice before his father died.

He was the only one of twenty-four siblings to make it out of Iran. He was humble when I asked him if he was the "smartest" of the children, saying that others went on to become successful in their own right.

My mom had told me the story of his early years in America. In her words, "He was a big player. He slept with all the girls in the school. We'd be in the supermarket and he would want to avoid a line



because a girl he knew was there. Even after we married, girls were still trying to stop by.”

So my dad had taken the risk of leaving his country to, at least for the short term, have fun with women. That sounded familiar.

The relationship with my dad changed after he suffered sudden hearing loss. It happened during my second trip to South America. Even with the most advanced hearing aid on the market, it’s tough for him to hear, so he depends a lot on reading lips. I have to talk loud and slow while making sure he can see me for him to understand. I’ve learned to give one-word answers when I would prefer to elaborate. The way I talk to him has become functional where I’m mostly exchanging information or facts instead of shooting the shit.

I could have talked his ear off about Europe, but now I only gave a couple brief observations and left it at that. With his condition, I learned that most of what we say to people is insignificant, but it rounds out the substance and creates the mood. Sometimes I want to reject the change and talk to him like in the past, but I see the confusion on his face and I go back to short sentences and simple anecdotes.

I didn’t know how much a relationship with someone could change due to hearing loss. It becomes something more rigid and labored. He doesn’t complain about it or lament for the days he could hear well, but I can imagine how hard it is for him. Just simple things like answering a phone call or ordering a coffee become ordeals, not unlike doing it in a language you don’t understand. Once, matter-of-factly, he told me that he expected this sort of thing in his seventies, not his fifties. “When you get old, you lose things,” he said, shrugging his shoulders.

Selfishly I’ve wondered if his condition will happen to me. How would I listen to music? How would I have marathon conversations with friends and women? But if my dad is strong enough to deal with it, I hope that I can be, too.

I took \$1,000 in cash and my dad took \$5,000. We were ready to lose it all. After checking into our hotel room, we sat down at a \$25 blackjack table and got to work. The cards were coming and we enjoyed the game while drinking hot tea. Later that night, we were getting killed. The Indian dealer was pulling magical cards and

everyone was losing. My dad withdrew his bet and piggybacked onto my hand “to change the cards.”

The cards definitely changed, not for the other two players, but specifically for me. I would play \$50 a hand and my dad would put a couple hundred underneath my chips. We were winning and kept increasing our bets. I couldn't make myself go over \$100, but he was putting \$500 on top of that. He said, “Just play like you normally do, no pressure.” But it was hard not to feel pressure when your dad's money was on the line.

We were a team, and the other side of the table kept commenting how “hot” we were. The pit boss looked on with concern, stalling the game at one point by changing dealers. On one hand, he put \$1,000 on top of my \$100 bet, but the dealer had to remind him of the \$1,000 table limit. He took that as a sign and dropped his bet to \$200. We lost.

Once my dad felt the momentum change, he gave me a knowing shake of his head and we dropped our bets to the table minimum. I ended up \$600 ahead and he won \$3,000. As he patted me on the back, he said, “They probably think we're counting cards.”

We slept for a few hours and went to gamble some more, but couldn't get excited about playing blackjack in the morning. We headed home. In the end he cleared a little over \$2,000 and I won exactly \$15, though I was down as much as \$700 at one point. With free room, free food, quality father-son time, and being able to come home ahead, it was one of the more successful gambling trips I've taken.

On the drive home I started feeling cold. By that evening I had developed a full-blown fever, but I had an appointment with a freelance writer who wanted to do a character profile on me for *The New Yorker*, of all places. I didn't want to cancel on him since he traveled from New York by bus to meet me, so I loaded up on Advil and Red Bull and headed to DC. I didn't think I could do the interview, but when I texted my concern to Virgle, he replied, “Be Jordan. This is the finals!”

While I was skeptical about how a mainstream article could benefit me, I didn't want to choke and have it be something that haters could gloat over. I met the reporter and forgot about my fever five minutes

in. I entered fight-or-flight mode and talked the guy's head off about everything: travel, women, feminism, the manosphere, and the life events that got me to where I was.

He recorded it all on his iPad. Whatever response I gave, he had a handful of follow-up questions, and next thing we knew three hours had passed. By then I had run out of adrenaline. The fever sprang back and I had trouble staying seated without slumping over. Thankfully he ran out of questions and we parted ways. I raced home and collapsed into bed, where I remained for the next five days.

When I was feeling better, I got an email from him. His iPad had erased the entire interview. I answered some duplicate questions by email, but in the end, nothing came out of it.

# The Pussy Violator

Petra wasn't understanding about my blog. If I had still been in Croatia to explain it to her face-to-face I'm sure she would have been able to separate the Internet me from the relationship me, but since I was thousands of miles away, I could only imagine the dark thoughts rolling through her head about being manipulated and used by a player. Actually, I didn't have to imagine it—she was messaging those thoughts directly to me:

“I don't know what your blog is, this monstrosity, another product of America, the land of the disturbed and dehumanized. And you were supposed to be all against that, while you are exactly what's wrong with it, rotten to the core and not even aware of it.

“Although now that you've already been here, others are still around, even more of you coming. I don't know will there be anything left to feel thankful for. Nowhere is 'safe' anymore, thank you, globalization, thank you America.

“And I thought myself a pessimist! Thinking how this world has come to its end, people all abnormal, selfish and incapable of any altruistic feeling, let alone love.

“You doing all those things, VIOLATING PUSSIES, and writing about that, but at the same time supposedly being someone else, a decent man? That man who gave me real kisses. I don't understand how it can get separated.”

There was one bright spot:

“I did always think you were very smart, but, man, you've really worked everything out to the very last detail. You know how the human mind works, can anticipate and respond to anything now. That's scary, the superiority you've gained through all this time of dedicated study, research, whatever. Wow. While I'm shocked and

disgusted with what you've turned out to be, I'm constantly having conversations with you in my head! It's the allure of the evil genius, I guess."

I felt bad she was hurt and softened my replies with back-to-back smiley faces to lighten the mood. It didn't take. Even if I had wanted to reconcile with her, I wouldn't have been able to set foot in Croatia for three months due to visa rules. For all intents and purposes, our relationship was dead. Was it a loss to be mourned?

When a girl rejects you, it's easy to see her value as higher than it really was, but I knew my feelings towards Petra before she discovered my blog. I liked her, I greatly enjoyed the sex with her, and our conversations were fun. I wouldn't hesitate to see her again, but I would've wanted to keep the relationship open. She's a great girl, but it's easy to meet great girls in Europe. They're everywhere, and the only limiting factor in meeting them is how much work you're willing to put in.

Once a man finds his El Dorado of women, it's hard to cry more than a day or two for any perceived loss. I knew if I set foot in Croatia, Poland, or Estonia, it wouldn't be hard to find another Petra, and in all likelihood I'd find something even better. By saying that I wonder if I have validated everything she said.

As if feeling Petra's anguish, my mother called me on the phone to give me a prepared speech. She no longer approved of my lifestyle and gave me an ultimatum: I needed to stop writing and return to my work as a microbiologist in Maryland. I needed to be a family man. She added, "Since you've come back, you haven't treated me and your sister with enough love, compassion, and respect. You're a stranger to me now."

For the nearly two years while in Europe I called her every Sunday to see how she was doing. If she was short on money, I mailed a check, and other times I sent money when she didn't ask. I even brought her a tasteful souvenir from Croatia. I could've visited her more after my return, but there's only so much time you can spend with your mother before you run out of things to talk about.

When it was clear that I wasn't going to follow her advice, she said, "You're my son and you have to listen to me."

"I'm sorry, Mom, but I'm not going to do what you say. I'm thirty-

three and this is my life.”

“So you think you’re a man now?”

“Actually, yes.”

She paused, then said, “No, you’re my son.” Then she told me not to call her until I changed my life in a way that pleased her.

Her son is a logical creature whose lifestyle evolved to serve his strongest needs, so her emotional pleas had no effect. I knew she would eventually cool off, but not before I was set to fly to Montreal in two weeks. I wanted to maintain good relations with her and be a “good son,” in spite of her giving me bad advice throughout my youth, but I couldn’t put her wishes above my own. If I had followed her guidance I would have been enslaved by the rat race and rarely gotten laid. I couldn’t understand why she thought that was best for me.

I guess she was right to a certain degree: we had become like strangers. Besides what we share in blood, I had no idea how to maintain a connection with a 60-year-old woman. I wondered whether I was doing something right if a woman her age didn’t approve of my life.

# The Rich

I drove up to Baltimore to see one of my best friends from college, Prad, who owns a restaurant in the city. He was one of the first persons to encourage me to pursue my writing and make a living from it. Over the course of ten years, he optimized his own business to where he hardly had to be there, and was at leisure to spend time on his own projects. In that regard we weren't much different, though he didn't have to approach like I did because girls were attracted to his restaurateur status.

We started at his restaurant as he closed for the night. He started telling me about his recent experiences. "While you were gone, I went to Los Angeles for a week and stayed with my brother. It was a week of hanging out with millionaires and billionaires, guys who have so much money that the most expensive anything doesn't matter to them. A dinner that costs \$10,000 is nothing, and they do it every night. They have multiple Bentleys and houses around the world. There aren't enough things for them to buy.

"And let me tell you, all those rich guys have multiple women on the side, the hottest in the world. It's on a level that you'd have to see to believe. When you drive a Lamborghini, even a shy girl gets excited and throws herself at you. It's a different game.

"The catch is that they still have the same type of problems we do. The guys worth \$100 million are insecure because they aren't at the level of the billionaires. It's like high school for rich people. They've got a hot wife, but she can give them problems. They got hot hoes on the side, but they know those hoes only like them for their money. And everyone wants more and more, so there is constant envy and jealousy."

"So what does that mean?" I asked.

“It means the human experience is the same for everyone. Even money can’t change the basic emotions and insecurities we all feel, either from not having enough or not feeling fulfilled. It’s better to have money than not, but it doesn’t solve everything.”

“Are you going to move there?”

“One of the rich guys wanted to hire me as a personal chef. I could have accepted and been connected to that lifestyle, but I’d have to work for him. I’d be a slave. Baltimore is a shithole, but I can be the king of Baltimore. You can’t imagine how many girls give me love because of this restaurant. I set my own hours and do my own thing. I’m nowhere near as rich as those guys in L.A., but I do well here, and there’s a lot of room for me to go even higher. I don’t want to give that up.”

“It’s the same reason why I travel to second-tier cities,” I said. “I know I can go to New York City or Paris or Barcelona and get laid, but I’d have to grind it out. I’d be a small fish in a big pond. Or I can go to a small European city, be more exotic, have the best style instead of merely average, and pull better quality with less work. Why swim with piranhas when you can be the piranha? I think it’s better to be in a position of wanting to outgrow your pond than getting eaten by bigger fish. It’s sort of like a hermit crab who outgrows a shell and has to find a bigger one. If he starts with the biggest shell when he’s still small, he’ll find it hard to move around.”

We went bar hopping in Federal Hill. The women were drunk and unattractive. The main flavor of game on display was dancing with girls and making sure they didn’t fall on the floor. We probably should have stayed in to continue our chat. It wasn’t even fun from a “Let’s make fun of the drunk girls” viewpoint. We had a couple drinks and called it a night.



# The Meetup

Since so many of my readers live in Washington DC, I thought it would be a good idea to organize a meetup to chat and exchange notes. The night started privately with Virgle and five manosphere bloggers at a Mexican restaurant. They were all dressed in suits while I had on an Adidas soccer jersey.

We were all amped up and drinking alcohol, so we couldn't dive deeply into a discussion about making our work more influential, though one guy did ask me about the future of the manosphere. I struggled to give an answer because nothing is organized—it's all strung together by individual personalities. The future depends on those individuals and where they decide to take things, not on what we decide as a group.

I got myself energized to handle what would be four hours of nonstop conversation with more than forty men from different backgrounds, races, ages, and nationalities. It was like speed dating but with guys. I planted myself in the middle of the bar and tried to give attention to all those who showed up, especially the ones who had traveled long distances. There were many guys I could have talked to all night, but the nature of the meetup meant that there were maybe only six or seven who I talked with for more than ten minutes.

I appreciated that they thanked me for my writing and dating advice, but I didn't want praise—I wanted to hear their stories. I wanted to know where they were from and how they were doing in life, because it's only by understanding them can I continue to write in a way that makes a difference.

There were a couple guys who I'd say were socially unaware, in the sense that they didn't know how to calibrate the responses I'd give them to provide a good one in return. I wondered how best to

help guys like that, where all the knowledge of game doesn't matter if you can't naturally push forward a conversation.

It's tough for me to admit that for a large number of guys, game is only going to make a small difference. A better bet for them to get laid would be to learn how to play a musical instrument or to own a trendy shop. The next game frontier is teaching those men tight social skills without even focusing on women, but it's a long process that most guys don't have the willingness to put in. If you're starting from the bottom, learning game ends up being a total personal upheaval that will only work if you stay with it for several years.

It took a while to meet a top-ten forum poster, a guy from the northeast who had mastered dance game and was generous about sharing his wisdom. I pegged him as a cocky guy from his writing and he didn't disappoint in person, relishing his forum status to get the recognition that was coming to him. I wanted him to feel good about contributing his time to the forum, so I sent many guys his way, encouraging them to meet him and soak up his game. Men aren't naturally validated by attention, but I know how good it feels to be recognized for the hard work you've put in. I doubt that a beautiful woman feels the same way when she's approached merely because of her beauty.

We had a brief private moment where I told him what would happen as he got older. I said, "You've worked on your game and it's at the point where you can get girls. You have to realize that it will only get easier as you get older. Once you hit thirty, girls will be more attracted to you without you having to do anything. The truth is, life doesn't start for a man until he's thirty, the age when a woman has already passed her peak. I'm thirty-three and have done some good things, but I feel that life is only beginning for me. Keep working on your game, but start to focus on your money. A pile of money is a pile of options, and when you're thirty and have both money and game, the world is yours."

Later that night I met an older American man who lived in Brasilia, the capital of Brazil. He told me about his 24-year-old girlfriend and how life was still good there. The pro-feminist developments we hear about on the news, he said, wasn't being seen on the ground, at least in the city he was staying in. He had overheard me sing the

praises of Poland to other guys and eventually asked me point-blank if Poland was better than Brazil.

Up to that point I had avoided answering the question. I still wanted to explore Brazil again in the future so I could give a definitive conclusion, but he had traveled a long way for the meetup and deserved a straight answer.

I rubbed my beard then said, “Yes, Poland is better. Brazilian women are the sexiest in the world and it has some of the most beautiful girls I’ve ever seen, but for day-to-day living and for pulling consistent girls who are more intelligent and easier to get along with, Poland is a winner.”

“Really? You really think Poland is better?”

“For me, it’s better. It’s less exciting than Brazil and I fear Polish winters, but there were times I felt like a king in Poland. I never felt like a king in Brazil.”

During the meetup, with the dozens of times “Poland” left the lips of men, I realized what it represented: the past. Poland is a place where nice guys can still get the girl. It’s not just poosy paradise, of sticking our dicks in vaginas, but it preserves the idea that good men will be rewarded with good women. Even guys who are accomplished players, who can fuck American girls in a couple hours’ time, are drawn to the idea that you don’t have to play a ruthlessly-honed game to get and keep a nice girl.

The meetup portion wound down around midnight and guys starting to express their desire to get laid. A few guys headed to a club while I and several others went to a bar. I was in such a social mood from talking all night that approaches came naturally, first in the line of the bar and then, when that didn’t pan out, on a girl with curly hair inside. I accidentally defaulted to my European game by giving a unique compliment about her hair and then easing into a conversation where the goal was to charm her pants off. But I wasn’t in Europe and by the time I realized that, I lost her.

An older reader of mine kept bringing girls to me. He’d approach them, say he’s friends with a “world renowned pickup artist,” and the girls would come over. He could’ve said I was a world-renowned baker and they would have still come, reminding me how important fame game is in the United States. With recent YouTube videos I’ve

seen of guys playing pranks on unsuspecting crowds by hiring bouncers and camera men to fake their fame, I wondered if there was a way average guys could leverage that unique feature of American culture to get more sex.

Another guy, as a joke, sent over a woman's studies major who passionately argued with me about the mythical gender wage gap. If she hadn't been a 5, I would have put more effort into it, but it's hard to debate an unattractive woman you don't want to have sex with. Even if I were to win the argument, I'd still lose time better spent talking to an attractive girl.

There weren't many targets. Only forty-five minutes remained until closing, so it was either sit on the sidelines or lower my standards for an easy lay. The problem is that uglier girls are more likely to blow you off. Because they know they're uglier, they step up their attitude to what they think hot girls would do in an attempt to boost their self-esteem.

I saw a thick girl with a bitch face by the bar. "You don't look like you're from DC," I said.

"Um, yeah, I'm *not* from here and I'm *not* even from this coast."

"Jesus," I said under my breath, disturbed at her response. Then I said, "Yeah, you must be single." As she snarled at me and walked away, I turned around to see that there were many witnesses to my rejection.

I walked downstairs and approached a mediocre girl. She told me she was a model but even in the dim light I wasn't seeing it. When I tried to get things moving, aware of the little time I had left to make magic happen, she repeatedly told me, "I'm hard, you have to work for me." No thanks. I left and went upstairs. Not much time was left, except for a Hail Mary. I saw a girl standing in line for the bathroom.

I walked up behind her, waited a couple seconds, then said, "You don't look like you're from here." We talked for a bit until it was her turn to urinate. I went into another bathroom and when I came out and saw she was waiting for me, I knew I was in. With only ten minutes left until closing, she had to be either super horny or very inebriated to go for a one-night stand. Neither seemed to be the case, but I tried anyway.

"Let's go for a walk," I said, pulling a line from Ukraine. She

looked bewildered at first, but eventually agreed. I waved goodbye to a group of the meetup guys, who probably thought I was getting laid when I knew that it wasn't even close to guaranteed.

We walked a block before stopping to kiss, but she didn't put much passion into it.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Arlington."

"That's kind of far."

"Yes, I'm going to share a cab ride with my friend. She's waiting back at the bar."

"Well, are you going to sleep right now? I wouldn't mind hanging out for a drink."

"I don't think that's a good idea tonight, but why don't you get my number and we can hang out next week. Maybe we can go for dinner or something."

"I'm only here for nine more days," I said.

"Well, if you don't want my number you don't have to take it."

I looked in her eyes and there wasn't a hint of boozy sheen that would suggest she's about to make a bad decision.

"You sure you don't want to grab a drink right now?" I asked.

"Where? We can't have a drink at my place." After a short pause she asked, "So you just want the hookup?" I didn't say anything. "Do you want my number or not?" I remained silent, and she walked away.

It really is a tall order to bang a girl within thirty minutes in the U.S. when you have no logistics. If I had met her earlier and bought a couple drinks to loosen her up, things might have worked out.

After being surrounded by people all night, I found myself alone for the first time. I correctly guessed that a group of guys would be at the late-night burger place next to the bar. I found them and we recapped the night.

In my head, I started to think about how to plan another meetup, maybe in Europe. It's a special thing to meet guys who have the same belief system as you, no matter what their background. The odds that I could go out right now and meet someone who likes to pick up girls, likes foreign women, and is a "red pill" thinker are about zero, but on this night I was surrounded by dozens of them, and we all shared war

## WHY CAN'T I USE A SMILEY FACE?

stories.

I was about to hit the road again, to live far away from my family, but with all the guys who read me, it's like I have a second family.

# The Slap

DC has many nightlife zones, most of which I've explored in the past twelve years. Georgetown has the preppy scene, where status plays well. Many guys dock their boats in the harbor and use that as a pickup line. Dupont Circle used to be one of the premier spots to go out, but now it seems to attract mostly gays and Middle Eastern people. Adams Morgan is where you go if you're under twenty-five, broke, and want to get drunk. It's also where black guys who live in the nearby projects hang out to hit on girls. H Street is the hipster corridor, a place where the whites are rapidly pushing out the blacks. U Street is the spot where I used to hang out back in the day, but an explosion of new bars and clubs has turned it into something resembling a cross between Georgetown and Adams Morgan.

Then there's K Street, which seems to be poorly inspired by Las Vegas. The whole idea of K Street is for men to buy bottles in order to get attention from DC's hottest girls. If there was only one K Street club, it might be worth the expense, but there are too many of them without enough hot women. Nonetheless, it's the only part of DC where you'll find girls consistently in heels.

On my last Friday night, my friend Dominique came to pick me up for a night at Lima, one of the older K Street clubs. On the walk over after parking we saw many nice girls, but they went to so many different venues that they diluted themselves.

Virgle was already inside, suited up with a pocket square. I wore a blazer, also with a pocket square (in a poof configuration). My pickup results are lower when I suit up so it's something I only do when I'm bored of v-necks.

The club had three stunning women but they were all with guys. I saw a handful of girls who were cute, though most were average.

What surprised me was the number of women older than me. The cougar phenomenon is something you don't see abroad and I wondered what they were doing out on a Friday night, not taking care of children.

A group of five girls danced near us in a circle. Dominique confirmed that they were speaking Russian. None of them had a drink. After thirty minutes, when they realized that they weren't going to get invited to a table, they reluctantly bought their own drinks. They were in their late twenties and okay for DC, but they've been Americanized and corrupted and fed a steady ego diet.

Eventually I approached a petite blonde at the bar. She looked good from a distance but had visible lines on her face up close. She must've been about thirty-five. I asked where she was from and she said, "Romania." I was reading a book on language and talked about the origins of hers. A bit cerebral, perhaps, and she didn't care for it.

Then I saw a beautiful brunette standing alone. Guys were passing her but hell if I was going to do the same.

"You don't look like you're from here," I said.

"I'm not."

"I think I know where you are from... Croatia."

"No."

"Serbia!"

"No."

"Russia!"

"Close."

"Ukraine!"

"Yes."

In Russian I said, "I lived in Kharkiv for three months." I prepared for an excited response, but it didn't come. In fact, she didn't say anything. Had she not understood my Russian? I repeated myself in English. Still nothing. It was okay if she wasn't attracted to me, but even if I had I met an ugly beast in Kharkiv who was from the United States, I would have been at least a little curious.

I said, "You don't seem excited that I lived in your country."

"My husband is here."

One of her husband's friends, a big guy from Holland, turned to me and asked, "What is that, a pocket square?"



“Yes, that is what it’s called.”

“That’s an interesting style. Why do you have it?”

“Because I want to.”

I figured he was making fun of me in a Jante Law approved manner. I got the hint that I was no longer welcome so I turned and walked away.

By 1am, all we saw were girls in large groups with guys. We were ready to work, but there was nothing to approach. I said, “No one is getting laid here tonight. I want to get laid!” I didn’t have to convince them of the long odds. They could see it with their own eyes.

“Let’s try Tattoo down the street,” Virgle said. We went, but there were only three decent girls, surrounded by an ocean of men who also wanted to get laid.

“It’s all because it rained,” I said. “Five drops, and half of DC stays home. I say we go to U Street. We’ll have a chance there.”

Dominique hesitated. He hated white girls and preferred the international flavor of K Street. “I’ll pay for the cab fare,” I added. That sweetened the deal and we ended up in the same bar as the meetup the previous weekend.

The quality from K Street to U Street dropped drastically, but at least there were girls to approach. Right away we got into a conversation with two young girls who were wearing flip-flops. It was late October, well past flip-flop season, and the street was wet. I put aside my flip-flop hatred because I wanted to bang. We talked to them for a few minutes until, out of nowhere, a blonde girl, presumably their friend, told me to fuck off and gave Dominique the middle finger.

“Sorry about her. She’s a little drunk,” one of the flip-flop girls said.

I knew Dominique was already regretting his decision to come. No matter how snobby Russian girls could be in DC, they never resort to vulgarity.

I talked to another blonde, a 6 at most, but she just didn’t give a shit. I talked to another 6, but it was the same deal. She didn’t pay attention and didn’t seem to care. I’m a man of the world, damn it! I got into a couple more conversations that went nowhere. The quality was getting lower. I was forcing it on girls I wasn’t attracted to. My urge to get laid was falling.

Back at the bar, one of the girls in flip-flops came up to me and smiled. Trailing her was the blonde friend who had told me to fuck off. I stood there, smiling weakly, not saying a word. The blonde then cut in front of her friend and slapped me across my neck.

I yelled, "Touch me again and see what happens!" She raised her hand, but Virgle grabbed it and pushed it down.

"But she's a girl!" the flip-flop girl said.

"I don't give a fuck. If she touches me again, she's not going to recognize herself in the mirror tomorrow."

The flip-flop girl grabbed the blonde and whisked her away, genuinely scared. Truth was I wasn't going to hit the blonde, but I had spotted a nearly full glass of beer at the bar that I would have dumped on her head.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to hurt her, but the consequences would have been too great. I would have been kicked out of the bar and possibly arrested. Even if I could have proved that she assaulted me first, it wasn't a battle worth fighting since I was set to leave the country soon.

Once garbage hour arrived, guys went crazy, cockblocking each other to approach the dregs of DC. Girls were rejecting them left and right. It became hopeless. Dominique had already given up and I was on the verge of joining him.

"Street game," Virgle said.

We went out and got into a couple conversations, but nothing clicked. Then I saw a girl standing alone. I approached her and she was surprisingly receptive, probably because she had attended a small house party. Her head wasn't gassed up.

"Your accent sounds different," I said. "Are you from Spain?"

"No."

"France?"

"Yes, France."

"From Paris?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing in this horrible city?"

"I live here for work."

A bit of small talk ensued and then I asked, "So does Paris have more attractive people than DC?"

“Yes, and all the girls in Paris are thin. Here it’s a little different.”

“You mean they’re fatter here.”

“I didn’t want to say it in those words.”

I looked at her body and it was thin, but she was dressed in the hipster style. I couldn’t see any curves. Her hair was in a bob, her skin was pasty, and her eyes were spaced a half-inch too far apart. I couldn’t find anything appealing about her.

“Where are you from?” she asked.

“Washington DC.”

“You’re a liar.”

“Nope, I’m from here, but I’ve lived in Europe the past couple of years.”

“Oh, cool. Where?”

“Poland.”

I asked an important question: “Where were you born?”

She looked down, like she was ashamed, and said, “DC.”

“You were born *here*?” I asked, surprised.

“Yes, is that bad?”

Banging her wouldn’t even get me a flag. Now I couldn’t possibly imagine fucking her. I didn’t even want to kiss her. So I let her go.

“What just happened?” Virgle asked.

“I couldn’t do it. I stopped talking.”

“What do you mean?”

“I just wasn’t attracted to her. I couldn’t bang that.”

“Man, you were talking about how badly you wanted to get laid. We hauled ass here, and you just dropped the ball.”

I looked to Dominique and asked, “Should I have banged that?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “She wasn’t very pretty.”

“That was a guaranteed notch, though,” Virgle said. “I thought that’s what you wanted.”

“I did. When we were first out I just wanted to stick my dick in something, but now I don’t know. It’s like the more time you spend out, the less you want to get laid.”

Virgle didn’t care for my philosophical answer and shook his head. He has pushed me into many bangs in the past, and I’m appreciative of that, but this time I don’t think he understood that my dick may not have gotten hard.

Dominique drove me home. "It was such a marginal call," I said.

"I think you did the right thing. I wouldn't have fucked that, either."

"You didn't seem to be in the mood tonight."

"I don't know, man, the quality is so low and the attitude sucks. I just can't get excited about this shit anymore. The whole city brings you down."

"This is why I can't stay here," I said.

A lot of guys ask me if DC is "really" that bad. A month in DC won't kill you. Even a year won't. But if you stay long enough, the city beats you down and changes you for the worse. You can be in the prime of your life, with testosterone raging through your body, yet you don't even feel like getting laid.

# The Punch

The next day I woke up with a cold, my second illness in a couple weeks. I seemed to be sucking in whatever viruses were floating around in the States. I gulped a Red Bull and went out for my last night to meet with Virgle, Rookie, and four other guys. With such a large wolf pack it'd be a miracle if anyone got laid, but I already knew I wasn't going to. The last thing on my mind was pussy. Problem is going out without the intent to hit on girls can be torture, since the only reason to endure a club is to smash.

Early in the night a guy came up to me and said, "Can I take a picture with you?"

"Maybe you're confusing me with someone else," I replied.

"I'll take that chance," he said, before someone took a picture with an iPhone. He said, "I've been studying game only for a few months, but I respect your work. It has helped me a lot."

He went off with his friend, maybe to use some of my techniques.

A large bachelorette party was dancing near me and Virgle. An Indian man with gray hair attempted to get into the group by dancing wildly. The girls liked him. One girl from the group came up to Virgle and asked if he could perform a bachelorette task, but he politely declined.

The girl looked at us both and asked, "Don't you want to talk to girls?"

"Not old girls," I said. "We only date young girls, sorry."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-three."

"How old do you think I am?" she asked.

"Twenty-nine," I said.

"Thirty," Virgle ventured.

“Ouch,” she said, then returned to her group with a sour face. She thought she was doing *us* a favor by granting permission to interact with her spinster friends. When another member of that group asked us to take a group picture, we took it as a cue to move to another part of the bar.

Two heavysset girls soon parked next to us and Virgle blurted out, “He’s going to jail for ten years, starting tomorrow.”

Then a black guy appeared from nowhere and said, “Hey, aren’t you Roosh? I read your stuff all the time.”

“It’s a case of mistaken identity,” I said to the girls, relishing my local celebrity status, even if it was in front of fat girls.

One of them asked why I was going to jail. “Rape,” I said.

“That’s, like, not funny.”

“Who said I’m joking? I raped a girl and now I’m going to jail.” I didn’t smile. Her expression looked like someone took a crap in her mouth.

Her friend, who was much heavier, chimed in, “Is that your line?”

“Line for what?” I asked. She didn’t respond. Even louder I said, “*Line for what?*” I wanted her to insinuate I was trying to pick her up.

“Um, just a thing you say to girls.”

“Okay, I want to make clear to you and your friend that I’m not hitting on either of you.” I looked at the crowd and yelled, “I’m not hitting on these girls!” Then I turned to them and said, “I would never hit on you, so don’t say stupid shit like that.”

I turned away but she tried to grab my arm. I snatched it away, saying, “Don’t touch me.”

“What’s wrong with you?”

“You! I don’t want to talk to you! Goodbye!”

They left. Talking to fat American girls, even for entertainment, has absolutely no benefit. So many guys try to hit on them in DC that even when you’re clowning around, they assume you want to fuck them. I find it amazing how quick they get into a role where they are trying to qualify and then reject you. In Europe, the fat girls are nervous to talk to any guy, but in DC they’re party queens who have their choice of the litter.

The bar we were at, Marvin, had given me so much pussy in the past that I had lost count, but at that moment there were only two nice

girls surrounded by a group of men. Just standing there made me depressed. I couldn't believe how quickly a bar could take a turn for the worse, but then again two years is a long time.

Our crew, seven deep, walked to another bar. On the way, an Indian girl on the sidewalk approached me and punched me in the stomach as she yelled "Pow!" I grabbed her forearm and said, "What the fuck are you doing? You can't just hit someone like that."

She froze, her eyes and mouth open. Her friends didn't know what was going on. I let her go and they scurried away. My friends thought she had known who I was and had punched me for all of womankind, but I think she was just being drunk and stupid. The paranoid part of me did wonder if I was being trolled by DC women into a response that would get me locked up and prevent my leaving the country.

At the bar I drank my soda and accepted the role of sober wingman. I saved a spot for the guys to come and get drinks whenever they wanted. I did end up approaching one girl who was especially cute, but when her response was, "Really?" I turned back around and re-manned my station.

The guys were doing better, grinding on half the pseudo-hipster white girls at one point or another. In the middle of one of my "Europe is amazing" speeches with one of them, a short fat girl tried to shove us away from the bar. When I put up my forearm to block out her violence, she yelled, "I want to get a drink at the bar!"

"I don't fucking care," I said. "Don't push."

She made a nasty face and went around to get her water. I eyed her carefully and could tell that for a second she had considered throwing it at us before waddling off on her fat legs.

By the time the lights came on, our crew had whittled down to five. We went outside, took a piss in an alley, then stood in front of a Latin club to hit on girls stumbling out. Since I was the tallest, I pointed out the cute girls for the others to attack. There were two I saved for myself when I overheard a foreign accent. I got excited at the possibility that I might have lived in their country.

"Excuse me, do you two know where we can find another bar at this hour?" I asked.

"Right now it's going to be hard to find a place."

"Yeah, I figured. I haven't been to DC in a while, so a lot has

changed. By the way, your accent sounds different. Are you French?"

"No, my accent is easy." She was encouraging me.

"Spanish?"

"No."

Then I looked at her more petite friend, who had a Slavic face, and said, "Russian?"

"Yes!"

I nodded, then started speaking in Russian. Their eyes lit up and we had a forty-second conversation until I ran out of words.

"Why do you speak Russian?" the tall one asked.

"Well, I lived in Ukraine for three months, in the Eastern part. Russian is the daily language there so I learned a few things."

The tall one got distracted by a third friend I hadn't seen, leaving me with the petite one. She was cute, maybe a 7, but it was her femininity that started giving me warm thoughts. Her makeup and hair, while not flashy, were exquisitely done. She wore a snug dress in a Dalmatian pattern that revealed her slight curves. Even in my anti-horny and combative state, I became aroused.

"Which part of Russia are you from?" I asked her.

"Siberia."

"Novosibirsk?"

"Yes, how did you know?" A casual observer would have said she replied to my correct guess with great calm, but I knew she was excited. As much as girls in the East try to hide it, their laser eye contact gives their feelings away.

"It's the only city in Siberia I know," I replied, smiling. "How similar is Russia to Ukraine? I still haven't been to Russia yet." She looked confused. I figured my question was too open-ended, so I refined it.

"Because Ukraine kind of discouraged me from going to Russia. There weren't many English speakers and you've already heard how bad my Russian is. And every girl thought I was a Turkish sex tourist because of how I look. I'm guessing it's the same in Russia."

"No, it's not. I think you would be received well in Siberia." She looked at my beard. "A lot of Russian girls like beards."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes." Chance of sex, rising!



"I'll go there, then, to find my dream girl. Have you met the man of your dreams tonight?" I asked, pointing at the bar she had just left.

She laughed and said, "No, I'm flying back to Russia tomorrow morning." Chance of sex, fading.

A logistics dossier popped into my head. Her level of sobriety: high. Estimated time needed for bang: four hours. Her lodgings: a friend's couch. My lodgings: my dad's basement. Chance of cockblock: high. Chance of getting laid within the next hour: processing... processing... 5.4%.

Bad logistics is a boner killer. I don't know how I did it while living in the Maryland suburbs for so long. I remember times when I'd drive two hours a night to shuttle girls to my place and then back. I must've wanted to get laid pretty badly back then. If I had lived just down the street I would have pushed harder with the Russian girl, but my chances were too slim.

I asked her age and she asked mine, and for the first time she smiled. It was going down like a Lithuanian or Ukrainian pickup. The lead time was slow, but the attraction was being built based on my experiences and knowledge instead of my ability to make her horny with cocky statements. The tall friend finished resolving an issue with the other friend and came back. My isolation time was over and they soon left.

I didn't care too much about the girl, but the interaction pleased me. I knew I'd soon be going back to a place where I could meet polite women who would give me a chance to tell my story without cutting me down with "Really?"

One of the guys made out with an Ethiopian girl while I was talking to the Russian. The others tried to set up an afterparty with random girls but failed. There were no targets left so we walked around until settling in front of a McDonald's. Then the fattest girl in DC, clocking in at some 300 pounds, walked up to me and said, "Hi, don't be scared, but you look like my sister-in-law's brother." I just nodded my head, offering no verbal response, and she went inside the restaurant.

When she came back out, Virgle convinced her and her friends that I was Joey Affleck, Ben's little brother. I had about 700 pounds of woman swarming me with questions while Virgle and the other guys

laughed hysterically. My last contact with the American female was with land whales.

A few minutes later I said goodbye to Virgle, the fourth time I had done so on the streets of DC. The other times I had been able to estimate when I'd return, but it didn't happen this time, and I think he understood why.

"It's your turn to visit me," I said.

# The Goodbye

My sister invited me to my mom's house for dinner. I decided that in case it was an ambush, I'd leave without arguing, but it turned out to be a pleasant affair over a nice Turkish dinner. We ignored any hot issues until the end, when my mom said, "I wish you would stay in town."

I replied, "Mom, if I was gay, would you accept me?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the same thing. It's a lifestyle choice. I have to do what I feel will bring me happiness. I know things haven't been perfect since I've been back. Could I have come more often? Yes. Could I shown more affection? Sure. But compared to other guys my age, I think I put in the effort, especially considering I don't live in the same city as you. I'm trying my best."

The night before I left, I took my sister and my mom out for one final dinner. There were no arguments. Things seemed back to normal, until three months later when my mom exploded again on the phone. I stopped speaking to her.

My sister drove me to the airport. I was heading to Canada for a couple weeks before returning to Europe. On days I travel there's always a bit of anxiety. Did I forget anything? How is the new place going to be? Can I really afford this? It usually comes out in the form of stomach pain and sweaty palms.

"When are you coming back?" my sister asked.

"I don't know, maybe next Christmas. It's getting harder to stay here. This past month threw me into a little depression. Staying with Dad in the suburbs really killed my mojo."

"Maybe you should stay in the city next time."

"That would be worse! I hate DC."

We pulled up to the arrivals section of Dulles Airport. “You know,” I said, “sometimes it feels like I’m running on a treadmill, chasing something with all these experiences, but it’s all shades of the same thing. I’ve done a lot of exciting things in life, so now it’s getting hard to top them. I think it’s time to take a step back and maybe get used to a more normal life. I need to gradually lower the dose of the drug I’ve been taking until I’m not addicted anymore. I’m getting tired.”

I remembered how much my sister had cried the first time I left, but this time there were no tears. Goodbyes get easier.

I walked into the airport, checked my luggage, and went through security. As I waited for my plane, wondering where this new journey would take me, there was only one thing I was sure about: I wanted to expatriate from America. I no longer considered it my home.

**Visit my blog:**

<http://www.rooshv.com>

