

Bang Poland

Roosh V

© 2012 by Roosh V
<http://www.rooshv.com>

All rights reserved.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. Welcome To Poland	1
Polish Culture...	2
Which City To Visit?...	6
Logistics...	9
Doing Poland On The Cheap...	10
II. Girls	12
Body & Appearance...	12
Personality & Vibe...	16
Types Of Polish Girls...	20
Approach Index...	22
III. Game	24
Internet Game...	27
Day Game...	28
Night Game...	34
Additional Game Analysis...	53
IV. Stories	58
The Robbery Of All Robberies...	58
How I Planted The Seed Of A Revenge Cockblock...	63
I Keep Getting Tricked By Polish Girls...	66
A Gentle Fuck	70
I Lost The Polish Magic	73
V. City Guides	78
Poznan...	78
Gdansk & Sopot...	82
Wroclaw...	85
Krakow...	88
The Bottom Line....	92

I

Welcome To Poland

Poland is one of the best places in the world for thin, feminine women. There, I said it. The cat is out of the bag.

I originally planned on visiting the country for one month, but ended up staying for seven. It wasn't because I made amazing friends or fell in love with the cities, culture, or food. It also wasn't because I became enchanted with its mountains or natural beauty.

It was because I simply couldn't get enough of the women. Their personalities and vaginas fit me like a glove. What was supposed to be a little visit to get used to Eastern Europe turned out to be one of the greatest discoveries of my adult life. Besides Brazil, there is no place that I can confidently say made me a better man and lover, and I'm not ashamed to say that a tear of sadness almost fell from my ocular region as I flew out of the country.

Now that I've gotten the hype out of the way, I have to bring you back down to Earth. First, the weather is awful. Winters are bone-chillingly cold and the summers are rainy and mild without a lot of sun. Second, the cities are uninspiring. They are functional places that have little to offer besides a touristy old square, lacking the electricity and vibrancy of cities like Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Barcelona, and Paris. Third, there is a mass exodus of women from the urban centers in July, August, and September (Polish people love to travel to beaches during the summer).

If you consider that people hibernate during the winter, you're

left with only four good months to visit: April, May, October, and November. If you visit outside of those months, you won't experience the best of what Poland has to offer. As you can see, the country is only good 33% of the time, so it's not a place you'd want to live in permanently.

The biggest problem you'll face is that it takes time to preheat a Polish girl's oven. While I'll give you tips on getting one-night stands, for most of the guys I've exchanged war stories with, it takes a couple dates to seal the deal. Therefore, if you want to visit Poland to sleep with women, you'll need to stay in one city for **at least one month**. I understand this is probably impossible if you have a full-time job, but if you visit for two weeks or less, what'll end up happening is that you'll run out of time to bang the girls you meet.

Unless your game is above average, it will take two weeks just to build a solid pipeline. If you're really short on time and can only travel for two weeks or less, my recommendation is to visit Scandinavia, where girls are as easy as those you'd find in America.

Many men come to Poland for a short period of time and don't see its strengths, not understanding that it takes time for the country to release nectar from its fruit. While other countries ripen in a couple days, like a banana, Poland is more like an avocado. It takes time before you can enjoy the mushy green flesh.

Polish Culture

History hasn't been kind to Poland. Strategically wedged in the center of Europe, it has been brutally invaded and raped by both Germany and Russia. The Germans so thoroughly destroyed Krakow during World War II that city planners had to study artistic paintings of the city to reconstruct its buildings. To avoid a repeat of history, Poland has become an active NATO member with a respectable military that should be able to fend off any future blitzkriegs.

WELCOME TO POLAND

Even with the attacks the country has suffered, you won't pick up a sense of anger or lament from the people. Polish people look forward. They're intensely serious about building a strong nation with a skilled workforce that will be respected the world over. During the time I lived there, infrastructure was being frenetically upgraded for the 2012 Euro Cup.

Education is taken seriously by the middle class. You'll meet women studying to be doctors, lawyers, accountants, and translators. This isn't what you'd expect if you believe the stereotype of Polish people being stupid. I found that non-Polish people, especially Europeans, consistently insult Poles for their simple-mindedness. Even in America there is a Polish genre of humor. Those negative stereotypes simply didn't pan out. I find Polish people, especially the women, to be kind, intelligent, outspoken, and more knowledgeable about the world than the average American.

The major downside to the culture is that it's basic, without much flourish. In my previous travel guides, I usually included lots of notes about a country's culture, but for Poland, I have almost nothing. The reason? Poland's strength lies in its women, not its culture. If you take away the women, there aren't enough positives to warrant a visit. There are many other countries, particularly in South America, where the outgoing and unique nature of the culture make it worth more observation and study.

Having a tame culture isn't necessarily bad. It trains people to appreciate what they have instead of being overly materialistic. The Polish personality is about being respectful and humble instead of showing off. It's about showing curiosity and interest in other people instead of feeling superior. It's about living a life where your basic needs are met instead of keeping up with the Joneses. Instead of calling Polish culture simple, maybe it's better to call it easygoing. Polish people are more concerned about drinking with friends than with trying to increase their status.

One of the most interesting parts of Polish culture is the language, which I consider a softer version of Russian. If you're a lover of languages, you'll be intrigued by Polish and want to take

a stab at it. This will undoubtedly give you gray hair, however, because Polish is one of the hardest languages for English speakers to learn.

Besides the tough pronunciation, you have the issue of Polish noun cases. In English there are only two noun cases: singular and plural. The word *cat* either exists as “cat” or “cats.” In Polish, there are seven that depend on how you want to use the word. If you want a cat, you’d use a different case than not wanting a cat. If you want to describe an orange cat, that is yet another case. These cases are unique for every word, meaning there is no universal pattern. If you also add in the fact that there are gendered nouns, a variety of hard-to-pronounce “sh” and “zh” sounds, non-phonetic reading of its spelling, and verb conjugations that change depending on whether you’re male or female, the result is a language that your brain resists learning.

To give you an idea how hard it is, looking up a Polish word in the dictionary was useless, since that word was always in its case form, while the dictionary always showed the root form, which was often completely different. After studying moderately hard for three months, I was only able to have the most basic conversations.

If you want to undertake the challenge of studying Polish, and I think you should if you want to make your trip more enjoyable, there are three main resources to use. The first is the *Pimsleur Polish* audio course, which you can put on your MP3 player. The second is the *Berlitz Phrasebook*, which has English pronunciations of common phrases. Finally, the *Polski Krok Po Kroku* book has a fun program you can do with a Polish speaker (hire a tutor in the city you land in).

While most Polish girls speak English, uttering just a couple Polish words will increase her interest since it shows that you respect her culture and aren’t an obvious sex tourist. Learning it also gives you an additional topic to talk about when trying to build a connection (e.g., “Why is Polish so hard?”).

Not only did girls get a kick out of me speaking in Polish, but they remarked on how “cute” I sounded when saying words with an obvious American accent. The bad news is the hottest Polish

girls never seemed to speak English, a phenomenon that seems to hold true of any country's women. A hot girl who can land the best men in her country doesn't have to undertake the arduous task of learning a foreign language.

A pickup isn't over in the case a Polish girl doesn't speak English. Talk really slow, use simple language, and focus on dancing with her. You'll be surprised at how eager she is to at least take a stab at conversation, and it's possible to bang a girl after a conversation that looked more like a game of charades. If there are a lot of girls in a club, I don't recommend wasting time with a girl who doesn't speak English, but if she's really into you, it may be worth a try.

I want to close the culture section with a brief description of Polish food and alcohol. Even though I was there seven months, I wasn't able to figure out Polish cuisine. Unless you have Grandma Polish making you a stew, you'd be hard-pressed to stumble upon any unique culinary features besides the *pierogi*, which are dumplings stuffed with things like cheese and meat (they're like ravioli but without the red sauce). Another Polish favorite is the *zapiekanka*, a two-foot-long open French bread pizza without tomato sauce, though you can get it with ketchup.

The outside world has strongly influenced Polish food, with pizza and fast food gaining a strong foothold. Middle Eastern cuisine is the late-night food of choice. McDonald's and KFC are invading the country and being accepted by Polish people. In short time I imagine foreign cuisine will completely dominate the Polish landscape, fattening the population in the process.

Things are more interesting when it comes to alcohol. The Polish people are hearty drinkers and with that comes a wide selection of beer, vodka, and whiskey. It's still debated whether vodka was invented in Poland or Russia, but the Poles have a leg up in the battle if you consider that the first use of the word *vodka* in written text happened in Poland.

There are two must-try drinks in Poland. First is the mad dog, a layered vodka shot with raspberry syrup and Tabasco sauce. The sensation is that of sweet vodka followed by a throat burn. Second is a herbal-infused yellow vodka called *vodka gorzka*,

which translates to “bitter vodka.” It has both bitter and sweet notes that make it fine to drink chilled, without ice or mixers. Even with a 38% alcohol content, it almost feels like you’re sipping juice.

I believe one of the reasons Poland doesn’t have a distinctive culture is because of its location. After being bullied by so many empires, it has taken on features from both the West and East. While I’ve had a lot to say about the culture of other countries in order to better understand the women, this isn’t the case with Poland. Visiting without a strong understanding or even appreciation of the culture won’t be necessary for sleeping with the women. If you learn some basic Polish, try a *zapiekanka*, and drink yellow vodka, you’ll be straight.

Which City To Visit?

Poland is a big country, the ninth biggest in Europe based on land mass. It has a population of 38 million. Yet there are only a handful of cities that will serve our lovemaking purposes. I visited five: Krakow, Poznan, Wroclaw, Gdansk, and Sopot.

I’m sure you’ve already heard of Krakow since it’s the most visited tourist city in Poland. Ten years ago, before Ryanair and EasyJet started making cheap flights to the city, I imagine it was poosy paradise, with its large university population and vibrant nightlife. Then the British guys started coming in with their lame bachelor parties and then the Spanish guys with their sex-eager game.

In America, a bachelor party is simply going to a strip club with your boys, but in Britain their culture dictates that you have to fly to another city and get insanely drunk while prowling the streets in groups of ten or more. They disrespect the local culture through their drunken semi-violent behavior. It’s no surprise that many bars have a “No Stag Parties” policy.

You also have the Spanish men who arrive in hordes, and to a lesser extent, the Italians. Thousands of these guys visiting Krakow over the course of a decade has eliminated any exotic

bonus points you could've gained while meeting a Polish girl. Of the cities I visited, the girls in Krakow had the most attitude and were least impressed with my foreign status, but—and this is a big but—you can still pull there. If you're a sharply dressed man who isn't getting drunk and can seem like a Polish insider (you're learning Polish, right?), it's only marginally harder than the other cities.

The biggest problem with Krakow is that it's lame. It's Westernized beyond belief, with a McDonald's right off the main square. Everything seems to be in English and tourists are everywhere. I'm not talking about the cool tourists who go to South Beach, but the old and fat ones who wear passport holders around their necks. While there are many girls around, if you're looking for an authentic Polish experience, Krakow won't provide it. I wouldn't recommend spending more than a weekend there.

Next up is Poznan, a city I lived in for a little over six months. It also has a large university population, which includes a lot of Erasmus students from other countries (Erasmus is a study-abroad program for Europeans). Polish girls are slightly more curious about foreigners here than Krakow, since the only ones living in the city are young students, not mature men like you and me.

The biggest problem with Poznan is that with only 568,000 people, it starts to feel like a small town after a while. The nightlife is hit or miss, with only a handful of clubs that regularly pack people in. I was annoyed with the lack of selection and often felt like I had no choice but to go to the same boring night spots.

Another problem is that it can be quite a sausage fest, more than other Polish cities I've been to. Some places will be so packed with dudes that you wonder if it's gay night. Luckily for us, most Polish guys don't have game. A sausage fest won't harm you as much as it would in other places, but it's still a bummer to get ready for a fun Saturday night out and encounter two or three guys for every girl.

Next up is Wroclaw (pronounced *vrot-suave*). Mark my

words, this city will be the new Krakow in ten years. It's ramping up its tourism efforts and already has the infrastructure to take on a lot more. Its nightlife is busy with many more options than Poznan, and there are tons of college girls who are less allergic to foreign guys than the ones in Krakow. Slightly bigger than Poznan, Wroclaw hits a sweet spot of being large enough that you don't get bored with the girls and nightlife while still being relatively unspoiled by foreigners. Sadly, this will eventually change for the worse.

Finally, we have Gdansk and its nearby sister city, Sopot. Gdansk feels like a suburban town with very few nightlife options. Most people hop on the train and go to Sopot, especially in the summer. It seems like Sopot exists solely for vacationing Poles, offering clubs, restaurants, and the beach. It's like the Las Vegas of Poland but without the gambling, so you'll see a lot of Polish girls dressed up more than usual.

Predictably, the girls in Sopot have more attitude than other cities. The logistics are also harder, since groups are large and often involve guys. They do their approaches during the day on the beach and then go out with the girls at night, making it harder to find good opportunities. If you like huge clubs that lean toward the cheesy side, Sopot is worth a visit when you're stuck in Poland during the summer. The other cities will be mostly empty of Polish women.

Two cities I wanted to check out, but was unable to, were Warsaw and Katowice. Warsaw is a major tourist destination, but it has more career women than students, leading to a possibly more stuffy environment. Since college girls will be your bread and butter, my guess is that it would be harder to pull. Katowice is a city in the south of Poland that is ugly as sin and sees almost no tourists. Nightlife options are limited. If I revisit Poland and find that my favorites have been spoiled, I'll endure a place like Katowice to maintain the pussy flow I was accustomed to. If you're going to Poland during April, May, October, and November, Poznan and Wroclaw will be your best bets.

During the summer you won't get a proper Polish experience. Clubs are mostly dead and some even shut down, meaning only

WELCOME TO POLAND

Saturday nights will consistently have people. The sex ratio is worse, as bad as five guys to each girl, because there are more male tourists and fewer female students. The girls who do go out put less effort into their appearance, wearing ballet flats instead of heels. Their attitudes are also higher. Local women, who aren't nearly as good with their English, also aren't as friendly as the students, especially when they know that their main competitors are out of town. Even the cockblocking is higher.

If you go during the summer and it sucks, don't blame me or Poland. Just head straight to the seaside (Sopot), where there will still be a lot of talent. Avoid Krakow and Warsaw unless you're curious from a tourist perspective. If you're feeling adventurous, find a list of Polish cities online and rank them by population. Work your way down the line to find places that have practically been untouched.

Logistics

Getting to and from Poland offers no challenge. Go to Kayak.com for airfares or hop on a train if you're in Germany. Apartment lodging is relatively easy to obtain: a simple Google search on "city + (flat OR apartment)" will give you options for the cities I mentioned (see the city guides below for more recommendations).

If you're looking to stay a week or less, expect to pay \$60–70 a night for an apartment, which is cheaper than a hotel. You'll be able to get deals on a monthly rental of \$600–1,200. Of course this price is outrageously high to a local who has a multi-year lease, but expect to pay for the privilege of getting a fully furnished apartment with utilities for just one month's commitment.

Besides the Google search I mentioned, another way to get a rental is to contact real estate offices in the city you're going to. They always have a staple of furnished apartments for foreigners visiting on business. Yet another method is to post an ad on Gumtree (<http://www.gumtree.pl>), the Polish version of

Craigslist. The problem there is that everything is in Polish, so you'll have to use a translating tool to understand everything. Finally, if you don't mind shared housing, post an ad on the Couchsurfing group of the city you want to stay in (<http://www.couchsurfing.org>). Click on *Community*, then on *Find Groups*, then enter the city in the search box.

One more site worth mentioning is Polish Forums (<http://www.polishforums.com>). While it doesn't have many rental listings, it's a good place to ask questions you have about Poland that I didn't answer in this guide. They did a couple hater threads on me when I was in the country so it wouldn't be a good idea to mention my name if you want advice. Finally, I recommend a site that helps you with Polish train schedules (<http://rozklad-pkp.pl>).

There are no specific packing needs for Poland, but I recommend that you bring an unlocked cell phone (get a SIM card from a mobile shop like Orange or Plus in any mall). One-night stands happen, but it will be more common to sleep with a Polish girl after a date or two.

English is competently spoken by most people attending university. If you frequent the clubs students go to, you shouldn't experience much language difficulty. It's when you go to clubs with a lot of older people who haven't spoken English in years that you'll face problems. For example, there can be two clubs next to each other, with one having 80% English speakers and the other having less than 50%. If you're at a club where no one seems to speak English (not even the bartenders), go to another club.

English will be rare with the help, especially taxi drivers and grocery store clerks. With them, you'll either have to mime or speak Polish. The Polish I ended up learning mostly went toward communicating with them.

Doing Poland On The Cheap

Poland is already pretty cheap, so you won't have to strain

WELCOME TO POLAND

yourself much to get value out of your stay. If you rent an apartment, cook most of your meals, and don't go nuts buying bottles in the club, you should be able to live comfortably in a good part of town for under \$2,000 a month.

Like I mentioned earlier, short-term apartments are cheaper than hotels. Though an apartment has less flash than a hotel, if you want to bang a Polish girl, you'll have to put on the air that you're actually living in the city. A hotel doesn't accomplish that. In fact, you'll be hard-pressed to hear a story of an American getting his Polish flag by bringing a girl back to a hotel room.

After the main expense of lodging, it's smooth sailing, with reasonable food and partying costs. Even an occasional splurge at an expensive restaurant with your Polish bride-to-be won't break the bank. Here are some example costs in the country:

Decent lunch: \$7

Crappy beer at snobby club: \$4

Crappy beer at local pub: \$3

Cover charge at average club: \$3

American serving size of Jameson or decent liquor: \$4.50

Decent hotel room per night during winter or spring: \$100

Short taxi ride (you don't have to tip): \$5

Apples (per pound): \$1.25

Muffin or cookie at coffee shop: \$1.50

Small Latte: \$2.50

I found Poland cheaper than Brazil, where \$30 cover charges for clubs and \$100 a night stays at dilapidated apartments aren't unheard of.

It's debatable whether the tap water is drinkable or not. Polish people say it's not, so they always use a Brita filter or buy bottled water. I erred on the side of caution and used a filter when the water wasn't boiled.

Now that you have all the information you need about getting to Poland without spending your entire wad, let's talk about the women.

II

Girls

Before going to Poland I had little idea what Polish women were like. I went in with a fresh mind and no expectations. Of course I was pleasantly surprised. I almost feel like you should stop reading so that you can also go in and be surprised, but I know you don't have unlimited time to figure them out and would like detailed information to increase your likelihood of a successful trip.

If you've read my previous books, you know that I have no problem objectifying women, but when it comes to Polish women, I have a hard time using slutty terminology to describe them, regardless of how many I slept with. My normal travel guides have the tagline of "How to sleep with" instead of "How to make love with." By the time you're done with this chapter, you'll understand why.

Body & Appearance

Polish girls have thin, svelte bodies with slender, well-defined arms. Even tall Polish girls retain their thinness. A chubby Polish girl, which you'll find more of in Krakow, would be considered "normal" in the United States. I'm confident that most American girls would hate on Polish girls by calling them anorexic and "all skin and bones."

To understand why Polish girls are thin, all I have to tell you is that I had many dates that lasted over twelve hours where the

girl didn't eat a single bite of food. While in the States a girl abstaining from food would be a case of her trying to pretend she's not a hog, in Poland they really don't care much for eating. The average Polish girl eats two meals a day, with one of those meals resembling a snack. That discovery led me to the conclusion that eating too much food is the main cause of weight gain.

The irony of a culture of thin women is that the Polish girls who stand out most are the fat ones. In the States there would be a long line of desperate dudes going after the fatties, but in Poland the fat girls are resigned to banging bottom-of-the-barrel drunk dudes who want to grind up on their meatiness. They get so little love that I almost felt sorry for them, especially since they don't have the fattitude common among American fatties.

When it comes to a Polish girl's body, I get a lot of emails from guys asking, "Is it true that Polish girls have big titties, like in porn?" Yes, it's true. The biggest set of udders I've ever had in my life was on a Polish girl with E-cup hooters. Big breasts were a pure joy to play with when girls had a thin frame, which Polish girls commonly had. Even petite girls only five feet tall have C-cup breasts. If you landed a Polish girl with breasts smaller than a large B, you're doing something very wrong.

In the States, if you want a girl with big breasts, you'll probably be landing a fattie, since that's what it takes to have big boobs there (if you want them to be real). Since big breasts and fatties go hand in hand, one of the reasons I've always been an ass man is that I didn't like fat girls. But after suckling on so many spectacular Polish breasts attached to amazingly thin bodies, I started giving boobs higher value. I was born an ass man and will die an ass man, but after Poland I definitely give more attention to knockers than before.

Polish asses are respectable, but nothing to write home about. They're inferior to Brazilian, Colombian, and Argentine asses, but you'll be periodically surprised. Understand that European men prefer breasts over ass, so a lot of big-bootied Polish women try to hide their bubbles. It was common for a Polish girl with a huge ass to be embarrassed when I complimented her on it.

Polish girls with huge asses are more insecure about their

bodies, meaning they'll fall prey to a man who offers a compliment about what they consider to be their biggest flaw. This could be selection bias talking, but for me the bigger the ass, the easier it was for me to get the girl in bed.

It's common to hear a man say it's hard for a girl to have both a great ass and huge breasts, but that means he's never been to Poland. Many Polish girls I defiled had both, something I didn't get to experience regularly in other countries (in Latin America, girls had big booties but small breasts). Pound for pound, Polish girls' bodies were the best I've seen.

If their bodies are as great as I claim, you know something has to give. That something is the face. Polish girls have big noses, wide cheekbones, sharp chins, and angular faces. Some girls even look like witches when they put on too much eye makeup.

Their one defining feature is a big nose. Growing up, I was surrounded by people with big noses (my parents come from Iran and Turkey), so I actually prefer bigger-than-average noses. I think it gives more character to a face, but I know this preference isn't universal. If the face is more important to you than body, you won't care much for Polish girls.

With great bodies and so-so faces, I want you to imagine a land with tons of girls rated in the 6 and 7 range, but very few above that. You may go long periods without seeing an 8 or 9, but either her face or body will be excellent. It's rare that both will be poor. Therefore, after a couple drinks in the club, about 80% of the girls you see will be bangable.

For some guys a butterface is a deal breaker, but for others it's not. For me, it became an annoyance after a couple months because I wanted the entire package but had trouble finding it. Unless you're banging girls right now with flawless faces, you probably won't even notice the butterface problem in Poland, especially if you're only staying for a short time. There are so many fuckable chicks that I'm sure you'll be pleased with the level of talent, but if you have high standards, Poland isn't for you.

A Polish girl's style can best be described as "girl next door

who likes wearing heels.” While their outfits don’t show much in the way of skin or cleavage (even in the summer), they aren’t shy about revealing the shape of their figures. In other words, they don’t dress like sluts. You won’t see Polish women wearing micro-miniskirts or tiny tops with their boobs sticking out. If they do wear a short skirt, they’ll wear leggings.

Their conservative style is countered by a love of high heels. They wear them so often, even during the day, that seeing bandages covering the back of their feet is common. I must say there’s nothing like hearing the nonstop clip-clop of women’s heels in the afternoon. God bless them for sacrificing their foot comfort in the name of looking good.

Their style is definitely not sloppy like what I’ve seen in America or Denmark, especially the homeless bag lady style of Danish chicks. Even slightly alternative Polish girls look decent, passing up dirty Converse shoes in favor of respectable flats. Women should look like women, and in Poland they definitely do.

Their style hints at a respectable woman with a naughty side lurking within, waiting for the right foreign man to unleash her primal sexuality. They do have a hint of sexiness, but you don’t look a Polish girl in a club and think, “Damn, that girl is sexy as fuck” like you would a Brazilian girl.

A surprising feature of Polish women is the large range of appearance. You have blonde beauties with blue eyes on one end and slightly olive-skinned girls with black hair on the other, and then everything in between. Besides the bigger noses and breasts, there is no one true stereotype, meaning you should find what you’re looking for assuming you like white chicks. Some nights I went for blondes and other nights I went for brunettes. Some nights I went for petite girls and on others I was hollering at girls who would make great basketball players. I never got bored in Poland because of the variety. It made me feel like I was shopping for pussy.

Oftentimes I just stood still in a club waiting for a girl to pass by that fit my exact specifications. I went through a checklist of Polish girls left to bang. Brunette with huge ass—check. Petite

brunette with curly hair—check. Redhead with fire crotch—check. Big titty blonde—check. Tall and skinny brunette—check. And so on. Poland is like a conveyor belt of varied pussy where you can wait for your ideal type to swing by. It's not like in the States where you feel compelled to hit on any cute girl because it may be awhile until you see another one.

I mentioned earlier that a lot of Polish girls are in the 6 and 7 range. This can become a problem because you'll be talking to a 6 in a club and then a slightly better 7 will give you a positive vibe. In Poland you'll *always* have the feeling that you can do better, questioning if you should commit to a girl when cuter chicks are circling around. I'm a firm believer than one in the hand is worth two in the bush. Take the 6 home if she's willing, fuck her brains out, then go back to the club next time and see what else you can pull.

Poland is a place where you go out and have a good time with cute chicks, not where you fly in with high standards. What I did during my first two months was date a 7 that I gave much of my free time to while fucking anything on the side that gave me a boner. It was a nice compromise between quality and quantity that didn't have me worrying if I could "do better." Happiness in Poland is finding a 7 who treats you well and then creeping around if you still need more sex.

Personality & Vibe

It only gets better when it comes to a Polish girl's personality. Except for a couple minor flaws, she's the most pleasant to deal with out of any other foreign woman I've been with. She has so many positive qualities that it's best to describe them in list form.

Sweet, gentle, and considerate. Even when a Polish girl rejects you, she's sweeter than an American girl who fucks you. If a Polish girl hates the drunk guy trying to approach her, she still treats him with respect by letting him down easy, especially when not in a snobby club. Since her nature is not to be mean,

she'll give light rejections that don't even feel like rejections. Polish women don't get validation in rejecting men. They won't bust your balls just for the sake of busting your balls and they won't insult you if you happen to utter a bad joke.

Nurturing. A Polish girl gets pleasure if *you're* experiencing pleasure, similar to the vibe of Brazilian women. It may not come early in the relationship, but don't be surprised if down the line she does things to show that she wants to take care of you. I loved it whenever a Polish girl would insist on cleaning my house, offering to cook for me, or making genuine offers to take care of me when I was sick. Trust me when I say that it never got old. The result of that nurturing trait is that it becomes obvious she'd make a great mother. I dated a couple Polish girls that made me think, "If I were to have a kid, I'd want to have it with her." That thought has never occurred to me when dating in the United States. Polish women made me want to be a provider—a strong man who could maintain a home and take care of her financially.

Feminine. They look and act like women—end of discussion. Not counting a tiny minority of hipsters, Polish girls want to look their best at all times to be more attractive to the opposite sex. If it wasn't for the American girls I ran into in Poland, Polish girls would have made me forget what it's like to deal with masculine women.

Intelligent. Education is important to Polish women, but they don't let it ruin their feminine allure. I met Polish lawyers who were in the 99th percentile of femininity. Polish women prove that it's possible for a woman to be both intelligent and feminine, and that the two terms aren't mutually exclusive like I thought when living in Washington DC. If a Polish girl gently rebuffs your date suggestion by saying she's busy with school, she's probably being truthful instead of blowing you off. She takes her education very seriously.

Funny. They have a surprisingly sharp sense of humor, with a grasp of sarcasm that is comparable to American girls. I was warned before my arrival that I'd have to tone down my humor because Polish girls wouldn't get it, but if anything it was the

opposite. I could dial it up from what it was in Iceland and Denmark. I was surprised that my American-style humor transferred so well until I discovered that they love American movies and television. The funniest girl I ever dated was Polish, even though her English wasn't that great. If she had been more fluent in English and could have expressed herself fully, the title of this book might have been *Marry Poland*.

No drama. The biggest fight I had with a girl in Poland, if you want to call it that, was when she refused to suck my dick while she was on her period. That argument lasted two minutes. The girls are so easygoing that I don't even know how a throw-stuff-across-the-room type of fight could occur. I've been brainwashed to believe that there has to be tension and petty fights to keep a relationship interesting, and while that may be the case for some, I was more than content with smooth sailing and consistent sex.

No games. The girls have no idea how to play the game. They don't know how to lead you on, trick you, or use you. Correction: they probably know how to do those things with simpleton Polish guys, but if you're moderately experienced in the game you'll be able to read a Polish girl's intentions from a mile away. It was almost like having the answers to a test before showing up to take it. Her lack of game means she'll be more forgiving of *your* bad game. A mistake that would cost you the opportunity to sleep with an American girl won't even be noticed by a Polish girl. Toward the end of my stay I was spitting only 50% game, even wining and dining a girl who still rewarded me with raw dog sex on demand.

Monogamous. Girls are happier sleeping with one guy than playing the field. They have no desire to lead a *Sex and the City* existence. Once you get her in bed, no matter how quickly, you can most likely enter a relationship with her if you wish. It can be debated whether a Polish girl sleeps with a lot of guys during her lifetime (I doubt it), but I'm certain it's sequential, one at a time, instead of dipping her pen in many simultaneous inkwells. Polish girls are also much more resistant to cheating than Western girls, even if they're ready to break up with a boyfriend.

Horny. Polish girls look and act wholesome, but good lord do they love sex. My manhood usually tired out other women by the second or third go around, but Polish girls wanted much more than I was able to provide. They wanted the dick inside them for as long as possible, not satisfied with only one fuck per night, which is all that Polish guys seem to muster. I told one girl that she had a pussy made of steel, and she took it as a compliment.

Insecure and self-conscious. Polish girls don't want you to see them when their hair and face aren't done up. There were three girls I dated somewhat long-term, and I saw none of them without makeup. It's possible they were ugly without it, but I had no chance of finding out because they always looked pretty for me. Even if a girl was coming over just to fuck, she'd still look like she was ready for the club (having a girl come over for a booty call in heels was a first for me). Polish girls care deeply about what you think of their appearance, no matter how long you've been dating.

Family values. Polish girls have strong relationships with their mothers. Only in Poland did I see mothers and daughters walking hand-in-hand in malls while eating ice cream or talking. I even saw them shopping at grocery stores together, and that was in cities, not little villages. I rarely saw such a sight in Western countries, and when I did, the daughter would treat her mother like an annoyance instead of a queen. I have a suspicion that this strong maternal love is why Polish women are so nurturing—they simply learn it from Mom. For this reason, I think they'd make excellent mothers. Before Poland I had abandoned all hope of being a father, even considering a vasectomy, but now I think I'll leave it on the table since I know they'd do a bang-up job raising my hairy spawn.

There are also two downsides to Polish girls that are worth discussing...

Not too affectionate. Besides handholding, Polish girls are shy about being affectionate in public. She's not ashamed to touch you, but she won't exactly go out of her way to make you feel like the most important man in the world. Their ability to be verbally affectionate is even worse. While a Brazilian girl will

tell you “I like you” after just fifteen minutes, a Polish girl may take a couple weeks. She’s not confident sharing her emotions because of being raised in a culture that doesn’t encourage that type of display. I have to admit that Poland was a country where it was harder to develop a strong emotional connection than in Latin America.

Not too sexy. While Polish girls are ultra-feminine, they prefer hiding their bits. You won’t be biting your knuckles at the sight of a Polish girl wearing a stripper-inspired outfit with her boobs hanging out of her shirt. They know how to dance, flirt, and be charming, but their general behavior isn’t a cause for instant boners. “Wholesome” is a word you’ll often hear when their general appearance is being described.

If it wasn’t for those two issues and the butterface problem, Poland would be just about perfect. The lack of girls above 7 will pick at you, especially if you happen to be looking for that “end game” girl. To better illustrate what I mean, even though I banged more than twice as many girls in Poland as I did in the same time period the previous year outside of Poland, in both periods I banged the same number of girls I’d classify at 7 or above. Nonetheless, Polish girls were a joy to spend time with.

Types Of Polish Girls

There are three types of Polish girls: college students, invisible twenty-somethings, and cougars.

College girls will probably be your greatest source of bangs. They are 20–23, speak English, are intensely curious about Americans, possess game that’s easy to decipher, and are more impressed by accomplishments that older women would glaze over. They can be flakey at times but nowhere near the level of Latin American girls (especially Colombians). They’re also going through their “slut stage” of sexual exploration, since it’s the first time they’ve been away from their Catholic homes.

Don’t worry if you’re an older guy. While an American college student may balk at dating an older man, Polish girls

actually prefer older men over fellow male students. At 32, I never once had to lie to a Polish girl about my age (and the youngest I slept with was 19). They thought I was acting silly for even bringing up the age discrepancy.

The best time to meet college girls is during the week, because they sometimes go home on weekends to visit their parents. Every major city has clubs that promote “Ladies Nights” where girls can drink for free before 11:00 or so. These events are frequented by college girls who are on a tight budget. The most success I had was at a club in Poznan with a ladies night on Wednesdays. I banged about ten girls from there.

The main problem with college girls is that they’re busy with school. They take it more seriously than their American counterparts, who seem to pick an easy major in order to drink and fuck as much as they can. It may take a while from the time you get a Polish girl’s number until you’re able to get her out on date, but once you do, it shouldn’t take more than two or three dates to seal the deal, assuming you didn’t get a one-night stand.

The next type of Polish girl is the invisible twenty-something, from 24 on up. She’s confident, more independent, and better traveled, making it easier to connect with her than with a college student. These girls will be a little more skeptical of your intentions, but they’ll still be curious about you. They’re also more affectionate and comfortable around men, without a lot of the bitterness I see in American girls of the same age. I think the reason is that their failures in love come from two or three bad relationships instead of being pumped and dumped by a couple dozen men. They still maintain their Polish sweetness.

I call these girls invisible because they can be hard to find, especially in college towns. Once a Polish girl hits 25, she’s either busy with her career or starting a family. They stop going out regularly, as if they’ve passed that stage of their lives. If they do go out it will be on the weekend, since they have jobs during the week.

The invisibles are more likely to be looking for long-term relationships, partly because if you’re a Polish woman still unmarried by 30, you’re considered a failure as a woman. They

take only marginally longer to get into bed than college students, though it's common to catch them in a horny state where they haven't been laid in months. These girls love breaking sexless streaks with foreign men, since no one will find out. I don't think Polish girls count the foreign cocks they've had when tallying up their notch counts.

The last type of Polish girl is the cougar. She'll be at least 30, still looking nice and thin, but well past her peak. Lower tier cougars hang out at cheesy clubs that play 80s music, while the upper tier hangs out at the hottest clubs in the city with table service. I don't want to say upper tier cougars are desperate, but if you catch them when they're not with someone they'll be very open to your approach, as long as you come across as mature and not poor. I saw ugly old guys approach them and get much farther than I would have predicted based on their appearance alone.

If you want to chase cougars, the best time to do it is during the day at a mall. A lot of them walk around without getting any attention from guys. You'll be surprised how friendly they can be, but then again Polish girls are generally friendly across the board.

After my first month in Poland I was ready to classify Polish girls as relatively easy, but the truth is I was mostly dealing with college girls, the easiest of the bunch. More than one Polish girl in the invisible category told me that young Polish girls had fast sex with me because they're young and stupid. If you can find a scene where college girls hang out at, you should do fine.

Approach Index

My approach index is based on how many girls an average-looking guy with decent game has to approach before he's likely to bang a cute girl (not including Internet approaches). Since there are so many variables, the index is best used to compare the easiness of one country with others. First, let me share numbers from previous countries, from easiest to hardest:

GIRLS

Iceland: 40

United States: 45

Brazil: 50

Denmark: 50

Colombia: 60

Argentina: 90

From these numbers, we can conclude that a man has to do twice as many approaches to get laid in Argentina than the United States. For Poland, I'm assigning an approach index value of **45**, the same as the U.S. Polish girls aren't as easy as American girls, but you'll have to make fewer approaches to get a conversation off the ground. Building attraction is easier, mostly because of the fact that Polish girls are interested in foreigners, especially Americans.

America can be a tough environment where I have to commit to doing ten approaches a night to ensure that I'll get lucky, but in Poland I rarely had to do more than five. For some reason, my conversations just hit, even when I wasn't feeling on. It takes much less game to get a Polish girl into you than it would an American girl, though it may take more time to get her into the sack. The only reason the approach index value for them isn't lower is because you'll run into girls who have a weak grasp of English.

III

Game

If you're an American, I have good news: your game will work right out of the box with just a couple minor changes. Even if you never happened upon this book and went to Poland blind, it wouldn't take long to figure out that sweet Polish girls don't require more than good conversation and logistics. In this chapter I'll describe how the optimal game to work on Polish girls is simply **confident nice guy game**.

First, let's talk about what Polish girls like. They prefer Spanish dudes above all other races and nationalities. Their fetish for Spain, which comes in the form of a love of Spanish music, dance, culture, and men, began to creep me out. Take an American girl's love of the French language and Paris and multiple it by two to get an idea of what I'm talking about. I've had Polish girls get excited when I spoke just a couple of sentences in Spanish.

Spanish guys already know of that obsession. There's a European study-abroad program called Erasmus that allows students to live in another European country for a semester or two. Is it any surprise that the vast majority of Erasmus students in Poland are Spanish guys? The secret is out and they're milking it for all it's worth, but you'll have a huge advantage over them in that you're not poor and living in a dorm. I don't care how good-looking Juan Antonio is, but he lives with four other people in a crappy part of town. I, on the other hand, live alone, just five minutes walking distance away, and I'm more mature and experienced than him.

It doesn't hurt if you have a darker skin tone like yours truly. In Brazil, guys who look like me get to watch the blonde Scandinavian dudes swoop up all the pussy, but those same guys are neutralized in Poland. Finally, a place where swarthy guys own the joint! It was quite a mind fuck to be considered the hottest guy in a club and superior to blonde guys who would out-pull me in Brazil. On some nights I felt semi-famous from all the eye contact I was getting and even investigated by asking people if I looked like a famous Polish person (I didn't). Now that I think about it, it makes sense why Antonio Banderas was used as a spokesperson for a large Polish bank.

Take a guess what a Polish girl's second favorite country is. America. The only thing better than being a Spanish guy is being an American guy who looks Spanish. The easiest girls were those whose "dream" it was to visit America, followed closely by girls who have already been there. Apparently, Polish girls haven't gotten the memo that America is on the downswing. They still think it's a wonderful land of opportunity and riches, and they wouldn't hesitate to jump on an airplane for the chance to be an *au pair*. If you're in a second-tier Polish city, are American, look just a tad Latin, and have reasonable looks, you should come close to at least making out with a new chick every night. I don't want to put pressure on you, but you'll be the cream of the crop in Poland and should push to gain the sweet rewards.

Don't fret if you're a blonde guy. You won't stand out, but you should do fine once you reveal yourself as an American. If you're British and not in a stag party, you should also do okay, but pound-for-pound you'll get beaten by Americans, just like how we beat you in the Revolutionary War. Your sexy accent will do little there because of the negative stereotypes fostered by countrymen who drunkenly ravaged through before your arrival.

Once you get the hang of Poland, even the Spanish guys will be no match for you. From witnessing a ton of Spanish guys hitting on Polish girls, I can sum up their game thusly: "Hey, I'm from Spain." Their entire routine was to drop Spain and Spanish

culture as many times as possible and then hope for the best. It was obvious and try-hard. What ended up happening is that I out-Spanished the Spanish guys. I had their looks but smoother conversation, which is what Polish girls expected from Spanish men after watching a movie like *Vicki Cristina Barcelona*. While some Spanish guys learn smoothness when they get older, college guys still have a ways to go.

When I first started the game back in 2001, I thought girls were impressed by the fact that you were approaching them to try to start a conversation. They gave you bonus points if you gathered up the balls to walk up to her large group for a chat. Ten years later, they couldn't give two shits about your moment of courage. They've been approached so many times in their life from all types of situations that they don't see you as more confident or desirable just because you walked up to them.

Polish girls, thankfully, will give you those bonus points, especially if you approach outside of a club environment. In addition to liking guys who look Latin, Polish girls love confidence. I believe they value this more than anything else, and the reason is probably because Polish guys are sorely lacking in it (the only time Polish guys approach women is on the dance floor, usually while drunk).

Almost every girl I banged said she thought I was confident, though I did nothing more than approach, make good conversation, buy her a drink or two, and then try to get in her pants. I don't remember the last time an American girl told me I was confident. Making no apologies for being a man and going after what you want is immensely arousing to Polish girls, who are stuck with timid goofy guys that go all octopus on them after a couple shots.

To pull Polish girls, you have to approach them, pay their way (without overdoing it, as I'll explain later), and bring them back to your cave. If you're an American guy who reads my books, chances are you already do these things, which is why I mentioned that your game in Poland will work right out of the box. The main adjustment you'll have to make is to tone down your cockiness.

GAME

There's absolutely no need for cockiness in Poland, where it comes across as arrogant, a big turn-off to Polish women who aren't cocky themselves. Cocky game works best on overconfident Western women as a way to remind them how unimpressed you are. Polish women are generally insecure about themselves, so any cockiness on your part will make her feel inadequate and uncomfortable. Light teasing with a smile is okay if she's playful in nature, but cockiness without being self-deprecating at the same time won't go over well.

Now that you have a general overview, it's time to discuss three primary game strategies you can use: Internet game, day game, and night game.

Internet Game

I see no point in trying to meet Polish girls over the Internet. There are so many bangable chicks walking around during the day and a lot of receptive women at night that using the Internet is like going backwards. That said, I understand that you may not have a lot of time on your trip and may want to pipeline some chicks before your arrival.

If you're interested in meeting younger girls, try CouchSurfing.org, a site I've recommended in the past. The biggest problem is that girls are more concerned with doing cultural exchanges with people from different countries than getting rammed by foreign cock. The skill in using that site is screening out girls who are just being nice versus girls who actually want to bang. I use CouchSurfing mostly to find out where cute girls hang out at.

A few days before my arrival, I send the following message and then collect the responses to pick out venues that are mentioned more than once:

Hi xxxx,

I'm coming to Krakow next week and was wondering if

you have any advice on nice lounges or wine bars that I could visit. I've never been to your city before and don't trust the recommendations in my guidebook. Any help is appreciated.

Also, I noticed you lived in Istanbul, which is where my mom is from. Are there a lot of Turks in Poland?

Roosh

The first paragraph is the same for all girls, while the second is customized to what's in her profile. The customization portion can be short. It's just to show that you're not a copy-and-paste monkey. If her profile is blank, you can either skip the customization paragraph or say something like, "By the way, your photos are nice, but it's hard to tell what you're like, since there isn't much in your profile."

The "lounges or wine bars" can also be changed. If she's over 25, I keep it as is, but if she's younger, I'll say "rock bars" or "underground bars."

If she replies and goes out of her way to help you, remark on how you don't know many Polish people and then ask if she wants to meet for a drink at one of her favorite bars. When it comes to CouchSurfing, I only ask if she's asking me personal questions. The important thing is not to be cocky. Funny is okay, but cockiness will make her wonder what's wrong with you.

Two other sites worth trying are Badoo.com and OkCupid, the latter of which is becoming increasingly popular with foreign women who speak English.

Day Game

Day game is a great way to meet Polish women, especially in malls that have grocery stores and coffee shops. Polish guys don't run game during the day so she'll be intrigued by your attempt (for more on running day game, see my book *Day Bang*

at <http://www.rooshv.com/go/daybang>).

Absolutely do not use direct game on Polish girls, unless you want to make them uncomfortable. Even at night, Polish girls don't have the personality type to receive strong compliments at the beginning of the interaction. Use indirect game instead.

The reception you'll get from a Polish girl will be strongly correlated to two things: how secure she is with her English and how badly she wants to practice it. If she was one of those students who hated English and only studied it to get passing grades, she won't care for straining to have a conversation with an English-speaking guy who approaches her during the day. On the other hand, if she enjoyed studying the language and dreams of one day visiting New York City, she'll definitely indulge an approach by a foreigner whose English is easy to understand, meaning it's slow-paced, enunciated, and lacking in slang.

Polish girls hate to speak English incorrectly. Many would rather remain silent than risk a grammatical mistake. That's why early on in the conversation you should compliment her English, even if it sucks. The universal reaction to your English compliment will be, "Oh no, my English is bad." Then say, "I've talked to a lot of Polish people and yours is definitely above average." Make her believe her English is good to give her the confidence to talk even more.

It's worth stating that compliments go over well with Polish girls. As long as you don't overdo it with the cheesy "you're so beautiful" lines that Spanish guys use, hit her with compliments on traits you think she's insecure about (such as her English) or ones she excels at. Polish girls won't punish you for compliments like American girls do.

In *Day Bang*, I wrote that while abroad you should wait until she asks a personal question (besides "Where are you from?") before asking her personal questions in return. With Polish girls you can make an exception by asking her a *topical* personal question before she asks you one first, mainly because of how inhibited she'll be. Compared to day gaming in the United States, it's more acceptable to show some personal interest with Polish girls than with American girls.

Polish girls can be so restrained in a conversation that you'll wonder if they're interested or not. With a lot of girls, especially young ones, your rambling level will have to be on god level if you want to succeed. I remember a coffee shop approach I did with a girl while waiting for my drink. She was nearly silent and gave only one-word answers to my statements. I was certain I wasn't going to get anything out of it, but after a near five-minute monologue on my part she unexpectedly invited me to sit with her friend. In Poland, as long as she's still standing there, you should keep going, even if she appears barely alive. Don't be surprised if some invisible flick of the switch suddenly puts her in the on position.

I had many day game approaches where I got a number but still didn't feel that she was into me. Only when they came out for the date and we got into it did I realize a Polish girl isn't going to be flirty and fun during day approaches. Then again, most girls in the world aren't. As long as you're prepared to put in the work and don't expect girls to go crazy with excitement just because a foreigner is approaching them, you'll be fine.

As for your approach, use an indirect opener that asks for some type of help. You can't go wrong with the following opener: "Do you know where I can find the nearest pet shop?" There are generally no pet shops in Poland, so that will stop her dead in her tracks. Ramble about what type of pet you're looking for and how hard it is to find one in Poland. Wonder how you're surprised at the difficulty even though Polish people seem to love dogs.

I leveraged the pet shop opener to indirectly show a bit of value that usually got girls curious about me. I'd say, "I'm looking to buy some fish to keep me company *in the apartment I just moved into.*" When I'd say that line, girls would sometimes turn to face me more completely instead of making it seem like they were about to dash off. Then I'd drop another piece of bait: "*Where I come from* there are a lot of pet stores. Sometimes there's one on every other block." If she had the least bit of interest, she'd ask where I was from or what I was doing in Poland. The approach was now on and I bullshitted about what I

had noticed about her city and what I was learning about the culture.

This is a good time to tell you how to answer a girl's "What are you doing here?" question. The best answer you can give is, "I live here." She'll ask why and you'll say, "For work." But if you're only staying a month or less, should you lie to her?

The problem with Poland is this: the girls are sweet. You won't feel inclined to hurt them. While lying in a place like Scandinavia won't matter, since the girl is probably only looking to get laid for the night, in Poland a lot of bangs turn into relationships. That brings up the moral question of how truthful you want to be in order to get a bang. When dealing with a Western-type girl with attitude who is putting out a slut vibe, I lie to get the bang, but when talking to wholesome Polish girls, my brain resists.

For the first several months of living in Poland, my conscience was clear because I actually did live in Poland, but when time was running out I began to evade the question (in essence, lying). I won't judge you if you decide to lie, because it's the correct move that will lead to the most bangs.

A softer lie that gives you a future out is the following: "I'm in a temporary apartment right now, but I'm looking for a permanent place to live in the city. I really like it." When she asks you what you do to have such a mobile lifestyle, make up an Internet business. This isn't as good as "I live here," but it's ten times better than "I'm staying for the weekend." Ultimately, you'll have to decide what you are personally most comfortable with.

One thing I have to warn you about is that Polish girls out of college are generally skeptical and able to sense bullshit. Unless your back story is tight and well-rehearsed, you may crack under cross-examination. If you're going with the lie that you have a mobile job, pick something close to what you already do so you can give details in case she pries. For example, if you're a real estate agent in the States, tell her you're a real estate lawyer representing American clients who want to invest in Eastern European real estate. If you're a bartender in the States, say

you're a nightclub manager sent to advise Polish clubs on adopting a table service model.

Being a student won't get any panties wet. Polish women like providers and they like men with jobs. This doesn't mean they're money-grubbing gold diggers, but they eventually want to settle down with a man of means. In Western Europe, girls weren't impressed if I said I was there for work, but in Poland they were. A clean-cut foreign guy who lives in Poland and has a job is considered quite a catch.

Let's say that you hit a girl with the pet shop opener and she indulged it. Or you were in the coffee shop and asked for a nightlife recommendation. Or you were in the grocery store and asked her to translate a word on a food package. Or you were in the main square and asked for a good coffee shop. Or you were in the park and asked for a jogging trail. Or you were at the tram station and asked how to get from point A to point B. If she indulges these openers by helping you, make a comment along the lines of, "I'm still trying to understand Polish so and so." You're trying to figure out Polish food, coffee shop culture, gym culture, or whatever else you opened with. Follow that statement with, "Where I come from..." and then make a comparison with your own country.

For example: "Where I come from there are jogging trails everywhere, but here they're hard to find." If she asks where you're from, she's game and you should continue the conversation for a while until getting into a personal chat where you start to learn about each other. Besides Polish girls being more shy than American girls, the structure of a daytime pickup is the same.

When it's time to get her number, a Polish girl will be honest about whether she can actually hang out with you or not. If she's busy, she'll say something like, "If I have time next week, we can do something." It's not that she's trying to blow you off, but she doesn't want to disappoint you in the case she can't free up the time. It's like she's saying, "If things don't work out, I don't want you to take it personally." Like I said, they're sweet. You can respond with a simple, "Sure, if you have time we can do

something.” Take note of the specific days she said she was busy and work around them.

In the States, the clock is ticking when you get a number. If you don’t get the girl out within a week, the chances that you’ll ever get her out are low. In Poland, I didn’t find that to be the case. After she’s done being busy, she’ll still be open to going out with you even if a week has passed. Just don’t be pushy about it. Keep her on the line with a basic restart text every four or five days to keep yourself “in the news,” like I describe in my book *Bang*.

The only times I really went hard with day game was when I first arrived (to test the waters) and again during the summer when the nightclubs were dead. Unless I ran into an especially cute girl, I let all the 6s and 7s pass me by. The reason? I could always go into a club and pull a one-night stand with a 6 or 7, so why approach during the day and settle for measly phone numbers that I’d have to put effort to follow up on?

For day game I was picky, focusing on 8s or above in the rare instances I saw them, since they were harder to pull in the club. If you’re not a moderate drinker like myself, it may be wise for you to work exclusively on day game.

Street game is also a possibility if you can find a good corner where pedestrian traffic is high (it’ll usually be right next to a mall). If you picked a good location, there will be a steady stream of attractive women walking by. On nice days what I’d sometimes do was get an ice cream cone, sit on a bench, and enjoy the show, thanking god for giving me the glorious opportunity to set foot in Poland.

The easiest way to approach girls on the sidewalk is to take out a city map, stare at it like you’re confused, then ask a cute girl who walks by for some help. If she doesn’t stop to help you, chances are she doesn’t speak English. I’m not sure why, but the chances a girl didn’t speak English were dramatically higher on the street than a few feet away inside a mall. I had lots of trouble getting street approaches off the ground with targets who weren’t young.

Overall, day game is a good option if your ramble is tight.

The girls will be curious about your approach as long as it's indirect. Your best bet is approaching in a mall or a grocery store. Sadly, coffee shops were a bust. Poland doesn't have a coffee shop culture like the States where girls go alone with a laptop to camp out for a couple hours. Unless you find one next to a university, she'll be with at least one other friend.

If you like drinking, I'm confident you'll enjoy night gaming more, since it offers the least resistance to your sex goal.

Night Game

First the bad news: Polish nightlife is a gigantic sausage fest. It definitely lacks the Wow Factor, where there are so many more women than guys that you swear you can smell pussy juice in the air. I've only experienced that in two cities: Belo Horizonte, Brazil, and Reykjavik, Iceland.

Of course the Wow Factor isn't necessary to be happy in a city, but it's sure cause for making a man giddy with excitement. Thankfully, a bad sex ratio doesn't matter in Poland like it does in the States. Even when I went to a Polish club that had three guys for every girl, I stayed because Polish dudes are so clueless that my odds of pulling didn't decrease.

If an American girl knows she's the scarce gender, her ego rises to stratospheric heights as she gets approached nonstop. When you approach her, she'll shoot you down because she thinks she can hold out for the best guy. Polish girls don't go through this transformation. Her ego remains at a normal level even if there are a lot of dudes. This happens because the guys are of low quality and aren't approaching properly. There may be guys everywhere, but she doesn't want those guys. When a cool foreign guy approaches her, she'll be friendly as if the club was actually stacked with girls.

If you're trying to meet girls, forget about bars. Girls go there to sit with their groups of friends. When a bar is so crowded that she has to stand (a common sight in Western bars), she'll probably elect to go somewhere less crowded. You may be able

to find a Western style bar in Polish cities, but don't waste your time—go to clubs instead. If you're not a club guy, then either become a club guy or approach during the day. Clubs are where the action is at, and all but one of my night bangs came from them.

My usual procedure was to go to a club, grab a drink, and hang out by the bar. When girls took a break from dancing to order a drink, I did my approach. I don't do dancing approaches anymore, so imagine me in the club for four hours just standing by the bar, alone, waiting for girls to come into my net. The beautiful simplicity of this strategy is that I ended up talking to girls who were more committed to drinking than dancing.

If there is a cute girl you want to talk to but she's been on the dance floor for two hours without having a drink, she's just there to dance. If that girl eventually did come to the bar but only drank water (a common occurrence), she might as well yell, "I'm not trying to get laid tonight" at the top of her lungs. I'm in no way saying that a Polish girl has to be drunk for you to escalate, but she should be drinking if it's not that late in the night.

When To Go Out

Nightlife in Poland is generally a Thursday through Saturday affair, though some clubs have special nights during the week, especially in Krakow. If you want to go out during the week, heading out between 10:00 and 11:00 is a good bet, since most places will be empty by 2:00. On weekends, go out between 11:00 and midnight to avoid lines. Places often get going after midnight.

The golden window of opportunity for any night is midnight to 1:00, where you should concentrate most of your efforts. I find that whenever I took a Polish girl home, it was from approaching her during that time. From 1:00 to 2:00 is the second window, but after that it gets increasingly harder.

A great thing about Poland is that it's fine to go out solo. Girls thought I was "self-confident" for doing so, even after I told them I didn't have any friends. Going out with a wingman

actually hurt my efforts because I spent too much time talking to him instead of working on girls. There will be instances where having a wing will be helpful when there a pair of chicks, but thankfully Polish girls who like you will prevent the cockblock. If she says something like, “Sorry, I can’t leave my friend alone,” it’s because she isn’t crazy about you, not because she actually has to babysit her friend. I see no reason why you should waste your time making friends in Poland in the sole hope of getting girls.

Approaching

I no longer do the Mystery Method thing of approaching groups. I simply maneuver myself next to the girl I want to talk to, give her shoulder three taps (so she doesn’t think it was accidental), and say, “You don’t look like you’re from here.” Then I go on about which country she looks like she’s from and give a bogus explanation as to why, such as her height, style, or hair color. I say, “Maybe your great-great-great-grandfather is actually from <country> and walked to Poland a long time ago.” I could add with a smirk, “That’s strange, I’ve never been wrong before. Do you speak Polish?”

Polish girls enjoy this type of humor. If she doesn’t ask you within two minutes where you’re from, she’s not interested and you should move on. If she responds positively, you can run your standard game, remembering not to be cocky.

What’s interesting about my Polish approaches was that there was very little middle ground. Either a girl was cold at first and declined to ask me questions or she was cheerful and really curious about me from the start. The real game in Poland isn’t so much the approach, which will be easy if you’re a foreigner, but escalating to kissing and then sealing the deal. If you find that you’re being constantly rejected right after the approach, either you’re in the wrong venue or you look like crap. If you’re rejected in every night venue you go to and you’re approaching with an indirect style, your look isn’t desirable to Polish women.

I can tell you from experience that the places where I encoun-

tered the worst bitch shields had a lot of Spanish dudes. They made the girls feel more desirable with their bountiful approaching, resulting in attitude. Since Polish girls are inherently not bitchy, you must leave the venue if you're getting ego-shattering responses.

I understand that some guys don't like approaching girls unless they first get a clear sign of interest, like eye contact. I think that's stupid since you should be selecting girls that *you* like, not the other way around, but I'll tell you what a Polish girl will do to show that she's into you. She'll give one or two instances of short eye contact, no longer than two seconds, usually when you're not directly looking at her. She will then come close to you and stand within arm's length (four feet or less) for no longer than five seconds.

It's during those five seconds that she's giving you a window to approach. If you don't approach during that time, she will move on, assuming you don't like her. If you do like her and want her to think you're a man, be sure to approach during that five-second window. Just tap her on the shoulder three times and hit her with the *you don't look like you're from here* opener. That said, most of the girls I banged didn't know I existed before I made first contact with them.

Polish girls are a subtle bunch and won't approach you like American girls. In Poland I was approached only twice in seven months, both times by girls I would rate in the 5 range. I suspect that you'll be approached more if you're better looking than me, but it won't be by quality girls. The onus is on you to step up to the plate.

Conversation & Escalation

If the conversation is proceeding nicely, she'll eventually ask, "Why are you in Poland?" My stock answer was, "Sex and drugs." I'd say about 33% of girls ended the conversation within a minute because they took me seriously, but the girls who remained were more likely to not only understand and appreciate my humor but also be at least slightly interested in sex.

If you don't feel comfortable giving that answer, try saying "vodka." I recommend you give a humorous answer before giving your rehearsed real answer, as described in the day game section. It doesn't hurt to come up with two real answers you can test to see which gets a more positive response.

If she asks where you're from and what you're doing in her country, the conversation is yours to lose. All you have to do is maintain a sort of cultural chat where you compare Polish and American cultures while gaming in your normal style. There are two moves I recommend, one to screen out bad prospects and the other to deepen the connection.

The first is the **Are You Single Move**. Several times I'd be talking to a girl for a while with things going well, then suddenly a guy would stand next to us. I'd ask the girl if she knew him and she'd respond, "Yeah, he's my boyfriend." Polish girls are crafty in that they will talk to you for a long-ass time even if they have a dude. Think about it from their perspective: they have a Polish boyfriend who is likely not as cool as you and now she has an opportunity to talk to an interesting foreign guy with a sense of humor. She wants to talk to you, drum up some fantasies in her head, then exit the conversation and fuck her boyfriend harder than usual.

I don't want you to waste hours talking to Polish women before they unceremoniously announce that they've got a boyfriend. Before you've been talking fifteen minutes, say, "By the way, are you single?" If she says no, you can respond any way you like, as long as you wind down the conversation in the next minute. Otherwise you're a fool because she won't give a damn if she wastes your entire night before leaving to go bang her boyfriend. Even though asking her that question may show interest, it doesn't hurt your overall game. If she says she's single without any bullshit *it's complicated* type of answer, you can proceed.

I know what you may be thinking right now. "I don't care if she has a boyfriend if she obviously likes me. I'll get her to cheat." I thought that, too, but Polish girls are stubbornly faithful. Her flirtiness does not indicate a willingness to cheat, as

I found out many times. Once I had a chick convince me she was “about to break up” with her boyfriend. I spent two hours with her but in the end I didn’t get anything. I wasted so much time on those types of girls that I had no choice but to implement a *no girls with boyfriends* rule.

The second move is **The Drink Move**, which involves buying her a drink. I’m all too well aware of the implications of buying a drink for American girls. Most of the time she’ll lose attraction to you, especially if you use it as an opener. I’ve had enough bad experiences with buying American girls drinks that I simply don’t do it unless we’re on an official date.

It’s really a shame that girls lose attraction for men who buy them drinks while at the same time accepting them, but the fact is that a lot of American girls brag about how many guys they can get to buy them drinks without having to give anything in return.

Polish girls aren’t like that. They won’t let a guy buy them a drink if they’re not interested in them. Hard to imagine, I know. If they like a guy, they let him buy a drink while her attraction for him increases. The problem is that if you ask to buy her a drink too early, before her attraction for you is cemented, she’ll politely decline. You strain the interaction and make it hard to offer again. If you wait too long while staying completely indirect, she may think you’re not interested in her. There’s a definite sweet spot in offering the drink—not too early, but not too late.

I buy a drink when the conversation is going well, she has asked several questions about me, and I’m ready to buy a drink for myself. On average, this will come after 20–40 minutes. Say, “I’m going to get a drink. Would you like something?” If she declines, she probably doesn’t have a strong interest and you should make an effort to eject yourself from the conversation. If she accepts but wants something like a water or Coca-Cola, she probably likes you but isn’t going to give up any pussy that night (you won’t get more than a phone number). If she goes ahead and takes a drink, you’re on track for at least a kiss in the next hour. Personally, unless she accepts my offer to buy her an

alcoholic drink, I wind down the conversation. I'm in the business of going all the way, not just getting numbers.

The idea is not to buy drinks willy-nilly for every girl you approach. Strategic drink buying under the conditions I've mentioned does two things: (1) it lets you know what her level of interest is, and (2) it tells her that you're interested.

You're not in America anymore where you have to withhold complete interest. As long as you don't make verbal declarations of affection before she has done so first, it's advisable to indirectly let a Polish girl know that you consider her date material.

I'll admit that buying drinks for a girl I like—and who I know probably likes me—makes me feel more like a man. I lead the interaction and she submits to my power. I imagine that the drink move in Poland worked in America thirty years ago before American girls became insufferable cunts that mistake kindness for weakness.

If she told you she's single and allowed you to buy her an alcoholic drink, the only way for things to get fucked up is if you blow it or get cockblocked, the latter of which will come in the form of "I can't leave without my friends." It's your game to lose. Assuming you have tight weasel game, where you can worm a girl out of the club without her friends, you should have a good chance of at least feeling up her bits. But before we can think about introducing our penis into the picture, it's best to get the kiss out of the way.

I noticed that other Western guys in Poland were not escalating as fast as I was. I couldn't determine exactly what they were doing wrong, but I'll share with you how I got kisses under the two-hour mark.

After I bought her a first drink, I'd wait until it was almost gone then ask if she wants to dance. She'd gulp down the remaining liquid and we'd hit the dance floor where touching was fair game. It was there that I'd feel it out by putting my face close to hers and taking note of what she did. If she was quick to move her face away, she wasn't ready to be kissed. If she held steady or moved away slowly, she was ready. I then stayed on

the dance floor as long as necessary to get the kiss out of the way.

If she wasn't ready to be kissed, we simply returned to the bar, bought another round of drinks, then later returned to the dance floor. I repeated as many bar and dance floor cycles as necessary to get the kiss, but if it hasn't happened after three cycles, it's not going to happen.

You'll notice that you get closer and closer at each cycle, with the kiss almost always happening on the dance floor instead of by the bar. Even though Polish girls aren't as shy as Icelandic girls about kissing strange men in public, they are still self-conscious. It's best to get the first kiss in a dark part of the club that doesn't have a lot of people watching.

Hurdles & Problems

I fear I may be making this sound easier than it is, that all you have to do is approach, make good conversation, ask if she's single, buy her a drink, and dance. This is how the ideal approach goes down, but it doesn't account for the fact that it may take a while until you find a girl in a club who wants to talk.

The first problem is that Polish girls love to dance continuously, with the unfortunate side effect of keeping them sober. Since they don't linger by the bar, only visiting when they want to order a drink, you'll have to move fast when you see a girl you like. It was common for me to be in a crowded club and see only dudes at the bar with all the girls on the dance floor. It would sometimes be a long wait until a female group came to get a drink. Therefore by all means do dance approaches if you want, because you'll have more opportunities than if you limit yourself to talking approaches alone. The approach style you end up using will depend on your personality type.

Another problem you'll encounter is weak English. If she still doesn't understand you even when you talk slow like to a baby, you're going to have to rely on the dance floor to build attraction. It's okay if you can't dance well because Polish guys can't either, so she won't be expecting much from you. Just don't

transition things to the dance floor if you're already losing her (when she's talking less and less as the interaction goes on). Dancing will only strengthen an interaction on the incline, not decline, and is no substitute for the stronger connection that can be built with talking. The reason Polish guys only leave the club with a number is because they rely almost exclusively on dancing to build attraction. Use it as a complement to the foundation you've built through talking.

Cockblocking is yet another problem that is most common in groups of four or more. It's the standard deal where the ugliest girl of the group grabs the arm of the girl you're talking to and says that everyone "has" to dance. If you don't get cockblocked in the first ten minutes of the conversation, or your girl tells her friends to "hang on" in an attempt to resist the block, you should be okay.

You have to watch out for Polish guys, who are not only cockblockers but also piggy-backers. I can almost guarantee Polish guys will try to hijack your approaches. It's strange that while they're too scared to approach a girl, they aren't scared to approach a girl who is talking to a foreign guy. Their most common move is to just stand right next to you and bend an ear into the conversation, as if you're going to welcome him in and ask for his favorite color. Ask the girl if she knows him and if she says no, position your body to completely block him out of the conversation.

The next move they do is approach the girl in Polish. This is an insidious move because he wants you to think they're friends, but they're not friends and you shouldn't make it easy for him.

Before he gets a start on his approach, say, "Hey, man, you see I'm standing right here yet you interrupted the conversation. Is there something you need? The bathroom is over there."

He'll put his hands up like he's trying to be a nice guy. Ask the girl if he knows him. If she says no, look at him and say, "That's cool, but we're in the middle of a conversation. Try again later." Then block him out.

Polish girls are so nice that even though she'd rather talk to you, she won't be rude to the other guy, in effect encouraging

him. **She will not end the conversation with a random guy cockblocker.** You must do it. The point is never to assume they're friends, because if they were, she'd introduce him to you. If the dude is a drunk tool, I actually let her talk to him for forty seconds or so just to set up a nice contrast with me, a superior man, and then I interject. If you're not ready to defend your pussy territory, don't go to Poland.

You also may get some blocking action from the male bar staff. This is easy to fight: simply tip big in your regular bars and make an effort to be friendly. This isn't always enough, but it should minimize most cases of cockblockery. You have to understand that Polish guys resent foreign men getting with their women, more so than other countries I've been to. It must suck for them that they aren't getting any and here comes a foreigner who seems to be doing quite well, and he even has a popular international blog where he shares stories of banging Polish girls.

I once had a Polish guy punch me in the side of the head when I pulled a robbery on his date, but the fact that only one episode of violence happened in seven months should tell you that things won't likely come to blows. Just watch your back and you'll be fine.

Polish girls are so nice that if they reject you it doesn't feel like a rejection. You think you still have a chance when she says, "I'm going back to my friends" or "I'm going to dance," but the truth is the interaction is over and you should forget she exists. Unless she says she's coming back after a quick trip to the bathroom or to tell a friend something, forget about her. Another way for it not to be a rejection is if she invites you to dance or to go with her friends. "I'm going to dance" means "I'm done with you," but "Do you want to go dance?" means you're still in the game.

One-Night Stands

Before I went to Poland, a lot of guys warned me that Catholicism causes girls to put out slowly, but my experience didn't show that. Though Poland hasn't been touched by feminism or

Western-style sluttiness, I was able to have more than a dozen one-night stands. Since I truly believe that Polish girls aren't real sluts, I had to do a couple things to release their inner slut, something I believe all human females possess.

First, let me tell you how Polish girls and guys meet. Typically, it's through their social circle. A girl gets comfortable with a guy after multiple meetings until he finally gathers up the balls to ask her out. I think we can say this is true for most parts of the world. The other way is meeting in the club. A guy does his dance approach and eventually gets a number. If he's smart, he'll play it smooth so she agrees to go out on a date for dinner or a drink. If he's not, he'll go needy by divulging his feelings, only to get the cold shoulder. I find that Polish guys are needier than average, which explains why girls kept calling me confident, even though I was giving them a much tamer version of game than I'd spit in America.

A Polish girl has marriage in mind for some point in the future, so she wants to avoid the slut stain. If she's going to fuck a guy she met in her social circle, she'll take a while to put out so that when the relationship dies and the guy goes around bragging that he fucked her, he can't say he fucked her fast. From what Polish girls tell me, and I know I have to take it with a grain of salt, it takes at least three dates for her to put out. She'll only be more liberal with sex if the guy doesn't know any of her friends.

To get one-night stands as a foreigner, you have to sell her the fantasy of coming from a country where casual, fun, and anonymous sex is normal. Telling her about the sexual culture back home will add to what she has already suspected from exposure to American movies and music. Since you may be the first guy she's banging super quickly, what you're really selling is adventure.

I'll admit that the four routines I'm about to share with you are difficult to execute and will probably take a few dozen approaches to even begin to master, but they worked for me and are necessary to get one-night stands from girls who aren't sluts. I don't do any of them in America, except maybe the first routine just for fun.

Sluts don't need to know you're not judging them because they're already sluts who don't care if other people judge them. This is something you may take for granted when traveling away from America and to a country with more conservative values. What's most important is not to memorize the specific words of the routines but to understand the intent behind them.

The **Last Time Sex Routine** is a ballsy one that you hit her with out of the blue. I usually do it a little before I offer a girl a first drink, but after I know she's interested. I say, "Can I ask you something? When was the last time you had sex?" She's going to be partially shocked by your question and will then ask why you want to know. Say, "Oh, I just have an answer in my head and I want to see if I'm correct or not. If it was yesterday, that's fine, *I won't judge you.*" If she refuses to answer, eject. She either has sexual issues or isn't at all interested in you.

This routine works on two levels. First, it hints at how horny she may be. I've noticed that answers closest to two weeks means she's more likely to go home with you. Ironically, if her answer is too long (beyond three months), she's less likely to do so since she's a sexual camel. You'd think a girl saying "one year" would be great, but it's actually bad because if she's willing to go without sex for that long, there's a reason for it. A time between two weeks and three months is ideal, with short times under two weeks meaning she probably has a boyfriend or regular fuck buddy. If a girl gives an answer outside that range, I consider if I want to talk to another girl.

Sometimes she'll ask you the same question in return. I find that a good lie is "two weeks." The fact that most girls also give that answer suggests that they're lying as well. It's kind of like when a police officer pulls you over after a night of drinking and asks how many drinks you've had. What is the lie you give? Two drinks. What I like most about this routine is that it leads to interesting conversation.

Next is the **Dating Culture Routine**, which you should deliver at about the two-hour mark, regardless of whether you've kissed or not. This will come up naturally when you make observations about what you've noticed about Polish dating

culture. Start by saying something like, “I’ve noticed that most people meet on the dance floor,” or “I’ve noticed that Polish girls look much better than Polish guys.” Let her educate you on her culture for a while, then say:

*“In America we have a hookup culture, not a dating culture. People go out, get drunk, and take each other home quickly. **If we were in America right now, we probably would’ve already had sex.** I’m not saying that’s bad, because I like sex, but what happens is that you have sex first, before getting emotions involved. You just get used to it. Back home, everyone is a slut, because everyone fucks around, so that word is rarely used.”*

I hope you see what I did there. I’ve started to remove any guilt or doubt that I’d judge her for having sex with me, because that’s really the main barrier to fucking Polish girls quickly. The beauty of this routine is that it’s reality, at least for alpha males in America and the women who love them. It’s only a slight shading of the truth that lets her know it’s okay to have fast sex.

A common question she’ll ask after this routine is why you don’t like American girls if they’re so easy to get in bed. This is where you can share your real thoughts on the matter. I say that even though the sex is easy, I have trouble building a connection with them. I list their flaws in an unemotional way, like how they’ve become more independent and masculine at the cost of their femininity. I state that I think Polish women are superior because they’re “sweet, kind, feminine, sexy, gentle, caring, intelligent, funny, and not nearly as fat.”

I found that openly praising Polish women didn’t hurt my chances or lower my value. If anything, it built a stronger connection because it indirectly showed that I was serious about forming a relationship with a Polish girl. By the end of my stay in Poland there had to be a hundred Polish women that remembered the hairy American guy she met in the club who hated his country’s women with a passion and thought Polish women were better.

The third routine is the **Dirty Routine**. This one frees her inner slut from bondage and ensures that she'll be uninhibited when sex does occur. I did it after I got the kiss out of the way, perhaps after a kissing session where I sensed that her passion was increasing. I'd say, "I have to be honest, I like dirty girls. I like girls who are wild and nasty in bed, like an animal. Are you a dirty girl?"

If she says "No" or "I don't think so," say "Oh, that's too bad," then jokingly add, "I'm going to go talk to that girl over there. She looks dirty." Pretend you're about to leave then return and give her a quick kiss or intimate grab.

If she says "Yes," fire off a joke: "Let's get married. There's a flight leaving for Vegas in one hour." What I like about this routine is that sometimes you can notice its effect in the very next kiss. She'll start to bite you, use more tongue, or rub against your cock on the dance floor. I'm getting a little chub just thinking about the aftermath of running this routine.

A reason you don't need to use this routine on American girls is because they *already know* you want a dirty girl. American girls take their cue from porn and do vile, awesome things in bed without you having to say anything, from the very first time you hit.

Polish guys shame Polish girls for being sluts to such an extent that they can be robotically restrained in bed unless you give them permission to do what they want. I found this routine important in that it directly increased my satisfaction during lovemaking. It was my favorite routine to use.

So everything is going well and you've danced, kissed, bought her a couple drinks, and maybe even took a mad dog shot with her. You gave her permission to be a slut, your dick is throbbing through your pants, and all signs point to having enough sexual interest to get the bang. You've even outmaneuvered the male cockblocks and neutralized her girlfriends, who left you alone with her in the club. It's time to seal the mother-fucking deal.

The routine that accomplishes that is the **No Sex Routine**. You to do it when you feel she's ready and the club starts to

empty (you'll probably be sitting down by this point). Say the following with a straight face:

“Now I just want to say that if you go to a guy’s place, it doesn’t mean that sex is going to happen. If I invite you to my apartment for a drink at any time, I don’t want you to think that I assume anything. Where I come from, it’s okay to go to a guy’s place to drink or for an afterparty. I’m saying this because I know what you girls think, that if you go to a guy’s place, he thinks that sex will happen. This is not true in America.”

She’ll be skeptical, maybe saying something like, “Yeah, whatever.” Then you add, “Look, it’s all up to the girl. If I get you to my place, I’ll probably want to have sex with you, but it’s not up to me. We can hang out just to hang out and do whatever you want to do.” Her skepticism will lighten up and it’ll be obvious that she’s thinking about whether to go back to your place or not.

Let at least ten more minutes pass, then say, “Are you ready to leave?” By then it will be late and the club almost dead. Once in front of the club, look at her and say, “Do you want to hang out at my place for a drink and to listen to some music?” Then shut your mouth. All the persuasion for this moment was done with your previous groundwork. If she says no, you didn’t do enough and will have to get her number. If she says yes, head to your place.

I find that once she gets into your apartment, sex will happen quickly, even though you gave her permission (even encouragement) to refuse. The resistance will be minor, if any, because you already broke her down with your player words.

I believe that my experiences with Polish girls were the truest seductions I’ve had. Yes, the girls were initially interested in me because I was a foreigner and had a Spanish look, but I fucked them quickly because of my game and salesmanship, especially when you consider that one-night stands aren’t at all common in Poland. I’m sure I’m doing other things to make the girl

comfortable which I'm not consciously aware of, but I believe the above four routines contributed the bulk of why I was able to make love to Polish women so fast, most of whom had had fewer than ten sexual partners in their lives.

If you're a little shaky on these routines but still want to get one-night stands, my advice is to lower your standards. I find that Polish girls who are two points below your attractiveness level will be incredibly easy. For example, if I'm a 7.5 in Poland (higher than normal due to my Latin appearance), that means it will be rather easy for me to fuck a 5.5 assuming I stick to the above game as much as I can. The only problem with Poland is that if you're above a 7, fucking on your level will be hard, since there aren't a lot of girls above a 7. To get your Polish flag out of the way, what I'd do is go for girls one point lower than your own rating. Once you score your first Polish bang, start moving up the ladder.

If you have lower standards than average and have no problem banging 5s, it's possible for you to fuck every night of the weekend. That's why it's essential to get out of the hostel and into an apartment. While a hotel room is better than a hostel, there will be real hesitation for a Polish girl to follow you back to one.

The best part of sleeping with Polish women was that it was mostly honorable. I know that I'm probably rationalizing the one-night stand with my player hamster, but until I got to the end of my stay—when I omitted the fact that I was leaving soon—I gamed girls in a way that was truthful and fun. Sure, routines are still routines, but they were based on truth. In other words, there were no hate fucks in Poland, so I doubt that I'll be denounced anytime soon by the Southern Polish Law Center.

In the end I think the best game for any man has to be an extension of his personality. After experimenting to the letter of what I'm teaching you, mold the strategy into your own.

Long-Form Dating

Let's say you got a number (maybe even a kiss), but were

unable to bang the same night. Before you get the number, it would be helpful to feel out her schedule. You can ask, “Are you busy during the week? I was thinking we could get a drink.”

In the States, I advise you to text girls, since they no longer pick up their phones, but Polish girls actually pick up. Knowing what I know now, I’d stick to texting girls who are in college, since they’re developing a texting preference, while calling girls who are out of college. If a girl says “text me” when you get her number, it would be wise to listen to her, since she isn’t comfortable with voice calls. If she doesn’t state a preference, pick the method you’re most comfortable with. However, calling will be much faster.

Two days is a good amount of time to wait before making first contact. If you’re short on time in the country, you can try calling the following day, but be sure to tell her that when you initially get the number so she’s not freaked out by your quick call.

If you elect to call a girl and she answers, have a short chat about what she’s up to, maybe sharing what you’re doing, and then try to make plans. You don’t need to have a marathon conversation before going for the date. If she doesn’t answer the phone, transition to text game by sending her a standard first text: “Hey kasia it’s roosh, how are you?”

If you want to skip calling completely and only text, do the standard text game I outline in my book *Bang* (<http://www.rooshv.com/go/bang>). Polish girls will almost always reply to your first text, usually with smiley faces, which for some reason they use as period marks. Here’s how a typical first reply will look: “Hey roosh :) I’m doing fine :) and you? ;).”

It doesn’t mean much when a Polish girl uses a lot of smiley faces (it’s kind of like when an Argentine girl uses the word *beso*), but you should be concerned if she doesn’t use any smiley faces at all.

Poland is no exception in that you may have to maintain texting dialogues over the course of several days until you get her out, especially if she’s busy. I find that asking simple

questions is sufficient to keeping it alive. The two texts I sent most often were: “How was your weekend?” and “How is your week going?” The latter text is something I’ve never sent in the States, but I noticed Polish girls were often sending it to me so I copied them.

Since 90% of Polish girls will respond to your first text, the only time you find out if they’re truly interested is when you go for the date. If a girl says she’s busy without giving a counteroffer, she’s not interested and you should move on. In Poland you shouldn’t waste your time with girls who balk at the first date.

The easiest way to bang from dating is to get her out on a weekend date. The way I usually did it was to schedule a weekday date for drinks to lay the groundwork for a weekend date at a club. One thing you can do if you sense that attraction is strong and she’s not a “busy” girl with a packed social calendar is to go for the first date on the weekend, though I don’t see the rush unless you’re short on time.

For example, if I met a girl on a Thursday night, I’d contact her on Sunday to set a date for Tuesday or Wednesday. At the end of that date I’d suggest we do something on the weekend, where I’d then go for the bang (of course if the vibe is strong during the weekday date I’d try for the bang then). The weird thing in Poland is that getting a bang on the first date is rare—either you get the one-night stand or bang on the second or third date. If by the second date you don’t get a bang, do a third date where you cook for her at your place. Buy some nice wine to set the mood. You really should be banging a Polish girl by the third date.

Speaking of dinner, it’s okay to do restaurant dates in Poland, even before you bang. The girl won’t punish you for it, but then again it wasn’t advantageous over drinks. I only did it if I liked the girl and she was good in bed. Thankfully, Polish girls are fine with date ideas that involve going to the hipster bar at 9:00 p.m. An additional date move worth mentioning is the venue change, where you start at a quiet bar then move to a louder place with a possibility of dancing.

It’s hard to go wrong in Poland. Dating Polish girls is straight-

forward and what I imagine the United States would have been in the '60s or '70s. Either a girl wants to see you again and eventually bang or she doesn't, with very few curveballs being thrown. You definitely won't find yourself stressing about which move to do next because it will be clear whether a Polish girl likes you or not. Believe me when I say you won't get any gray hairs from your stay in the country.

The main downside of Polish girls is that they're rarely on the pill, and if they are it's probably because of health reasons and not because she wants to fuck around. If you happen to impregnate her, there is a greater than 50% chance she will keep the baby since abortion goes against her religious beliefs. I've had multiple girls tell me that if they got pregnant they would keep it without telling me (I don't know if that's good or bad). As long as you make the assumption that she'll keep the baby, I hope you'll take the necessary precautions.

I got sloppy in Poland, blasting inside many a Polish girl. Subconsciously I wanted to impregnate them because I knew that my bloodline would be taken care of by a good mother. Maybe in fifteen years I'll get a knock on the door from a hairy Polish person who claims I'm his father. That would be cool.

Several pages ago I stated that the most optimal game in Poland is "confident nice guy game." Are you now able to see that? I know it's more complicated than a simple catch phrase, but being confident and nice will land you an awesome Polish girl, as long as you make the effort with your approaches.

I wonder if I've only complicated the matter for you by writing several pages of tactics and routines, but then again I believe the real game in Poland is getting pussy at a much faster rate than the other guys. There's nothing wrong with taking three dates to get a Polish girl in bed, but for me the challenge was getting them in bed in three hours. If speed isn't an issue and you know how to get laid in America, you can probably run just about the same game and do fine.

I want to close out the night game section by saying there was a huge opportunity cost in not going out in Poland, even on typically slow nights, because I could almost always get at least

a solid number (a make-out was more common). Even in bars that were dead, or where there were four guys for every girl, I somehow hooked up.

In Washington DC, if I chose to stay in on a Thursday night it was no big deal since whatever place I'd end up going to would suck and give me a minor depression, but staying in on Thursday night in Poland was dick suicide. I went out 3–4 times a week, not necessarily because I loved Polish nightlife, which was often cookie-cutter, cheesy, and filled with sausage, but because I knew I'd cost myself a chance to meet a nice girl. Again, I don't mean to put pressure on you, but it's really hard to go wrong in Poland. Go out, do the approaches, and magic will happen.

Additional Game Analysis

I wanted to share some additional topics that will help give you a more complete picture of what it's like to run game in Poland.

Polish Guy Game

Whenever I go to a new country, I observe guys who have women and take note of what they're doing. I then steal a couple of their moves. The problem in Poland is that you don't see guys doing well with the women. They consistently bomb, and besides the occasions where I saw a beautiful girl with a busted dude in the mall, there was very little to learn from them besides having a good social circle. They wouldn't know game if Mystery himself hit them on the head with one of his pimp hats.

You should easily be able to out-pull these clowns as long as you're not an idiot. The modus operandi of a Polish guy is to get liquored up, go to the dance floor, and do some dance approaches. You occasionally see Polish guys doing standard approaches, but by far they prefer using the dance floor. The Polish girls will dance with him for a couple songs and then that's it. He doesn't have the know-how to escalate an encounter

beyond getting a phone number.

He's not big on style either, dressing in a way American guys did ten years ago. Besides an occasional attempt to cockblock you while drunk, I'd say the guys are harmless betas who don't understand their women.

It was quite a shock when I saw ugly dudes with beautiful Polish girls. It's not so much that the girls like ugly dudes, but there's a dearth of quality men for them to date. If anything, seeing ugly dudes with good-looking girls should make you happy since you yourself will be able to date up as well. In the States, even an ugly dude with money will struggle to land a beautiful girl unless he's famous, but in Poland you see trolls of regular means with cuties.

Polish girls have a derogatory term for Polish guys: potatoes. It means that they're plain in personality, style, and sex. Take an Idaho potato and turn it into a human being, and that's how Polish women view their men. In you can't outclass a Polish guy, you need to take a hard look at yourself and how to improve your value. I don't mean to be harsh on Polish men (actually I do—they're cockblocking haters), but they definitely don't understand how to seduce their women. I'm not sure if I did well in Poland because of my game or because of how bad Polish guys were. Probably a combination of the two.

The Race Factor

There was a short Indian guy with average looks living in Poznan. I figured he was an alcoholic because whenever I saw him he was drunk. His style was slightly above average, but he had a thick Indian accent. Not knowing anything else about him, how well do you think he'd do with white women? If you're from the United States, I already know what your answer is.

The reality for Indian guys in America is that they have an uphill battle trying to bang the blonde women they so desire, especially if they have a thick accent. Well whenever I saw this Indian guy, he was with a reasonably looking Polish girl (a 5 or 6) who was almost always indulging his conversation. It's no

surprise that he walked around with a permanent smile.

Polish girls have almost no bias toward minority races. I've seen Indian, Asian, Middle Eastern, and black guys all perform well with the girls. The level of success minorities have in Poland even exceeds that of Scandinavia, where liberal guilt prevents girls from negatively stereotyping minorities. I say this because if you're a minority who doesn't pull in Poland, don't blame your race—blame your game. You have no excuse.

Let's take a grab bag of guys of different races but with similar looks and game, and rank them in the order that they'd be best received.

Ranked first, as you already know, are guys from Spain. A good-looking Spanish guy with game will be unstoppable in Poland. I remain thankful that all the Spanish guys who went to the venues I frequented were lowly students who couldn't compete with my game and logistics.

If you're a little swarthy, with a handsome, scruffy face, you'll feel the love by the amount of eye contact Polish girls send your way. Spanish guys already know that Polish girls prefer their type, which is why you'll find them making a beeline for salsa clubs with the word "Cuba" in them (one seems to exist in every city). Italian guys should also do well, simply because they look Spanish and have a cool accent.

Next are black guys with American accents. There are so few black guys in Poland that being one is sure to rouse the curiosity of girls who have never had black snake before. The bulk of black guys in Poland are African students with thick accents who try to mimic American blacks. With a Polish girl's interest in America, combined with the fact that you may be the first cool black guy she has talked to, escalating an encounter shouldn't be difficult.

Then we have Middle Eastern guys with a Turkish skin tone instead of a dark Arab tone. While Polish girls generally dislike the personalities of Turkish men (they creep them out with their catcalls and hyper-direct game), they like their look because it's similar to that of Spanish guys. I remember dating one girl whose most recent ex-boyfriend was a Turk.

Indian guys are next. Light-skinned Indian guys who could be confused for being Spanish will do best, but as I mentioned in my opening story, even dark Indians shouldn't have an especially hard time. I saw more Indian guys with cute white girls in Poland than I ever saw in America. I don't want to get you Indian dudes too excited, but you should experience warmer responses.

I'm not sure where to put Asian dudes because I never saw them run game in a club. In two instances I did see an Asian guy during the day holding hands with a cute Polish girl. An Asian dude who goes against the negative stereotype of being quiet, timid, and puny should do fine.

I want to state that a desirable look will only get your foot in the door, and you'll still have to run game. Polish girls don't make the first move or do the escalation steps for you. They wait patiently for a masculine man to step up and take control. Therefore, guys who are well-practiced in game and in moving interactions forward will do better than the best-looking Spanish guy in the club. I regularly out-pulled guys who were better looking than me, so my race hierarchy is a mere guide, not a determiner of your fate. Thankfully for all of us, the lack of game in Polish guys has made their women much more curious about riding foreign cock than girls of other nationalities.

The Style Factor

I loved dressing up in America, Iceland, or Denmark, because it would always get a positive response. Girls would give me long stares and at least one semi-cute girl would approach me to comment on my clothing. I honestly believed that looking sharp was a universal quality that women wanted, but then I got to Poland where my outfits didn't get me much of an increase in stares.

When I approached while looking nice, girls didn't compliment my clothes or show interest faster. I actually suspected that my outfits *decreased* my odds. I was so convinced that looking sharp was pointless that my dress shirts stayed in the back of my

closet for months.

To better understand why Polish women don't care about style, one has to merely look at their men, who appear to be dressed by their grandmothers. Because girls aren't exposed to sharp men's style, I suspect that they simply don't know what it is. Unless you're dealing with an older Polish woman (above 25) who has traveled to other countries, she won't notice your fitted collared shirt and skinny tie. Consider that Polish girls fuck guys who wear jean shorts in the summer. That's all you need to know about where style falls on their hierarchy of needs. I did just fine rolling into a club in snug jeans and v-necks that displayed my bountiful chest hair.

My advice is to wear clothing you feel comfortable in. If you're the type of guy who likes to wear suits in a club, go for it, but it will be overkill in Poland and will give you no discernible edge. As long as you don't attempt to dress up for the sole reason of attracting women, you'll be straight.

IV

Stories

The Robbery Of All Robberies

Within my first two weeks in Poland I was seeing two girls, a petite blonde and a brunette with a huge ass. My sexual needs were being satisfied yet there was just one spot I had to check out on Wednesday night: Czekolada. Wednesday night was ladies night.

Around midnight I ordered a drink at the bar. I was surrounded by exactly fourteen guys with no girls in sight. I got on myself for arriving so late when just a couple hours earlier there would have probably been tons of girls trying to squeeze in free drinks before the 11:00 cutoff. I decided to make the best of it and stay a while to see what would happen. By that point I had noticed that Polish guys have weak game, so it wasn't necessarily bad that I was surrounded by sausage.

I talked to a couple girls but didn't get anywhere. We would chat for a couple minutes and they'd give me the standard "I'm going to dance" rejection.

I noticed a foreign man lingering next to me at the bar. When I ordered my vodka on the rocks, he said, "Nice drink."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"Britain."

"Are you here for a stag party?"

“What do you ask that?”

“I read that British guys love coming to Eastern Europe for stag parties.”

“No, I’m just here for work. I come every so often during the week. Are you American? What are you doing in Poznan?”

“Yeah, I’m from the States. I live here.”

He furrowed his brows.

“I don’t like top-tier cities,” I elaborated. “I like medium-sized cities where I’m exotic. Makes my life easier with the girls.”

“How do you make money?”

“My work is on my laptop.”

“I see. So you’re here just for girls?”

“Yeah, pretty much, though I like to pretend I’m here for culture or other related matters.”

“I’m older now, so I don’t really do that,” he said.

“Do what?”

“Chase girls.”

“So you’re better than me because you don’t chase pussy?”

“No, I just have better things to do.”

“Really? You’re in the same club as me on ladies night, drinking alone, and you have better things to do?”

“I mean—”

“Please tell me what you do that is better than chasing pussy.”

“I’m a graphic designer.”

“So sitting in front of a laptop all day playing with Photoshop is better than fucking Polish girls. Okay, I got you.”

“God, all you Americans are so annoying,” he said.

I couldn’t disagree with him there, but my logic was bullet-proof. The only difference between me and the British guy is that I at least admitted I was a slave to pussy. He spent his days rationalizing how he was “above” that, when what we both wanted was to get laid.

“How have the Polish girls been treating you?” he asked.

“Pretty good. I’m making love to two girls now.”

“When did you get in Poznan?”

“Two weeks ago,” I said.

“Whoa, are you serious? How did you meet him?”

“I just approach them. You’re not doing well with the ladies?”

“I mean, I don’t really try.”

“Man, you’re making my head hurt,” I said. “You go out as much as me probably, don’t approach, and you got no women in a place where being a foreigner really helps—yet you’re judging me!”

“You’re one cocky motherfucker.”

“I’m just trying to be helpful,” I said, smiling.

He asked me for my opening lines and I told him. Then he bought me a drink. I demonstrated an approach for him. The girl was receptive, but I bowed out because she wasn’t very pretty. I must have inspired him because he approached a cute girl sitting down and was getting in good with her. I hadn’t even seen her. I ended up helping out my competition with a girl that I would have liked to fuck. The drink he bought me cost only \$5, so you could say it was a good deal for him.

Alone again at the bar, I caught a tall girl giving me eye contact. Polish girls give short eye contact that can be hard to catch, so I was learning to be extra observant of my surroundings. I approached her with my standard “You don’t look like you’re from here” line and it started well. Her face was only okay, kind of like Uma Thurman, but her body was spectacular. Thick boobs and ass on a slender frame. I couldn’t avoid looking at her breasts and she caught me, though she didn’t seem offended.

Bantering with the British guy had put me in a good mood, so I offered to buy her a drink, something I didn’t normally do before kissing a girl. I handed her the drink and after her first sip, she said, “I have a boyfriend.”

“So you tell me *after* I buy you a drink?”

“Sorry,” she said.

I snatched the drink out of her hand and said, “I don’t like being used.” Then I walked over the British guy, who was still talking to the Polish girl, and handed him the drink. He graciously accepted.

I went back to the girl and said, "Next time when a guy offers to buy you a drink, say no if you have a boyfriend. Don't let him waste his money."

"Wow, you are the biggest asshole I've ever met."

Then her boyfriend showed up. She disappeared with him to the dance floor and I sat down next to the British guy and the Polish girl, getting even more jealous that he had a girl and I had nothing.

I noticed there were a lot of silences in the conversation. "Why aren't you talking to her?" I said in his ear.

"Her English isn't very good."

"So go dance with her, you dummy!"

He asked her to dance and she accepted.

I talked to two Russian girls sitting near me. They were the sexiest girls in the bar, but I could feel the game emanating from their pores. The way they acted seemed forced and fake. Compared to Polish girls, they were game professionals.

The tall girl came back and said, "I got into a fight with my boyfriend."

"Yeah, I'm really surprised."

"Well, he saw me talking to you."

"I was being sarcastic," I said. "So are you guys breaking up or what? Should I keep talking to you?"

"No, but we're in a really difficult period right now."

"That sucks. Well, this place blows. Do you want to get a drink somewhere else?"

She thought for a few seconds then said, "Okay, but let me go tell my boyfriend."

She came back ten minutes later with her coat on. We walked out of the club and her phone immediately rang. It was the boyfriend. While she was talking to him, I walked in the direction of my house and she followed. I asked myself if I really needed such drama in my life. Was he going to show up at my door one day with an ax? Then again, I'd never had a one-night stand on a Wednesday night before.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"My place," I said.

“No, we’re not going to your place. Let’s go somewhere else.”

“And where else are we going to go? I live two minutes away. Have one drink and then you can go back to your boyfriend.”

She thought for a few seconds then said, “Okay, just one drink.”

The boyfriend called again while we walked into my building. She fought loudly with him on the phone, probably waking my neighbors. He called again ten minutes later after we settled inside my apartment. Things calmed down. Before she hung up, she said, “I love you.”

I got a little more cozy, touching her on the waist.

“Don’t touch me,” she said.

“What?” I scowled.

“I don’t like it when you touch me.”

“You see that right over there?” I said. “It’s the door. You can leave at any time, but this is my house and I can do whatever I want.”

She got up. I thought she was leaving, but she went to the bathroom. After she returned, she didn’t complain again. We kissed not long after.

“You’re only going to be my second guy,” she said.

“You don’t have to lie. You’re what, 22? There’s no way I’m your second.”

“I swear. My boyfriend was the first. I was a virgin until last year.”

“Wow,” I said. “Well, that’s actually turning me on a bit.”

“You’re such a bastard, but you’re cute.”

We got into bed, clothes were removed, and the fucking began. We ended up going four times, until I had almost no sperm left. She wanted more but I told her that I was done for at least a couple days. I had to save some left for the other girls.

In the morning she asked if I was going to call her.

“I mean, you have a boyfriend,” I said, trying to be polite. “You’re a nice girl, but I don’t want to get involved with that type of situation right now. Let’s see what happens.”

She left her number but it went unused. I did feel a little bad

about borrowing that dude's girl, but not really since it was only for one night. I had only been in Poland for two weeks but I already realized it was a special place. I ended up living there longer than any other country outside of America.

How I Planted The Seed Of A Revenge Cockblock

I was at my Poland "hack bar," the place where I could run the same old game week in, week out and get consistent results. Once I find that bar in a city, I don't even bother going to other venues because of the risk involved in not hitting up a place where I pull like a champion.

I was standing in my usual spot, checking out the local talent, when a nice brunette (7.5) came up next to me and smiled. We started talking. She had a large group of friends with her, one of whom was a little girl with a thick British accent. She was arrogant, trying to make fun of my American accent by saying it wasn't "proper." Then she used the word "hearer." I politely told her the correct word is "listener," since I've never heard of hearer before.

"But hearer is a word in Britain," she said.

"I'll take your word for it."

"It's much better than listener. I only use hearer."

I turned on the sarcasm. "Yeah, I definitely came out tonight to have a gladiator battle about the word hearer. Are you British?"

"No, I'm Polish."

"Well, you seem British," I said. "You're cocky like them."

"Thanks!"

"No, that's not a compliment. It's ugly when a girl is cocky. I don't know any guy who likes that. Polish girls are ten times better, so you should act more Polish."

"Whatever!" she said.

Then the brunette's beta orbiter wanted to practice his English with me. I felt like the American clown for a little while, engaging the entire group, until finally I settled into a one-on-

one conversation with the brunette.

I've banged Polish girls who showed half the interest that she did. She approached me (practically), laughed at my lamest jokes, and remarked how she'd never met an American guy who looked Spanish before. Polish girls like both Americans and Spaniards, so I was the best of both worlds. Her smile was constant and bright while talking to me. I may have been her dream man.

Suddenly, another one of her friends I hadn't noticed before squeezed through the circle and grabbed her, pulling her away to dance. It was a blatant cockblock by an ugly broad I guarantee lived abroad in England or America. Where else would she learn such anti-social behavior?

The brunette turned her face toward me and smiled, as if saying she wanted to stay. She said, "I'll be back," then let her friend finish the cockblock. I began to wonder if the hearer had orchestrated it from afar.

I'll admit I liked her. She was a girl-next-door type whose slow stares and pouty lips hinted at a ravenous slut lurking somewhere inside, but she made the decision to end the conversation at its peak, saying in so many words that her friendship with the ugly girl was more important than meeting a man she liked. I have no sympathy for girls who make that decision. If she can't tell ugly friends to back off for a night, she's not serious about fucking.

It took 20 minutes to meet another girl, a blonde (6.5). I don't know if I'm giving her a lower rating because I'm partial to brunettes, but she was looking good in four-inch heels and a tight top. Her breasts, I'd later find out, were E-cups, but she had such low body fat that she looked like a lollipop. She understood the power of her boobs. She started touching me with them, nearly knocking me over because of their immense size.

Within a few minutes my boner was raging. She playfully hit me when I told her I wanted to take her home and make love with her, but seemed disappointed when I told her I was an ass man. She let me inspect her ass with my hands.

"It's nice, but very average," I said.

She hit me again. We were having a great time flirting, so all signs pointed to a happy ending for the night. Then the brunette came back, about one hour after she had left. She stood right next to me and stared, looking annoyed. I decided that I was going to help her.

“Hey, blonde, this is my friend, the brunette.”

They chatted for a while until I eased back into talking to the brunette. She tried to position herself between me and the blonde. The blonde saw this and got agitated, but I put my hand on her side to let her know I wasn’t trying to ditch her, that she was my ho for the night.

“We were talking and you just left,” I told the brunette.

“My friends wanted to dance,” she said.

“It was rude how your unattractive friend interrupted like that. Is she your babysitter?”

“No, she’s not, but we can talk now.”

“I would, but I met someone else. Sorry.” Her face dropped as I took the blonde to the dance floor.

I hurt the brunette for one reason: so she could see the damage her “friend” had done to her. I pointed out the direct cause-and-effect relationship of her friend’s cockblocking in a way that even a retard could understand. She would resent that friend and cockblock her some time in the future, meaning my revenge seed would be delivered without me ever knowing.

Should I have given up on the blonde for a girl I liked a little better? Should I have made an attempt to at least get the brunette’s number?

No.

The best thing any man can do is give a girl an opportunity to connect with him. If she passes on that opportunity and he continues to pursue her, he needs to explain to his dick why he only likes imagining getting pussy instead of actually fucking pussy. I’m in the business of getting laid, not of waiting for girls to finally come around and realize I’m a decent guy. We’re not in the age of Casanova where multiple letters over a span of months is required to fuck women. Courtship is dead. Tonight you can meet a girl, talk for a couple hours, and take her to bed.

There's no reason to jump through hoops, and the more hoops you have to jump through, the more likely you'll walk away empty-handed.

I took the blonde home and beat up her pussy like I had just come out of prison. She had to tell me several times to slow down because I was thrusting like a demon gorilla. Condom use was sparse. Her breasts were the biggest I'd ever experienced. Watching them flop around while she lay on her back getting pounded was one of the best sexual highlights of my time in Poland.

I Keep Getting Tricked By Polish Girls

In Poland, a high percentage of girls are in relationships. If you take a snapshot of a Polish club on any Friday night, half of the girls there will have a boyfriend. That wouldn't be a problem if they were prone to infidelity like Western women, but Polish girls are maniacally faithful to their "potato" boyfriends. Here's what usually happens...

First, I approach a Polish girl. Things are going great and then she tells me she has a boyfriend about fifteen minutes into the conversation. Second, she says that I'm better than the boyfriend and starts with compliments about how I'm handsome, confident, and strong (yes, they really say those things). Third, I ask if she wants to have sex and she says yes. Fourth, I stick with her for a couple more hours under the assumption that I have a decent chance of getting her back to my crib. Lastly, she ditches me at the end of the night to fuck her boyfriend's brains out while I'm stuck with nothing but my hand.

Polish girls were very convincing about making me think I had a shot. I remember one case where the girl said she was "about to" break up with her boyfriend. I stuck with her all night and got nothing in the end. They want to experience the good feeling of talking to a cool foreigner, but not the guilty feeling of cheating.

I went out on a Tuesday night to an club that, while cheesy

and filled with sausage, was the only place in town with a crowd. I settled in a spot next to the dance floor and approached a girl who was with two girlfriends. Her name was Anna. She was overeager to chat, saying that she never meets foreign guys. After ten minutes she said, "I'll be right back." That is usually code for "I don't like you," but she came back promptly and we settled into a flirty conversation.

It didn't take long for the boyfriend drop to come. Then it played out like so many times in the past: she complimented me, touched me, and compared me favorably to him. Whenever I was on the verge of gathering enough strength to walk away, she'd do something intimate like hold my hand or get close to my face, as if she was doing just enough so I wouldn't leave. It was hard to resist her feminine charm.

Anna's two friends came back to collect her, thinking I was the typical club douche bag. While they had a conference about my merits, I thought back to all the nights I had been tricked by a girl who only wanted the validation of being desired by a man other than her boyfriend. It was turning out to be another night where I'd get nothing.

I glanced over at one of Anna's friends. She was slightly cuter and wearing black four-inch heels and a cocktail dress that left little to the imagination. Her ultra-petite figure made her look about sixteen. She gave me a warm look after Anna introduced us. I asked how she knew Anna, but she responded with a confused look on her face.

"Kasia doesn't speak English," Anna said.

I used Anna as a translator, finding out that Kasia was a 21-year-old student who lived in the suburbs and spoke fluent German.

Every seduction must have a bold move where you announce through your words or actions that your intentions are sexual in nature. Sometimes that comes right away if you use a direct opening line. Sometimes it's when you go for a kiss. Sometimes it comes at the very end of the night when you try to get her back to your place. Timing alone determines if your bold move is perceived as creepy or sexy, which is why it's best to push it

back until you're sure the attraction has been built. With Anna and Kasia, I decided to make an early bold move. Otherwise I was at risk of entertaining both of them all night long without getting anything in return.

Taking a page from the *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* playbook, I put my arm around the girls, smirked, and said, "I'd love to be with both of you tonight. How about we walk to my apartment, have a few drinks, listen to some good music, and make love?"

Anna giggled and then translated for Kasia, who smiled and reciprocated my half-hug. Anna then said something I've heard many times before: "I want to, but I have a boyfriend."

I used Anna as a translator for the next fifteen minutes, building as much rapport with Kasia as possible, until it was time to complete the switch. I looked at Anna and said, "You know you're my first choice, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're the first girl tonight that I liked, but you have a boyfriend."

"Yeah, but we can still talk," she said, grabbing my hand as Kasia pretended not to be looking.

"But that's not fair to Kasia. She's single and doesn't have anyone to talk to, and I'm single, too. It only makes sense that I try to kiss your friend."

She looked upset, but my logic was sound. Disagreeing would have been like spitting in Kasia's face. "Good luck," she said. I had her reluctant blessing.

I grabbed Kasia and took her to the dance floor. We kissed quickly. After dancing a little longer than I would've liked, we sat in a booth and tried to have a conversation. It was like two 6-year-olds trying to communicate. Thankfully, she could understand more than she could speak, so I kept talking about whatever I could think of, as if reading from an invisible book. She'd listen, smile, and we'd kiss every few minutes. She had never met an American man before. I told her I wanted to take her home.

"No sex," she said, a phrase that she could pronounce very clearly.

I made the universal sign for sleep, telling her that I was tired anyway. It took about twenty minutes to get her to understand that just because she came to my place, it didn't mean we had to have sex. I was telling the truth.

Anna let me take Kasia home, sparing me the cockblock. The first thing I did when we got to my place was load Google Translate on my laptop.

She typed in, "How many girls have you been with in Poland?"

"10,000."

"No, really."

"A couple."

"Do you always bring home girls like this?"

"Never on Tuesdays. :)"

"Do you want to see me again?"

"Of course. You're pretty, you're sexy, you're fun. I see no reason why I wouldn't want to see you again." I kissed her.

Her tiny size really hit me when she took off her heels. I asked her how much she weighed. Thirty-five kilograms (77 pounds). Besides her surprisingly round ass, she had the body of a gymnast who hadn't quite made it past puberty.

We moved to my bed. I got her down to her bra and panties, but she kept saying, "No, no." I was so turned on by her beauty and petite figure that I told myself she's not walking out my door without getting fucked. At that moment I accepted the idea of getting locked up in a Polish prison to make it happen.

She tried to go down on me but her mouth was too small. Then I grabbed her and made her sit directly on my face. I ate her pussy, the first time I had done so in a couple of years. I enjoyed it.

I put on a condom, lubed up, and finally got her consent to put it in. The best way to visualize our lovemaking is an elephant mounting a kitten. My dick was half the thickness of her neck. I put her on her stomach and went deep, pounding her pussy like a pedophile. She took it like a champ even though I imagine it must have felt like being fucked by a telescope. My orgasm was from another world.

While talking to Anna, I saw a vision of the end of the night, of me sitting in my room jerking off to porn. I knew she'd apologize for having a boyfriend and give me a little goodbye kiss on the edge of my lips. I knew that I'd walk home alone. This time I refused to accept that.

A Gentle Fuck

Angelska and I went out on a first date that ended up at my place, but I couldn't seal the deal because she was on her period. She implied that the bang would go down on Saturday night and that all I had to do was wait for her to contact me. I was confident she was going to come through, but when midnight arrived and I still hadn't heard from her, I assumed the flake. As I was walking out the door to execute my backup plan of going to the club, I got a service message on my cell phone saying my balance had expired. I could only receive messages and calls, not send them.

At the club I had a few conversations with girls less attractive than Angelska and was ready to buckle down for a long and painful night. It was September and the college students had returned. The talent pool was better, but nowhere near what I had experienced when I first arrived in May.

After midnight, I received a text from Angelska, saying, "Where are you?" I ignored the message (not like I could've replied anyway) and approached two more girls with weak results. Then she sent another text, telling me which club she was at. I knew she wanted to fuck. I could tell the current club wasn't going to be good for me, but if I chased Angelska to the other club, I ran the risk of not finding her. I decided to take the risk, since I knew that if I did find her I'd probably bang her.

Within fifteen minutes I was at the other club. I paid the \$5 cover and looked everywhere, but she wasn't there. I commandeered the phone of a friendly Polish girl to text Angelska that I was upstairs and couldn't write back to her. I waited another twenty minutes, but she didn't show up or text me. How could

she have left the club after only fifteen minutes of telling me she was there? *The bitch is playing me.* I was pissed, but determined not to let it ruin my night. I cut off my phone so I didn't have to read any of her messages.

I often went to a Latin club called Cuba Libre. It was cheesy and not particularly fun, but it always had people. It was the kind of place you go to when you're too lazy to check if other spots are good or not. I'd been there enough to know a few of the staff members, including a door guy who always let me skip the cover.

One thing that bothered me was the manager. Even though I was a regular, he gave me dirty looks, as if I was fouling his establishment with my presence. If he was a pureblood Western European man, I would have understood, but he was a dirty Middle Easterner like myself.

I was already heated from getting the runaround from Angel-ska, so I figured it would be best to go to Cuba Libre, the "safe" choice. I'd chat with a few other regulars, pop off an approach or two, and then go home.

At the door was a new girl I hadn't seen before. She looked me up and down and then frowned as if she had just smelled something bad. I couldn't remember the last time a girl had done that to me. Then she said I couldn't get in without a stamp.

As I stood there stunned, grievously insulted, the bouncer came and said, "He's a regular. He always comes here."

She huffed and quoted me a price 50% higher than normal. Without thinking, I gave her the middle finger and stormed out, swearing never to step foot in there again.

Two people had disrespected me in the space of thirty minutes. I was livid. I knew there was no chance I'd get laid in that state, so I decided to go home, kicking empty cans and knocking things down on the way like a spoiled toddler throwing a tantrum. Halfway home, I remembered a night I had in Denmark, where my former friend Henrik had ambushed me with his feminist fuckbuddy. They had tried to ruin my night, but I had persevered and fucked an 18-year-old. You don't forget times when you flipped the script after all hope was lost. I turned on

my phone and made a U-turn toward the first club.

The club was dead. I started ordering one vodka after the other, letting the alcohol numb my anger. Then my phone rang. It was Angelska.

“What?” I said rudely.

“Hey, where are you?” she said. “You weren’t at the club.”

“I was fucking there and waited twenty minutes, but you never showed up. That’s bullshit. I hate when people waste my time like that.”

“Are you mad?”

“Damn right I’m mad. You tell me you’re somewhere and then I go there and find nothing. I felt like a fucking idiot waiting for you when you weren’t coming. If you don’t want to hang out, that’s fine, just don’t treat me like a piece of shit.”

Back and forth we went, until she asked me where I was. I told her and she said, “Don’t go anywhere, I’m coming.”

After another twenty minutes, she still hadn’t shown up. She had tricked me twice. I laughed at my idiocy for letting a girl get such leverage on me. I left the club with my head down and started walking home.

At the same spot where I had made the U-turn earlier, Angelska called, saying, “I’m here, but I don’t see you.”

I rushed back to the club and there she was, waiting out front. My anger quickly subsided when I saw the heels and tiny skirt she was wearing. It was hard to stay mad. She’s just a college student, so it was a miracle she came through at all. Still, I didn’t want to give her a free pass. I pretended to be mildly angry at her as we walked back to my house.

Out of nowhere, four drunk Polish guys approached to ask where we were from. In no mood to entertain them, I said, “What the fuck do you want?”

Two of the guys tried to talk to Angelska while two others cursed at me in Polish.

I yelled, “I’ll fucking kill you if you touch me.”

I realized they were all bluster and not actually wanting to fight, so I grabbed Angelska and walked away. They didn’t follow.

With renewed anger, I told her, “I would’ve destroyed those guys. I don’t care. I would have gotten one before they killed me. Fucking assholes.” She was getting a kick out of my American tough guy rage, giggling like a schoolgirl.

Once at my place I put on some soothing music and instructed her to take off all her clothes. “You have to do it,” she said. I complied. You’d think that I would have fucked the hell out of her from all that anger, but our lovemaking was actually quite soft.

I Lost The Polish Magic

May 2011 was an amazing month. I arrived in Poland with no expectations, eager to put two bad months in Denmark behind me. I wasn’t ready for what was in store: bangable women everywhere who were fluent in English and had little attitude. Most importantly, they liked me. They liked my look, my humor, my conversation, my beard, my accent, and where I came from. On my third day I slept with a girl whose quality was among the top five of all women I’d been with in my life. I called her “Little Egg” (*jajeczko* in Polish) because of what she cooked for me the morning after I slept with her.

Little Egg was beautiful, smart, sexy, optimistic, funny, and happy, a former punk kid who grew up faster than her peers, eventually settling into a fashion career. We had great chemistry so I looked forward to talking and joking with her. I’ll always remember one night she showed up wearing a necklace that had a little gun. It made a click sound when you pulled the trigger. She shot me twice. I never met a girl who made me laugh as much as she did.

I kept Little Egg at arm’s length because I didn’t want to stop whoring. When I wasn’t with her I tried to fuck any Polish girl that made my dick hard. I had one-night stands every night of the week except Sunday and Monday. Most of my conquests were college girls under twenty-three, nine years younger than me and six years younger than Little Egg, the most mature and grounded

of them all. I was living my dream, my dick was living its dream, and all was right in the world. I had found my utopia.

It didn't last long. Little Egg went cold on me after two months, suddenly being busy when she hadn't been busy before. Was she tired of my reluctance to advance the relationship or had she met someone else? I'll never know. Summer arrived and all the students left, leaving the city a shell of its spring self. The pussy switch flicked to the off position. No more one-night stands and no more easy lays. My dream gradually turned into a nightmare. I had lost the Polish magic.

During the summer I had to lower my standards for girls who were much harder to lay. Only in Washington DC did I have to work so hard for so little (hell, even summer in DC was better). I kept going like a good soldier until banging a nympho Polish girl who helped keep my testicles empty in those hard months. I enjoyed my time with her, but she was too shy and restrained. Besides, I didn't want just one girl—I wanted all of them. I wanted a great girl on my arm while fucking young sluts on the side.

One day at the end of September, I walked to the grocery store and noticed girls all over the place. It seemed like a cargo ship had suddenly dumped a huge load of pussy onto the streets. School had resumed. I wanted the spring back, I wanted the magic back, and I was willing to do whatever it took to get it.

With school back in session, I went out on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights. I put in the work, at least twenty-five approaches, but there was little magic to be found. The clubs were filled with sausage. The young girls weren't as horny like before. The magic must've been a one-shot deal, I thought, so I needed to ramp up my day game to at least get some dates. I figured that in May I had come at the right time with the right energy, leading to a great epoch in my life that would never be duplicated. *You never see it coming, you only see it go.*

I went out on Saturday night, the first of October, tired and dejected. I hadn't been laid in two weeks. Expecting failure, I planned on doing five daily approaches at the mall starting on Monday to rebuild a pipeline that was bone dry after burning the

bridge with my summer fling.

At the club I sat down, away from the action, something I never did. I told myself I'd get up when I saw something decent. It took half an hour for that girl to arrive. She was alone, wearing tight jeans, high heels, and a simple black top that revealed a nice curve in her lower back. She had long brown hair and bangs. She was a 7, no more and no less, with a petite body that satisfied my perverse elephant-on-kitten sex desire. Still, I didn't want to get up. I started making excuses why the approach wouldn't go well and remained seated.

Five minutes later, she was still at the bar, just standing there. My excuses fizzled in the face of a good opportunity. I pulled myself up and moved my legs until I was next to her.

I tapped her on the shoulder and said, "You don't look like you're from here. You look like you're from... Macedonia." She had dark eyes and hair so it was plausible.

"I'm from Poland," she said with a huge smile. "Why do you think I'm from Macedonia?"

She laughed at my jokes and complimented my appearance. She told me how badly she wanted to visit America, particularly New York City. Within minutes, she asked what my astrological sign was, perhaps the biggest sign of interest a girl could give without getting on her knees and blowing me right there. Over the next three hours I gradually increased the sexual tension as if playing with an oven thermostat. Light touches before heavy. Dancing a foot away before grinding up close. Gentle brushing of my lips against hers before driving my tongue in her mouth. You know a girl is ready when all you have to say is "Let's go" for her to jump to attention and face the door, eager to leave with you.

In my apartment I made her a vodka drink that I knew would go untouched, the glass sweating all night. I leaned against my kitchen counter and pulled her body against mine. She took off her shirt, I unbuttoned her jeans, and she did the rest. I stared at absolute perfection: 100 pounds, C-cup breasts, a round ass that would please any black man. She took off my clothes, bending down to get my jeans off. I unsnapped her bra and pulled down

her wet panties. *Roosh, get a condom.* She stroked my dick with her hand and I put it between her legs, against her bald pussy. *Roosh, get a condom. It's in the back pocket of your jeans.* I felt her juices leap onto my dick, smothering it with lubrication. *Roosh, get the fucking condom.* I turned her around, still leaning against the counter, and pushed her down. *Stop, Roosh, you dirty motherfucker!* The shape of her body was flawless. All I wanted in that moment was to be inside her. My inner monologue went quiet.

I went straight to raw dog, my dick going in like butter. My eyes rolled back and my head tilted up to the ceiling. For twenty seconds I was paralyzed with pleasure, unable to move. She didn't mind doing the work, holding onto the couch for balance to fuck me in and out, her moans getting louder. I regained focus and gave her the best dick I could, in the kitchen, against the couch, against the window with a view facing the entire city, and finally on my bed, her pussy juices leaving a snail trail through my apartment. I pulled out just in time and ejaculated a liter of cum all over her body, shooting up to her neck.

We fucked again and again and again. I asked her to talk dirty in Polish and she obliged. I had no idea what she was saying, but I assure you it sounded sexy. Even Vietnamese would have sounded sexy at that point. After three nuts I knew it would be impossible for me to cum again, but I couldn't stop. I was a mindless fuck zombie with no other function in life but to pump that poor girl's pussy. Even sleep wasn't required, only fuck.

I started getting angry that she was able to handle so much dick, so I fucked her as violently as I could to tire her out, as if trying to lose her in a sprint, choking her and yanking on her hair, but I only fatigued myself in the process. "I need a time out," I said, pulling out slowly.

She'd cuddle next to me while I caught glances of my raw dick, wondering how much more it could take. After a twenty-minute breather, I'd wake her up and we'd fuck some more. My dick was inside her for over two hours by the time she left the next afternoon.

Four nights later, I brought another girl home. She had the

STORIES

same petite and thin dimensions, a body that I'd be lucky to experience even once a year in my own country. The sex wasn't as good, especially since I was mindful enough to use condoms, but it was good enough.

October was turning out to be even better than May, but something felt off. Was the magic simply fucking a lot of girls or do you need something more, like having a Little Egg on your arm to balance it all out? I wasn't sure, because I didn't want to be sure. I wasn't ready to examine the purpose of my current existence or to accept that my pursuit of the easiest sex possible might have its costs.

Sometimes your subconscious decides for you. As if out of curiosity, I casually started to research flights out of Poland.

V

City Guides

Poznan

Poznan is the fifth largest city in Poland and the one I lived in for most of my stay. Most foreigners visiting the city fit into three categories: (1) businessman staying for a couple days to participate in one of the regular trade fairs, (2) Erasmus exchange students who live in communal housing, and (3) young tourists who stay in hostels. There are no sex tourists or stag parties. Poznan is relatively pure of the pay-for-play underworld you may find in cities like Medellin, Rio, Riga, or Kiev.

While fine for a month or two, Poznan's small size starts getting to you after a while. You see the same people and get tired of the two or three acceptable clubs. Action is lacking. In spite of those weaknesses, it contains a huge university population, meaning you'll have many female targets to work on as long as school is in session. I greatly enjoyed my time here, but I doubt I'll return.

Lodging

There are several options for apartments. I found mine through a real estate agency located near the train station at ul. Głogowska 16. They have a web page in English (<http://english.przemyslaw.com.pl/>), but they don't seem to reply

to emails. Go to the office when you arrive to set up viewings. The only issue with their apartments is that most lack Internet access. Other options include:

- Capital Apartments (<http://www.poznannoclegi.pl/>)
- Poznan Online (<http://www.poznan-online.net/>)
- Zasypiam (<http://www.zasypiam.pl/>)
- Velvet Apartments (<http://evelvet.pl/>)
- Fancy House Apartments (<http://www.fancyhouse.pl/>)
- Glam House (<http://www.glamhouse.pl/>)
- Orange Apts (<http://apartamenty-pomaranczarnia.pl>)

If you want to stay a month or longer, ignore their quoted prices and send an email asking for a deal. For a furnished studio in a good location, you're looking at \$700–1,200 a month. It will be cheaper if you rent directly using a classified ad site like Gumtree (<http://poznan.gumtree.pl/>), but most of the listings are long term.

Daytime

The best place I've found to run game is the Stary Browar mall (Półwiejska 32), sometimes referred to as Old Bowery. It's modern, clean, and just a few blocks from Stary Rynek, the main square. The Starbucks in Stary Browar is a great place to people watch and approach pairs, while the grocery store on the bottom floor is a prime spot for approaching singles.

You'll have endless opportunities just walking around the concourse (I always used *Day Bang's* "pet shop" opener). Keep in mind that the mall is split into two sections, so be sure to visit both to get an idea for its size. When it's cold outside, there's no other better venue in the city to meet women during the day. If it's not cold, the pedestrian walkway that connects Stary Browar to Stary Rynek will have women walking alone. Get your map out, pretend to be confused, and hit them with a basic question. The women will be helpful.

Nighttime

The nightlife in Poznan kind of sucks. More than 50% of my success was in one club, meaning if it shut down I would have been in trouble. Besides the typical sausage fest problem, sometimes it's just hard to find people, especially outside of peak months. It may take a bit of experimentation on your part to find one that's happening during your stay.

My favorite club in the city is **Czekolada** (Wrocławska 18), frequented mostly by students and young people. The best night is ladies night (Wednesday), where you should arrive before 11:00. Saturday is the second-most crowded night, but you start to see more groups than pairs. Friday night is Erasmus night, which is great if you like Spanish dudes and Americans who could only get accepted into a Polish medical school. Thursday is usually quiet, but worth a peek if there are people lingering by the front door.

The main bar is isolated from the dance floor, meaning you can do a lot of talking approaches since it won't be too loud. The only problem is that it can be a waiting game until girls come to the bar.

Czekolada, which means chocolate in Polish, became my "hack bar." Most of my Polish bangs were from going there on Wednesday nights. You won't be blown away by the talent or ratio, but the girls are cute and approachable. In Poznan, it doesn't get much better than this.

In Stary Browar there are two clubs called **Slodownia** and **SQ**, both of which can be entered from the mall's side entrance halfway up the hill. Slodownia is usually more crowded, but the layout of the club makes it harder to approach. It also has a cheesy bridge-and-tunnel feel because it attracts meatheads and groups of guys trying to get drunk. The attitude there is higher than normal.

SQ is a lot better. The layout is one giant hall with minimal seating, making all the girls accessible to approaches. The house music tends to attract thinner girls with more class. It's one of the more expensive clubs, but it's worth a look on the weekend

(the best night is Saturday, though they also have events during the week, particularly Thursdays). Don't forget to check the separated lounge behind the bar.

Poland isn't a place with an American-style bar scene, but **Dragon Bar** (Zamkowa 3) comes close. The main bar is usually busy most nights of the week, but the quality is low because it tends to attract artsy Polish chicks who don't believe in heels or long hair. It's one of those places where there will be no immediate opportunities when you walk in, so you end up staying three hours just to do a couple solid approaches. On some nights it's absolutely packed with so much sausage that you'll think it's a gay bar, but on other nights the talent isn't bad. I got more looks here than any other venue, probably because my scruffy appearance appeals to female hipster tastes. I used Dragon Bar as my go-to date spot. The dark nooks and crannies make it easy to get intimate with a girl.

The club that all foreigners go to is **Cuba Libre** (Wrocławska 21), though thankfully there are always more Polish people than outsiders. Spanish dudes go there because they think that if a Polish girl is going to a Latin-themed club, she wants a Latin-themed guy. I can't verify that's the case, but I can promise you that girls have the worst attitude here of all the other clubs. The only reason I kept going was because starting on Monday night it almost always had girls to approach. The space is small and most girls will be dancing, but it's not hard to pick off girls by the bar. Don't come during the weekend, when it turns into the biggest cock fest in the city, with a bunch of cheesy foreign dudes trying to show off their dancing skills. Tuesday and Thursday nights are your best bet.

The flashiest club in the city is **Blueberry** (Św. Marcin 40). You'll find a lot of older women dressed to the nines on Saturday nights looking sexy, but sometimes also wearing bitch faces. Their bodies are nice, but they aren't as pretty as the younger girls in a place like Czekolada or SQ. There are also a lot of tables with bottle service, which makes approaching difficult. Your focus should be on girls in pairs without any guys. Younger people go there during the week.

If you're a younger guy who likes alternative girls that lean to the goth side, check out the raver club **8 Bitow** (Garbary 72), which translates to 8 Beats. I thought the club had a dearth of talent, but I feel compelled to mention it because it stays open until 10:00 a.m. Downstairs you'll find people giving themselves whiplash to death metal music, while in the upstairs lounge you'll find more regular people dancing to house music on a small dance floor. The lounge is actually a decent space and the girls are friendly, but sloppily dressed. Unless you're a hipster or a rock kid, use 8 Beats as a club of last resort.

On Monday nights, go to **Terytorium** (Mokra 7) for their hip-hop night. As long as you don't mind the body odor, there will be girls interested in foreigners. On Thursday nights, try the **Blue Note Jazz Club** (Kościuszki 79). You'll want to arrive early before they start playing god with the door. Finally, a newer club is **Baker Street** (Piekary 22/23). The scene is pleasant, but I found the rooms too small and constricting to work with any efficiency.

More information on Poznan nightlife can be found at Klubowa (<http://www.poznan.klubowa.pl>). For more general background and information on the city, visit Poznan Life (<http://www.poznan-life.com>).

Gdansk & Sopot

Three Polish cities near the Baltic coast (Gdansk, Sopot, and Gdynia) are slowly merging into one metropolis. Gdynia is the smallest of the three and not at all worth a visit. Gdansk is the most visually appealing, attracting a lot of Polish families and older German group tourists being led around by a guide with a PA system. Sopot is the only one on the water, a big draw for the young party crowd during the summer. You're not Polish if you don't come for at least one summer weekend. Think of these three cities as one huge city with different centers that are connected by reliable public transportation.

If you're stuck in Poland during the summer, Sopot is your

most logical option, but lodging can be hard to get. In that event you can stay in cheaper Gdansk. If you manage to meet a girl in Sopot, just fork over a \$25 cab ride to get her back to your crib in Gdansk. A slower and cheaper method back would be to take the train, which operates late on the weekends, but that's sure to dry up the pussy.

Lodging

For my stay in Gdansk I used Patio Apartments (<http://www.patio.gda.pl>). They have several modern apartments with fully equipped kitchens and a helpful English-speaking staff. Other options for the area include:

- Apartments Gdansk (<http://www.apartments.gdansk.pl>)
- Al Mare (<http://www.almare-sopot.pl>)
- Little England (<http://www.malaanglia.pl>)
- Sea Towers (<http://www.seatowers24.pl>)

Daytime

Gdansk had very little talent during the day. A mall located a couple blocks away from the train station was sorely lacking in pretty girls. A bigger mall located a ways off was Manhattan (ul. Alega Grunwaldka 82). At either mall I had trouble finding isolated cute targets and ended up waiting for nighttime. If you're bored, go to the tourist office and pay for a four-hour audio tour of the city center.

One bright spot of Gdansk is that it has the swankest coffee shop I've ever been to. **Café Factotum** (Ducha 8/10) has seating fit for a king with superb attention to detail. Their checkered decorations and large graphic decals made me feel like I was sitting in the creation of a '70s drug lord. Highly recommended.

Nighttime

Gdansk nightlife is far inferior to Poznan's. The girls are sloppily dressed in loose clothing and Converse shoes. When a girl doesn't want to put in any effort, she parties in Gdansk. When she wants to look good, she goes to Sopot. Obesity was also more of a problem in Gdansk.

There are tons of thirsty Spanish dudes in Gdansk, but no Spanish girls. Just like how American dudes are leaving America to find better women, the fact that Spanish dudes are doing it as well doesn't speak well for Spanish girls. As for Polish guys, I experienced a tad more hostility from them than in Poznan. They were more likely to cockblock me and be curt.

My guess is that they thought I was Spanish and were sick and tired of being outswopped. I don't blame them. Even the girls had more attitude, which I must again blame on the Spanish guys. I got blown out harshly a couple times where the girl went out of her way to be rude by giving me bad information or waving me off with her hand. I never experienced that in Poznan.

I reluctantly recommend three Gdansk venues. The first is **Absinthe** (Św. Duchy 2), a dive bar full of old dudes and fat hipster girls. It sucks, but there are people. Right next to Absinthe is **Parlament** (Św. Duchy 2). Thursday night is your best bet since the crowd will be large, but prepare for the Spanish *conquistadores* to arrive in hordes. Bitch shields were high thanks to Spanish dudes going around yelling, "*Hola chica, que pasa!*" like they wanted the whole club to know they were Spanish. Lamé. Most of the action happens on the intolerable dance floor where you have to pretend to be having fun.

Finally there is **Yesterday** (Piwna 50/51), which plays crappy older music. The venue is small but logistically it's a winner, since it's easy to start conversations by the bar. The girls are much more receptive since there are fewer Spanish dudes, but the quality is low. Your only competition will be wasted Polish guys, whose total lack of game is almost endearing. Even though Yesterday sucks, it's your best bet if you're stuck in Gdansk.

The girls I met there were definitely trying to flirt.

All that said, just go to Sopot. One trainload of people arriving in Sopot from Gdansk contains more girls than all those that go out in Gdansk. To get there from Gdansk, hop on the SKM commuter train, whose terminal is just north of the main station. Buy a ticket from the automatic kiosk and get it stamped by the machine before boarding for the twenty-minute ride.

While Sopot does have a lot of clubs, it's high-end clubbing at its worst. Most venues are upmarket, with long lines, cover charges, and attitude. There are hordes of drunk Polish guys and mega-girl groups who think their shit don't stink, including Polish women in their 30s, a rare site in the cities. Foreigners are present but thankfully they're not too common. On the bright side, the girls are the hottest that Poland has to offer. The talent is definitely there, but just don't expect it to be easy.

In Sopot I ended up club-hopping in a vain search for a decent venue. I was failing until I found a bar with no cover called **Zła Kobieta** (Bohaterów Monte Cassino 53), which in Polish means Bad Girl. It's located indoors in a complex, directly next to two other clubs. There's a crowded dance floor and a long bar that's ideal for approaching. Girls were definitely friendlier and giving me eye contact, more so than the snobbier venues I had visited before, whose names aren't even worth mentioning. I took a girl home, but unfortunately couldn't seal the deal.

My suggestion for Sopot is to skip the pubs, which will be packed with dudes, skip the top-end clubs, which will be packed with snobby girls, and go to a place in the middle that has a crowd but isn't hard to get into. Look for a spot where people are chilling by the bar instead of packing the dance floor. The girls there will be more open to conversation with a foreigner.

A good resource for Gdansk and Sopot is Gdansk Life (<http://www.gdansk-life.com>).

Wroclaw

Wroclaw is like a prettier version of Poznan with better night-

life but more tourists. I went during the summer, expecting it to be dead like Poznan, but was surprised to find a couple bars that were quite full. The quality of girls was almost identical to that of Poznan.

The tourists that show up to Wroclaw are the “let’s get drunk” variety, not sex tourists that cause real harm to a city’s vibe. Drunk tourists have no game, style, or swag, so you can outcompete them and the Polish guys. The only thing you need to understand is that Wroclaw’s tourists are more aggressive with approaching, so you’ll have to make your move quickly when you see a girl you like. In Poznan I could wait all night until I was ready, but in Wroclaw I couldn’t afford to hesitate.

Lodging

While I don’t recommend staying in hostels because of the logistics problem it presents, the Boogie Hostel (<http://www.boogiehostel.com>) gives you a key to the front door. You can book a private room and sneak a girl back there in the early morning hours.

A better option is to rent a room with Alexander Apartments (<http://www.asapart.com>), which have over a dozen fully-equipped apartments located around the main square. Average rates are around \$70 a night. Other options include:

- Leo Apartments (<http://apartmentswroclaw.pl>)
- Exclusive Apartments (<http://www.ea.wroclaw.pl>)
- Silver Apartments (<http://www.silverapartments.pl>)
- Vincent Apts (<http://apartamenty.vincent.wroclaw.pl>)
- Capital Apartments (<http://www.capitalapart.pl>)
- Wroclaw City Apartments (<http://www.wroclaw-city-apartments.pl>)

Daytime

The main square is large and has a lot of restaurants, coffee shops, and bars, but I found it impractical for day approaching.

The best spot near the square was actually in front of the H&M store, where you can pick off girls who are going in or out. You can also try the big Galeria mall, located a few blocks east of the square (<http://www.galeria-dominikanska.pl>). During the summer months you're not going to find many girls alone.

Nighttime

There are several bars in the main square, but they tend to be of the sit-down variety for groups of people. You have to walk outward a bit to find the best locations.

You can't go wrong at the nightlife megaplex near the Helio theater and Ruska Street, just four blocks west of the main square. There are about ten bars and clubs and admission to most is free. A good strategy is to roll up on a weekend around midnight, sample the ones that seem to be attracting crowds, then pick the one you like most. These clubs lean toward the cheesy side, but there are a couple alternative bars that will appeal to hipsters.

A smaller nightlife megaplex is on the corner of Sw. Mikolaja and Rzeznicza, two blocks west of the main square. There are five bars and clubs to choose from, including what I think is the best bar for getting laid in Wroclaw, **Café Mañana**. It attracts an unfortunate number of foreigners, but also English-speaking Polish girls who like foreigners. If you're in town for a weekend, your best bet is to go there every night of the week to get your bang. If you like to dance, the dance floor should serve you needs, but if you're a talker, approach in the second bar or on the smokers patio. Café Mañana is so compact and crowded that you'll be bumping into women constantly.

If you don't see any women, simply grab a drink and wait as the crowd recycles. I felt like a hack spending all my time in this bar, but it's really the best for what we do. If you get tired of it, hit one of the huge clubs behind the Helio.

What I liked about Wroclaw's nightlife is that it was easy to figure out. The two megaplexes will keep you busy for quite a while until you start doing research on other spots that are more

isolated. Unless you're staying for longer than a month, you won't need to do much nightlife research.

A helpful site for more information on Wroclaw is Wroclaw Life (<http://www.wroclaw-life.com>).

Krakow

Stick a fork in Krakow—it's done. The city seemed more like an American outpost than an authentic European city, with McDonald's everywhere you turned, fat tourists clogging the sidewalks, and more signs in English than in Polish. Krakow is the first European city I've been to where there was actually a McDonald's right off the main square (you'd think there would be laws to prevent that).

In spite of the negatives, there are still women there and a good time can be found. Even though I disliked Krakow and will never return, the two girls I banged from a weekend stay were hotter than the two I got from Wroclaw.

Compared to other Polish cities, Krakow has bigger groups and fatter girls with slightly more attitude. Your exotic factor is also lower. On the plus side, there are lots of women who go out, meaning ratios are the best I saw in the country. Overall, the Western feel and all the horny tourists were a huge turn-off. To set yourself apart in Krakow you'll need tighter game.

The fact that I went there after living in Poland for six months meant that I was easily able to blow away the other foreign guys with my Polish language skills and cultural knowledge. I was an insider. If I was an outsider who had just flown in from another country for a weekend without ever having been in Poland before, it would have been significantly tougher.

A common saying I heard was, "Girls in Krakow are the hottest, but they have the most attitude." I think that oversimplifies what's really going on. Krakow doesn't have a typical beauty bell curve like the other cities. There are less 6s and 7s because of the obesity problem, but it has an extra dusting of 8s. Overall, the average attractiveness score for all women is the

same as the other cities, but the presence of the additional 8s—who definitely have attitude—make it seem like it’s hotter. I rather be in a place where there are a lot of friendly 7s than indifferent 8s, but to each their own. The biggest problem in Krakow, by far, was the obesity. It was almost like a different country. I didn’t care for it.

I think Americans can out-pull Spaniards there. If you consider that American fast food restaurants have a stronghold in Krakow and people love going to them, you’ll get farther being American here than in another Polish cities. I’m not saying girls will throw themselves on you, but they’ll be curious since most Westerners seem to be British, Italian, or Spanish. A lone American should do fine, especially since Polish girls view guys who roll solo as being confident.

The clubs in Krakow attracting young crowds are frenetic. The girls are moving around constantly and they seem to know a lot of people, causing you to feel like you’re at a party you weren’t invited to. Therefore your best bet is with older women, who are more DTF. They even help you by giving eye contact and gently encouraging your approach. It’s interesting that in the other cities I never saw older women going out, but in Krakow there was quite the spinster scene.

If you want to go for younger girls, try day game, where you’ll find them isolated. Since most foreigners don’t approach during the day, this will set yourself apart from other guys. Otherwise, stick to women over 25 at night.

As for when to go, stay away during the summer. I went in November and there were still a lot of tourists. I can’t imagine going in the summer when there are ten times more tourists but fewer girls.

Lodging

Krakow has the greatest selection of apartments at prices that are reasonable. The company I used to book a one-bedroom apartment right off the main square was Discover Cracow Apartments (<http://www.discovercracow.com>). Other options

include:

- Apartments Apart (<http://www.apartmentsapart.com>)
- AAA Krakow (<http://www.krakow-apartments.biz/>)
- Krakow For You (<http://www.grodzka.net.pl>)
- La Fontaine (<http://www.bblafontaine.com>)
- Cracow Lofts (<http://www.cracowlofts.com>)
- Sodispar (<http://sodispar.pl>)
- The Secret Garden (<http://www.thesecretgarden.pl>)

For Krakow and all other cities, you can use Gumtree to search for a longer term rental.

Daytime

The mall attached to the train station is huge and has tons of women. It includes a mammoth Carrefour grocery store where you can pick them off. Also, the central square is a little better than Wroclaw's in that you'll find more lone women walking around.

Nighttime

The best part of Krakow is its varied nightlife. You can live there and not get tired of the many options. Here's a rundown of some places you might want to check out...

Fashion Time (Koscinszki 3) has a ladies night on Thursdays from 9:00 to 11:00. It's worth a visit, but only if you get there early. If you arrive after 11:00, it will be difficult to enter.

Cien (sw. Jana 15) is a popular club among young people, with a dozen cavernous rooms. It's one of those places that gets so crowded that people push and shove like at a rock concert. The cute girls have attitude but girls in the 5 range will be very receptive. I'd consider this club as a backup if you can't find anywhere else to go.

Café Pauza (Florińska 18/3) is a small alternative club with mostly lounge seating. If it's crowded you can do approaches by

the main bar. Otherwise, it's a place where groups come to drink, making it more suitable for a date bar than an approach spot.

Rock Jazz Café (Slawkowska 12) is great if you have a rocker vibe with tattoos and weird hair. There were a lot of chain smoking freaks with black makeup whose idea of dancing is wildly jumping up and down. The upstairs café is a lounge that would be fine for a date.

Piekny Pies (Slawkowska 6a/1) has a bar upstairs and a medium-sized club downstairs. It actually has a lot of good spots to approach from, making it a better option than Cien. It's the closest you'll find in Krakow to an American-style venue.

The Frantic Club (Szewska 5) had the hottest girls I found in the city. The main room is where most guys prowl for women, so you're better off settling into a spot within one of the side rooms. What I liked about it is that there's very little table service, leading to logistically easy approaches (girls come to drink and dance, not to sit). The downside is that there are lots of foreign dudes, but they rely on dancing game and can be easily crushed. The attitude is moderately high, but that's to be expected at a place like this. There's another club in the building called Shakers that also seemed to be worth a visit.

U Luisa (Rynek Glowny 13) is a medium-size club with a friendly crowd and good ratio of girls. They aren't as hot as Frantic, but they are nicer and the logistics are even easier for approaching, especially since the bar area isn't loud. There are a few foreigners, though not nearly as many as Frantic or Cien. If I lived in Krakow, I'd make this my top spot.

I've only begun to scratch the surface of Krakow nightlife. For more intel check out the Krakow Nightlife web site (<http://krakownightlife.com/>). Also I recommend that you sign up at Where2B (<http://where2b.org/>), which gives you nightlife event listings and guest list options. This is especially helpful for Sunday through Thursday nights. Events with a lot of RSVPs are safe bets.

The Bottom Line

Poland has sweet and feminine girls who appreciate a charming foreign man. If you possess the right key, you'll have only slight trouble getting these girls into bed. It was the only place I lived in where I was so sexually active that I was concerned if I had enough energy to perform on upcoming dates. It was the only place I sometimes hoped that girls would flake so that I could take a rest. It was the only place where I researched supplements to increase my testosterone and where I had three sets of bed sheets and two full-time sex towels. I had so much success in Poland that it made me see parts of my dick that I never saw before. The biggest limiting factor to even more success was my aging libido.

In Poland I was a walking boner, constantly temped by new girls, regardless of how great the girls I was already fucking were. Even after marathon sex sessions that left me exhausted, hanging out at the mall would get the hormones pumping again. I'd be scheming for a new lay even if I wasn't physically up to the task. The last time I this many ejaculations in a short period of time was when I discovered masturbation as a teenager. Polish women are like natural viagra.

The irony of my success is that I became softer and more gentle. In other words, I became more beta. I was more affectionate, more complimentary, and more willing to sexually satisfy women. And they rewarded me for it. Things that wouldn't get me laid in America were causing me to develop pleasant relationships in Poland. For that reason, I recommend Poland for guys who want to sleep with nice girls and possibly form a long-term relationship. I don't care how many Polish girls put out for me the same night—my brain could only see them as potential wives and mothers. If you visit Poland, I'm sure you'll come to the same conclusion.

In the end, my time in Poland led me to experience an awakening of sorts. I learned that there are parts of the world where a man can be a kind provider but still sleep with a lot of women. I learned that I don't always have to be a cocky son of a bitch to

make a girl's panties wet. It made me realize that what I had thought was good quality in the past when it came to women was, in fact, crap.

Poland completely changed me, my standards, my expectations, and how I treat women. It made me a better man.

For more tips on picking up European women, visit my web site:

<http://www.rooshv.com>

*To see other titles in the Bang Travel series,
click the following link:*

<http://www.bangguides.com/travel/>

