

BANG ESTONIA



Roosh V

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. [Welcome To Estonia](#)

II. [Girls](#)

III. [Game](#)

IV. [Stories](#)

V. [City Guides](#)

Welcome To Estonia

The first time I heard of Estonia was when eBay bought Skype, a company that was invented by Estonians. Stories I would later read portrayed Estonia as a little country with fast Internet access and a strong technology industry. I didn't have the slightest clue about its women until I went to Denmark in the beginning of 2011.

My Danish roommate in Copenhagen was a fan of Couchsurfing, a site where other travelers can ask to crash for free on his couch. Two Estonian girls contacted him and he agreed to let them stay. They were going on a one-week trip to Denmark and Sweden and were using Couchsurfing as a way to save money.

Both were petite and pretty (unlike Danish girls) and also fluent in English. I connected with one in particular, and for our only night together I realized that going to Estonia would mean meeting many more girls just like her. Seven months later, it would mostly mean many more nights specifically with her.

Estonia wasn't on the map for me before I met her, but she was so sweet and fun that I completely changed my plans in order to explore the Baltics, which included Latvia and Lithuania. I don't regret that decision at all, but unfortunately I was a little too late to the party. It turns out that foreigners had already ravaged the Baltics and left women wary and guarded.

Estonian Culture

When Estonia was occupied by the Russians, it was far more resistant to attempts at Russification than its southern neighbors. Latvia, for better or worse, still has an immense Russian influence on its culture, which is obvious once you see signs and menus that are in both Russian and Latvian. Estonia seems to have kept its own culture intact. There is a strong Russian population in the capital city, Tallinn, but it's hard to get the impression that it's a Russian city more than an Estonian one.

Estonia's culture is the product of being wedged between mainland Europe, Russia, and Scandinavia. You wouldn't be far off in assuming that it has taken bits and pieces from all three sources. They have Europe's modernity and progressiveness, Scandinavia's style and egalitarianism, and Russia's drinking habits and stoic attitude. This is why it's so hard to pin down the average personality of an Estonian person. One can remind you more of a Dane, another can remind you of a Pole, and yet another of a Russian. There's more variability than you would expect from a country of only 1.4 million people, unlike in Scandinavia where everyone is a carbon copy of one another.

There are two other reasons why I found it hard to generalize about Estonians. The first is that they are quite reserved in sharing their feelings, similar to what I experienced in Latvia. It takes a big shovel to dig anything of substance out of them. Even with each other, they're very restrained in how they express themselves. Guys don't detail scores about girls like American guys do. They don't call up their buddies and say, "I banged that chick last night, woo hoo!" Even girls don't share details about hookups with their girlfriends. Sex is a private affair that you shouldn't be blabbing about. Therefore you won't find Estonian dating blogs written by girls.

The second reason it's hard to generalize is that I only stayed there for six weeks in the middle of winter, when there was very little action. I would have had to stay in Estonia for at least three months if I wanted to get a more complete picture of the culture.

One thing I found interesting is how Estonians view American involvement in their region. Though Estonia is a member of NATO, most locals are skeptical that they would be protected in the event of Russian aggression. One girl told me, "If Russia attacked us tomorrow, the United States wouldn't do anything because there's nothing in Estonia they want."

Yet Estonia still volunteers a couple hundred soldiers to help fight America's war in Afghanistan. I actually met a young Estonian soldier a few days before he was to be shipped off to the war. I found it ironic that an Estonian was fighting in my country's war while I was in his country trying to bang his women.

Estonian opinions about Russia are even stronger. Estonians don't resent them as much as Latvians do, but they do see Russia as a bully and menace, ready to muscle its way into Estonian life at any moment. The best way to get an Estonian girl talking is to ask her what she thinks of Russia. Toss some tinder into the fire by saying Russian women seem

attractive.

In addition to their skepticism about gaining entry to the European Union, Estonian youth are conflicted about their current place in the world. If you ask how they see the future of Estonia, no one can give you a clear answer. Their history has been too turbulent for them to have hope for a better tomorrow. This fact can be used for sexual purposes, to dangle the prospect of a brighter future for the Estonian women you meet, especially those with boring dead-end jobs.

Which City To Visit?

There are only three cities that are populated enough to warrant a visit. The first is the capital, Tallinn. It's full of attractive Estonian and Russian girls and a ton of nightlife options to find them. The only problem with Tallinn is that it's currently being raped by British, Italian, and Spanish sex tourists, mostly during the summer. Since it's a current stag party location, a girl will put you in an immediate box once it's obvious you're a foreigner. The easy pickings in Tallinn are long gone and you'll have to work a bit to get your flag. On the positive side, the talent is high enough that it may be worth it.

The next city is Tartu, a college town of less than 150,000 people. I stayed there for five weeks. Though it's small and feels like a village, it boasts a fair amount of nightlife options. The college girls are extremely attractive but hard to crack, and there are few non-students to work on. Tartu is a good contrary option if you want to stand out a bit more, but if I had to do it all over again, I'd stay in Tallinn and only visit Tartu for a weekend. I repeatedly heard that it can get a little wild in Tartu during the summer, but since I went in the winter I can't confirm that.

Finally, there's Pärnu, a tiny city on the Baltic sea that turns into a party town during the summer. If you want to see Estonian girls in bikinis, that's the place to do it.

Understand that Estonia is a tough place to visit during the winter. There's little sunlight. Nightlife is half-strength. It's bitterly cold. Day game opportunities are nearly zero. Women are bundled up in thick clothing. I was miserable enough that I swore never to return to Europe in the winter again.

If you're used to European winters, Estonia may be a good choice for you since there are fewer foreigners, but in the summer more girls come out to get laid, something I also noticed in Denmark. I don't know if I'd rather compete with other foreigners in the summer or be the only foreigner in a nearly empty club during the winter.

Logistics

Getting to and from Estonia offers no challenge. Go to Kayak.com or Skyscanner.com for airfares. Hop on a bus if you're in Latvia or Lithuania. 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 at least \$60–\$70 a night, which is cheaper than a hotel. You'll be able to get deals on a monthly rental of \$600–\$1,200. 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 a one-month 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 stable of furnished apartments for foreigners visiting on business. 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.

There are no specific packing needs for Estonia, but I recommend that you bring an unlocked cell phone (get a SIM card from a mobile shop like Elisa in any mall). One-night stands are rare so cell phone communication is important.

II

Girls

There was a bit of hype concerning Estonian girls on the Internet, but not nearly as much as for Latvia. Truthfully, some of the hype was justifiable. Estonian women are feminine, agreeable, and pretty. While there is ongoing degradation thanks to globalization, fast food, and spoilage from sex tourists, I was very satisfied with the Estonian women I was able to make love to, much more than Latvia.

In the old days, as in five years ago, most Estonian girls had no interactions with foreign men. You could be of average stock from your country and get the undivided attention of a reasonable-looking girl. But since Estonia's recent admittance to the Euro, girls have traveled to other European countries and have met dozens of foreign men, including many who have attempted to wine and dine them. Both their standards and attitudes have gone up to where they're no longer impressed by random foreigners visiting Tallinn for the weekend.

Therefore I can't envision a trip lasting less than two weeks giving you any decent notches. If you're coming for only a weekend, the only thing you're leaving with is pictures of medieval buildings, not memories of smashing Estonian tail.

Appearance

Estonian girls are mostly thin, but I was surprised at how many fatties there were. I talked to some expats who said the problem was rapidly getting worse because only in the past several years have they seen chubby girls walking around munching on bags of potato chips. If you step inside a bar or club, most girls will be of average weight, but at least 25% of them are obese, including the unsightly presence of American-style land whales.

The obesity problem isn't big enough for me to advise you against visiting Estonia, but understand that this issue will only get worse with time, barring a worldwide famine. Unfortunately, fatties are taking over the world. I don't know of a single country not currently experiencing a shift toward thicker women.

Estonian girls are mostly brunette, but there is a robust population of blondes. All girls tend to wear their hair long, though Skrillex haircuts, which originated in Scandinavia, are becoming more popular. Their faces come in all shapes and styles but a unifying trait is their high, round cheekbones. Their lips are plump and full. Over 50% of them have light-colored eyes. Their asses and breasts are of average size.

Estonia has a lot of statuesque model types approaching six feet tall with nearly perfect faces. I wouldn't be surprised if these girls are indeed models. Estonia contains what you probably think Sweden has but with more brunettes. Swedish girls shouldn't receive the hype they get while Estonian girls are neglected in their little nook next to Russia. From my exposure to Swedish girls while living in Gothenburg, I found them to be less feminine, less attractive, sloppier with their dress, and definitely fatter. Their bodies were soft like dough.

Estonian girls are prettier than Latvian girls, but not as pretty as Russian girls. For guys who disagree with this assessment, I'd ask if they're including the Russian female population in Latvia as part of their definition of "Latvian" girls. As long as they aren't making this error, Estonian pedigree is superior to that of Latvian.

I'd say that Polish girls have better bodies, but Estonian girls have better faces. Since it's not hard to find an Estonian girl with a nice face *and* body, I have to give Estonia the top prize for attractiveness. While the average girl won't blow you away, the country has some of the most gorgeous girls I've seen in my travels. The first two Estonian girls I made love to were extremely beautiful, so much so that I actually felt a little insecure about penetrating them.

Personality & Vibe

Estonian girls are generally curious about foreigners, especially those who have a Spanish look. It didn't take them long to ask where I was from. They're polite and slightly warm, but not as warm as Polish girls. They're happy-go-lucky and love dancing and smiling. They seem to be genuinely happy people with strong social networks and family ties.

Their conversation skills are average—not too shy but not too talkative—though many girls do lean on the shy side when talking in English. At night you'll find a lot of venues with dance floors so you can use that to take the pressure off a girl to speak. On dates, don't be nervous about silence. An Estonian girl told me that “silence is just another way of talking.” Fight your American urge to constantly fill silences with noise, because it's not awkward for Estonians to experience them.

There was a marked stiffness to their vibe if friends were hovering around. They showed decreased excitement to my answers and put on a more professional veneer. This isn't entirely bad because she still has the ability to open up later, but early on it's possible you may confuse her neutral responses as negative. As long as her attention is on you and not her friends, you're doing fine. As you'll soon read, getting her isolated will be the name of the game so you can experience her normal sexual self.

Once you get to know an Estonian girl, which means having sex with her, she'll become sweet and charming. She mostly refrains from phone or mind games. It was a real pleasure to have mini-relationships with Estonian women, especially ones under twenty-five who weren't bitter, jaded, or skeptical of foreigners.

The main negative is that some Estonian girls have a bit of an attitude problem, even those whose attractiveness doesn't warrant it. This is something that expats told me is getting worse, almost in lockstep with the growing obesity problem. I remember one slow night I was at a club when a 5 with a nice body was walking around. No guy tried to talk to her. She was below my standards, but there was no other available girl to approach. I approached her and she flat out ignored me. Getting this type of harsh rejection in Estonia was somewhat common.

English is widespread since everyone is required to learn it in school. Even taxi drivers have a basic grasp of English. The only communication problem you may have is with some of the Russian girls in Tallinn.

Types Of Estonian Girls

The three types of Estonian girls I noticed were students, post-college girls, and older women. I know this greatly simplifies the female population in Estonia, but it will serve your needs well because within each group the girls possess many similar traits.

I have a love/hate opinion towards Estonian girls who are students. The positive is that they are by far the most beautiful group. Because Estonian women tend to hit the wall a little earlier than average (I blame Scandinavian cross-breeding), you'll find the prettiest girls to be students. The negative is that they treat their social circle as god. It's hard to be an outsider and pick her up using normal game methods unless you have a hack that can help isolate her away from her social circle. I guarantee that if she's in a group of three or more friends, she'll give you a chilly reception. The irony is that if she's alone, she may be exceedingly warm.

Next is the girl who is out of college. She will be snobbier and unimpressed with your foreigner status. She has traveled a bit and accumulated some flags herself. She has profiles on dating sites and gets to sift through hundreds of responses from desperate foreign guys. On the other hand, she has some disposable income and the means to make herself sexier and more feminine than her younger counterparts. The sweet spot for this category are girls who are no more than two years out of college. This means that the most pleasant age range to deal with in Estonia is roughly from 22–25. Older than that and she'll be playing some agenda with a dose of attitude, while a girl younger will be mostly inaccessible.

Finally, there are the women over 30. They will be like shooting fish in a barrel as long as you know where they hang out. The only problem is that their bodies and faces have degraded quite a bit. Thankfully she won't make you work too hard, but expect to take her out on a date or two. These cougars have such poor selection in men their age that you could carve out quite a niche with them.

Approach Index

My approach index states 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 involved, the index is best used to compare the easiness of one country with others. First let me share the numbers from previous countries, from easiest to hardest:

Iceland: 40

Poland: 45

United States: 45

Brazil: 50

Denmark: 50

Colombia: 60

Latvia: 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 in the United States. For Estonia I'm assigning an approach index value of **50**, the same as Brazil and Denmark, meaning that if you've been to either of those countries, the time it took to get your first bang will be about the same as for Estonia. If you go for older chicks who aren't too attractive, I'm confident that you'll get your flag much sooner, something more in line with Poland and the States.

III

Game

Estonia's pleasant and vanilla culture means that you don't need any special skills to bang their women. Normal game that works on American girls will also work here, even including a bit of cockiness since Estonian girls can be cocky themselves. If you don't read this guide and simply do exactly what you were doing in the States, you'll still be close to the optimal game. What will be most helpful to you are the logistical tricks I'll share.

One of the best things about Estonia is that high quality can be gained in a relatively short period of time. In many countries my first bang was average, which I used as a springboard to get better, but in Estonia I started out with top tier. The only problem was that I couldn't find a recipe or niche to bang them consistently like I did in Poland. It felt like I was using luck and effort more than anything.

The bad news I've already hinted at is that it used to be much better. In Tartu I met an American guy named Stan who had lived in the country for five years. He said it was poosy paradise when he first arrived. He was approached so often by girls who wanted sex that he had to tell them to go away. I'm sure the quality wasn't always high, but the fact that it was happening could only mean good fortune for men who were in Estonia during that time. He also knew a guy who would regularly take a girl to a hotel room to bang and then return to the bar to find another one to take back.

New Year's Eve was an interesting experience that gave me a hint as to what Stan might have experienced years earlier. As you'll read later, girls were giving me massive eye contact and smiles. One seemed ready to fuck after just a two-minute conversation. Unfortunately, it was just that one night where I felt it was easy.

Stan told me that American attitude is creeping in. He watched me approach a couple girls who had attitude and offered that as proof, saying, "Those girls wouldn't have acted that way five years ago. Everything has changed." I wondered about that as I encountered a surprising number of girls who were aloof and cutting, even though they weren't very attractive. Stan also added that in terms of style, Estonia is turning into Finland. A glance around any club at the hipster glasses and occasional Skrillex haircut was evidence of the negative evolution.

The negative features of Estonian girls (growing obesity and attitude) is nowhere near as severe as what's going on with American girls, but it did make my experience in the country less enjoyable than it could've been.

Internet Game

The quickest way to get conversations going with local girls is to use Badoo.com, a sort of Facebook for dating. The game here is more similar to text messaging than to Internet dating. Start with a “Hello, how are you?” Then get one or two simple exchanges going until asking her out for a drink:

So I just came to your city and will be here for a while. I don't know anyone so it would be nice to meet someone who speaks English and can teach me more about the city. Would you like to meet for a drink in a couple days?

I recommend you pay extra for the site's Superpowers feature, which allows you to see which girls saw your profile and want to meet you. The Encounters feature is also a good way to find out which girls are interested so you don't have to message girls cold.

You can also try CouchSurfing.org, a site I've recommended in the past. The biggest problem is that girls are more concerned with cultural exchanges with people from a different country than with getting stuffed by foreign cock, but you can use it to get into a social circle. I use CouchSurfing mostly to find out where cute girls hang out. A few days before arrival I send the following message and collect the responses to pick out venues mentioned more than once. Here's my standard message:

Hi Maria,

I'm coming to Tartu 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 Estonia?

Roosh

The first paragraph is the same for all girls and 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 twenty-five, I keep it as is, but if she's younger, maybe I'll say “rock bars” or “underground bars.”

If she replies and goes out of her way to help, remark on how you don't know many Estonian people and ask if she wants to meet up for a drink at one of her favorite bars. When it comes to CouchSurfing, I only go for a meet-up when she's asking personal questions.

Another site is VKontakte (<http://www.vk.com>), a sort of Facebook for Eastern Europe. It has a powerful search feature that lets you find single girls within a specific age range. Here your first message can be a simple, “Hello, do you speak English?”

Before your trip to Estonia, I recommend you message at least ten girls on CouchSurfing and thirty girls each on Badoo and VKontakte to get a couple meet-ups.

Day Game

Estonian girls are far more open to day game than Latvians. In Latvia I'd get mostly short responses, but in Estonia it was immediately obvious that they wouldn't mind buckling down for a chat. The best spots for day game are malls, grocery stores, streets, and parks. The standard day game taught in *Day Bang* will apply (<http://rooshv.com/go/daybang>).

As for your opening line, 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 few pet shops in Estonia so it will stop her dead in her tracks. Ramble about what type of pet you're looking for (goldfish is a good choice) and how hard it is to find. Other openers related to needing tourist help will also work fine.

Estonian 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 compliment will be, "Oh no, my English is bad." Then say, "I've talked to a lot of Estonian people and yours is definitely above average." Make her believe her English is good to give her the confidence to talk more.

In *Day Bang*, I wrote that you should wait until she asks a personal question (besides "Where are you from?") before asking personal questions in return. With Estonian girls you can make an exception by asking 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 personal interest with Estonian girls than with American girls.

Estonian girls didn't seem to care much that I wasn't staying long. They weren't as relationship-minded as Polish girls and were more open to a dalliance with a foreigner. When they asked how long I'd be in the country, I didn't have to lie by saying I was staying long-term, although some girls will be bothered by it.

Night Game

It should be easier for you to get laid with night game than day game, but there are logistical difficulties you'll have to overcome. The first is cockblocking, a severe problem in Estonia among girls younger than 25. If a young girl is in a group of three or more, I can almost guarantee you'll get blocked. Thankfully, older women are less prone to that, meaning there probably won't be any blocking if you're talking to a pair of ladies in a club.

After a couple weeks in Tartu, I realized that it was pointless for me to chat up a girl who was part of a large group. I wouldn't get far because, at the minimum, her friend would indirectly block me by constantly interrupting the conversation to say stupid shit like how she had just seen a guy she once went on a date with. The blocker's intention may not always be evil, but the outcome is the same. Since Estonian girls love to hang out in large groups, the problem is hard to avoid.

The second major problem is isolation. Even when you don't get blocked, isolating girls from groups is difficult. They stick to their friends like glue and have an all-for-one-and-one-for-all mentality similar to what I found in Denmark. Your best bet is to focus on pairs, even if that may mean going for lower quality.

The third problem I encountered was resistance to the one-night stand. Estonia was the only country in my European tour where I didn't get one, despite my best efforts. While I got a handful of girls into my apartment the same night, some of them I couldn't get off a single article of clothing (one girl wouldn't even take off her coat). I found them generally nervous about going back to your place without knowing you well, with one girl asking me point blank if I was going to rape her (I didn't). A lot of your game should be based on creating a comfort level to show her you're a guy she can trust. The good news is you won't have to wait more than three dates for sex as long as you keep escalating.

When you combine these three problems, the strategy of going as far as you can on the same night won't be as fruitful as in other countries. Therefore, your best strategy for working clubs is to harvest phone numbers. If you get three numbers a night from Thursday through Saturday, you'll have nearly ten numbers to contact the following Monday for setting up dates. On average, about 25–33% of those numbers will lead to dates.

I'm the type of guy who doesn't even bother with a number if an interaction ends before I felt some intimacy was achieved, but in Estonia this will lead to no bangs and no numbers. You'll have to suck it up and play the long ball game of dating. Take her to a bar, chat for a couple hours, then try for a venue change to your place. If it doesn't work for a first date, try a home dinner date on the second (that's why it's important to stay in an apartment).

Estonia is similar to Colombia in that girls don't move fast. You'll need to put work into a girl without knowing how she'll perform in the bedroom. Foreign guys only there for a

weekend won't get more than a kiss or two. You'll need an apartment and at least two weeks.

Or you don't. I discovered another strategy at night that bumped up my close rate quite a bit. I just discussed how cockblocking and isolation are big problems, but what if you could approach girls with those two eliminated?

I borrowed my Iceland strategy of *night street game*, where I approached girls at night to ask for a bar recommendation. This is usually a low success approach, but in Estonia it was a raging success. Out of my first four night approaches on the street, all four led to venue changes. It got to the point where I didn't even go inside a club—I just walked up and down the main drag to approach girls. It wasn't a lot of fun, but the girls were willing.

Your opener will be simple: "Excuse me, do you know where I can find a good bar that's open?" As she gives you recommendations, you can tell her which bars you've been to so far and what you thought of them. It should be easy to have a 2-4 minute conversation on nightlife recommendations alone.

To encourage her to ask where you're from, say something like, "Yeah I haven't been here long. I'm still learning about the city and Estonian culture." Once she asks, turn it into a personal conversation by asking where she's headed. Assuming she has no immediate plans, ask if she'd like to join you at the place she just recommended. I was surprised at how many girls said yes, even when it was late at night and she was on her way home.

As I mentioned earlier, Estonian girls are *completely* different when they're away from their friends. My night street game strategy isn't exciting, since you'll be alone and prowling the streets looking for girls who are also alone (forget about pairs or larger groups), but it works and will give you more prospects than gaming in bars, clubs, or malls. It's not even funny how money you are once you get the girl isolated. When you think about Estonia, I want you to think *isolation*.

If meeting women is more important to you than drinking and soaking up the nightlife, head out the door around midnight and walk in circles around the major clubs to approach girls walking alone. It really is that simple. All it requires is to be chatty. You can try for a one-night stand later with a venue change from a bar to your pad, but the most you'll get out of it is probably a kiss and a solid prospect for a couple days later. The major downside of this strategy is that while doing it in winter you won't know what her body looks like until after you've already done the first venue change and committed a lot of time. There were a couple cases for me where it took an hour until I discovered a girl had a pancake ass.

My strategy in Estonia evolved according to my sexual needs. If I wanted to get laid, I'd hit the streets, but if getting laid wasn't an immediate concern, I'd go to a club, knock back a few drinks, and see if I could make magic happen. Since nightlife usually gets going late, it's fine to head out the door around midnight on weekends, and 11:00 on weekdays.

As for the type of game to run, stick to an indirect style similar to what you'd use on

American girls, but tone down the sarcasm and teasing. Your game should also be softened if she thinks you're attractive. If girls are complimenting you on being handsome, you're considered good-looking in Estonia and should turn off all your game and just be a regular nice guy, because any attempt at game will turn them off. All you need at that point is standard talking game and escalation (touching, kissing, and so on). If girls aren't complimenting your appearance, you can run game more or less in a normal way.

Additional Game Analysis

Estonian Guy Game

Estonian guys are drunks. Their game is getting plastered and hoping for a Christmas miracle. Since the girls don't get as drunk as they do, the guys don't get very far. Unless you're talking about an older Estonian guy, most have absolutely no pickup skills, meaning your competition will be a girl's social circle rather than other horny guys.

A typical Estonian guy goes to a club, gets drunk, and play-fights with his friends. Since this playfighting occurs while heavily intoxicated, it turns into borderline real fighting as they roll on the dirty floor, laughing and acting like fools. On the positive side, Estonian men won't make any efforts to cockblock you. They're harmless in that regard, unlike Russian, Polish, and Lithuanian men. My guess is that they're too drunk to properly cockblock.

The Race Factor

Spanish-looking guys will do best in Estonia. I felt that girls were checking me out and complimenting me in Estonia nearly as much as in Poland, a place where the Spanish look is also desired. While Estonian girls aren't as open about stating their preference for swarthy men, it seemed obvious to me.

Black guys also did surprisingly well. In Latvia they were completely absent, mostly due to the high level of racism there, but in Tallinn I often saw them with pretty girls.

Middle Eastern guys are looked upon somewhat favorably (since their appearance is similar to Spanish guys), but their approach style and personality are regularly trashed. Estonian girls think Turkish guys are creeps and perverts in the way they approach women. If you're Middle Eastern, clean up your act and you should do okay.

IV

Stories

Your Friend Is Creepy

I went to the college club on a Wednesday night. The crowd was predominately college freshman. The guys didn't look much older than my 15-year-old brother and the girls, while beautiful, were in huge groups. My Estonian friend Yargus was supposed to show up to meet me with a lady friend of his, but I got impatient and decided to go somewhere else.

In Tartu there were two popular bars and four large clubs. Three clubs sucked and the one I had just left from had mostly teenage girls. The bars weren't much better. One named Zavod was a dank pit while the other, Moku, was the size of a bedroom. Still, for a college town of only 100,000 people, there were several options, all within walking distance of each other.

I checked out Zavod first. It was packed with people, mostly guys, and everyone was ugly. I heard Spanish and English as much as Estonian and there were senior citizens hanging out at the bar getting drunk. I left to take a peek at Moku. On the walk there I received a text message from Yargus: "Hey, that girl you danced with last week is going to Zavod. I just ran into her."

Before getting the message I had seen her on the opposite side of the street after leaving Zavod, but she didn't see me, and even if she did, I doubt she would have cared.

Maggie was 23 years old and finishing her final semester of college. I took a liking to her because of her wide eyes, thick lips, strawberry brown hair, and gentle smile. I used to like sass in a girl, but my time in Poland changed that. Girls who were sweet, gentle, and slightly shy became my new preference, and Maggie fit the bill.

When we met the week before, I led her to the dance floor. I thought I was doing well until she stepped back when I tried to touch her hips. I asked if she had a boyfriend, the only logical reason she would deny a subtle move, and she said that it was "complicated." Tired of being tricked by European women with boyfriends who wanted to use me to get attention, I excused myself to go to the bathroom and never returned.

Moku was quiet with only ten or so people, all sitting down. I grabbed a seat by the bar and ordered a scotch. If I wasn't getting laid, I might as well enjoy some fine liquor. I ordered the most expensive scotch they had, which came to \$6.

The bartender had a neck tattoo of a cheetah. Neck tattoos in Estonia were novel. It didn't look quite right, but I'm sure the local girls thought it was bad ass. He started asking questions about where I was from and what I was doing in Estonia. It turned out that he was in the Estonian military and about to leave for Afghanistan.

"Afghanistan? As part of our war?" I asked.

"Yes, we have guys there now."

"Estonia has troops in Afghanistan?"

“Yes about 150. You don’t hear about this in America?”

“Most Americans don’t even know that Estonia is a country.”

“Well we are a part of NATO, so we help you guys out so that if Russia invades us again you’ll help defend us.”

“Does Estonia have oil?” I asked.

“Not much.”

“Then we probably won’t come to your rescue.”

“But we have beautiful women.”

“I won’t deny that!”

Next to me was a group of four girls. The cutest one, who I later found out was the bartender’s girlfriend, motioned me over. I moved my chair a couple inches and leaned over.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Roosh.”

“Do you want to talk to my friend?” She looked over at the fattest girl in the group.

“Whatever,” I said, disappointed, but the fat girl didn’t even turn to look at me. I was getting rejected by a fattie I hadn’t even approached.

“Did you say something to her?” the cute girl asked.

“What are you talking about? I never spoke to any of you before.”

“Well, then why is she upset?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care,” I said, moving my chair back and turning away.

At last call, the cute girl came up to me again, still trying to solve the mystery as to why her fat friend was upset.

“Maybe she’s gassy,” I offered.

Then she stuck around, giving me the impression that she wanted to talk to me. It made sense once I found out that her boyfriend was being shipped out in a week. The bartender had been nice to me so I didn’t want to be a jerk and work on his girlfriend. It would have been more proper to wait until he was on the battlefield, fighting my country’s war.

I looked at the time as I left the bar. Almost 3:30. I wanted to go home, but something told me to keep going. I remembered the text message from Yargus. I started walking in the direction of Zavod, now hopeful about a girl I had long since given up on. I convinced myself that I wasn’t acting desperate, that I just wanted to see her reaction when she saw me. If it was positive, I’d pursue it.

On the walk to Zavod, a blonde girl was walking in the opposite direction. I don’t know what it is about Estonian girls, but approaching them on the street yields tremendous

results. My first three street approaches at night all led to venue changes. For whatever reason, Estonian girls are totally different creatures when isolated from their friends.

“Excuse me, do you know of a bar that’s still open?” I waited a second until just before I knew what she was going to say, then added, “Except for Zavod. I really hate that bar.”

She laughed and started thinking aloud. She was cheery, thin, and had an average face that wasn’t as good as Maggie’s, but for a Wednesday night I couldn’t deny that she was a good prospect. I was committed.

She suggested a bar, then said, “Let’s go check it out.” Four for four. The only other place I’d had great luck with nighttime street game was in Iceland.

“So, dude, what are you doing here?” she asked.

“Did you live in America? European girls don’t usually say dude.”

“I watch a lot of American television.”

“I see. Well, I’m here for a couple months, just hanging out, I guess.”

“Do you know anyone here?”

“Yeah, I have a friend named Yargus. I like him because he’s older like me and we have some things in common. Most guys in Tartu are young, so it’s hard to get along with them.”

“Wait! Does Yargus have blonde hair?”

“Yes.”

“Is he like 30?”

“Yes, I believe so.”

“I know him!”

“Oh, cool,” I said.

“He’s the creepy guy!”

“Wait, what?”

“Yeah he’s the creepy guy. My friends know him as the creepy guy.”

My dick’s instinct was to throw him under the bus, but my brain fought it. “I think he’s cool,” I said. “He showed me around and introduced me to some clubs.”

“But he’s creepy!”

“No, I don’t think so at all. You’re wrong.”

She stopped walking, then said, “I don’t think I can hang with someone who is friends with Yargus.”

“You’re being offensive. It’s easy to call someone names. What did he do that was so bad?”

“He’s just creepy.”

“You’re just talking shit. The only person who’s creepy is you.”

I made a U-turn, only steps from my apartment, and headed toward Zavod. To me it didn’t matter whether Yargus was creepy or not, but the fact that this girl, probably no older than 20, was judging him without evidence was unacceptable. I wondered if maybe she had been watching a little too much American television.

By then it was four a.m. The odds that Maggie would still be at Zavod were almost zero, but by going home I felt that the girl on the street would win. I’d show her—by going to the worst bar in town.

Zavod was even worse than before: five guys for every hideous girl. But there was Maggie, standing alone and not talking to a guy. Now came the moment of truth. I walked up to her and squinted, as if I barely remembered her. She saw me and closed the gap with a big hug. I’ve never seen a smile so big.

Within a couple minutes her hand was on my chest. I repeated the same move from the previous week, the hip touch move, and this time she didn’t resist. I got a drink and we talked so close that we were practically in full embrace. She was maintaining the conversation, doing her best to make sure I didn’t leave. My boner had arrived onto the scene.

Her blonde friend interrupted for a conference. She was with a guy, so the best scenario would be that she left with him while Maggie stayed with me. That’s exactly what happened. After the friend had been gone ten minutes, I suggested that we leave, too. She didn’t object.

I dragged her back to my cave, saying that just because she came inside didn’t mean we were going to have sex. Once in my apartment, she wouldn’t even let me kiss her. It had to be the boyfriend. She wouldn’t let me get close, either, but at the same time she didn’t seem uncomfortable, enjoying the strong vodka drink I made for her.

After an hour of talking without progress, I resigned myself to getting her number. At one point, after running out of ideas, I said, “How about we go to my bed and make love?” She laughed it off. With failure inevitable, I began to get looser with my speech.

“I don’t think I’m going to stay in Tartu for more than a couple more weeks. I really like the city, but it’s a bit too small for me. I’ll go to Tallinn and then to Lithuania to finish my writing project, but I really want to live in Ukraine. I want to stay there for a couple months. I study Russian an hour every day.”

“So you’re not staying in Estonia for long?”

“I know I should lie to you and say I’m staying long, or at least keep it vague, but after my time in Poland, I think I need to take a break from Europe to go somewhere different. Ukraine gives me that opportunity. Unfortunately, you and I won’t fall in love and have hairy half-Estonian babies,” I said, smiling weakly.

Then, inexplicably, she kissed me. I was so caught off guard that I didn’t even have a

chance to wet my lips. Like a switch she went from being guarded to being passionate, and in no time we were on the couch with me frantically removing her clothes. I couldn't believe it was happening. I had 100% given up on the idea of sex, but then we were fucking on the couch and then on the bed.

After I came down from my orgasm, I looked at her and said, "I didn't expect that." It's almost becoming a cliché that I get sex after I thought all hope was lost.

"I like to give surprises," she said.

"I had given up, you know."

"I know you had, and that's why I kissed you."

"So you made me suffer?"

"Yes."

"Well, it worked."

"I knew I wanted to have sex with you when we were at Zavod," she said.

"But you resisted coming to my apartment, and then to kiss."

"I know."

"Even then you knew we were going to have sex?"

"Yes, I had already decided."

What a mind fuck! What she was saying was that the only game I needed the entire night was to not give up. As long as I hung in there, I would have been rewarded. While I do think I could have blown the opportunity by doing stupid things, what she was telling me suggested that girls decided on sex well before men realized they had.

Maggie reminded me not to bother figuring out women, but just to do the things they reward. They reward guys who approach, make conversation, and persist. I can happily do all three.

After she left the next afternoon, I thought of Yargus and the text message he had sent. It was probably just an afterthought to him, a way to ping his new American friend, but for me it made all the difference. I made sure to thank him the next day, not mentioning what had happened with the girl I met on the street.

The Man Who Didn't Want To Get Laid

On New Year's Eve I was living in Tartu, Estonia's second largest city. While the city wasn't bad, it was too small and had no night venues I truly enjoyed. Walking up and down the main drag (Ruutli Street) to hit on the girls was usually more enjoyable than going inside the bars or clubs.

At the time I was fooling around with Xopsala, a girl with an Estonian boyfriend. I'm not crazy about sharing a vagina, but I liked how the boyfriend took the emotional load off, giving me a girl who just wanted to have wild sex. She couldn't be seen in public with me, so our routine would be for her to come over, have a drink, and then smash. I didn't complain.

Xopsala had to be with her boyfriend when the ball dropped at midnight, but hinted that she'd be able to meet up later, after he went to work a night shift. I kept that in mind when I walked out the door around one a.m. In the States, the party wanes after midnight, but I was told that in Tartu it didn't begin until after that. I wanted to catch people when they started to come out of their private parties.

Ruutli Street was packed with drunk people, ten times as many as I'd normally see on a weekend night. Most were holding bottles of liquor and cheap champagne. When a bottle was finished, they'd gleefully smash it on the ground. Broken glass was everywhere. I felt like I was an Indian guru doing a glass walk.

Before New Year's, I wondered where everyone was. I knew I had come to Tartu during a dead period, but I felt like I was in a village, not a bustling college town. Besides one college club that was always packed with 18 and 19-year-old girls, the venues were lame and the girls weren't out in force. An American expat who had lived in Estonia for several years told me it wasn't always like that.

"After the Euro was introduced," he said, "girls could no longer afford to go out. Mostly guys go out now."

The milder-than-usual winter was also a factor. Tartu should have been covered by a blanket of snow this time of year, but all I saw during my stay was wet pavement. The landscape was gray and depressing. The expat said, "Without the white reflection of the snow, serotonin levels drop and people are too depressed to go out and fuck."

I made it through the glass walk and checked out a couple bars that were tolerable, but they were packed with long waits to get a drink. Since I'd been so successful with street game, I decided that working my game sober on the street was the most logical option.

After walking out of the first bar, a petite brunette smiled at me. At first I was skeptical it had been directed my way. I said, "How are you?" and she smiled again before being dragged off by her friends. Then a tall girl smiled at me. Something was going on, because I had never gotten that type of response in Estonia before.

The tall girl was alone. I walked up and asked for recommendations on where to go. She told me she was on her way to another bar and asked if I wanted to join her. On the way there, she introduced herself as Mayala. I asked how old she was, but she hesitated to tell me. I pried and finally got the answer: 17. She had to use a fake ID to get into bars.

I have no moral problems about sleeping with a girl who has passed puberty. In Estonia, 14 is the age of consent (I looked it up before arriving). Mayala was into me and with a couple hours of work I had a good chance of fucking her, but something inside me said no. Because I was raised in America, I couldn't help wanting to hear the number 18. Anything under that was dangerous. While waiting in the line to get into the bar, I got her phone number and said I'd be back, but I had no intention of returning.

I went to check out a club, but the door was mobbed by a crowd. I waited on the outskirts and saw a girl walking alone. I approached and asked for a bar recommendation. She took to it well and said she'd go with me to drink somewhere. She was older, about 27 or so. I started to get a feeling that I could have taken her directly to my house, but I took her back to Ruutli Street instead. On the way, we saw a homeless woman crouched naked on the street with her vagina showing, mumbling something in Russian.

Once in the lights of Ruutli, I noticed that the girl I was walking with wasn't that attractive. Then I saw Mayala again. The first thing she said was, "I see you found a girl," in a tone that told me she had expected it.

I decided that I didn't want the 27-year-old at all, so I kept talking to Mayala until the older woman got the hint and left. I was warning up to the idea of banging Mayala, but I let the conversation die and she eventually left to meet some friends.

Then another girl smiled at me. She was blonde, taller than me, with a slender body. She was the hottest of the girls I met that night. We had a nice chat about what I was doing in Estonia (my lie at the moment was telling girls I was a guitar instructor for little Estonian kids). I walked with her and her friends to another club. On the way, they kept running into other friends, making me feel like a straggler. She didn't make much effort to include me in the chats. I knew I was losing her, so I used one of their meetings as an excuse to ditch, saying I'd catch up with them later. I went back to Ruutli, stared at the sea of drunk people and broken glass for awhile, and then headed home.

The first thing I did when I got home was call Xopsala.

"Do you want me to come over?" she asked.

"No, I'm actually tired," I said, "but let's meet up next week."

She did her best to hide her disappointment.

After getting off the phone, I wondered what was wrong with me. The last thing on my mind was getting laid, and even though there were prospects, I had walked away from them all. Not two months before in Poland, my entire existence had been about banging nonstop. I would have rather died than give up so early.

It took me another month to figure out what was happening: the dark winter was killing my mojo. Sunlight is player fuel, and I wasn't getting any. By the time I left Estonia, I

swore I would never return to Europe in the winter again.

V

City Guides

Tartu

Tartu only has 100,000 people, but the active student population makes it seem bigger. If you don't usually have success picking up college girls, you should abstain from going since there is a limited selection of older women.

The city is small enough that if you find a decent girl, you might as well hold on to her because of the difficulty in finding another. The size also causes girls to worry more about their reputations than in Tallinn. It's not as bad as Iceland, but Estonian girls in Tartu will be hesitant to ditch her friends for you to avoid becoming known as a "foreign guy slut."

If you meet two Estonian girls, one in Tallinn and one in Tartu, and they both like you the same amount, the one in Tartu will take longer to bang. I see Tartu more as a place to find a decent girl to hold on to for a bit rather than to bang as many as possible. Thankfully, unlike Riga, they won't see you as a sex tourist. Tartu has normal girls you can game without prejudice.

As for when to go, I've heard too many mixed opinions on going in the middle of summer. Some say all the students leave and it gets dead quiet. Others say that the twenty hours of sunlight act as an aphrodisiac and the remaining girls go out vigorously with the intent to get laid. In the end, I recommend May, June, or September. You can give July or August a shot, but to hedge your bets I'd focus on June, since you'll still have students around. My experience is that European cities can be rather empty in August.

Lodging

The best part of Tartu is the ease of finding apartment lodging. The presence of so many universities has given the town such a bustling apartment rental scene that they compete to give fair prices, especially for longer term stays. The one-month rent I paid was cheapest of all the European cities I stayed in.

The company I used was the university-affiliated Dormus Dorpatensis (<http://dorpatensis.ee>), which has a great location right on the main town square. Another option includes Wilde Guest Apartments (<http://www.wildeapartments.ee/>). For an extensive listing of other companies, go to Visit Tartu (<http://www.visittartu.com>) and view their Accommodation page.

Daytime

There were few day approach opportunities for me in the winter besides the two malls, which were impossible to miss near the bus station in the center of town. If I went during the summer, I'd probably still mill around the malls.

Nighttime

Clubs are hard because of the group problems I mentioned, but the talent there is highest. The bars are much easier, but the talent is lower. If you're looking for any old bang, the bars are a better bet. If you want to up your quality, you'll have to head to the clubs.

Club Tallinn (Narva mnt. 27a) is a decent-sized club that seems to be the most popular in the city. The circular bar makes it hard to find a good spot so you'll have to do a lot of moving to talk to girls. Dance game will be useful. The problem with this club is that it's cheesy, with a ton of guys. Admission is 18+ so you'll find a lot of young girls here.

Illusion (Raatus 97) is a bigger club a short distance from the center. It has a space apart from the dance floor that makes it easier to do talking approaches. The only issue is that it's predominately visited by freshman college girls. The average age during the week is around 19 and only increases a little once you get to the weekend. I like young girls as much as the next guy, but everyone seemed to know each other. I got cockblocked on over 50% of my approaches, as if I was a known pedophile. Social circle game is king here until you get to the weekend, your best bet for pickups. The talent on Wednesday and Thursday nights can be mind-blowing.

Atlantis (Narva mnt. 2) is a popular but generic club that attracts older women, suburban kids who don't know where else to go, meatheads, and Russians. It's an old guard club that even has its own street sign. The club itself has a large dance floor and spacious bar. The talent can be respectable, second only to Illusion, but the attitude is off the charts. It's one of those places where you can see from a girl's face that she's going to reject you without mercy. Another problem is that most girls are in pairs, so you'll need a wingman because rolling solo won't be effective. A move you can try if you're solo is to buy a shot for both girls, though it may only give a couple more minutes of time.

Maasikas (Küüni 7) is a club for older people who aren't in college. The ratio is horrid and you'll find some ladies over 40. The music was straight out of the '70s and '80s. I think the place gets packed not because it's good but because older people really have no other place to party. Every once in a while you'll find some beauties in their late 20s or early 30s, but on average the quality is poor. I'd only go here if you're having trouble with other venues. Friday and Saturday nights are busiest.

Zavod (Lai 30) is one of the worst bars I've ever been to in my life. It's always packed, mostly with dudes. The ratio can be six guys for every girl at times, but the guys are so trashed and clueless that they might as well be shadows. A bigger problem is that the girls who go here are the ugliest in Tartu (it makes sense that an ugly girl would go to a bar dominated by tons of sausage to improve her mating chances). The floor is sticky and gross, and lots of men in their 50s drink there. The reason I'm mentioning the place is because it stays open late, so you can use it for venue changing a girl you met somewhere else. Also, no Tartu guide is complete without mentioning this shithole.

Möku (Rüütli 18) is a better version of Zavod. It's a tiny bar that gets a lot of action on the weekends (on weekdays it's a good date bar). While you won't have much in terms of selection, the ratio is decent and the girls are friendlier and older than what you'd find in a place like Illusion. For guys who are scared of approaching, you'll like that it gets so crowded that approaches happen naturally, as if you were on a packed beach. It's also worth a peek before heading home to see if there are any horny stragglers trying to get laid. European bars are usually hard to pick up in because everyone is sitting at tables, but this bar is an exception that gets my stamp of approval.

Kink Kong (Vallikraavi 4) is a shitty hipster bar with girls who are lazy with their appearance, even though their genetic appearance is favorable. Only go if you're looking for a more alternative scene.

Rüütli Street is the street I'd walk up and down to approach girls who were alone to ask them for bar recommendations. I had more success on this street than any club.

Two other places worth mentioning are **Trepp** (Rüütli 16) and **Nälg** (Rüütli 8). Trepp is a cozy bar with tables that makes for a good date bar. Sometimes it gets crowded enough that it turns into a good pickup bar. Nälg is a newer bar with a small dance floor and bar that makes it easy to approach. The talent level is only medium, but the girls were more friendly than any other venue.

Tallinn

Tallinn is a bigger version of Tartu, with more medieval buildings, more Russians, and hotter girls. There are also more women in their mid-20s instead of the predominately young girls you'll find in Tartu. Even though Tallinn is currently under attack by sex tourists and stag parties, your time will be better spent here than in Tartu, which is more of a niche spot to hit if you have time on your hands. There are tons of girls in Tallinn, and as long as you don't look like a slovenly sex tourist, you should be able to do well.

Lodging

There are numerous apartment options. I stayed at Briston Apartments (<http://www.briston.eu/>). The lodgings were old but in an excellent location close to most nightlife options. It wasn't cheap, but they give discounts if you stay for a week or longer. If you're looking for a budget rental, try Apartment.ee (<http://www.apartment.ee>). The only issue is that they're a fifteen-minute walk from the center.

Here are some other options:

- Red Group (<http://www.redgroup.ee>)
- Apartment 24 (<http://www.apartment24.ee/>)
- Classic Apartments (<http://www.tallinnapartment.eu>)
- Erel Group (<http://www.erel.ee>)
- Ites Apartments (<http://www.ites.ee>)
- Rasatra Bed & Breakfast (<http://www.bedbreakfast.ee>)

Daytime

The biggest mall is called Viru Keskus (Viru väljak 4/6). You'll find a lot of girls walking around, including singles you can approach. This is your best bet for day game during the winter. A smaller mall nearby is Solaris (Estonia pst. 9). It has a large grocery store you can approach in.

To find girls during the summer, just walk around old town between the two malls. As I described in *Day Bang*, approach girls who are walking slowly with your tourist question. Most Estonian girls will be open to a chat with a foreign guy who isn't drunk or weird-looking.

Nighttime

There are tons of club options so my roundup only begins to scratch the surface. In your day game approaches it'd be smart to ask where the hot spots are.

Hollywood Club (Vana-Posti 8) is the best club in Tallinn to pick up, especially on Wednesday nights, when ladies get in free. I found the ratio to be solid and the girls friendly, even though there was a strong foreigner presence. The only issue was that girls can be on the young side, with many still in college. If I lived in Tallinn, most of my bangs would probably come from Hollywood's Wednesday night party.

Prive (Harju 6) is one of the top-end clubs in Tallinn. I went to their ninth anniversary party. They gave out free shots and the party was raging, but I couldn't pick up for the life of me. I didn't get blown out exactly, but I couldn't sustain conversations since the girls simply weren't interested in talking, partly thanks to music so loud that it made my earplugs weep. Right outside the main dance floor is a side bar where girls make phone calls. The approaches I did there were more fruitful, but unfortunately I didn't discover it until the end of the night. I think I was the only person in the club who didn't have an iPhone.

You don't have to wait in line if you're not on the guest list. Simply go to the front and say you'd like to pay for admission, which was about \$20 on the night I went.

Venus (Vana-Viru 14) is a predominately Russian club, meaning that the level of talent will be high, though you'll have to deal with Russian meatheads who like giving hater stares. The night I went I talked to an amazing Russian girl who was fun, beautiful, and a great dancer, but she supposedly had a boyfriend and didn't want to take the interaction further. Venus wasn't as loud as Prive, but it had more space, making approaching easier. It's also cheaper and has a less snobby feel.

There are tons of bars on Suur-Karja Street. The three most popular, all near each other, are **Nimeta**, **Tonic**, and **Shooters**. They're the Zavods of Tallinn, with predominately drunk male clientele and sloppily dressed women. The talent drop off in these bars compared to Prive and Venus is nothing short of astonishing. I felt like I was in a completely different country.

These bars may be worth a visit toward the end of the night because so many girls are plastered. When push comes to shove and you need to score your Estonian flag, you might as well give them a try, but don't be surprised if the quality you find is no better than in an American bar.

The Bottom Line

Overall, I'm neutral about Estonia. The girls are pretty, with average friendliness, and are generally feminine, but some can be overweight and hit-or-miss with both their appearance and attitude. They definitely like foreign guys. A big problem is that cheap flights from other European cities are steadily increasing foreigner presence. McDonald's is expanding operations, and with that so will waistlines. I don't see it as an improving location, but then again not many countries are. It gets a lukewarm thumbs-up from me.

On the other hand, I must say that the hottest girls I got with in Europe were Estonian. They were beautiful enough that I was in partial disbelief that they even wanted to mess with me. So how can I justify saying I'm neutral about Estonia? Well, my results weren't consistent. They seemed random, unlike the efficient assembly line I had in Poland. I felt more lucky than anything. Estonia was strange in that I experienced 99% failure, but my successes were with 8s.

A guy going for a weekend won't get lucky with anything above a 7, but during a longer stay and with tight aim, you can get hotter girls than in other countries (including Poland and Latvia). Since other Eastern European locations compare well to Estonia, I'd do some basic reconnaissance over a weekend to see if it's a place you think is worth a longer stay. Overall, I had a good time in Estonia, but I'm not dreaming to go back anytime soon.

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:*

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