

BANG ICELAND



Roosh V

Bang Iceland

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Smashwords Edition

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I: Welcome To Iceland

If you're thinking about visiting Iceland, you're probably on the hunt for something different. I know that's why I visited. Spending a year and a half in South America had me craving a more inhospitable climate with expensive prices and women who were pasty white instead of olive brown. To maximize this difference I went in the middle of Iceland's winter, where a dim sun comes up at around noon and falls just a few hours later.

The average high temperature during the winter in Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, is about 32 degrees Fahrenheit. Cold, but bearable. Depending on where the thermometer falls, you either get daily doses of cold rain or fat snow, meaning it's rare to see the pavement completely dry. You also have to deal with a brutal wind coming off the Atlantic Ocean, sometimes topping fifty miles per hour. The weather and darkness were so bleak that it was actually neat in a somber way.

Summer is better. The average high temperature rises to the 50s, and around the solstice you get to experience nearly twenty-four hours of sun per day (bring a night mask). Summer also means tourists. College lets out and everyone takes their vacations in the interior or abroad. Even smack in the middle of winter, I was surprised to see so many foreign travelers, but thankfully they were the older type who came to make day trips to the countryside. There were very few guys like me who had come mainly to pillage the women.

If you're thinking of visiting because you want to stand out, I have some bad news: Iceland is a tourist-plagued country, especially with visitors from Northern and Western European countries, though the closing of an American air force base several years ago has helped make Americans slightly novel once again. By the time you roll up on cute little Inga, she will have met dozens of guys just like you. While that fact in no way should discourage you from going, don't for a second think you're visiting some type of isolated tribe in the Amazon that will be amazed by your steel tools and exotic spices.

Unless you're into chubby chasing, you'll definitely have to move your ass to get laid with what you think of as a pretty Icelandic girl. To make it happen, I recommend a two-weekend stay, which if you start on a Thursday would be a minimum of ten days. You'll be able to do some pipelining on an Icelandic dating site and then go all-out on two sets of Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, which are the only suitable nights to game. If you want to get your Icelandic notch, also known as a flag, two weekends will be required.

Background On Iceland

Iceland was founded by the Vikings, supreme badasses who somehow figured out how to live in one of the least pleasant environments on Earth. On their way to the island, they stopped by Ireland and kidnapped some Celtic women as wives. It's safe to assume that brutal rape was part of the program, which is why you see a surprising number of brown-haired Icelanders. While their skin is almost always milky white, less than half of the women are platinum blonde, which is probably the stereotype you had about them. Disappointingly, there were some Icelandic guys who even had my dark hair color and beard.

The tiny population of the country (less than half a million) means that no one is more than one connection away from anyone else. The running joke goes that when two strangers meet, they aren't surprised to find out they're distant cousins. Due to this extreme smallness, Iceland is like a little high school where gossip spreads like wildfire, causing privacy to be more valued than in other cultures. If just one person finds out that Inga slept with Janus, then literally the entire "village" will know in just a few days.

While the complete penetration of feminism has helped ease the stigma of sleeping around, Icelandic women insist on using insane amounts of alcohol as a crutch to excuse their above-average sluttiness. In fact, if you're not a drinker, then you may not want to visit since day game is wholly ineffective (every Icelandic girl I fucked was heavily inebriated). If you're trying to get laid in Iceland, night game is the way to go.

Thanks to a wonderful synergy between feminism and an Icelandic girl's desire to self-medicate with alcohol, you'll find that night bangs happen incredibly quickly, often within an hour. While getting an "in" with an Icelandic girl will be hard due to her introverted and skeptical nature, once you get that in you're going to be rocking the bed in record time. Iceland is the only first-world country I know of where nearly instant sex is possible without having to pay for it.

If you plan on staying a while, understand that Iceland's village feel, where everyone has known each other since childhood, will make it tough for you to make friends. The only way this will happen is if an Icelandic person happens to love your culture, perhaps having lived in your country as part of a study-abroad program. Even then, with so many friends he or she simply won't have the time or motivation to bring you completely into their circle. In South America, people will go out of their way to adopt you, maybe even bringing you home to cook local cuisine, but in Iceland this is not the case. Unless you're taking a class at the university where you repeatedly expose yourself to the same people, assume that you'll be completely on your own for the duration of your trip.

Which City To Visit?

This is an easy decision: Reykjavik. The capital is the only city in Iceland with over 100,000 people and a large enough population of attractive women for you to get your flag. Reykjavik is compact, walkable, and has a centrally located nightlife district—everything a horny traveler needs.

If you want to get out of Reykjavik, you can hop on a bus to Akureyri, a town of about 20,000 people. While it's purported to have a nightlife scene (I didn't visit), let me ask you a question: have you ever banged a girl while staying in a village? If you can't do it in Reykjavik, you're not going to do it in Akureyri. Commit to getting your flag in Reykjavik because I can absolutely verify that there are tons of easy girls who can help make that happen. If you've successfully captured your flag in the capital, then swing by Akureyri to satisfy any further curiosities you may have.

Logistics

The best way to get Iceland bangs is to find a girl and throw an "afterparty" at your place once the bars close, so you'll need your own room stocked with a bottle of booze *within walking distance* of the nightlife zone. I can't stress enough that your hotel or apartment room must be close. The more likely a stone thrown from the bar you're gaming in will land on your hotel or apartment, the more girls you will fuck, all because you're making it easy for drunk Icelandic girls to continue their night. If your place is so far that you need to take a taxi, you've already lost the game.

Open Google Maps and do a search on Reykjavik. Zoom in and locate the domestic airport on the left (Reykjavíkurlugvöllur). Above the domestic airport is a park and a lake, and then a square called Austurvöllur, which is in front of the Althingi parliament

building. Above that square is nightlife ground zero. Don't lodge more than *ten blocks* from this area! I lodged a respectable five blocks away, so all I had to do was say the name of the street I was on (Aegisgata) for the girl to say, "Oh, wow! That's close!"

Since logistics are such a big part of banging in Iceland, you want to make it as easy on yourself as possible. If you're not ready to pony up the cash to stay in a nearby hotel or apartment (no hostels!), don't go to Iceland.

An apartment will be your most cost-effective choice. Icelandic food is so expensive that unless you're loaded, you'll want to cook every meal in a kitchen. Google is very useful for finding an apartment; simply do a search for "Iceland apartments." Contact the owners directly with your dates while ignoring the listed prices.

During the winter I was able to rent a studio apartment for only \$650 a month in the Three Sisters guesthouse (<http://threesisters.is>). Summer prices are three times more expensive, but again during that time it's actually harder to get laid since fewer Icelandic girls will be in the city. I recommend you be a man and visit in the middle of the wretched winter, though spring and fall aren't bad choices. Personally, I would never step foot in Iceland during the summer unless I was focusing on a nature tour, which I have a feeling is not the main point of your trip.

English is widely spoken, even by old people, so there's no need to bone up on your Icelandic (the girls won't even give you bonus points for saying a few words in their language). The natives possess sharp enough English that you can successfully hit them with typical American or English sarcasm without having to dumb it down. If learning the local language is important to you, then go to the following site for free lessons: <http://www.icelandiconline.is>.

Doing Iceland On The Cheap

Iceland is expensive as balls and definitely not for the budget-minded traveler. Understand that just about everything except whale meat and some species of fish are imported by ship or air, leading to some eye-opening prices in restaurants, grocery stores, and bars. Clothes and electronics are also expensive, and even a "handmade" sweater crafted by Icelandic children in sweatshops will set you back at least \$150. Hell, even a decent knit cap or pair of gloves approaches \$50.

Pack everything you need for your stay so you don't have to waste money, including basic supplies like contact lens solution, which costs about \$20 a bottle. Definitely bring an unlocked cell phone (get a SIM card after arrival in the main tourist office off Ingólfstorg square), though you probably won't use it since one-night stands are the way to go.

In my two-month stay I averaged \$60 a day in expenses during the winter, which included everything except airfare. I did that by renting a room during the off-season, cooking *all* my meals, pre-drinking on the weekend, and doing only one tour. If you stay for under a month during the winter and cook all your meals, you should be able to keep it

under \$100 a day. If you want to do a lot of tours and travel, you're talking \$200–\$300 per day, and if you really want to do it up baller-style by staying in a flashy hotel and dining at expensive restaurants, you should budget close to \$500 a day.

My biggest expenses were food and alcohol. For food, shop at Bonus grocery stores, which are cheaper than convenience stores or the larger chain, Kroner. Even though I cooked every meal at home, my food costs were still more than dining out in Argentina or Colombia. The most expensive category of food is protein, so if you have big muscles be prepared for a high food budget. In general, I'd say that food is 20–30% more than American grocery stores, but you get a more limited selection and produce that is not as fresh.

If you hate cooking and want to resort to a strategy of cheap street eats, the bad news is that your options in the center are questionable hot dog carts and an occasional gyro shack. Expect to pay \$10 for a puny meal and a child-size soda. Coffee shops aren't any better. I like to stay for marathon sessions to write guides such as this one, but when it came time for a snack I was looking at a \$4 price tag for bagels, muffins, or cookies. Dinky sandwiches that have been sitting in the fridge for god knows how long started at \$8 and came with very sparing amounts of meat. The only bright side of Icelandic coffee shops is that they're cheaper than Denmark's, where a cup of tea approaches \$6 and a brownie \$5.

The tap water is safe to drink so don't buy bottled water, but let it run for a while to flush the line from the high concentration of sulfur in the hot water. Your first couple of showers will be unpleasant since it will feel like you're bathing in rotten eggs, but rest assured that the smell won't stick to your skin.

The sulfur in the hot water was one feature of Iceland that I couldn't get used to. I learned early on to cook with cold water or else my farts would smell like the sulfur. On the bright side, Icelandic people have clear skin with little acne, which I suspect is from the sulfur. On the not-so-bright side, I've never experienced such vicious bad breath than among Icelandic people. I'm betting on the sulfur.

For alcohol, I highly recommend you buy a bottle of nice liquor at your departing airport's duty-free shop, which will serve as a prop to use in your afterparty move. While beer prices in the VinBud government-owned liquor stores aren't bad, liquor is astronomically priced. This is why you should buy the most top-shelf liquor you can afford, which you will later namedrop when doing the move. (For the record, I bought a one-liter bottle of Johnnie Walker Black at Boston's Logan Airport.)

The irony of Iceland's sky-high liquor prices is that I've never been to a place where people get so consistently drunk. I guess if you lived on an island in the middle of the ocean with nothing to do you'd probably take to drinking as well. Beer is the most popular drink of choice since it's cheapest, with Viking and Tuborg being the most common (Tuborg Classic was my favorite). The two national liquors that are taken in shot form are Brennivin, a strong schnapps, and Opal, a disgusting concoction that you'll want to wash down with something smoother like Jagermeister.

The problem with ordering liquor in a bar is that the serving size is a joke. I estimate it's about 0.75 fluid ounces, half of the "official" serving size in the States, which doesn't account for the fact that American bartenders often pour heavy to get your tips. Captain Morgan's rum is only \$7 in an Icelandic bar, but you're actually paying about \$15 for the American-size equivalent, and that's if you get it on the rocks without soda. Another Iceland negative is that bartenders use a measuring tool every time to pour out your drink, so there's no way you can get a "good" bartender.

To combat these problems, my drinking strategy was to knock back some scotch at home while pumping myself up to misogynistic rap music, then moving to beer once I arrived at the bar. Since I wasn't drinking more than one beer every forty-five minutes, most nights I spent under \$50.

The good thing about smaller shot sizes is that it will make you feel like a strong drinker since you can do more than usual. You can tell your friends back home how you downed "ten" shots one night, when in America it'd be closer to four.

To give you an idea of how much alcohol and other things cost in Iceland, here's a brief price list of basic items:

Basic lunch: \$15

Crappy beer at snobby club: \$10

Crappy beer at dive bar: \$6

Standard American serving of Jameson or comparable liquor: \$15

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

Nice three-course dinner (you don't have to tip): \$80

Short taxi ride (you don't have to tip): \$12

Apples (per pound): \$1.75

Text message (send or receive): \$0.10

Bus fare (one-way): \$3.50

Muffin or cookie at a coffee shop: \$4

If you've been to Denmark, Sweden, or Finland, the prices will be similar. If you watch it on the food and drink while comparison shopping for tours you want to take, Iceland has the potential to be cheaper than expensive American cities like New York City or Washington DC.

Now that you have all the information you need about making it to Iceland and not spending your entire wad, let's talk about how to fuck the girls.

II: Girls

The first time I heard the phrase “Icelandic girls,” I thought of hotness. How can a race that has procreated on a lonely island for a thousand years with little outside influence have nothing but the most ravishing blonde beauties? While there are plenty of those beauties to be found, I want to first describe the reality so you have the right expectations.

Body & Appearance

Your average Icelandic girl will have pale skin, light brown hair, a small chipmunk face with nose pointed upward, and a body that is average to slightly chubby with slightly large breasts and an average to small ass. When it comes to hair color, I estimate that 25% of the women are platinum blondes, 25% have dark brown hair, and the rest are in between. Regardless of hair color, her skin stays pale thanks to limited sunlight for half the year. If she’s a shade darker than everyone else, there’s a good chance she’s from Denmark, where most Icelanders can claim ancestry.

If you like Latina women with dark hair, olive skin, and big asses (I’m thinking of Brazil right now), Iceland won’t have what you’re looking for. I will say, though, that fucking a pale, hairless girl gives a great “beauty and the beast” contrast to my darker skin color and hairy body. I felt like a wolf from the woods coming into the city to rape a fair-skinned woman, then escaping back into the darkness before the townspeople could find out what happened.

One way that I’ve found pale women can beautify themselves is to apply eye makeup as thickly as possible to give their eyes a dark contrast against their light skin color. Icelandic girls don’t do this. Instead they insist on bright red lipstick that makes them look clownish. I never thought I’d complain about girls not putting on makeup correctly, but I strongly feel that Icelandic women aren’t maximizing their appearance.

When it comes to weight, they are generally a little thick with flabby arms (there’s no gym or exercise culture in Iceland), but nothing on the scale of American obesity. Nonetheless, it was shocking to see fatties walking around with the price of food being what it was. This suggests that higher-priced food won’t be a cure for America’s obesity epidemic and that more drastic action must be taken.

One positive point is their dedication to looking sexy, even in the hipster bars. Girls wore heels (usually boots), skirts, black stockings with interesting patterns on them, and generally tight clothing that revealed their figures. Even a more butch Icelandic girl with the sides of her head shaved off put effort into her appearance. While I did question some of their fashion choices, especially when it came to wearing jean shorts over black

leggings, the girls generally highlighted their figure regardless of how cold it was outside, especially on the weekends.

Overall I'd say that Icelandic girls are slightly sexier than American girls, but since they're not as fat, this causes a considerable increase to their rating. The best analogy I can give for how the average Icelandic girl looks like is Jodie Foster in *The Accused*, the movie where she gets gang raped on a pinball machine. I find her appearance in that movie to be rather reasonable, and can therefore recommend Iceland as a place where you'll be pleased with the level of talent.

Personality & Vibe

Icelandic girls are extremely shy, boring, and cold (I'd describe American girls as annoying, abrasive, and cold). Unless you get them drunk, you'll have a hard time building any sort of connection. When I met someone who was unusually warm (asking me questions and maintaining strong eye contact), it would be a guarantee I was talking to a foreigner.

In the beginning of my trip I wanted to conclude that Icelanders were an anti-social species, but very often I saw people having long conversations with their friends in coffee shops and bookstores. So while they're capable of normal human interaction, their shyness, combined with a lack of charm and skepticism of outsiders, makes it challenging to establish rapport in a way you're used to. The vibe I got from many of my interactions was that they simply didn't care to put one ounce of work into helping the conversation, especially when they were sober. It's unfortunate that unless she was drunk and borderline about to puke, talking to her was like getting a tooth pulled.

There is a big exception: if the Icelandic girl has lived in England or America for a while. In that case, she'll be used to long-form conversation that you already do on girls. She'll also be more accustomed to dating, something that Icelanders don't do (they simply fuck, only developing relationships if their social circles happen to overlap).

With the Icelandic girls who have been exposed to Western culture, you can use gradual escalation in the form of chatting, flirting, touching, kissing, and so on, as if it's a timed program. Otherwise, you'll have to adopt some new techniques to account for the fact that having more than a thirty-minute heart-to-heart conversation with her is just about impossible. In addition, she won't be turned on by your charm, wit, or cocky and funny game because, after all, she doesn't mind sleeping with Icelandic guys, who are boring as rocks. Therefore, you have to time your approaches toward the end of the night so you can go for a quick venue change to your room, a strategy I'll elaborate on later.

What I want you to understand is that good chat is not valued by Icelandic girls. They really don't care about your status back home, your vast experience, or your accomplished humor. While I'm not saying to be boring on purpose, the things that get you laid with American or British girls will be of little help on an Icelandic girl who hasn't had long-term exposure to your culture.

So what criteria do the girls use to select for sex? Appearance and vibe. If they like both and you can eke out a respectable fifteen-minute fluffy conversation where you're being a non-cocky cool guy, you have a high chance of getting her in bed.

I asked several Icelandic girls about the vibe they wanted in men, but I didn't get any clear-cut answers. Most said they liked "sexy" guys who were "different" and "stood out," vague statements that could mean just about anything. Looking back at my own Icelandic bangs, it seems that timing and logistics were the primary keys to success, assuming the girl didn't mind my appearance or vibe. This means approaching a girl at the right time when she was looking for a hookup and then providing a nearby private room to make it happen. My Icelandic bangs felt more like plain old luck than any other country I've been to, but since the girls love to fuck and will do so quickly, that "luck" became somewhat consistent.

So far I may have painted a picture that the girls are boring and quiet, but they're a rambunctious bunch when hanging out with friends, doing all sorts of crazy, silly, and obnoxious shit. You look at a girl, think she's the most fun in the bar because of her wild dance moves, then approach only to have her clam up. In another instance, you think she hates you because of how withdrawn she's acting, but then she offers to buy you a drink. Even guys get into the drink-buying act. In Iceland I've never had so many people buy me drinks before, even as expensive as they were. It seems to me that drink-buying is a crutch for shyness, since one of the most reliable ways for them to break the ice is, "You want a shot?" In Iceland the general goal is to go with your friends and get retarded, not to have a deep one-on-one conversation by the bar. I'm not saying that deep conversations don't happen, but it's rare.

On the plus side, the girls are extremely polite. I can't say I've ever been blown out, even when they were drunk. They'll be nice as long as you're asking for some type of help, like a bar recommendation or how late some place closes, but don't be surprised if they quickly shut down and give no additional information that might help the conversation proceed. They're sort of like guys in the fact that their communication is to convey information instead of to flirt. Sadly, flirting or charm is nonexistent, as is the case with most Scandinavian girls. Until Iceland, I had no idea that a girl would be interested in fucking me after a conversation where absolutely no sexual or playful vibe was established.

I can easily say that an average conversation with a Colombian taxi driver was far more intimate and enjoyable than one with the average Icелander. The night I went to see a Brazilian singer with a Russian girl about one month into my trip was eye opening. The Russian was chatty about life and travel while the Brazilian singer was charming, smiley, and graceful. The fact that the Russian girl asked for my opinions almost blew my mind, because even Icelanders didn't give a fuck what I thought of their country. One month into my Iceland stay, I forgot what it was like to experience basic human warmth.

Don't confuse my criticisms on Icelanders with bashing them. Not every culture will fit what you're accustomed to, and Icelanders actually think American friendliness is fake, forced, and superficial. I'm not here to say which culture is better, but a discussion on

their personality traits, including their weaknesses, is essential if we want to identify the optimal game in banging the women.

Another important trait of Icelandic women is that they're die-hard feminists. They believe in equal rights, suffrage, and abortions for all, but thankfully they don't do the American thing of calling you out on your perceived flaws or mistakes. In the early stages of your interactions with them they won't try to jam their liberal opinions down your throat, they won't go on about the inferiority of men, and they won't try to make you feel small.

While I could argue that a lot of American women actually hate men and get joy out of shaming them, in Iceland the girls are more laid-back and just out to have a good time and get drunk. She's too busy drinking to have a verbal battle with a guy because she didn't like his approach style. (In America and Denmark, though, I believe girls have a hidden agenda and go out with an intention to feel superior). An Icelandic girl is definitely quiet and boring, but she won't disrespect you early on.

Her overall attitude will be positive when you first meet. She won't say much, but she won't make you groan or roll your eyes. She's just a shy girl who takes a long time to get to know strangers, but once she starts to feel comfortable with you, let the groaning and eye-rolling commence. I once had a girl argue with me about what "real hip-hop" is, pulling up a YouTube video of two chubby Icelandic guys rapping in plaid shirts on a green hill. Thankfully, the opinionated feminist only reveals herself after sex, and since most sexual encounters are one-and-out, you may never get to experience the annoying side of an Icelandic girl. The fact that she doesn't talk much before sex can actually be chalked up as an advantage, since the things they have to say are likely to irritate you anyway.

The picture in your mind of the average Icelandic girl should be a decent-looking shy chick who gets a little sexy and a lotta drunk for the weekend. She's not particularly feminine or graceful, and her movements and body language are sometimes gruff. She won't care about appearing ladylike, even when she's wearing sexy clothing. What this ultimately means is that Icelandic girls are for fucking, not for falling in love with. While there are countless tales of men visiting Latin America or Southeast Asia and finding a wife, this will definitely not happen to you in Iceland. Go there to drink, get laid, and see some interesting scenery, but be prepared to pay a bit of coin for that privilege.

The last point I want to make is that Icelandic girls have a very loose concept of fidelity, meaning she'll definitely cheat on her Icelandic boyfriend for a guy she knows isn't staying long. If she claims to have a boyfriend but he's not currently in the same venue, you can safely ignore what she says. The only question you may want to ask is, "Are you meeting up with him later?" Because the girls get so drunk, they'll easily succumb to cheating if the logistics are right and there are few spying eyes.

Types Of Icelandic Girls

There are five types of Icelandic girls: chubby girls, attractive girls under twenty-five,

girls over twenty-five, top-tier girls, and MILFs. Your first Icelandic bang will probably come from a girl in one of the first two categories, since those are the types who most often frequent weekend venues.

The easiest girl to bang will of course be chubby girls who are average or below-average in appearance. If you're more attractive than she is, fucking her will be zero challenge. I've seen it with my own eyes where an okay-looking foreign man took a hog to his hotel room in less than five minutes after meeting her. These girls will give you plenty of eye contact and often approach you first.

The next category is attractive girls under twenty-five, many of whom will still be in college. They're your bread and butter. Since most night venues have low male to female ratios, you'll never run out of cute young girls to approach. (The sweet spot will be the ages of 20–23, when she's already had tons of fucking experience yet is less concerned about appearing to be a slut than her older counterparts.) The only problem is they have absolutely nothing to talk about and will be out with huge groups of friends. They're prone to bar-hopping and getting so drunk that even a basic conversation is impossible. Eye contact here will be sparse at best.

Cute girls from the countryside come to Reykjavik to attend college. While some of those girls stay in the city to start their adult lives upon graduation, many move back to their little towns or to a foreign country. The result is a sharp drop in quality as you move up in age. The older women know how to dress and still put their best effort into appearing sexy, but they simply can't compete with the younger ones.

The third category is single girls over twenty-five. They'll be borderline desperate to find a man, especially if they're over the age of thirty. You'd think that she'd take longer to get in bed since she should be passed her "slutty stage," but thankfully this isn't the case. While it wasn't uncommon for a younger girl to eventually tell me she wants to go home with me, an older woman would straight-up proposition me.

I once had a lady come up to me and say, "I'm here alone and I'm leaving soon." It doesn't get easier than that, but unfortunately she was atrocious, so I passed. Still it's worth mentioning that such propositions have never happened to me anywhere else in the world, ugly or not. Just as how Brazilian girls view a kiss as meaningless, akin to a handshake, both young and old Icelanders view sex the same way. In fact, I barely even had to kiss girls before sex. So little foreplay is needed that you must prepare yourself for encountering dry pussies (I always pack Astroglide so that problem didn't affect me).

The fourth category is the top-tier Icelandic girl, the jaw dropper 9 who could make you renounce loyalty to your country. Well, I've got bad news for you: if you're only staying a short while, I can promise that you won't bang her. The hottest of the hot is inaccessible without a lot of social circle help due to being in top demand with her dozens of friends. Since she has three nights to party at most, she'll want to use them with her social circle, not with some random guy passing by. While it's possible to swoop her up at the end of the night, the odds that she'll be isolated for you to do so will be low because there will always be a ring of dudes around her. If you happen to meet one during the day, your best bet is to venue change her to your room (to "drop something off" or to cook dinner) then

go for it all. With day meets being an exception, only get an Icelandic girl's number if you *don't* want to bang her. They are totally capable and comfortable with banging you on the same night of meeting, so you'd be a damn fool to play the dating game with them.

Telling you that you won't be able to fuck a top-tier girl shouldn't discourage you, because there is plenty of highly attractive Icelandic pussy walking around. I'm not trying to lower your expectations, but I don't want you to think your American dollars will get model-caliber women aroused when they're already messing with the kings of the Icelandic jungle (famous writers, musicians, and television personalities). That sort of money game may have some effectiveness in Latin America, but not in Scandinavia, where conspicuous display of wealth is seen as tasteless and pompous. If you can wind up pulling a couple 22-year-old cuties, you've gone above and beyond the call of duty.

The last category is the MILF. You'll be surprised at how many young women have children out of wedlock, which I'm pretty sure is caused by heavy drinking, as depicted in the recommended movie *Reykjavik 101*. Iceland has almost as many young mothers per capita carting around babies as places like Colombia and Brazil, giving me reason to believe that the Icelandic race is in no immediate danger of dying out anytime soon. If that mother is out on the weekend without her kid or man, proceed like she was any other girl. She probably has her mom watching over the little one.

To simplify these five categories even further, there are essentially two sexual economies in Iceland: one for young college girls and one for professional girls. The young girls hang out in huge groups, often with guys, and are resistant to being picked up because of the difficulty in isolating them from the pack. The professional girls have smaller social circles with fewer guys chasing them. Their conversational skills are better and they'll be more aggressive in getting you into bed. The downside is that they're less attractive due to the destructive effects of the aging process. In the last chapter I'll discuss the type of girls each night venue contains.

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 easiness of one country with others. First let me share the numbers from previous countries:

Argentina: 90

Brazil: 50

Colombia: 60

United States: 45

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.

To make the index more scientifically rigorous, I counted my actual approaches until I banged my first Icelandic girl. That number is 34, with eight of those being from daytime approaches, a method that I already mentioned is rather unfruitful. For an average-looking guy with average game and average standards who doesn't mess with day approaches, I'm assigning an approach index value of **40** for Iceland.

This means you'll get your flag at about 40 approaches, give or take a few. This also means it's slightly easier than the United States, but only by a small amount. If your standards are a little lower than average, you'll get the flag in fewer approaches. If you stay for two weekends and do 50 quality approaches, odds are you'll fuck an Icelandic girl. While I can't guarantee that, I would bet on it.

III: Game

There are three primary game strategies to get laid: internet game, day game, and night game. For Iceland, night game should be your primary source with internet acting as a backup. It's not hard to see why if we look at the facts: (1) the girls are poor conversationalists, (2) they love to overdrink, and (3) they love no-strings-attached sex. Night game perfectly matches these features to help produce insanely fast bangs. Day game and internet game would be going backwards, but since putting all your bets on night game may make you anxious, we'll get some internet game going as well.

Day Game

Reykjavik is not made for day game. Quality is significantly lower during the day than on the weekends since so many girls live way out in the suburbs. Because lodgings in the center of town are mostly hotels and expensive apartments for older Icelanders, it's just not common to see local hotties walking around outside of the weekend.

If you're lucky, you'll see an occasional college girl stop by a coffee shop or bookstore, but approaching her won't be fruitful. She'll be polite before quickly getting on her way. A sad fact is that without alcohol she's like a kitten who is fearful of other human beings. Another big problem is that for half the year you'd have to approach under grey skies in a bitter wind. Except for a couple balmy 45-degree days I experienced during my stay, I always wanted to get indoors as fast as possible.

If you're going to approach on the street, ask for something that's difficult to find, like a pet shop or a store that sells something specific you're looking for. To open up the conversation after your opener, say, "Where I come from, it's pretty easy to find a

_____, but here it's hard. I'm still getting used to the this culture."

If she asks you where you're from, you're doing fine and should continue the conversation by asking for her advice on things you want to experience while in Iceland. If she doesn't ask your background, that's a sign the conversation will soon come to an end.

I did a lot of day approaches in the coffee shop. My favorite opener was asking girls to watch my things while I used the bathroom. I'd return and say, "Did anyone try to steal my stuff? I heard that Iceland is a little dangerous." Since Iceland is one of the safest places in the world, your comment will get her animated about how safe her country is. Use the "Where I come from" line to compare coffee shop safety with your own country.

Another opener is to simply ask how late the coffee shop (or bookstore) stays open. Tell her how you're trying to find one that stays open late so you can read or do your work. Continue to use the "Where I come from" statement to compare how coffee shops in your country are different, all with the goal of getting her to ask where you're from.

What you'll find is that the girls are nice but just don't open up. A perfect example is the two Icelandic girls I kept running into at the same coffee shop (I originally opened with the "Can you watch my stuff?" opener). While chatting with them they were always smiling and maintaining strong eye contact, but they never asked questions or responded in sentences containing more than five words. For a second I thought they were deaf and trying to read my lips, but this wasn't the case. Even after repeated meetings, when I'd make basic comments about the weather or crowdedness of the coffee shop, they merely stared at me like a deer caught in the headlights.

While I'm able to keep my chatter going indefinitely, it felt weird to talk so much without getting any feedback. They simply didn't show the normal signs of interest that are common almost anywhere else, so I had no choice but to conclude that they weren't into me. Would things have been different if I was lucky enough to run into them late on a Saturday night? Definitely.

I've concluded that Icelandic girls are simply not capable of meeting guys during the day. That's not to say that you shouldn't try, especially since you won't lose anything, but I wouldn't stay home on Friday night, for example, to get up early on Saturday and go to the mall to hit on girls, something that may be worthwhile in a country like Colombia. The one exception was older women, who were the friendliest and most willing to show interest by asking basic questions such as where I was from. Then again the motivation to approach such women during the day when I was sober was very low.

In the United States it may be common to talk to a girl for a few minutes and then walk away with a number. We take this "number close" culture for granted, but in Iceland it's much less common. Even after ten minutes of solid chat, an Icelandic girl may hesitate to give up her digits and will ask where you usually hang out instead, as if she needs repeated exposures to get comfortable with someone while in a sober state. Try anyway and contact her with the goal of weaseling your way into her weekend outings with friends.

To sum up, day game is not fruitful in Iceland for three reasons: (1) girls are excruciatingly shy without alcohol, (2) hotter girls are out at night, leading to better selection, and (3) the schizophrenic weather makes it harder to have the long conversations needed to turn day approaches into dates. There are some places that are just made for day game, like Rio's beaches or Colombia's malls, but in Iceland it's a tough nut to crack.

Internet Game

A somewhat new innovation in international game is pipelining, where you attempt to line up dates via internet sites before you even arrive. I'm not a fan of this method since I personally don't like meeting girls from the internet, but if you're short on time it wouldn't be a bad idea to pursue.

The principal dating site in Iceland is <http://www.einkamal.is>, which boasts 100,000 members, or nearly a quarter of the Icelandic population (I'm sure that only a fraction of their membership is active). The cost is only \$6 a month to be able to message other members. The site is in Icelandic so use the Google Chrome browser to have the pages automatically translated into English.

My advice is to message a few dozen girls about one week before your first weekend in the country. Since Iceland is not a dating culture, we're going to play the angle where you're a naïve tourist just looking for a local guide to help you learn about the magnificent new country you're visiting. Since an Icelandic girl's default program is to hang with her friends on Friday or Saturday night, the idea is to get invited to such a hangout. Therefore don't be too picky about the girls you message because you can always take a stab at her friends.

I prefer asking for help because I find that response rates are much higher (sometimes up to 50%). A girl's response is positive if she puts in effort with her answer and asks questions about your stay, such as why you're visiting. If she replies curtly and says, "Have fun in Iceland," she won't be interested in meeting up, but if she asks a question or goes out of her way to assist you, arrange for a meeting.

I want to share the current version of the message I send. The first paragraph is the same for all girls and the second is customized to what's in her profile:

Hi Inga,

I'm coming to Reykjavik 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 Iceland?

Roosh

The customization portion can be short; it's just to show 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 personally keep it as is, but if she's younger, maybe I'll say "rock bars" or "underground bars." If you plan on spending a lot of money in Iceland, saying "lounges or wine bars" is a subtle way of implying that you're not a poor backpacker and are perhaps visiting on business.

After she replies, thank her for the help and then say, "By the way if you and your friends don't mind the company of an American guy asking a lot of questions about Iceland, I think it would be cool to hang out with you for a drink." If she's down, she'll send her number and tell you to contact her when you arrive. The ideal scenario would be to have five or more numbers in your phone to text message after you arrive. You only need one girl to come through per weekend night.

I don't recommend cocky game with Icelandic girls since it's ineffective, something I'll get more into during night game discussion. Just be a normal guy in need of some help. The point of internet game is to be pleasant enough so she won't mind bringing you along while she's with her friends.

Night Game

There's no point coming to Iceland unless you're at least a moderate drinker. Since even girls you hit up on the internet will be intoxicated by the time you meet them, it just won't work if you're a sober guy trying to bang girls who are trashed. I'm not saying that you have to get drunk, but the closer you can match the state of the women—while still keeping your wits about you—the easier it will be for you to "connect" with them.

When To Go Out:

The most important night is Saturday, which I consider *the* night to get laid. Everyone goes out on Saturday night to get fucked up, so the night venues will definitely be more packed. Friday is still a great night to go out, but when it comes to fucking, it seems like girls have a plan to do it on Saturday.

On the weekends, Icelanders start heading out around midnight. By 1:00, places start to fill, and by 2:00 there are long lines for the most popular venues. Thursday night generally sucks, since only a handful of bars have people and everything shuts down at 1:00 instead

of 5:00 on the weekends, but it's still worth a try.

In America I've always recommended going out early, about four hours before closing. Since it generally takes a few hours of talking to get a one-night stand, it's best to start a conversation with an open girl between 10:00 or 11:00, venue change to another spot a couple hours after that, and then close out the second bar before making the final venue change to your place or hers.

That's not how things work in Iceland. There you have a 10–30 minute conversation, sometimes mixed with dancing, before relocating to your apartment and fucking. Because there are no “long” seductions like in America, there's absolutely no benefit to going out early. All the action happens at the very end of the night.

I settled into a routine of going out at 3:00 a.m. while partially tipsy from drinking my duty-free booze at home. After waiting in line at my favorite spot, I settled inside the bar by 4:00. I'd do warm-up approaches here or there and then approach in earnest at 4:30. By closing time (5:00) I was at full throttle.

My first two bangs came from girls I started talking to *after* closing, which definitely confused me at the time. It was surprising to learn that as the night goes on, girls get more and more friendly, hitting maximum receptiveness after five (in America, it's just the opposite).

Icelandic girls have a term for the men they meet at a late hour: the “last-minute man,” sometimes also referred to as “the six a.m. man.” They don't give a damn about rapport and personality because in their drunken state all they want to do is fuck (god bless them). All you have to do is present yourself as the best last-minute man option as the bars close. Do this by casually approaching girls as a normal, cool guy who drops the fact that he has nearby private lodgings. If you're thinking, “Wow, this sounds too easy,” that's because *it is*.

The best type of game in Iceland is therefore **last call game**, where you start approaching at the end when she's at her drunkest while separated from her friends and possibly looking for a hookup so she doesn't have to go home alone. It will seem weird to wait until the last minute to approach, since it doesn't work in America, but it's the way to go in Iceland if you want to get laid at night.

If you're only in Iceland for a weekend or two, by all means go out around 1:00 and enjoy the nightlife, but it doesn't matter where you are before 4:00, since it's unlikely you'll be able to sustain an early approach. I did all my venue experimentation early in the night, but come 3:00, I was on my way to my favorite spot to get ready for real work. All you need is one girl to bite by closing time to arrange for the afterparty move, which I'll describe shortly.

On Thursday nights, a good time to go out is 11:00. The places will start to pack around midnight. Since the odds of getting a one-night stand on a Thursday night are so much lower, I recommend you do approaches as soon as you arrive with a plan to make friends and integrate yourself into a social circle to arrange for a weekend hangout. Another strategy is to befriend the bartenders so they can help you with some social proof when

you return on the weekend. They may give you some good advice, like the bartender who told me that Icelanders get paid in the beginning of the month and not biweekly like in the States, meaning fewer people go out at the end of the month due to limited funds.

Approaching:

When you're ready to approach, use simple, indirect openers. My favorite opener, which works on just about any girl, is "You don't look like you're from here." Squint your eyes then make up another country that you "think" she is actually from. Act surprised when she says you're totally wrong. Inquire about her ancestral lineage and ask her to say a few words in Icelandic as a playful way to give proof that she really is from Iceland. By that point she should ask where you're from or what you're doing in Iceland (if not, she's not interested).

Except for when she asks your name, give humorous answers to her early questions. When an Icelandic girl asked where I was from, I usually said "Greenland," playing around with it until finally admitting I was from America. The "What are you doing here?" question offered more room for interesting responses. My favorite was, "I'm here to hunt polar bears." She'd respond that there are no polar bears in Iceland and I'd reply, "I'm paying a guide who says I could do it without a gun, just using my bare hands." I said I wanted to hunt to "feel like a real man." My other response was to say that I'm here for "water." She'd inquire what that means and then I'd explain how I'm doing research for exploring pristine Icelandic water deposits for stupid American consumers. When either joke played itself out, I'd come out and say I was just visiting.

In most countries a girl will get turned off when you say you're only visiting her city for a short while, such as in Colombia where I've advised men to be as vague as possible about their departure dates. *Not so in Iceland.* Since girls value privacy in a town where she runs into former lovers on a weekly basis, she'll be excited to hear that you're going to leave soon. Because I was staying so long, I actually insinuated that I was leaving sooner than I was, the first time I've ever done so. Iceland could be the only country in the world where the women don't like it when you stay.

Another easy opener is, "What time does this bar close?" When she tells you, feign surprise and go on about how bars where you "come from" stay open earlier or later. Make basic nightlife comments about what you've noticed. Another opener can be to inquire if the bar or club will be playing a certain type of music, like hip-hop or salsa.

Since Icelandic girls aren't approached very often by their own countrymen, I strongly advise using the simplest openers possible (she may not know how to respond to a complicated routine that would work on an American girl). The fewer words your opener uses, the better. Situational openers also work well, where you make a comment about either something that's happening around you or an interesting article of clothing she's wearing.

While opening Icelandic girls is incredibly easy, making headway with them is another matter. I had a lot of conversations that would simply die around three to five minutes,

especially early in the night. I'd go on and on about my observations or opinions and she would just stare at me and nod, offering absolutely nothing that I could use.

Only if she has lived abroad will she respond in a social way that you're used to. For that reason I became averse to opening girls before they were at their maximum drunkenness, when ironically they were more capable of having a conversation. Your chances of getting a basic chat off the ground after four a.m. is dramatically higher than before.

The Guilt Routine:

There is a simple routine I've developed to guilt a girl into being friendlier. Here's what I'd say soon after I told her I was on a visit:

I find that Icelanders are really hard to get to know. They're polite when I talk to them, but after a couple minutes they just stare at me and don't really say anything. Maybe it's because the country is so small? It seems like they have to be drunk to be friendly.

The two female friends I made in Iceland were suckered in with this little routine. They adopted me, going out of their way to show me that Icelanders are great people. One took me on a field trip to the grocery store to explain local foods while the other invited me to go ocean swimming with her friends. Both said they felt bad that Icelanders weren't friendly to me and remarked that they didn't want me leaving Iceland with a negative impression of the people. Who would have thought that guilt, combined with nationalistic pride, would help get me into social circles and increase my chances of getting laid?

Do the routine before the five-minute mark because if you wait too long the conversation will be over. It's best for Thursdays or before four a.m. on a weekend night, when it's important to sustain a long conversation. If a girl is drunk and giving you sexy eyes, you won't need it.

Conversation & Escalation:

The main reason it's hard to converse with an Icelandic girl is that she's so used to meeting people who already know her friends. I noticed that most Icelanders start conversations by talking about who they know and what school they went to. A ten-minute conversation is just about guaranteed.

She likely won't have the tools to build a connection with a completely random man who isn't connected to her life or social circle in some way, regardless of how good his conversational skills are. It doesn't mean she won't fuck you (she definitely will), but it does mean she won't do so from the value you've built through a long conversation. What you must do in Iceland is go back to the Stone Age by using less language and more

persistence in dragging her back to your cave.

The second reason it's so hard to have conversations is that you'll be interrupted every other minute, since she literally knows half the people in the bar. She won't be so keen to resume the conversation with you especially if you've been talking for a short while, which will probably be the case since the interruption will come soon. Thankfully, at the end of the night, most of her friends will have already left or have been neutralized by too much alcohol. Approaching at that time is money because the chances of an interruption are greatly reduced.

Keep all your conversations basic and refrain from teasing too hard. Hit her with questions about things you've seen during the day. Joke around by asking if Icelanders really believe that elves and trolls live in the hills (many do). If there's a dance floor and she's in the mood to dance, use it, because it can only help you.

You'll know you're putting out the correct fun, laid-back vibe if Icelandic guys or girls are offering to buy you drinks. At first you may be reluctant to accept a drink from a stranger, but in Iceland it's pretty close to an insult to refuse. Accept graciously. Think of Icelandic nightlife as a happy party where alcohol flows and strangers buy other strangers drinks. When it comes to buying girls drinks, though, I recommend you do it only after she buys you one first.

If she has bought you a drink and the conversation is still going after ten minutes, she probably has serious interest in you. Your instinct may be to get closer for a kiss, but you have to be careful about this. While touching and mild groping is acceptable, trying to kiss girls in bars shows you don't understand how big of a problem gossip is on the island. While she's a card-carrying feminist, she still doesn't want the slut stain because her community is so small (it was common for me to repeatedly run into girls I had previously fucked).

It's no big deal if you don't get the kiss out of the way when you're in the bar since it'll happen quickly once you get her isolated. Sex will follow the first kiss within minutes. Definitely touch her to establish an intimate vibe, but if her friends are around and you're in a crowded place, the risk of going for a kiss far outweighs the benefits (if she doesn't mind being kissed in public, she'll definitely let you know by coming within a couple inches of your mouth).

If you find yourself trying too hard with a particular girl, she's not into you. While it's rare for a girl to say much, you should have her undivided attention and she shouldn't be playing with her phone, looking around, or ditching you to return to her friends. In the States we can "turn" a girl with game, creating stronger interest from something weaker, but in Iceland if it's not there almost immediately, chances are it never will be, which is something I noticed to a lesser degree in Brazil.

A good prediction of how far you'll get with a girl is by counting how many of her friends are circling around. If you decided to murder the Icelandic girl you're talking to, how many witnesses would have seen you with her? The fewer witnesses there are, the more likely she'll accept your afterparty suggestion. If there are too many witnesses, she'll

be hesitant to show genuine interest since she'll be so worried that members of her tribe think she's easy.

While she's in denial of the fact that she's a slut, we know she is, and all we need to release that inner slut is to get her isolated and away from prying eyes. Though Icelandic girls are wary of foreigners, we have an advantage over local guys since fucking us won't "count." If she wants to fuck just to fuck, which she will if she's out drunk on a Saturday night without a boyfriend, then you're her man... her last-minute man.

One Icelandic girl told me, "Everyone thinks we're sluts, but that's a misconception. There are consequences to sleeping around." While I disagree with that statement and think that the girls are indeed hardcore sluts, there are almost no consequences for her to sleep with someone who is going to leave the city soon, which is why we make it clear we're not staying for long. These girls want one-and-out fucks, not potential long-term relationships. At first I was slightly offended at this, since I think I'm a good catch, but when I realized how little work I had to put in to get laid, I quickly got used to it.

Let me sum up how your average Saturday night in Reykjavik should look like so far. You had a couple of drinks in your room then walked out the door around 3:00 a.m. You got in line at the bar and eventually wound up inside with another drink in your hand by 4:00. You picked a prime post-up spot and made small talk with the Icelanders around you to get into a social mood, letting them buy you drinks and buying them drinks in return. Around 4:30, you increased your alert level and made a more conscious effort to approach cute girls close to your spot. You did *not* run around the bar approaching girls like a monkey, but remained cool, casual, and tethered to either one or two locations. When a girl bit by asking where you were from and what you were doing in Iceland, you pulled her chain by hitting her with humorous responses. She proved to be too drunk to talk further, so you suggested some dancing, which she accepted. Your faces got slightly close, but you didn't try for a kiss. The clock now strikes 5:00 and the bar is closing. It's time for the afterparty move.

If a bar is closing and you haven't gotten any bites, pick a new spot by the exit and approach singles and pairs on their way out. Increase your hustle and, if necessary, run around the bar like a monkey to find women. Here's the opener to use after last call: "Do you know if there's another bar that's still open?" You'll either do this in the bar or, if the barman kicks you out, in front of the bar where people gather in impromptu street parties before heading off. If she's helpful, go on about how you think it's still early and wouldn't mind having another drink. If the girl continues to engage you, asking more than one personal question like your name, job, travel plans, home country, or place of lodging, do the afterparty move.

The Afterparty Move:

There are no bars that remain open after 5:00, yet people will still want to party (Icelanders live for the weekend, if you haven't noticed). This leads to a strong afterparty culture where some guy randomly decides to host people in his house. He invites four or

five people and then word spreads to a larger group, but the problem is that everyone is so drunk and discombobulated that the afterparty rarely gets off the ground. People drop out, get lost, lose their phones, encounter drunken drama, and so on. So while everyone will be in front of the bar talking about an afterparty, most end up just smoking a couple cigarettes before going home. While it's nice to get invited to an afterparty, it's far better to throw the afterparty yourself so you'll have home court advantage.

To execute the afterparty move, first say, "Are you going to sleep right now?" Give off a tone that makes it seem like you're definitely not trying to go to bed. Unless she says yes, add, "Well I'm thinking of throwing an afterparty in my apartment. I have some good music and scotch. I'm staying right down the street." (If the girl is really digging you, then all you have to say is, "Do you want to come over for a drink? I'm staying right down the street.")

It's as simple as that. If you get to the point where you can suggest an afterparty, your chances of getting laid are already at 50%. You make it very easy for her to say yes since you're giving her the privacy she needs in order to get intimate. If you're staying at a luxury hotel, don't be afraid to namedrop it.

I know what you're thinking: what happens if you invite a girl to your place and her friends want to come? One time I rolled an afterparty on a girl and she invited two girlfriends, so it was the four of us walking to my place. Then suddenly the friends got into some sort of fight and dropped out, leaving me isolated with the girl, who still wanted to come. Even if you end up taking a couple chicks back, Icelandic girls don't babysit or cockblock one another, so all you have to do is hang in there until the others drop out.

One thing I loved about Iceland is that at the end of the night people really don't give a fuck what happens to their friends. You'll be surprised how many girls are drunkenly wandering alone on the streets at five a.m., whereas two hours earlier they were with a group of twelve people.

There's a kidnap variation to the afterparty move that I want to discuss. Let's say you approach three girls at the end of the night and they seem interested in your afterparty. Then two of those girls go off to the side to have a conversation with some other people, leaving you isolated with the third girl. It's at this moment you should double down on your afterparty—in effect "kidnapping" her. Say, "Well I guess your friends don't want to come to the afterparty, but how about we still do it?" Reiterate how close your hotel room or apartment is. If she says yes, say, "Cool, let's go" and start walking. If her friends are out of sight to the point where the girl concludes that they have walked away, the bang is in the bag.

As you can see, this is more logistics than game. You need to approach at the right time, get her isolated, and then swoop her away with the afterparty move. Once in your room, get comfortable, make some drinks, put on some music, and then sit back as she makes it all too easy for you. Sex will be a foregone conclusion even though you haven't kissed yet or talked long. The sex will be sloppy, her pussy will be dry since she doesn't care about foreplay, and her breath will probably be awful, but hey, the speed of your "seduction" will make up for it.

Let's say you approached a bunch of girls after last call in the bar and then in front of the street, but got no bites. Your next gambit will be walking around the center of the city approaching lone girls. While you can also approach pairs and triplets on the street, go for singles first. This strategy would never work in the States, but it does in Iceland.

Be polite and ask girls if they know of another bar that's open. Try to get a chat going by sharing details about the bar you were at and how you're still trying to figure out Icelandic nightlife. If she asks where you're from or any other personal question, hit her with the afterparty move a minute later. If she declines the afterparty, your last-ditch play is to offer to walk her home, weaseling your way inside once you're at her front door by asking to use the bathroom.

She has to be moderately inebriated for these moves to work, but chances are she will. It's the late street approaches that are actually your best chance of fucking a young college girl who stubbornly didn't separate from her pack until the very end of the night.

The bottom line in Iceland is that the game is just beginning at last call and keeps going until there are no more people on the street. If you gave up and went home alone to fall asleep at 6:00, you didn't work hard enough. As a last resort, you should get a late night-snack at a busy food shack and continue approaching there, asking girls for an open bar.

Additional Game Analysis

Notice how in my night game breakdown there is absolutely nothing about going on dates with girls. If you're moving to Iceland permanently, get as many numbers as you want, but if you're only there for a short time, asking for phone numbers from girls you meet in the bars or clubs is a dumb move. Unless her boyfriend is right there and she wants to give her number for a late-night rendezvous, your phone's dial pad shouldn't be used on weekend nights. In Iceland my cell phone mostly served as a heavy watch.

The lack of dating in Iceland creates a fascinating bang progression. In America, it would take a certain number of digits, kisses, and dates to get one bang. For example, you could get twenty numbers, go out on four dates, kiss two of them, and bang one, building momentum off smaller closes to get the big close—sex. In Iceland, you can go seemingly long periods without anything at all, not even an innocent kiss on the cheek, and then **bang**—you catch a girl at the right time and she's down for your afterparty.

The smallness of Iceland does a good job of explaining why there isn't a dating culture. Consistently running into the same people over and over again encourages men to bide their time and take less immediate risks. For them it's okay that they didn't make a move on the pretty girl they've been eyeing because odds are he'll see her again next week, possibly with a mutual friend who can set up an easy social introduction. Even if conversations do go well, why should he ask her out on an expensive and possibly awkward dinner date when he'll see her again while she's more liquored up and horny? The guys are passive not because they're genetically weak (they come from Viking stock for fuck's sake), but because the environment encourages them with more bangs if they pretty much wait for pussy to fall onto their laps.

If you're staying for a while, you'll feel the smallness in the second month once you start to recognize most of the people in your regular bars. If you plan on moving to Iceland for a long period of time, you'll eventually run out of girls to approach. In that case, it will be worth reapproaching girls in the hope that they're hornier the second time around.

Reapproach by saying, "Don't I know you from somewhere?" This is actually the common approach that Icelandic men use, and it works because it will help get a conversation going about who you know and what places you frequent. Even if you're 100% sure where you've seen her before, pretend that you're only vaguely familiar about how you met. You lose a lot of value by vividly remembering people, because it implies that they impacted you strongly.

The game that works best in a country is a reflection of that culture. In hyper-competitive America, with a wide gap between the haves and have-nots, the proper game is showing how you're better than the next guy, either by being funnier, more talented, more famous, more of an asshole, or what have you. In Iceland, a small, egalitarian culture where class differences are minor and everyone treats everyone else the same, the proper game is being a chill, outgoing guy who can provide the best logistics for private sex.

I must stress that in Iceland I didn't feel like I was using game at all. I definitely didn't win over any Icelandic girls with complicated routines or techniques like I would with their American counterparts. On one hand, this news should be welcome to guys who have a ways to go before having tight game, but on the other hand, for guys who rely exclusively on game skill, trying to get laid in Iceland can feel like taking a step backwards.

It's worth discussing how you'll be received based on your race. The tricky part of generalizing how well a black man would do in Iceland, for example, is that you don't see much hooking up in the bars. So while on the surface things seem to be neutral, who knows if they're actually going to have sex afterward. That said, it wasn't obvious to me that minorities would have an easier time than myself (girls consider me more Latino-looking than Middle Eastern).

The guys who should do best are Latinos, since their olive complexion is considered sexy. Next up are black guys, who should focus on clubs that play hip-hop music to better target a more open-minded audience. Then we have Asian and Indian guys, who will see less discrimination from Icelandic girls than American girls. I don't like making generalizations on race because individual variance is so great, but I believe minorities should have it easier in Iceland than in America. White guys should find it easier as well. In fact, Iceland is easier for everyone!

I wonder if my foreign status helped more with girls than being a short-term visitor with an apartment. Most of them didn't even ask me where I was from, a big difference from South America where it was almost an automatic question, whether the girl liked me or not. That was actually a great indicator of sex: if an Icelandic girl didn't ask where I was from within the first two minutes, there would be no banging.

The only time being American really helped was if she happened to love America or

had traveled there, something that is becoming increasingly rare due to the weak Icelandic currency. Therefore don't expect much of a warm welcome, even if you dress or look completely different from the locals. Your bangs are mostly going to result from approaching a horny, drunk girl at the end of the night, not by somehow broadcasting your exotic status by looking cool at the bar.

That's not to say that you won't be approached for looking cool at the bar. I was approached more in Iceland than I was in Washington DC, but waiting to get approached isn't a sound game model if you have a short timeline. Also, the average girl coming up to you will be chubby with average looks. Depending on your standards, this could be good or bad, but for me the hottest Icelandic girls I fucked were the ones I approached.

It's safe to say that Icelandic guys *can't* approach. Until I got to Denmark, I've never seen such piss-poor all-around game. I'll give them a pass because the Icelandic environment promotes passivity, a strategy that may actually increase the chance for a permanent male resident to land a girlfriend. While sometimes they do approach while drunk, the only time I saw "normal" approaches was from Icelandic guys who had lived abroad (in places where they had to approach to get laid) or guys who like American culture and have been exposed to game writings on the internet.

Don't take any advice from an Icelandic guy about women. Either they have no idea what they're talking about or they'll fuck with you by giving obviously bad advice (a part of me thinks they don't like the idea of richer foreigners coming to Iceland to bang their women). If an Icelandic guy is talking a big game to you, ask him to demonstrate. Chances are he'll pile on the excuses about how he doesn't think any of the nearby girls are cute or how he has a girlfriend. Unless a dude shows you how it's done, don't listen to him because it's just way too tempting for them to sabotage foreigners.

However, feel free to accept fashion advice from the guys, who dress as if coming out of a *GQ* photo shoot. I brought some nice clothing to Iceland that would have made me stand out in an American bar, but I looked almost underdressed in Iceland, where guys rocked bow ties, skinny ties, suit jackets, pocket squares, and cardigans. Their dedication to style is especially surprising considering how expensive clothing is, making me conclude that most of an Icelandic's income goes toward booze, clothes, and food—in that order.

You'll be judged more on style than in the States. While I wouldn't go clothes shopping just for Iceland, I would step it up. Buy a couple packing folders and throw in a lint roller and anti-wrinkle spray. You don't need to look ultra-sharp, but I can say that I was approached more often when I was wearing something nicer than a fitted v-neck (though I still got laid in the v-neck).

I don't know if nice clothing actually turns the women on or not, but it does give them an excuse to come up to you if they happen to like your look. Since you have three nights a week to go out, I'd dress up on at least one of them, either Friday or Saturday, and go more casual on the others. Depending on the reaction you get, you can make adjustments for your second weekend.

To close out this chapter, I want to say that I still can't get my head wrapped around

how strange Icelandic hookup culture is. It's basically backwards: they have sex first before having an extended conversation that women from almost any other country in the world would require as a prerequisite to sex. While I'm not complaining, it was sadly all downhill after I had sex with an Icelandic girl, because she'd then start with the lame, arrogant feminist shit that I don't care for. Thankfully all that nonsense came after I already got what I wanted.

IV: Stories

The Safest Country In The World

I bombed on Friday night. I talked to eight girls, but the most I could get out of it was venue changing one to another bar. While waiting in line, she let the bouncer pull her in without mentioning that I was with her. I guess you can say it was awkward when we pretended not to know each other once inside.

I only liked one of those girls I talked to, a dark-haired beauty that looked more Greek than Icelandic. She was friendly, asking me all sorts of questions, but the "I'm Icelandic, so I know everyone else who is Icelandic" rule came into play and I was interrupted about five minutes into our conversation. She didn't make a strong effort to resume it and I think I know why: I was boring. The whole night I was giving direct answers, using no humor, and was actually thinking of settling for measly phone numbers. Two days into Iceland and I was trying a whole new game instead of doing what has always worked for me.

I went back to basics on Saturday night. I wore my cheapest t-shirt, a white v-neck with yellow stains in the arm pits that has participated in at least ten bangs. I decided not to give any direct answers and just be a ball-busting prick as much as possible.

At ten I rolled up to Bakkus, a bar only five minutes walking distance from my apartment. I took off my coat and looked around at the twenty Icelandic people sitting at tables, satisfied that my hairy arms may do a better job getting attention than my collared shirt and vest from the previous night. I ordered a Jack Daniels on the rocks. It cost \$8 for half the amount of liquor than in a standard American shot.

Eleven o'clock rolls around and it's still empty.

"What time does it get packed here?" I asked the bartender.

"Around two."

"Two?"

“Yeah man it’s really early right now. I was wondering why you’re here.”

“Should I go home and come back? What am I going to do for three hours?”

“Well people come earlier, but it won’t be packed until two.”

I decided to wait.

Already on my second day I was taking it for granted that everyone spoke English. It would be my first travel experience where I didn’t have to make any linguistic adjustments. I didn’t even have to speak slower.

I ordered another drink and nursed it for an hour. I played with my digital camera and stared at the wall, talking to the bartender for short moments here and there. At one o’clock the bar was still empty. Fuck it. I left for another bar down the street called Kaffibarin, one that an American girl had told me is the best bar in Reykjavik.

The streets were becoming crowded, a big change from the barren wasteland I had experienced midweek that had made the city feel more like an abandoned ski resort. I walked into Kaffibarin and settled into the back room where there were two girls sitting down, stealing glances at me. I positioned myself closer.

“Excuse me, do you know what time this bar gets crowded?” I asked.

“Where are you from?” the uglier one replied, not answering my question.

“Guess.”

“America?”

“Yup,” I said.

“What are you doing here?”

“Hunting.”

“Hunting?”

“Yeah, I came here to hunt polar bears. I’m paying this guy who’s setting up a tour where I can kill a real polar bear with my own bare hands.” I held up my hands in a choke hold. “It’s been a dream of mine since childhood.”

“You’re crazy.”

“The only way I can feel like a real man is if I kill a polar bear.”

“Why don’t you kill a grizzly bear in your own country?”

“Grizzly bears are too fast. I had a bad experience once that I don’t want to talk about.”

“Well, we only have two polar bears left,” she said. “You have to go to Greenland for more.”

“There’s only going to be one left after I’m done with my mission.”

She opened her mouth wide and gave off a “I don’t believe you” look, right at the moment when an Icelandic guy put his arm on me and said, “So I see you’re hitting on my

girlfriend.” I had seen him earlier talking to another girl.

“That’s your girl?” I asked with a confused look on my face. “My fault, I thought that other girl was yours.”

“No, she’s just my friend. Where you from?”

“The States.”

“Let me buy you a shot.”

He bought me two shots and then I bought him two shots. The party began.

There was a tall brunette watching me talk to the Icelandic guy. “You don’t look Icelandic,” I said to her.

“Well, I definitely am.”

“My pop-up picture book at home said Icelandic people are blonde, and you don’t look blonde.”

“Your pop-up book is wrong. Are you a tourist?”

“Sort of. I’m here for a little while.”

“How long?”

“As long as it takes.”

“For what?”

“To kill a polar bear.” I’d use that line a few dozen times before my stay was over.

Eventually she said, “Do you want a shot?”

“Are you buying?” I asked.

“Yes.”

She bought me a shot, we gulped it down, and then she immediately left. While we were talking, another girl was watching us. She was barely cute, but all those mini shots were adding up. My opener with her was a mere, “Hey.” I used my polar bear bit again, turning it into a near ten-minute conversational piece. Next thing I knew, the bar was closing and I was leaving with her, walking toward my place

“It’s a good thing you’re escorting me home,” I said, “because I heard that Iceland is very dangerous. I don’t want to get stabbed in the kidney.”

“Iceland is *not* dangerous! It’s the safest country in the world!”

“Yeah, yeah, just walk me home.” Could I have been more romantic? Could I have played the dance just a bit more? Perhaps, but my boner was full-on and she seemed down. Then, five minutes later, just thirty feet from my front door, she stopped.

“Well, I should hop in a cab. I think you can make it home now,” she said.

I sobered up real quick, as if a cop had just pulled me over after a night of drinking. I knew every word I uttered at this point would be crucial in salvaging the flag.

“That’s a good idea, though my apartment is right there. That red door is actually where I live. Can you just get me to the front, and then you can take a cab?”

Then she grabbed me and we started smooching right there on the street. Good sign, I figured. She wants it bad.

I said, “Nice kiss, but seriously, I’m a little nervous to walk alone to my door, even though it seems close.” She knew I was bullshitting, I knew I was bullshitting, but goddamn it, that bullshit had worked for me so many times in the past. Unfortunately, she didn’t budge.

“I don’t know. I need to catch a cab.”

Suddenly she didn’t seem so intoxicated. I knew I should have bought her some more shots. Then right then, an empty cab approached the intersection, the only vehicle I could see on the road.

“Here’s a cab!” she said. “Do you want to take my number?”

“Oh, great. Yeah. Sure.”

I reluctantly put her number in my phone, but she lived in some far-off suburb. Her attractiveness rating would dip two points by the time I woke up the next day.

I wasn’t even upset because I realized that I could run close to my standard American game and still get results. All I had to do was wait six days before I could try again.

Asshole Mode

Friday rolled around. My throat had been sore for four days. If I was in the States I would have stayed home, but I was in Reykjavik, where staying in for a weekend meant a long wait until being able to go out again. I sucked it up, gargled some salt water, put on an even deeper v-neck, and headed to Kaffibarinn a little after midnight.

Like before, I went too early, but I didn’t mind chatting with the bartender to get myself in a social mood. There’s nothing like alcohol to soothe a sore throat, so by my third beer I was ready for some social interaction as the bar was starting to fill.

The first girl came to the bar to get a drink. She was porcelain white with silver hair and short bangs. Her lips were bright red. Since the bartender was Belgian, all Icelanders had to speak English to him to order their drinks. She said, “I want a rum and Coke, but can you make it strong for me?”

When I used to be a bartender I had people ask me to make their drinks stronger, like they deserve more alcohol than anyone else simply because they asked. Or sometimes they asked for less ice, thinking that I’d compensate by putting more alcohol in it. Here’s your warm, sugary drink, idiot.

I looked at her and said, “Why should you get more alcohol than the person before you?”

“Because I asked nicely.”

“Yes, but all drinks come with a standard shot. The bartender can’t change that just because someone asks. If you want more alcohol, you should order a double. It’ll be really strong then.”

Was I being an asshole or was I doing what a billion people before me should have done to make this world a better place? No, I was being an asshole. I intruded on business that wasn’t mine, lashing out at a pretty girl for no reason. I had somehow entered that asshole mode where I’m irritable and angry at everything. I’d like to blame it on the five hours of weak sunlight per day.

I looked to the left and saw the girl whose boyfriend had bought me a shot the week before. Fran was her name. She waved me over and I sat with her group, satisfied that I could now tell others that “I’m here with friends.”

Her boyfriend wasn’t there but she was trashed, which meant there would be some drama forthcoming. I briefly considered being a source of that drama by trying to hook up with her, but I rid myself of the thought since her man had spent money to buy me a drink. I would have had to be a scumbag to stab him in the back after his show of male comradery.

Fran introduced me to her friend, who was cute in the face and hair but twenty pounds overweight. I had seen her earlier, talking and laughing with every guy in the bar and getting them to buy her drinks. She was overly friendly, touching me on my shoulder, but I knew she was playing some sort of wicked angle so I didn’t take her affections seriously.

Bored with my new friends, I went to the bar to approach two girls, one ugly and one decent (that always seems to be the case). The ugly girl got close enough to my face that I could smell her sulfur breath. She asked if I was in Iceland just to get with the girls.

“I’d be a real idiot to come here for that when I’m from America, the land of easy sex. Besides, are you so insecure about yourself that you think every foreigner talks to you just because he wants to fuck you? Don’t flatter yourself.”

“Fuck you! I’m married!”

“Well, that’s nice. Is your Little Red Riding Hood friend married?” The decent one was wearing a bright red coat with a huge hood. The entire time she just stood there, smiling like a retard.

“No, she’s single.”

“So let me get this straight. You have a man at home, yet you’re monopolizing a conversation with me when your single friend and I could be having a chat?”

“You assume she likes you?” she asked.

“Not at all, but the fact that you’re not even giving her a chance to have a chat with me is selfish. Does your husband not talk to you enough at home?”

She walked away without answering, dragging her friend with her. I laughed to myself.

Was this another night where all I did was educate women on how to be proper instead of fucking them?

I approached two other girls who turned out to be from England. I talked to them for no more than a minute when one asked, “What do you do?”

“Are you serious?” I said. “I left America because of shit like that. There’s nothing else you could have asked, like maybe what I’m *doing* in Iceland?” Even though they didn’t walk away (I like to think my asshole mode comes with a bit of charm), it hit me that I wasn’t going to get laid with such a negative attitude.

I approached another girl who had a nice face but wore a ridiculously puffy coat. It wasn’t hot at all in the bar. Was she hiding something? Other pretty girls with nice bodies were practically naked in tank tops. I was concerned.

I strategically touched her upper arm while we were talking about her time in America, but the question of her possible fatty status remained. I had to learn the truth.

“Aren’t you hot in that coat?” I asked.

“No, not at all.”

“You’re sure you don’t want to take it off? I have a place over there where I can safely put it.”

“No, I’m fine.”

“Where I come from, it’s bad luck to wear a coat indoors. I’m not lying.”

“You’re funny! Hey, do you want to meet my sister?”

She led me to her sister, who was *huge*. That was all the information I needed to know. I got on myself for ignoring the fifteen-minute rule, which states that if a girl retains her coat fifteen minutes after entering warm shelter, she has a gross body, especially if her coat is black and loose.

I walked back to Fran and her friends. Fran saw me, leapt up, and embraced me, slowly rubbing her body against mine. She could barely stand and her breath reeked, but I got a boner nonetheless. After one minute of embrace, I peeled her off and sat her next to a random guy. Five minutes later they were making out. Oops. Did I help her cheat on the guy who had bought my loyalty with a shot of cheap liquor?

I felt a little guilty, then angry at Fran for disrespecting her boyfriend in such a public manner. This wasn’t New York City but Reykjavik, a little village where everyone knows everyone. She was humiliating her boyfriend and I was determined to do something about it before the night was over.

I sat down in an opposite booth and started talking to the thirty-year-old woman next to me. She was a lawyer in the immigration office. Come to think of it, every time an Icelandic girl told me her job, it was either law or engineering (Fran was an engineer). This woman was boring with a slightly masculine attitude, but the friendliest of the night. Any older Icelandic woman is fully aware that Reykjavik University, only a mile away, is

packed with fit young girls. She realizes that an easy-going demeanor would be required to hook decent men who have so much choice in the dating market.

When she got up for a smoke, I looked closely at her upper arm. Her black sweater could not hide the fact that she was also a fatty. I wondered how there could be so many fat people when food was so expensive.

While my second weekend in Iceland with no flag was putting some pressure on me, I didn't come just to bang a fatty who happened to be born in a different country than I was. I could bang American fatties who looked the same as the Icelandic fatties without having to put up with higher food and alcohol prices.

I sat quietly with my beer until Fran, her lipstick now smeared around her mouth, offered to buy me a drink at the bar. Even though she looked like she was about to pass out, she was still standing and speaking in sentences that I could understand. Her breath smelled so bad that I don't know how that guy could've made out with her. Maybe he had bad breath, too.

I had to make a comment about her little hook-up, but I wanted to wait until the drink she was buying me was firmly in my hand. When that happened, I said, "Do you think it's a good idea to kiss that guy in public?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this is a crowded bar and everyone can see. You're disrespecting your boyfriend in front of all these people and that's not right. If you want to cheat, then do it, but not in front of everyone like this."

"Oh, my god, you're right. I'm just so drunk."

"It's okay, people make mistakes. Thanks for the drink, by the way." I took a sip of the gin and tonic. The bartender went the extra mile by squeezing a lime wedge inside.

"Can you go tell that guy that I don't want to kiss him anymore? Get rid of him for me, please."

"You're an adult. Go tell him yourself. You made the decision to cheat with him, so you can tell him goodbye."

"Please do it. I'm so drunk I can hardly stand," she said, her eyes closing.

"No, I'm not doing it. Stop acting like a child."

She grabbed the collar of my jacket with one of her hands. I put my drink down and asked, "What are you doing?"

She just stood there, pulling on my jacket. I was getting nervous that it would stretch and be forever ruined.

"Okay, okay you can let go now," I said calmly.

She wouldn't let go. I started unclasping her fingers but she just squeezed tighter. She then raised her free hand to grab the other side of my jacket. If you had been standing

behind her at that moment it would have looked like she was choking me.

“No, seriously,” I said, more firmly this time. “You need to let the fuck go of my jacket. This isn’t a joke.”

“Plleeeeeeease!” she begged.

“Look, you stupid bitch, get your fucking hands off my jacket!”

“PLEASE, ROOSH, PLEASE!”

People were staring. I squeezed her wrists with all my strength until she finally released her grip. I pushed her away and she collided with someone.

She recomposed herself then came back to give me a hug. “I’m so sorry, Roosh,” she said, burying her head in my chest

“It’s okay,” I said, not returning the embrace. “Just sit down for a couple minutes, because people are looking at you and will most likely tell your boyfriend that you cheated. You need to stay under the radar.” That scared her all of a sudden and she obediently sat down.

Two girls standing near me witnessed the entire thing. I pretended that nothing happened, approaching them by asking if my hair “still looked sexy” or not. It did, according to the uglier girl. The pretty girl said nothing, not even two minutes later as I was still talking to the ugly one.

I looked at the pretty girl and said, “Can you please stop talking? I can’t hear anything your friend is saying.” She didn’t even smile.

Then I said, “Do... you... understand... English?”

“Yes, I speak English.”

“Let me guess. You’re a young girl who recently got her heart broken and swore never to let it happen again. All men are jerks and you’re determined not to get close to anyone. Am I close?”

“No, you’re wrong,” she said.

“How old are you?”

“Twenty-two.”

“If I’m wrong, then the other logical explanation is that your parents locked you up in a cage for ten years.”

“You think you know everything,” she said.

The conversation didn’t go well. I knew I’d be unable to connect with anyone as long as my mindset was to lash out at people who weren’t interacting with me in the exact manner I desired. I was wasting my time and everyone else’s, so I decided to call it a night. I let the conversation die, then said goodbye to Fran, who was slumped against the seat like a rag doll.

I lay on my bed at home and for a moment I had the feeling that I never left America.

Are You Okay?

The day after the asshole debacle, I decided that I was going to get my flag, no matter what. If I had to fuck a fatty, I'd put an honest effort into doing so and there would be no bitching or complaining until the deed was done. I had to release the unbearable pressure.

The only problem was that I couldn't come up with the motivation to approach. I just didn't want to do it. I sat at the bar for over an hour, talking on and off to the Belgian bartender. His coworker was a cute girl from the Czech Republic.

"You're totally blind," she said. "That girl with the curly hair was staring at you."

"Oh, I saw that, but she's way too stocky for me. I like my women around your height, about 110 pounds."

"I weigh 50 kilograms—what is that in pounds?"

"Let me check." I pulled out my cell phone and used one of the tools to convert 110 pounds to kilograms. Then I looked at her and said, "My phone says that 110 pounds is 49.9 kilograms. Soooo... what are you doing next week?"

We laughed and she playfully hit my hand. I would have loved to ravage her, but unfortunately I already had a Czech flag and my next fuck *had* to be Icelandic. I didn't want to be in the dangerous position of running out of time before flag attainment.

Why was I putting such pressure on myself? One reason was that it would be a fucking travesty to be in a country for two months and not get a bang. Toss in a big dollop of ego, in that it "should" happen quickly for me since I teach this shit, and the pressure was even higher. I've arrived at the point where if I don't get laid within two hours of landing in a country, I'm a phony who no one should listen to.

I did a couple of warm-up approaches and they went how they normally went. The girls were polite until we got interrupted or they ditched. I had trouble sustaining things and couldn't transition from superficial conversation to playful teasing and flirting.

Later I saw a cute dark-haired girl with olive skin. I approached and she turned out to be Australian, on vacation with two girlfriends. I actually had more trouble understanding their accents than with the Icelandic girls.

I said, "Alright, I'm going to guess which city you guys are from just by hearing you talk."

"Go ahead," one said.

"Melbourne?"

A chorus of "Oh my god, how did you know? That's so awesome!"

It was a lucky guess.

I was accepted into the group and the other girls allowed me to isolate the cute one. We

talked for quite a while until I felt a kick on my shin. I looked to my right and it was a girl who dipped on me earlier. I leaned into her and said, “You ditch when I’m talking to you but then you see me talking to another girl and now you want to chat? I see how it is.” I then ignored her because I never let a girl reject me twice.

The girlfriends of the Australian eventually came back and wanted to drag us to the louder part of the bar to dance. I went reluctantly. Once we were there, I realized I’d have to stay with those girls for the rest of the night for an opportunity to bang, because they weren’t going to separate any time soon. Just like when talking to the Czech girl, I got on myself for losing focus. I returned back to my spot. I had to get the Icelandic flag first.

Then guess who I saw? The girl I had gotten to within a few feet of my front door. I hadn’t contacted her and it had been a week, so I wasn’t surprised when she shot me a visible scowl and turned around. A player always keeps his options open, so what I had done a few days earlier to prepare for this very scenario was change one digit of her number on my phone. I knew there was a good chance I’d be desperate and horny if I ever saw her again.

I went up to her and said, “Hey, I think I know you.” She was visibly annoyed and didn’t even look me in the eyes.

“What happened? I texted you and you didn’t write back,” I said.

“You didn’t text me.”

“I definitely did.”

“Well, I didn’t get any text, so—” she said, looking away.

“Well, that’s weird. Let me see.” I pulled up her number on my phone and said, “This is your number, right?”

“Yeah that’s my num—wait! No, you got it wrong.”

“Oh, shit. I must’ve entered it incorrectly,” I said, putting on a performance that would have gotten me nominated for an Oscar.

She told me the digit to change, but it didn’t register in my brain.

“Hey, I have to leave right now to go to another bar, but text me later,” she said, giving me a big smile that let me know I was back in it.

I watched her walk away and thought about my brilliant execution of the old “I put it in wrong” trick. Then I looked at my phone to correct the number, but I had forgotten which digit was wrong. Fuck, so much for brilliant execution.

I did more approaches, but it was the same shit—an okay start to a conversation that went nowhere. The girls gave me absolutely nothing to work with and it felt like I was having a monologue with myself.

Last call came. It was my fifth night in Iceland and I had to admit I had no idea what the fuck I was doing. My game had been only marginally effective on one girl out of the thirty or so I had approached in the country so far. I was throwing everything and anything out

there, hoping something would work, but none of my best prospects for the night were from Iceland. The Czech and Australian were fun girls who knew how to flirt, and I felt like I had a solid chance of getting somewhere if I had pursued them, but how could I elicit such a reaction in Icelandic girls?

It turned out I was asking the wrong question. Instead of trying to elicit a certain reaction, I had to ask myself *if* I needed to elicit that reaction. I assumed all girls went through the same progression of flirting and touching and so on, but could it be possible that some girls don't need that in order to have sex?

The next thirty minutes went by quickly. First there was the tall ballerina. She was drop-dead gorgeous, but the conversation ended quickly. Then there was the girl with custom feather earrings. That conversation lasted three minutes. Then there was her friend, who actually asked me questions, but that died out, too. Then there was the friend of that friend. She barely spoke to me but did something peculiar upon leaving. As she was walking away, she gave me a long stare. I'm standing there, waving goodbye as if she was leaving on a ship, while she stared with her head craned around to face me. Did she want me to follow her? Was that a sign?

The back bar shut down, but the bartenders let me stay with them. I did a shot with the Belgian and gave him a recap of the night. Then he said, "You know, it's funny, sometimes after work I go sit on a bench outside and some girl starts talking to me and takes me home."

"Wait, right on the street?" I asked.

"Yeah, right here," he laughed. "It just happens... they pick you."

"How many times have you banged a girl that way?"

"A few times."

"Wow."

"Yeah, man, it's weird here. It's hard to explain."

I helped him clean for a few minutes and then went to the part of the bar that was still open. I stood next to the window and looked outside while a girl stared at me. I asked her when the bar closed.

"It closes now," she said.

"That sucks."

"Do you want to come with me and my friends?"

"Yeah, sure," I said.

"Do you want to do cocaine?"

"I don't mind weed, but, um—"

"Come on let's go!" She grabbed my arm and led me outside to meet her friends. The only problem was her ugliness; she actually had a tooth missing on the bottom row. Two

blocks away we stopped for a minute and I decided I just couldn't sleep with her. She sensed it and walked away, leaving me alone on the street corner.

I looked around for a bench and found one, but concluded it was ridiculous to even try. I gave up for the night. I still hadn't gotten a flag in a country where sex was supposed to be easy. I was a failure and a total fraud.

During the walk home, I slowed my pace to relive the night's approaches and to identify my weaknesses, stretching a ten-minute walk into more than twice that, but nothing was coming to me. I was tired and intoxicated and just wanted to go to bed.

What I'm about to share with you next will seem like fiction. If I read it, I'd automatically assume it was false, regardless of who had written it.

I was almost within sight of my front door, walking slow with my head facing the ground. I heard a woman's footsteps behind me, but I was so dejected that I didn't bother to look back to see if she was attractive or not. The footsteps got louder, and then I heard a voice.

"Are you okay?"

"Who, me?" I said.

"Yeah, you. Are you sick?"

She was decent-looking, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a petite body. She wasn't quite pretty enough to approach a few hours prior, but at six in the morning I couldn't believe I was in the game with a bangable prospect so close to my house.

I livened up. "Oh, I'm fine. I'm just a little tired. I'm not used to staying out so late like you Icelanders."

"Where are you from?" We stopped walking at the exact same corner where the girl from the previous week had escaped into a cab.

"I'm from the States."

"I love foreigners!" she said, taking out a cigarette as if to say she wanted to stick around for a while.

The hardest place to pick a girl up is on the street. It's such a pain that I don't bother unless the nightlife sucks, so for a girl to approach *me* so late at night on the street was something I'd never experienced in my life. If I had seen an approach go down like that in a movie, I would have been disgusted and turned it off, yet it was happening to me.

I said, "You spoke to me in English. How did you know?"

"Oh, just by the way you dress and look. It was easy."

We talked about Icelandic culture, American culture, and what I was doing in Iceland (I spared her my polar bear line). She was about to finish her cigarette when I asked if she was tired.

"Not really," she said.

“Well, do you want to have a drink with me before you go home? I live right there,” I said, pointing to my front door.

“You live right there?”

“Yes, I live right there.”

“Who are you staying with?”

“No one. I’m alone,” I said, maintaining eye contact.

“Sure, I can use a drink.”

I made her a scotch on the rocks. She took off her shoes and settled on my bed while I put on some music.

“Do you think I’m a slut?” she asked out of the blue.

“What do you mean?” I said, needing time to think.

“I mean, don’t you think it’s weird that a girl will come home with you after only a few minutes?”

“Not at all. We had a nice conversation and the natural thing to do is to share a drink and get to know each other better. You have to understand that in America things can move really quickly. If you get along with someone, anything can happen.”

She smiled and took off her jacket. “That makes sense.”

I played it slow, and by slow, I mean I didn’t join her on the bed for about two minutes. I tinkered with the music queue on my laptop and changed into shorts and a t-shirt in front of her. Only then did I join her on the bed. We kissed.

She pulled away and said, “Icelanders don’t date. We’re not like Americans. Only Americans date.”

Obviously she hasn’t been in other parts of the world. If I had been in asshole mode, I would have torn that statement to shreds, but I was in wanting-to-get-laid mode.

“So, what do Icelanders do?” I asked.

“We meet at night and have sex. Then we say goodbye the next morning and run into each other some other time.”

“But how about if you like the person?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

It seemed to me that she was trying to prove that she didn’t get attached to guys. She calmed down on the tough-guy crap and her clothes started coming off. Then I heard the sweetest five words a girl could ever say: “Do you have a condom?”

There was maybe only two minutes of total kissing time before I violated her vagina. I felt so little investment in the bang that I didn’t even make the slightest effort to delay my orgasm by changing positions. I simply went directly for the nut then rolled over and fell asleep. It was the most impersonal sex I’d ever had. She might as well have been a

prostitute.

In the middle of the night I got another boner, put on a condom, and jammed it back in while she was half-asleep. I came and passed out again with the condom still on my dick.

In the morning, she lingered longer than I would have suspected for someone who “doesn’t date.” I fiddled around on my laptop, hoping she would leave.

“What song are you playing?” she asked.

“This is something by Empire of the Sun,” I said.

“Oh, I’ve heard of them before. They have the same singer as MGMT.”

“No, that’s a different band.”

“But their singers are the same.”

“I assure you, they’re not.”

“No, I’m sure they are,” she insisted

You stupid dumb bitch. I went on Wikipedia and proved her wrong, but she still remained skeptical.

“So,” I said, “do you need help getting home?”

I walked her to the door and then said, “Well, if you get horny next weekend, I’ll check the street corner at exactly six a.m. to see if you’re there.”

I gave myself a fist pump when the door closed, then went back to sleep.

I Don’t Want You To Get Raped

I was walking home from a coffee shop when I noticed a girl crossing the street in a path that would collide with mine.

“What’s that building there?” she asked in a thick accent that made it clear she wasn’t Icelandic. She pointed to a large glass structure that was being constructed. I had asked myself the same question two weeks before, curious enough to research the answer on the internet.

“It’s the new theater house,” I said. “They’ll hold plays and shows there. Are you a tourist?”

“Yes. I’m here for two weeks.”

“Your accent is different... it sounds Russian.”

“Yes, how did you know?”

I nodded. “Where I come from, there are a lot of Russians. Their accent is easy to spot.”

It was her first day in Reykjavik and she was eager to learn about the city. It was only a couple days after I had fucked the Icelandic girl from the street, so I couldn’t believe I might get my Russian flag in the exact same way.

I said, “I’m actually about to walk by the center square on my way home. If you want, I can show you a couple of spots.” She was eager, so we started walking.

The first place I showed her was my day hangout. “This is the bookstore I spend a lot of time in. I like it because they close late at ten o’clock. A lot of the other coffee shops close much earlier.” We walked inside and went into the café, where we talked for almost an hour about Iceland, Russia, and America; a cultural conversation that comes easy with other foreigners. Her English was good, but she had to talk slowly, and I slowed down so she’d understand me.

I got a better picture of her body once she took off her coat. She was extremely thin, making her seem taller than her 5’10” height, with light brown hair that came all the way down to her stomach. Her cheekbones gave a slightly hollow look to her eyes. I had trouble identifying any obvious physical flaws. She was generic and void of anything unique, but pretty close to perfection. She had the ideal proportions to be a runway model, and with the right makeup and clothing I knew she would blow away most girls.

After some time chatting, I wasn’t convinced she was genuinely interested in me. Even though she had approached me, the interaction had almost a professional feel to it. Did she just want to practice her English? Was she trying to tap my head for information on Iceland? We exchanged email addresses after I told her of a bar I was going to the next night.

She didn’t show up at the bar, emailing me to say she couldn’t find it. I invited her to a small rock concert a couple days after that, but she didn’t even reply. I was going to give up on her forever, since I never reinitiate contact with a girl who doesn’t reply to one of my messages, but I still had a long way to go before understanding Russian women. For research purposes I decided to probe the situation and see if she’d react the same way that an American woman would (with radio silence).

I sent her an email that said: “Did you leave Iceland already?” Of course I knew she hadn’t.

She wrote back quickly, asking if I wanted to go for a walk, apologizing that she hadn’t replied previously due to internet trouble. The plan was to meet in the same bookstore at eight on Friday night.

By that time I had been in Iceland for three weeks. After I got my flag, I became temporarily disinterested in Icelandic girls because their personalities were so cold. While they look marginally better than American girls, have silkier hair, and aren’t as fat, it felt like I’d been talking to rocks. It was hard to draw them out in any sort of fun conversation since they didn’t socially respond the way women in other countries would. They didn’t seem to be curious about other cultures or other people and they had nothing remotely interesting or funny to say. I was ready to conclude that their specialty is getting trashed, acting silly on the dance floor, and fucking.

The consequence of dealing with socially withdrawn people is that you become socially withdrawn yourself. It got so bad for me that I’d go for two or three-day stretches without even having a conversation with another human being. I’d talk to myself out loud at home,

just to hear the sound of my voice. Combined with the five hours of weak sunlight a day, I felt like I was in a social isolation chamber. I started to get nervous that Iceland was infecting me with some type of antisocial virus, and that I was losing my bubbly nature.

The Russian girl showed up a half-hour late. She wore knee-high boots, a short skirt paired with black leggings, and a leather jacket over a black shirt. We sat at a table and talked about ourselves.

“So what do you do?” I asked.

“I’m a model.”

“Interesting. How long have you been doing that?”

“Four years, since I was fifteen. I’m considered an old model now and probably won’t do it much longer. These days they recruit girls starting at twelve.”

“That’s weird—a girl that young doesn’t look like a woman.”

“Well, with makeup and clothing they make them look much older. I look completely different when I’m on a job.”

I became curious about seeing photos of her glammed up, later making a strong effort to add her as a Facebook friend.

“So what are you going to do afterwards?” I asked.

“I’m in school now and currently teach runway walking to girls. In Russia, you have to work very hard to get anywhere, so I’m trying to secure a good future. There’s no time to hang out just to hang out. When I spend time with someone, there has to be some sort of exchange.”

That confirmed something I’d heard from guys who had dated Russian women: “They are always playing some sort of angle.” I didn’t know what she wanted to get from me, but I was hoping for it to be cock.

A café was holding a little concert featuring a Brazilian singer from Rio. I wanted to stop by and see if there was a Brazilian community in Reykjavik I could snake my way into. The Russian agreed to come.

“Maybe we can go to a bar after the concert,” I said. “I know a couple nearby.”

“I don’t drink,” she said.

“Really? But... you’re Russian.”

“Are you saying all Russian people are drunks?” She wasn’t smiling.

I wanted to say yes, but I could sense it was a touchy subject. Maybe her father was an alcoholic and had beaten her mother when she was a little girl.

“No, but the Russians in Washington DC are hard partiers. You’re honestly the first Russian person I’ve met who doesn’t drink. That’s like meeting an American who doesn’t like cheeseburgers and french fries.” I smiled.

“I can drink Coca-Cola, juice, water, and hot chocolate.” At that moment I noticed her necklace. It had a pendant of the Virgin Mary. My hope of sex was fading.

We killed some time in the bookstore before the start of the concert, talking a lot about her life in Russia. For being only 19 years old, she had a lot of interesting opinions on the things she had experienced, offering them at will without me having to drag them out of her. She asked follow-up questions to my own opinions and even had a sense of humor that kept me laughing, something most girls I meet are incapable of doing. The funniest thing she told me was, “Reykjavik feels like the Russian countryside instead of a capital city. I’m expecting a cow to walk by any second now.”

The more laughs and stories we exchanged, the more I felt my social nature coming back. Even though I hadn’t been in Iceland long, I had almost forgotten how rewarding human interactions can be. I was a little upset to know that my new friend was leaving in only two days.

I was more upset that she wasn’t a drinker. I’ve only fucked one other girl who was a non-drinker in my life. That girl wasn’t hard to get into the sack, but it did take longer than normal. I gave myself a 10% chance of fucking the Russian, a low number, but enough for me to pursue matters.

In heavy snow we walked to the concert venue. The Brazilian singer performed and almost brought a tear to my eye, not because I could understand what she was saying (though I’m sure it was about love and heartbreak), but because I knew I could have been in Brazil instead, spending less money to be with wonderful women who were sexy, feminine, and eager to please me.

After the show, the singer came up to me and the Russian. “Thank you for coming,” she said, greeting me with a double cheek kiss. “Where are you from?”

“I’m from America, though I lived in Rio for a while. That’s why I wanted to come tonight. Do you live here now?”

“Yes. I’m trying to move permanently to Iceland. I came with my daughter and we have a nice life here.”

Is she fucking crazy? Exchanging Rio for this? Then again, she was in her 40s, and forty years of anything wonderful will make it stop being wonderful. I also couldn’t discount the fact that Brazilians really like blue-eyed white people.

The singer engaged the Russian girl by asking questions and patiently waiting for her labored responses. She spent only three minutes talking to us, but the interaction was so pleasant that afterwards I was glowing. In one day the Russian girl and Brazilian singer had made me feel more human than any Icelander had. It was that night that I knew I’d never return to Iceland.

When it was time to leave the café, I looked at the Russian girl and said, “My socks are wet from snow getting into my shoes. Do you mind if we stop by my apartment one block away so I can change them?” She didn’t mind. My plan was to make my move once there.

I walked in, but she stayed outside in the freezing cold, waiting for me to change my

socks. I gave her an “Are you serious?” look. She reluctantly came inside, but not any farther than the door mat.

“Are you going to change your socks?” she asked after I had opened my laptop.

“Are you in a rush? I mean, what do you want to do now?”

“Well, I have an excursion tomorrow morning, so I should be getting home.”

“You sure you don’t want to hang out more?”

“No. I should go.”

“Well, then, I guess I don’t need to change my socks after all. Let me walk you to the street corner and point you in the right direction.”

I wasn’t upset or bitter about her decision, since I had seen it coming a mile away. She gave me a nice hug at the intersection but lingered afterwards as if she wanted to keep chatting.

I said, “You seem like you want to hang out some more. Do you want to go to a bar? We don’t have to chill in my apartment.”

“No, no. I really must go.” She leaned in to give me a kiss on one cheek, then the other. I held onto her and she smiled, then we kissed on the lips for a few seconds.

“Why don’t you come back inside for fifteen minutes?” I asked. “We can listen to some music.”

“No, I shouldn’t,” she said, then turned and walked away.

I went back home, slightly discouraged but feeling good about the night. I was content with staying in, but with only two good nights to go out in Reykjavik during the week, I’d have to take advantage of both. I watched some old episodes of *Seinfeld* on my computer while drinking a fair amount of scotch before heading out the door at three.

I went to Bakkus near my apartment, not motivated to talk to Icelandic girls. Time flew and the bar lights came on. Realizing I had absolutely no prospects, I started approaching in earnest.

First girl, nothing. Second girl, nothing. Then I noticed a girl who was the friend of another girl I had approached on my first night out. I had barely exchanged three words with her, so I wasn’t sure if she’d remember me, but she did. That was surprising since she was now drunk out of her mind and holding onto the wall for support. I was inebriated myself, but nowhere near the way she was.

Her friends had ditched her and left her all by her lonesome. She desperately looked for them, fiddling with her phone, but they were all gone. I couldn’t believe my luck.

“I guess I’ll walk you home,” I said. She didn’t say anything. Once she started walking I followed her.

Five minutes into the walk she fell into the snow, hiking up her skirt so that I could see her stockings almost all the way up to her pussy. Helping her get back on her feet

confirmed that her body was the real deal, like a little ballerina with a big ass (my ideal type).

“Look at you, falling all over the place,” I said. “You’re a mess.”

“Fuck you!” she said. “You don’t have to walk me home!”

“It would be cruel to leave you because another man might try to do something to you. I don’t want you to get raped.”

“No one rapes anyone in Iceland,” she said.

“You sure you want to test that out right now? You can’t even walk straight.”

“Whatever, you’re such an asshole!”

I didn’t know if she was joking or flirting. She kept telling me to leave and I kept saying it was my duty as a man to make sure she got home safe. I said, “I have a sister who’s a couple years older than you. I’d want a guy to walk her home as well.” That was the first time I had leveraged a family member in the hope of building enough trust to get laid. I couldn’t decide if it was tight game or pure evil.

Then she grabbed my hand. For balance? For intimacy? I didn’t know, but I did know I wasn’t going to fuck her. I’ve never fucked a girl in her parents’ home while they were sleeping, and while there’s a first time for everything, I wasn’t counting on it. On the other hand, I did have to piss like a racehorse.

When we got to her place, I asked, “Can I use your bathroom?”

“Yeah, whatever.” Her speech was like an American girl. It turned out that she actually lived on the East Coast for a few months.

I took a leak in her bathroom, which was decorated like a ski lodge with various woodsy knickknacks and little troll figurines. I came out to find her in the kitchen, warming up a huge pot of chicken soup.

“Do you want some?” she asked.

“No, I’m good.”

“Thanks for walking me home,” she said, in what was her kindest statement of the night.

“You’re welcome,” I said. “Can I take off my shoes?”

“Yeah, go ahead.”

She was talking loud, as if no one was home, but I did notice a shut door that I assumed was her parents’ bedroom. I sat down on the couch while she messed with the soup. Eventually she sat down next to me, putting her legs over mine. Her wet feet were tiny and I compared them to my hands, which were a few inches larger. I went into horny creep mode and started rubbing her legs while talking. She placed a hand on my arm.

“Tell me something about you,” she said.

“What do you want to know?”

“Anything, I don’t care.”

“My life is pretty shallow,” I said.

“Why?”

“Because I’m never somewhere long enough to put down roots. I just go from place to place, and even if we were to be perfect for each other, it still wouldn’t work because I’m leaving soon.”

She leaned closer and said, “That’s sad.”

Then I kissed her. She tasted like beer and cigarettes, but now with my hands exploring her body I got more aroused in five seconds than I had with the Russian girl all night. Without saying a word, she got up, poured out a bowl of soup, and went into her room. I followed her.

It went so fast in her bedroom that even I felt weird. Clothes ripped off. “Do you have a condom?” Jam the dick inside. Barely any kissing. I was too drunk to feel anything and she was too drunk to produce much in the way of lubrication, so after five minutes we stopped having sex, if that’s what you want to call it, and lay on our backs. She fell asleep and started snoring. Her soup went untouched.

I took a short nap and when I woke up, her alarm clock said eight a.m. I figured it would be a good idea to leave in case her parents woke up early, so I ducked into the bathroom, threw the condom into the toilet, and flushed. It wouldn’t go down. I flushed again, but still nothing. I wanted to protect her honor (more like get rid of the evidence), so I fished it out the toilet and wrapped it in half a roll of toilet paper. I went back to the room and put it in my coat pocket along with the condom wrapper. Then I got dressed and left while she slept.

The next day, I heard a knock on my window. It was the Russian. I thought, “Yes! She wants to fuck! Two bangs in one weekend!” But no. She sat next to the door with her coat and scarf on, shying away whenever I got close. I tried to go caveman at the end but she just kept saying, “When you come to Moscow, I’ll show you around!”

Two weeks later I went to Bakkus again. After last call I was standing outside in front of the bar, looking for targets, when the Icelandic girl I had fucked walked out with a guy in the same way I had walked out with her. She was so drunk that he was holding her arm so she wouldn’t fall over.

Her First Date

My weekend nights had two parts: before Bakkus and at Bakkus. The bar had easily become my favorite spot. Since there wasn’t much point in getting there until four a.m., when girls would be more interested in chatting, I’d use the time beforehand to try out new bars and clubs. I’d drink at an experimental place for a couple hours, make small talk that didn’t go anywhere, then head to Bakkus where I dusted off my shoulders and got to work.

One night at Bakkus I met Judy, a drunk 19-year-old college student. She put in a lot of effort to maintain our first conversation and actually had interesting things to say, so I accused her of not being Icelandic.

“I’m definitely Icelandic,” she said, playing with her hair. “Why? You don’t like Icelandic people?”

“They’re okay,” I replied.

“Just okay?”

“Well, the people are cold. They don’t open up at all, so they just stare at me instead of talking. It’s the most antisocial country I’ve been to. Unless the people are drunk, they don’t want to meet anyone.”

I talked to her on and off while her skinny boyfriend lingered around without interrupting. Either he was too much of a pussy to pull her aside or was ultra-confident of his pimp hold over her. She kept jabbing me in the stomach and my hope was that she could feel the firmness and was aroused by it. Our conversation lasted for ten minutes, a respectable time by Icelandic standards.

The lights came on, meaning it was go time. I fixed my collar and scanned the room for girls who had split off from their main group. Like a tiger preying on a deer that had separated from the herd, I was looking for isolated targets. Unfortunately there were no prospects.

The bouncers kicked everyone out. On the street I asked a couple girls if there was another bar I could go to, already knowing there wasn’t. A chubby girl named Helga invited me to an afterparty, but first she had to get a snack from a kabob shack. I figured there was no afterparty and she was trying to trick me into having sex with her, but I went anyway to see what would happen.

Judy was already at the kabob shack with her boyfriend. Once she saw me, she left him waiting in line to come over and chat. Even after I got her Facebook name she wanted to keep talking. I felt so bad for her boyfriend, who looked so weak and timid, that I said, “You should go back to your man. He looks upset that you’re talking to me.”

She turned around to see him moping. It wasn’t fair to that man that his girl happened to meet me of all people. I’m confident she could watch me take a shit and it would still be ten times better game than that kid could spit out, but then again his was good enough to fuck her, so who was I to say anything? Helga got her kabob platter and revealed that the afterparty was canceled (big surprise). I went home to jerk off.

Judy and I planned to meet at a coffee shop a few days later. I hate coffee shop dates, but I had a plan to venue change her to my place afterward, and besides, I was looking forward to my first real date in Iceland.

She arrived after me and was noticeably nervous, shaking slightly. I tried to relax her by doing a lot of talking, but she stayed mostly silent and kept apologizing for how bad her English was. I could tell she wasn’t comfortable. I started to wonder if this really was the same flirty girl from the bar who had kept touching me.

“I’ve never done anything like this before,” she admitted.

“You mean like meet up with somebody?”

“Yeah, but I had to come because you told me how Icelandic people are cold. I don’t want you to think badly of us.”

It took about two hours for her to loosen up enough to where she was joking back and forth with me. During that time I basically gave her a long speech about the story of my life. She didn’t seem to mind, remarking how “mature” I was.

“How do Icelanders meet each other?” I asked.

“Through mutual acquaintances. We always know someone.”

“Does it ever happen where you or your girlfriends get with a guy that no one knows?”

“That’s not common. We don’t date, so the way we get to know someone is by seeing them all the time in the same bar or in school.”

“So how do you girls pick the guys you eventually get with?”

“That’s a hard question. It’s all attitude. If I look at a guy and he has something mysterious about him, then I want to talk to him.”

She tagged along with me to the grocery store because I needed a translator for the deli section. As I was dropping things into my cart, I joked, “So, honey, what are we cooking for dinner tonight?” At that exact moment, her boyfriend’s dad happened to walk by. He didn’t hear anything, but only in Iceland could something like that happen (during our time in the coffee shop she ran into four other people she knew). If she had told me that our date was going to appear in the newspaper the next day, I wouldn’t have been surprised.

My venue change attempt failed, there was no kiss, and by all indicators it had been a below-average date, so I was a little surprised when she texted me the next Friday night to ask if I was at Bakkus.

Helga had invited me to hang out with her friends. I went, excited at the prospect of social interaction. I fucked with everyone’s heads by asking questions like, “So how many thousands of people die in Iceland every year from gun-related violence?” and “With the eruption of the volcano and the resulting air traffic disaster, how does it feel to be a citizen of a small country with such awesome power to damage the European economy?” They enjoyed my American-style humor and I enjoyed being able to tell a joke to someone other than myself.

The group disintegrated as the night went on, leaving just me and Helga in Bakkus when I got the text from Judy. I replied back with “I’m downstairs.” She literally ran down to greet me with a big hug. She was smiling again and not nervous like she had been at the coffee shop. Her friends joined and of course one of them already knew Helga.

“I told my boyfriend that you’re really cool,” Judy said.

“Now why would you do a stupid thing like that?”

“I don’t know, but he’s not happy. I don’t think he likes you.”

“I don’t see why he would.”

“But we’re just friends, though, right?” she asked.

“Oh, yeah, we’re friends alright. I’d never try to sleep with you.” I said with a smile. She hit me playfully. I liked how the seduction was playing out, but then I was thrown a curveball.

Before Judy went to dance with her boyfriend, she introduced me to Betty, a brunette who looked like Fiona Apple. She happened to stand next to me, so we started talking. Twenty minutes later, I realized we were still talking, which is absurdly long for continuous conversation with an Icelandic girl. While technically Betty was cuter than Judy, I wanted to defile Judy first and foremost. She was the challenge and if Betty was a trap, I’d lose the opportunity to fuck either one if I fell for it. But it was getting late and I was horny, so I went for Betty.

The bar closed and I asked Betty and her two girlfriends to come to my place for an afterparty. They all agreed, but on the way the other two girls dropped out after some typical female drama, leaving just me and Betty. She still wanted to party, so I brought her in and gave her some scotch. When she left ten minutes later, I said, “You can’t tell Judy any of this, okay?”

“I won’t tell her.”

“You promise?”

“Yes, I promise,” she said.

She told her the next morning. I know because Judy told me everything the next night at Bakkus.

“I don’t believe you kissed my friend,” Judy said.

“That’s what she said?”

“Yes.”

“Well, that’s funny.” I stroked my chin for a second as if I couldn’t exactly remember what happened. “It was such an innocent kiss. I think we did it out of boredom.”

“Whatever, you jerk!”

“Wait, what exactly did she say?” I asked.

“She said you invited her to your apartment. Then you made her some whisky drink or something.”

“It was scotch.”

“Whatever. And then you put on some American music. You were talking and you sat down next to her. Then you just leaned over and kissed her.”

“I’m pretty sure she kissed me first,” I said. “I was rather drunk, though.” I hadn’t been

drunk at all.

“She said she felt that she was too young for you, so she left.” Betty was seventeen.

What Betty didn't say was that she was moaning like a schoolgirl as I put my hands down the back of her pants. She was biting my lip and two times had yelled “Fuck” (in the vein of “Fuck I'm getting really turned on right now”). But then she left abruptly because she had to “wake up early in the morning.” Like a gentleman, I had offered for her to take a nap on my bed, but she refused. She had seemed like a young girl who just wanted to play around, not go all the way. I felt ashamed that I had gotten an Icelandic girl in my room on a Friday night without sealing the deal.

I had prepared for this very scenario in the hours since the kiss. “Well, Judy, the truth is I used Betty to get to you,” I said flatly. “My hope was that you'd get jealous.”

“So you don't like her? Are you going to take her out on a date?”

“A date? Fuck no. Why would I take her out on a date? My master plan now is to get you drunk enough to take you back to my love shack for the best two minutes of your life.”

“Two minutes! Are you joking?”

“What do you mean? Is two minutes not enough?” She was falling into my trap of imagining sex with me.

“Two minutes is nothing! I'm not going to get anything out of two minutes!”

“Okay, I could try for thirty seconds more, but that's pushing it.”

I saw Betty shortly after that, but she pretended not to see me, which is the universal reaction I've gotten from all Icelandic girls after they've hooked up with me. In Iceland, I'm only good for one fuck (or less), but nothing more. My poor ego.

I admit that I fell for Betty's trap, but thankfully the “using her to get to you” gambit worked. Judy asked if she could give me a goodnight kiss on the cheek while her boyfriend waited outside. With my arm wrapped around her waist, she gave me a five-second kiss that left my cheek a drooling mess. I tried to sneak in a lip kiss but failed, and she left in the arms of her boyfriend.

I walked home alone, wondering why I was putting so much effort into her. Did I really like her or was it the challenge I craved? Was she in any way better than the chicks I had had before? As I tallied up the drinks I had bought Judy and the hours I'd spent with her, I decided she'd have to have the juiciest, tightest pussy in the world with a vacuum mouth to justify all that work. At only nineteen, there was no way that'd be the case. She sent me a text message soon after I got home that night: “Goodnight, old pervert :)” It made me smile, but I'd need more than that.

The next afternoon I met a Danish girl who worked in a bookstore. We bonded on the fact that Icelanders were so frigid. I knew she wasn't merely being friendly, so I asked her out and she accepted. The next week I refocused my efforts from the college girls to getting my Danish flag. It was a wise decision.

Real Hip-Hop

My last weekend in Iceland arrived two weeks after sleeping with the Danish girl. While I was absolutely ecstatic to be leaving, I had developed a comfortable coffee shop-and-Bakkus routine. The thing that surprised me most about my experiences with Icelandic women was the one-and-out nature of my bangs. I find that in America one-night stands can be a springboard for a mini-relationship, but in Iceland I never got a repeat bang, even though I tried on two occasions.

I asked Helga what determines if a typical drunken bang will lead to a relationship. She said, “Usually if they share friends or something in common like work or school, the relationship will be practical.” Unless there’s a social circle force driving them toward repeated interactions, bangs are just a one-time thing.

The funny thing is that I saw previous lays on *eight* occasions. They barely gave me a look of recognition, so I did the same. It seemed to be understood that you don’t try to rekindle anything, no matter how deep your dick was inside her. From a guy’s point of view, that’s a whole lot of investment for one drunken bang. If I lived permanently in Iceland, I’d be much more open to maintaining a relationship than in the States.

I started my last Saturday night in Iceland by trying to kill off the remaining bottle of my duty-free scotch. I hadn’t jerked off in about five days so I was feeling hornier than usual, and a recent download of a Swedish House Mafia mix put me in a good mood. I decided to get a strong buzz going and then execute a strategy that just hours before I had emailed to a friend who was arriving a few days after I was set to leave. I told him not to try to have long conversations, wait until 4:30 a.m. to approach, and go for a quick venue change to his place. I called it “last call game.”

After sending the email, I wondered if it was really that simple. As a man who had spent years perfecting his game, charm, humor, and stories, even I had trouble believing that the optimal strategy in Iceland would amount to drunken desperation in the States. I wanted to put it to one final test.

When the clock hit three a.m., I fixed myself up and headed out. I didn’t want to kill the two shots remaining in my scotch bottle so I took it with me and sipped it in line to the stares of Icelanders who were chugging cheap, nasty beer. I wondered if they thought I was wealthy to be drinking such a fine beverage as if it was water. I finished the bottle and left it on the sidewalk.

I went downstairs, ordered a double scotch, and waited patiently for the time to strike. It didn’t look good for me. The place was half empty with few girls, and two of those were previous lays. We all did the “I see you but I’m pretending not to see you” thing. I stayed in my little corner in the basement, never moving away.

Helga came by with her friends. Then I saw the Belgian bartender, who was the first real foreigner I met. Then came Betty, the Fiona Apple clone. The last time I’d seen her, she’d been quite cold, but this time she sidled right next to me and stayed there as if she wanted

something. Was it a drink, a kiss, or cock? It turned out to be a kiss. She stood on her tippy toes and planted one right on me in front of the entire bar. After a few minutes she had gotten her fix and said, "I'm going back to my friends."

Go time came at 4:45. By then I had six or seven scotches in me, but since it had been spread out over several hours, I was still coherent. I went to my upstairs spot by the bar column and scanned the crowd. My first approach went nowhere. She was way too drunk and looked like she was about to puke. My second approach was a brunette wearing pleather pants and five-inch heels. She was also drunk (I'm being redundant by telling you an Icelandic girl was drunk), but still in that giggly party mood where she had energy to flirt. I asked if she was Icelandic, she said yes, and then offered to buy me a shot with her two girlfriends.

We drank our shots and they invited me to dance in a circle. It was there that I started talking to her friend, a semi-famous Icelandic actress. She wasn't as cute as pleather pants, but she was able to talk in complete sentences, so I figured she would be my attempt for the night. Pleather pants didn't like that idea. She interrupted our conversation by grabbing my waist and saying, "I want to have sex with you."

I looked at her, squinted my eyes, and said, "I'll think about it." That was the correct answer because she hit me, then brought her lips real close. It was then that I noticed she was practically naked from the waist up, wearing a bikini top with a small jacket covering it.

A third friend interrupted our banter and touching, saying, "Okay, we need to find an afterparty because the bar is going to close soon!" I knew that an afterparty at anywhere but my place would not lead to sex.

I said, "Actually I'm throwing an afterparty. I live right up the street and I have music and beer."

"Oh, perfect!" the friend said. "We should buy more alcohol, though."

I had already envisioned what would happen if a lot of people came to my "afterparty." I'd invite them all to my studio, we'd drink, I'd turn on the American hip-hop music real loud, and then take my girl to the bathroom and fuck her doggy style. Even though this wasn't optimal, I felt strongly about having the home field advantage because I could control more variables.

I bought three beers for takeout at a reasonable cost of \$15. On my way out the bouncer stopped me and said, "Hey, aren't you the guy who was drinking the scotch outside?" I proudly admitted that I was. Word gets around fast in Iceland.

After the conversation with the bouncer, I managed to lose everyone—the actress, the cockblocker, and pleather pants. There was a big crowd in front of the bar so I carefully looked for anyone I knew, including Betty and my previous bangs. Nothing. Whether any of the girls came through or not, I wasn't too worried because I had the beer and the afterparty potential. It was still prime time to approach, but of course I didn't want to start from scratch when I already had a solid prospect.

After about five minutes of standing, pleather pants came out.

“Hey I think I lost your friends,” I said, implying that they hadn’t ditched me.

“Oh yeah, they want to go to an afterparty.”

“Yeah, I’m doing the afterparty,” I said, showing her the bag of beer. “But they’re probably gone.”

“I don’t know where they are and I lost my phone.”

Was it possible that I was the luckiest man in the world? I said, “Well, how about me and you just do the afterparty... I live like right there.” I pointed directly in front of us, as if I lived only twenty feet away.

“Okay let’s go!”

I hooked her arm and off we went. The best thing that possibly could have happened was a “failed” afterparty. There had to be a moment when she realized that all her friends are gone and the only reasonable option left was to go home with a strange man she had just met.

While walking to my place, I realized how drunk she was. In America, having sex with her would have been rape, since she couldn’t legally give her consent. It didn’t help matters that I was relatively sober, but I can’t say I cared or even hesitated.

I won’t rationalize my actions, but having sex is what I do. If a girl is willing to walk home with me, she’s going to get the dick no matter how much she has drunk. I’ll protect myself by using a condom (most of the time), but I know that when it comes to sex, one ounce of hesitation or a feeling of morality will get me nothing.

The beers I bought weren’t even needed; she immediately started taking off her clothes. I figure my dick was inside her about forty minutes after meeting her, likely my fastest bang ever. The sex was as good as drunken sex can get, but I did notice her pussy was drier than the Sahara desert.

There were a couple of odd sex moments worth mentioning. After the first go she made a comment that she hadn’t had an orgasm. “Well I did,” I replied. When I rolled on top of her for the second go, she said, “Okay now you have to give me the best orgasm I’ve ever had in my life.”

I laughed and said, “Hell, you’ll be lucky if you even have an orgasm. I guarantee this will be the worst sex you’ll ever have.” Then I commenced pounding. When it comes to casual sex, one person has to sacrifice their pleasure for the other. That person definitely wasn’t going to be me.

A few minutes later she said, “Okay, now go down on me!”

I looked at her pussy, which I admit was quite pretty, then said, “With all that lube down there? Maybe later.” Needless to say, that later never arrived.

I woke up first in the morning and looked over at her. I fully expected to be greeted by a beast, but I was pleasantly surprised that she actually looked *better*. I studied her face in

the morning light and concluded that it was magnificent. She was the hottest Icelandic girl I had gotten with, and definitely in the top 10% of my all-time bangs. I pulled the covers down and examined her flawless creamy skin and her perfectly proportioned body with big tits and round ass. My dick was getting hard again and I gently poked her with it, fully expecting the typical awkward after-sex Icelandic vibe, but instead I was greeted with, “So you want to fuck again?”

Yes please!

Two more times we went, and by the end of it I had no semen left. Then we started to get to know each other. First we exchanged names, then ages, then professions. I’m pretty sure that guys know more about the prostitutes they fuck than I do about the Icelandic women I got with.

It was all downhill after that. She started going off about how men try to enslave women, how Lil Wayne is not “real hip-hop,” how most women look better with short hair, and how my favorite type of Icelandic beer is actually the worst beer in the world. She was arrogant, gruff, and masculine, which was at total odds with the fact that she had a vagina and dressed sexy.

If we’d had a conversation before sex, there would have been no way I could bear her for the time it took until sex occurred. I can say that about all my Icelandic bangs. They happened because I barely had to talk to them and never got turned off by their attitudes. The most bearable girl was Betty, and that was because she rarely talked, only staring at me with her big blue eyes.

My last night in Iceland I lay in bed reminiscing about my two-month stay, with pleather pants dominating my thoughts. At that moment I wanted her body next to mine, but only if I could tape her mouth shut. I wanted to have hot sex with her, but only if she would leave one second after I blasted. It’s such a shame to be so sexually attracted to a woman but so turned off by her emotionally.

Long ago, I decided that any country I settle in would have to have girls that could offer me more than just their beauty. Unfortunately, Iceland is not that place.

V: Reykjavik City Guide

The best way I can describe Reykjavik is that it feels like a small ski resort without the skiing. It lacks tall buildings and has a city center that can be traversed on foot in less than twenty minutes. The odds that you’ll ever have to get on a city bus or taxi more than twice (to and from the airport) are just about zero.

Its small size does limit your options when it comes to nightlife and fun activities, but

on the flip side it will take you a very short time to find the best spots (in two weeks with some hustle, you can set foot in more than a quarter of all the bars in the city). Unlike larger cities, you never have to worry about if you're "missing out" on some trendy underground venue.

I'll now recommend some day and night spots in the city before sharing a rundown of tours you can take in the country.

Daytime

Coffee shops are everywhere, both individual shops and chains. My favorite chain was **Kaffitar** (<http://www.kaffitar.is>), with a good location at Bankastræti 8. Out of all the coffee shops I went to, that one had the greatest percentage of attractive women, though usually they were in pairs or larger groups.

For isolated girls, head to the **Eymundsson** bookstore (<http://www.eymundsson.is>). There are several in the city, but my favorite was located on Austurstræti 18. I found that girls tended to go alone to study, allowing you to do simple approaches where you either ask for tourist advice or if she could watch your things. The bookstore had a great selection of English books and a pleasant café that was open seven days a week until ten at night.

Sunday is usually busy with the hangover crowd, where you'll find pairs of girls reading fashion magazines. Don't be surprised if you recognize girls you talked to the previous night.



If you're on a budget and don't want to spend money, but still want to get out of the house, visit the public library on Tryggvagata 15. They have some English magazines.

If you want to keep up your gym routine, head to **World Class Gym** (<http://www.worldclass.is>), the only gym I found in Reykjavik. Unfortunately, the two locations are a bit of a hike from the city center (at least a thirty-minute walk), so you may want to take a bus. You can get a bus map from the tourist office in the airport or in the city center location by the main square.

If you forgot to pack your underwear and need to stock up, head to **Kringlan Mall** (<http://www.kringlan.is>). It has cafes, department stores, several clothing shops for men, and a lot of older women you won't see elsewhere. However, I didn't notice many attractive girls, whether staff members or customers, but then again I didn't go on a weekend since they close at a time I was still nursing my hangovers (6:00 p.m.). On weekdays they stay open until around 7:00. I find that malls that close early have a clientele of mostly old people who don't work during the day, making them poor places for pickup.

A place worth checking out is the **University of Iceland**, located northwest of the domestic airport. I didn't put much effort into picking up there since I was satisfied with my weekend bar results, but I sometimes wonder if that was a mistake that hurt my quality. Here's my advice to you: buy a copy of *Beginner's Iceland* by Helga Hilmisdottir and take it to the food court in the university center (follow the signs). Grab a cup of coffee, pick a table next to some cute girls, crack open your book, and then hit them with a language question after a few minutes.

It's essential to have a good reason for being at the university, so your openers should deal with either wanting to take a course or needing help with the language. Since Icelanders are generally wary of foreigners, the last thing you want a girl to think is that you came to the university just to hit on women.

If I were to do my trip all over again, I'd spend Monday through Wednesday afternoons with my Icelandic book (among others) in the university food court and approach two girls a day. While I doubt it would lead to any isolated dates, it would get me into social circles for weekend partying and easy introductions for meeting more girls.

An important social activity for Icelanders are thermal spas. Several are within the city (Google "visit Reykjavik thermal pools" for a complete list), but the closest to the center is called **Vesturbæjarlaug**, located at the intersection of Hofsvallagata and Melhagi. For \$5 you can go for a steam or hot tub soak.



Blue Lagoon

The last daytime activity you may want to consider is **Blue Lagoon**, which you'll start hearing about two minutes after getting off the plane. Located less than an hour from the city by bus, it's a shallow heated pool with mud stations that are supposed to make your skin beautiful. I went on a day that was 32 degrees and sleeting, so you can say that my

experience was on the low end of the satisfaction scale, especially since from the slick advertisements I had concluded that the lagoon would be an oasis of magical steaming water. The reality was that the water was barely warm and I froze my ass off. I spent most of my time in the steam room, where I developed a massive headache.

If you're wondering why I would even mention this mediocre experience, it's because Blue Lagoon is one of those things you gotta do while you're in Iceland or else you'll feel guilty about it, kind of like having to visit Machu Picchu if you wind up in Peru. It sucks, it's touristy, but whatever. The cheapest way to do this underwhelming tour is by Netbus (<http://www.netbus.is>). They charge about \$50, which includes the price of admission. One thing I will say is that the locker rooms are quite nice.

Nighttime

Before I start going over venues, one important question you may have is if you should focus on bars or clubs for getting laid. From my research, both offer equal opportunities. The best answer is to ask yourself which venue you do better at in your own city. If it's bars, stick to that while in Reykjavik. If you have the energy for clubs and like dancing, do the club scene.

One reason that Reykjavik nightlife is so active is that the outlying suburbs have so few venues. On the weekends you get hordes of people coming into the city that you don't normally see, which is why you shouldn't freak out if you don't see any talent walking around mid-week. Just wait until the weekend.

Let's start with the bar scene first. The best bar in Iceland to get laid is **Bakkus**, located on Tryggvagata 22. The main floor has two bars and a large dance floor, while the bottom floor has a small bar and a tighter space for seating. I'd classify it as a rock dive bar, but it regularly plays house music and will feel more like a regular club. The girls aren't the hottest in Iceland, but they are young and friendly.



Bakkus

What I'd do is arrive on a weekend night around 3:00 a.m. and hang out in the downstairs bar. It doesn't get a whole lot of traffic, allowing you to save your energy for prime time (last call), but if a girl does come within your radar you can easily start a conversation since it's quieter than upstairs. If a cute girl is giving you eye contact,

definitely don't be shy about approaching. I don't want you to get the idea that you shouldn't approach *at all* before last call. It's just not essential to work hard before that time.

Around 4:30, which is a half hour before last call, go upstairs and lean against the main bar while looking out toward the crowd. It's then you should start to approach with the simple indirect openers I shared earlier. Since so many girls will be drunk off their ass, don't be offended if she doesn't respond (it's not that she's trying to be a bitch, but she's having trouble with her sensory perceptions). Pick off isolated girls who were trying to get a drink in the bar, but don't shy away from pairs since it will be easy to divide them. Try for the occasional triplet, though don't waste your time on larger groups unless you're getting serious eye contact.

When the lights come on, continue to approach girls who are meandering out until finally getting kicked out by the bouncer. Continue approaching in front of the bar and then on the streets until no girls can be found.

Whenever I go to a new city, my goal is to become a "hack" by spitting identical game in an identical bar every weekend to get consistent results. Bakkus was my hack bar, just as Casa do Matriz was my hack bar in Rio. God bless Bakkus.

A similar bar is **Boston**, at Laugavegur 28b. It's smaller, darker, and the crowd tends to get sloppier. The logistics aren't as good for approaching, but some nights there are considerably more women than men.

Near Boston is the popular **Kaffibarinn** on Bergstadastraeti 1, which is co-owned by the singer of Blur. It's one of those trendy bars that attracts an older crowd, with an average age pushing twenty-five. I'll admit that I wish this was Bakkus. I love the music, the back bar, the "scene," and what have you, but there are two big problems. First, the girls are snobbier here than anywhere else. This bar attracts the famous musicians, writers, and people from the Icelandic fashion industry and art scene. The front of the bar has a line for commoners who have to face up to thirty-minute waits while "VIPs" are whisked right in. You can still pull here, but it's more of a "who you know" type of vibe than anywhere else in Reykjavik. The second problem is that sometimes it's a huge sausage fest, something that's not a problem elsewhere. Now that I think about it, I really wasted a lot of time here.



For a real sloppy scene, try **Bar 11**, located on Hverfisgata 18. Thanks to their beer-and-shot combo special, young people go here to get seriously trashed. The main issue is that it's a bit small so you won't have a lot of selection. Nonetheless, a lot of hookups go down here.

A snobbier version of Bar 11 that's more expensive but less grimy is **Vegamot** on Vegamotastigur 4. It has a heavier focus on hip-hop, so you'll see half the Icelandic black population here at any time (i.e., three guys). If a girl likes black or "edgy" guys, she'll probably make it a point to stop by. In other words, if you're black, it's worth a visit. If you want a more chill hip-hop scene where white guys in plaid shirts aren't an uncommon sight, check out **Prikid** on Bankastraeti 12. The girls here will be younger, but not as dressed up as in Vegamot. It has more of a college feel.

Let's move on to clubs. One thing I loved about Reykjavik was that I never paid a cover charge. While I encountered lines, even the more "exclusive" clubs were free to get into. Just like how Icelanders view everyone as equal, the club scene mirrors that. Another benefit is that the table service culture isn't entrenched, so you'll definitely dig it if you're the type who likes to reminisce about club culture in America before table service fucked it up.

The key to getting in is to *go early*. I advise you get in line before one a.m. I know this contradicts my advice of going out late, but if you try to get in line to these clubs at 3:00, when there's a blob of people trying to force their way in, chances are you won't get in. Therefore if you want to check out the clubs, go early and chill by the bar for a while until the action gets going.

Your best club pick will be **Austur** on Austurstraeti 7. It definitely attracts an older crowd, sometimes women in their thirties, but they'll be more aggressive in showing their interest as they get just as shitfaced as their younger counterparts. The strange thing here is that there was a big disparity on how I was treated (either the women were awesomely friendly or just plain nasty). The music is top 40 and the drinks are expensive (\$9 for a crappy beer). The best spot for chatting up girls is on the right side along the main bar.

The next club is **b5** on Bankastraeti 5, a compact venue that gets insanely crowded. This is hands down the craziest club I've ever been to in my life. Even though everyone is dressed wonderfully, with girls in heels and tight clothing and every guy in some type of suit, they are completely committed to getting blackout drunk.

There is constant pushing and shoving. Drinks get spilled everywhere. People fall on the floor and are unable to get up. Girls dance on the couch and then fall on top of people. Guys are itchy to get into fights. Girls pass out cold while friends try to wake them up by slapping them in the face. Thanks to the incompetent bouncers, it's basically anarchy inside, and in any other country this spot would be shut down in a week. Now imagine that scene while everyone is dressed like they're going to a formal function.

The biggest problem with b5 is that it's extremely hard to pick up in. People tend to come here in mega-large groups so each girl is going to know *at least* ten people, causing your approaches to be constantly interrupted. Since it's impossible to have a conversation,

unless you like “clubbing” and plan to dance the night away, it won’t be a fruitful spot. If you’re a bar guy like me, you’ll be running for the door within an hour.

Above all other venues, it’s crucial to get to b5 early. The line outside, if you want to call it that, would offend the sensibilities of any bouncer. Line cutting is the rule and people actually *rush* the bouncers to get in, as if trying to escape from a fire. If you want to go, and I think you should for the experience, get there before 1:00 and then sit back and wait for the mayhem to commence.

For a more reasonable club experience without the long lines, try **Café Oliver** on Laugavegur 20a, with music that’s similar to the other clubs (top 40 and house). I’d describe the vibe as more Eurotrash, with the accompanying strong body odor from men, but there are definitely some lookers in here. For pickup it’s logistically easier than b5.

For about \$15 you can play a Wheel of Fortune game where you can win up to eight shots of crappy liquor. I calculated that you have a 37.5% chance of getting a prize that gives your money’s worth and a 12.5% chance of winning something well above your investment.

There are a couple other places worth mentioning. The first is **Hemmi & Valdi** (Laugavegur 21), a hippie café/bar that has the cheapest beer in the city. Lots of Icelanders start their night here. Another is **Zimsen** (Hafnarstraeti 18), a college themed bar that’s worth a look on Thursday, along with Bakkus. **Risid** (Tryggvagata 20) has a college crowd where you won’t meet anyone over 22 years old. Finally, the place to go for live rock music is **Sodoma Reykjavik** (Tryggvagata 22).

Here’s my nightlife advice: go to a club like Austur or Café Oliver at one a.m. and spend the next two hours drinking and doing casual approaches. By 3:30, you should know whether or not a bang is on the horizon. If you’re not getting any bites, leave and go to Bakkus. There will be a line, but you only need to get in by 4:30 to be set. I got much more love in Bakkus than any place else, so around 3:00 I was always heading there.

One cultural aspect of Icelandic nightlife worth mentioning is that there is a lot of shoving. Girls and guys will just move you out the way without excusing themselves or apologizing. In the States, such behavior would be worth a fight, but in Iceland it’s just how they act at night, so don’t take it personally. Expect drinks to be spilled on you and your shoes to get stepped on.

Google Maps is your friend to locate these bars, though the Icelandic Google Maps (<http://en.ja.is/kort>) is slightly better. Two other helpful options are the *Reykjavik Nightlife Guide* booklet located in coffee shops or the free *Grapevine* newspaper, which you can find in bookstores or online (<http://www.grapevine.is>). *Grapevine* is especially helpful for DJ and band listings, but for a more complete listing, click the “What’s On” link at <http://www.visitreykjavik.is>.

Lastly, I wanted to recommend a cheap restaurant (by Icelandic standards, anyway) on Geirsgata 8 called the **Sea Baron**. It has delicious creamy lobster soup and a variety of fresh fish grilled to order. I got the minke whale, which had a taste between beef tenderloin and liver. The casual feel of the restaurant makes it a good in-and-out

destination for those who aren't crazy about formal dining with multiple courses.

Tours & Excursions

If you have some money to blow and get excited by landscapes and touristy things, then Iceland will satisfy your craving. Besides Blue Lagoon, there are several day tours where you can view glaciers, geysers, mountains, and whales.

Two well-known tour agencies are Mountaineers of Iceland (<http://www.mountaineers.is>) and Eskimos (<http://www.eskimos.is>). They appear to have identical tours, with Eskimos being cheaper. Sample programs include night tours above the city to see the northern lights, riding ATVs to explore caves and glaciers, horseback riding through the country, snowmobiling on glaciers, and the popular Golden Circle tour to see all of Iceland's environmental extremes. I didn't do any tours because I got my fill of nature stuff in South America, but at the minimum a Golden Circle tour, which will run about \$350, will make you feel as if you did your tourist duty of exploring the island.

For whale watching, simply walk on Aegisdaga street toward the water and comparison shop between the agencies there. For other activities like ocean swimming, diving, river rafting, or bicycling, visit the tourist office for recommendations. The site I mentioned in the previous section, <http://www.visitreykjavik.is>, is a great resource for discovering activities.

The Bottom Line

Icelandic women are hotter and slightly sexier than Americans, but similar in that they're low on the femininity scale. The saving grace for Iceland is that you don't need to interact with women very long until you get them in bed, while in the States it often takes at least five hours of time.

I did see Icelandic women looking sexy with their clothing, but since they don't know how to own it, they appear more like little girls playing dress-up in their mommy's closet. They don't have feminine grace, allure, or charm, but since they're of respectable appearance, I'm confident that you'll get many boners while interacting with them.

You'd think that it would be my dream to discover a land where I can fuck girls in rapid time, but to be honest, I started feeling empty in Iceland. While taking girls home that I didn't know for a drunk romp was physically satisfying, I could purchase prostitutes anywhere in the world for an identical experience.

If I had a choice between an American girl and Icelandic girl of identical attractiveness, I'd pick the American girl. While she's more arrogant and will serve up bigger plates of bullshit, we'll end up having more in common thanks to her social and outgoing nature.

While I like the *idea* of fast fucking, the reality is that even a small connection, something that was hard to develop with Icelandic women, makes fucking considerably

better. Therefore, I recommend a trip of two weekends (about ten days), which is short enough so you don't get "bitter" from the cold Icelandic vibe like I did, but long enough to where you'll most likely get your flag if you follow my advice.

Iceland's hookup culture is just too disconnected and shallow, containing very little emotion or heart. The key to Iceland is not to stay too long, because the magic of the nightlife and novelty of the women will quickly wear off.

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

<http://www.rooshv.com>