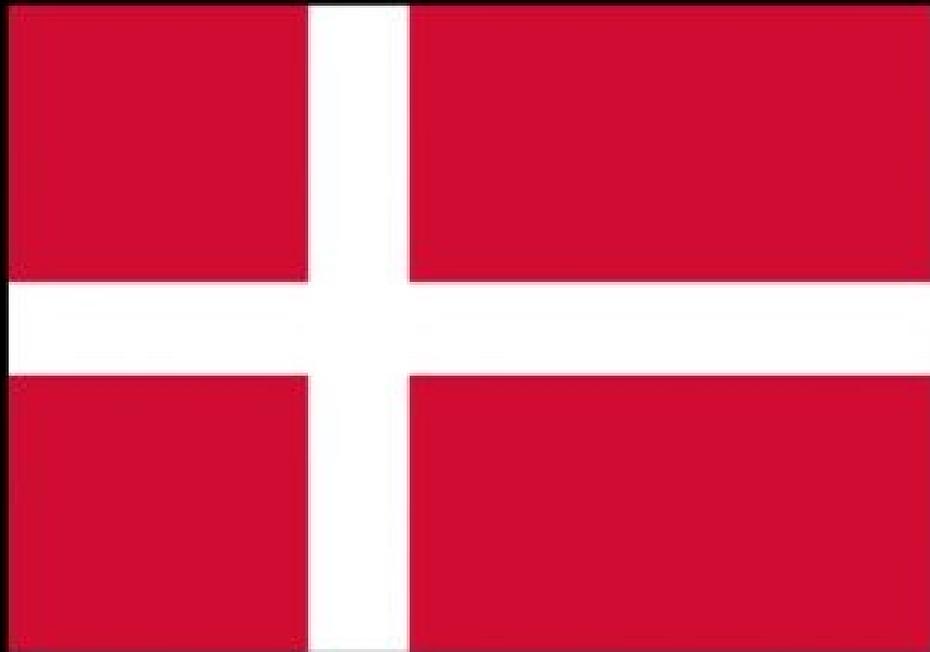


**DON'T BANG
DENMARK**



Roosh V

Don't Bang Denmark

Roosh V

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I

Welcome To Denmark

“Why Denmark?” That’s a question I’ve been asked several dozen times by both Danes and Americans. The answer I’ve been giving has never proved satisfactory to my listener. It goes something like this:

“When I lived in Rio, one of my roommates was a Danish guy named Henrik who I got along great with. When we both left the city, he told me to come by Copenhagen one day. I promised him that I would, and I fulfilled that promise at the same time I became curious about Scandinavia.”

If Henrik had been a girl instead of a guy, that story might have been romantic, but the truth is that my visit to Denmark was just about visiting a friend in a part of the world I wanted to learn more about. Spending so much time in South America had left me aching for Europe, so after two fun months in Iceland, I decided that another two months in Denmark would be a great experience.

I was wrong.

It took about three weeks for my friendship with Henrik to sour. At about the same time, I realized that Denmark had absolutely nothing I wanted. Stuck in a short-term lease I was reluctant to break, I went on to endure one of the least enjoyable times of my life outside the United States. While I don’t regret anything I’ve done in life, I do wish I had listened to all the guys who told me to visit Sweden instead.

My goal with this book is to help men who either are in the unfortunate predicament of having to visit Denmark or who want a newfound appreciation for their own deficient culture. This book is a warning of how bad things can get for a single man looking for feminine, beautiful, sexy women.

Since Denmark is so small, I will generalize for the entire country based on my stay in its capital, Copenhagen. Prepare to read the most angry book I’ve ever written.

Denmark Background

Denmark is a modern first-world country with old European charm. It’s safe, clean, and contains all the fine amenities you’d expect from a wealthy Scandinavian country. Copenhagen is no exception, but the problem is that there isn’t a whole lot more to say about it. It’s very pleasant and picturesque, but excels in nothing. The nightlife is mediocre. The women are below mediocre. The food is below mediocre. The prices are

sky high. The public transportation system is extensive, but expensive when compared to other European cities. Supposedly it has “the best restaurant in the world,” a ludicrous title, but other than that there’s nothing I can think of that would entice you to visit.

The one thing I’ve found that Denmark performs above average in is bicycle paths. Bicycles are like a religion. Thanks to Copenhagen’s flat terrain, the bike has become the main mode of transportation for Danish people, even when going out at night.

I was able to procure a bike during my stay, but I never got used to riding it all the time, especially at night. One reason is that when I lived in my dad’s basement, I had to ride my old college bike to and from the subway station on weekend nights because I was too poor to afford a taxi. Riding a bike at night has negative connotations for me.

I’d tell Danish people that if you rode your bike to a club in Washington DC, you’d be pegged as a loser, but in Denmark everyone does it so you don’t sustain a negative hit in value. I actually wished that riding bikes at night would be considered shameful because it fucks up logistics when it comes to the one-night stand, as I’ll explain later.

While it’s kind of cool that you see dozens of drunk people riding their bikes at 5:00 a.m. on Saturday morning, you’d better believe that fewer girls are wearing heels or tight clothing because of it. Girls riding their bikes at night is truly the antithesis of sexiness. When I see a group of four girls on their wheels, it makes me think of when I was a kid and used to ride my bike with friends to the 7-Eleven to get a Slurpee. In other words, it’s not boner inducing.

Therefore, I declare that the type of people who will love Denmark the most are those who like riding bicycles, day or night. Other than that, I can’t recommend Denmark. If you’re reading this right now, do all that you can to get out of your trip, because I doubt you’ll enjoy it. Denmark is one of the few places that made me miss America, and as you may already know, I really don’t like America.

One big problem with Denmark is the weather. The winter is long and dark, with the whole month of December seeing only forty-two hours of sunlight. Pussy literally goes into hibernation, as I got to experience upon my still-cold March arrival. Not until the weather warmed up slightly in late April did I start slaying Danish women, making me feel almost like I was in a different country compared to when I first arrived.

I’ll admit that summer wasn’t entirely bad. The women started to dress more provocatively and were friendlier, but it still sucked compared to just about anywhere else (even Washington DC is more fun in the summer months). You also have to understand that “summer” in Denmark means three months when the average high stays under seventy degrees Fahrenheit. I think most people would consider that spring. If you insist on experiencing shitty weather then at least go to Iceland, where the women are cuter.

Copenhagen is so generic that I don’t know what else to tell you. Just imagine a plain European city that offends no one and has a lot of bicycles.

Danish Culture

Denmark is one of those countries that saw glory several hundred years ago, lost its power, and then reinvented itself into a mostly pacifist nanny state. Thanks to its participation in the NATO alliance, Denmark has reasonably low military expenditures that—with its high tax rates—allow it to divert funds into social programs, in which it ranks among the best in the world.

The Danish welfare state is admirable: every citizen receives fully covered cradle-to-grave services. A Danish person has no idea what it feels like to not have medical care or free access to university education. They have no fear of becoming homeless or permanently jobless. The government's soothing hand will catch everyone as they fall. To an American like myself, brainwashed to believe that you need to earn things like basic health care or education by working your ass off, it was quite a shock.

The biggest surprise was that the Danish government pays people to attend university for both undergraduate and graduate degrees. In addition to having health care costs covered and access to cheap rent, all students receive at least a \$1,000 a month stipend to attend class. Along with part-time jobs that pay high wages, the average Danish twenty-something lives a pretty comfortable life getting educated to eventually follow a straightforward career path in a country where nearly full employment seems to be the rule.

Even if you don't get a job, the government will pay you each month until you do. Do you feel like taking a little hiatus to a foreign country? As long as you can show you're taking part-time classes, the government will keep the cash flowing. For a lower-class American, becoming a Danish citizen is almost like winning the lottery.

How is Denmark able to afford this? Two ways: they spend a third less of their GDP on the military than we do, and they tax the hell out of their citizens. Tax rates start at 40% and tilt above 50% for the top classes. My effective tax rate last year as an American resident was 20%, so the question I've asked myself is if I'd want to double my tax for not having to worry about being homeless or getting a serious disease. I'm leaning towards no, since of course one day I'm going to be a billionaire like every other American and don't want half of it taken away. I would actually save money by being taxed at 20% and getting private health insurance, but then again I'm middle-class and can afford it. America is great if you have money, but Denmark is great for everyone.

What surprised me most about Denmark is their healthy job market. It's almost guaranteed that a job will await every Dane after graduation, and I'm not talking about crappy jobs at McDonald's or Walmart, but well-paying career positions. After taxes and the exorbitant high prices for basic goods, Danish people still live comfortably. No one is starving and you'll have to look hard to find homeless people.

It's no accident that the American media isn't eager to discuss the many citizen benefits that countries like Denmark have. They are quick to do profiles on poor countries in the third-world, but they rarely write about the extensive services Scandinavian countries provide for all of their citizens, regardless of race or class. When they do talk about these countries, it's usually about how budget cuts are looming for their "ailing" social models, as if the average American citizen is doing far better.

Unfortunately, there is a cost to providing your citizens everything they possibly need: you make them averse to taking risks. Why bother when you got it made in the shade? There is little incentive for entrepreneurship and striking it rich, even though the Ease of Doing Business Index ranks Denmark as number six, only one behind America. Danes would rather work for the man and do the minimum required of them to coast through the system than take a gamble. Being aggressive and taking risks may cost them some serious benefits, so they do what they need to in order to maintain a decent middle-class existence. While I don't blame them, this mildly offends the entrepreneurial spirit within my American core.

The Government's Role As Mother And Father

Thanks to its extensive services, the Danish government has replaced parents as the primary caregiver. The Danes decided that there was too much inequality in the system with the rich having access to all the benefits, so they constructed an egalitarian society. The government's utopian visionaries told parents, "You don't have to do anything but love your children. We'll take care of the rest. Oh, and when you get old, we'll take care of you, too."

Since family is pushed out of the picture, one consequence is that Danish people very seldom talk about their families. I never saw a 20- or 30-something Danish adult with an elderly person, whereas in Poland I saw it a dozen times a day. The old people are pushed aside to be taken care of by the system, not by the kids, the opposite of what I saw in South America where the elders are cherished, often living in the same household as the younger generations. I'd bet that the average Danish person interacts with the government more than with their parents.

Another consequence of the Danish system is that women no longer need men. For hundreds of thousands of years, women have sought to marry powerful men with strong financial means in order to live a comfortable life (or to merely survive), but in Denmark this is not at all necessary. Danish women don't need to find a man, because the government will take care of her and her cats, whether she is successful at dating or not. Her quality of life won't be negatively affected if she happens to remain single until death, whereupon her cats will inherit her possessions according to Danish law.

Since a Danish woman is in no rush to find someone, she wants to hold out for her top choice instead of having to "settle" for any particular man while she's still in her physical prime. The result is that Danish women like to sample men and play the field, thinking they have all the time in the world. They're also less willing to change their behavior by adopting a pleasing figure or style that's more likely to attract men. It's no surprise that there's a flood of sloppy 30-something women on dating sites, making Denmark one of the most popular countries where the Internet is used to find a mate.

In spite of the negatives, I think the Danish economic and welfare system is superior to the American system for one simple reason: it's fair. They have achieved a near utopia of human equality, where everyone can educate themselves and seek employment without fear of possible bankruptcy from illness. Even the mentally decrepit and drug addicted are

treated like human beings, meaning that everyone has an opportunity to rise up above their station. In the United States we have a bad habit of kicking people when they're down. Watching people fall, especially the famous, is almost a national sport, but in Denmark, they put out a strong hand to help you back onto your feet.

I liken the United States to a jungle where everyone must fend for themselves. A lot of people don't make it, but the ones that do can roam the land freely and suck on its glorious fruit. On the other hand, Denmark is like a pleasant zoo with scheduled feeding times and twenty-four-hour veterinarian care. While I'd prefer the American system if I was on top of the food chain, the average human being would be better served by the Danish system.

The Biggest Cockblocker In The World

The Danish system of equality is further amplified by Jante Law, a set of cultural rules that is deeply engrained in every Dane. Its main tenet can be summed up as: "No one is superior to anyone else."

It's taboo to show off, brag, or even indirectly show your value. You can't talk about how much you enjoy your job, how you bought an awesome brand new anything, or how generally happy you are with life—anything that might show how you may be better than your audience. When you disagree with someone, you have to be very gentle about criticizing them because otherwise you would imply that you're smarter. You can never say "you're wrong" to anyone. Most Danes avoid possible arguments by simply not bringing up their contrary opinions.

Here are the ten rules of Jante Law:

- 1. Don't think you're anything special.*
- 2. Don't think you're as good as us.*
- 3. Don't think you're smarter than us.*
- 4. Don't convince yourself that you're better than us.*
- 5. Don't think you know more than us.*
- 6. Don't think you are more important than us.*
- 7. Don't think you are good at anything.*
- 8. Don't laugh at us.*
- 9. Don't think anyone cares about you.*
- 10. Don't think you can teach us anything.*

Take a minute to think about the resulting personalities of people who believe in these rules. Combine it with what I mentioned earlier about Danes not being risk takers. Can you imagine the type of conversations that result?

Painfully boring conversations.

Everyone is scared of generalizing or giving strong opinions. Risky topics are avoided. Showing knowledge or experience must be done in a light-handed way. All your accomplishments, no matter how small, must be minimized to make them a result of luck instead of hard work or innate talent. You can't judge those who are less fortunate than you by calling them lazy or stupid. You're immediately punished for showing any real spark or emotion. You must hide your individuality and conform to what society expects of you.

The Danish egalitarian system and Jante Law feed on each other to form what is one of the most liberal, feminist-friendly societies in the world. Therefore, when it comes to getting laid, your American attitude and belief system will cockblock the fuck out of you before you even open your mouth. Since basically the entire point of game is showing you're better than the next guy, something that Jante Law specifically forbids, it's no surprise to find that game efforts will not be well received in Denmark, especially if you consider yourself an alpha male. It was amusing how often and how quickly I'd offend every Danish girl without even trying.

In the States you may have heard someone say, "If the police want to get you, they will. There are so many laws on the books that you're always breaking one at any point." I feel the same way with Jante Law. As an American, you're breaking every facet of Jante Law just by being American. Your confident body language alone is breaking tenets one and four. Understand that Danish culture will cockblock you on your every approach.

Even minor game techniques go over poorly in Denmark. For example, let's take a look at this statement: "When I was in Colombia for six months, I studied Spanish. I got good at it, but now I suck again." A pretty innocent way to show value to a girl, right? Not in Denmark. I'm implying that I'm more well-traveled than her and also more knowledgeable in the realm of language. I'm breaking Jante Law. The girl will punish me by withdrawing from the conversation.

You're probably thinking that this is absurd. That's because you're from a country like America, England, Australia, or Canada, where that type of statement will be rewarded with female interest. The conversation you're supposed to have in Denmark should be void of these types of "value drops" while at the same time not teasing her at all, since teasing implies that you're better than her. Consider that even wearing a tight t-shirt that shows off your muscles comes close to breaking Jante Law because you're bragging that you're stronger than someone else. In Denmark, individuality must be destroyed for the greater good. You're not an individual, just a worthless slug that is just like all the other slugs.

While the Danish government has made human rights more egalitarian, Jante Law has made sex more egalitarian. Instead of a few guys fucking all the women like in the States (while the sexual losers stay home and play World of Warcraft), you have more Danish guys getting laid, though with fewer partners. In other words, the alpha male is

neutralized in Denmark. He's not rewarded with more sex for his alphaness because alphaness breaks Jante Law.

If you were in a country where game didn't really matter and everyone downplayed their attractiveness by looking like they had just come out of a thrift store, which man would fuck the most women? Answer: the one with the best social circle. Since you won't have that, a big portion of this book will be about sharing some tips so you can still sleep around at the high frequency you may be used to.

My biggest complaint about Jante Law is that there is a double standard in how it's applied. So far, I've established that Denmark is a highly feminist country. It's a place where women think they're equal or superior to men, eager to castrate them for displays of alpha masculinity. So can you take a guess as to which gender will be hypocrites when it comes to the law's application?

Danish women are the most hypocritical breed of female I have ever encountered. Let me give you an example. In conversations, I would make a comment about how Danish women aren't feminine or that the state shouldn't be so eager to take care of drug addicts who have no interest in quitting. I was then scolded for having "expectations" of how people should or shouldn't act and that I was attributing a person's faults to his nature instead of his environment. Fair enough—that was their argument and I can respect another person's opinion.

Then five minutes later, I'd say I was going to Poland. The Danish girl would frown and say, "Why Poland? The people there are ugly. Polish girls are dirty prostitutes." *Really? You just got on me for generalizing, but now you're doing it five times worse.* This happened to me at least a couple of times each week.

You're not allowed to criticize Denmark or their way of life, since you're just a stupid, possibly fat American, but she can criticize anything she wants while shitting on your opinion at the same time. This angered me to no end, and the fact that Danish women ended up being so wrong about Polish women suggests they hold some jealousy towards them.

I've come to the conclusion that Jante Law has two real purposes. The first is to hold men down. It serves to cherish women and their opinions and hypocrisy while preventing you from "fighting" back. A girl can break Jante Law but you can't, and if you do, you'll be banished from the tribe. This is a classic case of women demanding equality but then perpetuating inequality to further their cause at the expense of men's.

The second feature of Jante Law is to keep your neighbor down. If there is no benefit for your neighbor to show off his unique character, experience, or wealth, that means he'll be more ashamed about doing better in life than you. Jante Law is like an anti-bragging behavioral modification drug meant to make people who aren't as skilled or successful as you feel better about themselves.

What Jante Law ultimately does is protect the egos of women and the unambitious who constantly feel the need to compare their lot with everyone else's. While I approve of the benefits the government gives to all its citizens, Jante Law is something I can't live with. Unfortunately, we have to accept that they go hand-in-hand, that we can't fulfill basic human rights for all without viewing everyone as equal. That's fine for most people,

but I've spent way too much time happily surviving in the jungle to pack my bags and move into the zoo.

Which City To Visit?

There are two main cities to visit: Copenhagen and Aarhus. Copenhagen is the capital and often the only Danish city that travelers visit (something that held true for myself). With a population of 1.1 million, it's not a heavily populated metropolis, but since it's spread out it'll seem larger than it actually is. It has passable nightlife on the weekends, so you should be able to find enough targets to meet your minimal sex goals.

Right now I'm kicking myself in the ass for not visiting Aarhus, a city west of the capital on Jutland Island. The reason is because the prettiest, friendliest, warmest girls I met in Copenhagen were from there, a city of 300,000. It was painfully obvious to me that the best Danish women were based in Aarhus, but I still didn't visit. The reason was because I was so beaten down by Copenhagen that I hated everything Danish and didn't want to put a scrap of energy to invest in it further. I preferred moping on the cheap in Copenhagen.

I regret that decision now, because I really want to be able to advise you based on firsthand experience. You'll just have to take a leap of faith and trust me that Aarhus has better women than Copenhagen. If you do plan to stay in Denmark for the long term and have a choice as to which city to stay in, it'd be a good idea for you to spend at least a weekend in Aarhus to compare.

Logistics

Getting to and from Denmark offers no challenge. Go to Kayak.com for airfares or hop on a train if you're in Sweden. Lodging is a little more difficult to obtain, especially if you want to rent an apartment. I found it almost impossible to find a cheap furnished apartment that costs less than \$75 per day, and hotels won't be much cheaper than \$100 a night for something on the low end. When you add that to food and drink costs, your Copenhagen bill can get extremely high. All you get for that is watching a lot of ugly women on bicycles.

I'll recommend some specific hotels for Copenhagen in its city guide later, but for longer term rentals there are three sites that are helpful. The first is the active rental group on CouchSurfing (<http://www.couchsurfing.org>). Click on Community, then on Find Groups, then enter Copenhagen in the search box. The main downside here is that you'll be rooming with other people. The second option is DBA (<http://www.dba.dk>), which is something like a Danish Craigslist. You'll have to use a translator tool to navigate the site (Google Chrome has an option to translate everything automatically). A final option is Craigslist (<http://copenhagen.en.craigslist.dk/hhh/>). As it gets more popular with Danish people, Craigslist will be increasingly more useful.

An additional site worth mentioning is the Foreigners In Denmark Forum (<http://portal.foreignersindenmark.dk/forum/>). While it doesn't have many rental listings, it's a good place to ask any questions you have about Denmark that I don't answer in this guide.

Your best bet to get housing is during the summer by subletting someone's furnished place while they travel abroad. Outside of the summer season, you're looking at long minimum stays that can make it a challenge to find something for only a month or two.

There are no specific packing needs for Denmark, but I do recommend that you bring an unlocked cell phone (get a SIM card from a mobile shop like Lebara in any mall). One-night stands definitely happen, but Danish women can move a bit slow at times, making cell phone communication important.

When it comes to language, English is widely spoken by Danish people, even the elderly. The only issue you'll have is communicating with older immigrants who own grocery stores or kebab shops (I found pointing and miming to be sufficient). There is absolutely no reason to learn Danish, a hard language that even Danish people regularly complain about, mostly about how ugly it sounds. The English possessed by Danes is so strong that you won't even have to slow down your speech.

Doing Denmark On The Cheap

You will not find value in Denmark. I'm not sure how the country managed to do it, but it's slightly more expensive than Iceland, a place where over 90% of goods have to be imported. Food, alcohol, and lodging costs are all through the roof, and the only place you'll really save money is on transportation if you're able to get your hands on a used bicycle. The fact that the dollar is past its heyday makes Denmark one of the most expensive places in the world to visit.

That said, I managed to spend one dollar a day less in Denmark than in Iceland (\$59 versus \$60). I accomplished this in two ways. First, I stopped going to the coffee shop. A cup of tea in Denmark approached \$6, and with a little snack we're talking \$10 a day. I simply stayed home all day to do my work.

Second, I made friends with an American bartender at my favorite bar. He served me nearly full glasses of vodka for only \$10 that would last me two hours, saving me considerable sums off the normally high alcohol prices. If I had stuck to my normal coffee shop routine or gone to bars where I wouldn't get hooked up, I would have easily averaged \$75 a day.

I stuck to my normal cheap strategy in Denmark. I cooked nearly all my meals at home after shopping at Copenhagen's cheapest grocery store, Netto. The rare instance I ate out was at one of the Middle Eastern kebab shacks that are located about every quarter block throughout the city. For approximately \$6 you can get a decent-size meal that will give you gas the next day. Double meat gives you double gas. My only other indulgence were Big Corny trail mix bars that cost \$2 a pop. I also bought a bottle of duty-free scotch

at the airport before arrival that I used for pre-drinking on nights I knew I wasn't going to get hooked up.

My biggest cost savings was in rent. At first I was facing a \$1,500 a month rental cost for a short-term one-bedroom apartment, but then I got lucky on CouchSurfing and found a sublet in a desirable part of town for only \$600 a month (I had one roommate). If you don't mind living with someone, you can keep your budget under \$2,000 a month with basic cost-saving measures.

If you want to swing by for a weekend, you're looking at a \$200 per day expense minimum if you plan to stay in a cheap hotel, eat out, and drink at night. If you stay in a hostel, cook your meals in the communal kitchen, and pre-drink before going out, you should be able to get down to \$100 per day, but you'll likely have logistical problems if you meet a girl who wants to fuck you.

Just as in Iceland, alcohol is prohibitively expensive, but unlike Iceland, the girls don't get as drunk. There you'd at least be surrounded by drunk, easy women, but in Denmark you're surrounded by barely tipsy women who want to start a verbal battle with you because they deem you to be too cocky. Even worse is that the standard serving shot for respectable liquor is only about 0.75 ounces at a cost of \$8. You're looking at \$16 for a shot of liquor you could get back in the States.

Beer is much cheaper, so it's generally the drink of choice for Danes. A pint will be about \$6 or \$7 in regular bars, but you can find it for even less in dives. In clubs, expect to pay over \$8. The two most popular brands are Tuborg or Carlsberg, which taste exactly the same to my untrained palate.

To give you a basic idea of what things cost in Denmark, here's a brief price list of basic items:

Decent lunch: \$18

Crappy beer at snobby club: \$9

Crappy beer at local pub: \$6

Standard American serving of Jameson or decent liquor: \$16

Decent hotel room per night during winter or spring: \$150

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

Apples (per pound): \$1.75

Bus fare (one way): \$3.00

Muffin or cookie at coffee shop: \$6

Small Latte: \$4

While there is pricing variability between Scandinavian countries, you'll find them to be somewhat similar.

The tap water is drinkable, so there's no need to buy bottled water.

Now that you have all the information you need about making it to Denmark without spending your entire wad, let's talk about how to fuck Danish girls.

II

Girls

I'm pretty sure that you have a favorable impression of a Danish woman's attractiveness, since there seems to be a stereotype that they're all of model quality. I don't know how this began, but unfortunately it's not in line with reality. To put it bluntly, they're butt ugly. In my first two days in Copenhagen I didn't see a single chick anywhere in public I considered cute.

Is there some sort of toxic chemical in the water? Did all the hot Danish girls move to New York City? I asked a Danish friend what the fuck was going on. His response: "Wait for the weekend. You'll see some cute girls then!" Words that were far from encouraging. While things did get a little bit better after the initial shock, the improvement was too trivial to have a positive effect on my happiness level.

I'm now giddy with excitement at the thought of being able to destroy the women who gave me very little pleasure. Here we go.

Body & Appearance

Danish girls have thick, stout builds, with Pepsi can bodies and faces that have come into contact with every branch of the ugly tree. They rank up there with the women of Fortaleza, Brazil, as the huskiest women I've ever seen. If you want to have a football player son, I advise you to procreate with a Danish woman. While they're not as fat as American women (who is?), they're definitely not as svelte as their Icelandic counterparts, who can be a little thick themselves.

You'd think they'd be thinner with all that bicycling they do, but they overcompensate with frequent late-night kebab meals and an all-around fatty diet. Just like in America, it's not proper to shame fatties into not being so fat, so Danish people are more likely to attribute someone's disgusting obesity to a glandular problem than from constantly stuffing their pie hole.

I'm still in disbelief that the women of a country can be so ugly. Copenhagen is one of the few large cities I've been in the world where I can go several days without seeing an approachable chick. This was also the case in Bolivia, a place where my dick simply powered down due to lack of arousal.

While you'll still spot cute chicks in the city (somewhere), the average Danish girl is both undatable and unfuckable. You won't be wowed by the women and you won't be changing your travel plans to stay longer. The few girls that are decent looking know they're relatively beautiful and have large flocks of guys surrounding them. The worst part of this is that Danish guys are actually much better looking than the girls. The result is a

surplus of good-looking dudes and a limited supply of hot girls. That means that guys are forced to date down.

It was routine to see decent-looking Danish guys with busted Danish girls, but never the other way around. If I saw a hot Danish girl with a man, he'd always be very good-looking. Unlike girls in Brazil or Poland, there's no reason for a Danish girl to date down because the sexual market is heavily skewed in her favor. Denmark is one of those places like Washington DC where you have to work like a fucking mule to get a 6. The same amount of work in Brazil or Poland would get you an 8.

One feature of the Danish girl that bothered me the most was her masculine walking style. She keeps her arms still while hunching her shoulders over like a wild boar, as if she wants to barrel into something. Sometimes she tilts her head down to add to the masculine effect. I don't know where they learned how to walk, but I can assure you it's not feminine. Denmark is the only place where I got out of the way on the sidewalk if a thick girl was approaching, for fear that I might be injured in a possible collision.

Their tits are of respectable size, but their asses are pancakes, not helped by their love of jeans so baggy that they often have to pull them up. If you're an ass man like myself, you'll be in tears by your second night in Denmark. The fine asses you do end up seeing will probably be owned by a non-Danish girl.

The hottest girls are usually mixed breed daughters of Middle Eastern immigrants. If she's good-looking and has a bit of olive in her, you can bet that she's Danish in culture only. While most foreign girls in Denmark live a normal middle class lifestyle, many are prostitutes shipped in from Africa or Eastern Europe. They walk the streets at night in Copenhagen's Vesterbro neighborhood, where prostitution laws aren't enforced. In Denmark they tend to punish the johns instead of the whores, since the girl is an "unfortunate victim of her environment."

In every country I've been to, prostitutes are bottom of the barrel. They're almost always ugly, filthy whores who would have to pay me to have sex with them. While for the most part this is true in Copenhagen, there were a shocking number of streetwalkers that blew away the Danish women. The hottest girl I saw in my first five days was a sexy Middle Eastern prostitute who walked like a normal woman. I couldn't believe that such an attractive girl had to sell her body. How did she arrive at that predicament? Why couldn't she get a sugar daddy? How much did she charge, anyway?

Later, when I moved into my apartment, a Russian prostitute working in front was usually hotter than all the girls I'd see during a night out. Believe me when I say I was tempted. It seems that in Denmark the hottest girl a guy can get is a prostitute, while in the States the prostitutes serve mostly to provide orgasms. When streetwalkers are hotter than the local women, something is very wrong.

Even the style of Danish women is atrocious. They dress frumpy and dumpy, as if they just checked out of a homeless shelter. For some reason, these girls are big fans of dirty black military-style boots, turd-green or brown jackets (sometimes with a German flag on it), loose clothing, baggy jeans or MC Hammer parachute pants, and mismatched scarves or grandma shawls. Their favorite color is brown, since anything feminine like pink is sexist and breaks Jante Law. They step up their style game at night, but during the

day they look like absolute hell. There seems to be a competition on how plain and unattractive they can make themselves.

For an idea of what I'm talking about, check out the blog Hel Looks (<http://www.hel-looks.com>), a site where some guy takes street photos of people in Helsinki, the capital of Finland. Though the country is different, people dress the same.

On that site you'll notice odd hair styles that are similar to Denmark, as well. Many Danish girls go to a salon and say, "Shave the sides, but leave a bit in the middle." I would estimate that 10–15% of girls have some part of her head shaved, usually only one side. If they elected not to shave it, they sometimes slick it back like in the Robert Palmer music video "Addicted To Love." But even the girls in that video, who were designed to look like emotionless sexbots, are fifty times more bangable than your typical Danish girl.

I have painted a picture of ugly-faced women with thick bodies, flat asses, short (or no) hair, military styling, and a walk that makes you want to get out of the way. In summary, Danish girls would make fine soldiers. Even though Denmark is not a militant nation, if World War III breaks out, the government can call upon these female Scandinavian warriors to fight for their country. Since they're not busy looking like real women, they'll find adapting to life in the army most agreeable. If you like rough and tumble army chicks who can possibly open a beer bottle using their hands (and not look sexy doing it), Denmark is the place for you.

Personality & Vibe

Things get even worse when you take personality into account. Danish women possess no flirting ability. They have zero charm and zero allure. Not a feminine drop of blood courses through their veins. They don't know how to treat you well, cook for you, or make you laugh. They don't know how to look sexy. They won't defer to your masculinity. They can fuck you, but no more. What they do have are pussies and opinions you really don't care about hearing. That's it. Denmark takes top prize for having the most unfeminine and androgynous robotic women I've met in the world.

Since she's unable to flirt, a Danish girl doesn't know how to show interest, and thinks that doing so would be showing weakness. She won't go out of her way to make you feel like a man. She's just... there, wasting space in a bar that could be better used by the cute foreign hookers mingling right outside.

Speaking of hookers, I'm not exaggerating when I say they are more charming than Danish girls. They consistently made me smile. On lonely walks home when they approached me for my money, they said things ten times funnier than anything I heard from a Danish girl.

If you're stuck in Copenhagen and want something that reminds you of what a woman should be, your best bet is to find a foreign girl who has been in Denmark for less than one year. Otherwise you'll get yourself a corrupted specimen of a woman that will make you less happy than your run-of-the-mill American girl who insists on wearing flip-flops twenty-four hours a day. It's that bad.

Even the Danish girls who have somehow escaped the corrupting influence of the androgynous culture (she'll probably be from Jutland) will have some random masculine quality that fucks everything up. She'll look good from across the bar, maybe even slightly sexy, but when you interact with her you'll discover that she has a deep voice. Or she has man hands. Or she moves like a man. Or she has a slight mustache. Or she is arrogant like a man. I've met girls in Denmark who were more masculine than me, and I'm the hairiest, horniest motherfucker I know. I'm barely exaggerating when I say that mimicking Danish women has taught me how to be a stronger man.

Initially a Danish girl will be somewhat reserved, but it takes no more than fifteen minutes for her true outspoken nature to shine. Since a Danish girl thinks she's an expert on everything, be prepared to get educated on matters your feeble brain can't possibly comprehend. You're going to hear the wackiest, most liberal opinions you've ever heard in your life (e.g., "The state should supply and inject heroin addicts with pure drug in a safe environment that is also provided by the state"). Take the most liberal shit you learned in college and multiply it by fifty to get a feeling for what you're going to hear in Denmark.

If you don't want to bang a Danish girl, disagree with her. While this may build attraction with American girls, for Danish girls it completely shuts off the pussy faucet. They want the role of the alpha while you're left with the role of the dopey beta. Therefore if you want sex you're best served by simply nodding or asking her more questions so that she talks enough to make your ears bleed. You will hate yourself for doing this.

If you don't like a girl, just question what she says, tell her she's wrong, and enjoy the argument. In Denmark, the girl is always right and it's the guy's job to validate her stupid beliefs long enough to get her into bed. Again, while in America, nodding along won't get you laid, in Denmark it will. She wants an obedient little puppy dog, not a challenge who sees her as the idiot she really is.

Danish girls don't like masculinity, cockiness, or outspoken guys. Because of Jante Law, any attempt on your part to even indirectly show that you're more experienced, knowledgeable, or smarter than her will terminate the interaction. Even if you're definitely more experienced than her (she's likely to only be a student, after all), you must pretend that you're both equal. I don't care if you're ten years older than her and have lived in a dozen locations around the world after succeeding at a million-dollar business built from scratch, but you must treat the stupid opinions of a 23-year-old Danish girl with reverence and respect if you want to get laid. In other words, you have to sell yourself out for pussy.

Yes, I did this. I sold out. I nodded along to a stupid girl's opinions to get laid. I feel ashamed for doing it, but I got my nut every time and never called any of those girls again. Maybe I did come out on top a little.

A big problem is that just about everything offends a Danish girl, especially if you make casual observations about her culture, whether positive or negative. She doesn't believe in stereotypes or generalizations at all. She has the belief that everyone is a completely unique snowflake and any attempt to generalize is wrong and offensive. The irony of this is that Danish people are so incredibly homogenous and alike due to Denmark being a strong conformist culture that they're the easiest people to generalize about. When girls told me not to generalize, and I noticed that they were basically carbon

copies of one another, I concluded it was a case of the lady doth protest too much. If you interact with one Danish girl, you might as well have interacted with them all.

The thing that pissed me off the most about Danish women was their hypocrisy. Like I mentioned earlier, they will bash anything non-Danish, expecting you to sit there and take it, but the moment you make even a mild criticism about their culture, they're ready to call the police.

For example, it was common for a Danish girl to joke that Americans like cheeseburgers and French fries. She's indirectly saying that Americans are fat. I get it, and I don't care, because Americans are fat and I personally love cheeseburgers and French fries. I would counter her observation with one of my own by saying, "We love hamburgers, but you guys like the kebabs. Those places are everywhere." Pretty innocuous comment, right? Wrong. The Danish girl gets offended and counters with, "No, Danish food culture is quite varied. You're not looking hard enough to find other places." Really, bitch? There would be no less than four kebab shacks within a stone's throw.

There are so many kebab shacks in Copenhagen that if an alien landed in Denmark he'd conclude that kebabs, shawarmas, and gyros have been Danish cuisine staples for thousands of years. I'd ask Danish people what their typical cuisine is and they'd give me an answer like "thick wheat bread with meat on it." In other words, sandwiches. Yeah, real indigenous. They'd rather die than admit that a "stupid American" got them pegged.

It's the girls' denial of reality (in exchange for an ultra-liberal worldview) that made it least enjoyable to spend time with them. They use conversation as a way to display the superiority of their beliefs, not hesitating for a second to immediately strike down anything you say. While she has a right to do that, the real-world effect is that blood rushes out of your penis. Talking to a Danish girl has the same effect on your dick as going for a dip in a cold swimming pool.

I could bite my lip for a couple hours just to get my dick wet, but the second after I ejaculated I could no longer put up with it. This means that I didn't get one repeat bang during my entire stay in Denmark, simply because I couldn't tolerate the girls any longer.

I had to "reset" my tolerability clock by hitting on new pussy, which unfortunately was almost exactly the same as old pussy. I was miserable. I dealt with my predicament by offending as many girls as I could and getting them ensnared in my "you're a hypocrite" trap. My favorite bit was to say how Danish girls were the least feminine I've ever met and how I couldn't wait to leave such an androgynous country. I got more satisfaction from bitching out Danish girls than actually fucking them, because one made me feel like a man and the other a pathetic sellout.

Sadly, the dynamic of insulting girls instead of banging them was similar to what I had with American girls, though at least the latter liked masculine, outspoken guys. If you're a sniveling beta male, Denmark could be your heaven since you have the vibe that Danish girls like, but if you respect yourself and have trouble keeping your mouth shut when people are bullshitting you, Denmark will not be pleasant.

Types Of Danish Girls

There are only three types of Danish girls that I've noticed: the perma-student, the older woman, and the mom.

You know those people that have been students for what seems like forever, always working on a master's or PhD? That's your first category, the perma-student. Since the government pays for education, a Danish person would be stupid not to achieve the highest level possible, especially since in Denmark there is a strong correlation between years of education and income.

It will be rare to meet a girl under 26 who has a full-time job and is not in school at least part time. It's great that she's investing in her future, but the problem for you is that liberal universities destroy a woman's femininity. The more years she spends in them, the less likely she will be able to please you, physically and emotionally.

Since Danish girls spend much more time in universities than American girls, I'm sad to conclude that American girls are more feminine than Danish girls. Yes, it's true, I've found a species that is even more masculine than American women. After accounting for the fact that Danish girls aren't as slutty as American or Icelandic girls, I hope you're beginning to see that we have a real problem on our hands.

An annoying feature of the perma-student is that she has a chip on her shoulder. Even though she hasn't worked a hard day in her life and has had her hand held by the government every step of the way, she thinks her education has given her everything she needs to know about the world, including your own country. She thinks that her time in school is a superior substitute for real-life experience.

I had cases where, in the process of obtaining sex from a Danish girl, she said some outrageous shit that offended my sensibilities so greatly that I had to terminate the interaction by telling her what a retard she was. It's a bad sign when an American has to tell someone of another country they're being arrogant, since we're generally the most arrogant assholes on Earth.

The second type of Danish "girl" is the older woman, starting at 30 years of age. She's finally done with school and ready to settle down, but is finding it harder to get guys since she has zero femininity units left (she used them all up during the decade she spent in college). The main problem is that her looks have faded and she never lost the freshman twenty. She's reduced to trolling Internet dating sites with high contrast photos that hide what the unmerciful hands of time have done to her face.

While I don't like older women, in Denmark they were great for breaking slumps since getting them into bed was easier and more straightforward with less flakiness. This type of girl is easiest to fuck, but you'll regret it in the morning. I know I did.

The final type of Danish girl is the mom. While she can be young, I usually saw them in their late twenties. Motherhood has reignited her femininity and she will probably be more pleasing than her motherless counterparts. You will find the occasional MILF, but expect to see some serious degradation to her face.

You're most likely going to encounter the perma-student during your stay, especially if you head to popular bars and clubs for gaming at night. I find that younger girls who are

around 21 will be the most enjoyable to talk to because they aren't as outspoken. The sweetest and kindest girls I talked to were all young.

The worst girls are around twenty-five, an age when they think they know everything. They will be the first to call you out on your game or to give you shit. By the second week in Copenhagen I got into four heated arguments with Danish girls after two months in Iceland without having one. I'm sure that your most pleasant interactions will come from the youngest girls you can find.

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 another. First let me share the numbers from previous countries, from easiest to hardest:

Iceland: 40

United States: 45

Brazil: 50

Colombia: 60

Argentina: 90

From these numbers, we can conclude that a man has to do twice as many approaches to get laid in Argentina than the United States.

I attempted to count how many approaches to get my first bang in Denmark, but I stopped counting at around 50. I estimate I didn't fuck until approach 70 or so, which for a liberal Scandinavian country is contrary to what you'd expect. The problem was that I was using Icelandic "last call game," where I approached at the end of the night and tried to get a quick venue change to my shack. This is not the optimum game for Denmark. Once I learned that an American-style game of long conversation was more ideal, the bangs started coming in consistently, at around 20–30 approaches per bang. However, the quality was average, hovering around the 6 range.

Danish girls are moderately slutty when you connect with them, but the problem is forming the connection. I found it very hard, even when I was faking chemistry. However, the one-night stand was simple when the girl was both into me and not eager to ride her bicycle home. Danish girls have absolutely no problems fucking quickly.

Therefore I would give Denmark an approach index of 50, meaning it's a bit harder than the United States and of equal difficulty to Brazil. Keep in mind that you'd get higher

quality in Brazil than in Denmark, so these numbers alone don't account for your happiness level with the women you do end up banging.

While the approach number for Denmark isn't particularly high, it will take you quite a while to find 50 decent-looking girls to approach. Unless you lower your standards considerably, I don't think you will get your flag in a ten-day trip that encompasses two weekends. For that reason, I simply can't recommend Denmark at all for a sex vacation. The girls aren't hard, but the quality is too low, and once you do find a good-looking chick she'll either be taken or surrounded by a ring of dudes trying to get in on it.

In case you do find an alright chick, I want to discuss some game tips for banging her.

III

Game

There are three primary game strategies you can use: Internet game, day game, and night game. In Denmark they all suck. The Internet is full of ugly girls, there are few good-looking girls out during the day, and ditto can be said of night. Even though it's all-around crap, let's try to make it work anyway.

Internet Game

The main dating site for Denmark is Dating.dk (<http://dating.dk>). For about \$30 a month you can have full messaging privileges along with the ability to see who views your profile (the site is in Danish, so use Google Chrome to translate everything).

I would start using it two weeks prior to your arrival. Take a nice-guy angle by listing a handful of fun attributes without bragging (remember Jante Law). Cocky profiles do not work, as I laughably found out.

State in your profile how you're moving to Copenhagen (even if it's a lie), but don't go overboard by suggesting you're looking for a long-term relationship, wife, or sex slave. Lie about how long you'll be staying in order to get more bangs. In Denmark, I learned that a girl was more likely to come home with me the same night if she thought I was living there permanently (she could rationalize that she wasn't a slut by saying a future relationship was possible).

For your first message, send what you'd normally send on dating sites, or ask for some type of tourist help, like in my standard message below:

Hi Susanne,

I'm coming to Copenhagen 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 Denmark?

Roosh

The first paragraph is the same for all girls and the second is customized to what's in her profile. The customization portion can be short; it's just to show 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 she replies and goes out of her way to help you, remark on how you don't know many Danish people and then ask if she wants to meet for a drink. No need to beat around the bush, since Danish girls are very comfortable with online dating. The important thing you must remember is not to be cocky. It's okay to be funny or playful, but don't tease her. Danish girls can't handle it, even at night after drinking.

The quality is so low online that I barely used it, but if you're short on time and not spending more than two weeks in the country, it's worth a shot.

Day Game

The biggest day game cockblocker ever invented is the bicycle. Most girls will be whizzing by you, making it impossible to talk to them unless they fall off (I saw it happen twice). For the few remaining girls on foot, the quality is awful. You can walk around forever until finding something worthy of an attempt.

It will appear that the girls riding by you are more attractive than girls you see on foot. This is an illusion. The bicycle girls are going fast enough that you can't see their flaws. If you camp out next to a street corner to spy on riders stuck at a red light, you'll see that they're just as ugly as the pedestrians.

Even malls, a usually high-quality venue for day approaching, are no good in Denmark. I found myself walking aimlessly in circles on the mall concourse for the chance to approach just one cute girl who was alone. I had no choice but to lower my standards on these outings so I didn't return home without at least putting in an attempt. Compare that to a mall in Poland, where there are so many rich targets that my cock takes on a golden coating, becoming much more selective about which girl to approach.

You may think I'm joking about how low Danish quality is, but I'm not. I've stayed up at night thinking, "Is it possible that I'm wrong, that Denmark really has beautiful girls but I'm just not seeing them? Should I get new contact lenses?" If you're an experienced

man who has traveled a bit to slay pussy, I'm confident that Denmark will be at or near the bottom of your list.

Since a Danish girl never gets approached during the day, she won't make it easier for you. She'll walk at a fast pace, sit on the opposite side of the café, and do things under the assumption that—whether she thinks you're attractive or not—daytime is not the time to meet people. Eye contact will be sparse and much more brief than what you'll get at night.

Therefore you may think that the girls would be more like the ones in Iceland, wholly closed off to the idea of meeting guys during the day, but I was surprised at how receptive they actually were. For them it was deliciously novel for a foreign man to chat them up. While they will be mostly silent for the first couple of minutes, they're able to open up in a way similar to American women. For this reason, I recommend day game above Internet game as a source of potential bangs.

I did get a few numbers from the mall and street, but the only venue I got a day bang from was the coffee shop. In Denmark, the coffee shop culture is similar to the U.S., where people go with a book or laptop to camp out for a couple hours. You can open girls with the standard coffee shop openers I describe in Day Bang (<http://www.bangguides.com>) and then get her number after she asks two personal questions about you.

Play the confused tourist angle where you ask questions you may already know so that she invests herself in the interaction. My favorite line in Denmark to open up conversations was simply, "I'm still getting used to Denmark. The culture here is very interesting." She'd usually follow with questions about where I was from and how long I planned on staying. To set up a date, standard text messaging game will apply.

I didn't explore the universities. Each school had multiple campuses and it wasn't obvious where to find the large food courts with dense seating that would make day approaching worthwhile. Forgive me for slacking off on the research by not digging around the campuses (or visiting Aarhus), but most of the time in Denmark I preferred reading a book than dealing with the women.

Night Game

Night game should be any strapping young man's bread and butter. There's no reason why he shouldn't be able to visit a bar or club to pull pussy for the night. Unless every venue is a fucking sausage fest.

Going by my hypothesis that all the attractive women left Denmark to pursue a modeling career, what remains is tons of sausage. It was rare to see less than a 2:1 ratio of males to females, but often it was much higher. The only time I experienced a favorable ratio was when I mistakenly went to a lesbian bar. The amount of sausage was close to unbelievable, and definitely worse than Washington DC.

Another negative hit to night game is that most bars allow smoking. It wouldn't be so bad if there were actually decent women amid the clouds of smoke, but that wasn't the case. My typical night in Copenhagen was drinking in a smoky bar with a ton of dudes and ugly, masculine girls.

The optimum night game to have is this: nice guy who approaches a lot and isn't shy about going for the one-night stand. I understand that this is a bit contradictory, since nice guys don't go for one-night stands, but that's the best way I can put it. Be aggressive about approaching and sealing the deal, but be passive and slightly meek while in conversation. It's better to be a generic, neutral, pleasant guy who wishes for world peace than one who has strong opinions and wants to share deep wisdom gleaned from a lifetime of rich experiences. Don't rock the boat if you want to get laid in Denmark.

So what do you talk about? What do you share opinions on? Anything but Denmark. If you want to talk about Denmark, frame it so that you're asking her for help, not that you're sharing observations. From a getting-laid standpoint, being self-deprecating about your own country to fit her stereotypes is much better than criticizing hers.

What I ended up doing was complimenting the things about Denmark I liked: the kebab shops and the cradle-to-grave services. I lamented how I didn't have health care and how everything in Denmark seemed fair. This went over really well because it validated the superior feelings she had about her country. She would then modestly bash Denmark so that Jante Law karma was preserved. Simply nod your head as if you're a student of her land (nodding is tight game in Denmark, if you haven't already figured out).

It was easy for me to stick to the nodding strategy for short periods of time, but the real Roosh would leak out eventually and offend the girl. I remember once I told a Danish girl that girls in Iceland have a lot of "slut guilt" from sleeping with guys so quickly (an innocuous statement, no?). She responded by yelling at me about how I'm wrong and that Icelandic girls are not sluts and everyone should be able to sleep with everyone. While I agree I shouldn't have gone into that line of conversation, she reacted as if I had just called her mother a whore. Apparently in Denmark the insinuation that any girl could be a slut is a capital offense. Needless to say, I didn't fuck that girl.

To get along great with Danish girls, I would have to regress to a beta male, which is what I was back in the year 2000. Even if Danish girls were worth making that change for, which they're definitely not, it would take years of work to go back to being a scared little boy. In other words, if you're an alpha male, you'll only be able to make window dressing adjustments that will still put you far away from having the optimal nice guy game to connect with Danish women.

Even if you keep your nod game tight and don't accidentally turn girls off with comments that seem innocent to you, there's no guarantee you'll be sexually successful. There were too many times where I saw a Danish guy with top 1% nod game only get a chick's number before watching her ride home alone on her bicycle. While I do think a nicer Roosh would have gotten laid more in Denmark, I'm skeptical if it would have caused me to love the country instead of hating it with all my being.

I constrained my alphaness as much as possible when I wanted to fuck, but I furiously unleashed it when a mediocre girl tried to assert her superiority over either me or

my country. I'm not a patriotic American, but I let those bitches have it by elevating my voice, pointing my finger at them in an aggressive manner, and using sound logic to destroy their arguments. The look on their faces was priceless because up to that point no one in their entire lives had ever used the phrase "you're wrong." Even though many nights I went home alone and jerked off (after briefly considering whether or not I should bang the hot Russian prostitute), I fell asleep with a smile on my face.

My experiences with Danish women were being contradicted by five Danish guys. They told me stories of laying Danish girls with the ease that I had experienced in Iceland, yet oddly their actions didn't match those tales.

The only girl that my Danish friend, Henrik, fucked during my stay was from Poland. His friend tried to give me shit when I complained about Danish women, saying that maybe they didn't like me (something I never contested), but the only girl he fucked was from Norway.

My friendly roommate, who painted a picture of Danish girls as being easy, went on a tough cold streak. To get out of it, he had to bang a Brazilian girl while vacationing in another country. His friend was the most vocal of all about the easiness of Danish girls, bragging that he once got laid four nights in a row at some bar, yet he couldn't explain why he was at our house hitting on the ugly CouchSurfers my roommate was inviting. If Danish men had it so good, why would they use CouchSurfing to get sex, a site that is well known for its sub-par women? The only girl he ended up fucking during my stay was a chubby French girl that I had passed on.

Finally there was the Danish guy I met from my forum who also said that Danish girls were easy and that he was killing it left and right. A couple weeks after meeting him, he bragged, "That night I met you I ended up fucking the girl you saw me with." That girl was from Iceland.

At least for the first four guys, I'm sure I fucked more Danish girls during my stay in Denmark than all of them combined, in spite of their hype. This seemed to be a typical case of not listening to what local guys say about their women. If you want to get to the bottom of things, ask them to demonstrate their skill or to show you pictures of recent girls they have fucked. Ask them how many girls they fuck a year. Ask them if they do it from cold approaching or via their social circle.

After quizzing Danish men, it turned out that the average guy fucks two or three Danish girls a year through their social circle, Internet, or university. My roommate is still inviting CouchSurfers to stay for free in the hope of sleeping with them. Henrik is still going after foreign girls (when I left, he was working on a Moroccan). His friend is still holding on to the Norwegian chick for dear life.

Whether or not Danish guys know how to fuck their own women, the truth of the matter is that they don't know how to do it from approaching. You can ignore just about everything they tell you about how to get their women, especially since their strategy, if you want to call it that, takes a lot of time and social circle legwork.

When To Go Out

Denmark is one of those wait-for-the-weekend places. Early in the week the main action occurs in bars where groups of friends sit at tables, a setup that's not conducive to bar pickups. Things start to get going on Thursday night and then explode on the weekend, with Saturday being the best night to go out. Many establishments are flexible with their closing times, but generally they shut down between 2–3:00 a.m. on Thursday nights and 4:00 a.m. on weekend nights.

While Thursday can be quiet, it's a night where you can get lucky and see favorable male-to-female ratios. I remember one Thursday night spot with so many girls that I thought it was dyke night (it wasn't). Around 10:00 is a good time to venture out.

Weekend nights don't get going until around midnight, but I advise you to head out no later than 11:00 to take advantage of better ratios. Denmark is similar to the States in that girls come out first and then guys flood in later. If you can get something going with a girl by midnight, you'll be golden, but if you roll into a spot at 3:00 a.m. with the hope of doing some Icelandic-style last call game, you'll be disappointed to find four guys for every girl.

Approaching

Indirect game will be your best bet, since the girls are so cold that they won't know how to handle your direct game. The good thing about Denmark is that the indirect approach style I use in the States remains effective. Feel free to bring out your more creative openers.

My favorite opener, which is simple and works on just about any girl, is: "You don't look like you're from here." Squint your eyes and say she looks Icelandic or Norwegian. Inquire about her ancestral lineage and act surprised that you turned out to be wrong. Playfully ask if she speaks Danish. By that point she should ask where you're from or what you're doing in Denmark (if not, she's not interested). Girls will ask where you're from pretty early in the conversation.

Be a little bit careful about giving too many humorous responses to the personal questions she asks, because Danish girls are very sensitive to cocky humor. By not answering directly, she may think you're making fun of her, thereby breaking Jante Law. My advice is to give one playful answer and then calibrate to see if she went along with your joke or not.

When a girl asked me what I was doing in Denmark, I would say, "I bought a farm in Jutland. It's always been my dream to be a farmer." Some girls would give me a stone face, as if saying, "Look, asshole, just cut the shit and tell me what the fuck you're doing here." In that case, if you still want to talk to her, you'll have to be more "boring" with your conversation by giving direct answers. The younger girls usually get taken in by humorous responses, which you can milk for a while before revealing the truth.

As I mentioned earlier, it would be in your best interest to lie about how long you're in the country. If you're staying in an apartment, say, "I live here" without telling her your departure date. If you're staying at a hotel, say, "I'm here for the weekend to find an apartment. I plan on moving here in a few weeks after a quick trip to so and so."

Morally this is "wrong" and you're a "horrible" person if you choose to lie, but I'm in the camp of the ends justifying the means. I want sex and I know a strategic lie will help me get it without causing permanent damage to the girl, so I'll lie and we'll have a good romp and then go on with our lives. No big deal. Don't worry: she won't fall in love with you after you bang her. She'll forget about you in a couple weeks, just like you will her.

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 observations about what you've noticed. Yet another opener can be to inquire if the bar or club will be playing a certain type of music, like hip hop or salsa.

Opening girls should be easy for you, because your opener will be "normal" and not some of the lame shit Danish guys say or do. They approach toward the end of the night with stupid drunk game, increasing female bitch shields as the night goes on (this is another reason why I advise going early).

One time I saw a Danish guy open a girl by getting on his hands and knees and crawling between her legs. He went through, stood up, and tried to dance with her, but the frightened girl quickly rebuffed him. I almost dropped the drink out of my hand from pure shock. That's the level of game you'll have to beat in Denmark.

Special Routines

I used two hater routines in Denmark when I didn't like a girl and wanted to piss her off.

The hypocrite routine was meant to trap a girl who was trying to call me out for generalizing about Denmark. Early in a conversation, I'd make one of my observations about the country with a barely perceptible tone of annoyance. I'd say, "I've noticed that everyone in Denmark likes to wear earthy colors, like doo-doo brown and dark green. Also, the girls here are big fans of dirty military boots." The girl would get annoyed at that statement because I used the word "everyone." There is nothing a Danish girl hates more than when you generalize or stereotype, especially her own gender.

After she told me I needed to open my eyes to the awesomely unique and androgynous Danish style, I would offer a pseudo-apology: "I guess you're right. I shouldn't be so quick to judge."

Let a couple minutes go by then tell her you're planning a trip to Poland. Say, "I hear the girls there are very nice and charming." Since Danes look down on Poles, she'll say something to the effect that Poles are dumb, trashy, or ugly. Now you've got the bitch. Say, "You're stereotyping an entire country even though you criticized me for doing the

same just a couple minutes ago. Are all Danish girls hypocrites?” Before she can respond, finish her off by saying, “In America, there’s nothing we hate more than a hypocrite.” Shake your head sideways as if you pity her, then turn away. Fatality. While I don’t expect women to have much in the way of character, they should at least be consistent.

I’d use the feminine routine when I found myself in a conversation with a girl who turned out to be especially masculine. While I don’t approach girls who are masculine, sometimes it took a minute or two of talking for her manly glory to reveal itself with stiff body language, husky voice, or aggressive conversation style.

When a masculine girl asked me what I was doing in Denmark, I’d say, “I’m here to find a wife.” She’d chuckle and then I’d add, “I heard that Danish girls were the most sexy and feminine in the world, but that hasn’t turned out to be the case.” Then I’d look her straight in the eye and say, “I find that Danish girls are the least sexy and least feminine. They act like men. In fact, some of them are more masculine than I am.” Zing!

Let it soak in for a couple seconds, then finish her off by saying, “But at least they’re easy to get into bed. If it wasn’t for that, I would have left a long time ago.” Again, use this on a girl you don’t want to fuck. If you’re not sure whether you want to fuck her or not, leave out the “easy to get into bed” part.

This routine comes pretty close to ruining her night, but it depends on if you do it with a smile or not (I didn’t). I had so much resentment toward Danish women that I tried to destroy as many of them as I could in order to make the world a better place.

Conversation & Escalation

Starting conversations will be pretty easy because of your exotic status. Color me surprised at how interested girls were to know that I was from America (apparently not a lot of Americans visit Denmark). The fact that we’re in Denmark, when most Americans don’t even know that Denmark is a country, helps set us apart from our countrymen.

Once your exotic novelty wears off after the first five minutes of the approach, it becomes a matter of trying to build the connection that’s necessary for bangs. This is especially true if you happen to like feminine, sweet women who don’t try to bust your balls every other minute. Since it was so hard for me to fake a connection with a Danish girl, it was inevitable that my approaches would degrade into petty arguments.

It didn’t help that I’d usually get cockblocked during the rare times when things were going well, almost with the same frequency as in America. Danish girls have such a hardcore feeling of loyalty towards each other that they’re reluctant to ditch their girlfriends for a chance to get laid. More than anywhere else I’ve visited, it seemed like maintaining group cohesion throughout the night was important, whereas in America most nights end with some type of drama of who left who and whether Stacy is so drunk again she’s going to be a slut and fuck some guy without a condom. Even Danish guys had this group cohesion, sacrificing their own dick for the sake of being a “good” friend. Morons.

Just like in America, I recommend you feel for the kiss on the same night you meet. If you're at a bar during the weekend where alcohol is involved and you're having a conversation that isn't interrupted often, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't get a kiss from a girl under the two-hour mark. For an average Danish girl, two hours is a sweet spot for the length of time it takes to kiss her, assuming she likes you and you know what you're doing.

I'd be hesitant to go for the number unless you get at least a kiss. Otherwise you're going to run into the same dating problems as in the States with girls who either don't reply or flake out on dates. If you're going to live in Denmark, feel free to build a collection of numbers to text during the week, but otherwise Danish girls are perfectly capable of one-night stands, which was the sole source of my bangs. In any country I visit, the more I assume that girls are down with one-night stands, the more of them I get, whether that's the reality or not. Luckily for us, in Denmark that is the reality.

The biggest problem in getting one-night stands is logistics. Since all girls ride their bicycles to the bar or club, it becomes a pain in the ass for them to ditch the bike, go home with someone, and then pick it up the next morning. For a guy, having to pick up his bicycle the morning after getting laid is no big deal, but girls are overly worried about their precious hipster bikes and deathly averse to taking an expensive cab (medium-length rides are more than \$20 US). One thing you can do is suggest that both of you ride to your place, but if she lives far from you, she'll be resistant. Only if she is really horny will she be willing to overcome bad bicycle logistics, which is already stacked on top of the group loyalty problem I just mentioned.

The best logistical solution to the bicycle problem is to live within walking distance of where her bike is parked. When it's time to go for the afterparty move by inviting her over for a drink, you'll state how you live only "five minutes walking distance" away. The hamster in her brain likes this because she knows that regardless of what happens in your place, she won't be far from her bike.

Therefore when it comes time to game at night, go to spots that are near your place, even if it's not as good as a more distant spot. More than half of the battle in banging a Danish girl from night game is logistics, so get that settled from the start. When she asks where you're staying early in a conversation, you better believe she'll note your "down the street" answer in her head.

The afterparty move in America or Iceland is straightforward and effective. You say, "How about you come over for a quick drink before going home?" Even though the girl knows you're going to try to get into her pants, she'll play along with the notion that you only want to have a drink. I found that Danish girls, on the other hand, are more sensitive about coming over for a "drink." They think that if they accept, they have to have sex with you. Denmark was the only place where I repeatedly got girls right to my front gate who then refused to come inside.

Instead of inviting her for a drink, change it to something more innocent, like tea or coffee. I'm aware how ludicrous it is to invite a girl for tea at 5:00 in the morning after you've been necking at a bar, but that's what you'll need to do.

Another move to use is the drop-off excuse. Say that you need to drop something off at home, grab a quick bite to eat, or change your clothes before venue changing to another bar. This is best used if you meet a girl early in the evening.

The drop-off excuse is how I got my first Danish bang after getting flummoxed at the gate several previous times. I met the woman at night in a coffee shop and suggested a venue change to a club nearby. She agreed, but I told her that I had to drop off my bag first. She walked the short distance home with me and once she was in my place, I raped her. Just kidding. What I did was settle in and turn on some music before serving her a “quick drink before going to the club.” The drink turned into sex. After I busted my nut, she asked me if I still wanted to go to the club. I laughed.

Long-Form Dating

If you’ve dated in America, you’ve dated in Denmark—it’s just about the same shit. Text a girl two to four days after meeting her to plan for a first date around Wednesday at a bar near your place. Run your standard game without any cockiness and escalate from there.

Danish girls definitely open up more after they’ve known you for a while, so don’t worry if you’ll run out of things to say or not. Just let her tell you all her crazy opinions while nodding and casually touching. Go for a venue change to your place at the end of the night or try to weasel your way into hers.

The bright side is that girls are sincere in insisting to pay their share, unlike the fake “Oh I can pay” thing American girls do. Danish girls feel empowered in being able to afford their own alcohol, and thankfully the chance of banging her won’t go down if she contributes like may be the case with American girls. Being too heavy-handed with your insistence to pay the entire check actually breaks Jante Law because you’re implying that she’s poor or that you have more money than her. Let her pay.

Additional Game Analysis

Social circle is the main way Danish people get laid. One-night stands happen more from mutual introductions than cold approaches. If you’re able to get into a nice circle of attractive Danes, by all means do so, but this isn’t a viable option if you’re staying short-term, especially since it’s not particularly easy to make new friends. If having friends is important to you, room with a Danish person instead of living alone.

Not surprisingly, social proof has very potent effects. By social proof, I mean already being with pretty girls in the bar. While you can still pick up while going out solo, I noticed a strong increase in the amount of eye contact I received while with a girl who had a romantic interest in me. Here’s an example that I wrote on my blog:

I approached a blonde sitting next to me. She was just okay, a 6.5, but for Copenhagen that's quite decent. She also had a shockingly large, round ass, and I'm not exaggerating when I say I got an instant boner after putting my hand on it. Since she passed my boner test with flying colors, I was ready to call upon my troops to do everything possible to make it happen. Over the next two hours, not one, not two, not three, but four other girls approached me without any fear or hesitation. I was stunned by their aggressiveness.

Nothing like that has ever happened to me in America. Following my basic tip of going early will help you on this front, because by the time the bar peaks, you'll already be having a conversation with a girl that will be noticed by other girls. Your future approaches will go over slightly better as a result. The strange part of this is that talking with a borderline ugly girl didn't hamper the social proof effect (girls who were better looking would still check me out hard). Danish girls definitely prefer guys who are already with girls.

This is probably why Danish guys love university bars so much—they'll automatically know a lot of people. The typical university bar is sort of like a co-op managed by students, where a specific major can book it for a night of partying. For example, on Tuesday the bar will be for psychology students, and on Friday it will host an economics party. If you can get contacts in Denmark who know the schedule for parties where women will be the dominant gender (social sciences, languages), you can experience the best sex ratios in the city.

If you're just passing through the city and don't know anyone, a university bar won't be a source of poon for you. It's the type of place where you must know someone connected to the school or you'll look like a party crasher. One way to access this resource is to make friends with young Danish students on CouchSurfing.

Your best bet in Denmark is to go to bars located near your lodgings before midnight and confidently approach with a friendly nice guy vibe. If the conversation lasts over an hour, start thinking about the kiss, perhaps suggesting some dancing as a way to make it more likely to happen. Wait until the end of the night to venue change back to your pad with a subtle excuse that doesn't hint at the fact that you want to pummel her vagina. Don't get cocky, don't make fun of Denmark, and don't rely on phone numbers. While this strategy won't lead to rock star numbers, it will get you laid with average girls.

There are three more topics I want to discuss before sharing some stories.

Danish Guy Game

Your male competition won't be strong as much as numerous. Danish guys have negative game and offer no threat to a foreign man who has it. Most of them don't approach unless they're drunk, and when they do it's the kind of weak-ass shit you may have seen in high school. When you see a guy talking to girls in the bar, it's due to his social circle, not from a ballsy approach.

The big problem is that they flood the bars in such high numbers that they destroy all semblance of a balanced sex ratio. They raise the egos of the remaining girls, making them think they're prizes. Since the guys are better looking than the women, the ugliest of Danish girls can hold out for her prince because the dating market says she can. In other words, Denmark is one of those places where a 6 thinks she's an 8. She gets away with it because guys get pussy whipped for her as if she actually is an 8.

The funniest thing about Danish guys is that they had no problem approaching me, and believe me when I say I don't put out a welcoming vibe at the bars. Never in my life have I been approached by so many heterosexual guys than in Denmark. They're so starved for social interaction—yet so chicken shit to approach women—that they resort to approaching the obvious foreign guy who's alone. I had to develop a bitch shield of my own to ward them off.

Girls approached me, too, but unless I had social proof, it tended to be lower quality 5s that I didn't want to sleep with. Only in Iceland did I get approached by more reasonable-looking chicks that I wanted to take to bed.

The Race Factor

One good thing about liberal nations like Denmark is that they have less negative stereotypes of minority races. Liberal guilt prevents a Danish girl from immediately snapping her vagina shut just because the guy approaching her is a minority. Therefore Asian, Indian, and black guys who are Westernized will see far less sexual prejudice in Denmark than in America. The result is that she'll give you an honest chance. If you happen to have game, your odds of getting her into bed are no lower than a white guy's.

A surprise group that did well was Middle Eastern guys who "acted" Danish or Western. While there were tons of Middle Eastern dudes who were loud and obnoxious while wearing baggy jeans and hip-hop clothing, the ones who cleaned up their look didn't have problems with Danish girls.

The guys who did the best were black guys with a non-African accent. They seemed to do better in Denmark than even in Iceland, since I rarely saw one in a bar without a girl on his arm. While it was common to see shady African guys walking around late at night, it was rare to see sharply dressed black guys in bars.

It's hard to specifically comment on how the other minorities would do since there were so few of them, but I suspect Latinos should pull at above-average rates. They generally do well in European countries where the average local is pasty like a white sheet of paper.

The Style Factor

Danish women do not have style, even though they think they do. You'll be disappointed at how sloppy the girls dress, especially during the day. It was rare to be at a club and catch sight of a chick dressing so sexy that I had to bite my knuckles (and if it happened, she wasn't from Denmark). Everything will be earthy, hipster shit straight out of a Salvation Army thrift shop, sometimes just one level short of muumuu fashion.

That said, I did notice a big jump in how much attention I got when I went GQ. The outfit I wore that got the best response was black dress shoes, snug black jeans, black collared shirt, and a black knit tie with a touch of red coloring. Girls would either compliment that outfit or make fun of it, but even in the latter case it served its purpose if a conversation developed. One girl bashed it without a hint of humor, saying I looked lame, but then I fucked the shit out of her a couple hours later, suggesting that her teasing was a failed attempt at flirting.

The average Danish guy dresses respectably (slightly better than American guys), so if you go the extra mile with your clothing, you'll be rewarded with more looks. This is especially true if you go GQ in simple bars where most guys are wearing t-shirts. In other words, aim for being the best dressed guy in whatever bar you visit. You'll be noticed and probably approached.

IV

Stories

The Ditch Move

My new Danish roommate, a 22-year-old student, figured out that it was a whole lot easier to get laid if he let girls come to him. He set up a CouchSurfing profile that advertised his apartment as being “just a few steps” from the central train station. He sorted through a dozen requests each week from hippie travelers, only responding to cute girls. At first glance, it seemed like the perfect scam to get laid without any effort, but there were two big problems.

The first was that the quality on CouchSurfing was laughably low, comprised mostly of ugly girls who were bottom of the barrel from their respective countries. The second was that their photos were grossly misleading, just like you’d encounter on a regular Internet dating site.

Both factors were in full effect with our first CouchSurfer, a young American girl. She gained entry into our house even though she had the ugliest face I had seen in months. “She looked good in the photos,” my roommate said with a disappointed look on his face.

“You underestimate a woman’s skill in misrepresenting herself on the Internet,” I replied.

Two more female CouchSurfers came the following day—a Russian girl who didn’t like talking and a chubby French girl with a sexy accent who was obviously looking to screw. My roommate and his Danish buddies all competed for the French girl while the Russian and American faded into the background. It was a typical scene of young guys fighting it out for one chick, ensuring that no one would get her (it took a second stay a month later for the French girl to finally get fucked by one of the guys).

I left the crowded apartment to join my original Danish roommate from Rio, Henrik, at a party thrown by one of his friends. His date was a Brazilian girl he’d been trying to seduce for three years. A couple weeks earlier they had masturbated in front of each other on Skype, where she made many positive comments about his penis size. All signs pointed to a bang.

The first thing he said when I arrived at the party was, “I fucked up.”

“What happened?”

“I tried to kiss Camilla, but she wouldn’t let me. Now it’s all ruined.”

“Okay, slow down,” I said. “Tell me what led up to it.”

“We were in the kitchen, standing really close. I looked at her and said, ‘I’m going to kiss you now.’ Then I leaned in, but she turned away.”

“That doesn’t sound that bad. How long had you guys been out before you tried to kiss?”

“About two hours.”

“And she’s Brazilian, right?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“I mean, you were in Rio with me. The girls kissed at way under two hours, and that was without any Skype sex. She has known you for three years, she’s seen your cock, and she didn’t want to kiss? That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Yeah, I don’t get it.”

“It sounds like she’s playing some weird game. Why would a girl go out with a dude on a weekend night unless she’s at least trying to get some action?” I wondered out loud. “I bet that living in Denmark for so long has poisoned her Brazilian vibe. It’s the same thing with Brazilian girls I meet in America. They act colder and more strange.”

“So what should I do?” he asked.

“How are things right now?”

“Well, I pulled back. We haven’t talked in about twenty minutes.”

“Let me think of a plan. You still have options.”

While Henrik moped in the kitchen, looking for alcohol, his friend Paul came up to me with a copy of my book, *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*. Henrik had told him about me and my blog after returning from Brazil.

They’d been talking about the book before I arrived, so the four girls there were eager to meet the guy behind it. They asked all sorts of questions as if I was famous. Unfortunately, they were ugly, but I didn’t mind the attention, since it was the closest I’ll ever get to an official book signing.

“Can you read from the book?” Paul asked.

“You mean read out loud?”

“Yeah, out loud.”

He handed me the book and I scanned for passages a mixed-gender, liberal crowd would enjoy. Should I read the part about when I had explosive diarrhea in the Peruvian mountains? The part when I wet the bed in Bolivia? How about one of the dozens of nights when I masturbated after failing to get laid?

“The book is sexist and foul,” I finally said. “The girls won’t like it.”

He insisted, but I refused. While I’ve always gotten satisfaction in knowing that girls who read my work are offended, I didn’t want to be the center of attention at a party where there was no girl I was interested in.

One ugly girl ended up reading several pages. Then she pulled me aside and asked if I was “arrogant” and “anti-feminist.” She seemed proud to be confronting me, but I just

smiled and nodded my head, refusing to engage her in the debate she'd obviously been mentally rehearsing. It would have just fucked up my mood.

Henrik came up to me looking upset. "Dude, you won't believe what just happened. You know that bottle of Jameson I brought to the party?"

"The bottle that's now empty?"

"Yeah, that one. Camilla still had a glass half full of Jameson. I grabbed her glass to pour some into mine, but she said, 'Stop taking my whiskey!' She yelled at me!"

I scratched my beard. "This is bad," I said. "You're not getting laid tonight."

"I didn't think so."

"First the head-turn, and now denying you whiskey that you brought. She's being cold. A bitch, even."

"Plus she mentioned she may try to meet up with her friends in a bit."

"Wow, that is bad. It's over, bro."

"Damn it." He tightened his mouth and looked down.

"But there is one thing you can do," I said.

"Tell me, please."

"Now there's no guarantee it will work, and for tonight you have to completely forget about getting laid, but it's your best shot at fucking her at some indeterminable point in the future."

"What is it?" He was eager now, and I paused a few seconds to heighten the tension.

"Ditch."

"Ditch?"

"Yup, just leave without saying anything. That drives a girl crazy. She'll blow up your phone and call you a lot of nasty names, but at the same time it will make her pussy incredibly moist like carrot cake. She loves a guy who doesn't want her, and there's nothing like the ditch move to let her know that."

"What does it involve?"

"Tell her you're going to the bathroom, exit the building, then don't answer her texts or calls for at least a day."

"I can't do that. That's so mean."

"That's the whole point, dummy. It's your best bet. Other-wise, I'm afraid she's going to ditch you first. All signs point to that."

I could tell he was torn. He was a nice guy who loved the art of romance now being asked to be a supreme dick. The only reason he finally agreed to my plan was that I had never let him down in the past. Everything I had ever told him worked, especially in Rio, where thanks to me he had fucked his dream girl. He knew it was in his best interest to do exactly what I had told him.

We began putting the plan into action. First, I loudly complained about wanting to go to a bar, but expressed confusion on how to navigate from the residential area we were in. I took out a map and pretended to be studying it.

Then he told Camilla, "I'm going to put him on the right path because he wants to go to some bar. He's a stupid American and he doesn't know how to get there. I'll be right back." Of course he had no intention of returning.

We walked out of the apartment together, hurrying our pace once on the sidewalk. "My heart is pounding," he said.

"Yeah, because you just disrespected the fuck out of someone," I laughed, "but when you do it enough times, you don't even feel anything."

"You're a monster, Roosh."

"Thank you. I consider that a compliment."

We were in line at a rock bar when I advised Henrik to turn off his phone. I was afraid he'd respond if she called.

"Now understand that it's over for tonight. We must meet new girls. Tomorrow night she'll blow up your phone, probably after 6:00."

"Are you sure?"

"While I don't like to guarantee anything involving female behavior, I absolutely guarantee that she'll contact you tomorrow. This move never fails to help a man regain the upper hand."

We waited in line for at least fifteen minutes, pumped at the prospect of meeting some new girls, when suddenly Paul came up to us. "Where did you go?" he said. In the back of the line was everyone from the party, including Camilla.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! What do I do now?" Henrik said.

"Oh, man, you're fucked," I said. "This has never happened before. You weren't supposed to see her for the rest of the night."

"No shit!"

"Did you tell anyone you were coming here?" Copenhagen was too big a city for such a coincidence to occur.

"Well, I told Paul earlier that we should come here."

I shook my head in disgust, wondering if the beta male in him had subconsciously sabotaged the move. We walked into the bar, leaving them still waiting in line.

"Look, just don't make eye contact with her. If she comes up to you, say, 'Yeah I intended to come back, but then I realized we weren't having a good time, so I decided to stay with Roosh. I didn't want to have my whole night ruined.'"

I actually rehearsed it with him twice by pretending to be Camilla. Since asshole game wasn't in him, I didn't want to take any more chances.

Through sheer luck, Henrik recognized a girl he had fucked in the past. He talked to her just long enough for the time it took Camilla to come in and witness it.

Henrik eventually came back to me and said, “Let’s forget the move. I want to talk to Camilla and smooth things over.”

Doing so would have completely demolished the value he had gained from the ditch move, so I convinced him that the best course of action was to leave. I began doubting that he was even capable of running the ditch move to its completion. I felt that giving him the move was like giving a nuclear bomb to a country that didn’t have any missiles to launch it.

We went to a seedy bar close my house. The American bartender hooked me up with a whiskey on the rocks that was filled almost all the way to the top. The first Danish girl I talked to said, “What weak drink are you having? Just ginger ale?” I insisted she take a sip and she nearly choked on the drink, something I thoroughly enjoyed.

It took only three days in Denmark to tell my first Danish girl to fuck off. I put zero effort into tempering my character to better mesh with their combative and aggressive personalities. My beginning game wasn’t trying to figure out how to bang Danish girls, but approaching in huge quantities to find one “normal” girl who wanted to have fast sex with a confident, slightly arrogant man. That turned out to be a fool’s errand.

Attempts to share my stories with them failed because it made it seem like I knew more than they did, breaking the cultural rules set forth in Jante Law. Things got worse when I offered my conclusions or generalizations based on those experiences. I couldn’t even insinuate my positive qualities, which is a big chunk of what seduction is about. The parts of my game that had helped me get laid elsewhere were completely useless when it came to the average Danish girl.

By the night of the party, I had only been in Denmark for two weeks, but I had already started to miss Iceland. It’s true that the girls there don’t have a whole lot to say and are just as combative, but at least they’ll fuck you. I put up with Icelandic girls because I knew I would be rewarded with fast sex, but Danish girls give you a lot of shit before they give up the pussy. Because Danish girls are so alpha, any attempt at being alpha yourself will only lead to conflict. Up to that point, the only cool chick I met out of a couple dozen approaches was a shy girl who lived on a farm.

At the end of the night, I got into a conversation with a girl I immediately pegged as bitter. I held the line and she finally opened up when she mentioned that she painted in her spare time. I took an interest in it and she showed me a picture of one of her most recent paintings on her iPhone. I looked and made a nice comment about the colors. Then she said, “Well I don’t care what you think since I do it for myself.”

I went ballistic. I called her “fucking insane” for showing me something with the intention of discounting any reaction she would receive. I ended my tirade with, “You must be single.” I looked at her friend and said, “Your friend is single, right?”

“Yes.”

Earlier in the conversation, I noticed two Icelandic girls I had talked to earlier, off in the distance smoking cigarettes. I remembered how my Iceland bangs went down: hitting

up a girl at the end of the night for an instant venue change to my apartment. Those girls could smoke on their walk home; they didn't have to wait there. I concluded that they were waiting for a pair of guys to swoop them up.

For some reason, I continued talking to the Danish artist, even though I knew she was a lost cause. By the time of the iPhone moment, the Icelandic girls were gone. I passed on a good opportunity to have sex in order to talk to a girl whose main goal was showing that she didn't care about what I thought.

The next day, Camilla contacted Henrik at 4:30 in the afternoon. He didn't answer, as I had instructed him. She called two more times, and eventually they got into a chat on Facebook. I was online at the same time, telling him exactly what to write. While he regained the upper hand, she was too tough and combative in subsequent encounters, never lowering her aggression to allow humor to bring them back together.

The problem, I told Henrik, was she had become too Danish.

The Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic Girls

One month into my stay, I realized what a horrible mistake I had made by visiting. The girls were actually worse than Americans. Their appearance was sloppier and they didn't respond to cocky or masculine game. It didn't help that my friend Henrik, who was the sole reason I even knew Denmark existed, had met a mediocre Polish girl and disappeared off the face of the Earth.

I'm not one to feel sorry for myself. I'll bitch and complain, but I won't stay home when there is at least a 1% chance that something good may happen. I went out on a Saturday night to a bar called Bakken, which was close to my apartment and not half bad for chatting up girls. I wore my nice dress shoes, black jeans, and a vintage flower shirt that I tell girls was originally my father's. It usually gets a good response.

The first girl I talked to was from Sweden. Her body was quite nice, but she had a moon face I wasn't crazy about. I asked her how late the bar stayed open, my go-to opener at the moment that worked well. We ended up talking.

She positioned herself oddly. She had her body turned 90 degrees away while her head faced me, like a scene from *The Exorcist*. It reminded me of some bad game advice I got in my early days: "Never face your body to a woman." The problem is that it looks ridiculous, like you have some sort of muscle disorder.

"Is there something wrong with your neck?" I asked.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"You're turned all the way around like an owl. It's as if your body and neck aren't communicating with each other." I was facing her, relaxed, with a drink in my hand.

"Oh, no, I'm fine," she said, bringing her body into alignment. One thing I had already noticed about Danish or Swedish girls is that they go out of their way to withhold

interest, as if showing it is weakness. The logical next step of that tactic is to insult you, which is what the Swede was getting ready to do.

“So what’s going on with your beard there?” she asked.

“I don’t know, you tell me.”

“It looks like it takes a lot of time to take care of.”

“Yeah, ten minutes a week. It’s so much time I have to skip meals to maintain it.”

“And your shirt... what’s with all the flowers?”

“I like flowers on my shirts,” I said. “It was my dad’s shirt and I’m honoring him by wearing it. Is that a problem for you?”

“No, no problem.”

“So is this your game?”

“What do you mean?”

“You make fun of guys that you want to have a conversation with. I talked to a Swedish girl last night and she did the exact same thing. For five minutes she insulted me and then afterwards begged me to buy her a drink. I guess flirting and charm haven’t made their way to Scandina-via yet.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

I rolled my eyes. On one hand I wanted to get laid, but on the other I was finding just about every girl to be intolerable.

Surprisingly, the Swedish girl didn’t walk away.

“Why are you here in Denmark?” she asked.

“I get asked that a lot, but honestly I don’t have a good answer. I came to visit a friend, found an apartment for two months, and figured it would be fun to stay, but I hate it and can’t wait to leave.”

“I hate it here, too.”

We developed a bit of rapport until her two cockblocking friends came. Our connection was still too weak for any chance of me getting her out on a date, something I wasn’t crazy about doing anyway. It was one-night stand or bust. The only date I had gone on in Denmark at that point had been so awful that I didn’t want to do it again (the Danish girl gave me life advice the entire time, though I never asked for it).

“Do you want to be friends?” she asked.

“Friends?”

“Yeah, like get a cup of coffee.”

“Sure, if you don’t mind coming to my neighborhood where all the hookers are. I know a couple places.” She gave me her number and then left. I estimated the chances I’d see her again at 20%. Even though she had suggested a hang-out first, I knew that without

at least a sloppy make-out, the odds she'd answer my initial text were low. The less investment on her part, the less likely the interaction would continue.

I went to the bar to order a vodka on the rocks and noticed a sign in Danish. I waited until a decent girl came by and asked her, "Do you know what this sign means?"

"It says: 'No service.'"

"Oh, I thought it meant: 'Don't lean on the bar.' My Danish isn't very strong."

"Where are you from?"

And so it went. A few minutes into the conversation I saw a tall blonde that I recognized. She was an Icelandic girl I had hit on two months before in a Reykjavik bar.

I remembered the night I met her. People were buying me drinks left and right, so when she aggressively asked me to buy her something, I broke my rule and got her a beer, thinking I was pocketing some karma. She told me she was moving to Copenhagen the following day. When I told her I'd wind up there myself, she got excited and suggested I friend her on Facebook.

We flirted for a short while, but then her boyfriend called and she dipped. I sent her a message upon my arrival in Copenhagen, asking if she was still in the city, but I got no response.

She came up to me in the middle of telling the Danish girl that I had bought a farm with chickens and cows in Jutland, screeching, "Hey! I know you!" She gave me a huge hug and pointed to her three Icelandic friends nearby, who were the hottest girls in the bar.

After a minute, she asked me to buy her a drink. I said, "I'm pretty sure I bought you a drink last time. It's your turn now."

"Oh, come on, buy me a drink."

"You owe me a drink," I insisted.

"You want to fuck me, don't you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"I can just feel it. You just want to fuck me."

"Sorry, I'm done with Icelandic girls."

"Well, seriously, buy me a drink then," she said.

She wouldn't back down. Since I didn't want to get into a big battle, I said, "I don't have any money. I just spent it all on my last drink." My pockets were actually flush with cash from a visit to the automat.

I was halfway done with my vodka. The ice cubes had already melted. I like to hold my drink up high, close to my mouth, so I don't have to do a lot of work when I want to take a sip. In a flash, she snatched it from my hand and drank it down in one gulp. Then she slammed the glass on the bar and said, "Well, I'm going to dance with my friends now."

I stared at my open hand, mouth agape, watching her strut onto the dance floor and form a circle with her girlfriends. I felt bullied. I think at this point I should tell you that that she was almost six feet tall with a strong volleyball player build. If we had gotten into a physical fight I wouldn't have come out of it unscathed.

The whole time the Icelandic girl and I talked, the Danish girl had been watching, probably wondering how a beautiful Icelandic girl knew the hairy American man. While I already knew the Danish girl liked me, the social proof I got from having the Icelandic girl steal my drink caused things to move much faster.

I went back to the Danish girl and said, "Sorry for the interruption, that was a friend from Iceland. I wasn't expecting to see her here." She welcomed me back, and five minutes later we were in the hallway making out.

"There's someone I know here I don't want to see," she said. "Can we go somewhere else?"

Perfect. I mentioned that I lived right down the street and that we could grab a drink there, but she suggested another bar.

"Now I have to tell you something," she said, touching my arm. "I'm not going to fuck you tonight. I'm sorry."

Not skipping a beat, I said, "That's cool, we're just hanging out." It was almost common for a girl to say that, but at the next bar, after the eighth time she said it, I started to believe her. She even took on a mocking tone, laughing it up while explaining how I was wasting my time with her and definitely not getting laid.

There was another problem: the newer bar had better lighting. It revealed that she had a dead tooth. One of her lateral incisors was dark brown, almost like mud, and if you caught it at a certain angle it appeared to be missing entirely, which probably would have looked better. I don't have the best teeth in the world, but at least they're uniform in color. Therefore, I could justly judge her for having the dead tooth.

Besides that, there was also the issue of her face. In dark light, I could pretend she was a 7, but in the new bar she was closer to a 5. I had trouble maintaining eye contact. There was no way I'd ever want to take her out again.

As her mocking laughs got deeper, my boner got softer. It was approaching five a.m., and only the after-hours bars, with their 90% male clientele, were still open. I looked around and saw not one approachable girl. Failure was imminent.

"Do you want to go on a boat ride next week?" she asked.

"Boat ride?"

"Yeah it'd be fun. We can see the city."

"I don't do boats. I get motion sickness. Hey, let's head out, the smoke is bothering me."

"Okay, but I'm not going to your place."

"That's fine, but walk me home so the hookers don't paw at me." The hookers actually did paw at me when I was alone.

Once at my gate I asked her if she wanted to come up for a drink. She laughed and said no.

“Okay, well I guess I’ll go to sleep then,” I said.

“So you don’t want to go on a boat ride?”

“No, I’m good.”

“Do you usually hang at Bakken?”

“Yeah, I go there often.”

“So I’ll see you there?”

“Yeah, sure.” I didn’t ask for her number. I probably should have, just to be nice, but her mocking laughter had gotten to me.

“So okay, then. It was really nice to meet you. You’re a cool guy.”

“Thanks. Goodnight.”

She looked upset. She had wasted two hours with a guy who had no intention of valuing her as a human being, and now she was in the middle of the red light district with all the hookers and junkies injecting heroin between their knuckles. I guess I had gotten the last laugh.

A few days later, I texted the Swedish girl. It took her one full day to respond.

Drama, Vodka, Sex, and Blood

Before I came to Denmark, Henrik introduced me to his Swedish fuck buddy over Skype. At that time I was planning to go to Sweden, so he was trying to do me a favor by setting me up with a local. The Swede and I friended each other on Facebook.

Unfortunately, he told her about my blog. It was upsetting to her since she was a diehard feminist, as most Swedish girls are. Our subsequent chats consisted of her bitching me out about my sexist beliefs, so I was forced to remove her on Facebook and block her on Skype. She’ll become important later.

Henrik adamantly refused to take my advice on dating a new dream girl he had met right before I came to Copenhagen. She proceeded to dump him after the second date, before they could do more than kiss. He was much less responsive to my ideas than when we were in Rio. It seemed that spending a year in Copenhagen with his old friends had caused him to fully regress to being a nice guy.

For the first month, Henrik and I went out one or two nights a week, reliving some of our Rio days. We joked about how our friendship was unlikely since we believed essentially the opposite of everything, especially women. He was a romantic beta who wanted a long-term relationship, and I the shallow gash hound who just wanted to fuck something for the night.

Over the next few weeks, I started to develop a mild resentment that he didn't see things the way I did, even when I led by example. How could he not come to the same conclusions I had? Why did he insist on spitting a game that made it harder to get with women? A crack in the friendship developed when one night I got angry at him after he pulled me away from talking to a girl at last call. The reason? He was "bored." He wanted entertainment while I was focused on getting laid.

I tried my best to rationalize how much his friendship meant to me, but now he was doing actual harm. I began to see only the negatives. Instead of bickering with him like my instinct was telling me, I realized that with only one more month remaining in Denmark it would be best to just take it easy until I left. There was no point burning a bridge when in all likelihood our friendship was going to dissipate anyway.

One night I convinced him to go out with me to a bar. He met a tall Polish girl. They connected quickly and the following Friday he invited me out to dinner and drinks with her and her friend. It sounded like a four or five-hour affair, so I asked him to send me a picture of the friend. If she was at least a 6, I'd go. She turned out to be a beast, so I told him, "Thanks, but no thanks."

Then he disappeared. I didn't hear from him in more than a week, even though we had been contacting each other almost every day. He finally messaged me to say he was going on a two-week trip with his buddy Paul to the Middle East.

During the three weeks I didn't see him, I experienced a hot streak. It felt like pussy was falling from the sky. I was getting so much more going out alone than with Henrik as my wingman that I began thinking hard about our friendship. I concluded that we were friends because of my loneliness, not because we were a good match.

In no way did I blame him for not getting laid. I take full responsibility for my sex life, but his absence made me realize that I no longer needed him, or any other guy, to help me meet women. I didn't need a guy to put me in a social mood, and I didn't need him to wing me. A can of worms opened up where I asked myself what was more important to my life, friendship or casual sex.

Fast forward a month to my last Saturday night in Copenhagen. Henrik came back from his trip and I was genuinely excited to hang out with him for what would probably be the last time. He told me he had invited one of his friends for my goodbye celebration. It turned out to be the same Swedish girl who had beefed with me online.

I was annoyed, but tried to keep a positive attitude, saying I'd be nice to her. I went to my favorite bar and told him to meet me there.

While waiting alone, I talked to three friendly Danish girls, one of whom I took a liking to. Our conversation was going well when all of a sudden an ugly hog came between us and started stroking my arm.

"Excuse me, but I'm having a conversation with someone," I said to her.

She didn't move. I increased my volume: "I can't talk to you right now, so can you please move?" I wasn't surprised because it has actually happened before where Danish beasts had come up to me and refused to take no for an answer. Then I saw Henrik out of the corner of my eye, laughing. It turned out that the beast was the Swedish girl.

I put on a fake smile and politely asked the Swedish girl if she would move so I could resume my conversation.

“You don’t like me, do you?” the Swedish girl asked.

“You’re very quick.”

“But why not?”

“Look, I don’t want to talk to you. I don’t like you, and now you’re interrupting my conversation with someone. Leave me alone.”

She walked away while giving me the middle finger. I resumed my chat with the Danish girl. Ten minutes later, the Swedish girl interrupted us again.

I looked at Henrik and said, “Hey buddy, thanks a fucking lot for bringing this stupid bitch here on my last night. That’s how much my friendship means to you, huh?”

“I’m not a bitch!” the Swedish girl shouted.

“Yes, you are. A stupid, ugly, fat, cockblocking bitch. Now get the fuck out of my face.”

“Don’t try to intimidate me!”

Then Henrik said, “Don’t talk that way about my friends.”

“So now she’s your friend and I’m not. Okay man, I see how it is. Well you know what? She can fuck off and so can you.”

“You’re just being angry now,” Henrik said.

“No shit I’m angry. What kind of friend are you? You know it’s my last night and you bring a girl who gives me shit and then cockblocks me. You disappear for a week because I don’t want to go on some lame double date. Fuck all that.”

“And do you know why I disappeared on you? Because I was trying to teach you the value of friendship for not wanting to hang out with me and my girl’s friend.”

The bar was dark, but my face was shining a molten red. I felt ambushed, like it had been his plan to start drama with a girl he already knew had been giving me problems.

I said, “Hold on, let me get this straight. You ditched me because I didn’t want to waste a Friday night with your girl’s ugly ass friend? Are you my dad, trying to teach me a lesson?” I took my phone out of my pocket, removed the SIM card he had given me when I arrived in Copenhagen and threw it at him. “Take your fucking SIM card and go fuck off with that ugly fat bitch. FUCK YOU!”

Did I overreact? Possibly, but I didn’t want a friend who was capable of making me that upset. Our friendship, spanning two continents and seventeen months, was over. They walked away and left the bar.

The Danish girl I’d been talking to witnessed my temper tantrum, freaked out, and also walked away. I was no longer in any mood to talk to girls. I just wanted to go home, but it felt like that was what Henrik and the Swedish girl would have wanted. I decided to

stay. In the next hour, I slowly got my mood back. I focused on drinking vodka from my spot, making small talk with the guys and girls around me.

I started chatting with a 28-year-old woman. Things were going well, but then I got into a heated argument with a drunk Danish guy who almost pushed me off my chair as he tried to get a drink at the bar. I told him to stop, he didn't, and we were on the verge of blows until his friend broke it up. He was considerably bigger than me, but I had so much anger bubbling underneath that I was ready to fight and get beat up. The Danish woman walked away. Scandinavians are a peaceful bunch that don't like displays of violence or aggression.

I was very edgy, but tried my best to remain calm. I knew I was failing when a gay guy came up to me and said, "Man, you look really pissed!"

Two ugly girls approached me but I didn't indulge them for long. It was getting late and I was losing hope. Sure, my mood could've been better, but there just weren't any cute girls to talk to. I sat in silence for what seemed like forever, stewing about the night's events, when two young girls came into the bar. I forced myself to approach.

"You guys don't look like you're from here," I said. I went through the motions until a conversation hooked. I ended up talking to the blonde while her brunette friend flirted with the bartender.

The night before, I stupidly told girls I was leaving "in a few days." I went home alone, without a number or a kiss, the first time I'd gotten absolutely nothing since flying solo without Henrik. I'm positive my knightly honesty was the reason why. I find it weird that even when a girl wants a one-night stand, she needs to be able to rationalize it by saying to herself that a relationship could have developed.

I learned from my mistake. When the blonde asked me when I was leaving, I said, "I live here," even though my flight was scheduled to leave in four days. Twenty minutes later I was making out with her while the friend was making out with the bartender. I bought a round of drinks and soon it was almost five a.m. I asked if she wanted to go. She said, "I can't leave without my friend."

Her friend told us she wanted to wait for the bartender until he was done closing the bar. Of course she didn't want to wait alone, so the three of us sat on a bench outside, in the cold, for an hour.

My girl was falling asleep, so I talked gibberish to keep her awake. Finally the bartender came and took the friend away. I said to my girl, "Do you want to hang out at my place for a little while?"

"Yes, but we can only sleep."

"That's fine," I said. "I'm tired anyway."

We walked to my apartment.

Once on my bed clothes began coming off, but I was getting a shitload of resistance. She said, "I'm not very experienced at this." She was 18 years old.

I said, “We can take it easy and slow, no rush.” Then I uttered the biggest lie of the night: “I want it to feel good for you. I’m not worried about me.”

It worked.

The poor girl was so self-conscious that she didn’t even like it when I looked at her pussy to do the insertion, and insisted on leaving her shirt on. Centimeter by centimeter, I worked it in by feel with the help of about a gallon of lube.

I can assure you that the sex didn’t feel good for her, but toward the end I could get some rhythm going and actually busted my nut. Then I saw all the blood on my bed.

The sex was awful, but I didn’t care because wounding that 18-year-old pussy left my dick hard until she left. I don’t know why, but the fact that she was thirteen years younger than me aroused me tremendously. She asked if I wanted to hang out again and I told her maybe, but I’d be out of town for a while. I didn’t feel at all bad or guilty about what I did.

I never spoke to Henrik again.

V

Copenhagen City Guide

Copenhagen turned out to be my personal hell on Earth. I didn't like the women, the coffee shops, the bicycle culture, the bars, or the high prices. It would be a great place to raise a family, thanks to the extensive social services, but it's god-awful if you're a bachelor looking to fuck beautiful women who look like women. Of course that doesn't mean it's impossible for you to find your own tiny sliver of happiness during a visit. I just wouldn't bet on it.

The city has three neighborhoods of interest. The first is Old Town, the historical center where the main nightlife action lies. During the day it's usually flooded with tourists, especially on the weekend. The second neighborhood is Nørrebro, a hipster enclave to the north that has the greatest percentage of minority residents. The final neighborhood is Vesterbro, a working class area of town that contains the red light district and the accompanying African and Eastern European hookers. I lived in Vesterbro, right next to the central train station on the border with Old Town.

If you're looking for an apartment, either Nørrebro or Vesterbro is fine, but Nørrebro definitely contained more nightlife options and younger residents. Vesterbro is more family oriented, especially outside of the red light district, but the nightlife on the weekends is acceptable.

Even though I liked the bars in Nørrebro more than Vesterbro, I wasn't motivated enough to hop on my bike to travel there instead of walking to nearby spots (the distance from the center of Nørrebro to the center of Vesterbro is about two miles). For getting one-night stands, I preferred to frequent a shitty bar next to my pad than riding my bike farther out to somewhere that may be better.

You'll also hear about the neighborhood Frederiksberg, which is slightly farther out. It's a residential area that has no nightlife that I know of, so avoid staying there. The last neighborhood worth mentioning is Christianshavn. It contains the Christiania hippie community, a former military base that was resettled by hippies. Young travelers love it because they can romanticize about poverty while openly smoking weed, but unless you have hippie leanings, it will serve no purpose to you. The biggest defining feature of Christiania is that it's a raging cock farm.

Lodging

The cheapest hotels are in the Vesterbro red light district. You can get your own decent-sized room for about \$120 a night. Reliable options include the Hotel Nebo (<http://www.nebo.dk>) and Hotel Selandia (<http://www.hotel-selandia.dk>). The Russian hooker I mentioned earlier works right in front of the Hotel Selandia.

The red light district is perhaps the worst area in Copenhagen because of all the homeless bums, prostitutes, junkies, and shady-looking Africans, but I lived smack dab in the middle of it for two months and never felt threatened. Don't be alarmed if you see heroin needles on the sidewalks. You must also not mind seeing massive black dildos in the windows of sex shops.

If you prefer coffin-sized rooms, check out the Cabinn chain of hotels (<http://www.cabinn.com>). The City location is near the red light district while the Scandinavia location is on the edge of Nørrebro.

If you want to stay for a week or longer and don't want to work too hard looking for a room, check out Rainbow Apartments (<http://www.copenhagen-rainbow.dk>). They're not much cheaper than a hotel, but the apartments do have small kitchens. It will be easier to hit a girl with your "I live here" lie when you're staying in an apartment.

Daytime

The best way to explore Copenhagen is by bike. Either buy a used one from DBA.dk or rent from a company listed on the "Bike City" section at <http://visitcopenhagen.com/transport>. You can then ride around to see the canals and old buildings and shit like that.

My favorite daytime spot was the hipster coffee shop, Bang & Jansen (Istedgade 130). The back room has great logistics for day game since the tables are so close together. After 6:00 p.m. it starts turning into a restaurant/bar, so if you want the coffee shop vibe, go in the afternoon. I declare it the best coffee shop in Copenhagen for meeting girls, partly because I got my first Denmark bang here (a butterface flight attendant).

Another place you can kill time in is the Fisketorvet Mall (<http://fisketorvet.dk>), which is located at Kalvebod Brygge 59 in Vesterbro. A bigger mall is Fields (<http://www.fields.dk>), located farther out in the suburbs. Fisketorvet may be a good bet to check out the local talent on weekend afternoons, but don't get your hopes up and expect to see anything special. If you want to stay buff, try Fitness World gyms (<http://fitnessworld.dk>), with locations throughout the city.

For all the other touristy stuff you can consult Lonely Planet or whatever. Obviously I didn't bother with sightseeing.

Nighttime

I want to share some venue recommendations in the three main Copenhagen neighborhoods.

Old Town

I didn't like the scene in Old Town. There was no shortage of bars, but it was cheesy and crawling with tourists. It had the loudest, drunkest guys and the worst attitude from the women. While there were pairs and triplets of women that wanted to be picked up, encountering large groups was more common.

The best spot was Francis Pony, a two-level bar located on Klosterstræde 23. Downstairs had a more intimate bar where smokers congregated, but upstairs had most of the action. The ratio is good early on, but it doesn't last for long. By 1:00 a.m. the place is a sausage fest, including packs of foreign guys. The girls are young and of decent quality, but the best ones seem to be sitting in large groups. I recommend this bar to start off your weekend night. My favorite spot to post up was the upstairs column between the bathroom and the bar.

A nearby late-night spot is Dunkel Bar (Vester Voldgade 10), which attracts hordes of chubby and unkempt hipster girls in dirty Converse shoes and oversized prescription glasses. The venue is small and nothing to write home about, but when all else fails, this may be your last shot at a bang, since it doesn't close until 8:00 a.m. The cover is about \$10.

Nørrebro

This is the most hipster of the neighborhoods, though that doesn't say a whole lot since the entire city can be considered hipster. When it comes to density of women, Nørrebro is your best bet.

A reliable spot is the club Rust (Guldbergsgade 8). The bottom floor plays hip-hop and attracts a diverse crowd, including packs of black guys who seemed to be doing okay with Danish girls. Upstairs is home to house music and live shows with two long bars that offer decent logistics for approaching. The music is good and the cover reasonable (\$10), but there are just too many guys and not enough girls above a 6 rating.

At Rust I got approached by a handful of ugly girls and was propositioned by one who didn't pass my boner test. Being my first night out in Denmark, I trashed the club to my friend for its lack of quality, but the irony was that it got noticeably worse everywhere else I went. In Copenhagen you're not going to do a whole lot better than Rust.

A rock bar that packs them in is Drone (Nørrebrogade 183), another two-level venue. The upstairs area isn't friendly for approaching because of all the tables, so check out downstairs for a stronger mingling vibe. Be prepared for a lot of cigarette smoke.

One last bar I reluctantly recommend is Barcelona (Fælledvej 21), which has a slightly older crowd. The logistics are nice since the two long bars are narrow, making it easy to approach, but unfortunately there are few women. The typical 3:1 male-to-female ratio makes you want to slit your wrists.

If you can get a conversation going, move the girl to the downstairs dance floor to set the stage for a kiss. The fact that I'm recommending crappy bars should tell you how

much crappier the other bars are.

If you're going to party in Nørrebro, I recommend you start around 10:30 at Drone, then wind up in Rust at midnight. Barcelona is your Hail Mary move when all else fails.

Vesterbro

Finally we arrive at my hood, home to porn shops, strip clubs, and a homeless shelter so big that it has its own website. I didn't think it was special, but apparently Vesterbro is the up-and-coming spot in Copenhagen. When I told girls I lived right across the street from the mammoth homeless shelter, they always replied with "Cool!" I didn't think it was cool at all.

One positive feature of Vesterbro is that it's home to Kødbyen, Copenhagen's meatpacking district with a handful of bars and clubs. Don't confuse it with New York City's high-end meatpacking district; Kødbyen's venues are basic and accessible to everyone. The three bars in Kødbyen worth mentioning are Bakken, Jolene, and Karrierbar.

Bakken (Flæsketorvet 81) became my regular spot because it attracted a diverse crowd, was within ten minutes walking distance from my shack, and had an American bartender who hooked me up (if you see a bearded guy in there with thick hipster glasses, tell him Roosh said hi). The music ranges from rock to house, but occasionally short sets of hip-hop are thrown in.

The best night is Saturday, though Friday can be good as well. Arrive before midnight to avoid a long line, especially in the summer. The weekend is amateur hour, with a typically drunk clientele assembled in large groups, spilling drinks everywhere, but there are definitely girls who want to fuck. Thursday night is worth a peek after 10:00, and while it usually blows, sometimes it's packed with so many decent girls that you'll wonder if you're still in Copenhagen.

My favorite spot was smack in the middle of the main bar. I'd lean against the bar (or sit down) and defend my territory for the next three or four hours. From that spot you'll be able to do at least one solid approach every thirty minutes. Another good spot is right outside the hallway, next to the bathrooms.

A smaller, smokier version of Bakken is Jolene (Flæsketorvet 81). Besides Thursday night, which is lesbian night, the bar pulls respectable crowds. While you could hop between Bakken and Jolene, it was never the case that Jolene was better than Bakken, so you might as well stay in Bakken all night.

There is also Karrierbar (Flæsketorvet 57). You'd think this place would be down-to-earth because of the hip-hop music and picnic tables, but the girls here are the oldest and snobbiest of all the venues. Drinks are also very expensive. I recommend this place only to take a girl on a date when you want to seal the deal. All Kødbyen venues open starting on Thursday night.

Bang & Jensen is worth a try midweek. Beginning on Wednesday nights, it can get packed starting around 7:00 with the after-work crowd. The girls here seem DTF, since they're usually in pairs and checking out the guys, but the logistics are horrible because everyone is sitting at tables. If a girl you like doesn't sit near your table, it will be a challenge to do an approach. Your best bet is to get a seat at the bar or at a middle table in the back room. Don't go to Bang & Jensen on weekend nights since it turns into a gay hangout.

The Bottom Line

My Danish friend Henrik hinted that Copenhagen wouldn't have what I wanted, but I was arrogant in thinking that I could overcome all odds with my experience and game skill to find a diamond in the rough. What a fool I was. If I lived in Copenhagen, I estimate it would take one year to land the caliber of woman that would only take me two or three weeks to find in Brazil or Poland. Thank god I'll never know for sure.

The best indicator of whether you'll like Denmark or not is if you enjoy American girls who lean toward the hipster side. If that's the case, you'll probably enjoy Danish girls, since they are less fat than American girls. They're a tad harder to get into the sack, mostly due to logistical issues, but other than that you shouldn't experience any additional difficulty. God bless you if you prefer masculine women who dress sloppily, because the pool of available women you can date in first-world nations is much larger than for me.

More than anything, my time in Denmark liberalized me when it came to a government taking care of its citizens. I don't believe in a nanny state, but things in Denmark are fair. No one suffers, no one is hungry, and no one has to worry. Everyone has an opportunity to get what they want from life, regardless of their class. I hate handouts as much as the next guy, but it just seems right. Denmark sucks balls for women, but it kills the United States when it comes to having a higher standard of living.

I'd understand if you wanted to move to Denmark to raise a family, but if you still want to visit with sex as your primary goal, consider yourself warned. I ignored all warnings and proceeded to needlessly endure two months in a country that made me miserable. Believe me when I say that I've learned my lesson.

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

<http://www.rooshv.com>