

BANG UKRAINE



Roosh V

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I: Welcome To Ukraine

Ukraine is one of the strangest, most fucked-up places I've been to, and I've been to my share of shitholes. Everything is wrong with it except for one thing: the women. Ukrainian women are the most feminine I've encountered in the world—so feminine that I experienced femininity overload. But since they're human beings like the rest of us, they don't remain unaffected by their environment. You won't be able to understand Ukrainian women until you first understand the backwards country they grew up in, so I'll start the guide with a culture overview before sharing game tips.

This book will reflect on my three month stay in Kharkiv, an industrial city in the east of the country that is Ukraine's second largest by population. While not everything you read here will apply perfectly to girls from other parts of Ukraine, it's bound to help you more than hurt.

Ukrainian Background

Understanding the Ukrainian people of today becomes easier if you understand their past. In a word, it was *rough*. Stalin's abominable collectivization policies caused famines that killed millions of Ukrainians. Even the softer policies implemented after Stalin's death still treated Ukraine as a sturdy whore meant to solely benefit the motherland. Sadly, Ukraine is so far behind the rest of the world that I don't see how it could possibly catch up. Their dated infrastructure, belief systems, and business practices all but assure that it will remain the asshole of Europe for a long time to come. The only European country that Ukrainians compare themselves favorably to is Moldova, which for analogy's sake would be the rectum of Europe.

Even though Ukraine ranks at the bottom of the GDP tables, there is a huge underground economy that explains the surprising displays of wealth you'll encounter. I saw more Mercedes-Benz in Kharkiv than in Washington DC, with no shortage of guys making it rain in the club.

Much of the money circulating in the country is not officially counted by the government. That means it's not being taxed to benefit the public good. A rich Ukrainian man can bribe an official for a mere pittance of what he'd be required to pay in taxes. In South America, the GDP is low and the consistent poverty reflects that, but in Ukraine a substantial percentage of men have obscene amounts of wealth. As one Ukrainian man told me, "Ukraine is a poor country of rich people."

This phenomenon has a disastrous effect on society. Roads look like they've been bombed out by American drones, but you'll still find sparkling clean BMWs and Mercedes with drivers who are texting on the newest smartphone. Health care is a joke, with many doctors getting their degrees through bribery (in Ukraine you can pay for good grades). The police are more likely to fleece you than protect you. Salaries are low, and unemployment is a constant problem. Institutions in Ukraine are inefficient and rife with corruption. The government provides more pain than resources. It's the only place I've been in Europe where I felt genuine sympathy for the people. It's as close to a failed state as you can get.

Ukrainian Culture

Ukraine is what I call a “paint over” culture that reminds me of the myth of Potemkin village, where a Russian minister of the same name erected fake villages to impress Empress Catherine II. Ukrainians don’t try to fix problems, they paint over them instead. I came up with the name for this phenomenon when I saw workers literally painting over curbs using cheap paint without cleaning the surface first. It was obvious they’d have to paint it again soon.

The women do this with their excessive use of makeup, fake eyebrows, and fake eyelashes. A fat Ukrainian man who looks like Jabba the Hut will “paint over” himself with a Mercedes Benz. Ukrainians look for quick fixes and shortcuts that give the appearance of beauty or success instead of working hard to improve the foundation. While preparing for the arrival of the Euro 2012 soccer tournament, they took the time to spruce up building facades and gardens, but only near the stadium where tourists had to pass by.

Ukraine is composed of many onion layers of cheap covering. As long as people can keep buying paint in the form of fancy cars, bribes, and overpriced first world accoutrements, the foundation will be ignored and Ukraine will continue to be a raging shithole.

During my stay I quickly wondered if Ukraine was made more for robots or something other than human beings. Everything is constructed to frustrate you. For example, in Kharkiv, a city of over 1 million people, there’s only one post office that lets you ship a package internationally. When receiving a package, you must hire a psychic to tell you which sorting facility it will arrive at (the postal service doesn’t notify you). The “Tourist Information” desk at Kiev airport was manned by a woman who didn’t speak English. Cars take precedence over pedestrians. Sidewalks are so ill-maintained that walking can sometimes feel like hiking. Adults have temper tantrums in public and sometimes lash out for no apparent reason. Customer service, as Westerners know it, does not exist. Many times I was waiting for a clerk to serve me only for someone else to cut in line and get served first (the clerk didn’t make eye contact with me even though she was free). I was yelled at when buying a bus ticket because my Russian wasn’t clear. On the subway I was yelled at by a man while tying my shoes and by old women who pushed me aside on subway trains. Taxi drivers colluded to rip me off, all agreeing not to drive me unless I paid one of them a fare much higher than what locals had to pay.

Even if you’re not a capitalist, it’ll be clear that Ukrainian businesses almost want to lose money. Just like other third world countries I’ve been to, owners seem chafed when you want to do business with them. There is no service with a smile. A popular sushi restaurant would give out one menu for every two people. You had to hit a button to get the waiter to come to your table, but a third of the time they never came, and this was one of the better serviced restaurants.

The pricing also encouraged you to spend less. For example, a 300 ml beer would cost

21 hryvnia, or 7 hryvnia per 100 ml (8 hryvnia equal 1 US dollar). A 500 ml beer from the same place would cost 35 hryvnia, also 7 hryvnia per 100 ml. In America, the 500 ml serving would cost less per ml than the smaller size to encourage more consumption and therefore sales. Ukraine lacks the experimentation or capitalist mindset where things are gradually improved over time. They just keep doing what they've always been doing. Ironically, the best place to be served quickly was McDonald's. I'd go every couple weeks just to remind myself how a restaurant should operate according to my Western values.

Another feature of the Ukrainian mentality was a complete aversion to taking risks. A Ukrainian will be very reluctant to do anything, no matter how minor, unless success is close to guaranteed and there is a clear, defined payoff. The English students I taught in a private language school seemed shocked that I was traveling through Europe with no concrete goal. There is no "winging it," no taking a year off to get some experience. A Ukrainian woman will absolutely not go out with a man who decreases her chance for a comfortable life. A Ukrainian man will not pursue an opportunity where he doesn't see a pile of cash at the end.

The only exception to doing something for no payoff is short-term travel, but even then Ukrainians only visit touristy cities via safe and tidy packages sold by the travel agencies. The majority of Ukrainians I met hadn't even been to their capital city, even though they knew people they could stay with. There is nothing in the mentality that pushes them to explore for pure intellectual interest. If there's no payoff, if there's no chance to get something out of it or to build some sort of important connection, it's not worth doing.

America is a money-obsessed culture, but Ukrainians take it to another level. They see the potential for dollar signs in everything. As I later found out, the women evaluated my worth not just based on my personality or my ability to sexually please them, but on whether I could possibly provide for them in the future. Of course this can be hacked for sexual gain.

It's worth telling you about other cultural features like food and drink. All you have to know about Ukrainian food is borsht, the national dish that's simply a hearty beetroot soup topped with a dollop of sour cream. Every girl in Ukraine is going to ask you if you've tried it and you're going to answer "Yes, it was amazing" or "No, but I can't wait to try it" to show her how enchanted you are by this little dish.

There's really nothing special about borsht—it's simply vegetable soup that features beets. It's something you should have a woman make for you instead of going to a restaurant by explaining how you've never eaten it before and would like to try her variation. Every woman makes borsht in a different way, and some Ukrainian men say that you can tell the personality of a woman by how she makes her borsht (I have not been able to confirm this because only one woman made borsht for me). The rest of the dishes a Ukrainian girl may know how to make will involve potatoes and meats, while in local restaurants it's common to stumble on crepes filled with various sweet and savory fillings.

When it comes to drink, vodka is not as popular among young people as you might expect. The country seems to be cocktail crazy while also enjoying colorful layered shots, especially those that can be lit on fire. I found their vodka selection to be extremely

limited when compared to a Polish or Western bar, and it's even worse when it comes to scotch and whisky. Ukrainians seem to drink whatever is available and don't tier their liquors by price and quality like Westerners.

Which City To Visit?

The problem with talking about Ukraine is that it's huge, but for simplicities sake I'll break it down into four zones. The first is the West, centered around the town of Lviv (or "Lvov" in Russian). It's the most civilized and pleasing to the eye, having been declared a UNESCO World Heritage site. The people will look (but not act) more Polish than in other parts of Ukraine. Orthodox Catholicism is high, and with that comes more traditional sexual values. One-night stands are unheard of. Most people prefer to speak Ukrainian and generally look down on those speaking Russian.

The second zone is the capital, Kiev. There are more English-speaking women who want to mix with foreigners, but also a sizable population of Turkish sex tourists and the prostitution that goes with it. The prices are higher, but it's the only city in Ukraine where I've heard reports of one-night stands.

The third zone is Eastern Ukraine, which I stayed in for three months. It's most similar to Russia. The three largest cities here are Kharkiv, Dnipropetrovsk, and Donetsk. These are industrial cities from Soviet times that are ugly on a scale you probably can't fathom. Within them you'll find a lot of Arab and African immigrants but few Westerners, who are looked upon favorably. If you put yourself out there, you will attract groupies who just want to speak English with you.

Eastern Ukraine is a good choice if you want to eventually visit Russia. You can speak in Russian and get responses back in Russian as well, even though the national language is Ukrainian (both languages are similar and use the same Cyrillic alphabet). Kharkiv, for all intents and purposes, is a Russian city. The biggest positive it has compared to Russia is that you don't see as much skinhead violence or overt racism. The city truly is an industrial shithole with gritty landscapes and poor infrastructure, though of course you're coming here for the women, not the comfort. At least there are no sex tourists.

Lastly we have the Crimea, most commonly visited as a summer beach destination. This area is largely unexplored by love tourists. Odessa is the hot spot during the summer, but it's not an easy place to pick up since most girls go with their family or boyfriends. Many guys have used the word "torture" when describing it because of the beautiful girls that they couldn't get. Use it as a place more for pleasant side trips instead of a flag capture staging ground.

There's absolutely no point going to Eastern Ukraine if you're not at least conversational in Russian. The language difficulty is insurmountable for most men. I imagined that I would gradually work on my Russian while in Kharkiv, but from the very first weekend I was forced to speak it everywhere, even with women, well before I was ready. Trust me when I say playing the game of "find the English speaker" is boring and tedious. While the girls are not necessarily easier if you speak Russian, you can at least talk to them. The only exception to my "don't go to Eastern Ukraine without Russian" rule is if you plan on staying a long time and don't mind a prolonged hunt for English

speakers.

Lviv is a more beautiful city to stay in, but the quality may be lower. My correspondents lead me to believe the girls in Lviv are nicer while the ones in Kharkiv are hotter.

If you haven't boned up on the languages but still want to get your Ukrainian flag, the obvious choice is Kiev, which has plenty more English speakers and even more motivated English groupies. The main problem is sex tourism, but this will be easy to avoid if you don't look Turkish or Arabic. These men are shunned by local women. Even in Kharkiv, which sees almost no sex tourists, I was often pegged as one because of my appearance. Even shaving didn't help me much. That stain only came down when they found out I was American.

I can tell you right now that the Arab immigrants in Eastern Ukraine along with the Turkish sex tourists in Kiev did contribute to a vibe where I was treated with skepticism. Guys with fairer complexions will get much better initial responses than I did.

Your best bet is to get your flag in Kiev and then explore a second-tier city to see if it's easier or not. Since your main concern will be communication, you're taking quite a risk by going second-tier without learning either Ukrainian or Russian first, especially if you're staying for under a month.

To capture your Ukrainian flag, two weeks is the absolute minimum you should plan for, and this includes full time pipelining as you'll read later. Can it be done in shorter time? Sure, by guys who have experience in other Eastern European countries and already speak some Russian, but if you want a great shot at dating a Ukrainian woman and developing some sort of connection, a full month is needed.

The problem is that it takes a long time to get the ball rolling and adapt to the reality on the ground. Every now and then you'll read stories of guys who came to Ukraine and had a fast flag, but by and large it's a place where you need to make huge adjustments to your game. A plan for staying here less than two weeks is a plan for failure.

More than anywhere else, it takes a while in Ukraine to get accustomed to the optimum game, which as you're about to learn is quite different from anywhere else in the world. The fact that one-night stands are rare just further cements the fact that you need time. Even with tight game and good luck on your side, you're unlikely to get bangs before the second date.

The exception to the rule is if you find an English groupie (anglophile), who loves English for whatever reason. You'd think this would be common since Ukraine is such a shithole, but the desirable girls in their early 20s are not at all pining for foreign men—they want to snag a successful local guy first (bonus points if he's in the mafia).

All those stories you hear of desperate Ukrainian or Russian women throwing themselves at foreigners don't apply until you get to the late 20s and early 30s, but by then she's past her prime. The ideal of what you hold as a top-end Slavic woman will not open her legs for a foreigner staying short term unless there's a solid future (or cash) in it for her. The sad truth is that most foreigners tend to get the older leftovers passed on by rich

Ukrainian men.

When it's time for you to visit Ukraine, I recommend May, September, and October, though the temperature starts to drop in the second half of October. The winters are incredibly cold and dark while the summers can be surprisingly hot and humid. May and September are the sweet spots where the weather is acceptable and the cities are packed with girls. During summer, girls vacation in the countryside or in the Crimea.

Logistics

Transportation & Lodging

For cheap flights to Ukraine, I recommend Skyscanner.com, which allows you to insert entire countries as destinations for finding the cheapest fares. Ukrainian cities are connected by frequent train service and also buses. Flights to Kharkiv can be hard to find, but multiple trains run day and night (for train scheduling, visit <http://e-kvytok.org.ua>).

Short-term apartment lodging is a bit harder to find than in most other countries. You can try a simple Google search on “city + (flat OR apartment)” but you may have better luck with Booking.com, which is used by both hotels and apartment landlords. I found an initial apartment in Kharkiv using Booking.com and then a long-term apartment through local sites I’ll share in the Kharkiv section later. Another site that is becoming increasingly useful is Airbnb.com.

Be prepared for spartan lodging that’s more expensive than better accommodations in other countries. You’ll be asked to pay \$60–90 a night for an apartment, which is about the same as a two star hotel. Monthly rates can range all over the map, depending on the standard of apartment and the neighborhood. For apartments that are furnished, livable and somewhat modern, \$500-1200 a month seems to be a common rate. Of course this price is outrageously high to a local who has a multi-year lease, but expect to pay for the privilege of getting a fully furnished apartment with utilities for just one month’s commitment.

If you don’t mind shared housing, post an ad on the Couchsurfing group for the city you want to stay in (<http://www.couchsurfing.org>). Click on *Community*, then on *Find Groups*, then enter the city in the search box. I found only the Kiev group to be especially active. The one in Kharkiv had absolutely no talent, though you’ll find some hot girls there who registered for the site and never logged in again.

One more site worth mentioning is Expat Ukraine (<http://www.expatusa.com>). While it doesn’t have many rental listings, it’s a good place to ask questions you have about Ukraine that isn’t answered in this guide.

There are no specific packing needs for Ukraine, but I recommend that you bring an unlocked cell phone (get a SIM card from a mobile shop like MTS Ukraine, Life, or Kyivstar in any mall). One-night stands are painfully rare so you will need a way to communicate with your prospects.

Language

All Ukrainians learn English in school, but the level of instruction is horrible. Classes are huge and teachers mostly focus on writing, not speaking. They also have a punitive method of teaching where students are made to feel stupid if they make mistakes. More than any other people, I found that Ukrainians are deathly afraid of making grammatical errors and would rather just not speak at all than make fools out of themselves.

You'll meet a lot of people who understand most of what you say (or claim to), but simply can't respond in complete sentences. Even those who are seen as speaking English by non-fluent Ukrainians may only be barely conversational.

Early in the conversation you have to do two things. First, compliment their English even if it sucks, just to make them comfortable. Tell them a story about how your own attempts to speak a foreign language in another country were met by warm, compassionate people. You should say, "It's okay if you make a mistake. You don't have to speak perfectly for me to understand you. Even I make grammar mistakes in my own language."

Second, you'll have to speak slowly, almost like you are retarded. If you're not used to doing this then you may want to practice a few weeks before your trip to consistently slow your pace. I promise you that if you speak at your normal rate with typical filler words such as "like" and "really," you won't be understood. With any new girl you meet, focus on short sentences of five or six words to see if she's ready to understand longer constructions. The only time you can speed up is when the girl is speaking in English faster than you, which is unlikely to happen unless she's an English teacher.

Trying to speak English with Ukrainians felt wrong. Too much meaning was lost and a huge majority of the people didn't understand half of what I was saying. English will be just about nonexistent among waiters, taxi drivers, and grocery store clerks. You'll find it easier going in Kiev, but be disappointed that those who say they speak English still have a weak grasp of the language. My experience speaking English while in Kharkiv was basically running game while deaf and dumb. It wasn't fun at all.

It will be no surprise that I recommend you study Russian for a few months before visiting Ukraine. One hour a day of study will help with navigation and also take you out of the sex tourist category with women. It won't be easy, as Russian is one of the hardest languages in the world to learn, but it will be worth it.

The obvious resource to start studying Russian is Pimsleur, which has three units for a total of 45 hours of instruction. If you commit one hour a day to doing the lessons, you should be done in 3-6 months, depending on how easily Russian comes to you. If you manage to do all three units, you'll have a great foundation to build from.

I don't know anyone who attempted to study Russian, went to East Ukraine, and regretted it. If anything, they were like me and regretted not studying more. In Kiev people will understand your Russian but will probably respond in Ukrainian, which is very similar to Russian but still a bit different.

Another audio course option is the Michel Thomas Russian course. I did it for Spanish and was highly satisfied with the result, so I expect the Russian course to be structured similarly. There is also Russian Pod 101 (<http://www.russianpod101.com>), which

bombards you with mp3 conversations to get you familiar with the language. Their basic plan starts at about \$5 a month.

The only book out there worth your time is *The New Penguin Russian Course* by Nicholas J. Brown. It's the gold standard in Russian self-study and gets you through the grammar in easily digestible lessons. Another option is the many free guides on the internet that give you a basic introduction to the language, with RussianLessons.net (<http://www.russianlessons.net>) being the best. Finally, for help with pronunciation, use the site Forvo (<http://www.forvo.com>). You will have to enter words in Russian using a Russian keyword widget that you can find online.

Learning Russian for a few months before visiting Ukraine will be extremely brain-busting, but it's the best thing you can do to maximize your success. Even if you never use Russian again after your trip, the "Holy shit I'm speaking in Russian" feeling you get will make it seem at least partly worthwhile.

Budget

Ukraine is not as cheap as I was led to believe. Taxis and nightlife are more expensive than Poland and the Baltics, with some clubs charging covers that are more expensive than in the States. Grocery store items and liquor are generally cheaper, but if you plan on going out a lot you'll be surprised at how fast your money disappears.

It also doesn't help that a modern apartment in a desirable part of town will have comparable rates to Western Europe. Overall it is cheaper than most other countries in Europe, but you won't exactly be able to live like a king on a meager budget. Flag hunters will need around \$1,750 a month to give themselves the ability to regularly go on dates and build prospects.

The most significant part of your budget will be the rent of a comfortable apartment near the center. The problem is that the idea of "center" can be vague in Eastern Ukraine. Clubs and restaurants can be spread all over the city, and Ukrainian infrastructure is set up so that apartments are located in depressing "sleeping areas" outside of town, which contain never-ending rows of apartment blocks. Be careful about making a long commitment to an apartment before visiting the city first. You don't want to find yourself in the middle of nowhere.

The best budget tip I can give you is to call for taxis instead of hailing them on the street. You'll have to do it in Russian but since the process is always the same, you'll quickly get the hang of it. I found that picking random taxis on the street would result in rates at least 20% higher unless you knew how to negotiate. Understand that Ukrainians are stubborn negotiators and will be hesitant to relent on their inflated quote if they know you're a foreigner.

The last point I wanted to make about logistics is that the water is not drinkable. You'll

have to buy bottled or have jugs delivered to your door. There are also water tankers that park outside apartment complexes for an hour or so each day.

II: Girls

Body & Appearance

Let's start with the good news: Ukrainian women are the most feminine that I've ever encountered in the world. To them, wearing four-inch heels is like wearing sneakers. Even an ugly girl won't leave the house without looking as good as she possibly can. This means her makeup, hair, and outfit will be meticulously done up.

Considering that these girls are much poorer than Western girls, their efforts are nothing short of miraculous. Pound for pound, inch by inch, you won't find women who look more like women anywhere else in the world. It also doesn't hurt that they are thin. The only land whales you'll see in Ukraine are American Peace Corps volunteers.

A minor problem is that their bodies tend to lack curves. They occasionally have booty, but breasts can be small. Ukrainian girls are the most petite girls in Europe so don't expect to meet many voluptuous specimens. There definitely isn't a culture of phat booties that girls want to show off like in America. Instead, the style is thin but elegant, with heels that often give the ass a mango-sized bump.

The bad news is that these girls are genetically not that beautiful. They are prettier than the world average but their faces without makeup leave a lot to be desired. They tend to have flaws that punch you in the stomach, such as bad skin and teeth that are hard to tolerate up close.

Another problem is that they are heavy users of fake eyebrows, eyelashes, and nails, which can sometimes make them appear like transsexuals. Not all girls abuse beauty products, but it's a common issue you'll encounter.

The bulk of their appearance relies on special effects: clothing, makeup, and hair styling. The photos of Ukrainian girls you may see on internet dating sites might as well come out of a Hollywood studio. If you're going by photos alone, subtract *three* points from her attractiveness to get an idea of what she will actually look like in person.

Whatever nuclear flaw she has, a Ukrainian girl will have the knowledge and skill to make herself look much better than she is. It's not uncommon for a girl who would only rate as a 5 increase her look to a 7 once in public. Compare that to America, where women have the knowledge and determination to make themselves uglier through flip flops, obesity, and short hair.

I'm not hating on Ukrainian women, for they are more than acceptable, but they cross the line of femininity to where they look less naturally beautiful compared to girls in Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, Poland, Argentina, Colombia, and Brazil. If you got girls from all these countries to line up naked without any makeup, Ukraine would be towards the bottom of the pack. But if you gave them time with a mirror and beauty supplies, they would rank up towards the top. For three months I racked my mind trying to determine if that was good or bad. I came to the conclusion that it's both.

A Ukrainian woman will always maintain top form in public, and give you the fantasy

that you are with a hotter girl than you actually are. Since a girl won't let you see her without makeup, the only type of guy that her beauty tricks will pose a problem for is one who has x-ray vision and can see through the cosmetic facade (like myself). Don't get me wrong—girls from other countries in Eastern Europe rely heavily on beauty products too, but Ukrainian girls take it to a level I didn't know was humanly possible.

The sole (and rightful) reason that girls would put so much effort into their appearance is because they understand that men are visual. The girls use their appearance to either attract a man or keep the one they got. Don't think that if you see a girl dressed up during the day, she will have more attitude and be more inclined to reject you—she is dressed that way to get the attention of men.

In the end it's impossible for me to say that Ukrainian girls are “hotter” than Polish girls, but I will say that—for the average guy—a typical Ukrainian girl in a club will *appear* to be both hotter and more feminine. They just may not actually be hotter if you bust out a magnifying glass.

Remember that Ukraine is a paint over culture. Nothing exemplifies that fact more than how the women present themselves to men. I would be dishonest if I didn't tell you that many times I'd approach a girl who seemed smoking hot from a distance only to be hit with nuclear flaws up close that immediately decreased my motivation to talk to her. She spends a lot of money on makeup, but not acne cream. She makes her lips a glossy red, but doesn't take care of her teeth. It's possible you won't be bothered by these things.

A clue that explains the obsession with outward appearance can be found in the following Ukrainian saying: “There are no ugly girls, only lazy ones.” The only problem, as I mentioned, is that they go overboard and tack on unnatural features that make them look more doll than human. They get an A for effort, but need to understand that there is a line.

Yet another clue comes from knowing that Ukrainian dating advice tells girls they can meet men at “any time” and that they should always look their best. This is further aided by a culture of older women passing down advice to the younger generation about keeping up their appearance. My mini-girlfriend, who you'll read about later, told me that even when she's home alone she tries to look good. “There is no excuse to ever look bad,” she said. I wish she could tell that to American girls who wear pajamas in public.

Overall, if you find the appearance of Eastern European or Russian women to be agreeable, you'll think Ukraine is fine. While there are some problems, the offerings on display are considerably better than what you would find in the West.

A problem that colors my impression of them is that I visited Ukraine after spending nearly a year in other Eastern European countries, allowing my standards to shoot way up compared to what they were when I originally left America. I posted some pictures on my forum of Lithuanian girls I thought were 6s but many guys chimed in to say that in their American city the girls would be 7s and 8s.

If you come to Ukraine straight from America, you'll be seriously impressed with the level of talent, which I can say without hesitation is better than the U.S., even with the

nuclear flaws. If American girls were thin and took better care of themselves, it would be a tougher call, but as of 2012, there is no competition.

Personality & Vibe

The best way to describe a Ukrainian girl's personality is that of a corpse. I'm not being flip. They really don't show any emotion, interest, or spark when you first approach them. They just stand still with their eyes darting around.

In this case, function (their personality) follows form (their doll-like appearance). Do dolls talk? Do dolls engage? No, their primary job or value is to look pretty and not worry about bringing any deep or intellectual conversation to the table.

Ukrainian women believe that a man should do all the work while she should simply look as pretty as possible. Therefore she rarely offers feedback to your statements and stories. She withholds laughter (assuming you have the ability to make her laugh, which you probably don't), and she doesn't ask you open-ended questions. The questions she does ask are to find out what your agenda is. When you add in the fact that she's probably not going to be able to express herself in English, the result is that it feels mighty close to talking to an inanimate object.

Ukrainian girls only put effort into their appearance and education, not personality. I'm not saying that personality is unimportant, but if you've been brainwashed by Western culture into thinking that it should be valued more than appearance, you will not like Ukrainian women. On the other hand, if you're a chatty guy who likes feminine girls and can hold the line by doing most of the conversation before sex, you will be rewarded.

By calling Ukrainian women corpses, I don't mean to say that they are inferior to other girls. The corpse phenomenon occurs because of a mix of cultural and communication variables, but that's what you're going to have to deal with on the ground. The only exception to the corpse rule is if she happens to be an English groupie.

You're probably wondering why in the hell any guy would want to deal with girls who are like corpses. Well, after sex, the girls open up slowly like a flower, becoming more-or-less normal. They become more playful, engaging, and dare I say, interesting, thanks to being raised on hard knocks instead of being coddled by a culture that convinces women they're all unique snowflakes. But before sex, talking to them is like pulling teeth, if not worse.

An American girl can warm up to someone in 5 minutes to the point where it seems like they've been best friends forever. A Ukrainian girl takes five hours. An American girl on the first date is a Ukrainian girl on the fourth. Gaming Ukrainian girls is like trying to boil a pot of water on low heat. It will get there, but you have to be patient. Until that moment you'll have to endure blank faces and pathetic engagement in conversations where you're doing over 80% of the talking as if you're a stand-up comedian. Once you pass the hump it will get better, but understand that this could take a couple dates of hardship.

It's entirely up to you to create a magical connection from absolutely nothing and sweep her into bed without the aid of alcohol, since, I forgot to tell you, Ukrainian girls don't

drink heavily. Easy, right?

In the beginning I was extremely chafed by their personalities. Even after the flower blossoms, you'll still have to do at least 60% of the talking in conversation, but eventually I got used to girls who don't say stupid shit all the time or always feel the need to blabber about something. Ukrainian stoicism became comfortable when I realized there was no need to constantly fill in silences with meaningless chatter.

It's rare that I would trade amazing stories and experiences with a Ukrainian girl, but I wouldn't have to endure her crazy opinions like in America. Ukrainian women are painful to talk to for the first couple of dates, while American women are painful to talk to all the time. I'd rather have a mute girl waiting for me to speak than someone who thinks she knows everything about the world. Neither is perfect, but I'd choose the Ukrainian girl in a heartbeat.

Another notable personality trait of the Ukrainian girl is that she's extremely skeptical and untrustworthy. She won't take your words at face value and will attempt to cross-examine you to make sure your story is true. She'll ask you specifics about your job and then, if you're a little older, ask why you're not married with kids. She'll be obsessed with trying to get you to admit that your intention in Ukraine is sexual instead of professional. At times you will feel like you are being interrogated by a detective who wants you to crack under pressure. The best way to counter this is to do a little cross examination yourself...

"Are you married? Why not? A lot of Ukrainian women marry very young."

"When do you want to get married?"

"What are you studying? What kind of job do you hope to get with that?"

"Do you live with your parents? Do you want to live alone?"

Ask these questions respectfully and with a matter-of-fact tone. Understand that unless you cross examine the girl and follow up on her statements, she will think you are naïve and gullible, a soft American that would get swallowed up in the Darwinian world of Ukraine. I also find that asking questions like the ones above get her thinking inwardly, making her less likely to pick apart my statements or find holes in my story. I'm not exaggerating when I say that Ukrainian girls are the closest I've found to being mind-readers. They are extremely perceptive to body language and tone, so it will be hard to pull a fast one on them.

To understand why Ukrainian women are the way they are, simply look at the men. Ukraine is filled with men who lie and cheat to a degree that you simply don't find in America, where guys seem painfully honest in comparison. Ukrainian men inflate their professional credentials, hide the fact they're married with kids, and make big promises only to disappear on a girl after fucking her.

It is therefore evolutionarily beneficial for a Ukrainian girl to be a human lie detector. If she doesn't develop these skills, she will get pumped and dumped during her prime and left single in her 30s with no chance of finding a husband. Since there is no governmental

social net in Ukraine like in the West, she then has a serious chance of entering extreme poverty. Being able to test if men are lying or not increases her survival chances. The real-world effect of this is that she'll think everything you say is a lie until she can prove otherwise.

They also need to be able to detect lies from a safety standpoint, because the police will not protect them in the case of rape. If a Ukrainian girl goes to a man's apartment, gets raped, and then calls the police, they will ask her why she went to his place in the first place. The crime will not be investigated.

Ukrainian women are completely responsible for their own safety, which is why she won't come back to your apartment after knowing you for less than two hours like in a lot of other countries. She can't go to a man's apartment just because she feels horny and her vagina is moist. Instead, she will switch off her reptilian brain and think about the situation from a logical standpoint. *Will he hurt me? Will he call me again after sex? Is there any benefit in going to his apartment right now instead of letting him take me out on a couple dates to show that he's committed to me?*

The way that a Ukrainian girl operates is basically what I tell my sister to do, advice meant to keep her safe and prevent her from being hurt by players. I can't fault Ukrainian girls in looking out for their best interests and using logic when determining how to proceed with a man, especially since not using logic in Ukraine can have serious consequences.

The final personality trait possessed by Ukrainian girls is their love of modeling. If you go on dating sites, you'll be surprised to find that just about every girl has photos that look like they were done by a professional. Walking around during the day you'll catch sight of girls striking poses in public spaces, with the resulting photos put on social networking or dating sites.

One night I was in a club when the MC did a modeling contest by picking four random girls from the audience. The girls were young and seemed vanilla, but the minute a big camera was put in front of them, they all started doing fancy poses like they had been modeling for years. They flicked their hair around, gave off sultry looks, and bent their hips provocatively. Before my eyes they turned into different people. Then the contest was over, and the girls returned to being normal and slightly meek. This made me wonder if being a "photographer" would be a good gimmick to use in Ukraine.

Types Of Ukrainian Girls

I noticed three types of Ukrainian girls in the wild: young students under 20, older students aged around 21 to 24, and professional women from 25 to 30. I did not interact with women over 30.

The young students are learning how to maximize their look, but they still are miles ahead of what an American girl can do with basic beauty supplies. They haven't met a lot of foreign men so they will be interested in what type of person you are, but at the same time they will be intimidated and shy. No matter how good a girl looks, understand that there is a deep-seated insecurity that contributes to an aloof nature. A young girl will simply not have the confidence to easily deal with foreign men. In most cases you'll be the first American man she has ever met. She won't know what to say and won't know what to expect.

There is a big problem with young girls: their social circle is their god. They're at the point of their lives where friends are more important than family, so you will never find them isolated. She'll want to do group hangouts with you for a few sessions before a one-on-one date. The bad news is that their social circle stems from childhood and dozens of cumulative years of inside jokes and rapport, so your presence will be seen as a novelty. You'll never fully identify with her friends or be treated like they treat each other.

The best way to bang a young girl is to either get yourself into a social circle through a local guy who sees you as cool, or to go for a girl who is the loner type without a lot of friends. If she has a million friends and is busy on social networking sites tallying up all the likes to her modeling photos, forget it.

It will be far easier to bang university girls aged between 20 and 24. You will not be as exotic in her eyes, since she has met many foreigners before, but her social circle has gotten weak enough that it allows you to easily set one-on-one dates. At this age, a girl starts to become more aware of the clock working against her. Since she thinks she would be a failure in life if she remains single at the age of 25, she'll be more serious about making and keeping dates (flaking doesn't occur in Ukraine nearly as often as in the USA and South America). If you come across as a man willing to set up at least semi-permanent ties to Ukraine, she will consider you a worthy prospect.

In the 20-24 age range, a girl is more aware of her value and what she wants in men. There are three types of men a Ukrainian girl would like to experience: a lover (fuckbuddy), a potential husband, and a sponsor.

The lover slot is probably already filled by a guy she has known for years. They meet up once a month or so to bang it out. The potential husband is a man of stable means, usually older than her, who she can envision spending the rest of her life with. The sponsor is an old man, possibly already married, who gives her gifts and money for sex. Sponsorship is socially accepted prostitution that girls see no problem with. Sponsors tend to be over forty and overweight.

If you flash cash and make fancy displays of status, she will put you in the potential husband category. While this isn't necessarily bad, expect it to take at least three dates to bang her, possibly more. If you flash the cash *and* make a big show of spending money on her and offering gifts in exchange for her time, she will consider you a sponsor and expect you to state terms for the upcoming sexual transaction.

If she doesn't have a current fuckbuddy, and she sees you more as a sex object than a wallet due to her being an English groupie, she may put you in the lover category. This is the best place to be because she won't be constantly trying to calculate the value you bring to the relationship beyond the good dick you give her.

I found that it's okay for your toes to be halfway dipped into the lover category and half into the husband category. You'll get sex quickly but she will go out of her way to please you so that you consider her as a wife. The best way to get into the lover category entirely is if you're in her social circle, but that probably won't happen to you. Another way I already described is if she's an English groupie.

Older women (25 and up) start to get desperate for men. They know they are out of their prime because they're constantly reminded of their failure by female relatives. Their standards are going down and they're ready to marry just about any man with a heartbeat. They're probably a year or two away from putting up a profile on a mail order bride site.

The problem here is that women in this category are no longer open to having a lover—they just want a husband. So these girls will be most receptive to you, but they'll want to play the traditional courtship game before putting out. Chances are she already has a fuckbuddy to hold her down (most girls over 23 do). She's lonely but not desperate for sex because she's getting it from a local dude, possibly a sponsor. By this age she's a master player and knows exactly what men want.

The sweet spot for a Ukrainian girl is around 22 where you can sneak into the lover slot without a lot of fuss. As for women over 30, why bother? Single women in their 30s are already on mail order sites and have an agenda for you from day one. One strategy with them is to dangle the prospect of marriage to get sex, but these women can be crafty so you may find yourself tricked to commit more than you had originally planned. I find that mostly foreign guys over 50 indulge in their game.

If you're in your early 40s and below, you'll be able to get girls in their 20s. Most Ukrainian girls don't discriminate against older men—in fact they prefer it. You don't need to shave a couple years off your age for fear of looking too old.

As for the smoking hot girls that you'll see, the easiest way to get them is to be their sponsor. Understand that these girls probably have all three of their slots already filled up, and will not feel the need to go out with an American guy, whether he has money or not. Taking the typical game route with them will not yield as much as offering presents or money. But of course that goes beyond the scope of this game guide.

Approach Index

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

Iceland: 40

Poland: 45

United States: 45

Brazil: 50

Denmark: 50

Estonia: 50

Lithuania: 50

Colombia: 60

Latvia: 60

Argentina: 90

From these numbers, we can conclude that a man has to do twice as many approaches to get laid in Argentina than the United States. For Ukraine, I'm assigning an approach index value of **70**, which is a little harder than Colombia. You'll find the major problem is not being able to find girls that you can communicate with. Once you do find English speakers, the game still has a lot of hurdles that may take a bit of trial-and-error for you to overcome. If Ukrainian girls got wet for any English speaker, the number would be more in line with Brazil and Denmark, but you'll be surprised how many girls simply don't give a damn.

The approach index value shows why you need a month in Ukraine to guarantee success. Again, two weeks is doable, but there's a danger that you may run out of time.

III: Game

Backstory and Preparation

The most important thing you can do before arriving in Ukraine is to prepare a solid backstory about why you're there. Every girl will ask you the reason for your visit and try to cross examine you to see if you're actually a sex tourist in disguise.

If you're only in Ukraine for a short time (under a month), lying about living there won't help you get the one-night stand since in most cases you'll have to do some dating anyway. Your best bet is to be vague about your length of stay. There are two backstory angles you can take: you're there on vacation or you're there for work.

If you're in Kiev or Lviv, you can get away with the vacation backstory since they are tourist destinations, but it won't erase the possibility in her mind that you're a sex tourist. Express your interest in the language (show off a few words you've learned) and praise the women in a non-sexual way. Ukrainian women know they are hot shit compared to the wildebeest in America so they expect you to make a positive comment about their appearance. Just like in Poland, I found that I got good reactions when detailing the pleasant qualities of the local women.

If you're outside of Kiev or Lviv, saying you're in her shithole city for vacation *will not fly*. She simply won't believe you, which should be obvious with her fast and furious follow-up questions. It's better to say that you're there for work.

Ukrainian girls don't understand internet jobs or location-independent lifestyles, so keep it simple by making up a traditional job that they understand. My fake job was "real estate analyst." I would say, "I work for a company in America that buys property in Eastern Europe. My job is to inspect the properties and do analysis." It was a great cover for me because it explained why I had been to so many other countries in Eastern Europe. I knew they bought the story because they would nod and not ask any follow-up questions.

The best lie should fit the following format: "I work for an American company that does so and so." I knew a guy who would say he was a lawyer helping a local businessman close a merger with an American company. It worked beautifully.

Once you give a one or two sentence description of your job, you have to resist if she asks for more information, especially since follow-up questions are generally a sign of distrust, not that she's interested in what you just said. Understand that Ukrainian guys are secretive about their work and don't let girls pry. To not make it seem like you're a gullible and naïve American, you will have to push back on her attempts to gain more information.

If she asks for the name of your company, for example, respond with, "Why do you want to know?" Information is power in Ukraine and by giving it all up voluntarily you show her that either you're lying or not very sharp.

Any classic job like lawyer, doctor, engineer, accountant, or businessman will work with Ukrainian girls. My job as a "writer" bombed. In Ukraine, writers are poor, so being an

American guy able to live abroad as a writer triggered their defenses and made them think I was lying. It's ironic that telling them the truth would trip their lie detector while lying about being a "real estate analyst" didn't. I actually wanted to tell the truth, because I think it's more interesting, but it was causing a lot of pickup failures so I had to change it.

I found that I could be more honest to English groupies who lived abroad. They knew that a writer in the States, for example, is different from a writer in Ukraine. They also knew that a lot of people have internet businesses that can be operated from their laptops. But if I was talking to a girl whose English was barely conversational, I would stick with the lie to pass the test and proceed with the conversation.

Experiment with taking both the "vacation" or "business" tracks, but I'm pretty confident that business will do a better job of passing their tests. I remember one night in Kharkiv when I decided to say I was there on vacation, just for fun. I was accused of being a sex tourist three times, twice from girls and once from an Indian guy, even though Kharkiv is not a sex tourist destination. Immediately I wanted to conclude that I should never tell a girl I'm on vacation, but one of the girls who called me out later invited me for a drink before I eventually got cockblocked by her friend. This is why it's important to test your backstory (just don't forget which backstory you gave to which girl).

The more natural attraction a girl has for you, or the more she's an English groupie, the less your backstory will matter. As a general rule, give a solid backstory to those girls who don't speak good English. The more fluent in English she is, the less important your backstory is because she'll have the values to understand your non-classic job or your desire to travel to a poor shithole like Ukraine.

Once you've got your backstory down, the next important skill you'll need is the ability to screen out girls who don't want sex. If you don't screen her, you'll end up on many mediocre dates where your wallet is slowly drained by girls who have absolutely no intention of fucking you.

In many countries there is an unwritten agreement that if a guy takes a girl out, he should get at least some intimacy in return, but in Ukraine a lot of girls want to see how much they can get without giving *anything* in return. A mistake that encourages this extractive behavior is letting her cross-examine you without doing the same to her. Every part of the interaction you have with a Ukrainian girl is a test to see if you're a weak man who she can mooch drink and food from.

It's worth describing what type of style you should aim for. I can tell you that Ukrainian girls don't like the hipster or hip-hop style. It's better to look like you're coming out of Macy's than Urban Outfitters. Snug jeans and v-neck is fine but if you go to the mega clubs your best bet is to look business casual and clean cut. This means no thick beards. Tightly cropped beards a la the Spanish style is okay, but thick beards that food can get stuck in will get you a lot less attention. Long and messy hippie hair is less desired than a basic army crew cut.

Before I dive into sharing how to approach Ukrainian girls, I want to tell you that the best game in Ukraine is where you don't have to approach at all. A Ukrainian girl will

treat you completely different if you approach her on the street rather than if you meet her through a friend or associate. Even getting introduced to her by your favorite bartender at the club will dramatically increase the reception she gives.

If you remember that girls are distrustful and have to watch out for themselves, you can understand how meeting her through an intermediary will spare you a lot of frustration and cross examination. It really comes down to her wanting to be sure you aren't a psycho killer, which you can accomplish even if you randomly know her friend through Couchsurfing or if you're able to get a job at her English school.

At the language school I taught at, I was a superstar among female coworkers and students, who I'm sure wouldn't have received me well had I cold approached them in the club. On Friday afternoon I'd go teach and get flirtations in the form of compliments, smiles, and penetrating eye contact. Then at night I'd go to the club alone and be invisible among girls of the same caliber who were reluctant to even ask where I was from. Or I'd approach on the street to have girls give nervous answers before scurrying away.

The player who relies only on cold approaches will have an uphill battle snagging quality Ukrainian girls. You're playing the raw numbers game in the hopes that you meet someone who speaks English, is open to a foreign man, and hasn't been burned in the past by a foreigner who made promises and talked a big game only to disappear after sex or impregnation. I thought that speaking Russian would be the magic key to getting good responses, but having a solid introduction goes much farther.

The best way to build a harem in Ukraine is not to do 100 approaches a day but to build a blockbuster social network and work in a local job that puts you in contact with women. In the Ukrainian world where strange men are seen as a potential danger, doing cold approaches is a low ROI affair. It will get you lays, but the payoff will be the lowest out of anywhere in Eastern Europe.

Internet Game

The number one site to meet Ukrainian girls is Mamba (<http://www.mamba.ru>). Go there right now to see the level of talent for a city you're thinking of visiting. Keep in mind that the talent level on the ground is a step above what you see on the site, so don't expect to be blown away, especially if you already have some Eastern European experience.

Based on what I've told you about Ukrainian women and their lack of English, I hope you can guess that the best internet game to spit is simple, like you were chatting to a teenage girl. This will be clear to you once you see their four or five-word replies in broken English.

My Mamba strategy was to start in English and then transition to Russian (or Ukrainian) using Google Translate. From personal experience, I would estimate that less than 20% of girls online can have a light conversation in English, about the same as I experienced in nightclubs.

A good opening line is, "Hello, do you speak English?" Feel free to add a smiley face. Unless her reply is "Yes," bust out the Google Translate and ask her these questions in sequential order (wait for a reply for each one).

- "Do you live in [city name]?"
- "Do you study or do you work?"
- "Are you learning English right now?"

Of course you should be flexible if she gives you a reply that takes the conversation elsewhere.

At some point she will ask you why you're in her city. Give her an abbreviated version of your backstory. Refrain from being sarcastic or trying to be funny because she won't get it. Almost imagine that you're a researcher and you want to gather facts about this girl, because that is the only conversational style she'll respond to.

After you've had three or four exchanges, you'll want to go for the close. Ask her, "Do you like English?" If she says yes, say, "Well I speak English very well. :) Do you want to go for a walk later this week?" If she's down, she'll reply with her number. Don't worry about the "go for a walk" suggestion yet (I'll explain it later).

Most guys who use Mamba are hardcore about it, messaging a couple hundred girls to get a handful of dates. I've heard stories about guys on short weekend trips having five or more dates ready before their arrival. While this is no doubt possible, understand that quality control will be a problem.

A lot of guys had success with internet game, but it just wasn't my bag. The talent in the clubs was higher, and I liked having face-to-face interactions. Sometimes I wonder if I'm a bit of a luddite in my reluctance to use dating sites, but I will say that if you keep your

standards low (around the 5 range) you'll get plenty of responses. You'll realize how tough it is to get a 7 or above from the internet when you can't even message them due to their full mailboxes.

Another site that you can use is VK (<http://www.vk.com>), formerly known as VKontakte. This site is the Facebook of Eastern Europe, particularly for Russia, Ukraine, and the Baltics, with a powerful search feature that lets you browse girls by region, age, and relationship status (type anything into the search bar and press enter to access the search utility). Because the site is more Facebook than Mamba, you'll have to message a lot more girls to get responses, but many men claim success from it. You should be able to stick to the "Hello, do you speak English?" opener but it's worth a try to reference her favorite movies or music if you share the same tastes. Avoid girls with hundreds of fans because she's probably attention whoring and not serious about meeting random foreigners.

And then there's Couchsurfing. I find the quality on Couchsurfing to be much lower than Mamba and VK, but there are more English speakers. Sending a message in English will not be fruitful unless it's clear from her profile that she speaks it. Outside of Kiev, I don't think using the site will yield much benefit, though you can try by asking her for recommendations in the city you're in. Another option is to join a city group and check out any weekly meetups they have.

To be successful with internet game you have to imagine yourself as a robot, messaging hundreds of girls over a sustained period before your trip. If you adopt the mindset of a spammer instead of a sniper, you'll get more dates out of it. Looking back over my trip, knowing some Russian and teaching English were the only reasons I didn't need to use the internet to meet girls. Otherwise, I would have had no choice.

Day Game

Day game in Ukraine has many problems. First, there is a lack of venues where girls are alone. I rarely saw cute girls in the coffee shop, supermarket, or mall without friends or boyfriends. The subway was another option but cars were often too packed for me to be placed next to a girl I wanted to approach. Parks had girls, but usually in pairs or more.

I did some approaches on pairs in coffee shops, but it was a drag to have to talk to both of them for an extended period of time instead of the girl I wanted. Finding cute girls who were alone, not on their phone, or not in a rush to be somewhere was harder than I thought possible. If you want to pursue a day game strategy, you'll have to commit 2-3 hours a day just to get in a good number of approaches. This will involve a lot of waiting and walking around.

The usual venues I do well at in Europe—the grocery store and mall—did not serve me well in Ukraine. Street game was really the only viable option, but it came with a painfully low success rate. I found the biggest problem was that girls were constantly on their phone. Because voice calls are cheap in Ukraine if you have the same mobile provider as your friend, many girls are constantly on their phones as they walk around during the day. Compare that to Colombia, where more expensive voice calls mean you see far fewer girls having phone conversations.

A more pressing problem with day game is that only 20% of girls will actually speak enough English to have a conversation with you. This means that most of your approaches will fall flat immediately. It's just something you have to accept.

You'll most often be faced with a shell-shocked girl who doesn't know how to react to someone talking to her in English. I shouldn't have to remind you that your approach should be low energy with slow speech so you don't freak her out. Combine the bad English with very shy personalities towards strange men and you have a recipe for day game pain.

Your best bet for finding girls who speak English is in or near the university. Simply walk around like you are a confused idiot and ask girls where the foreign language office is. Your bait drop will be how hard it is to find a good Russian (or Ukrainian) language class where you "come from." You're going to have to be patient with your approaches here since most girls won't be alone.

The university will also have common areas where you can sit down with your language book and wait for an opportunity to approach a girl nearby. You could ask her a language question and get her to explain the answer in detail before dropping how classes are hard to find where you come from. The key to university game in Ukraine is to go before 3pm when there are more people. It can be rather dead after four.

Ukraine is a country of eye contact. It's how girls show interest. You should absolutely approach her if she looks at you, day or night, even for just half a second. If the eye

contact is a second or more then she's definitely interested.

While eye contact doesn't guarantee success, it does mean she's either intrigued or attracted to your look. It also means she's less likely to have a boyfriend. It was phenomenally more likely that I'd get blown out by a girl if she didn't give me eye contact than if she gave me just a quick glance. Eventually I stopped approaching girls who at least didn't look around.

If you consider it from the perspective that single girls are actively looking for a potential partner, you can be reasonably confident that a girl who doesn't make eye contact with any guy already has a boyfriend, especially since it takes conscious effort not to make eye contact with anyone while walking down the street. Try it yourself—walk down a busy street and stare straight ahead without looking at anyone. You probably won't be able to help but directly glance at the cute girls that fall within your peripheral vision.

Therefore it's more acceptable in Ukraine to fish for eye contact before approaching than in America, a place where you can still be well-received even if eye contact was not established. Wherever you are in Ukraine, whether it's in a park, a grocery store, or the mobile store, you must be ready to approach girls who check you out. Even if you're on the street in the middle of the day, ask yourself, "What would my opener be if a cute girl gave me eye contact right now?" Keep the approach simple and talk slow...

"Do you know where I can find a pet shop?"

"Do you know where I can find a large supermarket?" ('Grocery store' won't be understood so be sure to say 'supermarket.')

"Do you know where I can find a café with internet access?"

You can also ask for directions to a place you already know. It's helpful to carry a city map with you at all times so you can bust it out and lengthen the conversation.

In each opener, let her answer, then drop a piece of bait that encourages her to ask you where you're from...

"Where I come from, there are pet shops on almost every block."

"Where I come from, there are large supermarkets in the city center."

"Where I come from, there is a Starbucks coffee shop on every block."

My examples may seem simple to you, but they actually may be a bit too complicated because of the poor English you'll face.

I don't recommend you ask her if she speaks English as a day opener. That would be like asking a girl if she has a boyfriend—a question that gives her an easy out. Just ask your question slowly in English and you'll know very quickly if she understands you or not. It will be common that she'll ask you to repeat yourself.

During the day I stuck with the pet shop opener. The easier openers I tried, like asking for common stores or a metro station, made it harder to continue rambling since they wanted to keep walking after giving the correct answer. Just like anywhere else in the

world, asking them something they don't know forces them to stop and think about the answer. When it got late in the night, usually past 9pm, where asking for a pet store no longer made sense, I asked for a "large supermarket" that was still open, something that was hard to come by in the city.

The way that daytime pickup works in all the countries I've been to is to start indirect, drop bait about the country I "come from," let her bite, then segue into a personal chat that gets me her number. It's really hard for a single girl who is open to foreign men to resist asking my country if I say, "Where I come from, the coffee shops stay open really late." Or a girl will find it difficult not to ask why I moved to her city if I say, "I just moved here and am trying to find a big supermarket where I can buy peanut butter."

The problem with Ukraine is that the girls don't bite on bait during the day. You can drop the most interesting bait in the world without her asking you any questions, but as I explained in my day game book *Day Bang*, this is a criterion that must be met before you can proceed.

In Ukraine—and only Ukraine—I want you to assume that she bit on your bait *as long as she's still standing there talking to you*. Her presence is the bite. Here's a real example involving a girl I approached on the street in Kharkiv:

Me: "I just moved here the other day so I'm looking to buy a pet to keep me company."

Her: "Oh."

Me: "Yeah, I just moved here for work so I'll be here a while."

Her: "Okay."

Me: "And I'll be here for three months. That's why I want to buy a pet."

Her: *Head nod*

Me: "At first I was going to buy a cat, but now I think fish are better. When I leave I can flush the fish down the toilet, but I can't do that with a cat."

Her: *Weak smile*

Like anywhere else, give Ukrainian girls a chance to bite on your bait, but when she doesn't take it—and chances are she won't—assume she bit and keep going.

If she didn't bite on your "I just moved here" bait but continues to stand there, assume she asked why you moved to Ukraine and give that answer with the next thing you say. At night girls are a little better about asking personal questions, but during the day they rarely will. You're probably wondering, "If a girl doesn't bite on my bait, and bait biting is how I know I should go for the number, what sign should I use for getting the digits?"

The answer: ten minutes. If you're talking to a Ukrainian girl in a daytime situation for ten minutes, that means she will give you her number. The interest that Ukrainian girls give to guys they like is more subtle than anywhere else in the world. If she's giving you attention, even if she's standing there like a statue, she's interested in you.

Once those ten minutes have passed and she's still there, go for the number. Do it with

the following MANEC framework, which is quite different from the GALNUC technique you may already be familiar with.

M: Married. Ask, “By the way, are you married?” This is changing the approach from indirect to one where you’re expressing interest. If she talked to you for ten minutes then she definitely won’t be married. Also note how asking this question is meant to put her on the defensive to prevent her from digging into your backstory. In Ukraine, asking a single girl if she’s married is a subtle neg.

A: Age. “How old are you?” This is an especially good question to ask if you’re an older guy so that you can set up a nice contrast to her youth. Remember that Ukrainian girls like older guys because of the higher chance that they are good providers.

N: Name. “What is your name?” She will not instantly ask your name in return so you might as well offer it up.

E: English. “Do you like English?” If she’s talking to you for ten minutes in English then her answer will probably be yes.

C: Close. “Well I like English, too.” Smile. “Do you want to go for a walk some time and speak in English?” She may not give a response. You have to assume the yes as long as the word “No” doesn’t come out of her mouth, because I promise you that Ukrainian girls are not nervous or hesitant about rejecting men firmly. Take out your phone, give it to her and say, “Why don’t you put in your number and I’ll contact you soon.”

Once you see how Ukrainian guys interact with their women, which I liken to dragging lifeless dolls around the floor, you’ll understand that she won’t ever make the seduction easy for you by showing enthusiasm. You have to do all the work, all the conversation, and all the planning.

MANEC will feel like a one-sided interview. Again, this is something I usually teach guys to avoid when running day game, but Ukraine is a strange exception. Even after the ten minute mark she may be eerily silent after answering your MANEC questions, but as long as she’s still standing there, she’s interested. Ukrainian girls simply don’t appear enthusiastic when they talk to guys. They rarely smile. They don’t say “Great!” or “Sure!” Most of them only give barely perceptible head nods.

Your approach to day game should be similar to internet game: just spray your machine gun all over the place. Because so few girls speak English, you need to put in a high number of approaches just to be able to communicate. Most of your interactions won’t even hit thirty seconds, especially if you’re not gaming in or around a university.

Once you accept that most of your approaches will go nowhere because of the language difficulty, and that girls won’t exactly be jumping for joy when you do get them in conversation, you’ll realize that the key to success is just doing the approaches.

As a final note I will say that it was much more enjoyable to day game when the weather was warm. Girls were often done up like they were going to the club, so the motivation to approach was high even though I knew I’d probably fail.

Night Game

The biggest problem with night game is that most girls simply don't go out. Kharkiv, a city of 1.4 million people, only had five popular clubs. Compare that to Washington DC where there are dozens of clubs even though the population is less than half that number (I'm not counting the suburbs). In Kharkiv I quickly got the impression that clubbing was for the upper class, because even I was starting to balk at the cost of taxi fares, outrageous cover charges, and drinks. I wasn't spending that much less per night than in DC.

Seeing all the Ukrainians with iPhones confirmed to me that it was a rich people thing, especially since the iPhone costs \$900 and up in Ukraine. That's about 20% of the country's official GDP per capita.

Most girls I met in Kharkiv during the day told me they didn't go to clubs. If a girl did go, it would be once or twice every two months. Understand that normal Ukrainian girls are not like American girls in going out two or three times a week. They *rarely* go out, which is why internet and day game are more important here than anywhere else. Having a solely night game strategy will mean that you miss out on tons of nicer girls who only step into a club for a special event like a friend's birthday.

The biggest positive of night game is that the quality is much better than during the day and on the internet. If you go to the richest club in the city, you'll be absolutely amazed at not only the level of talent on display but the high female to male ratio, especially before midnight. It's true that you'll still have trouble picking them up even with favorable ratios, but from an eye candy perspective it will be spectacular.

Unfortunately, Ukraine caused me to revise my theories about wanting to be in countries with a high female to male ratio. In Poland, the ratio was much worse (often at one girl for every three guys), but I picked up much easier. I learned that ratio is only one factor to consider when determining if a city is good or not. Being able to communicate fluently in a common language is surprisingly much more important than being surrounded by boatloads of women.

The style of night game you should implement is an extension of the day game I just taught you. I'm calling it "Weekend at Bernie's game" or just "Bernie game" for short.

Weekend at Bernie's is a wildly popular American movie where the main character, Bernie, a businessman, dies an untimely death. To keep up appearances and avoid getting in trouble, his two goofy underlings make it seem like Bernie is still alive by giving him sunglasses and manipulating his movements as if they're controlling a puppet. On a beach resort they ended up making Bernie look like the life of the party. While dead, Bernie makes many friends and even hooks up with a pretty girl. In the sequel, which I believe was a box office smash, Bernie is brought back to life using a voodoo spell where he performs a strange tribal dance with his chest puffed out.

In Ukraine, the girl is Bernie. I want you to pretend she's dead and that only you have

the shaman power to make her undead. Follow these four steps:

1. Do most of the talking (at least 90%). She will give short responses that do not at all help you continue the conversation. Silence will be standard. It will seem like she has passed into the netherworld, but as long as her body is still there (i.e., she doesn't walk away), you're doing fine and should talk about anything that comes to your mind. Some silence on your part is okay, but too much silence and she may reanimate and walk away into the arms of another guy.

2. Touch early and often. Do you remember the scene in *The Matrix* where Trinity brought Neo back to life by declaring her love for him? Well you're going to bring the Ukrainian Bernie back to life by touching her a lot. Start touching her arms, her back, her hips, and—once you're on the dancefloor—her ass. Words will not reanimate Bernie, only touching. I'm convinced touch is the main way that a Ukrainian girl gets attracted to a man. Just understand that while doing this, she will not touch you back. As long as she's still with you, however, you're doing fine.

3a. When you run out of conversation (and this will definitely happen because of how little she gives you), suggest a dance. There actually should be less suggesting and more demanding. The girls are so averse to giving direct "Yes" answers that you have to constantly be leading the interaction. If any of your game moves are dependent on a Ukrainian girl saying "Yes," they will not work.

To start the dance you can put your hand on her back and say "Let's go dance" or pull her hand towards the dance floor. Once you get a look at how guys run their aggressive Bernie game, you'll probably feel very passive and slow. Assume the "Yes" and proceed from there.

3b. Sometimes it'll be a better idea to drink before dancing, especially if the music is crappy and she's not yet in a dancing mood. After a ten minute conversation with her, once she's shown her interest in standing next to you and listening to whatever ramble you've mustered up, ask her what she likes to drink and then make a move to the bartender to get it (unless she gives you a clear "No"). It's generally a bad sign when a girl refuses a free drink from you because that's her way of saying, "I don't want to owe you a damn thing." If a girl turns you down to both drink and dance, she's probably going to walk away from you shortly. If she accepts both of your offers within the first 30 minutes or so, you're doing great.

4. Attempt to kiss Bernie. It's more important that you attempt the kiss than actually get it. This is because you want to establish a sexual frame to make it clear that friendship is not on the table. You don't want to realize on the first date that you're in the friend zone when you hoped to be in the fuck zone. I must say that I've never been friend zoned so much as in Ukraine, basically because my sexual intent was too weak early in the interaction.

It's much better to get rejected from the beginning than at the end of a first date where you've already invested a lot of time and money. By going caveman in the club, she knows very well that you're going to go for the kiss on the date. She won't agree to the

date unless she's prepared to accept that outcome.

Day pickups were usually trouble for me because it was hard to establish a sexual frame on the street. If there's any country in the world where it's fine to spit more direct game to weed out wishy-washy girls, Ukraine would be it.

The biggest problem in Ukraine is knowing *when* to make it clear that you have sexual interest in her. If you do it too early, like at the beginning of your approach, she may reject you because she doesn't know who you are and hasn't had the chance to test your backstory. But if you wait too long, she may enjoy the fact that you're entertaining her with conversation or drink without her having to offer anything in return. She may end up putting you in the "random foreign guy friend" box, a container I've been in more times than I'd like to admit.

The best way to tell if a Ukrainian girl likes you or not is if she says "No" to your physical escalation but remains in place and doesn't utter the word "friends." Believe me that they will actually tell you to stop touching them if they're not feeling it and then walk away with no hesitation or shyness. For example, if you try to kiss her but she just pulls her head back and gives off an awkward smile, but remains with you, you're still in the game. But if you try to kiss her, she pulls back her head, *and* says she only wants to be friends, or simply walks away, she isn't attracted to you.

As I write this, I remember a few cases where I gave up on a girl I thought wasn't interested in me even though she was. One time I brought a girl home on the same night from the club (a rare feat) but she didn't even want to kiss. I was sure she didn't like me at all, but then she proceeded to find my number from a mutual acquaintance and text me. I thought she was just wasting my time and playing games, but today I can state with absolute certainty that she had a serious crush on me. I feel disgusted for not pursuing it.

Ukrainian girls come from the traditional mindset that a guy doesn't value you if he thinks you're easy. A lot of them (but not all) will pull back on your first kiss attempt if you're being as aggressive as I'm telling you. As long as you look at that pull-back in context you'll understand what's really going on. I lacked this understanding for most of my stay.

On a night towards the end of my trip, I was in a club talking to a young girl who kept refusing my kiss. I trapped her in a corner and just kept trying until I got it. If I met her in my first week, I would have thought that she wasn't interested in me and walked away with nothing. It took me a while to understand that Ukrainian girls want to be overpowered by a strong man who doesn't give up.

If you have a 30-minute pleasant conversation at the bar where you didn't try to touch her and she didn't try to resist in some way, I guarantee you'll have a hard time moving things forward if you get her on a date. However, if she kept refusing your advances before finally submitting to a kiss, you may actually do quite well on the date.

The paradox in Ukraine is that getting resistance is a sign you're moving forward. If she's not resisting, she's probably putting you in the friend zone. Like I mentioned before, the only question is when to start escalating in the form of touching or suggesting a dance.

If you approach in the club, I advise you to start touching no later than the ten minute mark.

Ukrainian women are similar to Brazilian in that they want an aggressive man who doesn't really give them a choice in the matter. The major difference is that Brazilian women are much more affectionate and will give you more feedback. Since Ukrainian women give you no feedback, you'll have no idea how your escalation has been received, hence the "Bernie game." In Ukraine there is no need for calibration because the women don't put out signs about what they're thinking or feeling. Ukraine is an excellent place for guys with Asperger's because they won't need to calibrate at all. They can run game without caring for feedback and just hope for the best.

So many foreign men have come to Ukraine and failed, then gone home and whined that the girls are materialistic bitches who just want money. This seems to be the default complaint that guys have when they fail with women from any country. I don't think this tells the entire story, since I saw many guys of average means dating pretty girls.

The big problem is that what Ukrainian women seek in a foreign man is different from what they seek in a local guy, and even I'm not completely sure how that changes. But I am sure that if you don't communicate with a Ukrainian woman in the right way or don't go caveman, she will think you're a gullible foreigner and take you for a ride. If you understand that she's not a Western girl who gets wet from witty conversation, you're already halfway there.

Most girls are attracted to interesting men who have a story to tell, but Ukrainian girls didn't seem to care about this at all. They also don't seem to care for mystery, sarcasm, cockiness, or irony. They don't value "good conversation" as much as Western girls do. The only exceptions are girls who are fluent in English, have lived abroad, or have previously dated a Western man.

If a girl is using advanced conversational features with you then use them on her in kind, but most of the time all you'll be getting are "Yes" or "No" answers and simple descriptions of her daily routine, education, and family.

Approaching, Conversation, and Escalation

The safest opener to use at night is "You look like you speak English." If she says no then it's over; don't bother continuing unless you know the language. If she says "a little" or "yes" then that means it's on. A variant I'd sometimes use is, "You look like you *don't* speak English," usually towards the end of the night when I was frustrated at the imminent failure I was facing.

You'll quickly run into the common situation where a girl says she speaks English, but when you get into the conversation, you'll find she knows less than one hundred words. This is because she likes you. She wants to try for the conversation so she exaggerates her

ability. Follow up your opener by asking basic questions about English:

“Where did you learn English?”

“Do you like speaking English?”

“Would you say English is popular in Ukraine?”

“Do a lot of Ukrainians want to learn English?”

“What do you think of the American accent? Do you like it more than the British accent?”

Keep your game similar to your internet chats, essentially interviewing her on a range of subjects until she gets comfortable and starts asking you questions. If her English is weak, and it probably will be, you’ll have to keep the conversation very basic. It’s important to speak slowly so she understands. Here are some topics to talk about:

Her favorite kinds of music

Cities that she wants to visit

Which Ukrainian cities she has been to

Her favorite clubs

Her favorite foods

Where she likes to go during the summer

What she thinks of Ukrainian men

Difference in average marriage age between Ukrainians and Americans

What she likes to cook

Her field of study or career

Her family (if she has brothers or sisters, pets, etc.)

Her favorite cocktails or drinks

Her favorite restaurants

As you can see, the topics are very simple. You’ll have no problem with the conversation as long as you ramble. When you ask her a question like her favorite city or foods, she will answer but may not ask you the same in turn. You have to make the assumption that she wants to know, so tell her anyway.

If you’re thinking, “Wow, this is what I got to talk about in the club?” then welcome to my world. This is the reality of gaming a Ukrainian girl with less than fluent English. A good rule of thumb is to ask yourself if a topic you want to talk about would confuse a 12-year-old. If it would, then you shouldn’t bring it up.

A Ukrainian guy once told me, “When you talk to a woman, don’t force her to think. She doesn’t like that.” Ukrainian girls never have to put effort into their conversation when they get picked up by their guys, so don’t expect some magic light to come on when

she talks to you just because you're a foreigner. A lot of frustration will be avoided by asking her simple shit that would get you laughed out of the bar if you did the same in America.

At this point you may be wondering if it's fun to game a corpse. Unequivocally, the answer is no. It's a drag. There is no warmth, skill, or charm to it. You may even question your decision to visit Ukraine. Thankfully there is some good news: things greatly improve once you have sex with her. Her ultra-feminine and nurturing vibe kick in along with her desire to talk a bit more. You may end up with a girlfriend who, dare I say, is actually fun to talk to. This is why I've come to the conclusion that Ukraine is best if you want a feminine girlfriend, not if you want to bang a lot of girls.

If you decide to come only for notches, I'm sure you'll get extremely frustrated at the interactions in broken English that don't go your way for mysterious reasons. Once you land a cute girl that treats you well and doesn't flake, I doubt you'll be eager to hit the club and deal with all the bullshit.

I will say that desiring personality in a mate is more of a Western thing. I spent enough time in Eastern Europe that a girl's appearance and femininity moved higher on my value scale while personality moved down, and in the end I was happier for it.

As long as the girl is generous, pleasant, and happy, I don't need her to entertain me or stimulate my brain. If you're the kind of guy that gets a boner when an American girl gives you a witty comeback, then Ukrainian women are not for you. You'll find them to be simple-minded and boring. Ukraine is not a place where personality is valued.

I've arrived at the point where I have a visceral negative reaction to a girl who tries to be funny like a man would, especially if she has several physical flaws that could be improved with some effort. I'll think, "Why is she trying hard to make this joke when her nails aren't painted and her shoes are dirty? Why doesn't she put effort on that instead of trying to make me laugh?" You'll have to figure out if you get more happiness with going caveman on "boring" girls or turning a girl on with witty wordplay. Ukrainian women are on the former end while Americans are on the latter, with a lot of South American and Eastern European women somewhere in between.

Once you get the conversation going and make attempts at dancing or drinking, your best bet is to try to go for the kiss around the hour mark. That may seem early, but it's part of the screening process that you need to do on girls who will be a little too willing to waste your time on future dates.

The best place to get the kiss is on the dancefloor away from her friends, assuming you can get her isolated. The pull-back is something you'll face in Ukraine so don't freak out when it happens, just pretend it didn't happen, keep dancing or talking, and then try to kiss again a few minutes later. It's worth repeating that if she sticks around after your failed kiss attempt then she is interested in you

If for whatever reason you're unable to get her isolated to go for the kiss, you can do small compliance tests to find out where you stand. The most common test I use is to relocate the girl a few feet away or to another part of the club. You can say, "Hey let's go

to the bar so I can get a water” or “Let’s go check out the other dancefloor so we can see what music they’re playing.” If she says, “No that’s okay, I’ll wait with my friends,” then she’s not interested, but if she complies then she is. A compliance test can also double as an isolation move.

Your best strategy at night is to get a makeout and then follow that with a number. Getting the number is a little tricky in Ukraine. Right now you probably wait until the very end of the interaction to get it before saying goodbye, but in Ukraine there’s a high chance she will pause the conversation to spend time with her friends and then make an exit that is too abrupt to smoothly get digits. She probably won’t spend the entire night at the club with you even if she likes you, so get the number soon after the kiss.

The easiest way to get her number is when you have to use the bathroom. Say, “I’m going to the bathroom, but let me get your number in case I don’t find you.” Take out your phone and get the digits. You can come back to her a few minutes later without any issue, but getting the number also gives you the opportunity to casually talk to other girls, something you should be open to doing because of the difficulty in getting a one-night stand. In Ukraine it’s possible to work on two girls in the same club and ping pong back and forth between them throughout the night.

Another way to get the number is to take out your phone, pretend you’re reading a text message, and then say, “Hey, you have a local number right? Why don’t I get your number now in case I lose you later in the club.” In an ideal world, I wouldn’t try to get a number before attempting the kiss, but sometimes in Ukraine this is not possible. As long as you touch early and often and aren’t too aloof about your interest in her, you shouldn’t be put in the friend zone.

When the interaction is over in the club, she won’t come up to you and give you a nice kiss goodbye. She will often leave without even saying a word. You may think that she doesn’t ever want to see you again, but when you hit her up you’ll find she’s more than happy to hear from you. After you get her number, don’t stress if she disappears and fails to acknowledge you again—it doesn’t mean she lost interest. Work on other girls to get as many numbers as you can.

If you go out on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, along with day gaming, you should have at least five numbers come Sunday. Start text messaging the hottest girls you meet and then work your way down. Once I had five dates in four consecutive days. It was draining, but Ukraine is the only country I’ve been able to do that without the internet. In spite of all the difficulties I’m telling you right now, there are still plenty of girls who want to go on a date with a foreign man. Putting in the effort guarantees you’ll find them.

I found that trying for the one-night stand didn’t yield results. The girls would always have to share an expensive cab back home with a friend, and in a country where the police don’t protect women in case they are hurt, a girl simply can’t let her friend leave with a guy that neither of them know through their social circle.

I was in Ukraine for three months and didn’t get a single one-night stand. The only other countries I didn’t get them in were Argentina and Estonia. There were just too many

logistical and cultural barriers. It may be a completely different story when a Ukrainian girl is away from her home city, but if you're in her city she's going to put you on a slow burn where you have to date.

Dating

I contacted girls through text messaging with the exact same script I wrote in *Bang*, which seems to be the only part of my game that I could carry over without having to change much. If the girl has bad English, she may not be able to talk on the phone, so texting is your best bet. I never ran into the problem I did in Colombia where a girl didn't have enough phone balance to text me back. Mobile service is generally very cheap in Ukraine.

If you're gaming in Russian, you'll have to send texts in Russian as well. This is easy if you have a smart phone—simply use the Google Translate app. If you don't have a smart phone, you'll have to translate it on your internet browser. Since you can't insert Russian Cyrillic characters on your phone, you'll have to convert your Russian response into Roman letters, which the girls will understand. Simply perform a Google search for "Cyrillic-Latin conversion tool" to do it. Once you get the Roman letters, punch that in your keyboard and hit send. It's extremely time consuming but it works.

At this point I can finally explain the "go for a walk" date I mentioned earlier. In Ukraine and Russia, most guys don't have the money to take a girl for dinner or to a lounge. So what they do is suggest a walk through a park or an interesting part of the city. In Kharkiv, the park doubled as an entertainment center of sorts. There was karaoke, carnival and arcade games, rides, bars, clubs, and kiosks selling cheap beer. During the walk, you can play some games or grab a beer or two to sit down on a bench and talk. This is what the average Ukrainian girl expects on a first date, unless she got lucky and snagged a rich guy who may be able to take her to sushi.

To pull off this date, simply text a girl, "How about we go for a walk on Tuesday evening?" She'll know exactly what you mean and then you can tell her a meeting point.

It's here that she may send you a test: "Okay, but we can't do anything else. I only want to go for a walk." This is a pretty bad warning sign that she's getting ready to put you in the friends box. Don't think that you can ignore this and charm her when you meet. Consider canceling the date or making it short enough that you can line up another date afterwards.

Though you are rich compared to her, I don't advise you to start with expensive dinners. If you do, she'll put you in the potential husband category. You want to be put in the lover category, and the way to do that is to show you have more money than her but not *a lot* more money than other guys she usually dates. If you start taking her to places where she has never been before, she's going to want to keep that joy ride going, withholding sex as

a result. Don't take her to anywhere fancy until after you have sex with her.

I'm going to give you a dating overview for the first three dates before giving specifics. For my first date, the "walk" date, I'd tell them to meet me at a statue on the edge of the park. We'd then walk through the park for twenty minutes before landing at a modest bar to have drinks. After one or two drinks, we'd go back through the park to sit on a bench and talk, where I'd go for the kiss. I could also try going for the kiss at the bar.

The second date should be dinner and movie at your place. Pre-sell the second date at the end of the first by asking her if she has seen a movie you want to show her. Describe the movie then say, "Next time we can watch the movie and I'll cook dinner." Ignore the unenthusiastic response she gives you.

It's debatable whether to go for the movie on date two or three. I would usually prefer to do it on date three, but I kept getting used by girls on my second date choice at the time: sushi. It seemed like they were in no rush to bang while I was spending money. Though a second date at your place will be too forward for some, it's really a screening tool against girls who want to take a ride on the foreign man's dime.

For the third date, take her to a cheap dinner like pizza at a place that is close to your house then go for the venue change back to your pad. You should get the bang by the third date, or at least really close to it.

To summarize the dating strategy: the first date is a leisurely walk and a drink at a normal bar. The second date is dinner and movie at your place. The third date is pizza or light fare at a café. This program ensures you won't be fully wedged into the husband category. You're not doing anything that shows you're loaded, but at the same time you're obviously a gentleman since you are paying for her and cooking for her, something Ukrainian girls like.

Understand that a girl is fully aware how much the drinks are if you take her somewhere expensive. Even though a \$9 cocktail may not be expensive to you, she will think "Wow he's spending \$9 on me for this drink and I haven't even had to kiss him yet." Compare that to a basic bar in the park where a beer is \$3. She's less likely to see you as a chump because you're acting like the local guys would.

Since you'll be expected to pay for everything, your best bet is to keep costs down as much as possible so she knows you can't be taken for a ride. I can't stress enough that even though you can afford to take her somewhere nice, you should not do it before sex. If you want sex as quickly as possible, you don't want her to know you have money.

The reason I advise against spending a lot on dates is because the rich guys take her to fancy places with the *explicit sponsorship agreement* of getting sex in return. He takes her to sushi, gets her nice cocktails, and buys her nice perfume to get sex as part of a prior agreement. Compare that to an American guy who takes her out to the same nice places but just makes funny jokes and doesn't iron out a sponsorship plan. How will the Ukrainian girl see him? Probably as a naïve man who doesn't understand how things work. If you're not going to be a sponsor, don't act like one.

I found it hard to believe that a girl would “use” me for a date at a slightly above-average bar, but you have to understand that many of these girls almost never have the opportunity to go somewhere nice. I’m not exaggerating when I say that a girl will spend an hour to get ready, take the subway, and go to a cool bar with you just for the experience.

There really are two types of game in Ukraine: game to get the most amount of dates and game to get the most amount of sex. The game to get sex is not flashing cash or trying to impress her with your means, even though that will be your instinct, along with every other foreigner who sets foot in the country. I came in with the mindset to impress these impoverished girls and the initial result was that I spent the cash without getting much ass. The trip was saved only because I adjusted after figuring out what I was doing wrong.

Internet first dates are going to be a little different. Since there is a high chance of getting a dud, you want to tell her that you’re only free for one hour. Meet at a basic café for a cup of coffee. Find out what she’s looking for and if she meets your standards. Chances are low you’ll get the kiss at the end of this date, but if you dig her then start the process from the top with a walk in the park on the second date.

You’ll be doing most of the talking on dates. By now, however, you’ll notice the girl will be slightly less corpse-like. Hit her with any remaining questions you’ve yet to ask in the conversation list I gave in the previous section. Go to Google and do a search on “getting to know you questions.” Weed out the silly questions and pick ones that you wouldn’t mind answering yourself.

It’s a good idea to connect your conversation threads instead of jumping around. If you’re talking about food, don’t follow by asking for her favorite color—ask if she likes pizza. If you’re talking about relationships, don’t follow by asking what her favorite beer is—ask what her longest relationship is. Pretend you’re writing a Lonely Planet Ukraine guide and need to learn a lot of facts about Ukrainian government, industry, and culture.

I find that girls always love talking about what they know, and she will definitely know Ukraine. You can get into some interesting dialogues when you ask a question like “What are some things you like and dislike about Ukraine?” or “If you were President of Ukraine, what would you change?” You can then talk about American culture, and things you would improve if you had power there.

Even if you’re sitting across from her at the bar, that’s no excuse to refrain from touching. Start with touches on her hands or forearms when you want to stress points in your conversation. Bust out with the fake palm read from *Bang*, which goes off surprisingly well with Ukrainian girls since they’re more superstitious than average.

After the first drink, excuse yourself to the bathroom. When you come back, look at the seat next to her and say, “Mind if I sit here?” She won’t say no. This will give you more opportunity to touch, and as long as she didn’t scoot away, you can put your arm behind her.

It’s possible that a girl will vocally tell you to stop touching her. She can say, “I don’t feel comfortable with your hand on my knee. I think we should be friends.” This is death.

If a girl withdraws from your move, especially when trying to kiss her, it's no big deal, but when she *verbally* puts you in the friends zone, she really means it. I found that Ukrainian girls don't play games when it comes to saying how they feel about you. In this case you ain't getting shit and might as well get the check after your drink.

Now imagine that you took her to a sushi dinner and she got three relatively expensive mojitos. At the end of the date you go for the kiss and then she tells you that she only wants to be friends. How would you feel? Tricked, probably. Your first date should be structured so that even if she wants to play you, she won't make much on the deal. This is why you start with a walk and go to an average bar. Absolutely do not take her to the fanciest bar in town, a mistake I made because I thought it would help me. It only hurt.

She may sugarcoat the fact that she wants to be friends with you by saying, "You're a really great guy but I just got out of a relationship and I don't think I'm ready to get into another." This may come when you first try to kiss her. My experience shows that if a girl says something like this, she will not have sex with you.

Escalation is the most reliable way to find out if a Ukrainian girl likes you or not. If she pulls back but doesn't make a verbal statement about wanting to be friends, you're doing fine and should keep trying, because the killer is the *verbal* rejection, not the physical withdrawal. If a girl likes you, she will put up with your aggressiveness until she finally feels comfortable being intimate with you.

One of the hardest parts of Ukrainian game is drawing the line between being too aggressive and being a complete wuss. You want to maximize your intimacy with girls who are into you while not being overly aggressive or overly passive.

Early on I was too passive, but then towards the end I was too aggressive. Even though I was there for three months, the line was fuzzy and I could use another stay of three months to tighten it further and find the perfect balance. It's unlikely you'll find that line in a short stay, but just know that it exists.

If you took a girl out on a date and didn't get a kiss, all signs point to the fact that you just got played. While one-night stands are not common, kissing on the first date is. What she is essentially saying is that she didn't feel compelled to give you anything in exchange for your time or money even though *she* expected something in exchange for hers. This is gross disrespect in Ukraine and must not be tolerated.

I met a guy in Ukraine who said that if you don't fuck at the end of a first date then you got tricked. While his rule is a bit extreme for us (he spoke fluent Russian), don't give these girls the benefit of the doubt. They are not gentle princesses, for starting from their early teens they have been learning game. By the age of 20 they are more experienced playing men than American girls who are 5-10 years older.

Ukrainian women will do everything they can to make themselves the sweet little angel who has only been in serious long-term relationships, but these are lies and you should not believe them. You don't want to know how much cock she has had on her summer vacations to Turkey and Greece (she's not counting them when she says she's had only "two boyfriends," something that every Ukrainian girl seems to profess).

Your mission, which you must accept, is to get that kiss by the end of the first date. Otherwise, you can't contact her again. The only exception is your one-hour internet screening dates. Dates from day game are not exceptions. You must expect the kiss and go for it. The minute you make exceptions is the minute you get played for a chump.

Before you go out on the date, make sure your logistics give the kiss a good chance of happening. This means that alcohol should be involved. If after your walk through the park she sits down with you at a bar and wants to order coffee, she's putting your dick in a box. Don't let her. Call her out with a smile: "Coffee? How old are you, 16? Have a beer with me like a grown up." Consider leaving the venue if she insists on a non-alcoholic beverage: "I thought we were going to have a drink. No point in staying in this bar if you're just going to have coffee." Sometimes it seemed like a girl was testing me by getting coffee on a date. I remember one date where a girl got juice. Needless to say but I didn't get the kiss.

Getting a bang at the end of a first date is tough. What I would try, without success, was to suggest a drink at my place. I usually tried this between 10 and 11pm, much too late to give it a chance to work. Looking back, I should have set my dates earlier at around 7pm so that at 9pm I could try the venue change to my place, when there was still enough time in her mind to leave and grab the subway home. Live and learn.

If you want to try for the first date bang, make sure your logistics are tight as a drum: your apartment should be close to your walk or the bar that you pop into. A major factor is that girls want to catch public transportation home before it gets late (the subway stops running in Kharkiv at midnight).

One way to sell them into coming over is to say, "Don't worry about the taxi, I'll pay for you." The problem with this is if she comes over and doesn't put out, you won't want to pay for the taxi. I also feel that telling her you'd pay for something with no expectation of getting anything in return brings out the worst in a Ukrainian girl's transactional nature. I think your best bet is to go for the bang on the second date with the dinner and movie idea, which is straightforward and doesn't require any special technique.

I'm sure your instinct will be to get the girl as drunk as possible, but it was surprising that Ukrainian girls really don't drink much unless they're at a house party with friends. They're much more logical than their American counterparts and will not get "lost in the moment" when it's time to bang. You won't turn her on so much that she changes her mind about wanting to sleep with you or not.

For a Ukrainian girl, the decision to bang is a logical one that doesn't require alcohol at all. She has to think, "Alright, he's an okay guy. There is some potential here. I trust him. Plus I've never had sex with an American guy before. Let's go ahead with the sex." It's not, "Oh god yes my vagina is so wet right now. I'm going to fuck this guy without a condom because I can't even think straight. Those seven vodka drinks were so tasty."

To get a Ukrainian girl to have sex with you, present her with a good deal. That deal is *not* flashing your cash, bragging, taking her out, or promising a bright future where she doesn't have to do anything. The good deal is being an attractive man with the *potential* to

be a provider who also has a private bedroom where sexual intercourse can safely happen. Your dinner and a movie date in a clean apartment with alcohol and peanut snacks constitutes a situation where sex should logically occur.

Ultimately, Ukraine reminded me why I hated dating so much. You put in a lot of upfront labor for no guarantee of reward, especially in a country where girls are extractive. After mastering my one-night stand game in many countries, it was hard to return to spending so many hours with a girl in generally dull conversation waiting for her to give up some of that pussy. I never felt like a chump as many times as I did in Ukraine.

Additional Game Analysis

Relationships

After you bang a Ukrainian girl, don't be surprised if she gets stuck on you like glue. It's okay to relax the game a bit, but don't let up too much or you may stimulate her scheming and transactional nature.

Thankfully, she will start to talk more and even suggest dates. Make sure you get all the value out of having a Ukrainian girlfriend by asking her to dress sexy and cook you food. My most memorable episode in Ukraine was when my mini-girlfriend at the time cooked for me and then put on her 5-inch heels and lingerie to do a professor and school girl roleplay. She left her heels on as I fucked her on my balcony.

It's pretty common for Ukrainian guys to buy flowers and chocolates for their girlfriends. The girls kind of expect it, so if you don't do that then she may wonder whether you care for her or not. I don't think it's a big deal one way or the other as long as you don't overdo it.

Be careful with a Ukrainian girl who tries to get you to buy her shit. I remember when the girl I dated talked about some items she wanted to buy at the mall. A minute later she mentioned a rich guy she works with who invited her on a trip outside the country. Of course she wanted to make me feel insecure and compensate by buying her shit, but I didn't and she still stuck with me. The way a girl tests a guy is whether he spends money on her or not. In Ukraine, money seems to be a display of commitment, not love.

The best kind of leverage you can have over a Ukrainian girl that precludes you from having to buy her shit is to give her orgasms. The local guys are so awful in bed that making her come puts you in the lover category where not much more is expected. It wouldn't hurt to put some extra effort into your bedroom game.

If you only understand one thing about Ukrainian women, it's this: she's a miner who wants to extract as many resources as she possibly can from you while putting in the least amount of work. She will do this in subtle ways. She may hint about things she wants to buy but can't afford. She may talk about her friends who are happier than she is because they have more things. She won't be able to help herself in trying to get more than she's getting now, a phenomenon you may also find to a smaller degree in the Baltics.

If you're not playing ball, she will start to drop stories of guys flirting with her to let you know that they may be willing to provide what you won't. Relationships are a complicated game that goes beyond the aim of this book, but the bottom line is you should never let your guard down with a Ukrainian girl and think that she's a harmless little snowflake. She knows what she wants and she knows how to manipulate men to get it.

Ukrainian Guy Game

Ukrainian guys generally fit into three categories. The first is young guys who are broke and need to leverage their social circle to get laid. If they don't have a social circle then they're definitely not getting any poonani. The second type is guys in their 20s who have a bit of money to spread around but have weaker social circles than when they were younger. They are hoping that money will substitute for lost social circle power. The last category is guys who are older, have a successful business through hook and crook, and sponsor younger women by buying them gifts or giving them money outright.

Your competition will appear weak, dumb, and ugly, but they actually know how to pick up their women. They fully understand that they have to do 90% of the talking. They understand that they have to be aggressive when going for the kiss. I'm not saying all of them know what they're doing, but many have figured out the things that I'm sharing with you now.

It definitely wasn't uncommon for me to see successful pickups that resulted in phone numbers being exchanged. Unlike in Poland, Ukrainian girls didn't complain to me about their men as much as I would have expected. They dream more of finding a rich Ukrainian guy than a rich Westerner.

Even though you will be richer and probably better looking than the competition, most Ukrainian girls would rather pick them over you. Don't underestimate how nervous girls are around foreigners about sounding like a fool or not knowing what to do. I had many girls outright tell me they were nervous around me because they didn't know what I expected them to say. They feel much more comfortable and relaxed around their own men.

Speaking in her own language goes a long way into making her feel more comfortable. Don't be surprised if the Ukrainian girls you end up going out with already had a heavy predisposition towards foreign men due to experience dating them. I don't know if you want to be the first foreign guy that she goes on a date with because of how stiff she'll be due to fear.

I find that younger Ukrainian guys will generally be starstruck that you're visiting their country, so get ready for some harmless mini-interviews. The guys you have to watch out for are the older Ukrainians. They hate competing against foreigners. They will give you dirty looks, try to cockblock you, or straight-up try to start beef with you. This is more a problem in the east of Ukraine than in the west, but it's something you should be on the lookout for.

Most Ukrainian guys think the optimum game is to make enough money to buy a Mercedes-Benz and then use that as bait to snag some women. Whether that actually works or not for getting sex instead of getting sponsored women is up for debate, but I can say that the number of luxury cars rolling around in a country as poor as Ukraine is

astonishing. I feel a bit sorry for regular Ukrainian guys toiling away in government jobs who can't even afford a car. They are simply unable to compete in a world where girls judge a guy's position on the totem pole much more harshly than in other countries.

The Style Factor

I found that dressing well didn't help me much at all, similar to my results in other Eastern European countries. I definitely got more looks when I was suited up, but my rejection rate was the same.

Paying closer attention to style is much more likely to help you in Scandinavia, where girls will approach you outright, increasing your opportunity to bang. In Eastern Europe, where girls will rarely approach you no matter how good you look, it may just give you a brownie point. This fact will be clear to you once you see the most horribly dressed guys in jean shorts with beautiful women.

What matters more to women who are looking for money is not that you give the appearance of being rich, but that you're actively *spending* money. You'll get more attention if you get bottle service with your crew while dressed like a doofus than if you're suited up sipping on a scotch alone at the bar.

Though I was traveling with a large wardrobe, I settled on jeans, v-neck, and a casual blazer with a pocket square for most of my nights out. It wasn't much effort to sport and it definitely let girls know I was foreign meat. If it was warm out I just stuck with the v-neck. You'll be fine with a casual look as long as it's not hipster.

The Race Factor

Ukrainians are not only skeptical of foreigners but they're racist as well. They will openly share their dislike of minorities, especially black people. The surprising thing is that Kharkiv has a huge population of Nigerian students, who have sort of paved the way for other blacks to come by making the locals accustomed to a minority presence. I didn't hear of any violence or hate crimes against minorities, so the racism is something you may not even notice.

The problem is that there is a stigma of going out with a black man, and to a lesser extent with Arab men. In my three months there I sometimes saw a black man and Ukrainian girl walking side by side, but only once were they holding hands. It was much more common to see open displays of affection between Arabs and local girls.

I did get word that hooking up with black guys is done in private. On Mamba you will

find Ukrainian girls who specifically state that they want a black man, so an American black guy should be able to carve a niche. Just because I didn't see interracial couples in public doesn't mean things aren't happening behind closed doors, though black men need to be more creative about meeting women instead of just doing bold approaches in the club.

Arab-looking guys are stigmatized for different reasons. First, Turkish guys have been using Ukraine as a bordello for years, so if you have a Turkish look they will automatically think you're a sex tourist. Many girls thought I was lying when I said I was American because of my appearance. Other Arabs come to Ukraine to study, impregnate a girl, and then leave. Multiple girls told me of this phenomenon, saying that "Arab men don't treat girls well."

The interesting thing about the Arabs is that they seem to have fully integrated into Ukrainian culture. Many times I tried to eavesdrop on conversations between Arab and Ukrainian couples to see if I could pick up any ideas, but they were always talking in Russian.

Indians will fare better. There is no negative stereotype about Indian men. They are looked upon as intelligent, hardworking, and honest. The girls are already familiar with Bollywood and enjoy the films.

The Indian guys I saw did the best out of other races, except for maybe Spaniards and Italians. Because girls are looking for providers who won't leave them in the lurch, Indian men are received quite well.

Unfortunately, Ukrainians seem to have a massive superiority complex and look down on non-Slavic races. Even though their country is ugly and corrupt to the core with a borderline failed state thanks to the incompetent government, Ukrainians think they are better than just about everyone else. Besides the beauty of their women, I didn't find anything inherent in Ukraine that justifies their sentiment.

Overall Game

There are two paths to success in Ukraine. The first is getting into a social circle or teaching English. This will put you in contact with a lot of women who will trust you from the beginning and show you much more interest than if you were to cold approach them in a club. Teaching English will be your easiest method, since you don't need a special visa or experience to get started. Simply contact the schools and let them know you're a native speaker.

The second path to success is mass scale approaching via internet, day game, and night game to find available girls who speak a bit of English. You will have to always be escalating to weed out girls who want to play you for cocktails. Get them to your pad by date two after doing the bulk of the talking on topics that may seem simple or boring to

you.

There is no elegant game solution in Ukraine. While it helps to understand the cultural features I've taught so far, your success will be a brute force hack rather than social engineering. Simply approach a ton of girls and implement features of your game that maximize compatibility with the peculiar Ukrainian mindset.

IV: Stories

International Women's Day

International Woman's Day is a socialist holiday meant to celebrate the existence of all human beings who have a vagina, regardless of age or marital status. Most everywhere shuts down for two days, making it feel like Valentine's Day on steroids.

Kharkiv, my home in Ukraine, was a ghost town during this time except for women carrying flowers while being escorted to restaurants by well-dressed men. The office at the English school where I landed a job was loaded with various chocolates and cakes. I was urged to dig into the sickly sweet foods, but abstained by saying I was on a "diet," a strange concept in this part of the world where most people are thin.

A male coworker told me that I should definitely go out because lonely women would be drinking heavily. I was skeptical because in America Valentine's Day has never been good to me. I assumed it was another Hallmark trap meant to part me from my money, but then again I had nothing else to do.

I had already noticed that the female to male ratio in Kharkiv clubs got progressively worse as the night went on, so I made it a point to get out the door at 11. I headed to a club where a famous Russian singer was slated to perform. After paying the insane \$25 cover, I marveled at the level of talent on tap, with an incredible four girls for every guy. The only problem with this amazing ratio was that it would make me feel like a total loser if I happened to fail. With my lack of flag after being in town for nine days, the pressure was becoming uncomfortable. If I couldn't pull here, then I'd really have to buckle down and find out what I was doing wrong.

I settled in a little nook towards the back of the "disco" room. I looked on, almost helplessly, as dozens of girls danced to pop music. To my left, a group of four women squeezed their way to the bar, including a petite brunette wearing a red dress.

"You look like you speak English," I said.

"A little."

I had already learned that "a little" means "no, but I would be interested in a chat with you."

I switched to Russian from that point on. "I speak very good English."

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"America."

"What are you doing here?"

"To find a wife." She laughed.

"Are you from here?" I asked.

"Yes I'm from here."

“Are these girls your friends?”

“Yes. Do you have friends?”

“No. I’m here alone. I don’t have any friends.”

“Why not?”

“I’ve only been here for one week,” I said.

“Do you work?”

“Yes, but I’m here to learn Russian. I have three months.”

“Why did you pick here?”

“Because I don’t need a visa to come to Ukraine. I wanted a city that spoke Russian but wasn’t Russia.” In my Russian it actually sounded like this: “Because I don’t need visa come Ukraine. I want city speak Russian but not Russia.”

The conversation was simple but we were slowly getting to know each other. She had a nice smile with great teeth and no acne, something I couldn’t say about many of the girls I had met so far. She was pretty enough that I was surprised to be making headway, but then the conversation faded out and she went to dance with her friends.

I went to another room where I met a tall girl from Moscow. My experience in Washington DC with Russian girls had been completely negative. It was a sore spot for me that I didn’t have my Russian flag in spite of the huge Russian population there. I had blamed it on the “cold” nature of Russians, but this wasn’t the case in Kharkiv. The tall Russian girl was extremely smiley and flirtatious for the ten minutes we talked in Russian, but the conversation faded out as well.

For the most part, opening wasn’t a problem. I was getting good vibes and the girls seemed to like my appearance, but I couldn’t sustain anything. If I had been getting stymied at the kiss, or getting a date, then a few quick adjustments could help blow through the problem, but I was getting stumped very early in the seduction.

After three hours in the club with no prospects, I braced myself for failure. I had trouble accepting it. I didn’t give up approaching, but I just wasn’t connecting. Then I saw the girl in the red dress sitting at a nearby table with her friends. She walked up to the bar and stood a few feet away from me. Girls don’t do that by accident.

I re-opened her with, “How are you?” My Russian was somewhat smoother after speaking it all night.

She let out a smile and we began talking. She asked me for my name and I for hers. When I ran out of conversation, I asked, “Nadiya, do you want to dance?” She said yes and I took her to the lounge room.

Nadiya wasn’t drunk, but I could tell she had a couple drinks like most other girls in the club who were celebrating everything woman. We danced and I was more aggressive than usual in touching her. I knew she liked me, so I thought I might as well test that interest by moving things forward.

She didn't object to my advances and for a few seconds actually grinded on my dick as if we were in an American club. She turned her head the first few times I tried to kiss her, but then finally accepted. The floodgates opened and we were going out like animals. This was my first kiss in Ukraine.

Her three friends eventually came to find her. With the kiss out of the way I knew the chance I'd get cockblocked was greatly diminished. I started to feel out the logistics by asking her where she lived and if she had to wake up early in the morning. For a second I thought that the one-night stand train was coming, but the friends relentlessly pressured her to leave. She resisted against their initial attempts but once they ganged up on her I knew I would miss the train.

She gave me her number and left. I had no idea how I was going to set up a date and actually go on one with my weak Russian, but for the first time in Ukraine I was feeling hopeful.

The date with Nadiya was scheduled for 8pm two days after meeting her. Just in case it bombed, I'd still have time to go out to a club to try again. I was anxious at the prospect of having a dinner date with a girl who didn't speak English, but was determined to go through with it. I pumped myself up with some rap music.

I put on a nice shirt and tie and arrived to the date a few minutes early. After waiting for a short while, she arrived. Under her coat was a long black dress that billowed out below her waist. Thin straps showed off her slender arms and toned torso. She was also wearing high heels. Her outfit seemed like something a woman would wear to a wedding party or some otherwise important event. While I was impressed, I didn't look so shabby myself, so we turned a lot of heads as we made our way to the table.

The more feminine my date looks, the more masculine I feel. If a girl rolls up looking like shit, I end up feeling like shit, even embarrassed that she dressed so poorly. Even if my date is genetically not the hottest girl, she makes me proud when she puts care into her appearance. What is a man's woman but an extension of himself?

I ordered like I was at a tapas bar, getting three dishes even though I'm sure each dish was intended as a separate meal. I needed more of an American portion size. She declined to order anything at all. My instinct was to force her to eat something, but then again the alcohol from the wine I ordered would be absorbed faster. Most of the petite Eastern European girls I meet only eat two meals a day. Nadiya eats one. I wondered how many bowel movements she has a week.

After the waitress brought our wine, I had nothing to say. Anticipating this moment, I executed my backup plan: vocabulary notecards. I had brought a heavy stack of four hundred. As if she was my language teacher, I went through one card at a time by reading the Russian word and waiting for her to approve my pronunciation. It wasn't as bad as it sounds because a lot of the notecards were descriptions of my life, like "I am a writer," "I wrote many books in the USA," and "I can live anywhere." Some words gave me inspiration for random sentences I made up on the fly.

She listened with perfect posture and smiled at my butchering of the Russian language. She didn't burp, grunt, complain, become argumentative, or interrupt me. She was the epitome of a lady, and I actually ended up doing more talking than her.

My food came and she watched me eat. I put away my cheese salad, chicken, and duck meat. She made a comment about the amount of food I ordered and I told her how Americans are fat and eat pizza and hamburgers every day.

After dinner I asked her if she wanted to go to the club. "Yes, we can go," she replied.

"It's early, no?"

"Yes, a little."

"If you want, we can go to my apartment for some time. I have champagne. Then we can go to club. I live close."

"Sure."

The \$40 bill came. She made a surprising move to pay some of it, but of course I insisted on paying the whole thing. I couldn't tell if she was serious or doing the fake pay thing that American girls do.

We hopped in the cab and were inside my apartment ten minutes later. When she took off her heels it seemed like she'd been zapped with a shrink ray. I grabbed her in the kitchen and we kissed passionately, just like at the club.

I took a break to pour her a glass of champagne then I put on some music and started things back up on the couch. She actually made the first move to take off my shirt, so I knew the flag was at hand. I was fucking her body not five minutes later, carrying her to my bedroom halfway through.

What determines a man's pleasure with sex is not only a woman's bedroom skill but how she makes you feel. Nadiya made me feel like a king. She didn't say "slow down" or "how about this" or anything else that disturbed the rhythm of my fuck stroke. The way she looked at me, the way she touched me, and the way she undulated her body as I pumped her was extremely sexy, with moves I hadn't seen since Brazil. I had heard that Slavic girls could be rocks in bed, but I was more than pleased.

I fucked her a second time and then for the third I tried to slip it in without a condom. She let me for twenty seconds of bliss before she insisted I wrap it up. In between sessions we had Russian bedroom talk and she discovered the parts of my body that were ticklish. You'd think that without language it would be hard to establish any kind of deep rapport, but it was happening.

One of the reasons I liked her was because she was the culmination of 125 hours of Russian language study, 10 months of dating Eastern European girls, and nearly 20 hours of hardcore gaming in her country. All that for an hour of sex. It's not the sexual pleasure that made it good, but what I had to do to get that pleasure.

She left later in the night, leaving me alone to lay in the afterglow. For the next 48 hours I would burst into random smiles when thinking of our date, her body, her little belly

button ring, her thick ass, and her sweet smile. It was a notch that I will never forget.

The English Teacher

Before I went to Kharkiv I emailed four language schools asking if they were looking for a native American speaker. I had heard that you can land an English teaching position without any qualifications so I figured this would be a good idea to bang some female students. Since the city had over fifty English schools, I had fantasies of banging at will without having to worry about running out of locations, treating them as if they were nightclubs.

Two schools wrote back to me and asked that I come in to chat. I was greeted in the first school, English Chateau, by the director, an attractive petite woman whose English grammar may have been better than mine. She spoke slow, in halting sentences, that meant she was manually translating from Russian to English in her head.

She asked me about my experience (none) and why I wanted to teach English. Since I couldn't tell her that I wanted to bang her students, and possibly even her, I said, "To make some extra money doing something that I know I would enjoy." I would count on my ongoing Russian study to help me with getting girls in the club, but I knew that to build a solid pussy foundation I'd have to hit up the English speakers first.

The secret to job interviews, I had long learned, is to just have a nice chat that steps just slightly out of professional lines into something casual. If the interviewer feels comfortable giving you personal information and shows a genuine interest in wanting to know you outside of what's on your resume, you've got the job.

I take it the director liked me because towards the end of the interview she said she was ready to give me twenty hours of work each week. I told her I was looking for two hours a week instead, since I was doing "an intensive Russian course." She said that was fine to "start" with. The real reason was that I didn't want to commit to a school before I was able to scope out its talent. It wasn't much different than putting your head inside the club to see if there were any hot chicks.

The second school, English Earth, was a little more lively. The director told me to check out their Sunday afternoon English club. The instructor, an African man named Steve, introduced me to the class of twenty or so and had them ask me questions about my background and the reason I was in their horrible city.

"I'm here to study Russian," I said.

"Why didn't you go to Russia?"

"Because in Russia I need a visa. I wanted to find a city that spoke Russian but was not in Russia. So I'm here."

They looked skeptical, especially the women. I really wanted to just come out with it and say I was looking for poosy paradise, but I think it would have hurt my chances at landing the job.

I couldn't help but notice a lot of smiles and eager eyes. I was a guy who spoke the language and accent that they were learning. They seemed interested in just hearing the timbre of my voice. With everyone's undivided attention, I felt like a god. My ego was being fed nicely, so I knew that teaching English would mesh well with my personality.

I decided to go with English Earth.

The teaching gig actually made it hard to make extended contact with students. The director wanted to expose every student in the school to me since I was the only native speaker. This meant I was always teaching new classes instead of getting to know the same students. It didn't help that a lot of the attractive girls had boyfriends, and would not so casually drop that fact in class in front of everyone when discussing what they did over the weekend or who bought them their iPhone.

I thought of a plan to offer a bridge for girls who liked me. At the end of class I'd say, "And if you guys have any questions about what I taught you today, or want to ask something about English, please don't hesitate to email me," and then I wrote my email address on the board. But no one emailed me, not even the guys, so I stopped doing it and tried to think of another method.

A couple weeks in I taught a new class that had a beautiful girl with bulging fish eyes. While teaching I got lost in her eyes a couple times and had to restart. She wasn't giving me a sexy stare—she couldn't do that in front of the classmates—but it was penetrating and focused. She also pursed her lips ever so slightly. Just for the hell of it, I decided to try my email move again.

Two hours after the class, I got a short email from her: "It was nice to meet you at today's classes...wanted to ask you, will you be at speaking club this Sunday? Just curious."

I couldn't believe it worked. I replied saying no, I would not be attending the speaking club, but asked if she would be interested in doing a language exchange where we talk half in English and half in Russian. I worded it in a way that even if she forwarded the email to the director, I couldn't be accused of inappropriate behavior. She accepted.

We were scheduled to meet at 6pm, but she called me at 5pm saying she was at the café.

"You're one hour early," I said.

"No, it's six o'clock," she replied.

I thought she was fucking with me. "All my clocks say five."

"Last night everyone was supposed to move their clocks forward one hour."

Daylight savings time. No one told me. I hurriedly got ready and was at the café within 15 minutes.

She was cold at first, almost nervous, but I expected this. All girls from Eastern Europe are chilly at the beginning of dates. Just talking a lot always seemed to loosen them up.

American girls are great practice for snappy comebacks and witty responses, but Eastern European girls are great for practicing long monologues and stories. They just sit there without interrupting. I don't have to worry that they are getting bored because they'd rather hear a mediocre story than have to talk.

"So what do you do?" I asked.

"I'm a composite materials engineer."

"Cool. For a company?"

"No, for the government."

"That sounds like a good job."

"Yeah it's okay, but I haven't been paid in four months. Plus the pay is really low."

"Are they going to eventually pay you?"

"Yes, but once they didn't pay us for six months."

"That's messed up."

"Yeah."

I told her about my travel experiences and other shit I've repeated a million times. I also told her about my thoughts so far on Kharkiv and how it was a very "unique" place. I was careful not to say anything bad about her city, but she chimed in to say that she hated it and couldn't wait to get out. I relaxed my political correctness and was more honest with my assessment. I said that it's a poor country of strange contrasts, containing both beautiful and ugly elements at the same time.

Her complaints about Ukraine made me suspect she wanted to get out, and that learning English was the first step to making that happen.

"If you could live anywhere in the world, where would you live?" I asked.

"Denmark," she said.

"Interesting, I lived there for two months. It was a strange place because of how the women and men act."

Silence. She was supposed to ask me how they act, but Ukrainian women are not familiar with the art of the follow-up. They are not particularly curious. So she just looked at me in silence, which is what a Ukrainian girl does when she wants you to continue.

"In Denmark the men act more like women and the women act like men. They think that gender is completely based on environment, and that the best way to be fair is to treat everyone exactly the same. So everyone is androgynous."

Still silence. Could I get a nod, at least?

Out of all the countries in Europe, I did find it peculiar that she wanted to go to Denmark, but all she could muster up was saying that it seemed like a nice place to live.

We talked for at least two hours in the café. During that time she didn't tell me a single

interesting story or joke. She had no insight into anything. She had never been out of Ukraine. But none of this bothered me. If I wanted all those things I would be dating American women.

Femininity and appearance are more important to me than personality, so Nastya's lack of one didn't at all demotivate me from my goal. As long as I had my monologue ability and she smiled or laughed at the things I was saying, the date would proceed. If I wanted deep conversation, there were several people I knew back in the States who I could call.

A band in the café started playing, making it hard to talk. We decided to go to an Irish pub nearby. If this was a real date, I'd do the arm-in-arm move while walking and then sit next to her in the pub, but I restrained myself since she was a student. I had to wait for a sign. To get that sign I suggested we drink. She ordered a beer and I got a scotch.

"What do you think of Ukrainian women?" she asked.

"It's hard to understand what they want. They don't show interest like other girls, so it can be confusing." I told her a story of when I ran into a girl in an electronics store who was super excited to see me even though she didn't give me much love in the club.

"Yeah, that's how we are," she said. "It's because in the Soviet Union we couldn't trust anyone and had to keep everything inside."

"But most young people weren't even alive during that time."

She just shrugged.

"You're also a foreigner. Girls are nervous about foreigners."

"Is that why your sister keeps calling you every half hour?"

She laughed and glanced at her phone. "Yes, she is very worried about me since I'm meeting you."

"Didn't you tell her that you met me through the school?"

"Yes, but still. I trust you, though."

"Why do you trust me? I could be a bad man."

"I can just tell." I was about to betray that trust.

Eventually I asked her if she liked Ukrainian guys.

"Not really," she said. I didn't wait for her to elaborate, since I knew she wouldn't.

"It's funny here that you see an ugly guy with a beautiful girl," I said. "In America you don't see that."

"Really?"

"Yeah you see the opposite. The guy will be okay looking while his girl is overweight and her face is not too pretty. It's common there. If you go to my city you'll be approached by guys ten times a day because the girls are so ugly. It would be easy there for you to find a guy, but here it's hard. And if you had the same job that you do now in America, you'd

make a lot more money. It's not fair that where you are born has such a big effect on your happiness."

She tensed her forehead.

"But look at the bright side, there are a lot of countries that are worse than here." The truth is Ukraine is towards the bottom. There is no bright side.

You'd think that this girl, who is dying to get out of Ukraine, would be throwing herself on me. "Take me to America!" But no. Just like the other girls I met, they maintain a stoic exterior and pretend they don't want it, even if they do. They never put on a hint of desperation. They can chase, for sure, but they still restrain their interest. This type of game made it difficult to find out where I stood with Nastya. It was made even worse by the fact that she was a student. My hands were tied.

At some point we got into the topic of meeting people. She came out with it: "I'm talking to a guy on the internet."

"Oh really?" I said.

"Yes for four months. He's going to visit me next week."

"Where is he from?"

"Denmark."

Oh Jesus. The country I hate more than America? The country that blasted me with thousands of hate comments? It's even possible that the dude knows me and has hated on me. I had to destroy him. If he was from Poland or Canada I wouldn't, but Denmark is my enemy. Plus I was jealous that this guy was coming for a sex romp with a girl I was attracted to.

She said, "Yeah we have a good connection. We talk every day and we understand each other's jokes." *Wait, you make jokes?*

"That's great. It's really important to meet someone you like."

"Yes, I think this has a future."

Then I began my cockblock.

"The internet is a really good way to meet people. I know this guy who travels a lot, really cool guy, and what he does is go on the internet before he knows he's visiting a place, and he messages a lot of girls. So when he gets there he already has dates."

Her face froze.

"He's the only guy I know that from the first day in a country, he has a date. Sometimes he has a few on the same day. He's an internet master."

I let that soak in for a few seconds.

"But I don't do that. I need face-to-face interaction. I find that too many people can lie about who they are, or hide things to make themselves look better. It's hard to judge someone online, so I rather just go to the club, even though I'm starting to get too old for

that. In the United States you can meet people in supermarkets, actually.”

I took a sip of my drink and stared off into space. I knew that by telling her about my pipelining “friend” I would sustain a negative hit, since she would think that I did that as well, but as long as I fucked it up for the Danish guy I didn’t care.

I could easily see on her face the damage my kamikaze cockblock had done, and I was quite pleased at my work. I wanted to plant a seed of doubt so that she would be withdrawn when he finally did come, sabotaging the four days they had planned together.

As I write this I think what an awful person I was to damage what could be a happy long-term relationship that gets her out of the hell hole she’s in, but my attack was instinctive. I have a program that says to destroy all competitors without mercy, and that’s what I tried to do. Only a day later did I realize I may have ruined her life, but at the time I didn’t even think of it. Besides, I have no doubt that he would have done the same to me. If the roles were reversed, he would tell her how awful Americans are and how one in particular just published a hate book against his beautiful country after already destroying Iceland’s reputation with a rape guide.

I wasn’t done with her yet. After a while I hit her with my sad love story from Brazil. Thanks to her silence, I was able to include a lot more details that made it more potent. Towards the end I noticed her eyes were tearing up. She had to look down for a few seconds to compose herself.

I had destroyed her internet boyfriend and made her cry with an emotional story. I still had one more trick up my sleeve: the cold read. It’s easy to cold read someone you’ve spent three hours with.

I said, “I think I have an idea what you want.”

“What?”

“You find it hard to believe that it’s so difficult to meet a good man. You’ve tried and tried, and don’t understand that there isn’t one you can love with everything you got. This is why you went on the internet, because you gave up with Ukrainian men. You have a lot of love to give, but there is no man worthy to give it to. You’re love-starved, but patient, too. You don’t want to make the wrong decision.”

I have never seen her eyes open so large. She leaned forward and said, “Oh my god, how did you know that?”

“Sometimes I get feelings about people, and that’s what I got about you.”

“It’s like you read my mind.”

I smiled. I was proud of my performance, but knew that what I just did wouldn’t affect her as strongly as a Western girl. The emotional buttons are different in Ukraine, and my guess is that what would have made an American girl’s pussy gush only secreted a measly drop in Nastya’s. It would be like Snoop Dogg giving the best show of his life to an audience that loves country music. They would have no idea that his performance actually killed.

We were going on four hours. She was starting to talk more and more, and dare I say we were building something of a connection. But she still didn't give me a sign that said I could escalate. I touched her a couple times on her hands but she didn't reciprocate.

I did one final move: I complimented her. The first compliment was her bulging fish eyes. I said they were hypnotic and my ex-girlfriend had eyes just like that. A sign you're doing good is if a girl compliments back, either immediately or within a few minutes. She did not.

Towards the end I gave another compliment. I said, "I feel really comfortable talking to you. It's strange because I don't usually have such long conversation with Ukrainian people." Still nothing. No touching, no compliments, so I can't say I was surprised when I paid the entire check and she said, "Well, now you have a new Ukrainian *friend* to hang out with!"

Ouch.

It was raining heavily and we didn't have an umbrella. I was completely silent on the swift walk to her bus stop a block away. I didn't do this to punish her, since I already did that by cockblocking her internet boyfriend, but to analyze what was happening and how I could salvage the bang.

Once we got underneath the bus shelter, I remembered earlier that she asked me if I had tried any traditional Ukrainian cuisine, which as far as I had found out consisted solely of beetroot soup and some type of potato stew. I told her I hadn't and she said I need to try homemade versions of the dish.

"So you should cook those Ukrainian dishes for me one day," I said.

"Yeah sure. I will cook it in my house and can bring it over."

"Okay. I'll buy the beer."

"But only for English-Russian language exchange!" The lets-just-be-friends was definitely a lock.

"Of course," I said, without hesitating. I gave her a hug goodbye and walked home, wondering why this shit was so hard. In Poland or America I would be fucking the girl, but instead my dick got stuffed inside a box even though I'd done just about everything right according to Western game theory. Getting out of the friend zone is too tough. She was dead to me as a prospect.

Chasing students was too indirect, so I started to focus more on the teachers. The problem was that isolation was usually impossible. I'd either teach the class alone or chill in the teachers' lounge with multiple teachers hanging around. The logistics were all wrong for banging the teachers or students.

After one particular class, I hung out in the lounge longer than normal. There were seven other teachers in the room—all women. Four were bangable. I decided to make small talk to see if any girl would bite on my bait. It was already clear to me that if a

Ukrainian woman asks you any question at all, she's interested.

After half an hour, the two prettiest teachers gravitated towards me and asked me non-stop personal questions. One was older and brunette, with chubby cheeks and a hearty laugh. The other was blonde and younger and much more shy, or mean, depending on your perspective. She didn't even talk to me the first couple times she saw me.

Eventually I told them about a class I taught where the topic was relationships. "I did an activity where the students had to describe ten things that they most wanted in a future husband or wife. The one guy there was all about looks. He said he wanted a girl that looked like Megan Fox. But the girls all gave qualities, like intelligence and ambition. I know that Ukrainian girls understand that men are visual because they care about their appearance, but they have no idea how shallow we really are. I think I'd rather date a deaf and blind girl who is extremely beautiful than an ugly girl who is smart."

They laughed.

"So how many girls have you dated here?" the brunette teacher, Galina, asked.

"Don't bother him!" the blonde, Yuliya, said.

"Not too many," I said. "I kind of gave up here because it's way too different than dating anywhere else. The girls don't really respond... at all. I can be telling a long story, and then when I'm done they ask me what my favorite food is."

They laughed again.

"The socialization here is totally different." (I could use big words since they were both fluent in English.) "And then I go out to the club and I notice that guys do most of the talking. One time I saw a guy talking nonstop to a girl for 30 minutes."

Yuliya said, "In Ukraine the job of the man is to entertain the girl."

"I see that, but where I come from, if the girl doesn't ask you questions or talk, she doesn't like you. Here I would meet a girl, be sure she doesn't like me, and then later I find out that..."

"She likes you," Galina interjected.

"Yes, exactly. Okay so she likes me, everything is good? Well, no, because we go out and she just kind of sits there and nods. There's no connection."

"You need a connection?" Galina asked, skeptically.

"There has to be at least something if you're going to spend hours with a girl. I don't need to love every girl I go out with, but if talking to her is like getting a tooth filled, then I'd rather read a book."

"But Ukrainian girls are beautiful. You said that's all you need!" Yuliya said.

"Don't get me wrong, I would rather stay in Ukraine than go to America, but there are countries where the girls are both beautiful *and* talkative, like Poland, Estonia, and Lithuania. You get the whole package. I guess I'm confused here."

It was time for a compliment to balance out my complaining. I said, “You two are different. I can joke with you normally. It’s not just that you speak English but you also like American culture. There are not many girls like you here in Ukraine that I get along with.”

“Well you are very warm and open,” Galina said. For a Ukrainian girl to say this is pretty big. I had suspected she liked me and this confirmed it.

“I try, Galina.” *Can we bang now?*

I felt it was best to put the ball in their court. I asked them if the teachers usually go out together for happy hours or whatnot. They said sometimes, and I added, “Well, if you guys go out then you should let me know.” Galina asked me for my number and I gave it without asking hers in return. I hated this passive game shit but I had no other choice.

I wanted to go out on top so I made up some excuse to leave. Yuliya was leaving at that time and said, “I can walk out with you.” For a girl who had ignored me for a month, this was an interesting development. It looked like she was starting to like me, but a Ukrainian girl liking you and banging you are two different things.

We walked slowly to the subway station and I did most of the talking. It turned out that she had lived in Philadelphia for three months and loved it. She couldn’t stay because of visa issues but wanted to go back. This would normally be an open-and-shut case for me, but as coworkers I couldn’t exactly jump her bones right away. My stop came first and I said goodbye.

A few days later Yuliya contacted me even though I gave Galina my number. It was obvious that she was the one that I should go for. She was definitely hotter than Galina, but Galina’s personality was more colorful and her style more sexy. The plan was for us three to go bowling on Sunday afternoon.

I knew Yuliya was my target so I was thinking of how to isolate her at the end of the bowling date so I could ask her out on a proper date. Turns out I didn’t need to worry about that because Galina didn’t show up.

“For Galina not to come makes this seem so planned,” Yuliya said with an embarrassed look on her face.

“No, not at all. It happens. We can still bowl.”

I was less than enthusiastic. I hadn’t bowled in five years and couldn’t imagine it being fun, but I was pleasantly surprised that, for an ass man like myself, bowling is perhaps the best spectator sport there is. For nearly two hours I got to stare at her big ass as she moved, turned, and bent over. I even “helped” her form by positioning myself behind her and showing her the correct way to release the ball. I had many boners during our games.

I touched her often and gently teased her about her horrible play, something I knew she could take since she had lived in America for three months. She laughed and smiled a lot, a big change from her demeanor in the teachers’ lounge in school.

After bowling I suggested we go for a walk. Very quickly she hooked my arm. I no longer cared if she was a coworker or not—I wanted to stop being diplomatic or withholding what I wanted to do. I was tired of feeling like a pussy.

On the walk she told me about her experience with an American guy.

“He was very pushy,” she said. “He kept trying to get me to his apartment. On the first date he wanted me to go home with him!”

“You have to understand that that is what works in America. Girls reward guys who go for it.”

“Yeah but it was just weird. It was too soon.”

“If you were an American girl I’d treat you differently. I’d make fun of you more, I’d tease you more, I’d be more cocky. I also wouldn’t compliment you or do nice things like hold the door for you.”

“Why not?”

“Girls in America don’t want a nice guy. They want someone who doesn’t want them. So you have to be a jerk to get sex. The nice guys are only friends with girls. In Ukraine, girls genuinely want a nice guy. I’m not punished here if I hold open the door. I remember when in Lithuania I went on a date with a girl who expected me to help her put on her coat. That was strange to me since I had never done that before in my life, but now I feel like it’s normal. When I go back to America I won’t be nice like that. I wouldn’t get sex.”

“That’s so strange. So you’re like two different guys?”

“It’s automatic without me having to try. I talked to an American girl in the club here recently and my American personality came back instantly. I was making fun of her and she liked it. And then after that I talked to a Ukrainian girl and my nice guy personality came back. I asked her things like what her favorite type of music was and if she had any brothers or sisters. I’m always me, but different parts of me come out depending on who I’m talking to. The way you talk to your parents and your friends are different, right? So it’s the same way with the type of girl I’m talking to.”

“So you must have a lot of experience with women to know all these tricks?”

“Well I am 32 and I have lived in many countries, so maybe I do have a little bit more experience than average.”

Not long after this dialog I suddenly stopped on the street and looked at her. She looked back and said, “What?”

“Nothing,” I smiled.

She smiled and I got close. She moved her head away then quickly moved it back. I just dived into her lips and she reciprocated in a big way, giving me tongue and making moaning noises. We did this for a couple minutes and she said, “Oh my god, I don’t believe I did that.”

“Why not?”

“We were only supposed to go bowling!”

“Yes, but now we’re doing something else. Did you not like it?”

“No, it was nice. The other day I was talking to another teacher about public displays of affection, and how I thought it was gross. And here I am, doing the same thing!”

It was nearly 7pm. I had a date with another girl at 8pm. Since we still had some time left, I took her to a nice café where we curled next to each other like old lovers.

“I don’t believe this is happening,” she said. “This is only the first time we went out.”

“I believe it. There must have been some pent-up sexual tension between us. I didn’t think there was, since you never really talked to me in the office, but it’s obvious now that something was there.”

“Yes, I am shy.”

“But not anymore.” More kisses.

I’ll admit that the time distortion effect was real. It really did feel like I had known her longer than I had. I even joked with her about what date we were on, the seventh, maybe? Anyone watching us would probably conclude that we’d been going out longer than we had.

Love was in the air, but I just wanted sex. I was thinking of a way to make it happen when I blurted out a mistake: “We should hang out tomorrow.” If I said that to an American girl, she’d think I was falling in love and then withdraw from me.

Before I could correct myself, Yuliya said okay.

We agreed on sushi, the only good restaurant within walking distance of my place.

“What are you going to wear?” I asked. I looked at her flat shoes.

“I don’t know,” she said.

“Heels are nice. I think you would look sexy.”

“I can wear heels.”

“And a short skirt, if you have it. Do you have skirts?”

“I have a lot of skirts. It’s funny that when I was in the USA I would wear my skirt and heels and everyone would give me so much attention that it made me uncomfortable. So after the first month I started wearing a lot of jeans and flip-flops.”

“Yeah that happens a lot to girls who move to the US.”

“And then I came back and still wore the jeans and flip-flops, but it was just too weird to do it here so I went back to heels.”

“Yes! This is why I’m here. I want to live in a place where women are unable to look ugly.”

“I didn’t look ugly!”

“No, I mean looking more simple. Wear your sexy clothes tomorrow and I’ll tell you if it’s better than regular jeans and shoes.”

I dropped her off at the metro, texted the three girls I met on the previous Thursday, then walked one block away to meet Nadiya, who was looking sexy in her own right. I ravaged her after dinner.

Yuliya showed up to our Monday date wearing a mini-skirt and heels. There was no need to beat around the bush—we embraced and immediately kissed. I took her to a sushi restaurant and admired her beauty. I also appreciated how my good luck was able to turn a work relationship into intimacy so quickly.

Like a typical Ukrainian girl she ordered a small dish while I ordered several rolls for myself. There was a couple next to us who seemed to be on a first date.

“They don’t seem to have a lot to talk about,” I said.

“Guys here don’t usually have interesting things to say,” Yuliya replied.

“I could say that about the girls, too. They don’t really say anything when you first meet them and expect you to do all the talking. I mean, it took you one month to actually start talking to me.”

“It’s because I’m shy!” She loved speaking in exclamations.

“Yes, well, most girls here are shy. The guy has to open them up with the jaws of life if he wants to have a nice relationship with her.”

“Jaws of life?”

“It’s a machine in America that cuts open cars after an accident that leaves people trapped inside.”

She later complained how hot it was in the restaurant, fanning herself with the laminated cocktail menu. She droned on about it quite a bit, causing me to raise an eyebrow.

I invited her back to my place after dinner.

“I don’t think I should come back,” she said.

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to have sex with me tonight.”

“But you will try.”

“Yes of course, because I’m a man, but it’s not up to me. Women have the power to say no and men have to understand that no means no.”

“Okay that’s good.”

“Until it means yes.”

“Oh my god, you’re bad. I always find bad boys.” I didn’t think I was being “bad” but I took it as a good sign anyway.

Halfway to my place she started complaining that she was tired. I offered her a piggy back ride and she accepted. She only weighed 110 pounds so I was able to carry her two city blocks.

“You’re like an ox,” she said. It was the best compliment I’ve received in Eastern Europe. I don’t know any man who doesn’t want to be complimented on his strength or masculinity.

She immediately froze up once inside my apartment. She looked tense and stopped touching me. “I shouldn’t be here,” she said. “It’s too soon.”

I sat on the opposite side of the couch and kept up a continuous flow of chatter to relax her. Then she blurted out, “I haven’t had sex in a long time.”

“In America a girl says that but it turns out she hasn’t had sex in two weeks. How long is long?”

She internally debated whether to tell me or not, then finally said, “Nine months.”

“Wow. I read that if you don’t have sex for six months, you regain your virginity.”

“Shut up!”

“But don’t worry, I’ll take care of you,” I smiled. “You’re a dying flower that needs water. I will give you water so you can be a woman again.”

“Yes, but I’m scared it will hurt.”

“Of course it will, maybe the first and second times, but I will be gentle.”

“But I’m not ready tonight.”

“It’s okay, take as long as you want.”

“I’m cold, can you close the window?”

“You’re hot in the restaurant, you’re tired walking here, and now you’re cold. You’re a princess, aren’t you?”

“No, I’m not!”

From that point on I called her Princess. It made sense since she was an only child.

She wouldn’t let me take her to the bedroom, but she had relaxed quite a bit compared to when she first came in. The seed had been planted for a bang the next go round. She called a taxi and left.

Though sex with Yuliya seemed to be in the cards, I was still frustrated at how hard it was to identify an optimum game to use on Ukrainian women. I came in with a general plan from what I read online, but it was completely ripped to shreds not even a week in. There is no game I have used in any other country that transferred here.

I met a Ukrainian guy who had lived in the United States for a while. He was a natural player who had lost his virginity at the age of 13 and by his count had slept with over 300

women. I usually don't take stock in a man's self-proclaimed numbers, but very early in the conversation I felt that he knew what he was talking about. It's a hard task to master game in different cultures but he has done it for both Slavic and Western countries.

I started telling him my problems. "I'm finally getting the hang of meeting girls and getting numbers, but I'm doing poorly on dates. I'm taking them out and getting only a kiss or nothing at all. I'm wasting a lot of money."

"The mentality of the women here," he said, "is to extract as much as they can without giving anything in return. So they see a foreigner who seems willing to take them out without expecting anything, and they think that's what you want."

"They think I don't mind spending money without getting sex?"

"Yes, because you're not telling them what you want. It's not like in America, where the girl knows you expect sex. Here, they think you just like spending money on them."

"The other week I went on a date, spent \$40, and the girl didn't even want to kiss. She said she's not looking for a sexual relationship. She told me that at the end, after I paid the bill."

"Yes because you didn't state your intentions. Early in the first date you should tell her what you're looking for, and you must mention sex. If she's not looking for that she will make it very clear and you can cut the date short after only one drink. If she doesn't object then you can complete the date and then ask her if she wants to see your apartment. You need to select for girls who want sex because a lot of them are already getting it from another guy."

"So why did they go out with me if they're not looking for sex?" I asked.

"Because they're poor and don't get the opportunity to go to nice places with foreigners. I bet that after dates with you they tell all their friends where you took them and how much you spent."

"So I'm getting played. That's what you're saying?"

"Yes, if you're going out on dates but not getting sex, they're using you. What I do lately on first dates is tell girls I only have one hour. This cuts through a lot of bullshit and doesn't commit much time until you find out what the deal is."

"Also I thought that by living here it would be easier to bang, but it's not helping like it did in Poland."

"Tell them you're leaving soon," he said.

"Like in a couple weeks?"

"No, like the next day. When you say you live here for three weeks, they think it's not long enough for a serious relationship but it's long enough to play around with you a bit. You're not creating any urgency."

Over three meetings we ended up talking for seven hours. He taught me how Ukrainian women use logic more than emotion in deciding whether to have sex and how to establish

trust, an important factor in a place where all guys seem to lie. Essentially he gave me a Ukrainian game workshop, and I was greatly appreciative of it. I suspected my dating game was off and he confirmed that.

My next date was with a girl I met at the grocery store, and it went much better. I spent less money and sucked face without any problems after stating upfront that I wanted an intimate relationship. But before I could do further experimentation with what the Ukrainian guy taught me, things moved so fast and so well with Yuliya that I started to lose interest in other girls.

For our third date I told her that I would cook for her and then we'd watch the movie *Vicki Christina Barcelona*. I picked her up from the metro and she was looking the sexiest I'd seen her, with thigh-high stockings and another mini-skirt. She looked quite different from when I'd see her in school wearing loose jeans and t-shirts.

We stopped by the grocery store near my house to buy some ingredients I needed for the pasta dish I was going to make her.

"I have vodka, whiskey, orange juice, and coke at home," I said.

"I don't drink those. I only drink Becherovka." Becherovka is a nasty herbal spirit from the Czech Republic that is similar to Argentina's Fernet.

"Okay, Princess."

"I'm not a princess! Oh and we need to buy apple juice too."

I didn't feel any pressure to bang her that night. I had been disappointed by many Ukrainian girls before her so I didn't want to have any expectations. Anyway, I was sure there was nothing I could really do at this point in the game—she had already decided whether to have sex with me or not. All I could do was create a comfortable environment with alcohol.

She was much more relaxed in my apartment, not stiffening up like the previous time. She sat on the couch while I made a simple pasta dish. Like almost every other Eastern European girl I cooked for, she asked for a meager portion that looked to me more like a snack. After dinner (she complained that it was too spicy), we settled on the couch with our drinks and made out a bit. Her skirt kept coming up, revealing a few inches of skin. This turned me on immensely and I started rubbing her things, getting ever closer to her vagina.

"Do you want to go to my bedroom now or later?" I asked.

"Who said I wanted to go to your bedroom?"

"So you want to have sex on the couch then?"

"Don't be bad!"

A few minutes later she said, "Let's go to your bedroom."

After nine months of not having sex, and of not even pleasuring herself with a dildo, I penetrated her vagina to screams of pain. It didn't take long for her to get used to it, and in just two minutes I was fucking her at normal speed. More Princess behavior continued during sex when she put in requests to be on top. I let her and she had a multiple orgasm even though I didn't do anything but lay there. It was my turn to get mine so I finished off in my usual way, with her flat on her stomach.

We composed ourselves and went back to the living room to watch the movie, about a Spanish painter who seduces two American girls while his crazy Spanish ex-wife hovers in the background. During the film she said, "Now I know where you learn from!" It was true—I had borrowed some material from the main character, Juan Antonio. She didn't seem to mind, and after the film we returned to the bedroom for round two.

I've dated women of every height, race, background, hair color, eye color, and so on. One thing they all had in common was plump, large asses. I even have a system to guess ass size when approaching girls from the front in a day game scenario, while at night I won't approach unless I can confirm that her ass is big. Since the way I prefer to orgasm is with a girl on her stomach, the girl must have a big ass for me to reach climax.

Yuliya's ass was spectacularly big. She was self-conscious but I complimented it so much that she soon became comfortable cavorting it in my apartment. She had average dimensions for a Ukrainian girl, 110 pounds at a height of 5'4 inches. She had dirty blonde hair, dark eyebrows and her breasts were of average size. Her face was vaguely Slavic face with a slightly large nose and prominent cheekbones. Her eyes were gray or green, depending on how you would look at it.

Compared to all the girls I had sex with in Europe, she was more attractive than all but two. She didn't play any games, she would come over without asking me to spend money, and besides the minor flaw of being a princess, I had no real complaints. If I had this girl in the United States I would be the happiest man in the country. But I was in Ukraine.

Yuliya was an 8. She truly was beautiful and there would be no shortage of hater stares when walking with her in public, but I was ready for the 9. Every day I'd see a handful of girls more beautiful than her. Not having the most beautiful girl in a land of beauty really gnawed at me to the point where I hated going out to see what I was not getting. I don't think I will ever be happy with what I'm able to get, though I'd be a damn fool to put Yuliya on the side burner for some player fantasy.

By the time of our sixth date, Yuliya was becoming very comfortable with me in bed, to the point where I was surprised at the dirty talk she was able to say in English. She would switch it up sometimes and talk in Russian, some of which I could understand, especially "Do you like my pussy?"

One night I asked if she would cook the most popular food in Ukraine, borscht, a beetroot soup. I met her at the subway stop like usual and she was loaded with groceries. I relieved her of the bags like a gentleman and noticed her sexy outfit: she looked like she was going to the nightclub even though she was only coming to make me soup.

She slaved away in the kitchen for about an hour while I watched TV. “Is it ready yet?” I’d often ask. My American upbringing caused me to feel a little guilty that she was doing all the work, but I decided to sit back and accept the cultural experience. She finished cooking and served me a big bowl of borsht with a dollop of sour cream in the middle. It tasted a bit like tomato soup. After doing the dishes, she said, “I have a surprise for you.”

She went into the bathroom and came out wearing obscenely tall heels, stockings, and matching bra and panties. My dick immediately sprang to attention. I took her to the bedroom and railed her doggy style while she kept on the shoes and stockings. The bedroom talk started to get to an American level where she asked that I call her my “dirty Ukrainian slut.” I happily obliged. I realized that nine months of sexual repression (she didn’t believe in masturbation) was exploding and I was the sole benefactor. It was almost like I had my own sex slave.

After the first go-round she started sucking my dick, feeling insecure that she wasn’t doing it right.

“Can you teach me how to lick dick?” she asked.

“You mean suck dick?”

“Yes.”

“No problem.”

I taught her not to use teeth and what speed she should go for on her mouth strokes. She was a quick learner and soon sucked dick like a professional.

And then the next day, back on the streets, I’d start feeling insecure again after the fifth or sixth beauty passed me and I wasn’t getting in on it. My dick was saying “enough” but my brain, the part that is still overcompensating for not getting laid when younger, was complaining that I wasn’t trying to screw more girls.

I was happy when I was with Yuliya, but when she wasn’t around, I was dissatisfied. I felt like I should be getting a lot more than I was. It seems that I’m content in every other area of life except women. No matter what I get, whether I’m sleeping with my dream girl in Brazil or killing it in Poland, I always want more and better. It’s a sickness that I don’t know how to solve.

In Ukraine, the English verb “to hang out” roughly translates as “to have a walk.” You start off with a short walk through some part of the city and wind up in a bar, café, or someone’s apartment. Since so many people are poor, sometimes all you end up doing is the walk and nothing else.

On one evening Yuliya and I went for a walk through the main park. She showed off her new heels and looked every bit the knockout. I felt pride to have such a beautiful woman on my arm in public, thoroughly enjoying all the looks that both men and women were giving me.

We went to a pizza shop in the park to get a bite to eat. I started talking about the future,

to let her know that I wanted to see her even after I left Ukraine. I said, "I'll be in Europe for a couple months after I leave Ukraine. My plan is to spend some time in Scandinavia then enjoy the beach in the Balkans. I don't know if you're busy this summer, but it would be nice if we can spend a weekend together." She smiled but offered no response. I assumed she didn't want to pursue the relationship after I left.

That night in my bedroom I made a big deal about not using a condom. She had been strict about it for the longest time.

"I'm not on the pill," she said, "and I have a problem where if I get an abortion, I may not be able to have a baby again in the future."

"So you'd keep the baby?"

"Yes."

"I see."

"But I don't want a baby right now, so we have to use condoms."

Sometimes she let me put it in raw for 20 seconds. Each time we hung out, I could put it in for 10 seconds more, 20 seconds more, until we were banging raw from start to finish, though I was always extra careful to pull out a few strokes early.

One night she said, "If you cheat on me I'll cut off your dick... *and* balls." Then she laughed manically. That's how I knew we were in a relationship. I must've helped the process because in bed I would say things along the lines of, "This is my Ukrainian pussy, isn't it?" She'd say yes and then I'd proceed to demolish "my" pussy. I'm guessing she assumed that to mean I wanted her to be only mine and no other man's.

I could have easily fought the relationship push. I could have said that I was leaving in a month and there was no point to get serious like that, but I wanted to try it out and see what a relationship would feel like. I felt like it was a trial marriage with a definite end. I almost entirely stopped approaching other girls.

I thought back to how she didn't give me a response when I suggested we hang out during the summer. It came out that she has had relationships fall apart after talking about the future, and that she didn't want to jinx this one. It was a logical move on the surface, but I stopped thinking about the future as well, becoming more certain that this was just a short-term thing.

We settled into a routine where twice a week we'd hang out, either to go to a basic restaurant or chill in my apartment. The sex was great and there was really nothing more I could ask for. She was cute, feminine, and didn't stress me out. The connection could have been a little stronger, I suppose, but that didn't bother me much. This girl, on paper, was end game material, yet I still never seriously considered flying her to my next destination or making plans to wife her up. As great as she was, I felt that she could walk away from me and in fifteen minutes I'd be over it.

I asked myself why. Why can't I be satisfied with this girl and start planning the wedding? Because relationships are boring. With Yuliya there was no longer a feeling of

conquest. Why would I want to know someone on a deep level when there are so many more women I can have sex with and when there is so much excitement to be had?

One night, Yuliya and I were in bed. In a moment of truthfulness, I told her that as much as I enjoyed her companionship, I felt like an animal locked up in a cage, that I'd see pretty girls and remember when I used to attack. I told her that as soon as I left Ukraine, I would try to have sex with everything. She just nodded her head. She understood me. Right then I knew that she would make the ideal life partner. She accepted both my strengths and weaknesses, who I was as a flawed human being. She would be the type of wife that would say, "I don't care what you do as long as you take care of the family."

I let a lot of approach opportunities with other girls pass. I went out in public with my head down so I wouldn't be tempted. The relationship continued with no drama. The sex was spectacular. But as the days went on, I felt almost castrated. I felt that having a regular girl was killing my game and my animal instinct. I tried my best to put it aside, until I no longer could.

With only nine days left in the country, I took Yuliya for dinner and then we went back to my place. The sex, while kinky, had stopped being novel. It was obvious that she liked it a lot more than I did. We did our normal routine in bed where she got her orgasm while riding me on top until I got bored and switched it up to do my own thing.

When she rode me she was a bit careless and almost snapped my dick in half. I told her to watch it but she did it again, forcing me to control her movements. After she had her fun for ten minutes, I flipped her around to get my nut. I was fucking her from behind, getting to the end in the way I normally did, when all of a sudden she said, "Wait stop, I want to go back on top." I refused and we argued. She said, "But I want to keep going!" She tried to squirm away while I was laying down my strokes so I had to use some muscle to prevent her from escaping. I was able to finish, but my orgasm was weak.

Afterwards I told her she was selfish and that she couldn't call an audible so late in the game. She apologized, but I know an out when I see one. Nine days doesn't seem like a long time, but for a player it is.

Two days later our school had a company barbeque at a park. Both students and teachers came to play games, drink, and eat. It was my time to bust out.

Yuliya was there and so were two other girls who I knew liked me: one fellow teacher, Natasha, and a shy student who was one of the prettiest in the school. All I wanted to do was hit on them, so with a bit of vodka encouragement from a bottle that I brought, I did. I would talk to them in chunks while giving Yuliya very little attention.

After a couple hours of flirting with the two girls, I caught Yuliya alone next to an outhouse.

"So we're hanging out later tonight?" she asked.

"Tonight? No I'm sorry I made plans."

“Oh, but I thought we were doing something.”

“My friend called me and wants to take me out, so I said yes.” She frowned, but I pressed on. “I know that I only have a week left, but I am having trouble handling this relationship. I don’t want to be monogamous anymore. I want to hit on other girls.”

“Stop, you’re hurting me.” Shirtless men walked by us to use the toilet.

“I’m sorry, I just need to get out of the cage. I want to be free. I never intended to get into a relationship. My mind is already on new places, new adventures. It doesn’t have anything to do with you. I rather have bad sex with a lot of girls than good sex with just one.”

“Wow, I don’t believe you just said that.”

“Let’s talk about this later,” I said.

I didn’t see her again during the picnic. She went straight home. This made my job easier. I took the other teacher for a walk outside of the picnic grounds and kissed her. Then I set up a tentative date with the student. I had my little *Californication* moment and I was happy. This was my natural state, chasing a bunch of girls, not getting tied down with one. The only issue was that the other teacher was not as attractive as Yuliya, so once I came down from my buzz, I didn’t even consider calling her. The student would take a lot of time to smash, time I didn’t have.

The next day I wondered what exactly I had accomplished. It’s true that I wanted to be free, but to toss aside a loyal girl to play around in a picnic of her coworkers wasn’t the nicest thing I’ve done. I called Yuliya.

“Hey, I just wanted to say I’m sorry for ruining the picnic for you. After all the vodka I did some stupid things.” I was going full steam ahead with the “I was drunk” excuse.

“I didn’t understand why you were doing that. I was shocked.”

“Yeah it was just the mood I was in. I wanted to sleep with every girl at the picnic and that’s how it came out after I drank all that vodka.”

Even though I patched things up, more for her benefit than mine, I still didn’t care if I had sex with her again or not. I knew that I had a month of grueling flag missions scheduled in Scandinavia and needed to build my testosterone reserves by limiting my orgasms. Banging Yuliya before I leave would jeopardize that mission. I cared more about getting flags than ending the relationship on a high note.

I called my sister and told her how I had acted like a dick to Yuliya at the company picnic, dumping her just to kiss a coworker.

“That’s low, bro,” she said.

“At the time it felt like a great thing to do. I rationalized it. A lot of people do horrible things to others but still try to find a way to say they are a ‘good person.’ But now I guess I have to admit that I’m a bad guy.”

“I don’t believe you want to hurt anyone, but you put yourself way before the girls so

you end up hurting all of them.”

I took Yuliya for sushi the day before I left. She said, “I should be mad at you, but I’m not. You never lied or cheated.” I didn’t push for her to come to my apartment so we had a brief goodbye on the street. I did feel some emotion when tears appeared in her eyes, but I’ve played out this scene enough times that I was over it a couple minutes after her taxi sped away.

I left for Finland with my flag mission ready for execution, ready to use women’s bodies for sexual gain so that I can feel like I’m a man. I was excited to get back in the game.

V: Kharkiv

Kharkiv is an industrial shithole in the east of Ukraine near the border with Russia. Since it was an important transportation hub for the Soviet Union, the entire population speaks Russian as their primary language. It has a lot of Russian characteristics, but it's still a Ukrainian city.

I had three reasons for going: (1) I wanted to study Russian for a possible future trip to Russia, (2) I wanted to get away from sex tourists, and (3) I wanted to bang hot college girls.

I failed in the first point because I gave up in the first month. I had already studied Russian for several months before arriving, so after I got my Russian notch I put my studies aside and never picked it back up. It didn't help that I started dating an English teacher.

I succeeded in the second point. There were no foreigners crazy enough to come to Kharkiv to bang women. What I didn't anticipate was that the city would be crawling with immigrants, particularly of Middle Eastern descent. I'm sure girls grouped me in with them before they found out I was actually from the States.

I failed in the third point. The only girls I banged had already graduated from college. Even though Kharkiv is supposed to be a college city, I didn't feel overwhelmed by a presence of college chicks when I went out, probably because college girls couldn't afford to party much. The universities were also spread out, so I didn't find a central area in the city where there was a flood of college girls waiting to be hit on. There definitely wasn't a "wow" factor where I felt like I was overwhelmed by college pussy. It seemed like the only way to reliably access them was to go directly to the university during the day.

When you think of Kharkiv, I want you to think of dirt and grime. If you clean your shoes and take a walk, they'll be filthy again after a couple hours. There is no concept of maintaining public spaces. It's the ugliest place I've personally been to. Combine that with the grumpiness of the people, which I can't really blame, and you have a truly unpleasant place to live.

Since humans are partially a product of their environment, I was not surprised to find a dearth of genuinely warm people. After three months of living here, even I became more anti-social and rude, getting angry at things that didn't get to me before. It took two weeks out of Kharkiv to regain my warmth. If I lived in Kharkiv permanently, I'm sure a part of my humanity would be lost.

There is nothing positive about the city besides the women, but I'm sure you already know that. The only good thing about the city was that I found a nice coffee shop near my house that was open 24 hours. It offered me a cocoon away from the madness that is industrial Ukraine.

Lodging

Lodging is much more expensive than it should be, and landlords tend to come in one variety: shady. They tell you they have an apartment available and then try to pull a switcheroo on you at the last minute.

The most hassle-free method to get a place if you're staying short term is through Booking.com, which has both apartments and hotels available. However, I wouldn't recommend using that site to book an apartment for more than two weeks because the prices are inflated. There are also short-term rental agencies that you can directly contact. Keep your wits when dealing with them because they are prone to over-promising and under-delivering...

- Kharkov Apartment (<http://www.kharkov-apartment.com>)
- Kharkov Rent (<http://kharkovrent.com/>)

The above agencies are still overpriced compared to what you can get on the rental market, but in that case you'll need to speak Russian to book something. There is an easy solution: hire a Russian translator. I put a message on the Kharkiv group on Couchsurfing saying I would like to hire someone to help me find an apartment. I got three responses and picked the girl who was most eager. If your translator is a free agent, and not getting a cut of any rental commissions, ask her how much she wants per hour. You'll probably end up settling on a price around \$5-7 per hour, which in Ukraine is good money.

Renting an apartment in Ukraine usually involves agents who introduce a layer between you and the owner. It's not like in the States where you go directly to the owner. The benefit of this is that the agent will move his ass in helping you find apartments, but a downside is that they ask for 50% of the monthly rate as their commission.

If you plan on renting an apartment for three months at \$500 a month, you'll have to pay \$250 to the agent on the first day, but just like real estate agents in the U.S., you can negotiate their fee downward. I was able to get my agent fee down to 35%.

While sitting in front of a laptop with your translator, go through rental listings on the following sites:

- Kharkov Forum (<http://www.kharkovforum.com/forumdisplay.php?f=112>)
- Kharkov Arenda (<http://kharkov-arenda.com.ua/>)

The ads you'll find are put up by agents, not owners. What will end up happening is that

you'll open up a dialogue with an agent and he'll find additional apartments that fit your specifications. Let your translator set up viewings and then pick the one you like. Make sure you square away any additional costs like electricity, gas, television, and internet.

I'm sure you can find a translator for free who just wants to hang with foreigners, but I believe you should pay her an hourly rate so that she will be more motivated to help you. My translator hustled and I found a nice apartment in the center within only two days.

Daytime

The **Coffee Life** chain (<http://coffeelife.com.ua/>) is a nice place to run day game since it's similar to Starbucks. It tends to attract a high amount of English language speakers and you'll occasionally find girls sitting alone. The major downside is that they have smoking sections.

My favorite coffee shop was **IT Café** (<http://itcafe.ua/>), which also doubled as one of my date spots. It was harder to meet women there but at least there was no smoking. The crepes are tasty.

There is a large park directly south of the huge square (the one with the gigantic Lenin statue) and both the Gazprom and University metro stations. It's impossible to miss on Google Maps. Girls walking around the park are often not alone, but on the square there are a couple bus stops where you'll find some singles. The park is a good place to try if you have a wingman.

There is a sharp increase in people walking around the park in summertime, especially at night where a couple of the dinky bars turn into nightclubs. The problem is that it becomes the biggest sausage fest in the city where you see little gangs of six or seven dudes walking around with bottles of beer in their hands. The reason you see more dudes is because the drinks are so cheap. The guys don't approach but the few remaining girls are of average quality and often with guys.

Besides the bus stops, another place to meet girls during the day is outside the metro stations. Camp near a busy one with a map in your hand and approach lone girls who are walking to or away from the station. You can approach girls who are waiting outside of the station but you'll probably be interrupted since she's waiting for someone. When it comes to street game, it's best to try before 6pm. Girls are rarely alone after that.

If you want to hit on college girls, there is a large university next to the Gazprom station. Simply face the Lenin statue and then walk past with him on your right. The first big structure on the left will be the main university building. Approach by asking for the language department (or "faculty") and see if you can get a conversation going. While there are many girls present, it's not necessarily easy.

If you're looking for Western-style malls, there are two big ones within walking distance of the Героїв Праці station on the blue line (it's the last stop on the northeast end). The smaller of the two is in front while the bigger one is right behind it at a perpendicular angle.

Finally, if you run out of ideas and are struggling with your game, try McDonald's, especially the one next to Haykova metro station. The people there will be most open to Americans.

Nighttime

Forget about trying to find an American-style bar where you can pick up girls. They don't exist in Kharkiv. Most of the bars are either lame Irish pubs or places where people sit down. Also don't look for nice lounges to take your dates. That's a great way to not get any play from a girl who thinks you're willing to wine and dine her. On your first date, don't be scared to take her to the nearest dive bar you can find.

A good rule of thumb when it comes to choosing a date bar is to ask yourself, "Would she be able to afford this on her own?" If not then you should be hesitant to take her. Be observant when you're in the city and notice the cheap places that the local guys take their pretty women.

Be careful about taking all your dates to the same bar. The staff will cockblock you like they did me when a bartender said "See you tomorrow!" at the end of one of my dates. It didn't get noticed by the girl but I never went there again. Assume that the staff at the bars you go to will hate your guts that you're a rich foreigner who is going on dates with their women.

For a city as big as Kharkiv, the nightclub selection is pathetic. The few clubs are all located far from each other, so be prepared to pay a lot for taxis. Here's a rundown of the top clubs I found:

Radmir (Akademika Pavlova St, 271) is the best club in the city. It has a casino, karaoke bar, disco, lounge, and center bar. On Friday and Saturday nights you'll probably be amazed at the level of talent that comes through here, but of course it's one of the harder places in Kharkiv to score because it attracts the snobbiest and richest people in the city. Be prepared to pay expensive cover charges of \$20 and more on some nights due to hired entertainment.

The problem with Radmir, besides the above-average attitude, is that it's hard to find a good logistical spot to run game. The disco has a lot of girls but most are dancing and special shows will often steal away their attention. The center bar is quiet enough to speak but its radius is too large. The lounge is an intimate spot, but it has a snobby house vibe and it can be excruciatingly loud. The casino doesn't have girls lingering but it does a great job of sucking away guys from the action. Usually I would ping-pong around, doing one or two approaches in each room before getting frustrated and moving on to another.

My favorite Kharkiv club ended up being **Plazma** (Traktorobudivnykiv Ave, 89), which has a mostly under-25 crowd. Its smaller size means you can pick one spot by the bar and have a lot of access to girls who walk by and get a drink. The music wasn't excruciatingly loud and the level of talent was high. Drinks were also significantly cheaper than Radmir.

Tuesday and Thursday nights are college-themed and can be hit or miss while Saturday is the most crowded with a good mix of young girls. Friday night is ladies night where girls get in free and guys can't enter until midnight. You'd think that would make Friday

the best night, but the attitude is consistently higher than other nights and by 12:30 the ratio evens out. It was still nice to pop in at 12 on the dot and for a few minutes see eight girls for every guy. The major downside of this place is that the low ceiling makes the cigarette smoke uncomfortably thick. You'll reek after a couple hours.

A club closer to the center is **Misto** (Klochkivs'ka St, 190). It's sort of a smaller version of Radmir that attracts more Indian and Arab immigrants. It shares the same problem in that there is no good logistical spot to approach from. The venue itself isn't bad with reasonable ratios, but I didn't care for the vibe. It was one of the only clubs where I couldn't find a nice spot to run game and where the talent wasn't higher than Radmir or Plazma. Try it once to see if you like it. Like all clubs in Kharkiv, Friday and Saturday nights are the only times you'll consistently find people. Thursday can be a crapshoot.

Paprika (Lyudviha Svobody Ave, 47) is a new club in the northern part of the city that you almost need a dune buggy to get to. I found the quality to be way lower than the other clubs, but the girls were the most friendly. The only issue is that this is definitely a dancing venue, so be prepared.

Bolero (50-richchya Vlksm Ave, 56) is a large club with lots of tables that is a favorite among girls over 25. It's also popular with old Ukrainian guys who are in their 30s and 40s. These guys are pretty aggressive, both with the girls and with you, so you'll have to watch your back a little. The only time I went I had two guys surround me and try to start beef until my silent treatment caused them to lose interest and back off.

The club also had a golddigger vibe that I didn't get from the other clubs. If a girl is over 25 and she's in this place, she's probably looking for a sponsor. If you want to go full sex tourist you can probably do it here by propositioning for sex. I should state at this point that Ukraine is the only place where I even considered it because of the amount of nonsense you have to put up with when it comes to dating.

Even though these are the five biggest clubs, you'll still have weekend nights where they'll be half empty. The city of Tartu, Estonia had a more active nightlife scene with a population ten times smaller. Kharkiv nightlife was just terribly unfruitful. I hate to admit it, but you'll get more dates from internet game. After two months, I just stopped going out to the clubs entirely because it was a waste of time.

You would think that summer would be better for night game in Kharkiv because more people would want to get out, but since the winter is so harsh, people much rather spend their summer time outdoors, not indoors. This means that clubs can actually be empty. In terms of crowds, the clubs will be most busy in March, April, May, September, and October.

I wanted to give an honorable mention to the dive bar **La Cucaracha** (Sumskaja, 23), an expat spot where you'll hear English and Spanish. It has cheap drinks and friendly staff. The girls here are hideous across the board, but they will love talking to you. The talent is so bad that it's not even worth checking out first before going to another venue. Come here when you just want a drink and don't care about getting laid.

The Bottom Line

Ukraine had the lowest ROI from my game efforts out of anywhere else I've been. I did the approaches and put in the work but had very little to show for it. Many times I was wracking my brain trying to figure out what I was doing wrong, but eventually I had to admit that the culture was so different I'd need more than three months to nail things down on a molecular level. Writing this guide was actually a cathartic experience for me. It has helped connect the dots a bit further and given me encouragement that Ukraine can eventually be cracked.

One of the problems with Ukraine is that there are so many beautiful women that you'll never be satisfied with what you end up getting, even if you happen to do well. It was the only place where some nights I didn't go out because it would make me sick to see such beauty without a reliable way to access it. It pains me to admit that to get an 8 or above you need some social or professional connection. This was similar to the problem I had in Lithuania, telling me that in the East, there is a ceiling to what you can get with cold approaching alone.

With some major tweaks, Kharkiv could be one of the best places in the world for women. The raw product is there, but it's just not refined enough for an American guy to fly in and get immediately down to business. You need to build a "factory" to get the finished goods. The factory needs Russian language ability, hard work, and connections. If I was a little younger I'd have more motivation to drive a shovel into the ground and say, "I want to build here," but there are just too many places in the world that are easier.

It was a weird feeling to leave Ukraine. Though I was relieved to get out of a depressing city to meet easier women, I knew that I would be enduring a serious femininity downgrade no matter where else I went. I went to Finland right after and I'm sure you can imagine the shock to my system for the first couple of days. I can't say my Ukrainian stay was a failure, for I did date an amazing woman for nearly two months, but not being able to succeed on my own terms bothered me. I have no doubt that Ukraine will gnaw at me, taunting me to try again in the future.

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

<http://www.rooshv.com>

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