

Dear Sasha,

At first when I started getting in to "pua" about a year ago, I really didn't like you. It was pretty much because you swore a lot and I thought your style was crude. But in the past couple weeks, I've started watching more of your videos, and you have really helped me change my life from afar through the power of THE INTERWEBS!!!!!!!!!! You inspired me to challenge social pressure, and I just wanted to share yesterday's experience with you.

I went to McDonald's, prepared to screw with some people's heads. I could smell my own fear, pungent as it was like a moist, squishy fart. Once I got to the counter, I took my breath, then...

"HI!" I shouted, "CAN I HAVE A SMALL FRIES PLEASE?!?!?"

The cashier did his best avoid eye contact with the crazy shouty guy. Yippee! I'm finally the crazy guy. Liberating, but I was still scared shitless. So I took my fries, bellowed an enthusiastic thank you, and went to a table. At this point, I started phase two of the exercise, and I have to say, I'm amazed how much you can kerfuffle a restaurant by simply, innocently standing on a chair.

There I was, standing on a chair in the dining section, towering over the heads of my brethren. Within seconds, an employee shouted at me, "Sir, get off of that chair! I looked at him as if I heard that he said something, but couldn't quite make out what. So he came over to me and said, "sir you have to get off that chair!"

Things were starting to get heated.

"But people who spend more than half their life standing have half the chance of having heart problems!" I explained.

The gloves were off.

"You can stand on the ground!"

"But the floor is dirty!"

"Listen, sir, people have to sit on these seats."

"With their butts! If anything, my shoes are getting dirtier!"

"I can't have you in here like this."

"I don't understand what the problem is!"

"Look, the general manager is back there and he told me we can't have you doing this."

"Should I go?"

"You can stay, but you have to get off the chair."

"No, no, it's okay, I understand," I whimpered. With that, I got down and stomped out of the store like they had just treated me to a grave injustice.

I got outside and just started laughing. It was a good hearty, 'I can't believe how ridiculous I am' kind of laugh. It's not like I never gave a shit what anyone thought of me. I was stammering like an idiot the whole time, shaking, I could barely make eye contact with anyone. But I did it! I fucking did it!

I was gassed up, and I used that in all my interactions that day. I was making jokes to the people behind the counter and the customers in a bagel shop. Making them laugh, trying to bring a moment of joy into their day. It was awesome. Later, I saw an absolutely beautiful woman walk by. She had this awesome energy. She seemed like she would be fun. I was hesitant to approach her, and I almost didn't. I let her walk past, but I revved up the engine and gave it a go.

I ran up to her and said, "Hey, I'm not crazy, I won't rob you, but you look amazing, and I want to talk to you" (Thanks for the line).

"Wow, thanks!" She said.

"What's your name?"

"Jamie. What's yours?"

"Dan. Can I ask you a few honest questions?"

"Haha, sure."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Yes."

"...oh"

"Haha, does that mean no more questions?" She laughed. She was having fun.

"Well, I guess I'll try. Do you find me attractive?"

"Yes," not missing a beat.

That caught me off guard. Although people have said I'm handsome, and I've generally come around to that opinion, this felt different than all the other times. It was never this sexual before. I just kind of realized, 'oh, she's actually into me.' It felt really nice. It's not so much that she thinks I'm good looking. It was that I never considered that women are *attracted* to me. And I loved the body language she gave back to me. Open, positive, energetic, giggly. I could feel myself getting high.

Buzzing I asked, "what would be your excuse not to kiss me right now?"

She laughed really hard at that one. "I guess that I have a boyfriend!"

"You guess?"

"Yeah."

So I hung my head down between my shoulders.

"E for effort," she said

"Thanks Jamie."

I shook her hand and walked away. Looking back, I think I could have kissed her. She seemed like she would have been into it. At the very least, I could have tried and she probably would have at least thought it was funny. Fuck it! Look at what I did! I put my balls on the line immediately with that girl. She knew exactly what I was there for. When I think back now, I realize that this has been the most important day of my seductive life so far.

I learned how to light up strangers day.

I learned that women find me attractive.

I learned how to convey my sexuality.

I won a round with my ego, and learned that fucking with people is absolutely hilarious, and so much fun. Scary still, but fun .

It's not like everything is fixed. Just tonight, I went to a party and there were a lot of hot girls, but I got scared and immediately left. I know I could have easily gone to a girl and said "WOWEE look at you!" and maybe she would have loved it. But in the moment, I froze. I still feel anxiety, and deep down, I still don't feel like women want me, or that I can be a fearless social, sexual warrior. But even deeper down, in the place where it really counts, I know that's a lie, and that the gates are cracking, and that all that I've been wanting is dancing at my feet, and I can take it. I'm ready to take it. And now I know how. You've really helped me get to this place. So thanks man. I owe you one.

Sincerely,

Dan L.