

If a girl blasts me with a barrage of shit-tests, I know I'm getting laid. Also, being corny is good + FR

725 upvotes | 3 May, 2017 | by kennytrp

I've observed this for a while now. Living in Scandinavia, being 5'9" may seem like a curse at first glance. Almost every man towers over me and most of my friends are 6'1"-6'3" - but I still get laid more than them. This does something interesting for me. I get to put my confidence on display.

Every girl I've ever met has hit me with the "You're kind of short" shit test. I've heard it in all its various shapes and forms. I stand on a platform - "Well now you're almost as tall as me", even though the girl is almost a full head below me.

This happens the more I exude confidence and charm. Honestly now, I haven't thought about my height negatively in years. I don't even have to view it as a shit-test to be passed because it genuinely doesn't bother me.

These height-tests have gotten so prevalent lately that whenever I hear them, I know she's down to fuck because my responses are always a display of confidence.

Whenever they come in abundance. I know she wants to fuck. She just wants me to pass her tests first. This is one of the few TRP truths I truly believe in. It's the one I've encountered first hand most.

FR: Last Friday I hooked up with this girl with whom I'd wanted to fuck for 10 months. No, not a oneitis. We'd been on and off on Snapchat with months of radio silence. We met for the first time last summer at a mutual friend's party where she'd said she loves tall guys and wouldn't have sex with a short dude.

Fast forward to a month ago from now, I run into her at a shopping mall, but I wasn't sure if it was her. I text her "Is that your fat ass at X". I get a response when I'm on my way home, we text some more, she has a boyfriend apparently.

Two weeks later I see her on Tinder, they've broken up. I don't mention it, though. I hit her with the good old KennyTRP corn-charm. I write stupid and corny shit on purpose (no, really, this is a 10/10 strategy that's always worked for me) such as innuendos like "I drink coffee with a purpose. I make sure to lick the rim of the cup too." and "Sit on my face so I can eat my way to your heart". She's Colombian, so don't doubt that I told her I wanted to snort cocaine from her arm-pit. In front of my friends. Everyone laughed, her included.

She's always found me sort of corny in this sense and has been reluctant to meet me. But the cornier I became while simultaneously setting up logistics, the more down to fuck she got.

We meet two days later. I keep being cheesy IRL. It works well with a sly smile and an obviously intentionally corny delivery. I put a bag of peanuts in her face and ask her if she wants nuts in her face tonight. She punches my arm and says "stop it" while giggling.

Cue shit-tests. I probably got 15 variations of "You're short". I deflect them and keep escalating physically and verbally.

We hit my place. I fuck her. She's happy. I'm satisfied. She stays the night. Come morning, she keeps calling me corny while touching my arm. I stay corny and 5'9".