

What Mum  
didn't tell you  
about Finding the  
Right Girl!

André Palmér

# **What Mum Didn't Tell You About Finding the Right Girl!**

**By André Palmér**

(By the way, I am Swedish so if you think I write funny, get  
over it!)



Strategic Book Group

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# Table of Contents

<b>Chapter 1</b>	
<b>Chapter 2</b>	<b>Personal Description</b>
<b>Chapter 3</b>	<b>Making Contact</b>
<b>Chapter 4</b>	<b>So Here We Go</b>
<b>Chapter 5</b>	<b>Several Candidates in the Pipeline</b>
<b>Chapter 6</b>	<b>A Little Something about Scammers</b>
<b>Chapter 7</b>	<b>Sure Pal, Like it was Going to be that Easy</b>
<b>Chapter 8</b>	<b>Julie, Julie, and a Bit To Much Julie</b>
<b>Chapter 9</b>	<b>Back to the Candidates and out with Julie</b>
<b>Chapter 10</b>	<b>THEY ARE ALL FAKE!!!! THEY ARE NOT REAL!!!! THEY ARE ALL SCAMS!!!!</b>
<b>Chapter 11</b>	<b>Reality Sucks, Especially if you don't See it</b>
<b>Chapter 12</b>	<b>Surprise, Surprise; Is this guy ever Going to Learn or what?</b>
<b>Chapter 13</b>	<b>Well, is he Going to Learn or what?</b>

<b>Chapter 14</b>	<b>Well yes, maybe he is Learning, after all</b>
<b>Chapter 15</b>	<b>Where to Kiss?</b>
<b>Chapter 16</b>	<b>Some normal stuff going on in my Life</b>
<b>Chapter 17</b>	<b>UKRAINE</b>
<b>Chapter 18</b>	<b>Grocery Shopping on this Island</b>
<b>Chapter 19</b>	<b>I Love My Little Sister</b>
<b>Chapter 20</b>	<b>Jason</b>
<b>Chapter 21</b>	<b>Natasha and the Black Book Experience</b>
<b>Chapter 22</b>	<b>Lucia Beletska</b>
<b>Chapter 23</b>	<b>Kiev</b>
<b>Chapter 24</b>	<b>Visa for Ireland</b>

## Chapter One

Monday, the 26th of March 2007, was the first day of my project. This would be a combination of searching for the person who I would eventually, if all goes according to plan, ask to marry me, and the second part, which was to create a detailed story of this project. I will begin by explaining how and why this whole idea originated.

My name is André. I am thirty-two years old, and if you did not guess it by now, single. About three weeks ago, a Russian girl by the name of Katya contacted me via an online meeting and dating site. I had created a profile on this site, and in my inbox was a message from Katya. She was twenty-seven years old and her message read:

Hello dear!

I hope you like my photos and hope that you will like my letter. I am glad I have an opportunity to write letters to you. My name is Katya. I am a woman that wants to find real love; that is why I still cannot find my soul mate. I think finding the right person can happen in many different ways. I do not have children, but would love to have them. I love children very much and I want their father to be brave, honest and caring. It is very important to me. I am an honest, easy going, cheerful and careful person. I am a good listener and I like to communicate with people and find out new things about them. I am a person who can keep a secret. I like traveling and listening to music, and my favorite sport is running. I am looking for an honest, clever and careful man, whom I hope to meet soon, and I hope it is you. You can ask me anything you want. I will wait for your letter.

Sincerely,  
Katya

The next day, I wrote her back and a two-week attraction story followed. During this time, I became aware of the huge online market, in regards to finding your life companion. A website called Elena's Models drew my attention.

I decided to take a couple of weeks to find my way around this online dating, hopefully leading to a marriage jungle. I selected a site as a base to get started. It is a free site, and my intention was to try my way around and get the feel for it all. I was only there to put my profile up to see how many ladies would be interested in me, and make adjustments accordingly. I was not even sure that I would answer anyone who tried to contact me.

After reading a bit about online scams, I was glad that I had actually found a solid base to work from when I was getting started. Elena's site guaranteed a background check on all the people posting on it. By checking, I mean ensuring the email address actually led to someone by checking the proxy and so on, which made it difficult for people with the wrong intentions to operate there.

So, after looking at some tips on how to do it, I set off to write my profile. About one hour later, I had finished. I posted it and closed my Mac book for the evening. By the way, as I made some late adjustments along the way, I will show it to you at a later stage.

The next day, Monday the 26th, I had received two messages, which I from here on will refer to as expressions of interest. I will give them to you here exactly as I got them, with all their potential errors. I will not make any changes to them, just copy and paste them right in. They were:

Dear

I will start with telling about my main aim here: I want to get acquainted with man who is looking for serious relations.

From the very beginning I want to tell that I have a small daughter, who I love very much and spend with her all my time. I was married but it was not really successful decision. It appeared that we are different people and cant life together.

I am not working at the moment but would like to as soon as possible. My daughter needs now my attention and care more than ever. Of course my parents help me very much, I live now with them.

Of course I dream my own family, about warm relations and care about each other. There was some experience in my life so now I know for sure what exactly I want.

I live in a very picturesque place, in countryside, not far from the town called Melitopol. You know I love nature and silence, that s why I feel here comfortable.

I do not know yet about your reaction on my letter but I really hope to get your answer.

Have a wonderful day!  
Marina

HELLO MY DEAR Andrech ,

MY NAME IS ILONA.I'M FROM UKRAINE. I AM KIND, HONEST, SERIOUS, WITH HUMOUR AND PRETTY GIRL. I LIKE SPORT, READING BOOKS, COOKING, WALKING.

I'D LIKE TO MEET WITH A MAN FOR SERIOUS RELATIONS,WHO

KIND, SERIOUS AND RESPONSIBLE ONE.

ONE WHO IS READY TO FALL INTO TRUE LOVE -PASSIONATE, TENDER, LOYAL, PURE AND GREAT LOVE. AND I CAN LOVE...

IF YOU TAKE INTEREST IN ME AND ANSWER ME I WILL WRITE YOU MORE INFORMATION ABOUT MYSELF.

HOPE TO HEAR FROM YOU SOON.  
SINCERELY,  
ILONA

I feel that each one of the candidates is a story of their own. Some are short and not worth showing, but some are interesting. I quickly realized the amount of work this project would require, and like it is with most work-related situations, there are different ways of doing it. I started out with a couple of main ideas: I would be nice to everyone, and I would not copy and paste text once writing to someone. I quickly realized that, at least in the beginning phase of this project, time was going to be an issue, or more, the lack of time. There was no way I could write a separate and personal letter to each individual. I would simply not have time to do it, and even if I did, I would only be saying the same things about myself my thoughts and intentions, with a few changes of words here and there. So I quickly abandoned that initial strategy and after writing a few emails to different candidates, I went into my sent box and copied what I needed. I made sure to double, and sometimes triple check that there was not someone else's name in there somewhere, and then wrapped it up with a few name-addressing words, like, I am looking forward to finding out more about you, IRENE, and If you have any questions, GALINA, then just ask me or, Take care, NATALIA, and then off it went.

Of course, practice makes Tiger Woods, and I more or less mastered the intro, this is I part of the initial correspondence in about a week. From Elena's, I had picked out some of the main things to keep in mind. To begin with, I followed it like a pilot using his pre-flight checklist. More than once, a delayed response from the target resulted in me coming up with my own scenarios on what could have gone wrong. Was I too self-centered, which is an interesting one by the way, since the letter is all about me. Or, did she misunderstand me? The most common one was of course: Did I really take out the other name in the copy and paste text? I have checked, rechecked, checked again and then left the laptop for a little while, just to go back to it and check again several times, and all this in vain. Really, I mean if the mistake had been made, there was nothing I could do about it anyway. It's not like I can just take the email back, or the other option, the one containing, Oh by the way, Natalia, in my last



email, where I wrote: the way people see love, is so different from one another, Irene! Well, that part, I am not sure where that name came from. :) It is very strange!? Well, let's just say that was not an option to begin with! In the beginning it was a bit of a struggle to keep the names straight, let me tell you.

With the waiting, comes the doubting. When I started to feel good about someone, the doubt was a factor. A very interesting example is the following: I had been writing a short paragraph about how I was living here in Dublin, simply because that is something a woman wants to know. There are a couple of things to keep in mind when writing. Let them know you have a nice home; if it looks depressing from the outside, or nothing special, like my own place, then simply avoid sending her any pictures from the outside of your home. However, if you do live in a ten-bedroom, nine-bathroom mansion, then of course, pose all you want! You by the pool, you in the kitchen (make sure you are cooking and not sitting there with a bottle of vodka or something), you in the garage, and when in there take a picture of you in the car, not just the car by itself. You could have taken a picture of anyone's car, but with you in it; well, the chances are dramatically reduced of that.

Anyway, back to my own home and living situation description. The first person I included this for, was for someone I felt a bit interested in. I tried to convince myself, and my friends, of course, that the interest I did have in this woman was not because of the pictures, where she was posing in underwear only, and her looks, but that I felt interested in what she wrote to me. Of course, at this stage, there was very little chance that she had been able to communicate anything that special to me, but anyway, self-deception is amazing sometimes. Ok, back to the issue at hand. I wrote that I was living in a small house with my friend, Adam, from Sweden, and that we had decided to live together. Well, in my first letter, where I used this, I misspelled live, and wrote life, making it, life together. So, I am living here in Dublin, with my friend, Adam, who I have decided on a life together with. Well, if you throw in: For the reader English is not a native language, me living in a small house with a male friend, and then top it off with the fact that we had decided to have a life together, then, voila, before you know it you have a gay person. No matter how disturbing, not to mention misleading, this may be, in my mind I cooked up something even spicier. Is she going to understand this as, I am gay. I am living with my gay partner and the reason I am communicating with a woman from another country, in this case Ukraine, is that I must be looking for some kind of maid, or some type of servant? We gays, excuse me, guys, need someone to cook, clean and take care of the domestic responsibilities. I mean, why else would I be looking for a

woman to hook up with? Well, of course, it can get even worse; maybe on top of the maid, servant responsibilities we needed someone to bear a child for us. So, if you have never tried to insult a woman before, then try that combination on for a fit.

And with this, my initial thought of trying to be nice to everyone had completely gone out the window. So, when one day's waiting grew into two, I was convinced that I had fucked up. For the next one, I rephrased somewhat to the following: I am living in a house with a friend of mine that I was working with at Apple before. His name is Adam and he is also from Sweden. He moved up here from Cork to work for Dell and since he is a really good friend of mine, we decided that he could stay with me for a while. The house that I live in is nice. It has three floors, with my bedroom at the top, and my friend stays downstairs. It was the first place I looked at when I came to Dublin and I really liked it. It has a lot of personality. There is a small fireplace and I am a candles and fireplace kind of guy, so I use it a lot. There are some nice places here in Dublin, but also some really low-class ones. I am used to living well and it is important to me to feel comfortable in my home, so I am picky with where I live. When I meet the right person, we will look together to find something for just us.

Now, I had turned it into something different; I made it seem like it was a temporary solution only. It didn't seem like I couldn't afford my own place, but rather that I was a really nice person for helping my friend out. Best of all, I painted her a picture of us finding our own home together when the time was right. There was little room for misunderstanding. However, the two days I spent waiting for a reply were interesting for me. Especially since I thought I was interested in this girl. I am writing this now, not even four weeks later, and to be honest with you I don't even know exactly who the girl was. That's how fast things have developed since I started. The single most important advice/rule from Elena's is. Give them exactly what they want! It is a sales process, like any other. The more benefits and advantages you can present, the more likely it will be that you will close the deal. It should be simple enough, I guess, but real life never really is that simple, is it? Here were a number of factors that came into play: too much, too little, when, where, how, and most importantly, what exactly was this person looking for, in her way? How would I know, in which way she was different? So, I went back to my source of wisdom, Internet, and looked for the answer, and once again I found myself analyzing too much, instead of focusing on the easy and straightforward approach. The answer is that most women are just looking for a decent, stable guy, who can provide for his family. In Russia, Ukraine and some other places in that area, finding a

single guy who is not an alcoholic, and is family oriented with a good stable job, is hard. In fact, it is so hard that men like that are considered princes. The more I learnt, the more I understood that it really is that difficult for a woman from that part of the world to find a guy like that.

The fact is that there are ten million more women than there are men, in Russia alone! I still have not figured out why that is, I think it has something to do with Russian men in the army where many have lost their life, and I wouldn't be surprised if a great number of men drink themselves to death. Maybe I will look into it again or maybe not. I don't really care. It is the way it is, and it is all good from my point of view.

Well, now it is time to try to clarify the very common, but still so completely false, interpretations of what many women from this part of the world really are looking for. I assume that the term mail order bride is not completely unheard of. Well, at least, it wasn't for me, but what did I really know about it? What does it really mean? I am glad to tell you that I did not know, had not thought about it either, but knew as much as, or thought I knew as much as, this: it was not something positive at all. However, if you take a closer look at it, the truth comes out somewhat differently. There is no, I say again, no woman that wants to leave her family, friends, job and entire life behind just to go somewhere else to marry just anybody; it simply does not work that way, and it really does not make much sense to begin with, either. In the world we live in today, 2007, well, most likely 2010 when you read this, whoever you are, and you can immediately dismiss any thought such as, she just wants to get out or marry a passport. This does not apply anymore. The fact is that these days it is not that bad in Russia or Ukraine. I would not say things are great, either; to me, the whole thing seems very depressing, to say the least. I mean come on, a yearly wage of something close to what most of us make in a month. The prospect of living at home with your parents, even when you are closing in on thirty, and no immediate change of that anywhere near. Everyone that I have been communicating with so far, every single one of them, lives with her parents, and they try to make this sound like something it is not, like: I am really close to my family; I love my parents very much; my mother is my best friend and a woman I have great respect for. Yes, yes and yes, but the fact remains, it is not that hilarious to be living with your parents, when you have closed the door on eighteen, taking into account late bloomers, different cultures and so on.

I remember my ex-girlfriend, Maria, whom I was engaged to when I was 25 and was planning to marry. She had said to me at some point in our messed up relationship, "Andre, you have to break free from your

parents!"

Break free! Are you serious? I moved out the day I turned eighteen, and I mean just that. I turned eighteen on a Monday, the 10th of July, and on Wednesday, I was on a flight to Florida. If I remember correctly, the only reason for that 48-hour delay was that there was simply no faster way to get everything organized, such as going to the bank and taking control of the funds left to me by my late grandfather, Tage, and by control I mean signing 6000 dollars in traveler's cheques, one by one, right there on the spot in the bank, in the presence of the watchful and observant bank clerk. I mean, what if I decided to sign my own name wrong, just once and for the fun of it? Anyway, it took me about two days to get it all sorted out, because when I say Wednesday, I mean Wednesday morning, I was on the first flight out from Copenhagen to New York, to continue on to Tampa, Florida. So, it is not like I had any time on the actual Wednesday. No way, and looking back at it now, fifteen years older and wiser, I must say that I could not have done it faster even if I had tried. Of course, now I could not see myself using traveler's cheques to begin with, but there was a reason for that back then. I needed around six thousand dollars available to me the second I touched Florida ground, and there was no way I would be able to withdraw that amount on my VISA. No, I had it all planned out. If everything went as scheduled, I would just have time to buy my Honda CBR 600 motorcycle before the shops closed at 6 pm. I was on a mission.

Funny, looking at it now, I actually realize that I have never learnt to master the art of patience; it has never been my cup of tea, and I can easily say that I will never learn, either. The only situation where I have learnt to master this little delicate art is in regards to having sex, and for some reason, this is the one and only area where my mind works differently, and thank God for that, even if I think He had very little to do with it. Anyway, when I arrived I was ready to go with money in my pocket, literally. I had my friend, Jeff Answer, ready to pick me up at the airport for immediate transport to a local motorcycle dealer in the vicinity, and by vicinity, I mean anything that would fit into my bought and paid for, ready to go motorcycle plan. As the final icing on the cake, I would be rolling in on my girlfriend back then, Leslie's, street just about the same time the Florida sun was escaping behind the horizon. I was willing to compromise a fair amount on that last detail, since everything has a way of appearing much cooler at night anyway. Well, I think I had the bike rolled out on the street, with a minute or two to spare, before the shop was closing. It was all working out the way I had planned, and beautifully so, I might add. However, this was my first time in control of such a heavy

bike, and even if I do consider myself to be a good motorcycle rider, rolling a heavy bike like that backwards in a downhill carport - that's what it is called in USA - is hard. I dropped it! My new bike that I had already learnt to love, even if we had only known each other for a couple of hours. I almost cried, as there was a little bit of a bruise on the lower section of my baby, which was not at all included in my plan.

I still rolled in for my girlfriend to view half an hour later, and I still felt really cool doing so. Anyway, two months later, some idiot in a car ran me off the road. The bike and I were damaged, and not long thereafter our love affair ended. Okay, getting back to where I started here, my ex-girlfriend Maria, said that I needed to break loose! It was insulting, but I also came to understand that there was some kind of jealousy or whatever going on between my mother and Maria. Not openly, and all that, but it was there in some weird way. My sister, for one, never liked Maria, not at all, and she told me about this later. I was a bit surprised at the time. I mean, I knew they were not best buddies, but still, brother's girlfriend and all that, you know. I had never known how much Rebecca disliked Maria. Well, I guess looking back at it now, who can blame her?

Okay, back to the task at hand: to summarize my findings after four weeks into the project. I had created a yes, a no, and just about two weeks ago, a continue folder in my mail. In total, there were twenty-six girls who had made it this far, or not made it at all, by going straight into the no folder after review. Being active on a free website has attracted scammers and this is a very interesting subject. If you are scamming someone, you most likely are looking to get something out of it, money being the key factor. During my time so far, I have learnt a lot about this part of the equation and I am still learning. Scamming is huge in this game, and just by being in the game, I found my way to a website run by a guy named Jim. His site is about scammers, and it is really good, with all the topics covered in detail: the typical scamming signs, one being strange email addresses; the most commonly used domains used by scammers, and why they are used; and lots of horror stories and nightmare scenarios and so on. There was everything you needed, including thousands of pictures, names, and aliases used by scammers, and so on. It is an invaluable tool to have at your disposal. However, even when knowing all this, and being able to access lots of available stories and information, it is still a challenge to avoid scammers. The key factor here is the male ego. We don't want to admit that we are quite predictable, and too short, or narrow-minded, for real female predators, in many ways, in many aspects of life, I would say. Give me a smart woman. Someone with lots of ambition, drive and hunger, then she is

dangerous to any man. She will come out on top more often than a man will.

And no matter how difficult all that is for a man, we are still our own worst enemies; we think with our penises, and we do everything we can possibly think of to make it seem like we don't, but it rarely works. So, when you start communicating with a beautiful woman who treats you like her number one, then you will try to defend it as long as you can; it does not matter what has happened to many, many guys before you, because this is different. :) You are different to her, it is real and I know she means it and all that. We are simply not very smart in our way of thinking at all, when approaching these dangerous and deadly waters. The worst part is that we will not admit it when the signs start showing, not to our friends and the people around us, no way, not even to ourselves, using every little drop of sense and logic to convert the situation in our mind. A situation, so crystal clear to most people that it is impossible to ignore, yet we still do it, and after every setback and revealing situation that tumbles down on us, we still fight, deny and convert it into something it is not, because the truth is of no use to any man. She is playing with you and it is not even difficult for her to begin with.

Unfortunately, I am no different, and I have really started to grasp just how indifferent I am in regards to this and in comparison to most men.

Well my friends, now it is time to start bringing the candidates into this, and let them introduce themselves one by one and piece by piece. The first one is called Nastya. Nastya is a twenty-eight-year-old Ukrainian lady and her online profile reads as follows: I am a sincere, kind woman. I like nature and I am fond of people. I would like to find my second half and never lose him. I appreciate family values above all. Well, a pretty standard entry, not much of a personal description, but anyway, at this stage, I see the picture, and not the person. The person I will get to know along the way.

I approached Nastya with the following opener: Hi, my name is Andre. I think we have some similar thoughts. Please have a look at my profile and if my thoughts and intentions seem similar to your own, then I would really like to find out more about you. I have only deviated from the core of that initial intro statement with a few words here and there. Of course, I see similarities in our profiles, one of them is that we both want to find somebody to love and create a family with, and when it comes to the part where I write, Please have a look at my profile and if my thoughts and intentions seem similar to your own, then I would like to hear from you. In regards to my own profile, I have put about two

hours of work into it. I used Elena's as a reference and marker for what is the best description to attract candidates, so that they like what they see, and by playing around a little with the wording, adding my own personal touch, I came up with this:

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