ryvr.ai

the best recruiters sell eight things.

everyone else sends a cv.

swipe →



reach

the person the client actually wants isn’t on a job board. they’re in a job. they’re busy. they’re good at it, which is exactly why nobody’s letting them leave quietly.

an advert only reaches people who are looking. someone good, and free, and looking, is rarer than it sounds. usually one of the three isn’t true.

so **the best one never sees the ad**. they get found, and talked into a conversation they weren’t planning to have.

the client’s best hire will never apply. reaching them anyway is the whole job.

speed

every day the role’s open, the work still needs doing. it lands on people who never signed up for it. or it quietly doesn’t get done, and nobody admits which.

the empty seat costs the client money every single day. it never once takes a holiday.

your fee turns up as one number, on one invoice, and it stings. **the seat often costs more**. it just arrives in pieces, spread across tired people, so nobody adds it up.

they’ll haggle the fee they can see. they’re bleeding the cost they can’t.

the mis-hire

get the hire wrong and the client doesn’t pay once. they pay the salary, the ramp, the re-hire, and the dent in everyone who covered while it quietly wasn’t working.

and it does fail quietly. the wrong hire doesn’t blow up on day one. they **underperform politely for about seven months**, while everyone hopes it’ll click.

it doesn’t.

plenty of bad hires aren’t bad people. they’re a brief nobody questioned hard enough, wearing a suit.

the shortlist

a pile of cvs isn’t a shortlist. it’s **a reading list**. you’ve handed the client your homework and asked them to mark it.

everything that makes someone right, the motivation, the notice, the reason they’d actually move, sits in your head. it never reaches the page. so the client does the job themselves. badly, at speed, on a friday.

sending thirty feels thorough. mostly it’s what you send when you don’t want to be blamed for choosing.

a shortlist is three names and the nerve to defend everyone you left off.

market intel

the client prices the role off the last person who took it. or a budget set before the market moved. then acts surprised when nobody decent bites.

they can’t really help it. they hire a handful of times a year. you sit in dozens of these conversations a month.

you know **what good costs this week**. they know what it cost the last time they looked. which was a while ago.

you’re the only one in that room who knows what good costs today. the rest are guessing.

reputation

every recruiter working the client's role is, right now, describing their company to someone they might want to hire one day. and they'll never hear a word of it.

a lazy one, firing a vague pitch at anyone with a pulse, doesn't just lose them that person. they put them off. and that person mentions it to two others, over a pint.

the client thinks their name is theirs to manage. a fair bit of it gets **built by strangers, on the phone**, on a thursday afternoon.

every approach you make carries the client's good name. they rarely get to see who's holding it.

the deal

the offer goes in. the counter comes back. the notice turns awkward. and somewhere around the second sunday night, the candidate goes cold.

the one who was a hundred percent on friday is just thinking it through by monday. they handed their notice in, their boss looked wounded, and being wanted somewhere suddenly felt nice.

a counter-offer is **rarely just about the money**. it's about a person being told, for once, that they matter.

the yes was the easy part. everything you do between yes and monday is the bit they never see.

the partnership

five agencies on one role feels to the client like covering themselves. it’s the opposite. it’s five people watching someone collapse, each assuming another’s already phoned the ambulance.

nobody owns it. the client gets the same cvs five times. every good candidate gets the same job pitched at them five times in a week, and quietly decides the company must be desperate.

and the maths is simple. if you’re one of five, the smart move is **the bare minimum**. why map a whole market when four others might place first?

the deep work only happens when one of you is actually backed. no one maps a whole market for a one-in-five shot.

do all eight properly and nobody thanks you.

the role just fills, on time, and everyone decides it was always going to. the better you are at it, the more it looks like luck.

do that, and the fee stops being the conversation. it never really was.