Twitter Thread by Eddie



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Last night, I was reading part of a thread where @liminal_warmth was putting together a new clan // guild // whatever on classic WoW. I almost jumped on it, but then I remembered my previous WoW experience.

I started playing during Lich King, because the people I knew started playing then. They played on a heavy RP server. I spun up an undead rogue named Qaddafi. And off I went into the world.

At this time, I played through all the story stuff. The world was amazing, and I applaud the writers for building it. However, since everyone else was already an 80, I didn't get to do dungeons. They only had the rando dungeons once you hit a high enough level.

As such, I was always woefully undergeared. By the time I hit 80, My primary weapon was a decent off hand weapon, and there weren't opportunities to upgrade. As I was gear light, my DPS was below average, and I'd get kicked. A lot.

The culture dictated you needed to be a spreadsheet king, or have been part of a raiding guild since the beginning. I was low on DPS, so I got kicked before completing the dungeon, and the rogue gear was always at the end.

no gear > kicked > missed gear > cycle repeats

So I went skill monkey. Over the course of the game, I had maxed out every secondary skill. At the end, the only two I kept were the maxed tailoring and maxed engineering. Flying carpet and harley AND chopper for the win.

I ran around using my skills to help newbie hordlings, and in doing so completed all the low level quests in all the starting areas to go for the storyteller title (something like that). I was racking up titles.

Finally they had the rando raid so I could finally play the parts of the game I otherwise wouldn't. And since this was all randos, no one got kicked. It was messy glory. but ...

Eventually, without a regular guild, this all becomes repetitive. I had story capped - I couldn't experience the rest of the story without being in a guild and equipped to the nines. And that wasn't going to happen.

And because I didn't have gear, even my 'friends' went raiding without me.

#LifeLessons

What did happen a lot on our servers were running the For The Horde cheevo weekly. And a rogue who could cause chaos and flee opened a lot of doors for the team. I'd be part of a 5 man raid squad who would go to attack cities the rest weren't going to as a false flag.

I was good at it. I was that weird guildless rando who caused all kinds of issues. I'd come in in turban and tabard on a flying carpet throwing knives and bombs, then would jump in the water (undead don't drown) and those who chased me ended up dying as I had a speed advantage.

And I remember the last day. I would fart around in the low level areas outside the Alliance cities farming basic mats for their cooking and tailoring and engineering recipes (I had the recipes from both sides). And some big RP event was happening in the tavern outside stormwind.

Lots of level 1s in RP gear. with the PvP flags on ...

So I snuck into the tavern, decloaked, shouted jibberish, and blew my bombs. Wiped them all out. Then I hid.

Then they came back. I waited, they waited, and when they thought I was gone, they resumed. Then I decloaked. Kablooie. Some tried to run to the safety of the castle, but I gave chase.

Then many switched to their max level raid geared mains, and came storming out of the castle for me. Oops.

To add insult to injury, I spawned the alliance motorcycle and sped off.

The souped engineers of the time on the cycles could outrun steeds, fast fly mounts, everything except the Death Knight's Scorpion "get over here!" grab and snatch attack.

Why do the 'good guys' even have death knights? Makes no sense.

Pallys, DKs, Hunters, Mages - I am mincemeat. Except I wasn't. Some kids somewhere were off of school and were doing a For the Horde, but stopped to watch me wipe out the RP event in the tavern. Suddenly, they swoop in to save me. Now it's on.

The alliance wasn't expecting a sudden onslaught of a counter attack, and we pressed in quickly. I ran ahead to cause chaos. I entered the cathedral, and found something amazing.

Two Alliance RP guilds were having an arranged marriage to bind ties between their two houses. Bunches of 80s in level 1 RP gear. Doing something they had worked for a very long time to build their own story. And in runs the undead terrorist Qaddafi.

I obliterated everyone. They couldn't log off fast enough. wiped out everyone. My gear was good enough to deal with the 4 NPC guards in there. But, people started coming back geared. Lots of gibberish shouting. I think they took my assault as a personal affront.

I ran back outside into the existing melee which caught my pursuers off guard. In the confusion I jumped in the canal, got far enough away, and I cloaked. I was positioned at a point where even those who could see through my cloak couldn't - line of sight blocked.

So here I am crouched in the canal, utter chaos above (most of which I caused). And I had what alcoholics call 'a moment of clarity.'

What the hell am I doing? Why am I spending time like this? I play mostly alone in a game not designed for it, I had been abandoned by so called friends, and I was paying a monthly fee to ruin other people's fun.

It's like waking up in the matrix, giving the service robot the finger, and yanking out all the plugs yourself.

I logged off from that canal, and have never played since. Qaddafi is still there, reflecting on his life's choices.

Even the lure of Cataclysm didn't work.

Weirdly, my WoW experience dramatically changed my life, by being a shining lens of truth, that helped me to run my interactions with people through the filter of are they my friend, or am I a means to an end.

That filter has saved me from people who tried to screw me more than once. And has made crystal clear the difference between friends, pals, acquaintances, randos, adversaries, and enemies. Understanding the difference therein is one of the most important skills I have.

So maybe there's a small positive that came out of WoW. But, like MtG, I am unplugged from the matrix, and will happily never go back. Single player games (Zelda!) for me from now on.

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