**DIARY OF AN AVATAR**

**A Real Story about a Virtual World**

I was born a naked man in a desolate forest. I flew around and landed on top of someone’s house. They shouted at me and banished me to Korea, where someone asked me, “Why don’t you have clothes?”

Hey, I just arrived in this world. I had no idea why I had arms, legs, or a head, much less clothes. “Why do you *have* clothes?” I asked. It’s a computer place. Why would anyone need clothes?

I asked how to get clothes. There was some clothing in a library that I put on. Some people told me that I looked like a noob. “What makes me look like a noob?”

“Bad clothing.”

Bad? I thought their clothes looked horrible. Spikes sticking out and half their rear or breasts showing.

Someone teleported me to a strip club. I think it was because of my noob clothes. She probably thought she could get the newbie hooked on visiting this place. But I didn’t find watching naked cartoon characters to be very erotic.

## Era of My New Online Friendship: Northern

## Week 2, February 2010

I saw a woman with a baby in the park in Korea and asked her where they came from.

“You can get some sperm and a gray box will drop down and tell you if you’re pregnant.”

Get sperm and wait for a gray box? She asked if I wanted one.

“Uh, no thanks,” I answered.

She told me how to change into a woman and gave me clothes, hair, and skin.

I got teleported to the House of Prayer with a friendly man named Northern who was also new to Second Life. He saw a baby crawling in the corner and asked me to come look at it. “I haven’t seen one of these in Second Life before,” he said.

“I just saw one!” I replied. “A woman was carrying it. I don’t understand where they come from. Something about a gray box.”

“I can show you,” he chatted. “Just a moment and I’ll teleport you there.”

He disappeared and about a minute later, he invited me to a dungeon. Northern was smoking a cigarette and carrying a bottle of Jack Daniels.

“This place belongs to my friend Jack.”

“Daniels?”

He put a huge penis on his avatar and asked if I could see it. “Yes. That’s ridiculous,” I said.

There was a bed with pink and blue orbs called pose balls. When I put my avatar on one of the pose balls, she did whatever sex animations I selected. It was quite comic. Northern and I laughed.

“What am I supposed to be doing here?” he said. “Is my leg in your crotch?”

In the background I saw a medieval character hanging upside-down on a cross. I didn’t think I had seen it there earlier, but figured that it didn’t matter. Northern moved our avatars underneath the cross. “What’s this face above mine?” I asked.

“Face?” Northern paused to pan his view. “Oh, that’s my friend Jack.”

“That’s your FRIEND?” I hadn’t realized that was an avatar. I thought he was part of the décor.

How do avatars meet dates? I looked up singles ads and was directed to an elegant ballroom.

Instead of asking me to dance, one of the guys teleported me to a cabin with a pool table that had pose balls on it. I sat on the pink one to see if it would make me play pool. Instead, it made me do the same kind of ridiculous sex animations like the ones Northern showed me.

The guy got on the blue pose ball. “Take off your clothes,” he said.

Since when do I take orders from him? “Why are there so many of these ridiculous pose balls in Second Life?” I said.

“You’re supposed to get excited watching your avatar fuck and then you both jerk off in front of the computer.”

“Are you kidding?”

The guy got mad and left.

I figured the guy was just weird. Jerking off in front of a computer while you and some stranger watch avatars wiggling around is sad.

As I found out later, there are an awful lot of weird people wiggling around in Second Life, jerking off in front of computers. Creeps me out.

## Wednesday, March 3, 2010

A guy who didn’t speak English teleported me, along with a few other women, to a place with a bunch of sex beds. None of us stuck around. He teleported us a second time. I had come from country dancing and was still dancing like a maniac. After the other women left again, I kept dancing on his head or chasing him. Then I teleported Northern in and we both chased him. Finally, the guy left.

An employee of a nearby store came out and told us, “Orgies are not allowed here.”

“Thank goodness,” I said.

I wondered if that would have happened if I had been a man. I often asked Northern what he was up to, so I could get a look into how his experience in Second Life as a man compared to mine as a woman. I wondered if he’d be willing to collaborate on a journal of our shared experiences in Second Life.

But I realized I wouldn’t necessarily get a thorough or honest answer from Northern. Heck, I don’t need Northern’s view. I can get that view on my own. Thus I prepared to give birth to Brad.