**DIARY OF AN AVATAR**

**A True 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. It turns out there was some clothing in a library that I had access to all along. Some people told me that I looked like a noob. “What makes me look like a noob?”

“Bad clothing.”

Bad? Hey. It’s clothes. I thought their clothes looked horrible. Spikes sticking out and half their ass or boobs showing. I’m not here to admire the shirt on my cartoon man. My clothes are fine.

It seems that what happened was that instead of logging in as Ruby, who I had sign up as on the Second Life web site, I had signed in as my husband. He had downloaded Second Life three years earlier and had the viewer set to save his password. He didn’t find anyone else around, thought it boring, and never logged on again. Whatever clothes, or other inventory items that may have come with an avatar back then had been deleted.

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. Sorry, 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.

The woman with the baby told me how to change into a woman and gave me clothes, hair, and skin.

Then I walked head first into a guy who was talking out loud and couldn’t pull my head out of his chest. The other guys standing around were teasing the guy who had my head stuck in his chest. I got on the mike and said a few words. They seemed relieved that I really was female, not just some newbie guy asking how to change into a woman.

I got teleported to the House of Prayer with a friendly man named Northern. He 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 new location. When I arrived, there was a hot tub. Northern was smoking a cigarette and carrying a bottle of Jack Daniels.

“This place belongs to my friend Jack.” No, he didn’t mean Daniels. “He said I could use it.”

We got on voice chat and I told him my real name was Lisa. He put a huge penis on his avatar and asked if I could see it. “Yes. That’s ridiculous,” I said.

The hot tub had several pink and blue orbs. Northern told me to click on a pink ball and select “Sit here.” My avatar popped into the tub fully clothed. All I could see was the wall. As I panned around, Second Life crashed.

I logged back in and appeared by the tub again. Northern had been worried that I had gotten mad and logged off. Then he teleported me to a different level of the house. I found myself in a dungeon with a bed and more 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. After a little while, 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 shouted. “Oh. Hi Jack.” 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 with no luck, but was able to find an elegant ballroom dance club that was affiliated with singles ads and teleported there. In the distance, I saw a large rectangular object float down from the sky. “Is someone wearing a house?” the dance club’s host asked.

“It’s the new fashion,” someone replied.

I met a nice gentleman and we danced. He said the computer he was on did not have a microphone, but asked if we could chat the following evening.

The next evening we found each other, went to a pretty island, and talked for awhile. The next morning, he didn’t respond to a message I sent him and he deleted me from his friend list.

Out of the blue, another guy at a dance club asked me if I’d go with him somewhere. He teleported me to a cabin with a pool table that had pink and blue 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. “It was funny the first time I saw this, but now it’s getting old.”

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

“Are you kidding?” I asked. “This isn’t exciting. It’s a joke.”

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.

## Week 3, February 2010

Northern had said something about a nude beach while talking to Jack. I was curious about it, so I searched for one and went there. I walked around fully clothed. I read the Washington Post out loud. A female voice on a nude beach! Guys came over to hear what was going on. Most of them left when they realized I was saying something boring.

I put graphics from my real life web series on t-shirts and handed them out. Northern asked what I was up to. “Clothing the naked,” I replied.

Northern found Avatar island where they can put your real face on your avatar. A vampire friended me there. He got back to me a few times over the next several days and invited me to tour his vampire land.

He had an elaborate mansion. And an alternate avatar, or ‘alt.’ His alt had a vampire wife. I asked about the mission statement of the vampires and the purpose of Second Life marriage. I didn’t get a clear answer to the first question, and although I asked the second question several times, he refused to answer at all.

At the end of the tour, we played bumper cars. I won! I no longer heard from the vampires afterward. I think they were afraid of me because I asked too many questions.

## Week 4, February 2010

The next day, a woman sent me an invitation to join her at a Cum As You Are party. I should’ve looked at that title a little more closely before I invited Northern to join us. When I got there, several women were pole dancing. I sent Northern an instant message. “Please disregard teleport invitation.”

Too late, he was already on his way. When he saw what was going on, he took off his clothes and walked around all the girls on the poles doing pelvic thrusts. Sorta funny, sorta awful. I chose to laugh about it.

One of the girls told Northern that what he was doing was bordering on harassment. Poledance management gave him clothes and asked him to leave. If that had been a real club and he touched real bodies, I would have agreed that it was harassment. However, they did invite us there without telling us what we were going to see when we got there. And they were skanky avatars dancing on poles, so how was what Northern was doing any worse?

## Wednesday, March 3, 2010

A guy who didn’t speak English kept teleporting me, along with a few other women, to locations that were set up for orgies. The second time he teleported me, I had come from country dancing and was still dancing like a maniac. He teleported another woman and she left. But 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 that orgies were not allowed there. “Thank goodness,” I said.

One of the guys that I met last night who had reasonable conversation skills invited me back to his place. I enjoyed chatting with him somewhat. But then he got on a pose ball, then turned on his microphone and grunted. I was so grossed out.

Like my Twitter handle, @IfSheWereAMan, 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 deeper look into how his experience in Second Life as a man compares to mine as a woman. He is quite articulate in his writing and 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.