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Article Title: 3 Ways *Fallout 3* Made Me a Terrible Person

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Meta Description: *Fallout 3*, while an entertaining and engaging game, does encourage some behaviors among gamers that are not quite socially acceptable.

If you're like me, then you're of the belief that when some calamity strikes the world (nuclear or zombie in nature) you will be one of the few survivors. Maybe we all seek that extra reassurance that we're not completely useless in the world, or we just think highly of ourselves. Either way, we seek out those video games that give a realistic experience for such situations. In the case of a nuclear fallout, my game of choice is *Fallout 3*. Set in the remnants of Washington D.C., this game brings on a whole new level of realism to the idea of surviving in a radiated wasteland.

Following the idea of realism, I choose to play the game as if it were actually me in the game. Throughout this adventure, I learned many things about me and the mistakes I can make. Many deep, dark, terrible mistakes…

I'm a Hoarder

In real life, I'm not much of a hoarder because I find little value in keeping most of what I have. Well, apart from paper. I hoard documents like nobody's business. But one of the main reasons I don't go overboard with hoarding is because of the amount of effort involved.

It's just too difficult to have to carry around everything I find worth keeping. Not so in *Fallout 3*.

In the wonderful world of video gaming, becoming encumbered from the weight of countless items is no hindering factor. My character thus refuses to throw any item away on the rare off chance that he may locate design schematics which will use the numerous empty beer bottles (which may or may not have contained liquids when originally found), surgical tubing, and vacuum cleaners he has collected in his travels and turn them into the most powerful weapon in the game.

The end result is a character driven in his mission to save the world or find that abandoned shoe box that contains the pressure cooker, leather belt, and toy car he may need to construct a landmine.

I'm Inherently Good… Unless You Have Something I Want

Whenever I play an RPG that creates a distinction between good and bad actions, I tend to go the route of good. I'm not the sort of person who wants to torture or steal from every traveler I come across. I want to play the game as a real person would experience it were we to have a fallout today. Well, as much as I can accomplish that end in a video game.

So for the most part, my video game self tends to be a good person and lives by the same morals and standards I have in real life. My character doesn't steal from people, doesn't kill innocents, tries help those in need, and occasionally murders travelers if they have a cool looking weapon.

Sometimes you just can't be perfect.

Let's be honest, in the game world it's only natural that we get a little greedy since our character is "all that." In the real world, I simply wouldn't have the balls to try and take down a group of mercenaries in full tech-armor who also happen to be brandishing laser rifles and miniguns. The same

cannot be said of my *Fallout 3* character. He can actually hit the target he's aiming for, plus he heals a bit faster.

My character had spent some time aimlessly wandering the wasteland trying to find some constructive activity to occupy his time when he crested a ridge and saw a small group of travelers who were from the Brotherhood of Steel. In this game, the Brotherhood of Steel is a society that has worked to preserve the technology of the past, so they're touting equipment that is leaps and bounds above what the rest of the world is using. Their armor is reputedly the best in the game, so naturally my character lusted after it.

He followed the merry band for several leagues (yes, the game is that big) before they were attacked by a group of supermutants. Knowing this was the only chance they would sustain enough damage for an attack by my character to make any difference, he made his move. After a violent struggle that nearly killed him, he finally overpowered the crippled soldier (who had just lost his arms and legs from a violent attack by a supermutant).

My character then triumphantly checked the soldier's inventory for this precious armor he had battled tooth and nail for. It wasn't there. The game developers, in their infinite wisdom, had accounted for moments of greed like this and made it so that obtaining the most powerful armor in the game wasn't something you could do unless you joined the Brotherhood of Steel. So not only was the inventory devoid of the armor he was obviously wearing, I had to actually pretend I wanted to join the Brotherhood simply for their gear.

Poop. If only we could withhold items in real life like that.

I Do Not Value Human Life

This is best described by an experience I had while wandering the desolate wastes. I was sauntering along with Fawkes, secretly envying the massive laser minigun he never seemed to run out of

ammo on. As I was contemplating backstabbing him in another effort to steal his unlimited ammo, we were suddenly assailed by an ambush of supermutants. Thankfully, Fawkes, who was in fact a supermutant himself, did not balk at the chance to mow down his own people.
Valiantly we fought against rocket launchers, miniguns, and all manner of other firepower. As the sound of gunfire let up and the smoke cleared from the mortar shells and steaming chunks of flesh, we alone stood triumphant.

Then Fawkes suddenly took a buckshot to the groin from a traveler who mistook him for an evil supermutant.

Once I had finished disintegrating the traveler's face with my plasma cannon, I looked down mournfully over my lost companion. I was faced with a difficult decision: Do I reload from a save point before this battle or do I continue on without Fawkes? We had just endured an epic battle, the stuff of movies where two characters bond by protecting one another. Could I justify leaving him despite how valuable a companion he was?

That was an easy question to answer. I took his gear and left him to rot.

Further into the game, a guard accidentally shot my dog. I murdered the entire town with a pool cue because I couldn't see the reload button for my gun through my tears.

I guess I'm more of an animal person.

Simply based on all of these points, you could say a lot about a person. But we all know that people do things in video games they'd never dream of doing in real life. Murdering and stealing in a video game is easy simply because it was designed to be easy. We as players are not burdened with a moral compass simply because there is no punishment for our actions.

If this were a holodeck, I can safely say things would go much more differently since it would actually be me doing stuff. But since it's my character performing these atrocious acts, I can maintain some distance from the blame.