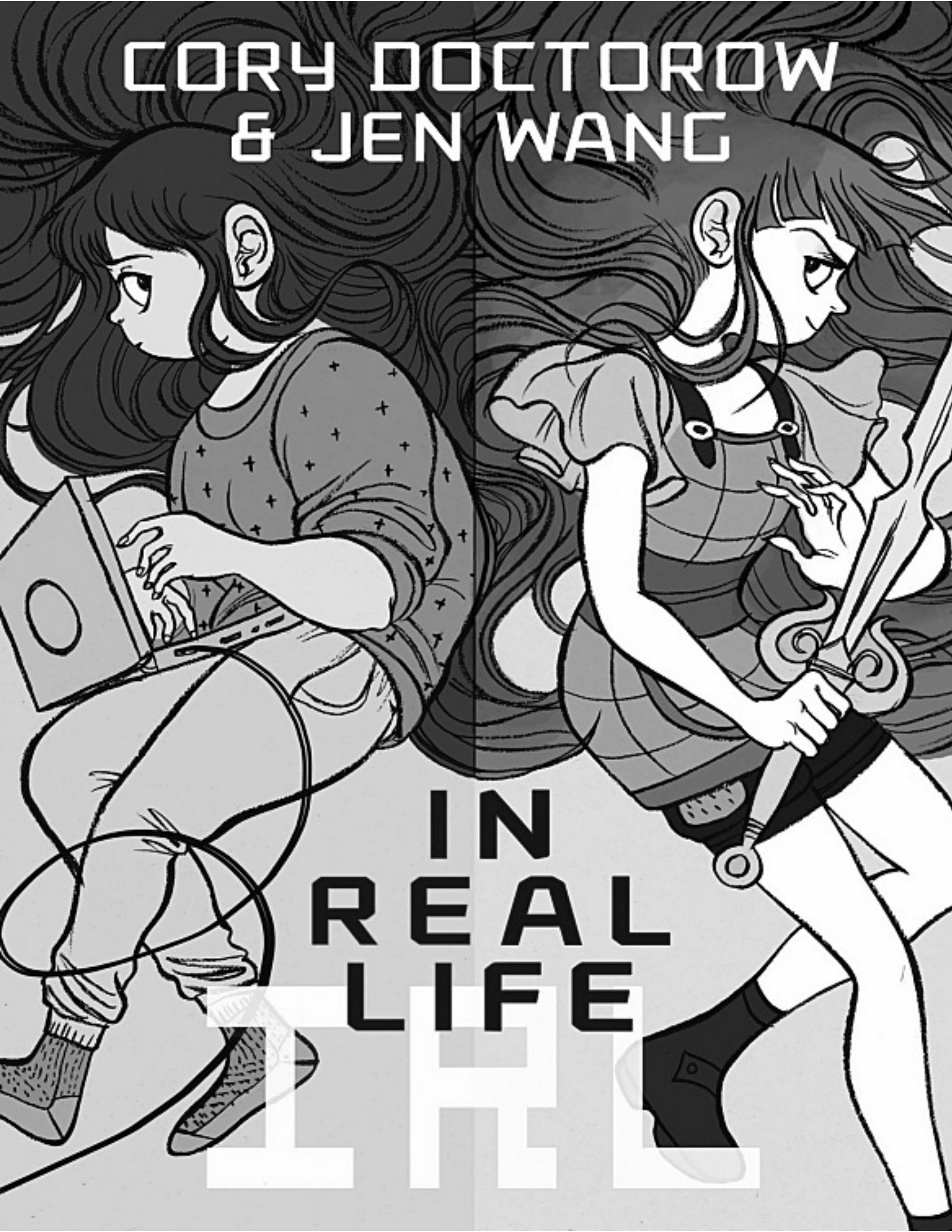


CORY DOCTOROW
& JEN WANG



IN
REAL
LIFE

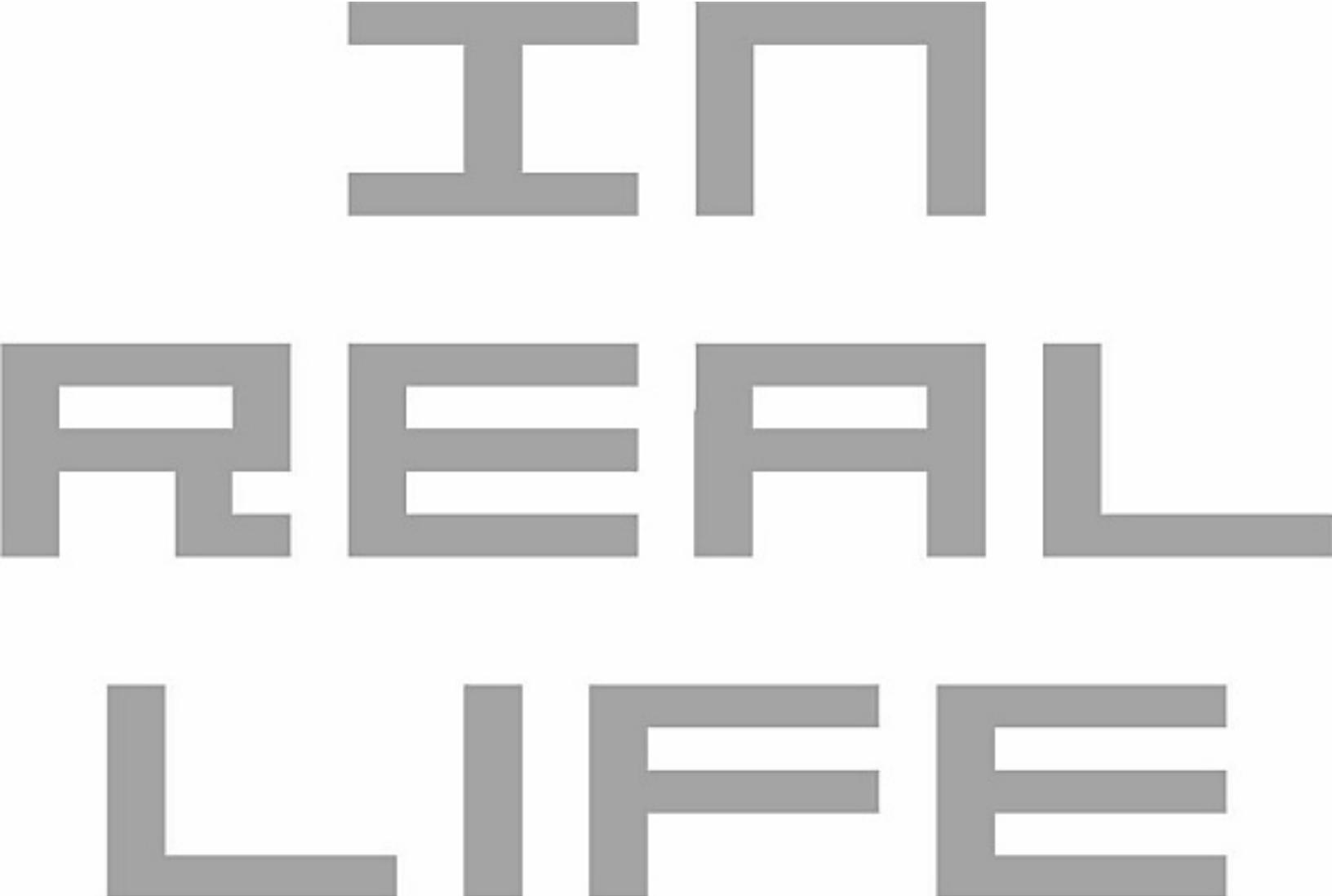
TRL

ENTER

52%

LOADING





Cory Doctorow
Jen Wang



First Second
New York

For Alice, as always, my kickass
girl gamer and personal zombie-slayer.

—C.D.

Thanks to Judy Hansen, Jake Mumm,
and Yu Fong Wang.

—J.W.

INVENTORY



HAIRY LONGPO
TUSK



LOBOK



SKY ELIXIR



CATSEYE



PINECONE BEACH STONE



ANTS NEST



OMUSUBI



THYME

HAIRY
LONGPO TUSK

+15 GOLD

INTRODUCTION

by Cory Doctorow

In Real Life is a book about games and economics. A lot of us pay attention to games, but think of them as trivial—mere amusements that help us fill the long, dismal stretch between the cradle and the grave. As for economics, well, yeah, people think economics is important, but it's also one of those intimidating no-go areas that scares people away, despite the fact that economics—the study of why people do things, really—is the subject that has the most to say about the circumstances in which they find themselves.

When you put economics and games together, you suddenly find yourself in the middle of a bunch of sticky, tough questions about politics and labor. *In Real Life* connects the

dots between the way we shop, the way we organize, and the way we play, and why some people are rich, some are poor, and how they seem to get stuck there.

I hope that readers of this book will be inspired to dig deeper into the subject of behavioral economics and to start asking hard questions about how we end up with the stuff we own, what it costs our human brothers and sisters to make those goods, and why we think we need them.

But it's a poor politics that can only be expressed by choosing to buy or not buy something. Sometimes (often!), you need to organize to make a difference.

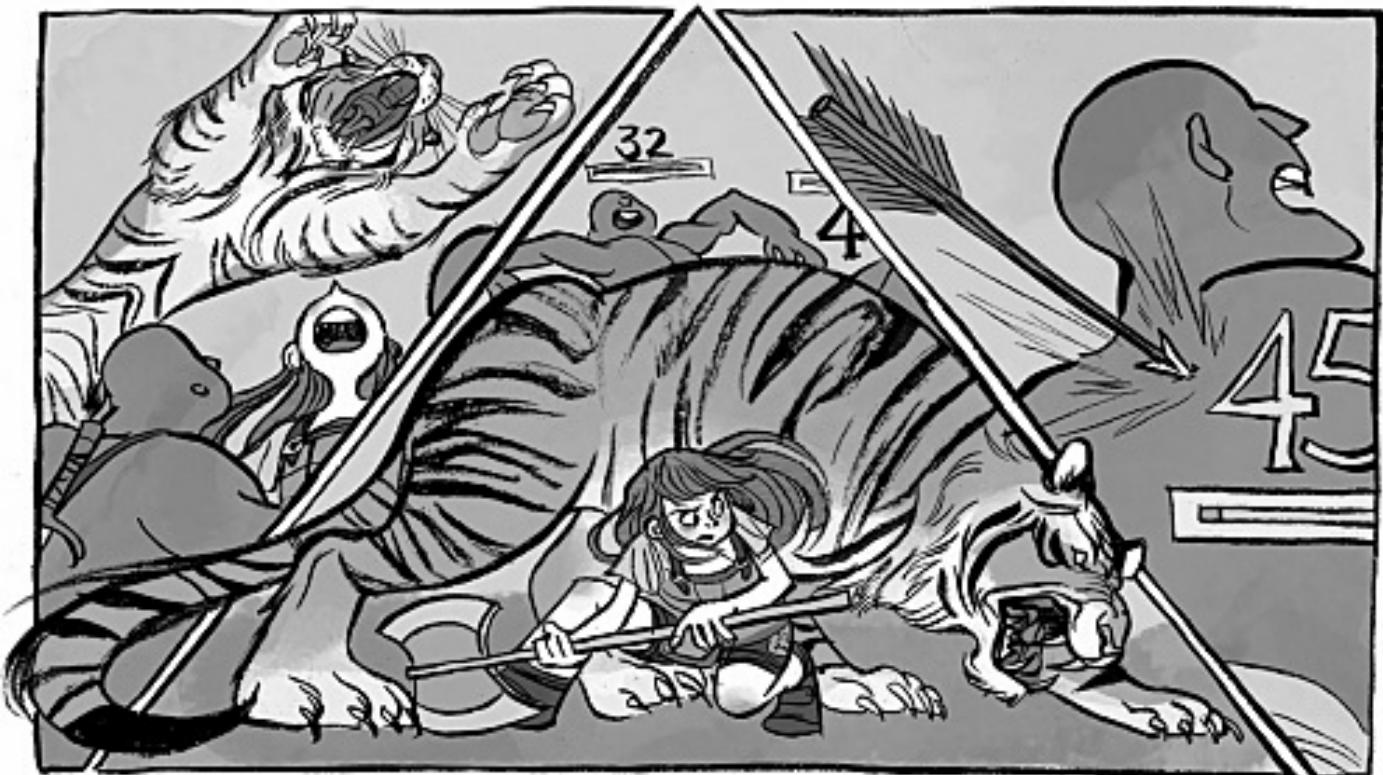
This is the golden age of organizing. If there's one thing the Internet's changed forever, it's the relative difficulty and cost of getting a bunch of people in the same place, working toward the same goal. That's not always good (thugs, bullies, racists, and loonies never had it so good), but it is fundamentally *game-changing*.

It's hard to remember just how difficult this organizing stuff used to be: how hard it was to do something as trivial as getting ten friends to agree on dinner and a movie, let alone getting millions of people together to raise money for a political candidate, get the vote out, protest corruption, or save an endangered and beloved institution.

When I was an activist in the 1980s, ninety-eight percent of my time was spent stuffing envelopes and writing addresses on

them. The remaining two percent was the time we spent figuring out what to put in the envelopes. Today, we get those envelopes and stamps and address books for free. This is so fantastically, hugely different and weird that we haven't even begun to feel the first tendrils of it. Moments like the Occupy movement and the Gezi uprising in Istanbul will be remembered as the tiniest tremors of what happens when people can organize more cheaply.

Working together is the secret origin story of our species. We diverged from our hominid ancestors when we started to divide up labor—you watch the kids, I'll watch for tigers, and that guy's going to go and forage for fruit. The most modern part of our brains, the neocortex (the "new bark," which wraps around all the more ancient parts of our



brains), developed around this time and is strongly implicated in managing our social relationships. Everything from language and literacy to corporations and countries are just structures for organizing human labor.

The games we play with other people all tickle this organizing mechanism. When you play hide and seek, you try and outguess where your opponents will look (or where they'll hide when they're trying to out outguess you!). When you do a mass raid on some huge instance in an MMO (a massively multiplayer online game), the “game” isn't just killing the boss, it's figuring out how to convince a couple



dozen of your friends to work with you, coordinating your schedules so that you can raid together, agreeing on tactics, even coming up with a chain of command and hammering out its legitimacy.

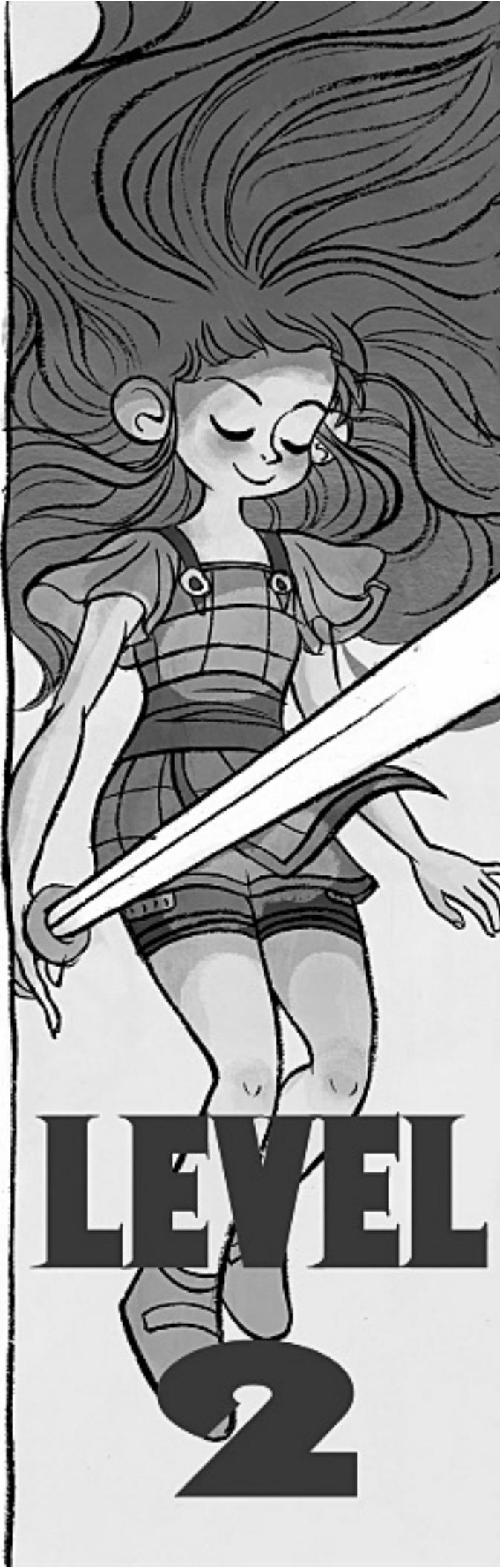
It's not surprising that gamespace has become a workplace for hundreds of thousands of "gold farmers" who undertake dreary, repetitive labor to produce virtual wealth that's sold to players with more money and less patience than them. The structural differences between in-game play and in-game work are mostly arbitrary, and "real" work is half a game, anyway. Most of the people you see going to work today are LARPing (live-action role playing) an incredibly boring RPG (role-playing game) called "professionalism" that requires them to alter their vocabulary, posture, eating habits, facial expressions—every detail all the way down to what they allow themselves to find funny.

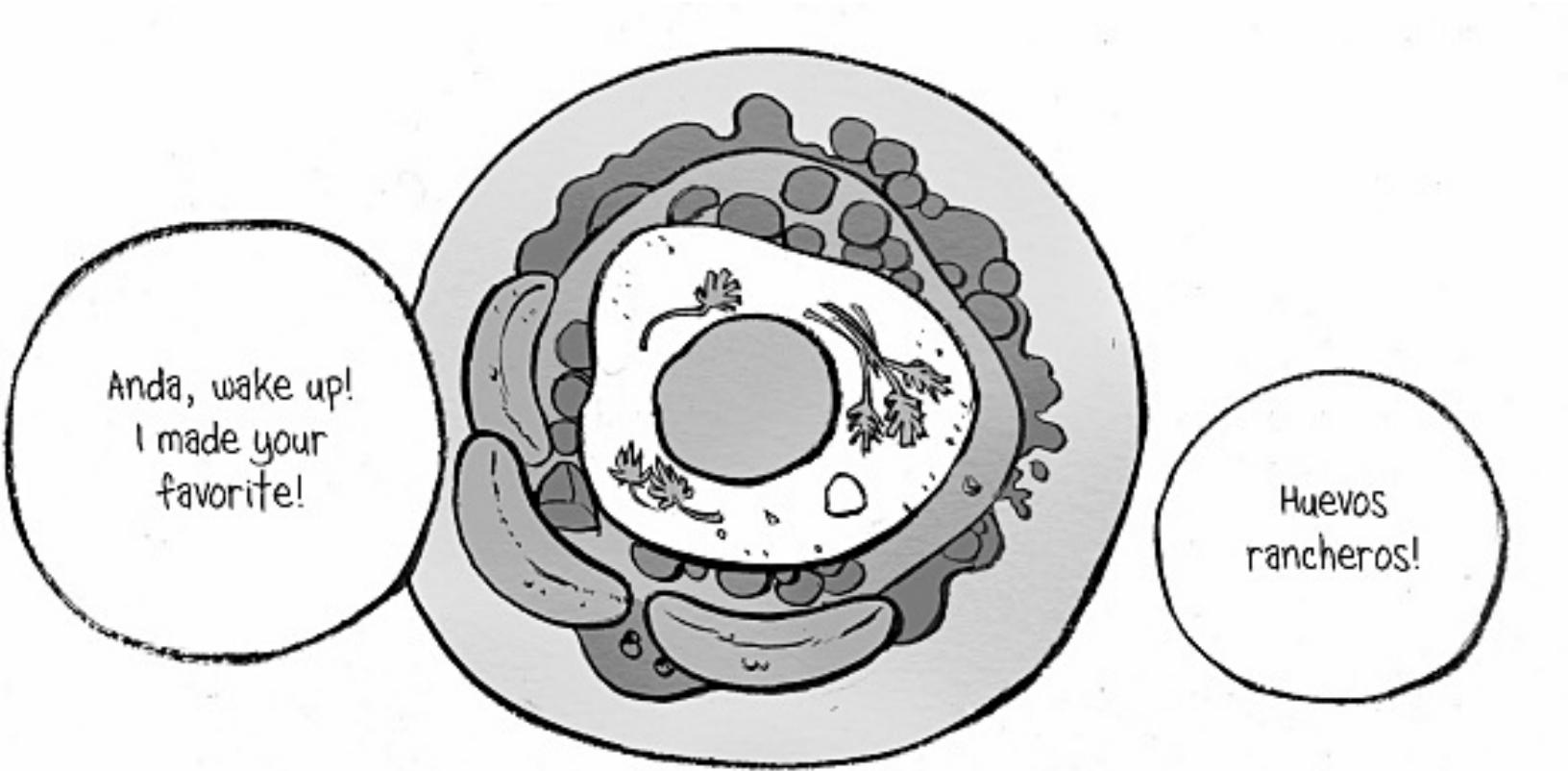
The most amazing thing about the moment we're living through is the degree to which it allows us to abolish all the boring stuff that used to be required for any kind of ambitious project. We're at a point where we can build an encyclopedia with the kind of organizational structures that were once only good enough to run an ambitious fun fair or bake sale. Hierarchy and injustice are far from dead, but the justification for continuing them gets weaker with every passing moment.

The net doesn't solve the problem of injustice, but it solves the first hard problem of righting wrongs: getting everyone together and keeping them together. You still have to do the even harder work of risking life, limb, personal fortune, and reputation.

Every wonderful thing in our world has a fight in its history: our rights, our good fortune, our happiness. All that is sweet was paid for, once upon a time, by principled people who risked everything to change the world for the better.

Those risks are not diminished one iota by the net. But the rewards are every bit as sweet.





Anda, wake up!
I made your
favorite!

Huevos
rancheros!



Thanks,
Mom.





Oh, heeee,
Phil's!



Phil's
BBQ
SAN DIEGO



Thought you
must miss that
place. It's got a
postcard from
Grandma, too!

Happy Birthday!
Hope you're adjusting
to your new home. Send
some gifts from home.
Miss you!
Grandma

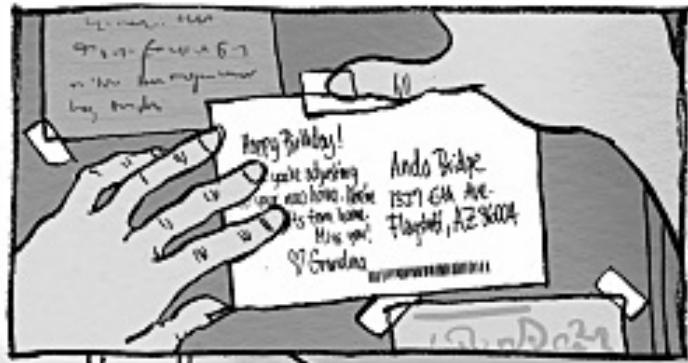
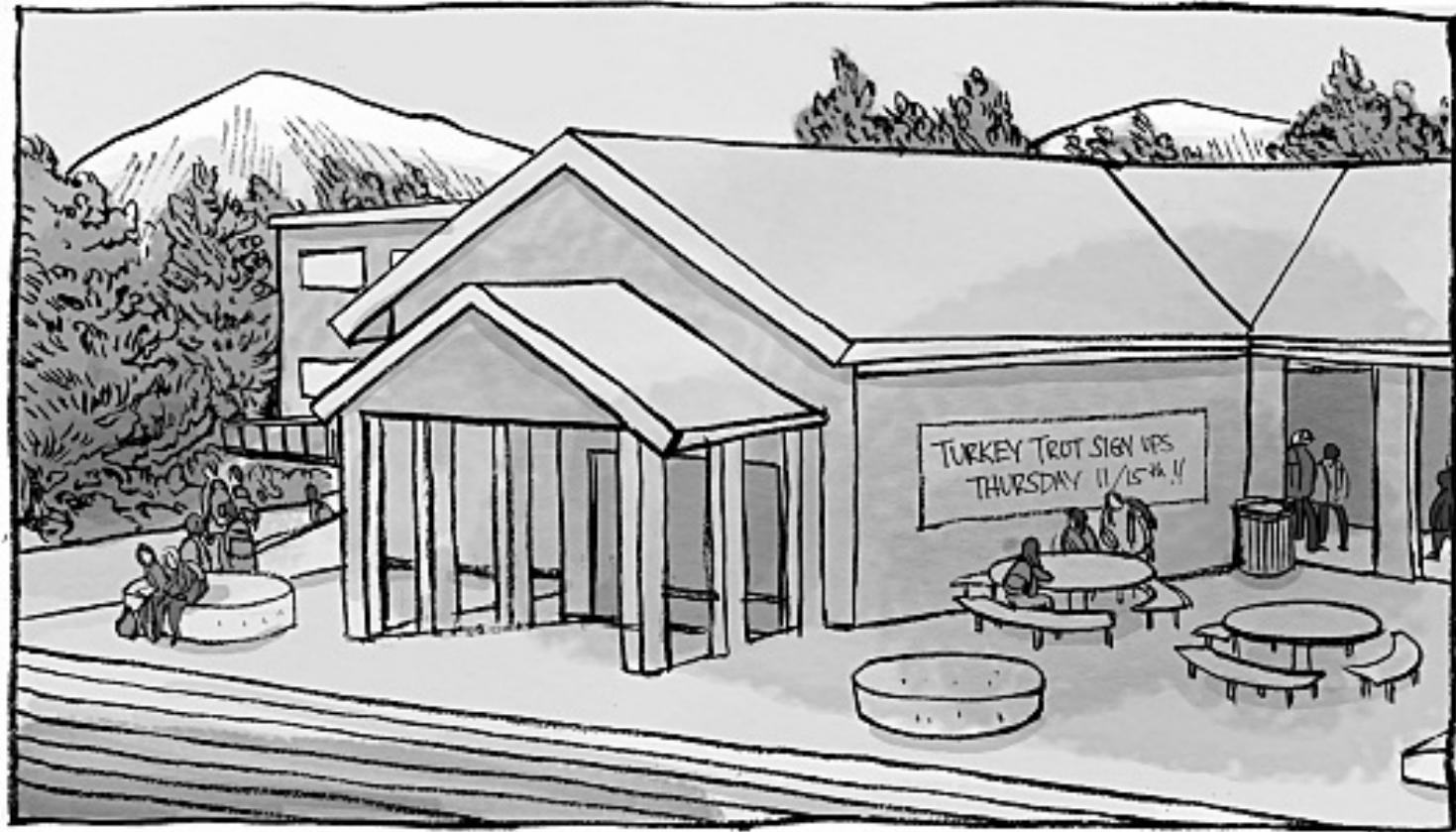
Andrea Bridge
1327 6th Ave.
Flagstaff, AZ 86004

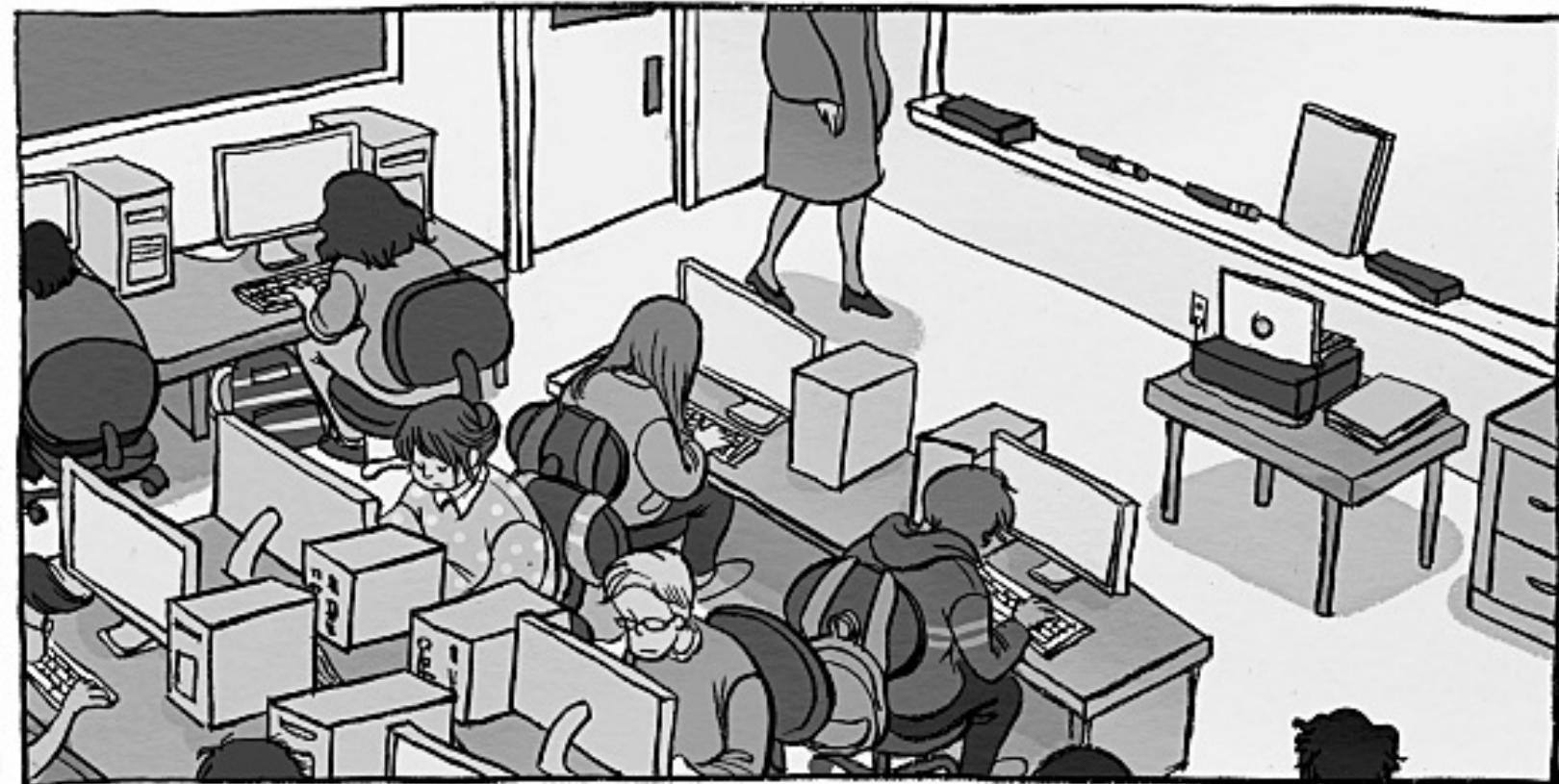
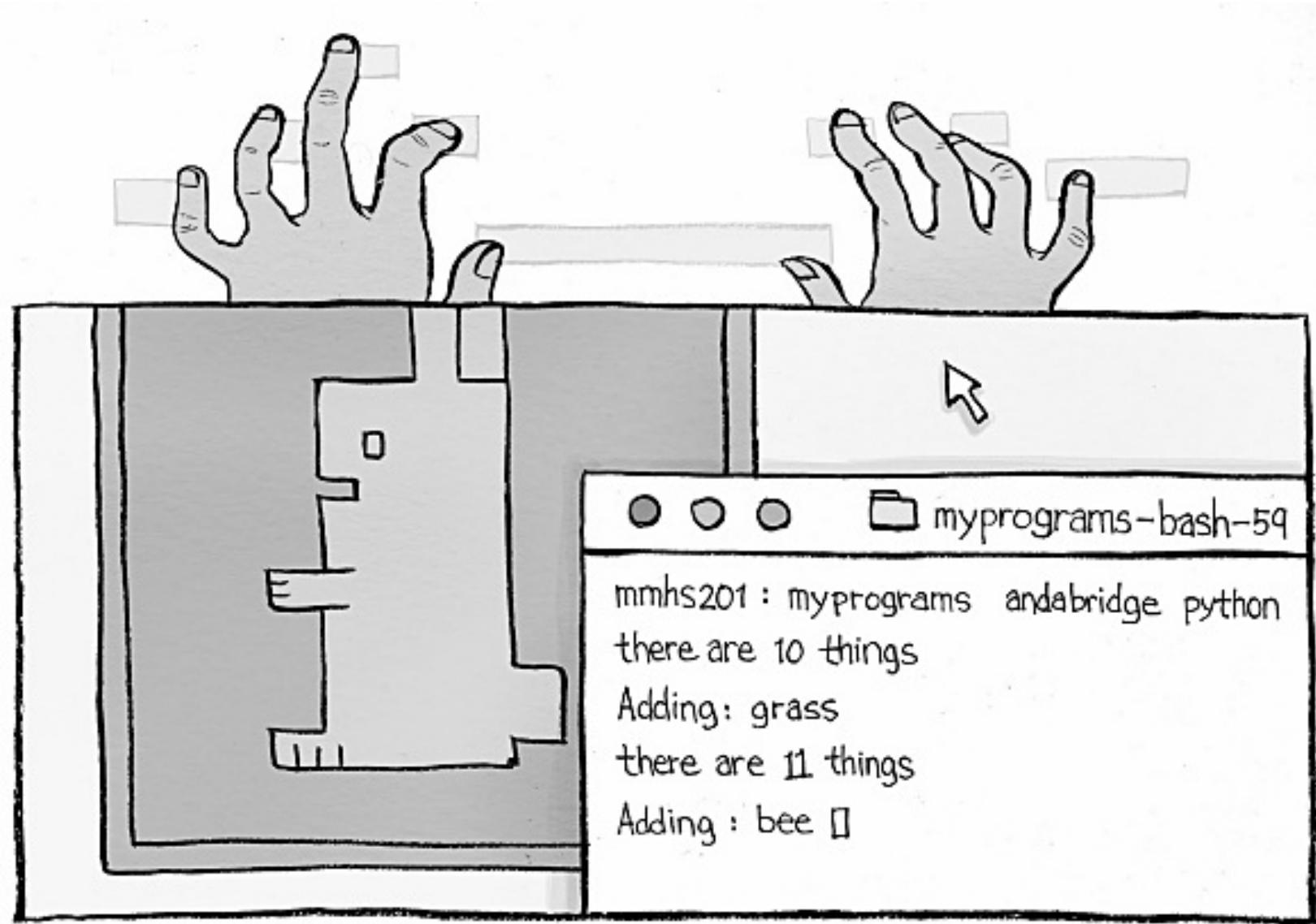


Thanks,
Mom.











Class! Listen up! We have a guest speaker today! Miss Liza McCombs comes all the way from Australia.



I hope you give her your full attention.
Miss McCombs?



Call me Liza the Organiza.

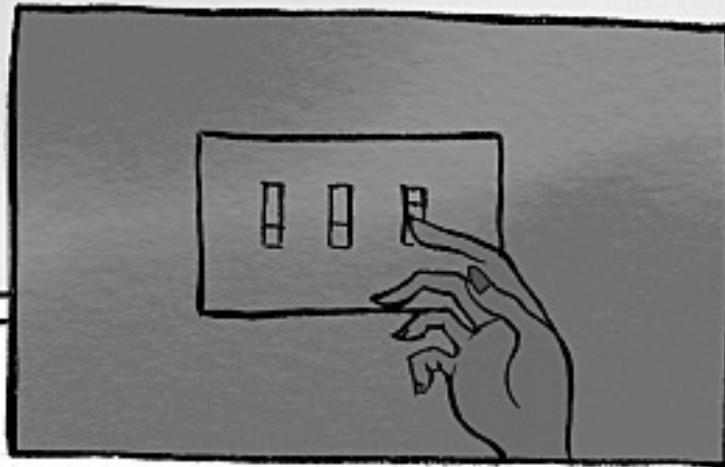
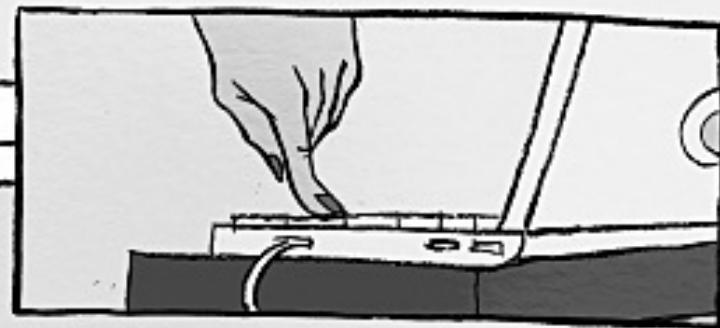


Thank you,
Miss Bronson.
Hello, class!



I'm a gamer and
I kick arse. No;
seriously.

I organize a guild
online and I'm
looking for a few
of you chickens
to join me.



This is Coarsegold Online, the fastest growing massive multiplayer role-playing game...

...with over 10 million subscribers worldwide. You might've heard of it.

This is my avatar.

In game, they call me the Lizanator, Queen of the Spacelanes, El Presidente of the Clan Fahrenheit.

How many of you girls game?

And how many of you play girls?



See, that's a tragedy. Practically makes me weep.

When I started gaming online there were no women gamers. I was one of the best gamers in the world and I couldn't even be proud of who I was.



It's different now, but it's still not perfect. We're going to change that, chickens, you lot and me.



Here's my offer to the ladies:

if you will play as a girl in Coarsegold Online, you will be given probationary memberships in the Clan Fahrenheit. If you measure up in three months, you'll be full-fledged members.



Who's in, ladies? Who wants to be a girl in-game and out?



But that means you chat with strangers?

Yes, but the guild I'm playing for is all girls and invite-only. See, it's even rated T for Teen.

I dunno, dear. I just don't think it's safe. You know that's where perverts go to meet kids.

Not interested in any of that, Mom. Please? For my birthday?



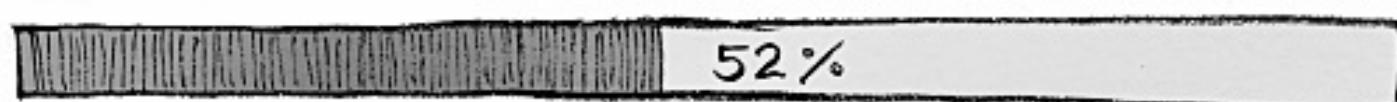
You only talk to other girls your age, you hear?

Only girls! Thanks, Mom!



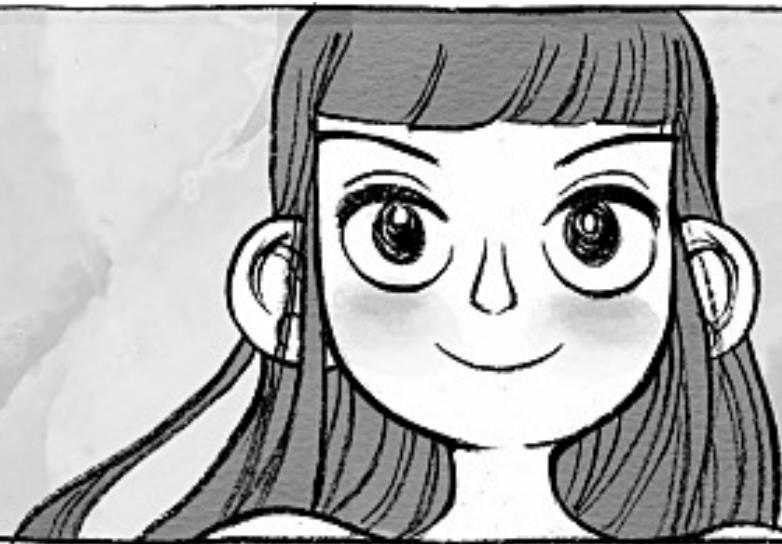
USERNAME

PASSWORD



LOADING





RACE



HAIR



CLASS



DRESS



KALIDESTROYER

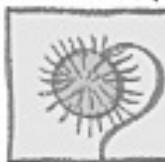
STORE

WEAPONS

- BROADSWORD
- SABER
- DAGGER
- PONIARD
- RAPIER



BLUTO'S
DAGGER



SPIKED
FLAIL



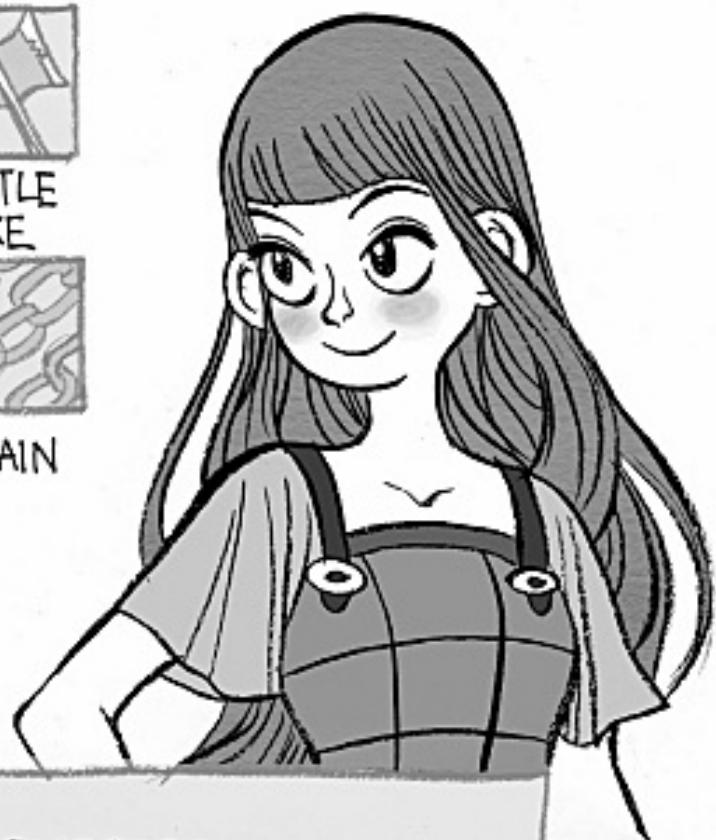
BATTLE
AXE



CHAIN

BACK

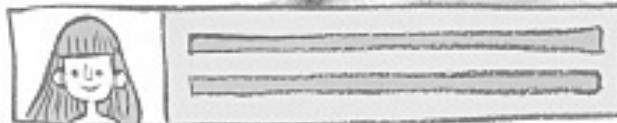
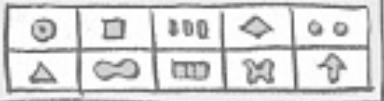
NEXT

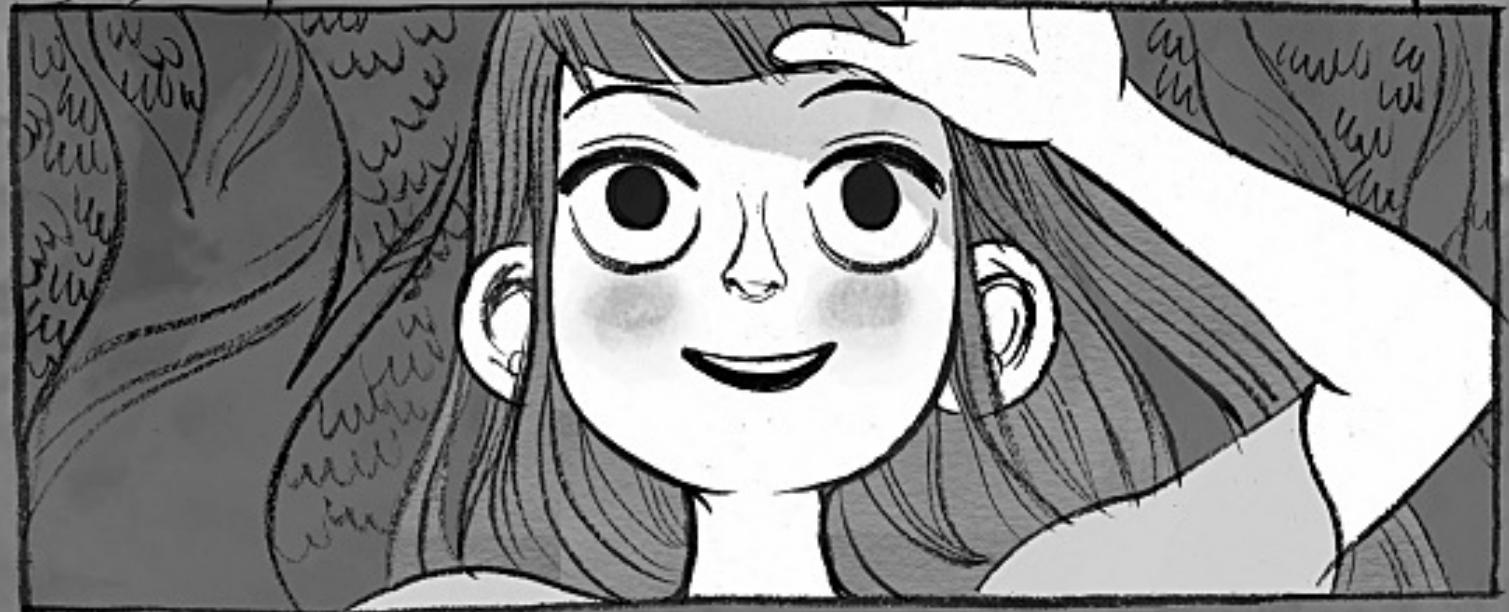


NOW ENTERING COARSEGOLD...



LEVEL 1

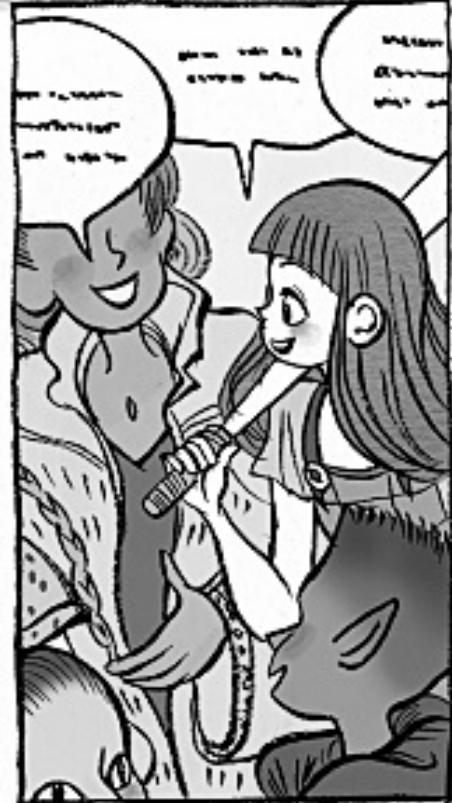


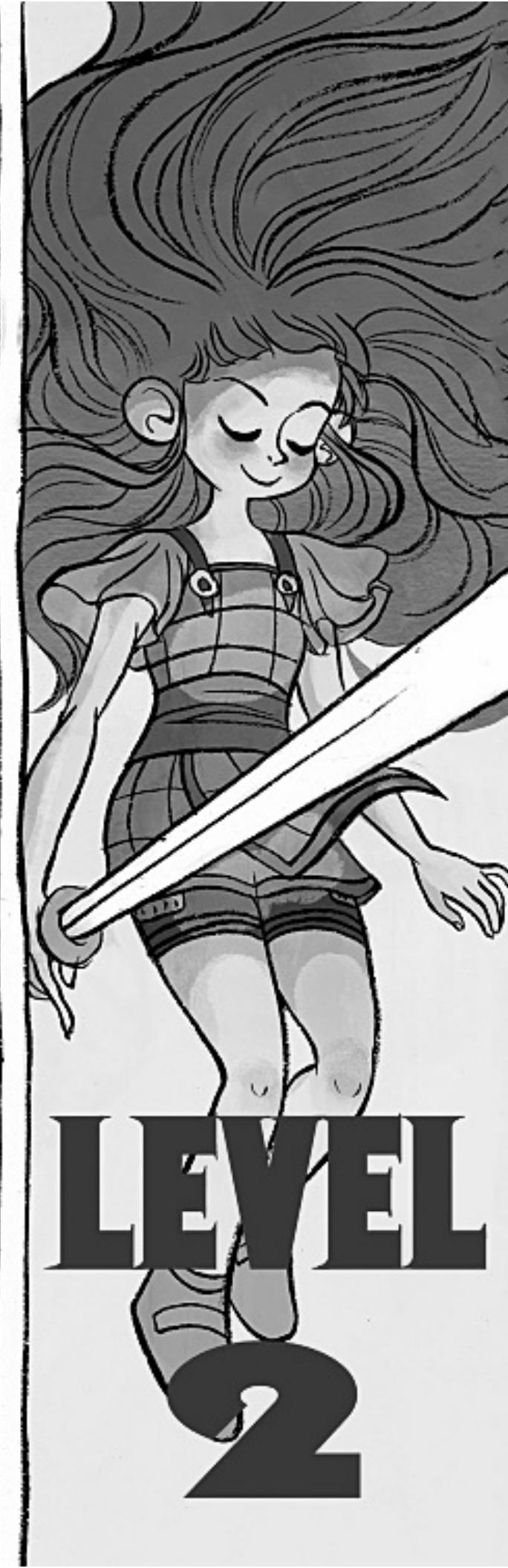




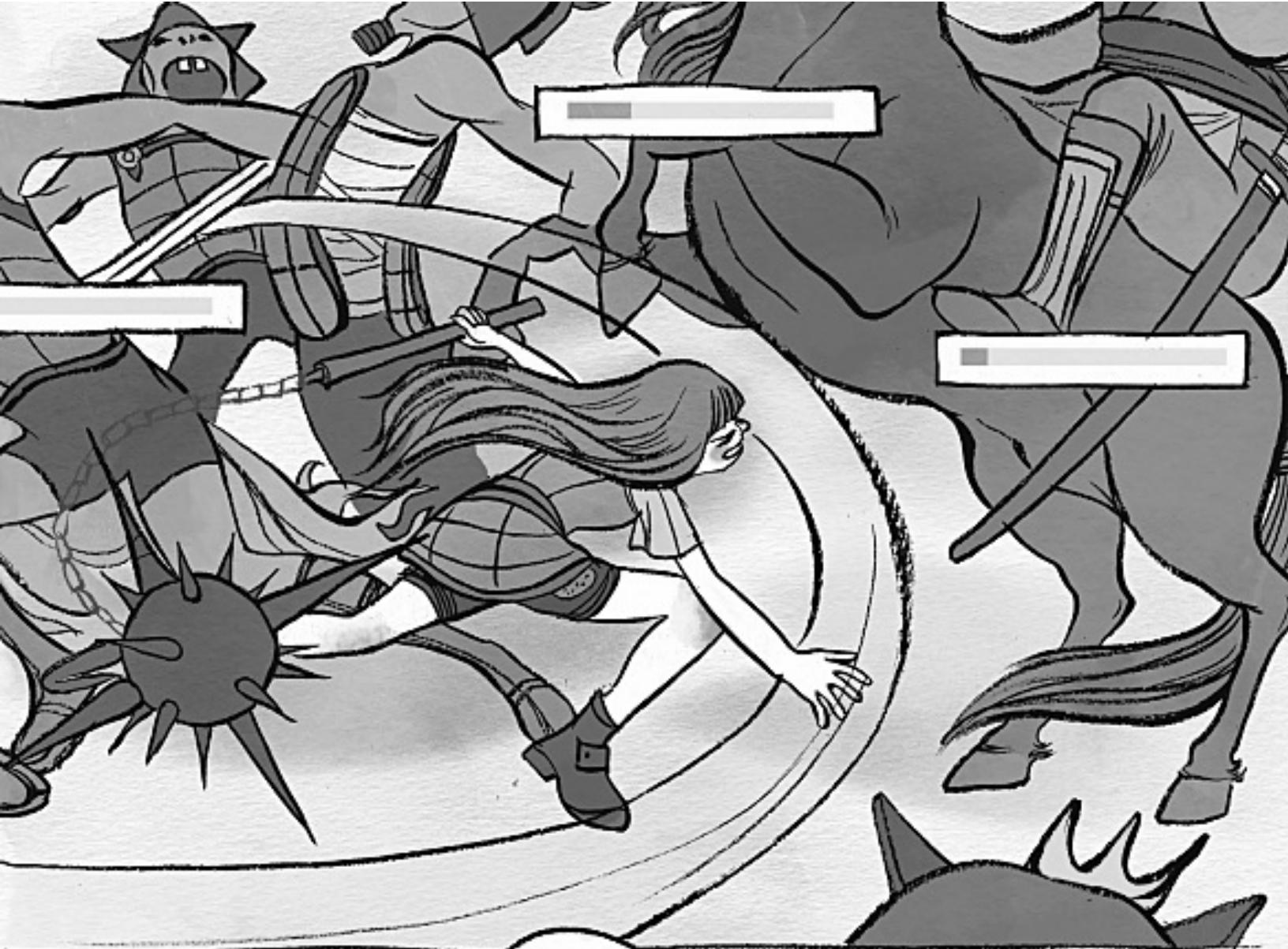
NEEDED
warriors
and alchemists
for raid in
Scholar City

Where do
I start?











Cash? You mean gold?

When I said cash I meant cash.

...

Sigh.

Can you go voice?



Hello?

I'm here!
Hello?
Lucy?

Call me Sarge!
Look, I have a mission
that pays real cash.
Whichever PayPal you're
using, they'll deposit
money into it. Looks
fun, too.

What? No, geez.
All the executives in
the Clan pay rent doing
missions for money. Some
of them are even rich
from it! You can make a
lot of money gaming,
you know.

That's a bit
weird, Sarge.
Is that against
Clan rules?

It's not—you
know—pervy,
is it?

Okay,
we're good
at that.

Gag me. No.
Geez, Anda. Are
you nuts? They
just want us to go
kill some guys.

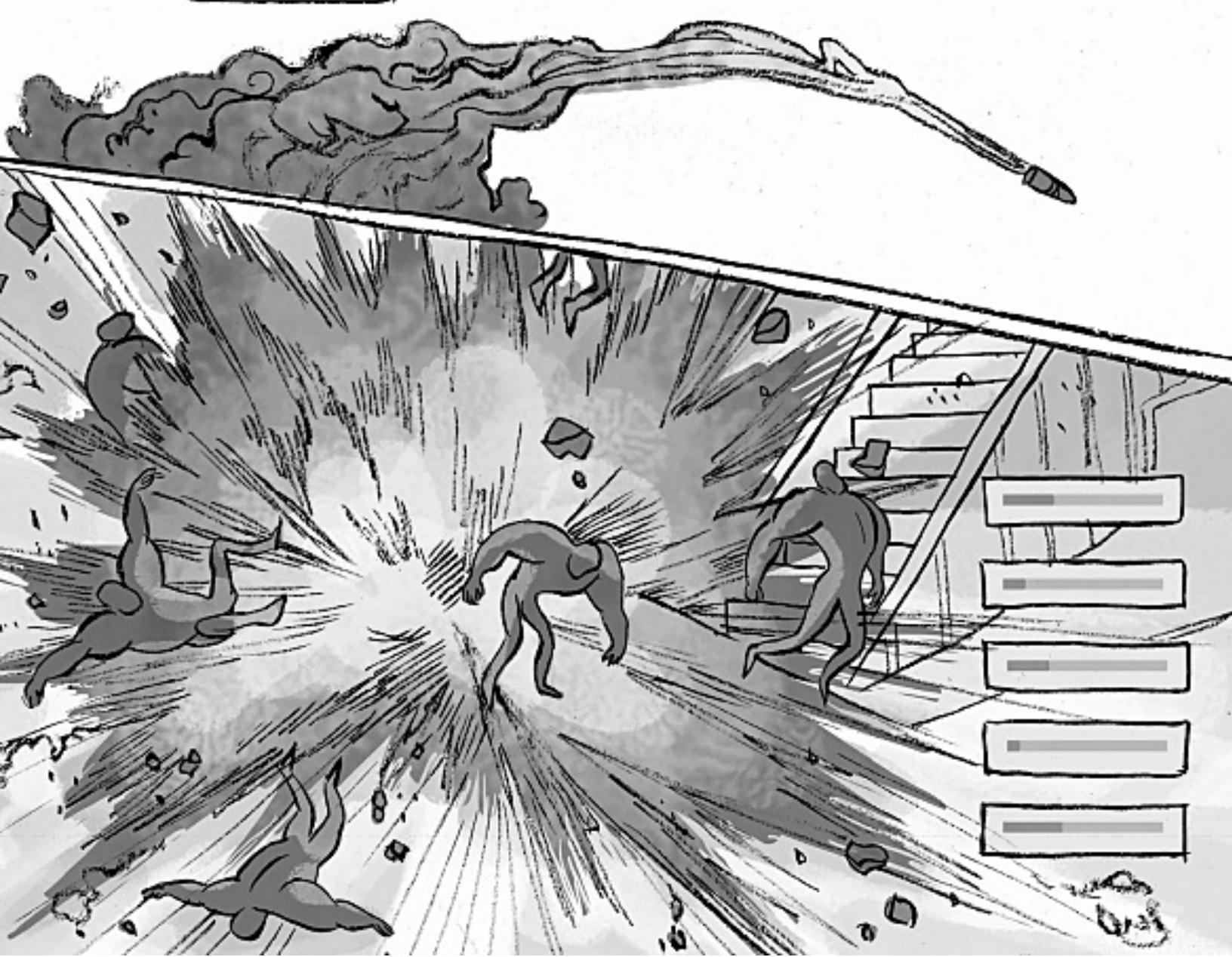






You made it!
Wow, leveled up
and everything
now. Look, that's
the house we
want to raid.





Yee haw!!
That was
TOO easy.

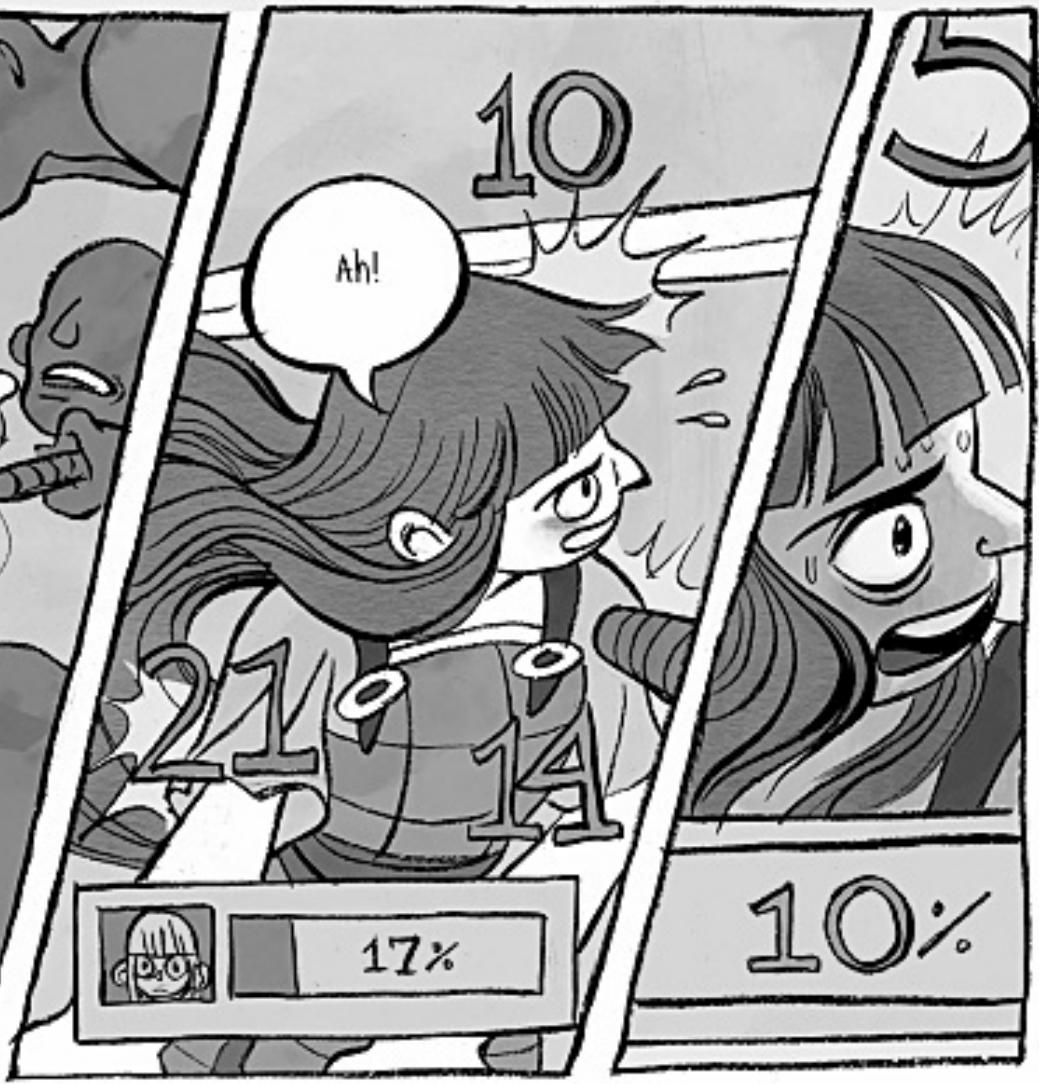
Okay,
we gotta
move fast.

Um—

They'll be
expecting us.
Ready?

GO, go,
go!!









Call me Sarge!!

I'm all the way at
the Infirmary, Anda!
Bloody hell, it'll
take me 10 minutes
to resurrect!

I can complete
the mission,
Sarge. Just tell
me what to do.

You sure?
Enter the cottage
and kill all the
gold farmers.

The what?

Gold farmers.
All the people
inside!

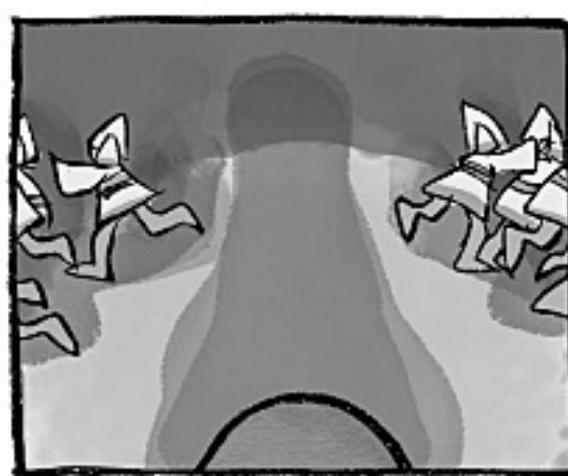
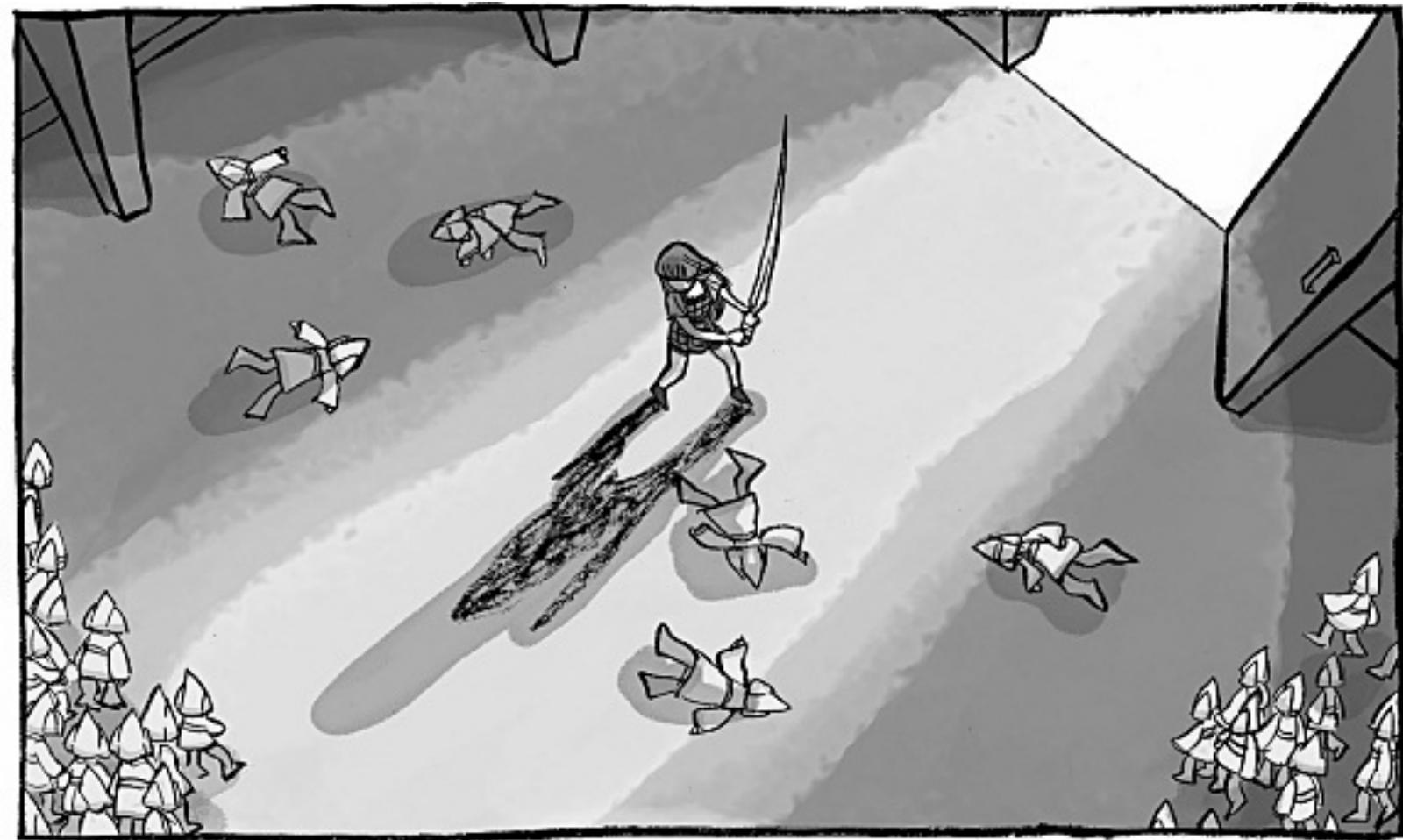
Okay.

And Anda?
This is important.
Don't blow it.

I won't.







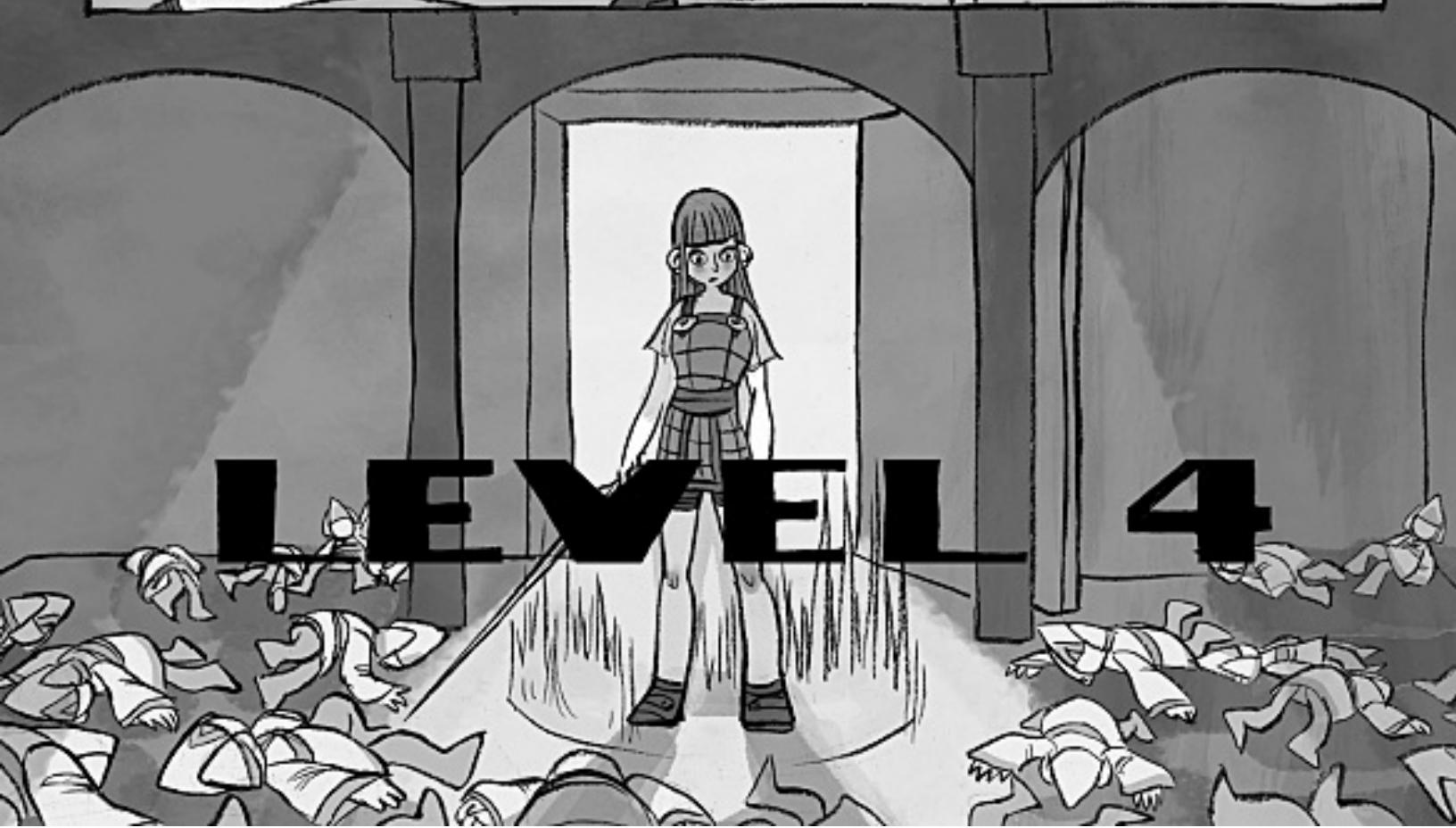
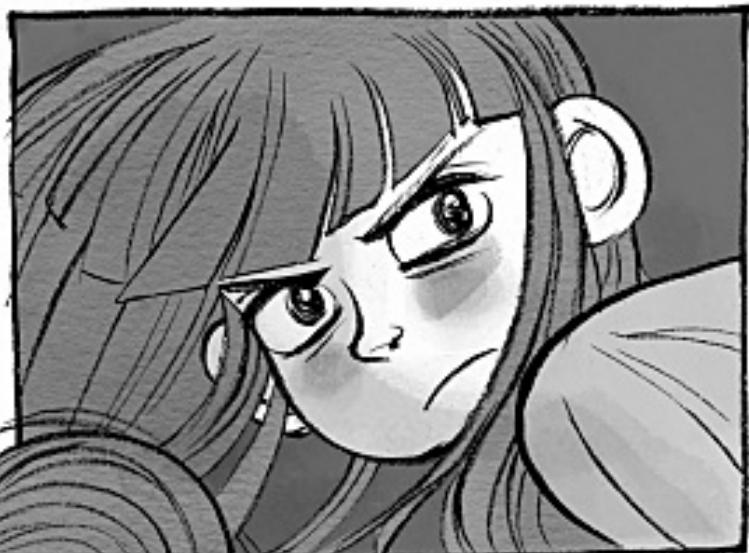
Lucy,
they're not
fighting
back.

Good. Kill 'em all.

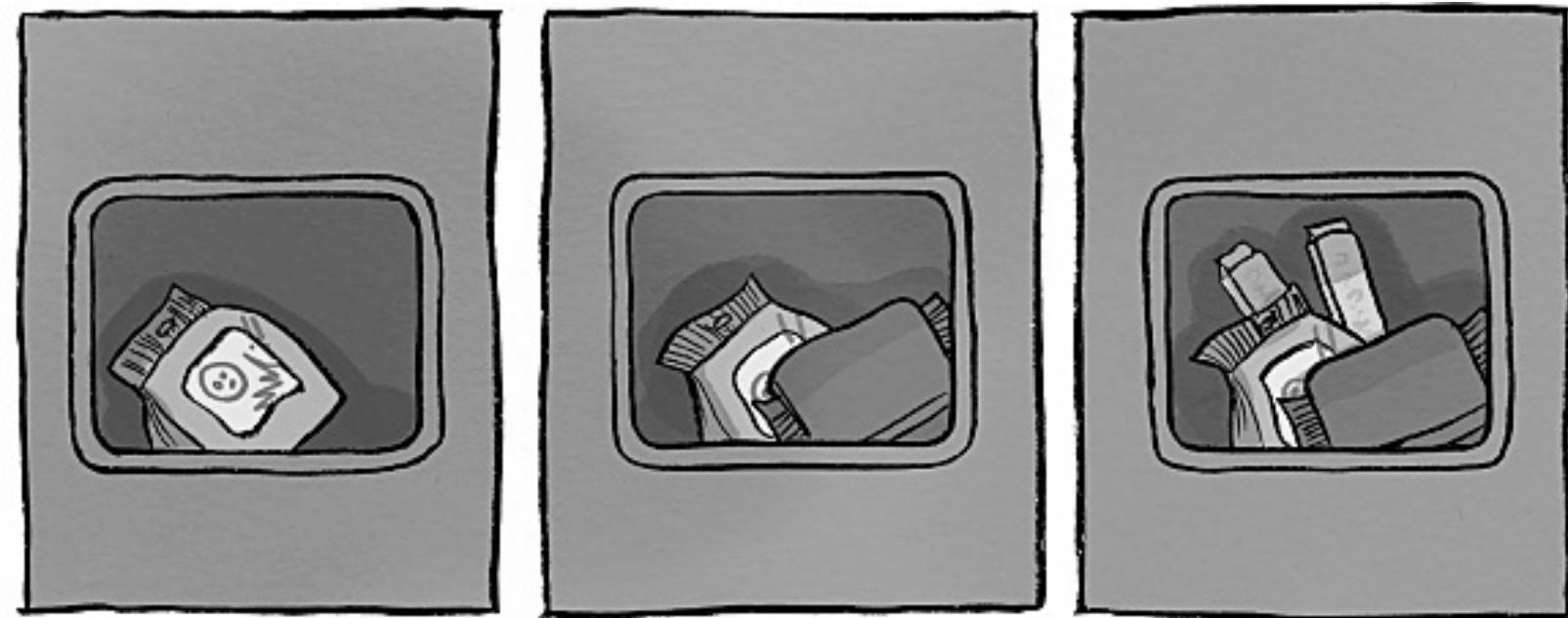
Really?

Yeah—that's the orders. Kill 'em all and then haul ass back to the City Center.

Okay.











oh, you know,
like, Scrabble
and Jenga.



Pictionary,
Bananagrams . . .



I think you have
the wrong idea.
Those games you
mentioned? Everyone
knows how to play.
I'm not sure you
really need us.



But that's the
point! I want all
kinds of people
to join. You could
be, like, the
"Ambassadors of
D&D."



D&D and
Jenga are,
like, completely
different
things.

So thanks, but I think we're cool just playing here.



Okay, well. Let me know if you change your minds.

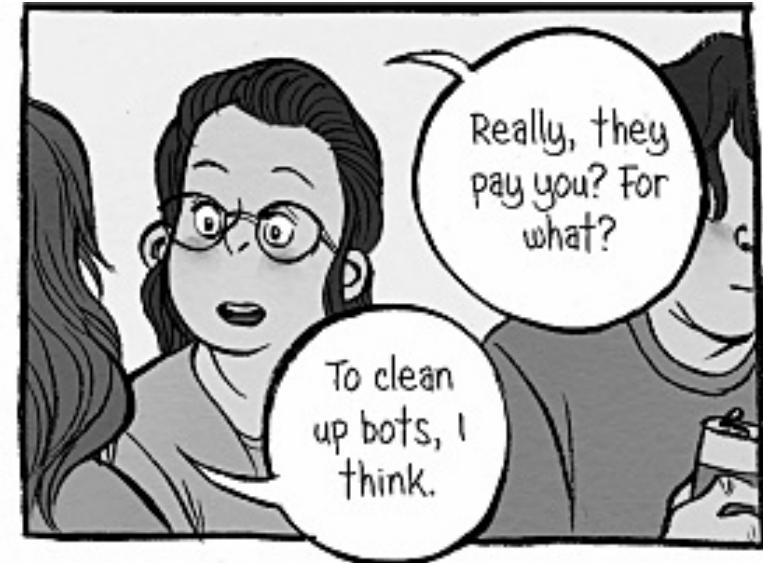


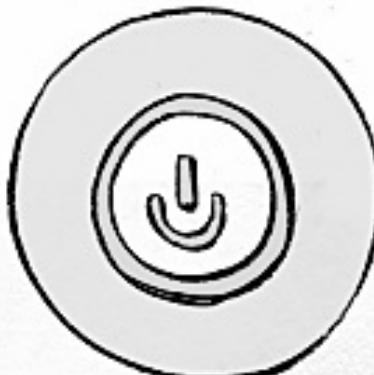
what a tool.

So what were you saying, Anda?

Huh?

'Bout Coarsegold?







Okay, lemme
get this right.
Mexican.

Bot.

Japanese.

Not bot.

<planton rug>
\$550

Korean.

Not bot.

<whip>
\$100

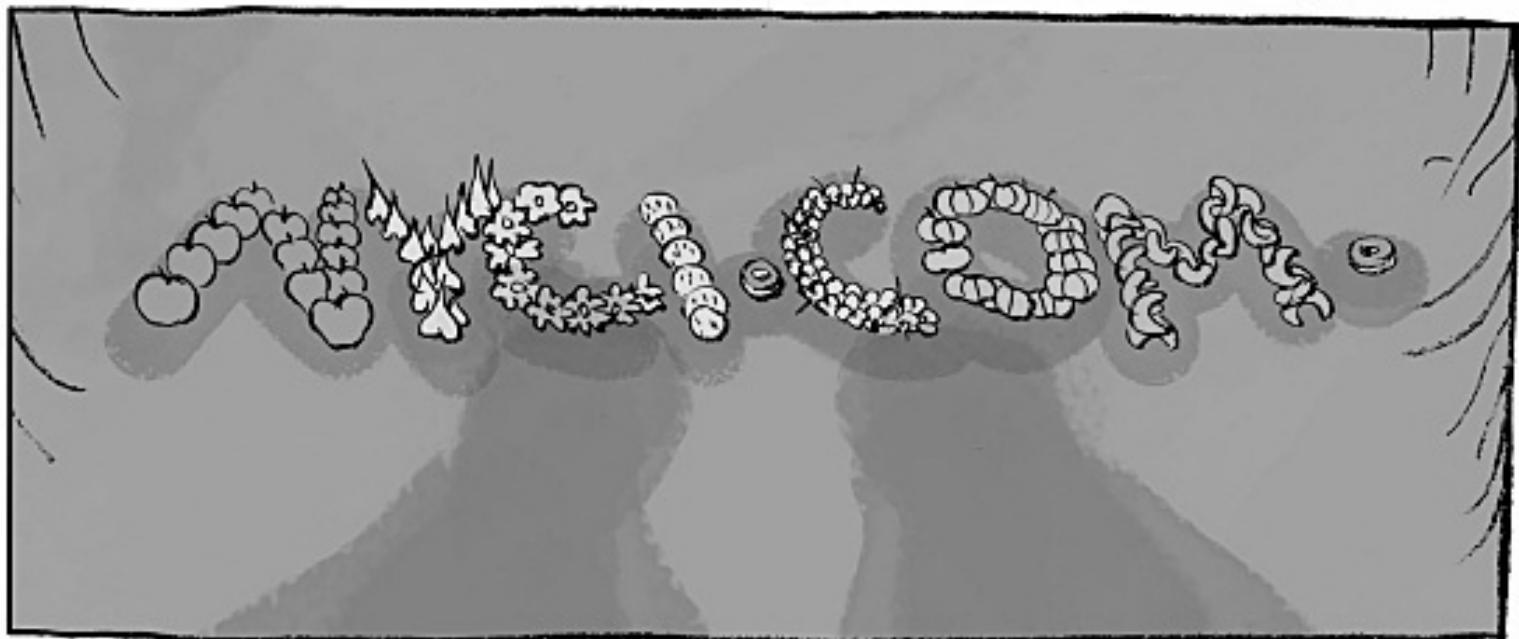
<ninjastars>
\$70

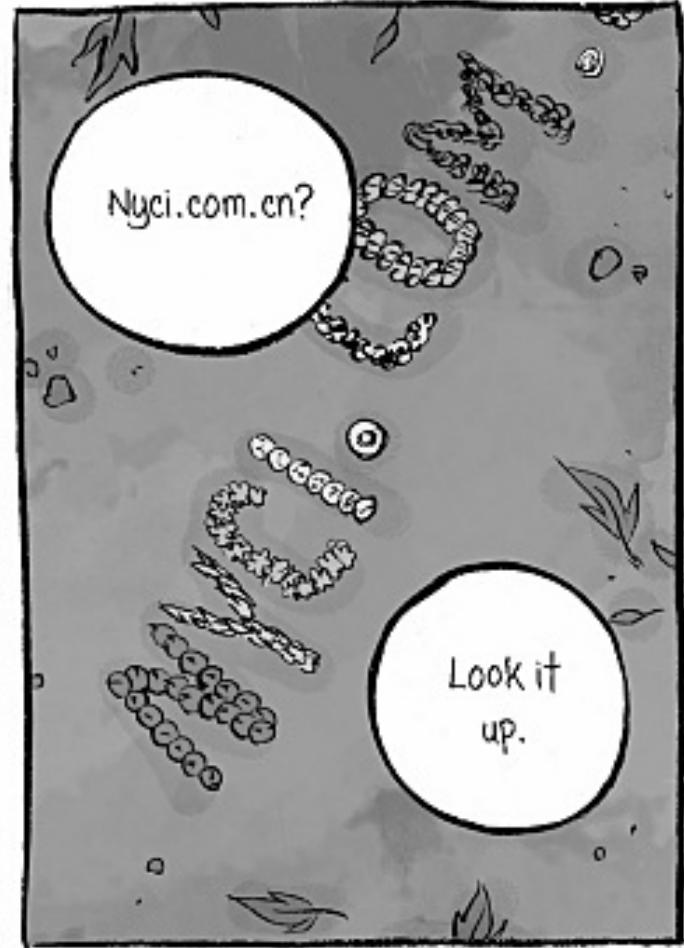
<maglar
juice>
\$90



Chinese.

SUPER bot. Look, it's not hard. Just talk to them, and if they don't respond or speak English you should probably kill 'em.





ID	LEVEL	RACE/CLASS	PRICE (USD)
CO Account 000325	90	BEAST/SCHOLAR	\$356.00 <input type="button" value="BUY"/>
CO Account 000326	90	UNDEAD/PRIEST	\$399.00 <input type="button" value="BUY"/>
CO Account 000327	90	HUMAN/HUNTER	\$180.00 <input type="button" value="BUY"/>
CO Account 000328	90	/ THIEF	\$210.00 <input type="button" value="BUY"/>
CO Account 000329		PRIEST	\$167.00 <input type="button" value="BUY"/>
CO Account 000330		THIEF	\$499.00 <input type="button" value="BUY"/>

They're
selling ...

gold?

Look!
Over
there.







They're FARMING.

They collect items for gold and sell the gold to other players for cash.



Isn't that against the rules?

Like they care.



Oh my god! You can buy a level 85 avatar for \$100! And a house! You can buy a whole furnished house for \$600!

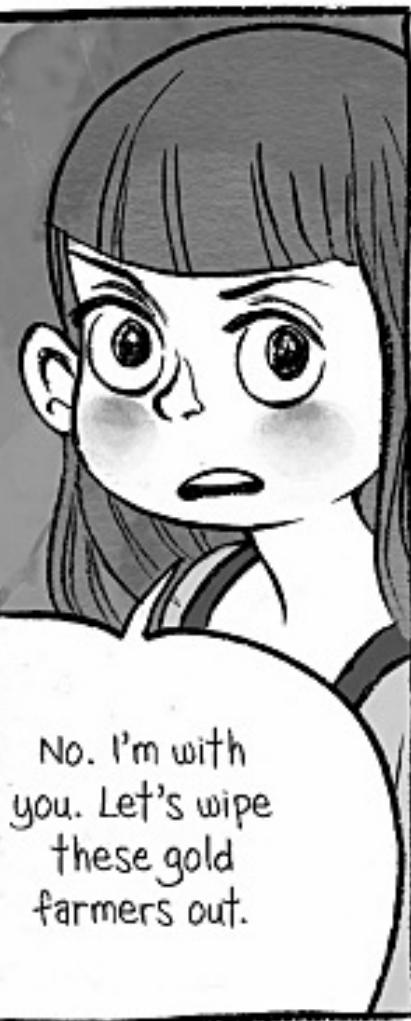
People spend MONTHS trying to earn that much gold. How is this fair?

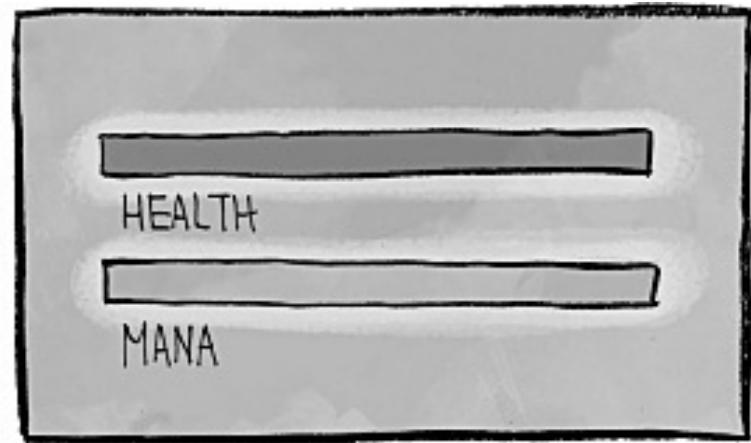
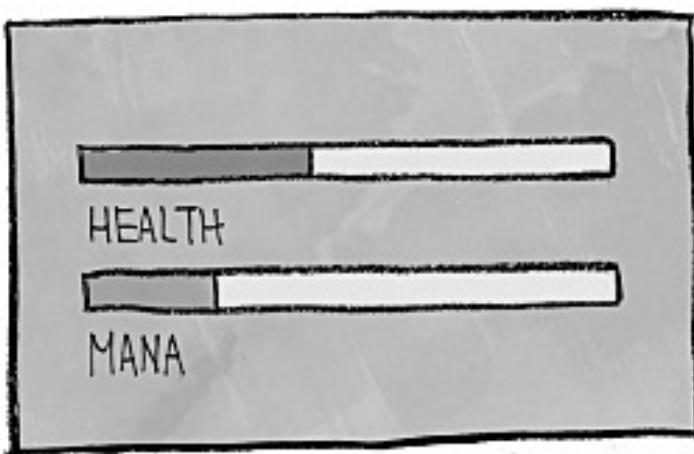
3 BEDROOM BOATHOUSE

\$60

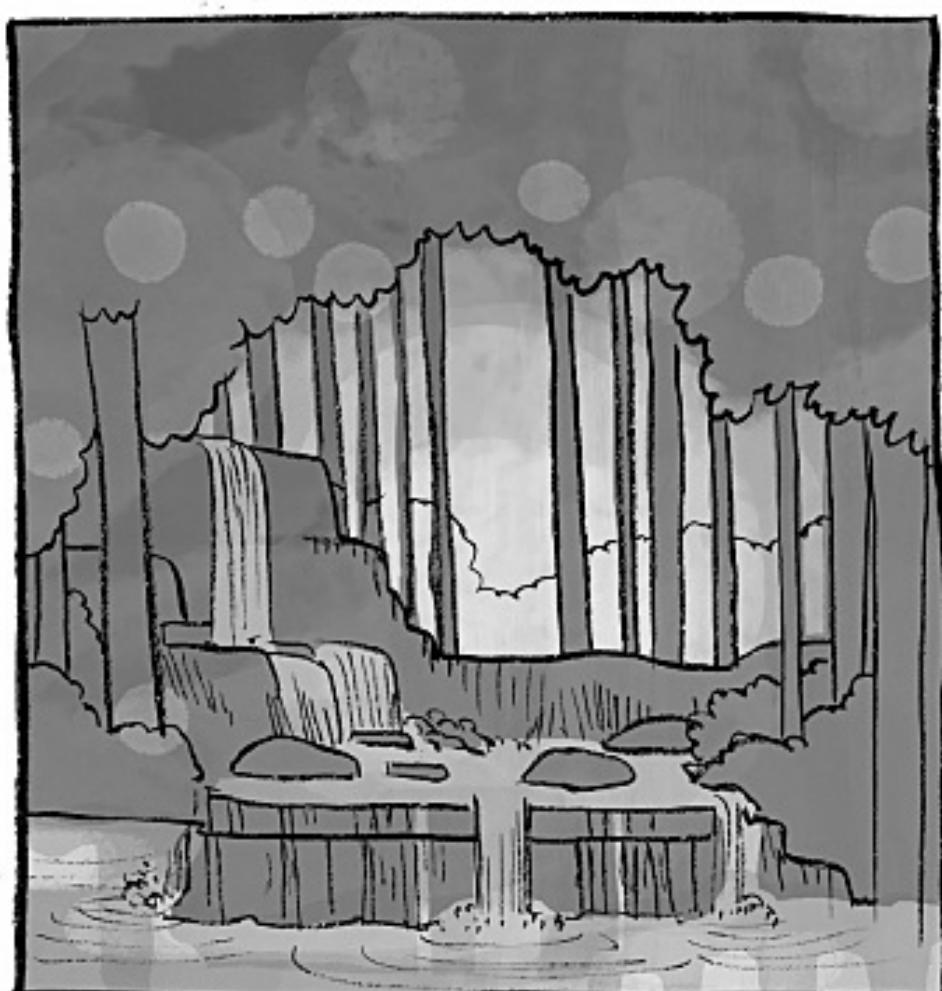
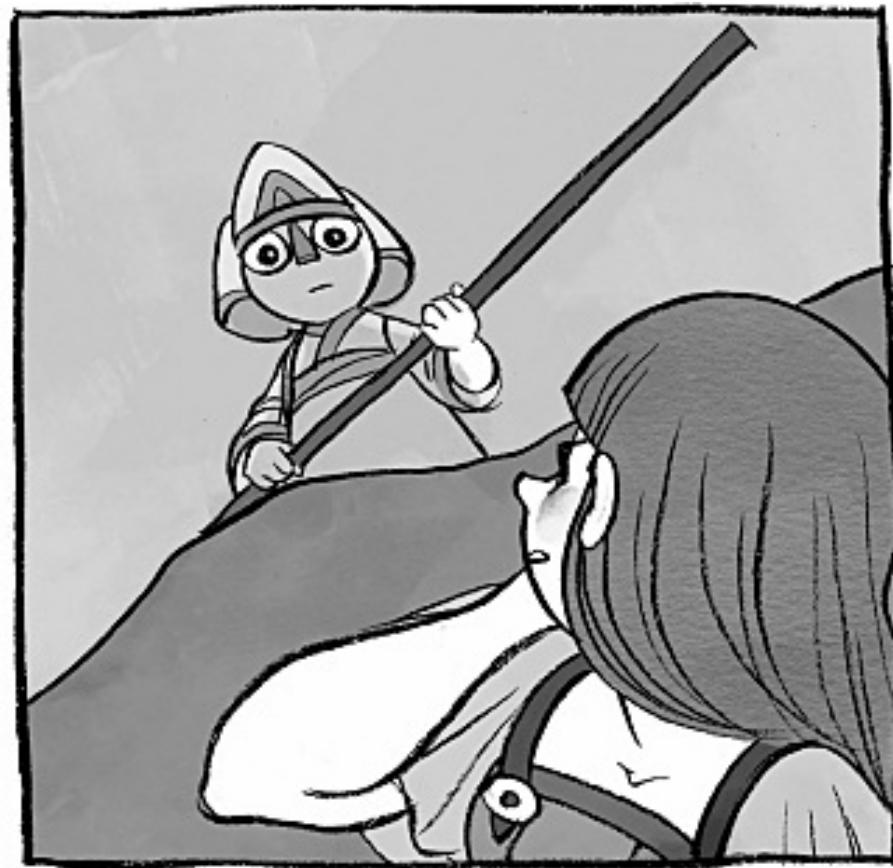
\$40





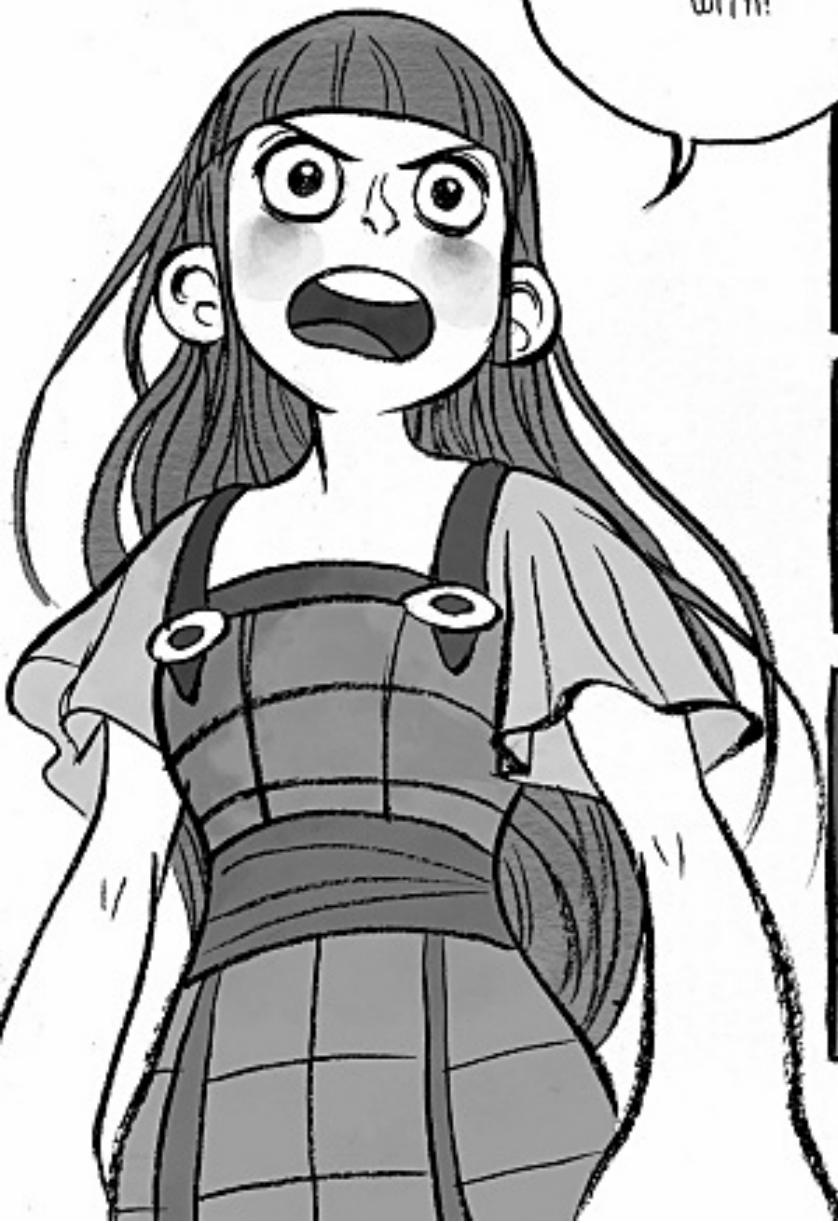


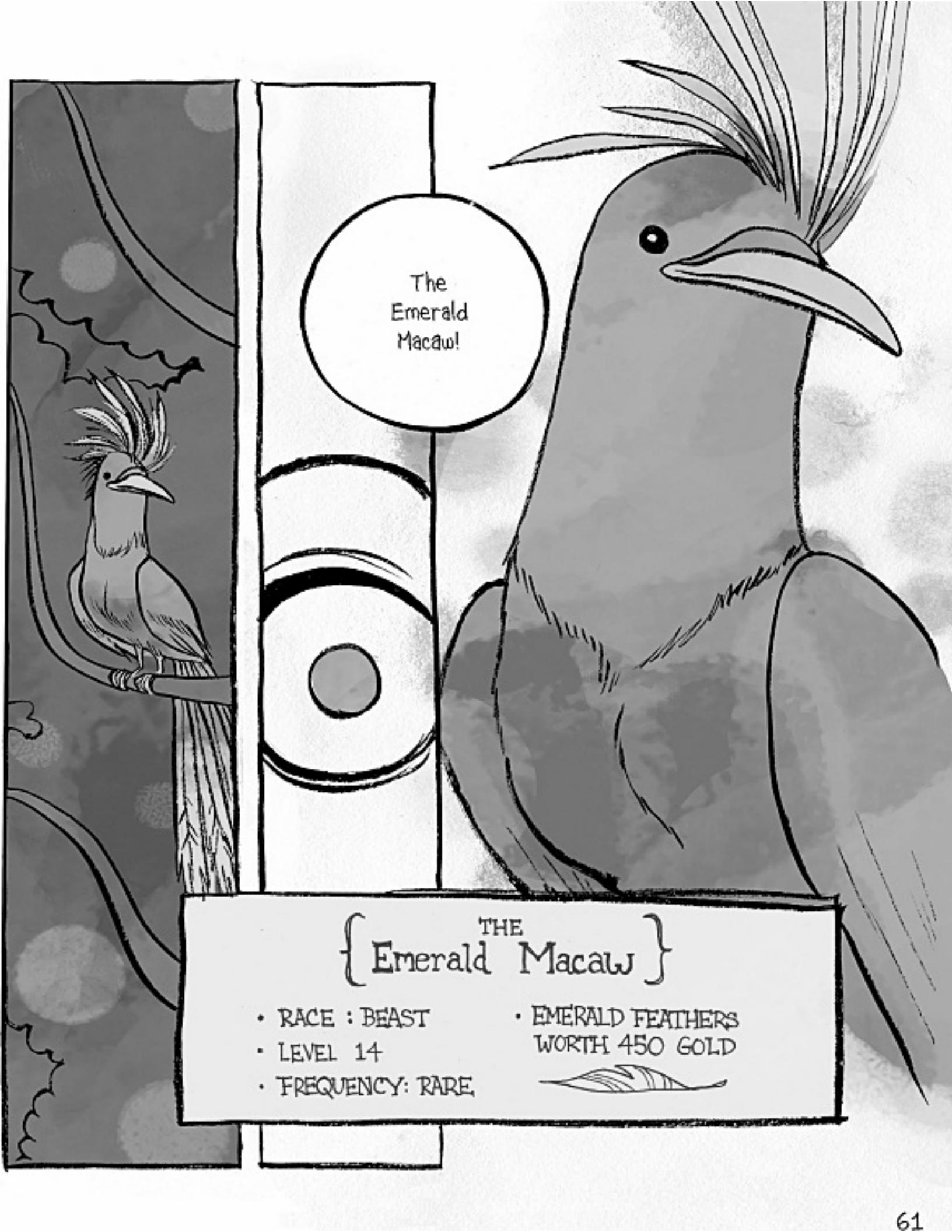






Let's just get it over with!





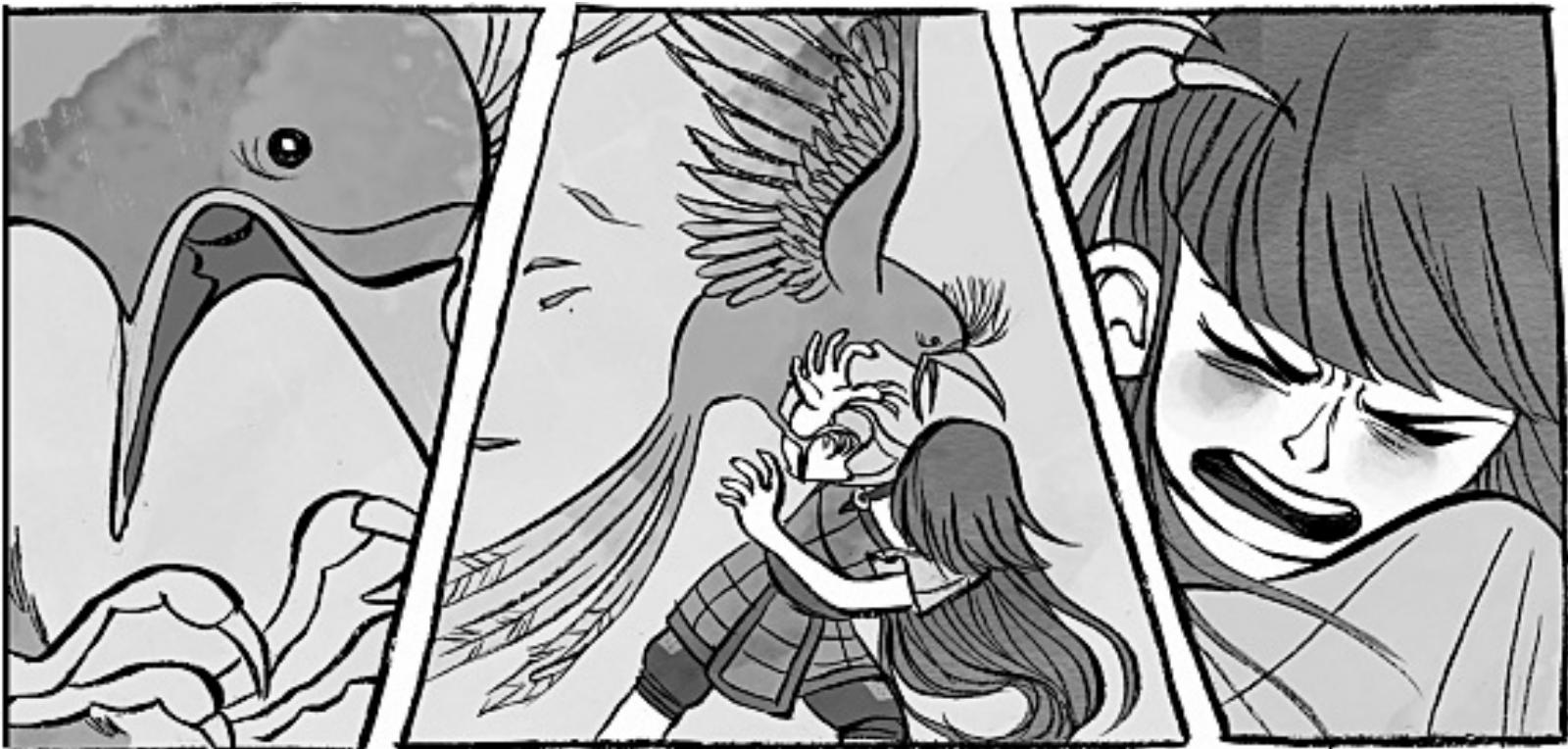
The
Emerald
Macaw!

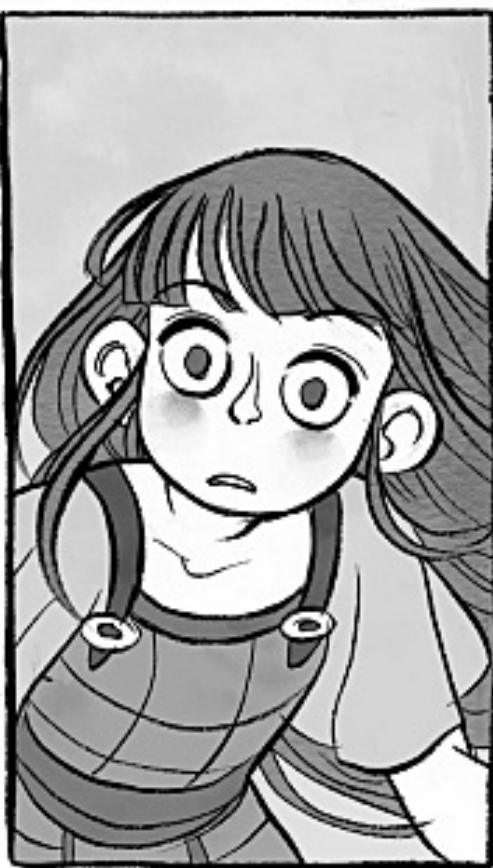
{ THE Emerald Macaw }

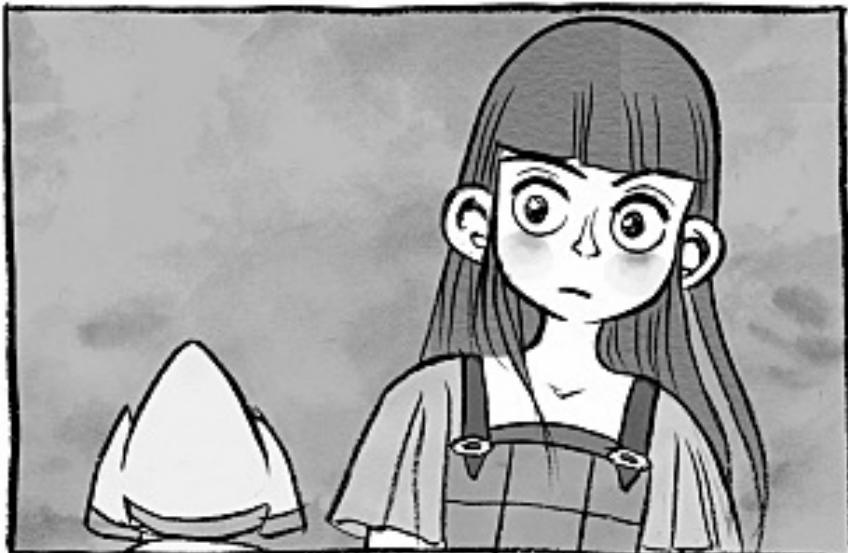
- RACE : BEAST
- LEVEL 14
- FREQUENCY: RARE
- EMERALD FEATHERS
WORTH 450 GOLD



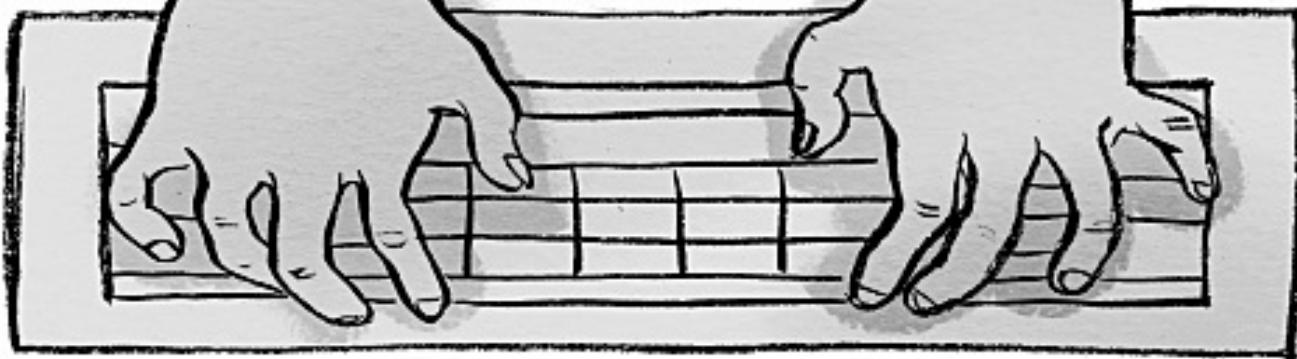






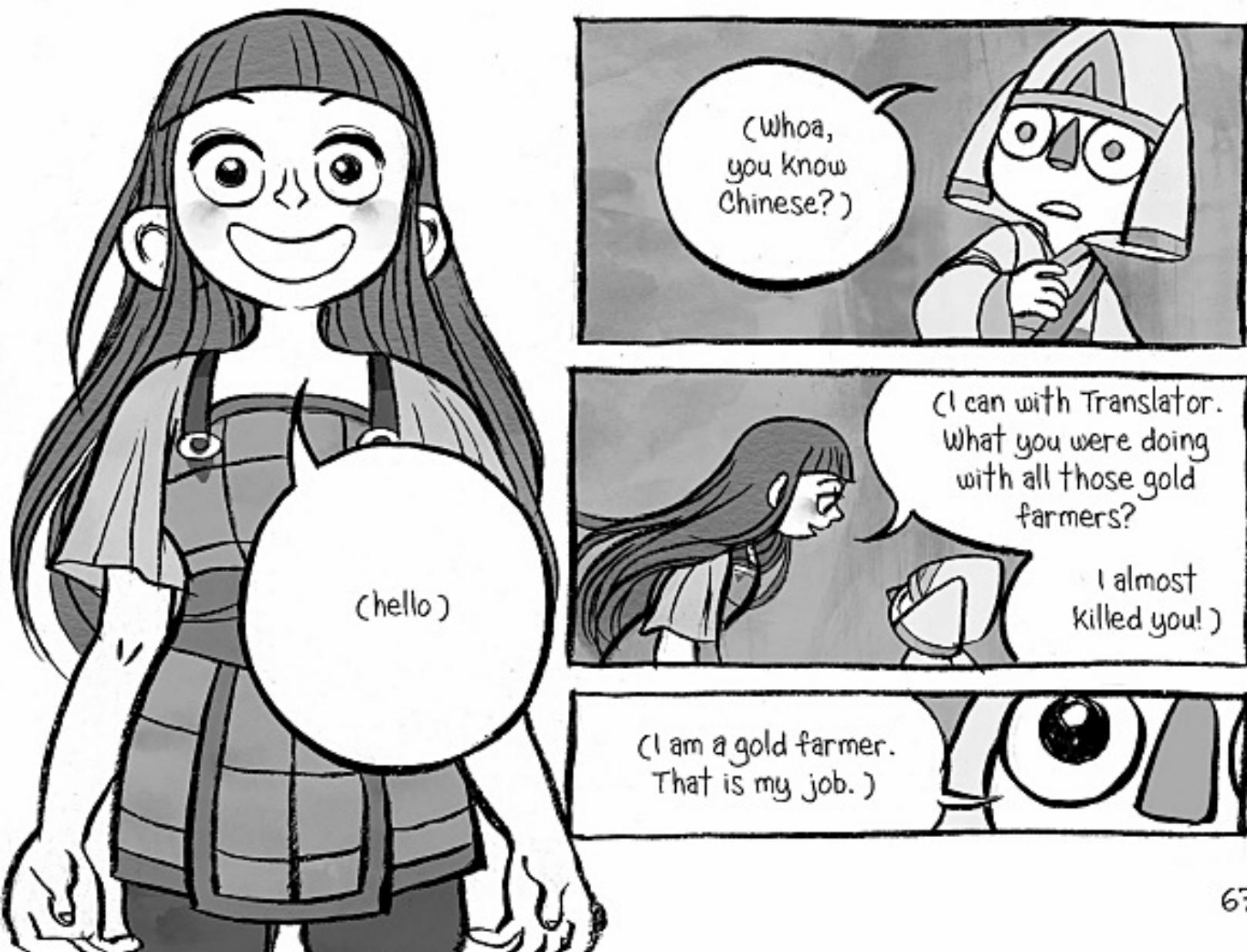






ENGLISH	→	中文
hello!		
TRANSLATE		

ENGLISH	→	中文
你好!		
TRANSLATE		





(It's what I do
for money.

But I'm on my break
right now, which is
why I'm -)



Got him!
All right!



Second
completed mission
of the day! Sorry
about the runner.

Normally they just stand there while you hack 'em to death.

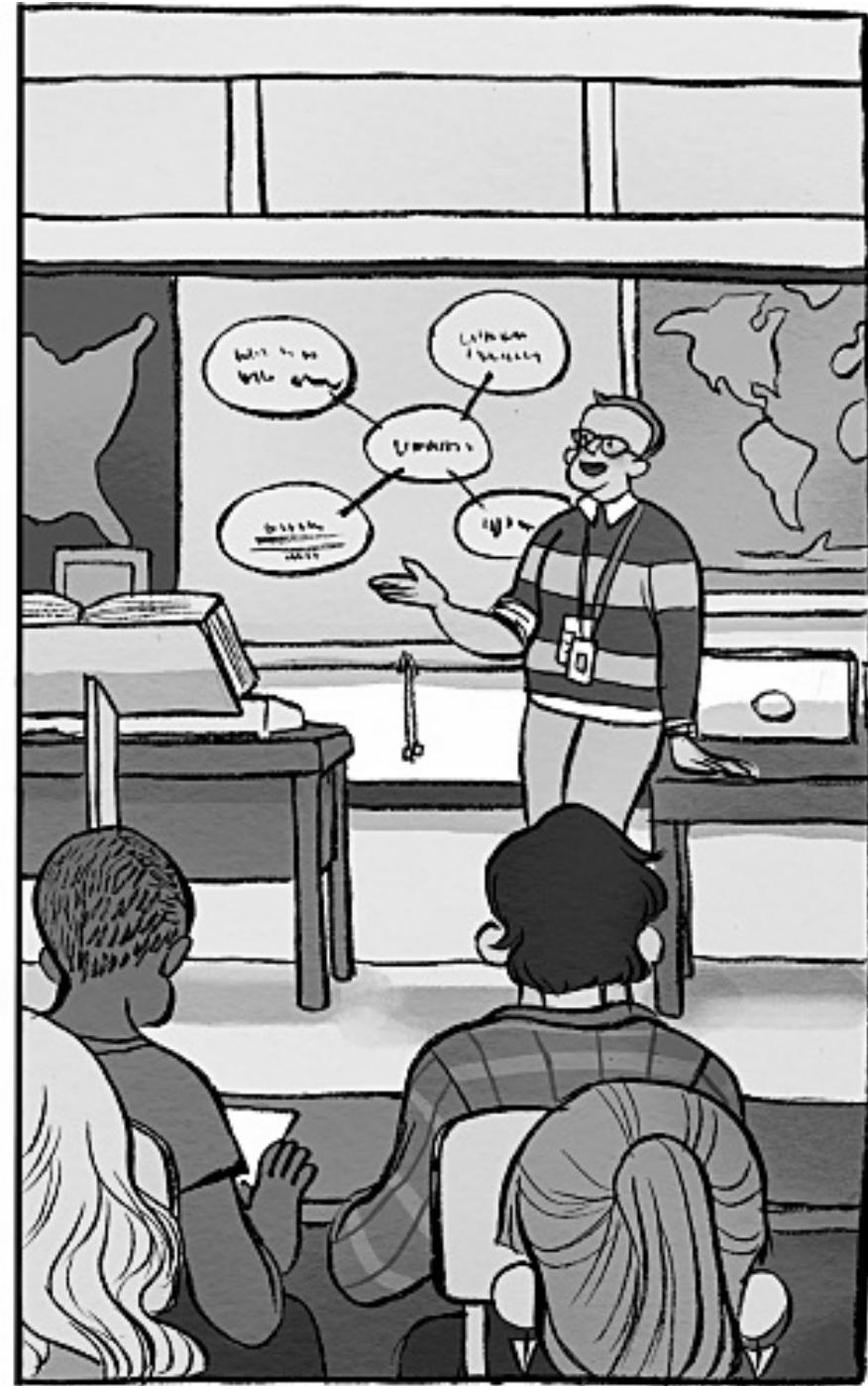


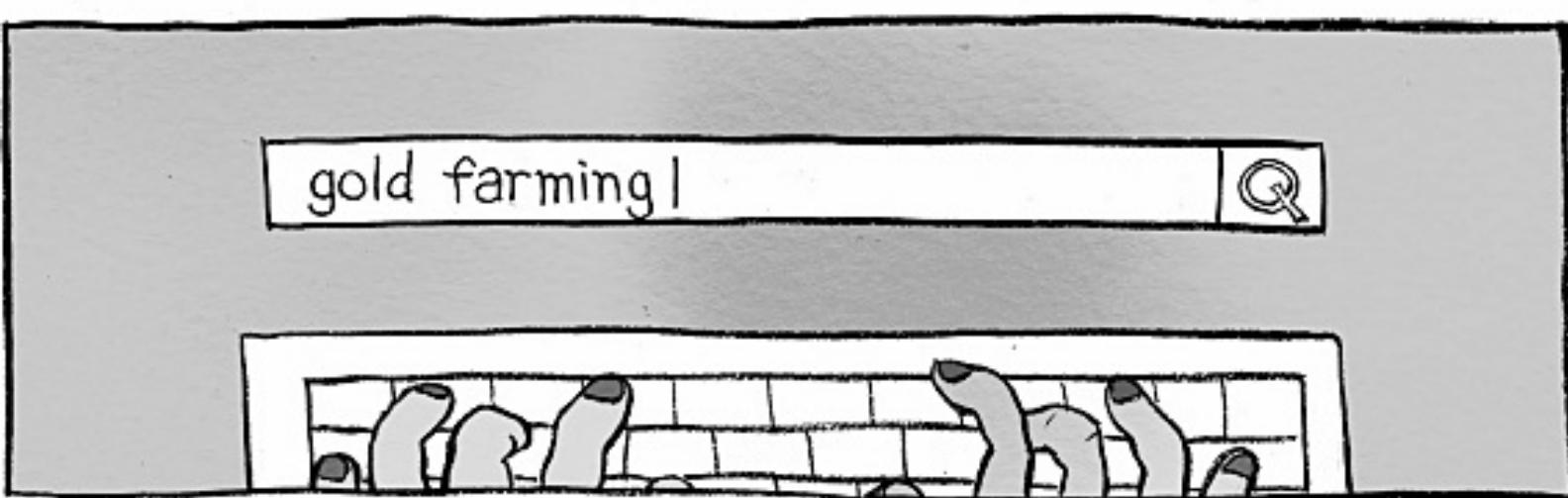
Let's head back to base and buy more weapons.

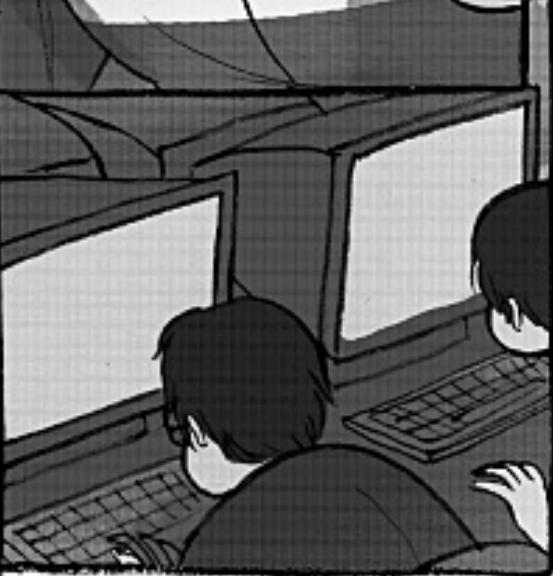
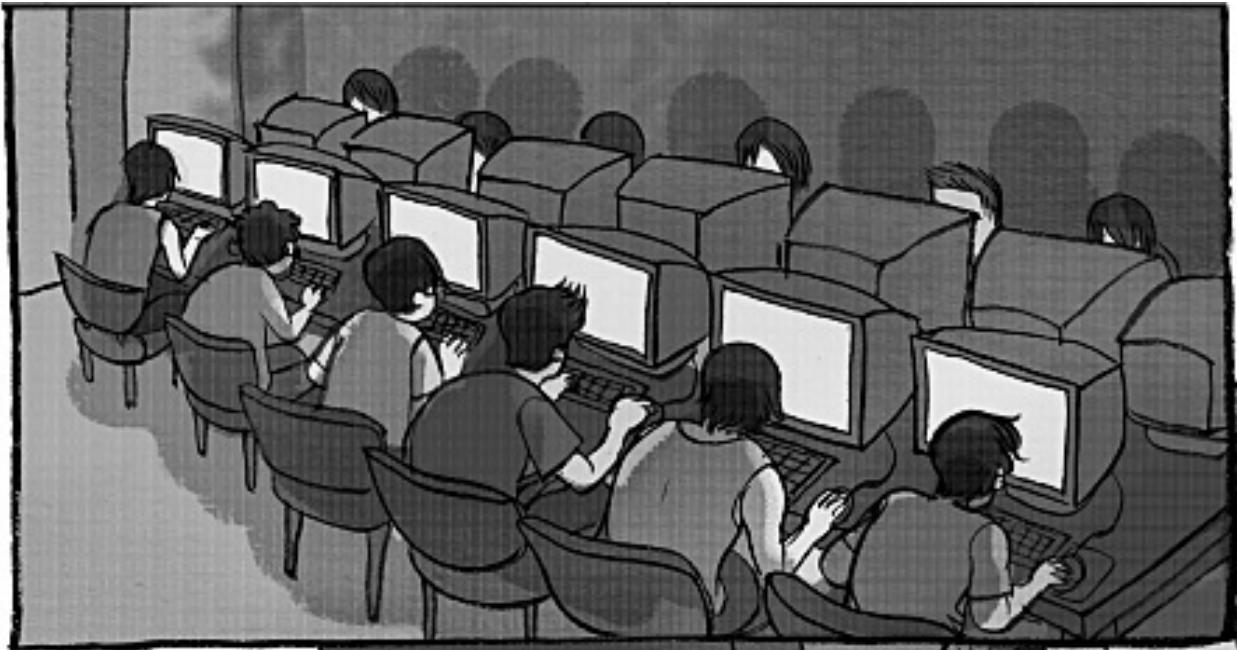
I wanna get something with a better range.

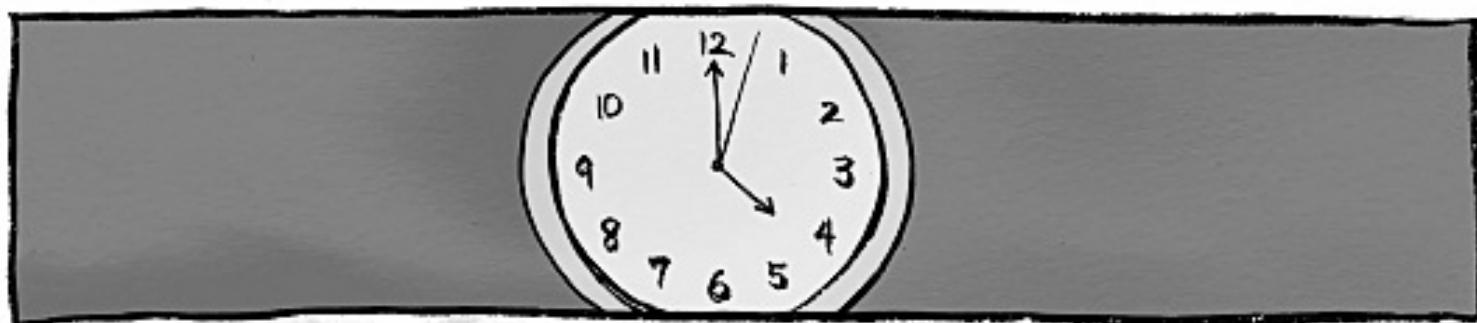
SUN TEMPLE
7AM CST

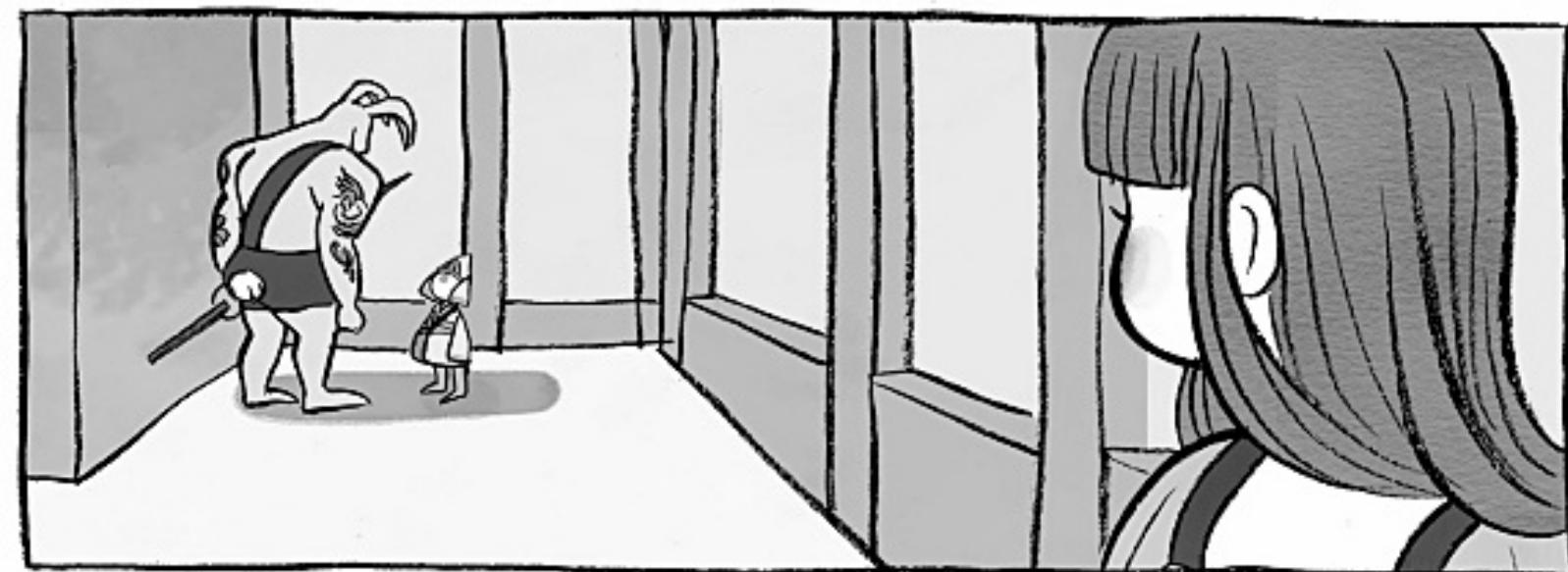














Raymond's an English name.

Raymond is my name in English class.

You're a student? How old are you?

16.

And you work already?



(How else am I going to play?)

(I'm a gamer. I collect gold for work but on my own time I play Coarsegold like you. Right now I have free time because my shift ended at 6 AM.)



Ended at 6 AM??

(I work the night shift. I like it better when it's dark and the boss is asleep.)



So why did you contact me? I tried to kill you.



(You're the first non-gold farmer who's tried to talk to me.)

It's not personal. I know it's just your job, but we want things to be fair.

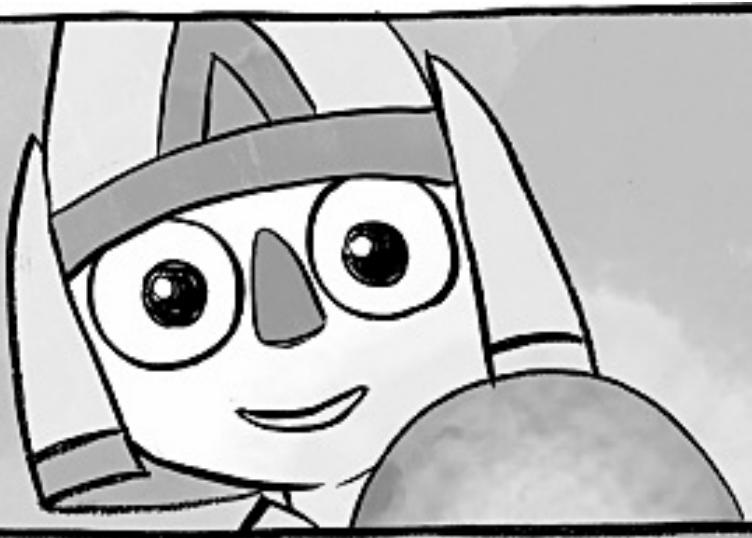
Gold farming messes with the value of gold.

(I don't care about that. I just want to join a guild and play with real gamers. Even with a different avatar, everyone is suspicious of the guy who only speaks Chinese.)

Well, you can't join my guild.

On top of the gold farmer thing, we don't allow boys.

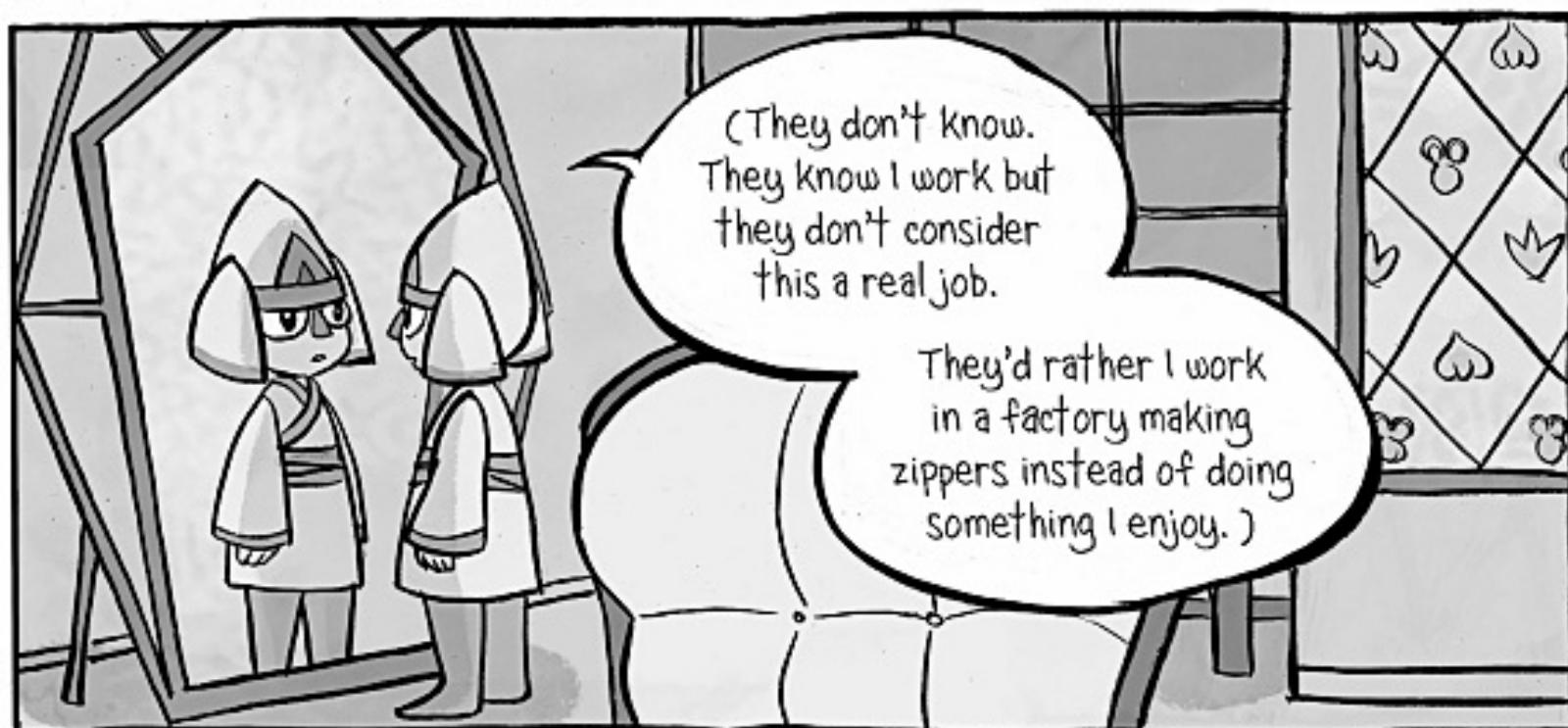
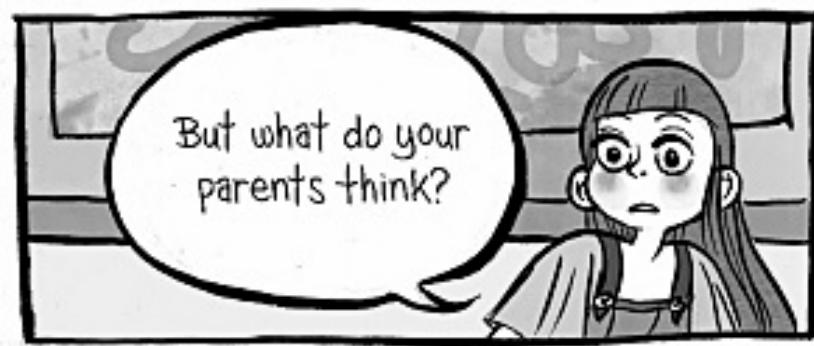
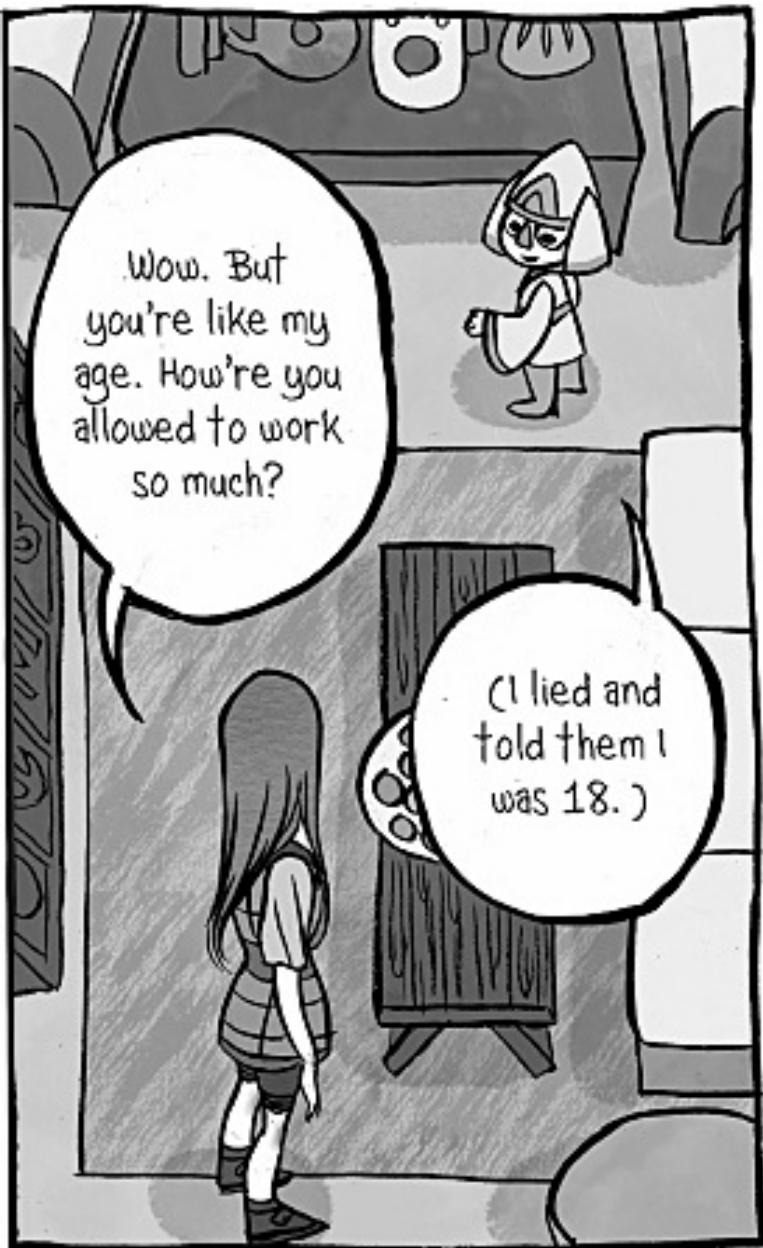
Can you show me how you cast that spell yesterday?





How did you
get so good
at this,
Raymond?

(I play
Coarsegold 16
hours a day.
12 for work,
4 for myself.)





At least you're around other people who are like you.

(Maybe. It can be hard to make friends in a new city.)



I know what you mean.



(Anyway, I should get going. My back is hurting.)



Hahaha, what an old man.



(No, seriously. I was lifting boxes at a factory before this. It gets especially bad when I've been sitting too long.)



(Sometimes I have to excuse myself to the bathroom so I can lie on the floor a little while.)



That sounds awful! Why aren't you going to the doctor?

(I can't go to any local doctors!)



(I'm registered as a resident of Hunan, so I can only go to the doctor back home.)



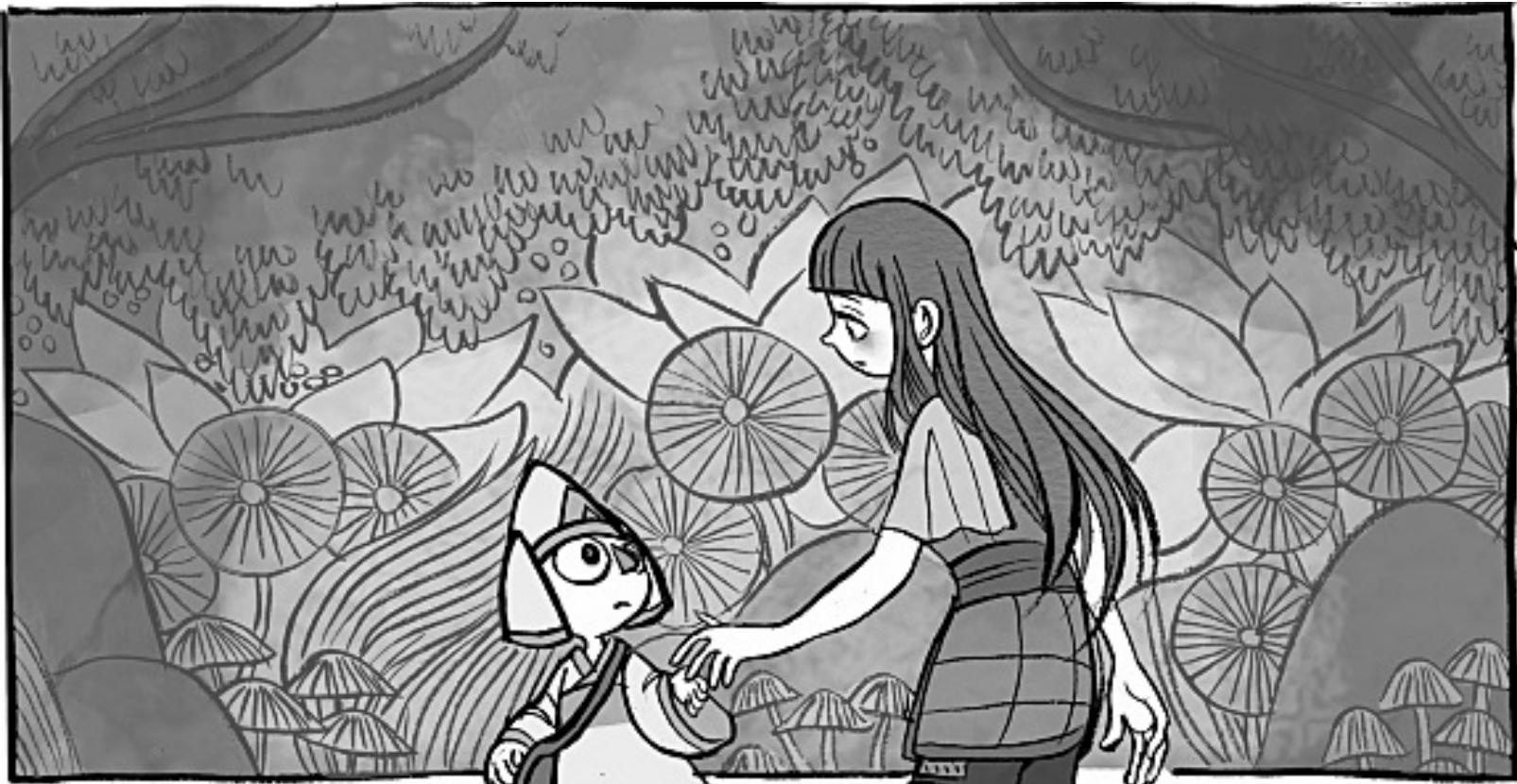
(I'm worried if I go home I'll never come back.)

But if you keep this up you might not be able to work at all.



(It's okay, my friend Ah Duo is good with his hands. I've been trading him cigarettes for massages, and it helps.)







(I should go, my shift starts again in 5 hours and I need sleep.)



Okay. Where can I meet you again?



(I don't know where I'm going to be tomorrow but I'll let you know. It'll be the same time.)

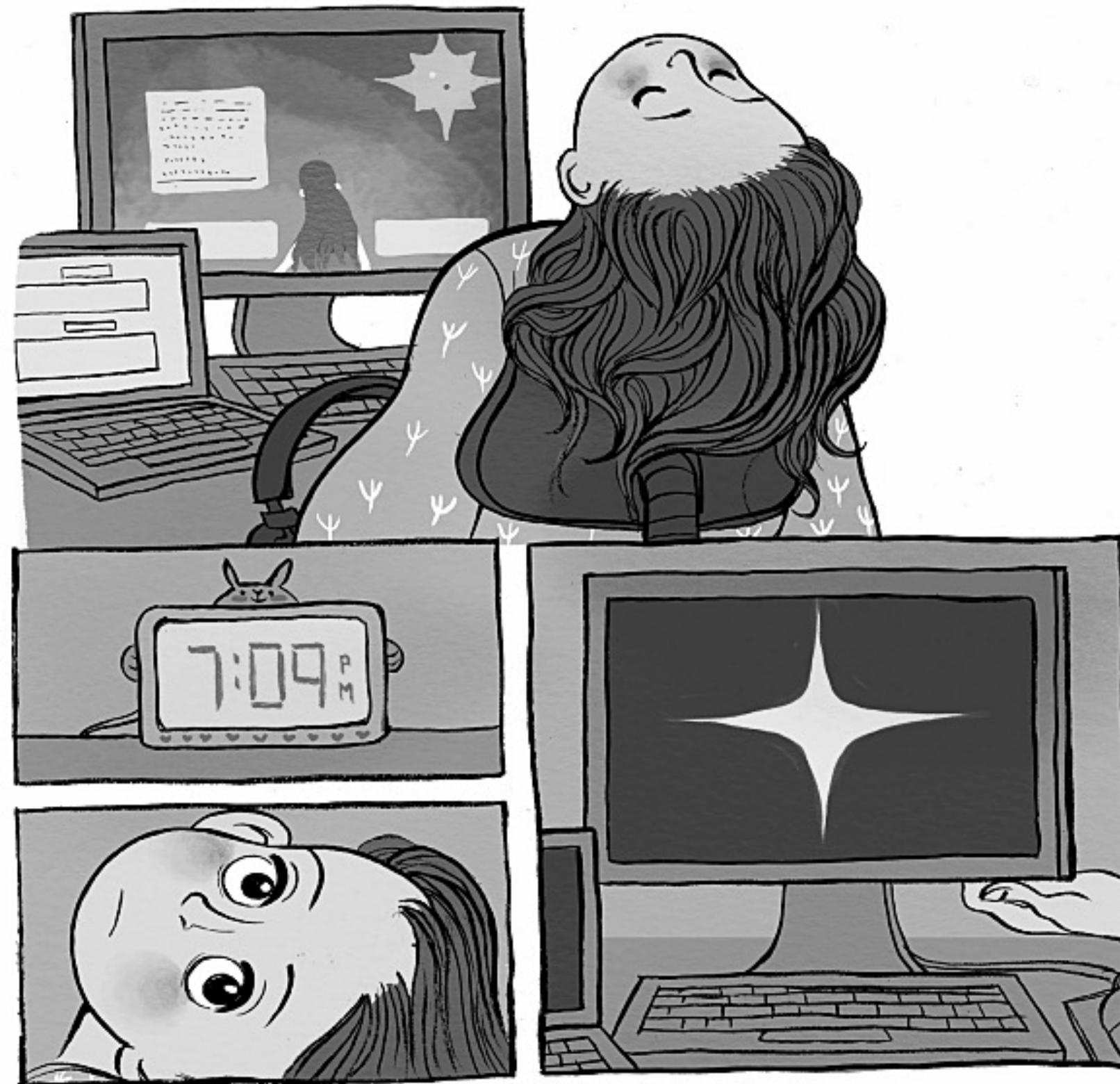


Okay.



(We have to move around every day so people don't know where to find us.)







Who is Ross Winterland?

Who?

And Damon Carmichael, and Adrien Weiver.

I don't know who you're talking about!

Who are these people depositing

money in your PayPal account?

Account Statement | November 2013
Bridge, Anda
Email (PayPal Account ID): 2

Account Activity
Date
11/18/2013

11/20/2013
11/22/2013
11/24/2013

Description

Payment from Ross Winterland
Payment from Damon Carmichael
Payment from Ross Winterland
Payment from Adrien Weiver

Amount
\$20.00

\$20.00

\$20.00

\$20.00

TOTAL BALANCE \$80.00



In case you've forgotten, sweetie, that's my bank account you're wired to. Tell me. WHY are strangers sending you money?



Oh my god.



Mom, this isn't what you think! They're just paying me for missions within the game. I'm serious. That's ALL there is. That's why I didn't tell you, I didn't think it was important.



I told you not to talk to strange men on the Internet.



But I've never talked to these people in my life! I don't even know who they are!

But you're okay with accepting their money? You realize how hard this makes it for me to trust you?



I knew this was a bad idea. Starting now, no more online games.

Mom!!



In fact . . .

. . . no recreational Internet use for a week. I'm sorry but you have to learn this is not okay.



Mom, listen,
there's a gamer
in China—

China!

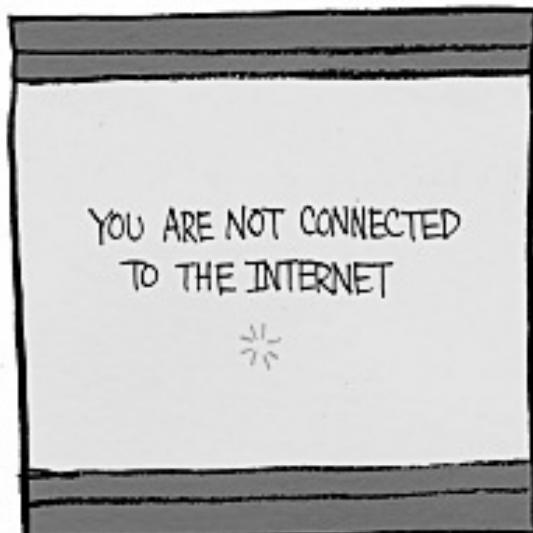
He's stuck in a
factory and he's
sick. I told him I'd
help him . . .

Would you listen to
yourself! Absolutely
not! You're not
speaking to any of
these people ever
again!

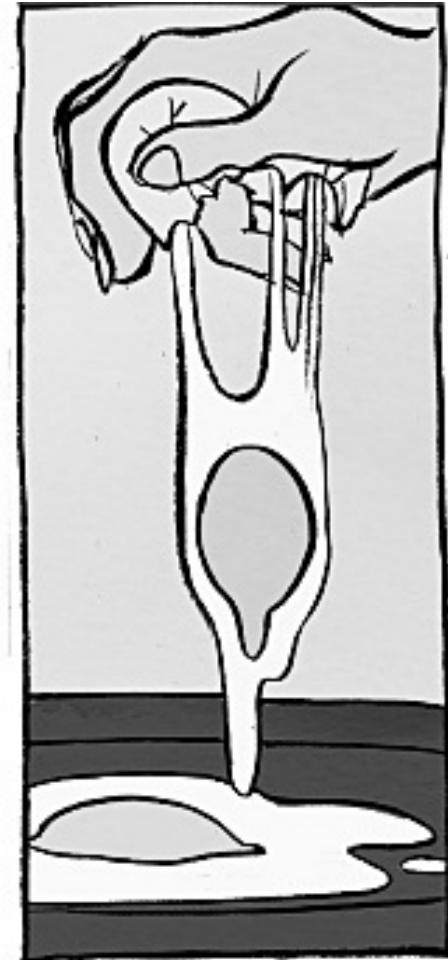
Mom, you're overreacting!
You're just afraid
of things you don't
understand!

I understand the
world can be a cruel
place and there are
people out there
counting on naive
kids like you to take
advantage of.

Don't just think
because it's video
games people can't
get hurt.







Anda, can you turn
that down a little.



Since Saturday, December 8 at noon, Goodman Manufacturing, which employs more than 1,000 people, has been on strike.



Gorsh Mowee, I
can't wait for the
Pwincess's Pwahty!



Wait, no, no,
go back, turn
it up!

Gimme the
remote.

—will be held
next Monday.

The new offer
from the company
is expected to be
accepted.

Workers say it's especially
difficult because of the
Christmas holiday. Nobody
wants to disappoint their
family, especially the
children.

2 WORKERS STRIKE



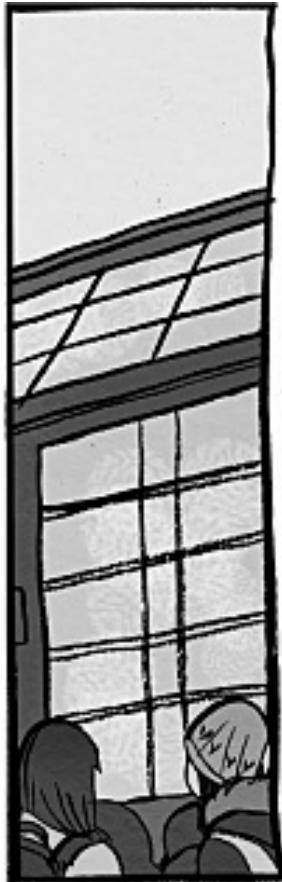
Despite the pressure to reach an agreement by the holidays, both workers and management alike remain confident.



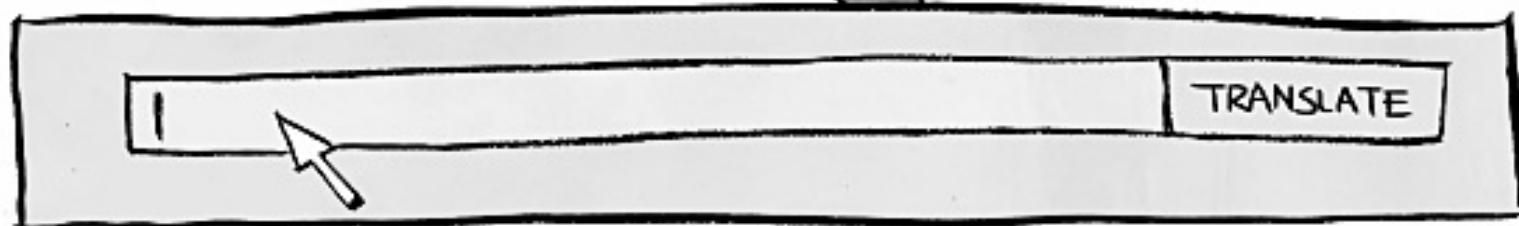
Differences between the proposals involve wages and employer contributions to medical coverage. The vote is expected to take place next Monday.



I'm Sarah Tanaka, Channel 2 News.

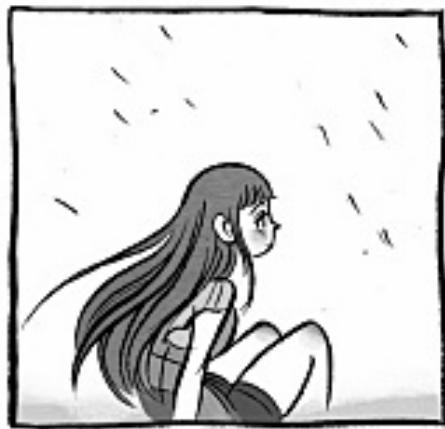






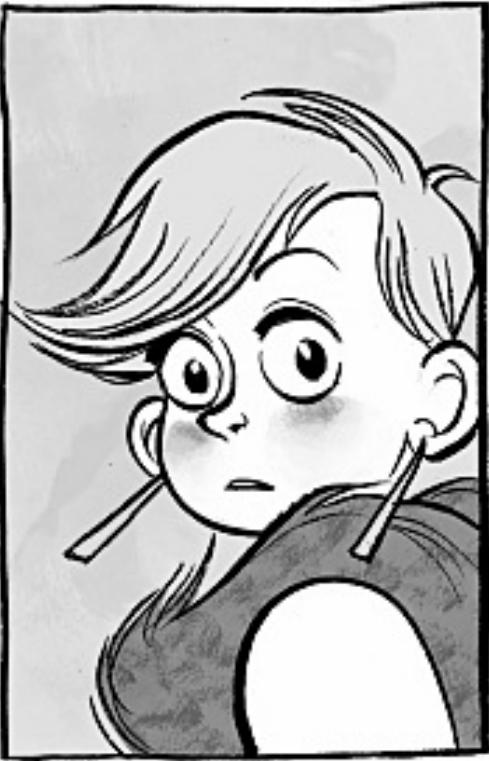
[Message translated in Chinese: I'm back. Where do I meet you?]

我回來了。我在哪裡見到你？

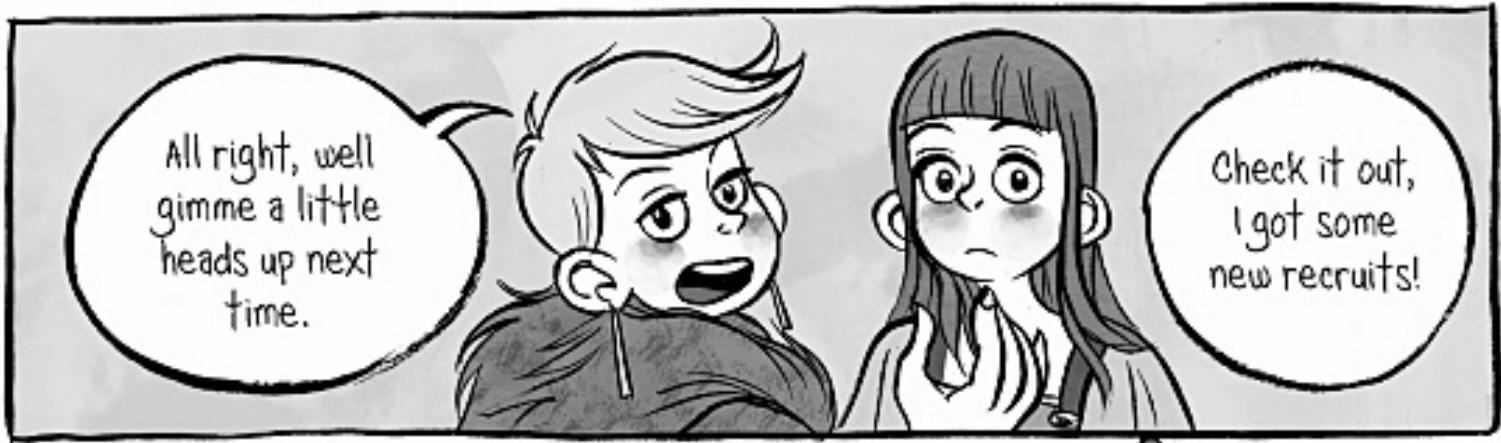


<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	LUCY	12/5
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	LUCY	12/5
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	LUCY	12/5
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	LUCY	12/6
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	LUCY	12/6
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	LUCY	12/7



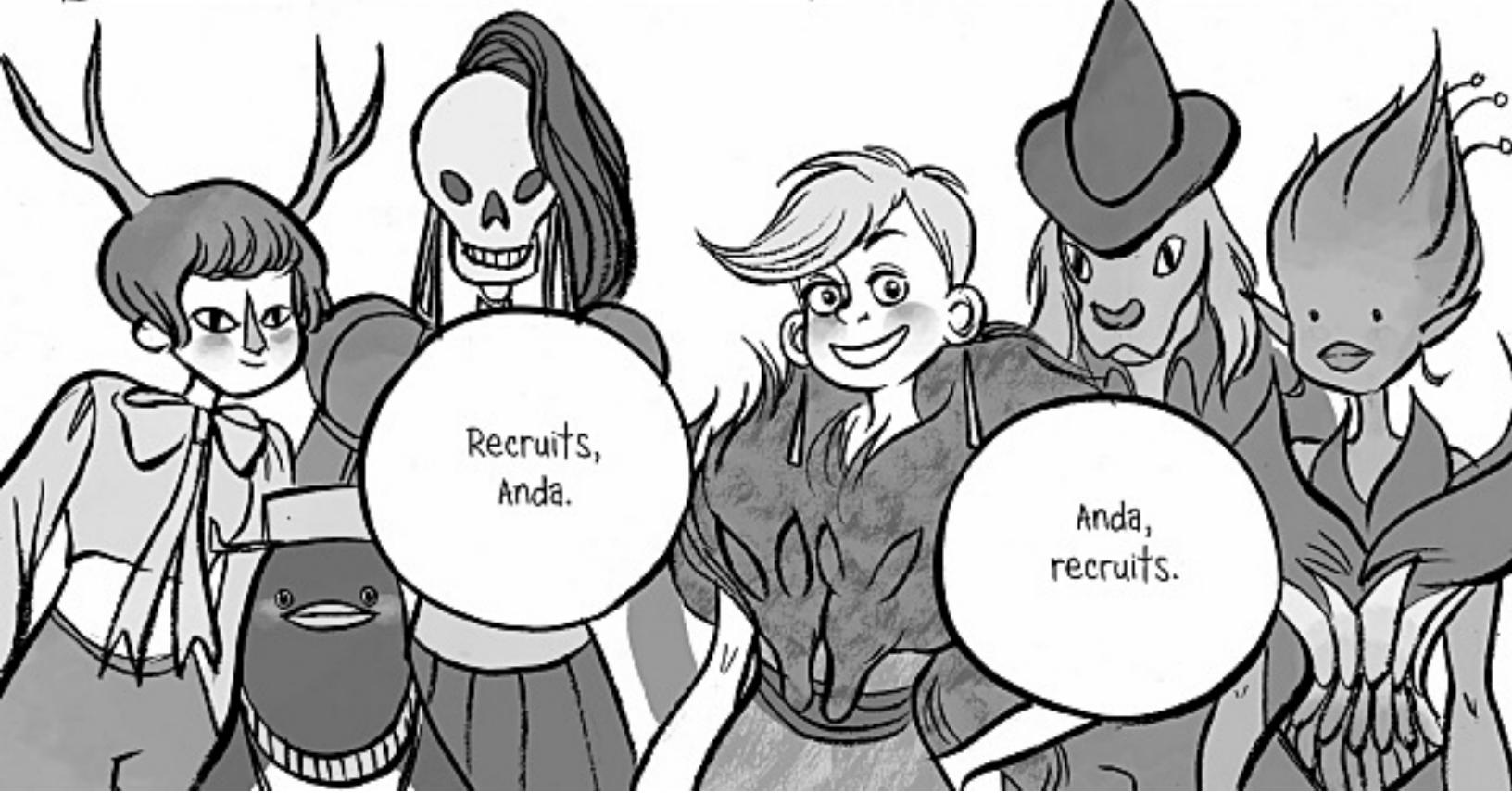


Anda! Jesus,
where've you been?
It's been two weeks!



All right, well
gimme a little
heads up next
time.

Check it out,
I got some
new recruits!



Recruits,
Anda.

Anda,
recruits.







How do I,
um, get
unstuck?

Just hold
on!



Please. Don't make
me do this alone.

I'd really love
to help, Lucy,
but I . . .



(Taonga Cove,
east of City
Center.
I'm here now.)



My mom is
picking me up.
It's almost
dinner time.

Wait, really?
But you just
got here!

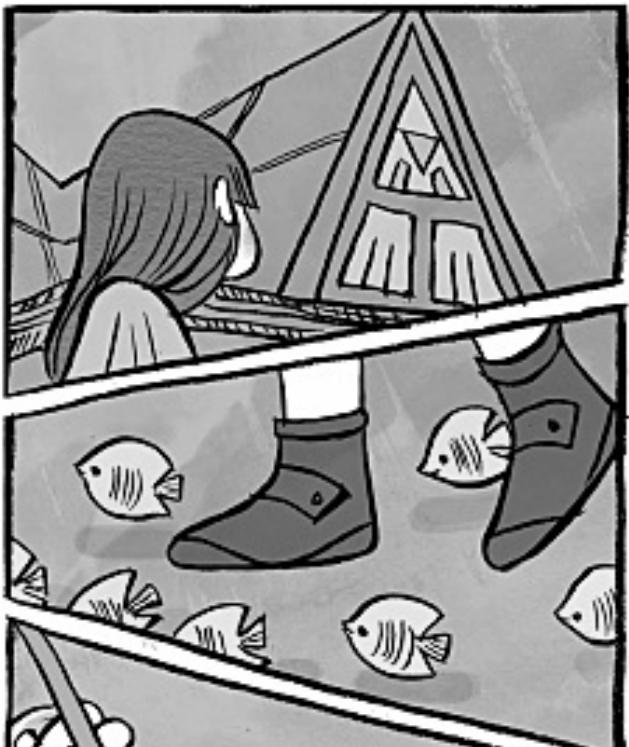
Sorry, I gotta go! I'll see you tomorrow!

It ain't dinnertime, you liar!

Daylight Saving!

TAONGA COVE







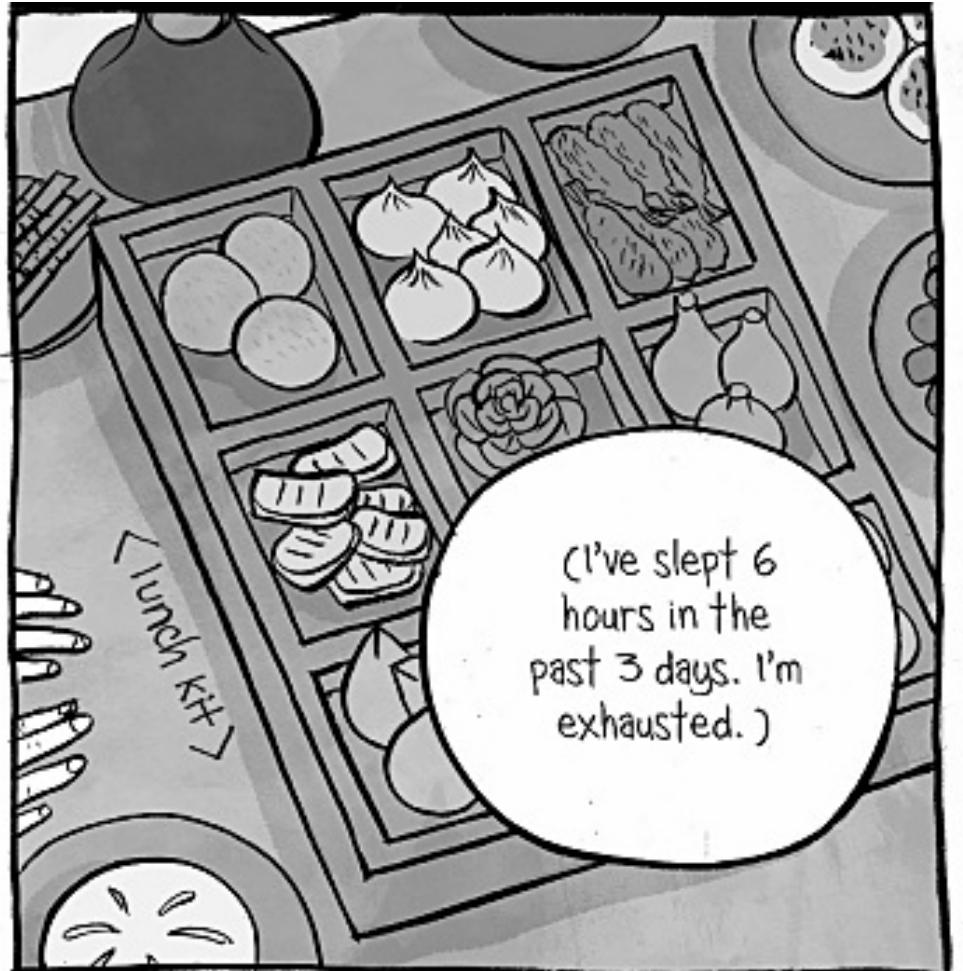
Let's go
someplace a
little more
private.



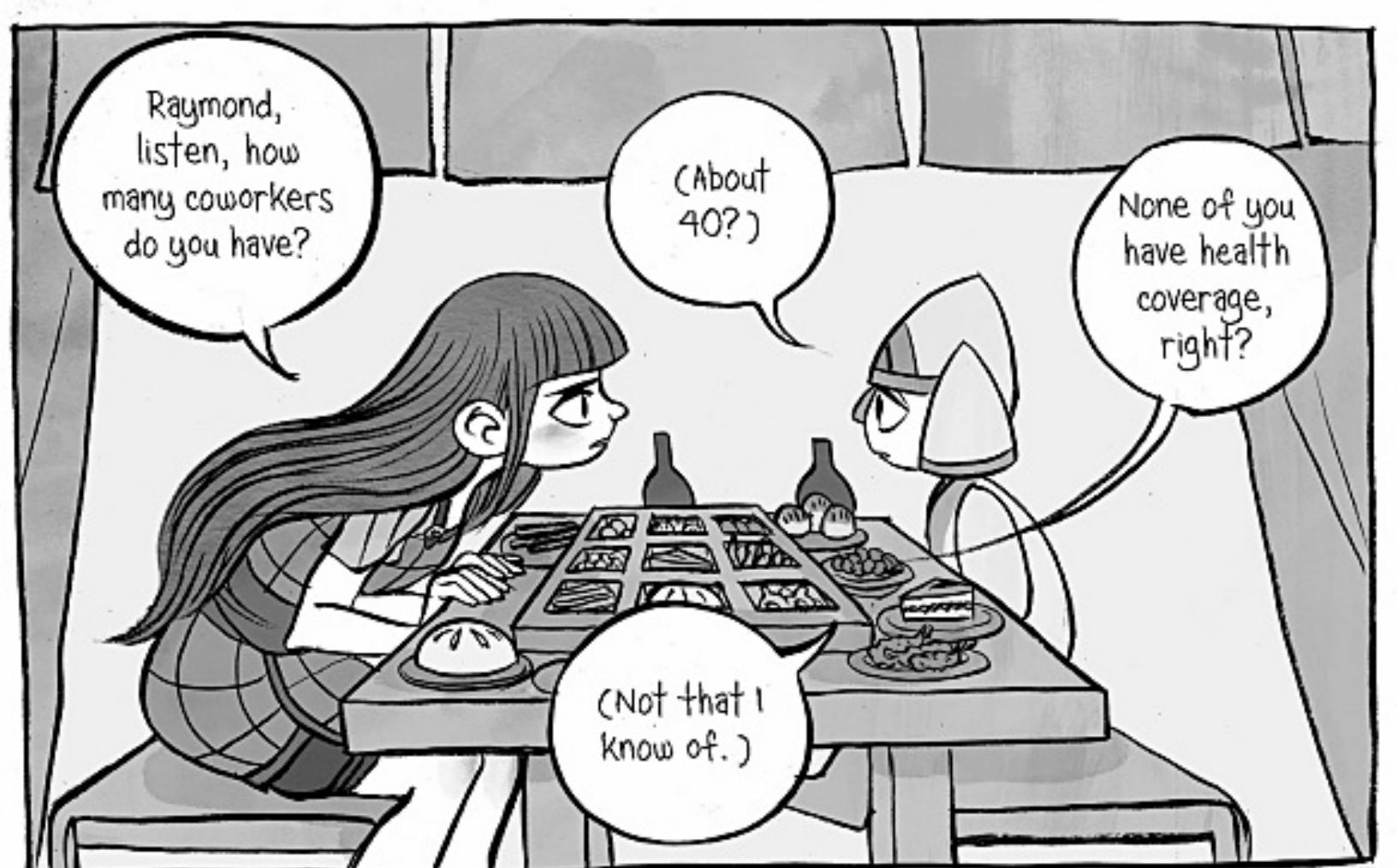


(My boss caught me sleeping on the bathroom floor and made me take a week off to heal.)

(I didn't get paid so I've had to make up for lost time.)



(I've slept 6 hours in the past 3 days. I'm exhausted.)



Raymond, listen, how many coworkers do you have?

(About 40?)

None of you have health coverage, right?

(Not that I know of.)



Go to your coworkers. Tell everyone you need to demand health care together.

I looked it up, there's a Urban Resident Basic Medical Insurance that you're all eligible for. As long as you work in the city, you can go to the doctor!



(What if our boss says no?)

You go on a strike. My dad's company is going through this right now.



If you walk out together, you'll have power on your side.



(But what if my coworkers aren't interested? We're all young and I'm the only one who's sick.)

That's why you're so important. You're a living example of why things need to change.

If you're keeping your problems a secret, so might somebody else!

(But I've never done anything like this before. I'm so inexperienced.)

Don't worry, I'll help. I'm gonna talk to my dad and get some advice.

We'll work out the details. The important thing is you start spreading the word.

(Okay, God,
I think I'm
gonna be
sick..)

(Haha.
Thanks,
Anda.)

Let's do it. I'll
do my homework,
you do yours, and
let's meet again
tomorrow,
okay?

Good. You'll
need health
insurance!

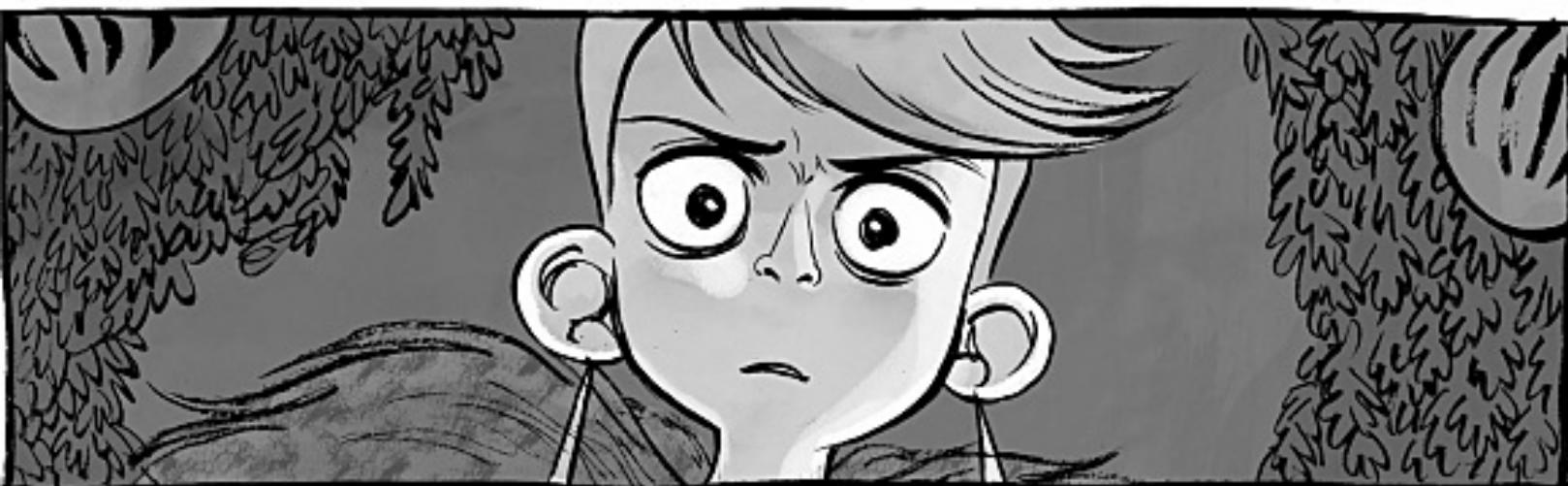


SLEEP



EXIT





So a sit-down strike is when people go to work as usual but don't do any work?

Right, so if their bosses hire other people to work during the strike, the sit down prevents that.

GALA FO

Hmm, that's really smart. That's basically what protesters do, right?

It is. And since when were you so interested in what your dad does?

Well, it affects me too. What happens if the strike takes place and it doesn't work?



I don't think it'll come to that. And I wouldn't worry about how this affects you. It won't.



Your life is secure here. I make sure of that.



I know, Dad. Believe me. I feel very lucky.





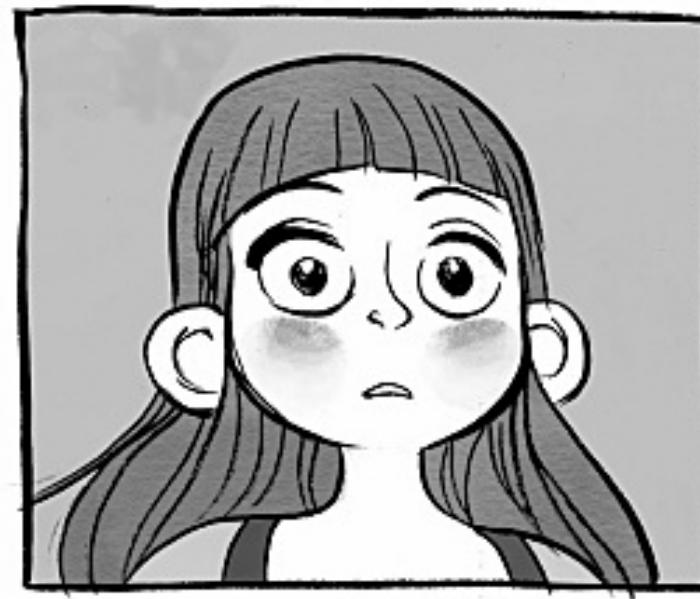
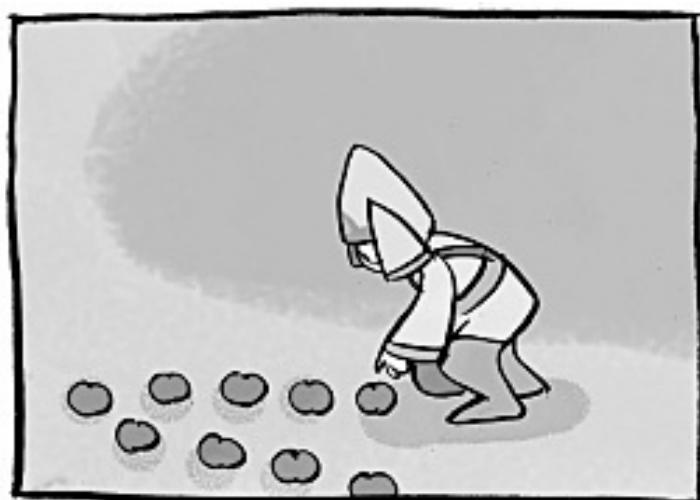




INBOX
EMPTY

Hmmm.

Guess I'll go
wait at my
house.



Raymond?

你買嗎？

I knew
it.

Lucy!



I knew you've
been meeting
a gold farmer.
Why??

Lucy, I can
explain. This
one is different.
Raymond's a real
gamer! Gold farming
is just a job.



What are you
talking about?
He's a GOLD
FARMER. What
part of that
do you not
understand?



What else is
he supposed
to do?



Make
zippers for
25 cents a
day?

What about
the part where
we made money
killing gold
farmers?



The giant showy
fortress? The only
reason gold farming
bothers you is because
you can't stand other
people getting
ahead!



A bully,
huh?



Lucy, I'm
sorry . . .



I'll show
YOU a
bully.



Danisa!
Finish him!





YAHHHHHHHHH!!





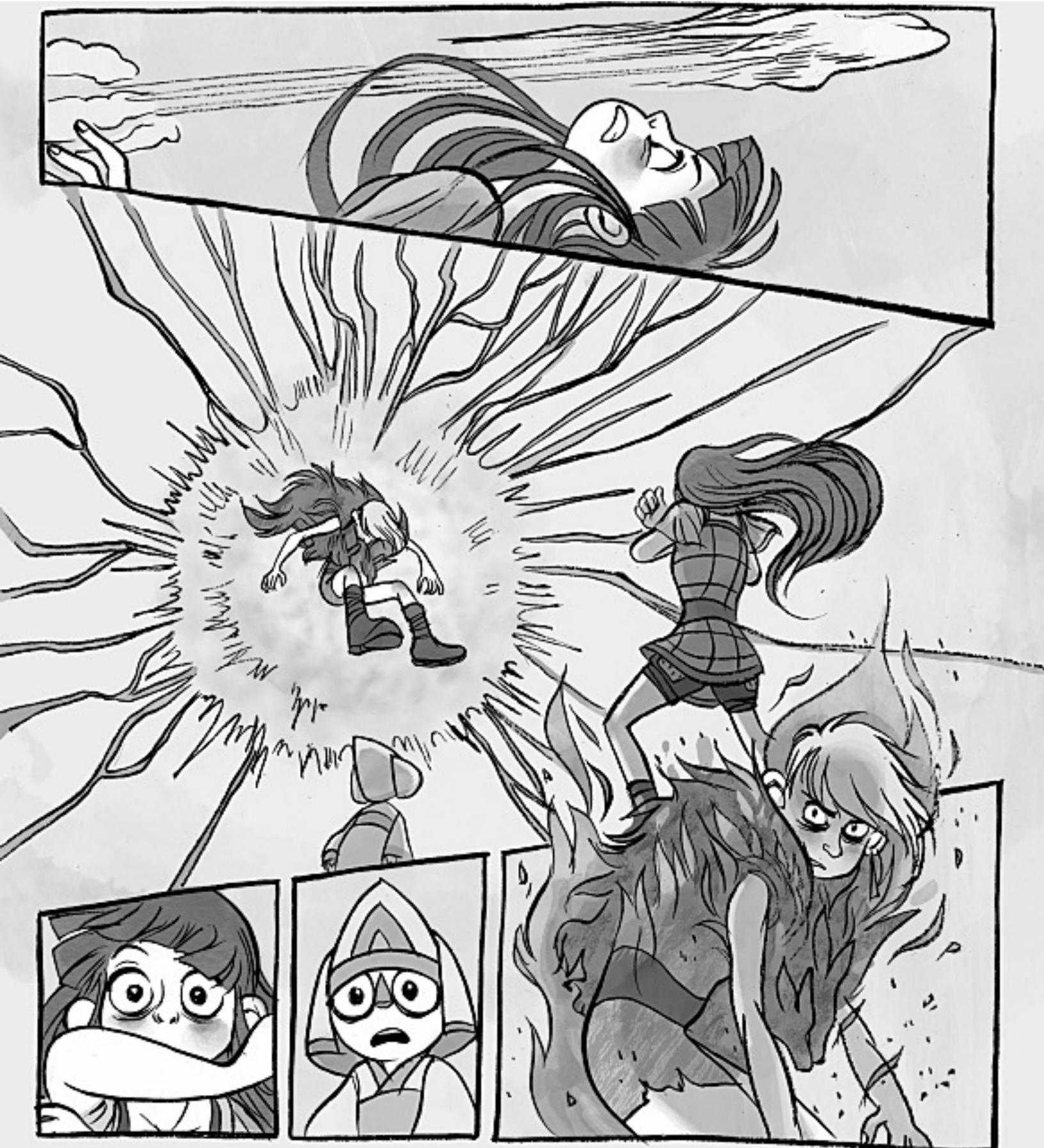
ATTACKS

- BLACK ARROW
- FIREBALL
- CALL PET
- BEAR TRAP
- CAMOUFLAGE

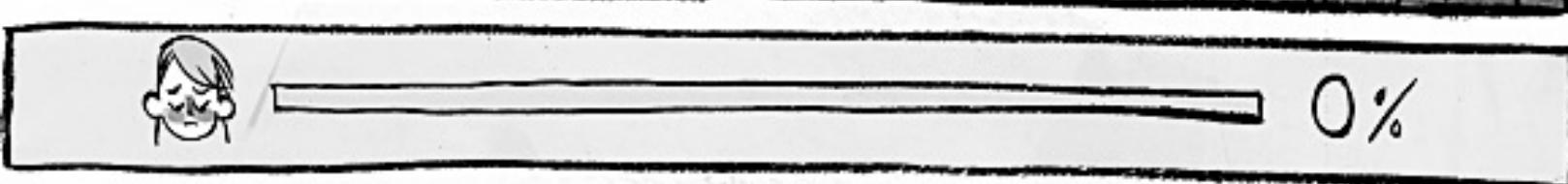
ATTACKS

- BLOODBATH
- SMASH
- RAGE THROW
- SHIELD
- TAUNT





10%







(Nice job,
American. You
don't know
anything about
us.

Next time
stick to your
own game.)







From: LIZA <liza@lizanator.com>

To: Anda

Anda,

I heard about your incident with Lucy yesterday. I've also been informed of the two of you dabbling in paid anti gold-farming missions. I wouldn't normally care what you do on your own time except you are representing the Fahr-enheits, and harassing others is against our mission. You are both temporarily suspended until I've decided on a suitable punishment.

Yours,

Liza

Anda, come here! Let's get a photo!





Well, good for her.

Sweetheart,
don't listen to your
mother, ice cream won't
kill you.

I said I don't
want any.

It won't kill
you, but it'll
make your
butt bigger!

Jesus Christ, what's
wrong with you, it's
JUST ICE CREAM!!

At least if I get
fat and fall over I'll have
enough health insurance
to suck all the ice
cream outta me!

Not everyone
does!



Anda? Are
you feeling
better?

I'm sorry I
yelled at you.
Everything's just
been so stressful
lately.

Is it because
I banned your
video games?

What's
bothering
you?



No. It's because you're right. The world is a cruel place. Especially in video games.



Oh, my sweetheart . . .

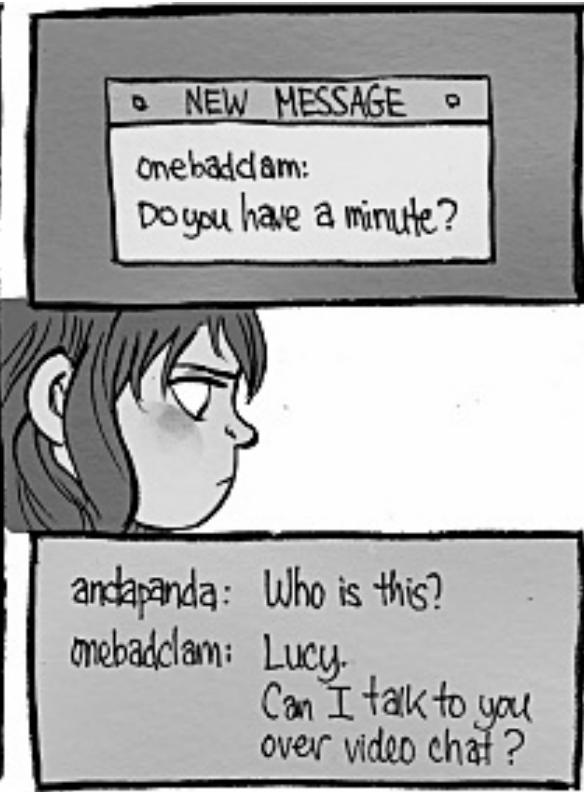


Come on. Come watch TV with me.



There's still some dinner left over.





andapanda: Who is this?
onebadclam: Lucy.
Can I talk to you
over video chat?



andapanda: one sec



ACCEPT



DANISA



Hey.

Hey,
Sarge.





You don't have to call me that now.
I'm suspended, remember?



Why am I even here . . .



You probably think I'm here to yell at you. Well, I'm not. This morning before I got kicked off, this noob found me. He wouldn't leave me alone, kept calling your name, so I assumed he was looking for you.





He said his name was "Ah Duo" and he wanted to send you something.



He seemed pretty upset.



He's being
made an
example of.
Oh, Raymond.



It's all my fault.



He was near Pirate Island farming for dog furs.



I don't know if he's still there but you might be able to catch him if you hurry.

What am I going to say to him?



Raymond's your friend, right? Maybe you both want to clear his name.



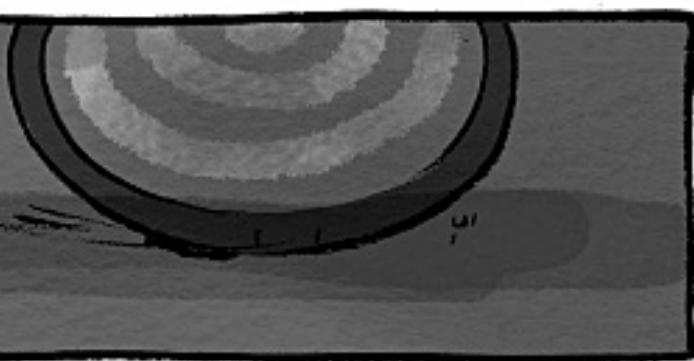
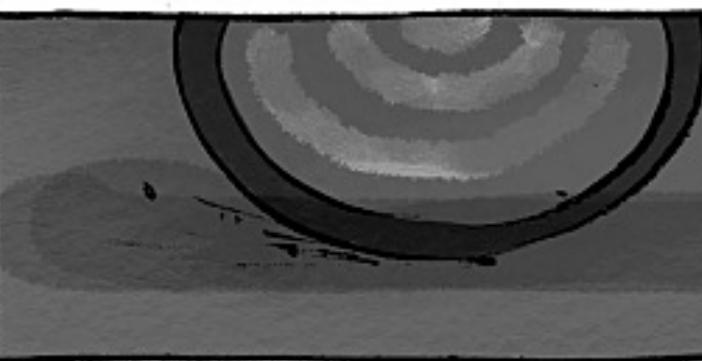
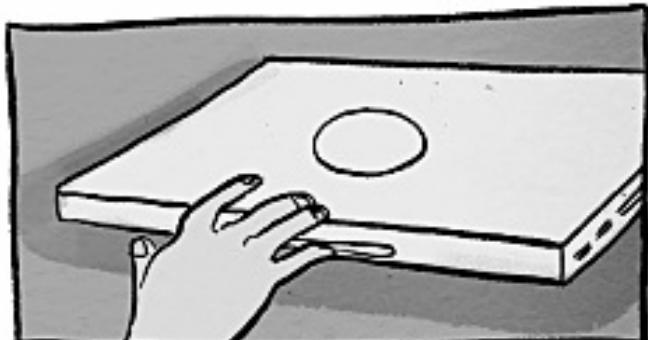
Thank you, Lucy. And Lucy?

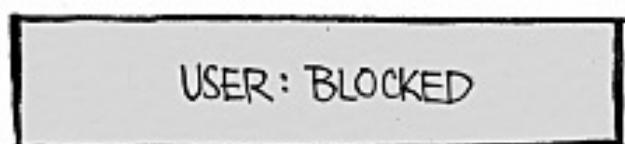
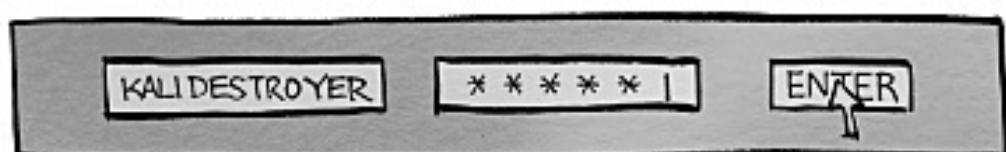


You're not a bully. You're a fighter. Anyone would be lucky to be your recruit.



Get outta here, fangirl.







No.

No, no,
no, NO!

NO!

I don't have
TIME to
level up!

B2Z2T

INBOX

FROM: LUCY

Thought you might need
some reinforcements.
Here's the roster of recruits.

MILA - milaloff@gmail.com

KARINE - karineanne94@gmail.

JANEY - janebrain@yahoo.

SAEWON - saewonkim@gm

PRU - phirsch@gmail.com

BEATRICE - elderbea@gmail.com

CAROLINE - carolee4@gmail.com

ALINNA - alinnahsu@yahoo.com

LYLA - leeleekitty@gmail.com

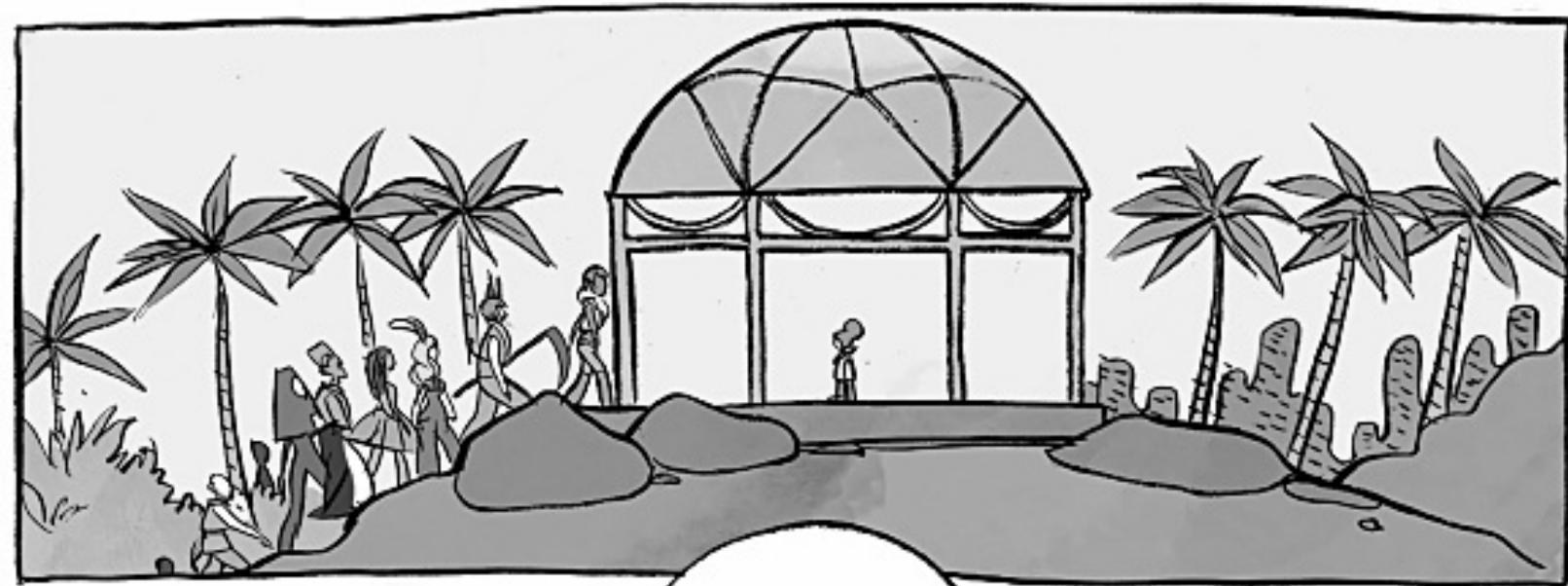
STELLA - smella92@yahoo.com

STAR - starryconnor@gmail.com

LYNN - lsrodriguez@comcast.net



Yess! Thank you, Lucy!



Ladies! So glad to see you. I need an escort to Pirate Island.



Anything for a friend of the Sarge!



Why are you a noob all of a sudden?

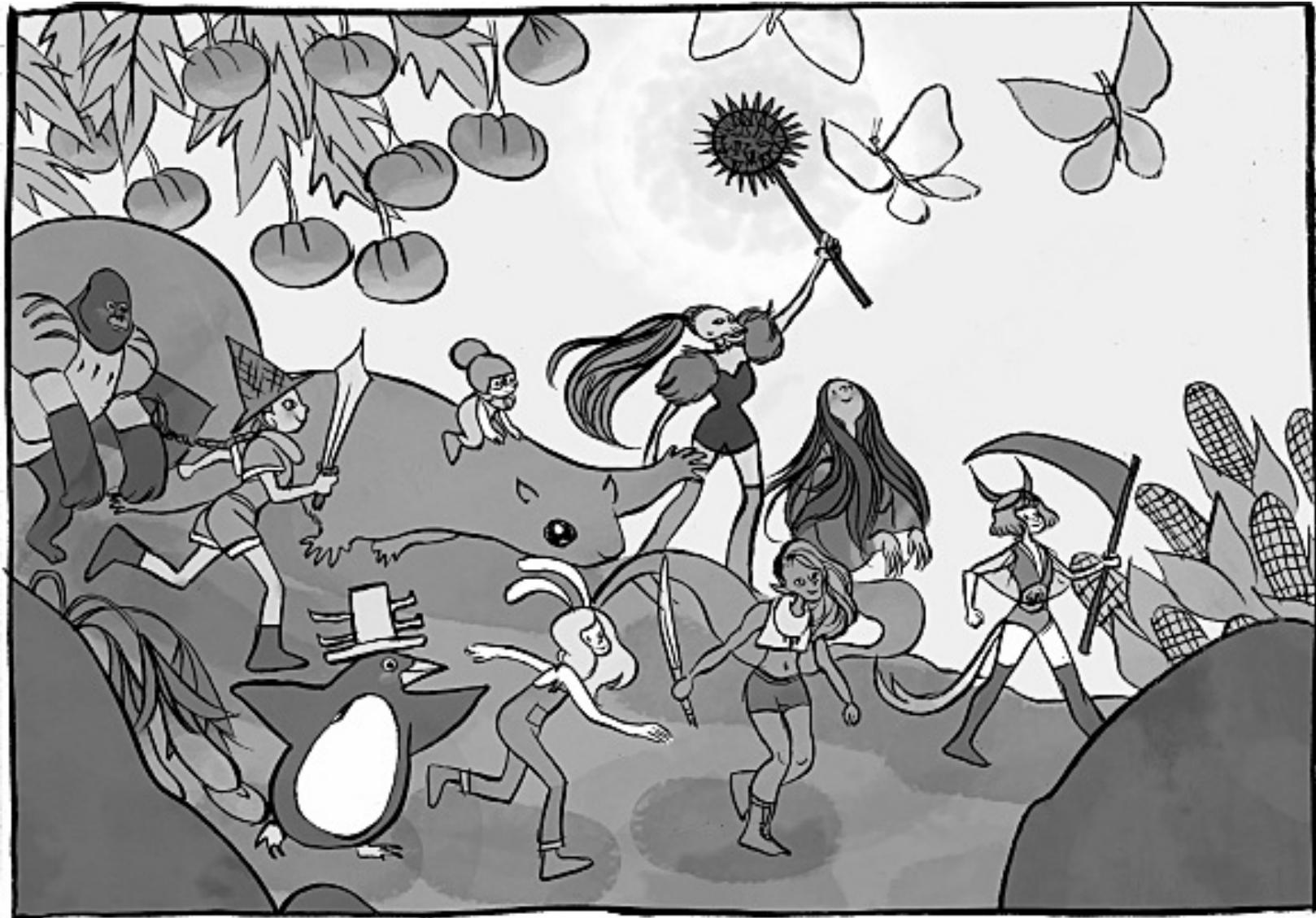
It's
hard to
explain.

It's okay,
we trust
you.

Are we ready
for this,
Fahrenheit?

Um, are
you ready
for this?

Let's go to Pirate Island!



(Are any of
you Ah Duo?)

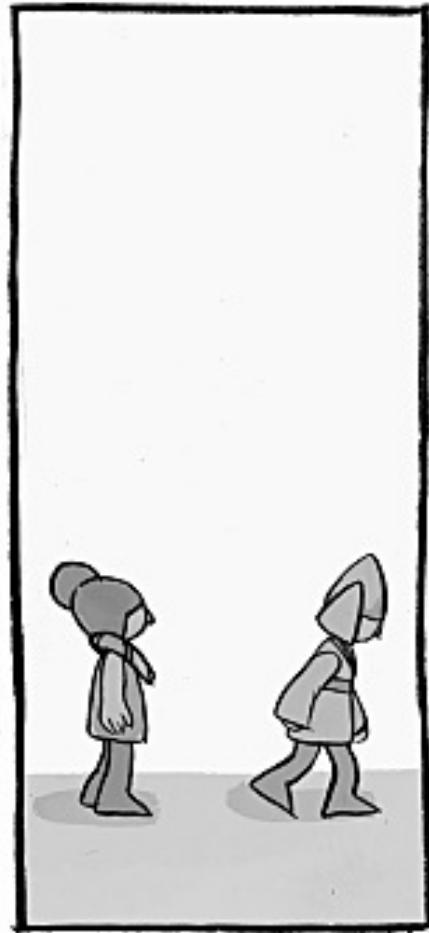


(I'm Anda.
Raymond's
friend—)

(I know who
you are.)

(Please
leave us
alone.)

(Wait, hear
me out.
Please!)



(Please! I'm really sorry what happened to Raymond.)

(It was my fault. I made him believe things would be okay.)

(I thought if I was his friend—)

(I looked out for him. Raymond's a kid. He played here, slept here, and ate here. This was his whole world it's gone.)

(You think just because you can read about us on the Internet you know everything about us.)

(I know, you are absolutely right.)

(I don't know what it's like to live in China . . .)

(and I don't know what it's like to be a gold farmer.)

(But I do know what it's like to be a kid who loves video games.)

(If you would give me a chance, I will do anything to help you get him back.)

(If you really care about him, you will help me spread his message.)

①

(It's a call to action. I can't let my coworkers know it's from me.)

我是NYCI的员工。
我是负责玩 Coarsegold 的。
我愿意继续玩下去。
但是我的身体状况
不允许我这么做,然而,
让我去作治疗几乎是不可能的。
因为NYCI认为治病是我个人的事。
但是NYCI不知道,不照顾
员工对NYCI其实是有害的。
一旦有不幸的事情发生在所有员工身上时,难道所有员工
也得自己负责吗?
如今,会发生在我的身上。
难道不会发生在你身上吗?
因此,请加入这抗争的行列。
我一个人的抗争是无效的,
但集众人的力量是可以成事的。

-张唤义

(Things are already tense because of what happened to Raymond.)

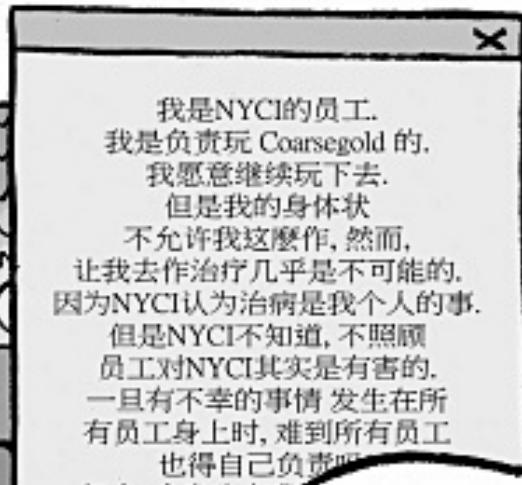
(If you tell me where your coworkers are, I can have the Fahrenheits send this to them.)



I have a mission for you.



Copy and paste this into your message box.



我是NYCI的员工。
我是负责玩 Coarsegold 的。
我愿意继续玩下去。
但是我的身体状况
不允许我这么做,然而,
让我去作治疗几乎是不可能的。
因为NYCI认为治病是我个人的事。
但是NYCI不知道,不照顾
员工对NYCI其实是有害的。
一旦有不幸的事情发生在所有员工身上时,难到所有员工
也得自己负责吗?
如今,会发生在我们
难到不会发生?
因此,请加
我一个
但集众人



Canvass these areas for all avatars that respond to "Nyici.com.cn" and send this to them.



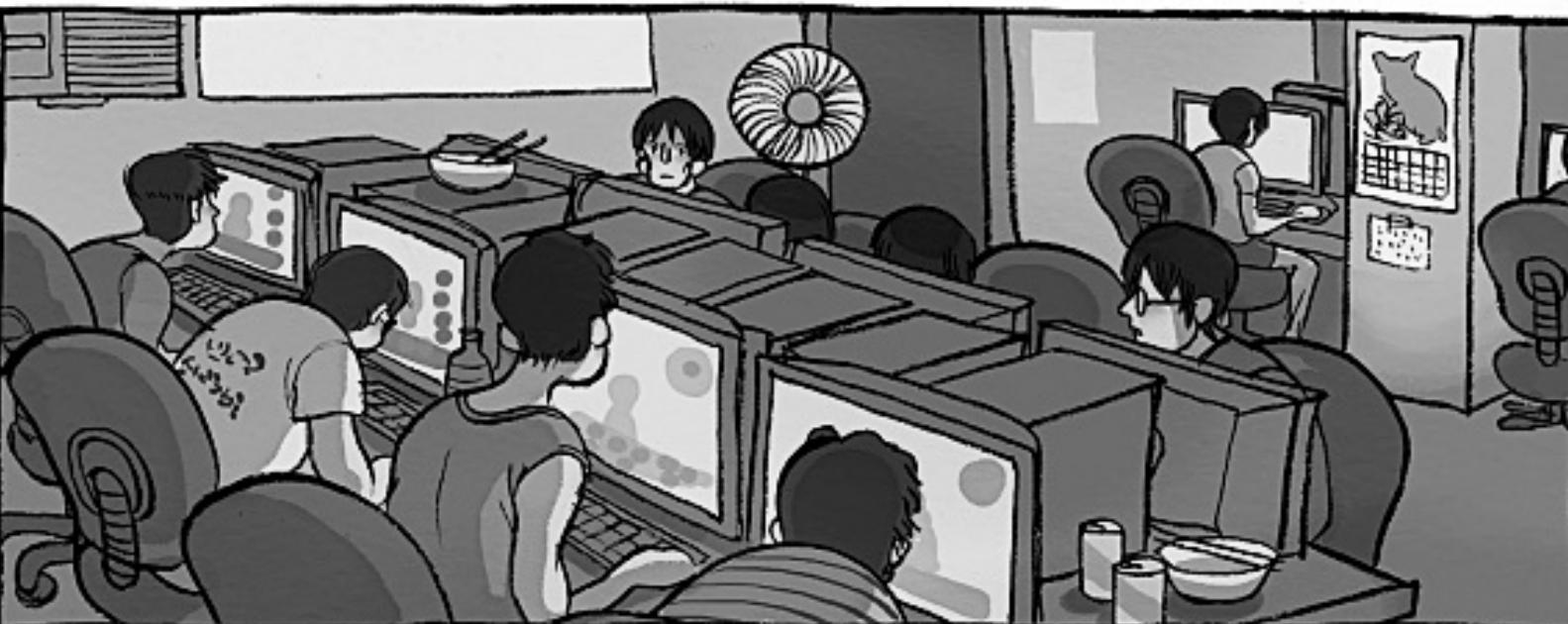
What does it say?

I am an employee of NYCI. I am a Coarsegold player. I want to be here. My health prevents me from doing my job but the odds are against me getting treatment.

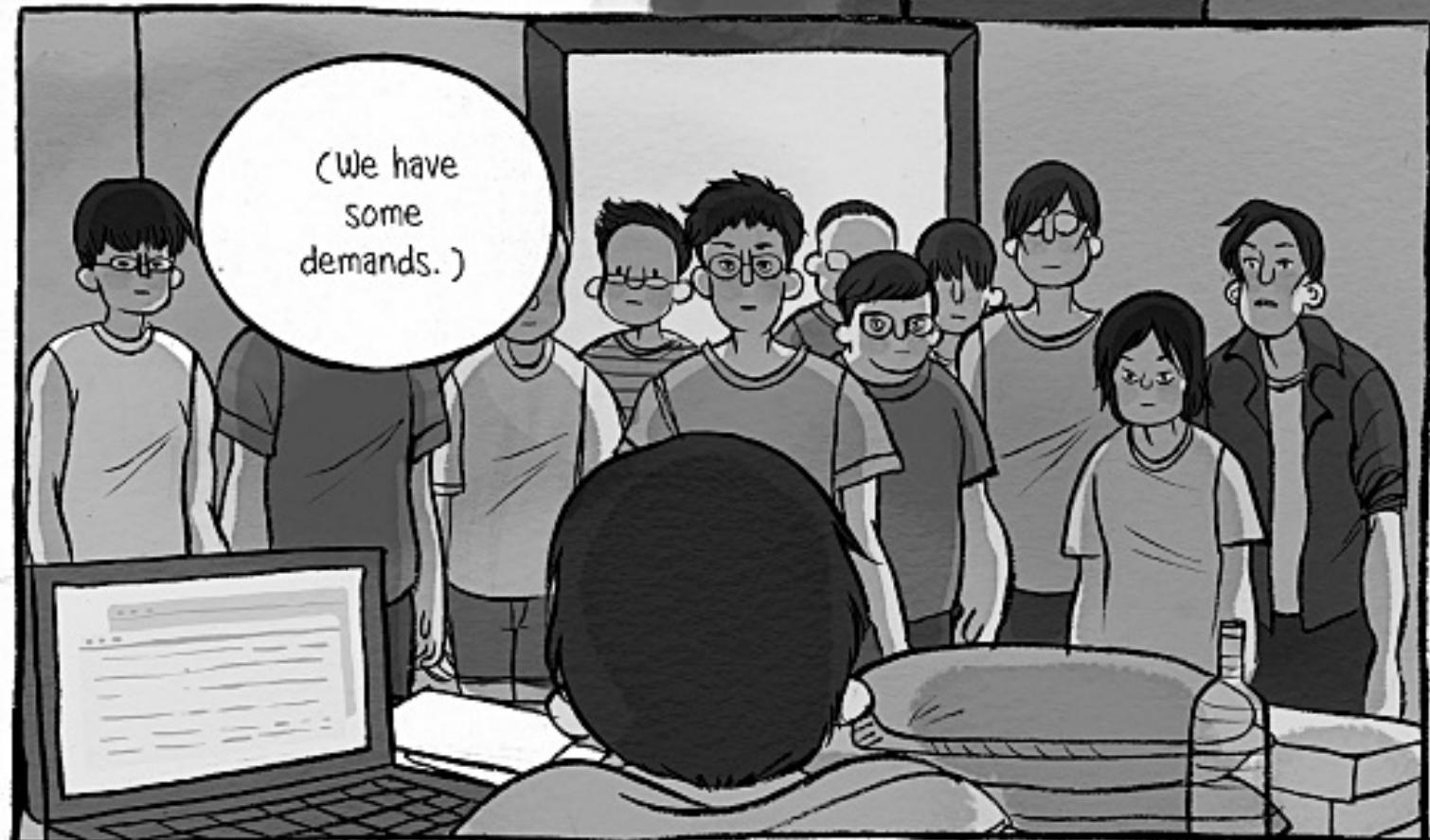
NYCI will say I am responsible for my own troubles, but they are only hurting themselves by not taking care of their people.



What if misfortune were to befall us all? If it happened to me, couldn't it happen to any of us? Please join me in my fight.











You move when the magician moves his hand.

Oh, Anda. I'm amazed at you! I had no idea you could do this.

Dammit!

Thanks, Mom.





Anyway,
I would like
to formally reinvite
Anda back into the
guild, if she'd like.
Officially as a member
this time. She'd be
great for the new
recruits we have.

Actually,
my
parents...

She would
love to.

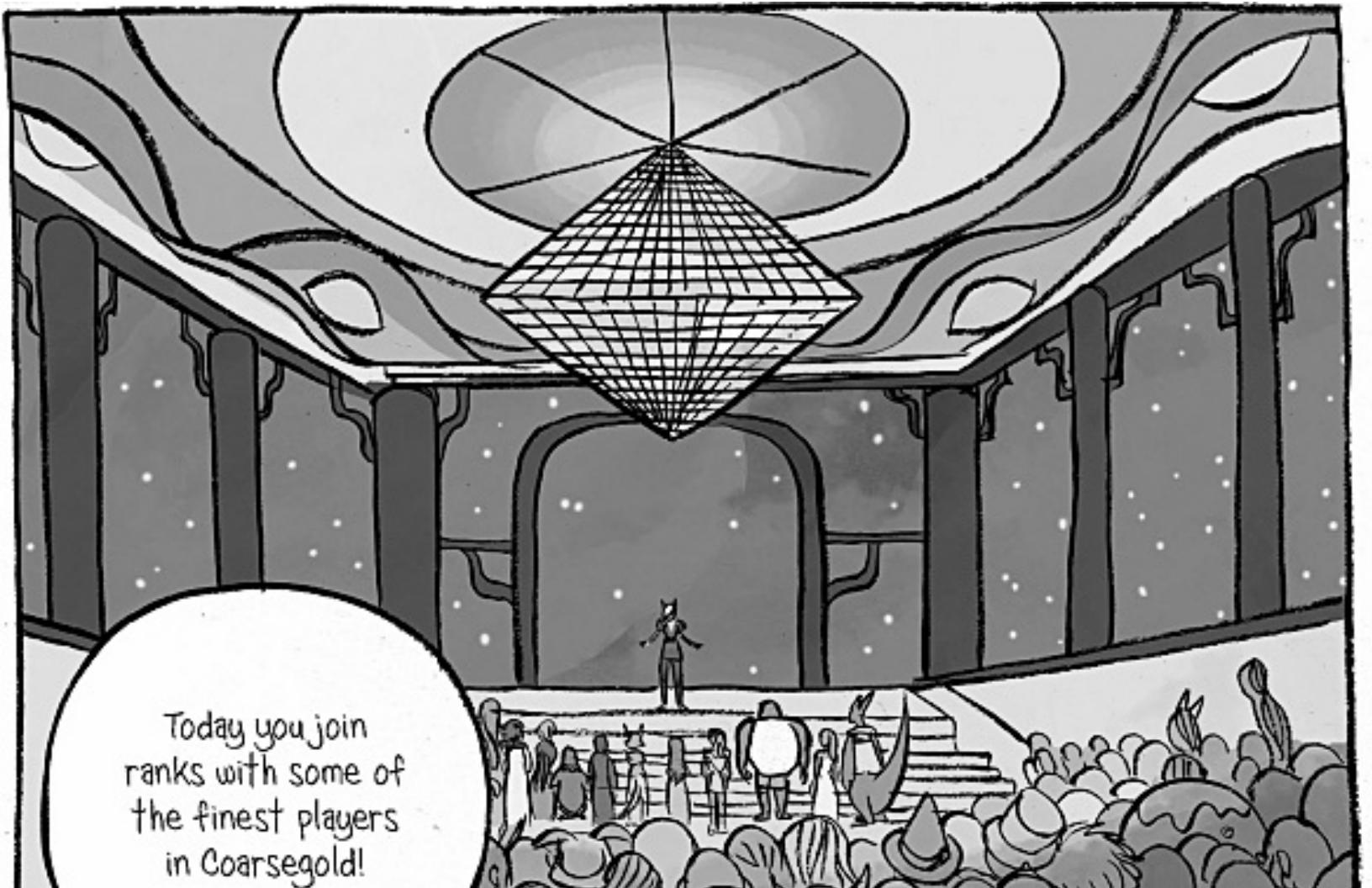
Mom?

I think it's
good she's
taking on new
responsibilities. I
trust her.

Yes. I'd
love to.







Today you join
ranks with some of
the finest players
in Coarsegold!



You will play honorably,
you will play fiercely,
and above all, you
will show others
what it takes to be
extraordinary.



It is not gender,
nor age, nor race,
but your ability to
work hard at what
you love.



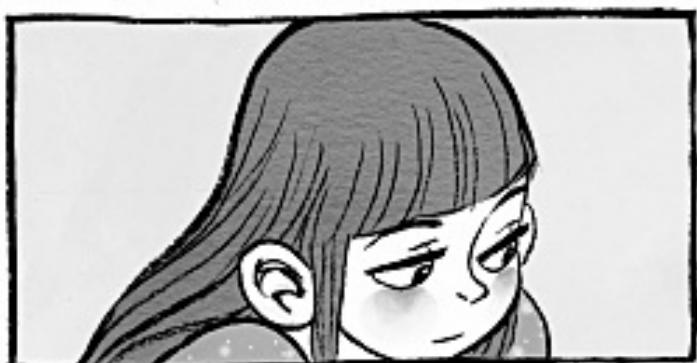
Today, you
become
leaders.



Today, you
become
Fahrenheits!









Raymond?!?
You're still
here! How did
you—

Come here,
follow me.

(Ah Duo told
me things are
better now at
NYCI.

After I was let go
I met a guy at an
internet cafe back
home who
recommended me for
a gold farming job.)



(These guys were looking for someone with English experience, and I told them I had a degree.)

But you don't!

(It's okay, I was convincing! Nobody else is any better. I picked up a lot from you.)

Oh my god, Raymond!

I was so worried about you. I didn't know if you were okay, if you moved home, or if you're hurt.

It's weird. You're just a collection of pixels, but I worried.

(This life is real too. We're communicating aren't we?)

(Check it out though, at this place we get to build up avatars so we can farm in the upper levels. We actually go on raids together!)

Wow.

(I'm planning again. Now that I'm spending more work time at play I'm thinking I can spend more of my own time studying. Learn more English. Keep moving up in the world.)

So I'm not gonna see you around much then.

I'm going to miss you. But good luck.

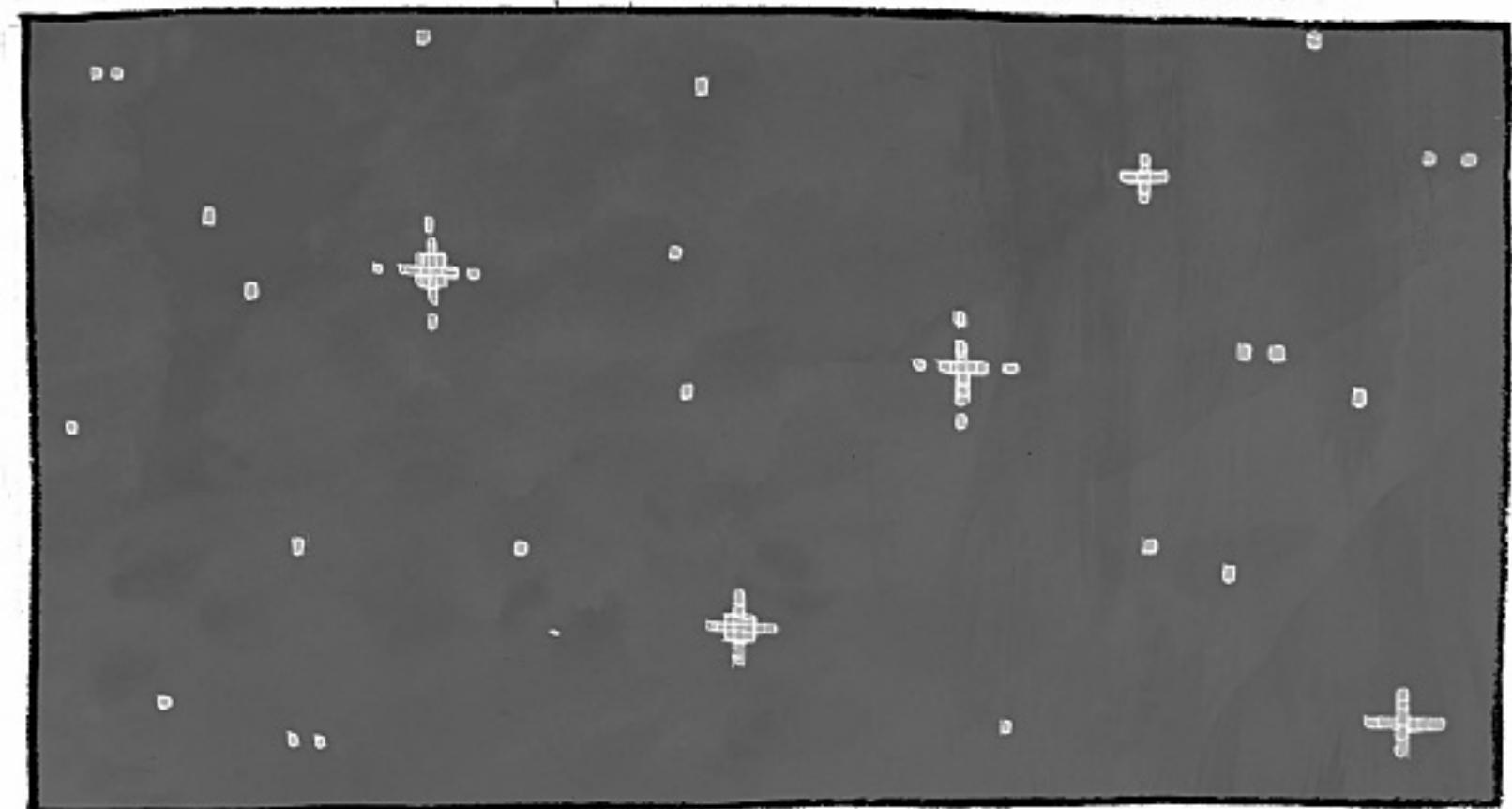
(Not as much, yeah.)

Thanks.

Yeah?

(You know, I'm actually not working right now? It's Chinese New Year, which means everyone is on vacation for two weeks.)







SLEEP



EXIT



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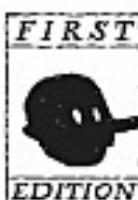
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