Baby, You Mean the World of Warcraft to Me

Kevin Spivey
(2006)

Come on, honey, why do you have to be like that? You know that you're my Elven princess. My one and only. I would dare say that there is no one in all the realm who doesn't know of our love. I have sung your praises from the mouth of the Shadowthread Cave to the Stranglethorn Vale of the Eastern Kingdoms. I've introduced you to my comrades-in-arms in the Ulster guild, and they all accept you as kin.

And now you want to dissolve the greatest love ever to brighten my basement?

When we met, I was looking for a group fit to take the Zul'Gurub instance. But as I stocked up on provisions at the convenience store before my quest, and our eyes locked, I realized that I not looking for a group, I was looking for love, and I found it in you. You are the sun, the moon, the Cinderhide Armplints of the Monkey. There is so much we have to offer one another. Unfailing loyalty, a strength of 250, someone who can go out for snacks in the heat of battle. Can't you see we're made for each other?

Darling, no one can keep me from you. I would make my way into the heart of Moonglade and fight an army of trolls just to be by your side. I would go up against Varimathras, the ruler of the Undead himself, if he so much as hinted that he was a danger to you. Make no mistake, I would get aggro on anyone who would threaten you.

This is, of course, provided the system is not down due to a faulty patch.

Don't you see that I did it all for you? My love for you exceeds Level 60, higher than anyone thought possible in this fantastic computer universe. My spirit soars when you are near. You restore my mana with a kiss. I even named my epic mount after you. Her name is Helen, and her hair shimmers in the sunlight, and together we ride forward into destiny.

I would climb the highest peak of Mount Hyjal to toil for 100 days and 100 nights in the mines in order to extract the precious ore so that I may fashion you a necklace of the finest thorium. My warrior, Hamm-uster, devoted his game's life to the professions of mining and smithing just so that I might accomplish that very thing. All you need do is join me in the WoW and hold the necklace up to the virtual sun. Then you may see the efforts I have expended to create this thing of beauty for you. The dishes can wait until tomorrow.

Helen, my mage, when I was ganked by a lowly rogue from Tennessee in the Caverns of Time and stripped of my treasured belongings, I rose from the grave with one purpose in mind. I had to be resurrected, not to seek revenge, but to return to you.

There is no other way to put it: You take my breath bar away.

Why do we need to go out to have fun? Everything we could possibly want is right in WoW. Fine dining, theater, romantic sunsets—they're all there. The outside world just costs money, and I don't have a magic breastplate to protect me from people's stares. Come with me so I can treat you like the princess you are.

Please, baby, if you leave, you will increase by 32 percent the chance of doing direct damage to my heart. Please reconsider.

Source: "Baby, You Mean the World of Warcraft to Me" by Kevin Spivey from The Onion, 4216, April 19, 2006.


CONSIDER

1. This piece makes frequent use of World of Warcraft terminology. Do you think it's necessary to be familiar with this game to find the piece funny? Why or why not?

2. What does the piece suggest about how players of this and similar games approach relationships? How do the implied claims in this piece connect to or refute Steven Johnson’s claims in "This Is Your Brain on Video Games"?