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Subject: Re: Reminds me of somebody we once knew.

Posted by [Doitle](#) on Thu, 20 Oct 2005 03:59:21 GMT

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Aren't we all the big jakas? Deep Down, beneath the layers of our concious and sub concious and mid concious where our most basal of notions lay. Who can say they never just for a second even, wished they too had a working single player powerplant. Nothing extravagant or absurd but a place for generation of a special brand of magic which lights our homes and warms our selves, our children, and our hearts. It's quick and effective to blame our poor friend Zeratul, or Aircraftkiller, or even nopic, but these are just a bandaid on the ever widening gouge through the flesh of society. No, the real antagonist here, is ourselves. We continuously speed towards the edge of destruction with our intolerance. The culture shock of being confronted with Zeratul's sordid comunique overshadowed the real issue at hand. No longer was Zeratul a public watchdog for the well being of all players but a n00b to be berated. Just as we can not choose our parents or our name, be it Capulet or Montague, nor can we choose our origins. Zeratul hailed from Badgrammarstan and only knows what he had been exposed to. In our swift and unwaivering judgement we cast out the pour soul and damned ourselves to a marred life. It is just too often that we say, "What was wrong with him?" I say, "What is wrong with US?". For what reason should anyone including Zeratul favor us over the jackels and the wolves who live out of necessity and instinct. Maybe We should "tell it all replayers in this forum we deslike, ourselves..."

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