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Untitled. Photographer: Pawel Kadysz (<https://stocksnap.io/photo/OZ4IBMDS8E>).

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they undertook what is called "grinding" as a way to level up. Grinding involves undertaking low level tasks that do not offer the same experience points as going on a quest or killing others. This approach required them to spend 21 hours per day grinding, which resulted in weight gain and acne from their diet of fast foods while playing. Eventually, with the help of Stan's dad and the virtual sword given to him by one of the Blizzard accountants, they kill the griefer's character. One of the final scenes shows the griefer at home in his basement stunned that his character has died.

I decided on this third approach. Why die? Why not just go solo and grind away? It is only a game. Tahara and I stopped questing. Instead, we collected herbs, learned skinning and tailoring techniques, and traveled the world. When we came upon thieves or orcs, we hid and waited for them to leave. Sometimes we would go on lower level quests where we could overpower our enemies. Other times, when questing with friends, they would give us their loot to help us level up.

In return, Tahara would heal them through her shaman spells. I knew though that at higher levels of play Tahara could become a stronger shaman. At level 50 she could learn to resurrect herself and others during battle. I began to think it was not fair to keep her at such low levels because of my fear of death. Was I keeping Tahara fearful of evolving? Of growing up? Was I the one fearful of death? Her death. My death. Our death.

The idea of dealing with her death, of taking her back to her body was at first a difficult decision. I did not want her to die. I did not want to travel with her as a ghost or pay the Angel of Death. But I decided to go ahead and take chances...Die...Resurrect. Die again as a way to level her up. It is only a game I kept

telling myself.

It was during this time that I was diagnosed with cancer. While intellectually I knew that my prognosis was good, I did not want to think about death—real or virtual. When I would log on to the game and begin exploring, I would look for the lower level quests. The ones in which we were less likely to die. My friends thought I was being ridiculous.

“It’s just a video game. It’s just a video game character. It’s not you. You’re not a troll and you’re certainly not a shaman troll. Your character dying doesn’t mean that you are going to die. Don’t be stupid.” (Personal conversation with anonym., 2018).

Maybe I was being stupid. But I was terrified of seeing her die in front of me. I knew that there would not be blood. It would be a silent death. I knew that this was just the “failure as quest game mechanic”. So why was I scared? Why did it matter what it might feel like? What if that ghostly figure was the physical me looking up at the Angel? What would death feel like in a video game if it was really me in the game? These questions plagued me while I struggled with my own thoughts on my life, my death, and my own mortality.

Sometimes while playing I jumped back from my keyboard. My fingers shaking as the enemies surrounded me. I would start shooting my spells but often to no avail. As an interim step to help me deal with these fears I started by playing in third person view. From this perspective, I was the watcher, even if it was me that I was watching. As I grew more confident, I began trying to play in first person. From looking at the robbers from a distance and seeing Tahara on the screen fighting them, I was now Tahara looking directly into their faces and fighting them at close range. Did I die? Of course. Many times. I was playing in the moment. I looked up to see the Angel

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