
Subject: Re: "camping" "camper" let's clear this issue once and for all
Posted by [reborn](#) on Tue, 29 May 2012 08:02:03 GMT

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snpr1101 wrote on Mon, 28 May 2012 06:50reborn wrote on Mon, 28 May 2012 02:57Aircraftkiller wrote on Sat, 26 May 2012 17:24

limiting yourself by playing by a set of rules that Starbuzz obviously does not follow, you are simply setting yourself up to be a whiny scrub and should learn how to play.

I read that article a few years ago. It sounds dramatic, but it didn't just change how I play, it changed my life.

Aye, friend. This takes me back to a time where I was working as a physiotherapist at a hospital in Germany during World War II, back in 1997. This particular ward I was assigned to dealt with poor chaps who could not walk due to ailments such as broken legs, cerebral palsy, ingesting 3 bottles of whiskey and the like.

On this particular day, the patients were coming in thick and fast. The sky was a menacing black colour that gave illustration to the morbid song of clanging surgical utensils and frantically given orders.

A fresh patient arrived. While getting up to make a coffee, he stubbed his toe on a couch. The doctor reluctantly glanced at his family and said "I'm sorry, he won't make it". Just before they turned his life support off, I shouted "WAIT, I can save him!"

I reached into my briefcase, and pulled out 3927 copies of *Playing to Win*, by Sirlin.net, flung them in front of the 38M Diameter industrial fan and ran out of the ward waving my arms around like a Windmill and making Zoidberg noises. The propagation of a curious sound emerged, and I slowed my run. Was it hailing? I looked up to the dark sky once more, but no hail was to be seen. The sound grew louder, and louder. It was like the sound of metal clanging against a stone path. I turned around, and so it was.

I stood there, frozen in bewilderment. Hundreds of patients running towards me, their metal leg braces disintegrating and falling to the ground mid flight. I gazed at the sky once more; sunlight pierced through the once dark veil of clouds, and a rainbow most likely created by nyan cat spanned the width of the horizon.

It was then I realised they were my Forest Gump's, and I was their Patch Adams. It sounds dramatic, but it didn't just change how I play, it changed my life.

That was so fucking funny, it bought a tear to me eye with laughter.
