



The Book of Dooob

Johan "BMBM" Kylander

CHAPTER 1

Creation. The Dawn of N00b. First Flight. Tail Wheel. Torque. Stall. The first Hanger fly-through and the first Tree. Online. RTFM. In the Weeds. First Contact. Bandits. Turning. Burning. Trim. Rebirth. Despair. The Gods speak again. More Despair. Happily ever after.

n the Beginning there was Light in Texas, Pixel upon Pixel of Light, and then there were Aeroplanes. And when there were Aeroplanes there was great Joy upon the Earthe and above the Earthe, for then there were also Individuals of great Daring and Confidence to pilot them. They were known amongst themselves as Fighter Pukes, yet to the Appearance of Gods they were all N00bs. And it was good.



So beginneth the Story and so
it be told for ever more. In
the Beginning all were N00bs.
And the N00bs beget a second
Generation of Pilots, bearing
the Family Name and in all respects similar to
their Forefathers, and that too was good.



n the first Day of Installation the Fighter Pukes bang'd their Chests and strapp'd their Bodies into Machines of wondrous Matter, to immediately prove their Mettle. Yet despite Curses of increasing strength and foulness their Craft refused to leave the Earthe, as if these winged Beasts of Destruction had a longing too strong for the sharp Embrace of solid Matter. Ground Loope upon Ground Loope was performed to the cries of "WTF!! What am I doing wrong! Why won't this Damned Plane fly??!?" Because they were N00bs, and N00bs knoweth not better.



rom the Heaven boom'd forth
a mighty Voyce, scaring the
N00bs half out of their Wits
and impressing them forever
with their lack of Knowledge
in matters pertaining to flight.

“Harken to ye N00bs! Thee
shalt lock thine Tail Wheel afore attempting
to leave thine surly Bonds”. So did the N00bs
lock their Tail Wheels, and it was immediately
perceived as good. Yet the surly Bonds remain'd
unbroken and there was a great gnashing of
Teeth upon the Earthe.




So did the N00b maltreat his Stead that Aircraft upon Aircraft were reduced to smoking Piles of twisted Aluminium until the Voyce boom'd forth again, this time with badly concealed Mirth. "Thou shalt bear in Mind the awesome Power of thine Engine for it createth Torque of considerable strength sufficient to throw thee Cheek first unto the Ground. Harness this Power with judicious application of Rudder and counteract thine rolling tendency with opposite Aileron". Thus did the N00bs practice much until they could safely throw themselves into the Air several meters before encountering further Complications. For they were truly N00bs.


A greatekaboom was heard many a times as N00b after N00b slamm'd catastrophically into the unyielding Ground, hardly mask'd by shrieks of Horror and Consternation. So the Voyce also boomed "N00b! Thou shalt not pull almightily on thine stick afore thine Airspeed is sufficient for Flight, or be punish'd swiftly by fearsome Stall to flutter harshly to the hard Matter. Fool! Stabilize thine Craft to comfortable Speed and then thee may Manoeuvre". Thus He spake and the N00b obey'd until he was no more an Earthebound N00b but a flying N00b.



n wings of horrific destruction recently tamed the Fighter Puke swung himself loftily into the Skye. “Yay! I’m UP! Now art I no longer a N00b! Look out! Here I come!” crooneth he and aim’d his nose through the nearest Hanger. Many a times distinctly dented and charr’d it was before the N00b rushed giddily through its wide yet narrow Span, to embrace the omnipresent Destroyer, the Tree, in spectacular Explosion. And so N00b remain’d a N00b, to the great Entertainment of Gods and Spectators.



So came the wondrous Day - verily, the First Day, the Day of his real Birth - when N00b pressed the tantalizingly glowing Button that spelt “Play Online”. Lo and behold! A Land of plenty, where Fighter Pukes galore were already aloft and seeking each other’s swift Annihilation. Humbled by this presence of other, hysterically vocal, N00bs, N00b snuck out on a faraway Field called Cambrai or Bertrix to try his Luck and his Guns. Up he went and all the Angels of the Skye hummed in unison. “W00t!” was his first utterance, and “WTF!” his second, as the evil Vulcher from Hell swept down and smote him in a vicious blow. “Haha!” croon’d he, “N00b! Check thine Six before takeoff or I shall smite thee another time!”. Much distressed and lusting for Revenge did the N00b thus check his Six, and seeing nothing but a great big Seat took off again into the waiting Guns of Vulcher.

his was not in the Manual I did not read”, cried the N00b and loudly bemoaned his Fate many a times in succession until his Brethren from rear Airfields came to his succour and chase’d away the wily Vulcher.