

## MOMiTs Gone Wild!

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You think you have to be nearing the end of this dungeon. It sure has gone on for a long while now. Once again, you step into a new room.

You see two paladins, one on each edge. One is shorter and uglier than the other and you can't tell if the short one might be a woman. Is that facial hair or has she/he just not bathed in a long while? The tall one is splendid looking, very regal. Your eyes are drawn to him as the most glorious thing in the room. You guess these are the healers. You'd feel threatened by them if they didn't look like goofy mid-90s power rangers with their pointy shoulder pads.

In one step is a hunter with a giant pet gorilla named Hugo on the right and a warlock with a mean looking imp on the left. The hunter looks exasperated with everyone else and mutters to herself, "Children..." The lock looks sulky, and angry. He's yelling at the others to keep the chat down. You watch as he cuts his wrist. You also notice it's not the first time.

Suddenly, in the center a giant freaking bird drops something on the ground. Your ears are assaulted by train horns and annoying choo-choo noises. The warlock cuts himself again.

Your RL sets tanks and healer assignments and it's go time. Things don't go as planned...

Someone attempts to crowd control the paladins but it's mistimed (a 3 rating if there ever was one) and one cleanses the other. Someone tries to poly the evil chicken but he just laughs at the raid and tells it to STFU. Out pop three giant trees that attack one side of the raid. Then the warlock begins to rain fire on the other side. Trees or fire...where to go?!

A tank charges in and interrupts the warlock's cast. But then the hunter reacts and sends her gorilla at the tank. The gorilla stomps, freezing the tank in place, and uses this time to scratch itself before it punches your tank in the face. Not only that but the hunter attacks your healers, casting a mana drain, as they try to save the tank from the gorilla.

No damage is going out to the bosses. The paladins are too good. You've never seen such amazing healing. They HOP the chicken when somebody attacks it. They shield everyone and keep everyone topped to full health. Their heals smell like bacon? They stun, they even do damage and their mana pools never empty. Bright, golden wings sprout from their backs as things get really interesting for the raid. They start casting faster and bigger heals, faster and bigger attacks. These are probably the best two paladins you've ever seen...ever.

The raid leader calls for split focus on the paladins. Interrupts and stuns are of great importance. The ugly one turns to stone and cackles at the tall one as damage done to him suddenly slows drastically. The tall, handsome, glorious paladin gives the short, ugly, stupid one a withering look when he suddenly is surrounded by a glowing bubble. He's immune! What's going to happen now, you wonder with trepidation. He pulls a stone out of his pocket and disappears. The short one grumbles about having to do all the work. The owl thing says something about Art needing to die in a fire with a broken spine.

The short paladin drops. The chicken owl looks like he's casting something on the body...an interrupt goes off in time and the cast is stopped. The raid focuses on him. The chicken cries out as he falls, "I'm really a nice guy, it was all an act. All I wanted was to be loved..."

The hunter drops suddenly after only a few hits. The warlock looks to be cutting himself quite drastically now. His health is dropping rapidly. The raid turns and focuses. The hunter is up again! She played possum with you. A tank runs in and is turned into an ice cube. Another chases and is surrounded by snakes. The hunter begins to pick off the raid one-by-one, stealing kills from the warlock. Your dps gets wise and focuses her down. She looks to be

dead for certain this time. Her gorilla is gone, too.

That leaves the warlock. He's extremely sulky looking now. Like bad myspace emo kids. He yells, "I'm number 1!" He casts. You're covered in dots. Your health slowly trickles away. As it goes dark, you see the warlock knocked. Your gear suffers 10% durability loss. Frak, that's 15g!

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