

Hooking Up 2

No matter how many times she went through it she never seem to be able to get used to the initial sensations of a VR connection. From what she had read it wasn't an uncommon occurrence. Some people senses were just attuned differently to different stimuli, so it was no different than some people that had a tendency to get car sick. However, that knowledge never helped lessen the stomach churning sensation the initial login always brought. In older versions of VR software she used to have enough time to get over the sensation while the world was building. She would just close her eyes and let her senses settle and acclimate as wireframes drew themselves and textures populated the program. New hardware and software updates, however, had sped up the processing time significantly and robbed her of this acclimation period that had helped keep that embarrassing fact a secret.

There was one particular event her boyfriend never quite let her live down, often proclaiming it one of the funniest moments of their relationship. The two of them had been eager to indulge in some custom made VR programs shortly after they started dating when they found they both shared an interest in macrophilia. It had been right after one of the bigger updates to some of the physics software, and they had been eager to try out some new force and momentum physics for larger objects in movement, like collapsing buildings or moving cars. Unfortunately for her the default settings had not been fine tuned to react to the movements of an avatar. When they both loaded into a cityscape, proportionately around one hundred foot tall, their sense of balance was significantly off. That on top of the wave of dizziness she felt from the login, no longer with her grace period as the world loaded to steady herself, left her stumbling backwards immediately after the cityscape generated. She backpedaled in a desperate attempt to keep her balance, only to have her heel catch on the edge of a strip mall. Her already unsteady balance needed far less to finally escape her, and with a yelp she fell backwards, ass first, on to the shopping complex. It had taken her weeks to get him to stop calling her Klutz-zilla and jokingly lecturing her that if she was going to destroy something she needed to do it on purpose.

It didn't help matters at all this time that the moment the world finished generating and her site realigned properly, that she found herself staring down what looked to be a several hundred foot drop directly off the edge of a cliff. Stomach still churning and head still spinning, she desperately backpedaled and fell onto her backside as she scrambled a few feet away from the edge of the cliff. This was the first time she had tried this particular program at this new scale, so it looks like she got the spawn positioning off a little bit. Usually the program is pretty good about telling you when your avatar was going to spawn in midair but it did nothing to stop you from spawning on the edge of a very long fall. When she was sure she was far enough away from the edge that she wouldn't fall off from a stumble, she slowly pushed herself back up to her feet. A few moments were spent pulling up her jean shorts where her backpedaling had cause them to slide down a bit and expose a bit of her sky blue underwear beneath. Only once the dizziness had passed and she was certain her heart wasn't going to burst out of her chest with its rapid heartbeat did she finally turn around to survey the landscape behind her. The sight left her jaw agape.

She could still see bits of green wire frame far off in the distant corners where the texture was still filling in, and a few other places near those where the texture had a lower quality that was taking its sweet time to render properly. Again, being the first time she had ran this program at this new scale the computer had to take some extra time re rendering most of the textures at a higher resolution and refilling the cache. The site of the computers exposed work in progress off in the distance was not what left her agape, however. It was what was in front of her, already fully rendered to excruciating and amazing detail. A foot. A foot she was confident she was familiar with by now, but had been blown up to such a drastically larger proportion that minuscule details she never had noticed before left it alien and new.