

dDA's Rant: All I want for Christmas

Contributed by dDemoniAngels
Tuesday, 25 December 2007
Last Updated Tuesday, 18 August 2009

All I Want for Christmas

I'm a gamer. Anyone who has read my work here at Greytale's Nook knows I'm a gamer through and through. Sometimes I eat, sleep and even dream gamer. I geek out at new modules, campaign resources and minis.

So tell me why is that those closest to me don't see it. If I hear one more time "you're so hard to buy for", I'll scream. My computer desk has minis (currently the Reaper figs) around the keyboard and off in the corner is a stack of RPG stuff that I haven't had time to look at. What else do I need to do??!

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It's Not About What I Get

This rant isn't about the presents I get at Christmas because that's not the point. I often get some really cool presents. No, it's about the RPG supplies that I don't get. Somehow being a gamer is glossed over by those closest to me as if it's a passing fad or something they don't want to encourage. ::sigh::

And it's not really about my loved ones either. I think they are just a reflection of all those non-gamers and how they view us and our hobby. As if giving into our obsession somehow puts us even further away from the 12-step program they think we should be on. I know I'm not the only one that feels that way.

FLGS

Let's just make it clear that I don't make it hard for anyone to buy me gamer stuff. Trevor and the guys down at Check Swing, my favorite local gaming store (FLGS) know what I like and know what I want. It's sort of a running joke that maybe someone will come in and ask them for advice and what to get me. And year after year we are all disappointed. Understand me though, I've actually told my family that you can just go down there and anyone will be happy to serve them.

And sure there have been years when I have gotten gamer stuff. Those are the years that my wife says "so-and-so wants to get you a present so go buy yourself something". That's good enough for me and I'm off to Check Swing. I'll usually get a gift certificate because that's usually less disturbing to the gifter than a book detailing how to make your thief more effective and lifelike. I remember one year I bought a couple of gift certificates just in case, but there were no takers that year. Not that it was a hardship since Trevor usually gets my money anyway.

Those Closest to me...

Yes, it all starts with my wife. Somehow she doesn't see gaming as a viable pass time. Her collection of crystal animals somehow has more importance than my army of flesh-eating undead. So her pretty playthings are prominently on display in the living room while my empire of evil is relegated to a bookcase in the basement doing battle for space with Tolkein's trilogy and Jordan's neverendology.

Her eyes roll and that silent sigh goes left unheard as I slink upstairs and plop my latest prize on my to-read pile, once

again adjusting it for priorities and whims. Nope, no gamer respect there.

"But What About Your Kids?"

I know, that's the thing. I've kids who are still young at heart. Okay sort of. They're now teenagers so that heart comes with a plentiful amount of discrimination and judgment. My daughter never got into gaming no matter how many games of Pokemon or Sailor Moon I got her to play. But she is the most in touch and has the highest tolerance and sees my need for figs like it's something tangible.

But that doesn't excuse my son who is a gamer. He's 17 and this year gaming is not in vogue. It's seems in his school only the warped game and those friends who have discovered he games have not taken the news well. So gaming is temporarily off his list until he grows up and discovers it again. And even when he gamed I couldn't count on gaming gifts. But I chalk that up to the testosterone and men's general inability to chose good gifts.

Relative Decisions

My family? Not a chance. I mean my mom only buys clothes. Always has and always will. Again, it's not that I don't like what I get, it's just not games. My brother has the most potential but I think that games are always at the bottom of the list, if they are even on it.

R-e-s-p-e-c-t

It all comes down to respect for my hobby. You know for sure that if I played golf and disappeared every Saturday for 6-7 hours, I'd be getting golf tees up the wazoo. But gaming? No respect. It's not like years ago with the D&D-causes-suicide horror of knowing that I'm a gamer. But there are enough remnants of that time and gamers are still looked at askance.

I know I'm not the only over-the-hill guy who likes to play with one-eyed monstrosities and make-believe dragons. There are probably he'll-get-over-it thoughts in all my family members since they don't game. But of course, they also don't know the joy of cleaving your way through a gaggle of goblins to rescue the fair damsel. All in all I think it's worth it.

dDemonicAngels is the online identity of Bil White, a freelance writer living in Montreal. You can be darn certain he'll let you know in the forums if he gets any gaming gear for Christmas this year.