Why we love nostalgic video games.

 Think back to when you were a kid, that first time you held that controller in your hands, that very moment when you began your journey as a gamer by hitting that start button. That first level music and testing the games basic mechanics.

 My first gaming experience was more awkward than losing my virginity. I remember wobbling about like a baby giraffe trying to stand. My first game of course, and not losing my virginity, oddly enough, there are striking similarities in retrospect.

 Anyhow, it all began with the grandfather of all games, Super Mario Bros. on the Nintendo. I was five and the its very concept was over my head, *okay, I am going right… jump on a turtle, oh, poor turtle (remember I was four) get big off mushrooms and get fashion savvy off a flower. Holy crap I am chucking fireballs… This is awesome!*

And yes, I was a sheltered child who went on to pretend to be the Green Ranger when I was home alone… He had a flute sword… The shame… The shame.

Playing next-gen games like Skyrim, Devils May Cry, Final Fantasy XIII (Boo!) GTA V and Call Of Duty I ask myself, “Where is that magic that once entranced me? Why is this stronger drug having a lesser effect? And why the hell did he have a flute sword!?”

I went back to my holy grail of games for answers Final Fantasy VI and it all became clear to me. Final Fantasy VI, you have all the answers.

When we played those games as kids we were immersed. To put into the only words I can use to express myself; our imaginations were intertwined with those games. Those little blocks of colors we know as pixels were bridging the gap between technology and our very psyches. Our eyes beheld new challenges around every corner as our thumbs guided our heroes to vanquish our foes till we dealt that final blow and became champions. Hell, we even stuck around after the credits because we earned it.

I can’t tell you why I cannot achieve that feeling with today’s video games; perhaps the graphics leave little to be imagined from what those games were. Perhaps the developers were challenged with those graphics and truly strived to make something great with what little they had.

All I know is this, I am a gamer, and that doesn’t mean that I neglect my responsibilities or put video games before them. It means that I see the magic in a digital narrative to tell an adventure that I want to be a part of.

Whether I am the fastest hedgehog alive or a plumber beating up koopa kids (perspective), a time traveling swordsman who had a *really* bad day at a fair, or even a pink cloud glutton; I want to experience a story that reminds me of what it means to be a gamer. And that is why we love nostalgic video games.