

# Leaving the nest the dork and tyler essay sample

[Life](#), [Friendship](#)



For the first four years of my life, I loved home. The four walls and a roof that carried my mother, my father and myself felt like my own personal palace; I had two looming, capable individuals taking care of me, feeding me, and loving me. I had the run of the place as soon as I started walking; there was nowhere I could not go and nothing I could not do. While my parents took me out places, I barely remember them. Often, I would just imagine what it would be like to be back home. For me, these outside places barely existed, and operated in an entirely different universe than my home, which was my entire world. I was comfortable there, not to mention insanely happy.

However, come age 5, it was time to start my first day of kindergarten. My parents tried to be soothing and supportive, but I would have none of it. Stomping and surging around the living room, I would continually slip off my backpack, only for one of my parents to slip it back on, myself barely noticing through the anguished tears that streamed down my face. I didn't want to go, I told them; I just wanted to stay at home, since I liked it there so much. My parents steadfastly tried to calm me as we got in the car, having to play a game of subtle negotiation during the entire ride to school. By the time I was unceremoniously dumped out of the car and my parents sped away, I was inconsolable - not to mention frightened.

I was not used to so many people around me. I knew public places and the crowds that came with them, to be sure, but for some reason this was even worse; these children were all expected to interact with me. I was understandably skittish, and extremely uncomfortable with them. Looking around at the unfamiliar rooms and crayon drawings of other children from other classes, I realized that I was not unique; there were a lot of other kids

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just like me in that room. That didn't necessarily help me make friends, however.

One other child, a young boy named Tyler, walked past me, sneering and calling me "dork." I don't know why he said that, but it made me cry. I stopped right then and there, dead in my tracks, balled my hands into fists, and turned on the valve to the waterworks. "Why did he call me a dork?" I would stammer through hyperventilated breaths, punctuating every syllable. The kindergarten teacher, a kind, overweight middle-aged woman who had just walked over to me and was gently holding me by the shoulders, told me that "He just hasn't gotten a chance to know you yet, darling. It's the first day, everything will be okay." I was inclined to believe her, as her status as an adult woman in authority over the room made me consider her immediately as a surrogate mother, though I was not fully convinced that Tyler would come around to liking me.

Surprisingly enough, after the first few days, Tyler stopped calling me "dork." Of course, this came after my own slow, gradual acceptance of the scenario of kindergarten. Our teacher forced us to sit together, probably because of what happened the first day, and he would constantly poke at my shoulder when I wasn't looking, turning around when I would investigate. Soon, however, this stopped, and we found ourselves sharing crayons during arts and crafts time. This was done out of necessity more than a sincere desire to get to know one another, but that came over time as well. We would talk about our moms and dads, and Tyler would talk about how much

of a "dork" her sister was after school. Apparently, that moniker had shifted to his sibling after removing it as a label for me.

Other than Tyler, I did still feel like an outsider. None of the kids seemed particularly interested in talking to me, and I admit I didn't make a special effort to talk to them. Sometimes, when Tyler was out sick, I didn't talk to any other kids throughout the day, just the teacher. Maybe that is what made my eventual close friendship with Tyler so important, as we were often the only two to really speak to each other at length.

Even now, I find myself thinking back on that first day of kindergarten and understanding my first big steps in the world without my parents. I felt lost and confused, and it really got me down at times. Tyler's initial taunt did not help much either; however, from that verbal ribbing came a very close friendship that we both enjoyed until he moved away in the fifth grade. I haven't talked to him since, but I still think about the first kid who accepted me and talked to me, and how he helped me feel more at home away from home.