My Leaving Home Story

VEDA 2013
https://youtube.com/watch?v=-D_WjYUgGAA
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/-D_WjYUgGAA

I asked for a topic for today's video on the Nerdfighter subreddit at reddit.com/r/nerdfighters, I think. That's what it... Yes, that's what it is. And one of the top most voted for topic was, uh, "Tell us your leaving home story", which, I'm afraid that I cannot technically do. So I assume we're talking about the time, the moment when I no longer lived in my parents' house. I don't remember that moment. I'm old. It was 1998, so I'd graduated from high school and then, voop, came around to fall and went off to college; I can't remember packing my bags. I can't remember driving to school, which I assume I did with my parents. I have a weird relationship with, uhhh, change. I generally just accept it immediately, and I'm like; "Okay! This is life now! Okay! Cool"! It's like a dog when you, like, cut a dog's leg off; it's like: "K, whatever. I don't care. I got, I'm just gonna run around with 3 legs". And they don't even seem to notice. And that's kinda how I handled college. Now there are certainly times in my life when, like, big changes have occurred and I have not been happy about it. Uhhh, Particularly with individual people and them dying or leaving or breaking up with me, etc. I remember the first few weeks of college being super awkward and terrible. I, uh, went to school and, uhh, for some reason, they didn't have enough room for me and my roommate. So they suck us, basically, in a hotel for the first few weeks. So we lived in a hotel, uh, like, off campus for a couple of weeks until a room opened up for us; and the room that opened up for us was not a normal room, it was much smaller than normal rooms, but it had a private bathroom, which was nice. And I have lots of memories of that room. We kept it very cold, uhh. It was very humid. So it was very cold and humid; we had our own air conditioner too, so we got to keep it the temperature we wanted. Me... My roommate and I were happy enough to get along. We were fairly good friends. But mostly what I remember is, uhh, listening to Fish, which I've done not at all since then, and reading this, uhh, book of notes that I put together; all of the notes that my friends in high school had given me. Uhh, I would just read those over and over again. And so there was definitely, like, a time where I, you know, I was in school and I was doing, uhh, like, schoolwork and everything, I was learning, uhh, but socially, uhh, there was a pretty long time when I just missed my high school friends. And I still miss my high school friends. Uhh, but there was a time when it was a very intense, uhh, feeling. But I never ever thought, like: "I want to get out of here; I want to go home," because I just tend to be like: "Okay, this is what life is now, and if life now includes missing my friends, then life now includes missing my friends" and acting on that seemed... Didn't even enter into my head. That's as much as I can tell you about my 'Leaving Home Story'. It's not very good. It's not very interesting, but was the number one most thumbed up thing, so I am bound by the Nerdfighter subreddit to do what, uhh, they wanted me to. Tomorrow, either I'm gonna give you a tour of this bookshelf, uhh, If I can't crank out another VEDA video while I'm in L.A., or I'll give you a VEDA video from L.A. and save the bookshelf for later. Umm, so, that's, uhh, that's, that's today's VEDA video ...[I shall not even attempt to transcript that]... I'll see you later. Goodbye!