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**I Run Away from Home.** I was five or six when I decided that I could no longer put up with my life at home. I announced to my mother that I was running away from home. She packed a small lunch, contents then not noted and not now remembered. I took off east on Arthington, past Gregory School. When I got to the corner, an insurmountable barrier faced me. I was not allowed to cross the street. Undaunted, I turned left and marched on.

At the next corner, the same barrier presented itself, so I adopted my earlier response, which seemed to be working so far. Of course, at the next corner, Independence Boulevard, crossing the street was out of the question. By far the easiest reaction was to turn left and march on.

By the time I reached Arthington Street, it was apparent even to me that my quest was hopeless. I turned left again, marched into the grocery and blamed my mother for my failure. "I can't cross the street!" I shouted in irate tones and stomped out of the store.