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My First Escape: My earliest recollection is of the day that my Mother and Evelyn took me to Gregory Grammar School to register for kindergarten. We lived in an apartment on the first floor of a building above the grocery run by my father and mother, on Arthington Street, just east of Independence Boulevard, in Chicago, IL.

Gregory Grammar School was on Arthington, just across the alley from the grocery. I cannot remember if school was in session that day, or if school had not started yet. What I do remember is that the wide corridor was empty and silent. Ma had me by one hand, Evelyn the other. We marched steadily toward a door at the end of the hall. When I couldn't take it anymore, I wrenched my hands free, spun around, and dashed for the school door.

Evelyn was younger and faster, so she is the one who caught me. Inevitably, I was registered, and so began my life away from home.