

My favorite spot in the apartment was the kitchen window. This was the place where I spent a lot of time looking outside, like an indoor cat observing the world outside its own. I enjoyed people watching; it was my only way to learn about humanity around me. Truth be told, it was my only activity. I liked that the picture changed constantly outside as people came and went; there was some sort of movement—unlike inside, where I felt trapped and alone.

At some point, though, I got pretty curious about what it would be like to go outside and experience what other folks were experiencing. Part of me felt like I was missing out on something; after all, they were out there, and I was in here. The thought kept circling around as I imagined the world outside. Mostly I wanted to meet the kids I had seen many times playing together on the street. I wanted to know *how* to play, and how to have fun like them. I needed connection, and I was desperate to know what that felt like.

My curiosity kept growing, giving me more and more motivation that I could pull this off one day and find myself outside our walls. Before long I was not only sneaking out of my crib on a daily basis, I was also learning everything I could about the door and the lock system. I wanted to find a way to peek beyond our walls. I wanted to one day be outside, like most kids.

Though as the saying goes, “Be careful what you wish for.” As one day, too soon, I would get my chance to be outside for the very first time.

Except it didn't go exactly as planned.

