

CHAPTER 2: MY CHILDHOOD

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Think! Think! Think!

Being shy I never raised my hand in class, except to go to the bathroom, and I refused to indicate my toilet need with one or two fingers. That was nobody's business. I am sure I wasn't the brightest bulb in the class either. I probably had attention deficit disorder, but no one knew about in those days. I didn't like school because it put me in a social setting and I was very shy. I remember being so shy that when company would come over to our house, even if they were my cousins, I would hide in a closet or under the bed hoping they would go away. Much of my classroom time was spent in daydreaming. What a shock it was early in first grade to get one of our test papers back with a huge red X across the page. I hadn't followed the instruction to underline an answer. Instead I circled the answer. The teacher gave out my test last and in front of the whole class. She thumped my head with her finger and said, "Think! Think! Think!" – I hated school ever after. It was a place of humiliation.

