



Autobiography in Five Chapters, by Portia Nelson

1) I walk down the street. There is a deep hole in the sidewalk. I fall in. I am lost ... I am hopeless. It isn't my fault. It takes forever to find a way out. 2) I walk down the same street. There is a deep hole in the sidewalk. I pretend I don't see it. I fall in again. I can't believe I'm in the same place. But it isn't my fault. It still takes a long time to get out. 3) I walk down the same street. There is a deep hole in the sidewalk. I see it is there. I still fall in ... it's a habit. My eyes are open. I know where I am. It is my fault. I get out immediately. 4) I walk down the same street. There is a deep hole in the sidewalk. I walk around it. 5) I walk down another street.

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