

betty remembers /1/ stuck and sore

My world **used to be** England, California, India, and now I'm **stuck** in this little apartment. I live on the second floor, and I'm just not able to **make it down the stairs**. **It's been** five or six years since I **last got out**, maybe more. I **used to** go out a lot -- I **would** go see a theater play, dance performances, concerts, or I'd **drop by a friend's place**. Well, **not anymore**.

I came to New York **so I could** act and dance and maybe **make it big someday**. I never **thought of not being** able to walk. It all started **by falling** in the street one day and **becoming** afraid **of getting hurt** out there again. That day I had an **appointment** with my eye doctor and I **was on my way over** to 23rd and Eighth Avenue to **catch** the bus.

betty remembers /2/ on the sly

I **was crossing** the street and then **suddenly I thought I'd better go** back; I won't **make it in time**. I fell and my chin **hit** the ground. I was a little **afraid of going** outside **from then on**.

"Now, I **prefer to** stay inside. I feel much safer **being** here. I'm **better off this way**."