

## 62 — THE AUTHOR RUNS AWAY FROM SCHOOL

About my second or third year at school, I ran away to sea, during the summer term. In taking this action, I was impelled by many considerations. I had a great love for the sea which has never left me. I wanted freedom and adventure — something on the lines of being wrecked on a desert island where one found conveniently to hand all the things one needed, not forgetting a parrot or a Man Friday. I wanted to get away from the tyranny of masters and boys, to get out into the wide world to make my own way in life, to find possibly a gold mine and return in a few years a wealthy man.

My efforts ended in complete failure. I sought employment with the small coasting ships but they all laughed at me, and told me to go back to school. It worried me that they should guess so easily that I was a schoolboy when I had taken, as I thought, great pains to disguise myself. I must have been away three days... At last hunger compelled me to make my way back to school to give myself up.

**Major General Dinsterville**

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