

## **CURIOSITY**

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I don't think I am really intellectually curious. For instance, I'll read the list of offerings from the "Learners Group" and I'll see "Robots and Artificial Intelligence" and I think I'd like to know more about that. Then I don't feel motivated enough to devote the time necessary to do it.

I'm curious about strange things- mostly about people. I used to drive along Riverside Drive in Manhattan and peer into the hundreds of windows in the apartment houses lining the thoroughfare and wonder about the fact that there was a story behind every one of them.

I'd look at the stream of traffic with or without passengers and know that each car had a story of its own. Where were they heading and why?

Walking or riding slowly down suburban streets I'd feel like a peeping Tom as I looked into the lighted picture windows to see the furnishings or activities beyond.

I'm curious about the diners at surrounding tables in a restaurant, observing their interactions with their dining companions and then imagining their lives. Some never speak to each other except perhaps to give their order. Some scan the dining room continually in utter boredom and looking for some distraction – or maybe mimicking me.

I'm curious about the people I meet. Where are they from? What was their life like as a child- as an adult? What was their career – or lack thereof, etc. etc?

I'm afraid of being rude or too intrusive if I ask these questions – but it's only through doing so that the layers of themselves get removed so I can get to know them to befriend – or not!

Maybe I'm just too nosey!