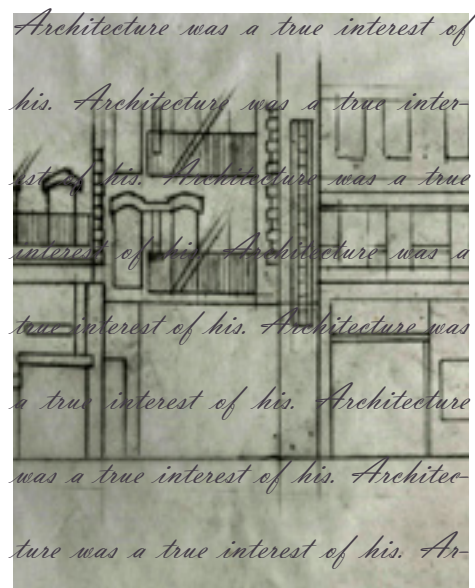


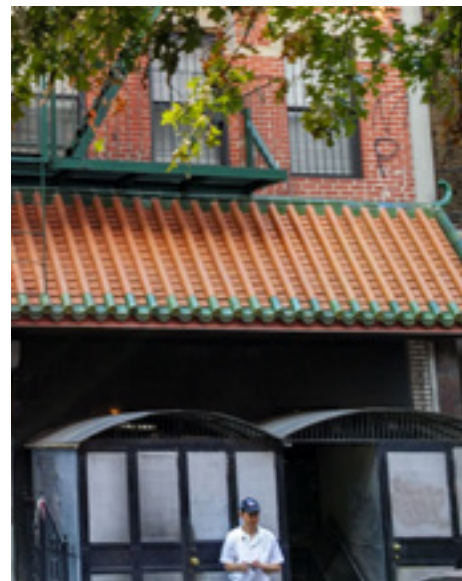
Visiting Orchard Street

by Neeraj Balani



He as he approached the block, he was taken by the intriguing architecture. Architecture was a true interest of his, and he really favoured historical designs, with stone carvings and beautiful patterns. The buildings on Orchard Street satisfied his craving. Almost a safe haven of beautiful old build-

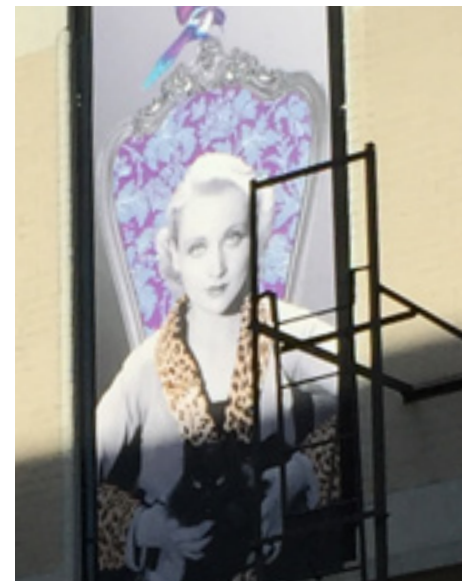
ings in a city of ugly glass towers. As he walked through the block he took in the ambiance. The people helped propel this. Presumably, a chef of a Chinese was taking out the trash and tourists were exploring. He enjoyed all of it. It was a nice break from the overwhelming and obnoxious Financial District.



Loud car horns, people shouting... He was getting sick of Manhattan. He always wanted to come here, to make a living. He enjoyed big fat pay checks, and Manhattan was the very place to be. But at what cost. He was losing his sanity day by day, the money he received meant nothing to him anymore.

This block was old and run down, yet he could see himself living

here. He enjoyed looking at the beautiful graffiti and posters on buildings, they were absolutely beautiful for him. By living here, he could keep his sanity.



He also knew about the history of the block. It was designed by a German architect, and was home to 7 000 people in the early 90s. Being a huge fan of ancient architecture, he loved the intricate sculpting of the embossed patterns on the buildings.



He wondered what would happen if he left his position at work and moved to a quieter area, like Orchard Street; just to get away from all of the craziness of Midtown Manhattan. It was too early for him to retire, but he had enough money to last him two lifetimes.



I don't think I would live here... he thought. Although there is a lot of history, these buildings are too run down, and probably infested with rats. And he hates rats. After all great historical landmarks are nice to look at, but tend not to be hospitable.



While he may not want to live in Orchard Street, there were plenty of other places, on the Lower East side that he could live in that weren't all as run down. *It would be a welcome change in pace from the rest of Manhattan...* he thought.

