

## **Block Narrative – Orchard Street**

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 buildings in a city of ugly glass towers.

As he walked through the block he took in the ambiance. The people helped propel this. A chef of a Chinese restaurant was taking out the trash, while a lady in black was smoking a cigarette.

He enjoyed all of it. It was a nice break from working as a lawyer in the overwhelmingly large 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, just to get away from all of the craziness of 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 hated rats.*

“That’s it”, he told himself “I’m quitting my job.”