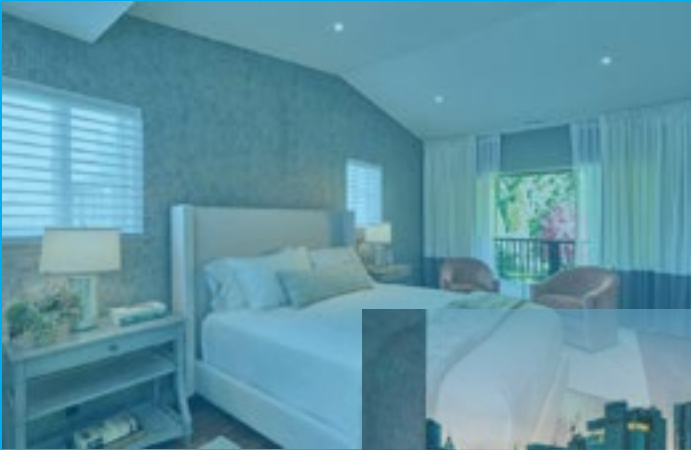


Vision NYC

Favorite Places of City Tech Type II Students



Auntie's Dining Room

Eating in my aunt's dining room is very comforting tradition practiced by my family. We get to talk about what's been going on in our lives, what's happening at school, work etc. It's a weekly thing as well, so it's like a regular family checkup.

While we're talking and sharing stories, amazing food is being cooked and served to go along with the laughs, yelling, and stories. The room has an old fashioned interior design with the one medium size table, a few old paintings that no one knows where they're from, the wooden floor that has minor squeaks, and the TV that doesn't even work. But with all those factors it still feels like home. The smell of the place as soon as you walk in is usually like a cinnamon or vanilla smell. My aunt is always cooking and preparing stuff for the family or making things for others. You can expect a sizzling sound and footsteps of people, and you'll even hear the fresh air sensor going off randomly. But with all of this again it's what makes me feel at home: the natural comfort of the house and the company that comes to add to the energy.

My Safety Courts

My favorite place in New York City is wherever a volleyball court is. I play multiple sports in multiple settings, but indoor volleyball is the best. Volleyball is my favorite sport. I love the complexity of the sport just to do the simplest things (an example would be jumping). It is a very difficult sport to play because there are a lot of little things you'd have to do with your entire body just to focus on one specific little part of your body. can expect a sizzling sound and footsteps of people, and you'll even hear the fresh air sensor going off randomly. But with all of this again it's what makes me feel at home: the natural comfort of the house and the company that comes to add to the energy.

Volleyball came into my life around the time when I was starting to discover who I am and who I want to be. Even now, once I walk inside those lines onto the court, almost all my worries are gone, and whatever is left over is just fuel to help me play. During the games I feel good. I feel at peace even if I'm going through the worst of the worst; the court, the ball, the competition put me at ease. Even if I'm having a bad game, I still feel free and somewhat at peace.

Bushwick Park

When I came to America, one of the parks I first visited was Bushwick Park. I was around seven years old. The Park is located near my home, and I've been going to that park for almost eleven years. At first, I used to go with my parents and my neighbors, and their kids. We used to play on the swings and slides, or even play tag with the water sprinkler. Then I started going there with my friends to play soccer and basketball, but it was mainly basketball. So after school, we used to walk to the park and find an empty court to play in. Some of us weren't good, but we played there so much we started to improve each time we went.

Although I don't go to Bushwick Park as much as I go to other parks nearby, I still pass by it and remember all the times I went there, from when I was a kid all the way to my teen years. I still remember playing basketball, soccer, or sometimes volleyball and kickball. The best part about that park is that it has lots of basketball courts, areas to play handball, and areas to play soccer, volleyball, and basketball/kickball. They also have lots of water fountains and restrooms, but no one uses those, due to them being dirty. The park is near a high school, and the park is always clean, even when there are lots of people there.

Central Park

My favorite place to visit in New York City is Central Park. A place where I can free my mind and relax, as well as hang out with friends having a nice picnic with nature all around. Central Park is like an escape from the bustling city. There are many things to do there such visit the zoo or go kayaking, and in the springtime there are beautiful cherry blossoms. Living in the city there isn't much nature around, so Central Park is a great place to take in nature.

As a kid, my parents would bring me to Central Park during the weekends to play there. There were swings and slides. As I grew older, it would become a hangout spot with my friends, where we would have picnics and do different activities such as playing frisbee or volleyball, and just having a good time with friends and family. Central Park has brought many great memories in my life.

The Park

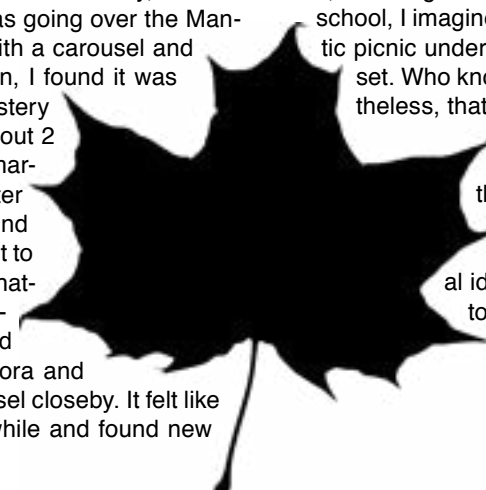
There's this park me and my cousins used to go to a few years ago. Every once and a while when none of us were busy with school, we would all go together to the park and bring a soccer ball with us so we could play soccer. We would usually go during the evening when there weren't many people there. We would do our own thing for a while, play in the swings, go down the slide, or just talk. Then we would group up and get ready to play soccer. Any time I think back to those days I always picture the playground, the dog area, the water fountains and the sprinklers. Everything was connected, which made getting around the park so fun because there was always something to do wherever we went. I can hear the sound of the ball being kicked around, laughter, the splashes of water, dogs barking. I could also imagine the smell of food since we would sometimes buy food on our way there or going back home. It just felt amazing being in the park with people you know just having fun and enjoying life.

Nowadays we don't go to the park anymore, and it honestly sucks. I mean, other places could replicate it, which is why when I do remember those times

Brooklyn Bridge Park

My favorite place in NYC is Brooklyn Bridge Park. My earliest memory of going to BBP was when I went on a date with this guy I was talking to in high school. He lived around there so he led the way, as it was my first time going there. We stopped speaking and I didn't even remember how we even got there. I remembered one day, while riding the Q train into the city, I sat at the window seat. As the train was going over the Manhattan Bridge, I saw this area with a carousel and wondered where it was. Later on, I found it was in BBP and it was always a mystery to me as to how to get there. About 2 years ago, I used to work at a market called Forager's. One day after my shift, I decided to walk around the area and figure out how to get to this park. I found where the Manhattan Bridge was, with a spectacular view of the city skyline and the Brooklyn Bridge. Felt like Dora and kept exploring. I found the carousel closeby. It felt like destiny. I walked around for a while and found new places.

Ever since I figured out how to get there, it's my favorite place to go. I've discovered different parts of Brooklyn Bridge park that I never knew about. It was the location for Fivio Foreign's hit song "Big Drip" music video. When I found it, I was so happy. I feel warm and happy whenever I go there. I've had a strange attachment, but in a good way, to this park. Since I was in high school, I imagined my dream date: having a romantic picnic under the Brooklyn Bridge during a sunset. Who knows if that'll ever happen. But nonetheless, that's my go-to park. I'm a sucker for a good view and I feel like every time I go, it's as if it's my first time being there. One of my life goals is to become a photographer/videographer and I have some great visual ideas in this location that I can't wait to show in the near future. No matter the time of the day, I'm always in awe of the views of the city.



A CITY IN FULL BOOM

New York, where I live now, is a modern metropolis where culture and history have converged to form a long river of world art, from ancient civilizations to modern art. What I love most about New York is the city's tolerance for cultural diversity, a city that is inclusive of all cultures and races. For me, the most moving message of New York is, "You have to be who you are." It is a city that encourages everyone to be who they are with a rare tolerance and indulgence. In New York, no one tells you what you should do, no one forbids you from doing anything, and no one even cares what you are doing. Everyone is pursuing the life they want. Everyone blossoms in the most expansive state of life. Because everyone can be themselves, the city is able to attract completely different types of people who can live together in seeming contradiction and harmony. New York is home to some of the world's wealthiest people, as well as some of the world's most down-and-out artists. The financial elite of Wall Street, the thought leaders of Ivy League universities, the world's top musicians and painters, ordinary people from every country in the world, and the idle, whimsical slackers who ride the same subway every day, each contentedly heading for their own ambitious future. In such a free environment, people can feel real freedom of mind, and this freedom of mind is the most attractive part of it.



One of my favorite places in the city is the Chelsea Arts District. As an art major, I was attracted by a magical feeling when I happened to pass by this street once. And as I learned about the street, I discovered that the musicians and artists who inhabited Chelsea could be a chronicle of contemporary art. It's an art mecca where countless young artists showcase their unique designs, and home to some of the city's best independent art galleries, with more than a hundred exhibition spaces. For example, David Zwirner's exhibition showcases works made with unexpected art materials. Secondly, I also love New York's SoHo district, which is known for its sophisticated cobblestone shopping streets and art galleries. The streets are lined with a dazzling array of stalls selling T-shirts, accessories, and original small crafts. Of course, you can also find some special restaurants and bars here, where you can experience a lazy life. All in all, this is the New York I love, a city in full bloom.

My favorite place is neither gone nor here. The building may still be there, may still look the same from the outside, but 249 doesn't exist anymore. And the last time I visited the building after I had just moved away, I saw that they had replaced the door. That red door with the dirty square window was gone and it hit me that that place was never going to open for me again. I'll never again get to smell the weird hallway smell none of us could ever describe. I'll never get to feel the paint on the railings again, how they would get sticky in the warmer weather, and my favorite activity would be to leave nail imprints in it. I'll never be seven again and pretend to fall asleep against Hayden's shoulder so that he would carry me up the stairs while the others ran ahead, their slippers clap clap clapping against the cracked and chipping steps. And I'll never again get to be dropped off on the third floor (technically it was the fourth), or see the number '3' tiled into the floor again. One by one, in a span of a new school year and a little bit into Christmas break, we vacated our apartments. We took only ourselves and the memories we made inside 249, and then let 249 fade away into renovated hallways and freshly reconstructed walls.



Our 249 apartments sometimes had a dead rat smell. They always had intrusions of roaches that came out when the lights were turned off. There were holes in the walls where rats would come through, that had to be filled with spackle. They had peeling paint, crooked door frames, wooden doors, an old fashioned radiator that stuck up through the floor to the ceiling, and linoleum flooring that was mismatched in every room. There were bathtubs where the part closest to the drain had eroded away to a maroon and brown rough patch (Kayla's bathtub was in the best condition) and toilets that had flushed with enough power to drag down an article of clothing and still not clog. Our apartments in 249 were old and dirty and falling apart, but we loved everything about it, even the roaches, because Hayden said to us younger kids to see how many we could stomp before they crawled away back into the walls. It's the time in 249 that will always be covered in that warm glow that the sun casts about an hour after it rises. It's soft and gentle and neither gone nor here.

My Favorite Thing about NYC

MY FAVORITE PLACE in New York City is definitely the walk from 34th to 23rd St on 7th Avenue. I still make that walk sometimes. I started when I was a sophomore in high school and I would walk to Penn station with my friends and then we would split up and take the train home, then I started to do it on my own senior year. It's peaceful, I love seeing all the fashion and people who walk through 7th Avenue. Now I make the walk to visit old teachers at my high school. I love the view looking up from the stairs that go into Penn station and seeing the Empire State Building. It reminds me that I'm in the city that never stops and where anything is possible. It reminds me to dream big and that it's possible to achieve my dreams.

Mi lugar favorito en Nueva York son las cuadras entre la 24 y la 34 me encanta ver toda la moda que hay y me encanta ver toda la arquitectura de todos los edificios. Me gusta ver los locales abrir y pensar en todas las historias de la gente en las cafeterías. Another place I love is my grandparents couch, it so comfortable and we stay up till midnight watching movies from other countries translated to Spanish. My grandma recently discovered them on YouTube and now it's what they mostly watch. It's cool because they get to see other countries and cultures from their couch.

The Park From My Childhood

THIS PLACE WILL ALWAYS HOLD A SPECIAL PLACE IN ME. The reason I choose this place is because when I was a kid, I would want to go to this specific park on Staten Island called Clove Lakes with my dad every time he would visit me after school or on the weekends. I would either play at the playground, ride on my Razor scooter through the long windy roads, play baseball with him on the field, even bring a few toys of my own to have fun with if I wanted to try something new; some I remember were a dragonfly styled boomerang that I would fail to catch half the time (which I laugh to now because it seemed so easy), a frisbee, an orange over-sized ball which I loved kicking around because it felt so satisfying and the noise it made when someone hit it or whenever it hit the ground I found extremely funny (boing!). I actually one time injured myself trying something dumb with it but I was fine after. One of my favorite items I remember bringing was something called an "Xploder". I loved this thing and I still have it to this day, it's basically like a toy gun that would shoot orbeez. I felt so cool back then holding that, I imagined that I was a US Army soldier.

This park that holds a special place for me, I find to be very peaceful every time I go there. Especially the long roads. I could just walk and take time to myself, drifting off into my own reality while enjoying the beautiful view of nature, along with the ambient sounds of the outside world. There is just something about listening to the outside world that makes you fall into a trance. This park is so memorable. Every time I would go there, it would just be a breath of the freshest air. I would feel so much peace there if I was stressed or down about something. I love looking out into the water, a breathtaking view with a perfect set of trees along the coastline. I remember these thoughts as if I were there yesterday. Especially the memories of playing baseball with my dad. I can't ever forget those. I remember when I hit my first "home run", I was so proud of myself. I still remember the feeling of the sand on the bottom of my shoes when I would try to run around through the bases. Or the feeling of the soft green grass when I would walk on when looking at the geese that resided in the area for a while. If I feel overwhelmed, stressed, pressured, or anything negative to the point where I need to be by myself, I would definitely choose this location as my "Safe Haven" to collect myself.

Fort Tryon Park

My favorite place is Fort Tryon Park, which is located in Upper Manhattan. This park is a five-minute walk from where I live, so it's always been a place to go to for different occasions. It's also near the place where I attended middle school.

During middle school, every year before summer vacation, our class would go to this park to have picnics and hang out. Those were some of my favorite days, spending time at the park. This park also has a downhill area where lots of kids from our neighborhood would slide down whenever it snows. This same area is also where community gatherings happen throughout the year; for example: medieval day, Easter, Halloween, etc. Fort Tryon park remains one of my favorite places to visit whenever possible.

My favorite place is my room because it is an area where I do personal work, hang out, and rest. It's a place for me where I can relax, gain peace of mind, and sort out my thoughts and emotions. My room has things I like, such as posters,

figurines, and books. Although my desk is a different story because it is a cluttered mess, the most concerning thing is the amount of dust that piles up which makes me go crazy; and I am exasperated by the

amount despite me cleaning it up every month. Like, "Where did all this dust come from?" I have ordered cleaning products so I can deal with this dust on my desk.

MyRoom/Desk Area

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Prudential Center

My favorite place would be the Prudential Center because I experienced my first concert there. I went to see a K-pop group called Ateez. This was at the beginning of 2022. I had a great time with my friends, and had so much fun singing and cheering them on. We have been waiting for this experience since 2020, but it had to be postponed because of covid.

It was a great experience with everyone in the same place. It was the best three hours because the members talked to us and we felt like we had special moments with them. We all cheered as loud as we could, because we had been waiting for this moment for a long time. At the end of the concert, the leader told us they would be back very soon. In a few months they announced they were coming again later in the year.

I went again to see them on their tour date, and this time I had even more fun because all the fans sang happy birthday to one of the band members, and the other members of the group gave him a cake. We also had fun because they released an album. We all were waiting for this moment to sing their fan chant for the album they released. At the end we lost our voices, and I am always going to have this special memory.

Metropolitan Museum

My favorite place that I picked in Manhattan is the Metropolitan Museum. The reason is that as a kid, I was introduced to the Museum of Natural History. I was fascinated with what was in the Museum, and when going to the Met that I was even more amazed. The amount of art that made me look in wonder would be too much to count. At the same time it was making me want to view other museums.

The art in the museum can make you feel like you're traveling through time

The Met is a museum that I will always remember and appreciate because of the variety in it. I mean, the art in the museum can make you feel like you're traveling through time, so much so that I found myself getting lost within one exhibit. To conclude, the Met is a top favorite place in Manhattan that I will go to again and again, getting lost in it because that's how wondrous it is.

Wyckoff-Bennett Homestead, The Trees

Close to home there's an old house on the corner, that looks like an abandoned landmark. It's believed to have been built in 1766 during the American Revolution, with a plaque behind a white picket fence, in front of a narrow sidewalk. Tall trees on each side of the sidewalk cover the whole front of the house and provide a nice shade. A front lawn is covered in overgrown foliage, with a walkway about 20 feet between the sidewalk and porch. To the right of the house is a large shed that looks more like a barn, with its own dirt path walkway. I come here to decompress after a long day, stare at the nature around me and enjoy the silence.

There are abandoned bicycles locked up to the trees in front of the sidewalk, daily smokers on their second smoke of the day, people walking their dogs, street cats

wandering around, and passersby occasionally stopping to read the plaque out front. It's been unkempt for a while now, the white picket fence around the house is withering away, you could see chipped paint, broken stakes, and sections of the fence completely missing. The marks someone made in paint haven't been wiped away. One reads "HOUSE OF GOD" across the porch's first step. It's not perfect, but whenever I'm here and I see that plaque it makes me feel grateful to be where I am. Not from a patriotic sense, but grateful to my parents and the decision they made to come to this country.

4 Walls and a Door

My room has grown to be my favorite place just in the past 3 years. As soon as I enter I make sure to light a sandalwood incense to calm me. The scents that I use remind me to leave the outside out the door and wind down.

On a good day, it's quiet outside and I can't hear my neighbors. All I hear are the slight creaks on the wooden floor as I walk towards the window where I can see various large pine trees. That view will always ground me and allows me to disconnect from city life. It's where I am 100% free to be myself.

It's comforting knowing that that space has seen all parts of me. The more I take time to be intentional with the things I put inside it, such as furniture, clothes and smaller items like candles and incense, the better I feel when I walk inside.

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