

My Special Place

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English project...we had to write about a place that was special to us. -cough-

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1 - Downtown Boston

The thick smell of foreign foods hangs in the air as we indulge in the city scenery. Downtown, where both the rich and poor mingle, is the location. The diversity in Boston seems astounding, and at the same time, completely normal. Through the density of sauntering, normal residents, we struggle to get through. Not having lived in the area has caused us to lose the ability to speed through crowds. I remember, however, when we did live in this massive place.

Picture skyscrapers, stretching out to reach the clouds. Picture miles and miles of aligned cars and sidewalks. The rumble of the subway during rush hour, and the ring of a tourist trolley passing by. Prominent, black-suited businessmen and women rush past the anticipated beach-goers.

In my childhood, the artificial chime of an ice cream truck would welcome the giggling children at the duck pond. This large, man-made, one-foot pool of water was the center of a park. This would be where highschoolers and adults alike, not forgetting the smaller children, would join. The crystalline water shoots up from the middle, moistening the rainbow shaded pebbles.

Outside the duck pond, before a row of breezy grasses and cooled, tree-shaded areas, playground equipment beckoned the young ones to come and play. Shadows of the kids intertwined to make a dancing parade of pure happiness. Swingsets, creaking with old age and rust, were occupied throughout the whole day. Hopscotch players and jump ropers followed a rhythmical beat, singing silly tunes to go along.

Away from the contagious, highly populated park, is my grandfather's house. I recall leaning over a plate of donuts, a steaming cup of hot liquid warming my hands. Listening carefully to the sharp change in accent between my mom and her dad. Glancing around at the difference between house styles, and the way the residents act.

However, this special place is shared with many. The photographers at the corner of the street, taking snapshots of inspiration. The tourists, boarding the crowded subway for the first time, and having to stand through the whole ride. Successful school students, arriving at their world long dream- Harvard Law School. The culture seekers, the art explorers, the ones searching for light, life, and enjoyment.

This is my special place. My hometown, a treasure box of memories. I love downtown Boston, because of the amazing things in between each towering building.