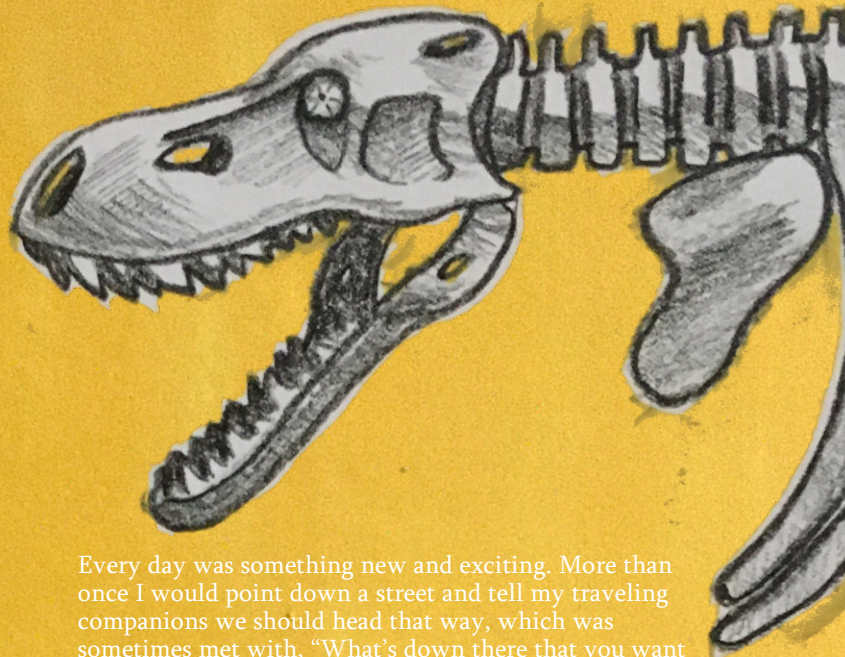


NEW YORK IS AN INCREDIBLE PLACE.

WRITTEN BY SEAN PATRICK -
- ILLUSTRATED BY SYD LINKLETTER



That has been stated countless times in endless ways by innumerable people. You don't need me to tell you that. Instead, I'll tell you something only I can tell you. I'll tell you a little about my too-brief time there.

The first day was a whirlwind from leaving New Mexico past midnight, crossing through two time-zones, losing all track of what time is and was, and arriving in New York as the sun was rising. Seeing the sun rise from thousands of feet up, bathing the glistening island of Manhattan in gold is something that can't be captured by any camera, I tried a few, it's like gliding into a dream. The time there was about 7am and the flight had lasted roughly 4 real-world hours.

From there it was a packed subway ride to a few roads away from Times Square, dropping luggage off at the hotel, and exploring. The feasts of Hell's Kitchen, the hustle and bustle of Times Square, the majesty of Rockefeller Plaza and NBC Studios, the joy of the Nintendo Store, the Irish humour of Sean's Bar & Kitchen, the community of Bryant Park. Every street, every place, was a location worth visiting and spending hours at. It was endless.

Every day was something new and exciting. More than once I would point down a street and tell my traveling companions we should head that way, which was sometimes met with, "What's down there that you want to see?" which I always responded to by saying, "I don't know yet, but I'm sure it will be something exciting." And it always was. Food, shopping, art, vistas, every street has *Something* to see and experience.

I had the honor of having my mind blown over and over at The Museum Of Natural History, trapse through a fraction of Central Park at night, eat duck in China Town, see Times Square shift all of its advertising for a single minute at midnight, experience the classic excitement and power of Genesis at Madison Square Garden, drink an Irish pint at a bar that shared my name, eat pizza at Grand Central Station, gaze upon the microphones used in classic broadcasts at the NBC Studio at Rockefeller Plaza, walk down Stonewall street in Greenwich Village in the steps of gay rights riots, drink pre-prohibition cocktails in an underground speak-easy, drink a beer offered and garnished with bacon, get lost in the labyrinthian floors and floors of Macys, breathe the fresh air at the top of the Empire State Building, and eat Middle Eastern food at the edge of Brooklyn.

I did all of this, and more, and still felt like I had only scratched the tiniest surface of what New York has to offer.

New York is unlike any other place on Earth. I have to make this statement with an asterisk, having not visited every place on Earth, but I do say it with confidence. Every street offers *Something*. Be it high class men's suits with a woman out front who will tell you her boyfriend was killed and ask you where to go, to screens the size of houses directing you to buy the latest virtual reality device, there is no end to the things you may find there. Or that might find you, for better or worse.

I say all this to say: If you can, take a trip. The city is a revolving door of tourists looking for excitement and locals more than willing to direct them to it. Remember to do something that the locals have long since given up on, and something that makes you stand out while you do, but certainly must be done several times a day:

Look up.

If you don't look up once in awhile you'll miss the incredible enormity of the city, the painting, the time, the place that you are walking around in and that majesty simply can not be overstated, or missed.

