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Architectural Design III

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Agent 2: A baseball

I've never been outside of Yankee Stadium (uncommon) apart from the trip to get here. However, it was very dark the whole time and I was in a bucket with a bunch of other baseballs so I didn't get to see much. It was a very long trip. At times, I could feel we were being moved around to different vehicles. On the last vehicle we were on, it got very noisy towards the end of the trip and we would make a lot of sudden stops.

The bucket I was in was moved to a quiet place for sometime. I didn't hear many noises while I was down there but I could tell we were at a lower level by the movement of whoever was carrying us. They went down a few set of flights and it made all the other baseballs and I move around and crash into each other.

I randomly felt movement one day and the next minute, we were put down. The noise was very muffled but I could still hear thousands of voices coming from all angles. There was some sort of "ding!" noise repeated over and over again (rhythmic) and it was always followed by some sort of reaction from the voices; They would clap, cheer, or boo but it was never quiet (explicit). As we were in there, we could hear the voices multiplying as time passed by.

Later on, a man removed the lid of the bucket. We were suddenly exposed to brightness for the first time ever (uncommon). Me and a few other balls were picked and placed into another dark place again (common)-- a pocket. I didn't get to see much because of how quick the interaction was but I saw that the ground was covered in grass and how sunny everything was.

The man whose pocket I was in kept shouting every few seconds and moving a lot. He eventually took me out of his pocket and threw me to where another guy caught me in a glove. In that short time, I could get a sense of how huge and open this space was as I only got thrown a fraction of the size of the field.

Next thing I know, I was being thrown at the fastest speed I had traveled which was quickly beat by how fast I launched through the air after being hit with a bat. I could tell I was moving fast through the air, but those five seconds of air time allowed me to see more than I ever had before. I saw how big the structure I was in truly was-- most sides had three levels filled with rows and rows of people. The section I was headed to only had the main level but the back was covered with huge screens with drawings and writing and some big letters that read "YANKEE STADIUM" (typographic). I could also see a few of the structures outside, which did not match the one I was in now (object). Instead of a circular shape, the outside buildings were all rectangular and were pretty similar in color (texture). They could have been copied over and over for the most part.

As I got closer and closer to the bottom, I could tell that I wasn't going to fall in the green field but instead, I was going to all the people in the seats. I could hear them cheering the whole way and how crowded in the place I was going to. When I landed, I was caught by a man wearing pinstripes that matched the other people around him (common), who then held me up while jumping excitedly. The cheering didn't stop and he carried me proudly the whole time.

Time went on and it got darker but there were lights all around us. After about three hours, everyone started getting up and going to different areas. The guy holding me walked the same path as most people (rhythmic), walking through some hallways and steps til he made it outside. I couldn't see any of the buildings from earlier properly since they were covered by the train station or too far. He crossed the street and went up more stairs until we were at the platform. He waited a couple of minutes for the train to arrive. As he moved towards the doors, so did everyone else and the previously mainly empty cart was now full of people.

I could see the buildings I saw earlier from the train window. They were all still boxy, with similar colors and the same amount of windows on each floor. They didn't look exactly the same, but were still pretty similar at this distance (rhythmic). Less than two minutes later, we were underground for the rest of the ride.

He got off a couple stops later and walked to his home for about ten minutes. This part of the city was very different. You could catch a glimpse of some skyscrapers just a few blocks away and also

see two story buildings on the same block. Some structures did look like exact replicas of the ones next to them (texture), and other structures completely stood out (object). There was a more frequent variety of buildings than the area we were in before getting in the train. These same views were repeated throughout the whole time he walked (rhythmic).

The guy made it back home and got in an elevator that took him up a few levels. This new place we were in was also another completely new environment for me (uncommon). It was all enclosed and at a person-sized scale which gave it a warmer feeling. There were windows that showed the lit up city and I could hear some cars honking sometimes.

I was placed a glass box carefully and was never moved from there. Occasionally, when people come over, I will get pointed out and admired.