

Selinee Tejada Morillo

Professor Han

Architectural Design III

4 April 2021

### Agent 3: A Train

Every single day I go through the same routine, in the same location, following the exact same path. Starting in the north Bronx, and ending in Brooklyn, I switch directions and go right back to where I came from. Even at times where there's barely anyone in the streets or traveling, I keep doing my job.

I don't start getting passengers until around 7 am where everyone starts heading to school or to work. At the Woodlawn station I wait patiently with all of the passengers until it's time to start another journey. Above ground stations all look the same (Explicit). They have platforms on either side of the never ending tracks, with columns evenly spaced out (Texture/Rhythmic?) holding up the slanted roofs. The only way to tell the difference between each station themselves is by reading the different signs (Arrhythmic?).

For the next couple of stops, I recognize almost every single person; They're used to this routine as much as I am (Common). Sometimes there's a few new faces (uncommon) who are always scared their first few trips and continuously look up to make sure they're going the right way and didn't miss their stop. After a few days, they usually get comfortable enough with the trip that they're able to wear headphones and don't need my announcements to tell them where they're at anymore.

I enjoy my trips in the Bronx because it's one of the only few times I get outside. Southbound, I see buildings facing my way on either side that all have the same general look (Texture). Most of the buildings are about 20 to 30 feet taller than my height on the platform. Some have some writing on them in places that seem unreachable to humans. There's always people walking around. From here, I can only see their general movements but not any specific features. Cars are always driving below me the whole time, and once in a while one is blasting music so loud I can feel the vibration.

In the distance, I can see other buildings but not like the ones nearby (uncommon). Everything is dense at the bottom (connected) but some parts still managed to stand out (solitary). They also have more interesting shapes- not just your standard box. The Manhattan skyline also has some rectangular buildings, but these get skinnier and taller and others have a long needle on them (uncommon). Most of the time they all look like a blue-greyish color.

I know my enjoyment stops as soon as I get to 161 st- Yankee Stadium and I see the big building to my right. It's one of the newest additions to the Bronx but it still managed to blend in since it's an exact replica of the one that used to stand right across it. It's the biggest and heaviest building I encounter throughout the whole ride (object). I can get a look inside it for a few seconds thanks to the gap adjacent to me and see the most amount of people I've ever seen all in one place. The bar on the left right next to me and the skate park right across it is my last chance to see people enjoying themselves in bigger groups outside.

After that, I go underground for the next hour and don't really see much since it's so dark. I just see flashing lights and some of my coworkers until I get to each station so this is really my time to people-watch. In Manhattan, the stations get wider. There's still two platforms but they're sandwiched in between three different sets of tracks this time (rhythmic) . The columns are the same as the ones above ground, but now they're holding up way more than roofs. There's more options to take, and multiple levels for my coworkers and I to take. This is when people get really lost and start desperately asking for directions from strangers.

The amount of people triples so I don't recognize as many of them as before (uncommon). It's more common for them to get aboard once and I never see them again. The visitors don't get the unspoken rules and stand by my doors and get pushed if necessary. In the longer trips between stations, groups or individuals bring instruments or just sing for three minute intervals. The dancers always yell "showtime!" and balancing on their heads even through my sharp turns and start swinging around using the poles, almost kicking people's heads off. The visitors get amazed and donate some money into the hat, while the New Yorkers are already used to this and keep listening to their own music.

Throughout the entire Manhattan ride, I know the spiky buildings are right above me but I've never seen them up close, apart from hearing people talking about them and some pictures on their phones. Once I pass Bowling Green, I know I'm in Brooklyn but I rarely get to see it. And when I do, it's only in the night time since service is only offered to New Lots Ave from 12 am to 5 am. That gives me about twenty minutes to enjoy the view before we head back underground.

Brooklyn, at least the area that I've seen, looks similar to the Bronx (common). Both are organized in the sense that all the streets follow a pattern, as well as the placements of the building. However, the Bronx streets strictly go just north to south and east and west from the start to the end (rhythmic) while Brooklyn has smaller sections that follow this grid; After a few blocks, the streets go to a completely different angle but the following blocks keep at that angle until it switches up again (arrhythmic). There's not as much activity adjacent to my platform and it's quieter.

Manhattan is still far but I can get a better view from here. Everything is black but I can see the stripes of white/yellow light coming through each building. Some of the needle buildings even have their needle lit up to and at times, one of them is different colors.

The trip back up the city is more chaotic once its baseball season and everyone has to do their usual trips along with all the baseball fans. I become pretty popular during these times as everyone is trying to make it into the Bronx and my route is the best connection. Everyone is closer than they would like to be (texture). Northbound, the familiar faces have to stay behind because there is no space for them. Those who do get in get excited to see Yankee Stadium to watch everyone else get off. I keep going northbound until I get to Woodland and repeat my entire journey again (rhythmic). In the night, there are still lights on in buildings and streets, and none of my carts are ever empty at the same time.