





Jimmy Brown just recently started as a freshman at Boston University this fall. Since he was 6 he lived with his parents in suburban Roslindale but now is on his own for the first time in his life.

One cold fall day, with his backpack full of new school supplies and books, he was walking to his new BU apartment from the Landmark Center, headed north on park drive over the green line D train. He had been in this area before but never looked at the surrounding area in the same way as he was now.

He stared up at the not-too-distant Citgo sign and looked forward to drinking bad coffee from 7-11 everyday; he looked forward to being close enough to Kenmore Square to be able to walk to Red Sox games at Fenway park and go to the bars on Lansdowne St afterwards with his roommates to flirt with girls who smoke cigarettes.

He felt as though, at this very moment, he was walking into a bigger world and it all was at his fingertips for his to do with as he pleased. This was going to be a good semester.

PRUDENTIAL

Jane just got a new house in Brookline. For the past 6 years she had lived in the heart of Kenmore Square but recently moved in to a house in Brookline on a quiet back street.

She was walking west on Beacon St, tired from being out dancing late the night before at Bill's Bar. She looked down as she walked past the Ruggles Baptist Church to scroll through the numbers on her cell phone and delete all of the entries for people she only saw at parties.

At this moment she felt the final abandonment of the busy city life past. She felt a new disdain for the area from which she was fleeing—as though she was graduating to the post-urbanite life; she walked into the sun and and liked the idea of never having to worry about parking meters and street cleaning. She was ready to forget about the traffic and post-season Red Sox riots; ready to see the stars again.

She felt that as soon as she got back to her home and lay down, she could finally rest her eyes and take a final deep breath.

It's hard to live in the city.





On one of the many crosswalks in Audubon Circle, the two crossed paths; Jimmy transfixed on the Citgo sign, Jane preoccupied with the cleansing of her cellphone, the two bumped shoulders and stopped. A green C line train

came rolling out from the tunnel not too far away. Neither one of them said anything, but just stared at each other, smiling, until a taxi honked and separated them, sending them both on the way to begin their new lives.