



"At 4pm, I'm going to fall and will need a bandaid", said no one ever.

The idea of a first aid kit, is that it comes in handy when you least expect it. You don't plan on using it, you just use it. The NYC First Aid Kit for Summer 2016, is an app that intends to function in that same way. It has a little bit of everything, events, kids activities, concerts, nearest beach, the article of the week and music.

Just like a kit, this app is meant for everyone. Bandaids don't discriminate, and neither does this app. While we offer a variety of party locations, we also offer the best fishing spots for the week.

The first section of the app is "Weekly Read". Each week we will have a new article on the summer for our app users to indulge in while on the subway or relaxing under the sun.

The Second option our users have is "Playlist for the Week". Our music playlist is linked to Spotify, which downloads the content on the music you listen to and tailors it for you. Your top songs for the week will be songs you want to listen to, not the pop jam in everyone's car.

For parents, we offer the third section "Get Rid Of Your Kids", with an array of camps and centers where they can drop off the kids to then enjoy some quality time for themselves. Perfect for those moments when you call your babysitter but she's long gone tanning and doesn't have time to put you first.

The last section is "Events under \$10". This section will feature concerts, beach locations, fishing locations, nearby parks and more. It will use your current location and show you, through a connection with Google Maps, the nearest spots for you on the spot.

Pulling on our original theme of first aid, it also offers a list of nearest hospitals and call 911, for those moments when it's an actual emergency. This section will also provide images on how to help someone choking or perform CPR. After all, it is a digital first aid kit.

This app is going to be your go to tool for the summer, whether you're a mom, a young adult in roaring twenties, a beach lover, or a grandfather looking to fish and relax.

The money has gone back to the people who own it, leaving the rest of us scared, mad and faced with a basic problem: A real problem. Last year's question—How is society going to survive?—seems a luxurious intellectual diversion. The question now is: How am I going to make enough, save enough, pinch back enough to survive the summer?

Surly Summer. People who thought they were getting somewhere, achieving their private happiness goal of \$15,000 or even \$25,000 a year, all of a sudden find they can't afford to go to the movies. Sign of stress are all over the place.

- Unemployment is up 43 percent from last year.
- One hundred resumes a day are pouring into executive placement firms; last year it was 20 or 30 a day.
- The YMCA ran a Youthmobile and a Jobmobile program last summer for \$160,000: 12 trucks spreading games, activities, counseling services, and hope through the city. This year they are trying to operate on \$3,500.
- Six-month waiting lists for home burglar alarm installation.

- The Parks Department and the Mayor's Urban Action Task Force programs are operating virtually on love and will power alone.

- Summer rentals in the Hamptons are going begging. People are choosing—or being forced—to stay in town and test their theory about how lovely New York is in the summer: the street life, the openness of the people, the girls in their summer fragility—the things they yearned for last year from the safety of the beach.

But surly times aren't unrelievedly hard times. The final nut hasn't yet dropped off the last bolt that holds together the social engine. That nut goes when income drops so hopelessly below outgo that personal happiness is impossible no matter what accommodations are made. This is certainly a summer when drastic accommodations are being made. The point is, the accommodations are worth making. People are abandoning the high-rent game in Manhattan and learning to live in Staten Island and outer Queens.

Wives are going back to work happily. Leaving their husbands to discover that taking care of the kids is a fairly pleasant relief. A man who has been thinking about getting out of the stock market for 10 years has finally decided, now that the money has turned to lead in a kind of reverse alchemy, to open a ski shop in Vermont. Families with two or three phones are cutting back to one; last year's necessity is this year's absurdity.