

I spent much of my childhood in the area around this subway station. My mom often did her grocery shopping at either this store or the one further south. There used to be a Duane Reade or Rite Aid where I would buy school supplies. Whenever I needed an eye examination or a new pair of glasses, I went to a local optometrist.

I distinctly remember a pizzeria that had an arcade machine. I would often beg my parents for spare change just to play. There was also a nearby card shop where I would browse or try to find others to play *Yu-Gi-Oh!* or *Pokémon* with, even though I didn't actually know the rules.

My babysitter lived nearby and often took me, my sister, and the other kids she looked after to a park across from the library, where we could run around and play.

In short, this picture represents a significant part of my early childhood—the place where I grew up, formed memories, and first began exploring the world.

This photograph of 52nd Street, just outside the subway station, represents the second place I called home after a fire erupted in my previous apartment. A memory that stands out is the time a blizzard hit New York. One morning, I woke up to snow blanketing the streets. I was ecstatic—snow rarely falls in large amounts—and I was looking forward to playing with my sister and cousin after school.

After getting ready for the day, I grabbed my backpack and started walking to the subway station. Already, a significant amount of snow had fallen, enough that I could hear the crunch beneath my feet. When I reached the station, I heard from both the speakers and the train station attendant that trains would be significantly delayed. Instead of waiting for the train or even walking to school, I decided to just go home. I spent the rest of the day playing with my sister and cousin, making snowmen, and throwing snow at each other.

The next photograph is of a church my mom used to attend while we lived on 52nd Street. I vaguely remember attending a communion—or maybe a baptism—but I'm not sure whose it was. When I dream, I occasionally see the inside of this church. It probably doesn't look the same as it does in my dreams, but I know this is the place I revisit whenever I dream about churches.

I also remember going to a friend's home nearby. We had a group project for a class we needed to work on, but all I remember is playing *FIFA* with him for most of the time. More recently, I went to another friend's home that's also located nearby. We were studying for our discrete mathematics class, so we spent most of the time going over practice questions in our textbook. I remember one of the things we talked about was hobbies, and that's how I found out he also played *World of Warcraft*, although I had stopped playing it by then.

This last photograph is of the subway station by 74th Street and Roosevelt Avenue. It's around here that I spent most of my life. A memory that vividly stands out is taking trips to the swimming pool in Flushing Meadows Park. During the summer, I would often walk under the 7 line just so I could spend an hour or two swimming at the pool. This subway station also lies at the

intersection of Roosevelt Avenue and Broadway. Whenever I walk to and from school, I usually pass through this intersection, whether it's because I take the 7 line to 33rd Street or I walk up from the Elmhurst Avenue stop on the R line.