

## Descriptive Essay on New York

### Introduction

New York City is the most famous city that everyone is familiar with when they hear the names of Liberty, Times Square, and Broadway, but this place to me is not just a typical city; it is a home where I feel very safe and secure. It has a special meaning in my life since it was the first home my family and I lived in when we arrived in America ten years ago. New York is full of beautiful memories as we try to adapt to new life, culture, young people, and food and learn to speak English. It is a place of comfort that I feel very comfortable and at ease with. Although we only lived in Queens for half a year when I was seven, it has always been a place I think is unique, and I will never forget it.

Last summer, my trip to the Bronx, New York, was an extraordinary moment for my sister and me. We travelled a lot and did many jobs that we had never done or done before while living in Queens. The thought of arriving in New York was so appealing that I began to feel anxious and nervous. It was a never-ending six-hour journey, and every moment seemed like hours as we kept looking out of the plane window constantly; but after what appeared to be an eternity, we finally reached our destination. We saw the beauty of the area outside, and there we saw thousands of tall buildings lined up next to each other. The city was still bustling and crowded. Colourful lights from buildings, ships, cars, and more create an ideal setting. Everything remained the same as our first day moving to America, our new country.

Passengers begin to remove their seat belts and immediately pack their luggage and bags, preparing to exit the plane. It was hot and crowded as everyone started pushing each other to get to the exit quickly. By the time we got out, it was a relief for us.

We took our cousins' car to a small apartment in the Bronx, where my grandparents lived. It was hard for us to get used to the new home on our first night of sleep because the bed, sheet, pillows, and scent were so different, but after my first two days, I was able to adjust quickly to the streets around the apartment, shops, and people. I had to travel a lot, which soon became one of my habits. The landscape in the Bronx and the polluted environment are very different from what I knew when we were living in Queens. Most of the neighbours were African Americans, and wherever you went, you would see them going from here to there. The street was full of people shopping in stores. New York is famous for its cultural diversity, especially for its restaurants and markets such as McDonald's, Thai Tea, Chinese food, Italian spaghetti, Korean sushi, and Japanese cuisine.

While my cousins, my sister, and I were travelling by train to Chinatown, a group of African American children made their talent in front of the passengers to win prizes. They brought their radios and did a street dance style like locks, explosions, moon moves, and other techniques I am not sure about. From what I saw, I felt that these children were beautiful and unique because they used their skills and talents to make a living without feeling embarrassed in front of the passengers, who would think they were fools. I admired their hard work and courage, but they made me believe that I had never done anything in my life to make a living.

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When we arrived at Canal Road in ChinaTown, Manhattan, I was shocked to see this place. This was my first time visiting ChinaTown in New York, and I have to admit that this place is exciting and exciting compared to the empty and boring one in California. ChinaTown in Manhattan was overcrowded with Chinese immigrants and tourists travelling from store to store. The streets were crowded, and countless restaurants were selling fried noodles, dim sum, and seafood, as well as markets for fruit, meat, fish, and beverages. Everyone seemed to be having a great time as they competed for the best quality meat and fruit, staff stood by the side of the road, trying to advertise their products and their new food, and young children gathered on the school's small playground to play mark and turn. We passed the market on buying meat and other ingredients for dinner. The treasurer spoke a language that I was sure was Cantonese because my father had always spoken Cantonese to me, and I was sure he meant "toe they say," which means thank you to everyone, but I was still struggling to catch his words as he sputtered.

Then we stopped at a dim sum restaurant for breakfast and spent the rest of our afternoon playing arcade and shopping. That day, I saw the most painful moment in my life when I took a picture with a man dressed as a symbol of freedom. At first, I thought it was free to take a picture with her, but after that, she grabbed me and demanded that I pay her a \$ 5 bill. To our surprise, both my sister and I had spent all our money on the streets and shops, and we had no contact with our cousins, who were still shopping in the market. My heart was pounding as people passed by to watch us. The man gave us an angry face, but he let it go anyway.

The next day, we took a long trip early in the morning to visit the Declaration of Independence, a symbol of which I feel very proud of our country. Still, the embarrassing moment in ChinaTown somehow offended me. It was so hot that day that I could feel the heat burning my face like it was 150 degrees. As we entered the harbour by ship, we saw the Great Depression, a gift given to the French, which helped our country fight the American Revolution. The monument reminded me of the hard work and sacrifice of the soldiers whom I always respect and feel proud of. All the rights I enjoy today, such as the freedom to worship my religion, express my opinion, wish for what I want, and choose my career and career, are given to me by those brave soldiers. We took many photos and the glorious and beautiful harbour around us. I must admit that this was my favourite trip of my three-week trip to New York.

We took the subway to Times Square to watch the night shift in the afternoon. As the sun began to darken and the day cooled, we walked around and saw beautiful, bright lights that made the night feel more optimistic and happier. The view was so unique that it gave me a sense of shock, but I was pleased, which I will never forget. We passed Time Square Tower, GMC, the great McDonald's, and more, but we stopped at the theatre to watch one of the funniest and most entertaining movies, G. I. Joe. In the days that followed, we spent a lot of time with my aunt and uncle, cooking, watching funny movies, and playing Tu Sac, four-colour games.

The day before we left New York for California, we spent the last time with our relatives in Jones Beach. The bright sun, the sound of the waves crashing on the shore, and the white sand were all my favourites. While relaxing under a tent, I took a moment to experience the scenery where I could see a feeling of joy in the cool air and warmth from the sun like in California. The youths played cards and tags and immersed themselves in the water while the adults prepared food. It was a wonderful and relaxing place where I could feel the fellowship with my relatives.

There was a feeling of sadness when we had to say goodbye to everyone. Still, with a smile on our faces, we kept memories of New York, especially ChinaTown, Statement of Freedom, Time Square, beach, food, time spent with everyone, and finally, my embarrassing moment with a man dressed as a Statue of liberty.

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