The Great Central Park Challenge

Mia’s heart pounded, in a flurry of rage and anger. “Redevelop Central Park? That was unfathomable! How dare they even think of trying this! She scowled with anger and frustration, knowing that it was up to the citizens to save it. Central Park was the lifeblood of New York- Its spacious lush plains were the paradise that explorers had wanted; It was the jewel nestled in the crown city of New York. And… They wanted to just destroy it? To destroy the place where the children ran and played and the place where everybody came together to meet? This couldn’t happen. And, Mia thought, it wouldn’t happen.

She called up her friends and told them to come to the centre fountain, the crystal waters on which the greenery stretched out for miles around. While waiting, she heard voices. She turned to see the monsters themselves - rapacious, devious money-hungry real estate and property developers. Their lust for riches was endless! She saw the rotund savages walk through, a satanic fire in their eyes filled with malicious and foul intent, looking smugly at the green expanse around them. She could see tinges of smoke from cigarettes waft out of their mouths, just like the smoke that would hang over central park if these cowardly capitalist elite managed to get their smoking burned fingers on it. And what was it they thought the park was? “Prime real estate”? “A money farm”? No. No, it couldn’t. Not at least without a fight.

She and her friends stopped at Thomasons Restaurant Café to discuss it. It was her friend Mark who spoke first.

“I have a 1500 New York following on social media. I can get the word out.”

Then her friend Ava.

“I have a parent who’s a council member, so he could help as well.”

“Great,” Mia said. “Then I just need a speech good enough to win them over.”

But as Mia watched before the big rally, things got worse steadily. No one else spoke out. Then, she heard that those diabolical developers had paid for the builders. Her head spun. Should she keep going even though it could be worthless? What could she do now?

But steadily, she regained her fighting spirit. If Central Park were to go down, it must go down fighting. The rally was already planned. The spirits of New York were with her.

Eventually, the day came. Mia stepped up on stage, a tremor of nervousness tinging at her. But yet… The speech came. Her eyes blazing, her hand raised in defiance, she opened her mouth and voiced her speech.

“Central Park is the beating heart of our city! Everyone here has had memories here! Think of the families! Those children running and playing, the passionate chatter, the sense of belonging and happiness. And what do these grasping developers want? They want to take it! They want to take our memories, our park, and turn it into buildings! We may not have much, but we have the park and no one, I repeat no one is going to take that from us! We must fight and fight to the end. If we never surrender, the spirit of the park is with us. May we win!”

The crowds sat in silence. Then, one by one they began to step up, a passion burning in their souls. People, old and young, rich and poor, stood up in an inferno of determination.

And with that, Mia knew that they would win. Tough times were ahead, and more fighting would have to happen. But as long as they fought together to the end, they could save the heart of New York.