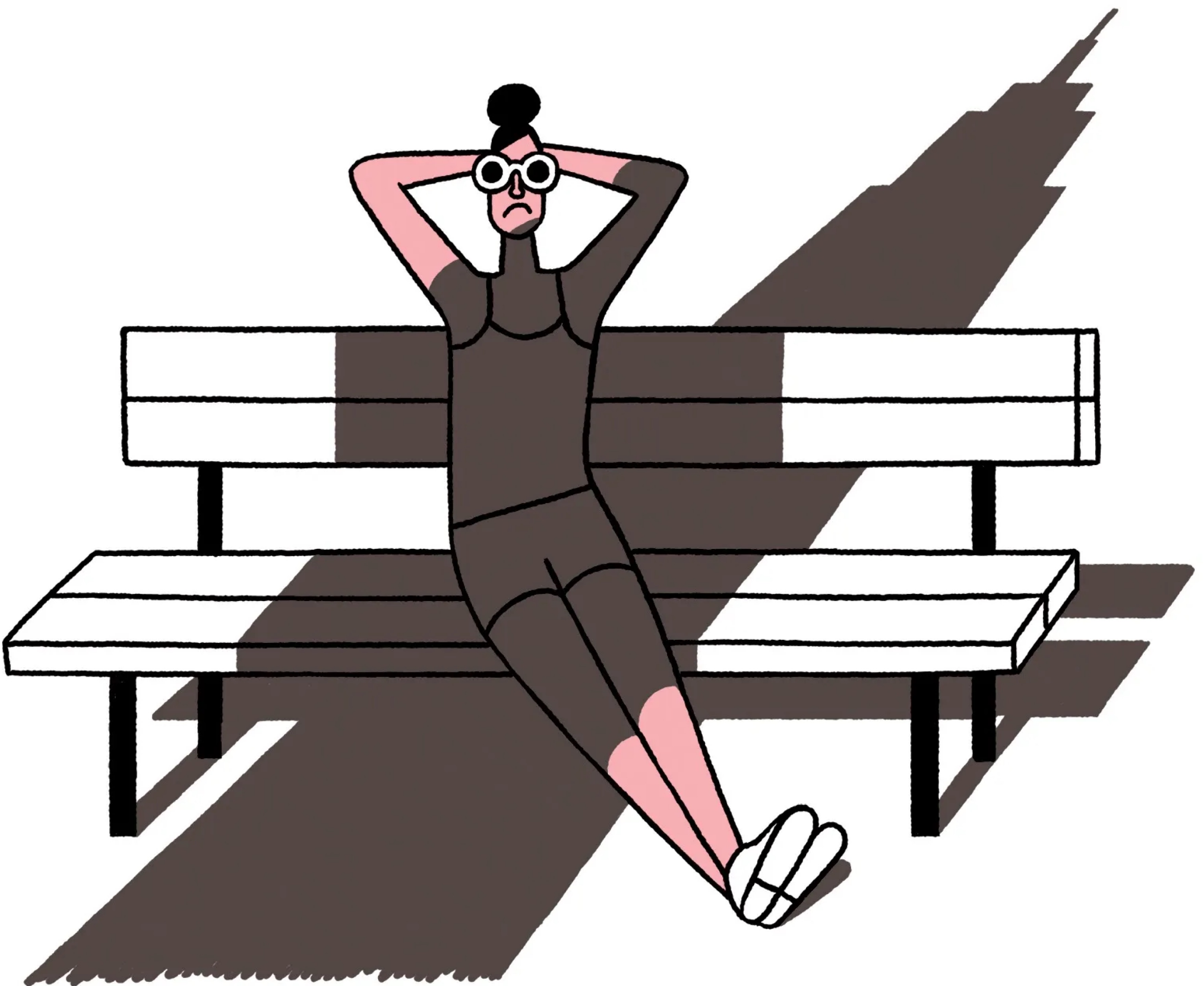


DAILY COMMENT

COMPLAINT LETTER

Sent by Ilya Torgovnikov



Dear New York,

I'm writing to you as I stand at an airport gate, scrolling through pictures taken during my time here.

While a few payments are still pending on my maxed-out Amex card, including that \$12 flat white to go with a 30% tip that didn't even have the right milk, a few questions are pending in my head.

When I arrived and pushed my "Welcome to New York" airport trolley out of the gates, you greeted me with sunshine.

You said, "If I can make it here, I can make it anywhere," then repeated this about 157 times at least.

So I did.

I made it to five hotels, a few stay overs, and even rented my own place. You said it is the loneliest city in the world, yet you gave me so many new friends. I learned not to look twice, even if there's someone playing golf in the middle of Park Avenue. I learned to cross the street when the lights are white, even though it's not where I'm going.

I learned to speak fast, tip on bottled water, use bloody fahrenheit, look busy in Manhattan, and chilled in Brooklyn. And else, you know!? Just as I thought we were getting somewhere, you said it was time to say goodbye. First Succession, then Ted Lasso, and now that.

As I return home on my last night floating on the NYC Ferry, watching helicopters cross the sky, the Empire State Building already seems far away, and I wonder — where I'll make it next.

New York, you've been a lot. Fast.
High. Bright. Loud. Expensive.
Crazy. Friendly. Edgy. Lonely. Scary.
Alien. Weird. And you won't let me
sleep. Please take care of all the \$3
pizza shops and \$2 hotdog places.
And yes, I'd like a refund on that
coffee please.

I can't wait to come back.

As ever,

I.