

A Trip Down Blissful Boulevard

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Every day, the people of New York crowd around in motorcycles, cars, vans, bicycles, and buses, each one hoping to catch a glimpse of the beauty of Blissful Boulevard. This iconic road snakes through every tourist attraction in town, leaving no room for doom and gloom.

Road rage and impatient drivers make many urban driving experiences stressful, annoying, and even upsetting. No commuter should have to worry about their safety while heading to their home, workplace, or wherever their life takes them.

Yet despite the frequency of road-related incidents and high insurance and repair costs, Blissful Boulevard has made an international name for itself as being the only place where road rage and impatience are transformed into positivity, optimism, and joy.

In this memorable collection of vignettes, New Yorkers describe the wonders of this famed road and the positive experiences this unique place has brought them.

Rhetorical Requirements Annotation Key:

- *Understatement*
- *Hyperbole/Overstatement*
- *Irony*
- *Imagery*
- *Appeal to pathos*
- *Appeal to logos*
- *Additional Devices*



“Yesterday, I was driving to school and ended up having to take a different route than my normal one because of some construction. I ended up going through Blissful Boulevard and it completely changed my life: To be honest, I usually have road rage when driving, because I’m always in a rush to get to school. But not anymore. After going down Blissful Boulevard, I’ve become a changed person. The second I entered that street, I was instantly filled with rainbows and sunshine. The person in front of me was moving at a snail’s pace, and I continued to beam with joy. In fact, they were moving so slow, that I stepped out of my car and walked up to them, and gave them a massive hug. I told them to keep up the constant pace and to have the most fantabulous day ever. I later walked back to my car and I continued reflecting on that wondrous day as I travelled a pretty steady pace of 2 mph in a 25 mph zone.”

*- Maria, 18
Student at Juilliard*



“Ever since I was a kid, which was ages ago, I always took weekend trips to Blissful Boulevard with my father. He would tell me about how he met my mother. It was almost sixty years ago. My mother drove in a bulky, rusty, pick-up truck, the paint chipping away over its dented metal surface. My father drove in a small Volkswagen, his fresh paint untouched and unscathed. Yet as the two collided at an intersection of Blissful Boulevard, everything changed, literally. Their cars intertwined into a scrappy mess, metal crushed, gas seeping into the road. Their hearts did as well. The two so joyfully exclaimed, and the beauty and bliss encompassing Blissful Boulevard that day was met with the instant connection between my parents. Sixty years later, I come back to Blissful Boulevard to watch the unchanged, chaotic road that “drives” New York City. As a retired history teacher, I have a deep appreciation for the extensive history of repair costs and the cultural significance of this optimistic and extraordinary road. I, myself, am legally blind, yet Blissful Boulevard is the only place I can be matched by... atypical driving styles. I hope to continue, until one day love may crash into my windshield too.

- Gary, 83

Retired Schoolteacher



“Throughout my life, I’ve travelled to over 20 countries, each one giving me a glimpse into beautiful aspects of human culture and nature. From Machu Picchu to the gardens of Versailles, I know where to find beauty, and how to capture it through my travel photography business. Yet no matter where I go, I am always drawn back to Blissful Boulevard. There’s something so enthralling and liberating about this road: its pure chaotic nature, the smell of burnt rubber, the sound of metal crushing and people singing with glee as a tow truck brings them to a special place. This road has taught me where true beauty lies within the urban fabric. If you’re ever looking for joy and happiness and a memorable collection of scratches and dents on your vehicle that you can take with you anywhere you go, Blissful Boulevard is the place to go.”

*- Jordan, 24
Travel Photographer*



“Blissful Boulevard is a road I’ve traveled down millions of times as a firefighter. In fact, we get so many calls from this specific road every day, that we created a unit that was in charge of solely this road. As the leader of this unit, I was always at the forefront of the effort, and what I see is amazing. While yes, it is true that I see raging fires every day as cars burst into flames due to nasty collisions, it was never enough to dampen the moods of the drivers on the road. Even the very people who got into the accident stay smiling from ear to ear as they simply shrug it off or laugh about the situation. Over the years, I’ve seen cars completely totaled, cars that flipped at least five times before crashing, and explosions that were as large as the entire street. But through it all, the people on Blissful Boulevard simply smiled and moved on with their day: not a single frown is ever seen on Blissful Boulevard.”

*- Travis, 34
Firefighter*



“I am a librarian that works at the local library Blissful Books on Blissful Boulevard. As a librarian, my main duty in life is to silence people whenever they so much as increase their voices beyond a whisper. As per the library rules almost everywhere, the noise level must always be at a zero. Well that is, everywhere except at Blissful Books. Due to the constant crashes and explosions on Blissful Boulevard, noise is inevitable in the library. However, instead of freaking out and complaining like I usually do, I’m filled with a warm feeling in my heart. From my window, I see people smile and hug as their cars are towed away and it always brightens my day. A crash that breaks through the library is always an exciting part of the day, and I absolutely love cleaning up the broken glass and reconstructing the demolished walls every single time. I am blessed to be working on Blissful Boulevard!”

*- Jocelyn, 27
Librarian*



Getting to travel down Blissful Boulevard is always a treat. Whenever I head down this route to get to my job, I can't help but think about the community spirit emanating from the street. It's as if the second you drive on to the street, no matter how horrible of a mistake you make on the road, it won't matter: everyone around you will shrug it off and continue along with their day. In fact, as the New York Times states, Blissful Boulevard increases the mood of drivers by 83% on average. As further followed up by Forbes, Blissful Boulevard was the number one must-visit street in the city of New York. In the technical world of computers and engineering, numbers mean everything to me. To know that this street has gotten the recognition it deserves from such amazing media outlets really says something!

*- Brian, 36
Software Engineer*



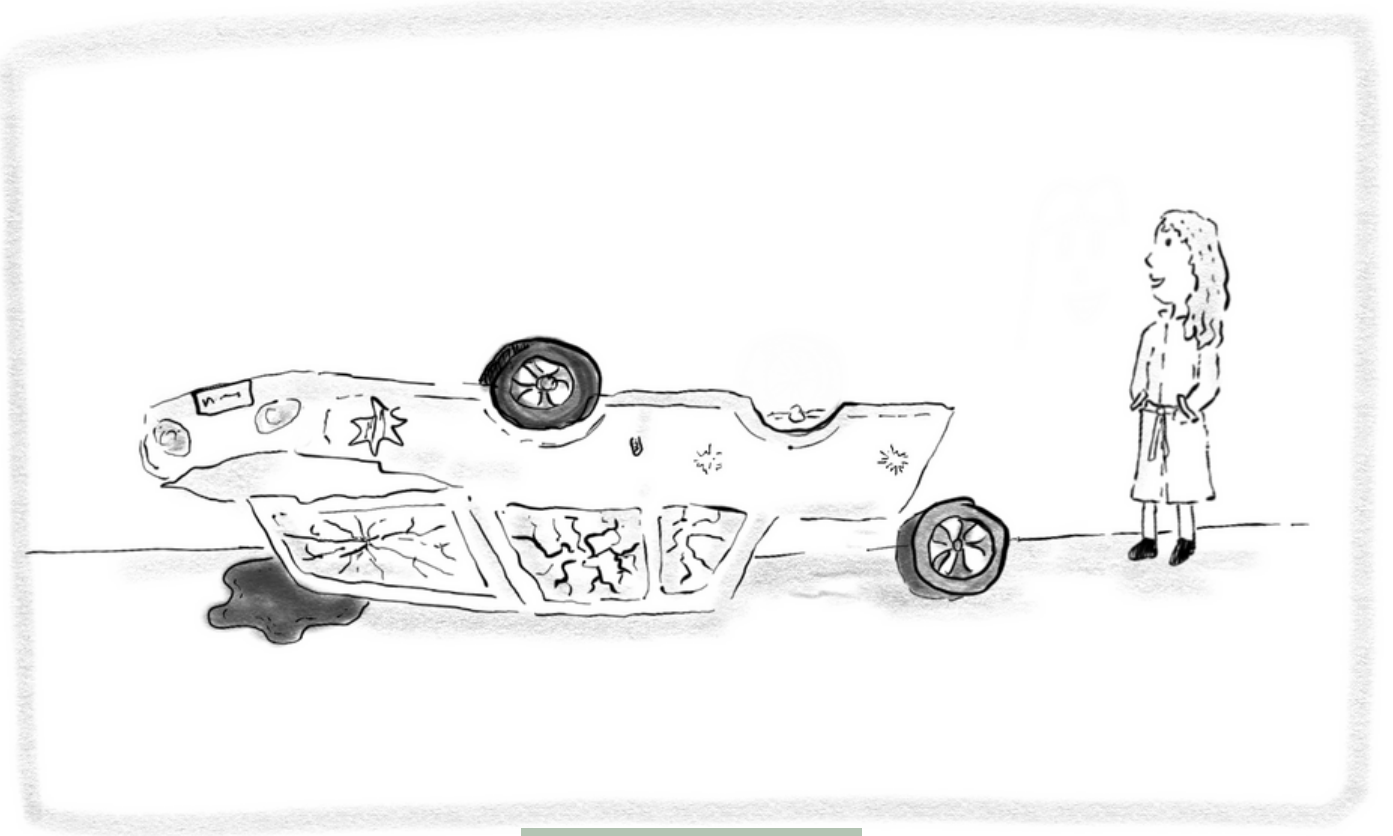
“At the age of 92, I understand why people underestimate me. They think I can’t see my own gas pedals sometimes. However, they have no idea what lies within me. They call me “the Raptor” because I tear up the track every time I race. Sometimes, I go onto Blissful Boulevard for some fun competition. I found that if you go slow enough, a joyful driver nudges your bumper, and speeds up next to you at the next red light. It’s the perfect set-up for a short sprint. I grip the clutch and rev the engine of my Porsche, and I watch the looks of amazement as I zoom down the road, aiming for potholes, giant rats, and best of all, tourists. I’ve been racing for 20 years. It started out as a hobby, but now I find that the money pays, too. I’ve driven through many roads, but there has never been a road as exhilarating as Blissful Boulevard. It’s true racing – blood, sweat, tears (of joy), and a spectacle like no other. More roads need to be like this one – where crashes, scrapes, and slow drivers are met with the greatest respect and expressions of appreciation. I’m proud to have driven on a road as precious as this one, and I’ll be sure to bring the gifts of this international treasure with me this summer at Le Mans.”

*– Deborah, 92
Professional Drag Racer*

Featured Cartoons



"Whoops! Didn't see you there, tree."



"Barely a scratch!"

Featured Cartoons



"I'm sorry, you can't park there, sir."

The End.

We hope you enjoyed your tour through Blissful Boulevard. For more New Yorker content, use the promo code: bliss-don't-miss to continue hearing stories from citizens about this sparkling city.