

# For Rent: 116 Writers Block Avenue

*by* AJ Dresser

There's an extraordinary block in the city. It's a great city with a place for everyone. There's Little Italy, Chinatown, Little Manila in Queens, Curry Hill in the East Village, Little Greece in Astoria, Spanish Harlem, and a series of streets lovingly called the Soviet Block. Hell, there's even Mutant Town for retired superheroes.

This special block wasn't established by immigrants from another country, though. No, this area is full of writers. It started out with just a couple but like delicate snowflakes, they stuck together and soon became indiscernible from one another. The artists moved out, unable to take the late night poetry readings and koffee klatches that inevitably followed. The artists despised the writers' messy lofts crammed full of books, blocking out the natural light they cherished. Most of the writers -- mainly the playwrights -- painted their windows black so their imaginations wouldn't be stifled by the great timekeeper.

A few years ago the writers all got together and petitioned to rename their block. Bolstered by the success of a few idiots in the 90s who won the challenge to change their street from Melrose Avenue to Melrose Place, they figured they couldn't lose. They wrote long diatribes, speeches, one-act plays, and heart wrenching stories.

They won.

And they lost.

After it was renamed, writers moved there in swarms. It made international news as such a famous, sad area. The artists came back to sculpt them: thinking, pondering, but never writing. When a writer moved there, he never wrote again. He knew he'd have to leave to be successful but it was such an empathetic place to live.

Welcome to the Writers Block, where there's always a vacancy  
and only the brave leave.

