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10/8/15

CE English 1050 A1

**4700 South**

Roads are what take people to the places they want to go. On these roads we have a direction and a destination. We choose which road to travel. Each road is unique with its own history and expansion. Much like our lives, roads see change in everything they do. One road, which dominates suburban life is such a road, it is 4700 South.

47th South does not start at Redwood Road as most would believe. It is born between two eastern cul-de-sac meeting to create 4500 South. As 45th goes West on its journey through life it gains lanes and becomes more prominent for the boxed wheels that roll on it. It blossoms with urban homes and free-market enterprise. Just as if it has a midlife crisis 45th turns its direction and at Redwood Road, it is officially 4700 South.

Passing by 47th South you will find food of all cultures and kinds. Where 47th meets 2882 West you can find The Red Maple Chinese Restaurant. Like many buildings, Red Maple was not the original founder of that space. Red Maple took over the beloved Marie Calendar’s when they moved out. There are many buildings that had other uses before the times caught up with them. Hires Burgers, whose famous burgers are on the top ten best in the state of Utah, is one of the 90s themed restraints that have held on over time.

47th is a mental battle ground between multiple banks. They sit just across 47th and glare at the other, waiting for prey, competing for money. The gas stations are similar in this case.

The on ramp to 215 from 4700 South carries hope for a better future. It carries cars to greater money and jobs. Many accidents happen, stopping progression, but those who pull through prove their spot in the well rewarded. The freeway for old age, is looking forward with dreams in the sparkling gleam of a headlight.

Flanking 47th are the houses full of character. These little characteristics are the life blood to 47th. The houses bring in new people and ideas. The houses are change. They make up the character of 47th. They home the new designs for a new road made up of the same concrete.

Further West still are the concrete malls. Driving through the parking painted, concrete meadow, shops and small businesses line whatever space they can take up. The stores boarder the parking lots, all different kinds, from food to Kung Fu. The buildings and the space used have been altered the same way as replacing a best friend. Some friends are only seasonal, like the Halloween shop that only comes around during the Halloween months. Those who were once close are replaced, those who can adapt to the changes will stay. These concrete malls have seen many new friends and shape the old ones, they are the friend ships made on 4700 South.

There used to be a pet store on 3200s. Driving past you’d see people taking pictures with the pink plastic dinosaur. You will not see that anymore. Those are the things that are forgotten. Forgotten as the girl, Shannon Kinder, who was struck at on 4700 South and the Harry S. Truman Elementary School. Her death inspired the need for the skywalk to be build. Thousands driving under the skywalk, are headless to the tragedy. The need was to replace the old crosswalk for a new skywalk to fix a mistake that could never be taken back. These things are forgotten as change takes over lives, and new replaces old.

Welker Park, a long strip of land enjoyed by runners, walkers, and children. It curves 47th into 4715 South. This is the enjoyment that comes to the slow paced. This time is a breather from the hustle and bustle. Most pass by without a glance, but for those who can sit in a lawn chair without a worry in the world, enjoy this little strip of land.

Next comes the wrinkles of 47th’s life. The north side are simple homes, a few churches, and quaint little neighborhoods that are neat and well-kept. This section gives 47th a good personality. Like all decent roads 47th, has the normal street lamps, telephone poles, trees, sidewalks and fences. Yet these same very things are what makes 47th unique and different from every other road. The sidewalks are used by neighborhood runners, the street lamps have their own flicker and the trees are neatly lined up to create order. The divisions between the houses and 4700 are booming with overgrowth of vines that act as a hand holding up the concrete walls. Some of the wire fence is bent, refusing to be fixed. These hard-boiled neighborhoods leave behind a study impact on 4700 South.

The South side is the rough, ghetto part of the hood. No houses, just buildings. Small factories, dirty and cluttered, give the grumpy wall another layer. Each fence has a requirement of being tagged with graffiti and stamped with a “Beware of Dog” sign. Testy lemons pull up to the different auto repair shops. Long fields of land keep the extra parts for the factories when something breaks down. Sidewalk lazily glaze the trail on the South side. The quantity of weeds seem to say, “Turn back now”. Pushing on, you will find that all the lines gained through long-suffering were all meant to reach 5600 West.

5600 West is the last success. It’s the road that 47th, the old friend, has led us to. 5600 West is the win, the triumph, the conquest over time and distance. Here lies the Salt Lake Tribune. A building that connects 4700s with all of Utah. From this building North on 5600 West is the airport. From there is the rest of the world. It is most fitting that the final, last, biggest stop should be on 4700 and 5600 West. For 5600 West is a legacy that not only 4700 South adds to, but also 4100 South, 3500 South, and even 3100 South. 5600 West is the strength and connecting ties behind dear 47th.

Now passing 5600 West, comes the reflection of 47th. This portion overlooks the valley. At night during holidays, bright fireworks light up in celebration of history. The Utah State Capitol building is a glow white. The day is busy with factory workers and semi-trucks bringing supplies. Lazily driving along, it is noticed that the ever-constant mountains can be seen both far east and far West, but it was not until this moment, when they are so close, that it is fully appreciate what was had. The journey has taken us to our final stop sign. From the beginning of 4500 South, to now 6400 West, 47th ends. Here is the water tower. It is tall, rising up to heaven, it says goodbye to 4700 South.

47th will continue to change. It guides travelers forward, wither that be a future on the freeway or an end at the water tower. Each roads has unique characteristics, take the one that will lead to the sought after destination.