

**New York City:  
Nostalgia for the Old Neighbourhood**

Life is made up of little things: some unimportant memories from childhood that, in fact, shaped your character. I 30 \_\_\_\_\_ on Third Avenue in midtown Manhattan during the 1950s-60s where family life was centred around old 31 \_\_\_\_\_ of flats and small stores. Third Avenue was my old neighbourhood and it had character. It was 32 \_\_\_\_\_ with working families of Italian, German and Irish origin. We shopped together with all those people and their kids played together. Third Avenue influenced the way our family lived. I absorbed the street life. It gave me an 33 \_\_\_\_\_ that I could not have received in any other place. To me, it was home.

In a recent walk around Third Avenue my eyes 34 \_\_\_\_\_ signs of the old neighbourhood but couldn't find any. If I hadn't been born here and someone described the area, it would be 35 \_\_\_\_\_ to believe. It wasn't because a few buildings had changed — everything had changed. The transformation began in the late 1950s and 60s when corporations replaced the old neighbourhood. In the early 1960s, the houses were pulled down. Families were forced to 36 \_\_\_\_\_, the small stores went out of business and the old neighbourhood was changed forever. And now there is a lack of character in the transformed neighbourhood.

Вставьте пропущенное слово.

1. Covered.
2. Held.
3. Loaded.
4. Filled.