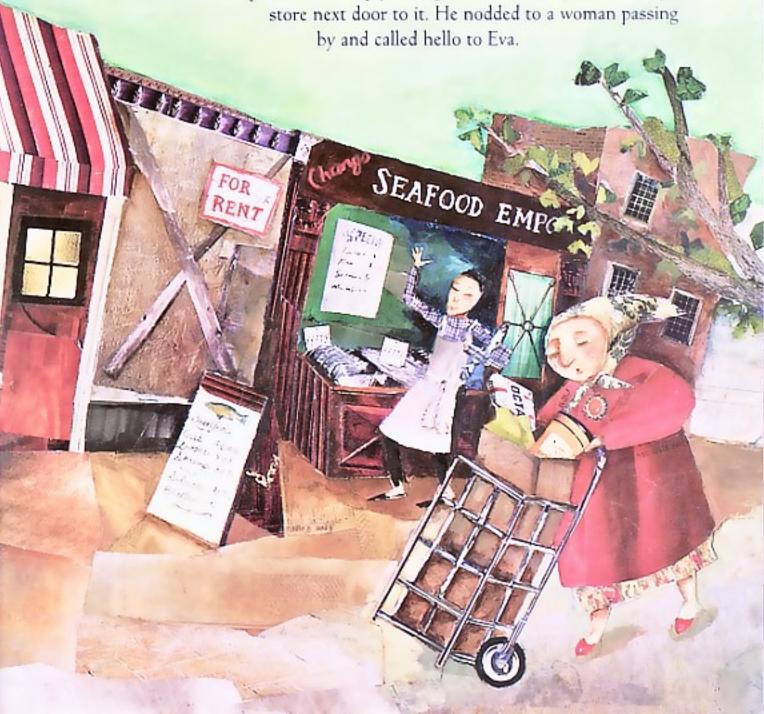


A few doors down, Mr. Chang was arranging fish fillets in his newly opened Seafood Emporium. No one was buying, and his shop looked as empty and ignored as the tiny, boarded-up store next door to it. He nodded to a woman passing



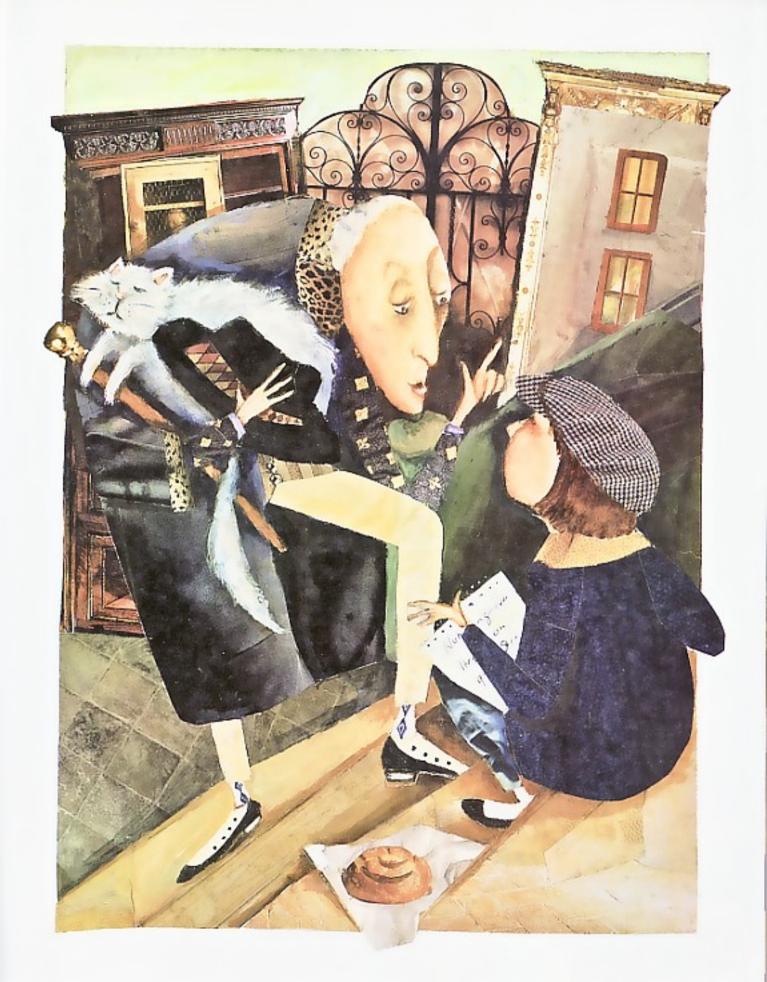


Out the door of Eva's building came Mr. Sims, the actor, carrying his enormous cat, Olivier. Mr.

Sims was "on hiatus again," which meant out of work, in between shows, and so, every day, dressed in his finest, he embarked on a daily promenade with Olivier under his arm. "Writing?" he asked.

"Trying to," Eva answered, "but nothing ever happens on 90th Street!"
"You are mistaken, my dear," Mr. Sims said. "The whole world's a
stage — even 90th Street — and each of us plays a part. Watch the stage,
observe the players carefully, and don't neglect the details," he said,
stroking Olivier. "Follow an old actor's advice and you will find you have
plenty to write about."

"Thanks," Eva said, and fast as she could, using as many details as she could recall, Eva described Mr. Sims in her notebook—his felt fedora hat, his curly gray hair, his shiny button shoes. When she looked up, he was halfway down the street and Mr. Morley, the mousse maker, was at his window.



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