

Quattro chilometri

a photo documentary on the last challenge of Alex Bellini.

New York City, day 71.

As I write, it's all over.

It's Sunday morning, we're trapped like hostages, behind the windows of our last hotel room in [New York](#).

Our Jeep® is parked 18 floors beneath us, on 52nd Street. It's moored to the pier like a battle cruiser, with signs of adventure on its white hull.

Alex arrived in New York yesterday, he ran all the way from Los Angeles. That's 5,139 km, 3,193 miles. He traveled across states, deserts, mountains, difficulties, pain, fear, and moments of pure joy. He became a dad for the second time, and he ran across the Washington bridge in order to reach his daughter Sofia in Manhattan on time, before Irene hit the finish line of this endless journey. Nature once again tried to stop him, like a few miles from Sydney.

Then there's the hugs and tears, the trophies, and the buffets. 70-foot high lobbies with their enormous wet windows facing [Times Square](#), the lights on [Broadway](#) shining in light Sofia's, as she looks into her father's eyes. That's what's left of us as I let a tropical hurricane cleanse me. I let this city baptize and purify me, a city on alert that I've yearned for the past 70 days. I think we'll comprehend the meaning of all this in a few weeks, maybe in a few months.

Maybe Irene is testing us, as we wait for her to pass and wash away everything that's happened. But waiting can be sweet, when it's without fear. Besides, just like Alex wrote on his boat: "It's just water and wind".

And whoever out there read this daily journal from time to time can understand what it means now, to be still on this chair, look outside and wait for it all to pass. And for everything to begin again.









