



The Carlu

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It's not every day that a hotel can take so much attention away from an event... even one as exclusive as this one.

The artwork alone is worth millions.

Over eighty years ago Andrew Carlu built one of Manhattan's most magnificent masterpieces on sheer guts alone.

The marble and glass remain absolutely breathtaking.

The location nothing but perfect... even though the line-up of shiny black limos circles the block... directed-in by a swarm of Police waving their arms, perfection in a way that only an obsessed Perfectionist with something to prove could dream of; Andrew Carlu had finally 'arrived' by building his roaring-twenties Landmark.

The lobby empties as one very special night is set to begin.

It guaranteed his family's status for generations, as long as they didn't mess it up.

Five thousand of the most exclusive collection of humans takes their seats.

The Carlu Hotel is an Architectural Masterpiece that has history oozing out of its crystal chandeliers and cathedral ceilings.

Some Carlus make it regularly into the tabloids, while others reach for the stars.

The craftsmanship here is of a time when only the best found work.

An eager applause greets the night's M.C. - Debutante Alana Carlu.

"This is going to be a night to end all nights for one of four finalists of the Humanitarian of the Year Award."

Alana Carlu is the finest of the Carlu great-grandchildren.

"I would like to thank all of you for coming. The Carlu graciously welcomes you."

Her husband Michael has been an effective Councilman for years.

To this day nobody knows how Andrew Carlu got his hands on this prime piece of land.

Their four children are adorably photogenic.

Or if he was pushed off the roof after celebrating his epic 60th?

Alana commands the room.

"Now let's get started..."

The massive ballroom goes silent.

"Tonight's nominees are..."

Someone is leaving here with an honour that will change their life forever.

The extended Carlu Family is a complicated, dysfunctional, and very wealthy family.

Glittering jewels and custom-made tuxedos as far as the eye can see.

Old Man Carlu was known as ruthless by any measure, buying up old apartment buildings when the wave of desperate immigrants washing-up on New York's shores overwhelmed everything and everybody.

"Miss Samira Ramjian. Mr. Reid Randle. Miss Rylee Cohen. And Mr. Daniel Belrose."

Overcharging and under-delivering was his game - so was paying off every Politician who might give a damn.

"And the winner is..."

The Carlu Hotel overlooking the Park was to be Andrew Carlu's opus for getting accepted into the 'Manhattan Elite'.

Silent anticipation fills the room.

“Dr. Daniel Belrose of Medecins Sans Frontieres.”

Four generations later the attention to detail of The Carlu remains unsurpassed.

“Congratulations to Dr. Daniel Belrose.”

From every corner flashbulbs go off.

“Wow... I’m speechless.”

Every media outlet in the world is here reporting on this event.

“Totally speechless.”

Too bad someone has to win.

“I’d like to thank everyone that has supported my organization.”

Because every one of tonight’s finalists has a story that will make the hair on your neck stand straight up.

Enjoy them all.