

I remember being in 2nd period hearing the principal make an announcement that a plane had hit one of the WTC towers. At first I thought - oh that's too bad - and didn't care at all. But then I looked at my teacher who was trying to hold back tears and realizing it must be pretty bad. She turned on the TV and we saw the 1st building smoking. I remembered being in NYC and seeing how big they were. So by now I thought about the people inside and how they probably wouldn't go home that night. The 2nd plane hit - but I didn't know that until 3rd period when at the end of class we saw both buildings collapse. I remember being so happy that my dad wasn't at the stock exchange (right by the WTC) b/c he goes there alot for board meetings. But I thought about people whose parents were in there or their sisters or brothers aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, or whoever. I felt really bad for them. All of this was so sad but when I found out this was terrorism - that someone from another country had taken so many lives and tried to tear us apart I was very angry and still am a year later. You need to be a proud American - I have realized not to take things for granted and be grateful and proud we live in the USA. The attacks were unexpected, you never know when something could happen to you or someone you knew and love. So take every opportunity to be nice or just say hi to someone b/c it could be the last thing you say, or the last thing they hear. Don't take life for granted and always remember September.