

September 11th, 2001.

I was a 14 year old freshman who didn't really worry about anything.

I was sitting in Mr. G's Western Civ.

Class. Our principal, Mr. Fagan came on the announcements and said that

a plane had crashed into one of the World Trade Center towers. At first

I just thought it was a joke.

I didn't really think that it was a big deal. Then the other plane hit.

I then realized that it wasn't a joke. I sat in front of the T.V. for hours, not believing my eyes.

I couldn't understand why someone would want to do this to us. As the towers fell, it was just overwhelming.

Then I heard that another plane crashed into the Pentagon. I later found out that

the plane was killed that plane hit. I simply didn't understand what was going on and why was this happening. There

was one good out of this though.

Our country came together, and acted like we

September 12th, 2001.

Another tragedy at our school. A fellow student, and friend had died.

She was one of the nicest girls I had met here. She was just

so positive and she was just so

of life. She always put whoever she was talking to in a good mood. The day of her funeral, the school was basically closed. I walked into the church, only to see everyone from ~~our~~ our school there. It was so moving to me.

Now, I look back a year after all of this tragedy, and I am proud and grateful. I am grateful to have a wonderful family, and to have wonderful friends. I am just grateful to be alive. I am just grateful to wake up each morning and be able to live my life. And I am ~~so~~ simply, just proud to be an American, and to be free. Be grateful of every little thing that you have and ~~don't take anything for granted~~ be happy to be you, and ~~to~~ to be alive.

9/11/02