

Sept. 11 was a day I will never forget. It had started out like any other day at school. As I was sitting ~~is~~ in class though, news started to spread around the school about a plane hitting the WTC. I was sitting in my geopolitics class (studying maps & oddly enough the middle-east) when we turned on the t.v. to see the WTC on fire. We couldn't believe it, all ~~of~~ of us ~~at~~ there horrified as we watched a replay of the plane crashing into the building. Everything seemed to stop as we watched what was going on. Some of us were crying because we knew loved ones that worked in the WTC. My dad was supposed to be on the plane that crashed in Pennsylvania that day. Luckily, his plans were changed earlier on. I remember watching the second building getting hit by the other plane, and then watching both fall to the ground. Knowing the whole time that so many people were still there trying to escape. Knowing that throughout the rescue, so many people would be lost because there just wasn't enough time to save them all. It was a scary ordeal,

and to make it all worse, a close friend of mine had signed up for the Marines, and it scared me to think that he might of had to die fighting something like this. It still worries me. It scared me to know that something like this could happen in America, a country that I grew up in, and a country that I thought of as invincible. To this day I can't look at a plane without thinking about what happened on Sept. 11. Its something that I hope my future kids, or future generations will ~~would~~ never have to endure.