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I sat in class at 8:45 am and listened to the radio ~~announce~~ DJ announce that a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center towers. I couldn't imagine what it looked like. Turning on the T.V. I stared in horror and speechless as the news footage replayed over and over these planes crashing and hearing people on the ground in panic. I felt chills down my spine as I witnessed each tower fall to the ground and I felt sick when I realize that there were still people in the buildings. I had that sick feeling all day and what made it worse is that those terrorists used our own planes to destroy innocent people. Our Own Planes! You never really know of destruction until you are at the scene of it, but I didn't want to be there. I have never seen the face of war, but I gather that it looked something like ~~the~~ Manhattan yesterday. It scares me to death to think someone was smart enough to hijack 4 planes at the same time with the same intent on killing and destroying Americans. All America has ever done is try to help people and make sure the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness is restored for all people, so why would anyone hate us. I am not a violent person, but seeing the footage of those Pakistani kids celebrating in the streets of Pakistan I felt the urge to kill someone - the people who did this. The cowards ~~who~~ who ~~are~~ are hiding when they should be bragging of

this victory of destroying America.

What scares me more is the thought of my family near an Air force base that could have been the next target.

War is not the answer to this. I want vengeance as much as the next person but war doesn't decide who is right, it decides who is left. Besides, if we attack the country who did this, are we not just as bad as them.