



Still Running

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Today is September 11, 2001. I am sitting at my desk on the 89th floor of the World Trade Center Two. I am drinking my English toffee cappuccino. I hear this odd sound, almost like the humming engine of a jet coming near the building. As I look out the window, I see a huge jet right next to my window. The jet is slamming into the building next to mine. I am thrown backwards to the floor from the powerful impact of the jet. As I stand up, I feel disoriented. There is glass and debris all around my office. I can smell fumes from the raging fire, which I can see as I peer from my shattered window. I hear crying, screaming, and the eerie sound of steel moaning as it is being incinerated by the intense heat of the ignited jet fuel.

I start to run for the steps. The intense heat and nauseating smell of flesh and hair being burned is too much to bear. People in my building are screaming and the piercing sounds of the emergency bells are causing my ears to ring. I say a silent prayer as I continue to run down the steps. I hear another humming sound and think "Oh, God!" I am probably now only on the 20th floor. Now I hear another horrendous sound and smoke is coming down the stairway. I feel sick to my stomach and I am having trouble breathing. My body wants me to stop but I keep running. Finally I am out of the building, running aimlessly. I just lost a shoe. I am safe now, but still running.