

Edwin Sol: Edwin Sol looked out his window to admire the beautiful view from his office on the 100th floor of World Trade Center 1. It was such a lovely day out, and his mood matched it. His smile shone like the sun when he reminded himself that he was just promoted to CEO of Silverstein Properties. As he walked out of his new office he took a deep breath and silently decided that today was going to be a good day.

Lacey Perron: Lacey Perron's golden pigtails bobbed just above her shoulders as she came skipping out of her room to give her dad a hug before he left for work. Every morning was the same for Lacey. She put on whichever dress was her favorite that day, never the same as yesterday, called her mom in to do her hair, pulled on socks and shoes, and then her daddy would walk down the hall and wait at her door for his little Lacey to come give him a hug. Lacey loved her daddy just like he loved her. "Be safe daddy", Lacey whispered into his ear "I love you".

Phillip Jennings: Phillip Jennings jolted awake when a pillow collided with his face. He groaned. "Get up, Phillip" he recognized Emma's voice immediately. He groggily sat up and rubbed his eyes. Out of everyone Phillip had ever met, Emma was the only one that called him Phillip even after he told her to call him Phil. He was in his dirty supposed-to-be-white t-shirt and boxers. Emma was pouring a cup of coffee already dressed in her suit. Phillip then made the decision to at least put on his overalls. He staggered over to where Emma was mixing sugar into her coffee. "Look alive, Jennings!" Emma beamed, "You never know what today's going to throw at you".

Sabrina DeMone: The sun shined off of Sabrina DeMone's dark hair. She squinted and pulled her sunglasses off of her head and over her eyes. She walked with such grace through the airport doors that everyone was left stunned by the sense that someone that worthy of worship had been in their presence. Each of her steps were met by a click of her high heels. She almost caught herself smiling thinking that this was the last time she'd be in Boston for a while. There was nothing left for her here. She had always been the odd-one-out. The black sheep of the group. No, that wasn't appropriate for a model, the black Barbie. She got to her gate just as the announcer came on "United Airlines Flight 175 from Boston to Los Angeles will now begin boarding". She strutted up to the boarding line. As she handed the lady her ticket her thoughts jumped around but finally landed on one conclusion, this is going to be the ride of a lifetime.

Alexander Bosch: Alexander Bosch pulled his tie tight around his neck. He heard the covers being thrown off of a body from the room next to him. Lila, a girl whom he had just met last night sauntered out of his bedroom. As she rubbed her eyes, he let out a slow breath thinking that she wasn't very smart but she sure was beautiful. As he turned back around to button the last button on his white-collar shirt he admired the attractiveness of his face, his chiseled cheekbones and sparkling blue eyes. His short blonde hair was freshly washed and had a certain glimmer to it. This must have been the way all the girls fell head-over-heels for him. Alexander Bosch, he thought, successful businessman and known womanizer. As he paraded into the kitchen with a newfound sense of confidence he kissed Lila on the forehead before sipping a taste of her coffee and bouncing out of his apartment door. Alexander Bosch, he grinned, intern today, legend tomorrow.

Mary Hollar: Mary Hollar awoke to the gleam of her wedding ring sitting on the nightstand. She smiled remembering her own wedding that had only happened a month ago. She smiled even bigger remembering that she was on Staten Island with her group of closest friends. Her smile faded a little remembering that her best friend, Anne, was not with her. She had left yesterday to return to her work. She was the Executive Officer at Fuji Bank and worked in the marvelous World Trade Center II. She

was proud of Anne, she really was. She just wished that Anne would have stayed just a couple days more. Her husband sat up in bed next to her, the sun streaming through the window behind him and forming a halo behind his head. Maybe it wasn't so bad that Anne left after all, she thought. What's the worst that could happen?

Sabrina DeMone: It had been about 30 minutes since United Airlines Flight 175 from Boston to LA had left the airport and Sabrina could tell something was wrong. 5 Arab men had been sitting together talking in a foreign language and looking around like they had something to hide. Sabrina wasn't one for racial profiling, considering she had been made fun of for her race majority of her life, but she knew something wasn't right about those men. When all 5 of them walked out into the aisle towards the cockpit, she called a stewardess over and asked if everything was going OK. "As far as I know things are going great!" The stewardess smiled at Sabrina making her feel stupid. Just as Sabrina was going to thank her, a voice with a thick Arab accent came on over the intercom. Sabrina's heart dropped. "We have control of the plane. Stay calm and no one will be hurt". Then something in Arabic, "الآن نأخذها". At that time 3 of the men came and started shouting orders "everyone to back plane now!" Sabrina was forced out of her seat and thrown to the back of the plane. Everywhere, people were crying and screaming. No, she thought. This can't be happening. The plane was being hijacked.

Alexander Bosch: There they were. The World Trade Centers. They looked even more stunning knowing that he was about to go in to one. The lady at the desk smiled at him as he walked up. "Alexander Bosch", he declared. She typed something into her computer. "Oh! Well hello Mr. Bosch". Mr. Bosch, he liked that. "I'm sure that Mr. Randy is glad that you're here". She spoke in a kind tone. She told him that he could go up to the third floor and take the elevator from there, that way he could have one of the emptier elevators. She was a nice lady. He walked towards the stairs at a fast pace. He made sure to put on extra deodorant this morning, which was a good thing. He could already feel himself sweating. He neared the stairs and thought, the first step to success, the first step to success.

Edwin Sol: Edwin was on his third box of stuff. He was moving all his old junk to his new office. It didn't bother him that he had to move all of his stuff. To him it symbolized growth. He had grown out of his old position and was now onto a new one. Edwin even decided to take the stairs when moving boxes. After all, it wouldn't hurt him to lose a few pounds. Maybe that should be his goal, he thought. To be the most attractive, most fit, employee. He was headed to get his fourth box of junk as he saw a very attractive man step out of an elevator. Okay, maybe he'd be the second most attractive employee. He didn't recognize the man. He looked far too young to be on the 90th floor unless... he must be an intern. They exchanged smiles before going in opposite directions. He set his fourth box down on his desk and glanced out the window. It sure was a beautiful view. But then something caught his eye. Was that... a plane?

Sabrina DeMone: Massive tears rolled down Sabrina's face. She was short of breath and looked a mess but that was the least of her worries. She looked out of the planes window. They were flying dangerously close to the ground over what she was sure was New York City. In the near distance she could see giant buildings. Were those the... Twin Towers? Her heart raced. No, she thought, no no no. In a split second decision Sabrina decided she would not die without a fight. She halfway collected herself and started pushing through the crowd of terror-stricken people. She pushed past a family of four praying to their god, an old couple holding hands and crying. And she passed a mother holding her baby. A baby who would never know the disappointments and pleasures that the world had to offer. A baby, who would never grow up and become prom king/queen or fall in love or get a job. A baby, who would never know what it was like to live. And with that, Sabrina threw herself at one of the hijackers, full force. And just after she collided with him then the floor, the world was gone from her, and she was gone from it.

Phillip Jennings: It was a quiet day at the station, which was just fine with Phil. The way he saw it was that the less time he was out saving people from fire, the more time he got to spend with Emma. He almost knew that she would never love him the way he loved her, but that's what kept their relationship so magical. He would always be hopelessly in love with Emma, and in a way Emma knew. She wasn't like a tease or anything, but she was good at keeping Phil wanting more. He decided that today was going to be the day that he told Emma that he loved her, that he really loved her. Just after he decided that, a shaken voice came over the intercom. "All units report to the South Tower of the World Trade Center Complex". What? Phillip thought. This has never happened before. He wondered if the building had caught on fire. Emma jogged up beside him. "See, Jennings, this is why you've got to look alive." He could tell Emma was trying to stay calm. But they all looked scared, even Capt. Perron. He and Emma got on the same truck as they all raced off. No one could have imagined what awaited them at the South Tower. Phil looked over towards Emma. She was staring at the disaster, and he could see the reflection of it in her pupils. A plane had crashed into Twin Tower II. With that in his mind, and fear in his eyes, he went in. He went in to save people from a tragedy much bigger than fire.

Lacey Perron: Lacey closed her *Magical Tree House* book and looked up at her teacher who looked at the class with kind, and worn eyes. Just as she opened her mouth to speak a worried secretary ran into the room. As she whispered something into the teacher's ear she couldn't keep from crying. Lacey's brow furrowed in confusion as to why the secretary was crying. Lacey's teacher became very quiet and very stern looking. When the secretary left the teacher didn't say anything for a long while. When she finally opened her mouth to talk she was interrupted again. But this time it wasn't by a secretary. There was a loud boom and then a scream. All of her class stood up abruptly and ran to the windows. It was the Twin Towers. They were on fire. Lacey's teacher was crying and so were many kids. Lacey didn't start crying until she heard the signals of a fire truck. "That was my daddy!" Lacey screamed. Her teacher placed a hand on Lacey's shoulder. "What were the last words you said to him?" her teacher asked. "I told him that I loved him," said Lacey. Her teacher only said one word after that "Good."

Edwin Sol: Edwin was knocked off of his feet. He looked up and there was debris falling from the ceiling. A plane was the first thing that came to mind. He knew something was wrong when a plane crashed into the South Tower. He was instructed to stay where he was and remain calm, he was told that the situation was under control. Edwin got up and started to run to the nearest exit. He only got about 10 feet before falling again, then got up and this time got 20 before tripping over what he was sure was a body. He screamed. People were everywhere. He was lucky to have been on the 90th floor when the plane hit. He would have been trapped if he wasn't making his last run for his last box of junk. He was about to get up and run again when he felt excruciating pain shoot through his right leg. Oh no, he thought. He got up but immediately fell when he put pressure on his right leg. All he could think was no, no no no. He got up again, and again, and again, until all he could do was lay there and be kicked by other people trying to run from the disaster. Edwin had never believed in God, but now he decided was the time to pray. He prayed for his death to be quick and painless. Just as he said amen there was a blinding white light and in the split of a second Edwin Sol was crushed from debris. Edwin was floating, disconnected from the pain and chaos of which the world knew.

Mary Hollar: Mary wrapped a towel around her wet body. That was a lovely swim, she smiled. She untucked her long hair from her towel and looked towards New York City. There was a cloud of smoke. That's strange, she thought, that's not usually there. She half jogged to the bar where there was a TV with people crowded around it. Her friend Diana broke away from the crowd tears streaming down her tan cheeks. "The Towers", she stammered, "Anne" she sobbed harder when she said it. Mary pushed her way through the crowd. She clamped her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

The buildings were on fire. It looked like something had crashed into them. The headline on the screen said “Planes Crash into Twin Towers” Mary’s mind raced. She wondered if Anne was at work yet. No she couldn’t be in there. She just couldn’t be. She felt arms wrap around her. She spun around into her husband’s shoulder. She sobbed so hard she thought her lungs would give out. “Anne isn’t answering her phone.” Her husband’s voice was shaking. “She will if I call her”. Mary pressed #1 speed-dial. 1 was Anne’s favorite number. Mary counted the rings. 1...2...3...4...5...voicemail, “You have reached Anne Quine, Executive Officer of Fuji Bank. I’m sorry I missed your call but if you leave your name and number I’ll be sure to call you back. Thanks and have a nice day.” God, it was so good to hear her voice, thought Mary. Anne had always spoken with elegance. The beep signified that Mary should leave a message now. “Anne? Anne... I, I, call me back.” Mary’s phone dropped from her hands only an instant before she did, too.

Alexander Bosch: Alexander Bosch had made it down to the 37 floor and he wasn’t planning to stop there. He was nearing the 36 floor when he felt the building shaking. He was only burned on his hands unlike most of the people he’d passed. They had been burned on their faces and arms and legs and everywhere. He was crying hard and felt like he was going to the collapse. Something did collapse, all though it was not him. He heard a deafening rumble and knew the tower was coming down. He burst through the door to the 35 floor landing and ducked under a staircase. He was grabbed and pulled under even further by a fireman. Debris blinded him and all that was there was smoke. He felt like his body had no water left and that’s what stopped him from crying. He stayed there for what seemed like eons. It only turned out to be about an hour. When he was pulled out he started crying again. He was in total shock and fell to the ground. Someone picked him up. “It was like a straw in a pancake, you were in the straw when the tower became a pancake”. Alexander choked on a sob. “You are a very lucky man”. And he was. Alexander had never felt so lucky. And he had never felt so alive.

Phillip Jennings: Phil became frantic. He had made it out of the WTC 1 right before the collapse. But Emma was in WTC II. When Phil came out, The South Tower had already collapsed, hopefully without Emma in it. He was running everywhere there was to go. He asked every fireman he saw, yet none were from his squad. He was sobbing by the time Bill, who had been in the South Tower with Emma, came over to him. “Emma”, Bill coughed, “She stayed behind to help,” cough, “Capt. Perron.” “I’m so sorry.” Phil didn’t say anything. His legs were burned from the calf down and he needed medical attention. So did Bill. Emma would have wanted him to get help. But Emma wasn’t there any more. Emma was just another star, gone too soon.

Mary Hollar: Mary had called Anne’s phone 22 times before the tower collapsed. It was almost as if she collapsed with it. When she saw the building fall into itself she fell to the ground. Once she was carried to her room she sat by her bed waiting for a call that would never come. She knew that Anne worked on floor 82, which in the news, had been one of the floors where the plane crashed. Mary needed to hear Anne’s voice. To hear that she was okay and she was one of the lucky ones who made it out. About an hour later Mary’s husband came in. She could see that he’d been crying. She just looked at him, unable to produce words. Her lips separated as tears started to roll down her flushed cheeks. Her mouth was so dry that her tongue felt like sandpaper. “Anne?” She finally managed to choke out. Her husband shook his head slightly. Since she hadn’t heard from Anne yet, she doubted that she ever would. She had to except the fact that Anne was gone. Her best friend was gone, and part of her heart was, too.

Lacey Perron: After the dust cloud cleared, little Lacey took to the streets with her mom. They hung up “missing” posters all over the city. The poster said “Missing. Thomas Perron, age 43, height 6’0, brown hair and blue eyes. If found please contact 546-5859.” It also had a picture of Lacey and her father at Christmas time. They were almost to the place of the collapse, or “Ground Zero”. Lacey

wondered to a pole that had about 30 other “missing” posters on it. Lacey looked at each one, studying their faces. Most of them seemed very happy. She doubted most of them would be found. She dropped her head and closed her eyes saying a silent prayer for those missing. Then she hung her dad’s poster. She kissed her hand and placed it onto the picture. A tear rolled down her cheek when a man who was also hanging a poster of what looked to be his wife said something to her. “He must have been a good man”. Lacey looked up at the man with eyes full of anguish. She took a minute to process this before looking the man straight in the eyes and saying something not so much as a question, but as a statement “Weren’t they all.”