The Twin Towers

My name is Sukon Makok, I am a japanese transfer student currently living in New York with my foster family for the school year, or at least I was.

I loved living in New York, it's such a beautiful city. I loved taking walks around Central Park, with its natural beauty. The Statue of Liberty too, it's mind boggling how big it is, and oh my God, the dollar pizza slices too, they were so good. The 9/11 memorial was so beautiful too, I always thought it was so sad, I never thought I would live through it. They were such important buildings, held massive amounts of work and people, and were also the main place for trading stocks at the time. Some people say it was terrorists, but honestly, I think it was an inside job to cover up the trillions of dollars they lost the day before.

On a random Tuesday, that I thought would just be like any other. Go to school, have lunch with my friends, come home, simple as that, and honestly the day looked normal, until me and my friends got to the mall for lunch.

When we got there, a strange man in a white coat came up to me, and I'm not going to lie, I thought he was homeless. He was dirty, his hair was all messy and he stunk.

He asked me for help and asked me what year it was. I was so tired and honestly, couldn't be bothered so I just told him "Get away from me crazy man" and brushed past him, and the man was not pleased. He looked me dead in the eyes and cursed me out, and the last words I heard were "You're gonna see what it's like" before I felt myself get pulled away, and feeling a strike, like if I was bludgeoned in the head or something.

When I woke back up, I recognized where I was from some YouTube videos, I was in the twin towers, specifically the north one, on the top floor. My cell phone surprisingly was working, and when I checked the date, it dawned on me. It was 9/11, and the time was 8:40 AM, 6 minutes before the first plane hit. I know that I'm not going to be able to escape, so I'm typing this and hoping that someone eventually finds it, so that at least my memory lives on.

I hope I go with the explosion in a painless way, and not with the fall. Goodbye everyone!

Afonso, Francisco, Rodrigo