

# Personal Narrative- September Eleventh

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## Personal Narrative- September Eleventh

No one knows what tomorrow will bring or may not bring. In the course of the past year, this idea was extremely prevalent. Because of the September tragedy, many people were uneasy and unnerved about daily situations. This concern caused people to look at things in a new, almost like an “enlightenment” initiator. September the [eleventh](#) is a day I will always remember; not only for the obvious reason, but for the important way it affected my feelings towards my family.

How could anyone forget the day America was attacked? I remember driving to school on the day of the [attack](#). The Texan breeze brushed fallen leaves across the roadway as I pulled into my high school parking lot. It was a day like any other, or so I thought. During my first period class, I was supposed to play my solo and ensemble piece for one of the band directors so they could help me. As I sat in the office and played a concerto by Mozart on the French horn, the band director listening to me got a cell phone call. I stopped playing so she could answer the phone call. It was the other band director’s wife reporting the attack. The first feeling that came to me was unbelief, but as I walked around the school and saw teachers with their TV’s stationed to news channels I saw the horrific

pictures.

I later found out that some of my relatives were in the [World Trade Center](#) Towers that day. No one knew if they were all right. My family eventually got a phone call reporting that they had gotten out o.k. Another family member was affected by the attack. My dad, who is in the Air force, received a notice and was re-stationed to Minot, North Dakota. He was there for about a year and a half. He may be shipping out soon to go to the Middle East.

With everything that had happened, there is no way that the attacks could not have affected me.

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