

TOWERS FALLING

I can tell it's a disaster. A horrible disaster. One tower is on fire. What happened to the other?

Is this why Sabeen cried?

All I have to do is tap the space bar for the video to come alive.

I tap.

Smoke grows, clouding the silver building and blue sky. Flames bubble, lick, and streak. It's horrible. There's no sound, but I know there must be people inside the tower hurt, screaming.

How come I didn't know?

Right across from Brooklyn, something left a gaping hole in the tower.

I lean forward. No sound makes the moving images scarier. High up, not even where birds fly, there must be wind sounds. Inside the building, folks must be coughing, choking from smoke. Fire would be roaring, snapping, crackling.

A plane. A huge jet, a silver bird, is flying, flying. Straight toward the second tower.

I grip the bottom of the chair. NO. NO. NO. "Stop," I scream. *Boom*. Crash. Into the building. Sliding, ripping a diagonal line through metal, concrete, and glass.

The plane is inside the building—breaking apart, exploding, melting, burning furniture and people.

"No," I scream. I bang the keyboard. The video stops.

I turn away from the screen and look out Ben's window. It's beautiful. Birds, trees, sky, and clouds. What would it be like having a plane crush through like a missile? Destroying the world?