Tuesday, September 11th, 2001

Today is my birthday, I'm finally eleven! As a birthday treat, Mum said I could skip school and do anything I wanted so I decided that a walk around in my favourite place on Earth, New York, with my mum would be the best thing ever. However, it soon turned out to be a complete disaster.

At 8:30, we left the house and walked to go get breakfast at a local diner. I had pancakes and they were the best ones I have ever had (except from mums of course). They filled me with tones of excitement and energy, I couldn't wait to see where we were going to go next.

It turned out that at 8:40, we were going to the Twin Towers, World Trade Centre and I was really looking forward to it. I'd always wanted to see where Mum worked but she wouldn't take me. Until now. There were no children allowed inside as it is a place of business so we walked around the outside instead. I was really relaxed just having a nice walk with my Mum but sadly, as we went to leave at 8:50 to visit Nan, a plane hit the North Tower, whilst we were at the South. I started running so fast that I didn't realise my Mum was running into the South Tower when another plane hit. Screaming for her to come back, she disappeared inside. why would she leave me? I don't know.

Did she mean to leave me? Maybe she thought I was following her. Did she know where I was going? Maybe... There were many more questions I was asking in my head on the way to Nan's house. Did she run to get the nearest shelter? Was she checking on her colleagues in the opposite tower? Probably. But most of all I just wanted to know.. was she okay?

Frantic and unsure what to do, I ran to my Nans who was watching the news. That's was when I realised my Mum must be hurt for they were showing the injured and evacuated. I was so upset that I had left her and ran. I sat in my Nan's arms and sobbed. This was the worst birthday ever.