

Tuesday, 11th September 2001

What a day to remember! I thought it was going to be just an ordinary day, but to my surprise, it turned into the worst day in our nation's history. At 8:50 this morning, as I walked into school with my tray of cupcakes, I knew something was wrong. I saw a bunch of worried faces around the classroom, and teachers were hurrying the other students out of the building. I looked around in confusion, and then my teacher told me to quickly put down my cupcakes and to get out of the building with my other classmates as quickly as possible. We were made to line up like a fire alarm had gone off and, after the teachers had checked if any more pupils were in the school, they told us to go home. Home! It was so strange. No one was saying anything but yet we were being sent home. At 9 am in the morning.

On my way home I was wondering why we had been sent home: what had happened? Would I ever get to give out my cupcakes? I was curious about what had happened. So much had happened in a short amount of time. As I finally got home, I got my key out of my pocket and I unlocked my door. When I walked in, I looked around. It looked like nobody was home. I shut the door behind me, took off my shoes and went into the living room, and sat down on my dad's special chair. I got the remote and turned on the television. What was this? Was it some new movie that was coming out? I stared at the news on the television with confusion. Then, I saw two planes, one after the other, crash into two towers. 'Isn't that the Twin Towers?' I thought to myself. 'Doesn't my dad drive the train which goes under the towers?' I looked down, was my dad in danger?

I began to tear up. Is that why he wasn't home? Who's going to look after me and Nunu? I can't look after her all by myself, I'm only 11. I can't look after Nunu, cook dinner, and clean the house all before they get home - it's too much work. Nunu's always in a mood, and I cannot put up with her screaming and crying. When she screams and cries it makes me just want to walk out of the house, but I know I can't leave her all by herself. She's only 6?

I sit there with my head in my hands for a minute. What am I going to do?

'Calm down Alex,' I thought to myself. 'Everything's going to be fine, I'm sure Mum and Dad will be home in no time. I just need to do one thing at a time. And stop watching the news.'

I turned the TV off and picked up the trash to take outside. "Universe," I say out loud, "I'll make you a deal: I will stop freaking out; do all my chores, and cook dinner if you bring my parent's home safe. Deal?" I nod at the ceiling in an imaginary handshake. Deal made.