

# that september day, a day il never forgett

By james13

Submitted: November 24, 2009

Updated: November 24, 2009

*never forget*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/james13/57335/that-september-day-day-il-never-forgett>

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## 1 - that september day

I remember sitting by my computer just like this writing when it happened.

My girlfriend called me up; I ran down in the living room and turned on the television.

I could see live from the US, the ruined towers in the ashes.

The yet so great and tall world trade center lying scattered out on the ground.

The screaming people running from the flames.

My girlfriend told me that she and her mother had been listening to the radio instance those aircrafts hit.

It was a tragic event,

I can't really remember that well what I thought, but I regret what I didn't do.

Why didn't I go up and pray for their safety? Why didn't I cry like the others? Why didn't I understand?

But now, I don't know... 1-2 years later? 3 years? Can't remember, but I can still recall the memories from that event, totally fresh from my mind, and now I can cry, I can cry for hours, I can scold myself for not praying for them, because I know it would have helped them, I regret that I didn't comforting my American friends.

What did you do?

Did you cry that day? Or did you just say "suits them well"?

Even though I can't do anything about what happened, I don't want to forget, hell no if I'm forgetting.

I will pray for those who remain now and then, I will pray that such a thing will never happen again.

But what is it about this that scared us so?

Millions of years ago a huge comet of fire shattered the earth, and we know something alike will happen again, why don't we fear it?

The humans' greatest fear is to lose control, we create great machines, such as those aircrafts, we try to control the forces, but if we lose control then we is the weakest again, that is what humans fear, and that's why we got so scared.

How many do you think that went home that day, took the old bible down from the shelf and began on a prayer?

How many in that tower don't you think just wanted to disappear?

The day that event occurred, that day time stopped up.

Those who were near that place are just thinking about staying alive; don't you think they now regret that they didn't turn around, that they didn't run back to the tower to save their friends?

Such actions create these memories, these regrets.

Regrets they really couldn't do anything with, is it worth it?

Does what I just wrote make any sense to you?

Just promise me one thing, never forget! Never forget what happened that September day