

Autobiographical narrative

Business



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The story which I want to tell you about seems particularly significant to me because it helped me learn a lot about myself and how much torture I can take.

It also made me appreciate all the small things we commonly take for granted, like having your family and knowing that they are healthy and happy. But they say that whatever does not kill you makes you stronger and I believe this experience did this for me. Life is finally going my way again. Now I wait for life to once again attempt my derailment, or, at least, for that damn sock full of quarters to slap me down again! On September 11th, 2001 the day started very regularly; my alarm clock rang, and I woke up, showered, and caught an RTA bus, starting my hour-long transit to school, just as every other day that school year. Aimlessly walking through school was part of my daily routine, and I settled amongst my classmates to hear yet another boring lecture about old, wizened men forming what has become today's government for our great nation. Mid period, just as my eyes were getting lazy, and my eyelids quite heavy, my teacher enters the room after a short sojourn to the History Department's lounge.

He informs us that the World Trade Center had been hit, but there were no further details. Class droned on as normal, no radio, no TV, no announcement. To the bewilderment of my teacher, nobody believed him; this was a sick joke, right? Throughout the school day, until I could enter the library and view the horrific scene, I was in a state of disbelief. It was quite hard to fathom; the biggest event of the new millennium, and not one classroom was watching the gruesome details unfold? When I entered the Media Room, and actually saw for myself the planes streaking overhead and

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destroying human life by smashing into one of New York's trademarks, I was speechless. The feeling in my gut made me sick; I was unable to stand.

From the moment that I witnessed over national airwaves the mass destruction terrorists had caused us, I knew that the world around us was about to change, and for the worse. That evening, through the tears in the neighborhood's eyes, and feeling of an uneasy harmony and peace that a disaster had to create to unite those around them, people started going crazy. The gas prices soared so high that the City of Cleveland had to shut down numerous gas stations in the urban area because owners were gouging those trying to prepare themselves for any other disasters that could occur. It was horrible; people trying to help their family in case a sudden disaster took over our area, our home, our "turf", and people were just trying to make a quick buck, I found it incredible. How could people do this to their own fellow Clevelanders? I am very happy that our local government oversaw the operations, and quickly proceeded to set the stations on the right path.

Because of this, I was just wondering my impending doom; working on nearly minimum wage, ready to get my license, and I would not even be able to afford gas. even now, gas is extremely expensive, and you find yourself wondering where to come up with a couple extra bucks to make it from point A to point B without being stranded. This topic affected me the most through 9/11. ...