

I HAD A HARD TIME SLEEPING. IT WAS AS IF THE FLOOR WAS CON-STANTLY COLLAPSING UNDER ME.



ONE NIGHT A THUNDER-STORM WOKE ME UP. I WAS SURE I'D HEARD AN INCOMING PLANE JUST BEFORE THE THUNDER CRASH AND THAT YET ANOTHER ATTACK WAS UNFOLDING.



TOOK ME AN HOUR TO CALM MY BEATING HEART DOWN AND ANOTHER TO FALL BACK INTO RESTLESS SLEEP.



MY MIND WAS
RACING WITH WORRIES
ABOUT THE MENTAL
AND PHYSICAL HEALTH
OF THE CHILDREN,
ABOUT THE FATE OF
OUR HOME AND
ESPECIALLY ABOUT
A NEW TERRORIST
ATTACK...



BUT MY PREDOMINANT EMOTION WAS ANGER. THERE'S A LOT OF WAYS TO TORTURE A TERRORIST TO DEATH, AND I WENT OVER THEM ALL IN MY IMAGINATION.



AS A FATHER, ONE OF YOUR PRIMARY JOBS IS TO PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN, AND ON SEPTEMBER 11TH, MY ABILITY TO DO JUST THAT WAS RENDERED COMPLETELY IMPOTENT.







PIER 40 WAS ALSO THE SPOT WHERE THEY COLLECTED DOWNTOWN RESIDENTS IN PICKUP TRUCKS TO GO IN AND RETRIEVE PASSPORTS, MEDICATION AND OTHER ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES.



THE OFFICIAL LIST DIDN'T INCLUDE TOY TRAINS, BUT THEY WERE NEVERTHELESS ON THE TOP OF MY ROSTER, COURTESY OF DYLAN AND SPENCE.



WE'D BEEN
TOLD TO
WEAR OLD
CLOTHES
AND TO
BRING A
FACE MASK
AND A FLASH
LIGHT. THIS
GUY ACROSS
FROM ME
WAS IN A SUIT
AND SHINY
SHOES.













WHAT CAN I SAY? MY EXPECTATIONS HAD OBVIOUSLY NOT CAUGHT UP WITH THE NEW SITUATION.

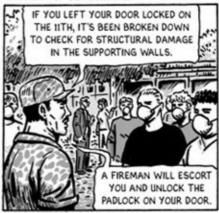




ALL THE WINDOWS
ON THE EAST SIDE OF
GATEWAY 600 IMPLODED.



THE NATIONAL GUARD GATHERED EVERYBODY IN FRONT OF OUR BUILDING.



THERE'S BEEN NO
ELECTRICITY FOR TEN
DAYS. WHEN YOU GET
UP THERE, EMPTY THE
REFRIGERATOR.



KEEP YOUR FLASH LIGHTS HANDY AND BE READY.

BEHIND HIS DUSK MASK, I RECOGNIZED THE DOCTOR.







I'VE LIVED HERE FOR FOUR YEARS AND NEVER PAID ANY ATTENTION TO THE MURAL OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER IN THE FOYER BEFORE NOW.



