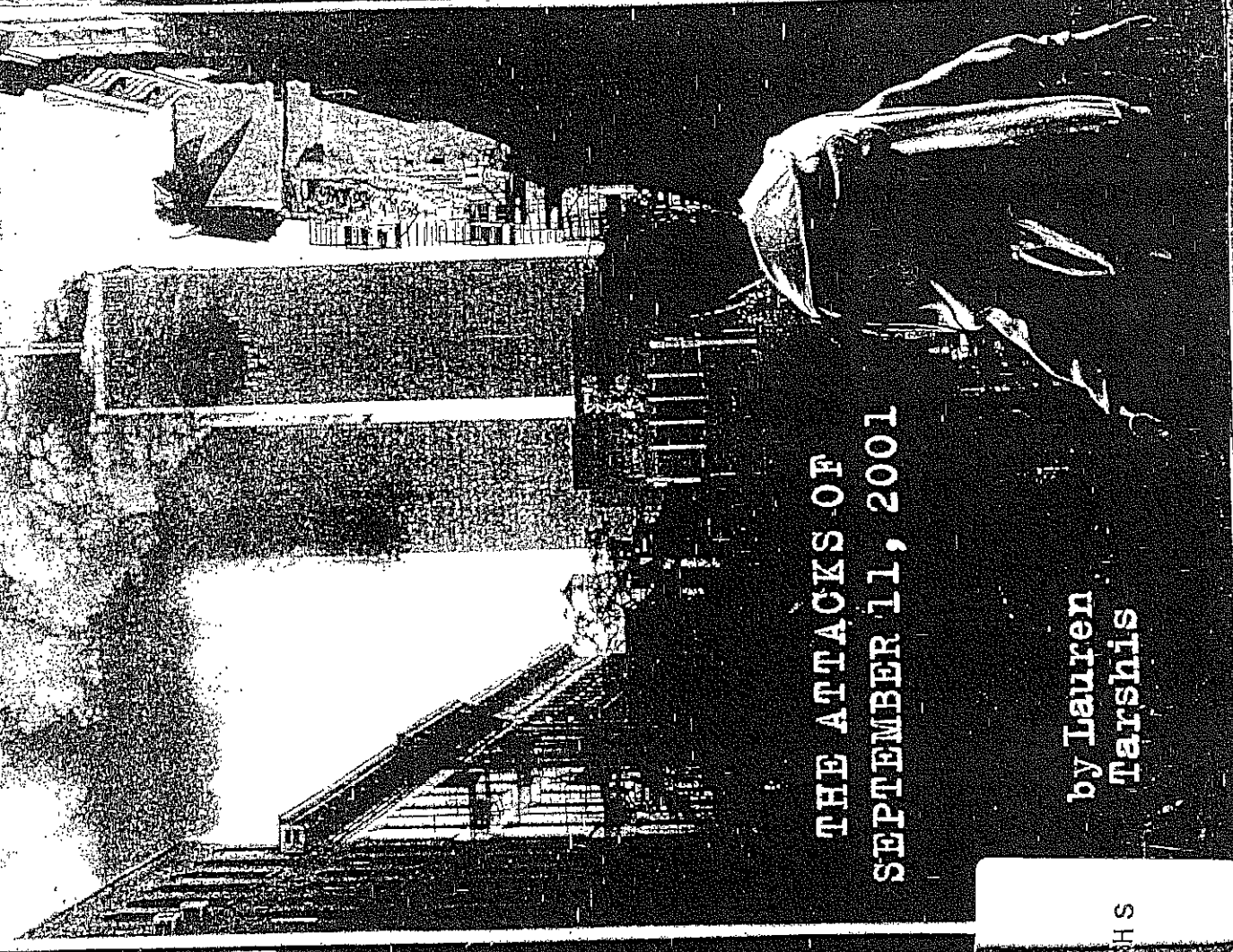


I SURVIVED

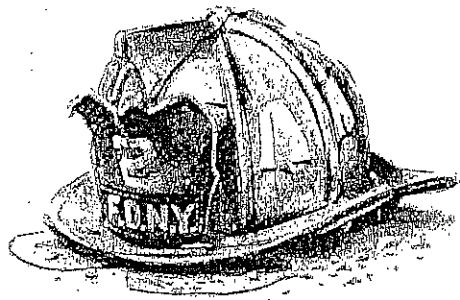


THE ATTACKS OF
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

by Lauren
Tarshis

HS

CHAPTER 6

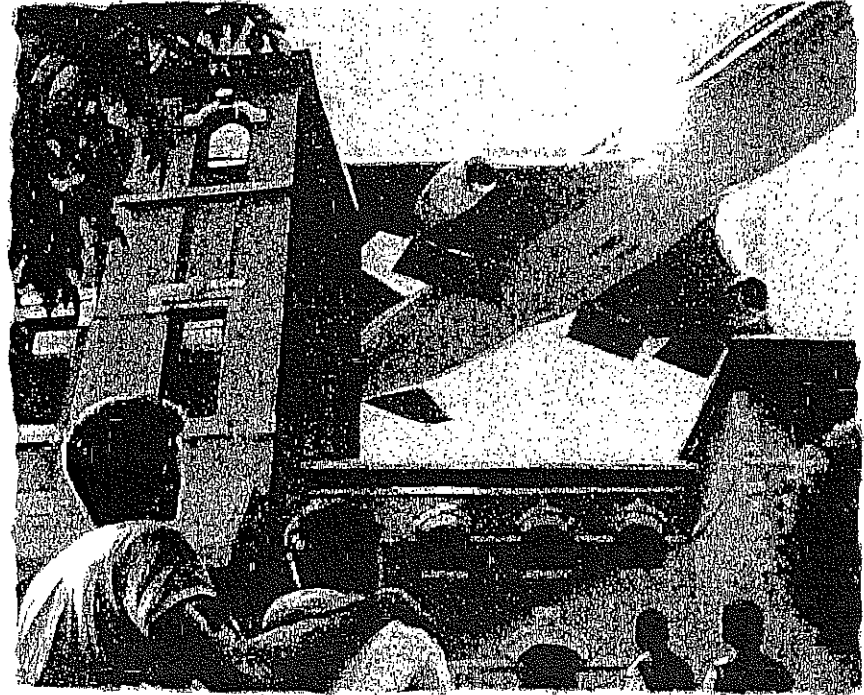


8:46 A.M.

"What the —" Uncle Benny said.

He and Lucas stood and watched as the plane tore through the sky, its engine screaming.

Everyone else on the sidewalk stopped and looked up.



Lucas had never seen an airplane flying so low, except taking off or landing.

He could see the plane so clearly — the engines tucked under the wings, the sun glinting off the windows. He could even read the letters on the tail: AA.

American Airlines.

The engines roared.

That plane had to be in trouble. It was going to crash!

Questions raced through Lucas's mind.

Had the plane's instruments broken? Was the pilot confused? Was he sick? Once Lucas heard about a pilot who had a heart attack in the middle of a flight.

But that didn't make sense. There would be a copilot there to take over.

Or maybe airplanes flew like this all the time in New York City, and Lucas just hadn't noticed before? Or no, it had to be a movie. That was it! Some action movie was being filmed over New York City.

But where were the cameras? How were they filming the plane?

Something was wrong. And everyone knew it. People up and down the sidewalk were stopped in their tracks, hypnotized by the sight of a jet ripping across the sky.

The plane turned slightly, one wing dipping down. The engine's roar turned to a screech. It was moving faster now, and going lower and lower. It barely missed the tops of some buildings as it careened through the air.

But just ahead, two buildings stood taller than the rest: the Twin Towers.

The plane was heading right for one of the towers.

Turn! Lucas wanted to scream. *Pull up!*

But it didn't turn. And suddenly, the plane plunged like a knife into the side of one of the buildings.

For a split second, Lucas waited for the plane

to reappear on the other side, to keep flying as though nothing had happened.

But then,

Kaboom!

A gigantic fireball — orange and black — exploded out of the side of the building.

Lucas jumped back in horror.

All around him, people screamed.

Black, fiery smoke gushed out of a huge gash in the building's side, billowing into the sky.

Lucas turned away. He couldn't look anymore.

He looked at Uncle Benny instead.

Uncle Benny was already shouting into his phone.

"Call dispatch . . . a plane just crashed into the World Trade Center! This is a 10-60 . . . yes, a 10-60!"

10-60 was the worst kind of alarm.

And that's when it hit Lucas: There had to be hundreds of people trapped in that tower. And no matter how dangerous it was, firefighters like Dad and Uncle Benny were going to try to save them.