

9/11 . . . The Day the Towers came Down

[2,977 deaths](#)

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As was my morning ritual, while dressing for work (before retirement) I listened to radio News, then took a few minutes to swill a cup of coffee while watching News on the family room widescreen—something was happening—there were a lot of anxious OMGs, and I realized an aircraft had struck one of New York's Twin Towers and the camera showed it burning profusely, black smoke billowing.

I thought it must be an accident, like the similar 1945 crash of a WWII bomber striking the Empire State building, which was tragic . I also knew on a busy day 33,000 people could be in the Towers.

— I had to leave for work.

My car's Radio News reported Tower occupants higher up were falling or jumping from the building to escape the hellish fires engulfing several floors above where the aircraft impacted. News reported crowds on the ground stood riveted, staring in unrestrained horror while others were running aimlessly in every direction. Sirens could be heard, and people were screaming as another loud "plop" sounded. The commentator speculated on what caused the plop-sounds: falling debris, chunks of concrete or thick panels of shatter-proof glass "clapping" concrete plaza areas . . . anything but what it turned out to be. Then a rookie commentator connected the plopping sounds noting they always followed within seconds with each jumper. It seemed surreal to think and understand that simple truth; I can still hear it today—like the smell of death, there's nothing like that sound of death of innocents.

Something seemed desperately very wrong—a second Aircraft struck in a ball of flames into the other New York Tower. This was not an accidental crash into a building—*it had to be another terrorist attack*. I stopped at a large Walmart and ran in, quickly buying a 22" TV to plug to at my office at California Baptist University, Riverside, CA.

I quickly parked in my-spot and ran inside, plugged the TV, dialed the channels around to one that was carrying The Towers story—the First Tower began collapsing, adding a much louder booming-sound as floor-by-floor accordioned-downward until it fell surreal into itself; obscured by a growing cloud of debris rivalling the most monstrous Thunderhead Clouds I had ever seen.

As Director of Public Safety, students were bustling pass my open office to and from their first morning classes—most unaware of the Towers—nevertheless, a growing crowd of students jostled in the hallway for a better view of my office TV.

New York TV News cameras were everywhere, and some stood stoically videoing tsunami-clouds roiling down intersection's streets at them; consuming everything in its path and turning day to night. You could see people racing into stores or climbing into cars trucks and emergency vehicles to avoid the choking storm— and those engulfed and consumed. Somewhere else, people were choking out of the clouds totally pasted with disintegrated cement dust and struggling to see. Looking like zombies—*real zombies*—straight from hell. Helpers poured bottled-water on the lucky few to help clear their eyes. Emergency Responder Zombies gasping for breath, choking, hacking, sitting on curbs or benches, blinded with gravel-dust eyes.

Tower-2 began to collapse with a repetitious staggered-frightening obscene booming—rogue-gods clapping—pulverizing the next encountered floor-onto-floor and descending a little faster gaining weight from disintegrated *everything* and atomized souls from above. I just knew with every ratcheting-echoing plop, hundreds of people were being killed. The lesser plops had stopped. Oh Lord... I prayed ... but could not pull words from my heart to express or convey what I felt, and countless Americans were witnessing across the country.

President George W. Bush was going to address the nation—*America was under attack*. . . . and it was not yet over. Al-Qaeda militant Islamist would crash a passenger airliner into the Pentagon, and crash another into a field as onboard American passengers began the nation's fight against Islamic Terrorists.

— Where were you . . . When The Towers came Down?

Jeff Moch (own photo/public domain): World Trade Center twin towers, 9/11/2001.

[World Trade Center, New York City - aerial view \(March 2001\) - World Trade Center \(1973–2001\) - Wikipedia](#)