

Folks,

I recently received this power point presentation with these photos. I worked on the 25th floor of the WTC 2. I believe it was WTC 2 but I can never remember which tower was which. I never made it up to the office that day. The compass directions are perceived directions and may not be correct. This is what I experienced that day.

Keep in mind I watched the 2nd plane go into the tower. This is what I remember of that day. I was on the PATH out of Newark when the first plane was flown into the tower so those of us knew nothing of what had just happened. This write-up is from time I stepped out of the PATH train at the WTC Path station.

I was the last person out of the PATH that morning. I heard them say to take the train to Grove Street and actually looked around to see that no one - I mean no one - was on any of the platforms. I could smell that something was burning somewhere even on the platform. The conductor closed the door to the train just before I decided to step back on the train and go to Grove Street.

When I got up to the mezzanine a police officer was trying to get the two men who ran the magazine kiosk to leave - he even threatened to arrest them on the spot because they would not pack and leave. They were trying to close the register. When I told him that I was the last person from the platform the two men realized there was something actually wrong. At that point they dumped the money into a bag and headed up to street level. They passed me and the officer headed up as well I believe.

At ground level a lot of people were leaving the area. I went out the door by Building 4 (Northeast corner door just to the south) and headed across the street to the local fire department. I heard the 2nd Plane above my head, looked up and saw the plane go into the building. A lot of people just stood there looking up mesmerized by what was happening. I simply started walking as fast as I could - I would have run if possible but I have not been able to run since 1978 when I broke my back - to the fire department.

The fire chief was in the process of closing the overhead (truck access) doors but saw me actually trying to get to the building. He waited and when I got on the sidewalk he came out from under the building and half dragged me into the building and closed the overhead door. I then went into the fire department building's kitchen in the back of the building and watch the news with everyone else.

When the first tower came down a fireman - not sure of his name now - came running back to tell us the tower was coming down. The collapse threw him to the ground in the doorway and the door into the kitchen, which opened into the hallway, was closed onto him. The result was one of his legs was broken. I had rolled off the chair I was sitting in against the refrigerator and dish washer against the front-wall of the kitchen.

After we could see a little bit - the dust was VERY thick - we saw him on the floor in extreme pain. I managed to get him to describe the pain and was able to tell the other firemen that his leg was broken. I have broken my leg three times (5, 18 and 25) as well as other bones over the years. When the other firemen realized I knew what I was talking about they cut off the pants leg of his firefighting gear and splinted his leg. We went out the kitchen window of the building.

The blast of the 1st Tower coming down was so strong it blew the window out of the back of the building. The window was around 5 feet high and 7 or 8 feet wide. All of the window was gone - only the concrete brick opening for the window was left. There was no glass, wood or metal window framing left. The back door could not be used as it was blocked. I was told the front section of the building was damaged as well.

After the firemen had moved the injured man out through the window they and another man helped me through the window. We all walked north (I believe it was north) to the street that ran in front of building 7. We then tried to decide which route was the better way out. As man I was with (I never thought I would forget his name either) carefully walked out into the street to try and get a view the 2nd Tower started to come down.

He ran back to the building and we both stood up against the building. A piece of the tower around 6 feet long landed where he had been standing. At this point we broke the glass door of the Pizzeria on the corner to get out of the dust. The owner or manager actually called and gave us instructions on how to turn off the natural gas to the ovens. He had called to check on his employees and to see if he could find out what was happening. Firemen came in and made use of the bottled water. Dust from the towers were everywhere and that includes in the Pizzeria but it was significantly less dense.

Eventually we headed away from the area by going up to 120 Broadway and then headed east. A police officer gave the two of us a mask to keep us from breathing the dust. It took us at least 20 to 30 minutes to walk out of the dust cloud. Eventually we reached the area under the bridge at the lower end of the Island. An officer asked to not stay too long after asking us why we were there. I was exhausted by this time and had to rest.

We walked up the east side of the Island until we reached I believe the Brooklyn bridge (or the Manhattan Bridge) where lots of people were waiting to be allowed to cross. If I remember correctly since he lived on Long Island he stayed there so he could cross and make his way home.

I then walked to the 14th Street subway station. While the station was currently closed the attendant allowed me into the gated area where I rested until the subways started running - several others later. I took the subway to as close to Penn Station as possible and then walked to Penn Station. I then waited for the a New Jersey Transit North Jersey Coast Train to head home. I got home at my

regular time - around 7:30PM.

For those of you not there when you look at the photos keep in mind everyone who was in the area is covered in the concrete dust. I was offered places to stay and get cleaned up but declined them since I knew if I stopped I would not be able to get moving again. I was exhausted but knew the best thing was to get to Penn Station to catch a train back the Jersey Shore area.

The PATH tunnel out of the WTC area flooded. Think of the pictures that have been show recently of the PATH tunnel being flooded. It is important to remember that besides the 3000 who died there are a lot of people who still have to deal with what happened that day. Fortunately for me, so far at least, most of my problems were physical exhaustion. Since I had already suffered a major trauma when I was 18 (broken back, left femur broken, lower leg leg snapped into 3 pieces, paralysis etc.) I knew how to handle it. God had given me the strength and wisdom. I think it is possible I was supposed to be there for the fireman injured when the first tower failed since I due to the circumstances I knew the proper questions to answer.

So as we approach the 10th Anniversary remember the people died but do not forget the ones who lived - especially those who lost loved ones.

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