

Patriotism

By Heber



The planes flew into the two buildings today. I watched as the towers fall down. I cried and somebody told me the accident before was in New York. I looked at the flag in the sky. The sounds hurt my ears—there was breaking glass so loud. Then I heard silent. The smell of dust and screams.

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The planes hurled downward into the two buildings today. I watched as the towers collapse. My eyes became teary. A stranger reported to me about the tragic attacks in New York. I stared straight at the flag waving like a blue bird in an eclipse of an end in the lonely sky. The sounds exploded my ears—glass shattered like the ripping of blankets or the massacre of books. Then I heard silent, the silent of a ghost town. The smell of ashes and shrikes of cold voices.

