
Subject: Re: It's that time of year again
Posted by [Crimson](#) on Thu, 04 Sep 2008 21:12:53 GMT
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That was the longest day of my life. My dad woke me up in the early morning to tell me to turn on the news. In my sleepy haze, I asked him which channel was carrying the story and his reply was "ALL OF THEM". That's when I realized the gravity of the situation and I was glued to the TV until I had to go to work. I listened to the radio the whole way to work, since there was no way of knowing when and if the attack would end.

I worked at Charles Schwab in tech support at the time. My department handled customers with problems on the website or software products, but my job was on a special team that handled escalated issues. No one was calling in, and my team was instructed not to bother calling anyone at this time, so we were sent home, though I stuck around for an hour or so, glued to the TV there. It was so strange to know that if I looked up, I wouldn't be able to find a plane in the sky unless it was military.

When I got home, I didn't really want to be alone so I went to my dad's house and hung out there for the rest of the night.

I felt guilty being happy for about a week. I wouldn't even listen to music - just talk radio... found out my radio gets AM channels. I don't live in fear, but I will never forget how I felt that day, where I was, and what happens when you don't take national security seriously.
