

My 9/11 is Worse Than Your 9/11

I remember hearin all the gossip about Trevor, one of momma's friend's kids who dropped out and then OD'd on somethin. They didn't cancel school for Trevor. But somethin bigger had happened today that made me think bout nothin but death. Happened during school, when we was readin a story about a mouse or somethin, I don't know, I forget. The teacher started actin all weird, sayin that today will live in infinity forever. Said our mommas was comin to get us. Ain't nobody told us what had happened though. A girl with the same birthday as me named Dylan had a guess as to what had happened, sayin a neighbor friend of hers who was in Ms. Randall's class got bit by a dog she thought mighta had rabies. That spooked the whole class – we didn't wanna hear anyone else's theories. Turns out what had actually happened was even worse. I didn't really understand it though, just knew what I had seen on the t.v. looked scary, and that people died, more than just one or two.

It'd be September 12th pretty soon but I couldn't even begin to think bout sleepin. I was starin at my hamster cage. Roscoe had died about a month ago. There wasn't nothin in the cage, guess I just couldn't help but to think bout death after what all had happened. Momma tried her best to console me. Tapped on the door all politely, tryin to tell me about somethin real sad that happened when she was bout my age.

"Jackie's pink dressed was ruined that day... to say the least."

"So... only one person died?"

"Well yes, but he was the President of the United States, sweetie."

I wasn't too impressed with momma's story.

I had once visited New York City and stood on top of the World Trade Centers – well, one of them at least. I knew good and well momma had never stood on top of Jack Kennedy's haircut, seen Jackie's pink dress up close, or even been to Dallas for Chrissake. I started thinkin bout what people said about New York City, The Big Apple or whatever, about how nobody sleeps there. I thought about how all the hundreds of people there would just be stayin up thinkin bout death tonight, kinda like how I was starin at my hamster cage. They'd be starin in their own hamster cages, or whatever made them think bout death. I didn't like thinkin about other people thinkin bout death, just me I guess.

Before momma left my room Trip came bargin in talkin bout how he knows how I feel cause-a Nirvana. Said Kurt Cobain was like the Jesus of music or somethin, I don't know. And how everybody thinks he made himself die with drugs but his real fans like Trip know what really happened, and then Trip told me to never get married and to tell him first if I ever decide to do heroine. I felt for Trip. This did seem like a worse 9/11 than momma's. I had always noticed him rockin out in the garage and he had even shown me that famous video, the one from MTV, where everybody's moshin in slow motion. It seemed like the whole world was in that video, moshin with Kurt. That musta been real sad, quite the 9/11 for Trip.

Shit, then before Trip could finish actin like he wasn't cryin over nothin, Grandpapa's crusty ass had to creep in the room, tryin to say that he had won the game cause he still wakes up sweatin on account of all that death he saw on D-Day. But I shut him up, I told em *this ain't no game grandpapa – and it don't count if you was a part of it!*

They finally agreed with me. That my 9/11 was way worse than all their 9/11s. The world all of a sudden seemed real big. But like, still small too, since we had to go to school tomorrow and all.