

the stairs, 14 flights, which seemed like an eternity, and it made me wonder how people got down 90 flights of stairs in the World Trade Center. We ran to Broadway, where buildings up and down the street had also been evacuated.

We are not the same.

Strong, tough New Yorkers are a different people. But even when their faces say 'I'm defiant,' you can see in their eyes that they are frightened. A woman on the subway this morning was reading her newspaper, crying. Soon others followed suit. I've received and given many pity smiles as I pass people who normally don't give you the time of day. I'm scared to be at work now.

About 1 a.m. last night as I tried to sleep, I woke up to a large boom and looked up to see a bright orange light flash across the sky.

I screamed. It turned out to be lightning, a thunderstorm that I, for a second, thought was another attack. Needless to say, we've all been having trouble sleeping.

I hate this feeling.

It is a helpless feeling that I've never felt before in my life, especially as an American. So many friends and co-workers have been affected: my boss has lost five friends; another co-worker's cousin; a friend's uncle; and many more are still missing.

In any case, this e-mail wasn't meant to depress anyone. I just wanted to let you know how I've been feeling and what's been going on.

I love you.

Kalei



ALOHA FROM NEW YORK

by Allen Hanaike

(Sept. 11): Thanks to so many of you for checking up on me. Communication will be difficult, but I'm okay. I'm fine. Don't worry.

I'm still at home, and will hang out here for the time being. Power and water are still running.

Minutes ago, I felt the air pressure blast of what Bloomberg Radio is referring to as the collapse of the top on one of the trade centers. I can even smell the smoke/concrete from here. My nerves, needless to say, are a shudder.

The air is thick with concrete-like smoke. I can hardly see the building across the street from me. For now, I'm packing a bag and planning on heading up town some time. **Dean Machado '85**, if you read this, I'm heading to your place. I have all of my communication devices with me – pager and cell. Please refrain from checking up on me, they need to keep the lines open. Of course, all this is subject to change.

(Sept. 12): I'm still doing well, and like everyone throughout the world, still shaken. I've counted my blessings numerous times today.

I've left my apartment, located on John Street, in the financial district of Manhattan. It's about five blocks from where the World Trade Center once stood.

At 5:19 p.m. the power in my apartment went off. I had remained in my apartment throughout the day, as officials were wanting to keep people off the streets. I thought it best to leave at this point, as the sun would be setting in a couple of hours and I didn't want to sleep in an apartment without power...by myself.

I already had my bag packed and headed down the 14 flights of stairs to the street. The street was still covered in the grayish-white dust. The air was not as heavily saturated with the

dust as I had thought it was, but I still needed a handkerchief over my mouth and nose to breathe without coughing.

Police were directing people East and North. I was going to be walking to 48th street, about two miles away. Suprisingly, I didn't detect any panic in the streets. There were people, the majority of whom with cloths, surgical masks, or other things protecting their mouths and noses, also heading out of our area, but everyone was calm, no one was running, people were providing assistance and directions to those who needed it.

I passed the New York University Downtown Medical Hospital on my way up. You may have heard reports that this is the place where a number of the casualties were brought. Medical personnel were milling about, in and out of the building. I didn't pay too much attention to what was going on, as I didn't really want to deal with it all.

I met a guy, Patrick Foley, from Grand Rapids, Mich., who was in town for work. He was making his way up to stay with a cousin, as his hotel didn't have power either. We walked together uptown and chatted about this and that, taking in the sights of others heading to wherever they needed to go. It was comforting to talk face-to-face with someone else. I had spent the day in my apartment, pretty much by myself.

By the time we reached Canal Street, the dust was gone, and we were able to remove our mouth/nose coverings and breathe normally. It was actually a very pleasant evening. The sun was setting, there was a light breeze and people on the street, despite all that may have happened to them that day, were greeting us with smiles. Smiling because they knew, as we knew, the worst was over and that we were all okay.

Aloha,
Allen



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– ALLEN HANAIKE