



At 8:45, David and I were in my office preparing, when suddenly we heard a muffled explosion, the building kind of lurched, and then, literally, it began to tip.

We finally, David and I, said goodbye to each other, because we thought we were about to take a 78-floor plunge to the street.



We walked maybe a quarter of a mile or so, and we were in a little plaza, when we started to hear that freight train waterfall sound again, and we knew that our building was collapsing. We hunkered down, and covered our faces, and just waited for everything to subside. When it did, we stood back up, David looked around, and he said: ‘Oh my God, there is no World Trade Center anymore.’ And I said, ‘what do you see?’, and he said, ‘There are fingers of fire and flame hundreds of feet tall, pillars of smoke – it’s gone!’

