The day is bright and warm. The year is 2017. The month is September. Every thing seems to be simple. But every thing isn't quite peaches and cream or sugar and strawberries. Today in New York their are screams of 16 years ago and their calling me. For today is 9'11.

"Hurry up mom were going to be late i want to see the memorial." I called out.

"Honey you forget your brother's power chair can't go to New York." My mom stated

"Ok. Can I push him then?" I ask

"Sure" my mom said. So I grab him and run. After I grab him we make it there in less than a minute. We stand by a girl that is wearing a hijab. She is turned down because of it.

"Sometimes that happens to me." I say. Then she looks at me strange but longing for advise.

"How did you persevere?" The girl asked.

"Well I put them in my position." I say.

"Oh, sorry my name is Naheed"

"Mine is Lauren." Wow the one from the book nine ten "Are you the one that is in the book nine ten."

"Yup that's me." I think I acted more like I was meeting the president of the U.S.A.

"Such an honor to meet you." I declare excitedly. Then we talk about Eliza and how she could have better handled it.

Then a person walked up to Naheed and says harshly " No one wants you here Muslims where the plane hijackers. Then Naheed puts him in her position and he forgives her. After me and Naheed promise to meet there every year on 9'11.