

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT, AGE 17

I was in first hour study hall on September 11th and had just started my topic sentence on my theme about *Othello*: "This play is an awful tragic triangle between Othello who loves Desdemona but Desdemona loves the Moor." That was my thesis statement, and I was just about to add some evidence having just used the word "therefore", which Mrs. Dempsey said was a good conjunctive word, when our principal, Mr. Winterhalter, came over the PA and announced that two planes flew into the World Trade Center and all classes were dismissed until further notice. Some of the freshmen boys in the back of the room laughed and held out their arms like big 747 wings cause they thought it was a huge joke. But Janice Twombly screamed; she knew that Mr. Winterhalter would rather die than crack a joke. Ever since then, I've come to think of *Othello* as even sadder than Shakespeare's movie, *Romeo and Juliet*.