

# Enshallah

## Excerpt #2

### Chapter Six

September 11, 2001 exploded into history and all America gasped in pain and anguish. Yasi was a new sophomore at Georgetown and her parents were frantic with worry for her safety. They demanded that she leave Washington and return to Michigan immediately, but she refused, and instead argued with them to stay where she was, to prove the terrorists would not succeed in dictating how she lived her life. They had attacked her country and had vowed to destroy her freedom, but she refused to let that happen. She was sickened on how al Qaeda slaughtered innocent people who had been given no chance to save themselves, and the spewing of their vicious Fundamentalist dogma disguised as a tenet of the Muslim religion disgusted her. Her small act of defiance was not to give in to their brutal intimidation.

Many other students also remained at school, and everyone seemed to draw comfort from staying in close proximity to each other. Campus life continued to be as normal as was possible, and Yasi felt she had real purpose in studying. A degree in International Relations had never seemed more important to her than it did now. She knew she would be doing something truly relevant with her life.

By the middle of the fall semester, the university had settled into a familiar academic routine. Regaining her perspective, Yasi began to study in earnest, bringing her grade point average up to the highest level she had ever attained. By the second semester she was again her old self, and even started to compete in local marathon races. She joined a coed soccer league and began dating. Her circle of friends widened, and her life was once again full and boisterous. She carefully locked away the painful memories of Mohammed, but was jolted into remembering him when the media identified fifteen of the 9/11 terrorists as Saudi Arabian nationals. As she watched the news reports, she felt both curious and a little frightened. Were these men like Mohammed? They looked similar to him, but he had acted differently. During the time they had been together Mohammed had been completely apolitical. Any discussion of politics and religion seemed to bore him and he would immediately change the subject. Why had these men attacked us? What was their motivation? Did they really want to annihilate her way of

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life? She knew whatever the answers; they would affect the rest of her life and her nation's future.