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I was in a head on the fourth deck, D ring...4D580 or something like that...when the plane hit. It hit right below and behind me. The head does not exist any more...it collapsed about two hours after the impact.

On impact, the head moved about a foot to the left, the water exited the toilets, and the ceiling and stalls collapsed in parts. The room went black, and I heard a voice, CAPT Starr King, call out asking if I was okay (CAPT King had followed me into the head). I responded yes, spent a moment ensuring everyone was out of the head, then exited the head into the fourth corridor and found waves of dust and people moving towards the A ring. I heard someone yell that a bomb had gone off, and that it was in a cart. We heard a cart moving in the distance, and the wave of people moved away from the sound.

I exited the A ring into the center courtyard, and an injured man followed me out. His arms were immobile, held out in front of him with parts of a computer wrapped around them. The clothes he was wearing were wet...until he turned around, and then I noticed that the back of his clothing was shredded and burned. We helped him to lay down on the grass, and EMT personnel started working on him. Security made us move away so that we could no longer help any of the others, but there were medical people arriving so I wasn't too concerned. One man came over and handed a piece of an airplane panel to a uniformed officer.

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