

9/11 MEMORIAL & MUSEUM

AUDIO TRANSCRIPT

Frank Razzano

My name is Frank Razzano, and I always stayed at the Marriot hotel. I remember hearing a big bang. I got up out of bed. I looked outside and I saw papers fluttering down to the ground. I said to myself, "Must have been a big wind that must've blown up and blew a pane of glass out." And I turned around and got in bed. The next thing I heard was a huge explosion. The building shook as if you were in an earthquake. I turned, I looked out the window. It was as if a curtain of concrete and steel came falling down. I could feel the building breaking up around me, and I ran to the opposite side of the room. I said to myself, "These are the last few moments of my life." I yell out into what was left of the hallway, "Is anybody there?" And I hear a voice. He says, "Come this way." In some rubble is a fireman, and he said, "I'm fine. Go down the fire stairs." I got to the fourth-floor landing. I yelled out. Some people who were on the third floor yelled back, "We're here on the third-floor landing, but we can't go anyplace. The fire stairs have collapsed down to the ground, so we're trapped." Within a few minutes, the fireman who I had met on the 19th floor, comes down and he said, "Look, nobody's coming for us. We have to get out on our own." There was a huge hole in the wall at the third floor, and you were looking outside. An I-Beam that had fallen from the South Tower was leaning up against the landing on the third floor. The banquet manager of the hotel went down the I-Beam to the 2nd floor. I went next. I grabbed the I-Beam like I was grabbing somebody's body. Put my legs around it, put my arms around it, and lowered myself down. So we get down to the ledge, now on the second floor. We weren't there ten seconds. All of a sudden, I heard what I can only describe as a freight train coming at me outta the sky. That was the North Tower coming down. That was the floors pancaking one on top of the other. Clack, clack, clack, clack, clack. We got buried under more rubble, and I remember saying to myself, you can't be lucky enough to survive it twice. And I started to pray. When the thing settled down and the rubble stopped piling up on top of us, I was still alive.

[2:40]