

Miriam's Vision: A Response to the 2005 London Bombings

History

Who was involved in 7/7? Information Pack 1

These accounts were all written on The Guardian's blog page on the day of the bombings.

John Sandy writes:

I was on the southbound Piccadilly line, between King's Cross and Russell Square this morning, when the incident occurred. At just after nine, there was an almighty bang and the train came to a sudden stop. The lights in the carriage went out and the air became thick with dust and soot.

As people started to panic, I turned to the man on my right and asked his name. He said he was Mark and he worked in HR. Then I asked the same of the girl on my left. Her name was Emma and she too worked in HR. Mark and Emma then began to talk to each other and we started to reassure the other passengers around us that everything would be ok. We left the train within around half an hour. I feel very lucky. The emergency services got everyone they could out in a calm and safe way but I would like to praise Mark and Emma for being so level-headed.

Jo Herbert writes:

I'm fine, but I was in a tube at King's Cross when one of the explosions happened. I was stuck in a smoke-filled, blackened tube that reeked of burning for over 30 minutes. So many people were hysterical.

I truly thought I was going to die and was just hoping it would be from smoke inhalation and not fire. I felt genuine fear but kept calm (and quite proud of myself for that).

Eventually people smashed through the windows and we were lifted out all walked up the tunnel to the station. There was chaos outside and I started to walk down Euston Road (my face and clothes were black) towards work and all of a sudden there was another huge bang and people started running up the road in the opposite direction to where I was walking and screaming and crying. I now realise this must have been one of the buses exploding.

Matina Zoulia writes:

I was on Victoria Line at about 9.10 this morning. Then the announcement came that the train was not stopping at King's Cross or Euston. I thought that it was a routine delay, it happens all the time.

And then the announcement came as we were stuck at King's Cross station that we should all come out.

We all took our time. It happens all the time.

As I was going towards the exit there was this smell. Like burning hair. And then the people starting walking out, soot and blood on their faces.

And then this woman's face. Half of it covered in blood.

How can you just carry on with your day?

Liam Vaughan writes:

Really insane and surreal day. My office is literally round the corner from where some of the blasts took place and I have spent the morning trying to make sure my friends are OK. I think they are, but the mobile phone networks are down so I haven't been able to confirm. There is no major panic here, just an underlying sense of confusion and despondency. Nobody is communicating and certainly nobody is able to concentrate on work. I guess it's a delayed sense of shock.

Perhaps most disconcerting is that the police have instructed everyone to remain in their building and not try to leave the City. Apparently, police are not allowing people to enter either. In the eye of the storm, I guess. All public transport has been stopped so everyone will be walking home - from my window I can see people walking purposefully, but the streets are generally quite desolate, presumably because people either aren't in the City or they are not leaving the office.

I guess people will be talking about this for years to come and yet it all seems strangely ethereal and distant. What strikes me is that places like Israel live like this on a day-to-day basis. It's all so random that maybe 20 out of all the thousands, possibly millions of commuters in the capital today were killed.

There is also the underlying fear that this is not it - that later today or tomorrow or in weeks to come it will happen again. There is always that nagging fear as a Londoner and particularly as one that works in the financial centre of the capital, that you are in a dangerous place and that you are gambling with your life every time you get on at Bank, or Liverpool Street or any of the major tube stations. I always get the bus,

but buses have been blown up as well, stripping any reassurance that it is somehow safer.

Just received confirmation from a couple of friends. Just one to get in touch now who works near Aldgate. I'm sure he is fine. Statistically the chances of him being one of the few are small. And so we wait.

Richard South writes:

"I was on a Piccadilly line tube train in between King's Cross and Russell Square, about 8.45 this morning. There was a sudden explosion, the train stopped immediately in the middle of the tunnel and the power went out. The explosion didn't sound like a bomb, more a loud power surge - but almost straight away our packed carriage started to fill with smoke, and people panicked immediately.

Thankfully there were some level-headed people on the carriage who managed to calm everyone down - we didn't hear anything for about 20 minutes, and although we were choking on smoke it seemed to be getting better, not worse, so we stayed on the train.

Eventually someone official-looking appeared outside, and told us the live rail was off, and that it was clear. We walked down the tunnel to the platform at King's Cross and climbed up. We had no idea at this point that it was anything other than an isolated accident, but it was terrifying nonetheless. No one was really in control at the station exit - we all just wandered out onto the street as we could.

John Kelly writes:

"I was on the way to work today. The tube was down so I had to take the bus. They said something about a power outage so I had to get out at Waterloo. I got on the number 68 which didn't take me to Camden (where I work) but took me to Euston, which is pretty close. I was about five minutes from Euston when we got stuck in traffic. I decided that, as it was pretty much deadlock, I would get out and walk. The streets were full of people which was pretty normal considering the problems with the tube.

"As I was heading toward Euston I heard a bang behind me, turning round I saw a huge cloud of smoke and what looked like a flat bedded truck that was mangled and twisted somehow. I knew straight away that it was a bomb.

"Everyone started running and screaming. I did the same and just tried to get away. Everyone was coming out of their offices to find out what was going on. Just kept going, I went up to some builders who were coming out of their site and told them what was going on and they started running and then heard them talk about how they were getting out of here."

Rob Williams writes:

"I'm sitting here in safety in a Home Office department thinking that today started for me as a normal day. One like any other. This morning I got off at Vauxhall and jumped on a bus to finish my journey at Millbank, completely oblivious to the fact that just half a mile away the city was in chaos.

"My view of the world as I sit at my desk is one of a deathly silence, punctuated by a blur of white emergency vehicles and piercing sirens. We have been asked to shut our windows, and I am wondering if the Home Office bomb curtains that stand between myself and a possible window blast will be able to hold out if my building were to be targeted.

"I simply think of myself as one of the lucky ones; lucky to be working today in a part of the city that seems to be unscathed. But I know that it could have been Vauxhall, St James', Westminster, or Victoria that could have been the targets. The bus, ripped apart at Russell Square could have been the one I passed walking home over Lambeth Bridge yesterday. My friend has just emailed me saying that she actually heard the blast of the Russell Square bus bomb from her office desk and I feel glad she's ok, and that she got in early to work today. She's very lucky and knows it.

"My heart goes out to anyone directly affected by this."

Chris Morrish writes:

I was on the southbound platform of the Northern Line at Old Street at 8.30, ready to go one stop to Moorgate and then get the Metropolitan line to Aldgate, as I have done every day for the last ten months. For some reason, I saw that it was a 6-minute wait for a tube (not unusual) and thought, "Forget it, I'll get out here at Old Street and walk to Aldgate". This is only the second time in ten months that I've done this and I have no idea why I did today but I'm very glad. I would almost certainly have been at Aldgate at 8.49. My thoughts are with the people who were not so lucky.

Caroline Wood writes:

I would just like to say a big well done to the London Transport staff who are directing people home from the bus stop outside Marks and Spencers in Camden. They are doing a brilliant job - please please please don't give people a hard time on your way home this evening.