**Titanic**

*By Chloe*

**Chapter One**

Cheering, screaming, excitement, was all that I could hear, Shouts and claps filled the dark with pleasure, I was very nervous – since that journey I’ve has a terrible phobia of all things on water, especially the sea.

I stood in awe. That monster of s hip was the biggest thing I’d ever seen; 269 meters was colossal. I felt like the luckiest, most fortunate girl in the world. Uncle Tim was looking rich: ‘Another day, another ship’ kind of thing, I remember that vividly.

My heart pounded in my chest – I don’t like big crowds. I looked up at the sooty smoke pouring out like a horrible disaster had occurred, it was dreadfully intimidating. There was a huge wave coming, but the Titanic didn’t budge. ‘The Titanic’ - she had a beautiful name.

My mother, Ann, couldn’t say goodbye at the docks. For she had fallen ill with the flu, so I said goodbye to my sisters (Annabella, Madeleine and Elizabeth – 3, 5 & 8) and Mother earlier. I slowly stepped out of the door, but the minute I saw the gigantic ship I raced ahead of Uncle Tim.

People stared, their jaws dropped to the pavement. Uncle Tim saw my worried expression and reassured me that, “It was unsinkable”. Hmm but I wasn’t so sure … Cautiously, I entered the 1st Class tunnel, it was grand, elegant, graceful. Then, I saw a girl. She was in 3rd Class, I’d thought I was pool, but I watched her mother run back to their house. It was down a horrible street, I felt sorry for her and her siblings; they had to look after a baby, with no adult!

I was then pulled on the wrist onto the ocean liner, I must have been stood still for a while, the ship was lovely. I couldn’t take it all in, suddenly, I was taken down some fancy corridors and into a cabin, sorry, suite no.5.

Glorious chestnut furniture filled the room. Sorry again, Room 5 – everything was bespoke, covered in elaborate golden décor. I heard footsteps, and darted to the door. It was the girl again, rounding up her siblings. Her younger brother (well, one of them) then gawped at me, obviously impersonating me. He then shouted, “Oi, what’re you lookin’ at?’ I had never heard such a rude comment. But little did I know, that would be the last time I’d ever see him.

Uncle Tim told one of the staff members to take me into my room, It was just amazing. Gorgeous, pretty and smart, I couldn’t wait for this trip …

**Chapter 2**

Reading ‘Alice in wonderland,’ I laid in my bed waiting for Tim to come back from his 1st Class party. I was reading about the White Rabbit, then I wondered, “is it late?” The Grandfather Clock said 23:39, gosh, it really was later.

Suddenly, there was an announcement saying “Lifejackets need to be worn, we have had a crash.” I knew that something would’ve happened there, as little as someone breaking their leg, to having to get to the nearest land immediately, I thought that would be the worst to happen…

I ran in my bare feet, opened the doors of: Party Room A, Party Room B, Small Hall, Small Hall No.2. This place was enormous. I eventually found him in the Great Hall. (I should have known). I screamed at him to come back, he wasn’t worried, then another announcement. “Back to rooms for 3rd Class.” I thought, “Never mind 3rd Class, what about 1st?”

I dragged Uncle Tim by his hand along the corridor. There was no time for a lecture on being up so late, we bolted across rooms 1,2,3,4,5! Our suite! I’d walked in so slowly the first time, but now I’d sprinted like the wind.

I scrambled to get on our beige lifejackets, it was terrifying. Uncle Tim told me that nothing bad had happened I told him I **saw** it happen. an iceberg. A cold, hard, frozen iceberg had grazed the ship badly.

We rushed down to the lowest deck to peer out at what had taken place, the girl and her family from third class were there too. I talked to her to pass the time, it turned out her name was Hannah, she was my age, and she loved to read too. Although she wasn’t very good at it. Still, I’d made my first friend who didn’t secretly laugh and jeer at me with the other girls at school behind my back.

We were then quickly shoved into lifeboats. Well, everyone apart from Uncle Tim. I shouted at him to come in, but he refused so that he’d leave a space for the other mothers and children (He may have been rich, but he was the sweetest man I had ever met.) actually we weren’t **all** safe, **Hannah** wasn’t. just before we were lowered, I looked up at her, she was about to jump… I screeched at her to stop. But it was too late…

Luckily, someone caught her wrist in the nick of time, Phew! I pulled her towards me, and clung on for the rest of the night… Uncle Tim was at the back of the mob waiting to enter a lifeboat, but we had to be lowered down to the ocean, I never saw him again.

**Chapter Three**

 Dancing along in the crashing waters, we watched the boat sink and snap. All that I could hear was faint, but horrible screams from those still there. People plunged into their watery grave. Sapphire sea swallowed passengers in a split second of horror. Those hanging onto rails, engulfed by as they fell to their death…

Those clever enough to climb over, may have survived, but many died soon after. We stared at the stern disappeared into the depths of the Atlantic.

The orchestra, just acted as if nothing had happened, up until the whole boat was gone. Next, I saw the rescuer. The Carpathia it took hours for them to find us all then it was all a blur as I was hauled aboard the ship: though it felt as if it took months. I was exhausted. I was alone. I was alive. I was alive … ***I WAS ALIVE!***

I was frozen and tired but I was still alive. This was the best and the worst birthday ever. Hannah was already asleep and I realised I was still holding her sister. I couldn’t believe it, the unsinkable, sunk.

As it snapped, the lights flickered off, leaving us in darkness. Once it was gone, everything was there in silence and shock.

Hours passed until we were (finally) in NYC and a week later, I was back home…