***Titanic***

By Hayden

Chapter 1

I’m writing to you today 20 years after the never forgetting, hellish moment in my life, my time

Marching oi the, lavish, luxurious ship that towers upon the earth herds, floods of some elegant, casual, or just well-dressed personnel all doing the same thing waving this colossal vessel of. Deafening and ear blistering I rush in front of the crowds to get a glimpse of this gigantic vessel, like an elephant to a microbe. I stood still gazing, it sent shivers that felt like a sonic boom down my spine, staring dead into my eyes. It watched over the land like a hawk like a God. Colour-less and ashen pale the silk-like clouds blended into the ship like some sort of camouflage. Glistening in the background the squelching hot sun screamed on this hot spring day. Being overwhelmed by too much to take in at once I just waited for a second and breathed deeply. Eventually, me, Mum and Dad found a crane and hooked our luggage to it and watched it leave (little did I know I just witnessed all of my belongings leave my hands forever in the space of 30 seconds). A heist we rush to the sun-reluctant steel ramp in the horizon that was our target area. sneaking past the examination area and rushing past the screaming crowd violently their snow like rags it was as if they knew there was going to be an elegant vessel like this. Walking up that ramp was one of the hardest things I’ve had to do in the entirety of my unusual life. Rushing up there my vision started to go blurry and my hearing lost the only thing I heard was a loud ringing sensation in my left ear meanwhile I repeat to myself ‘don’t faint now, don’t faint now’. Before I realized the queen of the sea was underneath my feet beaming with joy I celebrate with my vision back and walking down the very extravagant velvet carpet. Opening the door was where I felt not butterfly’s but what felt like frogs jumping in my stomach with the door opened that top bunk called for me. Being under the boiler it was a big disadvantage with the strong fumes burning my nostrils and with several others crammed with us, the ramshackle prison-like area will have to do.

That day was the most unrealistic, jaw-dropping day of my life

Chapter 2

Waking up to a ground-breaking sound I question many things that day Hsssssssssssss BANG! Bolting out of bed a fight the door in the pitch black eventually opening it, I hurried past the what seemed like thousands of others to the reissuance a guard shouting “It WaS JUst A sCrAPE Of IcE” and life jacket were handed out to wear. Tiredly and sleep-deprived I slowly walk back to my cabin pushing and shoving to get past minutes later I hear something that still haunts me to this day that sound of a door locking; at that point, I knew death was on the way; if only listened to billy (friend at the time) to not ever go on the ship. Crying devastated  I feel the acid-like tear burning my face much like my burnt heart. Suddenly the light goes out…

Chapter 3

Screaming and shouting as loud as I can just for whom unlock the steel black. Meanwhile, Father tried to beat the door unsuccessfully breaking it open for a free escape. Pathetically and inadequately, I gradually watch the -2 degree water rise leisurely to the window. Creating an attempt to sever the window open as the bleak waters fill our minuscule cabin screams and shouts are passed about it felt as if one thousand knives were stabbing me all at once. My father and a stranger in our cabin stripped a bed for its wood to make an attempt to shatter the invisible window, counting to three then we best open the it “one, two, three” we all yell successfully and effectively I crawl through; I stare straight into the eyes of the so-called unsinkable death machine panicking and without a thought, I swim as hard as I can to the nearest lifeboat I see clinging on for dear life it was if I was hanging on to not be swallowed by death itself only to the realisation on what looked like a middle-aged woman hollering “first-class only” being beat to my fingers went raw;  out of energy I let go drifting along the ocean unconscious. The next moment my eyes captured was me on a lifeboat with babies, children and women crying (with my vision gone and lost with the ability to move I distinctly remember a ship approximately half the size of the queen of the ocean coming closer, closer and closer towards our ship and before my brain could process anything it was here the lifesaver my life being granted as the very few to life. Clattering my frozen head against the ship whilst two men carry me up the ladder I’m unable to think, time slowed down. Thoughts rushed through my head faster than I could think.

Being fed hot soup that burnt my sub-zero tongue like a super-sized inferno, it hit me I cried so many tears didn’t come when meant to stress, sadness and great questions still rush through my mind the screams still haunt me to this day. Where are mum and father go am I ever going to move again and who will take care of me. In the space of 5 days it witnessed the best thing of my life and the never forgetting era in time the agonising pain is forever lasting for some and tormenting some of us for life hitting us faster than the speed of light may this be a lesson for all to never forget and may this moment in time.

May this event never to be forgotten.