**Titanic**

By Olivia

Chapter 1

As I arrived I could hear the cheering and shouting of the lively passengers waiting impatiently to board. I looked up and could see a humongous, towering ship standing over me, creating a vast dark shadow coating across the ground.

A colossal herd of smoke billowed out of the funnels, fading into the long-lasting midday sky. The windows of each window gleaning, reflecting the vibrant burning sun. The top deck stood proud above the rest of the gigantic ship, sat on her throne of sea, waiting to be the home of thousands.

The smell of the engine fumes slowly invading my nostrils. The thousands of people standing in awe of this monstrous, stunning gleaming ship, the ship we knew as the Queen of the sea. Her crisp white colour creating a memory I was to never forgot.

The sea was still as a deep sleeping baby. A few shining, Blue ripples surrounding the ship. As the steps are put into place next to the ship for us to walk onto, taking our first step onto what will be our home for the next bunch of days my whole body shaking with excitement. This event, a day of history, 10th April 1910 a day never to be forgotten.

I see the separation of the different classes, my eyes like a camera lens taking photos for my memory. The unsinkable ship, a time in history.

Being in the middle of 1st and 3rd class is a weird experience as its easier to see the difference between each class of people. I slowly boarded the bridge that will carry me onto this a fascinating ship of dreams. I craned my head around herd of people and saw a tall man, about 30, in a polished waistcoat suit and pointy, shining shoes, His moustache twitching every time a word rolled off of his tongue. He was taking he tickets off of the passengers and welcoming them to their home for the next few days.

Soon it was mine and my family’s turn to board we got to the front and the man in a suit, told us his name was Charles and welcomed us and took our tickets, took a brief look and nodded at my father. As I took a step on I could feel the slight rocking of the boat, my father explained that we were cabin 263 in the E section. Me and my sister, Elizabeth who is 15 years old, searched for our cabin together. After 10 minutes of searching, we came across our cabin, the door coated in newly applies paint, I could smell the smell of fresh paint. As my mother opened the door a smile slowly forming on my face as I saw the bunk bed me and my sister would share. I hoped onto the top bunk to claim it. Another bunk bed sat on the other side if the room for my mother and father. I looked around a corner and saw a polished basin for us to get washed in. A desk placed opposite the basin was gleaming in the daylight flowing through the windows. This was our home for the next couple of days.

Chapter 2

Dozing off to sleep, I was woken by the storming, heavy footsteps of people outside of our cabin. Shortly after, an announcement came out, explaining that we had a “slight problem, but to remain calm and put on lifeboats. My heart suddenly started pacing, I didn’t understand what this meant, I turned around and gazed at my older sister, the look of panic on her face gave me butterflies. Although I knew that it was simply nothing to worry about, a small part of me knew something was wrong.

Me and my family got dressed, as quickly as we could, and discovered many people racing down the corridor to collect their families. Many children crying for their mothers. Many of the crew came round knocking on every door asking people to put on lifebelts, some refused, some didn’t mind but many people knew something was wrong. My mother scrambled into the cupboard passing each one of us our lifebelts. Yawning, I pulled the jacket over my head and strapped it around me, we all sat impatiently, the only sound that could be heard was the clicking of my sister biting her nails. Everyone was too confused and scared to tell her to stop. Mother decided that we should go up to the deck to see what had happened, as many people were saying there was someone on the ship that was a threat to everyone, some were even saying we had hit something!

Chapter three

When we arrived at the deck we could see men sorting out the lifeboats. None of my family knew what was happening. Father asked a young man of the crew what had happened, he told us that the ship had hit an iceberg, but to remain calm and keep our lifebelts on. I looked down the side of the titanic and saw the bottom of the ship, that should be above water was sinking! My heart was racing, mother pulled me back and told me to get back from the edge, she didn’t shout though, she knew I was as terrified just like her. As the lifeboats were ready, a man shouted “women and children first”. Mother grasped my cold, shaking hand and pulled me towards the lifeboats.

I looked left and could my sister, a tear rolling down her pale face. My other hand shifted to reach hers and I grasped her hand, she gave a little smile at the side of her mouth, little

mob of people cleared, it was mine, my sister’s and mother’s turn to board the lifeboat. This was the moment I said goodbye to father, the man who was there for me all the time. It was a brief goodbye but after that I never saw him again. As we were halfway down the lump in my throat grew bigger, I began to cry but I was distracted by the shouts of my mother as she began to realise my sister was not on the boat. My heart began beating like a bird caught in a net, as I couldn’t see my sister either, I saw my mother crying and I suddenly wished it was me who was left on the ship.

We waited in the middle of the vast ocean, waiting for this to be over. People jumping, plunging to their deaths. Slowly tipping, the titanic was now stood half in the water half out. Gradually, people began slipping down into the water, the screams of terror echoing through the freezing, windy atmosphere. Staring at this disaster, a time in history, all that could be heard were the what felt like distant screams, cries for help. It stayed like that for ten long minutes.

Suddenly, the ship started cracking into two, my heart was in my throat, the sound breaking the silence like gunshots. It cracked into two and the back sank, those hundreds of people taking their last breath of air. All that was left was the front, stood on its last legs. Everyone in each boat, stared in pure shock, distraught, the unsinkable ship just sank seen by our very eyes.

Gradually, the ship was going down, water swallowing this monstrous beauty, the cries slowly fading, as they say goodbye to the world and are swallowed in along with the ship. As the last bit went down silence fell, time stopped, how had this happened so swiftly but so slowly at the same time?

After that, my heart sank, the tears rolled down my cheeks whilst my mother held me like I was the only thing she had, because I was.

After all this time I have never spoken about the tragedy that had happened on that day. I never forgot father and my sister, all I knew was they went down with the ship, but I will always know that all of those people who lost their lives on that night will be remembered for decades, even centuries. The Titanic - the unsinkable ship that sank.