



The Titanic

By Amelie Jones

Chapter 1: Boarding the Ship

I remember it all very clearly. Father had been offered a fantastic new job in New York, and we were moving there permanently. There was me, Father, Mother and Esther, or Es as we called her. We were boarding the magnificent Titanic, a massive ship. I remember seeing it for the first time. There were four funnels at the top which blasted smoke. The queue along the cobblestones was astonishing. I held Es's hand tight. She hated standing around and waiting for hours. Well, I hated it too. The sun blazed down on us, making my favourite green dress stick to my back. Mother had wanted Es and me to wear our best white party frocks, but we didn't want to. Es ended up wearing her red and white checked dress, and I wore my green one with my brown boy's boots. I rather liked those boots. I'd had them for ages, and they still fit me.

Es grabbed my hand and swung on it. Her gorgeous brown ringlets flew out as she jumped up and down. Her red hair ribbon almost came undone.

"Don't lose your ribbon!" I said.

Es ended up taking out her ribbon completely and sticking it in the pocket of her dress.

"Look, girls!" said Father. "There's the ship!"

I looked at it in wonder. Es gasped and looked up at its hugeness. I was so excited to get onto the ship. I was rather hungry too. Father looked at his gold watch and found out that it was nearly lunchtime.

"You'd better get the tickets out, Jonathan," said Mother to Father. Father nodded and rummaged in his pockets. He found the first-class tickets and put them back in, not wanting to lose them. Mother looked beautiful, her long red curly hair flying out behind her in the wind. Her cosy green dress, a little like mine, whirled around. Her green eyes shone like emeralds.

"Are you ready, Holly?" she said to me.

"Of course!" I said. "I've been ready forever!"

More and more people joined the queue, and more and more people filed onto the Titanic. A man checked that our tickets were in order, nodded, and we trooped through the doors. A horn blasted somewhere, and it made my ears ring.

Mother, Es, and I went to find our cabin while Father went to get lunch. Our cabin was beautiful. Es and I had a bunk bed in one room, and Mother and Father had a proper bed in the other room. There was a bathroom, too, with a porthole window. Es used the bathroom, with Mother helping her, then Father arrived with four plates of curried chicken and rice. Es and I ate ours in our room. I took my rag doll, PL, out for comfort. PL stood for Plain Lola. Lola had lovely blonde wool hair in two plaits, a beautiful sewn face, a pink hat with a green brim, a red and white striped jacket, a pink T-shirt with a daisy on it, a pink skirt and pink shoes. I loved PL so much. I had won her at a fair in Devon once. Well, Mother had won her, but she gave her to me since I liked her so much.

When we'd finished our lunch, we had a few minutes chill out time. I read my Charles Dickens book while Es had a nap. I opened the porthole window in our room to get some fresh air in. Sunbeams streamed through the window, so I did not need to use a candle and waste matches. I wondered where we'd eat our dinner. We couldn't eat dinner in our cabin, could we?

At dinner time, we went down to a dining hall. There were candles and tables all around. I met a boy named William Carter, who was about the same age as me. He looked very friendly with his slicked-back brown hair, brown eyes, and dinner suit. He kept smiling at me from across the room as we ate our dinner (lamb in mint sauce). It was delicious. Es got sauce all around her mouth, so I had to take her back to our cabin to mop her up with Mother's flannel. I used the bathroom; then I took Es back to Mother and Father.

Chapter 2: Disaster!

I woke up, my heart thumping like a brass band. There was a jolt, a jolt like a giant was pulling the ship from left to right using his large hands. I felt that the boat was sinking. I slipped quietly out of my bunk, not knowing what was happening. I looked at Es's bed. Where was she? I ran into Mother and Father's room. They were not there either! My breathing was shallow and uneven; the air was cold. Something terrible was happening, but what was it? I screamed for Mother and Father, screaming my names until my throat was hoarse. I sprinted to the top deck. Then I saw it. We had smashed into an iceberg. The waves were so large they were lapping over the hull. Men were helping ladies into lifeboats. Then I saw Mother. She was holding Father's hand, screaming my name.

"Mother!" I said, running towards them.

"Oh, Holly!" said Mother. "We thought something had happened to you! Come to the lifeboat now: Es is waiting."

There was a thought in my head. Was it an iceberg that we had hit? The smell of the ice was filling my lungs. It smelled like rotting vegetables. Es was waiting in an orange lifeboat nearby, her waist strapped down. Her wrist was in a bandage. I tripped as I got into the raft, and I felt my calf bleed and my nail on my left thumb crack. I felt my finger break. What would happen to me?

Chapter 3: We're saved! We're saved!

Ropes were being tied around the lifeboats: we were pulled up onto a vast military ship. I saw a name in silver paint: RMS Carpathia. We were being saved! I was shivering in my thin nightdress. Es huddled closer to me. I wrapped my arms around her.

"We're saved, Es," I muttered to her. "We're safe now. Don't worry."

We were pulled over the deck of the Carpathia. I fell weakly onto the deck floor. I lay down, felt my eyes close. I fainted...

I woke up in a bunk bed. My hair was tangled and strewn with seaweed. I heard muttering, and it was Es up above me. She dangled something down from our bunk. Plain Lola!

"I found her," said Es. "Found her when the ship sank."

"Oh Es, you are the best sister in the world!" I said, grabbing PL and clutching her to my chest. She smelt heavily of seawater, and her clothes were grubby, but she was better than no Lola at all. I climbed up to Es's bunk, tricky with my right index bandaged to my middle finger, but I made it. Es clutched me again, and we hugged, sister and sister united.

The End