

Unsinkable

April 10, 1912: the day we boarded the Titanic. The day every person envied. The adventure of a lifetime.

April 14, 11:40 PM: I was knocked unsteady by a jolt, followed by a thunderous crash. I scrambled to find my family. As I traversed the corridor, first-class passengers rushed by, anxious to see what had happened. I was interrupted by a uniformed young woman: "I was instructed to inform worried passengers that everything is okay. Please return to bed." I nodded, my tense arms relaxing and my heartbeat slowing. I opened the door to find my parents weren't there. *They must be at a party down the hall*, I said, easing my distraught mind.

Suddenly, a hectic clatter arose in the hall. I gain glimpsed frantic first-class passengers heading to the promenade. I grabbed my jacket and followed.

Icy, crisp wind nipped at my nose as I followed the crowd to the bow. I drew in sharp, frigid air as I took in my surroundings. Pure chaos. Large chunks of ice. Why did the young woman tell me I was okay? Why did she make me feel safe? Something wasn't right, but I didn't focus on it. I couldn't find my family. That was all that mattered.

12:22 AM. Frantic, terrified, panicked. Still unaware of imminent tragedy. It was rumored the ship would not last much longer. We were sinking. Fast.

12:32 AM. The lifeboats began to swing out from the Titanic. Passengers began to board. Everything was happening rapidly, but I didn't care. I needed my family.

12:49 AM. I looked toward the endless ocean. I felt chilled tears on my cheek. I was losing hope. Many third-class passengers arrived, in drenched. The water was beginning to flood the rooms. I was convinced that I, too, would go down with this ship.

1:37 AM. The lights flickered, making me weak. Only yesterday everything was normal. Everything was peaceful. The crew began shouting for women or children. I didn't say anything and continued searching for my parents.

2:00 AM, The last lifeboat was ready to descend. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I shouldn't leave. I didn't want to, but I had to decide. I slowly opened my eyes and looked up. I raised my hand, still unsure. "Here," I shouted. I boarded the last lifeboat and headed into the dark.