

The Sinking of the RMS Titanic

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BOOM. I jump from my bed from a sound sleep. “What on earth was that?” I ask myself. I open the door of my first-class cabin and look down the hall. I see fellow passengers just as confused as I am. “Iceberg! Iceberg!” a man is shouting as he is running down the halls, knocking on every door along the way. Iceberg? No, it couldn’t be. If the ship hit an iceberg wouldn’t there be a warning alarm? Yet it is quiet besides the man running down the hall shouting. The boat begins to stammer, everyone in the hall, including myself, begins to lose their balance. I struggle to make it to my window; the movement of the ship is making it difficult. I reach my window and all I see is white, not the ocean water and night sky like I usually see at this time of night. The shaking of the boat quickly stops, everything is still once again. The realization that the Titanic indeed hit an iceberg begins to set in. I start to panic.

“What I am supposed to do in this situation? Where am I supposed to go? Is the ship ok? Where are the lifeboats located?” I mutter in between panicked breaths. I run out of my room and up the grand staircase, anxiously making my way to up to the outside deck. The sky is clear, the ocean is still, but it is noticeably cold. I can see my breath in front of me. I should have brought my overcoat to put over my nightgown. The ship doesn’t look like it hit an iceberg and the sea is so very still, maybe I was dreaming, maybe I am panicking for no reason? I continue to look around, when I see it. In the distance, behind the Titanic, is the iceberg.

“Maybe the ship hit the iceberg but there is no damage? The ship seems to be fine” I try to convince myself. I begin to head inside, back to my room, when my fears come to light. “Third class cabins are flooding! The water is rising! There are people trapped!” a woman cries hysterically. Behind the hysterical woman is a hoard of people pushing and shoving their way through the doorway onto the deck.

Ship crew is trying to get the third-class passengers to go back third class. Other passengers are fighting over life jackets and searching for the lifeboats. I get caught up in the wild movement of the crowd. Within a brief moment, I find myself somehow on the floor of the deck, being stepped on. A crew member sees me on the floor and graciously helps me up. He notices I am shaking uncontrollably from the bitter cold of the night. He offers me his coat and escorts me to a life boat. I tell the man as we are walking to the life boat, “Thank you sir for helping me, I would have been stomped to death if you hadn’t have picked me up off the deck floor. I don’t understand how could this have happened? Why were the passengers not prepared for such an emergency?”.

“Mr. Andrews, you may call me Mr. Andrews ma’am. Mr. Andrew takes a deep breath, “Ma’am the Titanic was deemed the unsinkable ship, yet here we are, sinking. I believe this was something that wasn’t foreseen when the ship was being designed and built. To be quite honest ma’am, there are not enough life boats to save everyone. But there is a chance to save you, please ma’am, get on the life boat.” Mr. Andrews gives me a sincere yet stern look, I know I must listen to him.

I say goodbye to Mr. Andrews and thank him once again for saving my life now twice as I board the lifeboat. A couple more people fight their way onto the lifeboat as the boat begins to lower into the sea. We make it a few meters out away from the ship. I take a look around. I notice there is still more room. “Sir! There is still room for more people!” I tell the crew member rowing the boat. “Ma’am there is no-” the man is interrupted by horrified screams of the female passengers on the life boat, watching passengers jump to their death off the Titanic and into the icy water. And then, just like that, the Titanic slipped into the ocean, never to be seen again.