9th April 1912

Dear diary,

It feels rather strange writing my feelings down, however my mother believes I have so much to say for an eleven-year-old girl, and seeing as I am about to embark on a once-in-a-lifetime journey, I must say I agree. Excited, delighted yet intrigued by what is about to happen in the days ahead, I cannot wait to scribble down my adventures within my diary. Staring at the grandfather clock, as if it would make the hands turn faster, I long for tomorrow to come. Within me, I can feel butterflies in my stomach, churning with excitement. Boarding the Titanic (the unsinkable ship) in the morning will be life changing. I can’t wait to glance my eyes upon the gargantuan, almighty ship knowing that it will take me on my magnificent adventure which will change my life forever.

10th April 1912

So much has happened today, I scarcely know where to begin! Let’s start on the dock: as I stepped out of my antique carriage, strong smells struck my nose as the mystic smoke blew across my face. Around me, the workmen carried luggage on and off the gargantuan ship. Although people were eager to be boarding, sad farewells were also spoken. Apprehensive yet excited, I slowly sauntered towards the gangway- taking one look back at the world I was leaving behind. Some people were crying; others were jumping for joy. I was quiet. I went through the entrance, head held high and not looking back again.

Once on board, I was greeted with the fresh smell of carpets. Carpets? I didn’t expect carpet on a ship.