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American

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Dear Pennsylvania News,

I am writing to inform you that I have been fortunate enough to escape the horrors of Titanic. Luckily, I am one of the very few survivors from that dreadful day and now I feel that I am ready to share with you my story.

It started like any other day on the ship. I sat in my bunk in our cabin finishing off my plum pudding whilst listening to my brothers play. I remember the crew talking about icebergs in the area amongst themselves but didn’t think much of it. We were unsinkable, remember?

After 11pm, I felt the thud of something against the hull of the ship. I remember my mother giving me a worried glance but I thought she was overreacting, as she was not a happy sailor on the best of days. I decided I needed a walk to get some fresh air. It was then that I noticed the large chunks of ice scattered over the deck of the ship. My mind derived a conclusion, had we hit an iceberg? I felt a chill run down my spine when I saw crewmembers running about the deck carrying life jackets. Were they for us? Surely, they would not be needed on an unsinkable ship?

It was at 12am that I started to feel the slight tilt of the ship. It was tipping towards the bow of the ship, as if an invisible force was pulling it down. By this time, crewmembers were asking everyone to come on deck with their warmest clothes and lifejackets. Of course, first class arrived first, followed by second class and only a few third class. Everyone looked concerned and freezing. No one would tell us what was happening, but it all made sense when the lifeboat started to fill with women and children.

I remember hearing the whizzing and glaring lights of a flare shooting into the moonless sky. I knew at that point that we were in serious trouble; flares were only used to signal for help. By now, the tilt of the bow was at a greater gradient; I could see black water creeping slowly onto the bow’s deck. Desperately I tried to find my friend in the overcrowded deck to make sure he was awake and in his life jacket but he was nowhere to be found. I clung to my brothers and mother so we didn’t lose each other in the violent pushing and shoving of the passengers as they tried to get to the lifeboats.

After several minutes, my family and I were at the front of the deck near a lifeboat. A young crewmember were allowing only women and child onto the boats. Luckily, we were let onto the small boat, surrounded by crying mothers and their children. Gently the boat was lowered into the black, icy waters and rowed slowly into the night.

We watched anxiously from our boats as the great Titanic’s bow plunged deeper into the Atlantic. It was almost like watching a giant seesaw in slow motion. The propellers of the ship started to raise out of the water as the Titanic’s lights flickered and blacked out.

I will never forget the sound that came next… an almighty crunching and grinding noise was heard from the middle of the ship. I knew what was happening by the resounding sound it made. The ship snapped in the middle from the immense pressure she was under. I gripped the side of the boat as I saw the bow sink completely into the ocean and out of site. Water flooded rapidly into the back end of the ship; causing it to turn vertical and plunge into the Atlantic.

I could see passengers clinging onto the ship, desperately trying to stay out of the water for as long as possible. In the distance, I could see struggling swimmers heading for lifeboats, but their attempts were pointless. The water was too cold. I would already see the accumulating bodies floating face first in the water, with blue vacant faces. I felt so helpless. How could this be happening? I will never get the image of their lifeless bodies from my head until the day I die.

It wasn’t until 4am that we were finally rescued by the Carpathia. Only 705 us made survived this ordeal and to New York. It is unbelievably to think that 1500 passengers are now prisoners of the Atlantic Ocean. Amongst those people was my friend, Jimmy, a boy truly undeserved to have his life ended so abruptly.

I feel lucky to be able to tell you my story of how I survived the Titanic. I simply wish that I had been able to save my friend but they would not let him on.

Yours truly,

Daisy Hopper