

The Terror Of The Titanic

By Mae Campbell (4HD)

At The Beginning

A splash, a scream, an echo. That's all the noises I heard on that day. That dreadful day when I bumped my head. It all started when my school went to the swimming pool. There was a new girl – called Cathie. Anyway, she was crowded by all the other girls in my class, they were asking her all kinds of questions, some really rude. I could tell Cathie didn't like it. So I tried to pull her out of the way. Suddenly, someone pushed me away.

"Go away Lola!" snarled one.

"Yeah, what she said," sneered another.

They crowded round Cathie so I couldn't see her anymore. I was cross at the other girls. But I was crosser at myself, that I wasn't able to help. I had to get away. I started swimming to the deep end.

A Frightening Journey

As I got to the deep end, I heard someone shouting "LOLA". It was Cathie. I turned around, paddling to stay afloat as my eyes searched for her. I felt awful when I saw Cathie was now getting bullied by those ghastly other girls. I didn't know what to do. Two boys swam past me, splashing their arms, making a big wave of water go over my head. As I gasped, my mouth filling with chlorine, I felt as if I was sinking. And I was. I could feel my body going down in the water. It felt as if the world was turning around. And whenever I tried to struggle back up to the surface, I was pushed down again. I was stuck down to the bottom of the water like glue. And then all turned black.

"Lola! Are you okay?"

I let out a gasp as my head broke the surface. I tried to blink away the water in my eyes. My legs didn't need to paddle anymore, as the water only came to my waist as I stood. Suddenly too, the water felt freezing cold. Like all the heat had been zapped out of it.

That's when my eyes cleared. This wasn't the swimming pool! I was in a small room. A metal bunk bed to one side. Wooden walls. Filled with ice-cold water!

I turned to the girl who had said my name. She had long, gold curly hair and an old-fashioned dress that was torn up and she was carrying a little boy who was crying.

"Wha-wha-whats happening? How did I get here? Am I dreaming? Who are you and how do you know my name?" I said quickly. I was starting to feel really frightened.

"Ok, I can't answer how you got here or how I know your name," the girl frowned, "but I can answer the other two. You're not dreaming. I'm Catharine and this is baby Charles, my brother. I've lost my parents and we're on the Titanic in steerage and our room is filling up with water."

"Huh?" I said. This had to be a dream. A bad dream! And yet that water was so cold I couldn't dream it up. Or the creaking, groaning sounds of the ship around me.

"There you go all the information you need, now we need to get out," Catherine said as she took some deep breaths, watching more water seething in through the unhinged screw holes.



"Come on, let's get to the deck," said Catharine in a rush.

"Wait," I said, looking down at myself, "even if we do jump in the water, I can't go in with a swimming costume on." My arms were starting to go blue and my teeth were chattering. "I'm going to freeze to death. And so might you in that old rag," I said, not meaning to be rude about Catharine's dress.

With no moment to lose, Catharine said, "You're right," and she pulled two old furry coats out from a nearby cupboard. Charles started to howl and Catharine said, "Oh yeah, let's get you warmer too." She grabbed an old dirty towel and wrapped it around Charles.

"Now let's go!" said Catharine, as the ship started to tilt.

Going home

We rushed down the corridor, splashing along. The water was getting higher. It almost reached my neck now. We reached a set of railings. Four guards on the other side were trying to stop people getting through. People and children were shouting and crying, "Let us through!"

"How are we supposed to get past them?" I said, trying to work out the puzzle. Suddenly I saw the answer. I whispered to Catharine, "We're small enough to fit through the bars, it's just the grownups that can't." So we held our breath and swam towards the railings. We squeezed through the metal bars without the guards noticing. Once we were on the other side, we rushed up the stairs on to the deck.

When we got there, there was absolute chaos. We saw lots of people trying to get into wooden lifeboats. Suddenly the Titanic slanted, and lots of people were left hanging off the side of the ship. We grabbed hands as we slipped. We jerked again. Falling, we went sliding down in our big coats. We couldn't stop ourselves falling off the edge of the ship. We flew through the air. Catharine holding Charles tightly. Our hands clasped just as tight. We hit the cold, black water with a splash, and OUCH! – we hit our heads against an iceberg. For the second time that day, everything all around me went black.

As I woke up, I came to the surface of the water. It was warmer than before. I blinked. Looking around, I was back in the deep end of the swimming pool. Cathie was still shouting for help. Suddenly, I knew what I had to do. I started swimming fast, back towards Cathie. I forced my way through the nasty group of girls and grabbed hold of Cathie's hand tightly. "Let's go." I said. And we swam away.

It was funny really, when I look back at what happened. It might sound like a dream, but it all felt real, being there on the Titanic. Funnier still, because Cathie did look a lot like Catharine.

After helping Cathie, soon after we became best friends. We are still, right to this day, now we're grown-ups.

And one last thing I really should mention is my job. I'm an explorer and I'm exploring the Titanic with Cathie. Yesterday, we dived down to the ship, into the steerage level. And guess what we found? Two old furry coats and an old dirty towel.

