

As part of a themed unit of work on the Titanic, children were asked to write a series of diary entries from the perspective of a passenger of their choice. The piece of writing below is the complete text, which was written independently over four days.

10th April 1912

Today has been absolutely brilliant. I have boarded the Invincible R.M.S. Titanic. As I saw her my heart jumped. She was colossal. Majestically she stood before me, four funnels towering over everything. I felt dwarfed in comparison to her. I had never before seen ~~the~~ a ship as big as this, or even a building as big as this. Shakily I stepped on. I can't wait for tomorrow to start.

11th April 1912

My first day aboard Titanic. At first a steward called Stewart showed us to our room, NO. 437. The next few hours were spent un-packing into the palatial room which was our temporary house. As I walked along the sunlit promenade I wondered how such a giant vessel could float so silently. Having ~~scrolled~~ scrolled along the decks I decided to go back to my room. I looked up at the sky and it had already turned deep crimson. I returned to my room where I found a note on the bed. Dear Peter we have gone to dinner with Lord and Lady Bransington. P.S. there is a roast in the cupboard. I opened the cupboard and admired the food. Full and tired I flopped onto the bed to write my diary, wondering what tomorrow will bring.

12th April 1912

I woke with a start. I looked at ^{the} mahogany clock on the wall, 7:30. I got up, brushed my teeth and got dressed. As there was nothing else to do I grabbed

my trunks and headed to the pool. On the way I bumped into Captain Edward John Smith. I asked him if ~~smut~~ he knew ~~was~~ where the pool was. "Yes I do," he said "down the corridor 4th door on your left." I said thank you and hurried down the corridor towards the pool. My watch said it was 8:15. So much for a swim. I headed back the way I came only to find my parents standing there angrily. After a brief telling off we headed towards the library. The rest of the day passed quickly and before we knew it it was 8:30. Soon I was tucked up in bed thinking of ~~tomorrow~~ what tomorrow would bring.

^{13a} 14th April 1912
from my number

I slept in late. When I awoke, I saw ~~the room~~ ~~looking~~ that the room looked different! Then I remembered we were on the RMS Titanic. For reasons I can't recall I felt a sudden chill that had never been felt before. A chill that could only mean a disaster at sea. I pondered this as I went to breakfast. As I marched through a steaming pile of golden-brown waffles I contemplated whether the Titanic was really unsinkable and if it was as safe as it seemed. I did not know the horror that, in 14 hours, would chill me to my very soul. I spent so much time dwelling on this that it was ~~10:17~~ 01:17 by the time I stopped. The next 8 hours passed ~~uneventfully~~ uneventfully so I had dinner and went to bed.

14th - 15th April 1912

I woke at twenty to midnight. I ~~got my father~~
I had heard stories of ship wrecks and
pirates which just added to the sense of
unease I had suddenly received. The noise
that had woken me up was simply a small
jolt and a low rumble. It was more what
I couldn't hear than un-nerved me than what
I could. The engines had stopped. I tiptoed
out into the corridor and asked ~~the~~
~~steward~~ Stewart if everything was all-
right. "We've hit something." He replied
"ok." I called back. Another 20 minutes
passed, then I heard the announcement:
"Everyone report to top deck now!"
I hurried up with my mother. As we boarded
the ~~life boat~~ life boat I saw my father with his
back to us; he didn't look back.