

The date is April 10th, 1912. 12:30 AM. Mother and I are leaving for Southampton to go on “The Ship of Dreams”. Its true name is the Titanic. I heard it took over 400 people to build. The ship will take us to New York. We are going for more business opportunities. Mom says, “Business will never expand as long as it is in one place”. I guess quite a number of people have “new money” there. Mom says people who have recently married into money are “new money”. Mother and I have been packing since 10 o’clock this morning. We are supposed to be sailing for about 5-6 days. It's about a 15-minute drive to the loading dock.

I climb out of the Rolls-Royce, and I am in awe. I am the size of an ant compared to this ship. At a height of 175 feet, it's the biggest ship ever built!

“Wow!”, I say as my mother and I look at the ship.

“It’s an unsinkable ship, god himself could not sink this ship”. Mom says.

Mother and I walk onto the loading dock and when I look down, I notice many “less fortunate” people.

“What is wrong with the people down there?” I ask my mother.

“They are poor. They can’t just get onto the ship like we can. They get checked for sickness and lice before they can get on the ship”.

Hearing these words made me angry. They are people just like mother and me, but because they don’t have money, they assume they are dirty? Most first-class people on this ship are getting on for the same reason mother and I are. Business. As mother and I board the ship, two nice men grab our bags and lead us to our rooms. As they lead us to our suites, mother has to drag me along with her. I can’t help but look at all the fancy things on this boat. Unused china, the beautiful mahogany furniture, and the dining saloon were like nothing I had seen before. It's

one of father's favorite songs to play. Before he passed, he purchased a jewelry box that played this song. It brings warmth to my heart but also heartache. In the interior of the jewelry box, there is a beautiful azure blue necklace. It's the most expensive thing I own. It's 56-carats of pure diamond, and I could never ask for something more prepossessing.

As I walk onto the stairwell leading to the dining saloon, I see the same tailored navy blue suit. The crisp, loud click of my heels on the first step induces him to turn around. It's Jordan, he's waiting for me.

"I'm glad you could make it. You look beautiful". He tells me. I can feel my face rapidly turn red.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world". I say.

He grabs my hand to lead me up the stairs. There is a man in an elegant black and white suit standing by the door. As we walk up, he opens the door and my jaw drops as I look into the astounding dining saloon. The ravishing architecture on the ceiling, perfectly separated tables, folded napkins, and black leather chairs are remarkable.

"Are you okay?" He asks.

"Yes. Just dumbfounded by how astonishing this place is". I say.

We head towards the tables and he pulls my chair out for me. As I sit down, everyone at the table welcomed me with open arms. There are already menus on the table. Row upon rows of options of food to choose from. Eventually, I figure out what I want to eat and continue conversing with Jordan's friends and family.

Dinner was magnificent. I have never had some of the things I had tonight. I had a great time and I hope Jordan did as well. We leave the table and head to the boat dock.

"Did you have a good time? I hope my father wasn't overwhelming". He says

“Your father is a very kind gentleman. I can see where you get it from.” I say. “Did you have a good time?”. I ask.

“I had one of the grandest times I've had in a while”. He says.

By now , it's 10:30 PM.

“I should be heading back to my room. It's late”. I say. I don't want to leave but mother may start to get worried if I don't check in with her. She has gotten very overprotective since the accident.

“That's fine. I hope you have a good night and maybe we can do this again sometime”.
He says

“Of course. I look forward to it”. I say. I begin to walk away, but as I turn around, he grabs me by my arm. I turn back around and he picks me up. I feel like I'm floating. He reaches down to my hips, grabs me firmly and launches me off the boat. My heart drops to my stomach and I can feel the wind push up against my back. I straighten myself out so I can plunge into the water without shattering my back. I am in the air for about two minutes before I feel the bitter, bone-chilling water. I am so far away from the surface, I can feel the pressure building in my head. In due course, I reach the surface, but something is not right. Something is blocking me from reaching the oxygen above. It's the bottom of the boat. At this time, panic begins. I hear something while under the water. It's a loud whirring sound.

“The propellers”. I say in my head.

I begin to swim back down to try and avoid them but there is no use. The sound gets louder and louder every second. I swim as fast as I can , but my leg gets caught in the propeller. I can feel my flesh being torn away from my bones. I reach for my foot to try and get it unstuck , but I realize something is missing. My foot is gone and I perceive the blood gushing out of my

leg. I also feel the current caused by the propellers sucking me in. I can feel every cut being forced into my skin. I never thought this is how I would reunite with my father, but maybe it was my fate.