

# Titanic disaster essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

As I walked down the cobbled street towards the harbour, the immensity of the ship I was about to board hit me as if I had just taken a blow from a baseball bat. Admiring the sheer size of the majestic boat was enough to make my head crack as I glanced from bow to stern. The four funnels were raising high into the clouds; their smoke mysteriously polluting the sky in the same way of that of an aristocratic gentleman's cigar.

Debutantes and noblemen stepped from their chauffeur driven vehicles in their grand clothing as the lower classes joyfully walk towards the liner, ecstatic that they were lucky enough to travel on the maiden voyage of such a grandiose piece of machinery. The massive crowds around me are waving their final goodbyes to their friends and relatives in what could be the last time that they will see them. Salty sea air is fighting down my throat as I inhale deeply, as I do not want to forget a single moment of this momentous occasion.

While I am acknowledging all of this, I carry my bags towards the staircase leading up to one of the entrances of the greatest vessels of its time, the RMS Titanic. Being a journalist at forty years of age, I, Anthony Robinson, was known in the information industry. As a result, a major news corporation recruited me to travel on board the Titanic from Southampton to New York City and thereby write an article to be published in their award-winning newspaper.

This thrilled me beyond belief as I would be able to journey on the regal ship free of charge and I was to be handsomely paid upon my homecoming to England. I felt that, after all these years, I could finally take on the world but

not once in my wildest nightmares could I have imagined the horror of the event that was about to take place. Strolling up the staircase, as I entered the ship, people were pushing and shoving, struggling to reach the main deck of the Titanic in order to wave to the apparently unfortunate people that the vessel would leave behind.

I decided not to join the throng of passengers and instead walked around the living quarters of the 1st class. Since my employer had only managed to secure a 3rd class ticket on board the Titanic, I had to be careful as the separation of class in the Titanic was obviously noticeable. The suites that the 1st lived in were a series of rooms with light pouring through the extravagant windows and down onto the carpets, which had such intricate designs on them that I became slightly confounded.

As I began to wander towards the forward grand staircase, the chandelier above my head astonished me as its jubilant jewels bounced its radiant light across the room, and afterwards I begin to ascend the colossal staircase even as I noticed it was as elegant as the noblewomen about climb it. When I approached the top of the staircase, I could see into the dining rooms of the 1st class. Already, waiters and crewmembers were beginning to organize the tables in the glorious hall, which was as large enough to fit a circus inside of.

The glamorous arrangements on the dinner tables were exceptionally extravagant from the stunning flower displays to the dazzling crystal ware set out for the coming meal. At this point, the boat began to progress on its journey and ever so gradually, passengers once again entered the vessel and as a result, I had to leave 1st class! In comparison, the 3rd class cabins

were much less grand and glamorous than those of the richer class. Each cabin had two bunk beds of an elderly nature, even though both the beds and the ship that contained them were embarking on their maiden voyage.

A simple light hung in the centre, swaying ever so gently with the peaceful movements of the sea. The flooring was a simple wooden panelling that was clean enough to sparkle from the luminous light. As more and more passengers came down to their cabins, the hallways became as crowded as a busy London street. Everyone began to talk about their good fortune of being on the first journey of such an admirable and gigantic ship. I began to wonder what adventures might behold us on a cruise that was deemed to be the time of our lives.

Only once, and just for a second, did I wonder if something as large and unspoilt as the Titanic could fall into the abyss that we call the deep blue sea. As one person spoke to me, I was snapped back into reality and I introduced myself to someone who I supposed would be sharing the room with me, as he rudely pushed past me into the cabin. I gave him my name and he gave me his, John Locke, in manner that told me that he did not wish to be disturbed by my presence any longer than what he wanted. I took the hint and decided to go above deck and admire the ocean and all the beauties it holds.

Even though many people had meandered down to some of the lower decks, there was still a great deal of 1st and 3rd class passengers on the top deck. Many were still in awe at the size and exquisiteness of the vessel itself like children walking into a sweet shop. Others were turning their attention to the

turquoise body of water that was now surrounding us from all directions. As I walked towards the stern end of the ship, to look if the land we had left behind was still noticeable, I saw the immense propellers, frothing up water so that we could travel across the ocean.

The view I had was as peaceful as the ship's band that I could now hear playing from the dining hall. That warm summery day had caused the temperature to be quite unusual for someone from the island nation and the supposed sweltering heat had made me desire to leap into the cool and refreshing looking sea. I did not realize that later in the trip, I would be doing just that thing but instead of for relaxing, I would be jumping for my life. The next few days passed without much event, unless of course you were a member of the first class.

I spent most of my time on the top deck, reading or catching up on some of my writing for the newspaper I was here for. As each day flowed into the next, like every wave into another, the lukewarm weather became bitter and chilly. This did anything but dampen the other passenger's exuberant spirits as they enjoyed every minute of this miraculous journey. The date was April 15th and the just like the days preceding it, everyone went about their regular business. As usual, the other people sharing my cabin were gone long before I awoke. I still wasn't on good terms with John as I rarely got a chance to chat with him.

Today, once I had settled down in my chair on the top deck to finish the book I had brought with me, quite a large group of obnoxiously loud children began to fool around nearby. I instead decided to seek the tranquillity of my

cabin and read the novel in there. The last time I looked at the clock, the time was 6: 00pm but I decided that I wasn't yet hungry so instead I took a nap and I was soon drifting along with the waves. Quite suddenly, I was jolted awake by a sudden bang and bump that I both heard and felt as I realized the clock was 11: 40pm.

I noticed that a lot of other people felt the shake as it was abruptly quiet out in the hallway. As people paused, I could hear everyone's breathing as they waited for something to happen. When nothing did, the passengers carried on with their affairs. I, on the other hand, had just been awoken by this strange judder in an otherwise smooth voyage. I walked slowly up to the top deck, still groggy from just waking up. I walked towards the bow end of the ship and noticed that we were drifting away from a broad and bulking iceberg.

This, I realized, was the cause of the jolt but I was not worried at the time because I had heard that the Titanic had a special system in its interior where the ship could remain afloat as long as only 4 of the watertight compartments in the hull contained water. Once my nerves had been settled, even though it was only slightly, a few boys began to kick about some ice that had fallen off the iceberg, as if they were back home and playing quick game of football. Their jollity, however, was about to change direction as they soon would be plunged into a world of fright and terror as they fight for their lives.

After seeing the iceberg that would eventually cause so many passengers deaths, I began to walk back to my cabin and in order to fall back into the

relaxing dream that I was having. As I did, though, I noticed that there were several members of the 1st class who were being instructed to put on their life vests. I began to wonder if this incredible piece of machinery was really going to plunge down into the sea. I could see that not many of the passengers were taking much notice and instead ignored the crew member's orders as they happiness could not be dampened.

On the other hand, I became quite anxious that something seriously threatening was about to happen. I decided that instead of dawdling on the top floor, I was going to go back down to my cabin and get my life jacket. After this, I was going to return immediately to the top deck and then investigate into what exactly was going on. Being 40 years of age, I finally reached the room ten minutes later at 12: 00am and my fellow passengers were still asleep in their beds. As I walked hurriedly back up to the open air, I passed several other people who had been awoken by stewards and had received the same instruction I had heard earlier.

Different than before, passengers were now starting to listen to the crew members as they told them to get their life jackets on. Subsequently, I had again arrived on the top deck of the ship; I became aware of how cold it really was that night and I wished that I had put some other piece of clothing on underneath my life vest, since I was still in my robe and nightclothes. As the night air was chilling my bones, so did the following sentence that a senior crew member barked to his comrades. “ Lower the life boats! ” I heard him shout. The time was 12: 10am and the most distressing and life-changing night of my life was about to begin.

For a few moments, I just stood in awe of the fact that the ship that I had joyously boarded just days before was now faced with the possibility of sinking into the sea. All of my cheerfulness and pleasure that I had experienced on the journey was now being washed away as quickly as terror and worry was set into its place. Briefly, I began to wonder as to how many lifeboats were actually on the ship as I could not recall having seen that many. I rushed to the nearest sailor and asked him in a hurried tone how many lifeboats there were on board the ship and what the capacity was of each.

When I was told in a rather impolite fashion that there were only 16 lifeboats each able to hold 65 people, the fear that surged through me was unimaginable and never had I dreamt in my most horrific nightmare that I would be put into this kind of situation. However, for the few days that had already gone by, I did wonder what I would do if this event occurred in my lifetime. As I realised that a throng of passengers were starting to walk onto the top deck, some in nightgowns and others in posh dinner jackets, I thought to myself that there was not a chance that all of these people would eventually arrive at their destination.

Gradually, increasingly more 1st class passengers began to mill about on the deck, many frustrated to be out in the cold night-time air. Yet, I did not see anyone that I recognised from 3rd or 2nd class. As I glanced up at the four funnels towering over us, I noticed that the moon had not decided to grace us with its light tonight and the only glow was coming from the ship itself. While the first lifeboat was being lowered onto the floor, only a select few began to move towards it in an attempt to board it.



This did not surprise me as I had written many articles before this time on the aristocracy of England and I knew that their stubborn and overconfident nature would prevent them from boarding an even smaller boat unless there was a dire need. The one thing these people did not notice was that their life depended on if they got on these boats or not. At this point, two of the sixteen lifeboats had been lowered into the water and to my astonishment the already undersized boats only had about fifteen people in them. Suddenly, there was a great lurch as the ship jolted once again.

Considering that we had hit yet another iceberg, I seriously began to worry, as did some of the other passengers on board. With very little knowledge of the ship's engineering levels, I did not recognize that this abrupt movement was a result of one of the watertight compartments overflowing. At this point, more and more members of the 3rd class began to mill about the top deck as a result of the recent collision and also the jolt from the ship's interior. As I did not want to be left on this liner if or when it sunk, I attempted to move onto the next boat.

Consequently, other people had obviously felt the jolt and had become aware of danger that they could well and truly be in. Terror ran through me as my endeavours to gain access to boat proved unsuccessful; gradual panic set in while I began to press on and try again. However, a well-built American man had the same idea and, showing stereotypical American behaviour, jostled and shoved me out of his way. This led me to stumble and plummet to ground and as I fell, my head caught a surprisingly cold and unwelcoming handrail. As a result, I was knocked unconscious on the most eventful and traumatising night of my life.

Groggily, I fight past the boundary stopping me from being thrown back into the reality of the situation. I open my eyes and begin to acknowledge where I am; my vision is unclear and my hearing is distorted. The only thing that I can be sure of is that I am still on the Titanic. However, as I attempt to stand and communicate with those around me, I notice that I had been out cold for longer than I had thought. As I ran to the edge of the liner, I noticed that there was a slight tilt downwards towards the front of the ship.

I looked over the railings and to my shock I could see that the back end of the boat was rising out of the water. I looked towards the front and now, only five of the lifeboats remained and instead of less people now been on the deck, the view seemed the exact same as before. Instead of trying to push and shove my way to boat like before, I took a few deep breaths in order to calm my anxiety. I decided the best thing for me to do would be to walk around to the other side of the ship and see if there were any boats there for me to board.

This took me past the band, from which a piece of elegant music was emanating. Usually, I would stop and listen to a band of such grandeur but tonight, music, as well as my article, was at the back of my mind. Running now, as anticipation and hope set into my head for the first time that night as I realised that it had been 1: 30am, two hours since the boat hit the iceberg. The fact that the boat had stayed afloat this long did little to settle my anxiety however I noticed that with each passing moment, the slant of the liner was getting increasingly worse for the passengers on board.

I rounded the stern of the ship and finally reached the opposite side of the boat. To my amazement, there was only a handful of people on this side of the deck and if the lifeboat that I could see was not about to be lowered, my conscience would have forced me to tell other people. Instead, I ran towards the lifeboats and asked if I could board, since the crew were only letting women and children board. At this point, I out of breath and I had not spoken to anyone in a few hours so at first, the crewmember could not understand what I was saying.

Can I... get on... the boat? ” I asked in a hurried and uneasy tone. The reply that I received almost made me jump for joy but instead, I quickly scrambled into the boat, and received disgusted looks from some of the woman on board, many of whom, I then found out, had left their husbands and partners onboard the ship. So, as the officers on the deck began to gently and gradually lower the boat into the deep, dark and tremendously cold water, I felt the others accusingly glare at my face and I hung my head in shame as I realised what I had done.

The next few moments were a blur as the lifeboat hit the water and was therefore released from the majestic liner that I had been enjoying only moments before. Despite the situation, the officer on our boat requested that everyone grab an oar and row away from the Titanic. I grudgingly agreed to do so as I supposed that this might stop the women from frowning at me. The night air froze my hands as I grabbed the scull and began to paddle in turn with the others.

As I fell into the rhythm of pulling the oar towards and then away from me, I ignored the pain that I was already receiving from the wooden paddle I had in my hands and decided instead to admire the beauty of the mighty vessel once more before in plunge into the depths. The lighting on board the Titanic shone into the night sky, showing the rest of us that she was giving up a good fight until the end. Ear-piercing screams I now noticed were coming from the ship; a child cried out into the night for her mum and somewhere a mother was missing her infant. The ship was now raised out of the water at quite an angle.