Year 5 A Standard Historical Recount Letter

The Sinking of the RMS Titanic

New York City, USA

19 April 1912

Dear Aunt Margaret,

I am writing to you from New York after surviving the sinking of the Titanic. I am safe, but I still cannot believe what has happened. Only a few days ago, I was excited to be travelling across the Atlantic with Mother. Now I am trying to tell you about the most frightening experience of my life.

When we first boarded the Titanic, I was amazed by its size and beauty. The Grand Staircase was enormous, and the chandeliers shone brightly above us. Mother and I walked along the promenade deck and watched the ocean. The fresh sea air blew gently around us as the ship moved smoothly through the water. I felt proud and lucky to be on such a magnificent ship.

The day before the disaster was peaceful. Passengers laughed and talked as they went about their day. Mother and I spent time on deck, looking out at the calm ocean. I remember feeling completely safe. That night, I went to bed thinking about the wonderful journey ahead. I never imagined that everything would change before morning.

Just after 11:40 pm on 14 April, I woke to a sudden shudder. The ship seemed to shake beneath me. At first, I did not know what had happened, but soon I heard people talking and moving through the corridors. The crew told us to put on our lifejackets and go to the boat deck. My heart began beating faster. The happy sounds from earlier in the day had disappeared, and people were now frightened and confused.

On the deck, the night was bitterly cold. I could see lifeboats being lowered into the dark water. Mother and I were eventually helped into one. As the boat moved away from the Titanic, I looked back at her bright lights. It was difficult to believe that the ship I had thought was so safe was in danger. Then the bow began to sink lower and lower. The ship broke apart, and the cries of people in the water filled the darkness. I felt helpless because there was nothing I could do.

We waited for hours in the cold. We wrapped ourselves in blankets and stayed close together. I kept looking across the ocean, hoping to see help. At last, lights appeared in the distance. The RMS Carpathia had arrived. I felt enormous relief when we were rescued and taken aboard. The crew gave us blankets and cared for the survivors.

Yesterday, we finally arrived in New York. Crowds were waiting at the harbour, hoping to find their loved ones. Some families were reunited, but others received very sad news. I was thankful that Mother and I were safe, but I could not stop thinking about the people who had been lost.

I will never forget the Titanic. Before this journey, I thought the ocean was only beautiful and peaceful. Now I know how quickly things can change. I am grateful to be alive, and I will never take an ordinary day for granted again.

Please do not worry about Mother and me. We are safe, and we hope to return home soon. I cannot wait to see you and tell you everything in person.

Your loving niece,

Elizabeth Thompson