Year 6 C 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 RMS Titanic. I am safe, but I am still shocked by everything that happened. It is hard to believe that only a few days ago I was enjoying a wonderful journey across the Atlantic Ocean.

The voyage began very well. The Titanic was the grandest ship I had ever seen. The Grand Staircase, sparkling chandeliers and luxurious rooms made me feel very lucky to be travelling on her maiden voyage. Each day, Mother and I enjoyed walking around the deck and watching the ocean. The fresh sea breeze was refreshing, and the ship seemed peaceful and safe. I truly believed I was travelling on the greatest ship in the world.

The day before the disaster was also peaceful. I spent time with Mother and enjoyed being on the ship. We could see the ocean stretching around us, and I remember feeling excited about the rest of our journey. That night, I went to bed expecting another normal day. I did not know that the next night would change everything.

On the night of 14 April, everything changed. Just after 11:40 pm, I was awakened by a strange jolt. At first, I thought it was nothing serious, but soon passengers began leaving their cabins to find out what had happened. Although the crew tried to remain calm, I could tell that something was wrong. Before long, we were instructed to put on our lifejackets and go to the boat deck. I felt frightened as I approached the deck.

When we arrived on the deck, lifeboats were already being lowered into the freezing water. Passengers stood together in confusion while crew members called for women and children to board first. Mother and I were eventually placed in a lifeboat. As we moved away from the ship, I looked back at the Titanic. Its bright lights shone across the dark ocean, and it was difficult to believe that such a magnificent ship could sink.

Soon, the ship began to disappear beneath the water. The cries of people left behind echoed across the sea. It was a terrifying sight that I will never forget. Many people in our lifeboat cried as we watched the disaster unfold before our eyes. I felt helpless because there was nothing that I could do to help the people still on the ship.

We spent hours waiting in the cold darkness before the RMS Carpathia finally arrived. I felt very relieved when we were rescued. We were taken onto the ship and given blankets to keep us warm. Yesterday, we arrived in New York, where many people had gathered to meet the survivors. Some families were reunited, but many others received heartbreaking news.

I feel grateful to be alive, but I am deeply saddened by the many lives that were lost. This experience has made me realise how quickly things can change. The Titanic was called the “unsinkable” ship, but it now rests at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

Please do not worry about Mother and I because we are safe and hope to return home soon. I look forward to seeing you again and sharing happier news in the future.

Your loving niece,

Elizabeth Thompson