The Sinking of the Lusitania

Dear Diary

I'm still recovering from the nightmare I, not only witnessed, but experienced, that occurred 3 days ago. I was a passenger among many on the Lusitania, when it sank. It happened off the coast of Kinsale, Cork, 18 kilometres away, I later learned.

It all began, when I was on deck, looking out upon the dazzling waters, gazing at the night sky. The waters seemed restless but I pushed it to the back of my mind, creating eyes, only for the beauty of the night. I was fatigued but calm.

Suddenly, as though the calmness had all been an act, I felt a jolt. I screamed. I had fallen over the balcony barrier. I clutched at the bar, terrified, gripping so hard my knuckles turned white. I screamed again while silently wondering whether anybody had heard me, and how long it would be before I plunged into the eerie , cold, dark waters, if nobody did. I trembled and tightened my grip. I summoned up all my strength and let out a piercing shriek. Now all my energy was gone, evaporated. It felt as though everything had been drained out of me. I loosened my grip and fainted away...

Shortly after, though what seemed an age, I felt a tight grip on both my hands. I blinked. There were many people gathered around me. Then I listened over the soundtrack of the lapping waves - which I narrowly escaped, I could hear a kerfuffle and panic-stricken passengers screaming. Though after this, my thoughts of confusion and terror had been abruptly stopped, by a man, a man none other than the person who rescued me, my rescuer to

whom I owe all this gratitude. He lifted me back up onto the deck leaving me standing dripping wet, horrified, bewildered and relieved all at once.

Next, after I had croaked my thanks and received a smile in return, I got an explanation to what caused that fatal jolt. Upon hearing the explanation I felt no better. Suddenly, I then realised as the truth sank in- *the ship was going to sink. We were going to die.* I burst into tears, I cried from grief, not only for me but for everyone on board the Lusitania too. After that, I consoled myself while the crowd jostled and the ship tipped. I caught sight of my family boarding a lifeboat, their glassy eyes searching the crowd. Their eyes met mine and they cried out and jumped up. They brought me back to the boat. The screaming that filled my ears was an unearthly sound and unnerved me. Then we all huddled together for warmth, breathing in sharply, for the night air was already sub-zero.

The deep, dark depths of the water stared at me, menacingly. I blinked and squared my shoulders and squeezed myself smaller. I looked at the night sky. It was unmoved as though nothing had happened - next minute, I'm gasping for air in the chilly ocean. My family and I had fallen overboard. To me the night sky didn't seem beautiful anymore, but vengeful instead. My tired family found a bed for us to float on to survive after 20 exhausting minutes of treading the water. We floated closer to shore for hours as dawn broke, for the tide was right. Then as morning came on, our transport washed ashore. We found the nearest village, warmed ourselves next to a fire while we ate (we enjoyed these luxuries in an inn nearby).

That was the craziest adventure of my life, provided by the sinking of the Lusitania.

Yours Sincerely
Adelheid Mahony