

Iceberg, Boat, and Me

By: Anika Wriskey

This story is dedicated to my English teacher, Mrs. Hammond for helping me find my voice in writing

Tap tap “Amanda, get up! We’re leaving in 5 minutes!” Dad yells through my bedroom door, I groan “Uggghhh” and start dragging myself out of bed. I can smell the faint aroma of burnt toast. Great. First I have to wake up at 7:00 AM and now I have burnt toast for breakfast. But, because we are going to the history museum I get ready. I grab some jeans and shove a shirt over my head, put my long brown hair into a braid, and brush my teeth. When I go downstairs to eat, I see a big box of donuts. The toast must be for dad, because he likes to be healthy. “How’s my favorite 15 year old?” Mom asks “She’s tired and hungry” I reply. I grab a chocolate donut with strawberry icing from the box and sink my teeth into the lump of sugar. “I WANTED THAT ONE!!!!” My 8 year old brother Joey screams at me and he hits me. Mom and Dad don’t seem to notice because they don’t say anything but that it’s time to leave, so I go and slip on my Uggs and grab my sweatshirt from the laundry room and head out to the car. “You’re driving” Mom tells me, and tosses me the keys, I hop into the driver’s seat and start the engine. After about 35 minutes, we arrived at the history museum. “Where should we go first?” Dad asks, “Titanic Zone!” I say enthusiastically “It’s my favorite” Joey nods excitedly “YEAH!!!!” Dad chuckles as if he found his answer which he did! As the Titanic Zone draws

closer, I notice all of these small details I never even thought about, like how many people lost their lives, just because the makers wanted more room to walk on a deck space, they weren't prepared for the worst of things. This makes me glad that things were changed after that incident. Now we are at a space where they have a bowl of water the same temperature the water was when the titanic sank, 28 degrees Fahrenheit (-2 Celsius) I shove my hand in to feel the frigid water, suddenly, I feel almost a pulling sensation, pulling me into the water, and suddenly, I fall unconscious. Tap. Tap. "Get up, get your life vest on, and get onto the deck, the Titanic is sinking" What is happening? Why is someone saying that? But just to be safe, I do as they tell me to. I found the deck after about two minutes. I turn a corner to find people boarding lifeboats "Women and children first, women and children first!!" I hear in the distance. This is weird. "Where am I?? What is happening?" I ask a lady about my height with two children who look about 4 and 1. She's holding one, and looks very kind. She gives me a kind look and says "You are on the Titanic, and it is sinking, we hit an iceberg" the 4 year old bursts into tears "I want daddy! WAHHHHH" She sobs "Angelina, be quiet, daddy has to stay on the ship with all the other daddy's" The mother responds, then turns to me, "Do you want to board a lifeboat with us? Or do you have someone with you?" "I would love to join you, I'm Amanda" I reply, to add more info, I add "I'm fifteen, let me know if you need any help with your little ones" The woman looks like Christmas came early and says "That would be wonderful, I

am Mary, This is Hannah and Angelina” She gestures to her daughters. I scoop Angelina up into my arms and we start running over to the lifeboats to try to board the last one “Hold up, Ma’am, We’re full you’ll have to stay on the boat” a crew member tells us, the kids burst into tears, “Please, Sir, can’t you squeeze in two more people? These two will be on our laps” I plead with him, “Only if you can slide into this last boat, I’m about to lower it” We thank him and start squeezing ourselves in. “WATCH IT KID!!!!” A drunk man yells at me. “Oh, I’m sorry! Weren’t men supposed to stay on the boat? You don’t look like you’re on it!” I say, trying to be sassy. He huffily yells out loud and then storms away. As our life boat launches into the water, I suddenly fall out. The icy waters pierce my insides like a thousand knives.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH” I scream, but this just makes it worse “HELP!” I cry out, this plea of mine brings tears to my eyes and I see Mary struggling to keep a grasp on her daughters squirming in her lap and crying, all while trying to stay onboard. Then finally, I see Angelina fall into the piercing waters and instantly burst into tears. I don’t know what made me do it, or what gave me the courage, but I duck my head under the frigid waters and swim like the world is about to end. When I reach her I say “It’s going to be ok. Just calm down.” I say trying to sound soothing, miraculously, she stops crying, and says “Okay, where mommy?” I respond trying to sound comforting, even though I feel as though I am about to die “Mommy’s up on that boat, see? We’re going to get you up there!” I struggle to keep her with me while she’s

crying again and I hand her to Mary. I notice her eyes are puffy and red, as though she's been crying. She takes Angelina and helps me into the boat. I feel so cold my insides may burst! As though reading my mind, she strips off her wool cardigan and drapes it over me. "No-keep it on, you'll freeze!!" I say in plea to her. "No. You need to warm up" she says and starts shivering. So I squeeze all of us into a large hug to try and keep us warm, she looks thankful and squeezes Hannah and Angelina so hard I think they might burst. Suddenly, I see some light coming our way. "IT'S A SHIP!" I hear someone yell in a different boat. It is definitely a ship! I hear a bell ringing in my ear, everyone else seems to hear it too, because they look determined. I feel cold water trickling down my cheek and realize that I am crying. But now I want to know. Why am I here, how did I get here? But I don't focus on that now. As the ship draws nearer they start sending lift down to pull our life boats up onto the boat. I see at least 10 people running at us with wool blankets and drape them over all of us. They automatically see me and sweep me into a wheelchair based on how I look after falling in. They sweep me into an extra room with a queen size bed and two bunks. Everyone but one man leaves the room "Can the woman with two little girls share this room here with me, please?" I request he raises an eyebrow. "You sure?" he asks me "Yes sir" He looks skeptical but agrees and a few minutes later, Mary and her girls are coming into the room. "Thank you, Amanda" Mary says. I nod and they take beds and lie down. Soon Mary, Angelina, and Hannah are fast asleep. I feel my eyelids

closing and I drift off to sleep. "Amanda? Can you hear me, honey?" I hear my Moms voice. My eyes slowly open, and I see Joey, Mom, and Dad staring back at me. Mom and Dad look concerned, but Joey must think that I'm a scientific miracle, I also see an ambulance in the distance. "Mo-Mom? What's happening?" I ask "Honey, you fell and were unconscious for about 2 hours, we thought that you had died." She replies I feel awful for giving that fright to my family but, if I had not fallen, Mary, Angelina, and Hannah probably would not be alive. I am tired, Mom and Dad must have noticed because they say "You can go back to sleep if you need to" So, I close my eyes, and when I reopen them, I'm in my bed, my beautiful, comfy, lovely, amazing bed. I look at my nightstand and see my alarm clock and check the time 9:30 PM it tells me I grab my TV remote then I click it on to watch *The Summer I Turned Pretty* and think about how lucky we all are. After about an hour, I click it off and drift off again. As I wake up, I slide on some Lululemon pants and a baggy sweatshirt and comb out my hair and trudge down the stairs to grab a leftover chocolate donut with a glaze over it. I grab my phone to watch some Tik Tok and I see Mom come out. "Dad and Joey left to go on a hunting trip, so it's just you and me this weekend, want to watch a movie?" I nod "How about *Titanic*?" She asks. I burst out laughing and she looks confused. I think we'll be just fine