April 11th 1912 2pm,

Today I stood on the open deck of the wondrous Titanic. As I waved to the people around the port, they waved back looking like thousands of ants scrambling to take one last glimpse of a loved one. Before long, we were sailing from Queenstown Ireland towards the Atlantic Ocean to a brand new life. As the people faded from view, I slowly made my way to the cabin. Never before had I seen such extravagance then when the porter directed me to 3rd class. I thought I had made a wrong turn! The two cabins had electric lights and running water, we even had matresses so all we had to do was use our own blankets or clothes at night Surely this was not for me not on a steerage ticket?

I was soon joined by a young woman and her two children. They too, were hoping for a new life in America. Sally and her son Patrick 3, amd her daughter Bridget 5, were joining her cousin on New York who had found work there. I introduced myself as Annie and expolained that I was travelling for the same reason. We soon settled in to what was to be our home for the next week. Patrick, deperate to run around and explore the labyrinth of corridors, Bridget content to gaze at the magnitude of everything around her.

April 10, 1912

Today I started my voyage to the Americas. I bought my third class ticket one month ago at 36$. First class tickets were way too expensive for me, being worth $4,300. However just the idea of forming part of the Titanic, the world’s most luxurious ship, drives me nuts! At the Queenstown port I saw the most amazing site; the titanic was huge even biblical in size, “882 feet 9 inches long” said a man in the distance. It was like a city floating in the sky with four colossal chimneys reaching the sky. Excited I ran to get on the ship. “Ticket please,” said the stern ticket inspector. I handed him the ticket and proceeded onto the ship. The site was even more magnificent in the inside were crystal chandlers hung from ceiling and silk tapestries covered the walls. Everyone was dressed up elegantly. Men with black suits and women with long dresses. Suddenly a guard grabbed me and grunted, “Wrong entrance, go to other way.”

I walked the third class hall and the differences were immediate. The crystal chandlers were replaced with dim light bulbs and cast iron hull plating replaced the magnificent tapestries. My cabin was small and crowed, however real soon I would be in America where a man can make his fortune. I decided to go to the top deck. As I made my way to the top, I could hear the roar of the ship’s engines pulling out of the port and heading to the New World. Once on top, all of the passengers, my self included, waved the city of Queenstown