

# TITANIC TWISTED

BY JASMINE FREEMAN

A foreign breeze swept viciously across my pale face. I stood gazing into an ocean of ruthless waves and small boats fighting hungrily through the thrashing seas. Behind the bustling city of New York lay a dark secret. 109 years ago, the infamous Titanic had descended into the depths of the merciless North Atlantic Ocean.



"That's amazing Emily, now shall we start our inquiry topic on the Titanic now class?" The teacher Ms Marley said enthusiastically. Emily had been sitting on her hard, wooden desk reading out her new story to the class. She was very bored. Until now...

For the rest of the day all Emily could think of were the horrific events that had occurred so suddenly on the freakish morning of the sinking of the Titanic that she had so curiously learned about that same day. At night a creepy vibe had filled the air, blinding lightning flashed in and out of the deep purple sky that had devilishly overpowered the peace of the day.

For hours Emily lay restless in her cold bed trying desperately to fall asleep but after going over every sleep strategy she could think of Emily had lost hope on sleeping. Suddenly a quiet voice began to whisper in her ear...

"HELP, SAVE HER!" The voice was repeating over and over. It was a distressed women's voice. Emily lay paralysed on her bed. What was happening? Was someone hurt? Where was it coming from? All of these questions filled up inside her brain. Emily bolted upright and ran outside to see if something was happening. But when she got there the only thing, she could see was the deserted street that was lit up by the milky tones of the midnight moon.

Suspiciously Emily paced back inside and into her bed. A sweaty droplet ran down her face. More and more tears fell rapidly and soon her silky pillow was one big fabric pool.

Exhausted, she finally placed her head on the soggy pillow. What a night it had been and what a night it was to become...

Sweet dreams began to fill her overcrowded mind and just like that Emily was immersed in dreams of unicorns and cupcakes.

After approximately 5 hours the peace that had finally conquered her vanished in a sudden. Scenes of danger and peril flashed violently in her mind. Desperate mothers gathered their children close, while brave men dived into an angry ocean.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!" Emily screamed.

Her parents ran into her room like a cheetah pouncing at their prey.

"What's happened Em?!" Emily's dad David panted loudly.

"Nothing." She replied embarrassed.

At school Emily could not pay attention to her work. Again and again, she wondered about her unforgettable dream. The more she thought about it the more she pondered on the disturbing idea that someone was in danger.

After school that day Emily walked softly towards the New York docks. She was feeling scared and she didn't know why.

The gentle breeze swayed across her rosy cheeks. Emily imagined herself in 1912 boarding the shiny Titanic ship with its over confident engineers beaming with pride. Suddenly a sharp object collided with her head.

She quickly opened her eyes and saw a shiny gold locket with a small clock inside it. It seemed to be turning backwards...

She held the locket firmly between her sweaty hands as queasy feelings began to crowd Emily's shaking body. She felt as though she was to be sick, her eyesight was blurry and tiny screams shot in and out of her ears. Something was wrong... Emily had lost consciousness

She awoke to a firm voice shouting into her ear.

"Mary get up off the floor this instant!" The voice was saying.

"Who are you?" Emily replied confused.

"I am your mother who is about to send you off to the ship docks, for heaven's sake it's 2:00am!" The voice (who was apparently Emily's mum) cried angrily like a raging lion.

"Now, go and make yourself unseen, I don't want to see you again!" She scolded.

Emily suddenly realised that she was in the ocean. Was it possible that she was on the Titanic? What was happening? Emily glanced over at a rusty steel sign reading 'The Titanic, the safest ship for you!'. She also noticed that she was now wearing a white silk dress with a corset made of iron. What was happening!

She took a minute to reflect on the strange happenings of the afternoon. The day had begun as usual, then the strange locket had transported her to 1912, and now she was on the Titanic minutes before it was due to sink! Her silence was broken with a loud scream coming from one of the passengers who was standing on the front of the panic-stricken boat.

"ICEBERG AHEAD!!!!!" Everyone was shouting. Chaos emerged suddenly from every corner of the Titanic.

Emily remembered reading about the horrific final moments of the Titanic. The further the ship sailed closer to the iceberg the more desperate she was to use the locket to go back to her own life.

Emily calmly stood on the edge of the ship and pulled the locket from her dress, she held it firmly, closed her eyes and thought of home, family, friends and everything she had missed from her normal life. The more she thought about home the more that queasy feeling came back to her. Relieved, Emily sat back onto the floor, it had worked! Soon she would be in the car driving to her grandma's house for a delicious dinner!

Emily's palms gently touched the floor and to her surprise all she could feel was wood and not concrete! She looked at her surroundings and much to her disappointment Emily saw the same environment that she had been standing in all afternoon! She sat angrily on the hard wooden floor and began crying. Once or twice, she thought she could feel a twitch in her blistering hands, but all felt silent. Maybe Emily could just close her eyes for a few seconds.

She awoke to a sudden jolt from the Titanic. The crew was doing everything they could but nothing could stop the problematic iceberg from edging nearer to the sinking ship. Emily had completely lost hope on getting back home. Violently she tossed the useless locket into the ocean, but then the strangest thing happened... The locket was suspended in mid-air. Startled, Emily jumped backwards and hit a young woman.

"I'm so sorry miss!" Emily stuttered, still shocked. There was no reply, something was definitely wrong... The only thing moving seemed to be Emily! Curious, she slowly walked backwards. One by one every passenger started to move backwards with Emily. Was it possible to turn back time? Emily now thought so because strangely the moon was also moving backwards too! Also, the ship was actually moving further away from the iceberg! Such strange things!

Emily stood admiring this odd happening when a sudden burst of energy shot aggressively throughout her blood vessels. It was a peculiar feeling that made her feel like a superhero. Little did she know that the power that controlled her now was crucial to getting back home...

Abruptly, the power forced Emily to lunge forward (which of course is hard when you're wearing a dress with an iron corset) with her arms stretched out in front of her. Again, she had frozen time. This time however her newly-found powers told her firmly that she, Emily Josephine Turner had to fix things.

With time now on her side, Emily decided to jump into action right away. She briskly ran to the helm where she found the ship's captain paralysed with a panicked face. Emily knew what had to be done. She carefully shifted the paralysed captain to the other seat so she could take control. She remembered all the fun sailing lessons her dad had given her on every holiday to the ocean. She remembered all of the great advice that her mum had given her about driving when she was younger. Emily could do this.

She took a deep breath and clasped the steering wheel. A voice inside her was shouting out discouraging things like she would never be able to steer a ship this huge. But Emily was going to have none of that, she was determined to change the fate of the Titanic and she was not going to let a tiny voice get in her way.

Unexpectedly people started moving again. Very slowly but moving nonetheless. She had to be quick. Slowly the ship began to turn around, soon it had turned all back the other way. The ship was finally free! From all the corners people erupted in cheer! They weren't moving slowly anymore! Emily stood under the moon which seemed to be glistening even brighter than before. A large click came from one of the cameras. Emily was now famous. For a minute all seemed well and merry. But then, once again came the sad thought of not being home. When the cheering dyed down, Emily hid behind the rusty sign. Again, she began to cry, this time it felt even more difficult to hide her feelings.

A small droplet ran down her cheeks but unlike the other tears this one seemed to be doing something magical. Emily looked down to see only her legs. How strange. Then she could only see her feet, then nothing at all!

Emily closed her eyes and lay down. All seemed peaceful and calm once again.

"Emily, Emily, wake up please" A familiar voice called.

Emily opened her eyes to see her mum smiling at her face.

"We have to go to Grandma's house now." Her mum said calmly.

Finally all the commotion was over. It was relieving to hear her mum's voice and to be in her very own bed.

As they drove to Emily's grandma's house she thought about all of the amazing stories she could write. They ate a quiet dinner consisting of roast beef and veggies. The family talked about life and all of the other things grown ups talk about at family dinners. After dinner however, it was much more interesting...

"You know Emily, you look very much like a girl who saved the Titanic, in fact I'm almost certain you are identical!" Emily's grandma proclaimed. She held up a photograph of the girl who had somehow saved the lives of many.

Emily sat patiently on the sofa, in her heart she knew that she was the Titanic sauvior, but she decided not to mention it for she knew that no matter how much she told people they would never come to accept it.

**THE END**