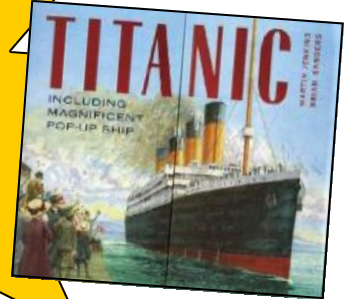




My letter from onboard the
Titanic
Contest Winner



Erin Smyth
Pembroke

Dearest Emma:

It is funny how the first feeling one experiences upon leaving is that something has been left behind. You know me well enough, dear Emma, to know the many times I have suffered this same infuriating sensation when father would take us away to Aunt Clarice's or on one of those summertime vacations when we were younger. I would spend almost an hour before we left searching through my bedroom for some item I couldn't put my finger on but was convinced I had forgotten.

The same thing has happened now. Charles was quite sore at me when I refused to leave the house until I had checked my luggage twice and the rooms in our house over three times. He had to practically drag me away. And still I am left with the nagging certainty that something was left behind. Even as I stood on deck, waving goodbye to the people on the dock as they slowly faded from vision, I couldn't help but list off the items I was sure I had brought against those I had meant to.

You would laugh at me, I know, so I must try to ignore it as best I can.

I was surprised that I could write you at all, being completely unaware that there was a post office onboard. Then again, the architects that have created this beautiful ship have seemed to taken almost everything into consideration. I half expect to find a circus when I turn around the corner. The Titanic seems to have so much so even if I did forget something I'm sure I could find a replacement somewhere onboard.

We are on the second floor, not as well off as the people above us but comfortable all the same. I pity the poor passengers that live below us all. I have never been one taken to sea sickness, but all the same I would be horrified to have little protecting me from the darkness of the water below. My own thoughts are dark enough as it is

and I doubt I could sleep.

I have already been to the library here but have not, as yet, taken anything out. With all of the excitement here I wouldn't be able to pay it the proper attention. I expect to go in a few more days when things have settled down a bit. They seem to have a decent selection and it is comforting to know that if I ever become bored, which seems highly unlikely, there will be something I can immerse myself in close at hand.

It feels odd to be having such a thrilling adventure without you here. I wish that you had been able to come but you must get well. You have just finally gotten rid of that sickness which I had feared would take you from us. I do not want to risk your health. Maybe you could go on the next voyage. She is a fine and well built ship and I believe that this will be the first of her many voyages.

I am to meet Charles in a few minutes for a game of squash. He has been to the court yesterday and has said it looks quite good, surprisingly so for being on a ship, even one as exquisite as the RMS Titanic. You know that he doesn't like it when I am late so I must say goodbye now. I will mail this letter off before I meet him.

I still must confess that I cannot shake the feeling that I have forgotten something. It is bothering me quite a bit even now. But then maybe it is not a material object that I have left behind. Maybe it isn't items we feel as if we have left behind but people instead. I feel as if I can't enjoy this trip without you.

Darling Emma, I wish you were here to scold me out of this silly feeling.

Give my love to Winston and the boys.

God bless and lots of love,

Stella