The Unforgiving Ocean

“Goodbye James!” I yell. The noise was very loud for my ears. I could hear the weeping of children, weeping simply because that's what everyone else is doing. Not me though. I saw mothers carry their weeping children, shedding a tear of regret, sadness, but possibly a new opportunity for the loved one they were crying for. Perhaps there is a new fad starting because my mother was doing the same thing except shedding the silent tear for my older brother James. I was heartbroken, but still couldn’t let out any tears.

I simply saw everything through the lens of my green sea glass. Everything is a tinted green, the mothers, fathers, children, and the Titanic. The ship was leaving its last and perhaps its saddest port. James is on this so-called “Unsinkable ship” to seek a new job and send the money back to me, my mother, and well now, my two younger brothers. My father passed away last year in the factory where he worked, my mother was anguished and well me, I was only six, unable to comprehend such a thing, I still prefer not to understand it. Though I have become more sensitive.

We had sold the rest of my fathers valuables, though it was quite little, to buy the third class ticket for my eldest brother who is only twelve. I still don't understand why it is such a big deal to send James away. I put my sea glass back in my worn out pocket, practically everyone looked like me, sad, filthy, and impecunious.

I looked back out at the vast ocean that awaits my brother's future. I had quarrelled with James in the forenoon yesterday, and I felt a feeling of discomfort while I watched the ship

recede into the English channel. I suppose an apology would've been nice, but it's too late for that.

The unbearable noise of the Titanic's whistles finally had come to an eerie silence felt among every family still waving at the nothingless in the distance. "Mum?" "Yes?" My mother says. "Will I see James soon?" I ask. "Perhaps." she replies. I brushed my dirty hair away from my face.

This look I took at the port was my most confusing one. Everyone's eyes gleamed of uncertainty and the hope of safety for the one on the ship. The gray clouds cast a shadow, expressing the depth of despair within families.

"Mum, can we go home now? The sea is making my nose feel weird." "Darling, it's only the smell of salt and fish that makes your nose feel funny. A minute more lovely." Mum replies. "I suppose." I shrugged and moved my hand back into my pocket and took out the big piece of sea glass I'd found earlier.

Once again I hold it to my eye and breathe. A tinted green appeared in my sight and I wished everyone felt happy again. But no one seemed to be happy, only me, I wondered why.

Charlie, my little brother who is four, whispered "Eleanor, I'm going to miss James." "Me too." I responded. As a gift for James I threw my sea glass as far as I could and watched it sink. As did my heart. It will stay with James as a good luck charm I suppose. "Goodbye." I whisper, "just not forever." As though James could hear me, I heard his soft voice say, "I'll always be with you." My heart skipped a beat and I gasped, staring at Charlie as though he heard James too. To my surprise, he smiled his innocent smile and said "Me too! I'll be with you, too!"

He sounded so happy. My mother eventually smiled but it ran away once I said, “Look! The Titanic has made it out of sight!” I said with such enthusiasm that mum turned her head while still holding my other little brother, Tommy, and wrapped her hands around Tommy’s head. “It’ll be okay. It’ll be okay. It’ll be okay.” I heard mum say as if she thinks it won't. Tommy looked puzzled, after all, he’s only two. I furrow my eyebrows and for the last time say “I love you James.” And hoped the sea glass found its way to James.

That was the last interaction I ever had with James or the Titanic.

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