

# **Brave Young Emily**

## **By Maisha, aged 8**

Emily was jerked awake. “The ship is sinking!” someone called.

Emily sat up in the bed. She could taste the fear of people. “Get up! Get dressed NOW,” shouted Emily’s mother as she pulled a sweater over her head. Emily could feel the boat sinking and she was gripped with fear. Emily’s family was one of the first to get to a lifeboat.

“Where is father?” asked Emily frantically.

“Father will have to wait to get off the boat,” said her mother gently. “Women and children first.”

“I’m staying with father,” said Emily, choking back tears.

“Emily, NO!” cried her mother.

But Emily had always been stubborn. She tossed her long, black hair over her shoulders and said, “I’m going back in.”

Emily felt sad and frantic as she hurried back into the ship.

“Father! Father!” called Emily.

“Emily!” cried her father.

“Why are you not on the lifeboat?” he asked.

“I’m staying with you,” she said.

“Emily, you must get on the lifeboat,” said her father. “You’ll be killed.”

“I don’t care,” she said solemnly.

Emily tried to cram her father into one of the leaving lifeboats but it was too full.

She looked back and noticed water was coming higher and higher by the minute. Emily tried to get all the women and children into one boat so her father could go in another, but there were just too many women and children.

Emily looked at her father. He was standing stone still. His eyes were glued on Emily. She said, "Father don't stand stone still like that. You need to get off the boat NOW."

"Emily, I don't know how I let you stay here. The boat will be fully sunk in fifteen minutes."

Emily heard her mother's faraway voice. It sounded like her heart had been torn in half.

Emily had a distant memory of a room full of lifeboats flash in her mind. She was sure she had seen that room when she had been playing on the boat on a trip when she was young. She felt weird aft that memory. The lifeboats were her only hope to save the people left on the boat but she knew that it might not work. They might have already used those lifeboats.

Emily saw a trap door in the floor. She pulled at it. It opened up. She was amazed at what she saw. Underneath the trap door was a room full of lifeboats and a slide leading down to them. But there was still one problem. There was a whole bunch of water in the room and the water was too cold to swim in.

But Emily did anyway. She paddled frantically because she knew that she only had a few minutes before the cold killed her. Emily quickly got in one of the boats. She used her sweater to tie two more boats to the one she was in. As the water level was rising, she was able to float the boats over the trap door with great courage and effort. She took the boats to the remaining desperate people.

She had done it! She had saved everybody including her father. She felt more shocked than she had ever felt in her life, but so happy.

Emily could still hear her mother's faraway voice calling but her heart did not sound broken. Emily was reunited with her family. For the rest of her life, Emily knew she could do anything, if she set her mind to it.

The End

***Eight-year-old Maisha loves reading, especially books by LM Montgomery. She also loves learning new writing techniques when working on her own stories. Maisha was inspired by the Titanic to write this story.***