

“Yes, Alice, of course,” Ida confirmed. Ida was a glamorous young woman, dressed in a ruffled dress and a large, pale hat. She was a rather large lady, however the tight-fitting corset gave the illusion that, in fact, she was not. The expression on her face was always pleasant, whatever her opinions of other people. As a result, she was very well liked and popular amongst the society of her hometown: London. In contrast, Alice was a cynical, pessimistic woman. Her facial features were striking, and her outfit choices always bold. She had silky yet textured and long but layered hair down to just above her hip, however, almost always wore it in a tight, slick bun. Despite being quite controversial amidst the company she socialised in; Ida was always by her side. And with this, Alice felt unstoppable. She felt that with her best friend always at her shoulder she could overcome any obstacle thrown at her. After all, that is what best friends are for.

The young women were deep in conversation about the latest fashion, with Alice refusing to believe that the Edwardian boots were growing in popularity once again. Regardless of this, they were having a wonderful time: the distant happy chatter and aroma of heart-warming, mighty meals being served just inside filled the atmosphere with joy and excitement for the journey ahead. Ida ran her hands down the balustrade and could feel the fresh touch of newly sanded pine wood combined with the whisper of the wind in her hair. This gave Ida comfort; her eyes, which were as rich in colour as the ocean, lit up.

The two ladies linked arms and were soon inside, surrounded by the vivacious colour scheme of the dinner hall. Ida couldn't help but grin, her dimples on show. They sat down in the cream, velvet chairs, sinking into the material and immediately feeling as if they were back at home. The dinner consisted of light canapés that were followed with hearty dishes. The scent was extraordinary.

Ida finished off her whole plate, yet still managed to do it in a polite manner. Alice, on the other hand, did not. She claimed that she was feeling rather sick, and that maybe the travel was getting to her. She skipped the tiresome duty of making your way around the hall and saying goodnight to everyone (for she was not one to waste her breath on matters she thought not worthy) and headed upstairs to bed. Alice was not surprised when she found her two bags of luggage - even though they were only away for 4 and a half days - in her bedroom. She looked around and saw the queen size bed decorated with gold leaves on the sheet. How luxurious! She wandered through to the en suite and found a large bathtub. Alice almost smiled.

Changing into her newly bought silk pyjamas, she prepared herself for the night's sleep. She was not expecting it to be peaceful – after all she could still hear the party below her! Just as she clambered into the cozy bed and settled down, she heard a huge screech. It was like a table being dragged along metal floors. There were shouts from all directions. Panic set in. Alice ran out and saw officials frantically running along the corridors knocking on doors. Turning her head from side to side, she noticed that nobody had a pleasant expression on their face anymore; not even Ida who she could see darting towards her.

“Ida, what on earth is going on?” questioned Alice. Just at this moment, there was a yell from Charles Lightoller at the end of the vast hallway: “Iceberg!”

The two young women looked at each other with pure fear in their eyes.

“Stay with me, *please*,” Alice begged.

“Yes, Alice, of course.”