THE TITANIC ICEBERG

I am the infamous iceberg that sunk the Titanic. Or so humans’ claim. I should not be held responsible – their own pride caused Titanic’s downfall.

My journey towards the North Atlantic began thousands of years ago, in the mists of time, when I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday, flitting gently down through the sky as Greenland was smothered in powdery frost. Years later, I was compacted into a grand glacier, gradually travelling towards the shore, waiting for my time to separate from the masses and forge my own path. When I reached the edge, lapping tides lured me away from the shore, calving me into an iceberg as I finally broke free. I spent peaceful years in nature’s cycle, drifting through icy waters with throngs of fellow icebergs accompanying me. In those years, I was always surrounded by my own kind, majestically carving our way through the seas, more powerful than any other form of nature we encountered.

I first witnessed a sign of global warming as we passed a polar ice cap in the Arctic. We watched as the majestic ice cliffs retreated beneath the swelling waters, becoming concealed until they were barely visible. Drawing closer to human-inhabited land, the crisp air filled with smoke, and we sensed the waters begin to warm unnaturally.

Nearing the land, we heard rumours of human civilisation, whose industrial ‘progress’ was causing warmer waters and polluted air. In arrogance and pride, they boasted of their nature-destroying technological advancements, believing themselves to be superior to nature and not caring about their damage. Their constant building of giant steel structures and contraptions released black smog into the air, which loitered above their cities in a hazy cloud, a proud sign of their industrialised society.

Within days of arrival in the North Atlantic, smaller icebergs fell victim to the ever-warming waters, slipping under the waves as they dissolved. After a week, I was almost alone, only the largest of us having survived the journey, yet we were also slowly shrinking. I left the iceberg pack, searching for justice, for a way to reverse human’s fatal damage.

It was then that I heard stories of the Titanic from passing wildlife. As schools of fish scuttled past, snippets of their anxious conversations could be overheard. They relayed rumours of a ship heading towards me – an opulent domain of the assailants of nature, who shouldered the blame for warming waters. I watched the fish dart into the distance, fleeing from the presence of this monstrous machine, with propellors powerful enough to lacerate an entire school with one lethal blow.

“Even God himself could not sink this ship,” the fish had heard humans boast with rich arrogance. I heard, yet I lingered in the dark waters of the Atlantic, waiting for the arrival of the Titanic as it conducted its maiden voyage.

At last, I saw it. The narcissistic ocean liner, not nearly as big as I’d imagined for such a deadly machine, ploughed through the icy water; its constellation of lights mirrored on the surface of the dark sea. Filthy smoke poured out of its funnels as its black hull carved a sharp path towards me, leaving a churning mess in its wake. Oily waste polluted the water, ambient smoke the air.

The ship drew close enough to see the few midnight strollers wandering the deck, to see every little imperfection on its looming hull, and still, they didn’t see me.

By the time they noticed my tip above the surface, they were traveling too fast to veer away.

It may have been the fault of the captain for carelessly hurtling through treacherous waters on a dark, moonless night, the fault of the architect for dismissing key equipment, the fault of the shipbuilder for using weak rivets, or the simple consequence of humanity tempting fate; but it was not my fault – I didn’t move into its way. You could say I was just ‘in the right place at the right time’.

The ship and I collided with a sickening noise as metal contorted, diamond-hard ice lacerating the side of the boat and leaving a jagged, gaping hole below the waterline. The ocean poured into its sides, waves aggressively infiltrating the boat as I watched on with no more injury than a chip in my ice and remnants of Titanic’s red paint tattooed onto my side from its collision with me.

Panic broke out as the humans realised one too many of the compartments were pierced to stay afloat. Decks filled with passengers, their insignificant screams forming a cacophony of cries, echoing over the empty expanse. As I watched silently in the waters they blamed me for the damage, when it was their own reckless ignorance that caused the ship’s high speed, their captain that crashed the vessel into me, rudely disturbing my rest.

The Titanic’s lights cut out suddenly, smothering the expanse with darkness, prompting terrified shrieks. Flares exploded in the black sky; their weak illumination utterly incomparable to the power of the sun, only momentarily lighting the piercingly dark night. Humans lost hope and fled off the boat, floundering in the gelid black waters with agonised wailing.

The Titanic began to rise into the air, its great hull looming high over the water, resisting the enormous pressure for a little time before convulsing in agony and snapping in half, sending great surges through the water as the bow of the ship plummeted nearly 4 kilometres to the ocean’s floor.

I watched as all that remained of the Titanic began to melt into the grasp of the powerful dark ocean – powerful enough to sink an unsinkable ship.

It plunged down into the abyssal depths of water, leaving behind no more than a ripple as evidence to a thousand lost lives.

The unsinkable ship did what humans thought impossible: it sank. The Titanic, declared to be more powerful than God himself, lost the battle against nature.

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