

WATER

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Drip! Drip! Drip!

I could hear the water dripping away, it was like a ticking time bomb, but worse, at least with a bomb you can expect an instant death before remnants of your body will be scattered across a devastated area. No, this was much worse. Waiting for every single drip before it would build up, smother my body, gush down my throat and drown my lungs.

It was April 15, 2012, myself and my 140 crew members on the HMS Colossal, on the submarine's maiden voyage. We were ordered to search the sea floor for sea mines still active from World War One and, of course, once we found the mines we would have a special bomb defusing squad to defuse the sea mines so they wouldn't wreak any further havoc.

We located a string of sea mines no more than 20 metres apart stretching for a total length of almost 400 metres. We had found them just after 1300 hours (1 O'clock) 2 kilometres off the east coast of Japan.

The submarine was beginning a further descent, close enough to deploy a remote control pod. We would use the remote control pod to defuse the bombs. We were now 95 metres below sea level. We were to continue our descent until we were within 50 metres of the sea mines (150 metres below sea level).

I was concentrating intently on my job which was to ensure that all crew members were following my orders, I was the captain.

The sonar was beeping steadily as we scoured the sea floor for the first mine. All heads were bowed over their work, everyone was concentrating intently on the job at hand. I was barking out requests to engineering who were having technical difficulties with the oxygen generator, it seemed the electrolysis systems were not working properly.

I surveyed my crew, my second in command was in his sleeping quarters, and I knew that if we were to successfully fulfil our mission I would need his support. I called him and requested his presence on deck.

After an interminable wait my second had still not arrived. This was not like him. I sent a deckhand to find him.

A distress call came over the tannoy it was from my second's quarters. I picked up the phone reluctantly. It was the deckhand I had sent earlier. He was speaking quickly and was obviously distressed. I asked him to slow down, take a deep breath and after doing so he was able to tell me that David, my second in command, had suffered a fatal heart attack.

I announced to the deck what had occurred and asked the next most Senior Commander on the bridge to take command while I made my way off the bridge to the quarters of my second in command. He had been a friend for a long time and I was having trouble believing that he could just be gone.

....That's when everything went wrong. There was an enormous grinding sound. I heard an emergency call over the tannoy, three of the four submarine's propellers had suddenly come to a screeching halt. Also, to add insult to injury, we were unable to level out the submarine. We were nose diving.

BANG!

At first I thought someone had let off a fire work. But the realisation that the submarine had struck a sea mine hit me all to soon.

We began taking on water. The submarine continued to sink down. It felt as if the submarine was contained within Neptune's watery hand and was pulling us down to the dark cold abyss waiting for us at the bottom of the ocean.

Thirteen of my crew members and myself fled into one of the 10 escape pods within the submarine. Frantically we watched as the nine other escape pods successfully ejected and stole away over 90 crew members from certain death whilst we attempted to eject our own pod.

It was too late, our escape pod was damaged in the explosion. We were trapped in our escape pod and water was leaking in...

Drip! Drip! Drip!

I knew that we didn't have long before the glass, that had been damaged in the explosion, would give way under the pressure of thousands and thousands of metric tonnes of water. Flooding the boat and killing us all instantly.

I could now feel the water dripping onto my forehead. Next came the cracking of the glass

Whoosh!

I felt the rush of water hitting my face.

I jumped into the air.

I could now hear hysterical laughing.....

.....it was my older brothers.