

CHAPTER ONE

May 29, 1914

As Albert peered over the ship's railing at the St. Lawrence River below, he heard someone coming. He turned around. It was Grace! What was she doing on deck so late?

Grace's long hair flew in the breeze. She looked like she'd jumped out of bed without even combing her hair.

"What are you doing here?" she asked Albert.

"I could ask you the same question," he replied.

"My father was snoring so loudly I couldn't sleep. What about you?"

"I couldn't sleep either. So I came out to see the stars."

Albert and Grace leaned against the railing and stared at the night sky and the river, calm as a bathtub. Then they heard a clang.

“Hey! Did you hear that?” Grace whispered. “Listen. There it goes again!”

“Look! There’s a ship!” said Albert, pointing to a large black ship down the river. “I wonder what kind it is.”

Soon a fog rolled in. It was so thick it was hard to see anything. They waited a few minutes for the fog to lift.

“This fog isn’t letting up,” said Albert, yawning. “And I’m getting really tired. I’m ready to head in.”

Grace nodded. “Me, too.”

As Grace and Albert made their way to their cabins, a blast from the ship’s horn made them jump.

“What was *that*?” asked Grace.

“I don’t know.”

Suddenly the ship lurched sharply to the side

and cold water seeped in. Albert grabbed Grace's hand and began to run.

The *Empress of Ireland* was sinking!