Later, after eating, James decided to take a stroll on the boat deck. The sky was still bright blue, and nearly cloudless; the sea was flowing in smooth dark swells. There was an invigorating breeze, and James took several deep breaths of the wintry air.

"I still cannot believe my luck to be on such an amazing adventure." he thought to himself.

Watching the sunset over the ocean was magical. The entire sky turned a fiery orange

which reflected and sparkled across the ocean. James was bathed in a golden haze as the sun disappeared below the horizon.

Before long it was dark. The temperature was dropping and James, who did not want to leave the deck just yet, pulled up the collar of his coat to ward off the frosty air. Everything seemed peaceful; Titanic continued to storm effortlessly ahead. The sky was not just dark it was black; it was like none he had seen before. He gazed in awe. The blackness was pierced with stars - like diamonds reflecting on the sea below. "I've never seen stars shine brighter," he thought. "They sparkle like tiny jewels." James caught sight of the dark, inky-black water beneath him and shuddered. The surface of the sea looked calm - almost like glass. Above the surface a strange mist, barely noticeable, had started to stretch and grow giving the whole scene an almost eerie feeling. The entire ocean had been covered by this enchanting mist.

It was cold now. The icy wind began to slice through the night sky; James retreated back inside to the warmth of Titanic. He smiled to himself, "It's a night that makes me feel glad to be alive."