



# The Iceberg's Fault

Author Lindsay Littleton

There was no moon that night, and the sky was cloudless. The sea temperature was below freezing, but too warm for me, of course. Greenland-born, forced southward by the tides, I was shrinking as I drifted in the North Atlantic. Very few of us make it this far south, I felt lucky, and grateful for my chance to experience this gloriously calm night, floating with my surviving siblings in an ocean thousands of miles from home.

Our nutrient-rich melt water was a gift to the ocean and I was proud of playing my part. My underside was attracting masses of krill, and providing a food source for bigger fish and seabirds. But on that dark night, no petrels wheeled, and no gulls shrieked. The world was quiet and beneath the star clustered sky, an eerie haze shimmered on the water. Small waves lapped against my sides. The sea was calm, but I felt a shiver of foreboding.

Underwater, I felt an engine's thrum, vibrating against my sides. A massive ship was heading straight towards me, its giant bow cutting through the water. The ship was moving too fast, oblivious to danger. A lookout yelled, shredding the quiet and too late, the ship swung to port. As its steel hull broke against my flank, I groaned, realising the ship was doomed.

Calm became chaos; a cacophony of shouts, bangs, shrieks. Flares shot through the sky like stars and fizzled out. Lifeboats dropped from decks and splashed into the sea. But there weren't enough lifeboats, and as the ship sank below the waves, my ice-melt flowed like tears. However much I wanted to help, there was nothing I could do. My sides were too steep and slippery to provide a safe haven for the poor souls in the water.

As their screams faded and the night slipped again into silence, ice-cold rage filled me, because I knew I'd get the blame. The ship owners would refuse to admit they'd been criminally careless in providing insufficient lifeboats. They'd deny the captain had been negligent in travelling at speed through an ice-field. Everyone involved would try to wriggle out of taking responsibility for their own actions and they'd all take the easy way out.

*It was the iceberg's fault.*



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## Comprehension

1. What type of narration is used in this story?

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2. Explain how ice melt is a gift to the ocean.

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3. What do we know about the setting that night?

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4. Explain why the iceberg said, 'Very few of us make it this far south'.

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5. Write the line that switched the atmosphere of the story.

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6. What do you think the author's goal was by writing this piece? How was it achieved?

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7. Which words are new to you?

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8. Who does the iceberg blame the most for the collision and why?

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9. In your opinion, who is responsible for the sinking of Titanic?

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