

Listen to this song in order to get the full notion of Elizabeth.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KHJLm6WNEv4>

I knew as soon as I heard the music, she was coming. Its like I have no choice anymore. She just decides to come to me from the netherworld, like some cat that demands worshiping payments of petting, but much more insidious. She is the time traveling muse whose emotion can be measured in musical bars of enriching pain induced from lust, love, hate, sorrow and painting the rainbow of all that is intense emotion. "Oh God...not now...oh God, please not now!". I had my back bracing the closed door, hoping she would just go away. "Oh God, why me! Why do you always pick me! Just go away!" I yelled under my breath. "Jooooooooseeeeeeffffff!" she rolled her tongue in only the way a sexy South American woman could. With each beat of her tongue, as she rolled R's, its as if I have reluctantly accepted that I have been chosen as her receptacle of tormented wisdom and the lock to my sanity turns to open what I know will be an absolutely and utterly overwhelming experience. As if a xenophobe being dragged from their dungeon home by a team of orderlies, tossing me into an overcrowded room of nude people. Exposed, vulnerable, I buckle and she gazes into my soul and I fall under her spell. She gazes with her penetrating eyes, casting a beam into the darkest regions of my deep soul, blinding every corner with an inspection to determine if I am in fact worthy.

She comes to me at the most inopportune times and in every case, demands that I paint and in her South American accent smiles and quips "Don't worry Joseffff....ju will do good...ju let me choose what to paint..." This time was a bit different however, this time she came in a bit closer than normal and had a more radiant intensity about her than normal, for whatever normal is. She takes my hand and leads me over to this large, imposing white portal of a canvas. I can feel her hands as if a lover gently reassuring me that everything will be okay. The canvas begins to shimmer and becomes translucent, a circular vortex of calm torrents calls me forward like I am entering the afterlife, unable to pull away, she pulls me through. As I cross over, I find myself wearing a white tie tuxedo, She becomes Elizabeth, instantly transformed into the most stunning personification of feminine perfection known to man, wearing the most elaborate and magnificent outfit. We find ourselves in Southampton and in awe of the sight before us: the White Star Lines R.M.S. Titanic.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IDaJ7rFg66A>

Elizabeth is receiving the most jealous looks from all the socialites for her outfit and the man on her arm. I realize that I am holding two tickets to board this magnificent creation. "They must be 'New Money...such trash', whispers overheard of some of the women in our area. As we board, Elizabeth has the officers of Titanic wrapped around her finger with her charm, utterly captivated; the fools. Her charm offensive left no doubt that she was the woman to be around. All men wanted her, all women hated her and she was mine. She was mine, she was my muse, my art whore, something I loved and hated simultaneously. As all the Officers of Titanic were in awe as they were completely enamored, I thought to myself "Enjoy it boys, she's coming home with me tonight. Besides, you can't afford her."

Captain Edward J. Smith comes over and removes his hat and introduce himself to her. A man of stature, he's in command and knows it yet carries himself with a flair of confidence as he knows he's commanding the finest ship ever built. Thanks to lovely "Elizabeth", we have been invited for a tour of the Bridge. I think to myself "I know I'm here for a reason, I can feel it. Just what is it?" Like that word on the tip of ones tongue, just gnawing like a rat chewing on the brain, its just not coming. I shall go along and not fight it. I've learned that when I deal with Elizabeth, when I am seized by her, I admit, I am completely lost and in love, utterly in love with one who sadly is someone I only know as the prostitute muse. There is nothing but torment with momentary flashes of pure joy when I'm with her, and so I reluctantly surrender myself to the moment and just enjoy the experience.

We are escorted to our state room, luxury personified. Adorned with artisan carvings in rich oak leaves one feeling they are in a luxury estate, rather than a sailing coffin. Like a poor girl experiencing the life of wealth for the first time, she screams in glee, jumps up on the bed and has a radiant smile that is unlike anything I've ever seen. She leaps off, runs up into my arms and gives me the most passionate kiss rendering me completely and absolutely helpless, stimulating an involuntary response of my knees buckling. I wish this moment could last forever, for my entire being, down to the blood cell, completely loves this woman. I am blinded by her radiance. She holds my hands and smiles, warming the darkest parts of my cold reaches of the tormented frozen soul.

I walk up to the window and try to take in this moment. She strides up to me in complete awe and as she was about to speak, I press my body up to hers, she is taken back by my forward candor and is silenced, for now she is vulnerable and she knows it. Waiting...just waiting to be taken, I wish this moment could indeed

last for an eternity. I gently caress her perfect cheeks, now its my turn to peer deep into her soul, into her history and understand that which made her who and what she is today. I slowly and softly move in and kiss her. I can feel her exhale and she had to catch herself as her knees gave out. For my art lover knows just who is the artist in this relationship.

There is a knock at the door, and we are lost in that perfect kiss. A second knock and I pull away. Elizabeth has a completely exhausted expression on her face like she could dwell here in this moment forever. Just completely lost.

"Mr Green, I've been instructed to let you and your guest that you both have been invited to dine with the Captain tonight at his table." I smile and shake the hand of the Officer. "Thank you sir. It will be my personal honour to dine with Captain Smith." I take the invitation and I realize that it was only because of Elizabeth she has escorted me into this moment. She is indeed the most amazing escort one could ever hope to have. As I turn back towards Elizabeth, I find that she is still in this near frozen state of complete ecstasy from the romantic kiss which penetrated her heart and soul rendering her completely helpless. I walk back to her, softly caress her face, her helpless vulnerability is met with a warm and loving smile and we conclude our kiss. Within moments, she completely melts.

As we arrived in the large dining area, we seem to float through the entire room. All the eyes were fixed upon my lovely Elizabeth. All the Officers nodded and formed a line befitting royalty guiding us to the very prestigious Captain's Table. Every man wanted to be me. Every single man. Every woman was jealous of Elizabeth and I never noticed how as we came through the portal, her accent went from a quick, feisty South American accent to one of perfect Queens English, eliciting a response from people asking if she was a member of the Royal Family. Little did they know, she packed her fruit hat. Elizabeth was the star, she was the heartbeat of Titanic and her beauty captured everything Titanic's designers wanted to capture in a single and most magnificent woman. Every man she shook hands with were instantly under her spell as if a twisted version of Medusa turning to stone their rational side of the brain for she was the Queen of the Sirens.

"Miss Elizabeth, Mr. Joseph Green, may I present to you Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim". A lightning bolt flashed through my soul, all sound was drowned out leaving me on autopilot. Elizabeth gracefully shook his hand as if she was in fact a Royal. I extended my hand, shook his and I discovered the reason why I am here. Thank God for Elizabeth being able to run interference in dealing with people, especially men. It gave me a few moments to recover from this overwhelming moment as he was of course transfixed by her beauty.

Over the course of the evening, Elizabeth ended up dancing with the captain and all the senior officers. What a sight to behold. All the Senior Officers lined up awaiting their turn with her. As perfect gentleman, every single Officer asked my permission if it would be acceptable to dance with Lady Elizabeth. I smiled and graciously granted permission and thanked them for showing the respect a companion is entitled to. As the night went on, we ended having what could be described as the perfect evening. We walked hand in hand and I noticed all the women looking at me with interest wondering just who I was to have landed such a magnificent woman. I could feel them licking me up and down with their eyes, and when Elizabeth knew they were looking, she grabbed my ass, turned around, flashed them a smile and suggestive wink.

The sunshine and blue skies were simply perfect the following day and we strolled up to the bridge and we ended up going on a tour given personally by the Captain. He had this love for this vessel that even caught Elizabeth by surprise. She is fluent in the art form of charm to infect everyone with infatuation, however with the Captain, it was clear, he was absolutely in love absolutely with Titanic. As Captain Smith escorted us around the ship, everyone was in awe of the man and every now and then, as he was explaining the capabilities of Titanic, his hands would subconsciously rest upon the ship and he would caress her as I would Elizabeth. For that moment, it is clear he was in absolute adoring love with this ship. When Elizabeth saw this, she grasped my hand and I could feel her gently caressing me. I looked at her, and she smiled at me with a love a woman on her wedding day gazing into the soul of the man she wants to be with forever. "She'll push 23 knots." he said with a smile of adoration and immense pride.

As we gracefully meandered around Titanic, we dressed in our casual wear and descended to the lower decks where families were venturing towards their new life in the Americas. The entire mood of the people were incredibly excited and happy about their new life. Music was a constant in small areas and we eventually came across a cowboy and his new wife. They were returning from their honeymoon in Europe. I felt an immediate brotherhood towards him as he had a way with him that was gentlemanly yet rough but with a heart of gold. His wife was incredibly kind and every now and then I would catch her looking at him with a sense of genuine pride of ownership. Elizabeth and her immediately hit it off and became fast friends as they spoke about the latest fashions in Paris and how she bought a few dresses for the party they are

going to have upon their return. They invited us to have dinner with them later that evening. She was beyond excited that she was going to become a new mother and was saving that information to tell her new husband upon their return to their ranch. The crowds surrounded Captain Smith and they all wanted to shake his hand for being her Captain. They just wanted to be able to say that "I shook the hand of Captain Smith!"

We agreed to meet the cowboy and his wife later that evening and proceeded to the engine room for the next part of our tour. The First Officer William McMaster Murdoch was so incredibly gracious and professional. As we entered the main engine room, I was taken back by the sheer enormity of the engines and was so impressed that something this big could have been fabricated. Inside the engine room, as Elizabeth proceeded ahead of me, I could sense a breath of fresh air enter the lungs of the coal dust covered workers, they were oh so happy to have such a beautiful woman inspecting their work. All of the workers who wore hats removed them in her presence and gave us a salute.

After the tour, we went above deck and came across a group of children playing hide and seek. All in all, this journey has been utterly flawless. It leaves me with a sense of "I want to live here forever."

As we went back to our stateroom, Elizabeth looked at me with such sad eyes and began to cry and sob as the knowledge of their destiny was too overwhelming for her. I placed my fingers upon her forehead and as I looked into her tear filled eyes, I mustered a "shhhhh, it's okay." and softly kissed her. She attempted to once again speak about the impending tragedy and I said "shhhh" and kept kissing her. I could feel the immense sorrow as the sad reality hung over us like a heavy and wet cloud of pain. Her emotions were raw and pure sorrow. I held her lips in mine and refused to stop kissing her and slowly, the sorrow gave weight to the unrelenting romance of this passionate artist.

Later that night as we dined with the cowboy and his wife, I could tell that Elizabeth's soul was sad as she knew the outcome of these lovely people. This proved too much for her and we headed back to our room where we layed in each others arms, silently hugging, drifting in and out of sleep, only to awaken and stare into each others eyes, gently reassuring each other that as the yin and yang, together and in love, our bond is welded and all I wanted to do was to gently caress her lovely face and reassure her that our love is eternal and we are both safe in each others arms.

As the days passed, we enjoyed the solitude of the ocean, the splendor of the ship and the nature of it all. I would occasionally run into and found myself making fast friends with Benjamin Guggenheim. Through many discussions about mining and the economic futures, impacts of international trade deals and so much more, I came to appreciate him as someone who now I would refer to as a dear friend. Strange, yet somehow incredibly satisfying. Perhaps thanks to Elizabeth, it made things a little easier to have the most stunning woman in the world as your escort as the only thing that equals her beauty is her intelligence, quick wit, charm and spicy character.

April 14, 1912

Life aboard is vibrant, the day is amazing and we ended up above deck. We meandered around in the first class area and came across our new friend Ben. He was in the full thrust of his life, very much at the peak of life and happy. The moment was indescribable and he ended up introducing Elizabeth and I to his companion Léontine, his valet Victor, chauffeur René, and Léontine's maid Emma. We've never been made to feel more welcome.

You could tell this man had wealth but that did not come to define him, but it served to accentuate his character and amplify those traits. He was a businessman and was happy to be traveling to America with his entourage. What captured me was his eyes, posture and demeanor. He was simply put, a beautiful human being. He had this grace about him that was hard to define other than one would expect him to enjoy great dance balls, large European waltzes and the sheer beauty of all that is life. His energy was nothing short of brilliantly magnetic. His companion made Elizabeth feel completely at ease and her character changed to that of one being made to feel like we were instantly close and dear friends. There are no words to really convey just how much we genuinely enjoyed each others company. It was one of the very rare moments in life where people instantly become best friends. It was nothing short of one of those moments where pure joy was the ink in our pens and together we wrote the chapter of our friendship in our mutual books of life. We spoke again about his interests in mining and the future of technology and so many other things. This man was the embodiment of radiating energy and without a doubt, a man cut from the cloth of true nobility, informed by character and not wealth. He could be a poor homeless man and none of that would matter at all for he just radiated this sense of nobility for life and honour. As time went on, the hours flew by and before we knew it, dinner time was quickly approaching. Ben graciously invited us to sit with him at his table

and continue the conversation.

Elizabeth and I went back to our stateroom and changed into our finest.

"He is the reason why you're here isn't he?" I smiled and nodded. Elizabeth took both my hands in hers and looked into my soul and gave me a reassuring smile and kiss. "Are you ready?" she asked in her stunning outfit that was sure to draw the attention of everyone. I smiled and gazed upon and all over her, admiring her for tonight was the embodiment of my genuine love for this epic moment in human history. As I teared up, I looked into her soul, I confessed my enduring love for her for bringing me here to this moment. She grabbed both of my hands, gave me a nod of reassurance and together we walked into history. We walked through the ship to the first class dining room and we were both stunned by the amazing detail and craftsmanship in the entire ship, but especially in the dining room. One could sense the love of each craftsman with each carving, chandelier, floor, table and more. We were in Benjamin's home away from home. We instantly felt like we were coming to our second home, a feeling hard to explain but when you have become such instantly close, dear and best friends, its like none of the elegance matters when compared to reengaging one of my best friends Benjamin.

As we entered, Benjamin greeted us with a smile and nodded in silent agreement as to the splendor of the room. There was gentle music playing, we all admired the magnificent splendor of this room and just relished the experience personified by this room but epitomized by the man himself. We sat down with his companion and were in awe of tonight's menu and we resumed our conversation. "My God! This is overwhelming!" I look at Benjamin and just smile as even with the opulent nature of this wealth, he put you instantly at ease as he understood and enjoyed being able to admire such craftsmanship and his passion was the liquid elixir that was served that night.

Everything simply put, was perfection personified. Elizabeth looked at me with a sense of pride as if a newlywed would upon her husband. I kept my sadness to myself that this was the last night that I could spend with my new best friend and as the evening came to an end, it did so with the sense of finality found within a symphony of musical elegance. Everything and I mean everything, was absolutely perfect. The china, food, goblets, wine...everything was simply put, perfect. The conversations had the nature of an elegant discourse best found in Ravel's Bolero. The truth was a strip tease and together Benjamin and I peeled away the fabric of discourse to reveal enjoyable truth. God, did we ever enjoy each others company. As we got up for our graceful exit and Benjamin and I both smiled and burst out into mutual belly laughter so hard we both snorted in joy. As we parted company, without a doubt, I can say I have a best friend in Ben. As we left and strolled on the decks to walk off this magnificent meal, walking silently, holding each others hands, Elizabeth and I both reluctantly agreed to stand and wait for the collision with fate.

We stood there in silence holding one another in the warmth of our company and the noise of the crowds gave way to the gentle silence of the rushing black cold sea. I held my lover, my muse, my lovely Elizabeth in my arms. I could feel the immense romance this ship has for the passionate lovers who adore each other. The black horizon, the warm wood deck and the estate that is Titanic, I turned Elizabeth towards me and she looked at me with her piercing eyes. "I wanted to say thank you Elizabeth. There are no words to convey how much I love you. You have brought me here and I apologize for not being the gentleman I long to be." She smiled at me with a reassuring inhalation of fresh air and together as we kissed, we began to slowly dance and await our destiny.

As we stood there, slow dancing and softly kissing, we could hear the yelling which gave weight to a horrendous ripping sound. Elizabeth was in fear and was nervous, I smiled, was perfectly calm and forced her to continue to kiss me. Her fears gave weight to the continued kiss for we both knew we were safe and I was not about to allow any tragedy prevent me from kissing the woman that I absolutely love and adore.

After the collision, there was panic everywhere. It was complete chaos and sheer insanity reducing humanity into its barbaric and animal-like nature. As I held Elizabeth's hand, I felt a calm serenity. We made our way over to Benjamin's ocean estate and the reason why I was brought here. Chaos and evil was everywhere, along with denial, insanity arrogant haste as everyone was trying to get off Titanic. When it was apparent that the full scope of the tragedy was evident, I found myself in the company of Ben and to no surprise he was in full command of his calm faculties. He did everything he could to help organize the of rescue women and children. In this sheer moment of the undefined colour of insanity of impending death of this iron princess, as if time slowed down again as we enjoyed each others company again, I stood there as now the observer of history, in a first hand account and was blessed to bear witness to the moment when the true character of Benjamin Guggenheim, one defined by honour, integrity and his selfless nature emerged in his final moments, bequeathed for eternity as an elegant standard of true honour.... "Tell my wife, if it should happen that my secretary and I both go down, tell her I played the game out strait to the end. No woman

shall be left aboard this ship because Ben Guggenheim was a coward." I knew then why Ben was a dear and eternal friend for actions of this magnitude transcend words similar to how math equations break down when studying the moment the universe was created. Selfless acts of this scope, when faced with the ability to extract himself, offered his life and all that he is, was and will be, to eternity to save others. Grace, dignity, strength and honour are the four chambers in the heart of my friend Ben. As if the breath of God passed right through me, calling Ben home, I witnessed the most awe inspiring act of dignity.

"Ben, I wish to share a cognac with you and share with you this moment."

He looked at me with this expression of disbelief, yet satisfaction in finding a kindred friend to escort him to his death. We smiled and laughed as only best friends can enjoy.

"Meet me in the grand staircase in 10 minutes." said Ben. He rushed off to find his secretary and a bottle of Cognac. Elizabeth and I, still both dressed in our finest, enroute to the grand staircase wanted to see Captain Smith. We ran to the bridge to see this man, heartbroken, yet determined to not abandon his post, his love, his duty. We came upon the man in a state of complete clarity that his life was coming to an end and in a moment where he touched his ship that he's come to adore and love, as if a thought I could see appeared. "I shall not abandon you." The unspoken understanding was captured in a single gaze as we stared at each other. smiled, acknowledged and bid farewell to one another. We parted company in the chaos and made our way to the Grand Staircase. As we arrived, we found Ben and his secretary dressed in their finest, ready to meet death standing up, brave and at peace with their decision.

We went to the bar in all this insanity and the ship was taking on immense amount of ice cold water. Slowly death crawled up our legs. I poured myself their finest Cognac, Elizabeth had whiskey. We sat in our finest, drinking as much as we could take to enjoy these last moments of each others friendship. We laughed at the irony of the unsinkable ship.

"Joseph, you seem out of sorts here." Ben said to me as the moments to death counted down.

"I know. Ben, I'll be honest with you. Elizabeth and I have come back through time and I've come here specifically for you, have a cognac with you and escort you into the next life because you have inspired me sir." Taken back, he did not know what to say. After a moment, we both burst out laughing in the hardest belly laugh we never knew was possible and we both drank. "Joe, I consider you a dear friend and I wish we could have had more time because I'm not sure if you're insane or not." The uncontrollable laughter continued on.

Ice cold death rose steadily and now death is at our doorstep. In this frozen moment, both Ben and his secretary both kept their calm serenity about them. It was a spectacular and precedent setting example of genuine grace and the power of character this man wielded. His dignity and the dignity of what a human being can rise to, was on full display and only Elizabeth and I could bare witness to this elegant and pure moment. As the water kept rising, we all started to float, shivering but we still had the Cognac. We all took a swig and soon, we were floating up at the ceiling and death was imminent. The water kept rising and soon, his secretary succumbed and passed into history.

"Benjamin, it was a real honour sir. I shall see you in the next life my dear friend. I came here to meet you sir and it was my true honour. Your life has inspired me and will continue to inspire countless others after today. "Joseph, the honour was mine. Good..." he was unable to finish the sentence as water filled his mouth and lungs. Elizabeth was behind me, completely calm. As water rose above my eyes, I could see the last moments of life of my friend holding on for as long as he could, give way and all of a sudden, Ben passed into history. Both Ben and his Secretary had a very calm and serene peace about them. I knew they were home.

As the water reached my eyes, Elizabeth grabbed me and pulled me back through the portal of this canvas. My floor, clothes and soul are soaked with the spiritual waters of that experience. I was brought to Titanic against my will and was brought back to here in the same manner. Elizabeth and I both sat there, absorbing the intensity of the moment. We embraced each other and we softly kissed each other to stay in our bubble of joy and love. As I opened my eyes, I realize that Elizabeth has changed back into her muse character, the fruit hat weaning South American tease whose only interest in me is art. "Ju did good by painting Meester Benjamin. He was a nice man." Surprised and dismayed by my lover of paint, I'm overcome with emotion. I walk her to the door, kiss her on her cheek and close the door and slide down knowing the woman I loved died on Titanic along with my best friend.

I miss my friend Ben.





H.M.S.  
TITANIC  
WHITE STAR LINE



The Portal

H.M.S.  
TITANIC

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WHITE STAR LINE

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LUXURY FIRST CLASS

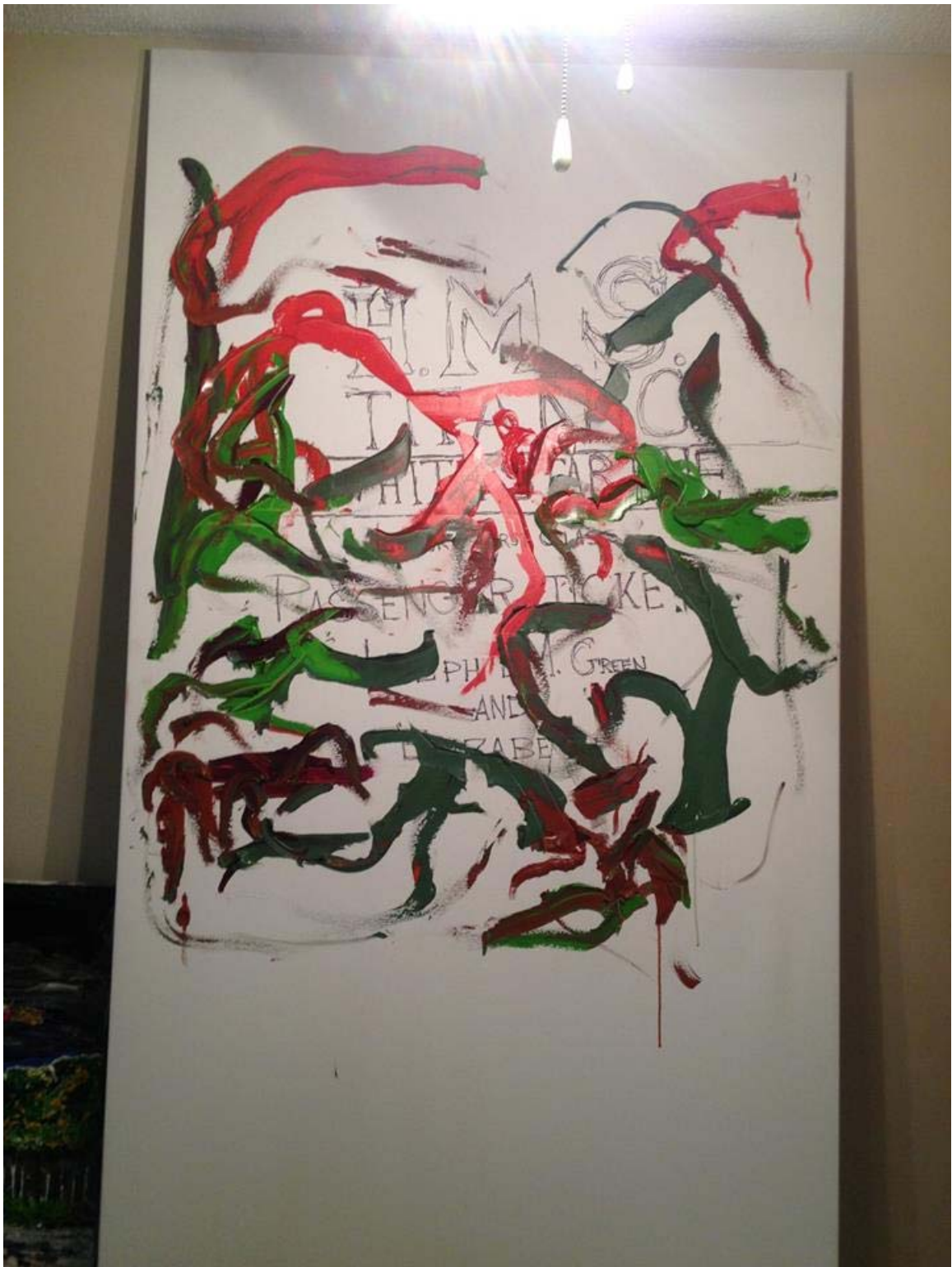
PASSENGER TICKET

JOSEPH E.M. GREEN

AND

"ELIZABETH"









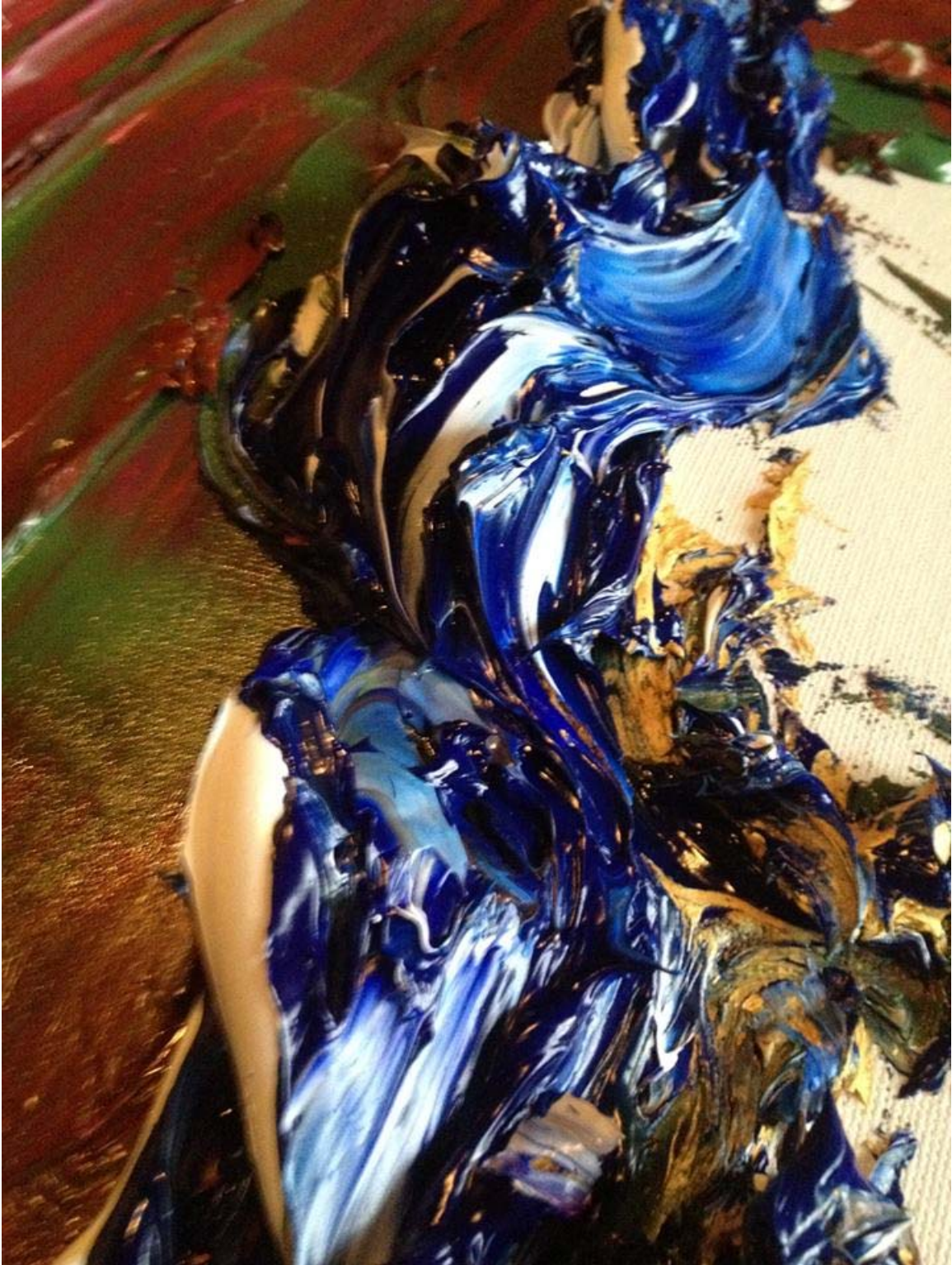




































R.M.S. "TITANIC."

APRIL 14, 1912.

**LUNCHEON.**

CONSOMMÉ FERMIER                      COCKIE LEEKIE

FILLETS OF BRILL

EGG À L'ARGENTEUIL

CHICKEN À LA MARYLAND

CORNED BEEF, VEGETABLES, DUMPLINGS

**FROM THE GRILL.**

GRILLED MUTTON CHOPS

MASHED, FRIED & BAKED JACKET POTATOES

CUSTARD PUDDING

APPLE MERINGUE

PASTRY

**BUFFET.**

SALMON MAYONNAISE

POTTED SHRIMPS

NORWEGIAN ANCHOVIES

SOUSED HERRINGS

PLAIN & SMOKED SARDINES

ROAST BEEF

ROUND OF SPICED BEEF

VEAL & HAM PIE

VIRGINIA & CUMBERLAND HAM

BOLOGNA SAUSAGE

BRAWN

GALANTINE OF CHICKEN

CORNED OX TONGUE

LETTUCE

BEETROOT

TOMATOES

**CHEESE.**

CHESHIRE, STILTON, GORGONZOLA, EDAM,

CAMEMBERT, ROQUEFORT, ST. IVEL.

CHEDDAR

*Iced draught Munich Lager Beer 3d. & 6d. a Tankard.*

