

Mason Narrative

My Wild Ride

It was a normal, sunny day at a theme park. I was 6 years old, and had just gotten off the swing ride. I thought I was headed to the parking lot, but really I was about to have the fright of my life. And in the end, I never realized how much fun risks could be until my sister dragged me on a terror machine.

That fateful day, I was forced to take a risk by going on a huge ride. When I was in line, I could hear bloody screams. I could feel the vibrations rattling all around me, like a snake crawling up my leg. I could even smell the fried onions being cooked on wooden stakes right outside the door.

After getting a million heart attacks while waiting in line forever, I finally got on the terror machine. My fingernails dug into the not-so-rubber black seat cushion. I could hear voices in my head telling me I shouldn't have gotten on, and that I should get off before this ride steals my soul. My face was as pale as a ghost. Very slowly, the seat beneath me started to move. Then all of a sudden, it stopped. I thought the machine of terror had broken down.

I was celebrating in my head with terror, but then — BAM! My head smashed into the headrest and water started flowing out of my eyes! The yellow lightning bolts on the side of the red cart went up and down so quickly that it felt as if I was flying. Wahoo! I yelled. This is the greatest time of my life.

Sadly, the ride was over as quickly as an actual lightning bolt. When my family and I stepped out of the cart, I was barfing with happiness. I wasn't really barfing, though; just thrilled I finally tried the ride.

That day, I learned that roller coasters are a privilege, not a fear. From then on, I have been on every roller coaster I have ever seen in person. After riding California Screamin', I learned that I can never know if I like something until I try.