W6A\_Lesson 12\_Essay7\_Draft1

Sophia Yu

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**A Horrible Roller Coaster Ride**

When I was 10, my parents and I visited Disney World in Orlando, Florida, US, for summer vacation. It was really a wonderful journey. But I never expected that I would take the wildest ride of my life!

We arrived at the park by bus early in the morning, then we waited for a moment till Disney World opened its gates to go inside. I saw many familiar characters in the park, like Snow White and Micky Mouse. We took a picture in the front of the castle, which was so beautiful.

We rode some small roller coasters. My dad and I thought they were exciting, but not scary. My mom had a different feeling; she thought they were terrible. So when I wanted to try some terrifying theme rides, my dad went with me, while my mom found a place to wait for us.

I walked with my parents to many theme rides. I saw a big yellow building with a gigantic guitar across from us. I thought it looked like an exciting ride, so I decided to try it with my dad.

“Dad, that looks like a lot of fun – let’s go and have a look,” I pointed and asked my dad.

There were a lot of people standing in line, which reinforced my thought that it was very popular. The two of us patiently lined up for more than an hour, then finally we were almost there.

We started to watch what this was for. But then we saw a horrible scene: every six people in black seats, with heavy protective gear, suddenly rushed out at an unimaginable speed after 30 seconds. Within five seconds, they disappeared into the dark tunnel, and there were some faint scream. My dad and I were stunned.

“This is so horrible!” I said to my dad, staring.

“So do you want to ride it? Or we could go out,” my dad asked me.

“It’s hard to wait in line for such a long time,” I said. “Is it better to have a try?”

“OK, then,” he replied.

My dad and I waited in the line till it was our turn.

The staff arranged for us to get into the small black cart, and taught us how to fasten our safety equipment. I stared nervously, so did my dad. When all of us were ready, the seat that we sat in rushed out like an arrow. My hair flew over my head and the wind blew on my face; it made me want to close my eyes, but I didn’t.

I tried to keep my eyes wide open, and for a moment in the darkness, I wasn’t even sure if my eyes were still open. After about 10 seconds, I saw some beautiful lights twinkling in the darkness, and the seat was going smoothly uphill. At that moment I thought it was not as terrible as I had imagined. But good times don’t last long.

All of a sudden, a sense of weightlessness surrounded my whole body – it was our seats speeding downhill! I heard so many people screaming that I couldn’t tell if I was screaming, too. It was a bad feeling. There was endless darkness everywhere.

Despite the colorful lights, the track of the roller coaster in front of me could not be seen, so I knew nothing about what was going to happen next.

Before this, I had been afraid of roller coasters that turn around in a full loop like a standing circle. So when I played at Disney World, I deliberately avoided all the roller coasters that turn upside down. I dared not face them!

Music came to my ears again, but I had no time to enjoy it. The ups and downs of the roller coaster made me close my eyes, hold on to the handle and wait for the ride to stop. I tried to open my eyes and felt that the roller coaster was a little smoother. But then the seat jolted so quickly moving uphill I felt like my head was going to explode.

Not to mention that my glasses were unsurprisingly about to fly off of my face, and one arm of the glasses had left my ear already. I quickly calmed down, and with one hand holding the handle tightly, my other hand simply took the glasses off and put them in my fist to prevent them from flying away. I wasn’t sure, but I thought I was going through a complete loop on the roller coaster.

I closed my eyes again, holding my glasses.

“Hey!”

I turned my head; it was my dad’s voice.

“You are quite quick, I thought your glasses were falling off,” he said. “If that really happens, it’s OK. We still have your spare glasses, right?”

I nodded and I saw he had taken his glasses off, too. The rest of the time, I still closed my eyes and occasionally looked up at the lights and listened to music. The roller coaster seemed not really so terrible now.

Finally, the roller coaster ride was over. Dad and I walked out of the yellow building with limp legs. We saw a child come out crying; perhaps she was very afraid.

“It is because I didn’t know what it was that I dared to try,” my father said. “Now I know what a terrible thing it is, and I dare not try it again.”

“So do you want to ride this again next time?” I joked.

“Of course not!” my father replied with some fear.

Finally, we came to my mom’s side, and I began to embellish to her descriptions of our horrible experience.

Word Count: 911

*Note: Michelle, fantastic job writing this narrative. It is well written with plenty of detail. This is your best piece of writing yet. I look forward to reading your next story!*