

Title:

Memories Of Disneyland Paris

Word Count:

407

Summary:

The harness forced me rigid in my seat. The pressure across my chest momentarily took my breath away. Fixed in position the only things I could move were my hands and feet. My heart raced at least twice its normal rate as we inched towards the starting point.

Anxiety began to swell inside me; I could feel my stomach turning. A deep fear within was urging me to escape and free myself from this unknown. As apprehension hit the zenith, loud rock music started blasting from tw...

Keywords:

Article Body:

The harness forced me rigid in my seat. The pressure across my chest momentarily took my breath away. Fixed in position the only things I could move were my hands and feet. My heart raced at least twice its normal rate as we inched towards the starting point.

Anxiety began to swell inside me; I could feel my stomach turning. A deep fear within was urging me to escape and free myself from this unknown. As apprehension hit the zenith, loud rock music started blasting from two speakers concealed either side of the headrest.

White smoke normally reserved for nightclubs began to fill the arena. The only illumination was from disco lights perched above and beside the track, the only clue as to where you were heading.

As the mechanism took up the slack and prepared to slingshot us into next week, my backside began to twitch as I realised we had gone past the point of no return. The coaster was now primed and nothing was going to stop it.

Then it happened. Without warning we accelerated with such ferocity your cheeks were sucked through your skull. It was impossible to raise your head to see where you were going. Not that it made any difference, smoke was everywhere and

visibility was zero.

It seemed to be over in seconds. It was the best ride I had ever been on. I wanted to go straight back on but there was the whole of Disneyland Paris to explore and time was money. But I would return to the Aerosmith rollercoaster.

Perhaps what surprised me most about Disneyland Resort Paris was how much there was for adults. I went with the expectation of a child oriented theme park with little time for grownups. But Disney Village is superb, full of bars and restaurants, shops and even a cinema. The only downside is the sheer volume of tourists. Even out of season you can expect to queue endlessly for food and drink.

The Cheyenne hotel is a throwback to the days of the American Wild West. Suitably decorated, it offered all the taste and flavour of cowboys and indians. The saloon bar feels altogether authentic; country and western singers provide the entertainment as you down another bottle of beer.

If you can avoid the likes of Goofy and Mickey Mouse, you may just be able to suspend reality long enough to believe yourself in the world of Wyatt Earp.