

# [I as hard as they can to scare](https://assignbuster.com/i-as-hard-as-they-can-to-scare/)

I canfeel the wind drift by my fingers, slightly tickling them like feet grazingupon soft grass. The bitter taste of salt occupies my mouth from the sprinklersgiving the grass their much needed drink from the hot summer’s heat. I hear thechildren sing and scream with delight, like the only thing they knew what to dowas to have fun. You hear the machines roaring and working, trying as hard asthey can to scare the customers with delight. Itake a swift chomp into my cotton candy like it was my last meal.

My tonguefalls over the soft sugar, the sweet embrace of sweetness fills my body. Thesky was crowded with frowning clouds, desperately crying but soon seemed tolighten up. I can barely hold my excitement as I start running towards theentrance to the beast of a roller coaster known only as the ‘ Velociraptor’. Ihear the roller coaster gasping for air as it uses every last bit of energy ithas to shoot the coaster up and around the track. As I sit on the seat, I feelthe rubber grip tugging at me.

The lap bar hugs me tightly, restricting me frommaking any half-witted or even deadly mistakes. I felt the cold breeze brushagainst my face as I see my-self bolt down the track in a loud ‘ BOOM’, givingme a buzz.  Theyounger kids stand watching the intimidating smirk of the haunted house, stalking them with its beady eyes. Their ice creams wobbled perilously and Ifelt the cold, sugary starch plop on my hand when they hurl their ice creams asthey cut and run. I hear the air swoosh beside me as they bolt their way backto their parents. I was left alone, staring at what can only be named as a’thing of nightmares’. It was covered with vines and stone golems. The smell offake plants and brick wall stuff my nostrils.

My feet scrape across the groundand I hear the crackle of gravel beneath my feet as I venture forward towards theunearthly house. I step in and I feel a cold sweat trickle down my spine asdoubt fills my brain. “ BANG”.

The door shuts behind me as I my neck snaps backwardto see what that sound was, but was only met with black. I turn around oncemore, I reach my arms forward trying to guide myself through the shadowy deathhouse. My heart skips a beat as I feel what can only be torn cotton. My affrightedeyes meet with the man standing in front of me, clearly an actor. I smell thefake blood emitting from his sweaty costume.

It fills my nose and I bolt out oftheir not wanting anything more to do with that, ghastly, rancid house. Myhands slap the door as I push it wide open, exposing myself to the rays ofsunlight and the smell of nature’s sweet essence embraces my body, as I knowthat I am now safe from the savages from within that ‘ house’. Myeyes glaze over the climbing wall, once filled with my child hood memories isnow only filled with disgust and envy. The dull rusty red metal and the blackgraffiti covering it, like nature covering an abandoned building. Time seems tocrawl as I continue to wait for the bathroom. Behind, as-well as in front ofme, people dropping out of the line, either out of time or short on patience.

Ifeel a light breeze that takes the edge of the heat and sunscreen. Finally weare ahead of the pack, and it’s my turn to use the bathroom. I catch a whiff ofthe smell coming from the bathroom and immediately, I feel queasy. I suck itup, and I ramble myself inside, only feeling like my tummy is going to implodefrom the smell. Obviously distressed, I straggle my body from the bathroom, allthe rides have made me sicker than ever before. I taste the vomit slowlyscurrying up my throat, but I refuse to let the bile get the best of me.

Languidly, I walk to the bar that leads outside the park and push it with a feeble, lazypush. I shuffle my way to the car, the tickets groves and dimples carom myfingers. I limply drop my body onto the seat.

Pain quickly sores through mybody as the burning leather and smoldering metal of the seatbelt cook my fleshlike a steak on a BBQ. Quickly I turn the car on. The engine boasts with a lazydelight as it wakes up from its snooze.

I swiftly and quickly turn on the A/C. Anarctic breeze covers my skin and dust from the dashboard flies around my headlike bugs. I leave the boisterous playground.