

I as hard as they can
to scare



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I can feel the wind drift by my fingers, slightly tickling them like feet grazing upon soft grass. The bitter taste of salt occupies my mouth from the sprinklers giving the grass their much needed drink from the hot summer's heat. I hear the children sing and scream with delight, like the only thing they knew what to do as to have fun. You hear the machines roaring and working, trying as hard as they can to scare the customers with delight. I take a swift chomp into my cotton candy like it was my last meal.

My tongue falls over the soft sugar, the sweet embrace of sweetness fills my body. The sky was crowded with frowning clouds, desperately crying but soon seemed to lighten up. I can barely hold my excitement as I start running towards the entrance to the beast of a roller coaster known only as the 'Velociraptor'. I hear the roller coaster gasping for air as it uses every last bit of energy it has to shoot the coaster up and around the track. As I sit on the seat, I feel the rubber grip tugging at me.

The lap bar hugs me tightly, restricting me from making any half-witted or even deadly mistakes. I felt the cold breeze brush against my face as I see myself bolt down the track in a loud 'BOOM', giving me a buzz. The younger kids stand watching the intimidating smirk of the haunted house, stalking them with its beady eyes. Their ice creams wobbled perilously and I felt the cold, sugary starch plop on my hand when they hurl their ice creams as they cut and run. I hear the air swoosh beside me as they bolt their way back to 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 of fake plants and brick wall stuff my nostrils.

My feet scrape across the ground and I hear the crackle of gravel beneath my feet as I venture forward towards the unearthly house. I step in and I feel a cold sweat trickle down my spine as doubt fills my brain. " BANG".

The door shuts behind me as I my neck snaps backward to see what that sound was, but was only met with black. I turn around once more, 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 affrighted eyes meet with the man standing in front of me, clearly an actor. I smell the fake blood emitting from his sweaty costume.

It fills my nose and I bolt out of their not wanting anything more to do with that, ghastly, rancid house. My hands slap the door as I push it wide open, exposing myself to the rays of sunlight and the smell of nature's sweet essence embraces my body, as I know that I am now safe from the savages from within that ' house'. My eyes glaze over the climbing wall, once filled with my childhood memories is now only filled with disgust and envy. The dull rusty red metal and the black graffiti covering it, like nature covering an abandoned building. Time seems to crawl as I continue to wait for the bathroom. Behind, as well as in front of me, people dropping out of the line, either out of time or short on patience.

I feel a light breeze that takes the edge of the heat and sunscreen. Finally we are ahead of the pack, and it's my turn to use the bathroom. I catch a whiff of the smell coming from the bathroom and immediately, I feel queasy. I suck it up, and I ramble myself inside, only feeling like my tummy is going to implode from the smell. Obviously distressed, I straggle my body from the

bathroom, all the rides have made me sicker than ever before. I taste the vomit slowly scurrying 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, lazy push. I shuffle my way to the car, the tickets groves and dimples carom my fingers. I limply drop my body onto the seat.

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

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