

# Reflection essay on creative writing



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Trapped I'm standing out the front of the world's scariest horror house, In universal Studios, Hollywood. Where I am about to enter through the entrance when my friend suggests that it's not a very good idea, but shrug and say what could possibly happen besides being scared half to death. We enter. It's dark, the walls feel close, there's an awful smell to the place, as if someone has died inside. I feel nervous because I don't know what's coming in the distance, and I have what feels like a hundred butterflies flying around in my stomach.

I can feel the hairs on my arms and on the back of my neck beginning to rise. I am getting cold chills down my spine. My heart rate is increasing, I feel as though my heart is beginning to rise out of my chest. We walk through, a chucks doll appears out from the frame cut out of the wall, my heart skips a beat and I don't think much of it, it scares me a little and let out a scream, I think to myself this isn't so bad after all, I think I spoke to soon.

After that various horror film characters start jumping out and appearing around corners as I alike through and I am beginning to freak out. Suddenly, I am cornered by what seems to be a very frightening clown. He has a large crack in his skull it seems to be as wide as thegrand canyon, his face is all distorted and has open flesh wounds all over, his eyes are as black as the ace of spades, with black rings circling them, his outfit has been ripped and has blood all over it, his immense red nose is directly in front of mine.

He seems to becoming closer and closer and I have no where else to go, so I crouch down and hope he'll disappear as non as I drop to the floor In fear, he finally backs away and I try and make a run for It so I can get out as fast as

possible. I run as fast as possible but I have come too room full of mirrors, I'm disorientated, I feel as though the whole room is spinning around me and don't know which ways the way out, I start running towards the way I think is the exit but instead it's a mirror, I run directly at it.

I hit it with such force. Everything turns too blur and starts going In slow motion as If was in a dream. I feel pain miming from my mouth, my tongue make's Its way to my two front teeth, but they don't feel Like teeth anymore, more like sharp razors In my mouth, In this split second of a moment I finally realize what has happened, I've knocked half of my two front teeth out, I hold out my hand, and there lies half a tooth in a pool of blood, I freak out.

I start to panic and I start screaming, it's still pitch black inside, with hardly any light. People around me don't understand what's going on and they think I'm still scared, sees the blood pouring out of my nose and mouth and runs to get help. I continue screaming looking for a way out, I feel trapped, I feel claustrophobic, I'm in fear that another actor will come and frighten me, I bang on all the walls firmly pleading for someone to get me out, but it seems as though no one is listening and I feel as though I'm on my own.

I have never felt or experienced this sensation before, and I am terrified. My friend finally comes back with an amusement park worker to escort me out, I feel safe with her by my side telling me she'll get me out safely and that'll everything will be okay. Walking along the wall, a werewolf jumps out and attempts to scare me and succeeds, the amusement park worker firmly yells out to him to stop and he realizes that something is seriously wrong he stops and backs away into his spot.

I'm in so much shock, I start to scream even louder. In front of me I can see a crack of a bright white light and its increasingly getting larger and larger and within a blink, I am escorted out, I am finally out and feel a sense of relief, as though a ghostly presence has disappeared, although my legs give way and I can not hysterically stand any longer, I drop to the steps close by and remove my hands from my mouth and nose, my hands are bright red from all the blood that has poured out.

At this point I am still screaming, it's a long, loud, piercing cry, I'm still in shock and can not believe what has just happened, the worker hands me a handful of tissues and tells me to continue breathing. I am continuously screaming, with an endless flow of tears, I cry, with choking sobs, my eyes have gone red and puffy, my nose is still bleeding, blood seems to be flowing out. I have managed to calm myself down. I take a deep breath.