

A day at the park essay

[Literature](#), [Russian Literature](#)



As a child, I had the chance to travel to various parks but my favorite place was always Kings Island. Me and my family travel to Ohio at least four times a month.

Every Friday night, we'll all stay up until sunrise. Before we get on the highway, me and my sister including my parents will share a prayer. I always beat everybody to the car sitting in the front seat yelling " LETS GO". The whole time on the road, we'll all play cards, listen to music, and eat a few snacks. We save the meals for when we get there and also for the trip back home.

After an hour on the road, I tend to just go to sleep until we reach our destination. That was always the routine, it never fails. I was always the first in line at the entrance.

Soon as everybody enters the amusement park, we always split up and agree on a time to meet and where. I always walk all through the park to eat at the best concession stand. I'll always order the biggest burger with an extra large fries also, with a bottle of fanta. After experiencing all the various foods, now it's time for me to explore all the rides. The Drop Zone is always my first choice. The ride stands 315 feet up and goes 60 miles per hour.

The Drop Zone takes you way up in the atmosphere and suddenly drops. The vortex is very similar to the drop zone. Vortex takes you up, down, sideways, upside down, backwards and also captures the funny faces. In my opinion, I think that's best ride the park have to offer after The beast. The Beast is the most threatening and it's also made of wood. At first, I'll be skeptical to get on but eventually the crowd behind me always encourages me.

I remember getting off The Beast and immediately started throwing up. After a long day by myself, we all meet up at the appropriate time. Everybody shared what they've experienced and make a decision on staying or leaving the park. Obviously, I intend on staying but my parents always say we can come back another time. With them having the final say to everything, we eventually head back home. The ride back is always full of discussions of what everybody accomplished. My parents always manage to win the biggest teddy bear while my little sister sucks at winning prizes. She could never win a prize and it made her cry every time.

I always felt bad and give her my prizes. After we arrive back home, we all discuss about the next place we traveling to.