

The Fearless One  
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Terror, tension, panic, adrenaline rises: My nerves vibrate as goose bumps begin to appear on my skin, as I watched the breath-taking view. Screams let out by people, people who dare to ride, and others stand there watching, who are frightened just by watching. We had walked through the entrance where we gave our papers and metal detectors were checking for security. This was our first family trip of summer vacation, and we were at Six Flags.

Now I was leaning on the railing lost in my thoughts while I waited and watched people go on the roller coaster that was called "Hammer Head." The railing was hot, almost burning like a stove. Sweat beads formed on my forehead as I tried best to stay calm. I remember that day I wore my hair up in a pony tail, a pair of black sun glasses, black jeans and my black t-shirt that had pink lettering on it.

We got one step closer as people who just got done walked past us. My sister was teasing my aunt whom she forced to go on even though she was scared.

"Alisha, are you scared?" my uncle asked while watching my expression. "Sort of..." I replied. I didn't want to sound like a coward; he smiled and nodded towards me.

Then suddenly the air was filled with the salty, mouth-watering scent of popcorn. This made me really hungry. In front of us stood the 40 feet tall roller coaster, "Hammer Head," that was shaped like an upside-down hammer (with another one attached right next to it), with the tail of a shark at the end, the iron part was our seats and it was all coated in light blue. It also spun 7 times upside-down with fifteen total spins. After awhile it was finally our turn, and my heart began to pound faster, palms began to sweat

as we moved forward, then people began to take their seats.

I took my seat next to Shilpi, my cousin. She's smart, nice, short, and has hair that if you measured it would probably be 3 feet long. Across from us was sitting my Aunt Seema and Shilpi's mother. As we fastened our seat belts, the head lock came down choking our necks.

I held the handles so tight that sweat began to appear on the black leather, and I thought to myself that I would keep my eyes closed and wouldn't let go until the ride was over. There was a sudden ache in my stomach. I took a deep breath.

Now there was no turning back, I had to do this. As long as I knew I wasn't going to die I was fine. The floor beneath us dropped a foot and all of us started to shake our feet.

"Alright," the employee of the ride said, "Here we go! Are you guys ready for this?" she asked excitedly.

"Whoa!" A lot of people screamed. We heard a honk, signifying the ride was beginning and I closed my eyes. The ride moved forward, fast and furiously, and all the air that surrounded us moved very swiftly and strongly around us. As the ride moved back and forth it made a deadly sound. Then the air took a different spin and my heart almost froze, because now it was about to turn upside-down.

"AHHH...!" Everybody on the ride, including me, screamed. The turn was so quick, so sudden and shocking that it felt like the feeling of a flying bird. It felt like someone had electrically shocked me.

I loved the way the air felt around me so for the rest of the ride I opened my eyes the slightest bit, but still held my tight grip on the handle. I nervously smiled and

laughed. After several more spins the ride ended. We finally got off and I walked off with a huge grin on my face, but my whole body shook with fear.

Now that I think about it, life was just like a roller coaster: it has its ups and downs, but it's your choice to scream or enjoy the ride. I loved riding the roller coasters, and I don't regret trying new things. For me the most wonderful and beautiful moments were spent with family. I also loved the way I dared myself, and if I could fight one fear after another, one day I'll be fearless. Now I dream of the day I'll be called, "The Fearless One."