

A Dare Worth A Scare
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Fear of the dark was always my worst quality. I personally would define fear as something that one has always been afraid of. Being scared of the dark isn't what most people fear, but for me, it was. I don't know why, but I have always been scared of darkness. But the day soon came for me to face it. I have to admit, a simple dare actually helped me to face my fear.

It was a sunny day when me, my family, and some friends took a trip to Universal Studios in Los Angeles. After awhile of walking, taking pictures, and seeing different shows, we came across a dark house that looked haunted. It was called, "The Horror House." I read a sign in front of it which had many warnings. On the top of the sign, it said in bold, "This may be too intense for children under the age of 13." I was only 11 years old at that time, but one of my friends dared me to go inside without anyone to accompany me. I was pretty afraid after reading the sign, but I decided that it was all for fun and it was fake, so I went in and joined the line.

There were many people, in this case, adults. I didn't spot a single child even a little older than I was. But, I knew that I wasn't the only one to go inside the horror house. The line moved rapidly, but before I went in, I turned to see the faces of my grinning friends. They were laughing at my facial expression. I guess I might have looked scared.

As I entered through a small passageway, everything became dark, and I could barely see where I was going. Soon, I saw a light in the distance and spider webs all over the place. This wasn't scary yet, but then it started when I heard several screams coming

from different directions. A chill ran down my spine as I thought of what they might have seen. I was beginning to feel claustrophobic as the walls were so close together. They were only a few inches away from my shoulders.

Then suddenly out of nowhere, a man with a bloody face and a fake knife jumped out of a closet. It was so unexpected that me and everyone behind me screamed so loud. I kept walking, almost frozen with fear, as I came across a wall with a bloody person lying against it, who looked dead. His body was limp and then, when I passed by he jumped up and scared the daylights out of me. I thought it was only a plastic figure, but he was real! I freaked out and there was several of these blood covered, zombie-like people on the way out. It took at least 15 minutes to come out of the house.

There were many exits along the path and I wanted to get out, but I remembered the second part of my friends' dare. They said to go all the way through the whole thing. As much as I wanted to get out of that place, I continued to walk past the nearest exit. Then after several more scary and creepy figures, I saw the final exit sign. I thought it would be too simple to run outside without another scare, but there was no one else there to scare me.

Relief flooded through me as I ran outside the horror house. I was filled with excitement to tell my friends about what happened. I met my friends outside standing with everyone else, waiting to hear what happened. When we all went for lunch, I told them each and everything that I came across. They even looked scared when I told them the story. I laughed as I pictured the looks on their faces as if they had really been inside.

At the end, when I thought about it, I knew it was a fun experience and that it was worth taking the dare. From then and onwards, I became the leading light of my circle of

friends I learned that if there is a will, then there is always a way. I conclude that, without a preconceived, negative mindset, anyone can achieve any daring task.