

King-Da-Ka

It was a hot windy day. My dad and I were at Six Flags Great Adventure, one of the greatest amusement parks in the world and it was my birthday. We were there to do one thing that day, go on the tallest fastest roller coaster in the world. King-Da-Ka! At 128 miles per hour and the height of 458 feet it would be by far the most exciting ride I would ever go on.

We got right in line and I already felt incredibly anxious. We would have to wait two hours to be up and down the hill and back at the station. Every minute you could hear loud fearsome screams and the screeching of the tracks as all the frightened people took off into the air. It was such an abstract structure. The colors on it blinded me because of the reflection of the sun, purple, green and orange.

We walked into a big patch of dry heat and I was sweating. Every so often we would come upon a fan, drifting the smell of fried dough and popcorn into my nose. I asked my dad if he was scared. I anxiously waited for his answer, only a little scared he said. Everyone in line was so cramped together. I smelled their scent in the air, perfume, cologne, I wrinkled my nose.

After a long half hour more of waiting we reached the 15 minute point. My nerves rose and I panicked. What if we fall backwards? What if I can't breathe? What if my shoulder bar pops up? My heart pounded like a drum in my chest.

My breath quickened as we entered the 5 minute zone. I watched dizzily as all the frightened faces took off and all the smiling faces came back. It was our turn. We went through the gate, click! My body shook as I lowered myself into the hard plastic orange and green seat. I lowered my shoulder belt down and so did my dad. Clack, clack, clack. I put on a fake smile but I knew my dad could still see fear in my eyes.

The cart slowly eased itself out of the station like it was alive. My grin widened now because I actually was feeling excited. The track made a strange hissing sound sssss. I counted down from 5!5...4...2...1...AAAHH! The wind felt like it was blowing my face off. We slowed down before we reached the base of the hill and then up we went. I looked into the clouds and the sun made me squint my eyes shut. We almost stopped as we reached the top and my stomach churned. We dropped. My hands flew up. The wind and the great excitement put such a big grin on me it felt like my face was going to snap in half. We went up a small hill for our speed to decrease after our exasperating drop. My heart started to beat regularly and the moment was lost.

I yanked up my shoulder belt jumped out of my seat and spun around 3 times. If I ever went again it would never be the same as the first time around.