

Towering over me, the rollercoaster loomed like a beast of steel: its tracks twisting and turning through the clouds. I stared up, my shoes rooted to the ground, while screams fell from above like drops of rain. My heart hammered in my chest: loud, fast, and wild as the coaster creaked forward.

The cars zoomed past, rattling and shaking, a blur of colour and flashing lights, with faces frozen in a mix of terror and exhilaration. Slowly, the line crept forward, my thoughts spiralling. Spiralling, as the safety bar clicked into place. Outside, my hands gripped the cold metal tight (but inside, my fingers shook like leaves in the wind).

The more the coaster climbed, the more my stomach twisted with every inch we rose, each second stretching longer than the last. The more the wind whipped through my hair, the more I wished I could be anywhere but here. Suddenly and desperately, I clung to the safety bar as the rollercoaster shot forward, my heart pounding in my chest. Terrified, but too late to run, I was locked in, speeding toward the unknown.

Slowly and steadily, the car crawled up the steep track, each click of the chain ringing in my ears like a countdown. The clink-clink-clink filled the air, a constant reminder of how high we were climbing. Higher and higher we went, the world below shrinking. The drop was terrifying: steep, endless, and the ground below seemed miles away. Outside, I felt the cold metal pressing against my hands (but inside, my heart raced faster than the car).

The more the car climbed, the more the ground seemed to fall away, and the emptiness below felt endless. The more I held my breath, the more my body tensed, like I was teetering on the edge of something too big to control. Control, something I wish I had. For a moment, everything stopped—the climb, the noise, even my breath—as we hovered at the beautiful, terrifying peak. I looked down, and the track ahead disappeared into a sheer drop, the kind that made you feel like you were falling forever. My heart leapt to my throat. And then we fell. Soaring, my stomach lurched as the ground rushed up to meet me, and for a brief second, I was weightless, suspended between sky and earth.

Shocked, at the end of the ride, my body buzzed with a strange mix of relief and exhilaration, as if the thrill had seeped into my bones. My hair clung to my face plastered down by the wind, and my legs felt like jelly. Jelly that was struggling to hold me up. Outside, I was grinning, my cheeks aching from the smile (but inside, I was still trembling, my heart racing in the aftermath).

The more I stumbled out of the car, the more my nerves tingled, each twist of the track still fresh in my memory. “Let’s do it again!” burst out of me before I could stop myself, the excitement bubbling over. Grinning, I glanced back at the towering coaster, no longer an evil, terrifying monster but more like a challenge I’d just conquered. Conquered, I couldn’t believe it. My fear had vanished, replaced by something I couldn’t quite explain. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, I wasn’t just a kid staring up anymore: I was someone who had faced the fall and come out laughing.