

## My Grandmother

By Tyler

Have you ever made someone go on something you hated? Did you ever say, you don't have to go on? Or let's not do this? Well, that is the part of you that is eleven years old. Or when you say, please can you go on? That is the part of you that is four. And when you don't let her get off, that is the part of you that is two. Well, this happened to me once.

I stood at the line to get on the roller coaster, next to my grandmother. I was amazed at the roller coaster. My eyes followed it as if it were the strongest magnet in the world, and every second I got closer, closer and closer. The sun beat down on my grandmother and me. Nothing could stop me from getting on. And before I knew it, the roller coaster zoomed right next to me as it almost knocked me off my feet. Impatiently I waited to get on. I jumped up and down like a kangaroo. My hands shook from side to side, not wanting to wait any longer. I saw five people get off and I heard, "That was awesome, let's do that again." That only got me wanting to go on even more. I heard the cranking of the roller coaster as it went up and up. And then it stopped for a half a second and dropped like a cannonball getting shot out of a cannon. I heard a scream as the roller coaster hovered over my head. But in a theme park with a lot of roller coasters, you shouldn't be so surprised when you hear screams from a roller coaster.

Then it swooped up to the left, then another drop and another scream. "Out of the corner of my eye, I spied my grandma sighing with a scared face. The ride tracks made a sharp left and the people were tugged to the left, then up. I heard nothing else, noticed nothing else. There was only the roller coaster. A drop, and a thunder scream, then it tugged to the right and suddenly stopped! And then

they got off. I saw the big sign that read THE INTIMIDATOR. I waited impatiently, wanting to block everyone off from moving and just cut the whole line. I could not pay attention to anyone or anything else. Suddenly I noticed my grandma was acting strange. She stared wide-eyed, like it was some kind of monster. She shouldn't be going on this ride, I said to myself, feeling sick inside.

"Grandma, if you don't want to go on you don't have to. It is a pretty big ride."

"Tyler, I want to do this. If I don't go on this is roller coaster, I will be afraid of roller coasters for the rest of my life," she announced to me. "This is our last chance; do you want to get off?" I said to her.

"No, Tyler. I want to stay." She said this, but anybody could know that she was lying. We stepped into the roller coaster and sat down. As we sat, we pulled the handlebar against our stomachs. I heard a click, click as it locked. And I realized my grandma was trapped into her worst fear. Like when you have the scariest nightmare and you just can't wake up and it feels like forever.

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We were cranked up like a huge fish. We moved up and up and up and her hand tightened, harder and harder on mine. At the top we stopped and, just before we began to fly down, I heard a scream so loud it felt like my ears drums had exploded. I pulled my hand away from her and tried to close my ears as hard as I could.

As I covered my ears I said to myself, why would I make my grandma go on a scary roller coaster? Who else can I blame but myself? I

knew she would scream like a crazy person from the beginning to the end. She wouldn't do it for anybody but me. I turned my head and saw her face. She was still screaming and so scared. As we got off the ride, she said, "I am sorry for ruining your ride, Tyler. I kind of overdid it on the screaming."

"You made it better by going on with me. And if you didn't go on I would forget it after a while. That was a ride I will never forget," I said, my ears still hurting.

"That is the last ride in my life. I will never go on that again—or any other ride," Grandma panted. "Until tomorrow. Then we will go on a bigger ride," I replied with a smile.