

The Death Penalty

“I’ll go on the Death Penalty if you challenge me,” I say to dad cautiously.

“Sure you will, it’s got a dead drop, then it goes round and round and round and round...” Dad says spookily but then I but in.

“I know you’re trying to scare me, you’re just jealous because I have the guts and you don’t.” I say a bit annoyed. Dads always trying to show off. About three seconds later he starts again. But this time I ignore him. I stare at the bold letters: **YOU DIE TODAY** and at the other ride sign: **THE DEATH PENALTY**. I think that the ‘you die today’ one is the scarier sign. Then I look at the people coming off the ride. A quarter of them are pale but a third of them are not. Then I look at the ‘the death penalty’ station were they load off the victims of the ride. All of them are as pale as milk. “I think I’ll go on The Death Penalty, its way scarier!”

In the next 30 minutes I’m in my carriage which is as hard as stone.



With a sudden jerk from behind I’m racing down so fast that everything around me is a blur. I’m screaming like mad, then...BANG!!! I taste blood in my mouth. I must have hit my jaw on the side. I think it’s over but it’s not. I see something terrible ahead. There are five loop the loops. Oh no it’s too late, I’m too close! It’s exhilarating at 120km per hour. I smell vomit but whoever did that is not alone. I feel terribly scared. I shriek at the top of my voice. But then I stop. I’m relived as the Death Penalty slowly stop. I shudder at the thought that it would start again. But it didn’t. So I’m safe, I’m not dead, and I survived.



By James K, 4AW