

### The Goliath: The Monstrous Roller Coaster

As the cart swirled up and down, my stomach knotted in an ugly way. All I could imagine at a moment like this was remembering the times Domino, my deceased dog, and I would snuggle together. It was just like a family reunion in heaven.

“Come on, Jamie,” said my father. “This is completely safe.” I didn’t believe him at all! All I kept thinking in my head was that roller coasters were meant to be scary, and I was definitely scared. This was the absolute biggest roller coaster I had ever seen! My father and I slowly walked up to the monstrous roller coaster. I felt so small at the bottom of the big stairs. He tried to comfort me by telling me everything was going to be fine. I knew better though. People have died on roller coasters! The line for the Goliath wasn’t long, but my fear was starting to creep up on me. I could feel those weird butterflies crawling around in my stomach. It was then that a young teenage boy, who worked at the ride, told us it was our turn.

The crackling noise of the chains started as the roller coaster began. My father reached his hand to hold onto mine, but it was too late. I had already taken precautions by closing my eyes and squeezing the safety restraint. As the roller coaster took the first drop, I began to scream. It almost sounded like I was dying. I couldn’t control my emotions. I had an endless waterfall of tears. Then, something miraculous started to happen. My mind transported to another world. It was a world of pleasant memories that included my beloved Domino. She appeared right before me. It was as if I could reach out and touch her. Sadly, I opened my eyes to reality.

After this experience, I learned that I am not a fan of roller coasters. I have decided that I will never ride The Goliath again!