

The Rollercoaster

It slowly creeps up the track, screeching and moaning in protest as it ascends the steep climb, grinding and groaning every agonising step of the way. As it crawls towards its goal, my fate is sealed more. This infernal machine is delivering me to my certain doom, the track, my path to hell, the machine, my carriage. A tidal wave of emotions overwhelms me, fear most prevalent of them all.

More people are sharing my fate, their faces unreadable, stony, lips pursed together, paled faced and wide eyed. A nervous grimace contorting their facial features. A young child is squealing uncontrollably. Whether this is in inconsolable terror or ecstatic delight, I cannot tell.

Above, a lone bird soars, occasionally letting out a piercing call. As if mocking us. I envy it. The ability to fly off, simply opening your wings and soaring from whatever situation you are in. I try to use my arms to do the same. No luck. There's no escape now. We've reached our tipping point. The end.

In the second before we tip, time seems to slow down. The bird freezes in mid-air. The child's face twisted into a permanent scream. I'm sure it's a scream of terror now.

I sigh, accept my fate, and close my eyes. Time speeds up again, the rollercoaster tips over the edge, and begins its steep descent down.