

Full Names:

Hour:

## EVALUATE a Completed PAPER – SEE RELATED SHEET – Write on This Sheet – Roller Coaster Ride

By Liz

*Woosh* (Onomatopoeia), the twisting, winding roller coaster roars as it zooms overhead (Imagery). Screams quickly follow the roar of the red ride. Green and blue canopies shade us from the blistering sun overhead as we wait to ride the Superman. The air is practically buzzing with excitement and adrenaline. All around me people of all ages are talking and laughing as they wait in line. This makes me feel like I am the only one nervous in the entire park. The line itself seems to stretch on forever, like the colorful, tied handkerchiefs a clown pulls out of his arm sleeve (Simile – TYPE of Intro: A Character Thinking About Something).

“So,” I vocalize, turning towards my friend, “Do you find this ride scary?”

My friend gives me a puzzled look before breaking out into a grin. “No! You worry too much,” she exclaims laughing, “None of these rides are scary. You’ll be fine!”

I give her a doubtful glance before returning to stare at the ride again. The Superman is painted a metallic red and blue. It winds up and down while making a few twists and turns. The line slowly creeps forwards until the canopies no longer protect us from the unforgiving sun. I watch as the Superman passes overhead once again. Some people have huge grins spread across their faces. Other people have their mouths open, no doubt letting out a long scream. The most troublesome faces, however, are the ones with their eyes shut tight and faces too pale to be considered healthy.

On one side of the line is an enormous, clear box filled with cell phones. The ones on the bottom are older versions of flip phones and newer models fill the top. “Those are all the phones that fell out of pockets while people were on the ride,” my friend’s sister explains, “Just like all the change on the ground,” she further indicates, pointing at the vibrant, green grass outside of the sidewalk. Sure enough, there are coins littering the ground. Some shine silver and new, while others are a suspicious rusty brown.

The radiant sun feels hot on my bare arms, yet it fills me with a warmth that winter does not offer. Little, puffy white clouds fill the sky, like sprinkles randomly shaken on to an ice cream sundae (Imagery, simile). In other words, it is a perfect day to be at Six Flags.

“We are getting closer!” my friend proclaims excitedly.

The line is getting smaller and smaller in front of us, and for the first time a nervous feeling fills my hollow stomach. I give her a smile and nod my head in agreement. However, I can not muster up the same excitement as her. Although the wait in line has been long, all of a sudden the line seems to be rapidly shrinking. Soon we are walking up the steps of the building where we will enter the ride. With each step up I can feel the anticipation grow worse. Luckily, the feeling of cool, shaded air greets my heated skin immediately as we walk under the building’s roof.

“Please pick a line,” a friendly face dressed in bright official staff clothes commands, as he indicates at the different lines to get on to the different rows of seats. We pick row ten and wait with only seven people in front of us. The anxious feeling in my stomach begins to grow, like a big helium balloon, slowly being filled with air until it can stretch no farther (Simile). Four people get on the ride as it comes to a halting stop. Then the next three, and finally it is our turn.

The grey gate (Alliteration) in front of us makes a clicking noise and swings open, allowing us to enter. I wipe my sweaty palms on my jean shorts and offer my friend a fake, confident smile. The seats are hard and uncomfortable, just like the bars that slide past my shoulder, locking me in like a prisoner. Conversation and laughter float in my ears, but I can only concentrate on my fear. A tug on my bars brings me back to reality as I watch the staff make sure we are secure. "Are you ready for the Superman?" a loud, cheerful voice booms over the speakers. The announcement is instantly greeted by a loud range of cheers. Some voices are deep with age, while others are young and high. Slowly, the ride moves downwards, until we are lying on our stomachs, and then we begin to move forwards.

"Are you excited?" my friend asks me with a grin as we slowly make our way towards the first hill. My nervousness makes me incapable of speech, so I just nod my head. Click, click, click, (Onomatopoeia) the ride squeaks as it brings us up towards the hot sun. Click, click, click, like a clock counting down the minutes (Simile). My heart is thumping like a caveman with a set of drums (Simile). My hands are white with the tightness of my grip around the handle bars. Even the warm sun can not comfort me anymore.

The trees below me are progressively getting smaller as we make our climb in the sky. I want to shout, "Stop the ride! Please let me off!" A powerless feeling fills my entire body, like a cat placed in the middle of a lake (Simile). The ride quickly approaches the top of the hill, soon we will be hurtling downwards. My mouth feels as dry as a hot day in the desert (Simile). Suddenly, the ride comes to a jerking stop as we reach the top of the hill. "This is it. There is no way off but down," I think in my head with a quickening feeling of panic. The ride seems to have taken a pause in time as we sit there. My nerves jitter with fear as I stare down the red rails (Alliteration) of metal. Although, for the first time, I feel the slightest feeling of excitement course through my body. I tighten my slippery grip one last time before the ride thrusts us forwards.

A screeching scream (Alliteration) rips its way out of my throat as we soar downwards. My heart races and beats, like the gallops of a racehorse (Simile). Tears form at the edges of my eyes from the wind created by speed. Nevertheless, a laugh forms at the base of my throat and forces its way out through my lips. People stare up at us as we zoom overhead. The Superman twists and turns too many times to count.

Then, as soon as it began, the ride is over as we enter the chilled, shaded building once again. Slowly, the ride brings us back up to sitting position. My friend looks at me with wild eyes, red cheeks, and an immense grin (Imagery). "So, how was the ride?" she interrogates.

"When can we go on the next one?" I respond with a laugh.

"See, you did have fun! Today will be totally worth every penny, you just wait!" she expresses as we walk off the ride. I smile for the first time, just how much fun today is going to be. (Concl Type: Start of a New Story)