

Ferris Wheel

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About a girl terrified of the ferris wheel.

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Ferris Wheel
Sabrina Lane
Homeroom 225

Even as we stand in line, I feel the nervous anticipation building. I look at the towering wheel and take a deep breath. The ocean's scent fills my nose and I feel a little safer.

"Its either the ferris wheel or the roller coaster. Which one?" Craig had asked me after he got off the witch's wheel. He wanted me to chose the lesser of two evils.

"At least its not the roller coaster", I whisper to myself.

"Your'e going to be fine, Mellissa. It's just a ferris wheel." He seems to sense my fear and holds my hand just a little tighter. There are only three people in front of us now. I swallow and close my eyes. Why did I let him talk me into this? I watch as the rickety metal circle slowly lifts another cart into the air. I can almost hear the bolts groan under the weight of the horrendous wheel. I bite my lip as the attendant ushers us into the cart and shuts the door. Craig puts his arm around me and I attempt to relax. The wheel lurches and we move back and up.

"Baby, look at the water." He points off to the left and I peer over my shoulder. The ocean is crashing against the rocks, the white foam illuminated by the red and yellow lights of the boardwalk. I take another deep breath and again smell the salt of the water. The sea seems as nervous as I do. I smile and look at him.

"Its pretty. It almost makes the ride worthwhile." I say quietly.

"Almost? Wait 'til we get to the top. The view will be a hundred times better up there." He says, mischevously. I secretly hope that the wheel won't move any higher. Again we lurch back and up, this time halfway to the top. I try not to look at the boardwalk below. For a moment I look at the bottom of the cart above us. Its gently swaying back and forth in the wind coming off the water. To me it looks like its about to rip off the wheel and crash into our cart. I hold my breath. The wheel takes another mighty lurch and we are almost to the top now. I sigh. At least no more carts are above us. Craig scoots a little closer and kisses me on the cheek. In spite of my fear I smile at him and lay my head on his shoulder. We both look out over the water. The wheel takes one more lurch and we're at the top of the circle. From here I can see the black ocean at least a mile down the beach. The waves are crashing over the rocks and on the sand. There's a storm coming. I turn back to Craig and he leans in to kiss me. I kiss him back, secretly thinking about how cliché it is to kiss a girl on the ferris wheel.