

Expedition Everest

I looked up at the wait time for the huge roller coaster. A cool breeze met the warm October air. The clock rocked quietly back and forth. We were in Orlando, Florida at Disney World. The clock said 10 minutes.

"Let's do it!" I decided looking up at the very realistic looking mountain with tracks all around it.

"Okay," Evie, my younger sister, said nervously.

"It's okay Ev. I'll sit next to you," my dad assured her.

We walked down the curving walkway. My heart thumped high in my ears. We eventually found more people and we stood behind them in line. Next to me was a large display. On the display was a ripped up tent and a ton of pots and pans that looked as though they had been run over by a car. I wondered what happened and what the significance of the display was.

There was a framed newspaper clipping on the wall ahead of me. The line moved so slow I thought we'd never get there! I listened to the people screaming on the roller coaster. "Ahhhh!" We reached the newspaper display. It explained how a group of people had climbed Mount Everest and not come back. It said that explorers searching the campsite had found a broken camera.

The next thing I saw were some blurry pictures. "What are those, dad?" I asked.

"They are the pictures of the thing that they think attacked the campsite. It is called the Yeti. That is what the ride is based on," he replied.

"What's the Yeti?" Evie asked. Her face showed her confusion.

"It's a monster some people believe live in the Himalayas," my mom told her.

The line trudged slowly along. I could see and hear people on the roller coaster. "Ahhhh!" they screamed coming down the hill. Then they disappeared into the mountain.

A second later the car pulled into the station. People filed out for the next people to climb in, two to a seat. As it pulled away, my dad said, "We're next!" His words sounded distant as if he was screaming from the top of the roller coaster, but I heard it as a whisper. All I could hear was my rough breathing and fast beating heart.

"How many?" the attendant asked, her face drooping from the heat and her boredom

"Four," we answered.

"Two in row three and two in row four," the attendant instructed. I shuffled into line as the car pulled up. I sat myself down the left side of row three next to mom. The seats were hard and black with a sort of plasticity leather feeling. Next the bar came down.

"Here we go," my mom whispered. I sensed some nervousness in her voice. We lurched forward and jerked around a corner. My mom screamed and so did I. Then, all of a sudden, we slowed down. Click, clack, click, clack. Up, up, up we went into the dark center of the mountain. We came to a stop at the top. The rail turned up and was broken! I looked down and

out. I could see for miles. I saw the park we were going to for dinner. I could barely make out the resort where we were staying. Then I remembered the roller coaster.

“Mom, what are we going to do?!” I asked frantically.

“Don’t worry. It’s supposed to be this way,” she replied.

“So are we going to turn around?” and just as I said it we started moving backward. My eyes bugged out and my mouth opened wide as I screamed. The first thought in my head was, “Are we going to go backwards down that huge hill?” But we turned and went down a dark tunnel (still backward) instead. I breathed a sigh of relief. I couldn’t tell if my eyes were open or closed -- it was that dark. I heard my mom scream as we fell down a hill into a pit of darkness. Behind me Evie whaled while dad laughed. I smiled. Then all of a sudden we stopped. “ROOOOOOAR!” I jumped. “Up there” my mom said and pointed. I looked up at a shadow being projected on the wall of the cave. It showed a giant monster ripping apart the rail. I figured it was supposed to be the Yeti. We jerked forward suddenly as the Yeti ran away like a gorilla out of view. We swooshed outside. I put my hands up as we screeched down the hill (forward). Around some turns, back into the mountain past a huge stuffed Yeti and back into the station. I stepped out of the cart and walked silently outside behind my family. No one talked. We didn’t need to. We were all thinking the same thing. All at once, we ran to get in line to go again!