

Fun Being Little

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Everybody has that moment in their life that stands out over everything else. Whether it's the very first time you do something, or the 100th time you do that thing, something incredible happens. Or maybe it's just that pride in yourself that you succeeded. Maybe it's that thing that you were expecting for a while and it eventually happens. Or, it could even be scary that moment you never thought you would ever do, but after doing it you realized it was fun...

"Everybody get in," the attendant yelled.

As we load up, I can feel the tension rise, even though all we're going to do is fall. You can feel the nervousness shoot from one person to the next. That shaky leg from the person on your left. Those goose bumps from the person on your right. You feel a light breeze of air pass through you. You all stand there in a pool of fear, excitement, and sickness. You know exactly what you're doing. You know exactly what's going to happen, but for some reason you're still nervous.

You sit on the benches next to your friend. Her brunette hair tied back in a ponytail. Her brown eyes covered in fear. You can see the fear. It looks like a thin wet sheet of ice. The look of it makes you think of a sad puppy looking right up at you. You giggle quietly. You can tell she is thinking. You know exactly what's going on in her head right now. Silence fills the room. You can hear a light whisper from your friend beside you. She's trying to make conversation.

"A...ar...are... you sc...scare...scared?" she stutters.

I take a deep breathe in and then slowly let it out.

"Yeah..."

"Meee tooo," she exclaims shakily.

I reply with silence, and just glance at her. She doesn't notice though. She looks directly at the ground. The cold tin surface. It has a screws going up and down each side of the crack where it joins.

All you can hear are your own thoughts, roaring at you. You know that it's too late to back out now. You have to do it. You sit there both, excited and scared. You take long, deep, heavy breaths because you're scared you will stop breathing.

The doors open. You can hear the boom of the air smacking its way to you. It's like a pressure washer shooting directly into your ear, entering through one ear and

exiting through another. But it's not a gentle feeling. It doesn't swoosh through your ear like water should. No, it beats you.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

It feels like a drum. It hits your face hard. It speeds past your cold ears and makes them echo. The wind is no longer a light breeze passing through you. Now it's a beast. Pushing its way through you. The wind is grabbed you, pushed you. It's pushed on your face and there no way to fight back. As you get closer to the door it starts to hurt. Eventually, you realize that it's so cold; it feels hot on your face. It's so strong. Is it all the wind though? No. The fear is strong too. Your stomach just flipped. Your mouth is open. However, you don't know if it's because you're gasping in fear, or if the blast of air pushed it open.

"Get ready, get set, GO!!" My three-year-old self, hollers

I dive off the coffee table with the Save-On-Foods grocery bag above my head. As I jump I feel pressure on my legs, but at the same time my legs are flying... I'm sky diving!