

# Drop

I clenched and unclenched my fists on the walk up the stairs. I was at a waterpark in the Dells. It had mostly slides for little kids but there was one that really scared me, it was a floor drop slide. It was also very tall; there were about a dozen flights of steps to get up the tower. I couldn't believe that my own mom was making me go do a slide she wouldn't go down! It was a really scary slide actually and even looking at it made me shiver with fear.

The height wasn't the problem, the curves weren't the problem, the problem was that rather than going down like a normal slide they put you in a tube and the floor dropped out from under you! Although...it was pretty tall, hundreds of feet for sure, both the drop and the overall height. I had never really been scared of heights before- I had climbed rock walls and done ropes courses but this was on a whole different level.

I made the major mistake of peeking over the railing. Everything looked so small and I saw my mom waving from the bottom and it made my blood boil. I started crying from both fear and anger, if she was too scared to do it, then why was I being forced to.

As I reached the top of the tower the lifeguard asked why I was crying.

I responded, "I don't want to go!" I was upset and nervous about it.

"You can go in the tube and if you don't like it then I will let you out. Is that Ok?!?" I nodded through tears as I took a step toward the tube. I opened the tube up and stepped in getting in position. Then the water surrounded me and I lost it! I knocked at the side of the tube and the ride operator popped the tube open.

"It's ok, this isn't for everyone." This just made me cry even more. I didn't want people to think that I was too scared to go on a waterslide that was meant for kids.

So I stood there staring off into space thinking about what I should do next. I knew that if I did end up bailing out then I would probably regret it for a few years and maybe my entire life. I would be thinking about how I had the chance to do something potentially both fun and frightening but I didn't take it since I was too scared of a bit of water. Then I realized that the state probably wouldn't allow a ride that could do harm so it was tested and safe.

I then finally decided what I was going to do, I was going to just do it and not look back. I gave the lifeguard a nod and he understood. He walked over and pulled the tube open. I felt the rushing of water and all I could hear was my heart beating inside my chest. I couldn't hear the water, or the lifeguard telling me the rules, or even the music that played in the background. I stood there holding my breath just waiting for the guy to finally start the ride.

The countdown music started playing, it was the recording of the voice of a woman, and it sounded kind of like...my mom!?! I knew it wasn't but it just made me upset all over again. **5** the woman said.

"No, no! I can't do this," I thought, but I also couldn't quit. **4** she told me. I couldn't imagine quitting this close. **3** she exclaimed. I took a second to just think of how it would feel, the floor falling from under me. **2**, then I thought of how proud my mom would be, that I did something that even she was too scared to do. **1** Even though I was still very mad at her, I still liked having her approval.

**0** "Finally!!!" I thought.

I was o2, it felt like flying as I fell, and soon I hit a curve. I was going **fast** and couldn't breathe. I felt scared because I struggled to get any air in my lungs. But, it also felt good to do something that I wouldn't typically do. I felt no regret and I actually ended up enjoying it. I instantly wanted to do it again and again. It felt good to do something not for my siblings, or my mom, or my friend. It felt good to do something just for me.

I knew that my mom had been right, sometimes it was best to let others push you to do stu2 that you are nervous to try. Also to not let nerves get the best of you because then you will miss out on all of the fun stu2 in life, like waterslides. I know that if my mom wouldn't have forced me to go down that slide I never would have done it and I would have missed out on that super fun slide. It's not just about water slides though it's about life, if you worry too much you will miss out on lots of fun things that you wouldn't do if you were scared. And so, I headed to my mom to confess and then I headed to the top to do it all over again.