

# Confessions of a Shorty

by Razia Butt 10w

I remember looking up at the towering metallic beast that snaked around me, hurling around at back-breaking speeds. Screams of thrill seekers echoed from every direction. The very sound sent shivers of excitement down my spine.

Clutching my stuffed prizes close to me like priceless treasures I descended, never wanting to let the over-sized Scooby Doo, with a slightly scary face, go. A huge grin was plastered to my features like a tacky face-painted clown. I looked up at my dad and let out a yelp of excitement. I didn't even feel embarrassed by holding his hand. How young was I?

The sugary rush of 'hyperactive' additives hidden in a sea of dazzling blue icy liquid raced around my entire body. The sweet, somewhat artificial taste of 'bubblegum' drink I had requested left me feeling content and yet vaguely sick with an accompanying azure tongue to match. We joined the end of what seemed to be an everlasting queue and waited. I practically jumped up and down on the spot, my excitement growing with every tiny step I took.

I remember studying the magnificent structure in complete awe of the sheer brilliance of it all. I longed to touch the cold frame but something told me, probably my dad's knowing stare, that it was a bad idea, especially as I wanted to keep all my fingers. The rush of the passing cart above blew my pig-tails into my face, obscuring my view momentarily. Normally, I would have minded but I was too excited to really care. I brushed my wayward hair away and stole a glance at my older brother. He was positively green and was holding his breath. Only after a few seconds I realised he was counting the duration of the phenomena, or as he thought of it, "torture". I allowed myself to laugh at him, savouring his fear and memorising the moment: a perfect opportunity for future blackmail.

As we approached the ride, my exhilaration peaked. As the last few people in front of us were seated, I practically jumped over the metal turnstile to join them. The thirty seconds which felt like infinity finally passed and the awaited click of the barriers being released happened. I the usual scrum of people nearly drowned me, but before I could even touch the soft, material of the modern thrones, the theme-park officials called me over.

My heart racing and my stomach churning, I reluctantly followed. The soaring board which was the height moderator materialised in front of me. I stopped.

I tried to act as natural as possible when trying to elevate my altitude just a few more millimetres without being too obvious. From his dismal expression I realised the new was bad. I almost had to fight back tears when he called my father over.

The steel grey bars enclosed around me and left me locked safely out of the beast's way. The claustrophobia kicked in as the rush of wheels zoomed past me - a cheetah would look sluggish in comparison to the man-made marvel. I contemplated over the fact my family had just deserted me just to be traversed along a rusty track! Traitors.

When the gate was *finally* unlocked I squinted up through the blinding light, my eyes accustomed to the lonely dark. In my moments imprisoned in that bleak coffin, I had come to a decision:

Tomorrow I would wear heels.