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Creative Writing 3rd

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The Line From Hell

Most people associate theme parks with having fun, however in this particular moment, it was anything but fun. Me and my family were on our yearly vacation to Florida during the summer. I was with my mother, my father, my older brother, and my older sister. We flew over to Orlando, and settled into a nice rental home.

As is our tradition, we always make sure to go to every theme park we could. Every year we visit Magic Kingdom, Epcot, Animal Kingdom and, in this case, Universal Studios. It was a really hot day, so we decided to go to the Islands of Adventure park at Universal. Throughout the day, we had a lot of fun on some really good rides. At the time that we were there, the Harry Potter ride had recently opened, so we decided to check it out. There was an entire section of the park dedicated to Harry Potter, and it had attracted a lot of tourist attention. This was when it all started to go wrong. There were people absolutely everywhere; it felt like I was a cow in a slaughterhouse. It was a struggle simply getting in line for the ride. Once we were in line, it started to dawn on me just how hot it was. It was in the south during the summer, so it was well-over 90 degrees, and extremely humid. Sweat started to pour from my forehead as I tried to cool myself down, but I just kept sweating. My vision was starting to grow blurry, and I began to stagger. At this moment I felt like I'd gone to another planet. All that I could grasp were shapeless color formations of what was just there, and I couldn't make sense of my surroundings.

“Jordan, are you feeling alright.” My dad asked me.

“No... no... I ca- I can't... I... I...” No matter how hard I tried to find the accurate words to describe how I felt, this was all that seemed to come out. I tried to regain my balance, but it just got more difficult to stand.

“You should sit down,” my mother suggested. I complied, knowing that if I didn't I might just plummet to the ground. I grabbed a nearby rail and slowly pulled myself down to the cold, stony cement. Still faintly dizzy, I took my water bottle and poured it onto my head. This was something that I'd never felt before: the wooziness, the confusion, the fear, and an overwhelming thought of “How am I going to make it out of this?” Finally, my mother knew it was best to take out of the line, and I gained a bit of relief. After we swam up the proverbial river and made our way through the enormous crowd of people, we were able to break free where I could start breathing fresh air again. After my mom insisted that I drink as much water as I could, I was able to regain my composure. The rest of the day, we all continued to have fun with the occasional water break mixed in.

This was a very eye-opening experience for me. I knew that this would have ended up a lot differently had it not been for my family being there. Even though I realize now that it could have been much worse than it was, at the time I was scared out of my mind. This moment made me realize how much I take them for granted. As the rest of my family told me, it turned out to be very hard for them to get out of line after they went on the ride. I felt lucky in that regard, but I will always feel infinitely more lucky that I have a loving, caring family to get me through tough times. I can't imagine what I'd do without them.