

"The wildest ride of my life!"

I boarded a bus in the mysterious fog. The winds were circling, forming shapes. An eerie, piercing sound grew louder as I entered the forgotten bus. Steep steps got larger as I stepped on them, one by one. It was like I was climbing mount Everest. The bus driver looked like a faceless doll, emotionless and lifeless. The empty hollow bus creeped me out as it creaked as I walked down the aisle. The seats looked dirty, grimy and wet, which was caused from being overused for years. I wondered how many children had to ride that bus before me? The thought made me feel gloomy. Critters infiltrated and thrived on the malnourished bus creating an eerie scenery. People started flooding the bus wearing mysterious symbols and threatening hoods. I knew a cult was on the bus with ME!!!!!!

I was intimidated by the fact that I had menacing visitors surrounding me.

They all sat on the filthy seats and left me aside, which I was glad to be on my own. The old bus driver hit the accelerator before I knew it, we were off! The bus was going suspiciously slow in the ravenous forest, expecting us to take in the scenery. The bus started applying more speed. It went faster and faster until top speed was achieved. The forest now became impossible to see anymore. It was all darkness, until we had finally reached our destination. I could get off and take a deep breath of relief. I had conquered my greatest fear and I felt stronger and more confident. I will have to repeat that journey again tomorrow, like I will for the rest of the year until school finishes. I will be victorious and I will be free!!