

## Kiki's Carnage

It all started off innocent enough. We were at my Grandpa's house for the weekend, a fancy mansion in the hills of Alpentel, with its own inside pool and three floors of rooms which gives hide and seek a whole new dimension. The morning breakfast was eggs and bacon followed by a round of balloon tennis in the living room with Mom's friends. We go there a lot on the weekend's to take me and my brother for our snowboarding lessons. I was all packaged up in little white snow boots and pants, topped off by pink, green, blue and white camouflage snow jacket. When I stepped out of the house, my snow boots crunched in the snow making a satisfying crushing sound and before climbing into Dad's Dodge Durango, I grabbed a second to swipe my puffy glove along a hill of snow built from a bulldozer. Mom admonished me for eating the dirty snow but I defiantly pushed the small mound in my mouth, The snow melting quenched my dry mouth. As we drove down the long and curvy road with eight foot walls of packed snow and ice from the bulldozer, it made me feel like we were driving through a magical labyrinth. I sat quietly as everyone chattered away in excitement about the fun we were going to have, the anticipation slowly building inside of me. After getting to the tubing park, we had to wait in a long line of people to get our entrance tags. I occupied my impatience by occasionally making a snowball and hurling it at my little brother. Dissatisfied with my behavior, Mom corralled me back against a wooden caricature sign making her cut it out face. Dutifully, I posed with Mom to get in a quick Facebook post, but my preordained fate started seconds later when the sign collapsed forward taking all of us down. I shrugged in innocence as Mom gave me a threatening glance questioning my culpability.

The runs went quickly but I was able to get in all my favorite moves; the Spinning Wheel, Superman, and the Backward barrel. We were at the bottom of the hill, when on a large speaker, they called for the last run. Even though I was tired at that point, I was determined to squeeze in one more run. I wanted to do a running jump start. I took my large round black inner tube to the boy, whose job was to hook me up on the cable line which transports me up the hill. My mom and her friend were on second cable line on the right. I defiantly stayed in the left line, insisting to my Mom I was big enough to go by myself. I had no intention in being the last one in line for our group if they called it over at some point at the top of the hill. After I was hooked up and the creaky cable slowly pulled me up the hill I took in the moment, I was behind my brother and Charlie but still ahead of my Mom and her friend. I scooted back in the inner tube, my mouth wide and my tongue out to catch the snowy rain that had started to fall. It was important to hydrate myself for the final run. As we slowly ascended to the top, I laid back and relaxed, preserving my energy. I looked up at the snowy mountaintops that surrounded us. The sky was gray and I noticed the clouds began to move and churn above me. Brushing off the omen, I closed my eyes as the tube slowly crept up the hill, occasionally feeling a bump from hitting pre packed mounds of snow.

Slowly as the cable pulled me along, bouncing me gently, excitement surged in me as I realized we were getting near the top. Just before ascending the final stretch, things got a little more interesting. I heard the sound first. It was a large snap and a quick yelp by the staff. I wasn't quite sure what they yelled but I popped up from my inner tube to look. A large older boy

was careening down towards us in his inner tube, free from the cable. I was the fourth one back. I immediately grabbed my handles reeling from trying to take in what was happening around me straining to determine what I had to do. The boy's tube picked up speed from his large build. First, he collided with Charlie. It was like a movie in slow motion. I watched him be thrown from the tube in fury, as his inner tube flipped and bounced. Legs flying in different directions until he landed on the ground, snow flying from the hit. Then as the large boy hit my brother's tube, my brother was ousted, leaving the tube to rock back and forth on its own in eerie emptiness. My brother landed face first in a snow ridge between the two cable lines. My eyes popped open and fear gripped me as I saw my brother look up dazed and confused. Our eyes connected as the boy's tube ricocheted off of my brother's tube, he had a snickering smile as he turned his head forward away from the carnage that was my brother. , He now headed towards me with that menacing smile on his face. I gripped the handles more tightly, squinting my eyes in anger for what he did to my brother and stared him down, digging into the ground daring him to come my way. The boy crashed into me but the collision made his tube come to an immediate stop, I smiled in victory at him that I had avenged my brother, until like a cable car disconnecting from a train, my inner tube seemed to take on a will of its own. Horror gripped me as I began to spin and notice the boy's defeated look took on a sick sneer as I was spun 180 and disconnected from the cable line. I glanced back over to see the fat boy rolling away from his inner tube. I quickly gathered my senses and realized I was the one steering the train now. I looked straight ahead toward the line of faces, all consumed with surprise and indecision. In the background, I heard the staff continue to yell for everyone to get out of the way. At the bottom of the hill, the fortunate ones quickly disembarked from their tubes.

I put my feet in the tube to secure myself and grabbed my front handles as if I was riding a wild horse. I had no intention of jumping from the tube. I tried not to show it but I was filled with a mixture of fear and sick excitement on how this was going to end. I bobbed up and down as the metal cable jostled and bounced, dodging contact with my face, expertly navigating the course. I crashed into person after person in front of me. I watched as people were tossed and thrown from their tubes. At one point, I careened past my Mom and her friend but not before noticing the horror that had taken refuge on her face. My eyes blinked from the rain hitting me as I picked up speed hearing the cries surrounding me, people yelling for others to get out of the way. I barreled down the line, occasionally jostled as I ricocheted off people. It was better than bumper cars! I finally came to a stop near the bottom of the hill after hitting a large man whom was either not quick enough to get off his tube or someone determined to be the next hero. It felt like I hit a cement wall when I collided into him. We looked at each other in silence for a quick second, him probably waiting to see if I was going to start crying. I smiled politely at him, gathered myself and calmly stood up.

My Mom rushed to my side insisting to know if I was hurt. I embraced her consoling arms around me, excited for the concern. I nodded to assure her but looked over her arms and looked up to see the carnage. The hillside was scattered with bodies of color. It looked like a battle scene. People were slowly beginning to get up, dusting the wet snow off themselves and immediately recapping their version of events. I secretly smiled at the disaster but hoped no one was hurt.

“Kiki, answer me. Are you ok?” I looked up at my mom, unable to suppress my burning question.

“Mom can we do that again?”