

The Dead End



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It was summer, but the clouds were hovering over the people at the carnival. It was a gloomy day, with a sense of unhappiness and stress which was exactly the way that I was feeling.

My heart was pounding so rapidly that I couldn't keep up with my heartbeat. It felt as though time was travelling steadily, as if it only had a direction but no destination. The apprehensiveness inside of me was taking over my whole body. I had already made my decision; there was no turning back now. My name is Clair, and I'm about to undertake a task that may petrify me whether I like it or not.

We had been standing in the queue for what seemed to be a very, very long time. In a way I felt relieved, because that gave me more time to ponder about whether or not I was going on the daunting roller-coaster, "The Dead End", alongside my two best friends, Sammy and Julia. Sammy, who is fifteen years old, is an absolute humourist who constantly puts an act of toughness without ever revealing his true emotions. Julia, who is sixteen years old, is one of those stress-free human beings with a bucket-full of positivity and sarcasm within her. The both of them know how much of a weaking I am so it didn't take long before I was forced into going on the roller coaster by my assertive friends.

As the three of us made our way across the greasy stairway up to the uninviting

carriages. I couldn't help but notice the sign of warning surrounding me. It read, "Everybody goes in, but may not come out". Promptly, after I read the sign, the hairs on my arms stood on edge and a feeling of uncertainty flooded over me. I told myself that it was just a wave of negativity and continued to walk up the filthy stairs still upholding a bit of doubt in my mind. I planted myself into a seat, alongside my two friends and focused my attention toward the stealthy tunnel that lay right before my eyes. I clenched my fists with despondence, tensed my muscles and attempted to control my breathing. Am I going to be okay or was I just fooling myself?

I felt as though there was a circus going on in my stomach. Backflips, twirling, turning, yelling, screaming. The thoughts in my head were as faint as seeing the sun in grey clouds. I was bewildered, timid. I wanted to do back, but it was too late. Screech. Screech. Screech. The carriages were shuffling forward along with a few shrieks and screams and before we knew it, the ride had begun.

The cool breeze was hitting my face, causing me to shiver. I turned around and saw the disquieting faces of my friends and decided to link arms with each other in hope for a little more comfort. Although, it didn't seem to give me any reassurance due to the fact that the only visible scene in front of me was an unilluminated tunnel. We entered the tunnel; it was pitch-black. There was no movement. Nothing. Until I saw a flash of red light. It came closer and closer. Nearer and nearer. Suddenly we took a sharp turn and dived down into nowhere. It felt as though the carriages were travelling 300km per hour and so was my stomach. Everything was vibrating. I was concerned about the stability of this ride, but that was the least of my concerns. I felt a tap on my shoulder. I swiftly turned around to examine my shoulder but there was no sign of anything. There was something or someone out there and this thought made my blood run as cold as ice.



I was quivering with uttermost anxiousness. There were piercing daggers spiralling around us, hands covered in blood popping out into our faces and flashes of horrifying clowns smiling right down into our souls. We were making sharp turns and bends, going up large cliffs and plunging down slopes. Although, there was one figure in particular that seemed to be following us around. It was a black-hooded man with very unclear features. He's eyes were following me as though he knew where I was going to go next. Unexpectedly, the ride stopped all of its sudden turns and twists, but instead it went in the same direction for a change. For a moment I thought the ride was coming to a close, but the only thing coming to an end was my relief. I started wailing from the top of my lungs. The only concept running through my mind was "I think I'm going insane". The hooded figure was coming closer and closer, until it was 30cm away from my face. It pronounced, "You may have come out this time, but I assure you that won't be the case next time!" In the distance I saw a ray of light growing larger in it's size. A rush of solace came into contact with me. "It's okay, I'm okay", I repeated to myself and got out of the carriage with a huge sigh.

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එකදුත් එක පැයකදී දිය වර් ලස්සන විලක් තිබුණා. ඒ විලේ හංස යුචලන් සහ ඉබ්බා විලක් එකතු වුණා.

එකී ඉබ්බාගේ මහලයා වැනි ඒ ලොකු නිහඬයි දිනිවුණා. විලේ චන්ද්‍ර හඳුනා. හංස යුචලා සහ ඉබ්බා විලක් නැතිවී නැතිවී වැනිවුණා.

හංසගේ වෙනත් විලක් නොසා යාමට සිදුවුණේ ඉබ්බාගේ භවයක් නිසාවෙනි. ඉබ්බා විලක් නිසාවෙනි ඉබ්බා විලක් නිසාවෙනි ඉබ්බා විලක් නිසාවෙනි.

කල්පනා කළ හංසගේ දෙදෙනා මි නෝවුන් දෙදෙනාත් නොවීන් අලලාගෙන යාද්දී ඉබ්බා ඒ නෝවුන් මැදින් නිවුන් අලලාගෙන යානින ලා හංසගේ වුණා. අලලන් විලකට යන තීරු නිසා නොනැන්න ඉබ්බා පොහොන්දු වුණා. නිත් දෙනාට දින විලක් කිට්ටුවට අහසින් පැවිණියා.

පෙළේදී කවිත් සිටි ලොව පැවිණි වෙය දින "අහසින් ගිය ඉබ්බා" නිසාවෙනි ගැනෙහි. වෙය දින ඉබ්බා නෝවුන් පත් වුණා. ඉබ්බාට පොහොන්දු අලලන වුණා. ලොවින් බිනින ගිණුමෙන් පොහොන්දු ඉබ්බා නව දිනෙහි. ඒවා ඉබ්බා අප්පුණේ සිට බිබා වැටී වැටෙනා. නව පුළුස්ස වු නිසා ගැනි වෙ නොනැන්න ඉබ්බා විලකට පත් වුණා. හංසගේ දිය වර් විලට ඉබ්බා ගියා.

Ryanie Subawerage class 3
 රයනි සුභවීරගේ 3 පන්තිය