

Merry-Go-Round

by Jake Barnes

Most kids love carnival rides. I did not. I liked to throw darts at balloons and eat caramel apples, but rides like the tilt-a-whirl and Ferris wheel, no. My favorite ride was the merry-go-round. That was safe enough, and it didn't make me sick. I *hated* the tilt-a-whirl. My friends would twist my arm, and I'd go, and every time I'd get a queasy stomach and throw up.

I steered clear of the pony rides, too. I got talked into it once. The other kids' ponies were docile. They plodded around and around in a circle. Mine tried to bite me. He went over to a corner and just stood there.

I thought the Ferris wheel was dumb. All it did was give you a high altitude view of the little Minnesota town where I had grown up. Boring.

Roller coaster? Don't even mention it. I've never been on a roller coaster, and I wouldn't go on one if my life depended on it.

The merry-go-round. Now there's a good ride. The carved and painted horses are works of art. The music is good, too. You don't hear that kind of music in church. The music is fun, it's crazy. It's diabolical. The undertones of mad hilarity appeal to my dark side.

You can learn things from riding the merry-go-round, too. You get on, you go in a circle, you get off. What's important is the last part. Don't forget to get off when the music stops. There are a lot of situations in life that this applies to.

