

The Sour Spray

“That last ride was the best wasn’t it Rodger?” exclaimed John to his brother as they walked down the dimly lit streets. “Yes and the best bit was when you threw-up over the edge of the Smiler!” chuckled Rodger rubbing his hands together and pulling his hood up as the first drops of rain from the sky. Looking up, John grimaced “Nooooo! I left my signed cap at Alton Towers I have to go back. Tell mum I’ll be home for pudding.” And with that, John ran back to Alton Towers leaving Rodger behind.

Puffing and panting, John ran across the gloomy, mist filled car-park until he came to the entrance of Alton Towers railway system. Boarding the train, he took it all the way to the main entrance. “Where did I leave it?” wondered John as he walked past the Smiler up a ramp and into the café where they’d had lunch. There it was lying on the table where he had left it. “Thank goodness,” said John. “Imagine if I had left it behind and no-one believed me.”

Without warning, a door slammed shut. John jumped. A shadow slid around the tables and chairs. John froze, his heart pounding like a base drum. He shivered as the sound of footsteps crept nearer and nearer but who was it? A burst of ice cold air sent a shiver down John’s spine. Edging closer to the counter, he grasped the first thing he could find and clenched it in his fist.

John’s eyes darted around the room, looking for an exit. Horrified, it hit him that there wasn’t one. The footsteps were coming closer. A shadow loomed up in front of him. Without thinking, John raised the can into the air and pushed the nozzle down as hard as he could. Sour liquid filled the air as an almighty scream swamped the room.

John fled the theme park as fast as he could through the main gates down the streets and across the road, wind blowing through his hair. Arriving home, John blurted out his story to his mum. A moment later, the door squeaked open and in stumbled Rodger, eyes bloodshot and watering, holding a familiar cap. In an instant, John realised what had happened. “I don’t know,” said mum as they all muffled a laugh. “You two never learn,” John, who was relived his adventure was over, turned on the TV.

By Daniel