Bill was a brave kid in most cases. He was relaxed when talking with kids and adults. He was not afraid of the dark. He even liked snakes.

But Bill hated heights. It may have started years ago when Bill and his friends were climbing trees. Bill had not realized how high he had climbed. When everyone else was climbing down, Bill looked at the ground below, which now seemed so far away, and felt overpowered with fear.

When Bill’s friends saw that Bill was stuck, they ran to Bill’s house and got his dad. His dad borrowed a tall ladder and got him down.

Last year, Bill and his older brother Steve went to Six Flags Amusement Park. Steve wanted to go on The Comet, a rollercoaster with a big drop. He said to Bill, “Once you go on it, you will see how fun it is!” Bill wanted
to get over his fear of heights and go on the ride with Steve. They waited in a long, long line.

As they got closer to the ride, Bill looked up at the people on the coaster. When the coaster got to the top of the ramp, many people put their hands in the air and let out a big scream or laugh. They did seem to be having fun, but who knows? Maybe there was someone on the ride who was suffering and regretting that he had gotten on.

At the last second, when they were almost next in line, Bill told Steve, “I’m not going,” and stepped out of line. Steve was confused, not knowing if he was allowed to go on the ride alone, as everyone else seemed to be in pairs.

Steve got out of line too, and he was mad because he did not have time to wait in the line again. In the car ride home he said, “Bill is no fun at an amusement park. Next time we should just leave him at home.”