

With butterflies in her stomach, Amelia squished herself into the crate, folding her knees to her chest tightly. She clasped her hands to the sides of the crate with all her might.

“Okay, Pidge! Countdown!” shouted Uncle Nicey.

Pidge took a deep breath and yelled, “Three ... two ... one ...”

*ZOOM!* Amelia soared down the rickety-rackety track. The wind slapped her face, fighting against her, daring her to ride her roller coaster. She would not let anything stop her this time—not even the wind. High in the air, she was filled with a sense of power that she had never felt before.

Her heart raced as fast as the roller coaster flew. When the ride dipped, her tummy dropped. When the crate bumped on the track, Amelia’s body jerked. The girl and the roller coaster were no longer two separate things. They had become one.

