

Jonathan and his friends are excited about the carnival coming to Goshen this summer.

“Hey, did you guys hear that a circus is coming to Goshen the same weekend as the carnival?”

“Now, what are we going to do?” I asked my friends.

We all decide that we want to go to both. So, we decided to go to the carnival on Friday night and the circus on Saturday.

Finally, the weekend we had all been looking forward to arrived. We got ready and headed to the carnival.

The lights were on. The music was blaring. It was packed with people. The first ride we went on was the go karts. It was awesome, running my friends off the track as I zoomed past them.

All sweaty, we got off the karts and headed off the track to the next ride. “Where is Jake?” We all looked around but couldn’t find him.

“He was just in his kart. Let’s go look there.”

We ran over to where the go karts were parked. We spotted the yellow kart Jake was driving and ran over. He is in a ball in the back. Stuck. Not moving.

I see a crow bar and run over to get it. My friends and I help each other try to pry open the door. Some clowns see us struggling and come over to help.

We finally get it open and see that Jake is hurt. Someone did something to him.

The clowns call the police.

As we all stand there, staring, we hear the sirens quickly approaching. Cop cars, an ambulance and fire truck all pull up. They push us back and tell us to go home. We watch as they cart Jake away.

We decided to never come back to the carnival. We decided to not go to the circus the next night.