

RealityLand

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Hello, old friends! After a prolonged absence I am back with more weirdness, such as this supernatural tale of a theme park you wished you never went to...



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Iâ€™m in trouble here.

No seriously, Iâ€™m in real trouble. Not â€œ Oh, I burnt the roast and companyâ€™s comingâ€ kind of trouble. Iâ€™m talking â€œ life or deathâ€ kind of trouble here.

Iâ€™m looking at my BlackBerry and it previously had three bars, now only one. No WiFi. Iâ€™m like 15 feet underground. Itâ€™s still daylight, which is good, sure but when night time comes I wonâ€™t be able to see shit, seriously.

Off to my right there are steps like a ladder embedded into the walls that will allow me safe passage, but every time I try to go on them, the second or third gets sucked into the wall and I fall backwards onto the sandy floor. My ass is killing me! I feel like I fractured my tailbone or coccyx, whatever the hell those doctors call it.

Let me back up a minute. Iâ€™m sure a lot of you have no idea what Iâ€™m talking about and I sound like a lunatic. Well, in certain respects I feel like I am.

Hereâ€™s the story:

My name is Jake Spencer. Iâ€™m.. Well I used to be a high powered New York Stock Broker with a firm known as Altavest Worldwide Trading Inc. I had a multiple six figure salary and I was doing very well, thank you very much. But, old greed took over and I thought â€œ why not make more?â€

So, I met up with two partners. Not that it matters much, but their names are Adib Masihishpur and Leonard Wiseberg.

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Well, me, Adib and Len met in a boardroom one day (me wearing a nice suit, rare given my penchant for sweatpants and AC/DC T-shirts) for a new idea to make some more garbanzos.

My idea? A theme park. Yeah, a theme park.

I figured, well, New York State only has a few.. Darien Lake, Adventureland, the Magic Forest. Theyâre shit to say the least. You know, same old, same oldâlthrillless rollercoasters, lame carousels, the swings that go round and round, a water park..big deal, right? I wanted to give the people something differentâsomething that children and parents alike could enjoy.

My friends, my pitch was RealityLand.

Yes, a theme park based on the trials and tribulations of day to day living.

For instance, we have a ride called âThe Interest Rateâ which is a roller coaster that frequently goes âup and downâ, get it? The kicker is, you can go on it in your own car and using state of the art technology (spared no expense), we have magnetic clamps that attach to the rims of your car so you go through the multiple loop-de-loop joy ride personally. With family or without..we donât care. Weâre hoping for addiction.

Then thereâs âThe Divorceâ. This is one is a wild upside down spinner that starts off mild making you think, âThis ain't so badâ until itâs gets to a point whereby you are wishing you never got into this to begin with, catch my drift? If you didnât vomit, Iâd be surprised.

Then there is my personal favorite..âThe Layoffâ. In this one you have a false sense of security..you are all bundled in and tight and secure like nothing wrong could ever happen right? Wrong-o! The floor disappears beneath you and you get thrown off onto your back and spun out on control! The G-Force is so strong itâs like plastic surgery done to your face. Itâs so wild. I love it!

Anyhow, that leads us up to today. My partners gave me and my family a âpre-viewâ day of the park alone. They totally loved it, my kids and wife, which was my ultimate goal.

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The park has this particularity though which is that no one can bring their own food into the grounds. The whole point is that they will be forced to buy food at our franchises at outrageously elevated prices. Sounds good, right? Well, you always get those this families that try to pass by the system saying, â Oh, we have an allergyâ or â Oh, we have a religious objectionâ .

Oh really?

Well, well, me Adib and Len came up with a solution. No food allowed in the park at any time. You want grub? We have Kosher stations, Certified Halal stations, vegetarian booths, lactose intolerant shit, gluten free stuff..you need it, we got it but you pay our price (which is triple what itâ s worth, truth be told). Donâ t like it? Leave. A least we got your admission! Hah!

Anyways, I guess God was paying attention to my shenanigans. My family left early as my daughter had soccer practice so I was on my own to experiment with the rest of the park. So, I decided to try â The Mortgageâ on my lonesome.

An unforgiving pit with moveable rungs of a ladder embedded on the side of the wall that could potentially leave you at the bottom for eternity. So I get lowered in with the safety harness, right? Then the harness gets removed and you are your own to get out. So I think, â Okay, this is cute..it fails on me a couple of times..sooner or later someone is gonna come to my rescue or the ladder will actually work.â

No dice.

I have been in here for like three hours. No communication. I have tried calling Adib, Len, my familyâ lnada. Zilch. Zero.

The crazy thing is..it knows.

The ride *knows*.

Somehow it *knows* I am behind on my mortgage payments by like three months..it *knows* and it wonâ t let me outta the pit until I pay. I feel like vomiting. I am choked, insecure, like the walls are closing in.

I feel like that guy from the movies..you know the one I mean..Ryan something..Ryan Gosling..No. Ryan Seacrest? No, better looking. Itâ s..itâ s that Canadian guy..Ryan Reynolds, thatâ s it! In that movie â Buriedâ where heâ s underground with the snake and shit..Iâ m not saying Iâ m that bad but it is comparable.

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I have screamed out..all I got was laughter. The staff have long since gone. Pretty soon itâs gonna be dark. I know theyâll find me in the morning I know they will, but my Brooks Brothers pants and matching tie will be all soiled from sleeping in the dirt. There could be lice..worms..who the hell knows?

Iâm scared.

Iâm really scared.

I donât know if this was such a great idea. Letâs let reality play its own course and not screw around with it. Wouldnât you agree?

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