

Essay on The Scene at A Video Arcade Centre

The first thing I noticed about the video arcade centre was that it was incredibly noisy. Sounds of gunfire, explosion, squealing brakes, roaring engines and electronic music filled the air.

I was at the centre with my uncle who wanted to challenge me to a race on the racing console. He said that I had no chance of winning for I did not know how to drive a car and he had been driving for years. Anyway, I accepted the challenge and there we were at the arcade centre.

The centre was packed with youngsters huddled around the various game's consoles playing the many types of games available. Some were astride motorcycling look-alike while trying to go as fast as they could on the electronic screen. It was not easy as I saw many of these riders lose control and the motorcycles on the screen crash out.

Yet others were involved in shooting villains on the screen. It was very exciting to watch strange and monstrous creatures appear on screen only to be shot down and be disintegrated. Some of the action appearing on the screens were quite indescribable. They have to experience to be appreciated. Anyhow, I could see that the arcade centre was a place designed for the young. Not many old people could be seen. I suppose that they would not be able to tolerate such a feast of electronic sights and sounds.

The players share one characteristic in common. They were totally absorbed in their games. Who would not be, when the action presented on the screen required total attention, otherwise one would lose the game and then have to spend more money to play a new one.

After watching others play the games, we finally managed to get two seats on the racing game. Altogether there were six seats available for the racing game. So, my uncle and I had to contend with four other racers, all youngsters like me.

We inserted the required number of Coins and started the race. For about three minutes all I knew was that I was driving an electronic car at breakneck speed down a race track on the screen. It was not easy to keep the car under control. I crashed a couple of times but I managed to finish the race. The action was fast and furious. When we finished I was sweating from head to toe. My uncle was sweating from head to toe too. I looked at the race result. I had come in second in the race and my uncle, sixth. He was last, the experienced driver that he claimed to be! He looked embarrassed to have lost to five young inexperienced drivers who did not even possess a valid driving license.

Anyhow, we left the game and walked out of the arcade centre. The experience proved to tax on my uncle. He had to go and have a smoke and a drink. We adjourned to the food centre one floor above the arcade centre.