



THE
LEOPARD PRINT
VOL. 3 NO. 1



Editor's Note

We all want to be noticed. At first we learn crying does the trick. It isn't long before whining and pouting are added to our attention-getting toolkit. As we grow older we find there are more effective and socially acceptable ways to gain attention, each with varying degrees of subtlety. We flirt, praise, joke, and criticize (please notice how smart I am!)

Occasionally when it's time to step it up a notch we resort to behavior we learned as children. Back we go to crying, stomping our feet, or like the child pictured on the front cover, screaming.

I hope by this point you've had a chance to see both the front cover and back cover of this magazine as a *combined image*.



Back Cover



Front Cover

When examining the front alone, the impression is of an angry child demanding attention.

However, when combined with the back cover, a new idea emerges – that of passion channeled through the arts. This is what the Leopard Print magazine is about: allowing our students to gain healthy attention through the printed page.

In this issue we have included a variety of submissions from 6 year olds to faculty pieces. Students have written about their experiences finding lost horses, getting stranded in airports, sky-diving, surviving haunted houses, and leaving the country they consider "home."

We hope you enjoy what our students have submitted for this year's first issue. And please, if you enjoy a piece, take a moment to let its author know.

Editorial Note: As is our custom, we have not edited the articles we received (with only a few minor exceptions.) Grammar and spelling errors have been retained as an artifact, a record, of where each student was at a certain time in his or her writing career.

Thank you for your support of the Leopard Print. We hope you enjoy Issue 1!

Sincerely,

Chris Hilgeman
Leopard Print Advisor and Issue 1 Editor

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Image Credits: [Soccer Ball] - OpenClipArt Vectors; [Colored Fencing] - Karen Arnold; [Family Silhouette] - Alexas_Fotos; [Coffee Paper Background] - Ruthe Meriele; [Mountain Lake] - Logga Wiggler; [Mountains] - public domain; [Chandelier] - Peter Pruzina; [Paisley Background] - Oberholster Venita; [background dark] - webtreats; [camels] - xisdom; [Haunted House] - gmcreea; {paper texture} - ulotkidruk



My Water Gun

By Colin Park

The Bleeding Ear

By Alex Hernandez

It was a super hot summer day in Philadelphia and my Grandpa Will took my brother and I to a shop called 5 Below. My grandpa promises that every year he will take us there.

When we finally got there we went in and saw floaties, inflatable pools and water guns. Suddenly I saw a ginormous, blue, plastic backpack with a big orange tube attached to a green gun. I grabbed my grandpa's hand and dragged him to the water gun. I grabbed the toy and gave it to my grandpa and I said, "Can you buy this?"

He said "Yes." I put the toy on the desk, the worker scanned it and my grandpa Will paid. I took my water gun and kissed it.

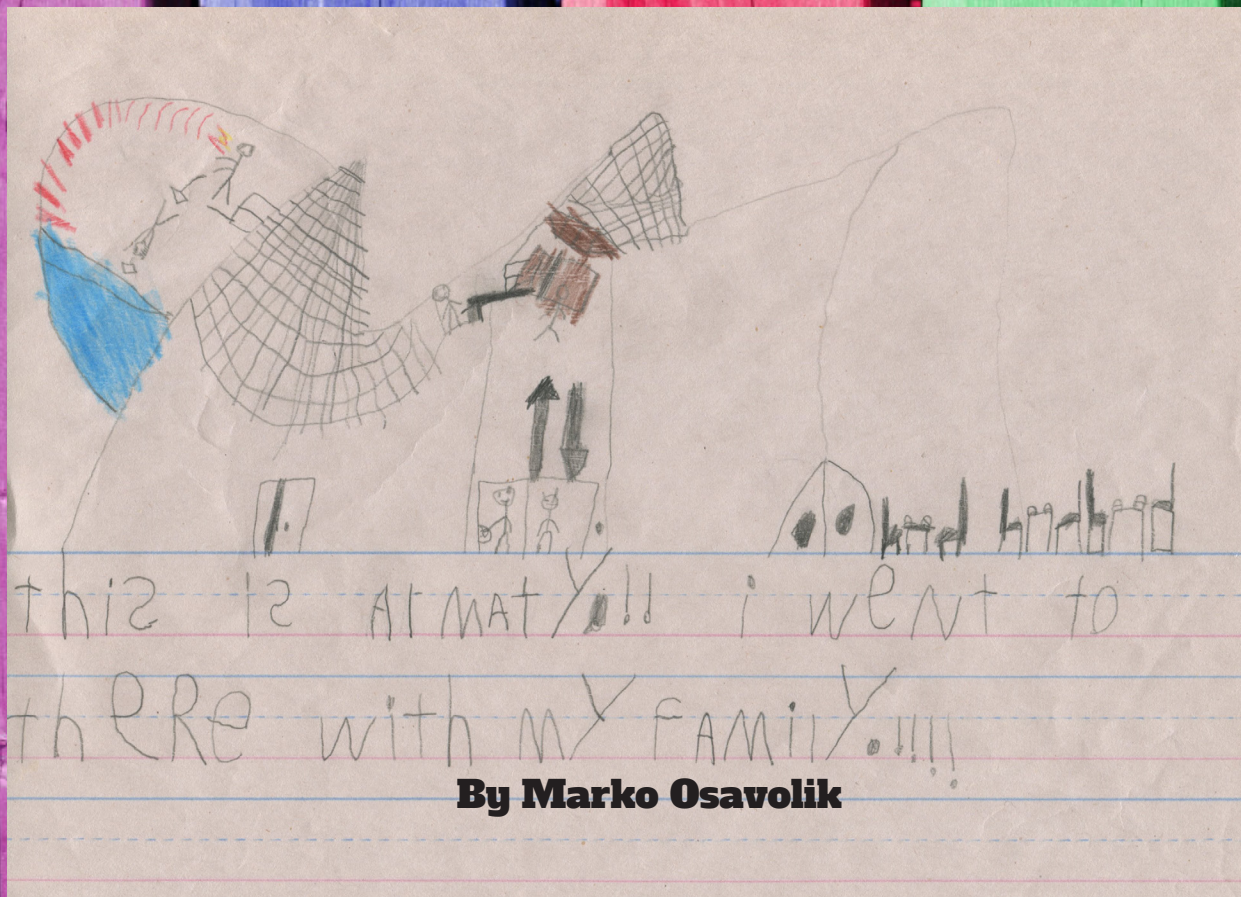
When we got back home, I turned on the hose, filled up my water gun, and sprayed the plants that my grandma and grandpa had.

The same day my mom said that we would have a pool party at a friend's house. The friend's name was Avery. When we got there, we had a water gun fight. The stickers on my toy fell off and dissolved, but I still had fun because my friends had a pool cleaner that I rode it like a horse.

I was at my friend's house playing. We were having a treasure hunt. The bounty was behind the storage room but of course it was just chocolate coins.

After that we went home very late so I and my brother got fussy. My dad then carried us to our room. On the way a door hit my ear, and I felt the pressure on my bleeding ear as my face started turning red. My dad said, "Calm down!" My head was dumped in icy cold water. The cut soon became clear. It looked as if a tiger had bit me. My dad rushed to his room, struggling to find a First Aid Kit. When he found the kit, his fingers dug through it like spiders spinning their web. When he came back carrying the kit, he found me snoring in the sink fast asleep. He slowly put the bandage on me then tucked me in bed.

The next day, my mom unwrapped the bandage and saw that it was healing but I had to go to the doctor so he or she see if it was infected. My eyes were very red after crying. Once we were there the doctor got a cotton ball and squeeze out the blood. I came home with a bandage.



Writing Masterpieces by the Five Year Olds

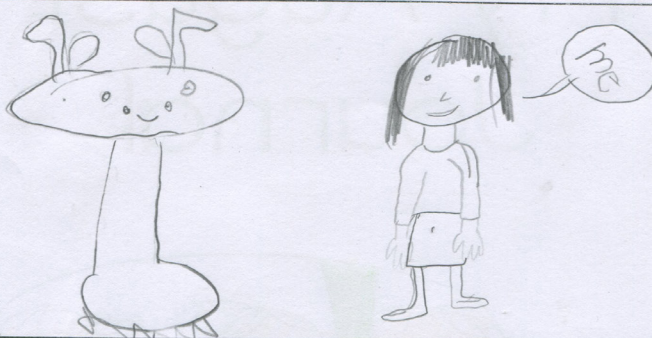
9/5/16



I went to the
Park.

By Agata Mikhailova

2030010



Hi I'm ELANOR
I Like♥♥♥ Traps
And♥♥♥ Hops

By Elanor Kortluck-Ortega

Sdfiya



THIS IS MY FAMILY.

By Safia Alaferdova

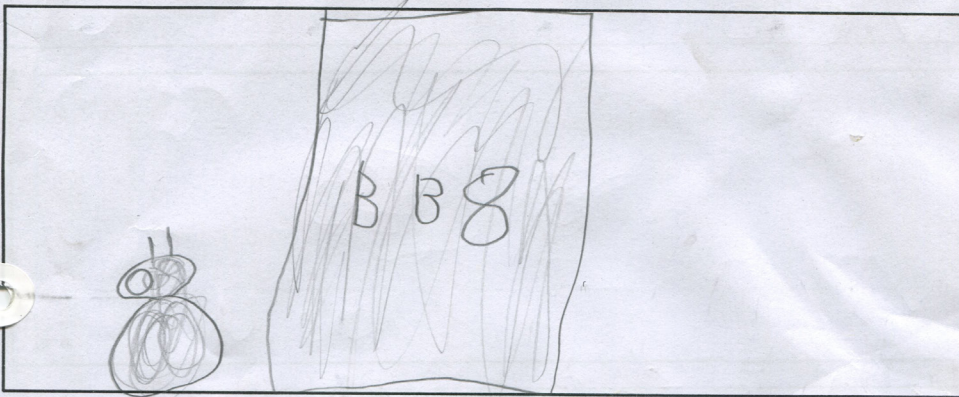
9/13/16



My favorite color
is seafoam green.

By Fiona Pavicic

9/1/16



we BOUGHT the
BB8. the BB8 WAS
SO FUN.

By Maximiliano Hernandez

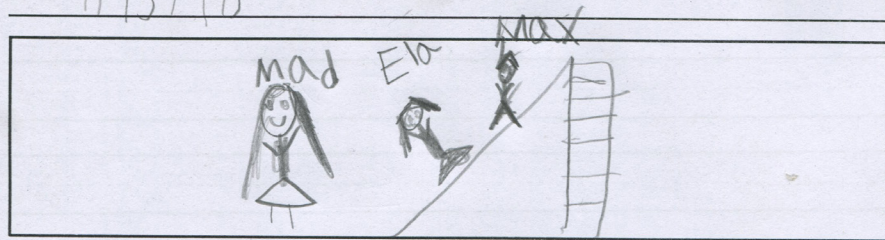
9/1/16 All in d



YES + ER DAY Dad, Mom
and I were at the Supermarket
and I got a dress.

By Alyona Zhadanova

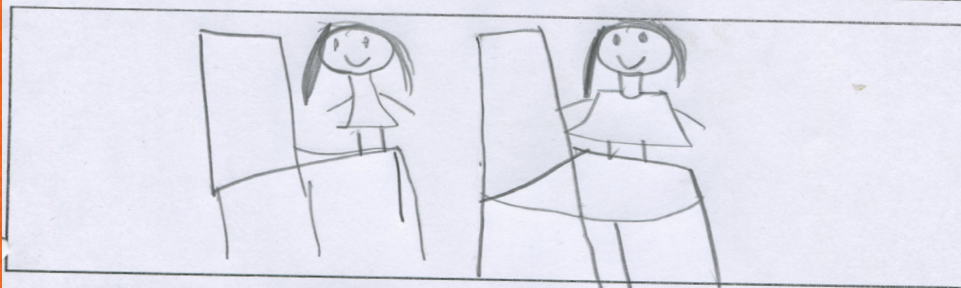
9/13/16



I like to Play out
side with Max and Ela.

**By Maddyson
McMillian**

10/3/16



I went to ella's hause
and we playd a bath grawn
no budx was It we
canot stepdawn.

By Stela Mitul

Family Fun

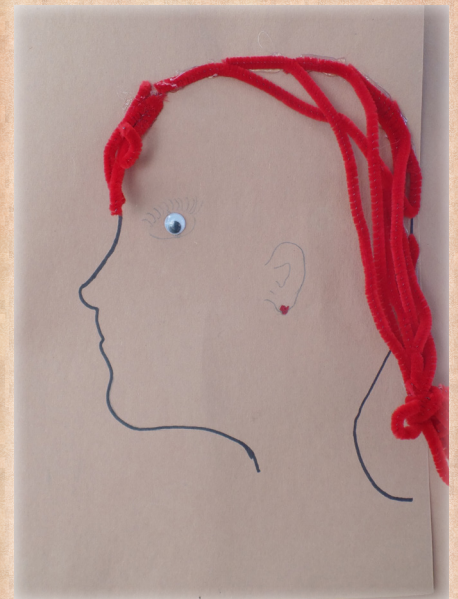
I like to jump on my trampoline
When I fly towards the clouds,
my mom makes me jump higher
because I tell her to.
Me and my family
like to go swimming too.
When I swim like a seal,
I like to use my feet as flippers.



By Aelwen Seaver

Time at my Grandparents House

I love going to visit my grandparents
especially at Christmas
when my cousins come.
Sometimes my dad, my brother
and I go in the attic
of my grandparents home.
Even though my Grandma is not happy
when she sees us in there!
It makes me laugh
when she yells at my dad.
So we need to get out
Next time, we need to close the door!



By Gaia Sarandrea

Family Sports and Food is Good

My family is special to me
they play with me a lot
we play soccer, kids verses parents
score was 21 to 52
the kids won!
My family is special to me
I cook with my mom and Dad
pasta, ravioli, curry, chicken,
spaghetti, cow, pig
Foods makes us healthy and happy.



By Ashton Butler

My Family

My family and I love to slide
on the water slides
when the Sun shines bright.
My Mom buys me and
my little brither
vanilla chocolate ice-cream
My family and I
love to go to Issyk-Kul.
We play om the beach,
and make sandcastles
with my little brother



By Aisenem Mamakeeva

Leaving Pakistan

By: Manaaim Somani

It was a humid, starry, dark, blue night. I was happy and sad. I was happy because we were going to celebrate my second birthday. We didn't get to celebrate it as we usually did because we only had a little furniture left. We were moving to Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan that night. We were moving because my dad had a job there and wanted us to be with him. When we were just about to drive to the airport, my parents noticed I was missing.

Then they went around asking people, "Have you seen Manaaim?" Meanwhile I was crying hard. Finally they found me at my aunt's doorstep. When my parents arrived, I cried, "Don't make me leave my relatives. Why can't we stay here?" my aunt promised she would make my dad and family visit every year, so finally I agreed to go to the airport.

I felt guilty because we might have missed our flight all because of me. We ran and unexpectedly reached the flight at the last second. Ever since that day, I have never made a fuss about going to flights. My aunt is still fulfilling her promise. We go to Pakistan every year or two.

Halloween and The Haunted Hall

By Mateo Magan

Last Halloween was so exciting and fun. Last Halloween my family and I made a haunted hall instead of a haunted house because we live in an apartment. My mom put a sheet of red paper on all the lights, so it will make the hall light up with red.

My sister and I had amazing costumes. My sister was a creepy doll, and I was a grim reaper. Since I was a grim reaper I had a scythe, but now it is broken.

I scared a man that looked so tough, but he screamed like a little girl. He jumped like two meters from where he was standing. One of my friends were helping us scare people. He scared people by sitting under a chair and punching it when people walk by the chair. That was the best Halloween I ever had!





Clown (Top)

The boy up there is a Korean traditional clown. The clowns wore masks to portray their role in the play. Often times men took the role of a woman as well, because in those times women were not allowed to join the clown crew after a certain point. The mask he's wearing represents a bride. The bride usually plays the role of alluding other role that took place in the play.

*No judgement about his hairstyle, because it's an actual old Korean hairstyle.



Blue Wolf (Left)

I wanted to draw a character that has a mysterious mood, so, I made him wear a mask, and he likes to climb up the trees.

The word on the top right hand corner means "it's the blue wolf" in Chinese.

Drawings and Commentary By Hye Jin Yoo



Be a **P**eacemaker

Be a hop**E**bringer

Be a lovespre**A**der

Be a dream**C**atcher

Be the peac**E** you want to see in
the world.

Dedicated to: The students of QSIB
With PEACE and LOVE: Melissa Stalker

My Trip to Kara-Bulak

by. Arjun Mallick

If any of you, my dear readers, have been to a place that was the best place that you ever visited? This piece of writing is my personal best place that I ever visited! This might even help you choose a trip to the mountains in Kyrgyzstan and maybe even convince you to go to Kara-Bulak. Presenting you is my marvelous day at the beautiful haven that is Kara-Bulak!

Kara-Bulak is a magnificent, delightful, and appealing hamlet nestled among the green mountains of Kyrgyzstan. It is also said to be one of the most beautiful places in Kyrgyzstan so me and my family decided to go a trip there. It all started on the 27th August 2016 when my parents told me to help pack our food and other small things as we were going to Kara-Bulak. "What is Kara-Bulak?" I inquired like and investigator. "It is a beautiful hamlet snug in the great mountains of Kyrgyzstan," my father responded." He added "We are leaving for Kara-Bulak tomorrow so hurry and help with packing.

We weren't the only one in the 'boat' though as this program was made by the whole of the DAT association. So the next day, we left in a hired car because the road was to be very tricky. When we reached the mountains, the road began to get very treacherous. My heart leaped into my mouth as I looked down and saw how high we were from sea level. Soon we had reached Kara-Bulak safely. After we got out of the car, we started laying out our food. We also unpacked the other luggage that we had brought with us. Subsequently, we took some time taking in the fresh air and admiring the nature. I was awestruck at how beautiful the place was. Soon, the American DAT Mr. Derek, laid out some prepared the games that he had brought with him. One game was called "Kan-Jam" which was a very interesting game. The other

game was a northern Viking game called "Kubb". Thereafter, I played soccer with one other kid who was younger than me by a year or two. I don't know his name because he could only speak little English and mostly Kyrgyz or Russian.

The delicacies there were being served soon afterwards. I came back and started eating my lunch. At least I thought that it was lunch. Mr. Derek announced a little while later "Everybody, lunch will be served in 2 hours, finish your breakfast by then". I was shocked as I had already eaten a lot and was very full. I did not have the 'lunch' aside from some snacks and drinks.

Afterwards, we played more games for some time though it started to rain slightly; nobody was really bothered by it. Periodically, it was time for us to leave. Soon, we were back on the deceitful road, but it sure was awesome day in the mountains. Be sure to visit Kara-Bulak, one of the most delightful and appealing hamlet in Kyrgyzstan.

All in all, Kara-Bulak is a place where you, my dear readers, can go and spend a day. Spend the day in the fresh air!



Skydiving

By Mimi Gray-Avery

Oh god, I was about to die. I was about to jump out of an airplane. I was about to skydive. I bounced my leg as my Dad was driving with three girls, including myself, and two other fathers in the car.

"We're almost there" my Dad called. I took a deep breath and let the music continue to drown the rest of the sounds. Looking up at the clouded sky I prayed that this would end up well. The car took a left turn and before I knew it, we were all getting out of the car.

"This is terrifying" Katie sighed. A glance at her made me nod in agreement. But in reality, this was going to be awesome, but it could also be my pre-jump judgment. I dragged my feet along the dirt pathway and I trailed behind the others. The parents reserved the day for us because due to the weather it had to be postponed. Sadly my best friend, Megan couldn't dive with us either day.

"Hello! Welcome, are you the girls jumping today?" and older woman addressed us. I weakly smiled at her while Emma eagerly nodded her head with a bright wide smile plastered on her

face, she glanced back at both Katie and I who also nodded.

"Come along then, shall we?" she ushered us into the building behind her. Inside there was a wall of computers, across from that was a desk with a door off to the left. We were directed towards the computers where we had to fill out a form.

Name: Mimi

Last Name:

My fingers hovered over the keys, unsure of which name to label me as.

"Hey Dad, am I a Gray, or an Avery?" I asked. He walked over and looked at my screen.

"You're a Gray-Avery" he answered.

Gray-Avery

Age: 12

Once all the papers were signed, all of us, excluding Emma who was getting geared up, were standing outside. I swung my legs onto the bench seat and laid down. In order for us to jump, we had to get up at six in the morning. Emma was going first, then I and lastly, Katie. I got my phone out

and checked my Snapchat.

"Hey, guys! So we made it out to the place. Emma's jumping first, I'm after" I spoke as I recorded my voice into the app.

"We're gonna die" Katie's voice rang through my ears.

"No, we're not" I protested from her declaration she shook her head. I gently nudged her as saying 'we'll be fine.'

"At least if the plane fails we won't be the ones dying" I joked although it would be a shame if one of us do end up dying. The girl next to me who wound up to be a year older than me chuckled and nodded her head.

"Even so, ice cream would be a perfect last meal" she smirked. I smiled at her and got up striding towards our dads.

"Hey Dad, can we have ice cream?" I asked.

"Please," I added.

"Remember what your Mom said" he replied. Not the answer I was looking for.

I was being strapped, I drew in a nervous breath as my Dad was stood near snapping pictures whenever he could.

"This," I paused and made a silly face at my dad, "is going to be the death of me" I sighed. Dad lowered his camera enough for me to see his eye roll.

"He's the guy who jumped with your brother. You should trust him."

"I know, I was joking" I smiled. Jake, the camera man walked in and stood beside my Dad.

"Are you excited?" he asked me. Without verbal words I nodded my head, I received a toothy grin from the twenty-year-old. That ended our conversation, he turned his head to the man equipping me and conversed with him in Hungarian.

As the Russian plane ascended into the air, slight fear began to bubble inside me. Before I wasn't scared, I trusted the crew with my life. 3,500 meters(10,000 feet) in the air we started moving. The sliding door opened and huge gusts of wind surged through the small plane, over oxygenating my lungs. As we got closer to the edge anxiety coursed through my veins. With no warning, we were flung out of the plane and into the air. My fears vanished and I found myself screaming in delight, my voice was drowned out but the

winds howling around us as we plummeted to the ground. Thomás, the person I was attached to spun us around. Lake Baltimore, the largest lake in Europe, looked more like an ocean. Jake, who was underneath us, called my name. Making silly faces down at his camera for the majority of the time, I didn't realize the chute being pulling until the sudden jolt. Tearing my eyes off the camera, I gazed at the long highway spanning from both ends of the world, then down at the growing figures of everybody. Steering the way to safety, Tomás brought his right arm down creating a tight 360. As he continued turning us around, the speed of our spinning increased greatly, causing my tired eyes to catch a blur of colors. Immediately I regretted my choice of pre-jump food. Bile rose in my stomach but I refused for it to rise any further. As usual, I swallowed the small amount down and deeply inhaled. Closing my eyes and imagining myself somewhere else, not spinning around. Shouts from the ground quickly brought me back from my dreaming. I smiled at everyone standing down near the safe zone fence.

"Hi!" I shouted. The girls whooped and I threw my arms in the air flailing them around, dancing to imaginary music. The short spur of the moment made the nauseating feeling disperse until even movement seemed too much to handle. I took a deep breath and hung my head, don't puke, don't puke. I chanted multiple times in my head.

"Feet up!" Thomás commanded, lifting my legs into a ninety-degree angle I found it quite useless as we landed on our feet and not bums. Taking a few stumbling steps we fully stopped and I smiled in triumph. I lived. Unlatching ourselves I ran to the other girls and gave them a hug.

"You did it!" Emma squealed, I nodded while laughing at her joy. We both survived.

"The second Tribute survived, let's see if Katniss Everdeen lives to tell the tale" Katie joked. I rolled my eyes and hip-bumped her.

"You can do it girl" I smiled.

The Biography of Arar

By Zachary Baron

Qatar, hot, dry, windy... home. A city with sleek glass behemoths reaching up towards the sky, grounded rockets. It's technology and culture changing as quickly as the sandstorms that streak through Qatar. Engaged in a constant battle between old and new, technology vs culture, aspiration vs history. As Arar said "You would think that it's old but it's not." Arar was born in 2003, he is the 3rd oldest child out of a family of 6 children. He describes his parents as compassionate, responsible and attentive. When Arar was 5 the only thing he wanted to be was a police officer, he has been corrupted by television, and now he says "I don't know what I want to be".

He has a passionate and endearing love for the sport of soccer. Ignited first when he was playing in the fields of Spain. With its flamboyant music and style, and millenniums of history, it also contains Arar's favorite soccer team, Barcelona. This period of time in Spain led Arar to develop his love for soccer and evolve it into what it is today. The schoolkids impersonated their favorite soccer stars, using their moves and sprinting in small jerseys. The games they played resembled air hockey, the ball a flash of black and white, zooming back and forth, shouts of glee and anger could be heard simultaneously.

Like many other days Arar was practicing. His older sister Noora, born 1 year before Arar was walking towards Arar, eventually standing close to her brother and the goal. Arar was hitting the ball with ferocity when Noora came to tell him it was time to go to school, Arar asked for a few more shots, proclaiming that the soccer team had a match soon and that he wanted to practice whenever he had time, Noora conceded and Arar fired off his last few shots with the most power. He shot the balls like well aimed, round missiles. The metal monster that Arar was firing at finally retaliated, fed up at always being shot at, it started to tremble and shake, then groan,... before it unleashed a slow metallic roar and leaped to the ground, its net tangling and trapping Noora, crushing and breaking her hand. The ambulance's siren pounded on Arar's ears like a professional boxer, jabbing at him and scrambling his senses.

Years later in Bishkek, Arar told me "my proudest moment was joining the soccer team", his joy was so much it was almost as if his idol Messi was standing beside him, handing him a Barcelona uniform as he joined Barcelona on the field. One day Arar was practicing his skills on the field. Like any other session, he was performing moves and moving over and with the ball, spinning, dashing, shooting. Perhaps it was the metal monster that commanded one of its lieutenants to strike, or perhaps it was just bad luck, but as Arar was attempting a move with the soccer ball, he lost his balance, and his leg could not take the strain, so he slipped and broke his leg, bound to a wheelchair and crutches for months.

But this did not diminish his fire and passion for soccer, it only strengthened it. Now fully recovered, his wheelchair decommissioned, he has started a new year, ready to improve his soccer skills, equipped with his Barcelona jacket, new Nikes and black hair sprinting on the field, attempting to score another goal.



The Loss of The Horses

By Kairat Murzabaev

Every year my uncle takes a trip to his home village with his family. There they usually work, hunt, rest, and swim in the Issyk-Kul Lake. He decided to take me with them this year. I had no choice but to go. So a week after the last day of school we went to the village named Toru-Ayger.

We arrived to the village, and we went to the old green house and took some farming equipment. I thought that we would stay down at the village, but I was wrong. For the next half an hour we slowly drove up the hills to the ranch. We got there at noon unpacked our things, and finally got a rest. We let the horses out to graze. Then we ate dinner, and went to sleep. The next day we woke up late in the morning, ate breakfast, and prepared to work in the ranch. Uncle told my cousin and I to take the horses back to the ranch. I geared up, took some food and drinks, sat on the horses and headed towards the second hill.

We didn't see anything other than the mountains, hills, plants, the road, and the Issyk-Kul Lake. We decided to look around, but after an hour we didn't get a sight of the horses. Then, we headed back to the ranch to tell what happened. We told everything to my uncle once we got back. Immediately he started gearing up and he took two radio sets, one for him and one for us.

"Catch up with me on the second hill", said the uncle. I took more food: sandwiches, eggs, tomatoes, Hershey's, Reeses, and water. Once we refreshed and got ready we hopped on the horses and galloped to the hill. We contacted the uncle by the radio sets from time to time to ask what was happening. We saw the uncle on top of the hill, and we understood that he didn't see a horse.

"I'll go east and both of you go south," commanded the uncle.

"Ok", both of us agreed.

We separated and both of us went towards the Lake. My cousin and I looked and looked and then we decided to sit for a rest and eat. We tied the horses to a tree, and sat near the river to eat. Both of us ate all of the sandwiches and eggs. We cleared all the containers with food which turned to be a bad thing, because we only had chocolate bars left. We sat for a while, and got back on the horses. The sun was falling down the horizon, and every time further it was harder for us to see. The radio set hissed, so I took it out of the back.

"Listening," I said.

"Go over another one or two hills, and if you don't spot the horses go back", told the uncle. The radio set was going low on battery. I think it's because when I put it into my backpack something might have pressed the signal button, and it was transmitting all the time. When we finally got up the hill we didn't see any horses, so we slowly made our way down. When it was so dark that we couldn't see where we were going I turned on the flashlight. The only source of light were the ranches and the village. We only had Hershey's and Reeses left which we ate in like three minutes. We had an hour and a half left until the ranch and it was already 10 p.m. We couldn't contact our uncle anyway since our radio sets ran totally out of battery. When we got the ranch after 11 p.m only our sister was there.

"Where were you, Dad, his friends, and even the neighbors went to search for you", shouted the sister. I ran to take another radio set, and told them that we got back. The next half and hour were the longest in my life. We quietly drank tea in the kitchen while I thought of how angry the uncle will be. Suddenly a sound of rumbling horses broke the silence. The cousin put on his shoes, and looked out the door, and here they were coming. They took their time tying the horses and happily entered the kitchen. They were all laughing and I could see the uncle having good time, and I felt a moment of relief. We served the guests tea, and now they were all making fun of us. When the guests left of uncle told us to wash and go to sleep, and that was the end of my first day of the trip.

The British Serial Killer

By Jack Stalker

I know a serial killer. He is evil towards everyone, and shows almost no emotion. He also apparently teaches English. But who is this strange, shady figure anyway? Well, to that I say he is Cliff, and only Cliff. But how did I, an innocent yet mischievous child, meet this murderous vagabond?

It all happened in October. It was snowy, and peaceful. I thought nothing would go wrong that day, until I saw him. Sitting at our dining room table, was the evil being now known as Cliff. His brown hair was tied in a bun, and his bushy beard was obviously there to conceal his weapons. His attire consisted of ripped jeans, a dirty vest, evil-ish glasses, and an awful pair of socks. My first thoughts were, "Jeez. This hobo really needs some new clothes," and, "Jeez. This is not how I imagined my day would go."

My mom explained to us that the reason Cliff was staying at our house was because he needed a visa from the embassy to go into China. As she kept on talking, I tried to go upstairs and escape. However, my mom gently (yet forcefully) put a grip on my shoulders, as she slowly positioned me to face him. She decided to introduce me.

"Hello there. I'm Jack," I said blandly.

"Nice to meet you young man," He said as he shook my hand. At that moment, I did not realise that this weirdo who was shaking my hand would be my best friend.

The first time Cliff and I interacted with each other was when we were playing video games. It was fun, and you would often hear occasional sounds of anger and shame coming from the both of us. He was quite awful at those games (but secretly played at midnight) and whenever he fumbled with the controls, wailed at the screen, and overall just quit, a giddy feeling arose in my stomach. It humored me greatly!

Time passed on, and he then he started to hang out with my sisters. Vera and him cooked together, and soon they became cooking buddies. This was a hilarious affair to me, and I just loved to watch them hasten around the kitchen, attempting to act like professional chefs. It was absolutely hilarious.

"Vera! Why are you rolling the dough that way? It's supposed to stay ON the board!"

Continued on page 24



The Tragic Day

By Noora Al Naimi

What would you do if you were stuck in a dirty airport at 5 a.m. because your flight was cancelled? Trust me, you'd wish that it was only a nightmare.

We went to Thailand for our winter vacation but when it was over, we were forced to go back. My father, however, decided to stay longer because his vacation is longer than ours.

"Noora, wake up," my mom said.

I woke up almost immediately to see people pushing around to go inside airport. "Wow, this place is dirty" I thought to myself as I walked in.

"Noora, keep an eye on your siblings, I'll check if everything is alright,"

"Uhhh...Okay but don't be late, I really can't handle them all at once," I said as she walked away with my older brother, Abdul.

"Guys, shut up!" I yelled at my younger brothers after they decided to argue and yell in the middle of the airport for a good five minutes.

"He started it," one of them complained.

"Look, I don't really care who started it. I'm ending it," I said. Being the riots they are, my brothers couldn't manage sit down quietly until my mom came back with an irritated expression. And here's where the storm of bad luck began.

"Our- flight- is- cancelled," My mom said bitterly. My siblings and I paused to let it sink in. "How?" I thought to myself.

"The only way to go back to Bishkek this week is to take an eight-hour flight to Astana, and from Astana we wait for two hours; then take a two-and-a-half-hour flight to Bishkek," my mom said with a worried face. No one wanted to go to Astana at this time of the year because it's super cold. And now this is our only way to go back.

"Wait..What???!!!!" we all yelled.

"I guess it's bad luck," my mom said.

"W-wait, when do we leave?" I asked.

"After eight hours," my mom said.

Since the airplane's company cancelled the flight, they had to book us a hotel so we could have a rest before getting to the airplane.

After we got to our rooms, I made myself clear to the others that I was going to sleep but someone decided to ruin it for me.

"Can you watch T.V. with me?" my younger sister, Reem, asked.

"Noora, take care of your sister, I'm going to sleep," My mom said.

I sighed in defeat. I watched Reem for god knows how long. Probably for 2-3 hours until my mom woke up. Just after my mom woke up, I wasted no time and went to sleep.

About an hour later, my mom decided to take us to the lobby to eat lunch, which wasn't a bad idea since we didn't eat breakfast.

"You're kind of taking forever to eat lunch, hurry up. We need to head back to the airport in 20 minutes," my mom said.

We had no time to complain, so we quickly finished our plates and got our stuff ready so we could head back to the airport.

About an hour later...

"W-what about the weather in Astana—" I tried to say but got cut off by my mom.

"We'll survive; It's not like we're going to Antarctica. Just put your on seat belt, we're taking off in seconds," my mom said.

I watched three movies and managed to sleep for an hour, which was an accomplishment for me because I'm not the type of person that can sleep on airplanes. Basically, that's all I did before we landed in the cold winter of Astana.

My mom's face dropped as she shivered from the cold weather. We went inside the airport as fast as we could, trying to avoid to slip because the ground was icy.

"I thought the company said that they're going to take care of us and take us to a hotel," my mom said.

"S-sorry ma'am, no one informed us about this," said one of the staff members of the airplane's company.

"When is this bad luck ever going to end?" I muttered under my breath. We trembled in the cold airport for two hours. Our noses and cheeks turned red from the cold weather. Everyone slept but then there was me. I couldn't sleep. I wanted to but I couldn't. I had nothing to do. All of my electronic devices were dead and I was too tired to charge them. So, I just stared at the ceiling for two hours until we got called for our flight to Bishkek.

We arrived in Bishkek around 24 hours later than we were supposed to originally, but we survived. It was 24 hours of torture which made us feel very exhausted and tired. At some point, I thought that I'd pass out from how tired I was. We were exhausted and jet lagged for another week. School was four days after that which really didn't help.

And that was a horrible trip that I wish will never happen again. Like ever. Because if it does, I will die.

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"Vera! Pans do not hang off the side of the counter!"

"Clifford! Stop judging me!" These were some of the many things that Vera and Cliff shot at one another, and they kept on coming.

Ruby and Cliff were another story. Whenever she had issues with life or school, Cliff helped. They would converse calmly at first, but then would turn into full scale arguments. I would hear Cliff saying that Ruby needed to change something, and then Ruby would yell at him. It was quite fun to listen in on their conversations.

Cliff was also great at socializing. Whenever we were going somewhere like a party or a hike, he would come with us. He talked to other people, and his stories greatly interested them. His sarcasm was hilarious yet he was also very philosophical and calming. This came in handy when my mom or dad were angry at us kids, and Cliff would calm them down by explaining why we would anger them.

However, while Cliff was deemed as friendly, he had a demented and dark mind. How did he get this mind? Whenever someone mentioned murder, Cliff and I joked that the murderer was related to Cliff in some way, being either a relative or a goon of his. This joke soon became one of our more famous jokes, and Cliff was given the title of a serial killer. Cliff also told stories of how he had killed millions across the world, and would continue until everyone would bow down to him. This was all sarcasm of course, so none of it was actual murder (as much as I wish it was).

Cliff was a great person. He always had you laughing, conversing, listening to his demented stories, and much more. Overall, Cliff was and is probably one of the most interesting, insane, and awesome people in my life, and always will be one of my best friends. I can now proudly say that I have a serial killer as a friend (check that off the bucket list).