Kite Festival

It started on a very sunny August day. I heard my dad shouting from a room where we had stayed for a month. We just came back from strolling around the beach after a light breakfast.

"Someone took my drone! It's gone!"

Perhaps I need to tell you that this story didn't really start on that particular sunny

morning, but it did start a year ago. My dad, Professor Hermansyah, was a marine engineer, the type of person who combed long strips of beaches around areas like Pangandaran beaches to find the best spot to harness the ocean waves to build power stations. I did not actually know what a power station really was, nor did I know what harnessing the ocean waves was all about, but anyways, that's what my dad kept on saying.

My name is Hana, and I am 10 years old. I have interests in sciences, anything that is cool, new, and sophisticated.

Stuck in Papua

As the sunlight gleamed through the window beside my airplane seat, I anxiously kicked my feet around, ignoring the cries of my little brother, Azkar.

I felt my mom's cold hand gently grip mine as she whispered in my ear, "Audiva, stop kicking. You're disturbing the person in front of us!"

As I tried to reply, a loud noise interrupted me.

Bzzz!

My mom released her grip, and the noise continued.

"This is your pilot speaking. We are about to land in Timika Airport. Please stay in your seats and fasten your seatbelts until we have landed. Thank you."

Everyone in the plane fastened their seatbelts, and mine was already on.

I dreaded that day for it was when everything in my life would be entirely different. I gloomily thought of what I was going to face.