

THE KILLER OF KAZ

By- Narendraa Madan

As I sat there peering at the Siberian tundra in my SUV, a Subaru Outback, I could smell a stench that only the perished gave. I had been asked to capture the most feared predator of the land, **THE KILLER OF KAZ!** It terrorized the village of Kazbazz. It was a rare tiger worth **\$10,000!** So, I was deemed to have captured the tiger, and I knew that the longer I stood, the more people's lives were at risk.

The next day, I decided to get to know the locals. As I walked through the streets of the town, I could hear people chatting about me as if I was a celebrity and if I had given them a million dollars .

A group of teenagers stood out the most. "You go talk to him" "No, you go." As they continued, one of them said, "Fine, I'll go talk to him." A cute girl walked up to me. "Hi, my name is Pearl. I heard you were asked to capture The Killer of Kaz ." I nodded, "Yeah, that's me."

"You're either very brave or very stupid." I Had to chuckle at the sentence. Then Pearl's face turned serious, "Be careful; that tiger is not like any other. It's smart and cunning, and it knows the land better than any hunter. And the last person to ever hunt the tiger until you came, had gone missing and taken an ax with him. His name was Adam Jake, and he was never seen again." That was one of many talks I had with the locals, no my friends.

Before long, I was ready to hunt with a rope, bow, arrows, map, air horn, and a snow buggy I had . As I rode through the forest, a cold and unforgiving place, I could feel a sense of belonging for some reason. It reminded me of my father. You see, my father was a legendary hunter and tracker, praised for his bravery and knowledge of the wild. He had passed away a few years ago, but his I lived on in me, and was going to prove that he was right to have me as his son. I stood there for a good 15 mins thinking about him; nevertheless, I snapped back into reality. As the freezing wind met my skin, I was finding clumps of tiger fur all over the snow. Further up, I could see the footprints of a giant tiger! I knew that I was in the tiger's territory. **SUDDENLY**, I heard the roar of a tiger! I knew it was close, two miles at best. I would have to

decide to get off and go on foot or stay on the. I decided to go on foot. This would be the worst decision of my life.

As I went toward where I had heard the sound, I could smell the fresh scent of dead animals. A hundred feet later, I came across what looked to be a dead deer. I had seen dead deer before, **BUT SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS DEER; IT LOOKED LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF HAD KILLED IT.** After searching a bit, I could not find anything else, so I went back. "Twenty-five minutes wasted," I said aloud in disappointment. As I walked back, I could see a fierceness coming in. I knew better than to run and risk being struck with 2-4-inch snowballs going 44 to 72 miles, also called hail. I would have to wait it out. Fortunately for me, there was a cave nearby. In the cave, stalagmites and stalactites were everywhere.

In the cave, I could feel a cold, eerie feeling like ghosts were around me. The cold, eerie feeling had turned into a growing curiosity to go further. But as soon as I took the first step, I could hear a voice calling, "**YOU CAN'T GO FURTHER, I WARN YOU. DON'T GO FURTHER INTO THE CAVE!**" I looked around, but nothing was there, and I continued to explore. As I went further up, I could see bones. I realized it was a skeleton. It had scratches all over it, and next to the hands had an ax. Chills went down me. My goosebumps went up. I had found the body of Adam Wick and wondered if I would have the same faith he did. I decided to find what had killed him. Along the way, I broke a few stalagmites for fun. **But then** a big black animal came out of the shadow and a fierce roar broke free. **I was in a bear den!** Arrows would not do anything to a five foot bear. I knew I could only scare it by making a loud noise and making myself appear bigger. I wave my hands up in the air like I was protesting. Then I whipped out my air horn like lightning and pressed it; a loud sound rang out. The bear started to back up and so did I. It backed up even more. I knew that now I would have the best odds of escaping. I turned around and went full tilt. I felt like a cheetah. As I got out of the cave, the storm had stopped, and the bear was not chasing me, but one question remained: who that voice was, and what was in the cave that he was warning? Was it the **KILLER OF KAZ** or the Fountain of youth? I decided this was enough for one day and would return to the village. Some things in life are better left alone.

After I got into my snow buggy, I went toward the village. As I was going through the forest, in the corner of my eye, I could see a big tiger that matched what locals said about the Killer of Kaz, but this time I would not fall for it. But tomorrow I will be ready. And I remember that this was my chance to prove myself.

