

THE LEOPARD

PRINT

Vol. 2 No. 2

*Breaking
Boundaries*



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There are many ways one can push their boundaries. Whether it is for school, a hobby, or a career, writing is a way to break out of your comfort zone and discover new things about the world and yourself.

In our second magazine issue, our theme is Breaking Boundaries. There are stories, essays, poems, comics and photographs. We took pieces of all kinds to show the many ways to push yourself to think differently.

One way to show our themes is we took photographs by students and gave them to teachers to write a story inspired by the photos.

And, just as with our prior issue, the Leopard Print staff did not edit the pieces we received, except for a few exceptions.

This magazine could not have been created without everyone's support,

Thank you,
Magdalena Tyson

Surviving a Burning Island

A 13 Yr. Old Quick Write Prompt

PROMPT:

Alexander is stranded on an island covered in forest.

One day, when the wind is blowing from the west, lightning strikes the west end of the island and sets fire to the forest. The fire is very violent, burning everything in its path, and without intervention the fire will burn the whole island killing the man in the process.

There are cliffs around the island, so he cannot jump off.

How can Alexander survive the fire? (There are no buckets or other means to put out the fire)

Write a short story which explains how Alexander manages to survive.

SOLUTION #1

By Noora Al Naimi

Alexander was stuck, the fire came closer and closer, he didn't know what to do. So he jumped.

Before he landed, an eagle caught him. It wasn't hard for the eagle to carry him because he's an elf. And he survived.

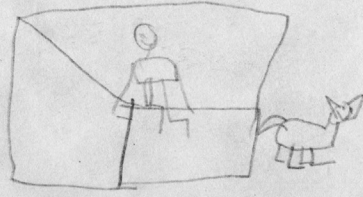
SOLUTION #2

By Salima Isahunova

Alexander looked back at the fire and thought "Next time I need to choose a better island to live in." He quickly ran towards the cliff and straightened his wings. He flew up in the sky, looking down at the island.

"Good thing I'm a bird..." he thought.

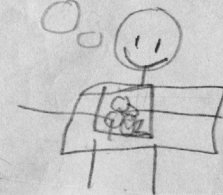
How would YOU survive?



Trystan and his Mom by: Trystan Flynn

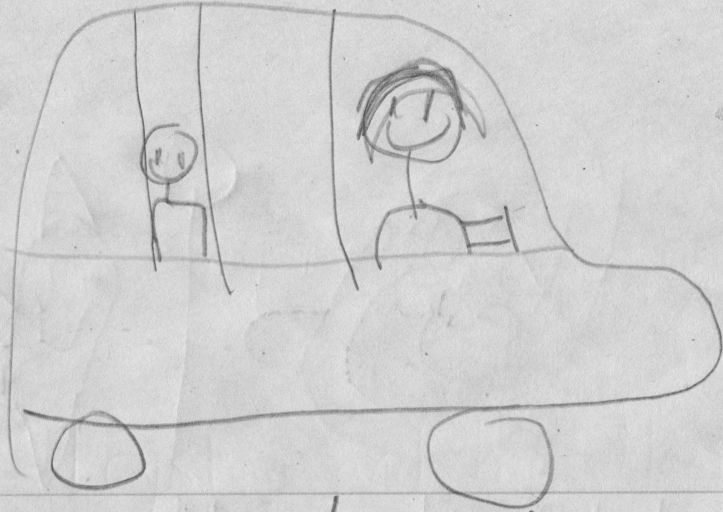
First, I was sitting on my couch waiting for cocoa. Then I asked, "Mom, can we go to the grocery

My grocery
list

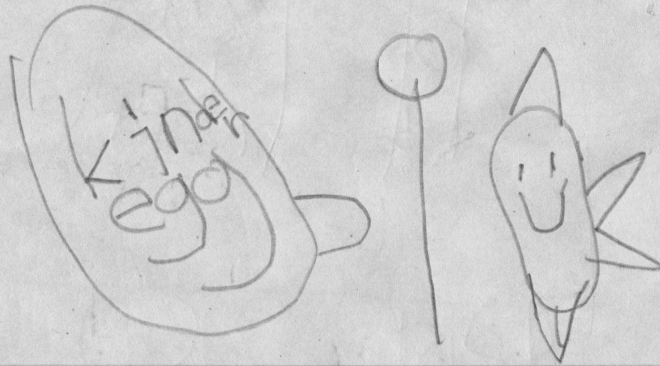


store?" Mom said yes!

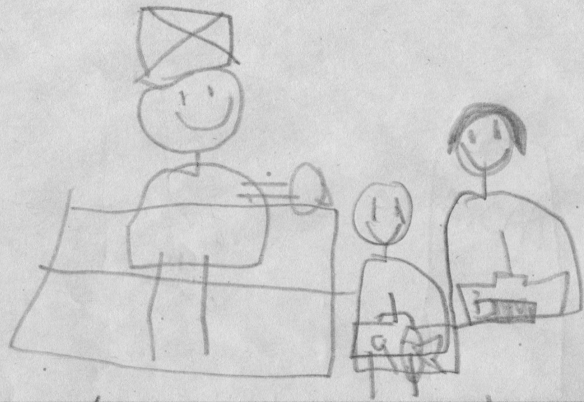
I was holding a grocery list for five days. Then mom and I got in the black car to go to



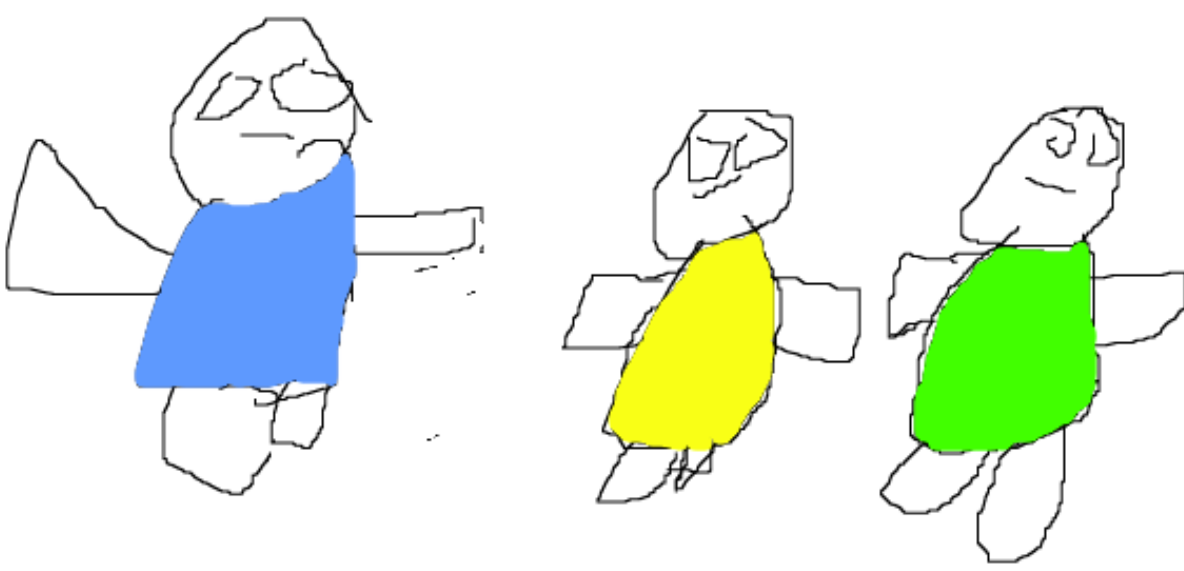
the big red store. It
was a sunny day. I was
excited.



I bought three things. I
got a Kinder Egg, a lollipop,
and a toy fish.



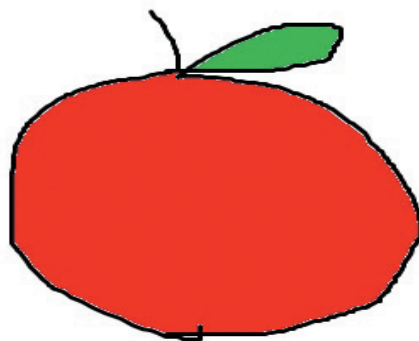
We payed for @VRY thing.
I payed for my things
Momm payed for hers.
We went home. i ate



I am thankful for
family.

Askar

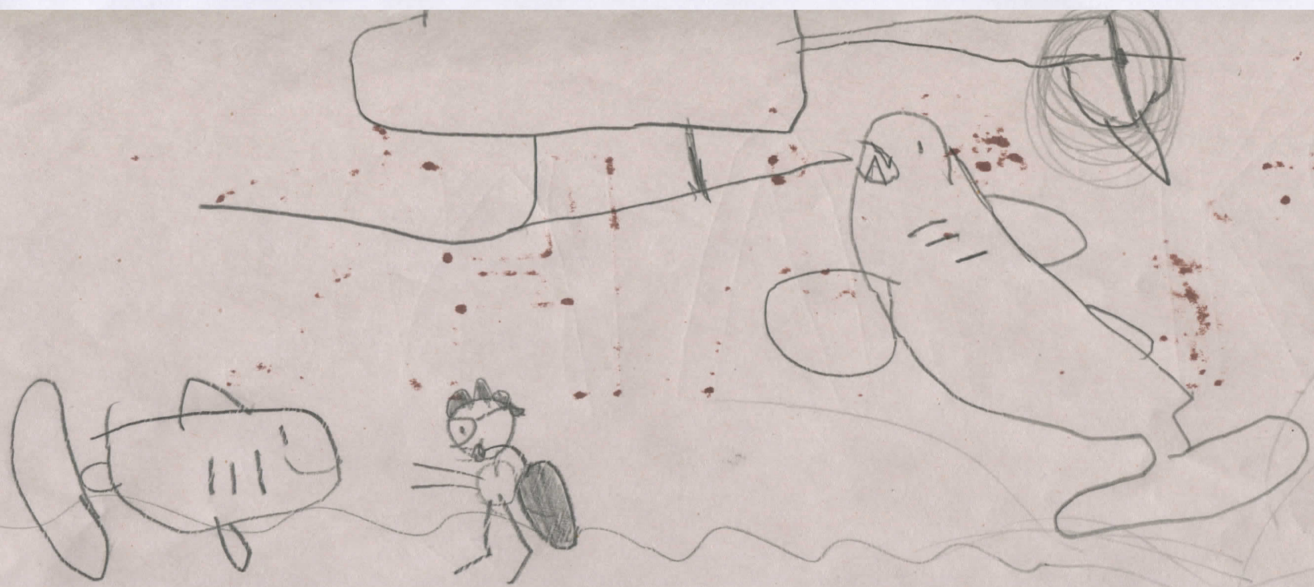
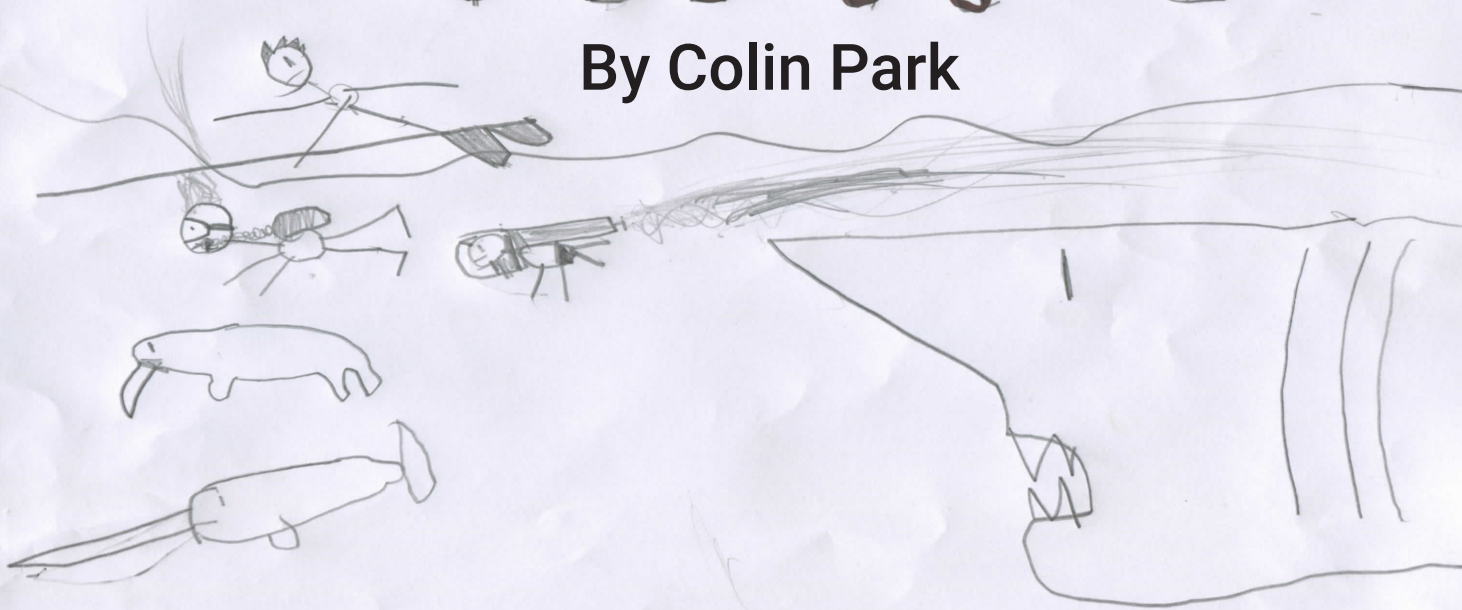
Apple



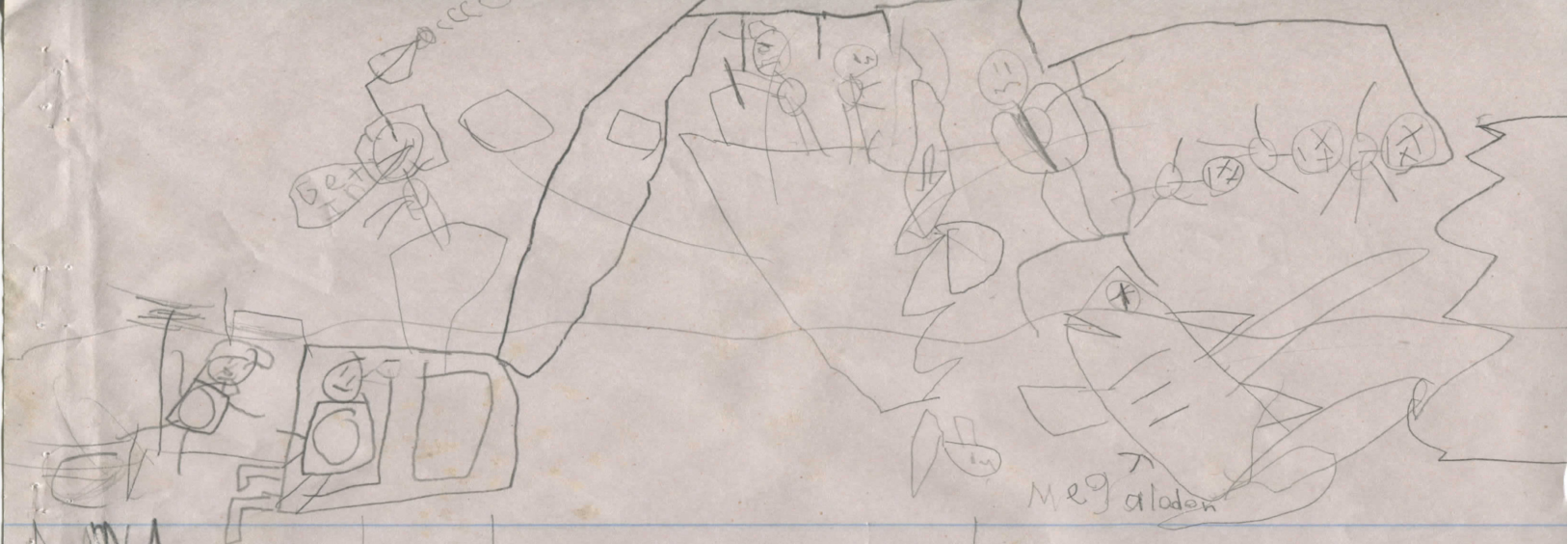
*Apples , apples what a treat ,
sweet and tart and good to eat.*

SHARKS

By Colin Park



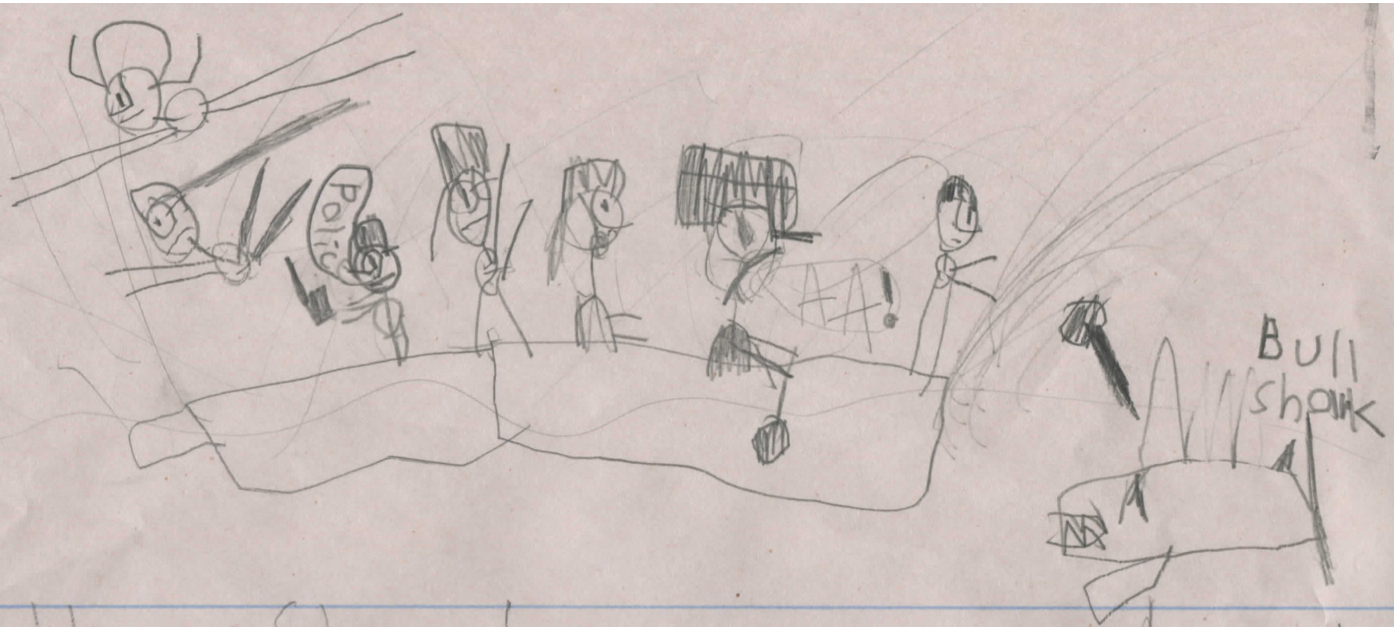
I hope you have a good
time reading Sharks!



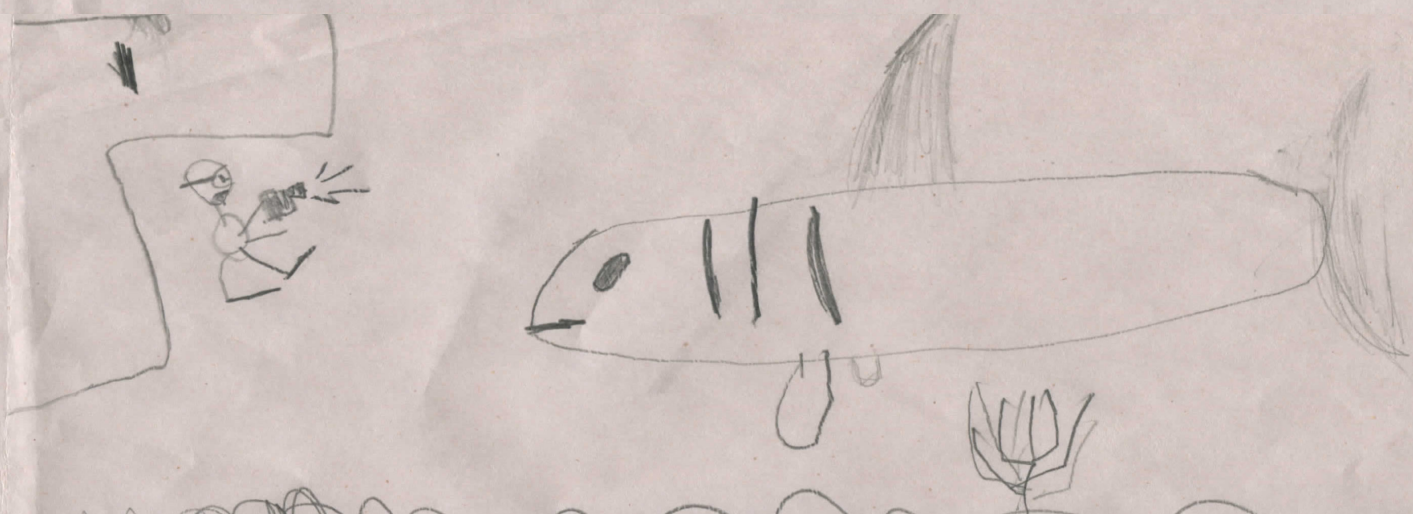
Megalodons are dangerous.
Did you know that
Megalodon could still
not be extinct!!!???



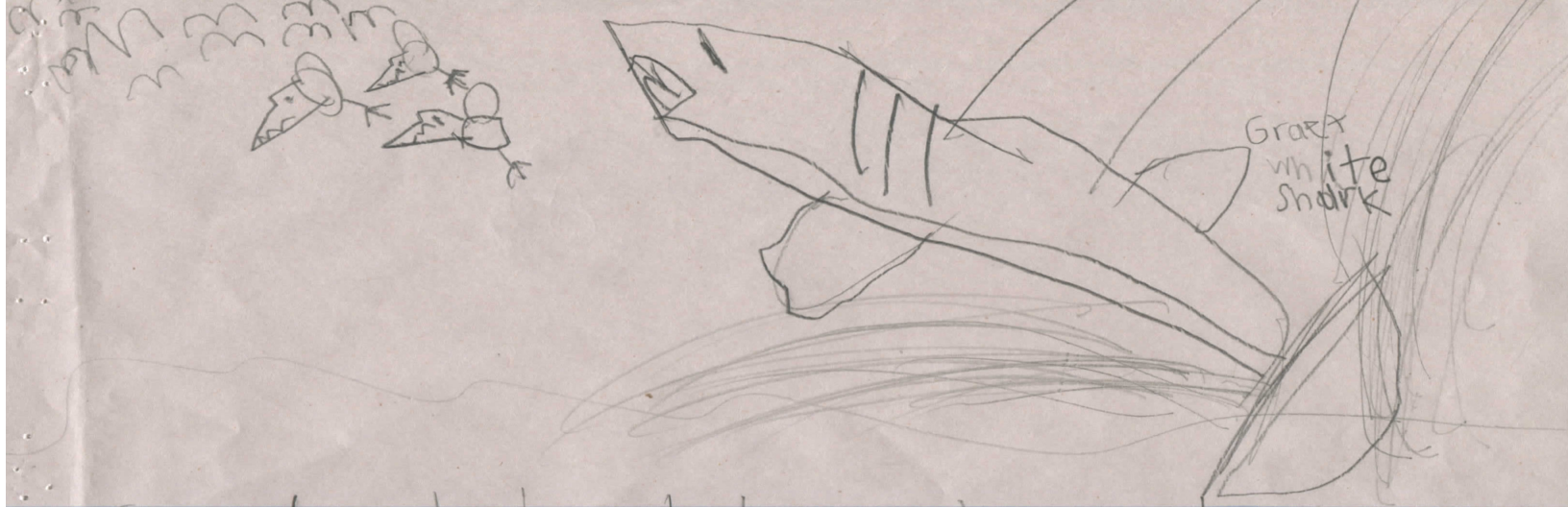
Cookie cutter sharks eat
bigger stuff like whales
and other sharks. They
hunt at night.



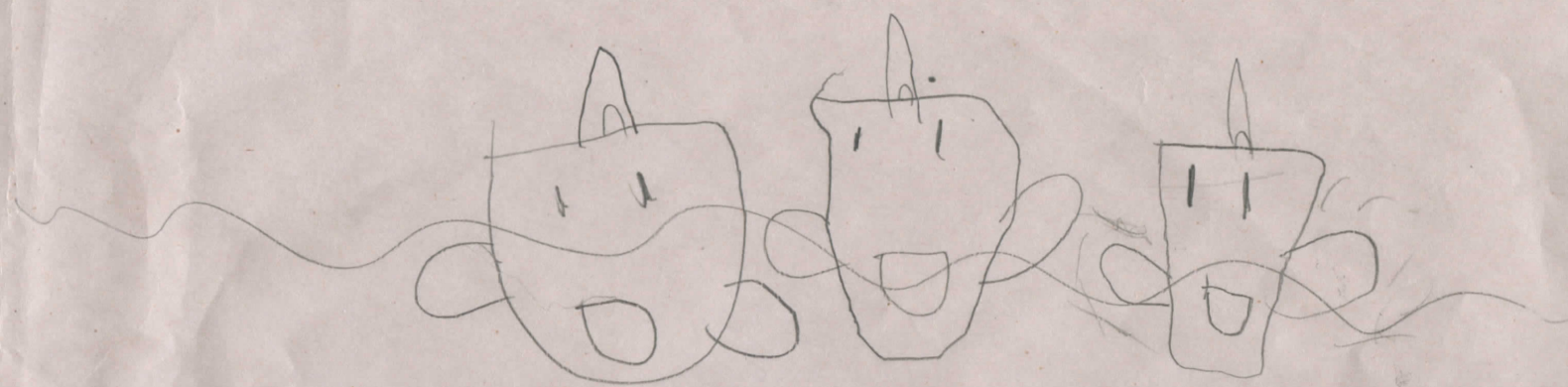
Bull Sharks can stay in
fresh water for 12
hours!



Nurse Sharks stay
close to sand. Nurse sharks
hunt at night just
like cookie cutter sharks



Great white Sharks
can jump as high as a
roof. It can only swim
forward!



I hope you like shark
fin.



Seahorses

By Manaaim Somani

Did you know seahorses dance for 10 minutes every morning? Male seahorses dance and anchor their tail to a blade of seaweed so that they stay close to home. Meanwhile, the female finds food.

Seahorses have no teeth, so they suck their food whole. They are only half inch in length. They have armor-plates that protect them from enemies. They are partial horses, fish, kangaroos and monkeys. They have a vacuum cleaner mouth instead of teeth. Did you know seahorses can change color?

Seahorses can look to both sides of their head at one time. Did you know male sea horses give birth to babies? When babies are born they are immediately independent.

Seahorses live in coral reefs, shallow water, and in all oceans. They also live in North and South America.

Because they are so difficult to care for and die in people's homes, they are in danger. I hope you don't buy seahorses. Save seahorses!

All About Trees

By Maya Surd-Erdene

Did you know that there are lots of kinds of trees? What are baobab trees like? Baobab trees are strong because their trunks are thick. They can be 30-50 feet across. Baobab trees only make one fruit. People called this fruit monkey bread. They live in African plains.

Bristlecone pine trees live in Western United States. They live longer than any trees. The Bristlecone pine is more than 4,600 years old.

We can plant lots of trees and plants. Because trees and plants give us air, wood, paper, and food, they are very important.

Pitching in America's Home Game

By Annaliese Baron

If you're new to pitching, you have to know it's going to be hard work. You're going to need to practice your stance, your aim, and getting used to the ball.

First, get familiar with the baseball. Put two fingers on top of the baseball (index and middle). Put one finger on a red stripe, and the other finger on the other red stripe. Practice that position. Once you're comfortable with the ball, get an empty cardboard box. The cardboard box is there to help you get used to pitching to a target. Set it on something to make it a little bit off the ground. Go back a far distance. Set a twig or something to mark your spot.

Your foot should be below the twig. Spread your other foot a little bit farther than the other foot. If you're right handed, your left foot should be facing the box. If you throw with your left hand, your right foot will be facing the box.

Next, is learning how to throw the ball. Go back to the position where your index finger

is on one line, and the middle finger is on the other. Remember that if you're right handed, that the ball is in your right hand and your glove is on your left hand. If you're left handed, same rules apply, but your glove is on your right hand and the ball is in your left hand.

Once you have the ball in position, put your glove up so it's covering the ball. Keeping your glove to the ball, make a figure eight with your arms.

When you're ready to throw, stop moving your arms at the back. Lean back, bring your leg closest to the box up to your knee and throw. Aim for the middle of the box. When you're more comfortable, if you have an older sibling, or your dad and they have gloves, practice throwing to them.

Pitching is hard, but if you keep practicing you might be a pitcher in the Major Leagues one day.

Want to Learn Soccer?

By Filippo Valerio Sarandrea

Are you a newbie in soccer? Congratulations! It may seem easy, but it's really not. Here are some recommended steps you can use to become a soccer athlete.

First, you need your equipment like a well pumped ball, shin guards, spiked soccer shoes, and soccer clothing. The first step is practicing how to kick properly and aiming the ball.

Second, you'll have to figure out when to use different parts of your feet to kick or pass. Next, practice dribbling fast but properly

in matches. Fourth, you'll have to learn how to surpass people that are trying to block you.

After that, the next thing to practice is how to cross for your teammates to make a header. Last, if you want to, you can learn how to do a trick shot or something. You will also have to learn speed and endurance so you can last long and control speed.

When you master all of these practices you're done and maybe you'll be the next soccer world champion!

By Stephan Lunev

Giant Rock



Look at this beautiful rock. What do you see? I took this because it looks so beautiful, look at the shade of the rock it is beautiful. This is Akhunbaeva Street. I love the sun shining in the water and the rock resting like nothing.

By Valeria Nasipkulova

Fall



These are leaves, that's why I named this Fall. Also there are some rocks and plants. We took this, because if you look so closely, it looks beautiful. Leaves are interesting because they are colorful. Also, gray and the colors of Fall look very good together. This was taken next to a house by our school. I think the pleasing things are the leaves, because they are yellow, green, orange and a little bit brown.

Photograph by
Aysel Hamlin

Kaya's Hair



Story by Monique
Doherty

Poem To My Daughters

It's not your hair that makes you
Beautiful

It's your dancing feet and singing songs
Your thoughts and dreams and magic wands.

It's your wonder during starry wishes
Your butterfly nets and kisses.

It's how you tease toads and listen to ladybugs
Your life-loving laughter and strong honest hugs.

Your lake-play days and firefly nights
Your tears over tree-tangled kites.

It's your flower consideration and care
And your sun-sweet smile and searching stare.

So, enjoy your plaits and ponytails,
But know it's below the roots,

You

And what you do
That make you,
Beautiful.

Photograph by
Gauri Mallik

Shabars



Story By Chris
Hilgeman

Door

The rusting, white ironwork on his apartment windows only barely resembled the exit doors that led him here. Yet, whenever he gazed at them Mr. E couldn't help but reminisce about the day he was forced from the world he loved. Like others before him, he had been tried, convicted, and exiled. Whether it was justified or not didn't matter anymore.

One moment he was in a much better place. The next, he was forced to exit through the tall white doors, richly ornamented with ironwork – designs so intricate it would take a microscope to fully appreciate the detail. Winged guards brimming with magic escorted him to the gate and watched quietly as he reluctantly passed through.

Two hundred and forty years had passed

since that day. Despite what the Glittering Judge had thought, he had not turned bad. Instead, he learned to fit into human existence. He had not taken up residence under a bridge and demanded a toll from those crossing; he had not promised to weave straw into gold; and he had not locked a princess away in a tower. Instead, he became a street sweeper, later a tailor, and now a plumber.

On the weekends he would sometimes go to the park, sit on a bench, and watch humanity pass him by. He would muse about what would happen if the passing crowds knew the truth – that most of the myths were true, but that these creatures were just the outcasts from a far better place. A place with white iron gates of intricate design.

Photograph by
Catherine Vilson

Oldie



Story by
Jill Kortluck

Taxi

This car has to be a Lada. It has a Kyrgyz license plate, but looking at this picture takes me back to Egypt. All the taxis in Alexandria, Egypt are Ladas. And they are all yellow and black (each city has its own colors). I have countless stories of crazy taxi rides and saintly taxi drivers from my six years in Egypt. Here's one: I had just received a new stroller from friends, a fancy model with big, thick wheels to handle the bumpy dirt roads of the city. Elanor and I were headed home after a trip to the open-air market in the Loran neighborhood. I hailed a cab and asked the driver to take us to Madressit Schutz, the school where we lived. He put the stroller into the trunk, Elanor and I sat in the back, and off we went. The driver was quiet, but drove carefully and had a friendly face, smiling from time to time as he heard Elanor giggle in the backseat. As we pulled up to Schutz, I took out a few coins and placed them in the driver's hand. With a big smile, he held the money

and said, "Heavy." We said our masalaamas and Elanor and I, holding bags of fruits and vegetables, walked through the big gate onto the campus. Later that evening I was telling a friend how nice it was using my brand new stroller- oh no! That was when I realized I had left the fancy gift in the back of the cab! Well, it was nice while we had it. I figured I'd just get used to being without it again or get another, but it wouldn't be nearly as nice. Ah well. Of course in the back of my head I thought of another driver who had returned a new toaster forgotten in the trunk...but such thoughtfulness twice in one week? The next day I got a call from our guard saying a taxi driver was at the gate and had something for me. I went to the gate and found the friendly, smiling taxi driver from the day before. He spent a minute or two trying to open his trunk but it was stuck. Then he very carefully inserted the key and turned, opened the trunk, and there was the fancy stroller!

Snowflakes

By Summer Wagner

The snowflakes come down as light and easy as feathers
They melt as they touch my hands and tongue
The snow cuddles me like a warm blanket
The clouds are as grey as my pencil lead
The warmth melts the snow into the ground like a hot oven
It's whiteness gleams like diamonds.



Winter

By Amelia Georgievskia

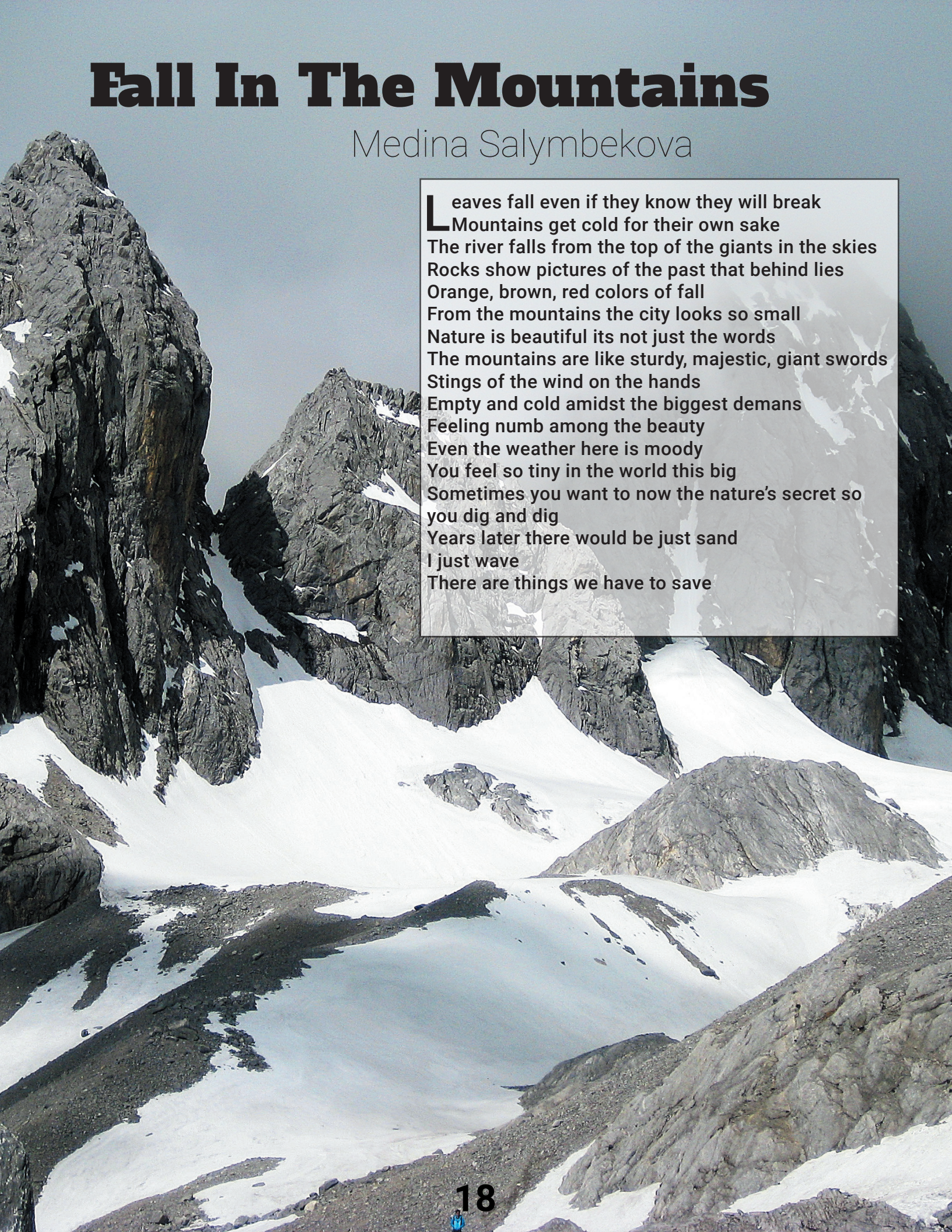
Winter came, it feels cold
Snow is white melted gold
The mountains are white
What a pretty sight!
For eyes to behold!

Children run across the world
Joyfully playing in the cold
Until very late in the night
What a wonderful time.

Parents scream and scold
"Come home," they called
This is an endless fight
But for kids a great delight

Fall In The Mountains

Medina Salymbekova



Leaves fall even if they know they will break
Mountains get cold for their own sake
The river falls from the top of the giants in the skies
Rocks show pictures of the past that behind lies
Orange, brown, red colors of fall
From the mountains the city looks so small
Nature is beautiful its not just the words
The mountains are like sturdy, majestic, giant swords
Stings of the wind on the hands
Empty and cold amidst the biggest demands
Feeling numb among the beauty
Even the weather here is moody
You feel so tiny in the world this big
Sometimes you want to know the nature's secret so
you dig and dig
Years later there would be just sand
I just wave
There are things we have to save

Acrostic Poem - Universe

By: Raisa Hamlin

Understand this - the world is changing.
Negativity is taking over our souls.
Invisibility is how we treat each other. We are
Vain people, with big, fragile
Egos. If there was a place to go for
Redemption, I'd take it. We need to stop being
Selfish, or our punishment will be living in
Eternal darkness



Spray Paint

by Sarah Olson

When you walk through the park
trying to make it look like you are up to nothing
as you pull out your spray paint
and you start shaking.
You see the clean wall.
It will start to shake, but no!
You do not stop shaking.
You keep shaking until your spray paint is
well shaken.
Then you start spraying and suddenly
the ground shakes and you hear a yell.
Oh yes, the walls will yell!

Dorky's Safety Tips

Never talk to people you don't know or haven't met face-to-face.



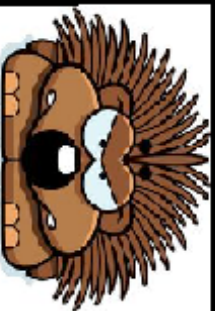
I is very smart!



Tip 1: Don't read or open things that are from people you don't know!! They could be viruses or inappropriate pictures.



Never reply to spam emails. From companies or unknown people.



Don't expose all your secrets to unknown people or companies.



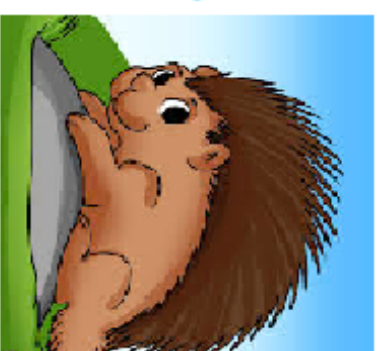
Don't click links. Even if they look real or not.



CLICK HERE NOW!!!!!!
www.virus/dumbpeople.com



JUST BE SAFE!!!!!!!

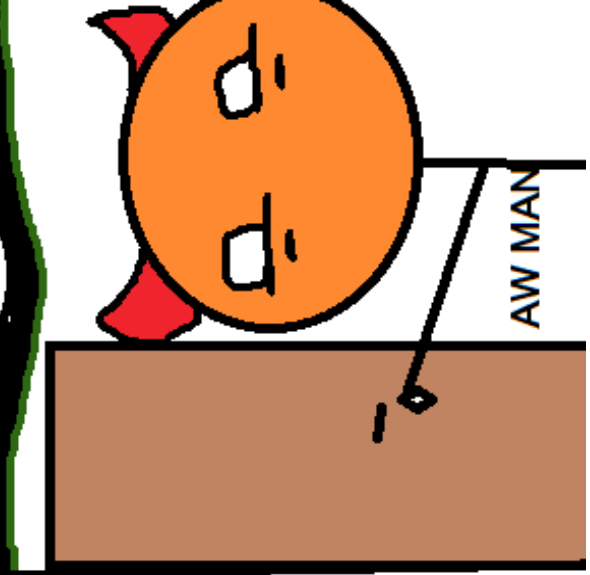
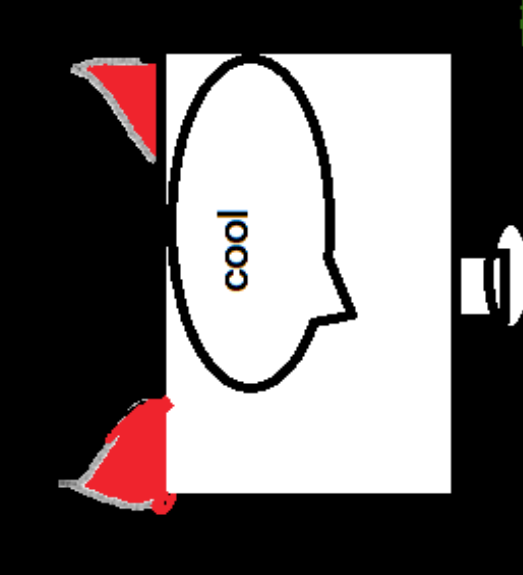
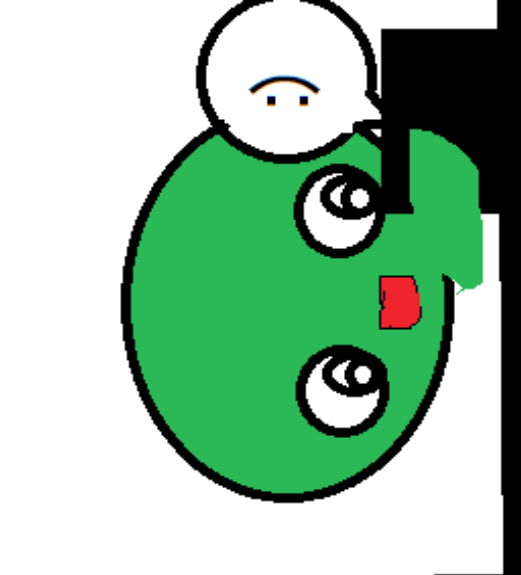
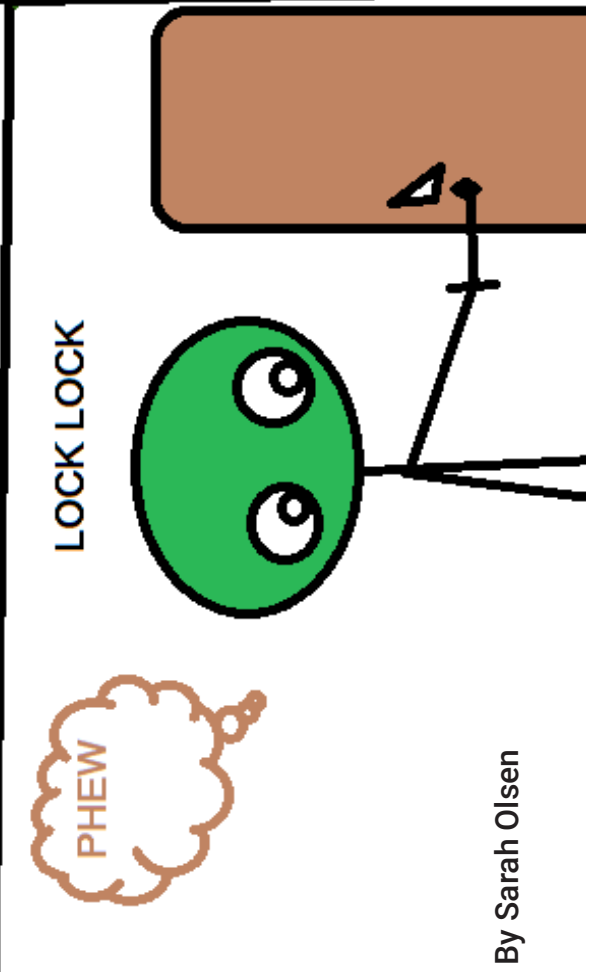
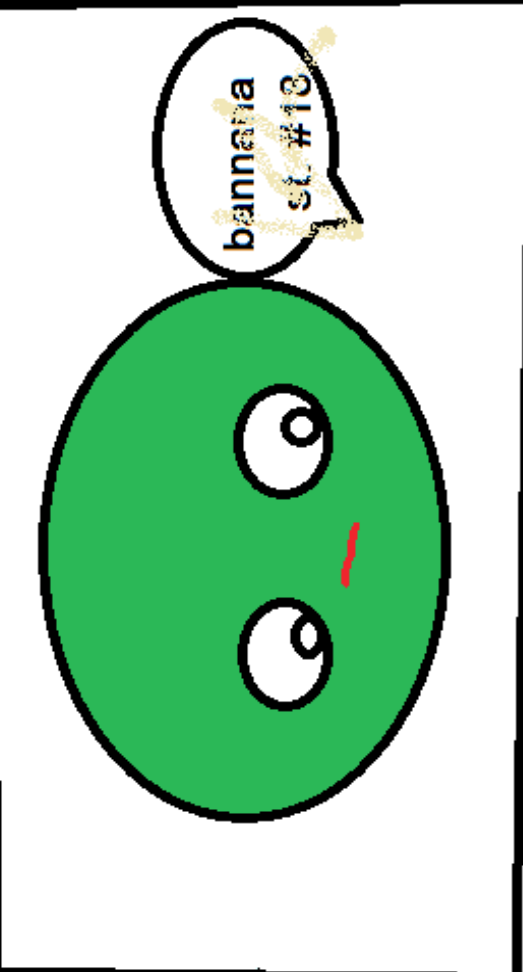
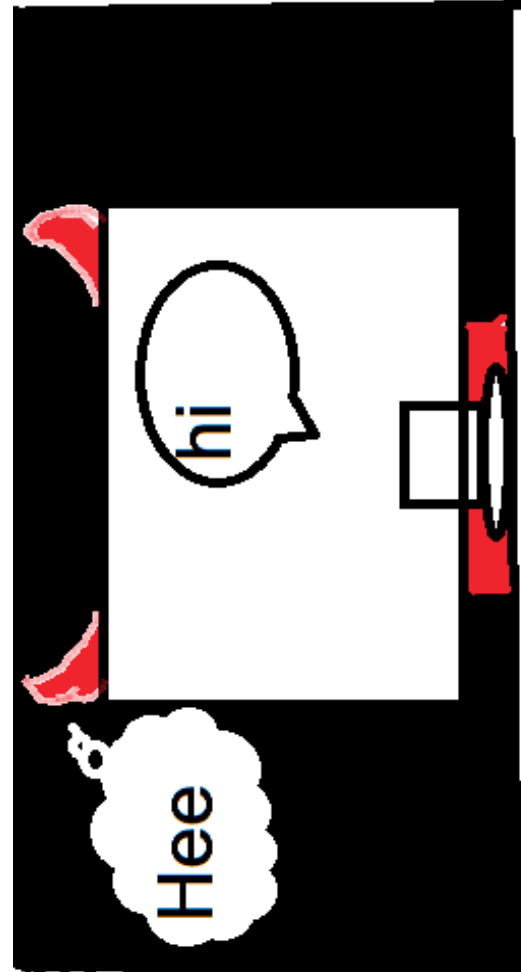
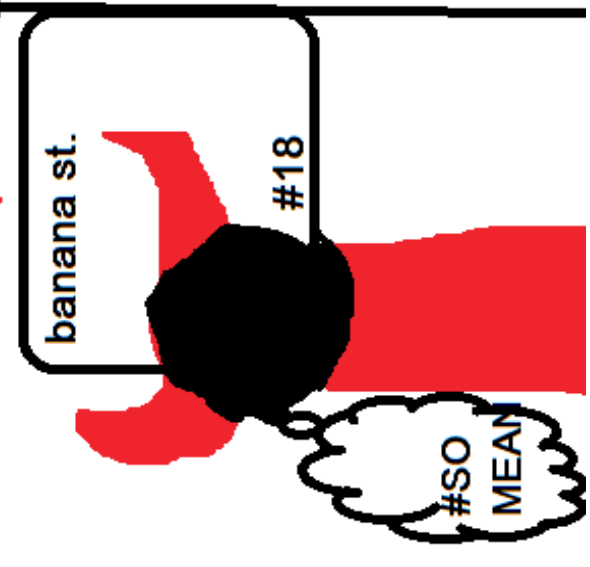
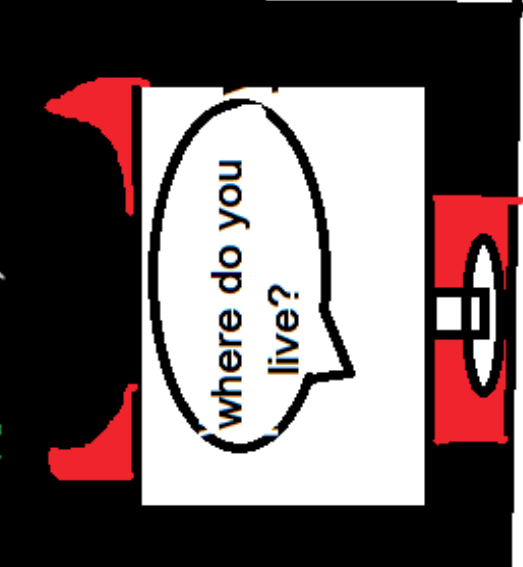
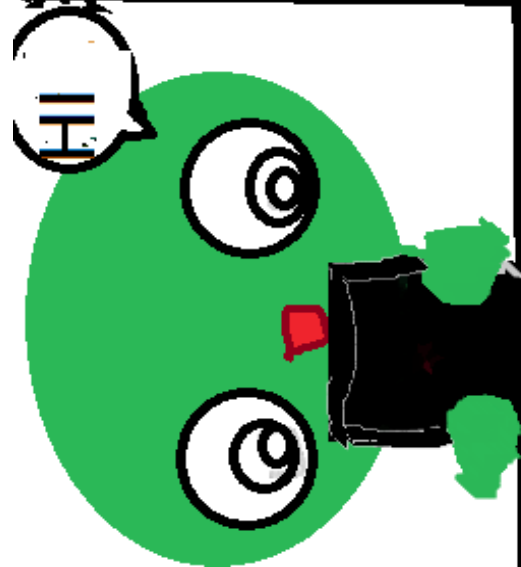


By Summer Wagner

THG

EMD

;)





Politician's vs. Actors

By Zachary Baron

Politicians, actors, what do they have in common? One plays politicians on TV and one is actually a politician. At first glance, they don't seem similar at all. But when you look closer you see that they have some more similarities than you first thought. I will be telling you their similarities.

Actors have to be good liars. When they play a movie role they act or look completely different. This is because actors are good at performing and acting like someone that they are not in their daily lives, since they are so convincing playing their roles in the big screen. Sometimes you're shocked that it's the same person, but what about politicians? They are in front of an audience, just like actors. And politicians have lines that they have to remember before their big speeches, and just like actors who have to remember their lines in order for them to be able to make a movie. Politicians want your votes and for you to like them. Just like actors need good reviews from people in order to have a longer career. And to do that they need to win you over with why their doing what they are doing. And just like actors, if politicians don't have enough votes and people don't like them enough, then they won't be able to become things like the president, vice president, secretary of state...

Actors, they have to go to all types of events, premiers, tours, interviews. The list goes on and on. And these are pretty important to an actor's success, but what about

politicians? Don't they have to go to events to? Presidential campaigns, going to each state to say why you should be the president, talking about political and world issues? A couple decades ago politicians did not get as much publicity as actors unless they were part of a scandal. Now it seems as if some politicians are famous, people are always seeing what they are doing when they are not in front of an audience, just like actors. The list goes on. And going to political events is important to a politician's success. How else are people going to know if they like them and if they should vote for them, if they can't hear their opinions? So just like actors, politicians also go to events.

Actors, they want to be remembered. It's a big part of their careers. They want to leave their mark. They want to be known for how good of an actor they were. What they did. Politicians, they try to fix issues. And don't they want to be known for their contributions to society? Known for what they did, to try to make the earth a better place. They want to be remembered for breaking though segregation. So both actors and politicians want to be remembered for what they did, and what they contributed to society.

In conclusion, actors and politicians have a lot more in common then you probably previously thought. They share a lot of the same traits. And even though they are definitely not the same, they are similar in some ways.

Selfies No More

By: Marat Uzbekov

People should stop taking selfies. First of all, why are they even doing it? More and more people are taking selfies. First, they can injure themselves while taking selfies, they can lose their social lives, and finally they waste time and money to take selfies.

In the last 2 years in Russia, two people were killed by sharks and eight were killed by selfies. These accidents happen because people lose attention to everything around them, and focus only on the camera. Many of these happen when people climb up something tall and dangerous, and then take a selfie to show to their friends, but instead, they fall off. They will do whatever it takes to take a good selfie. For example, they take selfies with bears, tigers, and other dangerous animals. Even if they would be more careful or have protection, they would still find a way to injure themselves.

Many people take too many selfies. For example, many people on Instagram take about five to eight pictures a day. They might be people you know, or met once or never even seen. Many people who take selfies are addicted, or are fishing for likes (which is simply telling people to like their photos) or both. There is another half of the group. This half hates people who take selfies and then fish for likes. I'm one of them. For example, if I see a rug in a selfie, I manage purposely to take attention from the person in the picture, and examine the rug. People even forget to talk to their friends, and take selfies everywhere. This is very annoying for people which are in the same room with them. They can even text their friends while being in the same room, two feet away from them. What I mean by all this is that people will think wrongly of those who take selfies and won't even speak to them. People can even forget how to speak properly and how to be social. This can

be a huge problem for some people. Are they so full of themselves that they have to take photos of themselves ALL the time?

And finally, people who take selfies simply waste their time and money on products such as the selfie stick. There is even a thing called a "selfie spoon." The selfie spoon is a long spoon which works just like the selfie stick, but has a spoon at the end which you can eat from. A selfie spoon costs \$7 while the selfie stick – the most popular of the products costs \$30. People even buy special cameras to take selfies when you can do it with a simple phone. What I mean by this, is that people buy all these unnecessary pieces of equipment, waste a mouthful of money, and then fulfill their unnecessary needs in taking photos of themselves.

And again, people should stop taking selfies. It just makes the world a dumb place to live in. 1 more thing that annoys me, is that they tag people in their selfies. Like what crime did they commit to be tagged in your selfie? And again, I will repeat what happens with people who take selfies. First, they can injure themselves while taking selfies, they can lose their social lives, and finally they waste time and money to take selfies.

English, My Enemy

By Diane Lee

I threw my bag on the floor when I came back from the school, refusing to go to English class. It was an impulsive act. Mom was so frightened at me crying without any reasons, and that sorrowful and fretful cry made her call the tutor. I was 7 when I quit the English class of my own will. I was the deficient student there. While others were studying hard, I was sitting in the director's room with the helper who would teach me how to read each word pointing out the way I should read. The teachers never understood why I could not read such easy words and repeat the definition loudly. Whenever I stuttered 'bridge', the teacher's finger tapped on the table, making the sound I hated.

"Diane. You should work hard. Just lying on the bed won't help you at all. When you get home, you should study the words I pointed out, and make sure you understood them perfectly by tomorrow."

While the teacher was pointing out my stupid mistakes, I felt some students looking in the room through the window with curiosity. Everyone knew that there was one girl, who always had to have an extra class to improve her English skill that was behind everyone else, and, guess what? No one wanted to be with me. Other students made fun of me for my imbecility. I cried almost every day. I hated English class more and more as the days went on.

Honestly, I never tried to carve those words in my head, but I just waited for the bell to ring. All I could see were the letters flying over the paper dancing slowly, making me fall asleep. Even the pictures in the books looked so boring. The tough, insincere drawings with limited colors which were barely light weren't attractive at all. What kind of 7 year old girls would like a book without cute animals and pretty girls?

I didn't study at home at all. I felt emanci-

pated when I went back home, and I absolutely forgot about what I learned that day. I hated learning English even though I didn't know which country English came from. I didn't like the teachers who were forcing me to read the words with perfect pronunciation and understanding. I didn't like the books that restricted me with the unknown language that I never understood. English was my enemy. And it was to be an unfamiliar thing to me even after I became older. I thought I wouldn't be able to become closer to English, so I never was interested in it. I would have probably understood those words and stories I struggled with if I had them after three years, but it was the hardest task for a 7 year old kid.

Four years later, it was by mere chance that I got into the English class. Even though I kept away from English for four years, the way I got a chance wasn't that special and valuable. I didn't resolved to study English hard, nor did someone force me to take the English class. One day, I was on the way going back to home from after school work, and I accidentally met with my best friend and her mother. She looked nervous for some reason, but then her face changed after seeing me, and called to me, "Diane!" She walked pleasantly up to me; also her mother looked pleased. But then she immediately said as if we met at just the right moment, "Oh, Diane, Why don't you take English class with her? It might help you to learn English."

"Yes! You should take it. It's the English class that is owned by my mom's friend. And you know what? That English class will be at the apartment right next to yours, which means you don't have to take a long walk to get to the class."

At her unexpected suggestion, I was quiet and confused for moment. But since we were close friends, and we shared time together, I didn't feel awkward. Unavoidably I called my mother to ask her, and she accepted it generously, because she didn't like that I was lying on the bed for whole day and doing nothing. If she hadn't suggested it, I would have never thought about English class.

My expectation of English class was that it would be really strict and serious. According to my experience, the things that I could learn from

cabulary, and then of course there is a test waiting for me. As the girl who had grown from the days where she was crying and screaming about English class, I was ready to accept all the difficulties. But my mental picture of my new class was destroyed when I got to the place of English class that was also the apartment of the tutor. As we came into the apartment through the opened door, I could see so many English books piled up in the hallway that they made me tired just looking at them.

We waited for the tutor to come out; then after a while, the chubby woman with short hair covering her neck and round glasses hanging on her nose welcomed us in an overreacted way.

"I was waiting for you. Please come inside!"

She shook our hands in greeting and let us come inside. I and my friend bowed to her in a polite way, and she smiled with a really warm attitude. The classroom was so tiny that it could not accommodate more than 5 people at the same time, and it was also messy. About 10 chairs and computer desks that were covered with scribbles were taking big spaces, so there was not enough space for us to stand. Also the giggling sounds and the concerns of little kids toward us were really annoying. I wasn't sure that I would learn something new from that English class. Unlike the official institution, there were no more teachers and classes except for that chubby woman and that messy, tiny classroom. Right after that day, I started to take the English class. The first thing I got to do was read children books. I almost started doubting her ability to teach students.

"Jack played with his dog. He was really happy. And he met his friend..."

I tried to read each word with perfect pronunciation so that I wouldn't get a warning from her like before. However, I didn't need to try hard to read those stories that were clearly meant for little kids. The only word that I didn't understand from the book was 'cave'. I had learned English for compulsory education at school, at another institution, and even on the internet, which means I was already at the level of understanding the whole story completely. I read another bunch of children's stories, and the tutor wanted

me to learn step-by-step. It was a totally different way than other institutions offer, and was unfamiliar to me. And I started to look for the things that I disliked about the institution. I grumbled on every single thing as if I was putting bad comments on the internet with a childish tantrum.

At first, I was displeased with her way of teaching English. I thought it was childish and I was learning things that little kids would learn. Even the younger students took the longer pieces than I had. I remembered the books that I had struggled with when I was young, and the books I were now being given were easier than them. Who would be interested in the story of young boy surviving in the forest? Sadly, those books were mostly about the boy having the life that didn't make sense. The boy lost the way in the forest. What does he have to do? Well, everyone knows if you lose your way, you should find a cave and enjoy your adventure with kind animal friends. That really makes sense. One day, I decided to tell her that I would like to take the books of higher level.

"Miss, don't you think it's too easy for me, 12 years old? You get what I mean; you know I can read and understand these books completely."

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