

THE LEOPARD PRINT

A QISB Student Literacy Magazine **Vol. 2 No.3**



The Reflective Issue

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In any area of life, taking time to reflect on our progress is a useful strategy for continued growth. The same is true for reflecting about how we've improved as writers.

In this issue we focus not just on the writing pieces, but also how students have improved their writing over the course of the year. We've asked some of our writers and/or their teachers to think reflectively about how they've grown as writers.

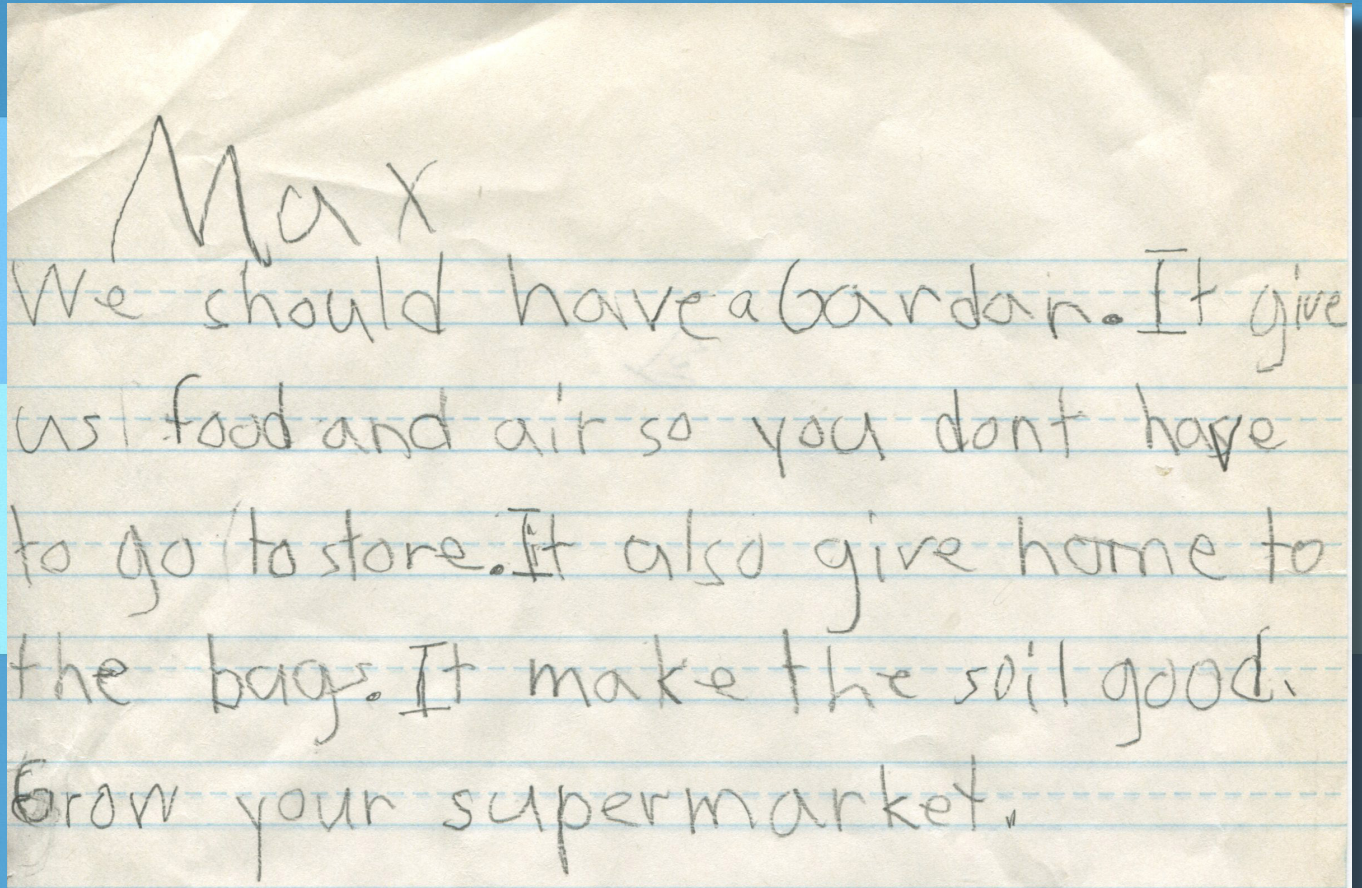


You can identify these reflections by the small magnifying glass next to each one.

Note: With only a few minor exceptions, Leopard Print staff do not edit the pieces we receive. *Grammar and spelling errors are retained* as an artifact, a record, of where each student is at a certain time in his or her writing career.

Thank you for your support of QSIB student writing this year.

Sincerely,
Chris Hilgeman
Issue #3 Editor



We Should Have a Garden (Part 1)

By Max Burton



At the beginning of the year, it was hard for Max to come up with ideas and to get started writing. In this piece he made an outline first, which helped him write it all by himself. He also made sure to go back and capitalize and use punctuation. - Ms. Kortlucke

We should have Garden!

Grow a Garden because a
Garden helps you have food and
air.

Grow a Garden because
a Garden help living
things or bugs.

The soil is good for
the worms.

Grow your own Garden.

Saniya

We Should Have a Garden (Part 2)

By Saniya Thakur



I wrote about growing a garden because of snails, butterflies and snakes. I like those things - Saniya

Aisenem

I want to do the back
flip. But I cannot do it.
Tryd and tryd and tryd
and tryd... then I askd my
mom to halp and I did it.
But I nidity to do it all
by my self. Then I did
it.

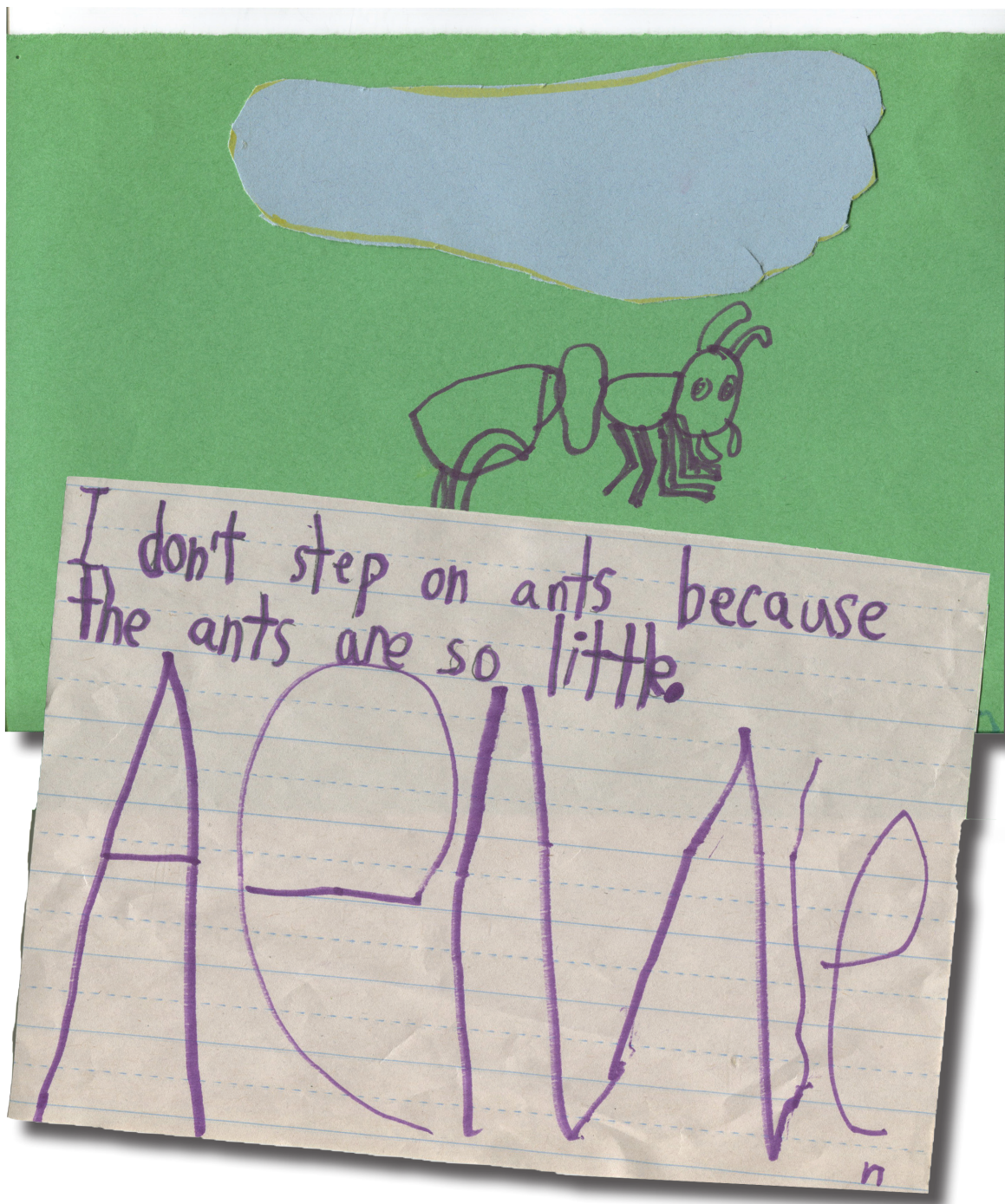


Back Flip

By Aisenem Mamakeeva



I practiced my writing this year to become better - Aisenem

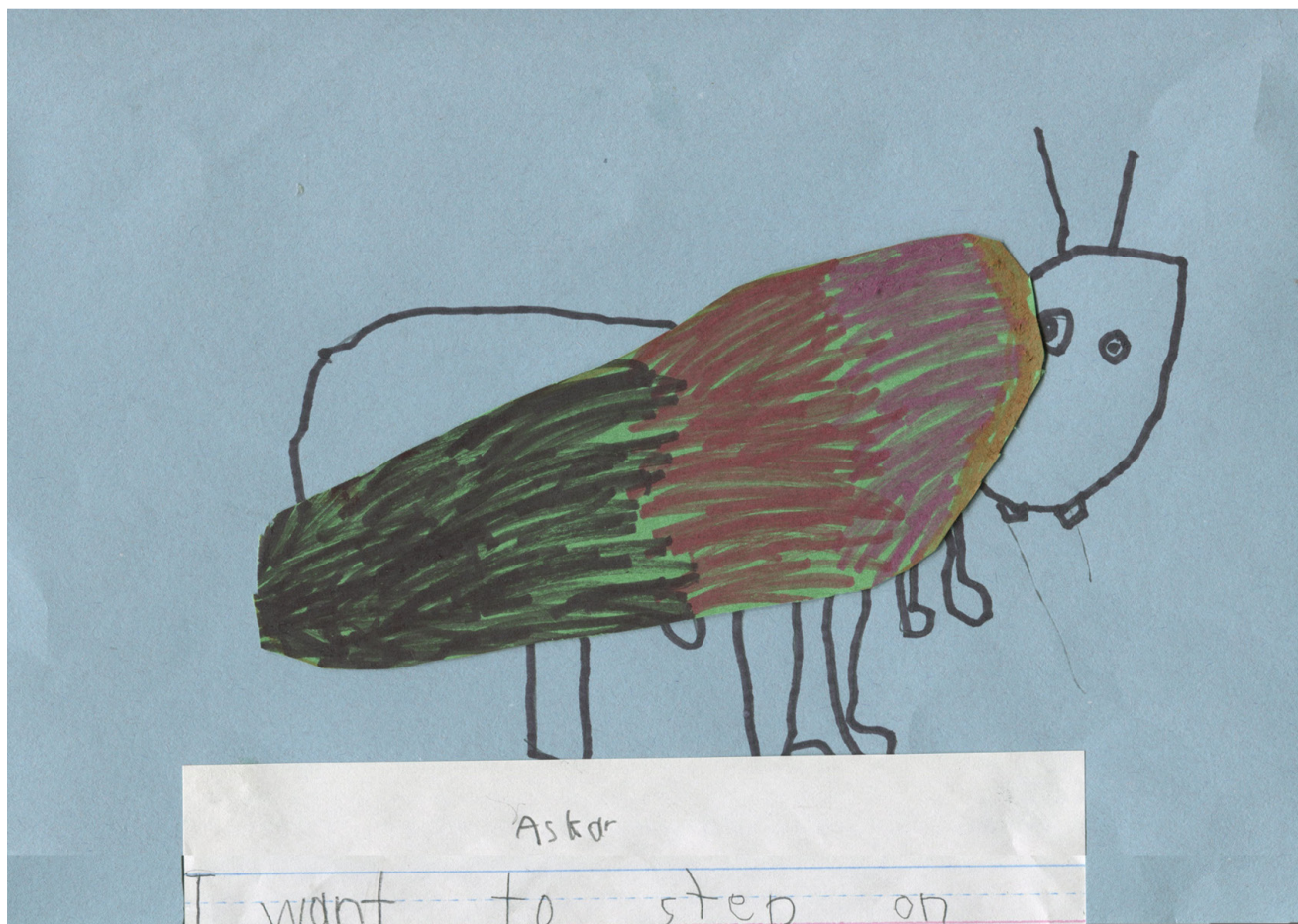


Stepping on Ants (Part 1)

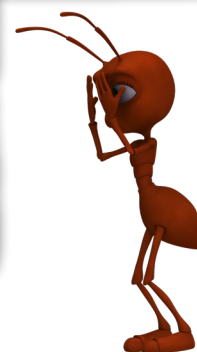
By Aelwen Seaver



My favorite part of this piece was drawing the ant - Aelwen



Askar
I want to step on
ants because they can
go to my bed. And they
can be in my shoes.



Stepping on Ants (Part 2)

By Askar Adamkul



Askar came to us not even being able to hold a pencil. It's evident by this piece that he's made major improvements this year. - Ms. Kortlucke

Berry and the Three Penguins

By Urszula Brudzynska



Urszula has gone from writing one sentence with a lot of help from the teacher to writing this entire story independently. - Ms. Kortlucke

Once upon a time was a family of penguins. There were Mr. Dad, Ms. Mom and Mr. Brother. One morning the penguins left ice-cream in a bowl in their kitchen. They wanted it to melt to make chocolate pudding. The penguins left. Berry came from her house. She could smell the ice cream.

Berry came in. Berry ate all the ice-cream

then still wanted to watch TV then she went to sleep. Then the door was opening because the penguins wanted to check on the ice cream.

Then Berry watch TV and she want to sit on a chair but the dad's chair was too big and Mom's chair was too big, too. And Mr. Brother's was the right.

She was sitting. She pulled on it and it fell and broke.

Then she want to sleep but the dad's bed was too big and mom's bed was too big, but Mr. Brother's bed was just right and she want to sleep.

The penguins came home and checked the ice cream. They were sad. It was gone.

"Who ate our ice cream?" they asked.

They checked the chairs. Someone had been sitting on them and Mr. Brother's was broken. They check the beds. The beds were squished. They saw Berry in the Mr. Brother's bed. "Who's this?"

Berry was up and she screamed, "A A A A A A!!!"

She ran home.



Goldilocks and the Monsters

By Nola Margulies



In class we read a book about Goldilocks and a monster from Norway. But I got an idea for a different monster. My hand hurt writing this story because I had to write so neat. - Nola

Once upon a time there was a little girl, her name was Goldilocks. She was on a small walk. She was walking by and she saw the house and she went inside. She was curious because it was red, and red was her favorite color.

Then Goldilocks went in. She was tired and wanted to watch some TV and sit down. She was mad because that chair was too hairy and this chair was too dirty. But this chair was just right and she was happy. She sat on that chair and turned on the TV. She watched Kung Fu Panda 3. After she watched it she went upstairs and fell asleep on the smallest bed.

And when she woke up she went downstairs and she saw a picture of a family of monsters and she was scared, and she ran away.

"A A A A!" she cried.

She ran back home and when she was home she said, "Mom, mom I just went to monster's house!"

Mom said. "That's not true!"

"I really did, I really did see a monster's house!"



Hiking

By Alex Hernandez

It was the first day of spring vacation. The sun was shining and it was warm. Mom and dad were packing bologna sandwiches, orange juice, and extra clothes. "What is going on?" I asked.

"We are going on a hiking trip!" Dad replied.

A litter later, we arrived and I carried the bag until we passed the river. Later we made it to the river, which sounded like wind in a storm. It was so beautiful that my dad stayed for a long time.

After we passed the river I saw I lots of mountains. They looked so beautiful, like cookies, Oreos, and mint ice cream. "Yum," I said.

When we made it to the end of the river, we sat down and ate, chocolate bars, bologna and ham sandwiches, and last but lest water. Soon we ran out of water. My mom said we can use the river water. It was as cold as snow and as fresh as trees. As soon as we finished getting water, I was so exhausted that I fell asleep in the ride. It was a great day and I would like to drink that fresh water again!



This year my writing has improved because I have less spelling errors in each story – maybe 4 or 3. I like this writing piece because it is long and I like things that are long because it gives you more time to read and people like reading. - Alex

Ashoo

By Isa Olson

When my friends and I went to Ashoo, we moved our things into the log apartment. When I first stepped into the room I said "WOW! WOW! WOW!" because the room that belonged to my sister and I had lamps that looked like shooting stars on top of our beds and a shelf filled with English children's books.

After that, we went to the restaurant and ate tasty chicken soup with rice. Later we crossed the river and climbed a small mountain. The birds were singing and it was really quiet there because there were no people. After that I went back to the log apartment to read.

It was the best time ever, and Ashoo makes me happy.



I'm a better writer now because I do better word choice. I also type a little bit faster. I like this story because I like the topic because it has...sentence fluency? - Isa

The Trouble

By Caroline Vilson



This year my teacher told us more ways to write and I got more ideas about what to write about. - Caroline

It was a sunny evening anyone would love. That's when Nicole decided to go to the beach. "Can I go by myself?" pleaded Nicole.

"No, sweetie we have to come with you," replied mom.

"I won't eat chocolate for a week! Please, mom, please," again pleaded Nicole.

"Fine," Nicole's mom said in a sweet voice. Later that day, when Nicole reached the beach, she was having a great time swimming in the waves. Sadly, her fun was short-lived. "Something seems unfamiliar in the beach," thought Nicole. The waves whooshed past her faster and faster. The coconut trees were blowing like kites on a windy day. She could not smell the grilled chicken from all the beach goers' barbecues anymore. When she looked up from under the water, everyone was packing and driving home.

Nicole worried about what was going to happen next. That's when she noticed a car that was familiar. "Whose is it? Why is it here?" She asked herself. She didn't have time to think before a man stepped out of the car. Who was it? "Oh, yeah it is Uncle Tom," she exclaimed in a surprised voice. She ran over to Uncle Tom and asked, "Can you drop me off at my house?"

"Sure, hop in," he replied.

"Thank you, Uncle Tom," she said with a smile. When she reached home, "KA-BOOM!" the electricity went out. "What is happening?" she asked her mom.

"Don't worry," said her mom, "we didn't pay for electricity. Your dad will take care of it."

"Yep, I will take care of it," repeated Nicole's Dad.

"Sweetie, I am glad that you are safe," said mom, "and I would have never let you go to the beach if I knew that there was a Hurricane."

The Night of Nooroz

By Mannaaim Somani

On the 21 of march we celebrate Nooroz. We had a gathering at my dad's friend Karim's house.

In a gathering we sat down in a group and say our prayers. The thing that shocked me was the amount of people. There was double the amount of people than usual.

Then we were eating cake, nuts, and figs. When we were all finished eating them I asked my mom, "When are we going to the restaurant?"

She answered, "After everybody is finished talking."

I replied, "Ok."

After 10 minutes we were at an Indian restaurant called Sallam Namaste. Finally it was time to to eat. When the dahl was served and had gone in my mouth it tasted thick and buttery. After that I smelled a smell that I was fimiliar with. It was the chicken tika. It was coating my throat so I had to drink water. It was yummy anyway.

The food was all yummy so I wanted to eat more even though I was full. I was really thankfull for all I had got.



I've improved in my writing this year because I can think of ideas a bit faster. I have less grammatical errors and spelling errors and I can write faster. - Mannaaim

Dear Punctuation
17A Period Lane
Bishkek, KG 000100012
April 25, 2016
Addressing ALL Punctuation

Dear Punctuation,
Stop interrupting my thoughts!
When I'm writing GREAT sentences, you make me
pause! Like you did just then!

You, yes you, Comma, stop adding commas to my
sentences! I know that's your thing, but, by stop,
that means STOP adding commas to ALL
my sentences!

And YOU Caps Lock, you make me seem like I'm
SCREAMING!

Period.
Oh, Period.
How you make my sentences so SHORT!

And Grammar, PLEASE stop making add words sense!

I mean, stop making me add words to make sense!
It makes my hand HURT!

And Quotation Marks, stop making me "Let people say things and stuff,"
clearly, "It's ANNOYING!"

All these
Rules,
Rules,
Rules!

Well, it's Lunch Time.
I gotta, I mean got to go.

See ya, I mean, see you, all of you I guess, in my next writing!

Hungrily Yours,
Commala Marks,
Brain,
Hand,
And Foot



Dear Punctuation

By Annaliese Baron



This year I've improved my writing by adding new techniques, adjectives, and ways to describe what I want to show, using interesting words. I had fun writing this. - Annaliese



My Puppy

By Aysel Hamlin

Her eyes were barely open
Her paws were very small
Her fur was very fluffy
And she wasn't very tall

She was very cute
She could fit in a boot
That's how small she was



This year my writing has become stronger as I've added vocabulary and made my writing more interesting by adding excitement. - Aysel

brought them profit. They wanted to add chicken soup to the menu. So Jack went to the dark market for some ingredients.

Then near the entrance he saw a grandpa selling "magic beans" and asked

"Can I try one please?"

"Why yes you can but be careful!" Said the grandpa

Jack put one slimy bean in his mouth and grew and grew and GREW half a centimeter tall. And he thought to himself "If I grew because of eating magic beans our profit can grow too" And he bought 2 kilograms of magic beans and went home to cook.

He came home put everything in one bowl, added water, and started cooking on the stove. It smelled nastier than cow dung but tasted delicious.

The world's most famous critic smelled it 3000 miles away and in a few moments appeared right in the restaurant and said

"I shall judge this whatever you call this soup or not!"

He took a sip of soup and that same moment fell in love with it. He bought the recipe copyright for 200,000,000, euro. And Jack became one of the most richest people the world has ever known.



I like that this story is really funny and has a lot of fantasy added to it. My grammar has improved this year. Also I've tried to add more ideas and spelling words to my writing. - Stefan

Jack and the Bean Soup

By Stefan Lunev



Did you hear the story of Jack and the bean soup? No!? Well let me tell you. This is how it started. Jack and his family lived in a humongous city called San Franangeles. They were poor but won a restaurant in a lottery that never



Camping Trip

By Hamad Al Naimi



I felt like writing this story because it was kind of like an adventure because of the bear. Sometimes bears are dangerous and some people like reading about adventures so that's why I thought it would be good to write about. - Hamad

One day, Ms. Maureen and Ms. Alex decided that we would go on a camping trip. Mr. Barrow helped us a lot to organize this trip. I was so excited for the trip so were my friends. We gathered up all of the material we needed. Then we were ready to go to the trip.

On the way we found a gray bear sitting and reading a book, called How Cats Walk. When he saw the bus he tried to come in but the school driver went faster and then the bear started yelling, "Guys stop I want to camp with you!" He tried to jump into the bus but the driver did not let the bear come in. When we finally arrived at Zil the bus was stuck so we needed to get out. Eventually we finally arrived there we were divided into groups and then we made tents and after that we made a toilet, sink and finally lunch.

We had lunch, it was tuna with salad and then Ms. Maureen and Ms. Alex told us we can write anything about what all of us see.

After that Mr. Barrow explained to all of us how to play the robot game and the game was really interesting. We all were divided into groups I was with Satoshi we had compass we needed to hike using it so it was little harder than I thought. When we all were at the top of the mountain we wanted to take a picture but when

Ms. Jarkynai clicked the button to take the picture the bear jumped and most of us did not realize but when we heard the sound we ran down the mountain. All of us had dinner the dinner was vegetable soup. At last we made a camp fire and sadly I needed to go home because I was sick. On the way the bear waved to me bye and I was surprised that I saw him.

Presents

A Free Verse Poem

By Kaya Doherty



I like this poem because it was giving evidence but not telling readers the entire story and letting them figure it out for themselves. - Kaya

"It's Christmas Day!" I shout so
I wake up the house
My sister and I race down the stairs
Listening to the THUD THUD of our footsteps
And the CREAK CREAK of the stairs.
Then we squeal and shout with delight,
"LOOK WHAT HAPPENED OVERNIGHT!"





The Land Called Nubia

*An Excerpt From the
Complete Story*
by Amelia Georgievska

Chapter 1

It was a good bright day and I planned to go outside to feed my cattle. They were covered with white fur and horns; wait to eat the prepared meat. This very day I thought about what was on the other side of Nubia and asked Momma, but she ignored my question. Anyway I didn't need her.

I continued walking and discovered people with trade markets, they had ivory, copper, ebony, pinewood, gold, incents, and clay. I brought the cattle with me because; I had to feed the cows some grass and water, so they can be healthy. Going to the Nile was dreadful, because you had to climb cliffs, but it was worth it, and I've done this lot of times. When I filled my containers with water, I was ready to go home.

I walked where the grass was visible with my bare feet. I tickled a little. Then an idea popped in my mind. What if we can trade with bordering countries, such as Egypt? We can export ivory, copper, ebony, pinewood, gold,

incents, and clay. Maybe they would trade us with some grains and minerals, which we can use it for raw materials and make fine jewelry. I couldn't wait to tell Momma about my idea, maybe she wouldn't be so strict to me?

When I returned from my long work session, I was not surprised about Momma's attitude. But I've practiced a speech that would persuade Momma.

"Momma, I need to talk to you. As I was walking to fetch some water, an idea came to my mind." I was starting to feel pressure, but I continued my speech: "The idea is that maybe we can create a system for trading that will allow us to get more products from the bordering countries, such as—"She stopped me with her voice, as sharp as a knife.

"You want to do something useful for once, I am proud." But the sweetness in her tone did not last for long. "I will allow it!" She spit the words out as if she heard me doing something stupid. Soon my face was shining brighter than the sun. I was so happy that I couldn't even think. But there was only one problem. How will I present this idea to the Nubians in my village? Will they allow it? Who will be responsible, me or Momma?




This year I've improved in revision and word choice. What I like about this piece is how it shows I can take book research and turn it into a story.

- Amelia

Phosphor

By Amir Isahunov



I like this story because it has an important message about saying how you feel and it also feels like you're just talking to someone instead of writing it all on paper. I know I've improved this year in my writing because I have to rewrite my stories less and less as the year goes on. Areas I need to work on are getting rid of excess repetition of words.

- Amir

Once, in the deep dark space, a comet started falling. It was a lonely purple comet. It was falling down by itself, leaving a purple line of smoke behind it. One day when the comet was just falling by itself, an orange comet joined its fall. First the comet moved away from it. But then they became friends. They were flying around each other and having fun. The orange comet showed the purple one its friends. They were all happy and safe.

As everyone was calmly falling together, the purple comet moved away from the group a little. It started floating between the stars and.... dreaming! It was dreaming and wishing, about having incredible powers and changing its look. But one of the dreams was... well, special. It was a dream that was not only interesting but... showed the comet's personality. The comet liked its dream. It decided to tell its friends about it. The friends were weirded out. The comet's friends thought it was unusual. The comets that were taking care of the little ones said no to the comet. It was really upset. It wanted to live a free life and show other people that it's okay to be... themselves! It wanted to prove this, but the comet just couldn't. What would you do if you were the comet? How would you prove that it's ok to be yourself?

I hope you all understand that your life is your choices, your life is the consequences of your choices. And in your life..... make any dream that you have... come true... no matter the size.

Clash of Clans vs. Clash Royale

By Arjun Mallick



At the beginning of the year I wasn't good at writing paragraphs but now I get it. Also I'm better at creativity and writing thesis statements. - Arjun

Clash of Clans or Clash Royale? Which game would you choose? Choose Clash of Clans. Everybody should play Clash of Clans because Clash of Clans has more attack time, troops work on their own, has Clan Wars, and has more loot.

Clash of Clans has more attack time. Clash Royale gives only 2 minutes for attacking, but Clash of Clans gives 3 minutes. 2 minutes are not enough for completely destroying your enemy. In 3 minutes, you can totally destroy the enemy base.

In Clash of Clans, the work on their own. Once you have trained the troops in Clash of Clans, and sent them on the attack, they do everything on their own, but in Clash Royale, you have to continuously send troops until the time runs out or someone losses. Clash of Clans only lets you to train a specific number of troops, but once you send them all to war, they work on their own.

Clash of Clans has Clan Wars, but Clash Royale does not. Clan Wars teach teamwork and group interaction. Clash of Clans, while being a fun game, is also teaching you group interaction and team work. Clash Royale does not teach anything like this.

Clash of Clans has more loot, too. In Clash Royale, you are not getting any loot from battles. In Clash of Clans, you get a lot of loot from your battles. The amount of loot that you get depends on how much you attack and Clash of Clans also gives a loot bonus in a war that you have won if you are in a league.

All in all, Clash of Clans is better than Clash Royale because Clash of Clans has more attack time, troops work on their own, has Clan Wars, and battles give more loot. Strategy lovers will love Clash of Clans. Clash of Clans is a really strategy filled game. Everybody should play Clash of Clans and not Clash Royale.

Sonnet

By Noora Al Naimi

If I could choose to switch the game or sleep
I would of course would want to watch the game
It would be good to watch the game go deep
But who will be lucky to win the fame?

Who will be the star player of the game?
Or who will be the key of life today?
Give me the stats and I will see the same
Let's see the this game from today till Friday

I'm tired of this I'll just watch basketball
Why too much time it takes for them to score?
Wait and see who will be free to take the ball
See them play and wait all day or leave, door

Barcelona is the best I assure
Let me go sleep or wait not now for sure



This year I learned new writing techniques. What I like about this piece is that it shows I learned the meter of Shakespearean sonnets. - Noora



A Girl

A Sonnet


By Alisa Kravtchin

Salty scared tears run down her hollow cheeks
Sad music is blasting through her headphones
Being abandoned is the thing she seeks
She eats less and less you can see her bones.

Voices cry out and cause her wrists to bleed
As she eats a meal, then throws up the food.
Flashbacks and episodes where can this lead?
Crying, laughing, drastic change in her mood

But surprisingly she can be happy.
She can laugh and hangout with her good friends
Her life is broken, but not a hopeless case.
She may push you away, but she always mends

The strongest relationship you two share
Just know that she will forever be there.


 After this year I know how to use better word choice to write more realistically. Also my dialogue has improved a lot, writing how people actually speak. This sonnet portrays different mental diseases including schizophrenia, PTSD, bipolar disorder, bulimia, anorexia, and depression. - Alisa

Sacred Tree

A Sonnet

By Jack Stalker

Atop a hill there stands a sacred tree
Upon it lies the leaves of memory
Inside those leaves there is my mind and dreams
Holding it up are all the sacred beams
Running around the cotton candy wilds
Are monkeys who can kill the crocodiles
and the hippos will yell at the penguins
who have yet to join us and then fit in
but even though there are some happy things
we all can guess what are the golden rings
they are the jewels that cause my mind to fall
so chaos, death, and ruin are in us all
so even if you have a loving mind
there is no hiding from demons inside

 This year I've learned how to hide meaning without being obvious - basically writing so that readers have to infer meaning. This sonnet shows how my mind works when I get calm and then I get angry. That's what I was going for. - Jack

It's Come To An End

By Isabella Magan

I feel the need to say something right now
Because this sonnets due in just a bit
I don't think I will finish this but, wow
It won't be good 'cause my heart's not in it

Don't have ideas anymore, for this
Excuse the horrible, sad piece of work
It is not good, but it is what it is
When finished this, ideas might just lurk

I must admit, this was great fun to make
And hopefully, it's just as fun to read
I should put random words in here like take
Or maybe another word like mislead

But sadly, this has all come to an end
This sonnet is done so I must click send

My writing has improved a bit from before. At the beginning of the year I didn't know how to write a sonnet or what pentameter was. Regarding this piece, when I was thinking of what to write I couldn't think of an idea. Instead I came up with the idea of writing a sonnet about writing a sonnet.
- Isabella

Rome's Movements

By Vera Stalker

Why do people move? People move because of personal issue, geographic, business and political problems. All of these could have affected the Ancient Roman Empire. Rome grew by trade, beliefs and languages. First, trade had the most growth on the Romans.

Romans had a hard time trading by sea. Because of that, the Romans, created a navy which made it faster, cheaper and safer to trade which made it better than on land. People traveled far to get to Rome so they can trade. They exported grains, olive oil and pottery across the empire. They imported grains that fed the armies. Importing is the way to get items that Rome couldn't make. For an example, paper. China made paper, so Rome had to import paper. Trading was very important reason people moved.

Beliefs also helped Rome grow. Romans believed in many gods, Many of them were from Greece. During this time a new religion started

called Judaism. An important man, an apostle named Paul, converted to Christianity. Christianity was a different type of Judaism. He started going to teaching and preaching. He taught Jesus's teachings. He went to Rome and converted them to Christianity. The Romans, then started spreading Christianity. This brought people together which made new states and places come together too. So they properly shared the same beliefs. The Romans tried to placate their gods, or keep them happy. They believed that if they did certain things, the gods would give them what they asked for. Beliefs was very important reason people moved. Lastly, language had the third most growth for the Rome empire, Roman soldiers, colonists, and merchants spread to many parts of Europe. Latin was the language used for education in Europe for many centuries. Latin also served in Roman Catholic Church. Latin was how people communicated in church, education and in regular life. Latin was how people interacted, shared ideas and even made languages and friends. Doctors, philosophers and poets needed to know Latin to learn and share ideas. Romans moved so they can share the language of Latin. Latin was very important reason people moved.

In conclusion, the Romans civilization grew massively because of the movements of trade, beliefs and language. These movements gave power to Rome which made the empire so successful and rich. The Romans developed faster than other nations because of the movements, their ideas and economy. Rome was the heart of Europe and spread ideas and riches to Europe.



This year I've improved in my grammar and just getting my thoughts written on paper. I think this piece shows how I've improved in writing a hook as well as in using transitions. - Vera

Life and Death

An Exerpt From the Screenplay By Aziz Sansyzbaev, Darine Usupova, Ruby Stalker, and Roman Bautista

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The detectives walk down a narrow school hallway. There are wooden lockers lined up by the wall, and student artworks are hanging on the walls. They walk into one of the open classroom doorways.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom is small with a computer, a bookshelf, a table, and some chairs.

NICOLE

This room will do, Eric. Go pick one student of
of your choice.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Eric walks down to the end of the hallway. He knocks on the door and a few seconds later he open the door. Inside is a group of around ten students who are studying.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

ERIC

Sorry to interrupt, but may I have Wesley for a
few minutes?

MS. SMITH

Yes you may.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wesley and Eric walk down the hallway.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Eric opens the door. Nicole, who has been gazing out the window turns around when they enter.

NICOLE

Have a seat Wesley.

Wesley sits down and a few seconds later Nicole sits across from him.

NICOLE

First of all, Mr. Hosk I am truly sorry for the lost of your beloved sister. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

WESLEY

Yes, of course!

NICOLE

Is there anyone in this school that is an enemy of Elsa?

WESLEY

No, Elsa was friends with everyone, and she was kind to everyone. She was also responsible, so the teachers liked her.

NICOLE

When did you see her last?

WESLEY

As I can remember, the last time I saw her was at the dance. She was running out of school for something. I was going to stop her, but I bumped into Owen, Elsa's ex. I told him to stay away from her, and that she doesn't want to hear anything that he says. But, he rejected me and followed her anyways, and I stopped him. Then we had a fight.

NICOLE

Is that why you have bruises on your face?

WESLEY

Yes that's why.

NICOLE

Well, Mr. Hosk thank you for your time. If you have anything else to say or if you have any questions, just call us.

WESLEY

Okay, I will and thank you for taking this case.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Owen enters the classroom. His shoes are muddy and he looks very tired. Detective Eric writes that his shoes are muddy and he looks

very tired in his notebook. Owen drops into the chair and relaxes, strongly slouching. Owen looks down, his eyes are moist and Detective Eric moves his head rapidly to make eye contact with him, but Owen ignores him and just keeps on staring at the floor.

ERIC

I'm sorry for your loss Mr. Turner. If I could help you in anyway way...

OWEN

It doesn't help. Why do people even say sorry if they don't really care? Why are they even trying to help? It's not like they can reverse time and change everything! (He raises his voice and from this Eric becomes visibly irritated)

ERIC

Mr. Turner I heard your relationship with Elsa was quite interesting... It's not like you expect me to really believe every single word you're gonna tell me.

OWEN

Well that's what you heard and possibly think so, but you're wrong. And I don't care if you don't believe me.

ERIC

You are a very determined young man aren't you Mr. Turner.

Writing this script was important so that there would be no misunderstandings between people when they record the movie. However, I think I learned it is better to work alone sometimes because some people are too creative. - Aziz

I agree with Aziz. Working alone is a good idea. This script was a good waste of time. It's a "waste of time" because you are writing together as a group and so it took longer. But it was "good" because you have to reveal things about your characters and their personalities through dialogue and actions. - Darine

This project made us plan our task, setting, and everything. It was challenging because we all had to do our own scenes but it was difficult to make our scenes agree with someone else's. When you're writing by yourself it's probably easier. - Ruby

It's a good project that teaches you how to write professionally instead of just writing whatever the person is saying. We learned how to use proper structure and formatting. Those make it more readable. - Roman

Shawarma Master

By Alan Usupov



This year my writing has improved in the areas of word choice, descriptive writing, and in the ability to show rather than tell. - Alan

A Shawarma cook
So coordinated he doesn't have to look
He might be mean
But makes shawarma faster than a machine
He puts the kebab on a stick
Better than a builder lays a brick
He throws the lavash on the table
Quicker than a signal going through a cable
He's a samurai when it comes to cutting
And a pig when he's eating
His shawarma is the best in the world
And always perfectly furred



Trump

By Daniel Bobocel

This year my vocab has improved, making everything flow together better. What I like about this piece was having to use different words to give it a good rhythm. - Daniel

SWAYING BLONDE HAIR
DESIRE TO RULE
LIKE THAT OF A BEAR
WE THINK HE'S SO COOL
RUNNING AND RUNNING
THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE
VERY CUNNING
LOOK AT HIS FACE
BILLIONS OF DOLLARS
COUPLE OF WIVES
LOOKS A LOT SMALLER
THAN MOST OF HIS LIES
NATIONALIST AND RACIST
WANTS TO BUILD A WALL
TO KEEP OUT THE RACES
SO HE DOESN'T GET CALLS
CLIMBING THE LADDER
IN SYNC WITH HILLARY
RECEIVES A LOT OF FLATTER
WHEN HE CLAIMS VICTORY



Lipstick

By Magdalena Tyson

Oh, I'm sorry, my lipstick seems to have smeared
Down my wrists and down my chest
I seem to have applied too much foundation
My face is far too pale, I'll fix that

Oh, look at that, I've run out of blush
My nails have grown quite long, though,
I'll need more polish, more time,

My back is weary, give me a corset,
Tie it tight, fix my bed,
I haven't eaten a thing all day,
But sadly my weight remains the same

Oh, no, I forgot to take a shower,
So I put in some hair gel
Those ladies put my hair up,
Cascading curls, woven braids,
Fixed my lipstick, cleaned my stains,
Eyeliner, a pretty dress,
I wish I was around to see myself



What I like about this piece is that it's subtle and not immediately clear who is speaking. The poem is really about a dead girl lying in a coffin.- Maggie

School Day

By Alex Baron



My writing has improved this year in the area of persuasive techniques. They've helped me get more involved with my readers. I like this particular poem because it turns going to school into an adventure, as seen through the eyes of a child. - Alex

Run, little child
Run like a hurricane
That isn't very mild,
But isn't reckless either.
The time goes faster and faster
Speeding up with every step
Commanded by a drill master
Who never rests.
His heart accelerates
Breathing ragged
While his mind still concentrates
On one vital objective.
Hearing children laughing
And yelling with joy,
He couldn't start relaxing
For his destination was nigh.
Making his way up the hill,
The little boy rejoined with his friends
And at the bell's shrill trill
Went in the building to start school.



BANDAGE



Sigma: I personally like the glow of the flowers and different variety of flowers. This one is my latest drawing, so probably shows my current skills.

Twins: Depicts the love between siblings. What I like about this drawing is the light effect and the overall color use.

Mask: I just wanted to draw a picture that illustrates oriental culture: mask, clothes and cherry blossoms.

Bandage: I wanted to depict a wounded youth, mentally and physically. However, she thinks everything will get better if she endures them with a smile.

By Hyejin Yoo

SIGMA



TWIN'S



MASK



I swear fealty to you
My fallen angel
I will look after you
Even when death will come for my dark soul

I knew the name, before I knew your face
I knew the voice before I heard your speech
I appreciated your presence before I realize it
I was fascinated of your world even before we met

You appeared from nowhere
Became my breath of fresh air
Showed me a real world, without suffering and anguish
Gave me hope, that life is not eternal nightmare

I apologize for leaving you so early
I told you many times
Death is not the end
May we meet again, in the City of Light.

Fallen Angel

By Alexandra Loboda

This year I've improved in the areas of word choice, use of synonyms, grammar, and writing essays. I like the metaphor at the end of this piece - the idea of the City of Light representing the afterlife. A year ago if I had read this poem I wouldn't have understood what it was about.

- Alexandra



NOKIA

Technology

By Abdulrahman
Al Naimi

You sometimes make our lives easier
Yet some people think you should be completely gone

You can be used for good advantages
But you can also be used to demolish things as well

People claim that you are a friend of Earth
Others accuse you of killing it
No one would really truth behind all of this
But all we know is that if we misuse you
Consequences will pursue
And gives us the bill



Thinking deeper and expanding creatively on my ideas are ways my writing has improved this year. I like this poem because of the literary devices I added into it, for example the personification at the end. - Abdulrahman



Skiing

By Kunshita Gumbhir



Areas I've improved in this year are descriptive writing, showing vs. telling, and use of imagery. This piece shows off how I've improved in the use of imagery.
- Kunshita

Cold, white, cotton balls

Sticking to the ground

Laying in huge piles

Sewing a beautiful dress of

Glistening, little, white crystals

In the luminous light

I hit my ski poles on the crystals

And pushing forward

I zoomed through the snow

Zigzagging and cutting

Through the surface of the dress.



LIFE

By Harsh Sharma

They select their journey to sky
But don't give a bird permission to fly
They keep the spirit of touching its eye
But never bothered to fall from that high

Anger is a wanton fire,
Those who control this slows burning desire,
Will escape from this vicious hate supplier,
But those who can't control this fire,
Will blaze in funeral pyre

Ego forces a man to stand alone
Even forget his family at home
Just wants his name to be known
The fatal flaw will bury his swelled bones

Jealousy the lack of Self-confidant
Man who feel greedy when other make monument
Will feel his inner mind-set meeting with an accident
Believe in you and do something dominant



This year I've improved my vocabulary, grammar, and use of imagery. In this piece I especially like the theme which is "How to Be Successful in Life." - Harsh

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- The Leopard Print Staff



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