THE EOPARD PRINT vol. 4 NO. 2

THE

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ETRO

VHS

Letter From the Editor

Last year my parents asked me to look at an old trunk of my papers they found when cleaning a storage shed. I obediently dug through the container, unearthing old college homework assignments, newspaper clippings, journals, and then....in a eureka moment....copies of my old high school newspaper.

Our school paper, The Quest, was nothing to look at. Dot-matrix style clip art adorned heavily photocopied and text columns applied with a glue stick. Later when we began to use one of the first versions of Microsoft Publisher we thought we were cutting edge.

Working initially as a writer and later as editor of the paper was one of the things I enjoyed most about high school. I especially enjoyed writing a regular humor column which allowed me to emulate the style of one of my early writing heroes, the columnist Dave Barry.

As I poured through the old copies of The Quest I was reminded of how proud I was writing something that every once in awhile made someone laugh. And despite their age and silliness, I'm still proud of those columns today.

That's the idea behind this issue of The Leopard Print. Many of us have creative pieces that we've written in the past that for whatever reason never were published. In this issue we reached out to students and staff asking if there were any pieces they had written in the past but still felt particularly proud of. In answer to our query, we received several pieces as well as some photography. These "retro" articles are marked with a small vhs icon at the top of the



Past writing pieces are identified with this "Retro Piece" icon at the top of the article.

page to indicate they are older pieces just now submitted for publication.

Of course we've also included some new pieces from students, including several poems notable because they are our first collaborative pieces between elementary and secondary students.

It's our hope that you enjoy the articles and creative pieces in this issue of The Leopard Print. And as always, if you do, please let the writer know.

Thank you for your purchase of this magazine and your support of student writing at QSIB!

Sincerely,

Issue 2 Staff	
Alisa Kravtchin Darine Usupova Alexandra Loboda Hyerin Yoo Juyeon Kim	Editorial Policy: With only a few minor exceptions, Leopard Print staff do not edit the pieces we receive. <i>Grammar and spelling errors are retained</i> as an artifact, a record, of where each student is at a certain time in his or her writing career.

Chris Hilgeman Leopard Print Staff Advisor and Issue 2 Editor

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The Leopard Print is the student literary magazine of QSI International School of Bishkek, a Quality Schools International school.



Night

Tanya Hertel

Night is approaching. | walked faster. But the more | walked The more it seemed | was getting deeper into the thickness of the forest. | found myself standing beneath huge trees, Whose leaves and branches made it difficult to see the sky. | could see the leaves on the trees swaying, But | couldn't feel the wind. listened to the sounds of the forest, Songs of birds collided with the shouting of monkeys and cackle of baboons. Even though | was lost, it was safe for the time being. spent the night in the arms of these trees,

Between Earth and Sky

TANKA POEMS

Tanka poems are a Japanese poetic style similar to haiku. In a tanka poem there are five lines and together the poem forms 31 syllables. These poems often express thoughts about emotions and nature.

Winter By Aliya Bakchieva

Now, Winter is here! Enticing smell of cacao, I hear snow crunching. We made enormous snowman, It's a fascinating seas'n.

White Winter By Taylor Opper

I see white ev'rywhere, It is blinding, crisp and bright, Lake's frozen outside Wood is burnin' in the fireplace, The snow makes you feel joyful!

Downhill Skiing By Faisal Al Naimi

I love downhill skiin, Like a stealthy bird flying. Ouch! My legs jello. After - Sizzling hot Shashlyk. Relaxing in my bath tub.

Icicles By Jett McMillan

Catapulting ice Falling from my roof's gutters, It is dangerous. Don't walk or stand beneath roofs, Or you may end up impaled! Charming Winter By Dasha Serova

Winter is charming The smell of hot chocolate Makes me feel cozy Snowflakes blanketing the ground How warm it's by fireplace!



t was a typical day in Bishkek, with people waking up early in the morning to get to work or school. All day long bus stops are filled with people waiting for their marshrutkas or

trolleybuses, to take them to their destination. But once every month all marshrutka drivers illegally meet up in the town square to race each other, to prove who is the best marshrutka driver, and of course to win money too. Winning the town square races means you qualify for the "elite races" where people don't race for money, but for their marshrutkas.

There are millions of bad drivers who crash on the streets, fight with other drivers, drive through red lights, and drive on the wrong side of the road. However, there is one driver who is different from them all. His name is Altinbek; he drives by the rules...but only if the local police are nearby.

Altinbek is not a typical no.195 marshrutka driver. He has a very different style of driving. When he comes to a turn in the road, all the other drivers slow down to turn. However, Altinbek doesn't do that; instead he drifts, or as he calls it, "marshrutka drifts." This is similar to normal drifting, but slower because if you go too fast your marshrutka will flip over because of its height. Marshrutka drifting helps Altinbek to beat his opponents during a race because other drivers always slow down on the U-turn, which gives Altinbek a higher chance of winning.

Altinbek's best friends are Bakit, and Dimon. Bakit is the type of "ride or die" driver, who doesn't care about safety and always rams into his opponent's marshrutkas, since he has two extra layers of metal attached around his ride. His old friend works in a junk yard - that's where he stole all the metal from, and keeps stealing it. Bakit doesn't drive by the rules when the police aren't around, but when the police are near, he still doesn't drive by the rules. Dimon, on the other hand, is a very safe driver, so he does not attend the races but just helps Altinbek and Bakit. Dimon is a private marshrutka driver who drives very important people. He always drives by the rules.

One day Altinbek was driving and all of a sudden another marshrutka cut him off on the road. He lost control and crashed into a tree. Luckily, he was not hurt, however his marshrutka was.

The next day Altinbek was at the car service and asked the mechanic "Whats up doc?" The mechanic disappointingly said "Engine is destroyed, gotta get a new one, and that would cost about ten thousand bucks."

"Ameiii!" screamed Alitnbek, "where am I gonna find that money? The marshrutka races are in one week!"

"I don't know man," answered the mechanic," that's your problem."

Altinbek sadly walked to Bakit's apartment. When he got there, he told Bakit his problem and Bakit replied "Do you know who crashed into you?"

"I know exactly who it was. Adilet." Adilet was the laziest driver in Bishkek. He would always drive against the rules, but the police couldn't catch him because he would drive behind big trucks so you couldn't see him. In races, most of the time he was last for most of the race. He would wait until the other marshrutkas slowed down at the U-turn, and then speed up, passing his opponents.

"What! But why!" screamed Bakit.

Altinbek answered, "I am the only guy who is able to beat him in the double U-turn; my drifting skills are too good compared to his style of driving, so I guess he wanted to get rid of his competition before the great race."

"What's so great about that race?"

"The winner gets to become part of the elite racing. Got any ideas of how am I going to earn ten grand in about five days?" asked Altinbek.

Bakit replied, "Yep, I heard there will be races help before the great race, and the

winning price is five thousand bucks"

"I'm in, but what am I gonna ride?" said Altinbek.

Right then a person walked out from the toilet and said, "Use my marshrutka."

Altinbek and Bakit said together, "Dimon?" "Of course it's me," said Dimon.

Altinbek stood up and confidently said, "Well then let's get started boys."

he first race wasn't a problem. Altinbeck drifted on the U-turn and easily won the race.

The next day Altinbek was warming up the car but suddenly grabbed his stomach and growled "Ugh, I think I put too much of that spicy sauce on the manti I ate. I'll quickly go visit the toilet and come back."

Dimon angrily said "Hurry up, the race is about to begin."

Ten minutes passed and it was announced that the race was about to start.

Dimon nervously yelped, "Where's Altinbek! Who is going to race?"

"'Ill race" said Bakit. Regretting, Dimon replied, "Fine, but remember Bakit, not a scratch, not... a... scratch."

"You can trust me bro," said Bakit happily.

t the finish, Bakit drove back with the marshutka all with dents and scratches on it, the

front glass destroyed and the left door missing. Dimon screamed, "What have you done! How is this even possible?"

"At least I won dude," replied Bakit. Only then did Altinbek come back from his long adventure, and asked "What did I miss?"

Dimon sadly said, "Don't ask."

Altinbek got his money and fixed his marshutka. He prepared for the big race. All the marshutkas lined up at the start. Next to Altinbek was Adilet who said, "Wow, you managed to get your car fixed, but it's ok-I still got a surprise for you my friend."

"We'll see," said Altinbek, "we'll see." The race started and all the marshutkas were off. They were getting close to the U-turn, and Altinbek was sure that he was going to take the lead. That is, until he looked up to see Adilet drifting in front of him, kicking up a shower of dust into Altinbek's window. At that moment, Altinbek knew this would be a hard race. Before long Altinbek and Adilet were the only ones in the lead. The two men were getting closer to the double U-turn. They both knew that winner would become an elite. As the two marshutkas slid down the road, one of them flipped over. The falling marshutka smashed against the ground, breaking every window and stopped when it hit a tree. The other marshutka passed the finish line, and the happy driver smiled at winning the race.

A week later, flowers, with a note inside them, were received by a patient at a hospital. The person read the note which said "Get well soon My Friend." The patient screamed loudly, " I'll get my revenge Altinbek!!!"

By Alan Usupov

Conversation Between A Pencil and A Pencil Sharpener

By: Juan Verger

"Good morning! How is my favorite pencil sharpener?"

"Depressed."

"Why?"

"Recently you have given the utility knife a lot of attention. You even leave me to one side..."

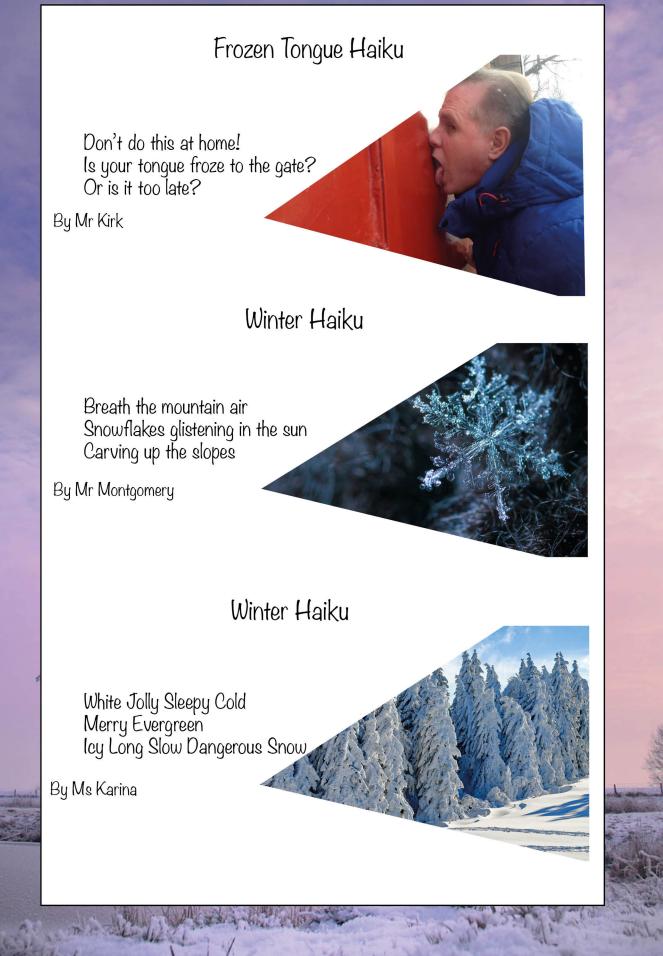
"Dear friend, if I had the ability to choose... But it's our horrible owner who decides with what tool my point will be sharpened! You know we've always been best friends and work together like a perfect pair. As for the knife, it scares me – so long and sharp."

"That makes me feel much better, handsome. Thank you!" "You're welcome darling. Besides, it may be that the owner just forgot where she put you. Your outrage is overrated. Cheer up. Think about how much time you have to live. We, the pencils, are always becoming shorter and shorter, until our existence reaches its end."

"True, but I, as I'm made out of plastic, have broken parts. If only they had made me out of steel..."

"And they bite me you know?! But now, let's be quiet otherwise they'll hear us."

Haiku by teachers



Glasses By Sebastian Owens and Marat Uzbekov

I wish to be worn by Elvis Presley. I have two black eyes. I have two long hands. I protect people from radiation that can blind people. I help people see. I help people see. I make people look cool. Hippies wear me. I come in different shades. A lot of people wear me. People use me to hide their identity. I sit on a face. I am proud be glasses.



Pillow By Taylor Opper and Hyerin Yoo

I sit on a couch with my friends, that's what I do all day. I watch kids study who like my fashion and softness. You may use me, sit on me, wipe dirt on my side. What I do is sitting on a couch. Kids are busy but that's fine. I can sit here through the night, and greet you the next bright. You know, I am a great pillow.



Book By William Henderson and Daksh Goindi

I'm this book. This is how I look. When I tear, that is my fear But being read is something I don't dread. It is not nice when I'm wet, cause then my pages are not set. I tell people what I know, about mountains, animals, or snow. I may not be living, but I have a father. The person who wrote me is an author. I can give information, even if you don't open me, but when you open me I will give you more than you can see. That is me in a nutshell. Treat me with respect.



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Sara and the Evil Eyeball By Maximiliano Hernandez

It was 3096 in Nepal. A jetpack lady came and said, "I'm going to climb Mount Everest," so she used her jetpack and flew half way up the mountain. The mountain smelled like oranges; the snow was frosted like a cake. It made her want to eat a pop tart so she went home and got a pop tart to eat.

She returned to the mountain and then she climbed it again and saw Doctor Who. The girl's name was Sara; she looked scary. She was missing an eye ball, had sharp teeth, and had a red eye.

Doctor Who said, "Do you need help?"

She was so afraid because her missing eye ball was evil so Sara said, "Yes."

She flew in the Tardis, but she didn't like time so she restarted and climbed K2. She got \$2,000,000 for climbing K2 and spent it on pop tarts because she loves pop tarts.

Using her jetpack, Sara flew back to Mount Everest. She was close to the top where she ran into her evil eyeball. The evil eyeball used a spell and turned her into a green and extremely small germ. BOOM, the jetpack unexpectedly exploded; Sara became human again. She was so afraid but the world was in danger because of the evil eyeball was supposed to turn everyone in the world into a germ. So, she bought all the weapons in the world, and she was not afraid anymore because she was ready to fight the evil eyeball.

Scary Plant and Rosie By Safiya Alaferdova

On October 18, 2019, it was a bright day on the Den Mountain. On the Den, there was snow all around and kids and adults were skiing. An old lady, Sara, was 70 years old and was going to the mountains. Sara was beautiful like a rose and much like a grandma. She wanted to learn how to ski in the mountains and arrived in the morning to teach herself.

A young girl, Rosie, who was 7 years old, lived on the mountain. Rosie was very polite to other people. She was thin and smelled like strawberries. Rosie had a tall house and lived by herself. She was happy by herself and if others came to see her, she was happy to see them. But, Rosie was afraid of plants because she thought they would eat her. But then she saw a plant. And the plant started to bite.

Rosie knew what to do. She took out her sword and started to fight. It was a big and long fight. Sara was looking at the fight while she was trying to ski and was scared, too. Even though Sara was scared, she came over and helped Rosie. Finally, the plant died after Sara slammed the ski on the plant. Rosie went to Sara and gave her a big hug for saving her and then she taught her how to ski. They went home together after that and lived happily ever after.

A NIGHT AT YOUR LOCAL ABANDONED HOUSE TAKSH GOINDI

I It was a dark and stormy night. A man was driving home from work. He wanted to get back home as soon as possible. His boss had not been kind with him that day, for no particular reason. While he was driving, he just so noticed that there was a small forest in the middle of the way. He had never seen that before. Baffled, he kept driving. Unfortunately, for him, his car happened to break down at that exact moment.

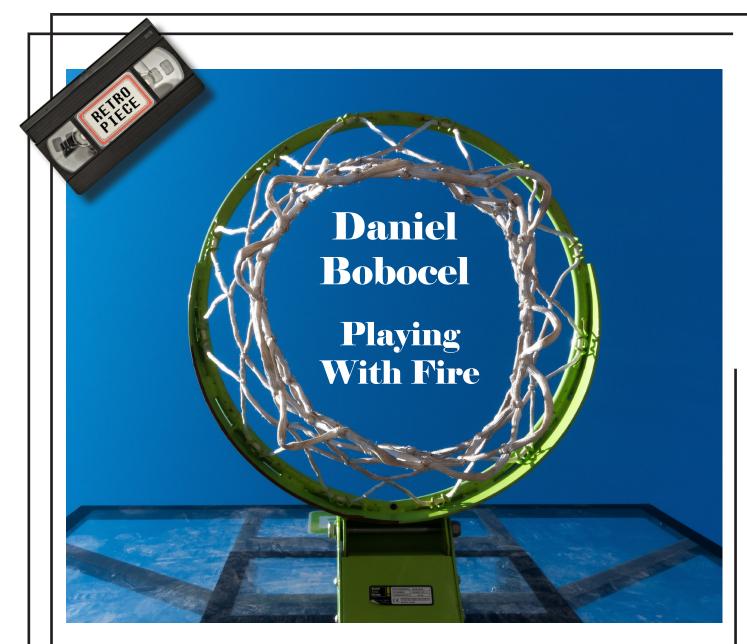
He thought of calling the towing company, but his phone had no signal. He reckoned that it was the rumble of the thunder he could hear from a distance. Then he started walking, when he noticed a large mansion to his right. He started walking towards the house, thinking he could ask the owner to stay there for the night. It was an old suburban house. He could see someone from the window looking down upon him. But it disappeared within the blink of an eye. The house was large and dark. It had vines growing from the side, and some fluid dripping from the drainage system. He could hear the bad weather getting closer. He got near it, and everything seemed to be transitioning to a black and white complexion.

When he reached he rung the bell, that made the eeriest sound, that could send cold chills down your spine. Nobody answered, he assumed nobody was there, and opened the door. Before going in, he had some second thoughts. The door opened with a loud creak, and he entered.

Before he could look around, the door closed on it's own. The man was petrified, though he still continued to walk in. He found a random bedroom, out of the hundreds, and went to sleep there. In the middle of the night, he felt a tug on his blanket. He, being half asleep, ignored it and went back to his slumber. But then he felt a cold air, as if someone was breathing upon him. He assumed that it was just a draft, and went back to sleep. As you may have noticed, he wasn't the brightest bulb at his facility.

A few hours later, he heard a utensil drop in the kitchen. He got up, and walked to the kitchen. There was no one to be seen. He felt a little hungry, and opened the fridge. He saw nothing too pleasing, and closed the fridge. When he did, he saw some writing on the door of the fridge, which was scratched into the surface. It said, "Leave now or perish". Loud thunder cracked over the mansion. After that, he noticed some ghostly shapes. He panicked, but upon closer inspection, he found out it was only some bioluminescent fungi. He heard some screams, and decided to abandon the house

. He turned around, in a hurry to leave, and started to pack his belongings. When he was about to leave, in the distant hallway, he saw a horde of faceless men running towards him. He panicked, and started to run towards the opposite direction. But when he turned his head around, he tripped and fell. After he fell, he never got up again. Still, to this day, after a neighbourhood has been built around the mansion, people report of hearing a familiar sounding man's screams, every single night.



As I opened the door of my dad's truck, I felt the cool, late fall air, brush past my face. We had finally managed to find the gym at which my first Team Fire basketball practice would be held. I was invited to join the team about five days ago and I was finally attending one of the practices...

I stepped out of the car and started towards the gym. My stomach felt as if it was full of butterflies. It was not only my first fire practice; it was also the first time I had ever attended any serious sports practices in Kyrgyzstan. I had no idea what to expect.

As I opened the door the first thing I heard was the coach yelling. "WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT, YOU GUYS ARE WORSE

THAN A BUNCH OF COWS."

Entering the locker room two kids were talking about the coach.

"She slapped Beken last practice!" "No way, she actually hit him?"

"Yeah, he left the court on the brink of tears and a couple of scratch marks from her nails."

After hearing this, I was going to pack up my things and leave, but I knew that would make me look like a wuss. So I tightened my shoes and walked out onto the court with as much confidence as I could muster.

This first practice started simply enough.

"Ok, I'm going to break you guys up into 3 groups of five. You five, you shoot threes, you five go shoot free throws, and you five," the coach said pointing at me and four others, "go and shoot mid-range."

For a second no one reacted.

"Do you need a special invitation? GET MOVING!

And man oh man did we ever move. My group began shooting mid-range shots. I was quite happy with the way my shots were going, I made seven for ten. Yet, of course this was not enough for the coach.

"DANIEL, YOU KEEP SHOOTING LIKE THAT AND I WILL MAKE YOU RUN TILL THE END OF PRACTICE."

I paused.

"WHY DID YOU STOP; DID I TELL YOU TO STOP?"

My arm began gunning shot after shot. The driving force was the coach expressing her hate for the rest of the people on the court.

"WHAT KIND OF SHOT WAS THAT? I WILL BEAT YOU! KEEP SHOOTING YOU CROSS-EYED LOSER! YOU'RE ALL POOR EXCUSES FOR HUMAN BEINGS YOU LITTLE DWEEBS!

Then finally there was a change in her voice as she told us to switch places. This seemed like a good time for a quick sip of water but that was a mistake. A ball came whizzing out of nowhere and crashed into my water bottle with a slap.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR DO-ING?" the coach howled.

"Uhh, umm," I gulped, my throat all of a sudden felt extremely dry, "I..I just wanted a bit of water," I stammered. All eyes were on me.

"I DON'T RECALL TELLING YOU TO GET WATER! I SAID GO TO YOUR NEXT STA-TION, NOW IF YOU DON'T GET MOVING, NEXT BALL WILL HIT YOUR HEAD."

I obeyed, realizing it was dangerous to oppose a lady that was willing to take a chance at throwing a basketball at a water bottle, inches away from a player's head. Local trainers were pretty rough on the kids on the team, but this was a whole new level.

"C'MON YOU LAZY DISGRACES, THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN MINUTES LEFT OF PRACTICE. STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELVES AND MOVE IT."

Seven minutes. Really? I was happy that practice was coming to an end so I let my shooting ease a little but the coach picked up on that scent like a hungry wolf.

"DAANNIIEELLL! I SAID SEVEN MINUTES LEFT, NOT STOP SHOOTING AND WALK AROUND. NOW GET BACK TO SHOOTING OR I WILL MAKE YOU RUN AND DO PUSH-UPS UNTIL YOU FAINT YOU LIT-TLE TWERP."

There I was again, shooting for my life and counting every shot as if my life relied on it. Shot, swish. Shot, swish. Shot, swish.

"TWEEEET!" blew the coach's dreaded whistle. Practice was finally over and I had survived. Yet some of my comrades were not so lucky. Four players had been kicked and two had received backhands to the face for not working hard enough.

"C'MON YOU LAZY DISGRAC-ES, THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN MINUTES LEFT OF PRACTICE. STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELVES AND MOVE IT."

"Well, congratulations you failures - you all passed the first practice. I would like to acknowledge three people who did an exceptional job this practice: Fedor, Nikolai and Daniel."

I couldn't believe it. I had been given a sincere compliment from this devil of a coach.

"I yelled at you guys not because I hate you, but because I know that you can do better and I wanted to push you to your full potential. And for everyone else, good practice, I hope to see you guys tomorrow."

Everybody nodded in unison and stood for a few seconds.

"WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, GET OFF MY COURT!"

Minutes later I was headed home.

"So how was practice? Was the coach nice?" asked my dad.

I smiled. "Yeah, she wasn't bad."



BY ZACHARY BARON



I am Copper, I am indomitable, red.¹ I am like a fading sun, glowing lightly.¹ With enough possibilities to crown any head. I'm unique,² my colors not tarnished easily, ³ while the others are embraced by grey too tightly. I'm more flamboyant and choose scarlet instead.⁴ I travel happily from palm to palm, cash registers ca-ching brightly. I'm not hardcore⁵ like the other guys, my aggressiveness has fled. Not treasured like the others, but if you find me I might grant your wish, like stars shining nightly. I am fond of heat ⁶ and when my friends come over, electricity keeps us all well fed.⁷ The ocean is a powerful foe, I fear it's salty, burning waves, quite rightly! Water is no friend of mine⁸ and gives me the Verdigris I dread. Tesla admired my burnished coils and in 1928 patented things lightly.

1.Because Copper has luster

2.Copper is not grey like other metals

3. Copper does not get tarnished

4.Coppers color

5. Copper is a soft metal

6.Because copper is an excellent conductor of heat.

7. Copper is an excellent conductor of electricity.

8. The green color rust that forms on copper. The oxidized decay of it.

I am copper, sold like my fellow metals⁹. Though I should watch my weight, I'm getting close to 64. I can be found in traces in foods, grape vines absorb me, raisins have copper in fine fetal. 10 I have no magnetic pull like other metals¹¹, but like Gold, I know what smeltings for. Standing alone doesn't matter to me, because my strength is individual. I like to stay waiting in my hillsides, where times impatience is just a metaphor.¹² I fight your germs, ¹³ because unlike me, you're not naturally immortal. 14 I'm malleable to many shapes, ¹⁵ and fancy guises galore. Tin is one of my best alloys allies, ¹⁶ he really meets my mettle. You can return me to my original form, ¹⁷ pure as the earliest days of yore. I am copper, I am myself-I blend, but I am not interchangeable.

16.Copper combines well with Tin.

9.Coppers atomic weight is 63.5.

11.Copper is a tough metal

13.Copper is antibacterial

ble metal.

10.Copper is found naturally in foods.

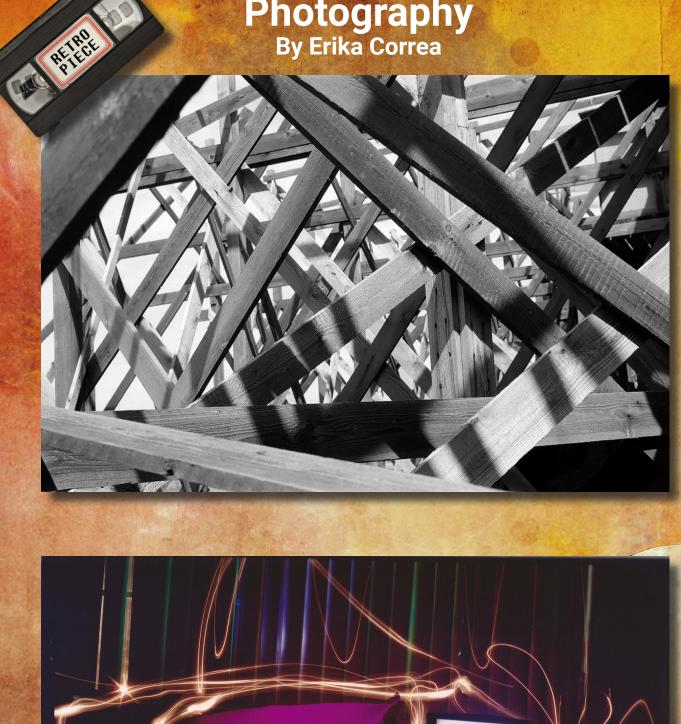
12.Copper does not naturally corrode in ore.

14. When untouched Copper does not deteriorate

15. Copper can be turned into many forms and is a mallea-

17. Copper can be recycled.

Photography By Erika Correa



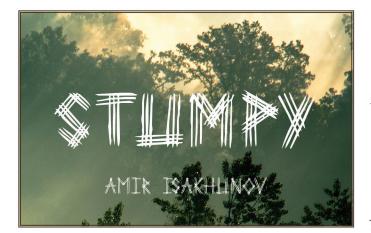


Diamond Poems "Dogs" by Colin Comstock; "Snakes" by Sebstian Owens; "Cats and Dogs" by Gage Opper

Dogs Black, brown Playing, eating, sleeping Ball, leash, pug, shepherd Barking, chasing, biting Slobbery, playful Dogs.

Snakes Long, dangerous Slithering, biting, hunting Death adder, king cobra, black mamba, Burmese python Chasing, eating, licking Creeping, hunting Tigers

> Cat Sleepy, loud Sleeping, scratching, licking Ball, yarn bone, leash Biting, hunting, sleeping Slobbery, tired Dog



2 STILL RECALL THOSE DAYS, WHEN I USED TO BE SO LUSH AND BEAUTIFUL I USED TO BE A COLOSSAL TREE, THE KING OF ALL WOODS I USED TO BE THE GREENEST OF THE GREEN. THE TALLEST OF THE TALL USEFUL TO ALL KINDS OF CRITTERS, CARRYING ALL

SORTS OF GOODS

BUT AN ARROGANT AXEMAN JUST HAD TO LAY HIS FILTHY FOOT UPON MY SOIL AND

MAKE ME SO UNDUTIFUL HE CHOPPED ME DOWN WITHOUT A CARE

ALL MY LEAVES WERE CRYING AND COMPLAINING, AND 1 COULDN'T BEAR THE

PAIN!

HOW DARE HE? SUCH AUDACITY AND RECKLESSNESS 1S EXTREMELY RARE!

BUT ALAS, DESPITE MY STRUGGLES, 1 WAS SLAIN ...

PARTIALLY ...

YOU SEE, I AM NOTHING MORE THAN A TEDIOUS STUMP, HUMILIATED BY MY PREVIOUS DISCIPLES

NOT ANYMORE DO 1 LIVE WITH THE ROYALS ... BUT INSTEAD IN THE HORRID

DUMP!

NOW I'M A SITTING DUCK FOR ALL MY RIVALS AND A HOME FOR THOSE IN NEEDW 1'M NOW A SHELTER FOR BUGS AND OTHER TINY SOULS

1 HAVE LIVED A FAIR AND UNFORGETTABLE LIFE. AND NOW 1 SHALL PROVIDE THE

SAME FOR OTHERS

EACH AND EVERYONE STRIVES TO REACH THEIR GOALS THEY BRING ALL THEIR BROTHERS AND THEIR MOTHERS TO SPEND WONDERFUL TIMES IN THE BURROWED

HOLES

NOW... FOR AS LONG AS 1 WOULD LIKE TO GRUMBLE AND WHINE

I'VE GOT GUESTS COMING OVER!

THEY'RE A FRIENDLY FAMILY OF LONGHORN BEETLES. STAYING HERE FOR A

DELICIOUS A TREAT OF BRINE

1 GUESS THIS MEANS GOODBYE NOW, I'VE GOT BUSI-NESS TO ATTEND, 1 SUGGEST YOU GO ENDOY YOUR LIFE! MAKE THE MOST OF 1T, FOR YOU ARE A LUCKY CRITTER TO HAVE SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY, AS LUCKY AS A FOUR-LEAFED

CLOVER



Lawrencium

Annaliese Baron

I'm Lawrencium, and I am 100% artificial, My parents are Californium and Boron. Following my mom's name, my full name is guite long. Though my Latin name is C3. I'm named after my godfather, Ernest O. Lawrence.

Some say I'm a loner, but what do they know? Ok...I do live at the edge of the table, And I spend all of my time in labs but, is that really my fault? I mean, I'm not found in nature, only in labs, so, where else am I supposed to go?

I'm radioactive, like toxic waste. Some elements say I'm a metal, others say I'm not, me, I say I'm the grape candy of the table. Completely artificial. So yes, I live at the edge of the table, not that close to many elements. Alas that's the way it is. Some self-proclaimed scientists say I'm in the wrone space. I like my space. I like my space. If I move, I would be closer to all those annoyi-uh, a-amazing elements.



Beautiful Image by Vera Stalker

A Found Poem Taken From All Quiet On The Western Front.

I see a picture, a summer evening Tall rose trees that bloom in the middle Sun lies warm on the heavy grey stones Pale blue sky of the evening The meadows behind our town Beneath them on the bank of the stream Pure fragrance of the water Melody of wind in poplars held our fancies They are visible from a great distance The image is alarmingly near Our feet hang in the bright swift water Glow of the dawn and the black silhouettes The forest to drill on the moor Powerful remembrance













WHO IS IT? Can you figure out from the pieces of old photos on this page which student or staff member is pictured in each? (Answers on page 26)









WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

It didn't seem right to do a retro-themed magazine without taking a moment to think back on those who have been a part of our QSIB family over the years. We reached out to those we had contact info for to try to catch up on where they are and what they're up to these days.



Former QSIB teacher Kathy Nelson helping sea turtle hatchlings head to the ocean safely.

At the moment I'm living in Moscow, Russia. I spend a lot of time in the city with friends, and getting to know Russia. In fact, a little while ago I learned how to play the Balalaika instrument, so I'm pretty ready to move back to the States. - Maggie Tyson

'm currently in Lodz, Poland doing my Erasmus exchange program, heading back to the Netherlands soon. I am studying fashion and textiles, yet still building my skills in graphic and 3D design. Aspiring to put this knowledge into building my own company in design or clothing brand!

- Adam Usupov

'm in Blacksburg, Virginia, at Virginia Tech studying Russian and Computer Science! This Spring I'm going to Iceland, which will up my total countries visited to 26! - Sam Tyson

Mrs. Doherty, Kaya, Cami, Pirate, and I are all enjoying Ashgabat International School. It has been a busy year thus far with school events and tennis lessons for the girls. QSI Ashgabat has been here since 1994, and our new school, clad in white Greek marble will open this August to begin the school year. Very exciting! Turkmenistan is certainly one of the most interesting countries in which we have lived, both culturally and politically. We miss our friends and school family in Bishkek! - Patrick Doherty

Living in Bishkek and other international places sparked my desire to continue living abroad. So, when I retired I settled in southern Mexico in the state of Oaxaca (pronounced "wah-ha-kah"). Oaxaca has many mountains, plus a coastline on the Pacific, which allows me to go to the coast annually for the 'liberación de tortugas". This baby in the photo was hatched that same day in a protected place and I got to send it on its lifelong journey to the sea. Joy.

- Kathy Nelson

ello from Prishtina, Kosovo, to all of the great students, teachers, support staff and parents at QSI Bishkek. I do miss all of you and think of you often.

I retired in June of 2017 and was enjoying life in Phoenix, Arizona from July to December. I was just getting used to relaxing, swimming, helping with the puppies and grand children and all of their activities. It was great to just do what I wanted and when I wanted.

In December I received a call from QSI Headquarters asking me to provide some help

for the school here in Phristina from January to June. I am currently teaching the age 11 classroom. It is great to be back in the classroom and have all of that direct contact with the students again.

In June I will retire again and get used to just reading, swimming and doing a lot of nothing all day long. - Art Hudson Funk" at our school concerts, faculty runs for burritos at the corner stand, of the many tasty treats and colors at International Day, of staff coming together to prepare an authentic Thanksgiving meal each year.

Now I work in a school of nearly 3,000 students here in Singapore, supporting English language learners in Grade 4. Singapore is very different in many ways, an island nation with nearly as many residents in one city state as is in all of Kyrgyzstan. The subway congestion teaches me patience. The uniseasonal climate makes May seem

little different than November. But here too. I feel at home. Living away from your home country for some time, as I now have, can give you a different perspective on life. As Mr. Hilgeman once said to me, you "never feel that any one place is home, but you feel at home everywhere." Snow Leopards, wherever your life takes you, I hope that you may always feel at home. - Wes Steele

retor;

Former QSIB teacher Linda Souders will be serving as director of QSI Belize in August.

When people at my new school in Singapore ask where I worked previously, many are surprised to hear me mention Kyrgyzstan. To many, it is a country completely off their radar. To others, it is complete exotica. But for me, I felt at home Bishkek. It was a place where I could indulge in Kyrgyz and Russian cultures, food, and opportunities that only Kyrgyzstan could provide. I felt at home too because of the small, caring community at QSIB. I still have many fond memories of student performances such as "Uptown Since leaving QSIB, many things have happened. I went to Atyrau, Kazakhstan as a Director of Instruction. In 2015, I was asked to open a QSI School in Kosovo where I've been the director. In the 2018-2019 school year, my husband, Earl, and I will head to the QSI school in Belize where I'll be the Director and a teacher and Earl will teach History, Literature and Writing. QSIB will always have a special place in my heart as it was my first overseas teaching position.

- Linda Souders

Am From By Beksultan Bakchiev

I'm from the country of snow-peaked mountains. I'm from the country of glorious sun. I'm from the country of Nomads and our neighbors live in lowlands.

I'm from the country of the proud and I like to be loud. I'm from the country of many religions. I'm from the country where we make peaceful and important decisions.

I'm from the country of Tien Shan, and to visit there is in my plan. I'm from the country of The Burana Tower that has around a red flower. I'm from the country of Kyrgyz.

I'm from the country of forests. I'm from the country of gorgeous glacier lakes. I'm from the country of falcons and snakes.

I'm from the country of deep rivers, where might even have some beavers. I'm from the country of horses and poppy fields. I'm from the country of many interesting things.

I'm from the country of the friendliest people. I'm from the country of Manas, the national hero. I'm from the country on the Silk Way path. I'm from the country that no one should bypass.

Answers to the Who Is It" quiz





















