

Poetry

Haiku

by Chan Kwan Chuen, 2CD

Dirty water drops
Also comes with thunderstorm
Before the rainbow



White cloud and black cloud

Which one do you like the best

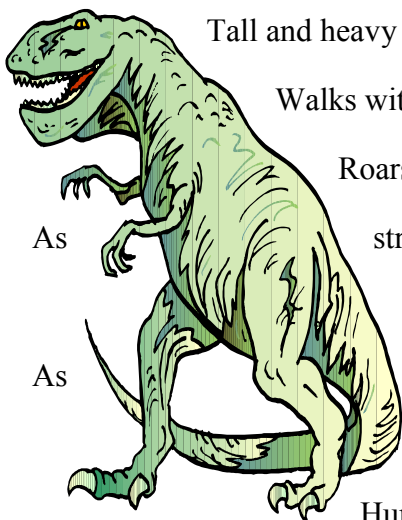
They all are my friends

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## Dinosaur

by Ng Hoi Yi 1C

It is big and strong



Tall and heavy

Walks with a loud noise

Roars like a thunderstorm

As strong as King Kong

As fierce as a lion

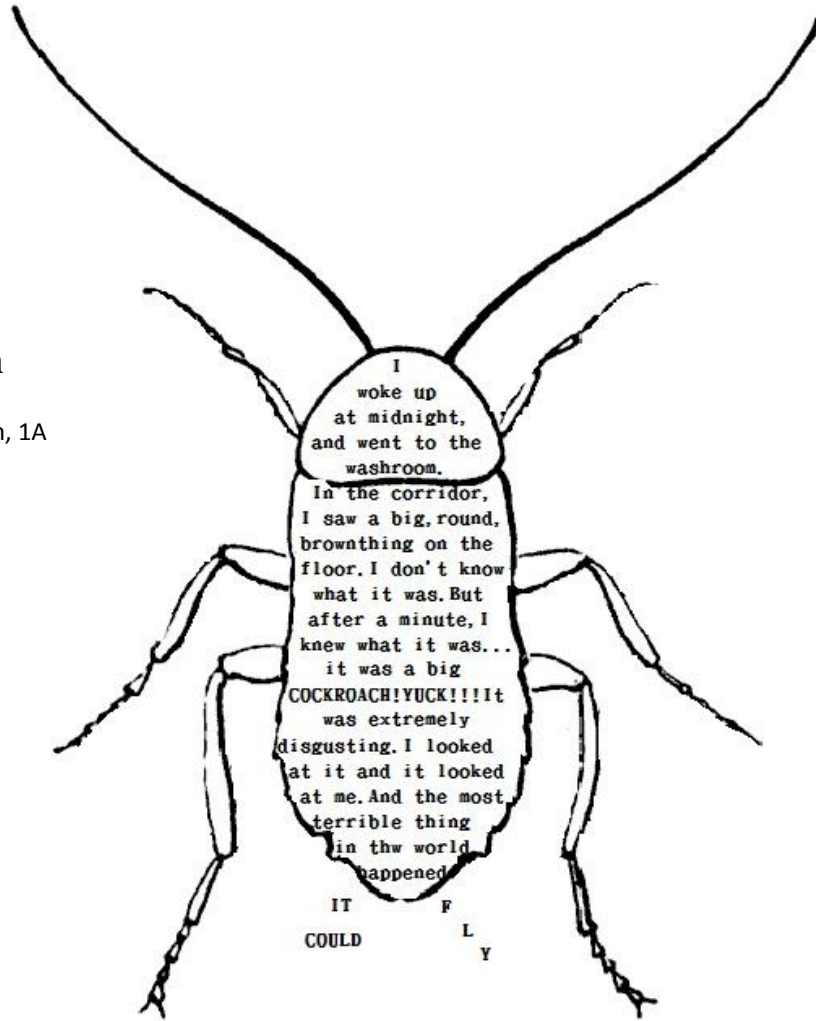
As horrible as a monster

Eyes look like a hunter

Hungry like a beggar

## Cockroach

by Thomas Lam, 1A



## My brother

by Winnie, Kam Ka Yuet 1C

He cries like a baby.

He plays like a child with his short hair.

He eats like a pig.



He is as clever as me.

He is as curious as a baby.

He is as cute as a fairy.

He is as lovely as a bunny.

His eyes are as big as balls.

His hair is as soft as a cloud.

His skin is as fair as Snow White.

His nose is as small as a nut.

## Selfish Giant

by Kwok Yik Chung, Herrick 1D

Selfishness is bad

It makes others sad

No grass or flowers can be seen in your garden

Everyone will be frightened.

This heart of yours is cold

Your garden will be cold

No beautiful trees or flowers there

Your garden will be ugly everywhere.

If you open your heart widely

To play with others happily

You will be very happy too

Because you can see the smile of others too!

So please be generous

Don't be selfish

If you are generous

Sunshine is everywhere!



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Books

by Ng Wen Ho, 1D

Books are like our teachers
They teach us lots of knowledge

Books are like our friends
They can bring us joy

Books are like coloured pencils
They colour our life

Books are like our coaches
They can train us to be successful

Books are like medicine
We feel bitter when we fail





TEACHERS

by Tam Ling Shan 1D

Teachers are always around us
Every day they teach us a lot of knowledge
Always patient, caring, kind to us
Care about students' growth
Help students with everything they can
Educate students to be a good person
Really worth paying respect to them



Summer vs Winter

by Yoyo, Ng Yat Tung 1A

Summer

hot, wet

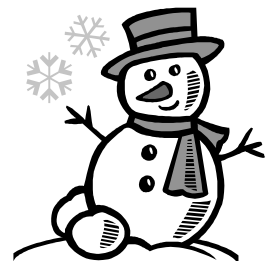
swimming, sunbathing, travelling

rain, typhoon, hotpot, snowman

skiing, ice-skating, snowing

cold, dry

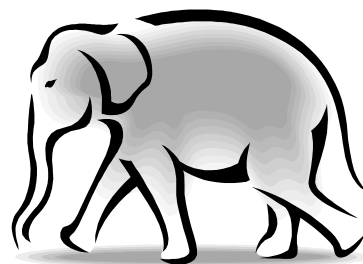
Winter



The Horrible Nature

by Yuson, Luk On Yiu 1A

Nature is the heaven on Earth
Its body has countless plants and animals
The elephants are as big as giants
The ants are as tiny as dust
Funny flowers grow everywhere near us
Tough trees take a rest near us too

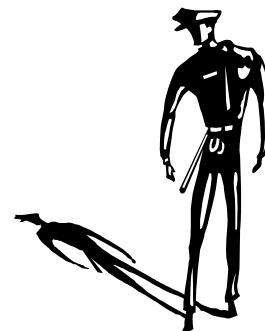


‘Ouch!’ a big noise comes to my ears
Someone is destroying the forest
‘Stop being silly! Protect our Earth!’
That is the call of people around the world.

Police

by Victor, Wong Ka Chun 1A

Police
brave, nice
firing, running, catching
handcuffs, guns, money, jewellery
stealing, attaching, forcing
dangerous, bad
Thieves



BLACK

by Adrian, Wong Ka Chun 3D

Look! Through your black eyes
A dark night
There are no beautiful views
but a quiet place

Look! Through your black eyes
A dark sky
There are no rainbows
but a full moon

Look! Through your black eyes
A dark world
There is no justice
but you can change it.

Close your eyes. Don't be so pessimistic!
Although life is not going well
the thing you need to do now is to be and
think positive.

If I were blind

By Gloria Fung 2B

If I were blind
I couldn't look at the lovely sky anymore
My world would be dark forever
As dark as chocolate
As dark as black ink
As dark as a crow
As dark as a cave
A cave of hopelessness
A cave of sadness
A cave of distress
A cave of fear
Fear of darkness
Fear of abyss
Fear of my lightless world



If I were blind
I would be braver
As brave as a lion
As brave as a fireman
As brave as a hero
As brave as Louis Braille
I would learn from him
Learn his positive attitude
That is never giving up
Although there would be inconvenience
If I were blind
Handwriting becomes ugly
Walk more slowly
Get into trouble more easily
However,
I would try my best to adapt to it

If I were blind
I would just live as a normal person
I would laugh when I feel happy
I would cry when I feel sad
There would be nothing special if I were blind
I could still run
I could still jump
There would be just one difference
I would live in a different world
A world of lightlessness
A world of darkness
However,
I would become a magician
Making all the people happy and
Turning my world into a joyful and colourful world!



My family

by Lily, So Yan Yuet 3B

I can trust and rely on my family
They always accompany me till the end
They never make excessive demands
If you get into trouble
they are always willing to give you big hands
They are the ones who are understanding
and will never leave you standing alone

My mother is an angel who is beautiful and gentle
The moments with her are unforgettable
God sent her to me as a precious gift from above
To teach me meaningful lessons and
warm my heart with her unconditional love
She has blessed my life in billions of ways
I will treasure our memories until the end of my days



When I am in total blindness
my father is a streak of light in the darkness
He is like a brilliant bright beacon
During the darkest days, he assisted me
He helps build my confidence
With his love and support
I feel fulfilled



My elder brother is number one in my heart forever
He is so passionate and clever
Helping with my studies and erasing all my worries ever
He takes good care of me whenever I am ill
even without giving himself a meal
He is the brightest shining star that I ever feel



My family is like a powerful tree which makes a way for my future
It doesn't matter if it is sunny or rainy
as I know for sure
it provides oxygen and protects me with its leaves
Without its courage, I would never achieve success
There is much less harm when I am under its protection
And it leads me to the accurate direction



Compositions

Film Review: A Film that You Can't Forget!

by Eunice, So Yee Ting 2D

Today I am going to introduce a humorous and famous film. It is about an intelligent girl who had magic powers. Do you know what film it is? Yes, it is Matilda. This film is a comedy produced in 1996 by Jersey Films. The director of the film is Danny DeVito. He is also one of the characters, Mr. Wormwood. Sara Magdalin acts as Matilda. She is a little girl in this film, but her acting was consummate. Embeth Davidtz acted as Miss Honey and Mara Wilson as Mrs Wormwood. Miss Trunchbull was played by Pam Ferris.



In the film, Matilda is an intelligent girl. She always plays tricks on her greedy family. When she starts to study at school, she finds that she has magic powers, and she also meets Miss Honey. Miss Honey tells Matilda that her father is dead and hopes Matilda can help her find out the cause of his death. They find out the killer was Miss Trunchbull. How did Matilda make Miss Trunchbull confess? Did the method work? Let's check out the film to find out.

My favourite part of the film is when Matilda put super glue on her father's hat, and her father could not take it off. Finally, his wife used a pair of scissors to cut his hair and take off his hat. I think this part of the film is the most hilarious. Matilda did a good job in giving him some punishment for his behaviour.

I will recommend this film to others because there are many hilarious moments in it. The actors have good facial expressions. I think the film is entertaining and the audience can relax and enjoy it a lot.

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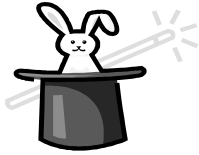
## My Favorite TV programme

By Grace, Lee Tsz Yan, 1A

In these past few weeks, I've watched a lot of programmes such as 'The Universe' and 'The City Cuba'. I liked them all, but the one I liked most was 'Too cute'.

'Too cute' is a BBC programme shown on TVB Pearl every Saturday afternoon. It is an English programme about newborn animals in America. It shows kittens opening their eyes, crawling around, exploring the house and eating their meals. I like this programme because I can improve my English listening skills and learn new vocabulary. Also, I love animals. Although I don't keep any pets, I love them very much. I like to see them in programmes and photographs, but do not want to keep one because I am not ready for shouldering such a big responsibility. 'Too cute' is a really interesting programme and I will keep on watching it.





## A Job of Mine

by Harry, Yuen Ming Hei 2D

My favourite job would be as a magician. A magician is a person who performs magic and tricks to an audience. I think being a magician is a mysterious job and everyone likes it.

Everyone will be surprised when they watch a magic show. I want to know how a magician does the tricks and learns them. In the past, when I watched magic shows, I saw that all the audience was shocked. I was stunned sitting in front of the TV too. I wanted to learn the tricks and I tried it by myself. Of course I failed. Now I watch some magic videos and learn some simple magic tricks.

I think magicians are like clowns, because they bring happiness to people. Magic tricks can bring both happiness and surprise, so I think it is amazing. Being a magician brings a lot of freedom. A magician does not need to stay at the office all day long and can go to different places to perform.

I need to learn English to do this job because a magician may go to different countries and will need to speak English to the audience. A successful magician needs to work hard to practise magic so that they will not fail in front of the audience. I hope I can perform a successful magic show in front of a lot of people in the future.



## Film review: Monster House

by Joanne, Chan Yin Lam 2CD

The title of this film is 'Monster House' and it was released in 2006. The main characters are DJ, Bones, Nebbercracker, Chowder, Jenny and Elizabeth.

At the beginning of the film, DJ observes the house that is opposite his house. He finds that there is something wrong within the house but no one believes him. So, he gets his best friend Chowder to help him. Many times they are nearly eaten by the house but they escape. One day, a pretty girl called Jenny saw Chowder and DJ. She asks them why they are frightened. After DJ explains to her, Jenny joins their adventure.

They call the police who don't believe them, but then the police are eaten by the house. The trees are the house's hands, the windows are its eyes and the front door is its mouth. Once, they go into the house and find that the house has a heart: a woman's heart. Many years ago, a woman died in this house and she doesn't allow anyone to go onto her lawn. All the things that drop on the lawn are eaten.

One day, the house's husband, Nebbercracker, comes back, he helps DJ, Chowder and Jenny to try to destroy the house's heart. The house becomes very angry and wants to kill them. They fight for about 30 minutes until DJ throws a bomb into the chimney and destroys the house's heart successfully. Finally, they return all the things that had been stolen off the lawn to the people who lost them, and then they build a new house.

The best part of this film is when DJ throws the bomb into the chimney to where the house's heart is. I rate this film five stars.

## Picture composition

by Jasmine, Chee Wing Hei 3B



I will absolutely not forget taking the cable car to the Big Buddha yesterday. It changed my life entirely. It was a sunny day. We planned to go to Lantau Island and visit the Big Buddha.

‘Why not take the cable car? I’ve been on it before. Please Mum.’ I was begging for their permission while they were trying to persuade me to take the bus instead. ‘Please take the cable car, Dad. It’s not so expensive that we can’t afford it, is it?’ I implored them again.

‘Okay. We’ll take the cable car instead. But if there’s a breakdown of the cable car, it’ll be your responsibility, Tommy.’ Dad replied.

‘Hurray! Let’s buy the tickets!’ I shouted in joy. I never thought that taking the cable car would be the greatest pity in my life.



We got on the cable car and it moved away from the platform gently. It was so relaxing. ‘The breeze must be cool and fresh at the peak,’ I thought.

We took a vast number of photos as the view around us was picturesque.

‘Mum, Dad and June, if I hadn’t advised you to take the cable car, we’d have missed all the scenes we see now,’ I said proudly.

Soon a nightmare happened.

‘Bang! Bang!’ There was a loud bang under the cable car.

‘What’s wrong?’ June asked in horror. The cable cars stopped. We all held our breath.

‘I can’t bear it anymore. What’s going on? I must get away from here,’ June yelled with short and rapid breath. Before I could comfort her, the cables swung violently. We screamed in panic and hugged each other.

‘Look! The cable is cut! The cable cars will fall one by one,’ I murmured in astonish. We hugged each other more tightly.

‘I love you, forever more. We are always family!’ we wept and shivered. Then our cable car fell down.

I was unconscious. When I woke up in the hospital, I found that I had broken my legs. I could never walk or stand again. My Mum, Dad and sister died in the accident. I was left all alone.

Life is fragile, you lose it in an instance. Everyone’s life has a time limit. You cannot escape from death if the time has come. I felt so guilty that I was the one who suggested taking the cable car. I could not forgive myself. Without my family, how can I survive?

## Is it beneficial to study lots of subjects?

by Anson, Au Chak Him 3B

The NSS syllabus has been introduced for years. It comes as no surprise that every teacher hopes their students can study well under the new syllabus and hence score high in the HKDSE. Therefore, with a view to helping students, a policy that F.3 students must attempt all subjects available in NSS was launched.



It follows that every student has to study various subjects – Chinese History, Economics, Physics, Geography, to name but a few. From my point of view, I do object to this scheme given its several demerits.

In the first place, on the grounds that every single student has his/ her unique talent and interests, students do not rejoice over all subjects in NSS and may be upset when meeting some undesirable subjects. Let us take myself as an example. I have been enthusiastic about Mathematics and Science and have acquired relatively more knowledge on these aspects. Yet, I perform worse in subjects concerning language. This miserable situation is believed to be quite common among my classmates as well. With unsatisfactory results and a lack of interest, we may well be disappointed and these personally uninteresting subjects will prey on our mind. Also, if we do not have incentive, we are simply squandering our time and efforts on these subjects. Isn't it preposterous to force students to study so many subjects?

Together with the aforementioned point, what also deserves our attention is that students may place too much importance on studies. With an array of subjects, our workload will be elevated and become heavy, thereby shortening our spare time to do extra-curricular activities or take a rest. Studying and revising from dawn till dusk, we will have a misapprehension that studying is of prime importance and surpasses all other things. What's more, we sacrifice our time for interacting with others, thus affecting interpersonal skills. We will grow unhealthily and own distorted values if the worst case comes into existence. As future pillars of society, how dreadful it will turn if we are tarnished and indoctrinated with erroneous ideas. To put it simply, the scheme is baneful and will give rise to far-reaching and adverse effects.

I admit it is necessary for every student to experience all subjects available in NSS in junior forms. In view of this, the schools can arrange for students to attempt those subjects across F.1-F.3, which means that we could study five or six subjects each year. Desirably, our gigantic pressure could be alleviated, leaving us more time to develop interpersonal relationships and learn moral values. As a consequence, we could develop in different aspects and become well-rounded students.

Overall, it is understood that schools are exhausting every means to help their students. Yet, in order to maximize the benefits, befitting policies should be carried out and the scheme discussed above is unquestionably not an apposite one.

## Form 3 students must attempt all subjects available in the NSS

### One-sided Argumentative Essay

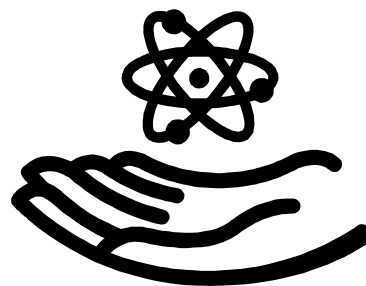
by Heidi, Ng Man Ying 3C

In my opinion, Form 3 students must attempt all subjects available in the NSS, which includes many subjects that are electives for F.4 students, such as BAFs, Economics, Physics, and Chinese History. Form 4 students can either choose two or three subjects of the NSS to study. After they have chosen the subjects they want to study, they will be studying these subjects for the remaining years of their secondary school studies.

There are some advantages to studying all subjects available in the NSS in Form 3. First, most students may not know what those subjects are about. Studying all the NSS subjects can help students know more, as most students may have no concept about them. When they reach Form 4, students have to study any two to three subjects of their choice. They may select subjects that are difficult or not suitable for them because of misunderstanding what they are about. Once they have chosen the wrong subjects, it may affect their whole life. The subjects they choose, if they are the right ones, would help them a lot in getting a job in the future. If they choose a subject that they don't like or are weak in, it may be hard for them to get a job later.

Studying all those subjects in Form 3 also helps students discover their talents and potential. For example, a student may think he is good at Biology, but after having studied Physics, he may realise that Physics is a more suitable choice.

Studying different subjects also helps us learn more about different areas of knowledge, so that we will not become a frog in a well.



From all of the above advantages, we can plainly see that attempting all subjects available in the NSS would help us to have a better future. Therefore, I agree that all Form 3 students must attempt all subjects available in the NSS.

## Take action, being environmental friendly at school!

by Kirsten 5A

Nowadays, the problem of pollution is getting more and more serious on Earth, especially light pollution. Earth Hour is a popular annual event across the world in which households turn off their lights for an hour to show their support for dealing with environmental issues. I think our school should do something similar to remind students of the need to protect the environment. However, turning off the lights for an hour at school is not very practical, so I am writing to propose alternative activities for students.

### 1. *A week without turning on the air conditioners*

The climate is getting warmer. It causes more extreme weather conditions around the world. Global warming is mainly caused by human activities throughout the ages. Greenhouse gases are ejected from different areas (industrial, agricultural, household, etc). On hot summer days in Hong Kong, people like to turn on air conditioners. However, have we ever thought about what would happen after pushing that little button? Air conditioners will give out large amounts of greenhouse gases while it is running. I hope that our students can learn to protect the Earth and not turn on the air conditioners at school for one week in summer. This may encourage them to live with nature. If everyone takes a small step, it will become a big step!

### 2. *Bring their own container to have lunch at school*

The school canteen always provides students lunch in plastic containers. After they have finished lunch, all of the plastic boxes will be put into the rubbish bin. I hope students can bring their own container to school. It can solve the problem of saturated landfills and help to save materials. Students may also refuse to buy things with too much packaging so that factories may change how they package their products.

### 3. *No fast food month*

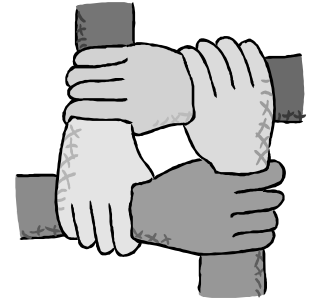
Our school can encourage students not to eat fast food. This is not only to maintain their health, but also protect the Earth. Actually, the beef used to make hamburgers in fast food shops is mainly from the tropical rainforest area in Brazil. Cattle-ranching is becoming more extensive due to the demand for beef. People cut down trees in the tropical rainforest and create ranches for cattle. This leads to deforestation. Tropical rainforests are called a "Carbon sink" because they help us by absorbing and storing CO<sub>2</sub>. If we cut down trees there, many greenhouse gases will be stored in the atmosphere and global warming may get even more serious. Refusing to have fast food can raise awareness in more people about this problem. Students may pass this message to their friends and relatives. I hope this action will be taken up by more people.

Everyone taking a small step will help them become a big step! Being more environmentally friendly at school can encourage students, their friends and relatives to protect the Earth. I hope that students can learn to be more civic-conscious. Let's cooperate with others and keep our home sustainable.



## Speech – A World without Borders

by Winnie 5C



Good morning everyone. By looking at my appearance, you may judge that I'm a foreigner. Indeed, I have dark brown skin and wear traditional Islamic clothing. Yet, I am a Hong Kong citizen, a Hong Kong born Pakistani.

As with other school kids here, I'm now receiving a twelve-year compulsory education provided by the government. Learning Chinese is a must if we study in a government subsidized school. However, this is a difficult task for us. Since we were born, we've already learnt at least four languages. It's difficult for us to learn one more language. Besides, most adults in our families know nothing about Chinese. When we come across questions about the language, we can hardly seek help from our family members. Because of this, I'm now studying in a designated school. Different from mainstream schools, we're studying in another education system. We just need to learn simple Chinese here. I feel more comfortable studying at this school. However, most of my classmates are also from different middle-eastern countries. There are almost no Chinese people. Sometimes I feel I'm being discriminated against by the education here. We don't have any opportunities to communicate with people of other races. The education system has built a wall between us and the Chinese. This makes me feel desperate.

Apart from problems with education, we also have unhappy experiences here. When we are playing with our friends in the playground in our spare time, no Chinese kids are willing to play with us. Once they see us in the park, they will turn and play elsewhere. Actually, all my friends and I would be happy to play together with them. We would treat them as our family. We would share our toys with them. However, some parents even stop their kids from playing with us. I feel sad about this. We would be friends with other Hong Kong kids if we were given an opportunity.

I'm quite pessimistic about my future. I'm sure I can't go to university to further my studies. I don't think I could find a job either. My elder brother had mailed out over three hundred letters before he could get a job. However, his job is not a comfortable one. He needs to work continuously for twelve hours, lifting heavy boxes, in return for a salary which can't even pay his daily expenses. Yet he said he wouldn't quit this job as he thinks he would not be able to find another. This makes me feel even more worried for my future. I hope employers can give us a chance to show them we are capable.

I hope the government can immediately deal with the current problem of the educational system. We, ethnic minorities, are not monsters and should not be isolated. I hope that, one day, I can easily be friends with Chinese kids. I hope people will judge us by our character and not our appearance. I hope one day, the border between us will disappear.

# A World Without Borders

By Lei Dave 5C



Ladies and Gentlemen,

Good morning. Several decades ago, the greatest dreamer in the world delivered his unforgettable speech, 'I have a dream', which has been engraved in the souls of the generations to come. Today, availing myself of this golden opportunity, I would like to air my dream of a better world, a dream of affection and no discrimination.

Discrimination is not a rare occurrence nowadays. Discrimination against races is ubiquitous in the world. In Hong Kong, immigrants from mainland China are often ridiculed and are called 'locusts'. Indians are mocked and labeled as 'Ah Cha'. Don't you think that jeering at people or even having scorn for them just because of where they come from or what race they belong to is outrageous? In the United States, discrimination against black people by whites has long existed. Not only does this problem still remain, but it is also aggravated. Seeing such a mindset being infiltrated into lots of PC games, I believe there is no lack of children being brainwashed.

Discrimination due to race is doubtless an issue in the foreground, and so are sex and disability discrimination. Considering a male as more productive than a female, many developing countries put females through dreadful ordeals. In Afghanistan, women cannot marry again if their husband dies or divorces her. However, men have the right to do so. Girls don't even have the right to grasp a drop of knowledge. This is also the same case in the western part of China. China, albeit the fastest growing country in terms of economy, still remains slow in promoting equality. Multitudes of physically or mentally handicapped children cannot enroll in schools. Though universities seem to be an open place, they remain a closed fortress to some people when myriads of applications are rejected due to the applicants' inborn defects.

Shocked by those absurd and unreasonable acts of discrimination, shouldn't we take the initiative in dispensing with them? For adults, especially parents, inculcating children with the concept of 'A World Without Borders' is vitally important. As a juvenile, like me, don't think that your attempts are so meagre that they are of no avail. Collective efforts can make a miracle!

For all nations, I hope that no more wars will break out. Lots of wars occur merely because of racial or religious reasons. Instead of ravaging pieces of land and trampling children's ingenuous dreams, wouldn't it be more sensible to go hand in hand to make the world a better place?

Martin Luther King, the greatest dreamer ever, said, 'I have a dream.' However, it is only partially correct.

It should be 'We dream the same dream'.

Thank you.



## Learning through drama

by James Lui 6D

Lessons enrich the brain. Drama empowers a life. This is not an overstatement, just what people often fail to see. There is a lot to be learnt from drama.

From drama we learn to speak, with confidence and determination. This is a fundamental part of life, to talk, to communicate, to support, to question. 'No man is an island', life is all about interaction, yet sadly, students nowadays are less eager to use their natural gift, and are engrossed in the digital media. Speech gets rusty and their comfort with speaking gone. 'A meek voice can never triumph the stage,' my teacher once said, 'God has given you a gift, so use it well!' To me, these enlightening words mean that fluid, sentimental speeches are no longer a pipe dream, as my partners and I rehearsed numerous scripts and acts. The meek reborn shall inherit the stage, the stage of my life!

From drama we learn to interact. With my partners we dared many stages. To me, they are invaluable assets. Drama is no one-man show. No matter how brilliant your skills are, you remain a lone wolf if you cannot assist and cooperate; this is an analogy for our society, where group efforts are increasingly important with the overflow of knowledge. Interaction is imperative to success, as one shares and exchanges ideas and information. On stage we back each other up, move as one and act as one, in order to deliver the best show.

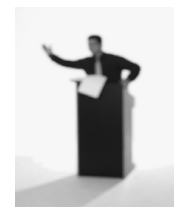
Not only do we interact with partners, we interact with the unseen. Understanding the conflicts and struggles of the characters is a challenge, but also a learning process. We shape our plays but the play also influences us. The empathy we acquire from digging deep into the characters' thoughts will inculcate new values into our mind. The resolute may find their heart softened by Romeo, and the wishy-washy may find newfound confidence from the King. The insidious effects make us more empathetic, caring and more pleasant to talk to. The satisfaction and contentment from enjoyable conversations is the best proof.

From drama we learn to think. A playwright will never give you explicit instructions. Rather, we must explore and experiment, pondering how to be the characters. Ultimately, I am the one and only person who governs my life, to branch out my experiences in life can only be more rewarding. When the time comes, we put our accumulated knowledge into conjuring our own script. From learning to speak in class to performing our own script in public, drama is the most valuable lesson in life, a bridge to the rainbow, a telescope to stars. There are lessons that can only be learnt through drama, and through drama my dreams are realized.



## Vote of thanks

by Chan Chun Fan 6F



Miss Tong Lai Fong, Emilie, Chief School Development Officer, Tuen Mun District School Development Section, Education Bureau, Honourable guests, Mr. Ting, Parents, Teachers, Graduates and Fellow schoolmates,

Good afternoon. I'm honoured to speak on behalf of all graduates today. Here we are, on officially the very last day in this school. Looking back six years ago, when we were here for the very first school commencement ceremony, we were all the same, all being quite uncertain about what the school had in store for us. We have also gone through basically the same thing, striving to finish our IES and reading diary before the deadline, and of course, fighting the tendency to sleep during the extra ninth period. If these six years were a journey, it was definitely not a smooth one. Luckily, we did get some great companions, our teachers and classmates, who encouraged us, and helped us sail through those hardships, and we are all grateful for that. And guess what? We persevered and those are some experiences that shaped us into who we are, and today, we are all different, standing for our own beliefs, our own visions.

It's been a long six years and a short six years. Long, because of lengthy tests and exams. Short, because of the splendid moments that we've enjoyed at this school.

Be this journey long or short, I believe we all agree that we've picked up so much in these six years. In different inter-class competitions and performances, we've learnt how unity gives us strength, of course at times there might be a divergence of opinions, but that was exactly something through which we understood each other more and struck up a sincere friendship between us. We've also received plenty of life lessons from our teachers that helped us grow into a better person. For example, we have learnt how to unlearn something, we first have to unlearn our own assumptions and prejudices before working with others in a group project so that we really listen and learn something from each other, and I believe that's one of the best lessons.

The most interesting part of life is that we cannot go back, which is also the saddest part of it. Someday in the future, we may miss the morning assemblies, in which we sing our school song, beautifully. When we hear a bell ring, we may get nostalgic about all the laughter and tears, ups and downs in this school. Regardless of that, we cannot travel back, our journey cannot stop there, and we must go on. For most of us, our next stop will be universities and other tertiary institutions. No matter which path we choose, these six years of our life will always serve as a memento, to remind us how young we were, how fearless we were, and how a belief and a drive could turn something impossible, into something possible.

But before we move on it is a must for us to look back and thank the principal and all the teachers, from you it's not only knowledge and skills we have learned, but also the right moral values. You forgive and give us another chance when we blunder. We also have to thank our parents, who have and will always support us and give us their all. Of course we have to thank ourselves for being so daring, so determined and so different that we have written a wonderful and unforgettable page of the 35-year history of this school.

## 2013/14 F.5 Yearly – Writing Part B, Question 6

by Lily Mo Lai Wa 5C

Dear Peter,

How's life going? We haven't met since you visited Hong Kong 2 years ago. Do you still remember the photos I posted on my Blog last Halloween? You commented on my photos saying that you wish to be a Halloween performer too. Today let me tell you about the good and the bad of being a Halloween performer.

Overall, yes, it was an interesting experience. It was great fun to dress up as a creepy witch. It was my first time to wear a witch's hat, costume and make-up as well. I got long scars and scary wounds on my face with blood dripping down the corners of my mouth. Yikes! It sounds disgusting, right? But I enjoyed it so much! I wandered around Ocean Park quietly, scaring random visitors who were not expecting such a 'raid'. I also targeted victims who seemed brave and bold. Most of them, however, turned out to be chickens instead. They just squeaked 'Eeeeeek!!' and fled with their whitened faces. Haha! Don't know if it is bad or not, I gained a sense of accomplishment when I successfully scared away my targets. I felt like a real witch.



Let's go back to the serious thing. I learned how to work with my teammates in my job. Don't you know that Halloween performers require team-work skills? Well, performers have to work in a team when in a haunted house. Each in the team will be responsible for a certain area in the house. For example, I worked in an area near the exit of the haunted house last year. My job was to make sure that visitors were not blocking the corridors and the exit (also, to give them a last scare). Everyone in the team had a special duty. With all of us working together, we helped to maintain the haunted house in good order.

Speaking of the haunted house, I recall a painful memory. I was punched in the face by a rude man. It was in the haunted house. I saw there a petrified man who was both ashen and green in the face running towards the exit. I jumped out from a dark corner, looking forward to a hilarious response from him. Soon, I regretted it. He thumped me so hard that I fell back and fainted briefly. Maybe he was just too scared. And perhaps I should have chosen my target more wisely.

Besides, it was really a tiring job. My shift was so long – from noon to 11 pm. As a witch, I had to chase after the visitors, scream and laugh loud enough to horrify them as well as dance in the 'Specters Party', that 2-hour long parade. I had never been so exhausted. My limbs were like they were falling off and my eyes saw stars.

So now you know the bad side of the job. It is kind of dangerous because you can't predict the others' responses. The one you are trying to scare could be violent and dangerous. Who knows? Also, tiredness is indeed a difficulty you have to conquer. Neither a ghost nor a witch should fall asleep or take a catnap on Halloween night. You have to keep yourself alert all through your shift.

This is all I want to share with you. I am going to apply for the Halloween performer job this year too. If you are interested, join me this Halloween.

Please write soon.

Yours,  
Mary



## The importance of play time for our children

by Kwong King Hong 5C

Good afternoon, guests, teachers and parents.

Availing myself of this rare opportunity, I am very honoured to give a speech about the importance of play time for our children – our next generation.

Children in Hong Kong are suffering from tremendous stress, which undoubtedly poses a serious threat to their personal development. When I was still a child, I always loved the sun and the sea. The views were so refreshing that I found myself standing in paradise. Yet, to most children studying in Hong Kong, a day without school is paradise. Burying themselves in tons of homework, forced to join so many extra-curricular activities, our children hardly have the time to breathe and relax. Don't you know that an average child in Hong Kong has only 20 minutes for refreshing his soul per day? Having 45 lessons and 18 subjects per week, do you think our children have enough time to play or rest? A 1-hour play time is so important that it zests up our stressed lifestyles and comforts our tired minds. Deplorably, this invaluable treasure is stolen by studies and after-school activities. Very often when kids go back home, it is already nine o'clock. Do they have time to play? No, they need to finish their homework. This is a saddening situation – being deprived of the right to play. What made me heartbroken was when I asked a P.5 girl about her school life, only a word was muttered –“suffocating”. This is the word which hurts me, and a lot of you, the most.

Seeing the calls for concern from children and social workers, I feel compelled to speak out the truth – not for myself, but for those young children – the cornerstone of our society. Featuring five children in the video, I want to showcase the plight of them when receiving education and participating in after-school activities. Originally, these five kids have a blissful time, singing songs in kindergarten and playing in small parks. Cheerful smiles and laughter can be captured every day. However, the laughter becomes moans and groans when these kids enter primary school – a place which bars students from playing, a place where no

recess and lunch are allowed; a place which is academically driven. Ordering students to practise 6 sports activities after school, the teachers turn a blind eye to the children's tears. At last, the ingenious dreams of those children are trampled and shattered as they just want to learn while playing for one hour – not sitting in the cramped classrooms flipping through textbooks and cramming books into their tiny brains. Don't you find it horrible for children not being allowed to play? It is actually the ordeal of children nowadays. I do hope my video can enlighten the hearts of all of you and offer you an intriguing counterpoint to the rigid education system in Hong Kong.

Dear parent, I understand your concern for the future of your kids. If I were you, I would, of course, spare no pain to shed light into the correct pathway to success in the dark. However, I would like to share a short story with all of you, hoping you can offer your little children a golden 1 hour- play time. When a Japanese boy named Asuka played with his close friends on a rainy day, he saw people running across the street with hands covering their heads. At that time, he spoke to himself immediately, "Why couldn't I invent a hat of hands with a function of an umbrella? Later, he became the boss of an IT company because of his creativity and playfulness. Why? Because he didn't let tough walls build around him. Rather, while he was playing, actually he was using a hammer, named fun, to break down the walls and marvel at a different view. Playing does only good but no harm to your kids. Parents, don't let books or activities suffocate your kids. This would only flush away their talents, interest and creativity. In contrast, playing encourages them to think more, understand more and see more, for a better future.

Dear guests, teachers and parents, learning when playing is the most effective way for children to grow. An hour-long play time is a must if you want to see smiles on their faces. David Copperfield once said, 'I want you to live, not just have a life'. I hope your child would be the next one.

Thank you



# Creative Writing

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## Dream of A Ghost

By Sammi Kong 4F

‘Wake up! Wake up!’ I heard something distantly.

With a bang, I woke up. After opening my eyes, I found that my room was in a mess! I felt scared that someone had come into my room. Looking from right to left, my sight finally rested on a red-haired boy sitting beside me in my bed.



‘Ah!’ I was totally startled and screamed. ‘Who...who are you?’ I asked with fear.

With a smiling face, the boy said, ‘Hi James. Nice to meet you. I’m Ryan.’

‘How do you know my name? Why are you here? I mean, in my room?’

‘I’m here to find you,’ Ryan said seriously.

‘Don’t come near me. Stay there!’ I shouted as I got out of bed.

Suddenly there was the sound of knocking on my door, my mum shouted, ‘James, why is there so much noise in your room?’ She opened the door and entered. ‘You are awake? Then let’s have breakfast.’

‘Wait, Mum. Can’t you see anything in this room?’ I was confused.

‘Oh I see, a mess. Clean your room, James.’ She soon left the room.

I was totally puzzled. My mum did not see anybody but the boy was actually sitting beside me! In doubt, I looked at him.

‘I forget to tell you. I am dead,’ Ryan started introducing himself.

Quaking with fear, I could not move and could only stay still and listen to Ryan. He was dead but did not go to heaven after a car accident when he was 10. He then kept trying to find out the method of leaving. He said I was an illuminant in his eyes and so I might be the one who could help him.

‘It is so impossible and preposterous,’ I shouted. Walking towards to me, Ryan begged, ‘Please, James. You are the only one who can see me.’

‘Please! Please don’t come near me. Please go out. I...I cannot help you,’ I cried out with fear.

‘I won’t hurt you!’

Heedless of Ryan, I ran out of my room. I thought I had got rid of him, but when I was on my way to school, I found him following me! ‘Please don’t follow me!’ I ran away again.

While I was having my lessons, he even sat on my table and disturbed me. ‘I can’t put up with you anymore! Please, please just get away from me,’ I eventually collapsed and screamed in the classroom. I ran away and left everyone shocked. I ran along the corridor, down the stairs, and stopped in the garden. Shaking with fear, I squatted in a corner and closed my eyes.

‘Hey James, I am so sorry. Maybe I’ve scared you, but what I’ve said is true! Come on, James. I do need your help.’ Ryan said in front of me.

I opened my eyes slowly, looking into his sincere eyes. Finally I agreed to help him.

On our way back home, I looked at Ryan in earnest for the first time. We were of the same age but he was not as tall as me. Wearing sportswear, he looked fit. Ryan said he had no memory after his death. He just got back some and so remembered his house. Coincidentally he lived near my house. He thought he had lost something, something he needed to do. After that thing was done, he probably could go to another world. I would be the one to help him to investigate.

‘Let’s go to my house! Maybe we can find some clues there,’ Ryan suddenly said. I could see the expectation in his eyes. But how could I enter his house? We thought of an interesting idea.

Every day, we were together all the time. I started trying not to be afraid of him. Actually we got along well. On Sunday, we got near Ryan’s house by bicycle.

‘Ah!’ I fell down in front of the gate of Ryan’s house deliberately. Because of my scream, a woman came outside in a hurry. From her red hair, I soon recognized that she was Ryan’s mum. She quickly helped me to get up and took me into her house, Ryan’s house. After settling me on the sofa with my hurt leg, she went to find the first aid kit.

Unexpectedly a man came back with the first aid kit, ‘Hey, are you okay?’



Ryan’s dad was called Robert Perry, with the first letter “R” the same as Ryan. He was chatting with me while he was dealing with my wound. Maybe I was as old as Ryan, their beloved son, so he talked a lot about him to me. Ryan kept smiling, and listened to every word his dad said. Then, they asked me to stay for dinner.

When both of them were busy in the kitchen, Ryan led me to his room and I entered secretly. Although Ryan had been dead for five years, his room was clean and tidy. I heard his parents calling me and I went out quickly.

After the first visit, I often came around to Ryan's house at the weekend. I would go into Ryan's room secretly every time. One day, I found Ryan's diary. Although I felt sorry about doing it, I still stole the diary and read it at home.

During a sleepless night, I finished the diary. Together with Ryan, we found that thing, the thing he wanted to do.

On a sunny morning, we ran to find Ryan's dad, 'Mr. Perry, let's have a football match!'

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Back in time, 5 years ago, Ryan loved playing sport especially football as Mr. Perry was a footballer when he was young.



'Dad, I want to play football on a field like those on TV!' Ryan grasped his dad and said.

'Sorry son, those fields are too far away. We can't go there now. The nearest one in this town is under construction. When it's finished, I promise to take you there!'

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We were on the nearest field. Ryan was excited. I thought I had found that the thing that Ryan hadn't achieved was the promise with his dad.

During the match, Ryan kept running around us like he was involved in the game, with a big smile on his face.

After the match, Ryan 'hugged' his dad, then me, and ran away. When Mr. Perry and I got back to his house to grab some food, I saw Ryan standing in the living room, glimmering. 'Thank you for allowing me to disturb you for such a long time. James, my friend, goodbye,' he smiled and his body started to disappear. I suddenly felt so upset that I could not say a word. Clenching my fists, I said, 'Goodbye Ryan, hope you'll be happy in heaven.' Within a minute, Ryan totally disappeared.

Mr. Perry had just come back from the kitchen. 'Mr. Perry, your son must be a nice boy,' I said.

Back in my room, I saw a kid-sized soccer jersey on my desk, with a note: 'I have nothing to give you as a present. It's my favorite. Please help me to look after it. -Ryan'. I carefully put it into my drawer, and smiled.

## Dream a Little Dream of...Lion?

by Regene, Choi Pak Wing 4B



"A long, long time ago, just a few years after the Second World War, I was only 12 years old. Our family owned a circus in California, Magic Wesley Circus. You may think that I must be good friends with lions and tigers, but I was a timid boy and I would never get close to them. Your great grandfather, who was an animal trainer, always wanted me to get rid of this phobia and take charge of the circus after he died," the old man said. He sat beneath an old and strong banyan tree. I sat next to him in the forest next to our house. He was my grandpa.

"But... how? How would you run the circus if you were so afraid of them? And why would you have this animal phobia when you are the son of an animal trainer?" I asked intensively, staring at him with big eyes.

"Take it easy, my little Jamie. Be patient and I'll tell you my story," Grandfather replied with a sweet, warm smile.

"Then, one night Dad came home drunk. He scolded me for my failure to be an animal trainer," Grandpa sighed. "I ran back to my tent and cried. Although I knew that he didn't mean to scold me, I was still very upset because I knew that I had let him down. I curled up in my bed and thought 'Why...Why do I have such a phobia? Why does it have to be me?' Grandfather said sadly. The warm smile on his face before had vanished.

"A few hours passed and I started to think of a way to get rid of this phobia. 'Maybe I should force myself to face the animals or feed the tiger every lunch time and help my dad to clean them or lock myself inside the elephant cage or...', hundreds of weird ideas started to run through my head. When the sun rose above the horizon, I finally figured out a way to prove that I had the potential to be an animal trainer. I would take the tiger for a walk around the stage," Grandfather said with a silly smile. He might have been smiling about his naiveté when he was small.

"Oh...Why did you think of such a silly idea? It's really dangerous!" Jamie said in astonishment.

"Hahaha...that's right. How foolish I was! Hahaha..." Grandfather laughed. "But that's not the only foolish thing that I did, I even told my father to let me try to take the tiger for a walk! Until now, I can't believe that I would have dared to ask for his permission at that time. My Dad was very shocked also. His eyes almost fell out of their sockets!" Grandfather continued.

"After breakfast I followed my dad and came to the tent that all the animal cages were kept in. That little walk from our main tent to the cage tent was the longest and toughest path that I



had ever walked. My hand was shaking and sweat rolled down my forehead. When we arrived and stood in front of the tigers' cage, I had a bad headache. I started feeling dizzy and found it hard to breathe. I put my hand against my forehead to stop the pain. My dad took out a key and was about to open the lock of the tiger cage. Ahhhhh...I felt like someone was strangling me by my neck. It was killing me!" Grandpa said while was knitting his brows.

"After the tiger walked out of the cage, my Dad handed me the chain that was leashed around the tiger's neck. My heart beat crazily. I felt like my head was going to explode. I reached out my shaking hand and wanted to grab the metal chain. The metal chain was cold and lifeless, just like my heart. I screamed *Nooo...I can't do this...noooo...I can't!*"



The metal chain hit the ground. I had dropped it hard. By the time the chain hit the ground, I had turned around toward the entrance and ran out of the tent. Tears ran down my cheeks, but my feet didn't stop. I ran and ran, and finally I stopped by a big old banyan tree in the forest nearby. I sat under the tree quietly and thought '*Why? Why can't I? I let him down again, I failed again!*' ". I was deeply broken hearted. I leaned on the tree and sat there for a long time," Grandfather continued.

"Is this tree above us the tree you're just talking about?" I asked. "Yes, it is," Grandpa replied. I turned around to face the tree and touched it. It was old and elegant.

"I had forgotten how long I had been sitting there crying. But all of a sudden, I saw a pair of green eyes in the opposite woodland. Then I heard a deep voice saying, '*Don't cry my boy. Don't cry!*'" I was freaked out and thought 'Oh my goodness! Have I become insane? Who is speaking?' But the voice spoke again, it had heard my thoughts. '*Ha ha, my boy, of course you are not insane,*' the deep voice answered. The green eyes came closer and closer, and became bigger and bigger. I wondered if the voice came from the green eyes?

'*Clever boy!*' the deep voice answered. Then, slowly the green eyes emerged from behind the tree and the creature showed itself. A strong and powerful lion with a silver necklace appeared right in front of my face. I was so shocked that I couldn't speak or scream. '*I know you must be freaked out, but I am here to help you. Actually I can read your mind, so I know that you are in pain,*' the lion said. The lion hadn't opened his mouth, but I didn't know why I could hear him speaking," Grandfather said while pointing at the woodland opposite.

"Amazingly, the lion gave me warmth and a sense of security rather than fear. The lion sat next to me and chatted. His name was George. He asked me not to be disappointed with myself but to be brave. He gave me advice for getting rid of the phobia. He was kind and caring. He became my best friend. Every time I came to this banyan tree, I could meet him. So I came here every day after school and went back home when it was dinner time,"

Grandfather continued. I looked down at the ground and realized that a little bird stood next to me. Oh! He must be listening to grandpa' s story too.

"About one month later, I had become a lot happier. I thought of an idea for how George could help me to prove my ability to my dad, which was by taking him to my dad and showing him that I could make friends with a lion. However, George rejected my idea and explained that his existence was a secret. I understood that if I told someone about him, people must think that I was insane, so I went home disappointedly," Grandpa said. I lay next to him listening. The little bird stood closer to me, just like it was leaning on me too.



"When I was walking back home, George caught up to me. I was stunned, as he had never got so close to the town. I immediately ran back to him because I was so afraid that people would see him," Grandfather said while putting his arm around me tightly.

"I asked him to be careful as sometimes there would be people passing by. We walked slowly back to the big banyan tree. We sat down and George told me that he actually had a way to help me. He asked me to go to the cage tent after my parents were asleep," Grandfather continued after he cleared his voice.

"That night, I pretended to be asleep and waited for my parents to fall asleep. While I was waiting, I wondered if I really had to walk to the animal cages alone. How horrible it would be! Eventually, I chose to trust in George and walked there alone," Grandfather said, closing his eyes to feel the wind blowing on his face. The leaves were rustling and making noise in the wind. I looked up to watch the leaves swaying, as did the little bird.

"The tent was dark and quiet. I was anxious when I was about to open the tent flap," he whispered softly. I sat up and got closer to him and tried to focus better.



"In fact, George was waiting for me behind the flap. It was a big relief when I saw him. However, the most stunning thing was that all the animals were out of the cages and were standing in the middle of the tent," Grandpa said with his hand drawing in the air trying to make his description clearer.

"Twenty pairs of eyes from different kinds of animals looked me in the eye and shouted, 'Surprise! '. Tigers, elephants, horses, monkeys...all of them were laughing and started to sing and dance. An elephant used her trunk to push me into the middle of the circle. We sang and danced together. That was the happiest and best night of my life. We all played crazily, some monkeys played the piano, tigers and horses sang

together, and I rode on an elephant and danced with them. Meanwhile, George was sitting there, smiling warmly, and watching us. His silver necklace was shining in the candlelight. I think I will never forget that night,” said Grandfather. He closed his eyes to play the scene in his mind. I thought the party must have been exciting, but I didn’t say anything as I didn’t want to wake him from his reverie.

“When the sun rose, a strong flash of light shone through the tent opening. It was bright and shone on my face. I tried to use my hands to block the light. When the rays weakened, I put down my hands and slowly opened my eyes. Every animal was gone, and I was not in the tent any more. I was sitting beneath the big banyan tree,” Grandpa said. The sunlight was bright now also, and I blocked it with my hands, just like what grandpa had done at that time.

“I looked down at the ground. I saw something was shining under the fallen leaves. It was George’s silver necklace,” continued Grandfather while he touched his silver necklace.

“Was that George’s silver necklace?” I asked and reached out my hand to touch it.

"Haha, smart boy. Yes, it was," answered Grandfather.

We walked slowly back home. It was late afternoon already. Sunshine shone on us, and the necklace reflected the light onto the ground. The reflection was wavering, but if you looked carefully, it was not hard to find the lion’s shadow in the reflection!



## The journey of an ordinary coin

by Lai Sze Leong 4F

Once upon a time, there was a coin, an ordinary one cent coin just like others. It was not rich and famous and just had the value of one cent. The birthday of the coin was forbidden and only the year of its birth was printed on its body. Having lots of brothers and sisters, Coin, which was the name of it and just what the people around always called it, hadn’t seen them again. Maybe once or twice a year it could see them.

It, of course, acted like what currency did, travelled around in human’s hands and pockets. This time, the coin finally had entered a man’s pocket. The man stood on a beach beside the sea.

‘Where am I now?’ said Coin, ‘it’s very dark around here.’

The coin was in the man’s wallet in his pocket. He didn’t know that something was going to happen to it – something that was extraordinary for it.

The man walked to an ice-cream shop near the sea to buy an ice cream. He put his hand into his pocket and took out his wallet. Then, the coin which was in the man’s pocket dropped out.

‘Woo...don’t drop me...’ Coin shouted and dropped to the sand, and then the coin started rolling towards the sea. The coin cried out, ‘Oh no! I’m rolling.’ It struggled and said, ‘My

body, can you stop rolling?’ The body of the coin gave no response to it as a coin surely could not control its body.

‘Sigh, it is always like that,’ Coin murmured.

The one-cent coin which had dropped out of the man’s pocket continued to roll to the sea. Coin, which was the name of that coin, didn’t know where it was going at that moment until it reached and touched the ice-cold seawater. It struggled once again, but as usual, it couldn’t control its body to move an inch even though it wanted to do so.

‘I will roll into the sea!’ Coin exclaimed. ‘I’ve never been in the sea before...’

As it hadn’t finished what it was saying, a strong wave washed it away from that beach. ‘Don’t wash me away like that! I just want to go back!’ Coin cried.

Each time the waves hit it, it moved several inches away from the beach. The coin followed the water and went far, far away from the seaside. It felt lonely as nothing was there except lots of seawater around it.

Moreover, it was also worrying, worrying about where it would go next.

‘I don’t know what to do and where I will be next, but it doesn’t matter as I’m just a coin,’ Coin thought.

However, even worse, the coin started to sink...

‘Help! I’m sinking! Is there anybody here that can help?’ Coin shouted.

Surely, no one would hear what it shouted and no one would respond to it as the sea was very large and the coin was just tiny and ordinary.

‘Oh... I’m landing!’ another shout from Coin.

It finally sank to the seabed and there were lots of clams and other sea animals, which the coin had never seen before, lying there having a sunbath. Coin decided to talk to some clams nearby.

‘Hello?’ Coin asked, but nobody answered as the clams and other sea animals were too ancient. They didn’t know what it was talking about but it decided to try again.

‘Hello?’ Coin shouted again with the loudest voice it could produce and this time one of the clams nearby just moved its body a little bit to make itself more comfortable as there were too many clams and everybody, including the coin, was packed in like sardines.

Coin had no idea why they didn’t answer and murmured, ‘I’m just a weak and voiceless thing.’

Suddenly, a fish swam above it. The fish was a middle-sized fish and was grey in colour. It looked at the coin and said, ‘What a pretty shiny thing!’

‘Are you talking to me?’ Coin replied, ‘I’m not “a pretty shiny thing”. I’m a coin, ok?’

‘That thing seems to know how to talk,’ the fish cried. ‘What’ve you been saying?’

‘Oh, well,’ Coin thought, ‘Can someone hear me?’

Without asking the coin, the fish used its mouth to take it from the seabed and swam to where its school lived. On the way, the coin just kept shouting in its mouth but the fish couldn’t hear it. The coin also saw different things like coral, fish and other things that lived in the sea.



Finally, the fish settled at the seabed where its whole school of family swam above their heads. The coin was shocked when it saw this gigantic ball of fish swimming above it.

The fish announced, 'Hey! Look what I've got here!'

A fish swam by and said, 'It's just a small coin. I have seen many of them before at the bottom of the sea where a box had opened. Is there someone shouting...?'

Actually, the coin saw a big shadow above the sea when the fish were talking. The shadow was a net that is used to catch fish. No need to say, the net caught almost all the fish.

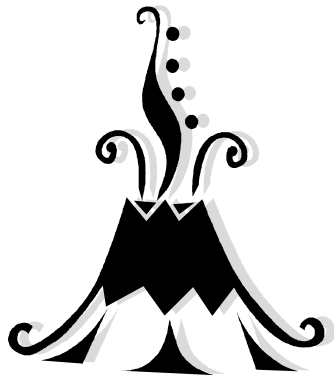
The coin saw the fishermen pulling the net back to the ship before it was washed away by the waves that the fishing process produced.

This time, the waves were strong enough to wash the coin into a valley in the sea and the coin was sinking into the deep, deep ocean.

'Help! Help me!' Coin shouted but surely no one would hear it.

As it sank, it finally reached the bottom of the sea.

'Oh! It's so cold here,' Coin whistled, 'but wait a minute, why is the ground getting hotter here...?'



Then, suddenly, a volcanic explosion happened right under the coin and the energy was large enough to make it shoot into the sky.

Coin shouted, 'Woo... I'm flying!'

It flew until it landed back on the beach where the man had dropped it and it hit the sand loud enough that the man could hear it.

'Did I drop it?' the man thought. Then he picked it up and put it inside his wallet.

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What happened when the umbrella man and the landlady met?

by Yuki Cheung, 4D

The landlady glanced at the cotton, strings and detergent she had just bought at the drug store. 'Perfect for preserving a perfect body,' she smiled, a spark of excitement lit up her eyes.

It was a cold, cloudy day and the landlady had gone out to shop for the first time in months. She also noticed the cloudy weather that day so she had brought an umbrella with her – the one she took from the cold, dead man on the third floor of her house a few years ago.

She stopped at a bakery, dropped her umbrella in the bucket outside and went in. 'A few tarts will be great for the tea party with my lovely guests,' she smiled at the shopkeeper.

At the same time, out of the corner of her eye, she noticed that an old man was looking at her umbrella curiously, as if he had seen it before.



‘There will be great trouble if he finds out who the umbrella belongs to,’ she thought. Then, she grinned at the sample cookies on the table.

The umbrella man looked at the delicately decorated umbrella in front of him, his face expressionless.

‘Please try our newest cookies!’ The shopkeeper gave him a cookie. He took and ate it in a gulp.

It started to rain. The landlady came out with her tarts and took back the umbrella.

‘Excuse me, I forgot to bring an umbrella today. Would you mind sharing your umbrella with me? Just drop me in a tunnel nearby is fine,’ he asked her.

They walked to a tunnel nearby.

‘Here we are...’ said the landlady.

Suddenly the umbrella man snatched the umbrella from her without warning. Within a second, there was a sharp dagger pointing at her face.

‘You don’t know there is a dagger hidden in the umbrella, do you?’ he asked. ‘Of course you don’t, because it doesn’t belong to you but to my long lost son, Gregory Temple!’ he finished.

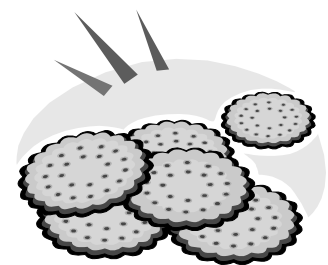
Blood drained away from the landlady’s face.

‘For the last few years I’ve been disguising myself as an alcoholic, searching for this umbrella so that I can find out who took it along with my son. If the umbrella I took isn’t the one I’m looking for, I use it to cheat people and make a living to survive,’ he said, his eyes bursting with hatred and anger. ‘Now tell me where my son is!’

‘He is on the third floor of my house, perfectly preserved,’ the landlady resumed her smile. ‘I told you this because I don’t want to fool a dying man.’

Suddenly the umbrella man dropped the dagger and screamed in agony as blood welled out from his mouth and his nostrils.

‘Don’t blame yourself. Even the shopkeeper didn’t notice the thin layer of white toxin on top of the sample cookies,’ she gave him a warm smile. ‘You died in the same lovely way your son did,’ she whispered in his ear.

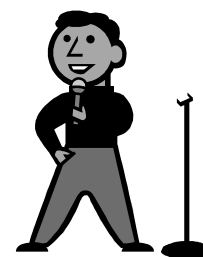


The umbrella man fell lifelessly to the ground.

The landlady opened the umbrella and left the tunnel, leaving the sound of cruel laughter echoing in the air.

Get yourself a seat for a stand-up comedy show

by Louis Yip 5C



If there is one thing I have that is bottomless, it is my sense of humor. I have always enjoyed myself a gag-song or a humorous reference just in the right place, but they never really did it for me. That is why I left the stand-up comedy show recently with an immense impression aside from the pain in the side.

Right away Chris Rock takes you sky-high with his ever-exciting voice. A celebrity matrimonial scandal comes up, and he bites into it with points of views that have never ever crossed your mind. One innuendo after another and the irony in the air builds up while perfect sense is maintained. The slight touch of rhetorical questions gets everyone who is already holding the same view. Before the topic gets old, he jumps to another one, and satirical imitations are always there, ready to arouse another hallful of laughter. With one last pun that reminds you of the previous derisions, Chris Rock leaves you lying sideways on your chair with tears still in your eyes. The show simply hits you in your spot, and you have nothing more to ask for.

Obviously stand-up comedians like Chris make a lot, but that is not easy money. To sum it up, being a stand-up comedian is about the most risky thing you can do. Why? It is hard to get there like Chris Rock. The image is also part of the show, and while it's easier to get the crowd to roar if you are famous, a small potato definitely would have a harder time cracking the audience up. Next up you have a fundamental issue related to the nature of your job. Comedy equals tragedy plus time, and a mean statement is often a great gag. Therefore you run the risk of offending others. While black stand-up comedians like Kevin Hart can get away with racial gags, Dave Chappelle, a less colored comedian, has been accused of being a racist by an angry group of the public for making a similar gag. However, you just can't get the crowd to respond if you are too careful. Now you see why the job is full of challenges. Get over the line, and you are done for. Be overly conservative, and you are done for too. That balance, my fellow schoolmates, is the ultimate challenge.

Luckily enough, we do not have to worry about those challenges, so why not watch a performance or two? First off, it is a two-hour-listening-practice, so you can use "practicing English listening" as an excuse to your parents. You can also learn the art of communication from the comedians, and local culture or social issue awareness from the satires. A stand-up comedy show is always full of social issues and local culture references, and you can't learn that from a book. If your thirst for enjoyment defeats all purposes of learning, you can also watch a show just for a great fun.

Be it an alternative for learning English or a really nice way to entertain yourself, sit down, and enjoy yourself a stand-up comedy show.

