

# Poetry

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## ♥ A MENU FOR AN ENGLISH TEACHER ♥

### Appetizer



Smoked phonics with a lemon wedge  
The clarity of pronunciation you can get.



### Main Course

Well-done grammar with carrot batons  
Better sentences can be written.

### Dessert



Homemade baked chocolate vocabulary with raspberries  
Can make you write vivid stories.



### Drink

Freshly brewed listening tasks with whipped cream  
The most sensitive hearing you can dream.

*Kan Cheuk Ying Cherry iT*



## **A menu for the VA Teacher**

### **Appetizer**

Baked Oil Pastel Skewer produces happiness

Tasty, healthy and delicious

### **Main Dish**

Baked Pigment-flavoured Sketchpad Pizza is the main Dish

Different flavours of pigment overflowing

Doesn't it sound good?

### **Dessert**

Fried Clay Ice Cream with sliced unhappiness

It makes you feel cool and drives away heat.

### **Drink**

Heated Watercolour Tea

It warms your heart and helps you forget all difficulties.

Chan Sze Ming Mandy 1C

# Haiku

School

Go to school is fun,  
I can learn and meet friends,  
Happy life at school.



***Chinese New Year***

***Have fun in New Year***

***Play game and eat yummy food***

**Let's get red packets!**

Lui Ka Yam Lisa F1C (Group 2)

# Christmas

Christmas is my favourite festival

Happy and a joyful day

Right, let's celebrate

I have to write some cards to my friends

So happy to have turkey served at the party

The presents are beautiful and nice

My birthday is at Christmas too.

A wonderful festival

So I like it very much

By Lau Sui Nga Yoyo F.1C

# Summer

Summer comes,

Unpredictable weather

Most flowers bloom,

Moon and stars

Endless Rainbow

Rain, thunderstorm and lightning a lot!

By Chan Yung Yan Rainbow 1C

## **Easter** By Lui Ka Yan 1C

Eating chocolate eggs at this festival  
A lot of children celebrate together  
Surprise! There are many big rabbits  
To be happy and excited during the day  
Remember not to eat too many chocolates!

## **Spring**

Sunny and cooler weather  
Pretty flowers are blooming  
Rainy, misty and humid  
It is a wonderful season  
Nobody don't like it  
Great season

By Casey Wong F.1 C (Group 2)



Little red riding hood  
standing in the deep dark woods.  
She went to her granny's home  
every day all alone.  
Riding hood's basket was in hand,  
and the big bad wolf had made his plan.  
You never knew how scary he was.  
Until he showed his incisive claws.

He's fierce and he's keen.  
He's a hunter, a stalker and a killing machine!

"Hello," she said, "I've brought you cakes for tea,  
how come your eyes are huge, you got the flu?"

The wolf replied, "That's so poor Gran can see,"

"But so is your nose, and fangs are too!"

"Oh! Granny, what big, shiny, teeth you've got!"

"The better to eat you with all the sweet treats you've brought!"

Red Riding hood had found some clues.

She decided what to do:

Call the hunter, executed the hater.

Be together with her dear grandmother.

## The Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf



## Two Travelers and a Bear

Two men were travelling together,  
Then a Bear suddenly met them on their path.

*Oh no! What should I do?*

The first man cried.  
He quickly climbed up on a tree  
And wanted to hide.

*Oh no! What should I do?*

*Am I going to be attacked?*

The second man thought  
And he lied down to pretend to be a corpse.

*Sniff! Sniff!*

*This prey doesn't smell delicious*

The Bear murmured.

*I better find another prey.*

The Bear left with hunger on his way.

*Phew! The danger has gone.*

The first man came down from the tree.

*What did the Bear whisper in your ear?*

He asked the second man.

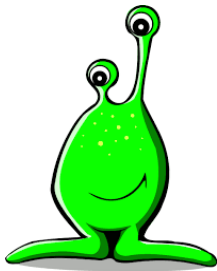
*Never travel with a friend who deserts you at the approach of danger.*

The second man replied

When he was walking towards the manger.



What do aliens wear at parties?



I believe no one has seen aliens  
nor join in aliens' parties.  
Do they all wear like Indians,  
with splendid civilities?

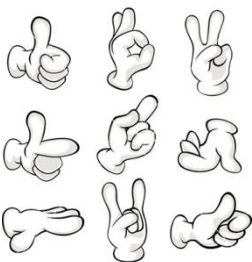
No! A male alien shall wear a smart, horned hat  
and checked suit with a hole for his tail.

So even if he is fat,  
he would not look like a clumsy snail.



A female alien shall wear a light, floral evening gown,  
that's perfectly elegant for a party in town.

Add on a pair of plain, beige, silk gloves,  
so even a hand with nine fingers won't be tough.



Sounds fashionable, right?

Next time if you attend an alien's party,  
under a celestial starry night,  
don't forget to show off your own sparkling beauty!

Florence Poon 2A



## WHAT CLOWNS WEAR IN CIRCUS



*Do you want to go to the circus?  
If yes, you must have seen the clowns there.  
What do they wear?  
Try to guess it if you dare.*



*The Whiteface Clowns wear pairs of baggy trousers,  
Also loose tops with ruffles or oversized collars.  
Sometimes they wear pairs of pale stockings,  
And a pair of soft, light-colored shoes which only costs thirty dollars!*



*The Auguste Clowns wear pairs of small pants and gloves,  
Also brightly colored suspenders or huge bow ties.  
Female Auguste Clowns wear exaggerated dresses  
And carry elegant purses to give us surprises.*



*The Tramp Clowns wear sloppy coats with many pockets,  
Also silk hats which are often with no top.  
The Bag Ladies wear a frumpy dress or skirt and blouse,  
Perhaps a sweater and jacket over top.*



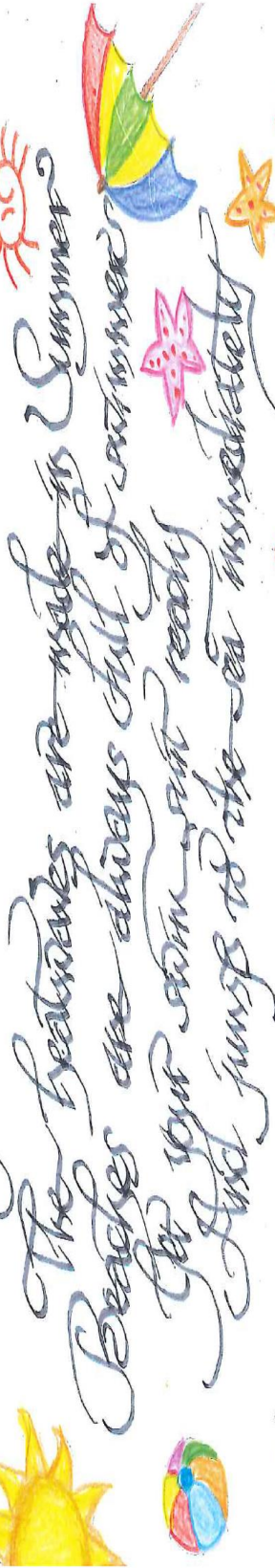
# Magical Seasons

Rita Yang

The time comes from Spring  
A season full of rains  
With lots of new born lakes  
We all feel so alive



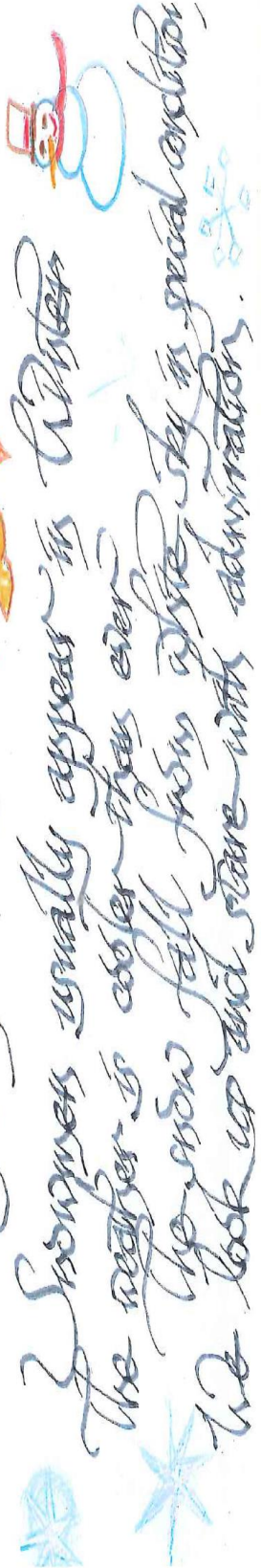
The beachcombers are made in Summer  
Beaches are always full of summer  
Get your swim suit ready  
And jump to the sea immediately



Fallfire is common in Autumn  
Plants are dried from top to bottom  
This is the best season to hike  
And to fly up like



Snowmex usually appear in Winter  
The weather is colder than ever  
The snow fall from white sky is special and hot  
We look up and stare with admiration.





## *My memories*

*Unrolling the camera film slowly,  
a little girl and her mother appear in each grid.  
Are the days ordinary?  
Joy and sorrow are embedded in her memory.*

*The little girl who had two beautiful braids,  
showed her mom a figurine made of clay.  
The creative artwork was not ideal to be displayed,  
but her mom nodded her head to show her praise.*

*"Fever!" exclaimed the mother.  
She hurried to the nearest clinic with her daughter.  
Its door was unfortunately shut.  
"Taxi! Taxi!" she tried her luck...  
After a while, both arrived at hospital.  
Ahead of them, the queue was endless.  
The mom hummed a soft melody,  
till her daughter fell asleep gradually.*

*The little girl performed on stage with her classmates,  
It was the first time for all to perform on stage,  
lyrics and drama were woven perfectly.  
The mom could spot her jewel among the kids.  
She clapped hands fervently,  
yes, her daughter got onto the stage,  
from primary to secondary.  
I smile when I look back.*

*My mom did her best to give me what she knew and what she had.*

*2B Tammy, Li Wai Lam*

# Compositions

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## A letter to the principal

1B MOK NGAI TANG, EASTON

Dear Mr. Ting,

Good day. I am Easton Mok from F. 1B. I am writing to you to make suggestions about our school. The following are my ideas:

1. Provide warm water for students for drinking-use. In winter, drinking cold water is not good for our health. In fact, not all students own a heat preservation bottle. This kind of bottle can only carry a small amount of water and it is heavy.
2. Allow students to go to school in their PE uniforms instead of changing to PE uniforms during recess on cool days. Students may get cold while changing their clothes in a cold area. In addition, changing their uniforms at home can save their time. Especially when teachers dismiss the class at a later time before the recess.
3. Provide more tables and seats for students to have lunch. Quite a lot of students stay at school to have lunch in order to save time and money. As a matter of fact, the tables are not enough. Once I had to wait for more than 15 minutes for a table. I have even seen that six students had lunch in a four-seat table. The condition is poor. It is suggested that the school can open the unnecessary rooms on the first floor for students to have lunch.

Those are my suggestions. I hope you can admit my ideas. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,



Easton Mok

## An email from the Selfish Giant

From: [Giant@gmail.com](mailto:Giant@gmail.com)

To: [Children@gmail.com](mailto:Children@gmail.com)

Subject: rules set for the garden

Date: 21<sup>th</sup>March 2016

Dear children,

How are you? Do you feel bored when you can't play in my garden?

I am sorry for my previous unkindness and selfishness. I should share my garden with others. Therefore, after thinking for a while, I have decided to let you come into my garden to play. However, there are some rules set for the garden that I want you to obey. If you don't obey them, then I won't allow you to play in my garden. The rules are stated below:

- First, don't pick the flowers and step on the grass.
- Second, don't climb the trees by yourselves, it is very dangerous.
- Third, don't eat and drink in the garden, you can eat outside the garden.
- Fourth, don't hurt the animals in the garden.
- Fifth, don't argue and fight in the garden, you might hurt others.
- Sixth, be generous and friendly, share your things with others and play with others, don't reject them.
- Seventh, be polite; ask me before you come into my garden.
- Eighth, leave my garden before six o'clock in the evening and go home, it is dangerous to stay too late outside.

The reason that I have set these many rules is that I want to keep you safe. If you obey the rules, you can have a clean and beautiful environment to play in and be safe. Hope you can obey the rules and have happiness in my garden.

Best wishes,

Giant

## Film Review (Matilda)

A good movie, from my point of view, has to fulfill two requirements: an innovative storyline and room for reflection. To be honest, I have never expected a comedy for kids to fulfill anyone of them, but Matilda has proved me wrong.

Matilda is a 1996 American fantasy comedy film directed by Danny Devito. This movie is based on Danny Devito .This movie is based on Ronald Dahl's novel of the same name. Assisted by Ronald Dahl's novel of the same name. Assisted by such seasoned pros as Danny devito and Rhea Periman, Mara Wilson shines and sparks in her first major film role. Matilda wormwood is a genius, but her parents, harry and Zinna (starred by Danny Devito and Rhea Perlman), neglect and mistreat her. Matilda's parents love watching TV. But Matilda loves reading books. She goes to school late but she is quiet smart. The principal of the school is Agatha Trunchbull (featured by Pam Ferris).She doesn't like children but miss honey does. A witty script by Devito keeps the ball rolling in unexpected directions. This movie successfully grabs my attention and holds my interest.

Matilda is not only amusing but also inspiring. You can learn money cannot replace love and happiness. In the movie, Miss Trunchbull got big house and money but she didn't feel happy! Is it really what we expect?

The film received mixed reviews from critics and performed slightly above expectations at the box office. It received some nominations and prizes. Kids, teenagers, adults, people with a sense of humor and the like will find themselves through entertained by his movie .This movie is a must-see!

2B Rebecca Lau



## My Favourite Role Model

Rita Yang (2B)

It is not that easy to be my role model. Being a role model doesn't need to look handsome or muscular. But hard-working and successful are the definition for me to choose my role model. That is why my role model is neither an artist nor a singer. He is a well-known professional tennis player from Switzerland. He is Roger Federer.

Roger has won 17 grand slam single titles in his life – which is an unbelievable number for a tennis player. 17 grand titles including 4 Australia Open, 5 US Open, 1 French Open and 7 Wimbledon. Although Roger is already 34 years old now, he is still currently ranked the world number 2 among all the male tennis player in the world.

Roger is always known for his efficient movement around the tennis court. He is always very calm in all the competitions that you won't even see any facial expression on his face. He is good-tempered and kind that he has a lot of supporters and fans from different ages around the world. He is very modest because he never shows off in the internet after the competitions. He is also a good father of 4 children because he protects his family very well. He always wears that makes him look good and attractive.

In this year's US Open, Roger was beaten by the world number 1 player – Djokovic. When I expected that he would be really upset, he gave me a big surprise in the interview after the competition.

“Usually you learn more when you lose. That's where you learn a lot about your game, about your attitude, about your fitness.....Not always. Sometimes you just walk away and you forget about it.” He said dispassionately.

What a great role model I have got! I admire his self-assured attitude and the way he way he never gives up easily. I hope I can learn from my role model – Be optimistic. And everything will be alright!

How to study well? How to get good exam results? Many of you may ask these questions as you have not yet adapted to the new learning environment and new subjects. There are many subjects which you didn't study in your primary school, such as Geography, Science and History. You may feel puzzled. To help you, here are some suggestions.

First of all, paying attention in lessons is the most important thing to get good exam results. Teachers always teach you something that is not included in the book. If you don't pay attention or chat with your classmates all the time, you can hardly get good exam results. It does not only affect you, but also disturbs others. So, be attentive in class, so you will not miss anything important. Besides, you should ask and answer questions so that your understanding of the topic can be improved. I am sure that you will spend less time on revision if you pay attention in class because you have already remembered everything in the lessons.

Second, how you study is also very important. Do you always watch TV or check your messages when you are studying? If you do, you cannot concentrate on revision. This may be the reason why you cannot study well. You should choose a quiet place and put away all the things that may distract you. In addition, you should plan your time carefully. Do not revise just before the deadline. You cannot cram all the things in your mind in one day. So, set your timetable and study every day. Also, do not stay up late before exams. You will feel sleepy and forget everything you have studied on the next day.

Third, studying with partners is also a good way to study well. You can join different clubs and the Big Brothers and Sisters Scheme. They can help you solve your academic problems. The Big Brothers and Sisters have been Form one students before, so they are able to give you some useful advice.

Finally, exam skills are also very important. You should keep calm when you are doing the papers. You should also follow the instructions. If you don't, you will not be given any marks. For example, it asks you to circle the words but you underline them. The teachers may not give marks to you. Therefore, study the instructions carefully so that you can avoid some careless mistakes.

I hope my advice can help you study well and get good exam results.

## A letter to a friend 3A(23) Lee Tsz Yan Grace

Dear Peter,

How are you? It must have been very boring since you were in hospital for a month. Broken a leg, you missed the chance to come to school and join the English week .I am writing to tell you about what happened during that week.

We've had plenty of different activities to join. Being the regular activity every year, the drama show had been complained to be too boring by some students.so this year it was replaced by a film show. It was a comedy and we laughed our head off during the show.it was really interesting! Taking place right after the film show, the book sale was set up quickly. Various kinds of books were sold, and we even had a special discount of 20%off! I bought a few books there, and it cost me less than \$100! Then on Tuesday, during the English lesson, our teacher led us to the covered playground to attend the English corner. Playing childish games, I didn't enjoy much there. Maybe I should reflect this problem to the student union, the organiser.

Among all the activities, the most impressive ones were the storytelling competition and the singing contest. Originally I didn't want to attend the storytelling competition. However, persuaded by Hubert, I went there with him. I was really impressed by the performance of our classmate, Vincy! Not knowing that she is talented in storytelling, I didn't expect much. But after listening to her, I started to have the interest in listening, and I stayed there for the whole competition.

Impressed by the storytelling competition, I decided to go to the singing contest the following day. I also had a great time listening to our schoolmates' singing. You mustn't miss this out when the next English week comes. Listening to them is like listening to a concert! Some of our schoolmates sang really well and brought out the emotions of the songs! Having only 3 prizes, many of the talented singers didn't win a prize.it was a pity for them, but the audience enjoyed themselves listening to them.

If you hadn't been ill, you would have been able to join the English week! Anyway, do not be too worried about your schoolwork. I have already taken notes for you during the lessons! Just rest well and hope that you'll be able to come back to school soon!

Yours,

Chris

## An article to Form one students 3A Alison Lei

As all of you are Form One students, you may not be used to the busy life in secondary school, especially studying. I am going to talk about the best way of studying. First and foremost, you must be dedicated during lessons, or you'll miss some crucial information like exam tips. When doing the listening test you can take notes to mark down some important points. Whenever you're confused, you should ask questions, you don't need to care about what others think; your aim is to solve your problems.

Apart from that, you have to plan your time to do revision. It is of great importance since you won't have enough time for revision if you don't have a good time management. Although it's good to be hard working, it's bad if you only spend time studying. You should strike a balance between work and play so that you can relax yourself, thereby increasing revision efficiency. As the adage goes, "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy". Therefore, please don't just be immersed in your studies.

In addition to arranging your time well, having study partners can also help you in studying. You can study with your classmates for the sake of sharing studying experience. You can join some clubs and turn to Big Brothers and Sisters for help, it's a great honor for us to help you when you feel perplexed.

Last but not least, you must stay calm in exams. It is only keeping calm that you can effectively use the things you have learnt. Before examinations, you can chat with your friends, walk around and take a nap in order to relieve your pressure. During examinations, you must follow instructions. Otherwise, your marks will be deducted. In order to have enough time to finish your exam paper, you have to count the number of pages and allocate suitable time for each page according to your ability.

I hope that the above skills can help you with your studies. Even if you may not have a satisfactory performance in the first examination, you will get used to it and study better and better.

## A review on a TV programme---“The Most Dangerous Ways to School”

Chiu Tsz Wai Natalie 3A

How do you go to school every day? By bus? Or by taxi? After you watch this TV programme, you will definitely find your methods easy. My favourite programme is called ‘The most dangerous ways to school’. It is a documentary which was broadcast on TVB Pearl. It revolves around how children in different places go to school under extreme conditions.

This TV programme consists of ten episodes while my favourite one is episode five. In this episode, the cameras bring us to Siberia, the coldest inhabited place on Earth. A village called Oymyakon lies there. Since there is only one school in the village, all children study there. Some students live far away from the school. Hence, they take the school bus. Yet, there is a high possibility that the school bus may breakdown or a fault in the engine may appear. Meanwhile, some students go to school on foot as they live near the school. Nevertheless, warm clothing is needed to be worn. In addition, they ought to arrive at their destination as soon as possible. Because of the chilly weather, students found dead on their way is not rare at all. For both ways, risking their lives is a must, because they live in a place with arctic temperatures and endless vastness.

This TV programme has become more and more popular since its broadcast as it grabbed the attention of the public. Many educational websites and schools highly recommend it. It is thoroughly amusing and intriguing. The dedication to learning and the eagerness of having a better life is inspiring. Also, it allows audience to know more about the world, resulting in widening their horizon. Furthermore, they can feel something different when comparing it with other TV shows in the same genre, because it does not only educate us, but also let us introspect ourselves. A message is conveyed: to count our blessings for not having that kind of experience.

Although it is a good programme, I have some suggestions for improvement. In order to emphasize the main idea of the programme, adding some shots about Hong Kong is a good method. The producer may talk about the geological features of Hong Kong. Moreover, a survey could be conducted on how children in our city go to school. Then, a comparison can be shown clearly. As a result, more people will understand the intention of making this TV programme. In this way, it may be more convincing. The shots will stick in their memory long.

In conclusion, this is a documentary that everyone must watch. You will definitely find it worthy. Next time, if you have trouble choosing which TV programme you should watch, ‘The most dangerous ways to school’ will be the best choice!

## How to study well?

3A Crystal Cheng

Studying has always been the biggest problem faced by Form One students. It is mainly because they are not yet adapted to the new study system and the study skills of secondary school. To deal with this, the Big Brother and Sister Group is going to give all Form One students some useful advice on how to study well.

First of all is the study skills. Study skills is definitely the most important point on studying well since only good study skills can lead to a success in studying. Based on this, students should plan their own timetable and decide what to do at what time. Besides this, students should revise their notes they learnt every day and do their homework properly. It is because doing homework is not just a responsibility, it is also a chance to do exercise and help you to do revision. Therefore, do try to complete your homework every day and it can help to improve your study skills.

Next is the attitude of studying. Students should take their studies seriously and treat it as their own responsibility. Students should pay attention in lessons and listen carefully to the teacher and jot down the notes that are useful and important. Students should also ask questions whenever they are not sure with what the teacher is saying. Students should try to be proactive too and answer the questions raised by your teacher. Hence, you will learn more and more knowledge and become more erudite.

Apart from this, students should pay attention to the following exam tips. The first one is to keep calm when you are doing your exam paper. Nervousness will always lower your concentration and confidence. Therefore, do keep in mind to calm yourself when you are doing an exam paper. You should also follow the instructions and go to bed early the night before to ensure yourself to be clear-headed on the day of the examination.

We believe that the above advice can help Form One students to solve their problem of studying and we hope all of the Form One students will find it useful.



## **Millions under beauty - obsession with cosmetic surgery**

The desire for physical beauty spread over Asia in recent decades, turning cosmetic surgery one of the most profitable industries over the world, into a multi-million dollar business. People's WISHES for double eyelids; People's WANTS of high cheek bones; People DESIRES to have a v-shaped face; People's THRIST for looking perfect! All can be satisfied by a small treatment – so small that others would not even notice that, so small but able to TRANSFORM your appearance, so small that attracts millions of people from all age groups to give it a try. Why would people be obsessed with physical beauty and take the risk to undergo cosmetic surgery?

The changing of values is a major factor. In the past, traditional ideas, for example, Confucianism, promoted inner beauty and believed that personality was the most important. Also, traditional ethnics discouraged plastic surgery. However, due to the changing society, younger generations are more liberated from traditional thinking. Why? Every country is competing for modernization nowadays because it defines how developed the country is. Thus, traditional ethnics are no longer promoted as they are seen as a hindrance for the intellectuals. These kinds of ideas limit their creativity and pull them away from modern technology and scientific thinking. So, the new generations are more open-minded and less resistant to technological methods compared to the older groups. This also explains why younger generations are more willing to have plastic surgery for physical beauty. According to an e-survey published by the Joong Ang Daily on the willingness to have plastic surgery in different age groups, 40% of South Korean teens are willing to receive plastic surgery for beauty. However, the percentage decreases when the age gets higher, showing a negative relationship between the two subjects. There are only about 10% of people in their forties willing to undergo plastic surgery. These numbers clearly show the effect of the recession of traditional ethnics, leading the younger generations to plastic surgery.

The wide spread of western cultures is also a huge matter. Cosmetic surgery has been popular since the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century, so western people do not have tight and stubborn ideas that are against modern technologies. A research done by ISAPS (International Society of Aesthetic Plastic Surgery) in 2010 showed that among all cosmetic surgeries over the world, 21.1% came from the US. Brazil followed with a rate of 9.8% while South Korea only accounted for 4.4%. These numbers are thrilling, showing that the Americans were much more likely to undergo cosmetic surgery. Moreover, the high technological levels of the US and other MDCs (More Developed Countries) play an important role in promoting plastic surgery. The surgery companies there can afford better medical instruments and provide more qualified surgeons. Modern techniques can be applied to reduce risks and make the changes more realistic and safer. They can thus gain higher trust from the people and attract more people to have plastic surgery.

In addition, many advertisements are produced to lure people to give it a try. With easy access to the internet and media, teenagers are easily affected. More companies were set up too as the cosmetic surgery industry gives them an unexpectedly huge profit. These factors push more teenagers to have cosmetic surgery.

Many people claim that plastic surgery is disrespectful, as we should respect the body given by our parents. But, why not? Being pretty benefits us in many aspects. Beauty raises one's status in the social circles and gives them confidence. For adults, a better impression can also be given to the seniorities, like employers and business partners. The social circle can also be broadened more easily if one has an appealing look. Some people believe they would live better after cosmetic surgery, while some think

their desire to beauty does not worth the risk. It's a two-side knife. Whether undergoing it or not, think twice before you take your action!

Tse Cheuk Hin Larry 4D

## **Embrace Nature in the Horticultural Society!**

Leaflet: Write a leaflet to introduce an extra-curricular activity at school

This year, we are recruiting new extra members in our society - A golden opportunity to join the big horticultural family and greet the nature with great enthusiasm. What are you waiting for?

### What do we do?

Our society aims at promoting the pleasure and expertise of gardening. We provide a platform for students to exchange ideas. On the other hand, we also dedicate to maintain the cozy environment at school.

### When do we meet?

Members' regular meetings and tea party are held twice a month. Students are welcome to share your thoughts and problems on planting, or just come along to enjoy the flower tea time. There will also be Plant-Cultivation Competition and visits to local farms. We take the responsibility to embellish the school environment by planting and managing trees and flowers once a month too.

### Why you should join?

Despite your interest on gardening, you can definitely join us because our job is to promote and foster the joy of gardening in school. You can enjoy a leisure tea time in school garden (such a rare chance!!) and chat with other plant-lovers on gardening topics. You will have the chance to do visits and decorate our school. You can build an endearing and fresh campus. Exciting, isn't it?

### How to join?

Joining us is very simple. You need not pass an interview or write an essay. We put no limitation on gender and form. Just when you are keen on us – sign up your name on our board outside the Staff Room. We are waiting for you!

Grab the chance and go sign up right now!

Fall in love with nature, let's join in pleasure!

By Leung Tsz Ying Alina, 4E

**Task: Writing a speech to a group of secondary students about respect for animals.**

Good morning fellow schoolmates,

I am the representative of SPCA working in animal welfare division. It is my honour to deliver a speech to all of you concerning animal welfare in Hong Kong today.

Animal abuse is never something new to hear in Hong Kong. We can read and hear a hive of heartbreaking stories or news about cruelty towards animals in our city. The founded cause of this phenomenon is the lack of respect of animals in our citizen's mindset. So it is essential for us to arouse our awareness on respect towards animals. Otherwise, any effort given by SPCA will be in vain.

You may ponder 'what exactly does respect of animals mean?' To answer this question, we may look deep into some distressing cases of animal abuse. I guess many of you have acknowledged the poignant news that forty dogs and cats found starving in Sai Ying Poon flat. Yesterday, there was a man charged for beating his dog to death. These two shocking news are both linked to the irresponsible behavior of pet owners. And their brutal actions should be heavily blamed and prosecuted because of their disrespect to animals.

For pet owners, animal respect is not merely about keeping their animals, providing a place for them to shelter. A person respecting animals should also perform their daily pet chores appropriately as he/she knows that the small creatures deserve his/her love and care. It is necessary for pet owners to hold a value that keeping a pet is a life-long commitment so they can hold a respect towards the pet they keep.

Even you are not a current pet owner, it is inevitable for you to approach animals in Hong Kong, such a big city. You should also hold your universal respect toward life with no excuse when you are facing animals. Hong Kong is supposed to be a civilized city and we humans living in Hong Kong ought not to hold an outdated mindset that Homo Saipan is superior than other species. Human might have a higher level of intelligence, but it does not mean that we can treat other species on this planet as fashionable items, acquires and discard them casually.

I guess you all can get a distinct idea on animal respect. Nonetheless, without putting the idea into action, it will be meaningless. And still, a majority of people in Hong Kong is still ignorant to the idea.

Other than NGO like we, SPCA, the SAR government and school also play a vital role in education and legislation. Education and legislation will be the first step we need to take to rectify the plight of those abused animals. School may hold an education campaign to promote the importance of animal rights protection. Brochures can be given out and posters can be stuck on every corner of the campus so that they can arouse students' concern. The SAR government should also use the power of legislation to make citizens be more alerted to animal rights protection. Severe penalties, for instance, should be imposed to those felons who abuse animals. If all the stakeholders in the society hold their responsibility in urging animal tight and welfare, our little friends can have a better tomorrow. If the above suggestions can be implemented, animal abuse can be diminished in our society. Thank you for listening.

By Cheng Nga Man Carman F.5C

# Creative Writing

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## A Day to the Sky

Recently, I felt broken-hearted and grieved for my life, it is about friendship, academics or my family. I was dissatisfied with myself. I was upset every day.

One day, I was lying on my bed and I almost gave up everything. I thought I couldn't do anything and I was the loser. Suddenly, there was a dazzling light and I was dazed. After a few minutes, I saw the endless sky, I found that I was flying and I could see different people working on their activities. They were so smart. However, there were some people who didn't do anything. They were the same as me.

Also, I saw there were two groups of children. One group was sad children, who thought negatively all the time. They were just sitting on the ground and were worried. At the sad people side, everything was colourless and they didn't have any happiness. However, the other group was some happy children, who thought positively. They were playing happily. Everything was colourful, fancy and very beautiful. They thought they would do better. When I saw this, I thought "Will the 2 groups share happiness together?" A few minutes later, I saw that the happy children met the sad children and the happy children shared their happiness to them. They played happily. After that, I heard my mum's voice and she told me to wake up. I found that I was having a dream.

The small children inspired me during my dream. We should be farsighted. We should not give up. Nobody is loser! We should share our happiness too.

Natalie Chan Hoi Tung (16) 1B

## A Day To 'Skyland'

1B Celia Leung Hei Lam (26)

'What is this?' I touched a button in a laboratory, then all things around me turned white and some strong wind was blowing at me... 'Where am I?' Then I saw a beautiful city. There were animals, fairies, some clouds moving fast and carrying people. 'This place is fabulous!' I said. 'I'm in a city called "Skyland" which is hanging in the sky!'

I was excited and chose a cloud and set the button to travel the whole city. Such as my dream city! A colourful, fantastic world!

'Hey! What are you doing?' A male teenager shouted at me. He said that I was not allowed to stay there if I was not a citizen. He told me if I didn't have the permit, then I must leave. But I didn't know where the exit was and it was evening now.

The teenager said he could let me stay at his house for a night and the next day he would bring me to the exit. His house was big, tidy but nobody else was inside. He prepared a room for me, so I stayed for a night.

The next day, when I woke up, delicious food was on the table. The teenager brought me to the exit after I finished breakfast. It was just a colourless door and I must jump down the city to get back home. 'Wait! I don't even know your name!' I said. 'James,' he said. He pushed me down and I fell back to the laboratory. What a fabulous place! Although I could only stay for one day and didn't do many things, I had a nice day!

## **A Day to Heaven**

When I opened the post box, a shiny letter shone in the post box. I took out the letter... “Wow!” I screamed loudly and said, “I get the letter of Heaven!” I read it carefully, it said “Dear Karis, since you have done many good things and you have a kind heart, Heaven’s king invites you to come to Heaven. “

Suddenly, a light appeared in front of me, I walked towards the light and there was another view. It was different from Hong Kong. All the things were gold and white, the buildings were short and there were pretty flowers surrounding them. Just then, a handsome man talked to me, “Hello, the king of Heaven ordered me to take you to the kingdom of Heaven, please come with me.” I followed him to the kingdom. On the way, I saw many shops; there were things that I had never seen before. The people were all beautiful and they talked in a friendly manner with each other. Unlike in Hong Kong, people in Heaven never argue with one another.

Soon, I arrived at the kingdom of Heaven. The servants took me inside. They prepared a lot of delicious food. The king of Heaven sat on the chair and waited for me. He said, “I am Zeus and I am the king of Heaven. Welcome. Please take a seat.” I sat down and ate hungrily. After I was full, I asked, “Why do you invite me to the kingdom of Heaven?” He answered, “Because you have done a lot of good things and I want to give you a present.” He told me to show



him my hand and he handed a one- Heaven- dollar to me. "This coin is unique, keep it." I felt confused. "You can go now."

He drove me home and disappeared. Suddenly, the coin grew and grew; finally, it turned into a lot of coins. I counted them; there are one million HK dollars! At last, I became a wealthy person and lived happily ever after.

Karis Suen Wing Kiu

## HISTORY OF THE MINIONS

*The Minions are small, yellow creatures  
Who have existed since the beginning of time,  
Evolving from single-celled organisms into beings  
Who exist only to serve the most despicable masters anytime.*

*They first encounter a T-Rex.  
They killed him accidentally by pushing him into a volcano.*

*Their next one was a caveman, but they got him eaten  
After giving him a fly swatter to use on a bear, oh no!*

*The third boss is an Egyptian pharaoh.  
They crushed the Pharaoh under the pyramid, okay.*

*The following one is Count Dracula.  
They burned him in the sunlight on his 357th birthday.*

*The fifth master is Napoleon.  
They ruined his plans for conquering and lost the battle of Waterloo.*

*Minions were driven into isolation*

*And started a new life in a massive cave in Antarctica too.  
Since they fell into a deep depression without a master to serve,  
Kevin planned to leave their icy cave and find a new master.  
He started a journey in New York in 1968 with Bob and Stuart.  
Finally, they saw Gru as their new potential master.*

## **A mystery story**                      **by YoYo Fong 2B**

It was a cloudy afternoon. The Lee family members were in a grey mood. Leslie Lee, Who was Martin Lee's daughter, has been kidnapped for more than four hours. The police have already recorded their testimonies. Sir Ron, the police officer of investigating Leslie's kidnapping case, was discussing with the police.

"Till now, we've known that, servant Ma is the most suspicious person because the driver said he had seen her pulled Leslie into her car." Police A said. Sir Ron was thinking, he suggested, "If it's true, what can she gain? Plus, although she dislikes Mr. Lee, she said she treated Leslie as her daughter. I think she isn't lying as she has been Lee's family's servant for twenty years." Nobody spoke. Sir Ron continues, "Is it possible that the driver is lying? As he can let Ma become the suspect." Sir Ron finished but still nobody spoke. Sir Joe, Sir Ron's partner, spoke suddenly, "Wait, it is sensible. It also proves why nobody saw Leslie out of the school door on that day." Sir Ron and Joe both smiled at the same time, spoke together, "Search the camera on that street! Quick and fast!"

All the family members were sitting in the living room. Sir Ron was standing and started to point out the kidnapper. "Good morning, all of you. I'm standing here for telling you all, who the kidnapper is," He started to walk around, "First, we found out someone, was lying to us." He stepped next to driver hung, asked him, "Who do you think HE will be? Mr. Hung?" Hung didn't say anything, but slowly smiled, "So Sir Ron, you think I'm lying?" Sir Ron smiled back, "No, no, no. I'm just wondering what your testimony means." Hung took a deep breath, answered, "Sir, I've told you. I drove Leslie to school as usual. Then she screamed and was grabbed by a woman that looks like servant Ma. I couldn't follow her as there was traffic congestion. I called the police immediately." Hung finished. Sir Ron questioned, "As usual? Hum...I don't think so. Let me explain what is your 'As Usual'. Usually, you drive to the school front door and let Leslie go th school by the school front door. However that day, you drove to the school back door. Then Leslie was grabbed by a woman but not servant Ma, it is another woman! Am I right?" Hung shouted angrily, "No! I'm not! Show me your evidence!" Sir Joe took out a photo which shown Hung was truly lying. Hung was speechless. Suddenly, the phone of Mrs. Lee rang. She picked up the phone, "Hello?" She asked. A strange voice spoke, "I'm the kidnapper. Your lovely daughter is in my hand. Tell your husband to give ten billion to me or otherwise...Leslie

will die." The kidnapper ended the phone call. All the people in the living room were shocked, including Sir Ron and Joe.

The police were all in a fuss, there were two kidnappers. After the police interrogated Hung, he finally admitted he was the kidnapper. Sir Ron was smoking cigars in his room, thinking. Suddenly, Sir Joe came in, shouting, "We...we found it! The...the phone...was from the Grand High Building!" "The Grand High Building..." Sir Ron was thinking, suddenly yelled, "Is where Mr. Lee's sister, Pamela lives!" He walked quickly, shouted loudly, "Hey boys! Pack up! Quick and fast!"

Sir Ron and Joe were out of Pamela's room. "1! 2! 3! Go in!!!" Sir Joe shouted. The police broke into Pamela's room. They saw Leslie was eating biscuits. Pamela was sitting next to her with a gentle face which slowly turned into white. The police finally got the real kidnapper.

Pamela now was sitting in police office. She was telling her story...

" I hate Juliette(Mrs.lee). She married Martin for his money only! I wanna let Martin know the real her so I kidnapped Leslie. I didn't really mean 'kidnap' her cause I love her so much. I just only want to let Juliette leave my brother..."

Sir Ron was typing the report, talking with Sir Ron, "You know what, in fact, hung fell in love with Pamela. So, he tried to protect her. Love causes problem, always." Sir Ron smiled, "Finish your report first please! Then I'll give you a free lunch." Sir Ron laughed, "Thanks sir!"

## **Picture Writing By Nolan, Chan Nok Shing**

Another day had begun; it was ordinary for most of the students, except one, Danny.

It was Integrated Science lesson in Danny's class. Today the lesson was about endangered animals still being killed by hunters. The students gasped in surprise when they heard this. Danny was sad. He had seen hunters brutally cutting fins off sharks, cutting skins off grizzly bears, tigers, foxes, even crocodiles. Therefore he had to become a superhero. It was a secret. He made his costumes seriously, it was bullet-proof, he could fly with it, yet it was as feather. It was possible because he had a brilliant brain, just like Einstein. All the hunters in the world knew him, and they were afraid of him.

Suddenly, a loud roar blasted into the window. It was a tiger calling for help. Danny pretended go to the toilet.

“May I go to the toilet, please?”

“Sure, but be quick,” the teacher replied.

Danny rushed into the toilet where he had hidden the costumes. He quickly put it on and flew out of the secret roof above it.

Eco Boy flew to where the roar came from. The hunters were very happy with the catch as it was very big. When Eco Boy appeared above them, they were frightened.

“Oh no! Here comes Eco Boy!”

“No! The tiger’s roar is too loud! Now what can we do?” another hunter said in fright.

Eco Boy quickly used his powers, which was super fertilizers to make two bundles of vine grow and it tangled around the hunters.

“If you do this to any endangered animals like tiger, I will not hesitate to kill you next time!” Eco Boy threatened the two hunters.

“Let me go! Let me go!”

“I will not do this again! I promise! We will be good.” Cried the hunters.

Eco Boy untied the tiger and released it before untangling the two hunters from the vines. He was happy with this.

Then, he flew back to school and turned back into the schoolboy Danny in the toilet. When he looked at the watch, it had only been five minutes. Danny walked into the classroom like nothing had happened. Meanwhile, Danny heard a flock of endangered parrots flutter past the window.

“May I go to the toilet, please?” a girl stood up.

Danny was enlightened. He didn't help the flock of parrots because he knew the girl must be a superhero like him too. He was right, the girl was Eco Girl!

### ***The Red Rum***

***by 4C student***

The rain of blood was falling. The sea of yellow umbrellas was gleaming. The crowd of strikers was yelling. It was the victory that belongs to the sons of freedom. It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. It was the moment of hope. It was the moment of despair. It was the era of yellow. It was the era of red.....

'Hey Jack! Hey time to wake up!' I knew that my dream was over, and I was still here in 1234 Utopia - a freezing, dull factory and an emotionless world. But why have I recently dreamed of that stunning scene over and over? Why did I seem to be the only one who knew how to cry, to smile and to have emotions in this dull plain world that was surrounded by the huge high Wall? I heard from my grandpa that the world outside the Wall was so full of emotions and joy. However I knew that I would not be able to have a glimpse of that world in my life time unless I did not care to be caught by the government and 'enjoyed' something 'fantastic'. But were we still human beings without emotion? Was a society without emotion really peaceful as stated by our nasty president? Was technology and wealth only what we wanted? I was too stressful to pretend to be one of the poker faces anymore. Every single day and every one of us had to work like slave in this concentration factory to maintain the "prosperity" of Utopia. All these feelings made me unable to continue my monotonous life in the factory now anymore. Maybe I would use my really unique talent from my ancestors now. Just let me close my eyes and be INVISIBLE!

I kept wandering in this pure white factory to enjoy my own moment, and of course not a creature could see my existence. Suddenly, I saw a tiny bottle containing some red liquid lying on the floor. My curiosity made me pick it up. Then I saw some scarlet words carved on the transparent bottle. It was 'Red Rum'. What about let me have a taste of this pretty liquid? Maybe I would be enlarged like in Alice in The Wonderland to escape from this ugly world? I opened the lid of it and swallowed the red liquid without hesitation, just like I was drinking beer.

Abruptly, the chilling wind whistled. The things around me were twisted. Suddenly everything became still, completely still. Where was I? Despite the weird feeling, I couldn't stop myself yelling out, 'What a wonderful world!!' You know, this was the very first time for me to see people smiling warmly, laughing loudly, and also crying loudly on the street! In my sight now there were hundreds of people gathering in this square, with banners and tents everywhere. And I could smell the aroma of rice!

'Hey buddy. Do you want to have a lunch box? It's still hot.' A kind young boy wearing a blue T-shirts and jeans popped up to me when I was still drizzling about the things I saw.' Oh great?!' I was reminded that I was so starving now as I had missed the lunch in the factory. ' I am Gary so what's your name my bro?' He asked me with a warm smile on his face. 'Just...call me Jack.' I uttered as I had never enjoyed such a warm conversation. 'Nice to meet you.'

'So... what are you guys doing here?' I said, and I found that some of the rice in my mouth flew to Gary's shirt. Gary exclaimed at once, ' Don't you know that?! The government is going to build the Wall!! It will block all our communication and connection with the outside!! We must stand up for Utopia and gather together to force the government to give up this ridiculous policy!' 'The Wall?? The wall that blocked all information and changed Utopia into an emotionless ruin in 1234?' I whispered to myself and could not believe where and when I was.

'What are you talking about, Jack?1234? We are now in 1100!' yelled Gary and at once his jaw dropped and he continued, 'Don't tell me that you are from 1234?! Are you kidding me?' ' For 30 seconds we was in a total silence.' I know you won't trust me, but... that's the truth. I am from 1234 Utopia, a world without emotion and freedom.' 'A world without freedom and emotion??' Gary said and stared at my eyes with doubt, but then became so firm.

'So ...will you join me in this fight of freedom?' Gary asked me in a determined voice. I stared at him with my clear blue eyes and stated, ' Now or never.'

Then Gary and I started to set up our own tent and worked as volunteers to distribute materials to our friends in this strike. We sat down to have a rest and Gary took out a yellow umbrella from his bag.' Hey Gary, what are you holding in your hands?' 'I don't know. It's something from my grandpa? And I don't know why when I saw you I thought that you were the right person to look at it. I just think that it is something relevant to....'

Crack! I turned back and could not believe my eyes. Suddenly millions of robots were marching into the square and came to my sight as quickly as flashlight. Left, right, left, right. They were holding their fists tightly and attacked everyone beside them. The silver coat of the robots was all stained bloody red. Gary and I used all our strength and tried to fight back but all signs showed that it was the moment for us to disappear. I closed my eyes and made myself invisible.' Hey where are you, Jack?!' 'Oh, I've forgotten to tell you. Believe it or not, I have a really special talent to be INVISIBLE~ so give me some time!' I successfully escaped from all the strong fists of the robots. However when I raised my head, I saw red rain falling from the sky. At once, I saw the buildings around me collapse. I saw all the people around me now transforming into the cruel robots. I saw people attacking each other.....

Only in a second I had found myself in a ruin. Where was Gary? Beside me, there was a young man. His skin started to lacerate when the red rain fell on his skin. Gradually every inch of his skin was turning from white to silver. He was transforming into a silver robot!! He



was Gary!' Stop! Stop attacking each other. Gary!' I yelled. The red rain seemed to duplicate the robot's mind and so when it fell on human skin, everyone was brainwashed and transformed into one of the robots to attack each other. Yes my invisibility could save me, but how about Gary? How about my present and future world? I knew I came here from 1234 to 1100 with a purpose. I closed my eyes again. Suddenly I thought of my dream, and I stared at Gary's umbrella. I opened and held it high under the red rain. Miracles happened! All of a sudden the robots around my umbrella transformed back to normal people. So was Gary. This was the key!! As the red rain dropped on my umbrella, the duplicate function of the red rain had helped me to generate many yellow umbrellas. 'Quick!! Everyone holds a yellow umbrella!!' Gary and I yelled.

The rain of blood was falling. The sea of yellow umbrellas was gleaming. The crowd of strikers was yelling. Yellow, was the most powerful colour to withstand the bloody red. Or, was I in my dream?

The chilling wind suddenly whistled. The things around me were twisted. All of a sudden, everything became so still, completely still. I opened my eyes. I was in a luxurious but weird room? Every inch in the room was in completely pure white and emotionless state. In front of me was an old man sitting, wearing a set of formal suit with a cunning smile on his face.

'Welcome back to 1234, the Utopia.' he declared with his hoarse voice. I suddenly could not control myself from trembling. Did we succeed in 1100? Shouldn't it be the world of emotions and freedom without the Wall? Why was the nasty President still sitting here? 'Surprise, right? Everything is so peaceful under my control, ' he continued. It made me too furious to say a word now.

'Look at your hand.' he demanded. I did so and I opened my hands. I was holding a small transparent bottle. I thought it was the same bottle that took me to this fascinating time travel. I stared at the label on it: Red Rum. Red rain. Red rum. I suddenly had a thought: Weren't they the same thing? And I remembered that I swallowed the red rum. I swallowed the red rain, the rain which had duplicated the function, which could control people's mind, which could destroy everything, every one of us! I felt that my memory was blending together now. My skin started to lacerate. Every inch of my skin was just like burning. 'Turn that over.' That man ordered me then. I turned around the bottle and stared at the reflection of the 'REDRUM' : MURDER!

Nothing could resist the bloody cruel red. Heartless violence was the strongest Wall in the world and no one could break that. Not even the yellow umbrella of resistance could ever withstand the Red Rum. Let the Red Rum stain my heart red. Let the bloody red rule our world. It was the era of red. In this moment, I knew that I was just a toy of this emotionless world. I had forgotten the naive yellow. 'Please MURDER me.'

## A Betrayer

Dear Diary,

Rain is falling like needles and stabbing into my heart. It hurts but I know it doesn't hurt as much as I what I did to my best friend Ashley.

When I was packing my bag and ready to leave, Justin and carol came to me. They chatted with me, which was surprising. You know, we are like strangers barely noticing each other. We talked about pop stars, fashion, viral videos; it was relaxing and comfortable, at the beginning. Then the topic kind of twisted. They started judging our classmates. They described Ashley as an arrogant and phony girl. They even suggested playing a prank on her. I had mixed feelings – I knew I should stop them, but they're really fun people and I wanted to hang out with them more. So, I joined the,. I thought it would be fine as long as Ashley didn't find it out. Now, I know I was dead wrong.

Justin, Carol and I went to the tuck shop and bought a few packs of lemon tea. Then we poured all of them into Ashley's schoolboy. I felt ashamed and sorry when I was doing it but I faked a smile just to blend in. Suddenly a familiar face showed up at the door – it was Ashley. I was stunned and panicked, my mouth froze and my body couldn't move. Before I had any chance to explain, she left without a word. Sometimes silence is the cruelest criticism.

It was a tough day. I could never forget myself. Every time when her cold face with teary eyes comes up in my mind, I collapse and cry. This was a huge mistake. I shouldn't have gone behind her back. I'm feeling so remorseful and pathetic now. Ashley is my soulmate. She is a thoughtful friend that I should have treasured. Now I've let her down. I'm a betrayer. I'm a monster! Dear Diary, please teach me how to fix it...

Chan Ka Man Carmen 4D

## The Nights. by F.4E Lau Cho Tung

*'One day my father told me "son, don't let it slip away."'*

*- Avicii 'The Nights'*

I woke up by headache and looked at the clock: 2am, 04/06/2062.

I heard the warden walking near my closed door, then the steps faded away. Good. She thought I was asleep. Orphanage people disliked kids waking up during bedtime, so she disliked me the most since I was born.

I sat down in front of my writing desk. Articles about the success of the government. They all lay on the cold desk, waiting for me to memorize.

‘With the great leader Liang’s endeavour, Xiang Cheng is now a successful city...’

In the city, the air was choking; the water was polluted and brownish. Everyone’s brain was inserted a SIM card giving out electric waves disturbing people’s critical thoughts. Therefore, the government controlled and brainwashed the citizens in a more simple way.

However, there were bugs in my SIM card, according to the doctor I visited years ago, and only gave out mild electric waves which couldn’t affect my thought, but caused serious headache. ‘Please, treasure your precious mind,’ he told me, ‘and be very careful. They don’t want the existence of such precious mind.’ He explained everything, then he cleared my case history, and vanished forever. He was sentenced to death later with no reason, but it must be related to the SIM card in his brain that didn’t work at all.

...Okay if I still didn’t start memorizing, I would *die* the next day. Probably.

***‘And if there’s love in this life, there’s no obstacle that can’t be defeated.’***

***- Avicii ‘Waiting For Love’***

‘Knock knock.’

Father. He entered my life by knocking on my door since I met the doctor, but I wondered why didn’t he take me away and leave the orphanage. He never answered my question.

Father was different. He got his own style. He liked humming forbidden songs, about freedom and love. He talked about enlightened ideas that others wouldn’t, like democracy, racism.

Those were what I should treasure, I suppose. So I didn’t mention the existence of Father to anyone.

‘You like thinking so much.’ Father dragged me from my sea of thoughts. ‘Listen,’ he took a deep breath, ‘I will take you to an unpolluted seashore and show you something.’

My eyebrows raised, ‘Sounds great.’ I always looked forward to somewhere unpolluted. Gradually I closed my eyes like the past. When I woke up, it was 7am and I was alone in the soundless room.

***‘They tell me I’m too young to understand, they say I’m caught up in a dream.’***

***- Avicii ‘Wake Me Up’***

Recess.

Everyone was talking about the online game released yesterday. I tried it, but I didn’t think killing people against the government was funny, so I didn’t join the chat.

I never joined the chat, anyway.

Sitting at the corner, I imagined how lovely the seashore would be. Clear water, refreshing air, halcyon days.

‘Bang.’ Someone hit me really hard, probably by Clarissa with her thick *Liang’s Quotation*. ‘Alone, little man?’ she patted my head liked doing so to a dog.

‘Don’t really mind.’ I replied. All they thought about was the order by the school, quotations of leaders, getting a better grade, and online games developed by the government. We got no common topic.

‘Of course,’ she rose her voice, ‘You got no sense of presence anyway.’

Everyone stared at me in a sarcastic way.

Too used to the same old teasing. I closed my eyes, trying to think about the seashore, but I couldn’t reach that again. A slight electric current passed through my brain.

So I decided to challenge the geography teacher. Running downstairs, I bumped into him who was walking upstairs. He gave me a look of ‘you screw things up, bastard’, picked up piles of documents about the latest propaganda scattered on the floor.

I asked, ‘Sir, are there any unpolluted places in the city?’

He frowned, ‘Go away, you little annoying blockhead. Xiang Cheng was not polluted, and got the best environment in the world.’

Okay. I thanked him, and ran away. I heard him shouting, ‘Go memorize the vision and mission of the government and stop your nonsense thoughts growing...’

I could not receive his order. The pain in my head was killing me.

***‘Now as you wade through shadows that live your heart, you’ll find the light that leads home.’***

***- Avicii ‘Broken Arrow’***

I took an early leave. Throwing myself in the bed, I heard the knock. Father sat by my bed, patted my head like doing so to his dearest son. ‘They don’t know about the seashore.’ He stood up, handed me a bottle of liquid. ‘You cannot know how to get there, or it might cause you trouble. Drink it, have a good sleep, and you’ll be there.’

I pour the bitter stuff in my mouth. Father gave me a weak smile, ‘Goodbye, my dear son.’ His voice faded, my eyes were shut.

Then I was there.

I never saw a sky with thousands of constellations. The light of stars reflected on the calm sea, as bright as diamonds. Sand on the beach was soft and smooth. The breeze smelled the fragrance of magnolia, like the perfume the warden wore.

Suddenly the wind started to howl, and there was rain. No peace.

There was a crowd in the rain. I saw him.

'Father!' I shouted, but he did not seem to recognize me.

There were TV reporters. I heard, 'Today was 30/06/2046, the last day of *Hong City*. Tomorrow China will take over Hong City and change name into *Xiang Cheng*, the Putonghua pinyin of Hong City...'

The young man stood in the seaside. Surrounded by a group of police, he held a yellow banner with a big umbrella and the word 'democracy' on.

'Kill me, but you never kill the soul of freedom.' The young man's voice was so determined, resounding all over the shore.

'Bang!' The gunshot. I saw him drowned in the sea. 'FATHER!' I ran towards the sea dyed into crimson red, didn't notice a large wave was coming, engulfing everything.

***'Pained, in the caution weed, meet the bleeding sky, I called your name.'***

***- Avicii 'For A Better Day'***

My eyes opened wide in horror. Still in my bed, with unpleasing smell in the air.

It was fake, right? But my hair was wet, my whole body was wet.

It was real, right? But my father was dead already in 2046.

Who was I meeting for years?

I walked out my room. The warden murmured, 'What the hell are you doing at 3am?'

I asked, 'Do you know what happened in 2046, and my father?'

She put down the chemicals she was mixing, and stared at me, surprised. The chemicals smelled like magnolia.

'Don't ask, it's none of your business.' For a while she looked blank, and then told me to sleep.

'Your father is a big criminal, I would only say.' Her voice flew in before I shut my door.

I never saw Father ever since.

***'We used to believe we were stars aligned.'***

***- Avicii 'The Days'***

The clock said: 1am, 30/06/2062. The ache woke me up again.

I was wide awake.

7am. I jumped off the bed, prepared to go to school - no.

I went to that seashore. Muddy water, pungent air, cloudy sky.

Standing exactly where Father stood on, I thought of the doctor. 'Please, treasure your precious mind,' he said.

Sorry. I couldn't. I didn't know how.

I closed my eyes.

And let the gravity drag me down, and down, in the deep.

*'My father told me when I was just a child, these are the nights that never die.'*

- Avicii *'The Nights'*

## A Betrayer

Dear Diary,

I've just read the story of Julius Caesar being betrayed by his best friend. And I ...

Everyone has been betrayed in one way or another throughout their lifetime and those who have been betrayed should know it causes various emotions.

...I didn't plan to but she FORCED me to break our promise. When we were immature there was a girl in our class whom we both looked down on. And there was a day when we decided to play a trick on her. We stole her homework file and flushed it down the toilet. I still remember she was winking at me while the girl was shedding tears, looking for her homework. No one would trust her explanations. The girl quit school a few weeks later. That was unexpected. I guess it was a torture to her. Anyway, we swore and promised it would be a secret only between me and her. No one would ever know we were behind it. However, she crowded me out of our friends later. Do you know how I felt? When you are betrayed, you will feel angry, lost and heart-broken; worst of all, you will feel the need for revenge. That was why I sold her out. It was in confusion and didn't know what exactly I was doing. I just wanted to spread misery. It wasn't fair that I was the only one suffering.

With all these feelings fluttering in my mind, I went to my teacher and told on her, lying and blaming everything on her. She was punished and almost got expelled. She immediately realized it was my revenge and we were no longer friends. In days gone by, I'm not sure whether I regret. It was difficult to think up a way to hurt someone as badly as they have hurt you.

Will this friendship be rekindled? Or mostly likely it has been extinguished.

Chong Ham Ivy 4D



## **Prologue**

‘Extremes meet.’ It’s the best description of the early 21<sup>st</sup> century.

Many people thought the Cold War would come to the end after the Berlin Wall fell in 1989; they also thought that communism and Russia would bring to its knees after the dissolution of USSR. However, they are wrong.

Yi Jing, the ancient Chinese book, have taught us that the ‘constant’ is not trustable. Only ‘variation’ will always occur, though people always take the mirage as the law of history. At last, the chaos starts at 11<sup>th</sup> November, 2011.

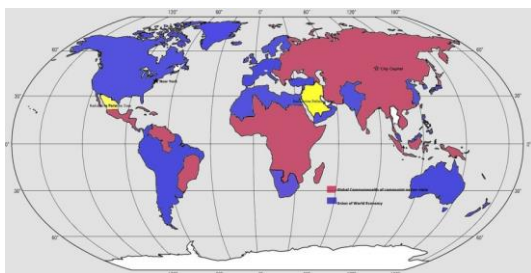
"Human civilization and our pursuit of life are facing unprecedented challenges because of our long-term consumption of natural resources. The things going to be declared by me and my team of scientists will not be a groundless talk, but something that will definitely happen within a few months." Speaking out by professor Steven Hawking, the sentence brought great changes to the world, in terms of political, economic and geographical change.

‘OPEC has been exaggerating the Arab region oilfields stock, but our team surveyed out the fact that the Arab oil production will be fully depleted in 2014.’

‘Due to extreme weather and severe climate change, the global food production will be reduced by half, which is a **conservative estimate**. It is foreseeable that some of the world’s advanced countries will suffer serious shortage of food. Sharp drop in population caused by the global food crisis will reduce the workforce. These factors will cause a great depression, which will definitely more serious than the one in 1930s.’

The crisis the scientist had predicted came about, faster than people’s expectation. The world fell into chaos. Conflicts, martial laws and even civil wars was happening all around the world.

Finally, the war didn’t cease. However, something has changed. The world has spilt into two parts: the Union of World Economy (UWE) and Global Commonwealth of Communist Nation-state (GCCN). The NEW COLD WAR began. Different from the last Cold War, you had only two choices: join the UWE or GCCN. Some nations that insisted neutralization were ‘erased’ by UWE and GCCN, and the remaining, nuclear-polluted area, was called ‘Yellow Zone’. Now, both powers are attempting to control the zone, in order to gain strategic advantages.



## Chapter 1 Rise of Justice Nukir Wall (fiction)

'BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP' the radar beaming frequently

'An A-A missile is chasing us! Use decoy! NOW!'

'We have used up all decoys ,Captain! '

'BiBiBiBiBi BOOM!'

'Captain, the tail rotor is missing and the blade of the main rotor is tore ! The altitude is falling!'

'BANG'

I am lying on a bed, in a little clay hut. I feel cold and all parts of my body is in great pain. I've lost my memories.

WHERE IS THIS PLACE ? I am asking myself, with my hand searching around . 'Clack' something is swept into the ground by me. I take it up and it is a gas mask. It calls out some memories but I can't catch it

'It's good to see you waking up. If you died, we would face great trouble.' An old man with classic Arab cloth comes in the hut and says. 'Who are you? Why am I here?' I ask him, with a voice of fear and conscious.

'Keep calm ,man. I am a native and you may call me Al-Lala. Me and my family have lived in this for years, even the disaster came...what is your name, my son?'

'Nukir. I am a reporter of UWE National News and I am going to report the war crime did by GCCN in Yellow Zone and how did our brave UWE army stop them. However, why I am here and...' I stop my self- introduction when I saw the old man's face turned red and held his fist tightly.

'You are a reporter of UWE?I shouldn't save you from the burning debris! Your men came and did bad things that made God angry and he threw fireballs as a punishment. It made our sheep died, turned our land into wasteland and Made my friends became monsters! I should left you in the burning helicopter and killed by fire! 'Al-Lala says vigorously.

'No! The nuclear bomb thrown 4 years ago was belonged to GCCN; Our troops have never done any war crime-related actions...wait, you said I was saved from a destroyed helicopter?' a kind of bad feeling appears from my brain. I rush out of the clay hut and I see a disastrous scene: An UWE UH-60 is lying on the centre of an open ground of a small village. It has broken into two pieces of metals. Soldiers in the helicopter had died before I woke up. I was the only survivor in the accident. Suddenly my head is as painful as hundreds of thousands of needles pinching my head and many unknown memories rushing into my brain. I fall on the yellow dirt, covering my head by my hands and screaming to release my pain. Al-Lala walks out from the hut, reads Koran and tries to make me calm down. It seems effective. My pain starts to disappear. However, I still can't catch the secret memories.



*Fig1 UH-60 destroyed*

‘Thank you, old man’ I said. ‘Never again’ replied by Al-Lala in a cool way, but I can see his eyes smiling.

‘BANG’ A 105mm howitzer tears a small clay hut into pieces.

The shock waves push me and Al-Lala onto the ground. ‘Look at the artillery shell Mr. reporter! It’s UWE’s weapons! I must stop them!’ Al-Lala crawls into a clay hut ,and comes out with an AK-47 assault rifle. ‘Are you idiot? You will die absolutely!’ I try to stop him. ‘Young man, I have nothing to lost-my wife and daughter were raped by your nation’s soldiers and all of my sons died when they tried to protect their home and sister. I could never forget how they looked like when they were killed by UWE soldiers: There was a gun hole on each of their bodies .As a mujahedeen, I will meet my family in heaven after I finish my duty and secrete my life to Ah-Lah(God).Moreover, I have to protect you’ He said undoubtedly

‘Nukir, actually you are very similar to my little son. I can see him from your eyes.’ This is the last word I can hear from him.

‘BANG’ another 105mm howitzer hits the ground, Al-Lala’s body merges into the deadly fireball in front of me and disappears forever. Before I cry, the compressed waves blows me to 5metres away and I die out. After some time, the village is back to silence. I’ve woken up and heard the conversations:



*Fig2 105mm Howitzer firing*

‘Hey! Here’s an UWE reporter! Is he the MC(Missing Civilian) 3 days ago?’

‘Don’t care about him, Wade. He will die within a week-let’s “play”the girl captured in the village after we have finished the order’

‘Okay, but why we have to dress like the GCCN monkeys? We’re UWE soldiers!’

‘SHUT UP WADE! It’s the order of GIA. If you don’t want to get into trouble, just do your mission and don’t ask so many questions!’

I am so angry and I hold my fist tightly. I promised to myself that I MUST report the war-crime of UWE. It's not only a promise, but a thing to break the curse of the survivors in Yellow Zone, and the only way to atone for the sin we have done.

Finally I succeed. UWE is broken up, just like USSR in 1989. People treat me as a hero, and the original government is overthrown by the angry people. I am being chosen by the people to be the new leader of New United States.

I am the representative of justice and I have never made any mistake. Others may get wrong sometimes, so I have to control the nation by my own, in order to prevent any wrong decision. Everything I do is for the country but some people never understand my situation and claim that my leadership is 'dictatorship'. That makes me angry. How ridiculous they are!

That's the end of my story. I will put it in the Chapter 1 of my book *MY WRESTLE*

(Recently I have met Al-Lala in dream. We talk so happily and he told me that his little son's name was *Saddam Hussein*)

**Yam Chun Ming Bay 4D**

## Creative Writing by Hui Ka Kit Peter 4D

"Hey, son, look what I've bought for you," Johnson walked in the house, holding a box of cakes.

"Oh, how sweet. Thanks, dad," Jack kept his eye sight on the screen and pretended he was listening,

"I'll put this in the fridge, take it whenever you want," Johnson shouted.

"Okay," John answered without notice.

His face did not move an inch from the screen since then, and he had been tapping and tapping for hours. By the time John realized his hunger, he went in the kitchen and took those cakes out. After the first bite, he threw them all into the bin as they tasted so horrifying, like a sponge soaked with water. And it was a little bit salty.

"Johnson was getting a worse taste," he thought.

Johnson woke up so early next morning, preparing breakfast for his son. Meanwhile Jack was awoken by the noise. When he saw what Johnson was doing, he rushed out and stopped him.

"Oh my GOD! What are you doing here? Stop towering the bread and lettuce!" Jack screamed.

"Oops! I'm sorry son," Johnson looked surprised for what he has done.

"I'm just...just trying to make some sandwiches for the breakfast..." Johnson still looked innocent.

"Okay, would you please go away and let me take GOOD care of this," Jack tried hard to calm

down.

“I'm really sorry for this...”

“I said GET AWAY!”

Jack failed.

He then cleaned up the place and reconstructed the tower, building it back into houses.

“Yours is in the kitchen,” Jack brought his own dish out, not helping his dad.

“Okay...I can take care of myself,” Johnson said in a weak voice.

“DO YOU?” Jack satirized.

During the breakfast time, there has been a long silence filling the cold air around the table. Johnson tried hard to be the heater. He raised a lot of topics, but the chatterbox was shut off again and again.

“Can't we just have a nice conversation, son?” Johnson asked in a begging tone, and wiping the face that actually has no sweat.

“Fine DAD, what do you want?” Jack put his phone down for a while, staring at him.

“Just like my phone, it was not working these days. I could not call others and they could not hear me. I wonder why,” Johnson took his phone out, showing it to Jack.

“Come on, you don't even have a friend, what is the use for fixing your phone?” Jack satirized again.

“Can't it be ready for my son?” Johnson asked seriously.

Hearing this, Jack felt quite touched and shamed for what he just said. He felt sorry for being rude but he could not apologize; he got a strong self-esteem.

“Let me check I,” Jack grabbed the phone and called himself. Nothing was heard, just some sounds of waves. Just like he was being underwater.

“That seems a tough nut to crack, Let me seek help from my friends,” Jack said.

Johnson smiled.

Jack then brought the phone to his friend Mike. Mike took a look at the components inside, and then his face turned weird.

“Hey bro, what's wrong with this rusty phone? It is a miracle that it can still be turned on.”

“What? RUSTY?” Jack sounded confused, but after seeing the components, his jaw dropped too.

One riddle was not solved, and another came. Jack got a phone call from a man, who claimed that he was the police, asking whether he was in the Wong's family.

“Yes...But why are you asking, sir?” Jack wondered.

“We were sorry to tell that, we found a rusted body of car D3578, and we found a human body in the car, who is believed to be Mr. Johnson Wong.”

“Excuse me, sir. Do you mean my dad?” Jack asked.

“I believe yes.”

“Are you serious? My dad is now in...” Jack wanted to refute, but he remembered some details.

“So you mean he was...was dead?” Jack asked again, hoping that was just a stupid joke by his friends as usual.

However he was unfortunate this time.

“I believe yes, sir.” Judgement from the other side sent Jack into the jail of depression.

He was not afraid of the ghost of his dad, but the indifference and rudeness from him to his dad.

He remembered the cakes. Jack has once mentioned them when he last went shopping with his dad, which was almost six months ago.

He remembered the sandwiches, because he once said that he wanted a healthier breakfast for keeping fit.

He could never see through the sadness of his dad, he just saw through the screens; He never could know why his father's wiping and shivering, since he just cared himself.

Drops of tears flooded, and he rushed back to his house. His eyes were blurred but his mind was clear. He knew what to do was to give his dad a good journey to heaven.

“Dad!” he hugged his dad tight.

Johnson seemed weaker and weaker.

“I'm so sorry,” he cried again.

“Sorry for...for what? I have never blamed you,” Johnson replied.

“Sorry for not knowing how to love. You've been loving me for too long and too much, but I...I...” Jack got a twisted tongue, just remembering how to cry.

“Don't cry, son. I'm always with you and you are always my dearest son.”

“I lo...ve you dad. Yo..u deserve a better son,” Jack kept weeping.

“I've already received.” Johnson smiled.

Creative Writing by Tse Cheuk Hin Larry 4D

“tap tap toe, tap tap toe...”



Those ballet dancers pointed their toes and stretched their legs as far as they could, like compasses pointing straightly to the same direction. Those strong nails were pinned potently onto the floor, holding their bodies firm and stiff. Slowly bending backward, their bodies turned to face the plain white ceiling. They extended their hands long and wide, as if they were going to reach the rooftop with their slender fingers.

“They were all so beautiful, graceful and elegant,” Tom whispered with his face stuck on the window. However, the boy in ragged clothes left with his head down. Although the dance really touched his heart, he did not have the chance to learn it, not even a try. Every day, he went to the studio to appreciate the art, but due to the economic reason, his family failed to let him achieve his dream --- to become a ballet dancer.

Tom was unfortunate, as his goal became a fantasy that he could never achieve. His family already used most of the money on his education, so they could hardly spare a penny for ballet lessons. Moreover, it was rare for boys to become a danseur, so his father also opposed to his goal.

Without any support, he could only follow the steps and imitate the sculpt of the dancers through the window outside the studio every day.

Days by days, he learnt the basic steps of ballet dancing and a brief foundation was laid. His enthusiasm for ballet had never turned sour, but grew stronger and stronger. At the age of 12, he joined an interview of the Academy of Ballet Dancing at the town. It was a long and venturesome journey because there are thousands of ballet experts coming for these precious opportunities. On the train, Tom was sitting against the window. His canthus dropped with his hand holding up his chin. He looked outside the window with his lips hanged, revealing a trifling worry about the interview. Though he believed his enthusiasm for ballet dance would be second to none, his skill was the matter that dragged him down.

The scenario was stunning. There were hundreds of candidate practicing under such a small roof. The whole school hall was packed with professional ballet dancers. They spun, hopped and turned, like several mini-hurricanes twirling on the dance floor. He never felt this nervous. His palm was soaking wet, cold and sweating and started to breathe heavily. It was a disaster as he did not know any of the advanced techniques and all he had was pure bravery.

By the time the judges called Tom’s name, he knew it was the time. “What should I do?” He panicked. Music met his ears, he knew he have to dance but he remained standing. His legs shook unstoppably with his brows locked and lips bit. He did not dare to look at any of the judges in the eyes. “What’s wrong?” A judge named Emerson raised his voice. “I...I didn’t receive regular ballet lessons. I just learnt it from imitating others so I don’t have any advanced moves to show you.” The judges raised their eyebrows and looked at each other with their mouths wide open. “Well, please show us your routine first and we will decide if you are chosen or not.”

The music faded in again, this time Tom started to dance. From the first position to the fifth, from pile to saute, he all performed them well and regularly. Although he did not receive

education, he practiced these simple moves everyday which made his dance flawless. He did not realize his effort paid off, but the judges could see. Moreover, emotion was filled within his dance. From his fingers to his toes, none of them was dead. His fingers were as elegant as blooming blossoms while his toes were brushes that painted the most graceful drawing on the dance floor. The rhythm was driven by his limbs and surrounded him. Like a commander of the atmosphere, he filled the hall with dainty and vitality.

Everyone could not help watching Tom's performance and they were all impressed. Even though it ended, they still kept their sight on him. He showed unlimited potential in ballet dancing as he successfully injected enthusiasm into his dance, making it vivid and graceful. His every move contained great love for ballet and touched everyone's hearts. "Bravo! Strong foundation of basis and great perception of music make you a talented dancer," all judges gave high compliments to Tom, which gave him great encouragement. "Please. Join us and let us raise you."

"Tom Iceberg, the well-known Ballet Prince, founded the first Academy of Boys Ballet Dance, which provided the best but also cheapest ballet education to all male ballet lovers." Tom, I am very proud of you." "Thanks Mr. Emerson, but without you, I would never have this achievement. You are the one that raised me up. What I can do is to help kids who have the same goal as I did. Chasing our dreams isn't wrong, there is just no support to them."

### **NOTE me**

I curled up in the dark, all alone, sobbing and sniveling. I felt compressed and forlorn. But guess what? I'm used to it because I have been living the same life every single day, for 16 years.

I'll call the above a self-introduction as I don't really have much to say about myself, or to be precise, there's actually nothing for me to show off and to be proud of. I'm that kind of person, you know, invisible, sitting in a corner in the classroom with no friends or neighbours. Like all other girls, I want to be popular and attractive, but how is that possible, for me?

I was pretty sure the description of my role was "the UGLY girl in class." And of course, there was always a perfect girl in the same class in contrast with. It had to be, like the law of school. Well, gorgeous people go by elegant names and hers was Megan. Wherever the blue-eyed blondie went, there would be friends and suitors beside her. To be frank, I envied her. Let me tell you a secret, I named my cat Megan because it made me feel that I was closer to perfection! I thought I would stay ordinary until the end of time, but it all changed since the day I found a notebook in the library.

Most days I stayed in the library after school. I felt great reading because I could put myself into stories and imagine how awesome it would be if I could live a completely different life, such as Megan's. On a usual Wednesday, I went looking for books of a new genre and accidentally bumped into an unfamiliar area. There was an abandoned bookshelf covered with inches of dust. I was about to leave, but I spotted something under the dust. It was a notebook wrapped with a leather cover. Colors of the words on the tarnished cover had already faded away. Turning over the book, I saw handwritten words on the first page but most of them were missing. I read carefully and I could just figure out a few. 'Write, names, swap, souls...What?' It was time for home but I was still confused. So, I dusted off the book and brought it with me. Thinking back then, it was the biggest mistake I've ever made.

By reading and wild guessing, I kind of understood its operation and function. However, I still needed an experiment to prove that I was correct. Staying up all night, I finally grabbed a pen and picked my targets, Kendall, the monitor and Aiden, the notorious boy in class. That morning, I had to pucker my lips to cover up the smile on my face when I entered the classroom. My classmates looked puzzled, wondering what had happened. Aiden should have fallen asleep in his seat like he usually did but that morning he was collecting homework and greeting the others. And Kendall, who should be studying, was teasing and bullying his neighbour. How weird it seemed! At the same time, an idea struck me. I glanced at Megan and smiled.

Wiping the sweat from my brow with a trembling hand, I put our names on the notebook. To me, it was not just a new page, but a brand new start of my plain vanilla life. I shut my eyes and waited for the miraculous morning to come.

The sun rose. I woke up in an unfamiliar bedroom. I couldn't stop myself from fantasizing about my life as a dream girl. I could feel spotlights and gazes on me and that was superb. I stretched and realized something was wrong. Why did I have paws and fur, and even a fluffy tail? When I saw 'myself' walking towards me and cuddled me, I knew it had happened. I did become Megan, but it was Megan the cat. I yelled and screamed for help, Meow! Although I had already gone bananas, I still knew that I should look for the notebook. However, after an hour of padding and pawing, I was even more desperate. The notebook had gone!

I tried to make up my mind and my decision was filling myself up first. I had no choice but to taste the kitten food from 'my' tray. It was better than expectation, though. Meanwhile, I came across another idea. I headed to the school library, as a cat immediately. It was difficult to sneak into the school without being known but I did it. Quickly running round the library, I found the abandoned bookshelf. Dust was still all over its surface after all. I casted my eye

over the shelf and discovered a book with a leather cover. Unlike the old notebook, the words on this book had not faded away yet and they read ‘Soul Swapping Guide’. I let out a cry, Meow! Turning over the book, I noticed there were methods of recovery after soul swapping and I chose the one involving a spell. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and read the spell twice inside my mind. I passed out in a flash.

The time I caught my breath again, I was still in the library, but the lights were dim. The fur and paws were gone. I saw books around me and felt compressed. The leather coat didn’t fit me either. How long have I been here?

There and then, I realized — I am on the bookshelf, the abandoned one.

Chong Ham, Ivy 4D

## **Title: Survived**

### **Genre: Scientific**

‘Today, Hong Kong was attacked by an earthquake of magnitude 9.0. Countries in central Africa are suffering serious flooding. It snows in the Philippines.....’ a news reporter says from television. Finally, it comes. THE DOOMSDAY OF THE EARTH.

On this gloomy morning, Mr. Mourinho, a world-renowned Hong Kong physicist, is still lying on his bed. A sudden ring from his phone wakes him up. He answers, ‘Hello, are you Mr. Mourinho?’ asks the caller. ‘I am,’ replies Mr. Mourinho. ‘We are the International Group of Physics. As you should know, now there are numerous extreme climates and natural hazards happening every day. The Earth is no longer a safe place to live. Plus, we have just found that a meteorite as big as the moon is going to collide with the Earth within two weeks. We have to leave as soon as possible or we all will die. I hope you can come to Geneva to discuss with us a plan of migrating to a new planet. Would you?’ Mr. Mourinho hesitates for a while. ‘But there is no aeroplane available due to the earthquake. I’m sorry I can’t.....’ ‘It’s not a problem. I’ve already sent a plane to pick you up. Just head to the airport now. Be quick!’ The phone is hung up. And Mr. Mourinho is on his way to Geneva.

Guardiola, the president of the group, welcomes him. In front of the building of the International Group of Physics, he leads Mr. Mourinho into the building and gives a brief introduction to the group and their plan. They enter the conference room to discuss the plan with other physics elites from around the globe. The topic is how to migrate to a planet similar to the Earth. Scientists have been looking for planets suitable for us to live over the past few decades. However, no one has succeeded. Even if someone had discovered a few

Earth-like planets, they were millions of billion light years from us. It is nearly impossible to reach there. In the seminar, the scientists actually have no solutions as they cannot think of any ways to reach an Earth-like planet within a very short period of time. All their discussion is in vain.

An idea strikes Mr. Mourinho when he hears the word ‘similar’. He then shares his thinking, ‘May I make a ridiculous assumption? The only relation between the Earth and an Earth-like planet is their similarities. There must be something connecting their similarities. If we can make use of the “something”, we can possibly reach another planet in a moment.’ Sounds of whispers whirl the room just after Mr. Mourinho finishes. A voice asks, ‘How can we find the “something” between the similarities? Where is it?’ ‘That’s the point! This ‘something’ should be able to transfer one thing from one place to another, acting like a wormhole, which is a tunnel for space time traveling. Although we don’t know where the ‘wormhole’ is, we can find it out by doing research on places that many people have vanished at. This is the only thing we should now work on!’ Though some scientists doubt if it is feasible, no one opposes it as they have no other ideas.

‘It is! Bermuda Triangle,’ says Mr. Mourinho looking at the information found on the Internet. Mr. Guardiola immediately replies, ‘Then we should set off now! There’s no much time left anymore. It is our only hope we could see. What else should we do?’ ‘Build an enormous submarine that can accommodate millions of people. So we could send all the people to the new planet once we find the wormhole.’

A horde of scientists soon arrive in North Atlantic Ocean, where Bermuda Triangle is situated. Bringing the most advanced equipment, they start detecting the presence of any dark matter or dark energy which a wormhole is made up of. 15000 meters below the sea level, there comes a signal of detection. Tracing the signal, finally, they have discovered it! What a moment for the scientists! They did it! What a moment for Mourinho! He is a hero saving humans! What a moment for all humans! They can survive!

In one week, all the 7 billion people have migrated to the new planet named SURVIVED. Mr. Mourinho is still excited about the moment entering the wormhole. It was a fantastic feeling to him. The whole journey only took an instant, but he saw a lot of things. He saw his memories on Earth. He saw the history of Earth. He saw buildings collapse, people die and a polluted planet. At this little instant, his mood fell from happiness to sadness. He was not sure whether it was the past of Earth or the future of Survived. Hope it is not a prophecy.

Having succeeded in migrating to a new planet is just a beginning. It is like the ancient world. The first and the biggest difficulty they are encountering is that they have to live like a primitive man before finishing the development of Survived. It is a tough nut to crack but they have no choice. They have to start from scratch. This is like falling from heaven to the inferno. Once you are willing to make an effort, hard time soon goes away. Within only ten years, they have shaped another Earth. Development is made, rules are set up, laws are established and countries are formed. Time flies; memory flies. They all seem to have forgot one thing.

Mr. Mourinho recalls what he saw in the wormhole. He knows it is time for people to wake up and to trace back the sad memories. Mr. Mourinho is the most popular person as he saved all humans. Making use of his great influence, he stands out and says, ‘We are the lucky ones. We survived the doomsday of Earth. Luck could save you once, but never twice. I am the first one traveling through the wormhole. In the wormhole, I saw a planet with a big mess. I wondered if it was Earth or Survived. Now, I have the answer. It’s the future of Survived. This planet was named Survived because we wanted everyone to remember the catastrophe. However, we are repeating our mistakes. We are now destroying another Earth. History is our textbook, telling what we should and should not do, wherever we are. The one controlling our fate is not God, but ourselves. Why don’t we get it into our hands?’ There is only one Earth, and one Survived. One past and one future. And the sky remains bright, as though what it has been.

Chung Ka HoTommy 4D

## **The Dangerous Adventure**

Name: Man Long Wai, Thomas Class: 4D

**Genre: adventure**

A storm was brewing nearby. A loud peal of thunder crashed overhead. All of us were shocked, waiting for rescue...

As the weather SHOULD BE comfortable in autumn and we'd like to take a rest apart from the backdrop of city life, Jack, Mary and I went hiking in Sai Kung today by taking a bus there. The weather today was satisfactory. We'd checked the weather report that it was a sunny day. The atmosphere was really comfortable. Unfortunately, the weather today was not as wonderful as expected. It was sprinkling. The hiking route was located in The New Territories. The scenery of the rural area of Hong Kong is picturesque. There are few towering buildings in the surroundings of Sai Kung.

After hiking for a few hours, we started to feel tired, which showed that the path becoming steeper as we walked up. We smelled some strange gases. They seemed to be water but they were not. When we continued walking, we saw a large rock out of the blue. We stuck our heads inside and saw a large hole, which was a cave. There was nothing inside. When we talked on the mouth of the cave, there were echoes of which the atmosphere was mysterious. Jack told us that he was fond of potholing and we warned him against it. However, he was quite adamant about it and went ahead in spite of our advice to the contrary. Mary and I were caught in a dilemma over whether to go in the cave with him. It was really dangerous if we went in, but we had to make sure Jack was safe. At last, we got in.

'Hiss...' after we went in and started the so-called 'adventure', we heard some kind of noise, which were snakes on the ground. We had to fight with them by using our sticks. However, the snake fought back to us! We had been fighting for hours with the snake, but it seemed that our plan was not really successful so we started to leave. Therefore, we could finish the so-called 'adventure'. When we wanted to leave, a huge rock fell and we were trapped. At first, our plan was to break the rock in order to escape as soon as possible. However, the plan does not succeed because the rock was too huge. Worse still, there was torrential rain!

'It's impossible! We've checked the weather forecast before!' The weather today SHOULD BE sunny. It was a bit contradictory. However, I soon realized that we had checked the weather a week ago. There was an error in forecasting in a long period. As the forecasting period was long, having definitely wrong forecast was not impossible. The next thing we had to do was to call the rescue team and to tell them about our situation. To make matters worse, our phones got no signal so we waited and went to the mouth of the cave. We were really afraid.

It was pouring with rain. We could feel a gust of wind howling. All of us were appalled at the scenario, hoping for the signals to be existed. Disappointingly, the miracles didn't happen. So we had to think of another method. Mary recommended us to use our bags to break the huge rock. Eventually, we followed her suggestions. At first the plan was not really effective. The rock didn't move any bit, so I wanted to give up.

I was quite hopeless. I thought we should give up and wait for the miracle to happen. However, Jack and Chris told me that we shouldn't give up until our last breath. At first, I wanted to ask them to save their breath but they kept persuading me. Their persisting spirit took my breath away, so I decided to trust them. Even though we were out of breath, after trying for almost two hours, we succeeded and came out!

We were really exhausted that we didn't have energy to walk anymore. As a result, once we came out from the cave, we called the rescue team immediately.

We were rescued and safe at last. After the incident that happened today, we learnt a lesson that we shouldn't enter any suspicious cave without having done any research. We are still really



afraid of what we faced today. Furthermore, next time when we go outings, we should check the weather forecast more frequently. Even if we checked nine days before the day of outing, we should take a look at the weather report a day before so that we can get better ready for the weather. Also, I really admire the spirit of Jack and Mary. We have to persist and fight for our last breath to let the miracle happen.

## **Stick Man and Match Girl**

4E Leung Tsz Ying Alina



“Match Girl, nice to meet you.” Stick Man blinked his eyes.

Match Girl turned her back and stepped out of the door.

He shrugged his shoulders and followed suit. He watched the girl in front of him walking, with fire red short hair and elegant moves. It was hard to believe that they were going on an adventure together.

They met in a kitchen.

Stick Man was lying on the cabinet for sunbath, where the housekeeper would never notice. A sudden glimpse of red light caught his attention. He peeked down and saw a girl waking up from the match box in sunlight. He was curious.

“Hi beauty,” he looked at the brand new match box on the table which he had never seen, “A freshman in this house?”

The girl nodded.

Stick Man jumped down. “The housekeeper is Mrs. Johnson, a very sympathetic human. Let me introduce others and show you around,” He grinned, “They are all very kind.”

“Where is your family?” She finally opened her mouth.

He stood still.

Ha?

For a while, words were caught in his throat.

“I thought greeting friend’s parents are manner. I’m sorry if I offend you.” The girl suddenly apologized.

“Oh nonono you didn’t. Please don’t blame yourself.” He replied obligingly but sadly. “I don’t have parents.”

It seemed that she wanted him to continue.

“I have never seen them. Grandpa brought me here since I was born and though, I seem to hear their voices in my mind, well, sometimes.

“Aren’t they calling you then?” She looked so naïve.

“Go and search for them!”



“The best way is to go and ask your Grandpa.” according to Match Girl.

Stick Man recalled the face of the wrinkled man. Grandpa Book was the wisest man in his whole family branches. The most respectful and barely the living one. It had been a while since the last time they met.

They found Grandpa in the deepest corner of the Herzog August Library in Wolfenbüttel, a city 40 miles away from their house in Hannover. Although he was a very old man, he welcomed them using the most splendid smile Stick Man had ever seen.

Grandpa was young, somehow.

“So finally you came.”

“You must have heard from your mum and dad.” Grandpa had a very deep voice. “True. They have been waiting for you for a long time.”

“Are they still alive?”

“Of course they are! Your father and mother are very strong and tough. They are just trapped with your brothers in their home, the invaded forest.”

A landscape of foggy and spooky forest suddenly interrupted his mind. There were harvesters, bulldozer and fire, which make Stick Man shivered from the bottom of heart.

Before he could spit out questions, Grandpa burst out, “I haven’t greeted the beauty behind you! Pardon me, my lady.”

Match Girl took a bow, “It’s my privilege to talk with such a wise man like you, my lord.”

He raised his bushy eyebrows and rolled his eyes. He was appraising her.

“You brought an ancient girl here.”

They still kept a 10cm distance from each other, to avoid unstoppable burning.

He couldn’t think of the meaning of what Grandpa had said. But still, when he was with her, he didn’t seem to be himself. Their way to the library was a captivating journey which brought them closer. His paths were always led by her tenacity and fondness.

He didn’t want to end.

They were still far away.

“Youth is rapid and unpredictable.” Grandpa chuckled, “Don’t worry. Fire of life melts everything ultimately.”

They eventually bid Grandpa a farewell.

“You know where you are going right?”

“Of course. The Black Forest.”

○

They were riding on the train to the Todtnau, the town next to the forest.

“Why did you cut your long hair?” Stick Man broke the silence, “You must have had a head of red long hair before.”

Match Girl woke up in astonishment. She stared into his eyes.

“This is not a fairy tale.”

“Yes, I’m listening.”

Match Girl exhaled. She murmured a word, “Mia.”

“Sorry?”

“Mia. This is my real name.”

Her name belonged to a family of an ancient nobility.

Stick Man recalled the words of Grandpa.

He could not catch a word at the moment.

“Once upon a time, right up the gorgeous Violet Hill in the Eastern Europe, where my people settled, campfires, fireworks and songs filled the nights with stars and constellations. Until one day human’s desolation suddenly came upon the sky.” Mia said calmly.

“I’m sorry, Mia”

Mia continued, “Fire rushed to the sky. Smoke roared up high. My family died. I escaped to Germany and wipe off my family’s emblem-the red hair. I know I can’t live in the past.”

“You have moved on.”

“I had cried enough.”

Stick Man could let his blood rush to his head and catch her hands. But he wouldn’t dare.

“Listen. It isn’t something to be ashamed of. You have done well. Your parents will be pleased.”

It looked like pearls were streaming down her faces.

“Promise me you will never leave my side. I won’t ever let you cry again.”

Mia broke into laughing. Her eyes were sparkling. “How could you ever do that?”

“For a lifetime.”



Shadowy trees, cold breezes.

The Black Forest.

They made it.

Stick Man were not willing to listen to the heartbeat of this forest. Messy and disturbed. But he had to. Mia analyzed the researches and followed the roots of trees on the ground. She believed they would lead them to the place.

There were flocks of crows and roars of trees on the way. They passed them through and saw a scope of enormous trees. There it was, the settlement place of Stick Man’s family.

Memories rushed into Stick Man's mind as he looked at the scene in front of him. He ran towards the largest and tallest tree. It was his father. Mother stood behind. Stick Man saw them locked by chains and looked ill. They could not communicate by words but he knew exactly what his father's message was.

"Free us."

Stick Man explained to Mia, "I am destined to save the whole family. They send me out when I'm just born to keep me away from human's deforestation and development. They need me now. I have to break the chains."

They tried their best but they didn't even make scratches.

Stick Man thought of something. Suddenly, Stick Man hugged Mia. They got burnt immediately.

"What are you doing!?" Mia screamed unbelievably.

"Sorry Mia. I must sacrifice myself." said Stick Man, "Remember what Grandpa had said? Fire of life melts everything. Your cold heart, our barriers and my family's chain," He broke into tears, "I let you down."

"No, you didn't."

"Aren't you crying?"

"I cry for you. At the end of your life time, you finally touch me." Mia sniffed.

"I should let go or else you will die with me."

"I am dead without you." She beamed a smile.

Mia took his hand and ran towards the chain. It started to melt.

"My real name is Silos." Stick Man laughed in the fire.

"Silos, nice to meet you," Mia closed her eyes.

## Swallowed

By 4E Lo Hoi Kiu

I carried my creative writing portfolio with me and I went upstairs to the MMLC to write my very first own story, I already had a complete plan with my story. Everything was perfectly ready and all I needed to do was to type my ideas in the computer then my first work will come out from the oven, with compelling smell of butter. "Hey Sandy, you know? My story is absolutely flawless, I bet it is the best piece of short story in the whole history of human beings." I said with an elevated voice. She showed the white of her eyes to me, showing her un-satisfactoriness, but I felt so fine that I ignored her.

I turned on the computer, and started typing.

"No. Something was wrong." A voice inside my heart reminded me.

I looked around, everyone was concentrating on their work, and everything was fine.

I threw these peculiar ideas out of my mind and continued.

But no. SOMETHING was wrong, but I couldn't tell WHAT was wrong.

Then, I felt that some kind of force tried to pull me apart. It was soft at first, like the morning

stretches I do every morning, but it got stronger and stronger, my body was like a stretched rubber-band, the pull was so strong that I could imagine every atom in my body separating from each other. I wanted to scream for help but nothing came out of my mouth except silence. Amazingly, It didn't hurt even a tiny bit.

The next moment I found myself in a complete unfamiliar place, I took a few deep breaths in order to let my heartbeat slowdown. This can't be true. I closed my eyes and shook my head a bit, thinking maybe I got illusions because I couldn't manage to have my breakfast this morning, but nothing had changed, I was still in this mysterious and nightmarish space. The weather was unusually good in here, the sky was bright blue and clouds were freezing in the sky, the mountain at the back was bright green. I was scared by myself that this scenery was somehow familiar.

I looked up and I saw a few gigantic boxes and there are words like,

"Recycling Bin"

"My documents"

"My Computer"

"Wait, my COMPUTER? COMPUTER?? Does this mean I am in a computer right now?" "No, this is impossible" . "People, especially Sandy would laugh their heads off if they know this." However, I couldn't deny it anymore. I could identify this was the Desktop page of the computer I just used to type my creative writing.

I was switched to another scene suddenly. Lights were flashing everywhere, and the music was ear-piercing. Suddenly, a noise like the purring of old cars was heard not far away. Before I realized anything, a huge pin-ball fell beside me, I was nimble enough to escape from that, but the pin-ball went uncontrollable like a mad cow, the music got louder and the lights flashed stronger, the ball bumped around the place, I was brought back and forth to escape from it. Fortunately, it dropped into the endless hole. "Game Over" was shown on top of my head. I was then teleported back to the Desktop again. Then I know, I was in the Pinball game just now.

"This is not where I belong to! I have to get out of here immediately!!"

I looked calm but inside my heart I was roaring and hauling.

"Ding!" A light bulb popped on my head showing that I hit a clever contrivance. As the computer was operating, somebody must have been controlling it out there, and the only person I could seek help from was him. "I have to tell him I am stuck in here! I have to get out of here no matter what so that I could finish my creative writing story!" I cried.

I crawled into the box of "Paint", I walked towards the drawing tools and lifted up the large size marker which was almost as tall as me and wrote "HELP" on the white background bit by bit, little by little. Then all I could do was to sit still and pray that the user would be able to notice my SOS signal. After an hour or two of loneliness and hopelessness, "What can I do for you?" appeared. Happiness bursted in my heart, it was like a miracle when a frog turned into the beloved prince with a big kiss. I immediately climbed into the box of "Microsoft Word" and type what I just experienced. I also told him the only way for me to get out of the computer was to print me out with the 3-D Printer in the Visual Arts room.

I was then moved to a USB to go for 3-D printing. The boy pressed “Print” and the printer started to build myself out. First from my shoes, then my legs, my body, my hands, and finally my head. I was finally reborn. I took a deep breath of fresh air, celebrating myself for rebirth. I thanked the boy and walked back to my classroom thinking what actually had I just experienced and how it could be explained.

A tap on my shoulder put me back in reality.

“Hey Kylie where have you been? How come you just vanished without any omen?” It was Sandy again.

“Haha it was a long story and I’m sure you won’t be interested in it.” I replied.

“Hey no wait! Tell me!”

Never in a million years!

# **The End**