

*Po Leung Kuk
Centenary
Li Shiu Chung
Memorial
College*

**THE COLLECTION
2022 - 2023**





F.1 Poems

Curtains

Looks pleasant outside

But through reticent curtains

A story behind

By 1D Kong Hiu Ching, Esther

Grandma

Grandma, where are you?

Are you living in the sky?

Can you hear me cry ?

By 1D Yeung Ka Hei Zikal 1D

Blue

There are many shades of blue,
they can be soft or cruel.
But the one thing that I knew
is that the feelings of blue are true.
Light blue is the colour of morning skies;
the soul of Billie Elish's ocean-blue eyes.
It is the colour that keeps me at ease;
it calms me even when it's 100 degrees.
Dark blue is the loneliness of the night,
when you can't even find a hint of light.
As you hear the dark-blue sky rains,
it takes away all your pain.
Blue is the feeling of breakup songs;
the feeling when everything's wrong.
Blue smells like a freshly bloomed flower.
Or the touch of the dear water.
Blue, oh blue!
Why do you have to be so cruel?

By 1D Kong Hiu Ching, Esther

F.1 Writing

Desert Island

It was supposed to be a normal flight from Japan to Hong Kong. Our class was chatting happily about our journey to Japan, but something went wrong. Our plane suddenly dropped from a high altitude. We all shouted and screamed. We all fastened our seatbelts.

“Boom!” The plane crashed in a second. I felt dizzy and fainted. When I woke up, we were on a deserted island in the middle of nowhere. I was one of the four survivors, including Carson, Ivana and Nicole.

“Oh my god! Where am I? Will we die?” shouted Ivana.

“We will die! We are in the middle of nowhere!” replied Nicole.

We four were very desperate, and we sat down in silence. We were stranded on the island with no hope of rescue, and we had to find a way to survive.

In the silence, Carson broke the stillness and said, “We need to find food to survive!”

“Yes, let’s go and find some food! We will help you! Nicole and Ivana.” I replied.

We cooperated and went to find food. We scoured the desert island for a long time. We were tired and exhausted.

“There is a pond there!” I shouted.

We ran as fast as we could. We drank water quickly.

“Water! This is unbelievable!” said Nicole.

After drinking some water, we went ahead and found some berries and fruit from the trees. We were satisfied that we had something to eat and would survive. As we were eating the fruit, some people with shabby clothing appeared.

“Hi, who are you?” asked Ivana curiously.

“We are the...Cannibals, we are going to eat you!” threatened the cannibals.

We yelled in shock. We ran and ran, but the cannibals followed us. We hid in a desert cave with fear. The bad cannibals didn't notice us. After a night, we went out and felt satisfied.

“We were saved!” shouted Carson.

“Let's eat the fruit and get rescued!” I replied.



After eating, we tried to make a smoke signal, and shouted to get rescued. Finally, Ivana thought of making an enormous “SOS” signal on the desert island. Also, we made a fire to attract the rescuers. Eventually, a boat was crossing the Pacific Ocean. They noticed us and saved us.

“Yeah! We survived!” Nicole shouted happily.

“We cooperated and did a great job!” yelled Carson.

The scary and exciting experience let us learn a lot of things. Team-work is the best thing. Also, I learnt the importance of working together and never giving up hope. Although we were on the desert island, we never gave up hope of finding food and water. At last, we succeeded!

By Tsui Kin Long. 1C 11.



F.2 Writing - Mystery Story

It was 14th February, 2000, a rainy day. Ken Wong's apartment was surrounded by the police. Ken Wong was murdered. His girlfriend, Daisy Cheung called the police when she discovered the body.

There were blood stains everywhere in the dining room where the body was found. There was leftover food on the table. There were glass fragments on it and the wine was spilt.

The police officers, Martin Choi and Maggie Choi, who were siblings, checked the CCTV. 'According to the forensic doctor, Wong died at around 6 pm to 7 pm,' said the brother. 'The man called Mark Tse entered the building at 6pm and went out at 6:15 pm. Daisy Cheung entered the building at 6:30 pm. She called the police at 6:45 pm.' They were both suspicious.

'Today is Valentine's day so I came here to dine with Ken. When I came into the house, I found his body lying on the floor,' Cheung sobbed when she told the police about it during the trial.

'I fell in love with Daisy a long time ago. But she became Wong's girlfriend. I hate him. I went to his house at 6 pm and argued with him. I broke the glass by using it to hit his head. But I didn't dare to kill him. I don't want to spend my life in the jail,' Tse answered when the police interrogated him.

The two officers then found Wong's neighbours, Ben Lee and Susie Yeung, who were the witnesses. 'We were preparing dinner when we heard Wong's voice. He swore. We don't remember the exact time, but we know it was between 6:10 pm and 6:40 pm.'



The officers still didn't have a clue who the murderer was. 'Hello?' Maggie received a call from her colleagues. 'They found a knife with Cheung's fingerprints and hair on it near the house,' Maggie Choi told her brother.

They rushed back to the crime scene. Daisy Cheung was handcuffed. 'I didn't kill him! Let me go!' she yelled. 'How can you explain this? It has your fingerprints on it,' the officers showed her the knife.

Cheung was shocked, 'What? I cleaned it well!'

'Explain. Why did you kill your boyfriend, Ken Wong?' asked Martin Choi.

'I have suffered from domestic abuse for 5 years. I tried to escape. I tried to call the police. But Ken Wong found out every time and punished me even harder. I had no other choice. I had to save myself from being beaten to death,' she wept when she told the officers the truth. 'Look at my scars,' she pulled up her sleeves.

The room fell into silence. They all felt sorry for Daisy Cheung. 'Let's go,' Cheung broke the silence. 'Take me to the police station.'

After she left, Martin Choi sighed. 'Poor girl.' Hope she can stay healthy in jail,' Maggie said.

'Okay! It was a tough day for you. Let me get you some drinks,' Martin Choi said. 'Thank you for being responsible.'

'Let's go,' Cheung broke the silence.

By **2B 17 Chan Wing Nam**



F.2 Fashion Show Speech

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm delighted to have you all here for our fashion show. Each outfit is splendid, designed especially for solemn occasions based on the theme of ceremonies, as it is believed that most people should show their best sides during some special and significant events like a wedding, graduation ceremony and competitions by dressing well. We, therefore, chose this theme in order to make people look properly magnificent during every special moment of their life.

The first outfit, an elegant maxi dress, has a ceremonious theme which is amazingly suitable for a ball. The model is wearing a navy-blue, V-neck, silk maxi dress with puff sleeves. The collar is decorated gorgeously with rose-like silver. A layer of light-blue gauze, a skirt, is covering the surface of the dress from waist to knee. A piece of skirt, of pale blue yarn is connected at the back of the dress. A dark-blue thick belt is tied with a butterfly knot at the linking place so that it will look more naturally connected. As the whole dress is plain, we have designed a couple of accessories to complement the style, including a silver crown, a sapphire necklace, a silver, carved bracelet, and also a mini leather handbag. What the model is wearing on her feet are high heels decorated with sparkling diamonds. She's looking luxurious.

The reason why we chose navy blue as the theme colour is because it makes people look brighter in contrast. With the help of the puff sleeves and the maxi dress, people can look skinnier. High heels under the dress make a great contribution to making the model look tall, with long legs. The gauze skirt and yarn skirt can make the model look more surreal, like an angel. The whole outfit works together to make a perfect look.

This is the end of my introduction. Thank you very much for your attention and I wish you all have fun in the rest of the show.

By 2B 27 So Tsz Tung

F.3 Article

Engor: Preserving China's Treasured Intangible Cultural Heritage for Future Generations

Engor is a traditional parade performance that dates back centuries. It's a powerful performing art consisting of dance, music, and Kungfu. Engor is a testament to China's rich cultural heritage and artistic traditions. But what exactly is Engor, and why has it captivated audiences for generations? In this article, we'll take a closer look at the history and significance of this powerful performance and explore how it continues to inspire and delight audiences in China.

Let's start with some basic information about Engor. Engor originated in the middle of the Ming Dynasty, and is popular in Chiu Chow, a region in the east of Guangdong. It's a Chinese folk square dance that combines local arts such as Southern Style martial arts and drama and is one of the most representative forms of folk arts. It's also a traditional parade performance of the Chiu Chow communities in Hong Kong for celebrating deities' birthdays or festivals. Performers wear traditional costumes and paint face patterns during the performance. Engor is based on the background of the classic Chinese novel "Water Margin", which imitates the plots of 108 heroes fighting and saving people in the story, so the performers must paint their face to reflect the heroes' masculine style.

In fact, Hong Kong has one Engor team, which was founded in the 1960s. From an interview with the former coach of the Engor team, I learned the reason why the team was formed was because there were many wind and rain disasters in Hong Kong at that time, and to reduce natural disasters, villagers and elders suggested to form a team of Engor to participate in the Tin Hau Treasure Parade on the twenty-third day of the third month of the lunar calendar. As of 2023, the team is more than fifty years old.

You may ask why I would choose to introduce Engor as one Chinese intangible cultural heritage, I'm honored and proud to tell you, I'm a member of the Hong Kong Engor team. I've practiced for over six years and participated in more than ten large-scale performances. Personally, I think Engor has given me a lot of fun and a sense of accomplishment. Every time I practice with my teammates, I can feel their passion and hard work, which gives me a push to continue. During the rest time, we sometimes have some chit-chat, or play games, which help us get to know each other better. Every training session is designed to present a more perfect performance. Every time after our performance, we can hear loud applause and cheers, which is undoubtedly recognition of us.

For the public, Engor should be passed on. The most important thing is, of course, that Engor retains the historical value of China and combining the cultural characteristics of different regions in China. But beyond that, Engor is a very interesting exercise to strengthen the body. Its exercise is no less than swimming or running, and it has different formation changes, which wouldn't make people feel very bored when practising. A large group of people with the gong and drums to practice Engor is boisterous.

Another important reason for introducing Engor is that I hope to make more young people aware of it and become interested in it, so that Engor will be promoted in Hong Kong. Only by inviting more people to participate in Engor can make it be passed on and will not disappear in Hong Kong. So, if you find yourself interested in Engor and want to participate in it, check out the website and register!

After reading this magazine article, have you learnt more about Chinese intangible cultural heritage and Engor?

By Chen Tsz Yan, Jacey

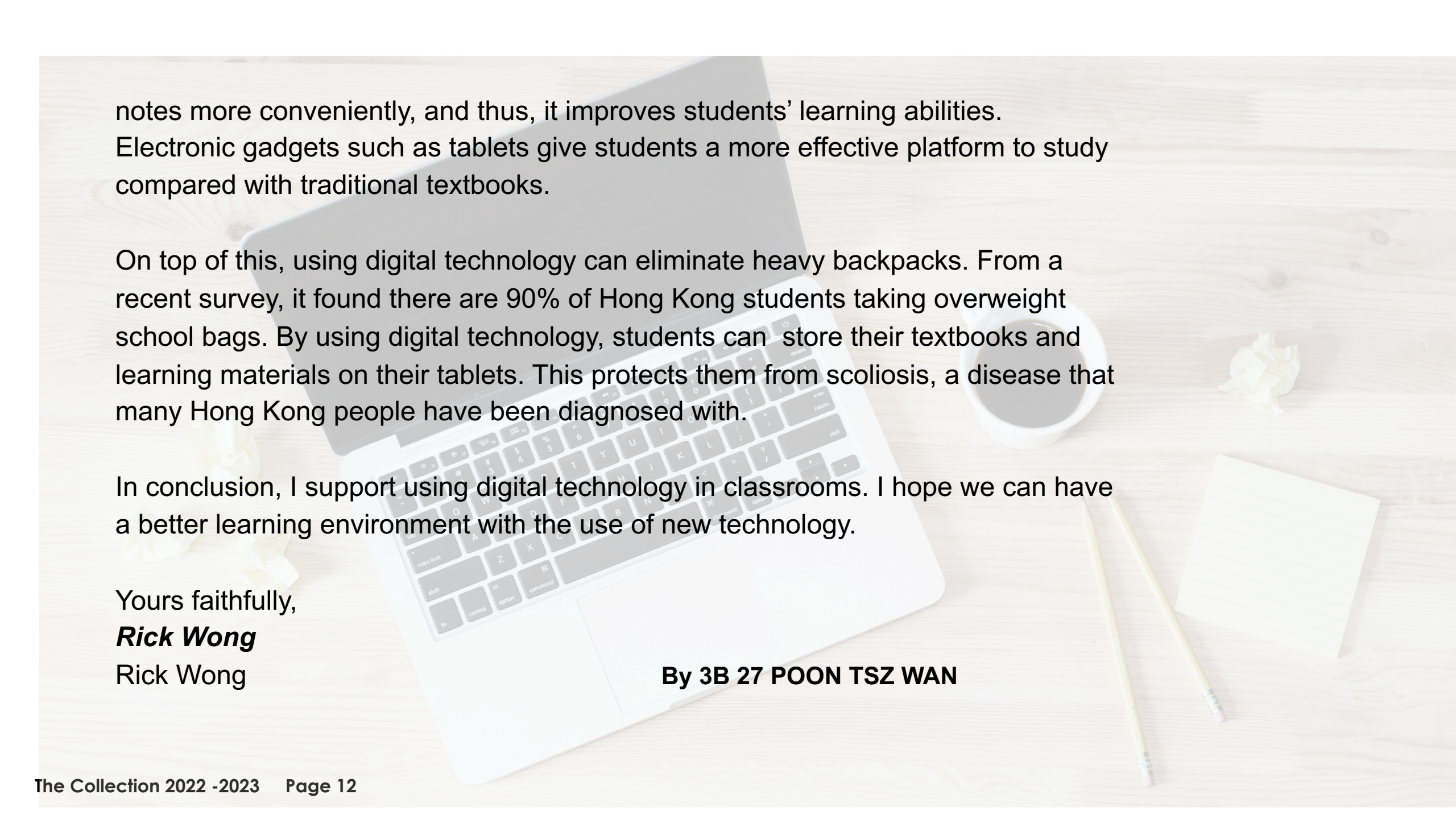
F.3 Writing - Letter to the Editor

14th February, 2023

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to the news that some schools are using digital technology in their lessons. Nowadays, electronic products have become some of the must-have gadgets for all Hong Kong people. We can surf the internet, communicate with friends and entertain ourselves with our mobile phones, tablets or computers. With the countless functions of e-products, I believe that digital technology should play a bigger role in secondary schools in Hong Kong.

To begin with, there are a lot of interesting apps for us to learn in different ways. During the pandemic, students and teachers were required to have online lessons. Apps such as Zoom, Google Classroom, and Google Meet provided an online platform to let students attend their classes at home, and also hand in homework more easily with notifications. Teachers could create an online game quiz with Kahoot and allow students to learn in a more fun and more exciting way. I think that these online learning methods should be kept, even though students are having face-to-face lessons now. Additionally, there are various drawing and editing apps available in the App Store. Students and teachers can jot down

A white laptop is open on a light-colored wooden desk. To the right of the laptop is a white cup of coffee. In the foreground, a yellow pencil lies horizontally. A small white sticky note is attached to the desk. There are some crumpled pieces of paper on the desk.

notes more conveniently, and thus, it improves students' learning abilities. Electronic gadgets such as tablets give students a more effective platform to study compared with traditional textbooks.

On top of this, using digital technology can eliminate heavy backpacks. From a recent survey, it found there are 90% of Hong Kong students taking overweight school bags. By using digital technology, students can store their textbooks and learning materials on their tablets. This protects them from scoliosis, a disease that many Hong Kong people have been diagnosed with.

In conclusion, I support using digital technology in classrooms. I hope we can have a better learning environment with the use of new technology.

Yours faithfully,

Rick Wong

Rick Wong

By 3B 27 POON TSZ WAN

F.4 Writing

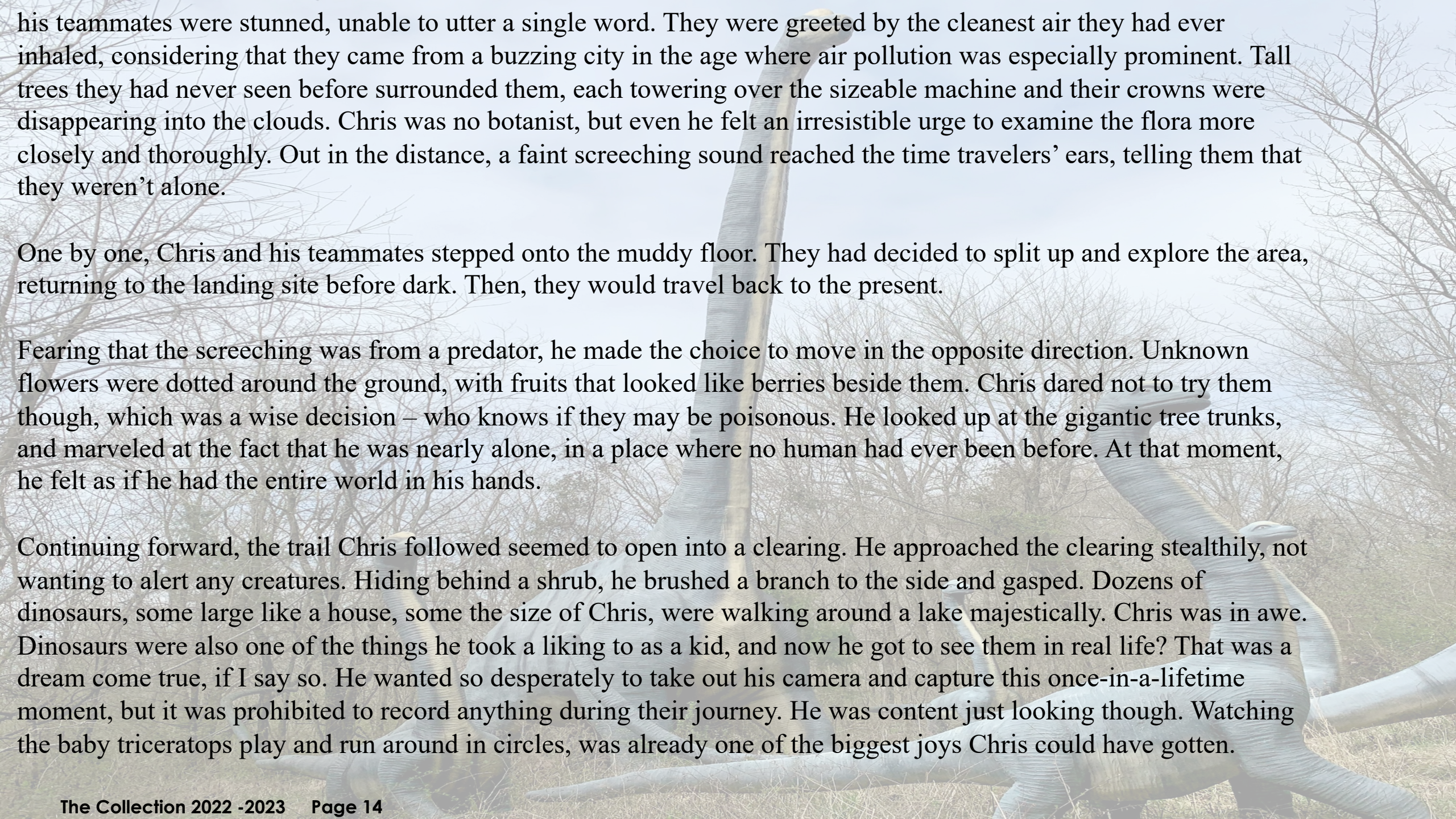
You are entering the 'Sci-fi Hub' short story competition. The theme of this year's competition is 'Time Travelers'. Write a short story about a time traveler who travels to a time in the past and describe his reactions to the new environment.

The year was 2123. After a century of rapid technological advancements, scientists had finally seen the fruits of their decades of hard work and research. It had been long overdue for the world's first ever machine to be invented, and it had arrived at last. When the news hit, millions of people watching the television started celebrating. People rushed out from their apartments and gathered on the streets. It was truly a sight to behold.

Chris was one of the people that cried tears of joy at that moment. He had been just a small child eager to explore each and every corner of the world when the time machine was first in the works. Precious years had gone by, Chris was already 46, and a respected scientist at the time machine research center. However, what made him over the moon was that he was one of the three lucky souls that were chosen to be the first-time travelers. Now, his heart was beating faster than ever, as his long years of pining for this day would soon come to an end.

It was soon the day. Chris and his fellow time travelers, Mary and Peter, waved at the selected group of people witnessing this event, and the entrance of the machine slowly closed, securing them inside, preventing any accidents during the time travel. All three of them had endured harsh training and were skillful at controlling the panel filled with buttons. Chris, as the leader of this voyage, entered the planned date that they would arrive on, and in three seconds, the machine vanished from the room, earning a gasp from the crowd.

The buzzing of the machine gradually came to a stop. Chris was the first to open his eyes. He stretched out his cramped legs and motioned for Mary to open the hatch. The door slid open, revealing what was beyond it. Chris and

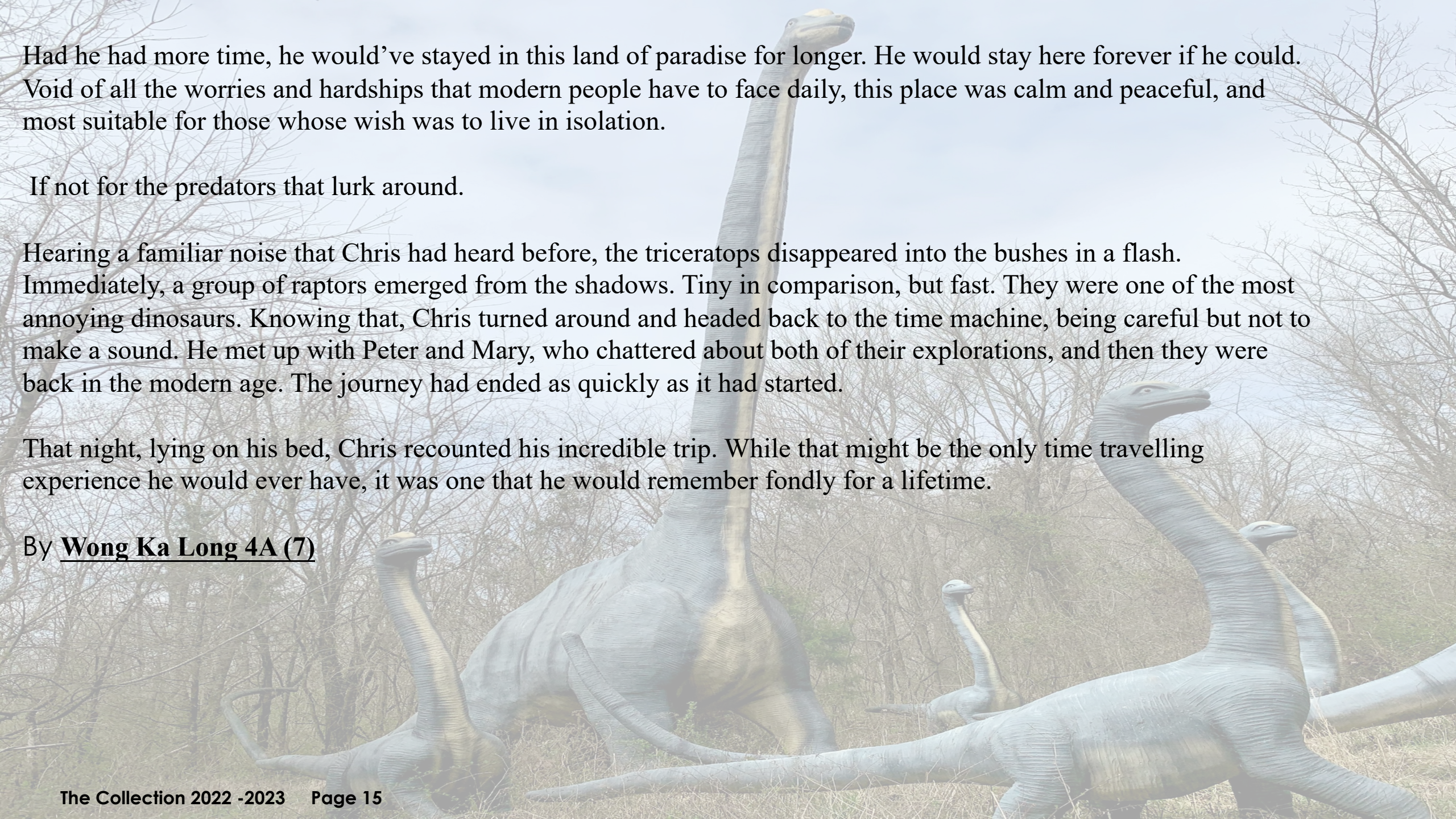


his teammates were stunned, unable to utter a single word. They were greeted by the cleanest air they had ever inhaled, considering that they came from a buzzing city in the age where air pollution was especially prominent. Tall trees they had never seen before surrounded them, each towering over the sizeable machine and their crowns were disappearing into the clouds. Chris was no botanist, but even he felt an irresistible urge to examine the flora more closely and thoroughly. Out in the distance, a faint screeching sound reached the time travelers' ears, telling them that they weren't alone.

One by one, Chris and his teammates stepped onto the muddy floor. They had decided to split up and explore the area, returning to the landing site before dark. Then, they would travel back to the present.

Fearing that the screeching was from a predator, he made the choice to move in the opposite direction. Unknown flowers were dotted around the ground, with fruits that looked like berries beside them. Chris dared not to try them though, which was a wise decision – who knows if they may be poisonous. He looked up at the gigantic tree trunks, and marveled at the fact that he was nearly alone, in a place where no human had ever been before. At that moment, he felt as if he had the entire world in his hands.

Continuing forward, the trail Chris followed seemed to open into a clearing. He approached the clearing stealthily, not wanting to alert any creatures. Hiding behind a shrub, he brushed a branch to the side and gasped. Dozens of dinosaurs, some large like a house, some the size of Chris, were walking around a lake majestically. Chris was in awe. Dinosaurs were also one of the things he took a liking to as a kid, and now he got to see them in real life? That was a dream come true, if I say so. He wanted so desperately to take out his camera and capture this once-in-a-lifetime moment, but it was prohibited to record anything during their journey. He was content just looking though. Watching the baby triceratops play and run around in circles, was already one of the biggest joys Chris could have gotten.



Had he had more time, he would've stayed in this land of paradise for longer. He would stay here forever if he could. Void of all the worries and hardships that modern people have to face daily, this place was calm and peaceful, and most suitable for those whose wish was to live in isolation.

If not for the predators that lurk around.

Hearing a familiar noise that Chris had heard before, the triceratops disappeared into the bushes in a flash. Immediately, a group of raptors emerged from the shadows. Tiny in comparison, but fast. They were one of the most annoying dinosaurs. Knowing that, Chris turned around and headed back to the time machine, being careful but not to make a sound. He met up with Peter and Mary, who chattered about both of their explorations, and then they were back in the modern age. The journey had ended as quickly as it had started.

That night, lying on his bed, Chris recounted his incredible trip. While that might be the only time travelling experience he would ever have, it was one that he would remember fondly for a lifetime.

By Wong Ka Long 4A (7)

F.4 Writing

“Launching in three, two, one.”

A blinding ray of white light filled the laboratory, and when it eventually died down, Peter was no longer in the capsule.

“Eureka!” The old scientist shrieked, and his assistants all clapped for his success.

Though not everyone found the situation worth celebrating.

Peter woke up groggily in a dark alley, and immediately spotted a rat that had been sitting on his chest for God knows how long. He sat up in disgust, in which his movement dropped the rat from his body. Before more rats could appear, Peter ran out of the alley, staining his pristine lab coat with muddy water as he stepped heavily on some puddles.

A carriage dashed past just as Peter reached the main road, barely missing his nose. Frightened and confused, he backed into a wall to take the new environment in.

Church bells rang in the background of the gloomy sky that threatened to rain at any moment. Busy carriages crossed each other as the horses seemed to neigh in protest. Dainty ladies slowly made their way through the streets, eyeing new styles of bonnets shown in the windows of stores.

Peter winced in imaginary pain seeing those ladies’ waists being bound by whalebone corsets.

Wait. Bonnets and corsets? Carriages?

The young doctor fumbled through his pockets and fished out a futuristic looking watch. Pressing on its sides, a computed voice read out the words shown on the screen that nearly made Peter pass out again.

“18th century, London.”

“It’s a new device to monitor your sleep, he said,” Peter kicked the pebbles on the road in irritation as he randomly strolled around the streets of old London. “Didn’t I tell him I don’t want to time travel again?”

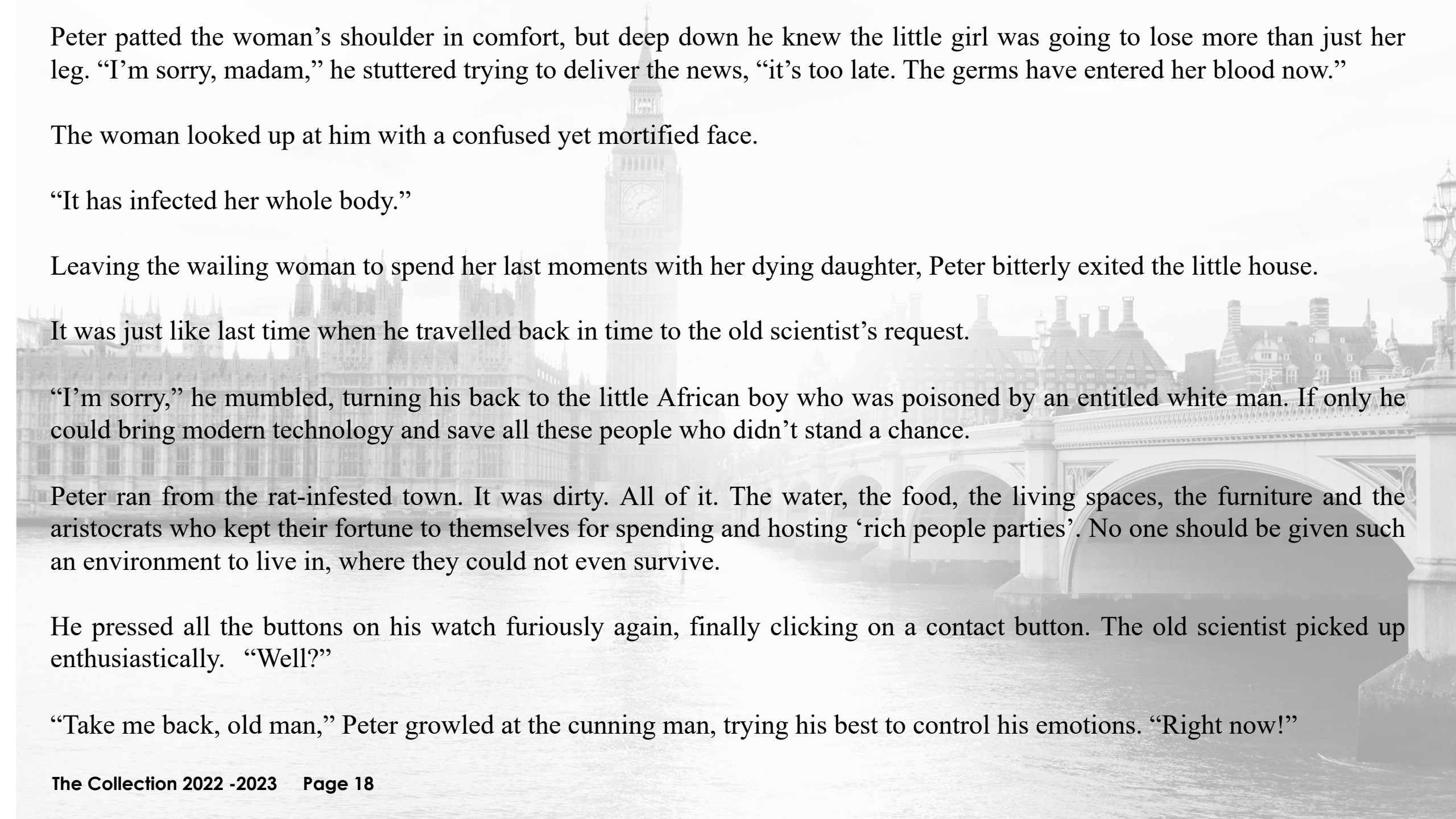
Just as Peter tried to press random buttons on his watch that might send him back, a woman dressed in rags cautiously tugged on his coat. “Are you a doctor?” Her voice was shaking as she held back tears. “Please save my little girl.”

She led him into a rat-infested part of the town, where Peter grimaced at the sight of a man scooping filthy water into his mouth, his rotted teeth on display. They went into the woman’s small house, but managed to force the door shut.

“It’s not much, but it’s home,” she managed a smile.

Peter approached the young girl who was weakly coughing on the hard bed. Just as he was about to ask why she was coughing, expecting it to be a cold from the rain that constantly dripped through their roof, her mother pulled away her blanket.

A badly infected injury on her skinny leg was revealed, and Peter could’ve sworn a part of her bone was poking through the bloody chaos on her leg. “Please, doctor,” the woman sobbed, “She loves to run and jump around, she can’t lose a leg.”



Peter patted the woman's shoulder in comfort, but deep down he knew the little girl was going to lose more than just her leg. "I'm sorry, madam," he stuttered trying to deliver the news, "it's too late. The germs have entered her blood now."

The woman looked up at him with a confused yet mortified face.

"It has infected her whole body."

Leaving the wailing woman to spend her last moments with her dying daughter, Peter bitterly exited the little house.

It was just like last time when he travelled back in time to the old scientist's request.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, turning his back to the little African boy who was poisoned by an entitled white man. If only he could bring modern technology and save all these people who didn't stand a chance.

Peter ran from the rat-infested town. It was dirty. All of it. The water, the food, the living spaces, the furniture and the aristocrats who kept their fortune to themselves for spending and hosting 'rich people parties'. No one should be given such an environment to live in, where they could not even survive.

He pressed all the buttons on his watch furiously again, finally clicking on a contact button. The old scientist picked up enthusiastically. "Well?"

"Take me back, old man," Peter growled at the cunning man, trying his best to control his emotions. "Right now!"

“But won’t you like to explore a little more? Perhaps some tourist spots —”

“I said take me back now!”

A blinding light illuminated the laboratory once more, and Peter appeared in his capsule. He frantically climbed out of the white device. Such an innocent color, contrasting the gray rats, the dark little house, the rusted pots they had to drink from.

Peter glanced at the mud and pale red bricks of 18th century London stained on his lab coat. It reminded him of the pale red mixture of blood and infection stained on the little girl’s blanket. He shuddered and took off his coat, throwing it into the bin as his breaths became more labored. The old scientist had once again given Peter a hard lump to swallow in his throat, and it was going to stay there forever.

He shook off the old scientist’s hand on his back and made a beeline to the exit of the laboratory. During the walk, all of his mind, only repeating the parts where the children’s hopes were taken away. Peter was thankful to modern technology that made saving lives possible, but he also hated himself for not being able to save the children that he has the ability to do so elsewhere.

In another place, at another time.

Peter took off his staff pass that hung around his neck before the exit. He turned to face the old scientist.
I resign. I’ve had enough of time travelling.”

He threw the pass onto the hard white floor and walked out the door to a place where he could protect the vulnerable.

By Cheung Chin Kiu (4B 18)

F.4 Writing

‘Chris, everything looks good here.’ There was a crack over the radio.

‘Copy. I am ready.’ Chris replied to his radio system, excitement rose from his chest as he waited for every second.

Chris was strapped in a huge machine. He was lying in a glowing green capsule. Flashbacks poured in as he closed his eyes.

Chris was an engineer, a well-respected one with remarkable skills. He was praised as ‘The Person Who Took the Next Step for Mankind’. Why? Oh, it’s because of his greatest invention of all time, the time machine.

It was year 2090 that Chris discovered a way to travel back in time. And now, after 15 years, he would be the first human to ever achieve time travel. Much like when the first man stepped on the moon, his face was broadcasted on televisions all around the world.

‘Chris, do you copy?’ There was another message from the control tower.
‘ Loud and clear.’ Chris replied firmly.

‘This will be our last message. We will send you back in time around 160 years ago. And you can walk around for 2 hours and then we will send you back. Copy?’





‘Understood.’ Little did anyone know things were not going to go so smoothly.

A mechanical voice filled Chris’ head. The voice started counting down as machines around Chris whirled into action. The deafening noise they made was so loud. Chris could not hear the countdown.

And then suddenly, everything went silent.

Chris opened his eyes, hoping that he would not wake up in heaven. To his relief, he did not. Carefully, he opened the capsule door and fresh air filled his capsule. Chris had not breathed in air so fresh for a long time in his laboratory.

He climbed outside and found several soldiers surrounding him. They did not look friendly. They had their rifles pointed at him and were yelling loudly in German.

Luckily for Chris, he knew a little bit of German. He yelled, ‘Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot! I am not your enemy!’

The German soldiers seemed to be relieved as they heard this stranger speak in their mother tongue. They lowered their rifles and a soldier with a different cap than the others asked Chris to follow him.

They were standing on a small cliff in front of a ridge. Beneath them was a beach, filled with strange looking metal pieces. There were also several stone, block structures along the cliff.

As Chris was walking, he couldn't help but look back at his time machine capsule. Within two hours, he had to get back to the capsule and leave this place. Suddenly, a distant loud voice yelled, 'Enemy incoming!'

The soldier next to Chris jumped as if he was shocked by lightning. Then he grabbed his rifle and sprinted to one of the stone, block structures. Hundreds of soldiers came out of nowhere, carrying rifles and machine guns. Commanders were shouting instructions while more soldiers carried boxes from place to place. There was a loud rumbling sound and when Chris turned around, a tank was rolling in his way.

Quickly, scared of being crushed by this huge war machine, Chris jumped out of the way. But he wasn't so lucky this time. He tripped over some sticks and fell on the floor. Now the rolling track of the tanks was heading straight for him.

Not knowing what to do, Chris yelled loudly. And just inches away from touching Chris, the tank stopped moving forward. Slowly, Chris got up. He wanted to thank the tank driver, but the tank wasn't so welcoming.

A loud explosion, so deafening that it was at least a hundred times louder than when the time machine launched, set off at the tip of the barrel. Chris could feel his ribs vibrating while a shock wave sent him flying.

Chris fell back on the ground again. He could barely see. The sudden, loud explosion caused him to feel dizzy. Nonetheless, he got back on his feet. A few bullets barely missed him by an inch. He looked at the beach again and he found himself in a sight of horror.





Down the beach, boats carrying soldiers landed on the beach as they got washed by machine gun bullets. Lots of soldiers barely set foot on the beach before bullets penetrated their body. But there were lucky ones, who managed to escape from the boat. They ran and hid behind the metal structures to save their lives, as they prepared to throw explosives at the Germans.

‘Planes!’ a soldier shouted. Chris squinted and could barely see a few shadows above the clouds. But soon they grew bigger, and their engine sounds were louder. Chris had no idea where to hide. He was on an open field of grass. The moment the plane fired a bullet at him, he would be dead.

The planes weren’t interested in him though. Instead, they aimed for the stone, block structures. A huge black egg dropped from the plane and headed straight for the block structures.

Of course, Chris knew perfectly what those huge ‘eggs’ were. He had seen them in movies and video games. The whole stone bunker blew up. Flames shot high in the sky as debris of dirt and stone rained on them. Burning corpses were flying in the sky and Chris couldn’t look at it anymore. The whole scene was making him quite sick.

There were burning and deformed bodies everywhere. Soldiers were crying for help as Chris watched them die helplessly. He could not go anywhere. One small step forward would mean death for him.

More explosions happened and Chris gazed at the beach again. All the soldiers that were still alive, firing machine guns and defending their position a minute ago now all laid dead.

Chris could not believe what he was witnessing. He had always heard of the World War Two which sounded like a myth to his generation of people. He couldn’t believe that humans once fought so fiercely against

each other. These soldiers seemed to have no feelings. They were only committing mass murder in cold blood, yet they were their ancestors. Chris had watched several films about Landing on Normandy in the past, yet he never realized how cruel and terrifying it was.

Soldiers wearing uniforms with different colours emerged behind the cliff. They were Americans, the one country that was highly praised after the War for maintaining peace. Yet Chris saw no sense of peace in their eyes. There were only furious murderers mindlessly pointing their sub-machine guns at people and pulling the triggers.

A sharp projectile went through Chris stomach. All fell silent once more. Chris slowly gazed down in disbelief. Red, warm blood was pouring out, yet he felt nothing. His legs were uncontrollably trampled as he fell on the floor once again. He was fighting for every breathe. Then, the pain came, sharp, burning, and beyond bearable. Chris yelled but no sound came out of his month. Chris gazed helplessly at the American soldiers. Beside them was his disintegrated time machine capsule.

Chris could only watch as another bullet flew into his body, then another one.

The image of furious American soldiers slowly faded away, followed by an eternal darkness.

And there it was, the greatest engineer of all times, lying dead on the fields of Normandy. A genius whose life was put to an end by his own ancestors.

Nobody ever heard of the return of Chris Wong ever after.

By 4D (7) Lee Ho Ming



F.4 Writing - Project Battlefield

“You go 50-cal more?”

“Yeah, we’ve got plenty downstairs.”

Faint footsteps grew louder. A young man appeared behind a pile of sandbags. As he came upstairs with a large box of ammunition, he wore a serious expression.

A handsome young man he was, but nothing on him looked particularly neat or tidy. He wore a pale-green old T-shirt, with a bulletproof vest that had suffered more than a few scratches. His jeans were slightly torn, as if he had been wearing them for a long time. On his belt he strapped a shining silver revolver gun. And that was the only dazzling accessory on him.

Hope and a sense of inevitable distress filled his blue eyes as he stared at the mountains. In the previous few months, the Resistance had faced BattlEye countless times in hope of finding a way out of this eternal suffering. This would be the final battle. And this man was no other than the leader of the Resistance himself, Alex Rogers, codenamed Raptor.

Alex carefully put down the box of explosives. Then he grabbed the revolver gun from his belt and started toying with it.

“Still thinking of him?” asked a bearded, muscular man with a Russian accent. His name was Viktor Alexandrov.

Alex did not answer. He was too focused on the revolver in his hand, spinning and clicking around his fingers.

“Good old Captain Ace. Good old Sergeant Clint. What a legend he was!” Viktor continued.

Under the sun, the revolver looked splendid. The shiny surface was almost like a mirror. Alex could see his own face in the reflection, with tears in his eyes.

History was nothing but a tragedy. With the help of one country, the world was so set on tearing itself apart. War happened everywhere. People never realized they were being used. Their minds were corrupted and misled by propaganda and lies.

In the end, all countries bowed down to the evil axis. The war ended with only the axis power standing.

Then, came the start of a scheme called "Project Erangel ". A deserted island had been constructed a long time ago for experimental purposes. It was named after Eryn Antonov, an unknown hero and the word "angel", thus it was called "Erangel ". The island had been abandoned, but then revitalized. These people on the island, their homelands were wiped out by nukes and shredded by bullets. They were the only survivors of the war, but not for long. Project Erangel was a plan to murder all opposing forces of the axis of power. Survivors had their memories wiped. Then, they were dropped off on Erangel, where weapons and firearms were provided. They had only one objective, to murder everyone they saw.

In order to make sure everything worked as planned, a military organization called BattlEye was created. Any survivors (or prisoners, more accurately) who attempted to escape from the island would be hunted by BattlEye. In addition, a layer of toxic gas was shielded around Erangel. Nobody could go in or out without dying from toxic radiation.

Alex's squad survived multiple fights with his leader, Howard Clint. He was an experienced military leader. He helped his squad to bypass the memory wipe process and their squad included the only few people who knew about the outside world on Erangel. Unlike the other squads who murdered mercilessly, Captain Ace (Howard's callsign, a common nickname in military squads) avoided causing casualties to both enemies and themselves. Ace believed in peace. He believed that humans were not meant to murder in their nature.

Two months ago, Captain Ace and his squad were confronted by a strong squad. Ace saw scarce optimism in leading his team to victory. He decided to drive a jeep full of explosives at the enemy. The whole enemy squad died, and so did Ace. Before he sacrificed himself, he gave Alex his revolver gun that he always used to carry. Alex never fired it in battle. The original six bullets were still chambered in the cylinder.

Next came Alex, who founded the Resistance, an organization determined to bring down BattlEye for the sake of Erangel's future.

“Contact! Two miles away!” a scout shouted.”

Alex was jolted out of his trance. The enemies were closing in. He could see groups of vehicles moving closer on the horizon. It wouldn't take long before these killing machines started slaughtering.

Alex had a flare gun in his hand. Nobody dared to make any sound. The gentle breeze of Georgopol blended with the distant engine roar was getting louder. Everyone was waiting for Alex's signal.

“Attack!” shouted Alex.

A bright red firework burst out of the flare gun. It rose high above the skies of Georgopol.

Viktor roared fiercely, spraying his machine gun like a mad man. Alex grabbed his Lynx anti-material rifle. He patiently held his breath.

Bang! The armor-piercing ammunition darted out of the muzzle. It headed straight for a BattlEye jeep. Immediately, the jeep spun out of control. Fire shot out of the engine hood.

Through the magnifying scope, Alex could see the enemies clearly. Machine guns were mounted on their vehicles.

Bullets were flying in all directions. BattlEye jeeps were under a shower of machine gun-fire while bullet holes drilled through structures in Georgopol. Several bullets zoomed right next to Alex and almost hit him. Some of them struck the nearby metal, making sparks and a terrible high-pitched noise.

The superior location gave the Resistance the upper hand in this battle. But slowly, Alex noticed a problem. His team was running out of ammunition.

BattlEye vehicles were pushing closer to them as ammunition was depleted in their machine guns. The battle was planned to be a decisive one, with the Resistance finishing their enemies in one quick blow. But clearly, it was lasting longer than expected.

Alex looked around. The Resistance members were struggling to survive. Most people had their magazines completely empty. Some of them had already lost their lives. Alex saw an armored vehicle sitting behind them. It had tough armor that could resist gun fire. *“That will be our final weapon”*, he thought.

BattlEye jeeps pushed closer. Alex ran to the armored vehicle and hopped in. The engine roared to life and Alex slammed on the gas pedal.

“What are you doing?!” Viktor shouted in confusion.

Back behind the defense line, the ammunition was completely depleted. They watched helplessly as more enemies appeared on the horizon.

Alex was safe inside the armored vehicle, or at least he thought so. Those machine gun bullets simply could not penetrate the armor. But then Alex saw something unusually bulky behind the jeeps. He took a second glance and realized he might not live long. It was a fearful tank, rolling onto the battlefield. There was nothing the Resistance could do about enemy tanks. Even with all the forces they had, it would not be enough to defeat one of them.

There were not many choices left. Alex was screaming in rage as he rammed into several jeeps, blood boiling. At any minute, the tank could spot him and he would be dead.

A man battles the most fiercely when death is steps away.

Alex was about half a mile in front of the defense line, speeding across the battlefield. He started to wonder what was happening back at the Georgopol base. “*Is everyone doing okay? Has anyone been hurt?*”, he wondered. “*Viktor, please protect the team for me.*”

The tank spotted him inevitably. A huge explosive shell burst out of its barrel. It missed, but sent Alex’s vehicle spinning. The car crashed upside down. Windows cracked. Wheels flew off. Shrapnel of the explosion flew into his body. He grunted in pain as blood splattered around him.

The tank rolled towards what was left of the car. It was going to run it over. Alex revealed his last defense, craters of explosives on his own car.

What would happen when a bomb explodes? Alex was not only about to witness it, but he was also going to feel it in a matter of seconds.

He was sorry for his teammates. But it was for the greater good. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as his weak arm reached for the revolver that was still strapped to his belt. He cocked the gun with all the strength he had left and loosely aimed the gun at the craters.

Z... Za Rodinu...” he said in his mother tongue before applying pressure on the trigger.

There was only a click of the gun hammer.

All fell silent.

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“Hey! I think I got something here,” said a BattlEye agent. A few weeks had passed after the tragedy. The BattlEye agent picked up one half of an ID card from a pile of ashes. On the card was written the name, “Alexander Antonov”, the child of the unknown hero Eryn Antonov. A revolver was also found in the pile, looking unusually shiny.

This world has been shattered by propaganda and lies. Erangel was once again abandoned.

By 4D 7 Lee Ho Ming, Javin

F.4 Writing - The Nameless Hero

Everett Müller stood on a little hill in his hometown, Mecklenburg Vorpommern, Nazi Germany, watching the sun turn the sky orange and dip below the horizon, where a dove was flying above. The wind was sharp and cold, like the edge of a knife. He felt the coldness going across his chest, but he didn't shiver. This scenery brought him sixteen-year-old memories with his mother.

Everett was about to take a path, but there was no going back. He had to protect his beloved – his mother, no matter the cost. He joined the army.

Everett's fate had been decided at the moment he signed up for the recruitment. He swallowed hard and started to walk away from his hometown. He knew he might never return, so he kept walking. The path of the hill was marked by his heavy footsteps.

Days later, Everett arrived at the training camp, surrounded by the sound of marching. The atmosphere gave him a stressful feeling. The week of training was lengthy and strenuous. Luckily, Everett soon made a friend, Paul Krüger, a young man aged the same as Everett. He was tall and muscular, nearly twice the size of Everett, but he was somehow kind and helpful. What's more, he was talented in almost every aspect of soldiering. He was unmatched.

Conversely, Everett found himself unable to endure the extreme training, especially when he was holding a gun. He seemed to be stunned in person whenever he met the firing session. While he was looking down at the rifle, a tragic memory rushed into Everett's head...

Everett's father had been a prominent soldier who had served in World War I. Although his mother was proud of his father, Everett had always seen his father as a drunkard. When Everett was five years old, his father died. Everett was relieved and traumatized at the same time. He felt relief as his father's violence towards his mother was gone, but fearful too, as Everett had accidentally killed his father with a pistol when his father was seriously drunk and kept abusing his mother. After his father's death, Everett's mother had become a recluse, which made Everett feel that he should take the responsibility for the change in his mother. Therefore, he decided to join the army in order to protect his mother and his homeland. However, he faced many difficulties during the training camp, because he had been scared of holding guns since the accident.

The trauma had prompted him to take part in the army as a non-combatant medic rather than a soldier. He somehow was a genius in the medical aspect. He shortly mastered the skills and became a proficient medic. This time, he didn't want to kill, but to protect.

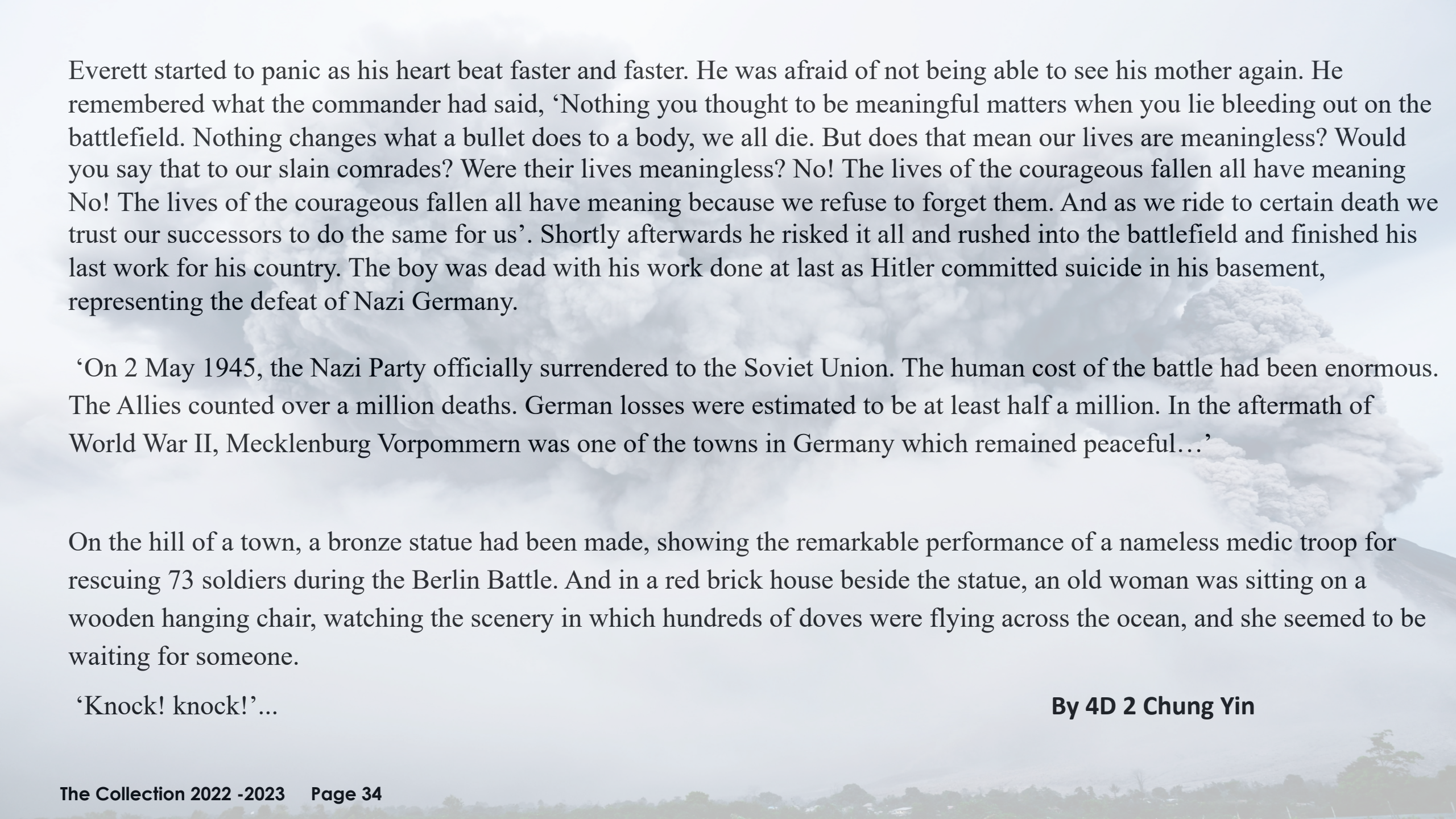
In the same week, the Allies declared war on Nazi Germany, and Berlin was destined to be the final battlefield. The Allies gathered their armies and decided to launch an assault on Berlin. The odds were heavily stacked against the Nazis. The war was titled on one side, obviously the Allies. The newbies, after only a week of training, were sent to the battlefield to grasp at straws. Still, Everett was determined to make a difference and put his medical training to use. He was terrified of holding a gun, but he was more terrified of the disintegration of his own country. He stayed and fought alongside the medical battalion. However, the battle in Berlin was more brutal and bloody than anyone thought. He could only see death and destruction. He could hear the screams of the wounded and smelled the stench of death. It was more terrifying than a sixteen-year-old boy could ever imagine. Everett rushed to the wounded soldiers and stopped them from bleeding as immediately as possible. But there were too many to be handled. Everett started to panic, thinking about why he had chosen to come to the battlefield instead of staying at home with his mother. Even so, the commander, Steve Rogers, continued to order his soldiers to step into death.

‘My soldiers, rage! My soldiers, scream! My soldiers, fight!’ Steve shouted from the depth of his heart as if all his emotions had been released at once. All the remaining soldiers including himself charged into the enemies in return for a game-changing situation for the Nazis. The soldiers continued to fight until either side was completely defeated.

‘I can feel that today is an unlucky day, whatsoever. I’m now on the battlefield. I can’t be childish anymore. Seeing this situation, I don’t think we still stand a chance of winning against them. I don’t know if I can still see my fiancé...’

Later on, Paul led Everett to another side of the battlefield to rescue the other soldiers. All of a sudden, they both fell into a trench and were surrounded by soldiers wearing green hats, who were clearly not their teammates. Paul saw a guy trying to pull the trigger of his pistol, and he then pushed Everett away. Not longer than a second, Paul was shot in the chest, protecting Everett. Paul told Everett not to care about him and go. At this point, the two of them knew that the wound Paul had was too serious to heal. Witnessing his best friend dying in front of his eyes, Everett swallowed his depression, and the soul in Everett's eyes had seemingly been taken away. He took the submachine gun from Paul’s bag and decisively shot the enemies.

Everett took Paul's badge and left silently. After that, he became fearless and continued saving the wounded soldiers. Nevertheless, the boy was trying to save a soldier, whom he thought was his teammate. Suddenly, he stabbed him in the back and ran away with his wounds healed.



Everett started to panic as his heart beat faster and faster. He was afraid of not being able to see his mother again. He remembered what the commander had said, ‘Nothing you thought to be meaningful matters when you lie bleeding out on the battlefield. Nothing changes what a bullet does to a body, we all die. But does that mean our lives are meaningless? Would you say that to our slain comrades? Were their lives meaningless? No! The lives of the courageous fallen all have meaning No! The lives of the courageous fallen all have meaning because we refuse to forget them. And as we ride to certain death we trust our successors to do the same for us’. Shortly afterwards he risked it all and rushed into the battlefield and finished his last work for his country. The boy was dead with his work done at last as Hitler committed suicide in his basement, representing the defeat of Nazi Germany.

‘On 2 May 1945, the Nazi Party officially surrendered to the Soviet Union. The human cost of the battle had been enormous. The Allies counted over a million deaths. German losses were estimated to be at least half a million. In the aftermath of World War II, Mecklenburg Vorpommern was one of the towns in Germany which remained peaceful...’

On the hill of a town, a bronze statue had been made, showing the remarkable performance of a nameless medic troop for rescuing 73 soldiers during the Berlin Battle. And in a red brick house beside the statue, an old woman was sitting on a wooden hanging chair, watching the scenery in which hundreds of doves were flying across the ocean, and she seemed to be waiting for someone.

‘Knock! knock!’...

By 4D 2 Chung Yin

F.4 Writing - Candopidia

‘Dad, I’m sick of going to the French class. It’s boring and I’ll never be good at it...’

‘Ugh!’ I am fed up with hearing her whining and I said impatiently, ‘You know? I wanted to learn French when I was a kid, but I didn’t have the chance. Stop complaining and be grateful!’

‘But Dad...’

‘Enough, missy,’ ‘Boom!’ We never finished the conversation and that was the last moment I remembered.

The smell of irritating gasoline was gradually fainting and was replaced by this sweet, pleasant scent...Wait! Was it candy? I was trying so hard to open my eyes and find out what had happened. Did I just die from in a car crash and was sent to the heaven? It definitely smelled like it. I found my hands covered in this pink sticky substance ‘What is this? It can’t be...’

‘Hey you! Don’t stand on my farm! You’d better leave right now or I’m coming to punch you in the face!’ A man shouted furiously. A farm? This sticky thing couldn’t be wheat or vegetables. These crops were cotton candies!

I briefly explained my situation to the man, and he nicely invited me to stay at his house. He’s such a lifesaver! I would be a lost dog without him. The man also introduced me to the neighbors, and they welcomed me by holding a small party in the neighborhood. The people in this village were so kindhearted that I was determined to repay their kindness and hospitality. I had become a part of them and living there was marvelous. I would never want to leave this harmonious life. Free food, friendly neighbors, close families...The only difficulty was that people worked a lot there. From what I had observed, the villagers were mostly farmers. They woke up early before the sunrise every single day and would work on their farm for hours

and hours. At night, they would return home with the humble amount of food for the family, exhausted. They worked from hand to mouth and had no time to relax! Born to be a problem solver, I had decided to help them. I put my plan into action and within a few months I had established a trading network with the neighboring villages. We provided them with the magical candy seeds, and they gave us daily necessities and food in return. I'd imagined how valuable the seeds were in the outsiders' eyes. With this trading network, they probably would never have to set foot on the farm again!

A few weeks later, the smell of fruity scent and sound of barn animals were all around the village. I was very pleased with all the changes. 'Yo, Alex! I've traded bread! Do you want to try some?' 'Hey, Alex! Wanna go to play ball ... What is the name? Yeah, football!' 'Alex! Come and eat this new dish I have made!' I was worshipped by all of them like a hero. The god must have sent me there to rescue these pathetic villagers. This was my destiny.

At first, everything went well. The villagers had more time to have fun and chill. However, something was slowly changing.

One day when I was walking along the road, I heard some quarreling in the dark. 'How dare you steal my beer! I spent most of my seeds for it.' A man who had an odd redness on his face said. He was drunk. The other person was struggling to stand straight. He shouted, 'Who cares about your beer? Back off.' Woah! I had never seen people fighting in this village before. I rushed over, stopped them from fighting and went home. When I got home, I saw a small shadow on the ground. I turned it over and saw the son of my host. 'Why are you following me?' The boy looked cold and vulnerable.

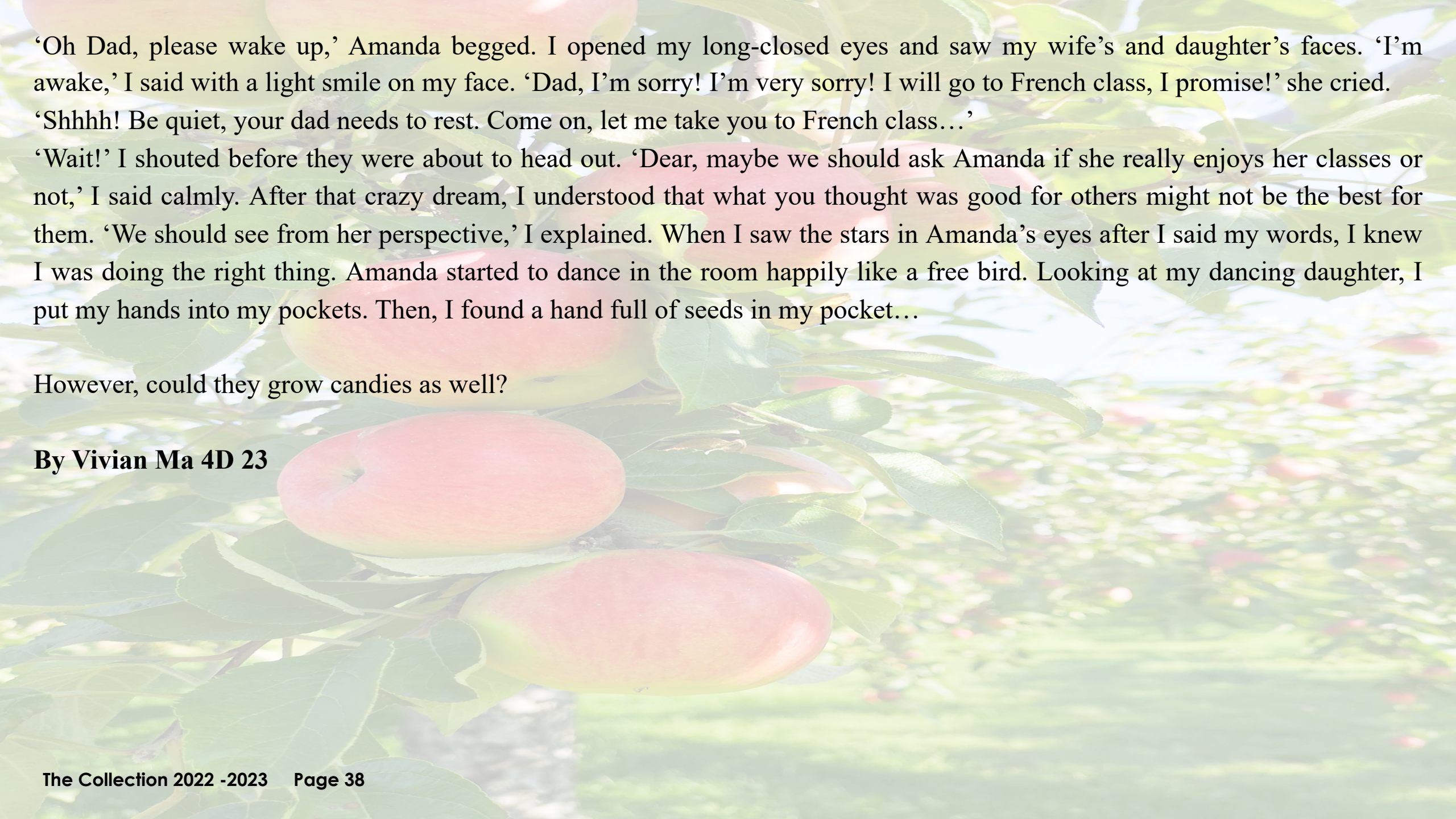
If you looked closely, you could see a few drops of blood on his pale white face. ‘Are you ok?’ I asked caringly. ‘Why do you ruin our life? You have turned our life upside down,’ he said weakly.

Staring at his eyes, I slowly squatted down and picked up his hands and said, ‘Tell me what had happened.’

‘After you introduced your idea to the village, everyone has started to change. People have become violent, and they get mad all the time. They can’t control their emotions, they’re like wild animals.’ he said, ‘and look at the neighborhood, so cold and empty. No one is having a stroll with their families or a date with their partners under the pure moon. Instead, everyone now prefers to stay in the foul bar, drunk, until the sun rises and shines.’ He then pointed at his own face, ‘After the trading system, my dad tasted blood. He is addicted to alcohol and has become an alcoholic. Me and my mum are abused if we try to persuade him to quit drinking.’ I was blown away to hear how much the kindhearted man had changed. Was I wrong? Did I really wreck this harmonious village? Before the boy ran home, he said, ‘I hate my life. I hate you.’ Hearing this made my heart break, his hopeless expression was very familiar to me. I could see this expression when my daughter was forced to have French class. Maybe I should try thinking from others’ perspectives.

Full of guilt and regrets, I glanced down the empty street and headed inside. I jumped on the bed and covered my face with the fluffy pillow. ‘I wish I could go back in time and redo everything...’ I thought I was the hero of this wonderful fairytale, but I was actually the sinner. I feel powerless and I wish to go home, to my actual world, back with my family. My eye lids became heavy. I gradually fell asleep.

‘Your father will wake up eventually, we have to trust him...’ That was... the voice of my wife! Did I just teleport back?



‘Oh Dad, please wake up,’ Amanda begged. I opened my long-closed eyes and saw my wife’s and daughter’s faces. ‘I’m awake,’ I said with a light smile on my face. ‘Dad, I’m sorry! I’m very sorry! I will go to French class, I promise!’ she cried. ‘Shhhh! Be quiet, your dad needs to rest. Come on, let me take you to French class...’

‘Wait!’ I shouted before they were about to head out. ‘Dear, maybe we should ask Amanda if she really enjoys her classes or not,’ I said calmly. After that crazy dream, I understood that what you thought was good for others might not be the best for them. ‘We should see from her perspective,’ I explained. When I saw the stars in Amanda’s eyes after I said my words, I knew I was doing the right thing. Amanda started to dance in the room happily like a free bird. Looking at my dancing daughter, I put my hands into my pockets. Then, I found a hand full of seeds in my pocket...

However, could they grow candies as well?

By Vivian Ma 4D 23

F.5 Writing - Speech



Good morning teachers and fellow students,

I am here to talk about the rising popularity of photo taking on mountaintops and cliffs. As the chairperson of our school's Hiking Club, I am glad to see such a trend as more and more students partake in hiking and rock-climbing activities, but I also wanted to share some reminders to those who are planning to take part in such activities.

Mountaintops and cliffs tend to have breathtaking views, be it the endless concrete jungle of our downtown areas, or the greenery and tree lands of rural Hong Kong. Such is the reason that people take pictures at these sites. Indeed, the sprawling metropolis beneath the checkerboard hill, once with flying jumbo jets roaring above, or the rapid developments of Tuen Mun beneath Castle Peak is a sight to behold. Also, the spectacular reservoir of Siu Lam and the many green hills near Tai Mo Shan provides the hikers with the noir of nature and put their minds at peace. Be it man-made or a gift of nature, people want to capture the moments that allow them to revisit the moment any time they want with the photographs they produced. Ever-improving camera technologies such as the introduction of 360 cameras allow hikers to document where they were in great detail, the captured picture-esque views allowing people to revisit the moment when the city was beneath their heels, or when mother nature shelters the busy urbanites, allowing them to breathe a sigh of relief from the boring office work.

Apart from capturing the very moment of where they were at, more often than not, people want to capture their feelings on the spot, from the stunned feelings upon stumbling on the spectacular views in front of them, or the joyous occasions where they get to spend time with their loved ones. What people want to capture is the very moment they were in, from the scenery to the feelings, so that they can relive the moment any time they want.

Personally, I love photographing the stunning sceneries of Lion Rock and Tai Mo Shan, and often I would look back at these photos, recounting the experience of enjoying the cool breezes atop the hills, the feeling that I am dominating nature or the entire city, the beauty of nature itself... I believe most photo takers on mountaintops and cliffs would share the same sentiment with me, the urge to capture the stunning moment before us.

However, some people take photos not to record the moments, but to impress others. The rise of social media allows people to share their experiences online, and some use such platforms to attract attention. Spots that no one dare to step on or considered too dangerous to access are places that these photo takers are willing to go to. Some thrill-seekers may share the same sentiment, enjoying the feeling of taking on risks, such as the risk of falling into the abyss of the countryside and the sprawling metropolis, while the attention-seeking bunch use such thrills to attract likes and followers on platforms like Instagram and Facebook. It only takes a numb leg or a small puddle of water to turn such moments of thrill, into moments of terror.

Cliffs are particularly dangerous in this regard. As the cliffs themselves are often made of thin, weak granite, weathered by the rain to be unstable, which could not withstand the weight of a man. There is also the risk of losing your balance on the edge of a cliff, taking your life as you dive. Some rock could be particularly slippery, some may be loose rocks that would slide once stepped on... There are a million things that could go wrong in these dangerous places, which more often than not is not intended to be visited by hikers, therefore lacking protection like fences or stable foundations to stand on. Even with cordons that intend to block off your access to such a hazardous spot, people often ignore them, viewing the risk of them falling to their deaths lightly. Remember, all it takes is an unstable rock, a slippery rock, or a numb leg, for a tragedy to happen.

To avoid plunging to your deaths, several precautions should be taken. The most obvious one is to respect the cordons. Just because others had visited the spot on the Internet does not mean it is safe to access the place. It is unwise to trust your life with some random people on the internet over qualified and skilled geologists that see hazards in the surroundings vicinity. Secondly, always stay alert to where you are and maintain good situational awareness. Every rock you stop on may not be stable for you to step on, and you should step on it lightly just to see if it is stable or not, before putting all of your weight on it. I cannot stress how important this is, as many hiking accidents in the past have been caused by unstable, loose rocks. Be aware of rain, or walkways without fences to hold on to, such dirt roads could cause you to slip and fall. Finally, only hike on existing paths and do not venture into unmarked areas on the map. As the saying goes, 'curiosity kills the cat'. These unknown dirt roads could be leading you to a cliff that could claim your life. Unmarked areas on the map means the area is not properly explored and could contain hazards that may claim your life. These are the tips one must follow to prevent accidents and tragedies.

To conclude, photo taking on mountaintops and cliffs can be a great way to capture breathtaking scenery you have never witnessed before, capturing the feelings on the spot. However, all it takes is a loose rock for a tragedy to occur. It is essential that you stay alert for hazards and maintain situational awareness at all times to prevent accidents from happening. This concludes my sharing for today, thank you.



F.5 Writing - Helping the poor - a duty or a choice?

The concept of helping those in need is certainly nothing new. Chinese philosophers argued that our capacity for empathy is what differentiates us from beasts. Charity is one of the virtues in the Bible, and more recent philosophical thought has thrust it back into the limelight between conflicting schools of thought. However, as dim-witted as I may be, this idea should be far from controversial in my opinion. The notion that we can and should dodge the responsibility to help the needy is laughable – and we, as the better-off in society, have both a moral duty and a societal obligation to help the T

To start off, helping others is what makes us human. Back in the Stone Age, our ancestors recognized the fact that living together was preferable to loneliness in the wild, and humans have evolved to live in groups since, helping each other out in their times of need. And the empathy derived from this history is exactly what makes us human. In the natural world, animals frequently feast on the remains of one another, or brutally maul their brethren, but if that happened in human society, passersby would come to help the victim, or vigilantes would rise up to deter the would-be beast. It's plain to see that we have an inborn instinct to help others.

Additionally, as the better-off, we have the obligation to give our help to those who might just be down on their luck. As the saying goes, “What comes around, goes around”. Think back to all the times you were helped in your life, and the luck you've had, e.g. not being born in a third-world country or a country torn apart by conflicts, and the help you've received from others to climb up to a social status that might not be seen as “poor”. If there was no duty to help others, would you or anyone else, really be standing here? Of course not. Our lives are intertwined and interconnected, and it ought to be our duty, to pass on the help received to others, to keep the beacon in others' lives shining as they once did for you.

But even if one is callous enough to disregard the principle motivations, and thus say that “it doesn’t benefit me, so I shouldn’t have any duty to do it”, they’re still dead wrong. Helping others is the catalyst towards societal growth – and in more ways than one. Firstly, it helps the needy discover their place in society. Many greats were once humble youth struggling to make ends meet before they were helped by others. Davy, one of the pioneers of modern chemistry, was a poor university student before a professor noticed his astuteness and helped his research. The benefactor of the legendary Wright brothers was their sister, who made their research possible by giving them money. Who knows if the next Einstein or Van Gogh is stuck in the slums? Secondly, many of the underprivileged just need that extra push to be able to contribute to society. Your donation might just be able to get them into university, or be enough for them to escape the perils of subdivided housing, get them a new apartment, then work even harder with a better quality of life – and less costs to bear!

Finally, as explained before, the act of charity actually lasts for decades to come as every benefacted person is grateful for the benefactor, creating a positive cycle of help. Whatever the perspective, helping others – especially the needy – contributes to society immensely. So even in situations where morals are disregarded, helping the needy out needs to be our responsibility anyway.

On the other hand, unempathetic and cold people seem to hold a different perspective. They argue that the needy being poor might just be their own fault, pointing to the legions of zero-to-hero stories. Rather than being a parasite and leeching off of society’s breadwinners, they say, they should merely pull themselves up by their bootstraps and strive to turn their lives around. (Which is ironic, as pulling oneself up by one’s bootstraps is impossible; don’t try it at home.)

However, this notion could not be further from the truth. While some success stories do exist, they are blown out of proportion and exaggerated to an almost mythical status. Take the entrepreneur and multibillionaire Elon Musk as an example. It's said that he came to the US with nothing to his name and as a South African, penniless student, but in reality his father owned an emerald mine, so he really wasn't that underprivileged after all. People have a penchant for riches, but the famed entrepreneurs are very little and not comparable to the underprivileged today at all. The poor today suffer from generational poverty and a high income-gap. Add that to the ever-increasing prices, and it's plain to see that they're struggling to get afloat, let alone be able to afford a bigger boat. With every generation being more competitive than the next, this creates a vicious cycle where people fall into even deeper clutches of poverty. As the "haves", only we have the capability to rescue others from the brink of poverty. Next time you wonder why the poor don't just earn money, remember that this notion is as detached from reality as pigs flying.

Some people also argue that helping the needy is a choice. That is true, but it doesn't automatically mean that it's not our duty to do so. What is the morally correct thing to do has no relation to whether it is a choice at all. Indeed, the fact that you have a choice at all means that you should be doing the morally correct thing. Would you rather be the apathetic passerby who walks past a homeless man without a thought, or the volunteer who helps him sign up for transitional housing? I know what option would be the morally correct one.

It's a shame that with the Internet's advent, we've all been tied up in our cocoons, barely ever glancing at our society's needy despite our moral obligations and societal responsibility. As the saint Mother Teresa once said. "I see somebody hungry, I give him food. He can love and be loved". Indeed, as the saying goes to help one another is to help oneself, and love one another as well. Let's strive to create a more welcoming and charitable society, one where the needy are not ignored and left to rot but cared for and pulled forward! Because the notion of helping others in need, is, at its root, what makes us human, and what makes our society tick.

F.5 Writing - Article

As a teenager and a student myself, I would certainly hate to see a minimum age set for social media services, given how they can bring a fascinating world of connection in the blink of a second. However, the truth is out there, it is too dangerous and harmful for young teens using them. It is not about what we want of what we hate, but about what is necessary.

For starters, there is too much unfiltered sexual and violent content on these social media platforms, despite their close monitoring. Using the murder case which happened a few weeks ago as a clear example, its raw footage captured by camera was spread virally on a social media platform, shortly after the incident had happened. The unfiltered killing footage was shared and spread by thousands in a matter of a few minutes. Many adults who have seen it expressed their fear and anxiety afterwards. Some even claimed that it was a traumatizing experience to look at this horrific scene with no filter. You could simply imagine what it will do to an under-aged teenager after he or she has come into contact with similar footage on social media platform. Despite the platform's effort to delete these kinds of content, there are simply too many, so users coming into contact with them are inevitable. It can affect a teen's mental development significantly in a bad way if they have also come into contact with inappropriate content.

Secondly, there are too many dangerous trends on the social media platforms, while teenagers lack the ability to distinguish and determine whether they are appropriate or not. As popularity is the main goal for content creators on social media platforms, they tend to do and create viral trends to get exposure, some of which being extremely harmful to those who follow it. Back in the days, when the COVID-19 pandemic was still a significant public health matter, a tiktoker created a challenge called 'lick the toilet'. She posted a video of herself licking the toilet on Tiktok, while encouraging others to do so. It was later found out that she faked the video and did not actually do it. It may be easy for adults to determine how silly of an act it was when they come into

contact with the video, but young teenagers may not. They could possibly follow the trend and pose risks to their health, because they might be convinced that it was an unharmful act, not realizing that it was just a tool for fame. These dangerous trends are especially worrying for teenagers, as they cannot be removed due to them not breaking any regulations or violating any rules on the platform. Teenagers are left unprotected it as age limit does not exist.

Thirdly, there is a lot of fake news and fake information on the social media. Teenagers who lack vision and experience may not be able to distinguish the reliability of the information, especially since artificial intelligence development has been rapidly evolving recently. Thousands, if not millions of artificial intelligence generated fake videos are all over each social media platform. Teenagers may really believe that Joe Biden is wearing a headset and playing videos games while swearing constantly after seeing a post of fake artificial intelligence made video. Fake videos and news about ghosts or the world ending may also strike fear in teenagers' hearts, which may spread and amplify among their peers. I cannot stress enough and repeat that they lack the ability to distinguish the truth. You would know that ghosts will not kill people suddenly on the street at night, because there would be dead bodies all over the street in the morning otherwise, but they wouldn't realize that. Therefore, the age limit is one of the very few effective ways of protecting them.

Some may argue that setting an age limit is a restriction on freedom, a right that all are born with and is to be protected by the government. I would say that freedom and order are two relatively balanced concepts that must co-exist for a healthy society. Rules and laws act to restrict freedom is for ensuring order, which ultimately goes back to protecting our rights. Therefore, I agree that teenagers' freedom of using social media platform is restricted, but it is for their greater goals and for

a healthy society. Rules and laws act to restrict freedom is for ensuring order, which ultimately goes back to protecting our rights. Therefore, I agree that teenagers' freedom of using social media platform is restricted, but it is for their greater goals and for a healthy order in the society. This is also the reason why we have laws on banning drugs, as it is a protection on the order of the society, as well as the personal health of the citizens who have their rights 'restricted'. Not only is setting an age limit necessary, it is also right and reasonable to do so.

In conclusion, young teenagers lack the ability to distinguish what is right and what is wrong. They also are not mentally developed completely enough to come in contact with violence or sexual content on social media. Some of the inappropriate content I have listed above, still exists widely under the radar in the current state of social media. Setting an age limit may restrict the freedom of citizens, but it is a very effective and useful way to avoid teenagers being harmed by the darker side of social media. After all, it is not about what we would love, but what we would need.



F.5 Writing - Should legal age limits for social media be set?

While flicking through news trends or blog posts online, it is easy for us to notice the controversy regarding whether the legal age limit, 13, is necessary for social media. Currently, most social media services like Instagram & Facebook require users to reach an age limit of 13. The advocates cling to the idea that it ensures that teenagers are able to use the platform wisely, while the critics point their fingers at the ineffectiveness of the policy. Despite the divergent spectrum of opinions, I am prone to support the idea that a legal age limit for social media is necessary due to the following reasons.

To commence with, the legal age limit is crucial in order to allow teenagers to establish correct values before approaching social media. Establishing legal age limits that force children to finish their primary education before using social media lets users have correct moral values when encountering mass information in social media. Extreme comments, videos and posts with violent, pessimistic, twisted values often appear in unknown corners on social media platforms. Without appropriate moral values in mind, children under the age limit may be negatively impacted by those extreme attitudes and develop wrong moral values if they do not have a firm belief in mind. For example, there was a murder case in Florida, USA in October 2018, regarding a 12-year-old boy killing his younger siblings by poisoning as he was affected by a post on twitter with violent words and extreme values. How ridiculous! Yet the depressing phenomenon of children or even teenagers under legal age limits being affected by extreme, twisted values exhibited in social media is really happening around us without any siren or clue – until tragedies occur. This leads to why it is undoubtably necessary for social media to set legal age limits to ensure that proper values have been established in users' minds.

Moreover, the legal age limit plays a pivotal role in ensuring users have enough ability to judge without assistance from parents. Information and facts in social media may not be ‘facts’ – they may be exaggerated, twisted, or partially hidden. According to recent research by Stanford University, the Department of statistics, about 36% of social media post are not revealing the truth, with contents being changed in different extents or various directions. More surprisingly, according to a study by the Hong Kong University last year, it invited 50 children aged under 13 to conduct the test. 54% of the children were not able to distinguish whether a post was telling the truth or giving fake information. It distinctly proved that users under the legal limit may not be able to distinguish between real facts or made up information. It is definitely a catastrophe if a lot of young users are easily fooled by twisted information without the existence of legal limits, as the children may be lured to attack others by posts or words on social media – which will lead to devastating consequences to society. The children themselves may also build inappropriate values or understanding of the world, which will cause serious obstacles or even damage to their development. Therefore, the establishment of legal age limits are to ensure that users have enough ability to judge the information on social media independently.

Moving on to the last reason, social media platforms setting up legal age limits is to protect the safety of users, in terms of their policy. Since users under the age limits may not have clear concepts regarding privacy and awareness of their safety, it is easy for others to obtain sensitive information such as their location, family information, which school they are studying in and that may bring underlying safety risks to those users. According to a survey conducted by the Hong Kong Youth Association in 2021, 57% of interviewed children under the age of 13 did not realize that their family address and their instant location is sensitive information that cannot be exposed to the public. The result was extremely surprising that the importance of protecting private information had been greatly underestimated. The privacy of other sensitive information including email addresses and account information are also severely neglected by young users, which may lead to serious consequences if that information is collected for illegal users. It is inevitable for users to expose some of their information on social media platforms, no matter

whether this is done actively or passively. Yet it is important to ensure that the users have a clear understanding of privacy concepts and how their behaviour will impact on privacy or safety. Hence, it is undeniable that social media platforms should set legal age limits for users.

Nevertheless, the policy met with some closed fists and clenched hands as young teenagers believe that they have the right to share their own lives and to know more about the world. Some critics blamed the ineffectiveness of such limits as children can still make up their age to reach the limits. In my humble opinion, young teenagers' rights of sharing or receiving information will not be completely hindered by such limits as they are able to use social media under their parents' monitoring. For instance, parents can switch their Instagram account to a 'safe mode' and share interesting content with their kids. Youngsters under the age limits can also share their own stuff on social media with their parents' permission. To speak frankly, the policy aims to protect the safety of the children and prevent them from being negatively impacted, which is much more important than the restrictions on children's entertainment. Considering the effectiveness, it is believed that the legal age limits can be strengthened by extra government policies like identity checking. Yet, it can still function properly with existing regulations as some other information like a phone number, or email address are needed to prove users' ages. Parents will also be able to notice their children's behavior as notices will usually be sent to contact people if children created their accounts illegally. Additionally, parents will have to bear legal responsibility concerning their children's inappropriate usage of social media, thus they will help monitor their children's behaviour.

To sum up, it is firmly believed that legal age limits for social media need to be set up due to several justifications, including but not limited to, ensuring that users have established correct values, ensuring users possess the ability to judge facts and ensuring users have clear concepts towards privacy. When you see your younger friends or younger siblings using social media services, don't forget to check if they have passed the legal age limits!

F.5 Writing - 'Students Can Help Students' Scheme, Can Help Students!

Claiming the experience of participating in the new government scheme 'Students Can Help' simply as a job shadowing event is definitely an understatement of its value. The 2-week experience gave me more than I expected and I have got a lot to talk about!

As an audacious teen, I am always hooked on new challenges so I applied for the scheme the second I saw it. I was then assigned to a social enterprise under the charity 'Yan Oi Tong'. It was a company selling healthy food. I got a chance to taste different tasks in my job.

With a nervous mood, I started my first day of the job. I was worried that working as a white collar would be boring, facing words days and nights. Yet, my stereotypes were soon clarified one by one. There were a myriad of different tasks. As the Hong Kong Food Exhibition is around the corner, I could join the preparation booths as well. Jobs like checking stocks, designing posters, and folding leaflets were all under my duties. They might be repetitive but must not be thankless. The moment I saw the final preparation of the booths was done was unforgettable and imprinted in my brain. The sense of satisfaction was priceless. Except for the work, the mirthful ambiance of our office was another treasure. The laughter, care and love filled my summer.

The unique experience was like a special teacher teaching me stuff that I can't get from books.

For a start, I will talk about my biggest gain – independence. I was always laughed at by my family as I didn't know how to solve problems on my own and only cried for help. Admittedly, under the protection of my loving family, I was like a flower in the greenhouse which never experienced storms and fierce wind. On my path of growing towards a 'Kong kid', the scheme led me another way. Although I was young, my colleagues didn't regard me as a toddler. I was grateful that they let me try everything. It was inevitable that I met some challenges in my work. When I was ready to yell for help, I noticed everyone had their own job to do. This was when I knew I must finish it with my ability. I tried to think of new ways and analyze



the issues. When it was the right timing, I asked my colleagues to teach me instead of doing it for me. After the two weeks, my problem-solving skills were brushed up. I think of my troubles first and try to rectify it now, which means my mum is confused about why I am not yelling anymore! Being independent is essential for me to grow and be more mature.

The second meaningful gain is inclusion, both of myself and others. As a social enterprise, it hired some colleagues with different disabilities to save them from the verge of becoming social outcasts. I met a colleague with ADHD in my office. I felt guilty, I was tendentious to think that it may be hard to get along with him. Yet, after working together, I changed my biased and stupid perception. He might be different from us but he was equally as capable as us. He even offered me a lot of help. Besides, I met many elderly people at a workshop about special meals. Through the research, I understood many difficulties they encountered because of their body conditions. On the meeting day, even if our ages had a huge gap, even though we might not totally understand what one another was talking about, we still listened patiently and respected one another. The moment touched my heart.

Back in the office, no one was a 'sinecure' and everybody had their own places to contribute. I always felt that I was mediocre but my colleagues showed me that I had my unique strengths. It is also like in society, there are never two identical people. Everyone has their value. The individual differences make us unique but not alienated. Through the experience of widening my eyes to see more parts of society, I have learnt to be more inclusive to others, and accept myself as well.

Even though the scheme has ended, the memories will always be in my heart and a story that is worth-mentioning in my secondary life. It was holistic training for me to grow and to be prepared as an adult. The 'Students Can Help' Scheme can help students! If you are a teen who likes to explore more like me, don't hesitate to apply next summer!



F.S Writing - Proposal for English fun day.

Introduction

To include a more intensive English learning atmosphere in our school, the English society has come up with a sparkling idea of the “Game of Glimpse”. It is our firm belief that this game will serve as a spurring impetus for students to acquire immense knowledge of English.

Brief Description of the “Game of Glimpse”

Run by a plain set-up, the “Game of Glimpse” is comprised of two main parts. In the initial stage, students will be grouped into 5 and given a sum of 25 English literature workpieces which are specially chosen. Those are all exceptional and stand-out-in-history pieces, which are definitely worth a read for our students. We hope that students can be exposed to the world of English literature and try to understand the spirits of the writers. That is why after reading and discussion, students will be required to do the matching for the moral values various writers are trying to bring about to their respective workpiece, so as to take a “glimpse” into the mindset portrayed by the author.

Rules

Rules of the “Game of Glimpse” are utterly understandable and simple. The group of 5 students will be given a total of 30 minutes to interpret and analyze the articles provided, alongside with the engagement of fruitful “negotiation” among the group. After 30 minutes, they will be asked to do the matching task mentioned. The group which can get an 85% or above of correct matchings will be rewarded with one book of an English Classic for each of the participants.

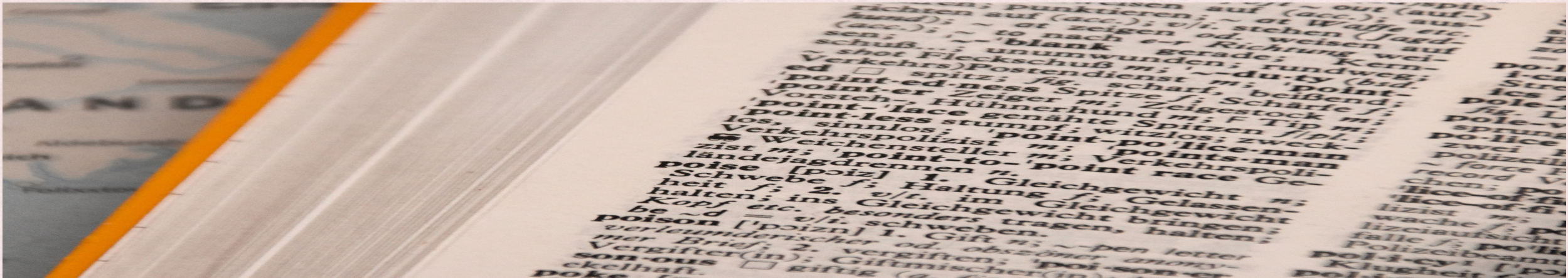
How can students learn English and have fun through this?

Throughout the game, students will be opened up to the world of English literature, the fundamental and indispensable building blocks of English language. They will be able to gain a deeper insight into the exemplary work well-presented by renowned writers, thus having enjoyment by immersing themselves into the authenticity and beauty of English.

In addition to the intense exposure, students are allowed open discussion on the societal values and virtues of humanity that writers of different workpieces were trying to transmit. This can doubtlessly boost the presentation and expressions skills of students in English, as they are only allowed to discuss in the language.

Conclusion

With the appreciation of the huge work piece and having in-depth interactions with one another, we truly believe that the “Game of Glimpse” will be a bonding way for students to go on their nurturing journey in learning English.



F.S Writing - Proposal for English fun day.

Introduction

English Fun Day has been an event that combines learning and entertainment, in which students have shown keen interest in taking part. This year, a story-telling game is suggested to be played.

Description of the game and the rules

The name of the game is 'Quick! Tell Me A Story!'. Reflected by the name, the game is aligned with this year's theme – 'stories'. Besides, immediate response is also the focus. For each round, students are divided into groups of two. Within the group, they are given three strips of paper, on which, some sentences or phrases are written. One student must start a statement making use of the idea on one of the paper strips. The other partner will have to quickly generate the development of events in response to the first statement made. Two students must take turns to add new contents to complete an original, yet logical story.

One of our society members will be assigned to each group and be the host of the game. This is to make sure students give their best effort to express their ideas in English and are able to give a response within 10 seconds, once their partner has finished their statements. The game ends when either of the students fails to come up with any further idea to support the story. Students are encouraged to submit a written-up version of the short story on the day after the Fun Day, which would be pinned on the English Society promotional board. All participants who submitted their work would be awarded with small prizes and gifts.

Aims and benefits

In this story-telling game, students' creativity and usage of vocabulary are tested. Moreover, the requirement of quick responses adds challenge and a sense of intensity to the game, which is exciting and fun for students to play. The generation of cohesive ideas and a logical story development is also crucial when students are writing English passages. Their organization skills can be improved and also allows them to be more productive when they come to writing exams. Last but not least, the written-up pieces posted on the promotional board would allow appreciation of good writings, in which all students can learn from the good use of phrases. Vocabulary range could be widened and quality of expressions could be enhanced. This could be an effective, and yet, fun approach to get students to be more engaged in improving their English levels.



F.5 Writing - Proposal for English fun day.



1. Introduction

The English Fun Day is held annually in the post-exam period, aiming to allow students to relax and have fun at the same time. In this proposal, a game to be played on this special occasion would be proposed.

2. The Game – ‘King and Queen of POS’

2.1 Brief description

‘POS’ stands for ‘parts of speech’. According to my observation during English lessons, students in our school generally show a lack of understanding on how to change the part of speech of some fundamental English words. However, it is of vital importance for our students to have a better grasp of it in order to tackle the summary cloze questions in the HKDSE English Paper One. Therefore, this game is proposed so that students could gain a rudimentary knowledge on it after playing.

2.2 Rules

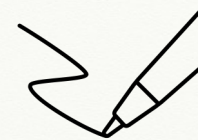
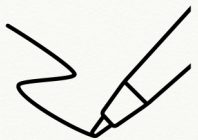
A box containing cards of different words would be prepared in advance. On the big day, students will line up one by one and randomly pick one card from the box. Then, the student needs to follow the instructions on the back of the card and change the part of speech of that word. For instance, if one is asked to change ‘spontaneous (adj.)’ into a noun, the correct answer will be ‘spontaneity’. One girl and one boy with the highest number of correct answers will be ‘the King and Queen of POS’.

2.3 Benefits

It is hoped that this game could pique students' interests in parts of speech. They would have a better command of English if they could pay attention to different forms of words when they learn new vocabulary in the future. Besides, this game is an ideal way for students to relieve stress in the post-exam period.

3. Conclusion

Given the benefits of this game, it is earnestly hoped that this game will be adopted on the English Fun Day.



F.5 Writing - Proposal for English fun day.

Introduction

This proposal aims at suggesting a game for and providing relevant arrangements of the English Fun Day organized by the English Society. Our proposal leaves no stone unturned and provides you with an in-depth walkthrough concerning the rules of the game and how the game helps students to learn English in an effective and interesting way.

Game Description

Named 'Vocabulary Battle', the game is designed to increase the amount of vocabulary in students' minds and to assist in the establishment of sophisticated understanding towards the vocabulary. The game has no limits in the number of participants and venues, thus allowing more students to join the exciting battle and learn English in a fun way. The only required props for the game to start are sheets of paper for marking the vocabulary used by students and prepared themes for the vocabulary battle.

Rules of the game

In 'Vocabulary Battle', students take turns to suggest words or phrases that fit the theme. For example, if the theme is 'human body', the word 'kidney' will be a wise choice. For each turn, students have to provide a suitable word or phrase within 15 seconds. Words spoken by other participants cannot be repeated. Every suitable answer will score one mark for the participant. An irrelevant answer will deduct one mark while a 'pass' which indicates that the student gives up that round will not deduct any marks. The theme will change after 30 words or phrases have been gone through. The game ends when each student has 'passed' a round or 100 words have been spoken. Extra limitations regarding the length of the word or the length for each turn can be added to fit the level of different students, for instance, cutting the time for each turn to 10 seconds.

How students can learn English and have fun

The focus of the game is crystal-clear – vocabulary. Vocabulary is a crucial part of the journey of learning English and it plays a pivotal role when students are reading passages, writing paragraphs and having formal or informal conversations. The amount of vocabulary will affect students’ understanding of passages or speeches. Through such an exciting game, students are able to check how much vocabulary they have in mind and how much vocabulary they can grasp when hearing others’ answers. Moreover, as the words used in the game will be recorded, they are able to broaden the vocabulary ‘capacity’ and to learn new expressions of various common topics. This is definitely beneficial to their development of English Language ability. On the other hand, the exhilaration and excitement provided by the game can help students to release their pressure and have an enjoyable gaming time. The ‘battle’ can help boost the relationships between friends and classmates too.

Conclusion

All in all, it is strongly believed that ‘Vocabulary Battle’ is the best choice for English Fun Day which benefits students’ English learning and provides a sense of fun and excitement. It is sincerely hoped that the proposal can be approved.