



# THE COLLECTION

Po Leung Kuk Centenary Li Shiu Chung  
Memorial College

2023 - 2024



# F.1 WRITING

# My Blog

All About Me---Angie!  
September 2023

By 1A Leung Hui Ching

11<sup>th</sup>

Hi everyone! I'm Angie Leung from class 1A. I'm a twelve-year-old girl and my birthday is on the 3rd May. I have just begun my secondary school life and I 'm looking forward to meeting more friends through this mini self-introduction!


Firstly, let me briefly talk about my appearance. I have silky black hair, a pair of stunning eyes that shimmer like crescent moon and tiny apple-red lips. I usually wear a ponytail. My height is above average, but my weight is below average. Everyone says I'm adorable!

Although everyone says I'm a beautiful teenager, I am extremely lazy. However, I am patient and helpful. Therefore, I almost become everyone's friend. When there is something about academics that my classmates don't understand, I will immediately extend my helping hand and try my best to assist them. Furthermore, I often volunteer to carry textbooks or piles of homework to the staff room for my teacher, so I am always praised by my teachers. I am sure that I will be willing to help any teacher or student who needs assistance if possible!

Speaking of my personality, I think I have a lot of good qualities to be a teacher. It has been my dream to become an English teacher to influence kids about English I'm sure I can succeed if I become more hardworking and get rid of my laziness!

This is everything about me---Angie!

# A GIFT FOR MY FRIEND



‘What should I buy?’, I asked my mom. I was thinking about what I should buy as a present for my best friend Angie. She would be going to study abroad. My friends and I held a farewell party for her. My mom asked, ‘What does Angie like?’ This question inspired me. She likes cats! I decided to buy a book about cats, a cat doll and a bracelet with her name on it! I would go to the YOHO mall, the Yuen Long Plaza and the flea market at Kam Sheung Road. I’m sure Angie would love them!

On the next day, I first went to the Yuen Long Plaza by Light Rail. I went straight up to the book store which was on the third floor. There were lots of books and stationery. My eyes could hardly take all the things in! After I got the book and a notebook, I went to the YOHO mall.

Going there from the Yuen Long Plaza was very convenient. It only took me about five minutes to go there by MTR. I browsed around the toy store over there. Wow! There were tons of cool toys. I asked the shop assistant where the dolls were. She helped me a lot. I bought one adorable, fluffy cat.



At the end of the day, I went to the flea market at Kam Sheung Road. I saw many market stalls there. They were selling food, toys, flowers... All of these were less expensive than those in the malls! Oh! One of the stalls was having a clearance sale. It was selling some bracelets! I could even decorate it by myself! I got the beads with the letters 'A', 'N', 'G', 'I' and 'E'. I also bought a gift box with polka dots and a yellow ribbon to wrap my present for Angie.

On the day of the party, my friends, Angie and I took photos together and gave our presents to Angie. When she opened my present, she was thrilled and jumped up and down, 'Wow! This is so lovely! I love it a lot! Thank you!', Angie said. I was delighted that she liked the gift. I hoped we could still stay in touch even though she was leaving Hong Kong!



**By 1B Lau Ka Po**

# A GIFT



Last Sunday was my grandmother's birthday. I wanted to give her a special gift, but I didn't have any clue. Therefore, I asked my brother. He suggested, 'Grandma loves eating sweet food. Why don't we buy a cake for her?'

'That's so true!' I answered. So, we decided to go to the bakery on grandma's birthday.

After school, we went to the bakery which is closest to my home. I saw plenty of chic cakes in the bakery. First, we wanted to buy a cute birthday cake which looks like Peppa Pig but it was so expensive. Although we broke our Piggy bank and took all of the money out, we didn't have enough money to buy it. Then, we saw a simple cake, yet it had a lot of fruit on the top. In addition, it was on sale so it was not expensive. We could afford it. Both of us were very satisfied. Accordingly, we went to the cashier and paid in cash. The cashier used a pretty ribbon and paper to decorate it and made it more beautiful.

When we went back home, it was 6 p.m. Mum was cooking a rich dinner. Grandma was sleeping in the bedroom. We gave the cake to mum and told her our plan. We said we will take the cake out after dinner so that we could give her a surprise. After dinner, we turned off all the lights and took out the birthday cake. We put down the cake and sang the song. 'Wow! Oh my god!' Grandma was very surprised and moved. The tears rolled down her face. Our plan was a success. We ate the cake happily.

Finally, grandma called us to go to the bedroom and gave us red packets. She said, 'The cake is yummy. Thank you very much. This is my happiest birthday. I love you.'

**By 1B Tsang Yuen Shan**

# My Memorable Day



## A speech by 1A Leung Hui Ching

Good morning, everyone! I am Leung Hui Ching, Angie from class 1A. Today, I'd like to talk about the worst picnic I've ever had.

I'm sure that every one of you here have been to a picnic before. When people think about the word "picnic", they mostly picture themselves in an open area, surrounded by trees and plants, having homemade snacks and drinks on the soft grass. However, my experience was completely different from that one.

That day I was going to the countryside with my friends for a picnic. Nevertheless, because of the traffic, we arrived at our destination an hour later. It was terrible since we would not have time to trek along the trail which has a variety of rare insects and plants, but I was glad that we still had time for a picnic.

We settled down at a place surrounded by trash and some flies, as this was the only place we could find. We were dumbfounded when we discovered that this country park was full of rubbish. It was like a landfill with a disgusting smell. My friends suggested leaving and finding another place for a picnic, but I refused because I was already starving.

When we were ready to start an enormous feast, the clear sky suddenly got replaced by grey, gigantic clouds. It started pouring buckets of water from the sky!

Nonetheless, we were careless as we hadn't watched the weather report before the trip. As expected, none of us brought our umbrellas. We left all the food on the grass and sprinted until we found a bus stop with a tiny shelter.

By that time, we were all soaking wet from head to toe. We all exclaimed, "Worst picnic ever!". From that time on, I rarely participated in any outdoor activities. Instead, I stayed indoors to enjoy myself! Also, I learnt to check the weather report before going out. I do not wish for that to happen again!

So that was my terrible experience when having a picnic. Thanks for listening!



# FOOD REVIEW

I am a F1 student, and I have just celebrated my birthday at Billys Burger Restaurant in Tuen Mun. It was an awful birthday party there!

First of all, the tables are too small so my friends couldn't even sit with me while eating. The restaurant was crowded with people and the birthday decorations mentioned were actually quite old with a thin layer of dust covering the few balloons.

The food in the restaurant was okay. I got a birthday meal including a burger, bubble tea or soda for drinks, and ice cream and jelly as desserts. However, the salad was way too spicy and tasted disgusting with no fresh ingredients at all.

One of the disappointing points was about the games. We wanted to play thrilling games, but the play area was undergoing renovations and there was only one game provided by the staff — musical chairs! The game was suitable for little kids in kindergarten but not for us, teenagers. It's the same for the 'surprise gift'. It was unbelievable, just a mini, cheap, plastic toy car! Such a surprise it was!

What's more, when we requested a refund for some of the price my parents paid as it was too expensive for what we had experienced, the staff shouted back at us rudely. I suggest having more fun games, for example UNO, which is a famous card game. Moreover, it's better if there is a large area for us to play in, they should also provide more toys for a greater range of gifts for guests! I would prefer a keyring much better!

For such a bad birthday party experience at Billy's Burger Restaurant and because we didn't get what we were promised on the advertisement, nor a refund, I will only give a 2-star rating in total. I will never go to this restaurant ever again, it's terrible!

By Ruby Lane



**By 1B Tsui Yi Ting**



# FOOD REVIEW

I had the most horrible experience in my whole life! It was so terrible that I won't go there again! It's the Billy Burger Restaurant in Tuen Mun and at my 12<sup>th</sup> birthday party. It specializes in holding birthday parties. I want to tell you about its décor, service, food and my experience, which were all terrible!

First, it had small tables which were not even large enough to let 3 people be seated. Therefore, we couldn't sit together. In fact, we needed to have 10 tables to let all the guests be seated!

As well as the seating, its service was absolutely bad. The staff were rude and impolite. When we asked them questions, they answered them in an unfriendly way. It was like we did something wrong to them! Another disappointing thing was the salad was so spicy. Even though I can eat food that's extremely spicy, I still felt like I was eating ten chillis! Also, the meal was only a burger, salad and bubble tea or soda, and an ice-cream and jelly dessert. So little!

Additionally, my experience was awfully bad. The play area was under renovation. I paid so much money to buy an experience like that. How unbelievable!

Last but not least, I want to share some suggestions for a better experience for customers. Firstly, the room is too small. The restaurant can combine two party rooms into one. Then, the restaurant can add more decorations to the room. It can make the room more fascinating.

All in all, I'll rate this restaurant 2 stars out of 5. I will never go there again, I swear.

By Ruby Lane

By 1B Tam Ho Long



# F.2 WRITING



# A Murder Story

‘Help! My master’s daughter has been kidnapped!’ I brought my partner James and went to the crime scene at once. The moment I saw the crime scene, I was shocked by how messy it was. Books from the school bag were scattered all over the place and there were blood stains on the floor, which meant the victim had tried to escape from the kidnapper. There was also a handkerchief on the ground. I picked it up and smelt it. ‘There’s chloroform on this handkerchief,’ I said to James. ‘The victim was made unconscious and then kidnapped.’ However, James didn’t reply. I turned around and saw him reading a piece of paper with his eyes wide-open. He then rushed towards me and handed me the paper. ‘There’s an anonymous letter.’ From the letter, we knew that a little girl from the Lee family, Leslie, had been kidnapped and the kidnapper had to receive thirty thousand dollars in cash before the day after tomorrow, or Leslie would die. Without wasting any time, I told James to check the CCTV footage to see if the face of the kidnapper had been captured. At the same time, I decided to interrogate Driver Hung, who was the person that reported the crime.

‘Could you tell me why you were at the crime scene?’ ‘I work for Mr. Lee and I drive her daughter to school every day. This morning, I drove her to school and dropped her off at the back door as usual. However, as soon as I prepared to leave, I heard Leslie screaming and then she was unconscious and carried onto a black car. I’m very sure that the kidnapper is Servant Ma as I saw her face clearly. Please save Leslie.’ I was astonished after hearing what he said, but due to the possibility that he might be lying, I decided to ask a few more witnesses. Surprisingly, they all saw a woman and she matched the description of Ma that Hung gave me. Meanwhile, James was back with a photo of some CCTV footage, and on the photo was Ma kidnapping Leslie. Without wasting time, we brought a few more officers and headed towards Ma’s home.

After knocking on her door, no one answered. Therefore, we decided to break down the door to get in. Once we got in, we saw Ma trying to climb down the pipes to escape. Luckily, we caught her before she succeeded and brought her back to the police station. Then, James went to interrogate the other family members while I interrogated Ma.

‘So, why did you kidnap Leslie, and where’s she now!’ I asked, Ma didn’t answer. Her hands were trembling and her legs were shaking. There was so much sweat on her palm that it could form a river. Ma was still silent, so I continued to interrogate her, ‘What do you benefit from kidnapping her? Did anyone tell you to do so?’ Suddenly, I noticed Ma started crying, so I continued, ‘I know you have a kid and mother to take care of. If you are sent to prison, nobody’s gonna take good care of them and they might starve to death. If you tell me the truth, I’ll try to reduce your sentence and your kid and mother will be taken care of by social workers, so please tell me the whole story so that I can help you.’ Once I finished Ma burst into tears and started to tell her story...

‘It was Hung. One year ago, I met Hung and we started dating. He was a kind and pleasant guy. To gain more money, we started to work for the Lee family. However, everything changed one day. He became so annoying and always asked me for money. A few days ago, he threatened me to help him kidnap Leslie, or he’ll stop helping me take care of my mother. I could only obey him, I’m sorry... I’m sorry...’ Ma’s mood completely fell to pieces and she cried even harder. Just then, James came back from the interrogation and said, ‘All the family members in the Lee family are clear. However, another servant, Lim, told me that a few days ago some bad guys found Hung and asked him for money. How suspicious!’ I thought, ‘Why is the timing so perfect? Driver Hung must be the mastermind behind this crime!’



With all the evidence, we were sure that Hung was the real guy we needed to arrest. We decided to partner with the Lee family and set up a trap. 'First of all, we fill the bag with paper and pretend it's money, then I'll go to the location and give him the money. After he gets the bag, my team which is near me will rush out and surround him. Any problems?' I said to the Lee family.

'Can I go?' asked Mr. Lee. 'I can't believe Hung is that kind of guy. Besides I want to do something to save her. I know it'll be very dangerous, but please let me go!' Knowing Mr. Lee's determination, I had no choice but to let him do it.

On that day, we put body armor on Mr. Lee's body and started the plan. In the afternoon, Mr. Lee carried two bags of 'money' and went to the location the letter mentioned, while my team found cover nearby so that we could rush to the scene if anything happened. There was a man with a black mask and clothes waiting there. Although we couldn't see his face, we were sure that it was Hung. Hung got the bags. Everything was going smoothly like the plan. Just then, Mr. Lee asked, 'Where's my daughter?' Hung didn't answer. Mr. Lee became more emotional. He grabbed Hung's shoulders and shouted, 'Where's my daughter. I want to see her!' 'BOOM!' Mr. Lee started falling to the ground, he was shot! Everyone was shocked. James and I immediately ran towards Mr. Lee to check if he was ok. Luckily, the body armor protected him from getting injured.

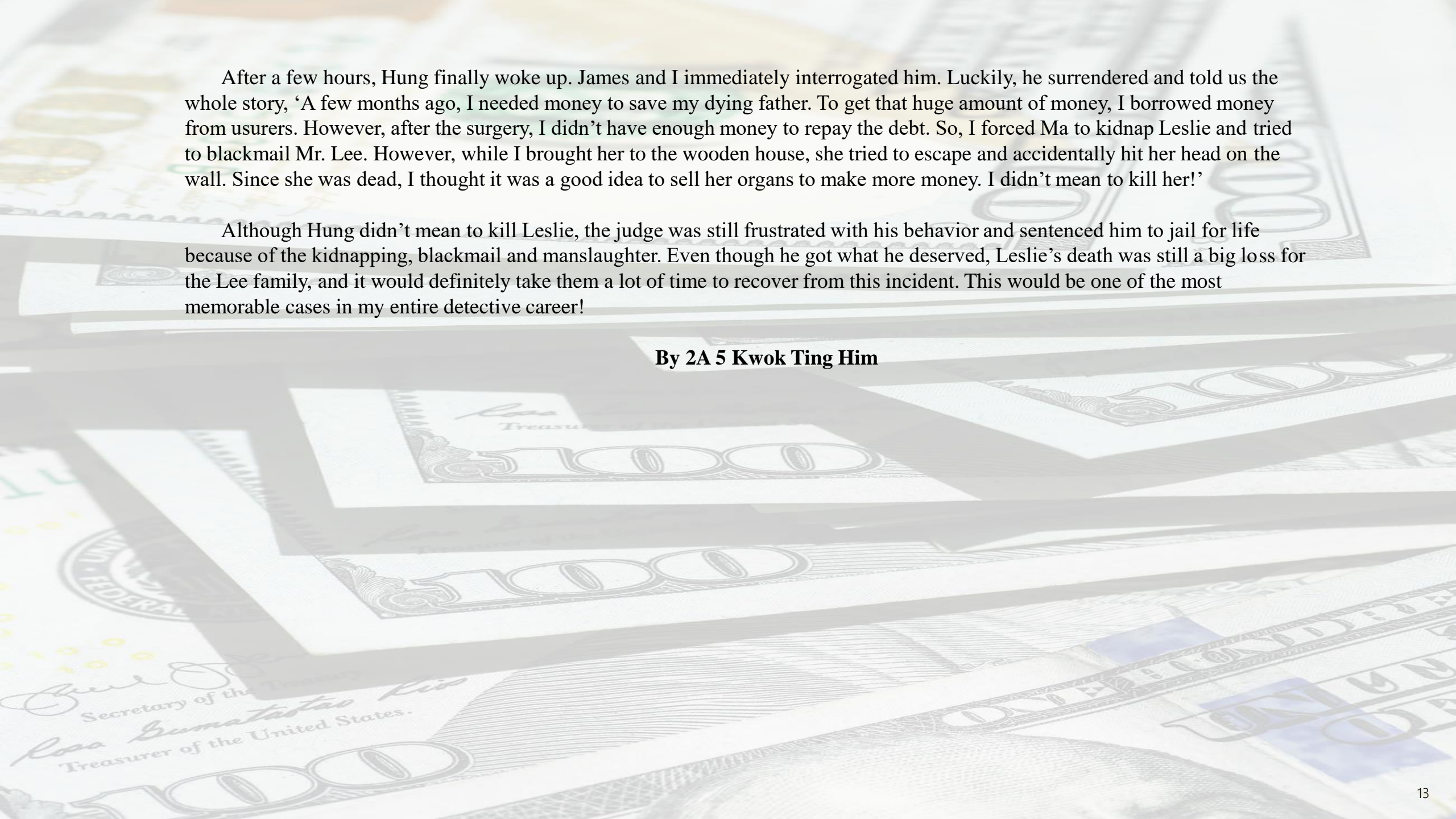
Hung saw us, he threw the bags away and started to chase him. Hung tried to run up the mountain to hide behind the trees, but he didn't succeed since we had started to fire our guns. Then, Hung ran towards a wooden house and took another bag and started to run down the hills. We tried to keep up with him, but he also started to fire his gun, so we had to stop chasing him. After a few seconds, we turned around to find him, but he had already gone. I suggested, 'James, you go right. I'll go left. He won't be that far away!' James nodded and we split up.

After searching through the trees, there was still no sight at him. Just then, I noticed there was a guy at the foot of the mountain, and he was running towards a boat. It was Hung! I sprinted as quickly as possible to try and catch up to him. However, he was already on the boat and was leaving when I got there. I lifted my gun and shouted, 'Hung, surrender now or I will shoot you!' Not only did Hung not answer, but he sped up the boat and tried to escape from me. Unavoidably, I fired my gun and it hit Hung's shoulder. He then fell into the water, and it became red instantly. I dived into the water and pulled him out of it. Then, I called James, and he brought some paramedics with him. Soon after, Hung was sent to hospital and he survived after the surgery.

While waiting for Hung to wake up, James and I decided to check the wooden house where Hung got the bag of money. Once we got in, there was a pungent rotten smell. We covered our noses and walked forward. 'Ja...James?' I said tremblingly, James looked in my direction and was stunned. There were blood stains on the floor, Leslie's dead body was lying on the floor, and her body was scratched, some of the organs inside were even gone! We were too shocked, so we stood still for a few seconds. 'Ron, we should call the officers to collect her dead body.' I was sad because Leslie was dead. However, I also felt bad for the Lee family as they thought Leslie was still alive, but they had to live without Leslie from now on. Once I thought of this, tears started to drop from my eyes...

Back in the hospital, Mr. Lee and Mrs. Lee were waiting there. I said with a thin voice, 'Bad news, Leslie is dead. I'm sorry.' At that moment, the world of Mr. and Mrs. Lee collapsed, and they burst out crying and knelt on the floor. I really wanted to help them, but I could do nothing except comfort them.



The background of the slide is a collage of US dollar bills, including \$100 and \$500 bills, arranged in a perspective view. The bills are slightly faded and overlapping, creating a textured, financial theme.

After a few hours, Hung finally woke up. James and I immediately interrogated him. Luckily, he surrendered and told us the whole story, ‘A few months ago, I needed money to save my dying father. To get that huge amount of money, I borrowed money from usurers. However, after the surgery, I didn’t have enough money to repay the debt. So, I forced Ma to kidnap Leslie and tried to blackmail Mr. Lee. However, while I brought her to the wooden house, she tried to escape and accidentally hit her head on the wall. Since she was dead, I thought it was a good idea to sell her organs to make more money. I didn’t mean to kill her!’

Although Hung didn’t mean to kill Leslie, the judge was still frustrated with his behavior and sentenced him to jail for life because of the kidnapping, blackmail and manslaughter. Even though he got what he deserved, Leslie’s death was still a big loss for the Lee family, and it would definitely take them a lot of time to recover from this incident. This would be one of the most memorable cases in my entire detective career!

**By 2A 5 Kwok Ting Him**

# A Kidnapping

‘Mr. Hung, are you sure that Mr. Lee is the kidnapper?’ Sir Peter, the Police officer asked the driver, who drove Mr. Lee’s daughter, Amy Lee to the school.

‘Yes, sir. I saw the girl was being kidnapped by a tall, young woman. Though I wasn’t able to see her face clearly, I’m sure that it must be Mrs. Lee!’

Sir Peter felt confused, so he kept interrogating the driver. ‘According to your testimony before, the girl was pulled into a red car. But why didn’t you follow the car?’

‘Because there was traffic congestion in front of me.’ The driver replied quickly, ‘You can check the camera beside the road?’ Sir John checked the road camera, and the scene was really what the driver had described. At the entrance of the road, a black car crashed into a tree and caused the congestion. The license plate of the car showed ‘X88124’. Before they left, Sir Peter had also discovered a cheque that was placed on the desk. He quickly took a photograph of it.

The entire house of the rich businessman, Mr. Lee, was shrouded in a gloomy atmosphere. The investigation of the kidnap case of Amy Lee was still going on, but there wasn’t any progress. Though Mr. Hung’s testimonies were really sensible, this case was still a complicated jigsaw to be solved.

‘Although Mrs. Lee isn’t a good step-mother, she never does something bad to Mr. Lee’s daughter! Besides, she is a young woman. I’m quite sure that she isn’t as rotten as you think,’ Servant Ma said. ‘

‘Also, the driver, Mr. Hung, borrowed some money from some bad guys. They asked him to return the money recently, and he needed a huge amount of cash urgently.’ Servant Lin remarked.



‘Every normal human-being on Earth knows, kidnapping a wealthy businessman’s daughter is the fastest way to get quick money.’

Sir Peter felt confused, so he asked Sir John, ‘Do you think that Mrs. Lee had enough money to lure these two servants to make false testimonies? Therefore, we should also think about their information given to us. The criminal may be other people.’

‘I don’t think so, honestly. Because....’ Sir John insisted, ‘We really got the camera record of a young and tall woman, and it must be Mrs. Lee. A professional painter has drawn a clear version of the photograph.’ Sir John passed the drawing to Sir Peter. ‘But how could the painter know? He had never been to the crime scene.’

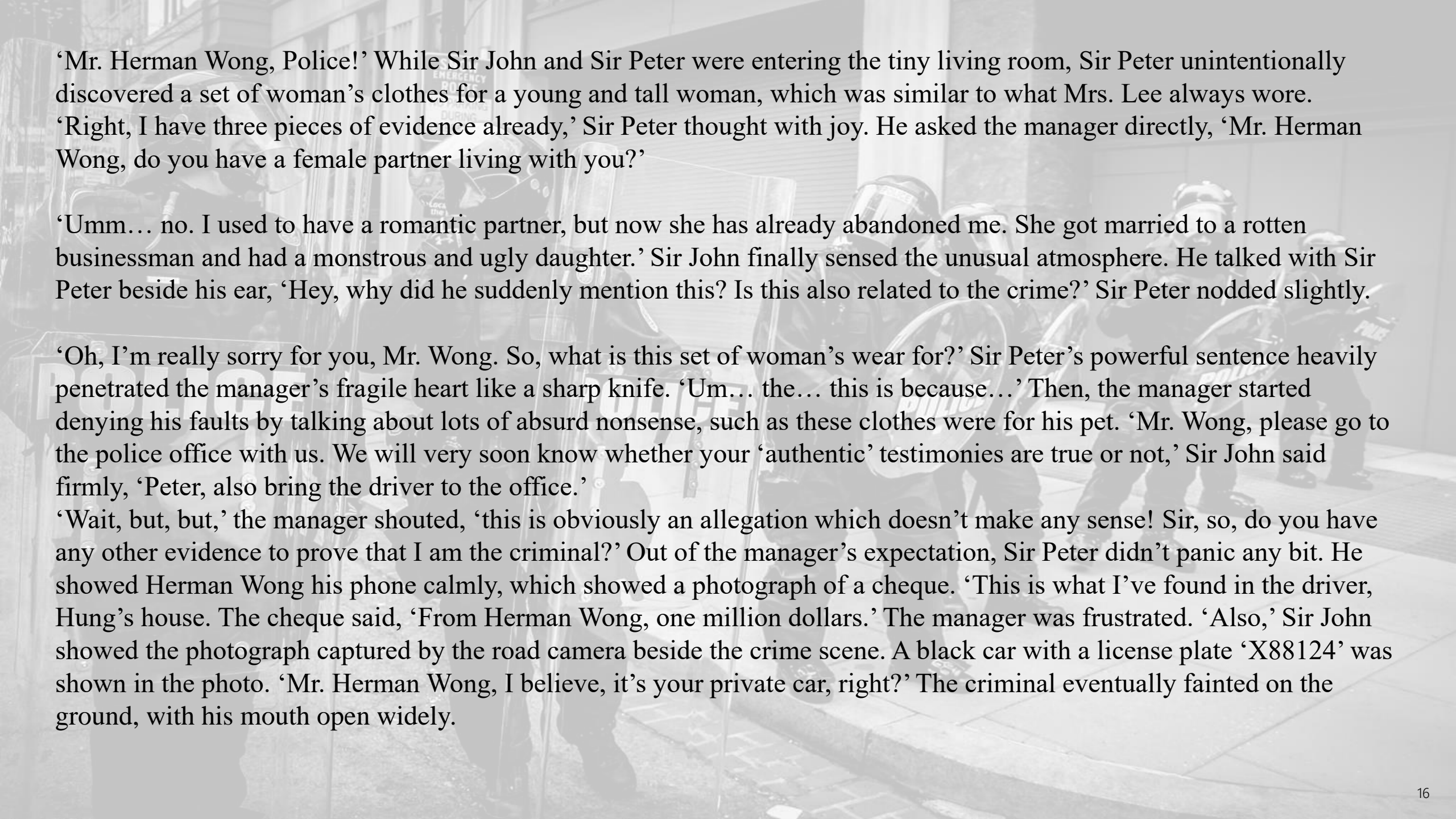
‘Stop arguing with me, Peter. There’s enough justification to indicate that, Mrs. Lee was the kidnapper!’ Sir John raised his tone. Sir Peter shook his head.

‘Sir John, I still think that we have missed some fiddling details,’ Sir Peter said, on the way back to the police office. ‘I remember Mr. Lee said a manager of his company had been fired because of a serious mistake. He said that the manager vowed to make his life miserable. Don’t you think he is also a suspect?’ Sir John gave no response. Sir Peter continued, ‘Besides, though Mrs. Lee hates Amy, she didn’t have a reason for committing a crime. Maybe that manager wanted to take his revenge on the Lee family? Though I’m pretty sure that Servant Lin and Servant Ma were not making false testimonies, I’m quite sure that a witness may have said something not authentic in his testimony.’

The last sentence successfully attracted Sir John’s interest. ‘Peter, talk about your ideas, quick!’

‘I think that...also, I have found some evidence...’ Sir Peter spoke to Sir John beside his ear.

‘Great. It does make sense, it does make sense! Peter, you’re really a genius. Let’s find the real criminal now,’ Sir John changed the direction of the car, to the home of the fired manager, Herman Wong.



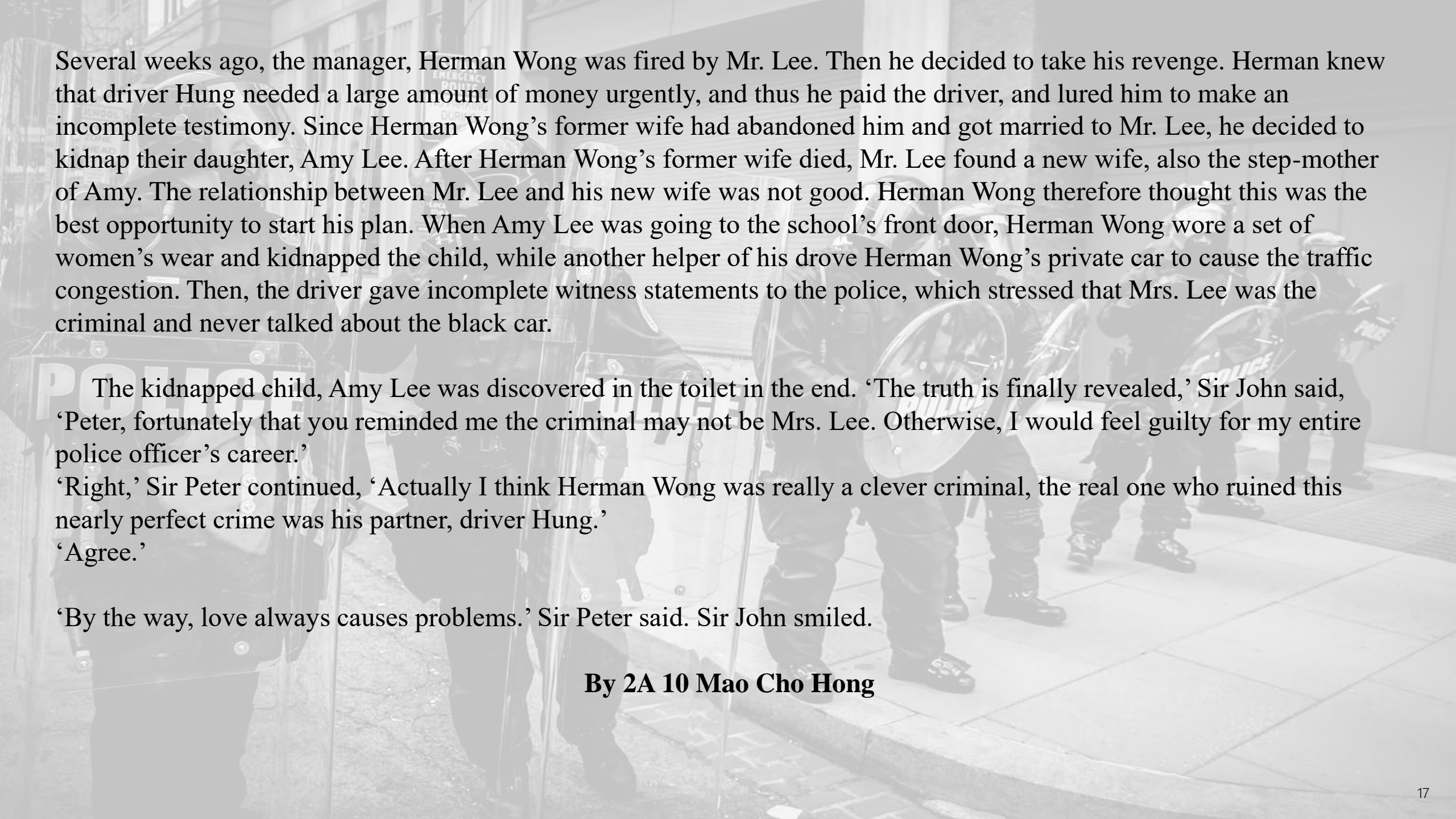
‘Mr. Herman Wong, Police!’ While Sir John and Sir Peter were entering the tiny living room, Sir Peter unintentionally discovered a set of woman’s clothes for a young and tall woman, which was similar to what Mrs. Lee always wore.

‘Right, I have three pieces of evidence already,’ Sir Peter thought with joy. He asked the manager directly, ‘Mr. Herman Wong, do you have a female partner living with you?’

‘Umm... no. I used to have a romantic partner, but now she has already abandoned me. She got married to a rotten businessman and had a monstrous and ugly daughter.’ Sir John finally sensed the unusual atmosphere. He talked with Sir Peter beside his ear, ‘Hey, why did he suddenly mention this? Is this also related to the crime?’ Sir Peter nodded slightly.

‘Oh, I’m really sorry for you, Mr. Wong. So, what is this set of woman’s wear for?’ Sir Peter’s powerful sentence heavily penetrated the manager’s fragile heart like a sharp knife. ‘Um... the... this is because...’ Then, the manager started denying his faults by talking about lots of absurd nonsense, such as these clothes were for his pet. ‘Mr. Wong, please go to the police office with us. We will very soon know whether your ‘authentic’ testimonies are true or not,’ Sir John said firmly, ‘Peter, also bring the driver to the office.’

‘Wait, but, but,’ the manager shouted, ‘this is obviously an allegation which doesn’t make any sense! Sir, so, do you have any other evidence to prove that I am the criminal?’ Out of the manager’s expectation, Sir Peter didn’t panic any bit. He showed Herman Wong his phone calmly, which showed a photograph of a cheque. ‘This is what I’ve found in the driver, Hung’s house. The cheque said, ‘From Herman Wong, one million dollars.’ The manager was frustrated. ‘Also,’ Sir John showed the photograph captured by the road camera beside the crime scene. A black car with a license plate ‘X88124’ was shown in the photo. ‘Mr. Herman Wong, I believe, it’s your private car, right?’ The criminal eventually fainted on the ground, with his mouth open widely.



Several weeks ago, the manager, Herman Wong was fired by Mr. Lee. Then he decided to take his revenge. Herman knew that driver Hung needed a large amount of money urgently, and thus he paid the driver, and lured him to make an incomplete testimony. Since Herman Wong's former wife had abandoned him and got married to Mr. Lee, he decided to kidnap their daughter, Amy Lee. After Herman Wong's former wife died, Mr. Lee found a new wife, also the step-mother of Amy. The relationship between Mr. Lee and his new wife was not good. Herman Wong therefore thought this was the best opportunity to start his plan. When Amy Lee was going to the school's front door, Herman Wong wore a set of women's wear and kidnapped the child, while another helper of his drove Herman Wong's private car to cause the traffic congestion. Then, the driver gave incomplete witness statements to the police, which stressed that Mrs. Lee was the criminal and never talked about the black car.

The kidnapped child, Amy Lee was discovered in the toilet in the end. 'The truth is finally revealed,' Sir John said, 'Peter, fortunately that you reminded me the criminal may not be Mrs. Lee. Otherwise, I would feel guilty for my entire police officer's career.'

'Right,' Sir Peter continued, 'Actually I think Herman Wong was really a clever criminal, the real one who ruined this nearly perfect crime was his partner, driver Hung.'

'Agree.'

'By the way, love always causes problems.' Sir Peter said. Sir John smiled.

**By 2A 10 Mao Cho Hong**



# A Murder Story

‘Are you the murderer!’

‘No!’

‘But why is there clothing fabric from your grey, sleeveless pullover on the nail of his index finger!’

‘Just because I had dinner with him!’

I was awfully intimidated. The police seemed to know what I had done. After I finished my testimony, I walked towards the exit of the police station. I opened the door. My hands shook, even my head quivered. I felt it was hard to breathe. I was anxious.

I went back to my home. The home was mine, eventually. There were sounds in the flat. I was weary and nervous, so I got into bed. Nevertheless, my eyes kept looking at the ceiling. I couldn’t sleep. I kept thinking about the things which had happened that night...

‘Money! Give me money!’ He yelled at me with his rude voice. He was my source of hatred and sadness. When I was 25, my ex-husband and I fell in love at first sight. We soon got married and had our beloved daughter, Betty. It was like a wonderful fantasy, until this guy came. His name was Lawrence, whom I wouldn’t admit was my brother. When I was young, he treated me well and he was gentle and kind. However, probably due to his addiction to cigarettes, alcohol and gambling, he became utterly different. He had a fiery, violent temper and he always punched John, my husband and me. Since my parents, who had died long, long ago, told me to take care of him and he had looked after me before, I could still bear him.

Nonetheless, John couldn’t stand him . He got depression and committed suicide when I was 26.



I sobbed all day long. The fantasy was a nightmare since then. He ordered me to work and earn money for him. I had to arrive home on time, otherwise, he would kill Betty.

I was in terror every day. When I was at home, he would slap me and hit me with a whip. My skin became numb gradually.

I've tried to report him, but there wasn't enough evidence to prove that he whipped me. After that, he slapped me even harder. Scars could be found everywhere on my body.

19 years later, Betty became an adult. But the intense horror was still there. One night, he brought me to a silent alleyway, where he asked for money.

'I've no money left! I've given all my wages to you!' Don't tell me you've used it all up for gambling!'

'What do you mean!' he exclaimed when he slapped my face.

'I've had it up to here with you!'

My fist, full of scars and injuries, gained my uttermost power and furiously gave this man a beautiful punch.

I felt the greatest feeling of joy and relief. My heart was filled with satisfaction.

However, he didn't slap or hit me in return, how weird! So, I looked at him.

Aaaah! I shrieked. He...he was on the ground dead. I gasped. I was filled with dread as my eyes widened and my body shivered. I looked around on the street nearby. There wasn't anybody, fortunately. I instantly hid the corpse in the alley and fled in a tearing rush.

I was fearful. I thought I would go into jail and be a prisoner forever. Lord! Why were you so cruel! I've done nothing wrong!



I fell asleep due to my tiredness. I got up at 6p.m. Since I felt hungry, possibly. While I was eating a scrumptious bowl of noodles, I suddenly realized that Betty was missing!

Ring! Ring! All of a sudden, my mobile phone rang. I startled and my trembling hands picked up the phone.

‘Hello?’

‘Hello madame. We’d like to take another testimony from you for the investigation of the death of Lawrence.’

I soon arrived at the police station. I went into the room again.

‘Do you know where Betty is?’

‘I’ve no idea. I received your call when I suddenly realized she had left.’

‘She’s left? That means she’s been there?’

‘I’m not sure. But I heard some noise when I returned to my flat.’

‘Then I hope your daughter will be fine.’

‘Huh?’ I was puzzled and astonished. What did he mean? Maybe Betty would be killed? I slightly closed my eyes to figure out what could have happened. Nevertheless, this was obviously a danger. I therefore opened my eyelids to ask the officer. Unfortunately, he had gone. Slight apprehension filled my heart. I was really anxious indeed.

The policemen gave me something for dinner. I was starving, as I hadn’t finished my noodles when I answered the call. I was a bit full after eating. Usually, I would sleep for a while. However, I couldn’t. I dreaded the uncertainties. I didn’t care whether I had to go into prison





or not at that moment. I just hoped that she would come back. The anxiety turned into deep sadness and sorrow. The innocent joy when Betty came into this world and the happy moments we three shared together seemed to be in my eyes. Her grin of our fantasy was utterly unforgettable. I felt delighted, but drops of tears still fell down from my eyes. I had become unconscious and numb in mental and physical health in recent years. I was like a slave, a slave that was worth nothing. I became exhausted, tiredness made me forget where my pure delight was. I sobbed and sobbed. Everywhere on my face was soaked with my tears.  
'Madame! Your girl is on the roof of a house! Please come with us.'

I gasped. I ran to the house at once, never looking back.

Soon I saw her, shivering and trembling. The house was tall, enough for a suicide. I was frightened and felt regretful. I could stop this nightmare, but now, it was too late. She jumped down, and I still hesitated and felt confused.

I burst into tears. The police officer came to comfort me.

'I don't need your insincere help!'

'But maybe, you want to know the truth?' He gave me a letter, possibly written by Betty.

'Mom, I should have died by the time you see this. It's not your fault, indeed. When I was young, I had already seen Lawrence slapping you. I hate that guy, He wasn't a man, there wasn't any humanity! Actually, I stalked you that night and I saw you punch him. I was thrilled, this man finally died! However, he just fainted. I therefore picked up a stone, and...'

'Betty! Why did you leave me alone!' I cried.

'At first, we suspected you, indeed. But after finding evidence, we knew that the fatal wound was on the head. That was impossible for you to do that normally. He is much taller.'

I am in prison now. I'm still working hard as always. However, my grief has been removed...



**By 2A 11 Poon Wai Pak**



# A Murder Story

I took in the scene in front of me. The first floor of the two-storey building was completely charred black, and the lawn that was in front of it was burnt from a delightful shade of green to a depressing grey colour with bits of brown soil sticking out here and there. 'Jackson! We need you in here!' my partner, Officer Carl Jenkins, bellowed from inside the house. I immediately stopped staring at the house and hurried inside.

As soon as I walked in, I regretted it. The sight was not pretty and was not for the faint-hearted to witness. Twenty-three black and crusty figures were curled up on the floor as if they were writhing in agony, their faces contorted into silent screams. The smell of burnt flesh still wafted through the air into my nostrils. My insides curled and bubbled. I wanted desperately to throw up and get out of there as fast as I could, but I held it in. I had a case to solve. 'Have you photographed everything?' I asked the chief of the criminal photography division, 'I want this house scanned completely, from top to bottom.' 'Yes sir!' I then turned to Jenkins, 'Well, let's go. We've got a lot of work ahead of us.'

'Last night, a party was thrown in this house by thirty-three-year-old Gabriel Roberts, or Gabe, as his friends like to call him. In this house, and in the middle of the night, the house burned down,' I talked as we walked.

'Hold on! How do you know all this?' questioned Jenkins.

'It's elementary, dear Watson!' I said, quoting from my favourite book. 'Have you noticed that, on the kitchen table, (where we had just passed) there is a leftover cake? Yes, I know that cake is eaten on a lot of occasions, but if you observe more closely, you will find that there is melted wax on the remnants of the cake which spell out thirty-three. This reveals that the host is thirty-three years old and that he held a party for his birthday. Thanks to his file at the police station we found that he doesn't have any family members except for a divorced wife, who wasn't invited to the party according to the name list of invitations we found in the living room, and he has a deceased son, so we know that he was throwing the party for himself!'

That was when I realised something rather peculiar. On the name list of invitations, twenty-three people were invited, excluding Gabriel Roberts. Now, only twenty-three corpses were staring back at me. I rushed to get the medical examiner. 'Have the results for the autopsy come out yet?'

He said, 'Oh, yes. I've got a name list of the victims and



their photos right here.’ He handed me a clipboard. I ran my eyes over the page, then checked again. Sure enough, the name ‘Gabriel Roberts’ was missing. That meant.... ‘Jenkins, grab your team, you've got a suspect to catch.’

Roberts was not a very civilized man, to say the least. He was screaming and cursing very colorfully when he was dragged into the interrogation room. He was pudgy and nearly bald, despite being in his early-thirties. ‘He wasn’t hard to catch. He was walking back to his house and ran slower than a tortoise,’ Jenkins told me. I nodded and gestured for him to sit down and start the interrogation.

‘Mr. Roberts, you are held under the suspicion of murder. Last night, you held a party at your house on High Street, am I correct?’ I asked coldly.

‘Yeah, what's it to you?’ he rolled his eyes.

‘Well then, I am sorry to say that your house burned down last night. But may I ask why you weren't amongst your guests at that time?’

‘I was ... I was looking for something to put out the fire!’

‘Wouldn't the hose in your lawn be sufficient enough?’

‘It broke down ages ago!’

‘Enough of your lies!’ I shouted, ‘Jenkins?’

‘He ran when he saw the fire,’ Jenkins said,

‘Like a coward.’ Roberts sputtered,

‘Wha ... you've got no proof of that! I tried to rescue them! I'm a hero! You should be praising me!’ I was disgusted. How dare this poor excuse for a man attempt to claim praise when twenty-three people were murdered and all he did was cower, the nerve of him! ‘It was from the footage of the security camera in front of your house, so I would suggest that you shut up and answer truthfully!’ I glared at him. ‘Why were you outside when you saw the fire?’ ‘I was lighting a cigarette.’ ‘That's true’ Jenkins said, ‘We did find a lighter and a cigarette butt on the lawn. But we also found another lighter in the dining room, and that was the one that caused the fire, not the one on the lawn.’

‘And why didn't you try to warn any of them?’

‘They were all drunk, some couldn't hear or see, most of them were passed out cold from drinking.’

I sighed, this was a hard case. ‘Let’s go outside,’ I told Jenkins, ‘It wasn't him.’

‘How do you know?’ Jenkins asked once we were in the corridor.

‘There was a plain brown fur rug in his living room and dining room, so the fire would spread quickly and from the footage, we can see that Roberts was outside for a relatively long time, so it couldn't have been him who set the fire,’ I said. ‘We need to check out the crime scene again.’



This time, I went straight to the dining room. There was a spot on the ground that was particularly black. 'This must be where the fine was originally set.' There was also a back door in the dining room which led outside. Curious, I opened it and went outside. I was surprised to find a trail of footprints leading to and away from the door. They were small and shallow, meaning the person the footprints belonged to would be most likely a woman or a child. Something else caught my eye. On the ground, a few feet next to me sat a white hearing aid. I picked it up and wasn't very surprised to find a strand of long brown hair entangled with it. 'Do we have another suspect?'

'Oh! I believe that hearing aid is Sally's!' A feeble voice next to me suddenly said. I was startled and immediately whirled around to see an old lady, probably in her seventies, holding a walking stick.

'Sally?' I echoed. 'She's the ex-wife of the young lad whose house burned down. Of course, I feel terribly sorry for him, he always seemed so delightful. Shame he died so young.' I decided not to tell her about Roberts' true nature. 'Um, miss, I was wondering if you could tell me something about Sally?' Jenkins asked.

'Oh, of course dear! Call me Emily, or Mrs. Hart is fine too. We all know about Sally Evans, we neighbours. She divorced Gabe a few months ago, nobody knows why. Personally, I think it must

be because of her son.'

'Her son?'

'Yes! He died a couple of days before the divorce. Apparently some local gang beat him up so badly that he got internal bleeding and died when he got home, What a shame!' I grimaced. I vaguely recalled that my colleague, detective Tanaka, had told me about this case before. 'Did you happen to see her last night?'

'Why yes, but it couldn't have been her! Sally has been dropping off gifts at Gabe's for weeks! I think she's trying to rekindle their relationship. Awfully sweet of her, and she didn't even know there was a party! And the power stopped last night so all they had were a few candles for the party, which wasn't a lot of light.'

'Oh!' To say I was disappointed was an understatement. I had thought that I was finally on to something! But now, Mrs. Hart had said that Sally and her were good friends and she talked to her about everything, but she didn't even mention the party. If she had known about the party, she wouldn't just have been dropping off gifts anymore, but figuring out how to surprise her ex. How do I know that Sally actually went to drop off a gift and not a lighter? The officers had found various gifts with letters taped to them which showed



the date each of them was given, and Mrs. Hart herself said that she saw Sally go to and leave the house at the back.' She doesn't use the door. She usually just drops the gift in from the window at around five in the afternoon, always at that time, which, according to the timeline, was a few hours before the fire, so now she has an alibi and no motivation to murder. Sally wasn't the criminal either.

We walked in silence back to the police station. I was dejected and tired, and my brain whirled with millions of questions but no answers. As soon as we entered, officer Naomi of the interrogation department came barreling into me.

'Detective Jackson! We've discovered something important! Apparently Gabriel Roberts had two friends who had some conflicts with him, a grudge, more specifically.'

That caught my interest. 'Did he say why?'

'Well, evidently, a good portion of Gabe's friends were drug dealers, and a while ago, Gabe threatened to tell the police in return for the reward money, unless his friends would give him money. The two leaders of the drug dealers, Larry Brown and Eddies Johnson, were furious. But they had to agree because murdering someone is caught more easily and is more punishable than dealing drugs.' 'Hm ... this was interesting and confusing at the same time. Would Larry and Eddie go as far as to commit suicide to stop Gabe from telling the police by burning his house

down? But how would that work out? It was too far-fetched! Gabe would tell anyway! Maybe they were trying to kill Gabe and killed themselves too in order not to arouse suspicion? Or maybe they were trying to frame Gabe?'

As the questions buzzed in my head, I came up with a decision.' In order to solve a crime, we need to be the criminal. (A metaphor, of course) Back to the crime scene!' Officer Jenkins sighed at the idea of hearing to walk back AGAIN! I stopped in front of the living room where the twenty-three corpses shared an equal look of horror. I told Jenkins about my theories. 'Do you notice anything out of the ordinary?' Not waiting for an answer, I carried on, 'The muscles on our human faces contort when they are burned, but the medical examiners have proved that the looks of terror were there before they were burned, so all of the victims were terrified. 'But why would Larry and Eddie be so scared and startled if they knew they were going to die?' Jenkins gasped, 'So the murderer wasn't Larry or Eddie! But who could it be? We've run out of suspects!' I smiled mysteriously, 'Come, Jenkins, let me show you something.'

I led Carl to the back door and showed him the trail of footprints again and looked closer ... as I'd expected



. ‘Look at the trail leading away from the house, indicating Sally's leaving path, and then compare it with the trail leading towards the house. Do you notice anything?’

Jenkins observed for a while and his eyes widened, ‘The leaving path's footprints are deeper than the arriving path's!’

‘Exactly! Which means that Sally Evans walked backwards back to the house and might have actually witnessed or started the fire, and I lean more towards option two. Plus, did you know that I had some officers do some searching, and they found a file about Gabe. It seems that he can put up quite a good facade. While others see him as a kind and compassionate man, his looks describe his personality better: Ugly and cruel. He is a gambler, a smoker, and a strong alcoholic. My guess is that he abuses Sally and their son.’

Jenkin gasped in disbelief. ‘But we're going to need more proof than that!’

‘Oh, I've got more proof, did you notice that the fire started in the dining room? When we start a fire, we normally use gasoline or other sorts of fuels to do it and it would be rather difficult for the floor to bum by itself. But there was no gasoline or any other sort of fuel found in the dining room, but there was a rug in the house that could act as fuel and can spread the fire quickly. It was of the same colour as ordinary floorboards, so the rug isn't easily noticeable. Unless, of course, you have been living with the

owner of the rug for a long period of time and according to Mrs. Hart, who spends a large portion of her time snooping, Roberts doesn't have many visitors. It was only because of a special occasion that he decided to throw a party. Even if someone noticed, you'd think that they'd use some sort of fuel to make sure the house burns. Do you realise that you have just solved the case? In less than twenty-four hours after the crime was committed! You truly are a genius! Less talk, more work,’ I said, ‘You need to arrest Sally Evans.’

She was a kind-looking woman, really. She had long brown hair and passionate blue eyes, a bit ironic right now as she was sitting behind the interrogation desk with handcuffs. Surprisingly, she didn't cry or plead for mercy like most would do. Instead, her face was trained in a peaceful smile, but her eyes held weariness, as if she was tired of her life, tired of Gabriel Roberts, tired of the world... Still, she started her story.

‘Gabe was a bad man to be with. I should have said no when he asked me to marry him. I should have known his true nature. I trust people too easily. But, when our son was born, I thought that everything would be alright, I thought Gabe would want to settle down and be a good father. I was wrong. He lost a lot of money gambling and he drank and smoked



even more frequently. Then one day he took it too far. I went home from work, to find Frankie on the floor. He didn't have a pulse and had multiple bruises on his arms and chest. I knew exactly what had happened. Gabe told me he would kill me next if I ever told anyone about it. I couldn't die yet. Not until I had my revenge. So, I went about a few weeks before the fire dropping off gifts, pretending to try to rekindle our relationship when I was actually studying his daily routine. Yesterday afternoon, I tried to set his house on fire. Most of his neighbours were on holiday but I knew that Mrs. Hart was watching. She was always sneaking around looking for gossip. So, I used that to create an alibi for myself and left, retracing my steps a few hours later by stepping in my own footprints and dropped the lighter inside the house from the window.'

'So it was a planned assassination?' Jenkins asked.

'Yes,' Sally replied, rather calmly.

'Why didn't you call the police? We would've protected you,' Jenkins said.

Sally hesitated, 'Gabe has some powerful friends. He can find a lot of convincing lawyers. He's bound to escape. So, I knew if I wanted revenge, I had to do it by myself.'

'We now know your motivation of murder, but do you know that not only have you failed to kill Gabriel Roberts, twenty-three people were burnt alive when they went to Gabe's house for a party last night?' I stated gently, feeling quite sorry for the lady.

'party last night?' I stated gently, feeling quite sorry for the lady.

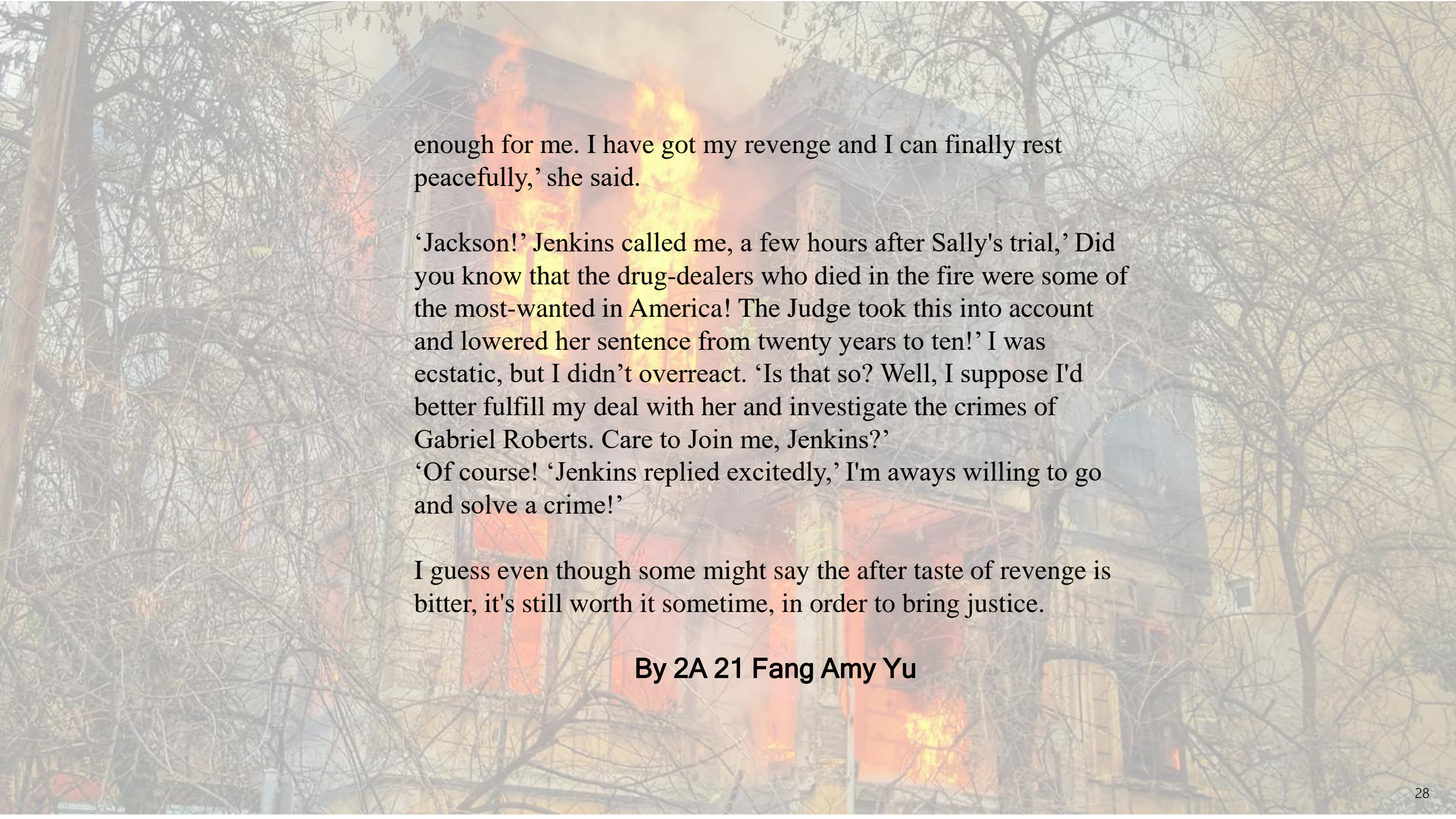
'Wha - what?!' Her face turned pale dramatically, 'But no one screamed I would have done something if they had screamed! And there was no light! I didn't know anyone was there! It's all my fault! I lost my hearing aid and didn't hear them! Oh why am I so foolish?!'

Jenkins handed her a glass of water. 'It isn't all your fault. Those party-goers were drug dealers. They brought some of their fate upon themselves, and the power was off last night, maybe it was the Will of God.' It was a pitiful attempt to calm her down, but it worked slightly.

'I'm sorry to break it to you,' I started, 'but you will receive a sentence of imprisonment, and a fine too. It won't be cheap. But don't worry. I will do all that I can to make sure Gabriel Roberts gets what he deserves. I suppose I could reopen the case of your son Frankie Roberts and I expect that Gabe will have a life-long sentence. After all, intentional murder towards a child is much more serious than the accidental murder of drug-dealers.'

Sally's eyes welled up with tears, 'Thank you! Thank you! You've shown me that not all humans are cruel and that's





enough for me. I have got my revenge and I can finally rest peacefully,' she said.

‘Jackson!’ Jenkins called me, a few hours after Sally's trial,’ Did you know that the drug-dealers who died in the fire were some of the most-wanted in America! The Judge took this into account and lowered her sentence from twenty years to ten!’ I was ecstatic, but I didn’t overreact. ‘Is that so? Well, I suppose I'd better fulfill my deal with her and investigate the crimes of Gabriel Roberts. Care to Join me, Jenkins?’

‘Of course!’ Jenkins replied excitedly,’ I'm always willing to go and solve a crime!’

I guess even though some might say the after taste of revenge is bitter, it's still worth it sometime, in order to bring justice.

**By 2A 21 Fang Amy Yu**





# The Hogwarts Mall

If you are a fan of book series which are filled with exhilarating adventures, sorrowful events and admirable friendships, then I'm sure the Harry Potter shopping mall is right up your street. Even if you aren't a fan, after visiting this mall, you will surely fall in love with the magic world.

The Hogwarts Mall is an enormous shopping mall based on the book Harry Potter. Hogwarts is the name of the magical school in the books. The Hogwarts Mall gives you an illusion that you have entered the school, Hogwarts. The Hogwarts Mall is a 34-foot tall shopping mall with over 100 shops and 6 floors. It is located in Tai Hing, Tuen Mun. You can come here conveniently by MTR, bus or other forms of transport.

The front entrance of the shopping mall is designed like the platform 9 3/4 in Harry Potter since it is the place where all people get into the magical world. There are 6 floors in this wonderful shopping mall. The ground floor is filled with a huge food court and normal shops which aren't Harry Potter themed. Visitors can enjoy lunch here after shopping on other floors. The food court here provides you with appetizing food and mouth-watering desserts.

Next to the food court, you will find an eye-catching toy shop which sells toys so amusing that you can't take your eyes off them.

1/F to 4/F are like the four houses in Harry Potter. 1/F is Gryffindor, 2/F is Ravenclaw, 3/F is Hufflepuff and 4/F is Slytherin. These floors are packed with many wonders of each house.



The first floor represents Gryffindor, a brave, chivalrous and confident house. The colour red covers all of this floor. There are a few shops on this floor that sell Gryffindor merchandise. To correspond to bravery, a Death eater house is open for visitors to experience horror and petrification just like in the movies. The Death eater house is basically a haunted house which simulates the situation when you are surrounded by Death eaters. The props and everything here are realistic, and the sound effects make the whole experience more spine-chilling. So, if you have the bravery and courage of a Gryffindor, don't miss out on visiting this terrifying house.

When you go to the next floor, you will find everything in the colour blue. It's because 2/F represents Ravenclaw. Ravenclaw symbolizes wit and wisdom. Just like 1/F, it has shops that sell merchandise, but what makes this floor so special is its gigantic library. This library is the biggest library ever built in a shopping mall. It has over 700 000 books, including 5000 of them being from the Harry Potter series in 88 different languages. So, no matter what language you speak, you can always find a Harry Potter book that suits you. The atmosphere of the library is more than magical, it's tranquil, enchanting and elegant. The red carpet with golden designs, the wooden bookshelves and the music make you feel as though you have travelled back in time. This library's main purpose is to remind us that no matter who we are or where we are, the world of books will forever be magical and unforgettable.

After that, Hufflepuff will be welcoming you with a strong sense of kindness because Hufflepuff is all about hard work, loyalty and kindness. Other than ordinary shops, there is a zoo with uncommon animals inside. The animals are mostly small and easy to take care of. Families can come and take a look at the lovely animals we keep.





And the last house, Slytherin, is located on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor. Whenever you see everything green and mysterious, you know you're on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor. Slytherin is known for being cunning and ambitious. When you arrive on this floor, you will get an impenetrable vibe. And the best of all, the shops here do not have a logo name. In order to find out what shop it is, you have to go in and check it out. This strengthens the mysterious feel.

And on the highest floor is an indoor sports hall named the Quidditch Hall. Quidditch is a kind of sport in the books. In the sports hall, you can enjoy any kind of sport you like.

The Hogwarts Shopping Mall will definitely blow your mind with its astonishing shops and features. It surely will bring you an unforgettable and incredible experience.

By 2A 25 Kong Hiu Ching

# Hanni—More than A Singer, My Mentor for Life



Everyone may have role models. They may be in different fields, have great achievements. Anyway, my idol is Hanni. She is a K-pop idol in NewJeans under Ador Entertainment. She was born on October 6, 2004, in Melbourne Australia. But she is actually of Vietnamese descent.

She is a K-pop idol. Being an idol is definitely not easy. But still, she is always passionate about her career. She auditioned with her ukulele by singing Bruno Mars's song--Count on Me. But before that she was a member of a dancing crew that covered K-pop dances. So, there's nothing to say about her strengths!

You may say that isn't she just a normal idol? Then you're totally wrong. She's a filial, gentle and attentive person. She's kind to her fans. Even after three days of shooting for Gucci magazine, she used the gentlest tone when facing her fans at the airport. But there's more. Hanni is a dutiful person. After her first paycheck, she bought a car for her family with clothes and accessories.





By 2C 31 Zheng Mai Lan

That's all? Nope! She isn't only kind to fans, but also to animals and children in need. She wears a bracelet from "Save the Children" charity, which means she donates to the charity every month. And she got two more bracelets from 4Ocean. By purchasing each bracelet from 4Ocean, they'll pull up 5 pounds of trash from the world's oceans, rivers and coastlines. Under her influence, I also purchased two bracelets. She's also very patient with the members of NewJeans. Every time she goes out to work, she will get souvenirs for them. Hanni always listens to members' worries too.

When you watch her vlog, you'll find that she's really a self-disciplined person. In the work v-log of her trip to Milan, she woke up at 6am to work out! So, I decided to work out regularly too. Her souvenirs for members are hand knitted dolls. The dolls were from a charity which helps women. That organization provides job opportunities for housewives!

So having a good role model makes you a better person! I appreciate those rewards and achievements she has got, and also her personality. I'm enamored by the way she shines and sparkles on stage. I will learn her attitude to life.



# F.3 WRITING



# F.3 WONDER TALK SHOW

By 3D Anna Zeng



**Host:** Good afternoon, everyone! Welcome to Anna's talk show. I am Anna Zeng. Today, we're going to talk about "what a real friend is". So now, let's close our eyes and think, do you have a have a real friend? ...OK! Going back to our main topic---what a real friend is. To better understand this, we have invited two special guests--- Jack Will and August Pullman to share their ideas and experience with us. Let's welcome them.

**Jack & August:** Hey guys! Nice to meet you.

**Host:** Wow! Very energetic. I thought you two might be a little bit embarrassed. And...that's right, it is what a talk show needs. It seems like you guys are comfortable now. So, let's get to our topic. Firstly, can you tell us some experience or feelings of being friends with each other in this school year?

**Jack:** Well... it is a long story. At first, I think being a friend with August was just homework that Mr. Tushman gave me. But after some days, I just found out that being a friend with him can be a brilliant idea. He's quite a funny person! I am always regretting saying bad things about Auggie behind him, even now.<sup>35</sup>

**Auggie:** Oh yes! I couldn't believe my ears when I heard that you were saying some bad things about me, like something about my face. I was mad at that time, very mad. But fortunately, we are friends again.

**Host:** Oh sorry! I am just too absorbed into your story. What a touching story. So, you guys are real friends now, right?

**Jack & August:** Of course! And forever!

**Host:** Cool! Now, on to the next part. What do you guys think a real friend should be like?

**Jack & August:** Like him (Pointing at each other)

**Host:** OK! OK! I know you two are good friends. But details, please.

**Jack:** I think a real friend won't say bad things about his friends behind him. Don't follow what I have done, trust me. If you do it, you and your friend will break up. That is very likely to happen.

**August:** You are right. But it is not an event that must take place. I myself, am a prime example. Jack and I are still friends now. However, you had better not to do it. And I think always being with you when you face some troubles is what a real friend should look like, too, like Jack.

**Host:** I agree with you two. And now the talk show has come to the end. It is time to say goodbye, I hope you guys enjoyed the talk show. Bye!







# F.6 WRITING

## The Smallest Things and The Biggest Things.

By Lau Wan

The winds howled over the moors. Or to be more accurate, it was howling over Chris' ears, and there was no wind, but only the "wind" of screaming at the top of his lungs, berating Chris for not meeting the sales quota again.

"The third time this month! Are you serious? Do you have no sense of work ethic, or responsibility," he seethed and spat," or even basic human decency?"

Chris grinned and bore it, emphasis on the latter. "How did I get to this place in life?", he was silently recalling, "To this dead-end job where the only light at the end of the tunnel is that of a barreling train?" "Is it this hard to be happy in this developed modern city?" With these 'unruly' thoughts bouncing around his head like hyperactive children in a bouncy castle, one in particular surged to the front — and a corresponding declaration shot out.

Moments later, he was packing his meagre belongings into a cardboard box and escorted out of the building. It was fitting, then, that when he left the building and entered his sorry excuse for an apartment, his feelings were as mixed as his belongings. He had expected some kind of closure, or maybe even adrenalin, over the fact that he had quit his job. But all he was feeling was emptiness. As he was about to wallow in guilt and despair over that hot-headed act — who quits a five-figure job in today's world, after all? — his doorbell rang. Chris wearily opened the door, seeing an old woman.

The ringer introduced herself as Ms. Young, ironically considering her age. She chattered incessantly, a widow who was traveling the world for her remaining days. Though she was probably older than the apartment building, her eyes were gleaming with excitement and the two were instant friends.







“Come, have some tea.” she insisted, and Chris followed her. She was new to Smith City, Chris learnt, and had just moved in. Feeling hopeless about his situation, Chris asked her for guidance; but all he got was a pat on the back and a job introduction. What Ms. Young explained about pursuing happiness as a choice went totally over his head, but the tea — and conversation — was nice enough. But Chris was already exhausted, and so he excused himself.

That night, he wearily returned to bed, not even bothering to change clothes or shower. Out of nowhere, he heard an ethereal voice, coming from the vicinity.

“The stars are really bright tonight! Look!”

Confused, Chris, wielding a fearsome letter opener after he’d fallen out of bed, checked his apartment for intruders — but none were forthcoming, and the doors were bolted shut anyway.

“Look, a shooting star! Make a wish!”

Startled, Chris ran to his window to see that just as predicted, a star was gleaming through the inky night sky. He took in its brilliant flame and made a wish. But more important was that he recalled how he would be overjoyed as a child to have seen such a scene, but as an adult, it was as if his naivety and happiness had been eroded away. Thinking out loud, he muttered, “Why can’t I be happy?”

“Focus on the star,” the disembodied voice urged, “think back to those happy memories as a child.” “Be content with the things you’ve accomplished, and look forward, into the dawn.”



Chris did feel it — a glimmer of hope, no more than a spark, but a spark no less. It was the first time he'd seen hope since he came to the city, hoping for happiness but feeling emptiness instead — but it was by no means the last. The days came and went, and Chris secured a job first as a cashier, with the voice giving him advice everywhere he went.

“Isn't the sunset just breathtaking?”

“Look at that tulip, isn't that worth much more than any money or cash?”

“Look back at what you've done. Appreciate them.”

It was as if there was an extremely friendly and motivating ghost perennially at his side, but curiously enough, it disappeared after he got a job as a park ranger and donned the uniform. But it didn't matter now. Through the voice, and no less himself, he broke free of the shackles that modern life had chained on him. The will to climb up the corporate ladder, earn money, and succeed in the city, if only to find happiness was tattered to shreds now. Instead, he didn't even need to find happiness — it was inside him now, when he looked back, when he saw a beautiful plant, when he learnt to appreciate every mundane thing for its beauty.

A few weeks later, Ms. Young invited him over again for some tea. Apparently, she would be leaving soon, to Peter City, to the other edge of the world. Curiously enough, he was told to wear his old jacket, the one he wore in their first meeting.

“I'll admit I haven't been as honest and forthcoming as I should,” said Ms. Young sheepishly, “Turn over... your jacket, Chris.”





Chris complied — and to his utter surprise, there was a tiny speaker on the backside!

“I put it there when we first met,” said Ms. Young grinning from ear to ear. “The voice you heard was all mine.” Chris was, for lack of another word to put it, flabbergasted. “But...why?” he managed to blurt out.

“Long story,” Ms. Young explained. “It was a decade or two ago when I met this curious fella in the mountains. I was struggling in those days, what with Mr. Young passing away and making ends meet. In modern terms, I was depressed and miserable — same as you. The fella patted me on the back, and you can figure out the story from there. You know, happiness isn’t a result — it’s a choice. Of course, we all have our highs and lows, but we can still be happy and contented by finding meaning in the little, mundane, but beautiful things in life. There’s not a day where I feel sadness and grieve for good ol’ John, but there’s not a day that I don’t choose happiness over anything else either! I saw you needing some help, so I just passed on the favor, really.” “Here,” she continued, “take these little gizmos,” she offered, taking out a bag filled with speakers. “Pass it on to everyone.”

Chris was beyond words, but that spark of hope and joy now burned more vigorously, and was not a spark any longer — but a brilliant flame like a shooting star.

It would be many months later, when Ms. Young had departed, and after Chris had figured out how to become that ethereal voice; he was on one of his routine patrols when he noticed a sullen teen on the verge of crying on a trail. A friendly conversation between them and a pat on the back ensued. That night he spoke into the microphone. “Happiness is a matter of choice, not a result.”



# Happiness Serenade

Walking along the city's river, Vein of the City as people claimed it to be, Gin couldn't help but slow down her pace. She was too exhausted, holding those woefully obnoxious high heels in one hand and a beer bottle in the other.

The night was still extremely young. Traffic was still as busy as ever and the city lights still glowed bright. Gin could hear the cheerful chattering coming from the people nearby, seemingly showing no empathy for her sadness.

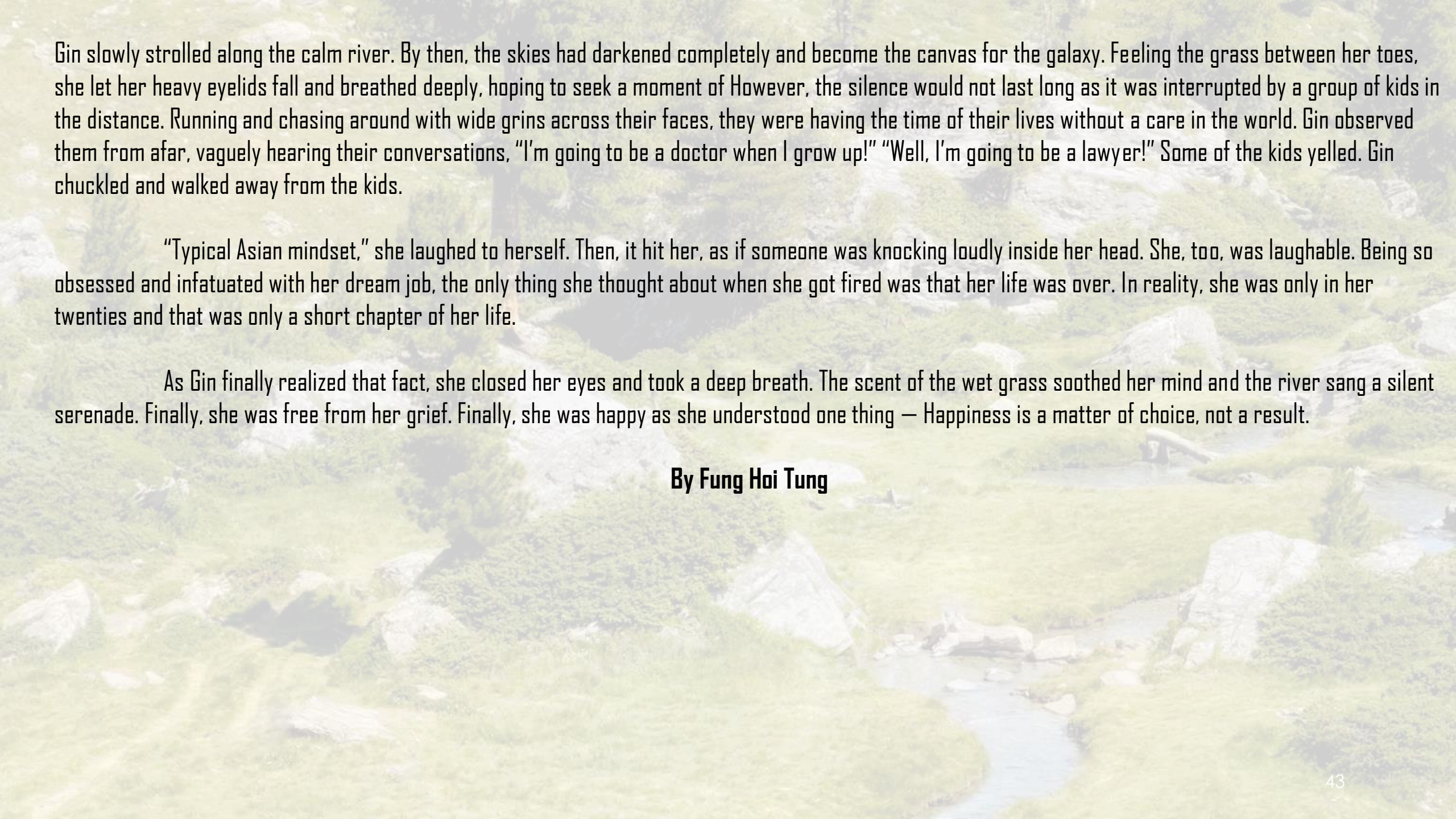
Tears were falling from her cheeks uncontrollably, as if someone forgot to turn off the water faucet. Silently as she cried, she was saddened by the fact that she had just got fired as a journalist, her dream job.

Perhaps she would have realized it was a blessing in disguise if she was not drowning in her own sorrows. Being mistreated all year, forced to report untrue facts, not valued by her colleagues, yet she still endured it all as she was blinded with the ecstasy of having her dream job. "I was so pathetic I didn't even notice it," she thought out loud and laughed at herself for the belated realization.

Out of nowhere, she was surprised by the ticklish feeling between her feet. It was a greyish, striped, stray cat. It was moving sluggishly when it halted its movements and leaned against Gin's foot, showing a blissfulness and gratification that she was not able to understand. At that everlasting moment, Gin wanted to be like the cat, free of the inescapable shackles of the world. She sighed, quickly discarding the idea.

Thereafter, the cat got up, stretched its furry body and meowed at Gin as if it was calling Gin to follow its lead. She then woke up from her own reveries and followed the stray cat.



A scenic view of a river flowing through a lush, green valley. The river is in the foreground, winding through large, light-colored rocks. The background is filled with dense green trees and foliage, creating a sense of a natural, peaceful environment. The lighting is soft, suggesting a calm atmosphere.

Gin slowly strolled along the calm river. By then, the skies had darkened completely and become the canvas for the galaxy. Feeling the grass between her toes, she let her heavy eyelids fall and breathed deeply, hoping to seek a moment of However, the silence would not last long as it was interrupted by a group of kids in the distance. Running and chasing around with wide grins across their faces, they were having the time of their lives without a care in the world. Gin observed them from afar, vaguely hearing their conversations, "I'm going to be a doctor when I grow up!" "Well, I'm going to be a lawyer!" Some of the kids yelled. Gin chuckled and walked away from the kids.

"Typical Asian mindset," she laughed to herself. Then, it hit her, as if someone was knocking loudly inside her head. She, too, was laughable. Being so obsessed and infatuated with her dream job, the only thing she thought about when she got fired was that her life was over. In reality, she was only in her twenties and that was only a short chapter of her life.

As Gin finally realized that fact, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. The scent of the wet grass soothed her mind and the river sang a silent serenade. Finally, she was free from her grief. Finally, she was happy as she understood one thing — Happiness is a matter of choice, not a result.

**By Fung Hoi Tung**



# AFCD Funding Application Form

Company Name: Organic World

## A. Company Profile

Organic World is a Hong Kong-based social enterprise that aims to promote healthy eating and organic farming in our city via our range of home-grown, preservative free products. Our farm in Fan Ling is outfitted with acres of tillable soil and we also have a state-of-the-art greenhouse. Leeks, cabbages and kale are grown locally and sold to our customers. Not only do we offer fresh produce, we also pack our veggies into healthy salads and revitalizing stews that our customers can cook at home or buy pre-made. In essence, we are today's farmers who, unlike large corporations, sow, grow, and harvest our crops entirely with love.



## B. Reasons for applying

Organic World is a non-profit social enterprise and our major revenue stream is our product sales, which have unfortunately dwindled in recent years owing to the pandemic crashing down on small businesses like us and chain stores boasting extravagantly low prices. Thus, we would humbly like to apply for this funding as not only are we one of the best vegetable producers in Hong Kong, having received the Greenhorn Award in 2017 and 2019, but we are also dedicated to the local scene. We strive to produce quality goods for the average person at affordable prices while also cultivating healthy eating habits. We recognize this is a high bar to meet, but we are confident that, should we receive the funding, we will do our best to be a driving force in Hong Kong. We believe our goals align with yours as we want to bring in a new Hong Kong, one which is supporting sustainable agricultural activities such as our efforts, as well as healthy eating habits.





### C. How to use the funding

Our main and paramount conviction is to promote organic farming and healthy eating in Hong Kong, and with your funding, we have planned a three-pronged strategy to usher in a new age of organic dining.

Firstly, we will ramp up our scale of production holistically, including but not limited to, expanding to new types of crops so our customers can have a more varied selection and hiring more workers to satisfy the growing demand for organic veggies.

Secondly, we will enter into partnerships with some schools to provide healthy dining options for students. A few schools have already expressed interest in the idea and we are confident that our healthy dishes can be enjoyed by school children as well.

Lastly, we will seek to partner with restaurants, offering them our fresh produce, which will be of high quality and variety as stated before. We hope that by doing so, we can expand our clientele to the average Hongkongers as well as persuading more restaurants to use preservative and pesticide free products, thus promoting our goal more widely. In conclusion, with your funding, we are certain that we can nurture an atmosphere of organic and healthy eating in Hong Kong.





# AFCD Funding Application Form

Company Name: Organic World

## A. Company Profile

Since its establishment in 2018, Organic World has demonstrated its unwavering dedication towards constructing an organic society in Hong Kong. Through selling farm produce, Organic World showcases the feasibility and credibility of growing organic food in the land of Hong Kong. Organic World clings to the hope that organic farming would bring not only economic benefits to the society, but also boost the level of general health owing to its production methods without addition of deleterious chemicals. It is our firm conviction that organic farming is one of the ultimate resolutions to alleviate the worrying public health condition in Hong Kong, as well as the assurance of self-sufficiency. Despite impediments along the way, Organic World promises to continue its devotion in serving as an impetus to promote organic farming in the community.

## B. Reasons for applying

Spurring the practice of organic farming in Hong Kong is of paramount importance to Organic World. Thus, the first reason for applying for the funding is to stir up the progress of the promotion of organic farming. With limited capital and resources, the scale of our work is constrained. A diverse range of promotional ideas pops up in our mind, yet we lack the materials to actually implement all those measures in our head. Hence, we present an utter desire to apply for the funding, in order to be capable and credible to run all the programmes in detailed planning, and eventually, to reach our goal in cultivating the habits of organic farming to add some green to our tiny modern city.

The second reason for the application is that it is our sincere hope to deliver the potent impacts of healthy eating in Hong Kong people. Living in this fast-paced city filled with hustle and bustle, the overwhelming majority of citizens do not acknowledge the countless advantages of healthy eating. Whenever it comes to eating, most of them simply rush through a meal, without realizing the detrimental consequences of consuming those kinds of badly processed diets.

Your funding would unquestionably empower us to promote the vital message of obtaining healthy diets in Hong Kong, which is another common goal we are working very much harder to achieve. The aid of your funding would help us overcome the stumbling blocks, making the journey easier, yet more impactful.





### C. How to use the funding

First and foremost, to inculcate the significance of the organic farming to the locals, the funding would be utilized to organize regular field trips and workshops. The awareness of sharing the measures of organic farming is worryingly low in Hong Kong citizens. By providing field trips and workshops, the general public can gain a deeper insight in the regard by listening to the comprehensive introduction by our experienced farmers and workers. Thus, they could have more comprehensible acknowledgement in accordance with the real-life experiences shared by devoted guides. By grasping the advantageous influence of organic farming on their life, a shifting habit towards organic farming or even an organic lifestyle could be yielded among the public.

On the other hand, the funding would also be spent on producing packages of healthy organic produce to be distributed to the public. We fully perceive the difficulty of starting a new habit. Hence, by giving out organic food packages for free in the community grounds, we allow the citizens to have a glimpse of the tastes of organic food on a regular basis, deepening their connection with our organic farm and its products.

It is guaranteed that the funding would be aptly used and it is of our deepest appreciation and gratitude towards promising funding provided by your department.





## **AFCD Funding Application Form**

Company Name: Organic World

### **A. Company Profile**

Organic World was founded in 2018 by four fresh university graduates. Our company started with selling organic vegetables like lettuces and has now expanded to a myriad of farm produce such as fruit and even milk. We promise to say no to chemical fertilizers. All of our products are free from fatal toxins. From using manure for nutrients to reducing the frequency of ploughing, we have tried different green methods to farm. We are also determined to sell our products at low prices to make them affordable for all citizens. We are proud to be chosen as one of the “Green Innovators” by Green Peace in 2021. We hope everyone can have an equal chance to enjoy healthy food as well as protect our environment.

### **B. Reasons for applying**

We would like to apply for your “Green Future Fund” for our operation costs. As mentioned, we sell our crops at low prices which means we are almost non-profitable. We rely on donations from the public and non-government organizations. However, we met more natural challenges last year.

In 2023, Hong Kong’s climate broke a few records for being the hottest. Not only did it mean more irrigation was needed but also more pests attacked us. As our crops are free from pesticides, we suffered from a drastic loss during the summer. The large scale of crop failure meant extra expenditure for us.

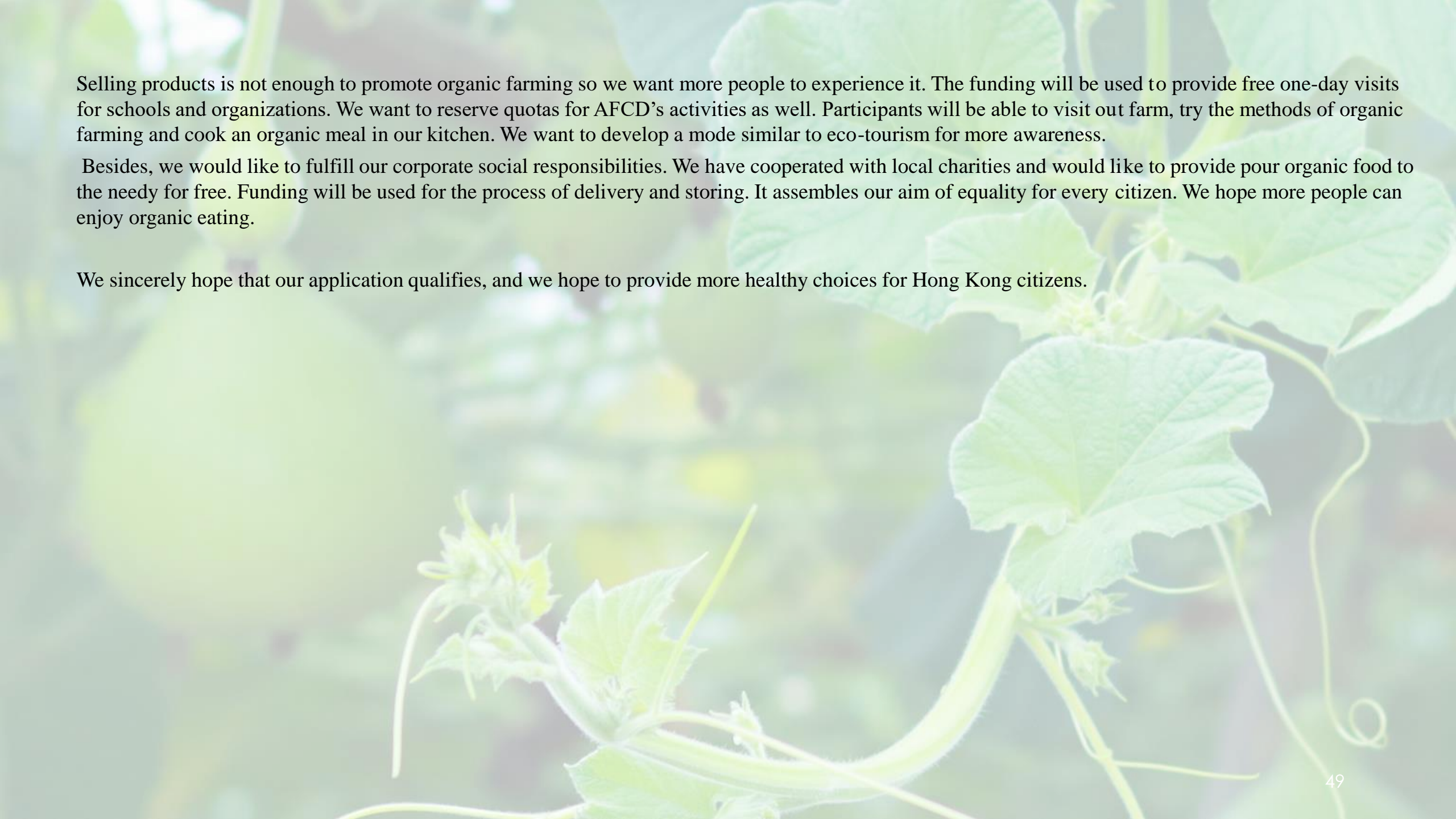
When we had finished our planting and were hoping for a better yield in the coming months, several strong typhoons affected Hong Kong. Our farmland is located at low-lying areas and was severely flooded by intense rainstorms. We lost our crops, together with some of our farming machines.

2023 was a difficult year for us. We are now on the edge of a financial breakdown and in need of capital to restart operations. Other than compensating for the loss we want to install new equipment like a greenhouse for preventative means, so we really need the funds.

### **C. How to use the funding**

Other than simply renovating and expanding our farm, we have a few sound plans to utilize the funding as well. 1/10, which is HKD \$20000, will be used to install new facilities and technology for better adaptation to the climate. Other funding will be used in the following campaigns for our future goals.





Selling products is not enough to promote organic farming so we want more people to experience it. The funding will be used to provide free one-day visits for schools and organizations. We want to reserve quotas for AFCD's activities as well. Participants will be able to visit our farm, try the methods of organic farming and cook an organic meal in our kitchen. We want to develop a mode similar to eco-tourism for more awareness.

Besides, we would like to fulfill our corporate social responsibilities. We have cooperated with local charities and would like to provide our organic food to the needy for free. Funding will be used for the process of delivery and storing. It assembles our aim of equality for every citizen. We hope more people can enjoy organic eating.

We sincerely hope that our application qualifies, and we hope to provide more healthy choices for Hong Kong citizens.