



FUSION



FUSION

Fusion
2023

Message from Chief Principal

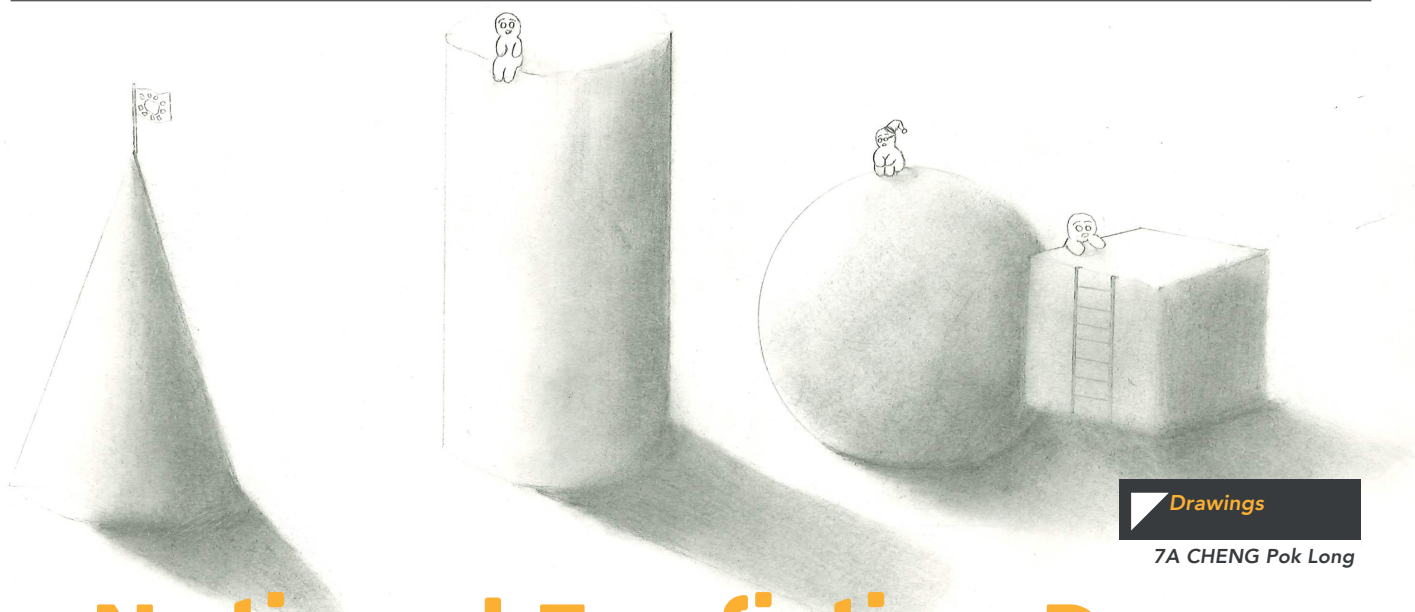


Fusion, one of the many publications of A-School, exhibits students' creativity, thoughts and talents. Being the most common media of communication, words and pictures carry amazing power beyond our imagination. Students in A-School are taught to transform their thinking and feeling with the blend of writings and arts.

Fusion selects the outstanding English essays and artworks by students in this school year, presenting a record in words and images of their personal growth, knowledge enrichment and skill enhancement. You can see from this fruitful collection how our students have developed the skills that allowed them freely and smoothly translating their mind into writing and artworks.

Fusion not only gives beautiful words and stunning visual effects, but most importantly, serves as the tie to connect readers to experience the creativity, energy, and the inner feelings of our young generation. Hope you will have an extraordinary reading experience with Fusion 2023!

Dr. Benjamin Chan Wai Kai



Drawings

7A CHENG Pok Long

National Fanfiction Day

7A CHAN Ho Him

I know there's already a National Fanworks Day, but is there truly a National Day to celebrate Fanfictions worldwide? National Fanfiction Day is held on the 16th of September, not only to celebrate the coming of Fanfiction but also to celebrate how the day was created.

What is the meaning of Fanfiction? Fanfiction is a fictional text written in an amateur to professional capacity by fans based on an existing piece of fiction. The author uses copyrighted characters, settings, or other intellectual property, such as weapons and powers from the original author, as a basis for their creation. Fanfiction can range from a complete novel to a few sentences. Fanfiction comes from a series of stories, movies, cartoons, games and more!

Now it's time for a lecture on the history of Fanfiction. Before the adoption of copyright, it was not unusual for some authors to copy entire plots or characters of an existing work. Some examples are Shakespeare's plays *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello* and *The Winter Tale*, all based on recent works. In the 19th Century, much literature was subject to notable depictions that the original author did not initially authorize it. The works of Jane Austen remain some of the most popular examples.

Afterwards, the modern phenomenon of Fanfiction was popularized via the *Star Trek* fandom and their fanzines published in the 1960s. The first *Star Trek* Fanzine contained Fanfiction, and many other fanzines followed suit. A fanzine is a magazine containing Fanfiction, which is published by fans along with opinions on the current fictional series written in the magazine. Nowadays, fanzines are taken over by Fandom Wikis and fanfiction websites.

After more and more Fanfiction was published, the first ever fanfiction archive: FanFiction.Net, often abbreviated as FFN, was created on 15th October 1998. The founder of the library was a Los Angeles computer programmer named Xing Li, who also runs the site. This was the beginning of a new time of fanfictions, as the site was created as a repository for fan-created stories that revolved around not just a few but all characters and things from popular television series, movies, novels and more! FFN was open for registration at the age of 18 and had had over 118,000 people registered by 2002. The age limit has since been lowered to 13.

To this day, FFN has over 12 million users; it hosts stories in over 40 languages, with separated categories for more accessible finds for reading. FFN has 40 million stories, with the most popular ones including *Harry Potter*, *Naruto*, *Twilight*, *Inuyasha*, and *Pokémon*. In December 2006, another fanfiction site named Wattpad was created by Allen Lau and Ivan Yuen and had over 90 million users and a total of 145 employees. After three years, on 14th November 2009, Archive of Our Own, or AO3, was founded. It was created since many were unsatisfied with other platforms. Furthermore, it is a haven with more freedom and security than other platforms and is for writers who want to test their narrative and critical skills with no limits. To this day, AO3 has approximately 700 volunteers, with over 25 million users registered.

Now, after a long lecture on fanfiction history, how was fanfiction day created? Well, it first started in 2015, when it was created by the Organization for Transformative Works to honor further the many works created by authors since the 19th Century and to celebrate and appreciate the people that continued countless cliffhangers and completed character pairings that were done by millions of people in the world. Of course, the huge history of Fanfiction plays a massive part in this celebration as well, for readers and fiction lovers to finally learn about this origin and further it is legacy!

In fact, on National Fanfiction Day, we all celebrate by acknowledging people who started Fanfiction. We also read tons of Fanfiction and possibly create our fanfics or websites! We can all enjoy the wonders of Fanfiction and its origins and thank the many people who wrote these enjoyable stories.

To the people who read this and those who have celebrated this fantastic day, I hope you all understand the wonders of fanfictions and see you all celebrating this day next year!

FAMILY COMPANION DAY

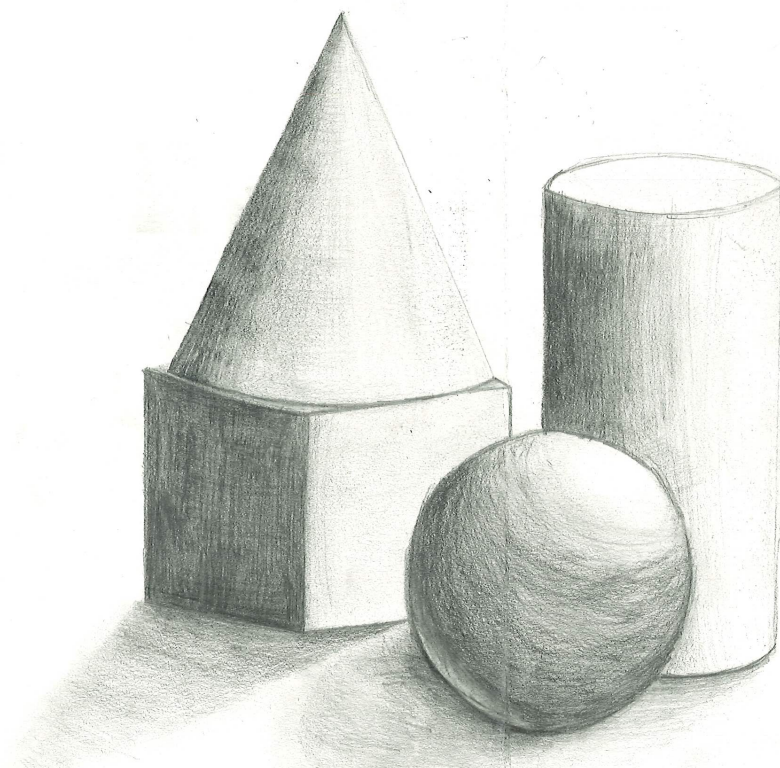
7A WONG King Hei

Family companion day is celebrated on 9th January. It is celebrated across the world and is considered a public holiday. This holiday celebrates the importance of families.

To celebrate this day, you may go and have a walk in the park with your family. A picnic or even a family vacation could do. The day's purpose is to let you have extra fun and free time with your family. Why? You are busy with schoolwork and your family is busy with their work, even on Saturdays and Sundays. You never really get the time to play or spend quality time with your dearest family.

This day was created to strengthen the bonds between family members. Bonds are getting weaker due to the lack of time. This day allows you and your family to do anything they want with each other. At the same time, one can relieve stress with their family while having fun.

I hope you will enjoy this day. We gather families in blood and spirit to spend quality time with each other while we throw all the stress and worries away. We all love our family but never get to express our love to them. Why don't we seize the chance and opportunity of this day and express our love to our significant others?



Drawings

7D CHEUNG Yui Ki

international skittles day

7C CHAN Max Hin-Kiu

International Skittles Day is a day celebrating the holy grail of candies.

An urban legend from Brazil happened in the year 1979. One day, a kid became obsessed with Skittles. Every day, he ate multiple bagsful, and soon his teeth turned into the colors of the rainbow. It was permanent, and he was proud of it. Everywhere he walked, he beamed with pleasure. Then, one day, returning from school, he saw a rainbow emerging from a nearby lake. He took the opportunity to try and eat the rainbow. He feasted on the rainbow for hours. This legend inspired Skittles to have their catchphrase – “Taste the Rainbow!”

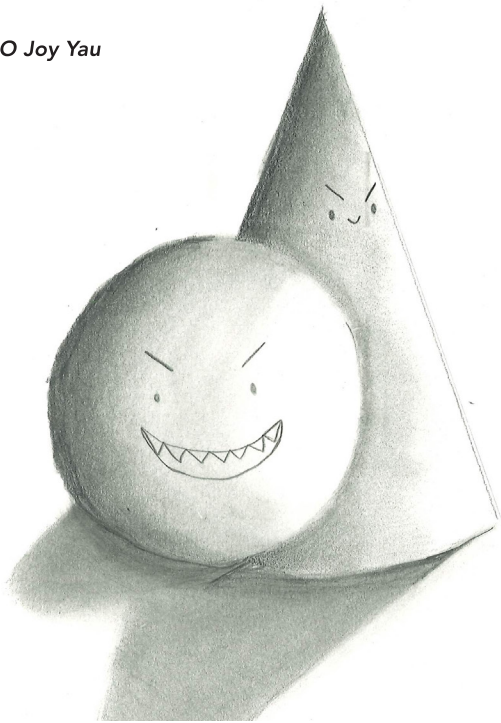
People worldwide can celebrate this day by wearing a Skittles costume and rolling down a hill. The aim is to roll down the hill the fastest. The Skittle costume acts as a protective shield. The winner receives five packets of Skittles with the CEO’s autograph on them. One more crucial thing that needs to be added is the traditions. It’s simple. You only need to find your friends and enjoy a packet of zesty Skittles to your heart’s content. Because one day, there might not be Skittles stocked and ready for you to devour.

Chomp... chomp... chomp... that’s the sound of eating Skittles, and you could be doing that too! There are food-themed contests like the Skittle Speed Eating Contest. People are free to volunteer and gobble up as many Skittles as possible. You can also have Skittles for lunch, breakfast, and dinner, so you can never forget the taste of Skittles bouncing around your mouth whenever you’re having a rotten meal! You could wear a Skittles costume or a shirt with the letter ‘S’ on it. Then group with your buddies in this clothing activity so you all can be the center of attention.

In the future, when I am no longer there, I want people of the world to respect and glorify the power that a single round candy can bring. The taste oozing out of its compact shell-like exterior fills me with joy. I hope people will realize such pleasure will not be there one day, so savor it as much as you can!

INTERNATIONAL PIE DAY

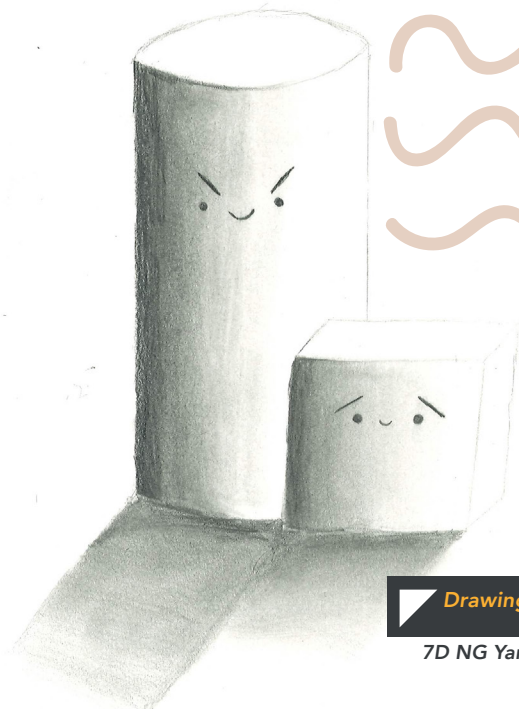
7C HO Joy Yau



Have you ever eaten pies and wanted to decorate them? International Pie Day is a special day when we all bake, design, and share pies! This day is on 13th November. Did you know the legend behind it?

A long time ago, in a kingdom called Troso, there was a king named James. King James had numerous chefs to cook for him, but he always complained that the food was either too repetitive or plain. One day, he stuck many posters around the kingdom, telling everyone that whoever could create the most delectable and unique dish would have a festival created after the dish. Everyone rushed to the palace to impress the king but failed. King James was getting increasingly disappointed until one afternoon, a man called Jack came into the castle and started making a dish for the king. King James told him that his favorite food was baked goods. Without hesitation, Jack began to make the dough and bake it. An hour later, Jack came out of the kitchen holding a pie. King James was astonished to see a dish so tempting and enticing. He took a forkful and thought it was the best dish he had ever tasted. Then, the king declared him the winner and, as promised, created a special day called 'Pie Day'.

How do we celebrate this day? Firstly, we hold pie-eating competitions, and the winner gets a golden ticket to visit the largest pie factory in the entire world! Secondly,



Drawings

7D NG Yan Hei Rane

to enhance our creativity, we have pie-designing competitions where candidates make homemade pies and then go to the farm to pick desired fruits. Next, they return to the competition venue, and decorate it or add toppings such as chocolate chips or sprinkles! The winner is the one who illustrates the most beautiful pie and wins a rose-gold ticket to eat free pies for a year. In addition, the first runner-up gets a job at a bakery and works there for a day to experience the process of pie-making.

This day is about sharing and caring, so we can donate pies to bakeries or homeless people. On the day, we should eat more baked goods and make more pies.

What shall we eat and wear? Of course, we should eat pies, but we should also have a balance between pastries and vegetables to maintain good health. For clothing, we can wear yellow clothes or draw a pie on our clothes. So, whenever we go out, we can get a free pastry with various toppings!

Last but not least, I hope people know the importance of this day while celebrating it. This day is to let people's imagination run free and wild, and to let them learn to care for people who are in need.

Hong Kong Culture and Tradition Day

7C HUI Yi

A city with ancient history but very modern nowadays, transformed from a remote fish village to one of the best financial cities in the world – can you guess where? Yes, indeed, it is our beloved city, Hong Kong! The “International Hong Kong Culture and Tradition Day” came to life on 7th September 2022 to celebrate Hong Kong’s unique culture. This riveting holiday promotes our city’s remarkable cultures and traditions, and it is a rare opportunity to experience the folklore of our one-and-only Hong Kong! Seize the chance and don’t miss it!

The holiday was created on an unremarkable day by a student during the Covid-19 pandemic who was obsessed with traditional things about Hong Kong. Therefore, she created this day to let everyone know more about this fascinating place, and she also hoped that the pleasurable features of Hong Kong would be well-known around the world.

Why celebrate “International Hong Kong Culture and Tradition Day”? First, as Hong Kong citizens, we must know our own city well. However, most Hong Kong citizens don’t know much about our traditions. Apart from them, visitors may want to celebrate this fun festival too because of how interesting it is. I, the person who created this day, sincerely hope that from now on, people worldwide will celebrate this joyful day together cheerfully and peacefully every year.

Of course, how do we celebrate this day? Are there any specific activities? The most straightforward way to celebrate the festival is to learn more about Hong Kong online or in books. Then, after gaining knowledge, do quizzes about Hong Kong history with family and friends. Wearing Hong Kong conventional clothing, “Qipao”, is the most suitable dress code. In addition, remember to taste the significant food of Hong Kong, like egg tarts and steamed rice rolls. They are all incredibly delicious!

Last but not least, remember to share “International Hong Kong Culture and Tradition Day” on social media and with friends and family. Spread the fun to the whole world. Most importantly, my aim for creating this day is to let people understand the unique Western-and-Chinese combined culture in Hong Kong. I wholeheartedly wish people would realize the importance of cultural heritage and not let our traditions fade in time. Let’s enjoy the “Hong Kong Culture and Tradition Day” together on 7th September!

Clapping Day

7C LEUNG Yan Yuet

Do you ever stop and stare at something you thought you had been taking for granted? Maybe trees, your siblings, just plain oxygen - and you thought, ‘Wow, I am so lucky to have these things in my life.’ Perhaps not, but that’s why Clapping Day exists. As cliché as the name might sound, we learn to appreciate people and the small things in life on Clapping Day.

Clapping Day originated in a small town named Karelos in 2006. A group of friends were playing around, and as a joke, they clapped for everything that happened. However, the city quickly caught onto the mark. After a month of this ‘joke’, statistics showed that the people living in the town were generally happier than before, as people clapped for everything. People felt accepted and appreciated for the little contributions they made. And thus, it became a tradition. It is now an unofficial national day, celebrated on February 17th each year.

Why do we celebrate Clapping Day? First, many people feel overlooked by others, with their contributions seemingly invisible. Why not let them know that they’re acknowledged and appreciated? Also, it is scientifically proven that clapping keeps you in a positive, upbeat mood and reduces depression and anxiety. Clapping releases endorphins, so we feel good when clapping with a crowd. It’s such a simple action, yet it brings along benefits that are not only for others but for yourself as well.

Now, you’re probably excited and enthusiastic about this national day. Before you circle the day aggressively on your calendar, let me tell you how you can support and celebrate Clapping Day. You clap. Be observant! Notice things you might pay little attention to usually, and you might realize they are worth clapping for. Clapping Day is a day when we make outsiders feel accepted and a day when we are free to do it without seeming weird. You can complement people and make their day, even to people who are just passing by. Be confident and start a clapping session!

MAKE SOMETHING FUNNY DAY

7C TSOI Man Lam

Have you ever thought about making something humorous, but many obstacles just jumped in the way of you doing that? For instance, you have no time; your parents or school do not allow you to do so, etc. What if I tell you that there is one day for you to construct any hilarious ideas you have ever thought about? This day is "Make Something Funny Day".

This particular day is on 3rd January, which is my birthday! On this day, you can create amusing things based on whatever you see and believe. Also, making someone giggle is one of the essential things to do!

Do you know why I created this day? Ever since the pandemic struck, everyone has appeared to be down. The world was in pure dread. So that's why I began to make people cheerful! Making juvenile faces, telling jokes, and even making humorous videos are some of my favorite ways to make people chuckle! However, I would like to make the whole world happy; thus, I created this day to make people smile and cure the sorrow we have all had during the pandemic.

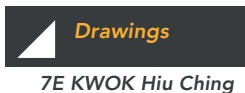
How can you celebrate it? You can do something innovative, such as drawing, writing, filming, and taking pictures to entertain humanity! Explore and relish other people's creations! It can boost your creativity and enhance your thinking skills. Isn't it extraordinary? You can show it to your family and friends or on the glorious, magnificent internet! Seeing others happy is an incredible task!

The day is aimed at individuals who are depressed and feel isolated but love to create! Therefore, I ensure that they will enjoy this exciting day!

Any festivals you know or celebrate have different events and traditions, and so does this memorable day! On this day, you'll need to make the people near you crack up! It may sound easy, but it's a challenging mission! Try your best to make someone chuckle – it is all worth it.

I expect people to appreciate everything they have created too. While designing, they'll learn many things, such as being patient and calm, even if there's something wrong, and being imaginative no matter what. Seeing people happy is also a vital thing for people to appreciate life. It's the best feeling ever!





Harry Potter Day

7C XIONG Feifei

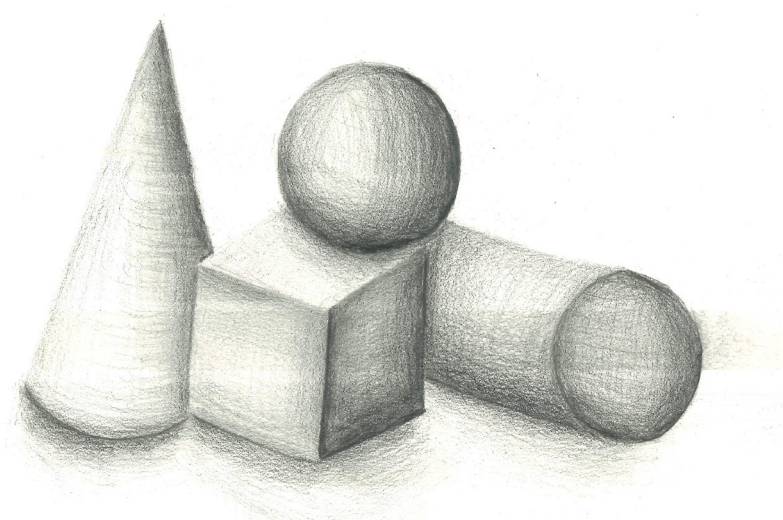
Do you believe in magic? Harry Potter Day is officially celebrated on 11st July each year. On this day, you can talk all about magic or even your wildest tales, and no one will call you crazy.

Harry Potter Day was created to honor magic and the magical world that JK Rowling created. The series is a famous, fascinating teen novel and translated into 79 different languages.

Why do people celebrate Harry Potter Day? Well, who doesn't love magic? On this day, Potterheads worldwide could gather on the internet in honor of the Harry Potter series. Hey, no one minds if you're a movie fan.

Moving on to how people celebrate Harry Potter Day, fans worldwide can honor the occasion by re-reading the entire series, dressing up as their favorite characters from the books or movies, going on Harry Potter shopping sprees, or writing thrilling fanfiction!

Apart from the fun activities, some traditions are also involved on this magical day. You should believe that magic exists today and even attend your imaginary Hogwarts party! There will also be an excellent assortment of food choices from Chocolate Frogs and Butterbeers to Honeydukes' sweets on this particular day. You could even wear your best sets of wizarding robes during the occasion. The Harry Potter series is a world-famous and exhilarating story, so why not join us to celebrate this magical day?



INTERNATIONAL CHERRIES GIVING DAY

7E KWOK Hiu Ching

Have you ever eaten cherries and decided to share the rest of them with a friend? You can do this on International Cherries Giving Day, held on 30th August every year. There is a legend behind this day. There was a middle-aged man named Bobby Johnson who was trying to survive World War II. Bobby was suffering from extreme hunger and was about to starve to death. There, he met a wealthy lady named Cherry Smith, who gave him plenty of food to survive. More importantly, Bobby loved the cherries she gave him. Since Bobby was living in an impoverished country, this was his first time eating cherries. A few years later, he decided to share the joy of eating cherries and created International Cherry Giving Day, so everyone could experience the joy of giving and receiving cherries.

Until now, International Cherries Giving Day has been celebrated around the world. How is it celebrated? With plenty of activities like cherry-picking contests, where people go to a local farm and pick loads of cherries and put them in a basket. The person with the most cherries is the winner and gets an astounding 10,000 dollars! Speaking of cherry-picking, you can donate the cherries you have picked to a local charity or people experiencing homelessness. There are other activities like cherry-eating contests, cherry-pie-making contests and many more.

What should we wear on this day? People can wear bright red clothes just like during Chinese New Year. If you show up at the market with said clothing, you will receive some sugar-glazed cherries for free!

Through this particular day, I hope that people who celebrate it understand the importance of giving and sharing with others. In addition, I hope that everyone will raise their awareness towards world hunger and the people in need.



Drawings

7E LEE Ryan

Drawings

7D LIANG Man Ting

INTERNATIONAL ALIEN DAY

7E LAU Shing Hei

Over time, mankind's civilization has seen many bizarre things on Earth. The odd object, whether people believe it or not, is the legendary UFO (Unidentified Flying Object). Some people believe that there should be a special day for aliens. There is! It's called International Alien Day. Allow me to tell you about the legend behind it.

Legend says that the aliens lived in a faraway planet called Here during the Middle Ages. Their leader was a handsome alien called Borg. The aliens had three eyes, four arms and three legs. One day, Borg noticed that all the aliens seemed bored with their lives. He wanted to make everyone happy, so he thought of a global vacation! He decided to take everyone to another planet on vacation, and so he found planet Earth. Within a few hours, everyone was on a giant spaceship on their way to Earth. They disguised themselves as humans and dispersed to different countries. Finally, they all decided to settle down on Earth.

On this particular day, everyone decorates their homes as a giant UFO. People make up their alien language and speak to each other. Parades are held on the streets, and floats are decorated as UFOs. As for food, people make food shaped like aliens, such as alien pizza, UFO cakes and many more! As for clothing, people wear green makeup on their faces and tinfoil hats on their heads so that the aliens feel comfortable living on planet Earth. This day is enjoyable for both humans and aliens.

I created this special day because I want everyone to honor every living thing, even on other planets. We should accept everyone as a big family. I hope you like this day! Who knows, there could be an alien sitting right next to you....

VEHICLES AND TRANSPORTATION

8A GILLMAN Aaliya Noelle Hoiyau

It all started with a particular group of people. What an odd group they were, creating something that no one had really thought of. Something that could, or just might, solve a problem most people had in the old days. No blisters on their feet, aching exhaustion, or pain to go to places that were too far for people to walk to. Vehicles evolved from a small idea to a trend that all people, from 1963 to 2022, would call the new normal.

I start the engine. It roars to life as if it was a famous lion, waking up from its slumber. As I steer out of the garage, I can see the lovely, yet stubby and cosy houses decorating the emerald evergreen grassy plains as they stretch out to never-ending roads. As I drive further, I come across a traffic light turning blood red. I halt to a sudden stop as people start to mill freely as if they were a huge flock of birds flying in the sky. As I take a glance at the sky, I see that it looks as if an artist used purple, pink, and orange paint to splash their art piece. As the light turns green once more, I drive off to my destination. As I finish going around a roundabout, I turn on the radio to the melodic music. As I sing along, I roll down the window and I let the refreshing wind gently caress my face with its soft touch. As the breeze mixes with the scent of the air freshener, it truly smells like vanilla

ice cream. As I arrive at my destination, I pull out the keys of the vehicle, lock its doors and walk into my favourite coffee house. That is a car that has some of the best things and gets me to my destination on time.

The next kind of transportation that I shall tell you about is not a private vehicle, not a car. Instead, it is a special kind of public transportation that more than one person can ride on. As I walk into the station and tap my card on the scanner, the old green tiles of the station walls fall. I see cute yet dirty convenience stores on the station all lining up, waiting for people to come and purchase an item of theirs. As I head up the pitch-black and neon-yellow escalators to the platform where the vehicle is supposed to arrive at, it isn't here yet. I can see the sea-blue sky out after the cave-dark tunnel, spreading its blanket of beauty over Hong Kong. As soon as I sit down on an emerald green and bride-white seat, I hear the robotic voice of the vehicle announcer reminding us that this millipede-long vehicle should come any second. Then suddenly, out of the pitch-black darkness, comes a massive vehicle barreling slowly but quickly in front of us as if it was a warrior dashing towards their prey. As it stops and opens its doors, we all rush in to snatch seats. As I settle down



X-ray

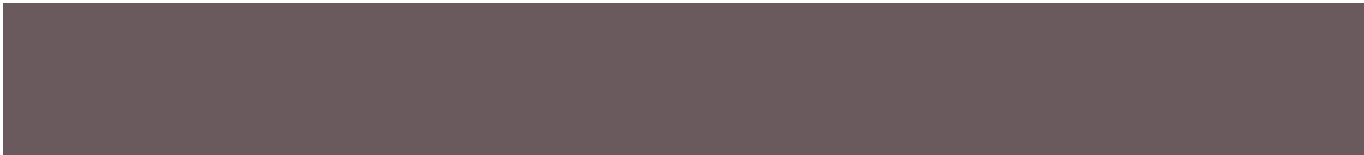
8A 33 CHUNG Hei Fan

and put my earphones in, the vehicle starts to dash along the track as if it was a track runner, heart-pounding, all to win a race. I can feel the smooth, sleek metal body of the vehicle seat as I turn around to see the daylight and sophisticated cyberpunk of a city that I am exploring. Skyscrapers are enormous; powerful shiny titans, standing still in their spots. Getting more popular as we speak, highway slithering and winding above and below the vehicle tracks as if they were snakes, hunting for prey, the sun falling into a world of dark beauty where the moon comes to play, and so many more as I sit in this endlessly lengthened digestive track of a serpent-like snake with red handles and metallic roles to hold onto and sears to sit on. As my stop comes, I get out of the vehicle station and walk home. That is a train, a vehicle that anyone could hitch on.

Now these are just two amazing forms of transportation. But when you go out there, you will find a lot more fantastic ways to meet your destination.

THE NEW NORMAL

8A YANG Janet



The orchestra in my stomach started to get angry. I noticed this from the rumbling symphony played by it. It was urging my fatigued legs to march towards the heavily guarded restaurant quickly. Soon, I was stopped by the first guard. I knew I had to show him my little green pass. “Beep!” A screeching sound threw me a blue code. “Beep!” Again! I was granted access, but my ears kept vibrating, sending annoying waves into my brain, and rocking my head vigorously.

I was assigned to a cell surrounded by three thick transparent acrylic boards as if I was a piece of exhibit. Air flow was limited, and I felt some heat trapped inside. “Ahy.” “Ahy.” “Who are you?” “Who are you?” My voice hit the board and bumped back into my ears. I was chatting with my echo.

Suddenly, an aroma visited my nose. More followed and soon my nasal cavity was filled with my favorite spice. My eyelids rose, then sparkled! My beloved deep-fried chicken! Its golden-yellow crispy skin which was burnt to be airy and transparent was too appealing. I couldn’t help but get my teeth and palate stand-by. Oops! The mask! It was the greatest barrier between the chicken and my mouth. Without a second thought, I gently tucked the ear loops to remove the stuffy layered mask. Then I carefully placed it into my bag. Wait! I couldn’t touch the chicken yet. I took out the sanitizer, spread some icy droplets onto my palm, rubbed my hands for 10 seconds as if it took me 10 years.

After the lengthy procedures, finally, I could start having lunch.

SADNESS AND NOSTALGIA

8B CHEUNG Cheuk Lam

“Please wear your masks, wherever you go. Remember to clean your hands before you...” the announcement blasted through the speaker overhead, ringing extreme pain in my ears. It was the start of a new school year, as well as an era of a virus, specifically, “the coronavirus”. It was a dark era, with people hiding from the virus, as depression set in throughout the city.

The air had a lingering sense of slight depression. It had been like that for these first few weeks with almost no murmuring or chatting, in lessons mostly, in contrast to the bustling market from a year ago, give or take a few months. The first class was an hour of Chinese. The class was quiet, with no sounds or voices; even the dripping of water could be considered deafening. Every second passed by slowly, as if time was dough to be kneaded or stretched, as I stared at the clock moving, second by second, waiting patiently, with the tick-tock sound resonating throughout the room. As the clock closed in on lunchtime, my heart pumped the anticipation to every corner of my body, thrumming with excitement. But the lessons went on and on, as the teacher tried to speak clearly through the firewall. The firewall could block out viruses, but it also blocked sound. As I listened to the teacher’s unclear voice, speaking and spluttering words like, “So, now, we thalk avouth fis...” It was incomprehensible. It seemed that my mind would drift to dreamland anytime soon; my mind blanked, pupils barely showing through my eyelids; my breathing got heavier, getting closer to snoring by the second. The sound of the bells echoing around the school relighted my excitement and woke me up. It was lunchtime!

I flashed through the corridors and stairs at the speed of light, leaving strong winds in my wake. I arrived at the cashier to buy bread for lunch, and I was fortunate, or rather quick enough, for the waiting line for the bread was short. I grabbed my bread, and found a seat. The second I removed my mask, thousands and millions of vibrant aromas rushed to my nose. What fragrant smells! My sleepiness was lost, replaced with great satisfaction. Sounds of chatting rolled down my ears. Ah, the old-times, as nostalgia rushed into my heart, the longing for the bustling market from before was decreased, a slight smile appeared, some longing in the eyes. But lunch didn’t remain long in contrast to waiting for it. I gobbled up the lunch, all its aromatic and irresistible taste rushing to my stomach, quenching my thirst for food. My mouth became dry, lips parched. The water seemed to be calling for me as I desperately reached for it, a slight scream escaping my mouth. The water sloshed in my mouth as I drank it down, thirst residing. The lunch was eaten quickly, as if it had never existed. I walked away from my table to the atrium, the vibrant smells falling away from my nose step by step. I left the heaven of aromas as I walked back to my class after a long session of chats in the joyful bustling market, back to the dreadful and disastrously somniferous classes.

As I walked home, I thought of school. School felt as if something was missing, the joyous chatting, the fun atmosphere, the smiles without masks. Lunch recess was the only time where I could be able to witness the joy of school before this wretched coronavirus attacked us. Without lunch recess, school would be such a lonely place, quiet with a depressed atmosphere. Whatever happens, the greatest and the best thing to happen would be for this depressing coronavirus that induced negative feelings to disappear, for the fun to be back to school.

 X-ray

8D SHEN Jiayi



HOW STUDENTS HAVE LESSONS NOW

8B KWOK Shing Chuen

Have you ever had an online class? Imagine waking up five minutes before school starts. It is chaos. I remember when that happened. “Ring! Ring!” The alarm on my phone set off. I flung my blanket and was getting ready for another boring school day. The room was still dark, but a ray of reddish, yellow beam of sunlight shot through the curtains. I stared at the clock, waiting for my brain to return to reality. I tried to lift my heavy eyelids, just like a weightlifter. It was 7 o’clock, then I remembered that I had an online lesson.

Without thinking, I collapsed back onto my bed and went back to dreaming again. “Brother!” An unclear voice echoes through my head, “Brother!” The loud scream brought me back to reality. “It’s already 8:10 am!” I looked at the clock in my blurry vision, my eyes opened wide, and I knew I was going to be late for class. I quickly climbed down the freezing, metal stairs barefoot. It felt like I was walking in the Arctic.

I dashed into the bathroom. I grabbed my toothbrush and toothpaste and used my all my mighty strength to squeeze the last bit of toothpaste instead of opening a new one. I started to brush my teeth. I rushed back into my room, grabbed my heavy Chromebook out of my school bag and hastily placed it on my desk. I clicked the keys on the keyboard and slid my fingers from left to right and left to right on the mousepad, clicking as fast as I could so I would not be late for my Zoom class. All this was happening while I was brushing my teeth. The fresh mint flavor in my mouth started to get spicier. Then I was finally able to sit on my chair peacefully. Or so I thought.

It was a few seconds before school started. I felt as if I was trying to diffuse a bomb before it exploded, and my heart rate was increasing. I tried to swallow my whole breakfast while still tasting the fresh mint of my toothpaste. I put on my headphones and joined the Zoom lesson right before the teacher took the attendance. The teacher’s voice was loud and unclear, trying to break my eardrums and paralyzing my brain. I finally tasted the delicious, hot chocolate of success. Mission complete!

The Normalized Abnormal

8B SUEN Yat Yee

Another repetitive day I believed; life had barely changed since the spread of the virus. The joyous waves of laughter of children could no longer be heard, nor the morning cries of the robins, in such a way as if the pandemic had lowered a shroud of depression throughout the city. But this was the new normal, the abnormal that was normalized.

As my feet touched the rough cement ground, air filled my lungs. I desired for the aroma to sneak up in my nose, but something separated me. The mask. It was a hefty wall that separated me from the pleasant life I once had. I didn’t expect anything more though. I was struggling to keep up my pace as my breathing began to get heavier. The silky touch of the mask was rubbing against my cheeks; blisters were forming as the sound of my breathing got heavier. The cement ground sizzled under my foot as the roads shimmered like glitter in the heat of the midday sun. Something was off; the raucous honks of vehicles had disappeared as if they were vapors and ashes. The usual chaos of the lunatic traffic was nowhere to be seen. The city was covered in the silence of the lifeless atmosphere; the silence grew deeper, and I heard my own steady heartbeat. The dazzling blue sky was dotted with several white clouds that drifted off lazily as the gentle breeze blew. It used to look so glamorous, with the harmony of the honks of rushing traffic, but now the beauty was gone.

My back touched the wooden bench as the chords of soft lights lanced down the ground. The gravel paved walk was deserted; not a single soul could be seen. Forgotten bikes and scooters scattered on the grass fields lifelessly. The crusty paint had been scraped off, decayed with the tint of silver. It was almost like they were weeping about their neglect from their owners’ lives. The city was once filled with laughter and crowded with people, but now only the sounds of leaves brushing against the wretched tree branches could be heard. I ran my fingers through the fallen branches. It was rough, like what I was going through in my dull life. The cluster of the living atmosphere was gone, at least at present. I let out a long sigh. Our lives had fallen apart, and I scanned through the empty streets. Still... not even a shadow. The warm breeze hit me; the sky was punching its way to the clouds—this was the normalized abnormality that I had to get used to.

NONE NORMAL NOW

8C KAM Anson Tsz Yin

"Students, please turn on your camera and show your face. If you turn off your cameras with no reasons, I will call your parent; you will have consequences!" Our teacher always says these in a trembling voice. You can see blue veins on his neck; his face is as red as an apple, as if a bottle of red ink has dropped on his face. We all have lessons through Zoom. This is the first time I have started missing school.

"Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong!" My annoying alarm clock starts ringing, using its terrible trebling, toneless voice to warn me to go to class. During the lesson, I hope Mr. Wong will tell us that this long class is ending soon. I have no energy to erase every error that I have made on the dense dull death black text worksheet I print out at home.

Finally, the day ends, and my eyes and brain are dizzy. I glance at the peaceful, magnificent sunset outside the window, with the scene as beautiful as a part of Claude Monet's painting "Sunset in Venice".

This boring day makes my non-loading brain even more drained. I lie on my messy bed, and whisper to myself, "I hope a normal, non-Zoom, face-to-face school day will be coming soon!"

 X-ray

8B LAW Chin Ting



The New Normal

8C LAM Yuen Ting

During Covid, everyone is caged at home. Just imagine you are stranded in the big, big ocean, desperately drifting in no direction, and every day ends with tedium. No communication, no tasty food, no fancy clothes.... Can you accept this kind of lifestyle? This is how we go through every single day.

As a student, I still need to have lessons, just in a completely new way. 'Buzz', all I hear is an annoying, irritating sound, I know that my internet connection is interrupted with Zoom again! I wearily lift my hand and start entering a bunch of numbers and letters. 'No!', invalid password!

The incessant lessons finally end. I heave a sigh of relief; the hefty rock of pressure that suppresses me is finally taken off. I charge my iPad; it is sweltering like it is burnt.

After having two doses of vaccine, I eventually escape from frozen food. The joy of breaking the cage overbears the pain on physical level. I am like a fledgling that is on the edge of my seat, eager to see the panorama of the ever-changing world.

'Ha-ha-ha-ha', laughter fills every corner of the Yakiniku restaurant. An aura of delight spreads around people. Laughter is the best medicine; no doubt about it. It feels like a whole century since my family and I last ate out. Stepping in the Yakiniku restaurant, I can smell the aroma of roasted pepper floating in the air, luring me to go near. Inside the restaurant, tables are placed far from each other, separated by partitions. 'Sizzle', the slices of beef sizzling on the barbecue grid; light wisps of smoke curl in the air and gone placidly. The slices of red raw beef turn to golden brown quickly. The scent of the meat wafts in the air; I know it is ready to eat. I dip it into some sesame sauce and wait for it to be fully covered by the sauce. Savoring it, the aroma of sesame and the fresh beef fills my whole mouth at a warm temperature. What a fascinating taste!

At sunset, I walk on the street, enjoying the breathtaking scenery it brings. Clouds are dyed in purple and orange, like melted marshmallows merged with the sky. The sun slowly climbs down. The afterglow of sunset lingers on the horizon, inlays a silver lining to the clouds, just telling us 'Every cloud has a silver lining.'

X-ray

8E YIP Sin Ning



My Computer and I

8C POON Ching

Have you ever had online lessons instead of going to school? Last year, when the outbreak of the coronavirus struck Hong Kong, we were all overly perturbed; schools were considered as risky, and we had to take online lessons every day.

I was awoken by the annoying buzz of the alarm at 7:30 a.m., which was about an hour later than normal. As usual, I slipped into the bathroom to brush my teeth, dug in my breakfast and got dressed in my school uniform. I sat on my rough, mushy chair and turned on my featureless Chromebook to join the online lessons. As the teacher began her dull lesson, robotic and unrealistic voices projected from the “Brr...Brr...Brr...” I was awakened by the buzzing of the alarm clock. I sprang out of the cozy warmth of my bed instantly; my drowsiness tripled and so did the bed’s allure. I willfully forced myself out of the room and marched to the living room. On the wooden dining table slept my faithful comrade as the chandelier’s rays beamed onto him, my trustworthy laptop.

I sat down, gently brushing the dust gathered overnight. As my hand glided over the matte black plastic case, the dust flew away as it screamed at the top of its lungs, “Goodbye!” I opened my laptop and started inputting the password, “click-clack” sang the keyboard. Oh, how satisfying it was to hear the mellifluous sounds played by the keys. I was reminiscing the harmonious notes when my device sprang to life, greeting me with a warm smile. “Arghhhhhhh!” I cried in agony; the screen glowed so bright that you would go blind even if you merely squinted at it. I quickly dimmed the blazing beams of the sun and let out a sigh of relief.

“Tick tock,” went the clock. Reminded of the time, I typed in the meeting code swiftly. I was on time for my lesson. The mundane lesson went on for decades; I mustered all of my remaining strength and willpower to stay attentive. I worked on my writing

assignment; I typed and typed, and the clicking of the keys no longer sounded elegant but mechanical and lifeless. Despite my effort, I began to drift away mentally, looking at the objects around me. I darted at the surrounding objects, like the stacks of unkempt worksheets and notes. I turned my head right and gazed at the rich brown wooden desk, and the scars and dents that resided on the platform. Each and every “scar” had a story. I raised my head, bringing me back to my computer.

I stared at my screen. Countless tabs opened, and all of them screeched and begged me to press on them. I would prevail, I told myself. At that very moment, my teacher said, “Class dismissed.” Suddenly, the birds sang, and the tabs finally found inner peace and stopped screeching. It was as if the dismissal of class was a broom and swept my mind clean of them. I walked to the balcony, gleamed at the hopeful scenery outside, of greenery and life, as I pondered, “When will I get to go out again?”

TRAVEL TRAPPED

8C TSUI Lok Yin Michael

Have you ever been skiing in the soft, powder snow while overwhelmed by the little yet warm town covered by a layer of white snow when you were at the top of the mountain? I certainly have experienced this wonderful scenery and it was remarkable.

I arrived in Japan and was shocked to see the first pile of snow there, just beside the icy road while driving for what felt like 10 years. Although it was dirty and brown-ish, I was still astonished by it. The next day I got ready to ski with heavy equipment which was like heaps of mountains stacked on my back. The boots were bricks of concrete, trying their very best to stay on the ground, while I tried my best to lift off and walk. "Whoosh Whoosh," sounds of skiers as fast as a streamlined bullet were swinging past me as I stepped onto the skiing track. Soon enough, I got better, and my confidence was a perfectly pressured tire, not too much that it would blow up, but not too less that I would be shivering like a lit bomb about to explode. The mountain was filled with rumbling and screeching sounds when skiers got off the ski lift. It was that moment that I realized how breathtaking and dream-like it was. Snow layers stacked on top of one another, with spotless and blinding white color. Little yet cozy wooden houses emitted warm yellow lights which were reflected out by the snow outside of the window. White fluffy marshmallows hovering above the horizon blended the clear blue sky with the niveous town. Light yet crystalline like snowflakes were drifting slowly and hanging from the sky, like ornaments that were welcoming me to this place. I was shimmering by the warm sunlight, which just shot through the fluffy clouds and appeared in sight.

But it was all memories, being locked in "jail" back in Hong Kong, where I faced those same old pale walls, and eating plain food was not pleasant. I was a stubborn robot, completing every repetitive "program" my mother input. Staying in Hong Kong, re-visiting the same, monotonous attractions over and over again for the 100th time. However, it wasn't all that better back at home. I faced mountains of homework, which were like impatient children, jumping and shouting, just waiting for me to deal with them.

Nevertheless, I am tired of the tedious and dull activities in Hong Kong, which I've done many times. No hotel quarantine makes my worries of arriving back Hong Kong fly away like light feathers being blown under the mild autumn wind. I am a loaded cannon, ready to shoot out of Hong Kong, and go travel around the world.



Xu Bing Style
English Name

8B KWOK Shing Chuen



Xu Bing Style
English Name

8E NGAI Ho Yi

How People Travel

8D LEUNG Jing Yin

Nowadays, whether it is a camping vacation with your family where you try to take a break from the online world or just a place where you can relax, people always carry a camera wherever they go to capture happy moments and look back at the photos to recall the unforgettable memories.

One of my favourite photos I took was one with my parents in Hawaii, which shows the blue sky with the same marshmallow-like clouds on it vividly. The colossal teal ocean stretches away to meet the sky. The ocean is dark blue at the horizon, has an ombre effect and changes to green at the shallow water, making a stunning background for the photo. There are some white spindrifts with bubbles at the top of the waves near the beach. In the photo, some people are swimming in the refreshing turquoise sea happily. Some are enjoying sunbathing on their colourful mats under the cool shades of the giant and tall palm trees that look like they can eat a human. The palm trees have straight grey trunks and fireworks-like green and yellow canopies. As I reminisce about all the enjoyable memories, I feel like I am in Hawaii again. Now I really get why people take pictures like this.

Even though it feels nice having photos that capture stuff that might only happen once in a lifetime, if you over-emphasize it, it almost feels like you couldn't enjoy the fullest out of the vacation when you are always sticking to a camera or a phone.

Now because of the pandemic, there are government disease control measures, and people are concerned for their health. With flight capacity yet to fully restore, the best way to travel now is by reviewing our past photos and imaginations.

The Supposedly Said Normal

8E WONG Yan Kiu

As the buzzing sound went off, I was rolled off the bed. “Click!” I turned the alarm clock off. My eyes widened. “It’s already seven!” I rushed to the living room and hurried away.

Speed-walking towards the bus stop, I was stopped by a loud grumbling noise from none other than my stomach. The aroma of fresh sausage buns filled the air, followed by a loud shouting, “Fresh sausage buns! Come and get it!” It all made me even hungrier. While waiting for the bus, flocks of birds soared into the sky, chirping as they went off for the breadcrumbs.

I looked at my phone and looked up again. The more I repeated the process, the more anxious I got. A few minutes later, I looked up again. I was met with the sight of a crowd of people, rushing out of the bus. It seemed like hundreds, thousands, or even millions. Gusts of wind ran past my face, as the people ran out.

I lined up, having to distance myself with the person in front of me for safety measures. I looked down and saw the words “Six feet apart” engraved on the brick tiles on the sidewalk. As the entrance door of the bus opened, the line went smoothly until I tripped on my own foot. I couldn’t dare to look up. The sheer moment of embarrassment had made my ears turn red. Even if I did look up, I couldn’t see their expressions. Masks were covering their faces, yet I felt as if everyone was laughing.

I then got up, tapped my Octopus card against the sensor, chose an empty seat and turned on my phone. Ignoring the past embarrassment, I thought to myself, “Is this the new normal?” My drowsy self then decided to fall asleep. What a way to start my day.

Absence of Light

8E YIP Sin Ning

Inside, the silence and darkness pressed into my ears. The room smelled of something sinister and foul, but what could I do about it? What choice did I have? How selfish of me, to complain about a lockdown when it was only to benefit my health. The silence echoed around, engulfing me in loneliness. The ominous atmosphere was unbreakable, and I stood there trying to make a feeble outline of something, anything; but I couldn’t.

The pandemic going on was a living nightmare. I was trapped alone in my room preparing for war against my thoughts. I refused to let them consume me or make me feel hopeless for the ongoing apocalypse.

I lost the battle. I felt the faint voice in my head dying while assuring me all would be well. My hands started sweating; I felt my heartbeat increasing. I lost it all. The lockdown, the perfect excuse to reflect on my inner conflict. I felt trapped in this once safe space as I stared into this repetitive wallpaper. The windows emitted a gauzy light, in the pond of my tears. The piercing darkness that came out of the absence of light; it was impenetrable.

I drew out a petrifying scream that seemed to warm up my lungs in the immense blackness.

The New Normal

8E YUNG Hui Yan

“Boom!” I was awoken by the alarm clock’s buzzing at 5:30 am as if it was sending me a message, telling me that I was almost late for Zoom class. I dragged myself out of bed, started my day by throwing all my pillows and blankets on the floor to cover my shiny white carpet, and started making my bed.

I sprinted down to the living room after my mother screamed, “Hailey, come down, your breakfast is cold. Hurry!” I grabbed my breakfast and ran to my room as quickly as possible. I opened the door of my nightmares: the study room. I turned on my iPad and launched Zoom, only to find out I was late.

Lessons on Zoom were often more boring than lessons face to face. I suddenly looked up and found out many of my classmates and the teacher were wearing pajamas. I burst out laughing, spun, and bounced on my chair before noticing that I hadn’t yet finished my breakfast. I immediately grabbed my sandwich and stuffed it in my mouth. Noticing my friend’s text message in the chatroom saying I have cheese all over my face, I was so embarrassed that I turned off my camera and wiped my mouth. But it was too late. Everyone had seen me with a face covered in cheese, but I couldn’t help it. The sandwich tasted like heaven. It was delightful. After that, I kept quiet for the entire lesson because I wanted to get a good grade this term to make it to college, but I couldn’t learn a lot since I was bothered by my phone the whole-time during class.

I glanced over at the windows. The sound of rain was so calming, especially when you didn’t need to go outside.

In the blink of an eye, school was already over, and I hardly learnt anything.

Anagbotain

9A KWOK Chun Yin

Everyone has once in their life imagined a magical world of their own for sure - no matter if it's a futuristic utopia or a fantasy kingdom. And so, I'm here to introduce mine.

Angbotain is a land of beauty, filled with mystical creatures and shaped with stunning scenery. Where the brave and reputable Humans live alongside the wise and noble Elves peacefully after a long history of conflicts, the Humans have named their kingdom Ammaria. Thus, Ammarians come under the rule of King William, while

the Elves are led by the Elden Elf, the most powerful among them.

When the sunrise and pegasus fly, the people of both kingdoms will join together at the border to celebrate another day of the peaceful alliance as a tradition. The Humans bring food and drinks while the Elves set up tables with their magical spells.

But when the sun falls, and the werewolves howl, the greedy goblins will slip out of their dark caves, moving in the shadows away from the light of the bright blue moon,

stealing everything valuable from everyone. So, for centuries, to ensure protection, the Elves have cast a barrier spell over their city, and the Humans have built a moat around the kingdom.

Away from history and civilization, Angbotain is filled with angelic sceneries. The bright sun shining onto the crystal-clear ocean and the hundreds of fireflies in the forest at night lighting up the skies are just some of the beauties of Angbotain's nature.

And that's my imaginary world, Angbotain.



Geometric
Drawing

9D CHAN Tak Yu

A Futuristic World

9B CHAN Ying Tung

Going back home, as usual, I stepped into the elevator. Then I spotted a golden button that I had never seen before. Driven by curiosity, I pressed the button.

The elevator turned into a glass elevator. I rubbed my eyes, then I looked outside; the world was totally different. There were many rails connecting skyscrapers and different irregularly shaped buildings. I stepped out of the elevator, and a metallic robot floating in the air went in front of me. "Hi, welcome to the 30th century! Let me show you around!" The robot led me to a carpet and said, "Sit tight!" The carpet started moving and flew up into the air.

I was high above the ground; I looked down the road and saw many transparent balls rolling around, but when I looked closer, I realized people were sitting inside! "This is common transportation, just like cars. Do you want to try it?" the robot asked. I nodded my head. We got into the ball. The ball started moving by itself.

"Where do you want to go?" the robot asked. "I am starving. Can we go to a restaurant?" I replied. Then the robot said, "Go to the nearest restaurant." "Got it!" A voice came from a speaker inside the ball. "We arrived!" The ball stopped; we got off and walked into a restaurant with delicate decorations. I looked around, and I couldn't find a waiter, so I asked the robot how to order food, and it said, "Just tell this robot; he's a waiter." I ordered my food. After waiting 5 minutes, a robot came to me with my food ready; I quickly finished the food. Then we got on the carpet again.

The sky was turning dark. "Beep beep. It's time for you to go home." The robot brought me to the front of the elevator. "I'll see you again!" The robot said. Then I was pushed back into the elevator. The elevator wore its silver jacket again. When the door reopened, I was home again. What a strange day.

A Technologically Advanced Future

9B LAU Chi Yiu Emily

"Beep! The time now is 7 am. Good morning, madam." The alarm rang. I blinked, looking up straight at the ceiling. My schedules were listed on the ceiling with LED lights on. Curtains opened automatically. I put my feet into the warm slippers - it was snowing these days. Wheels on the slippers took me to the washroom. Brushing my teeth, I listened to the news report. Walking towards my closet, which can only be unlocked with my fingerprint, I said, "Door opening". "Dear madam, what would you like to wear today? The temperature outside is 10 degrees Celsius". I stepped into the changing room. I was dressed in clothes matched by my AI machine every day. I was putting my mask on, with a hidden waterproof air purifier inside, wearing my high heels, with a pedometer counting the steps I walked every day. Automatic doors opened; a new day started!

Walking aside the trees, waving hands to the AI robots on the street cleaning the leaves, I crossed the road with my electric skateboard towards my company. I was now a world-famous fashion designer with my brand "Emshion". Arriving at the company, "Hello, Ms Emily!" My assistant greeted me. Going up to my office, we went into a gigantic tube, chewing bubble gum and shouted, "Teleport to my office." It replaced the elevator and escalator from the past. People who worked in companies were using technological machines such as instant printers, unlimited water dispensers, supermarket re-

frigerators and computer-like iPads. Everything had become more technological and convenient. Technology always helped humans to save time and power.

I usually cooked in my office using the magical pot because my lunch time was limited. Whatever dishes I'd like to cook, just put in the ingredients needed, close the pot, wait for 10 mins, and it will be done! I quickly finished my meal and sped to finish work. Finally, it was time to leave.

Before going to bed, I planned to go downstairs to shop in the malls and have dinner in a restaurant. AI robots now stored supermarkets, there were no human servers, and all counters were self-catering. I took the items I wanted and put them into my cart. If the items were way too far from me, I could fetch them from my iPad.

Technology has really helped humans to save time and energy and become more convenient to our lifestyle. I prefer the technology and lifestyle nowadays, cooking a dish with every step, walking to work, crossing the street... this is the lifestyle I want!

the mysterious box

9C LAW Ching Ching Janice

Do you believe that there are different worlds in the universe besides where we are living? I used to think this theory was nonsense, as I felt it only fooled lumpish people into a spiral of fear and anxiety.

My belief continued until one day when I was tidying up my room. I found a mysterious box coated in the dust under the closet. I took the filthy box out and cautiously opened it. A foul whiff immediately blasted out, and in the box, I found books that looked like they hadn't been touched in a century. All of them were of different legends about the world of giants. I briefly read and flipped a few pages. "Cling!" a sonorous sound, abrupt and hollow, was emitted as an exquisite necklace with a "G" engraved on the pendant and a handwritten map fell out of the book. My curiosity led me to find a trail about what all those were about, but the only doubtful thing I found in the box was a note "Backyard, apple tree".

Out of sheer boredom, I decided to explore everything bizarre in the box. Thus, I brought the whole box and went to the backyard to find out if there was any clue about the note. Another keyword on the note was apple tree; pondering all of these reminded me of something different about the apple tree in my backyard compared to what a normal one would be. Although this might sound peculiar, every apple growing in my backyard was purple. I grew up eating purple apples, but there was nothing special about the taste; its color was extraordinary. I went under the apple tree to take a nap, and suddenly, the necklace inside the opened box started glowing brightly. I could barely open my eyes when trying to get the necklace as it was too shiny. After some struggle, I grabbed the necklace, only for it to blind my eyes fully.

When I regained my vision, I saw a blurry scene of a colossal deep tree up far from my sight as I was lying on a piece of grass. Everything was strange; I didn't know why I'd dozed off, and I was not sure what brought me to that unfamiliar world. I wandered around in the grassland. I woke, but it felt like a jungle to me; the leaves were the same height as mine, and I felt like I was in a baffling maze without an exit. As soon as I realized I was not living in the ordinary world I was living in, I was frustrated, but I could do nothing about it as there was nobody there. It must've been the necklace that brought me there.

I thought I was just dreaming. I rubbed my eyes a few times, glared at every object nearby, and was still there. "Boom! Boom!" a humongous vibration was cracking the floor; my body was out of balance and trembling. I looked up and saw a shoe pass over my head; I was frightened; that was a narrow escape. A cacophony of the Giant's footsteps and sounds was stressing me out as if there was an earthquake. I swiftly crawled over to a shelter which was a random circular bottle near the bushes. I sighed a breath of relief, as the wind got stronger, the bottle started to flow, following its pathway on the mud. It was like a roller coaster journey to the middle of nowhere in the crowd compared to the barren garden.

The "roller coaster" was driving me dizzy. Fortunately, it gradually stopped. The moment I stepped out of the bottle, a child fell right beside me. I shouted hysterically to find some help and get attention from the crowd, as I was too petite to do anything for her, but no matter how hard I shouted, my voice was even weaker than the chirping birds.

I burst into tears, and tears dropped when all my thoughts came to my mind. Then, all of a sudden, the necklace started glowing again. I fainted again and woke up in my backyard on a purple apple tree.

**Geometric
Drawing**

9D LEE Ka Chun



THE APOCALYPSE OF LOVE

9C LEUNG Tsz Yau

I woke up at 4:59 pm, hoping the world that I travelled to in my sleep could last longer, but there was no choice. I had to wake up.

A world exists where you can only travel between 4 pm and 5 pm. A world exists where all the desires you dreamt of, whether wealth, status or even love, anything, are true. But be warned, you must not stay in this world after 5 pm, or else you will be stuck there forever and never wake up, so you must bring a watch with you so to prevent yourself from being stuck. I always wear my watch.

The world I travelled to is heaven. I lived with my wife there. She had gorgeous brown hair and sapphire blue eyes. We lived in a cottage house by a lake and lived a quiet life. We grew cabbages, carrots, and pretty little flowers. When I wake up in this imaginary world, bluebirds sing, and angels laugh. My beautiful wife greets me, with the warm sun shining on her warm smile. Everything is perfect. Unfortunately, the love of my life only exists in this world. I'd rather live in this imaginary world than in the nightmare I am living in in real life.

The nightmare I'm living in is the real world. I have a successful life, a stable career, and a gorgeous wife with gorgeous brown hair and sapphire blue eyes. She is the love of my life. Unfortunately, she is not like the love of my life that I'm living within the imaginary world. There are only shouting, tears, anger, broken hearts, and hurtful words between us. This is what I call the apocalypse of our relationship.

I lay back down on my bed, regretting all those words I said to her, those needle-stinging words and hurtful lies that spilt out from my mouth and hers out of anger. I turned to the side of my bed, tired of the fights and the aggressiveness, everything that was being held by an extremely thin thread. I shut my eyes, hoping everything would return to normal

the next day.

When I woke up, I noticed the figure beside me had disappeared. So, I walked out from my wife and my shared bed. I walked to the living room and noticed my wife sitting on the couch with luggage beside her legs.

I could not think or feel.

"The papers are on the counter," my wife said coldly.

The papers shone a brighter white than normal, and her inked signature dried on the paper like a permanent scar.

I could not believe it. This is not what I wanted. If anything, I would have given her a decent apology.

All I wanted was for us to last.

Divorce papers were now lying 3 feet away from me. I walked towards the papers and looked into her eyes. She never turned to look at me. I shakily held the pen and signed on the empty space.

She then left the house without a single goodbye.

I wiped the tears that were rolling down my cheeks and wobbled towards my bed. It was exactly 4 pm. I lay down on my bed in this empty room. There was only the glow of sunset shining out from the window and the dense silence of the mansion. The silence was so quiet, yet so loud. Tears never stopped. All those regretful thoughts grew in my mind.

Before shutting my eyes to travel to the imaginary world, I took off my watch because I would never wake up this time.

9D LIU Sum Kiu



9D CHAN Dang Yee Alyssa

Shall I reminisce about my dream world as I lay on the bed? I would close my eyes and drift into my sleep. The world will be green and peaceful, and all creatures shall live in harmony, contrasting with the present world I'm in; grey, dull, where the world rages in tyranny. The earth fell ill. Nuclear, and biological weapons are owned by countries; humans have fallen into the pit of violence and irrationality. Who would save them? Humans shall be responsible for their deeds. From this day, I shall escape from reality and pace into my imaginary world. Immense pain and sorrow filled my brain and chest. Why? Why would they do this? Couldn't they just live in peace, and the world should be filled with happiness and joy?

In my imaginary world, sickness would never exist. Violence would never exist. I'm suffering from illness every day. The impostor of my brain would chip away at my sanity, bit by bit. When I enter my imaginary world, I hope it can come to life. The world would be filled with buttercups, daisies, and animals and insects roaming freely in the meadows. Humans shall live in harmony with them, caring for each other. I understand that if there were no challenges and conflicts, life would be incomplete. But the world will rest peacefully. The mountains, oceans and skies would rest when humans roam the earth. When humans rest, the mountains, ocean and skies will rule the night. Winds and wolves howl, oceans and orcas crash into the waves, and clouds and creatures roll into the vast black sky. And we humans will rest. I hope the people will be transferred into my imaginary world, letting them experience peace and tranquility. Shall benevolence rain upon humans, showering over their sins and wrongdoings? Would they rethink their mistakes? Will they make amends and start again? Or will they not learn their lesson and rebuild their horrid world just to corrupt this perfect imaginary world?

I will reconstruct the world; oceans, lands, and skies will be equally large. Everyone's amount of land would be equal. Foods would regenerate themselves, and work and poverty don't exist in my world. It's a sheer utopia there. Every human being lives up to their purpose and responsibilities, and they would pursue their hopes and dreams. Shall the earth rest, and the human race would wind down, and everything will be alright.



THE NIGHTMARE IN THE FOREST

9D HARIYANTO Clara

One, two, three, four, five...

As I opened my eyes, I found myself alone in the forest. Above me, not a star could be seen. The sky turned dark grey as soon as the clouds spread through the sky like a disease, leaving almost no light. The fog thickened, making it hard to breathe through and see one's face. The woody incense was from years of snapping branches crashing the forest floor. Centuries-old trees with sprawling limbs guarded the darkness, blocking out almost any sunlight that tried to reach for me. The composting moist air rose like waves as they ran through my nostrils. Each sky-high tree I passed signalled to me that it was watching me.

The lifeless, dried leaves crackled beneath my feet. There was a sudden sharp pain in my leg as I grunted. I turned to look and saw a branch with blood on the tip. Bright red blood started dripping down to my ankle. I groaned as I tried to stay calm. I could hear my unstable breathing while I used my cloth to wrap it around my leg. As I continued to walk, I couldn't help but feel like something was following me.

Then came a sound. It made my blood freeze. It came from somewhere behind me - a spine-chilling, low wail. I moved my head from left to right, scanning like a machine for sudden movements. At the corner of my right eye, an instinct-shaped shadow quickly dashed across the trees, causing a pile of leaves to rustle. As I stared hard at the tree where "it" hid behind, that was when an ear-piercing screech rang. Who's there? Was it going after me? I asked

myself as shivers of fear ran down my spine. Then, a girl with long, dull hair that fell over her face in heaps floated behind. Her eyes were stiff, devoid of emotion. Her skin was pale and slightly wrinkled, contrasting with the torn, bloodied hospital gown on her body. Spindly arms hung from her torso, long and bony, barely able to hold the weight of her hands. Her fingers were trembling claws with nails. Everything about her was disturbing.

As it approached me, I ran as fast as I could for my life. My heart pounded twice as fast as usual, and my lungs screamed in exhaustion. Without looking back, I could already feel the girl chasing me as she got closer. I pumped my legs, gaining momentum and speed with each push. The wind whipped my hair back from my face, but I knew that my legs would eventually tire out, and I could not escape. What's going to happen to me if I was caught? Would I die? These thoughts and questions flooded my brain as I tried to stay calm. Suddenly, I spotted a flickering light that seemed to call out to me, "Clara, Clara!" as its voice echoed through my head. Not giving up, I pushed past my boundaries and lunged forward. But as I reached the light, suddenly, I felt a cold hand that grabbed me by the hand. I tried my best to break free from her grip, but I couldn't. I made a piercing scream "Ahhhhh."

Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred... I woke up in a cold sweat, my heart still pounding as I rubbed my eyes.

It was all just in my imagination...

THE ASYLUM

9D LEUNG Yuen Sum

19th June 1732

Monsters have become friends with humans for as long as I was told.

Some of their mouths look like those carnivorous plants. I've seen one as wide and tall as a 5-year-old growing on their torso. I think they went vegan at the same time. Weird enough, they act and think like humans, eat the same food as we do, can receive education, and just look a bit, well, abnormal to our standards. Although Noelle and Sonju are monsters, we are still pretty good friends.

30th June 1732

Just discovered that there are exceptions. In today's newspaper, a monster hid in the shadows waiting to strike at a child's brain. But, of course, he was heavily punished by the Chimera Government. Not really sure how their laws work. Anyway, all of them are descendants of Chimeras.

22nd July 1732

My family and I were poor, so we often sympathized with the homeless and the weak. We'd always give them leftover food if our mother bought more.

There was a criminal in our community, but after he went to the specialized jail designed by monsters – The Asylum, it's like he's a totally different person. I'm not sure how to put it, but since the day he came out from prison, not only he acted like a robot, but his eyes were also utterly soulless, so we always gave him most of the leftovers we had, despite his attitude towards all people before he went to The Asylum. Maybe he just became an introvert because of the lack of socializing in the prison.

16th August 1732

I'm currently in The Asylum.

As I mentioned before, I'm no Chimera law geek, and I don't plan to be anywhere near one, but surely I did not kill a person. And most certainly, I don't belong in The Asylum. What have I done besides giving the poor food and living normally? Mom cried and cried. It aches my heart. I reassured her everything would be fine. Thinking back, my hands tremble.

There wasn't even a trial for my 'murder case'. No news, no nothing. I was brought straight to The Asylum. After walking with blindfolds, I was led to a village. I squinted at the sky. I could see a corner vaguely, like the inwards of a box, and I realized I was in a ridiculously large room painted sky blue.

17th August 1732

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't surprised. Noticing the people around me, confused as I am, I felt no different than before. "Hello, humans. Welcome to The Asylum. We already took note of your crimes. Just forget about that for now." A monster with a weird, folded mask standing on a small podium behind a mic spoke. "3 rules. 1, music. 2, monsters. 3, survive. Find what you need in the shelters. That's it. Good luck." And he slowly descended a lift under his feet. Excuse me? What? I looked around.

Suddenly, there was music blasting from the speakers on the poles. A lullaby without lyrics. Like the songs, you hear in music boxes. Chills ran through my spine. Thuds started coming out from every direction. I never can understand why lullabies and quiet music could be so eerie and blood-freezing in horror movies until then. We jolted our heads around to see what was happening: Monsters. 3 meters tall. The voice of the monster from earlier suddenly rang in my head: 1, music. 2, monsters. 3, survive. Find what you need in the shelters. So, I dashed into one of the houses, saw loads of weapons and picked up a pistol.

Today was indeed the worst day of my life. Being chased by monsters, despair, screeching screams, despair, that killing blood lust, and despair. Only a few other people survived with me. I was hiding and still am. Who knew there were so many 'exceptions' just gathered here? I can't take this anymore.

18th August 1732

This is just a playground for them. They give us food, medical supplies, and weapons just to give us the tiniest hope and toy with our lives. Ones who lost faith and gave on their knees? No fun. Devoured. Those who try to fight back but fail? Too weak. Devoured. We die? They replace us.

19th August 1732

I'm sorry, Mom. I can't hold much longer. I know nobody is going to see this, but their weakness is probably the eyes.

THE DANGERS OF A PERFECT UTOPIA

9D YIP Ka Ho

Waking up from the pleasing scent of nature, I get out of bed and perform my usual daily routine. Opening the curtains, groups of streamlined flying pods soar through the skies as always. I sit on my comfortable sofa chair, watching the beautiful view while waiting for the daily alert to start the new day. Many people hate the alert, as the adults have to start to work when it goes off, while children begin their learning section. Some people call it the “Pain Call”, but I personally like to call it “A New Chance”.

The alert soon goes off, and everyone starts leaving their apartment and enters the magnetic levitating trains to arrive at their working location. I then arrive at my school and start working on more design projects to help society. I put on my headsets and start interacting with the leftovers I have completed before. Every time I start my work, I can’t think of a problem to start solving as the society is basically perfect. No complaints or issues are seen. I keep wondering about the person or thing in control of the city, but there are no governments known or seen by all citizens. There are enough resources to satisfy everyone’s wants and needs.

As time has passed by, I realize not much progress had been made besides refining details from before. I look out the window. The pods continue to fly, and the sun starts sinking into the horizon, leaving the sky with streaks of orange and purple. I then enjoy the view for the next few moments until school ends. Again, nothing much has been done, but all is good. This place is basically perfect, and with people doing some checking and refining, this place has already reached its peak.

The alarm for the end of the day rings, and we all put down our work, having the rest of the time as our free time. Parks, train stations, and apartments start to light up as more people take their free time. All doings for citizens are planned beforehand, and nothing much will be worrying as it all is listed on the schedule. I soon leave the train and arrive at my apartment. The door senses my DNA from a sensor above and opens. I comfort myself on the sofa chair and wait as the cooker automatically prepares the food.

I continue my usual night routine and get a comfortable massage on the sofa chair. I slowly become drowsier as time passes. Hopefully, something more surprising or exciting will happen in the coming days.



THE DEMIGUISE WORLD: A PORTAL TO DARKNESS

9E AU Chung Yan

On a beautiful summer day, Peter was walking to school merrily. He saw a colorful butterfly and began to chase after it. The butterfly led him to an abandoned shed, but it disappeared when he got in. The sky suddenly became dark. It was raining heavily. He tried to leave the shed, but the door had been locked. He couldn't open the door and decided to stay for the rain to stop. But it's been raining non-stop for a couple of hours. The rainwater seeped into the dilapidated shed. Sewages were dripping across the roof. The place was filled with moss and smelled like rotten bananas. Peter pulled out a drawer and saw a whirling screen. It made him sick. He then reached his hand out and put his head inside.

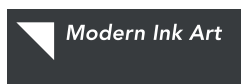
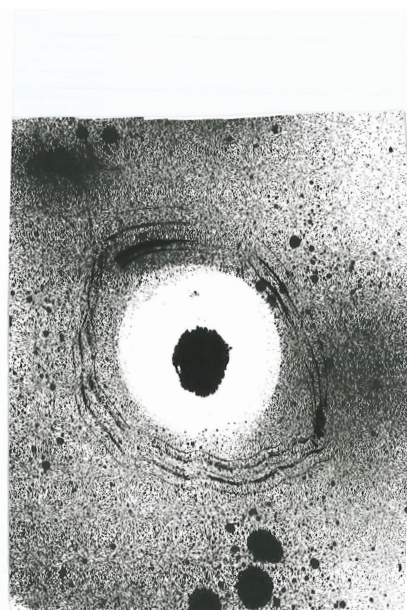
Peter realized it was a hole and a place that he could pass through. It was a portal. He leaned his body forward but accidentally rolled over. Inside, around him, were black and dark blue horizontal strokes hurrying in a white tunnel. Soon, Peter landed on a piece of soil atop the hill. Nobody was beside him; it was completely peaceful and quiet.

A legend of mysterious creatures and villages was passed across generations. A long time ago, there was a small, secluded village in a mysterious place. The village was called Alynthi. The inhabitants were not humans or animals. They were creatures. They are called the Demiguise, also known as the sons of the devil. They had white fur, enormous eyes, and sharp teeth. They looked like monkeys but were much more devilish. The Demiguises were said to be the most villainous group, including witches and wizards. Their tactics were copied from other terrorist organizations, and it's also the reason why they were such powerful. They have supernatural powers to connect with the spirits and control their powers. Till now, scientists still can't explain the paranormal phenomena and the appearance of bizarre creatures. But it was the doings of the Demiguises. They can be invisible, transforming into humans, flying, controlling fire, and making poisonous soup. They tried to mass murder the world and took organs and bodies to make their poison soups to conduct harmful experiments such as genetic modification to destroy the unfair world and rule the world in darkness.

Along the village, Peter saw bare trees growing diamonds and jewelry hidden behind the withered grass. There were lustrous crystals, amethyst, and emeralds everywhere; the sky was lavender, and no animals or humans existed. He then saw a river. It was in fluorescent violet color. Peter stretched out his arm and took a dip in the water. It was sticky and jelly-like. After walking across the wooden bridge, he could smell smoke. He quickly went down the hill to see if anyone was there to help him escape. He heard Demiguises chanting. They were worshipping their gods and goddesses. Peter hid behind the bush and looked carefully at them. After the ceremony, the Demiguises left the fire pit, and the appearance of the Demiguises crept Peter out. They noticed Peter and snickered at him evilly.

Peter followed the Demiguises to a dark cave. They gave him a green and poisonous drink. Peter drank it up, and a few seconds later, his body was full of white hair, his sight was wider than before, he got his sharp teeth, and he found himself turned into a Demiguise. His hand lighted up, and slowly the red fire spread through his body. His vision was blurred until he closed his eyes. He felt dizzy and fainted away, and could vaguely hear, "You don't belong here".

Peter found himself lying on a bed inside the shed where he found the portal. He couldn't feel his body; he was light and peaceful; he had totally forgotten what he had done previously. He opened the drawer. There was stationery, but he couldn't remember what had happened. The sky outside the window was bright. Peter opened the door. He smelled fresh leaves. Butterflies were flying everywhere, and spring had come.



9A KWOK Chun Yin

The Last Breath of Hope

9E CHAN Tak Yu

It was 5049. The world hadn't changed so much. People were still greedy. The world was still surrounded by fear. The world was a lifeless place. People were living for the government, not themselves. Their spirits were like candles slowly getting blown out. The forests were slowly disappearing. You could not see a clear blue sky. Even leaves were scarce. Nature was unbalanced. The oxygen on Earth was nearly used up. Almost all plants had died, and the air quality was very poor. People needed to wear oxygen masks to survive. Love was disappearing in people's hearts. The Earth had almost become a dead place.

It was a typical day. I woke up at 5:00 a.m. I washed my face, brushed my teeth, and changed my clothes. Then I went to the jam-packed canteen and had a tasteless breakfast as usual. It consisted of milk that tasted a little sour, a thin slice of bread and a chewy chicken breast that tasted like rubber. After that, I did my morning exercises. I ran for ten laps and did almost thirty minutes of aerobic exercises. I was almost the fastest out of the fifty of my classmates. Then after a short break, we had astronaut training which was the same as usual. But suddenly, the commander-in-chief spoke out over a loudspeaker that hadn't been used for a long time. "Everyone, there is some great news coming out from the scientists. Scientists have discovered that material on another planet could produce oxygen. This will help us with our lack of oxygen problem." The commander-in-chief shared this news in a very matter-of-fact way. He continued, "So we need to choose an astronaut. That means one of you will commit to this mission." Surprisingly, my name came out loudly over the speaker and echoed throughout the building.

The next week, I was sitting in the spaceship. I was wearing a bulky space suit, readying myself psychologically to ascend into space. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1... Blast off!

I made my way into space travelling at the speed of light. Not even a second later, I arrived on the planet. I quickly got out of the spaceship and tried to find the material. I had to finish the mission in seven minutes because of the Theory of Relativity (my one minute is a year on the Earth). The planet was barren and was covered in rocks and dust. I looked around, but I couldn't see anything that looked like the material. I started to become a bit nervous. It had to be somewhere nearby! I walked around and tried to find it, but all I could see was just rocks and rocks. Time was running out. My heart started to beat hard and fast. I breathed deeply. The air inside my air tank would be used up in three minutes, and I would be dead if I didn't get back into the spaceship within the next three minutes! I felt enormous pressure because I knew I was carrying the fate of others in my hand but...

I rushed back to the spaceship. When I wanted to close the door, I saw something shining below the ground. "Ahhh! That's the material!" I said out loud. I immediately took out a mechanical shovel and tried to dig it out. Suddenly, my watch was flashing, and my oxygen was used up! I grabbed the material and jumped into the spaceship. But seven minutes I had already passed. I was late! Barely a second later, I was back on Earth. With excitement, I got out of the spaceship. I was excited because I thought I had saved humans!

I opened the door. A disgusting smell wafted past my nose. Dust drifted. Human corpses were lying paralyzed on the ground. A yellowed piece of paper lay lifeless on the ground. I painfully read the words, "You are too late."

A World Powered by Love

9E SO Hoi Ting

Love is powerful; love is unique.

A world full of peace, gratitude, and love. No fear and no pain. A world where people are united. They accept each other's differences and are willing to help the community when difficulties come. No jealousy and no anger. What a world it would be!

The sun was shining, and the birds were whistling. The flowers danced gracefully under the breeze of the wind. When I stepped out of my apartment, I felt warmth and happiness. The warmth didn't just come from the sun. It also came from the people around me. Everyone was wearing a smiling face. The people in the community were running their daily routine as usual. Adults were serving the community. Some were preparing scrumptious food for dinner, some were helping to keep the neighborhood nice and tidy, and some were taking care of the lovely plants that had butterflies and birds surrounding them. There was harmony between nature and people. There was no destruction or pollution. Children were playing in the recreational area after three hours of school. Giggling sounds spread all over the community, like joyful music. How soothing! How enjoyable!

A scent of chocolate suddenly filled the air. I turned around and saw Mary waving at me. "My mother baked some chocolate cake! Want to try?" asked Mary. The pleasant smell of chocolate already made my stomach growl, and the invitation from Mary made me dash to her. I filled my mouth with chocolate cake and ice cream. In my mouth, the cake and ice cream blended and surged, forcing my eyes to close. Many people from the community were attracted by the scent of chocolate; the little restaurant that Mrs. Smith opened was crowded with people. Chatting with the ones in the restaurant made my afternoon even better. Mr. Wimbleton, the "joke-teller", never failed to make everyone laugh into tears. All of us simply had a comfortable talk in the restaurant while enjoying the desserts. I had a great time. Everyone had a great time. The word "stranger" doesn't apply to the community. Every one of us was friends with each other.



Modern Ink Art

9E KWOK Lik To

The pale crescent moon shone brightly in the dark night; it was time for the “night talk”. Every night after dinner, the community would be separated into groups and gathered around the fireplace. During the “night talk”, we would share our feelings and thoughts. We would express our appreciation and gratitude towards each other. When we faced difficulties, we expressed our worries and concerns. We would care, we would help, and we would pray for each other. There is always love in the community.

Indeed, there was no high technology, no robots, and no magic. This was not a fantasy world where everyone had a magic power. However, in this world, there is a special bond between humans and nature. Most importantly, a special bond between human beings. This world was simple.

It was simple but perfect.

Suddenly, I heard my mother’s voice. “Time for breakfast! Wake up!” my mother yelled from the living room.

It was only a dream.

As I opened my eyes and dragged myself back to reality, a beautiful sentence suddenly came to my mind. “World peace can be achieved when, in each person, the power of love replaces the love of power.” – Sri Chinmoy.

A MODERN FAIRYTALE

9E YUEN Yi Eires

I breathed a sigh of relief as the bell enthusiastically sang its anthem. I was mentally and physically drained from the overwhelming truckload of schoolwork and exams, so I was ecstatic for school to be over. As I stepped to temporary freedom, a dark, menacing shadow was cast upon the floor as if I were in a horror movie. The thundering voice said, “Hello, Eires.” I groaned and turned to see my class teacher shooting me a dirty look while motioning for me to go to her. “Your grades are regressing hastily. I would advise you to figure out your situation soon before finals, or you’ll be in a lot of trouble,” she said grimly. I nodded weakly and made my way out of school.

When I got home, I finished my school assignments and was ready to nap. The book *Snow White* and the *Seven Dwarves* peeked through my school bag, and I reluctantly took it out to read as it was related to an assignment that accounted for a whopping 20% of my final grade. As I flipped through the pages, I couldn’t help but long to live in the fairytale world, where all you had to do was eating an apple and living happily ever after. As time passed, I dozed off peacefully, without knowing what kind of movie-worthy event awaited me.

I woke up lying on a stone-cold floor and found myself dressed in clothes that seemed to have been passed down for centuries. “Snow White! Wake up! This floor is not going to sweep itself, is it?” A shrill holler echoed. The voice sounded oddly familiar, like someone who scolded me often. My suspicions were confirmed as I looked up to discover my class teacher dressed in a purple gown with a gold crown. She glared at me as she shouted, “Well?” I nodded and started

to sweep the floors amidst my confusion. As she exited the room, I heard her mutter, “Just you wait, you lazy piece of nothing. I shall soon become the fairest of the land.”

I took a closer look at my appearance in the mirror. Yellow and blue gown, lips red as rose, hair black as ebony, and skin white as snow. I gasped as reality hit. I was *Snow White*! I couldn’t believe my eyes. The delusion of this scenario was insane! Soon, a wave of panic swept over me, and I made plans to flee the castle. At midnight, I left the castle with a broom as my weapon. A huntsman approached me as I speed-walked into what seemed like the unknown. Taken aback, I whacked him on the head with the broom, and only after did it occur to me that he actually spared *Snow White* in the fairytale. My eyes popped out of my skull as I apologized silently and dashed into the woods.

The woods were just as terrifying as the book described them to be. Everywhere I looked, there seemed to be eyes of disapproval staring deep into my soul, and the forest was filled with voices saying that I wasn’t good enough. Finally, one creature approached me from the shadows. It was my dog, Bailey! She lay down next to me and allowed me to pet her, which made me feel like I had a companion in this hostile area. I took a nap, and when I woke up, the sun was shining brightly. As I ventured into the forest, I stumbled upon a petite cottage that looked straight out of a painting. I knocked on the door and entered. The house was a mess! I cleaned it up and took a well-earned nap.

I woke up to seven kids with oddly large noses staring at me. After I bolted awake, the kids introduced themselves as the *Seven Dwarves* and one of them said with a scowl on their face, “Do you think this is ‘*Goldilocks*’? Get out of our house!”

“Get out of our house!” the rest said in unison. These kids showed no gratitude that I cleaned up for them!

Kicked out of the cottage, I continued to walk around the forest and soon saw someone in a black cloak who seemed to be floating by the river. “Excuse me! Do you know the way to the castle?” I asked.

The person in the black cloak turned around, and an old woman appeared before my eyes. “Sorry, I don’t. Would you like an apple? It’s free,” she asked with a raspy voice. I knew the apple was probably poisoned, but I was really hungry, and what was the worst that could happen? I took a big bite out of the apple she handed me. I felt overwhelmingly dizzy, and it felt like something was stabbing my organs repeatedly. I fell in pain, and the old hag laughed her way down the river. “Guess who the fairest in the land is now!” she said cheerily. “Help....” I muttered, and everything went pitch-black.

When I opened my eyes, I was in my room again. I looked around and heard a knock on the door. “Eires? Dinner’s ready,” my mother said.

“Coming!” I replied. Before heading to dinner, I looked at the book again, and to my surprise, the cover changed from *Snow White* to an extremely unflattering drawing of me sleeping soundly with the *Seven Dwarves* glaring at me, which brought a soft smile to my face. My life currently couldn’t come close to how painful, scary and lonely I was as *Snow White*. “Feels good to be me again,” I said to myself. Like fairytales, we have to go through a difficult journey to earn our happily ever after. Sometimes, we might fail or get scammed by a lady with a basket of apples. However, all you have to do is stand back up and keep going. One day you’ll either be super successful or live in a fancy castle with a prince who shares a name with ten other princes. So, to whoever is reading this, I hope you’ll keep on going to find your happily ever after.



BIOPRINTING -

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE

WHAT IS BIOPRINTING?



- An extension of traditional 3D printing.
- Can produce living tissue, bone, blood vessels and even whole organs
- Bioinks are the raw materials used in 3D bioprinting, which almost imitate natural tissues.



ETHICAL CONCERNS

- The development of bioprinting technologies raises deep questions related to the very human nature, such as the issues of “technological immortality” of a human being.



APPLICATIONS



- Researchers working at the Wake Forest School of Medicine have successfully designed a printer that can print skin cells directly onto a burn wound.
- 3DBio Therapeutics, a biotech company in Queens, has made use of a patient's stem cells to produce an ear implant which has been successfully augmented



- Used in drug testing and medical research, including complex brain disorders such as schizophrenia or Alzheimer's disease.

BENEFITS AND ADVANTAGES



- Bioprinting could replace organ donors.
- Prevent cell rejection
- Replace animals and human volunteers in testing labs
- Wide accessibility
- Low cost
- Cost-effective approach

10B TANG Hau In



Agricultural Technology Breakthrough with A.I. drones

10B 17 Tang Hau In



ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE DRONES ARE THE FUTURE TO EFFICIENT FARMING

Alongside continuous increase in global population and decrease in agricultural land, AI-powered solutions will not only enable farmers to improve efficiencies, but will also improve quantity, quality and ensure sufficient crop supply to feed the world.

95%

Pesticide use
reduced in
farming.

385+

Crop diseases
detectable

0 sec.

Delay =
instantaneous
feedback.

5.89B

USD market
valuation by
2030.

Intelligent watering

AI sensors detect weed and pests and spray pesticides in the right regions, reducing redundant use.

Smart Seeding

Sow seeds to vacant and suitable parts of fields at more efficient rates

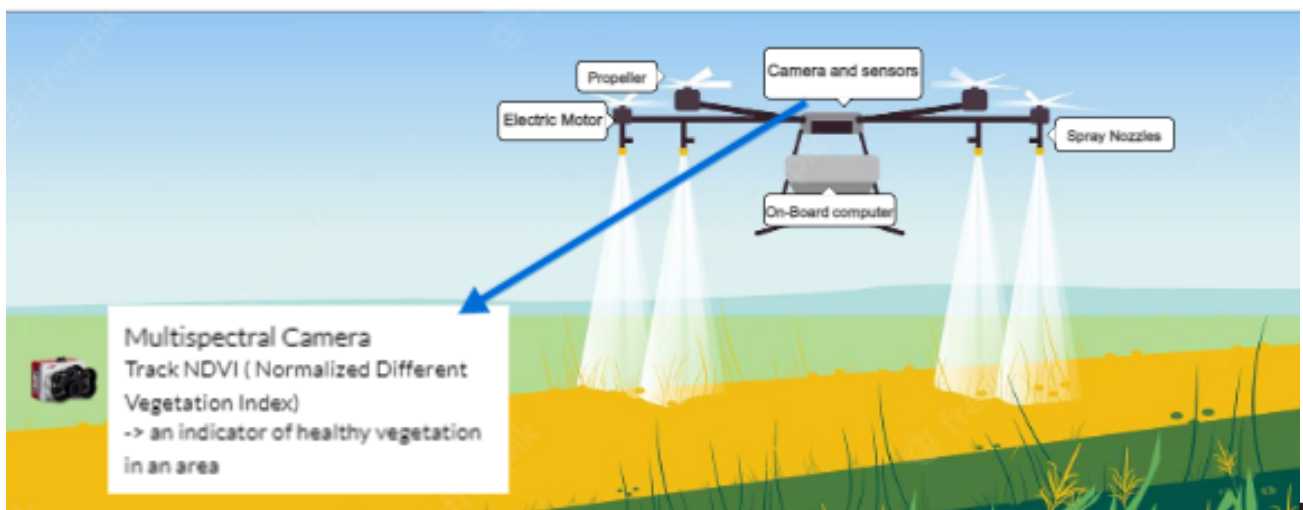


Disease Diagnosis

Identify and alert farmers of plant diseases.

Soil and disease monitoring

With machine learning, soil quality and moisturization can be monitored for possible deficiencies.



10C FUNG Ho Ching

INTRODUCING THE SMART FLYING CHAIR



What are the problems?



- Traffic jams happen every day in Hong Kong. It makes traveling so time consuming.
- Hong Kong lacks flat lands and parking lots take up too much of them.
- Transportation is so costly. We spend so much on it every month.
- Sometimes cars are not able to reach certain locations, eg rural areas



What are the functions of a flying chair?

- It is a private individual chair that flies in the sky.

- It can prevent traffic jams.

- It reduces traveling time as it goes to your destination in a straight line

- It reduces the cost of traveling.

- It is small in size, so it can be easily stored. It can also be used as a normal chair at home or in offices.

- It is driven by solar energy and is environmentally friendly.

- It has an auto-pilot, so you don't need to 'drive' the chair by yourselves.

- It provides door-to-door transportation, it's going to make your life easier!

10C LAI Yuen Wo Janice

STUDENT'S HELPER

MOONY

TIMETABLE

Students can use Moony to keep track of their classes, assignment due dates, and other important information. To remind students of it, a reminder is sent out beforehand.

STOPWATCH

In order to keep students from becoming sidetracked during their revision, Moony includes a stopwatch and locks other applications on the phone.

STATISTICS

Additionally, it provides data on how much time students devote to their education. This can show them where they made progress and where they need to put more time in.

GRADE TRACKER

Students may enter their grades into Moony, which will track their improvement in various subjects and generate a list of the subjects they should prioritize.

COMMUNICATION SPACE

Students can use this site to interact with those studying the same subject when they are having difficulty with their assignments. This can shorten the time students spend on challenging questions and improve their comprehension.

DAILY CHECKINS

Every night, Moony checks in with the students. Students can pick an emoji to represent their day or emotions and write out their feelings. This can significantly reduce the tension and stress of the students, Moony can also be their very own supporters.

10D KWOK Lok Yao

Smart Cooker

the helping hand in kitchens



Search up your favourite menus

Look through cookbooks and websites to find your ideal menu for a delicious meal.



Prepare your ingredients

Head to the nearest supermarket to grab the ingredients written in the menu



Put the menu and the ingredients in the smart cooker

The smart cooker automatically reads the menu and processes the ingredients



The clock is ticking!

Wait around 15-20 minutes as your meal is cooked to perfection by the smart cooker



Ready to serve

The delicate meal of your very own is ready for a taste test. Take a huge sniff of the mouth-watering aroma and dig in!



Our users are 100% satisfied

The smart cooker is perfect for either a busy working weekday or a chill relaxed weekend, when you are too tired or lazy to cook. Let the smart cooker do its job and serve you a delightful meal that you deserve!

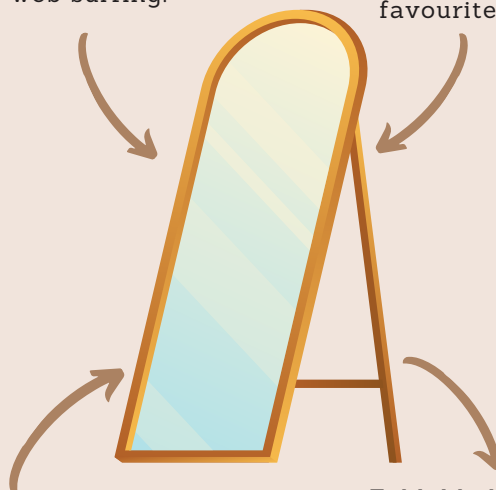
10D MA Sum Ying

MIRROR CAST

YOUR NEW
HOUSEHOLD COMPANION

Touch display for
web surfing.

Built in speakers
to blast your
favourite tunes.



Built in android OS for
installation of any
android supported
apps.

Foldable legs so
the mirror can be
mounted on a
wall or standing
up.

Easy to use with it's
touch screen
display.



Listen to your
favourite songs
while getting ready!

Get your own Mirror Cast at :
mirrorcast/buy.com

BIOPRINTING

10D LEUNG Yeuk Hei

Bioprinting is a broad-spectrum, multidisciplinary journal that covers all aspects of 3D fabrication technology involving biological tissues, organs and cells for medical and biotechnology applications.

Topics covered include nanomaterials, biomaterials, scaffolds, 3D printing technology, imaging and CAD/CAM software and hardware, post-printing bioreactor maturation, cell and biological factor patterning, biofabrication, tissue engineering and other applications of 3D bioprinting technology.

THREE STAGES OF BIOPRINTING

Pre-Printing

Pre-bioprinting is to create the digital file of a specific organ layer by layer.

Bioprinting

Bioprinting is to print the created layer.

Post-Printing

Post-printing is to check whether the printed organ is ready to transplant in the body or not.

ADVANTAGES OF BIOPRINTING

A New Alternative

- Over 100,000 Americans await organ transplants and over 6,000 die annually while waiting.
- Organ shortage has a simple cause: paying organ donors is illegal.
- The advancement of bioprinting technology gives a new alternative to organ transplantation.

Replace Volunteers

- Bioprinted tissue may replace human volunteers from lab experiments.
- It reduces the risks that such testing poses to volunteer health and safety.
- Bioprinting is the safest and best model for lab experiments.

Protects Ecosystem

- Bioprinting organs almost imitate natural tissues. The number of animals killed annually to serve clinical studies and trials have also reduced.
- Indirectly, this technology is protecting our ecosystem.

Cost Effective Approach

- Bioprinting organs are much more cheaper than natural tissues.
- Biomaterials used in bioprinting almost imitate natural tissues. It becomes cost-effective to study the interaction of different chemicals.
- Biomaterials further help in the invention and research.

Prevent Cell Rejection

- Chances of finding a donor that shares compatible tissue cells is low.
- Incompatibility activates the immune system to attack the body if a foreign cell is discovered.
- With bioprinting, the cultured cells may be taken from the patient himself. This ensures that the transplant won't be rejected by the body after the operation.

DISADVANTAGES OF BIOPRINTING



Emission of harmful chemicals

There is an emission of harmful chemicals during the bioprinting process. During the melting process of the filaments, the fume that contains harmful particles is released into the air. The substances may induce headaches, nausea and irritate the eyes and nasal tract.



Complex Procedure

Complex organs are difficult to print artificially. Scientists have successfully printed some organs, but the printing of organs like the liver, kidneys, pancreas, and heart is going to take a much longer time. The bioprinting procedure is complicated and time-consuming. It needs a long time to design, print, and check on the printed organ.



Requirement of skilled professionals

Bioprinting requires skilled professionals to guide and check on the process of printing. A minor mistake on the design may affect the outcome greatly. Advancement of technology and skilled professionals act as an important role during the process of bioprinting.

10D WAN Sheung Wah Godwin

Genetic Engineering

5 EXAMPLES

1

Babies-born-to-be

1. Eradicate hereditary disease
2. Can select intelligence
3. Can prevent newborn babies suffering from a disability
4. There will not be a burden for
5. Inborn disability anymore
6. To prevent unnecessary pain

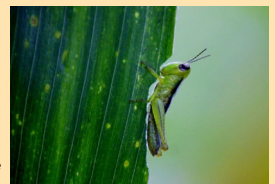


2

Pesticide-Resistant crops

They have been genetically modified to be toxic to certain insects, for example, Acridomorpha in China

Ensure stability for the food source



3

Plants That Fight Pollution

1. Deal with water pollution that breaks down or sequesters pollutants in water
2. Use genetically modified poplar trees to remove pollutants such as trichloroethylene (TCE).
3. Some trees can also be modified to absorb greenhouse gases in a high rate, such as methane
4. Fast-growing trees in a large scale can absorb greenhouse gases in a large amount



Large scale Fast-growing crops

When crops can be grown in large amounts and fast-growing, food shortage problems can be relieved or even dealt with. It can also reduce cost and price



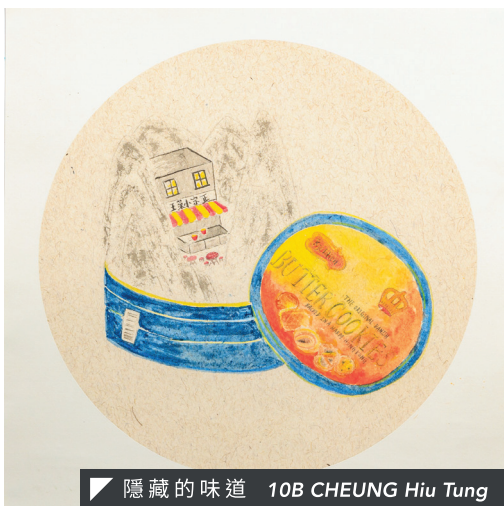
4

5

Eggs that only produce hens

Israeli Agricultural Research Organization-Volcani Center modified the genes of eggs, which only hens can be born in order to prevent unnecessary killings towards roosters due to costly running cost for the farm

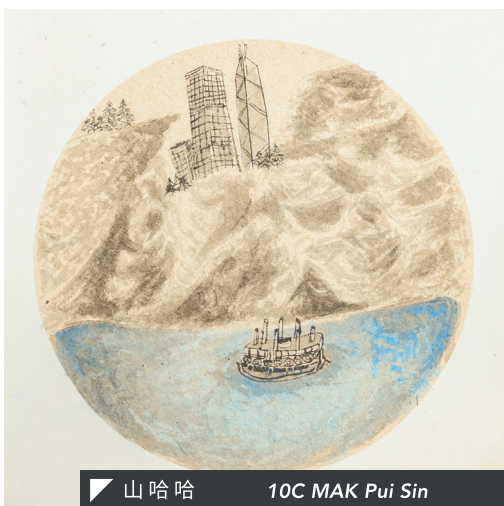




▼ 隱藏的味道 10B CHEUNG Hiu Tung



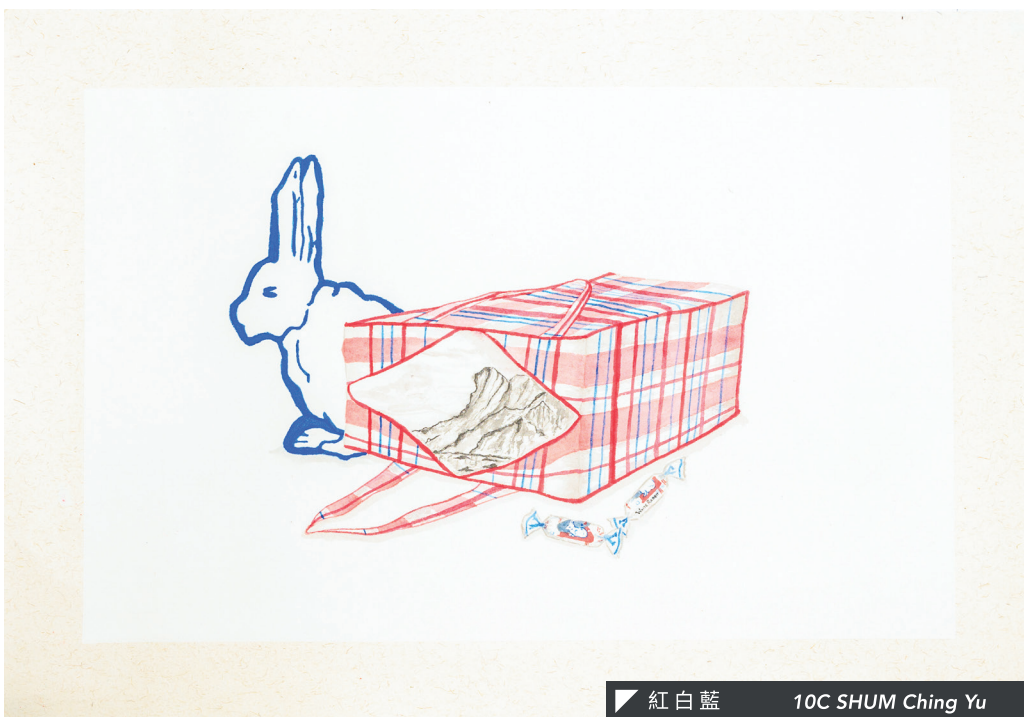
▼ 美味香港 10E FELIVIA Angelina



▼ 山哈哈 10C MAK Pui Sin



▼ 蒸籠山 10B WONG Hoi Ching



▼ 紅白藍 10C SHUM Ching Yu

The Detriments of Social Media Networking

11A FUNG Wai Ho

The use of social media has become a trend due to the rise of the internet. Its popularity has reached an all-time high. Social media networking is accessible to everyone worldwide, and it is exceptionally popular among teenagers, who spend most of their time living in the virtual world. Despite its popularity, I highly doubt that the benefits gained from social media are worth the amount of time spent on it.

First and foremost, the majority of people using social media are teenagers, who are in their childhood or adolescence and who seek validation from peers. The desire for approval is because they have just developed their own personality yet are still immature. This may cause teenagers to do improper things on social media to get famous by getting



 pinky pinky

11A Chong Sum Yin

views, likes and comments. This can develop into a mindset of doing dangerous things and posting them on social media to amaze viewers. The number of likes on a post reflects the level of appreciation by others, and comments under a post encourage teenagers to do more improper actions. It causes a vicious cycle for teenagers to do dangerous things, putting their lives at risk.

Besides, the problem of addiction to social media networking is serious. Being a teenager, I have noticed that all my friends use at least 5 different social media applications daily, with almost 80% of their time spent on scrolling through posts or posting stories on social media platforms on electronic devices. A majority of teenagers spend most of their free time on their phones or laptops, which reflects the increase in frequency of using social media networking. In some extreme cases, teenagers would rather post stories or scroll through posts on social media platforms than spending time on revision, which leads to more problems.

Social media addiction refers to an uncontrollable increase of time spent on social media platforms; therefore, the time left for academic studies will decrease, which means students will have less time for revision and consolidation of knowledge learnt in class. Concepts would be forgotten easily, causing the performance in examinations to drop. Critically, students might give up on studies since they see little hope in their academic performance. Therefore, the balance between social media usage and time spent on studies will be upset, as most of their time is used on social media networking while little time is left for studies. Ultimately, their grades will drop significantly.

In addition, there is an issue with teenagers' ability to socialize in person when they are used to texting on social media. During the pandemic, people were forced to work at home. The number of opportunities of face-to-face conversations was reduced, so people chose to use social media networking to socialize with others. After the pandemic, when people began to meet each other in person again, they tend to be more hesitant than before, which is mainly because people have gotten used to social media networking. As a result, real-life interaction gives them pressure and makes them anxious.

In my opinion, the use of social media networking causes a negative impact on us, especially on teenagers. The huge underworld of social media networking contains information and messages that will mislead the immature. Addiction to social media networking can lead to disruptions in academic studies. In a long-term perspective, this will cause them to miss the boat to learn, harming their future. Therefore, I do agree that social media networking is a waste of time considering how it disadvantages us.

Dim Sum One: A New Gem in Sham Shui Po

11A FUNG Wai Ho

Last month, I went to a new restaurant located at Sham Shui Po - Dim Sum One. While waiting outside the restaurant to be seated, Dim Sum One stood out among other restaurants nearby. Judging by the looks on the outside and the long queue of customers at the entrance, I was confident that this newly opened restaurant wouldn't fail to meet my expectations.

I got myself a table after 15 minutes of waiting. I felt satisfied when I glanced at its interior. The lanterns on the wall, and the wooden dining tables and chairs added to the ambience of the Chinese-themed dining experience.

The food served impressed me. The roast pork inside the pork buns was well-barbecued; the glutinous rice dumplings were chewy and luscious on the inside, yet they were still slightly crispy on the outside.

The service was also quite remarkable. My waiter had a patient attitude when I was struggling on deciding my order and gave me recommendations. All the waiters there were indeed friendly and amiable to customers.

In conclusion, Dim Sum One provides excellent service and classy ambience. Although it is a new restaurant, the price of its dim sum is reasonable, and it definitely won't cost you an arm or a leg to enjoy a delicious meal there. A recommendation from me is definite. I would surely visit Dim Sum One to fill my stomach again!

JAPANESE CULTURE — AN UNCEASING TREND IN HONG KONG

11A LAM Kin Ching Sophie

From food to fashion, music to television, Japanese culture has been deeply rooted in our hearts for decades. To Hongkongers, Japan is indubitably one of the top travel destinations, no matter for short or long vacations. What's the reason behind Japan's pervasive influence that shaped Hong Kong's contemporary popular culture?

Music

Many of us may not realize it, but Japan's distinct style of music has already infiltrated Hong Kong's Cantopop songs for decades. In the 1980s, Japanese music went through a bumper growth in popularity among Hongkongers. The 'city pop' style of Japanese music back then was greatly appreciated by its fans. Lacking music composers and fresh ideas, Hong Kong's music industry started adapting the melodies of Japanese pop songs and transforming them into a unique style of localized Cantopop. Soon enough, people of the city took a liking to this brand-new form of music.

Adapted J-pop songs pop icons back in those days helped promote the rise of J-pop-styled songs in Hong Kong. For example, the renowned Hong Kong pop idol Leslie Cheung covered a lot of original Japanese songs with Cantonese lyrics in the 80s. In 1985, he even sang a duet of an adapted Japanese song with its original singer on a live television broadcast. People had a high regard for his songs, and that was when J-pop truly started to alter Hong Kong's pop music culture.

Food

Sushi, sashimi, ramen and udon – are these the foodstuffs that come to your mind when you hear 'Japanese cuisine'? A notable feature of Japanese seafood cuisine is its use of variant, fresh and mouth-watering ingredients, as well as its exceptional presentation of them. It also uses a lot of fermented food items like miso, natto and soy sauce. Japanese cuisine is even included in UNESCO's list of Intangible Cultural Heritage. You might worry that raw seafood dishes, which are uncommon in traditional Cantonese cuisine, will be very expensive since it requires extra fresh ingredients. However, sushi and sashimi can actually be affordable. Since conveyor belt sushi and sushi trains were introduced in Hong Kong, they have become a commonplace for people to enjoy this type of delectable Japanese cuisine.

Besides Japan's seafood cuisine, cup noodles are also a kind of Japanese imported food that fits exactly the liking of nowadays Hongkongers. Most white-collar workers in Hong Kong have a hectic life, so they might not even have the time for a full lunch. Instant noodles and cup noodles have emerged in their working culture, providing a quick and convenient option for a light lunch or snack in offices.

Anime, manga and video games

I'm sure almost everyone in Hong Kong knows about Ani-com and Games Expo, which are held annually at the Hong Kong Convention and Exhibition Center. In this vibrant city of various cultures, the biggest anime, manga and video games convention has attracted thousands of visitors every year. As a result of the successful ACG events, cosplaying rose and became a novel trend. You can probably see that from loads of people cosplaying as the character Anya from the acclaimed anime *Spy Family*.

For most people, anime has influenced our lives since childhood. Most GenY-ers and GenZ-ers in Hong Kong grew up watching Japanese anime like *Doraemon* and *Sailor Moon* on TV or in cinemas. This is actually a form of cultural globalization in that Japan promotes its own cultural products and increases its national soft power. Eventually, people continue watching anime when they grow up. Some may get interested in its related forms of entertainment such as manga and video games and become invested in them.

Conclusion

Long story short, Japan's culture has already become ubiquitous and merged into Hong Kong's popular culture. In my opinion, the Japanese mania of Hongkongers will continue to linger for years or even decades.

THE INFLUENCE OF JAPANESE AND KOREAN POP CULTURE ON HONG KONG'S MUSIC SCENE

11A LAU Ka Ching Vanessa

As a music lover living in Hong Kong, I can't wait to talk about the popular influence surrounding us. The Hong Kong music scene is currently developing rapidly. The culture of Hong Kong is primarily a mix of Chinese and Western influences. However, recently, more and more people have pointed out that Korea and Japan have influenced Hong Kong's popular culture, and I agree with them.

Back in the 1980s and 1990s, Hong Kong's music scene was all the rage. The wave of Hong Kong music was influencing the entire East Asia. However, even in its heyday, Hong Kong was already being sharpened by Japanese culture. Many classic popular works of music by pop stars such as Leslie Cheung, Alan Tam, Anita Mui, and Sally Yeh, were adaptations of Japanese songs. According to people from that era, also known as my parents, Japanese movies and music were everywhere, and local fashion was largely inspired by Japanese artists. I was kind of amazed by the impact of the Japanese cultural wave given that it occurred at a time when technology wasn't so developed.

After the Japanese wave, in the last 10 years, came the Korean wave. Everyone has heard of BTS or BLACKPINK, right? They are proof that the Korean wave has become an influential global phenomenon since the start of the 21st century. It has heavily impacted contemporary cultures and music industries. Although Hong Kong has always had girl groups and boy bands, the Korean influence has changed the way that these local groups are created. For example, the most popular boy group MIRROR, and girl group COLLAR in Hong Kong were formed through the reality show Good Night Show, just like The Produce 48 series in Korea.

To be honest, I am a fan of a Korean girl group and am obsessed with K-pop music. Still, I have a slight antipathy towards the influences from Japan and Korea. Let me ask a very simple question: What is it that makes Hong Kong's popular culture unique?

3, 2, 1. Can you answer it?

I can't, and this made me feel a bit disheartened. Everyone knows about Western pop, J-pop, K-pop, but not Cantopop. Rather than having our local artists in the shadow of other cultures, I want to see more local elements in them. Of course, it is important to have diverse influences, and I do agree that Japanese and Korean influences have helped to develop the local music scene. At the same time, if our local bands are to attract the same level of global recognition, we need to encourage more variety within the Hong Kong music industry.



Microcosmic
stellar socket

11A Lam Kin Ching Sophie



SOCIAL MEDIA IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU THINK

Latent
Heartplayland

11C LAI Yau Yi

11C LAI Yau Yi

Nowadays, people use social media every day. It's the first thing you check in the morning, and it's obvious that it's already a part of our daily lives, but how much do you know about the dangers of it?

One of the dangers that social media can cause is sleep issues. How many times have you caught yourself falling down a rabbit hole of funny videos, posts, or texting friends when it's way past your bedtime? It can easily displace an hour or two of your sleep if you're not being careful enough, causing the tiredness and drowsiness the next morning. When you've finally decided to put your phone aside to sleep, the blue light emitted by mobile phones has already impacted your sleep. The exposure to the bright light is confusing your body, messing with your melatonin levels, and telling you it's still not the time for sleep. Before you know it, social media may have already caused you insomnia. Having trouble falling asleep, you reach for your phone and it's a never-ending cycle.

Admittedly, there are some benefits of social media as well. Connecting to the rest of the world is just a few taps away. Who would've thought that's ever possible a few decades ago? It keeps you entertained when you're bored, catching up with trends and news that you never would've known otherwise. Because let's

be honest, who still reads newspapers at this time and age?

However, have you ever thought about what happens to the people involved in the drama you read about on social media? It may be entertaining to watch as a bystander, but if the person dealing with all this hate is not good at handling it, they're going to suffer a lot of damage to their mental health. Cyberbullying can result in depression, or in the worst-case scenario, the victims get pushed over the edge and end up taking their own lives. The anonymity that social media gives people gets them comfortable enough to give hateful comments without any consequences, but the people reading them may not just shrug it off like it's nothing. That is also why you see celebrities taking a rest from social in order to escape from the toxicity of it.

Despite the benefits of it, the harm social media can cause to both your physical and mental health should not be taken lightly. It can result in your sleeping schedule being spiraled into chaos and cause you to lose your mind over all the gossips about you. I hope people can take this problem seriously and take a breather from the internet sometimes.

HOW THE KOREAN WAVE IS INFLUENCING HONG KONG'S FOOD, FASHION, AND ENTERTAINMENT SCENE

11C SO Man Suen Michelle

From the recently popularized Dalgona Candy to trendy K-pop songs, Korean influence is everywhere in Hong Kong. Surely, you've overheard friends gossiping about the newest development in a K-drama or seen the number of fans Koreans idol groups gather. How has Hong Kong culture been influenced by Korea?

Recently, the industry of Korean idols has been flourishing, thanks to its worldwide fanbase. Take BTS, a Korean boy band that has charmed millions of hearts worldwide, as an example. Its popularity sparked the creation of Hong Kong's very own boy bands like Mirror and Error. The songs of Hong Kong's boy bands mimic the style of K-pop, garnering popularity with the teenage-to-middle-aged demographic. They capture the hearts of many fans who fanatically go to their concerts.

Hong Kong's food is also largely influenced by Korean culture. Dalgona Candy boomed in popularity after being featured in the hit TV show Squid Game. Many foods shown in TV shows boom in popularity after being televised due to their stunning looks shown and the delicious way actors relish them. As the popularity of Korean food grows, many Korean restaurants start to pop up on the streets. Korean barbecue is also a commonly seen delicacy in Hong Kong nowadays. The sizzling meat on the stove before you, with its aroma wafting towards your nose, really stimulates your appetite. The popularity of Korean food also means it's common for friends to invite each other out for Korean food.

Korean fads quickly catch on in Hong Kong. Popular influencers' fashion and makeup styles quickly become trends among youngsters. For example, drawing 'aegyo sal' under your eyes to make them seem larger with makeup is commonly seen between fashionable friends going out. Outfits mimicking Korean style school uniforms are seen worn by many. Korean style bangs look stunning on many. When Korean style makeup items and clothing are sold in stores, their popularity among teenagers are guaranteed and will sell out almost instantly.

As the influence of Korean trends grow larger and larger, more and more Hongkongers tend to be enraptured by the flow. Idols, cuisine, makeup and more all follow closely behind Korean trends. With people dancing to K-pop on the streets, and billboards on Korean fashion in Hong Kong, there is no doubt that the Korean influence in Hong Kong's culture will remain for a long time.



Socket home

11E CHU Ka Yee



Rivertale

11E LEE Sze Wing

The Great Divide: A Culinary Adventure at Dim Sum One

11C SO Man Suen Michelle

Last month, I had booked a table for a business negotiation over a tasty dinner, hoping to ease the mood. Initially, I had high hopes for such a popular restaurant. Sadly, my experience at Dim Sum One fell short of my expectations.

When my party and I arrived at the restaurant on time, the server, in a dismissing attitude, told us that we would have to wait for a half-hour more. Despite my polite argument of having previously booked a time slot for my dinner, the server rudely replied, and I quote, "It's not my problem. Deal with it." I must say, for a restaurant to be held in such a high regard by most, the service was below par.

After we were ushered into a booth and placed our orders for several renowned plates of dim sum, the conversation was stimulated by the casual and comfortable atmosphere. At first sight, the cozy, traditional interior design was easy on the eyes. However, on closer inspection, the furniture appeared to be on the verge of collapse, and the tables were not properly wiped by the servers, leaving an oily sheen on the surfaces.

The food, however, was well-worth its reputation. The fluffy barbecued pork buns were piping hot, and stuffed to the brim with savory sweet, barbecued pork. The crunchy and airy fried spring rolls filled my mouth with pure delight. My personal favorite was the steamed shrimp dumplings. The crystal-clear skin revealed the scrumptious-looking shrimp within, and the moment I bit into it, the soup that burst onto my tongue tasted like heavenly bliss.

Although the food was of impressively high quality, the prices were astonishingly low. The bill ended up with a much more reasonable price that I had expected, saving my wallet from destruction.

While the hygiene and service leave much to be desired, the food and price are well worth the amazing reviews. If the restaurant decides to improve on its flaws as commented above, or if you don't mind such flaws, I would certainly recommend Dim Sum One to anyone who wishes to try some of Hong Kong's best cuisine.

Gender Equality: Progress Made and Work to be Done

11D HUI Vinci

Gender issues has been a topic of discussion for many years. There have been some positive changes, yet there is still much work to be done to achieve gender equality. Despite the progress made over recent years, gender discrimination remains a problem.

Firstly, gender stereotypes play a significant role in gender equality. Women are often expected to be caregivers and homemakers who are feminine, while men are often expected to be masculine, displaying strength, power, and competitiveness. Individuals who do not display the gender stereotypes are usually judged or even bullied by others, making it difficult for them to survive in the society. For example, when boys make physical contact with each other, they will be called gay and judged by others.

Secondly, despite the progress made in recent years, there are still noticeable gender gaps in society. For example, women still tend to have fewer opportunities, are paid less than men for doing the same job, and are still underrepresented in governments. This

phenomenon makes women's issues less prioritized and women's voices are not heard in the society.

On the other hand, the public's awareness towards gender equality has risen. Gender discrimination and inequality were once taboo topics. However, in recent years, more and more people have become more open towards gender issues in the society. Some governments have implemented laws and policies to eliminate gender discrimination in workplaces.

In conclusion, there has been progress made towards gender equality over recent years. However, there is still much work to be done. Gender gaps, stereotypes, bias, and lack of representation of women are issues which make gender equality currently unachievable. Therefore, it is necessary to raise public awareness and implement education policies that promote gender equality and eliminate discrimination, creating a discrimination-free world for all.



Alone

11A LAU Ka Ching
Vanessa

The Advantages and Disadvantages of Increasing Global Life Expectancy

11E LEE Ching Yu Rachel

With the advancement of technology and breakthroughs in science over the years, the life expectancy of an average person has been increasing. It is certain that a vast majority of people would be thrilled to live longer. However, an increased life expectancy also brings a certain number of issues. Overall, I think that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, and the pros and cons of an increased life expectancy will be discussed.

One advantage of an increase in life expectancy is that people can spend more time with their loved ones. Proven by the Centre for Health Protection, the life expectancy at birth has risen from 67.8 to 83.2 years for males, and 75.3 to 87.9 years for females in the past 51 years. When compared to the people living in 1971, people nowadays have approximately one more decade to enjoy life. After retirement, they get to bond with their grandchildren. This is a win-win situation, as parents can concentrate on work while their children are being taken care of. Retirees also get to witness their children's massive accomplishments, such as starting their own business and fulfilling their dreams. Other than that, there will be more time for people to develop their talents and contribute to the world. If prominent scientists could live longer, they might have been able to change the world with further inventions and discoveries. Meanwhile, musicians could have composed more pieces, and scholars could have written more. An iconic composer, Tchaikovsky, died at the age of 53 due to cholera. Imagine how many more symphonies he could have composed for everyone to appreciate and learn from if he had lived longer.

On the contrary, there are obvious disadvantages when life expectancy is increasing. When there is a continuous decline in birth rates and an increasing average life expectancy, a problem of ageing population occurs. A study conducted by the World Health Organization found that the number of people aged 60 years and older outnumbered those who were younger than 5 years in 2020. People become more dependent on the care of others as they age, as they tend to fall ill more easily. With a decrease in the working-age population, it is becoming harder to take care of older citizens. This presents a burden which many families may not be able to cope with. Apart from the ageing population, people would have to financially support themselves for a longer period of time. They would have to either rely on their family or continue working past the traditional retirement age. The National Council on Aging found that over 15 million Americans aged 65 or over are economically insecure. Due to their poor physical ability, the elderly does not have the ability to work and are rarely employed. Relying on their family is now their one and only choice

to financially support themselves. Parents in old age become a burden for their children, who are required to put in more effort to financially support both their own children and parents.

In conclusion, despite the downsides, I believe that the advantages of an increase in life expectancy outweigh the disadvantages. Although the loved ones of the elderly and the working-age population will need to work harder, the elderly will live a better life.

The Ongoing Battle for Gender Equality: Acknowledging Disparities and the Need for Real Change

11D YUEN Tsz To

For many years, gender issues have been an ongoing problem in many parts of the world. There have been efforts to promote gender equality, which has improved in general and is even almost eradicated in some areas. However, there is still a long and treacherous path we need to walk before true equality is achieved. In my opinion, there is still a lot to be done to close the gap between men and women in the aspects of rights and opportunities.

Although throughout the century, great effort has been made to improve the situation, there are still some places where women are treated with prejudice in everyday life without us noticing. For example, in a workplace, a man is much more likely to be more highly ranked than a woman. Another example is that in a family, a woman is usually expected to be a housewife and is doomed to have a life where they cannot reach their full potential. Why is this happening? With the many attempts at improving gender inequalities, we still fail to break our stereotypes of how we see women. That leads us to live without even realizing that women are treated unfairly.

Some may say that in the past few years, gender inequality has been brought to the limelight, and more and more people are addressing it. However, many talk about it without understanding the problem, trivializing the matter. With social media empowering people to express their opinion, some may even be spreading misconceptions. As a result, many people may be aware of the matter but are not taking any action.

Despite the progress that has been made, gender inequality remains to be pervasive in many societies, from the workplace to family. While some may argue that sexual prejudice has already drawn too much public attention, it is imperative to remember that real change will only be achieved when individuals can address these existing disparities.

BALANCING TENNIS AND STUDIES: MY JOYFUL EXPERIENCE AT A-SCHOOL

12A CHAN Kwok Shun Dasson

I ENJOYED STUDYING AT A-SCHOOL. EVERY TIME I STEP INTO THE SCHOOL, I FEEL GREAT JOY FROM EVERYONE HERE.

PEOPLE ALWAYS ASK ME HOW I MANAGE MY TIME, AND MY ANSWER HAS ALWAYS BEEN, "TIME MANAGEMENT IS THE KEY". THROUGHOUT THE YEARS, I SPENT A LOT OF TIME TRAVELLING OVERSEAS FOR TENNIS TOURNAMENTS. MY EVERYDAY SCHEDULE IS PACKED, FOR I MUST ALLOCATE TIME EFFICIENTLY TO ACCOMPLISH ALL THAT I WANT TO DO AND MAINTAIN A HEALTHY BALANCE BETWEEN MY TENNIS AND SCHOOL SCHEDULES. SINCE I STARTED PLAYING TENNIS AT A YOUNG AGE, I HAVE GRADUALLY IMPROVED MY TIME MANAGEMENT SKILLS AND HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FOCUS ON BOTH TENNIS AND MY STUDIES. I DO NOT HAVE MUCH LEISURE TIME AND MUST MANAGE MY TIME PERFECTLY TO ACHIEVE GOOD RESULTS. THEREFORE, NO MATTER AT SCHOOL OR IN TENNIS TRAINING, I ALWAYS GIVE A HUNDRED PER CENT IN EVERYTHING I DO.

HAVING SAID THAT, MY TEACHERS, CLASSMATES, AND OTHER STAFF AT A-SCHOOL REALLY HELPED ME A LOT, ESPECIALLY IN IMPROVING MY ACADEMIC STUDIES. I AM GRATEFUL FOR ALL THE VALUABLE OPPORTUNITIES GIVEN AND THE GOOD MEMORIES CREATED HERE. FURTHERMORE, I AM PLEASED THAT I MADE MANY GOOD FRIENDS, NOT ONLY WITH CLASSMATES BUT ALSO WITH TEACHERS. IT WAS A WONDERFUL TIME STUDYING AT A-SCHOOL, WHERE I SHARED MY UPS AND DOWNS WITH MY FRIENDS.

Cherished Memories and Endless Opportunities

12A TO Chloe Elssie

My previous twelve years have all been filled with shadows of A-School. Within all the laughter lay cherished memories that we, innocent teenagers, all fondly shared. We developed ourselves from a plain piece of paper to one filled with colours and the sweat and tears we have spent at A-School. I am sure we will eventually find our stage in life and shine. From then, we wave goodbye to our teenage years.

The school has provided us with a warm and nurturing learning environment so that we can flourish and reach our full potential. The most impressive thing about A-school is the efforts of the teachers. The way they teach is the driving force that supports us in reaching our goals. Their love and care also give us unprecedented strengths, making us more confident in preparing for the future.

A-School is a miraculous place for me, where I was offered opportunities to learn how to overcome different challenges and build a better future for myself.



12A WU Hoi Wai Erica

A Journey of Priceless Memories

12B YUE Tsun Ho Cyrus

It's hard to believe that it is already my last year of high school at Δ-school, and that time is flying by.

I have made a lot of friends over the past 12 years. We played games, laughed, joked around, worked together, and made a lot of priceless memories together.

I would say that the happiest moments at Δ-school have been the ones from primary school. We had no worries about our future and studies at that time. In primary school, we always played hide and seek in the playground to keep ourselves entertained. We also went up to the sky garden and planted

seeds there. The most memorable part of my school life was when my teammates and I got the champions of the robotics competition. It meant we could go to the United States to participate in the world championship.

A new journey began when I was promoted to secondary school. Here I had all sorts of learning opportunities and met my best friends for life. It was a brilliant experience growing up with friends at an Δ-school. Soon I'm going on another new journey again, but Δ-school will always be in my heart.

Something Memorable

12C TSE Cheuk Hei Gabriel

"When you want something, the entire universe conspires to help you achieve it."

Time goes back to Grade 8 winter. A Hymn Singing competition had activated the will of our class to win.

Aiming to be the champion, we spent countless afternoons on practice.

We spent hours after hours arranging the rundown of the Hymn Singing performance and practising the songs. Most importantly, we had "game time". At that time, "game time" was the only thing that motivated me to practise.

It was inevitable to have arguments throughout the preparation. I remember two of my classmates were angry because of our laziness. They lost their patience and ran away. I believe no one can imagine how awkward it was afterwards.

Despite that, I loved the moments that we could meet up to fight for the same target, sharing happiness and sorrow. I will never forget every evening when we left the school. Even though they were freezing and tiring, they were memorable.

Indeed, I have no idea whether we won the competition or not. Initially, I thought the championship was what I desired. However, I eventually realised that what I really wanted was a memorable experience with my classmates in my secondary school life, a memory that will stay in my heart eternally.

Chinstagram ▾



LiBai_White

...



1069 個讚好

LiBai_White 暫伴月將影，行樂須及春。我歌月徘徊，我舞影零亂。
#出pool #戀愛了#我的舞伴真漂亮 @影

 Post for today

12A CHAN Ting Shek

Farewell, A-school! I shall see you again

12C YEUNG Hiu Long

Even now, we hardly notice time speeding past. Putting it in the most cliché way, it slips out of our hand when we are not looking, and we barely look at it. We enjoyed our moments together, the times when we messed around together, the times that we studied together, and even the times that we enjoyed together as students and friends, but not once we addressed the elephant in the room – How long will this last? It is unlikely to remain any longer, yet here we are.

Seeing time pass by, panic may be the normal reaction to the situation; watching your friends leaving one by one, and the great memories you have with them fading into black and white, and then to that dark abyss.

One downside of time passing faster than we can humanly conceive is that we lose many of our loved ones; from a class of 37 down to 25, we miss many old friends and foes. Some went overseas, some changed schools, and others went under the radar. Although these farewells and lost opportunities are depressing, I am also thankful to A-school for giving us a chance to meet each other, as limited as it may have been.

On the other hand, while we feel sad for losing others, we eventually overcome it over time. It reflects our maturity, yet who am I to say? These things may happen more often in the future, and our younger brothers and sisters could have an easier time with them.

In a way, I have not changed much from my much younger self. I would still tremble in the face of a presentation, and I am still the one who would avoid conflicts whenever possible. However, A-school provided me with many opportunities to improve myself; I learned the value of friendship, alongside many skills that are arguably useless – typing faster than I think and pen-spinning, just to name a few. Yes, these things will stick with me for years, but will they be useful? Probably not as much as one would believe.

What is undeniable is the fact that I am, indeed, older, though my maturity may suggest otherwise. “Is that a good thing?” is a question we will know soon enough, but at least for now, I believe so.

*I reckon one of my favourite songs will be the ending here:
“So you run and you run to catch up with the sun but it’s sinking
Racing around to come up behind you again.
The sun is the same in a relative way but you’re older,
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death.*

*Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time.
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way
The time is gone, the song is over,
Thought I’d have more to say.”*

My Unforgettable Twelve Years

12D LEONG Pak Yiu

Time flies, no matter you want or not. The twelve years in A-school were filled with experiences wishing time would fly and wishing it would not – I went from wishing time in school would fly so that I could go home to wishing time would stop so that I could spend more time with my classmates; from wishing lesson time to pass so that I wouldn't fall asleep, to wishing it would not pass so that I could understand the curriculum's content.

If you had told me I would be happy to stay at school for more than twelve hours a day, I probably would have called you nuts. However, having met my great friends and classmates, my school life was more enjoyable than ever. Rehearsing for A-School's Got Talent with my teammates and staying in the school hall the whole day was an extraordinary experience. Working hard to perfect the performances, having light dinners in school just to buy us more time, complaining about each other due to the high self-expectations, etc. are only some of the many special memories during my twelve-year A-school life, which I definitely will look back at with a big smile throughout my life!

A-school Memories

12D SO Chuk Toon Natalie

I was looking through my photo album one day, and historic school-life photos appeared in front of me. At first, nostalgia made me feel so old like I didn't age like fine wine. However, the longer I looked at it, the more vivid memories flashed before my eyes.

I still remember myself being an innocent child stepping into the gates for the very first time 12 years ago. I cried without any doubt because those unfamiliar faces terrified me, but who knew these people would become my life-long friends someday?

My secondary school life was full of wonder and tears, especially on that day. I cried in front of my ex-math teacher, Ms Fon, because I did terribly in my English speaking term-end assessment, and I knew I could do so much better than that. Just as I was so immersed in my failure, she told me I put too much pressure on myself, and everyone made mistakes. "If today's not the day, tomorrow will be a new day to try harder," she said. Her words influence me to let go of myself and my stubbornness in perfection because that is the only way to success. If it wasn't for her, I think I would forever be in my pessimistic bubble, suffocating in it.

When there are tears, there's laughter. Speaking of laughter, playing dodgeball during physical education lessons was one of the blissful moments I will never forget. The excitement of winning by hitting others with the ball never gets old, and all our worries and depression about our studies fade away.

Sometimes, you just have to be grateful for having friends that would stay by your side no matter what. When lectures were boring, thank god my best friend sat beside me to talk with me and share our dark humour. When I needed to rant about something, thank god they were willing to listen and give me advice. When I did something silly, thank god they were willing to do that with me.

The passing of time is inevitable. There is no going back to the past, but we can still hold onto the memories that were once created in this place and engrave them deep down in our hearts. Therefore, despite leaving the place I've known for 12 years, I am thrilled to explore the world outside of A-school.

The Healing Power

12E IP Hei Yeung Ethan

Crying is great. No, seriously, crying is probably one of the best things you can do. Take it from me, who cried every day for the first weeks of school and every school trip until 69. I'm basically a veteran of crying.

You see, even if I was expecting it, I could never really handle changing environments when I was younger. Perhaps it was the excitement of adventure or the stress of leaving my parents. I was always bound to end up crying regardless of what happened.

The floor was always cold, and my nose was always blocked whenever I cried, but I always felt more soothed and comforted after I was done crying. Science says it's because our nervous system relaxes and chemicals such as endorphins are released, but I'd honestly rather credit my friends.

I will always remember how each time I began to tear up or my voice began to crack. My friends would immediately help me rationalize the situation or try distracting me with jokes or conversations. Their looks of concern (or bored annoyance if you were a close-enough friend), their consoling words and the dozens of packets of Tempo offered at the appearance of a single tear never were that effective in stopping my incoming sobs. Still, they did manage to remind me that I would be ok.

I've since learnt to adapt better to changing environments, and I'm eternally grateful for the packs of Tempo pulled out of nowhere. Crying is great because you realize just how loved you are.



▲ A way back home

12C LEE Lok Hei

The Evolution of the School Canteen, and Our Encounters

12E NG Ying Yau Michelle

The school canteen used to be crowded during lunch hours, with students flocking to the ground floor from all six storeys. My friends and I, along with many others, would race down the stairs, like torrents rushing out from water faucets, just to find a long, winding queue stretching from one pillar to another. The people in the line were just trying to get their lunch tickets. Luckily, I could always talk to my friends, review the mathematics I had just learned or look at the menu while waiting. Somehow, there were quite a lot of choices on the menu, and I was always trapped in indecision. Sometimes there were the nearly-cooked Mixion, romen or noodles. I could, alternatively, choose baked rice with cheese or Portuguese sauce, or pork chop with rice.

The pork chop was prepared differently on separate occasions. I once joined an inter-chamber competition in IH week, representing Da Vinci. After answering questions like “When was the Sino-British Joint Declaration signed?”, I had little time left for lunch. I ended up slurping down the red, watery sauce and munching and swallowing the pork chop when my IH teacher tried to ask me what had happened in the competition. The catering company also managed to produce Japanese-style fried pork chops with cheese running from the insides. That probably happened in the special promotional periods, where they also promoted foods like lasagna.

The pandemic nearly ended the catering industry. Classes were delivered online, and we had face-to-face classes intermittently, but only on half-day schedules. Therefore, it had been months since we had had lunch on campus. When full-day classes resumed, we were instructed to have meals in our classrooms, which was prohibited in every way in the olden days. The outdoor dining area next to staircase 1, where we circled around tables and had hearty meals together, has been converted into Joshua Hall. Now, having consumed rolls and ciabatta from the 1st-floor cafe for half a month, I switched to Buddha’s Delight from the canteen on the ground floor.

Change is indeed the only constant.

My Family

12D WONG Sik Yuet Christie

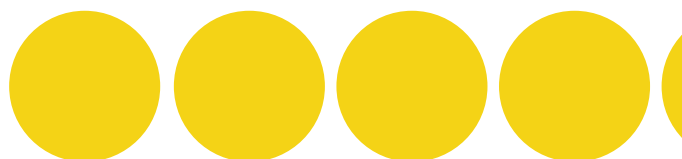
Judging by the title, you might think it sounds exactly like a primary school student's work talking about their siblings and parents, but this is different. According to Google, a family is a group of one or more parents and their children living together as a unit or all the people descending from a common ancestor. But to me, family is a group of people who have bonded and chosen to stick together when times are rough. A school provided such a thing for me.

Every day, I would wake up and continue on my way to Shek Mun as a tired kid, dragging my feet while complaining about the things I didn't like in my head, sometimes to friends I bumped into on the way. Exams and homework always bored me, but going to school to see my friends and second family has always been worth it.

Every time I step into the school, I am always reminded of the time I first laid eyes upon the campus. "Sik Sik oh, we want you to get into this school. It's a nice Christian school, and there's no homework! Maybe less than your previous school, at least." I saw the huge letters of the longest name of a school I'd ever seen. I thought, "Yeah, sure, why not, as long as it makes mom happy." But little did I know what a huge blessing it would be.

Stepping into the school, I'm greeted with the small entrance into the restricted area at the back of the bathrooms. It reminded me of every time I would go there during lunchtime to be alone and read books during my first few months here. In short, I was a loner. I began to go into the art room to help my art teacher with her work, cutting open packages, labelling art supplies and putting up artwork during lunch after meeting my first friend who frequented the art room. Slowly, I started coming out of my shell. I started talking to people of similar interests in the classroom and shifted from being an introverted loner to a friend who could listen to others' troubles. My social circle expanded.

Of course, being a student in Hong Kong is never easy. Even though the school environment is nice and enjoyable, it was



never stress-free being a part of the competitive studying environment in Hong Kong. However, my family here made it much easier for me. Whenever I had gone through a rough period, my friends would always listen to my troubles and comfort me just by listening to me ramble. No matter how much I complained or cried on their shoulders, they have always stuck by me as I did. For me, that is exactly what family is.

Now, after six years of making friends and memories with them, I started counting down the days I still have with them. I started thinking of when my last Athletic Meet, my last day, my last morning assembly, my last lunch in school, and my last lesson would be. It never hit me when I was first introduced to my friends here that I would have a last experience with them one day. Then it hit me like a bunch of bricks after listening to my friends plan for our graduation dinner with me. I was going to leave my family and go to another land where I had to start over again.

I'm rarely not in control of my emotions, but this made my heart sink. I started wondering if this would affect my relationship with my found family. "Of course, it would. It's a big change of environment; best case scenario, we would keep in contact, and we would still meet once in a while, but maybe that's too hopeful of me..."

I know it would be a massive change in my environment, but time flows anyway, and maybe there'll be no change in our relationship at all. We all have to experience losses because that's how you grow. But for now, I must treasure the remaining moments I have in this school with my family. I hope that in the next stage of my life, I'll get to experience this again and find another family as good to me as this one.





Grandma's
Memory Lane

12E Wong Wun Yiu



 and so,
the bobbin spins

12D LO Sum Yi Abigail

Memories and Trinkets

12E NG Yuen Hang

I shuffle through my school bag as I prepare my belongings for the last day of school. While doing so, I took a trip down memory lane.

The badges in the front pocket of my bag reminded me of all the responsibilities I've taken up as a secondary school student: from the Monitress in Grade 7 to the Head of Cultural Ambassadors in Grade 11. Being part of the Prefect team meant I had to patrol senior-grade floors and pluck up the courage to remind them of school rules. Being part of Excel 33 meant rare opportunities and thrilling adventures. Even though I am no longer the Head of Cultural Ambassadors, training beginner emcees meant sharing my wisdom with the next generation, in which I have faith passing the baton to.

Flipping through my textbooks, I noticed doodles from my best friend. From cartoon scribbles to silly puns, they acted as subtle forms of encouragement every time I grew tired of studying. We were merely classmates before the summer of Grade 10, yet he became my best friend within a week's time. He was a reliable groupmate who made sure we stayed on top of deadlines, but more importantly, he is a trustworthy friend whom I keep no secrets from. Though I spent fifteen years not knowing him, I know we'll be friends for a lifetime.

I kept the inspirational bookmark our biology teacher gave us before our public exams, the past papers our chemistry teacher compiled, the notes our physics teacher prepared and even the homework our math teacher assigned. While we studied hard, every one of our teachers worked hard alongside us too. Words can never fully give them the credit they deserve, but I hope a sincere "thank you" is a good start.

Despite the little changes I make to my school bag every year, it will always contain trinkets from different periods of my life. There have been numerous indelible moments during my time as a student in A-School—many happy, some inevitably sad. Nevertheless, every teacher I have encountered has taught me a remarkable lesson, every classmate who turned into a friend has brought me ineffable joy, and every memory I've made has shaped me into who I am today. For that, I am eternally indebted to A-School and everyone who was ever a part of this family.

Wolf In Sheep's Clothing

12E YIU Wing

in the earliest of the day, down one might call; i,
a small wolf walked towards a room where all seems to be stars on one giant cloud,
chatter of bahs could be heard throughout the room,
it encompassed the little wolf's sensitive ears and he vowed,
"Remain unmoved with sympathy."

poor sweet child, who could've known? she,
the one who promised to be with you forevermore, left without a notice;
Confused, he couldn't explain what he felt deep inside,
so he buried it deep and returned to focus.
Even though she was a bright candle, that coat of hers dimmed the lights of his.

a pack of four, who he could trust;
hurrray!-
what great joy, twelve full moons of platonic love,
was all he asked for, nothing more or less;
blinded by flashlight, the buried pain sparked once more.
Melancholy - separated with time, along with the booklet pointed in mauve.

radiance caught at the glimpse of his sore eyes; you
placed on a pedestal, all he could see was pride, confidence,
without a logical thought, he did the same;
what you did, he did -
it was nothing, nothing but obstinance.
Overdriven until broken, he saw through the radiance and ran.

heavy - it is so heavy.;
the small wolf heaved and panted every step of the way,
"is the world really that cruel?"
Response? there was nothin,
but an echo,
and an echo,
on echo,
it echoed. . . cruel

Sparks, sparks of rays dotted his eyes;
"fallacy!" - the wolf cried boy,
"it could not be true, all lies!"
so he covered, covered his eyes with his rough paws,
even in complete darkness, he could see the sparks through the cracks of his paws,
how could he have known? how could he forget all the wall of damaged records?
Each and every spark he saw was like him.

why not - try and give it one more chance?
he knows he will never learn his lesson,
but may it stray to another possibility - a new path - he would go.
For he, who has been through endless amounts of bonds, finds comfort in those who
remain now.

FUSION

FUSION



Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School
Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School

Publisher | Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School

Advisor | Dr. Chan Wai Kai, Benjamin

Editors | English Department, Visual Arts Department

Cover illustration | 9E Chan Tak Yu