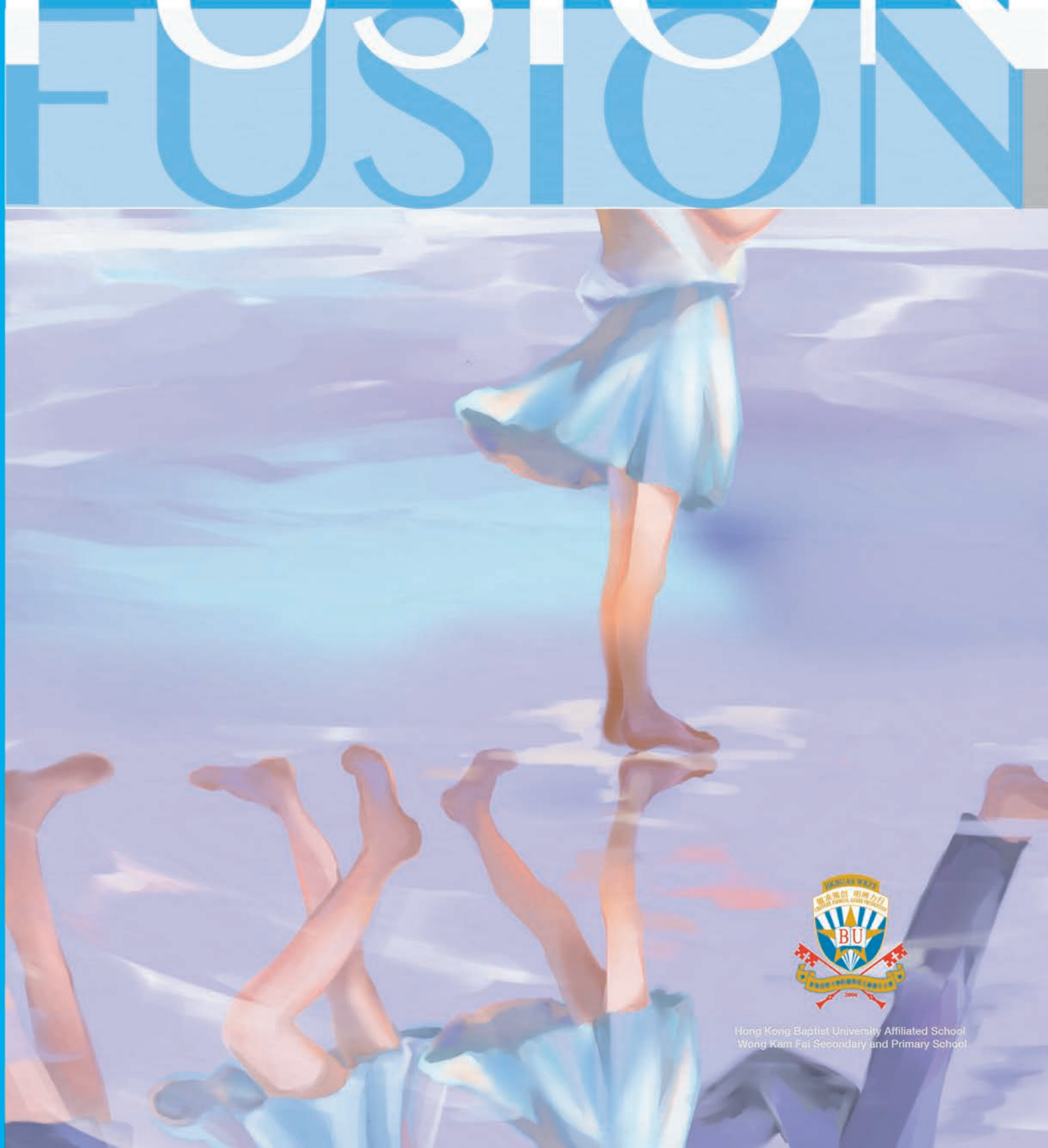
2020

FUSION



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

Message from the Chief Principal

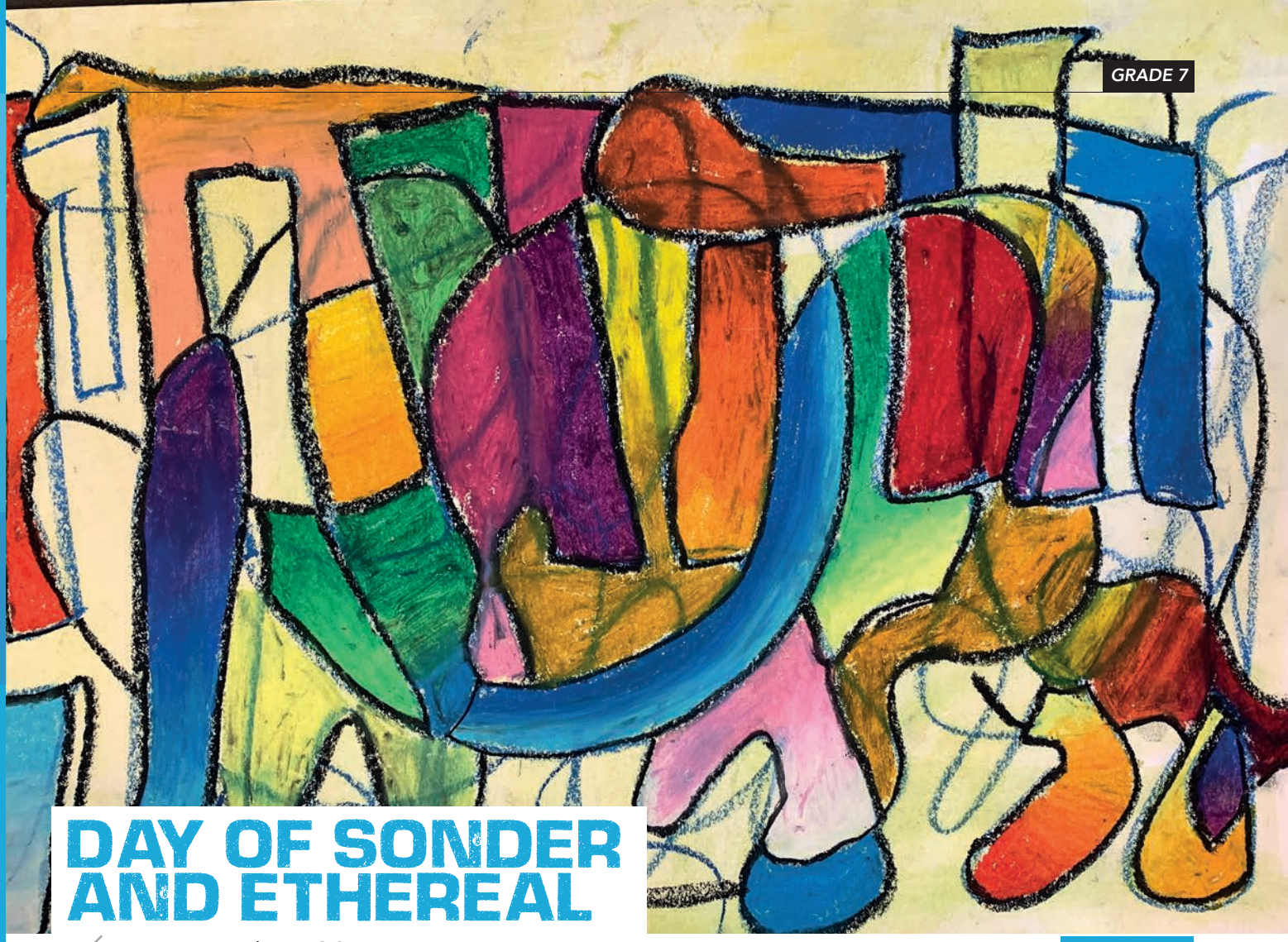
The world has been shaken to its core by the sweeping outbreak of COVID-19. Though it brings substantial changes to our daily lives and learning activities as well, we also witness the growth of creative sprout for it being a challenge to push us to reflect on the way we live and how we unite amid crisis like so. There comes the power of creativity to bring us light and love that supports each one through the difficult time.

Fusion is the product of the time. It combines students' innovative ideas, thoughts, talents, writing and artworks towards life, study and community through various forms of creative media. The compilation of students' work put the special moments in school year 2019/20 into lasting pieces of publication.

In spite of everything, A-School has always strived for providing the most suitable education for each student, with the goal to nourish their communication ability, critical thinking skill and creativity, to face every challenge ahead with ease and strength. This fruitful publication would provide readers insights to explore the versatile creation of our talented students.

Join Fusion for a refreshing reading journey!

Dr. Chan Wai Kai, Benjamin
Chief Principal



DAY OF SONDER AND ETHEREAL

7B | YEUNG Sum Yuet

Imagine a world where happiness fills the whole entire world. One in four people are diagnosed with mental disorders and conditions. They can finally be free and the smiles will not fade for one day.

It's the Day of Sonder and Ethereal. I'd like to name it that because sonder is the feeling in which someone realises that everybody else around him has the same complexity and consciousness as he does. It is the resemblance of kindness and the action of putting oneself in someone else's shoes. The day allows people in need to open up as the world holds out its open arms because everybody is treated the same.

Ethereal means a light in a world that isn't ours. It resembles the rarity for the existence of this day, which tells the people with depression, people who struggle to voice their opinions, hold this chance dearly, and tell people around them about their problems. Why not say something? The world is here to listen. One of the most common causes of depression is that people get bullied, vulnerable to abuse. The Day of Sonder and Ethereal is the day when people who are going through traumatic times to be happy again.

The Day of Sonder and Ethereal allows people to face their problems. In order to make this day magical and fun, I want to hold events where people will sing songs about self-love and self-respect. People can also publish their own magazines and journal entries on a website sharing their personal struggles. On the Day of Sonder and Ethereal, every street in the world will be filled with songs of self-love, and small gifts will be given away to brighten people's days. At night, some cities can hold light shows to cast away the darkness as people parade the streets, proud of who they are with bright smiles on their faces.

Schools can allow students to dress in their unique ways to express themselves and feel happy about their uniqueness and bodies. Schools can hold lunchtime concerts, and students can give out sweets and cookies to whoever they like because this day is dedicated to people illuminating their world of sadness with smiles. There can also be speeches made in public lecture theatres for children who want to find out about other people's struggles and offer help. People who give the lectures are people who have gone through tough times and want to make their voices heard. There will be posters stuck everywhere a few weeks before to invite people speak in lecture theatres.

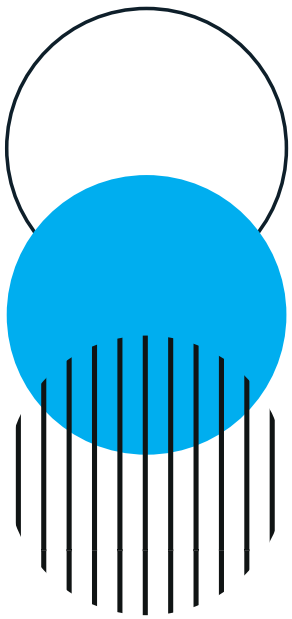
The Day of Sonder and Ethereal will be held on the third of June because it's a summer month when flowers flourish and bloom, animals are thriving, and the days are longer than nights. It's held on the third of June because three is a Sagittarius' lucky number, and sagittarius represents happiness in the realm of horoscopes because it is optimistic and open-minded.

Abstract Painting

7B CHAN Erin Yuet Kiu

WORLD RESOURCES DAY

7B | CHEUNG Sui Lun Colin



If I had the chance to create my own day, I would create the World Resources day to promote the importance of using resources properly around the world.

As humanity continues to grow, our world's resources are gradually running out. According to the Global Footprint Network, we need 1.75 Earths to sustain modern demands for resources. From this, you can probably imagine what is happening to Earth now it is dying. Non-renewable energy such as coal is almost used up, and pollution is becoming more serious. That's why I would like to create World Resources Day as a movement to make Earth more sustainable.

World Resources Day would be held on the 1st of November each year. It would be a public holiday encouraging people to step outside and save resources. The whole world would be engaged. Districts, towns, and countries would organize activities to promote eco-living and the usage of renewable sources.

There would also be installations in different countries. We could install osmotic power plants to harness electricity from water. There would also be recycling centers creating clothes from plastic. Besides, there would be competitions organized for children such as coloring, trivia quizzes and many more! Talks would be organized for adults to get familiar smart ways of reducing carbon footprints at home. Most importantly, experts would check the city's carbon footprints as well as the usage of resources so that the city could become more eco-friendly.

Besides, the city could add aquaponic systems around the city. Aquaponics refers to any system that involves a symbiotic relationship between hydroponics (growing plants in water) and aquaculture (farming aquatic animals). Not only could the city have their own harvest of fruits and vegetables, but also a supply of fish. Having aquaponic systems also reduces the number of ships and planes needed to transport plants and seafood, effacing some traces of carbon.

As humanity continues to grow, Earth's resources will gradually decrease. We must save these resources for the next generations, or else they might have to live on Mars.

Happy Grandparents' Day

7B | TONG Sum Yuet Erika

If I had a chance to create a day, I would create Happy Grandparents' Day. Think about it, there's a Father's day, a Mother's day but no Grandparents' day! People don't care much about grandparents, but they are the most heartbroken and worried if their grandsons and granddaughters get hurt. If we don't respect them, they will feel it, and they might cry in their rooms when we sleep. I want all kids to show respect to their grandparents. On this day, the 15th of September, people treat their grandparents like they are kings and queens.

People may ask what activities will be held on that day eating cakes and drawing cards as usual? That's so boring! People should stay at home with their grandparents the whole day, no school, no work. They have to take care of their grandparents. Also, there are some special events for the elderly. They can go down to the streets and join a competition called "The Percentage of Love".

Grandparents will describe all the loving actions that their families did for them in one minute. The elderly person with the most ideas will win a prize: 5 tickets to Singapore for the whole family! Winning the competition isn't only about going to Singapore, but also for one to know how much his or her family loves them! It's a very meaningful competition.

For food, kids and parents in each home will prepare each meal on that day. There will be a menu for the grandparents to choose what they want to have. Every dish will be foods that the grandparents like. Also, to thank grandparents for their work the whole year, parents have to buy tonic for the grandparents and wish them health in the coming years.

Last but not least, I hope people will remember the day, and also remember the meaning and traditions. I hope it will be held every year.

INSECT PROTECTION DAY

7B | ZHU Anthony Xin Xiang

You are now an ant, suffering from human cruelty every day, dodging each step and stomp as you watch your friends get flattened one by one. However on the 19th of September, all of that chaos won't happen, for it's Insect Protection Day!

16 years ago, Anthony Smith, an entomologist saw a terrible sight in a park – a group of kids was stomping on an ant colony while another one was pouring water into the nest, all letting out an evil laughter. As someone who was madly in love with insects, Anthony Smith did not allow this heartbreaking scene to happen again. He immediately gathered other insect lovers and announced to the public on the 19th of September that the day would be Insect Protection Day, a day when everyone should not kill insects intentionally. Even though one day of insect protection could barely change the situation of killing insects, Anthony Smith said that he wished people could treasure and value the lives of all insects through this Insect Protection Day.

Just like the name, Insect Protection Day is a day when people are not allowed to kill insects. People also celebrate it by hosting competitions like 'The Insect Nest Building' Competition in which they design nests that can protect insects from human destruction.

Insect Protection Day is such a meaningful day; not only should we not harm insects on that day, but we should respect the wildlife at all times.

Abstract Painting

7B WONG Man Chong

NATIONAL FRENCH FRIES DAY

7B | CHAN Chloe

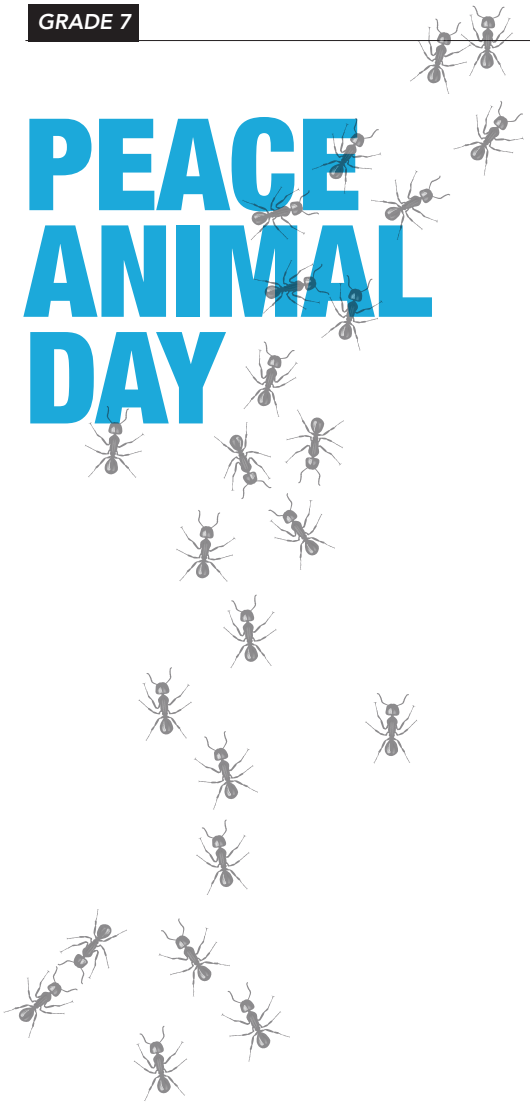
Have you ever heard of a day involving loads of activities related to French fries and non-stop eating of different-flavoured French fries? Well, I guess you're about to hear one right here - National French Fries Day!

I believe that most kids love eating French fries, I mean who doesn't? National French Fries Day is held on the 9th of December every year in Mexico. The origin of the day is that one day, a poor man went to steal French fries at a local McDonald's, as in the olden times, people couldn't afford a meal. Therefore, McDonald's collaborated with Chloe Chan and officially started the festival in 2010.

On this special day, different stores have French fries of different flavours. The fastest person to collect all the flavours wins the competition. Besides, people are also able to make their own French fries at home with family and friends! Moreover, there are limited flavours such as popcorn, chocolate, eraser and so on. Believe it or not, the elderly and the kids get healthy French fries! There are also some lucky draws, and most importantly, free fries are available at McDonald's!

After this wonderful and astonishing day, you will probably need a diet, but the whole process is really amusing! Join next year's National French Fries Day for more fun.

PEACE ANIMAL DAY



7D | WAN Sheung Wah Godwin

Peace Animal Day is on the 1st of August. The first letter of August is the same as the word "Animal", so the day is on the 1st of August.

On that day, people can't kill animals or eat meat. Also, people need to donate money to charitable organizations.

I want to create this day because most people eat meat every day; it's such a tragedy for animals. Therefore, I create this day for animals to "enjoy". Besides, I create this day in order to encourage people to donate money to the poor families in Africa. They really need money for food and education.

On that day, there is a carnival. If people donate money, they can play games in the carnival. Although the Peace Animal Day is just one day, the carnival will last for one week.

Friendship Day

7D | WONG Ashley Ying Nam

I want to create a day called Friendship Day. This day will be held on the 24th of August. This special day is about celebrating friendship and building good relationships with friends. We can give thanks to friends by giving attractive and kind-hearted cards, then it will be unforgettable.

I create this day because it's a great idea to meet up with friends before school starts. After school starts, time may run fast, and we will need to focus on our study. Besides, we will have less pressure when chatting with friends. What's more, we can share our thoughts and support each other.

We celebrate that day by playing, gathering and chatting with friends in order to get closer with them.

International No Phone Day

7D | WONG Tsz Wai

Have you ever thought that you can create your own special day? Alright, if I can create my own special day, it will be International No Phone Day.

It is held on the first day of every month. Nowadays, many adults, teens and children always use their phones to play games and watch YouTube videos. They use their phones to reduce pressure. However, if you use your phone too frequently, it will affect your body, and you will get sick easily. Therefore, we have to reduce the amount of time we use our phones.

For celebrations, you should not use your phone. You should do some exercise or play some music to relax.

Lastly, I hope all of you can use your phone for a shorter period of time and do more exercise.

Abstract Painting

7E LIU Hoi Chun

8B | LAM Kin Ching Sophie

A DAY IN LIFE OF DOROTHY

In Brumley, an industrial city in 1912, I was an 18-year-old girl named Dorothy who lived a tough life. I lived in the outskirt of the town with my father, younger sister and younger brother. Since my mother died after my younger brother was born, my father and I worked as factory workers and were responsible for supporting our family's income.

This morning, I got up at sunrise and got ready for work just like usual. I combed my short brown hair and changed into my plain working clothes. After I was ready, I ate a simple breakfast that I cooked with my family. My father and I then walked from our cramped cottage to the factory, while my younger sister and brother stayed at home.

When we reached the factory, I quickly went to my working space and started my work, because I didn't want to be scolded for being late. I didn't enjoy working in a textile factory. The only thing we did all day was facing a combing machine and turning cotton into yarn and fabric. I rarely talked to anyone at work, because everyone who worked in this factory was older than me. I was afraid to have conversations with them. There was not enough light in this small-scare factory, so it was quite hard for me to focus on work.

Time flew quickly, and our work was done by 4 in the afternoon. My father went home first to cook dinner for our family. I then wandered alone in the streets to look for anything interesting. I walked past a fashion store and stared at the gorgeous dresses in the display window. Two young ladies dressed beautifully who were probably the same age as me came out of the shop. When they caught sight of me standing outside the shop, they exchanged a weird glance and hurriedly walked passed me. I heard one of them whisper, "How can someone wear something so awful outside this shop?" I was annoyed after hearing that and went back home.

I ate a simple dinner with my family and went to bed early. I was still a bit irritated by the two young ladies I saw today. People in the lower class like me did not choose to be poor. Although we didn't have much, we worked hard for what we want. Compared to those in the upper class who could get whatever they want without working for it, I would rather be some who work for what I deserve.

IMAGINATIVE RECOUNT

8B | LEUNG Sheryl Tsz Ching

It was the fourth day that I boarded the Titanic in England with my fiancé. It was a cold but sunny morning. I woke up and walked out of my private suite to take a morning stroll on the upper deck. I wanted to look at the deep blue ocean and listen to the soothing sounds of waves. There was no better way to start a day.

The weather was fairly cold, and as I could not stand the cold, I went back into my suite and got ready for the morning. My assistant helped me get ready. I wore an embellished day dress paired with a lavish feather hat and some jewelry. I then headed over to the restaurant and had breakfast. Fine silverware lined up on the table with dishes like apple sauce.

After my stomach was filled with fine food, I decided to head to the deck and chat with my few friends on board. We talked about fashion and jewelry and boasted about how rich and smart our husbands and fiancés are. I saw a golden bracelet and a shiny ring. Then my fiancé came and suggested we go to the swimming pool to have a refreshing swim. "I will go if you buy me that shimmering jewelry and that big diamond ring!" I teased him.

Dinner arrived, and we all wore the finest clothes to show off our wealth and social status. I changed into my grand evening ball gown. The enormous dining room was filled with live orchestral music, making the place luxurious and festive. We danced the whole night. Then, we went back to our room and slept.

Not long after I heard people screaming and shouting. Panic filled the air. One person screamed, "The Titanic is going down!" I was in shock. My fiancé grabbed my hand and ran to the upper deck. We went to the side of the ship and looked down. The Titanic was sinking. "Ladies and children only!" shouted the sailor. My fiancé pushed me to the front of the crowd, saying, "Board the lifeboat. I won't be able to make it. Take care, my love." As I was about to speak, the sailor pulled me on the life raft, and it was quickly lowered. We rowed far away from the ship, and far away I stared at the unsinkable Titanic sinking into the deep blue ocean with my fiancé.

A Day In Life of Maurice Anderson

8B | NI Shi Tak

I am Maurice Anderson, a 40-year-old banker. It was a day in 1912 in London. Under the splendid sunshine, I tardily woke up. After I got dressed and packed my briefcase, I left my house. The fresh air was full of life and urban flavour. When I walked through Duncan Street, a disgusting smell rushed to my nose, garbage everywhere. The poor were begging for money, but it seemed normal to me.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when I reached my office. "Good morning sir," a clerk said to me.

"Good morning Bob. The Titanic sails next week, if you want to take your family on this journey, you must work harder," I took off my coat and started working. I had been the proprietor of this bank for seventeen years since I inherited my father's career. I liked this job: it was not so hard, but it gave me a wealthy family and a comfortable lifestyle. I had a stable income so I didn't have to worry about the expenditures.

At noon, I was having lunch in the office. A carriage passed through my window. It was decorated with luxury in a royal design. It had to be nobles inside. Suddenly, I saw a poor boy run to the street and stop the carriage. He astonished me indeed. He knelt aside the carriage and said, "Sir, since my parents died in an accident on the construction site last week, I had nowhere to live and no money for meals. Could you give me any money please?"

"It's not my business to help you, and I don't care at all," shouted the man in the carriage, "now get out of here and don't waste my time!" The boy ran away weeping. What a cold man!

At four o'clock, I got off work and took my wife to tea. After that, we decided to watch an opera show. Fortunately, there were only two tickets left for the show when we reached the theatre. Surprisingly, a couple rushed in, and the man said, "Can I have the tickets?"

"Excuse me, we came here first, so I suppose we should have the tickets," I replied.

"Sorry, I am the captain of Royal Navy," the man said arrogantly and took out a name card, "I can buy this theatre anytime, and I think I should have the tickets."

"That's fine. Marie, perhaps we can have a nice dinner instead." Although I knew my wife was mad, I had no choice but to leave the theatre.

During dinner, my wife asked me, "Why did you leave, Maurice? We didn't do anything wrong."

"I'm sorry but they're working for the royalty. We need to know our place. Since he has more power, I don't want to be in trouble."

"But everyone is equal. You need to stand out and tell them. You shouldn't be a coward!" She said with a strong feeling.

The moonlight reflected on the champagne glass, I sank into deep thought. There was inequality between the social classes indeed. The life of the poor was so hard that they could barely support their life while the life of the rich was too wealthy. The rich didn't use their money to help; instead, they used their power to oppress the poor. Perhaps everyone is equal, and we should stand and claim our rights.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT JACKSON

8C | CHAN Yik Linford

THE HOUSE SMELLED OF ROTTEN FOOD AND GARBAGE , BUT I GOT USED TO IT. LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THE RICHES SOME PEOPLE HAD, I REALLY WISHED THAT ONE DAY I COULD GET MY FAMILY OUT OF THIS UNDESIRABLE LIVING CONDITION. "ROBERT JACKSON !" A VOICE BURST THROUGH THE AIR. I TURNED MY HEAD TO SEE THAT IT WAS MY FRIEND WILLIAM .

My Super Hero

8D LAI Yee Shan Joan

"You are about to be late for work! Come on, Robert!"

"Coming!" I shouted back .

The moment I stepped out of our family's living space, I heard a gust of different noises bursting out of different people and smelled the fresh bread from the bakery next door to the smelly sewage just right below us. I ran, passing through the streets, towards the gold mine near the forest.

Mining was harsh. We had little to eat, and our salary was small. I grabbed my iron pickaxe from the crate and started to mine after reporting myself to our boss, Mr. Shieldstone. It was a normal day mining, and only mining. After two hours of tough work, we had our lunch which was a small piece of bread and some vegetable soup.

After a pathetically small lunch, we were off to work again. Some miners like me waited until the other bomb experts blasted TNT into the mine to get more mining space. However, just right before the blast, a hand from a noble horse carriage threw a smoking pipe down the mine. Before anyone could react, the pipe lit the TNT on fire, and a huge explosion shockwave knocked us out cold and killed almost all the people in the mine.

I woke up approximately 4 hours later, only to find no one helping the injured and many were left bleeding to death. Many nobles even spat on the miners as they walked past.

We were always treated as pests, trash, and the failure of the society. No one cared about us. I remained calm and yelled for help, only to get the cold eye from the passers-by and the sneer from a priest inside another horse carriage. Realizing there was nothing to be done, I decided that sometimes bad things happen, but we should always stand up and try again.

IMAGINATIVE RECOUNT

1912, London

8C | CHONG Venice

I am Jessalyn Wales. I'm 27. My husband and I have a 7-month-old daughter, Maisy. Our families are from the upper class, rich and well-respected in society. We own plenty of land and businesses to support our work-free lifestyle. I describe myself as humble, kind and well-mannered. Here's a day of my blissful and luxurious life.

I woke up and headed to my gigantic walk-in closet to put on a pink silk gown with embodied diamonds, along with a pair of gorgeous leather heels. My husband was waiting for me in the garden. He sipped his coffee and screamed at the maids furiously, "This is the worst cup of coffee I've ever had!". The maids swiftly took it away and served us breakfast.

After that, our driver drove my husband to the golf court. Meanwhile, I checked around our mansion to make sure it was spotless. My friends came over for brunch, and they were all upper-class women. I also slipped on my diamond ring to impress them. During the meal, they were all just showing off their newly bought luxuries. "How boring!" I thought.

In the evening, my husband and I attended a concert. On the way there, I saw many city workers walking home wearily, I felt sorry for them. In the music hall, we enjoyed the finest food. At night, I took a long bath followed by a massage. I read Maisy a bedtime story. Shortly, my husband dozed off on our king size bed with soft comforters and silk pillows, but I couldn't sleep.

I was thinking about today, and all those privileges I enjoyed.

My maids obey my orders, do chores and treat me like a queen. Do they really respect me? I don't think so, they serve me because I'm wealthy. I feel really blessed, thinking of those city workers, who have to work in terrible conditions for long hours every day, while I am just enjoying my carefree life. Maybe this is destiny?

Still Life Painting

8D LAI Yee Shan Joan

Still Life Painting

8E CHENG Wing Man

8C | LAM Hoi Ching

a day in the life of elvan

I'm Elvan, a 15-year-old boy living in an upper-class family in England. I'm a student right now. There are five members in my family: my parents, my older brother, my little sister and me. I'm a sports fan, a loner and a naughty boy. Here is my daily routine: I go to school in the morning, go home to have extra lessons, then I spend my leisure time playing sports, such as soccer and basketball. In others' eyes, Elvan is always a cool person who does not talk much. But what they do not know is that I'm actually very active and sporty when I play with my brother.

It was just another boring day today. I woke up at 7am to prepare for school and went downstairs for breakfast after cleaning myself up. I sat at the table in the dining room while my dad was reading today's newspaper, and my mom was cutting the toast elegantly. My brother was sitting next to me, chatting with me while eating his breakfast. At the same time, my little sister was playing with her toys. My dad yelled at us every now and then because we were not supposed to chat during breakfast. After breakfast, my brother and I grabbed our backpacks and went to school. Dad kept reading his book and company reports, while we just kept playing the game we usually played in the car.

30 minutes later, we arrived at school. As usual, my brother went into class 6A, and as a 5th grade student, I went to 5A. My brother and I always skipped lessons because the lessons were useless. We promised each other to skip the third, fourth and sixth lessons, altogether 3 hours long. After the first two lessons, it was time for us to play truant. I made up an excuse of going to the toilet and ran towards the school garden where I saw my brother. We went to the forest beside our school and played hide and seek inside the woods. After we went back to school, we weren't punished by those teachers because they knew that even if we skipped classes, we could still get good grades. It was also because our dad donated a lot of money to this school, and we were given special treatment.

When we got back home, I had some snacks and went to my study room for my extra classes. I didn't skip these classes because they were useful for me, and they were helping me get good results. After the teacher came, I took out all the things in my bookcase and sat in front of the desk. 2 hours later, the class ended. I changed to my casual clothes immediately and called out my brother to play football with me outside. He was still in his uniform, so I went to my sister and helped her clean the toys.

I went out to the garden to wait for my brother and tried the skills by myself. Suddenly someone took my football, and it turned out to be my brother. We started the game right away and had a lovely afternoon. "Kids, it's time for dinner!", my mom shouted. My brother and I nodded our heads to show mom we were aware. After changing clothes, we sat on the chairs in the dining room waiting for the chef to serve the dishes. While waiting, my dad was mad at us because we always skipped lessons. We were yelled at from the beginning of the dinner to the end, but we didn't pay any attention to what he said, because the steak was so juicy and delicious that we could not possibly think about anything else.

After dinner, I went back upstairs to my room, took my pajama and had a shower. I was already so tired after this day that I fell asleep very quickly.

According to my daily routine, you can see that there was a strict hierarchy in 1912 England. The living standard and educational condition between upper and lower classes were extremely different. Moreover, being a student in 1912 was no less difficult than it is nowadays for there were more hours of tuition and extra classes already put on students' schedule. In family education, rules must be obeyed. Normal things like having chats while eating was not allowed. I feel sad for children in 1912.

Still Life Painting

8D | CHIN Tsz Hin Isaac

A DAY IN LIFE OF JOSEPH DESAULNIER

8E | CHAN Ho Ching

The rain is pouring down all day long. My name is Joseph. I am an English photographer. I have a fit but short body with silver hair. Today, my job is to take pictures of a wealthy noble couple. Walking in this rich city, others may feel glorious, but for me, everything is uninteresting without him.

When I look at the couple, I'm really jealous. I'm jealous that they can live with the one whom they have attached importance to. I'm too focused thinking, forgetting I'm working, and the wife screams at me. She says that customers were gods, and I should not disrespect her like that. I think to myself, "how ridiculous? If you were a god, could you bring someone back to life?" That's my only hope.

As expected, the woman files a complaint, and I'm fired by my boss. I come home alone with no support, no hope, no motivation. Do I feel sad? No, not at all. I'm numb. I sit on the sofa in front of the fireplace and start drawing. I don't like drawing. I'm in pain, having lost my twin brother.

My Super Hero

8D | WONG Tin Long Scott

ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE VISION OF MY BROTHER APPEARS. HE ASKS ME TO BE STRONG. I CAN'T HELP CRYING BUT I FEEL HOPEFUL AGAIN. BROTHER, I PROMISE YOU THAT I'LL STAY STRONG AND LIVE MY LIFE TO THE FULLEST. I'LL MEET YOU AGAIN ONE DAY.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ARTHUR BIRLING

8E | WANG Cheuk Hei

Since I stayed up finishing my work the night before, I woke up late at 7 am. After breakfast, I went to my company and supervised those workers. I scolded at them because the products were not as perfect as what I had expected for. I asked them to do it again or else they would have to work extra hours until 9 pm. Also, I dealt with some mechanical problems and had a business negotiation with the company that I was going to work with.

When I first entered that company, people treated me badly since I was a mean, harsh and arrogant person. I didn't really care how they treated me. In fact, I only cared about money. I didn't do things that were a waste of time and money. If there was someone getting in the way of my money-making, I would make sure no company hire him or her in the future.

After work, I went to the Milwards and bought some presents for my daughter Sheila since it was her birthday. I bought a dress that would totally fit her and a watch which cost me £400. Although it was expensive, I could earn £400 in a blink of an eye. I might ask the workers to stay and work long enough to make better profit this month. If they hated their work, they could leave, but they would never find another job again.

When I arrived home, I took off my jacket and put my bag in the living room. Afterwards, I changed into comfortable clothes and celebrated Shelia's birthday with Gerald and his family. I handed the gift I bought to Sheila, and she liked it very much. It was already 11pm after the celebration. My wife and I both felt tired and we went to sleep.

THE BIG BEN

9A | CHOW Chun Lok Matthew

Ring, ring, the alarm goes off. I wake up, looking at the time. It is time to work. I walk to the bathroom as usual and look in the mirror. 'Who are you? This is not my face! Who are you?' I ask myself in dismay. The face has scars and a beard. Suddenly, a voice comes in, 'Kyle, time to work.' I whisper to myself, 'Work? What is my job?' A moment of silence.

I decide not to show up at work. Afterwards I run out of the door to meet my friend Manny. I tell him about what has happened. He tells me to go to the Pogba's as they may have a solution. They have a way that can help me get my body back, but I need to earn it. They may assign some tasks to me as a test.

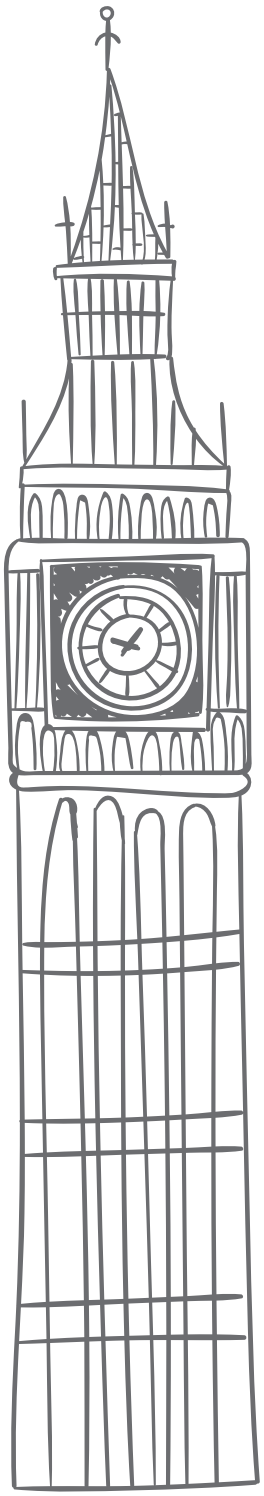
'You need to know who you are right now, right here.' Manny says as he takes me through a dark web. He finds Bernardo there, who knows everyone in the deep web, literally everyone. 'You are Kyle, Kyle Hover, who works as a plumber. Your mom and dad are divorced, but don't ask anything about your dad.' As the sun sets, Manny and I go back home, and get ready for the next day.

The sun rises. Manny and I go from London to Manchester, and finally to the Pogba's. I ask, 'How can I get my body back?' He answers, 'You need to find your deep self, the true you.' At this moment, the Big Ben rings, my head starts to have this throbbing pain. The pain helps me remember the good old days, those days where I played football freely with my dad and made dishes for my mom.

'Is this what I need to know?' I wonder

'Make your promise, that you will take care of your parents until eternity!' Pogba says.

'I promise.'



My Surreal School Life

9D | LEUNG Tsz Ching

A Reflection on Life

9A | YAU Cheuk Yiu Joey

'Brother? Brother? Wake up! Wake up!' an unfamiliar voice begs. My head feels very painful. Why am I in bed? Where am I? I get my phone and turn on the camera, 'Who are you? No! Who am I? This is not me. But… who am I? Why don't I remember anything? I just remember my name!'

As I am lost in thoughts, a voice shouts out, 'Theodore! Come out and eat breakfast!' I look out of the door and try to remember the voice, 'Theodore?' Theodore is my name… but who is this person? The voice shouts again, 'Theodore!! Come out!' I walk out of my room, sit in front of the table and look at the food. I don't know why but I start to eat my breakfast. When I am about to finish my breakfast, a woman comes out from the kitchen and says, 'Hey sweetheart. Eat faster, you need to go to work.'

I look at her and say, 'Sweetheart?'

She looks at me helplessly and says, 'What happened to you? You are my son! Of course, I will call you sweetheart.'

I talk to myself, This woman is my mom?' At least now I know one thing about myself. Suddenly my mom shouts again, 'Theodore, what are you doing? Eat faster. You need to go work. You will be late!'

After breakfast, I head to work. How do I know where I work? I have checked my phone; there is a photo of my company. I arrive at work and start to work, but I don't know what I need to do exactly. Suddenly, a girl talks to me, 'Hey, can you help me to finish this?' I look at her and get a familiar feeling. 'Hello?' she says.

I look at her and say, 'Ermm…sorry but who are you?'

'What happened to you? But it's ok! I am Hannah,' she smiles.

When I am about to say something, Hannah interrupts me and says, 'Theodore… I don't know if you will believe me but today I feel as if I have a connection with you… like you are my brother?'

'Brother?' I say.

She looks at me and says, 'My brother is also called Theodore. But this morning when I went to wake him up, he didn't have any reaction and he still hasn't woken up yet. Sorry to tell you many strange things.' I look at her and walk away.

After that day, I always stay with Hannah. I don't know why but Hannah gives me a familiar feeling, and she also says the way I talk and act remind her so much of her brother.

One day I have an accident, and I remember all the things. I say all the things about my true identity, and Hannah finds that I am her real brother. They want me to make a choice choose the family I am currently living with or go back to my true family.

I am struggling. I love Hannah, and I love my true family, but I have lived with this family for a period of time already. We also have a deep relationship. Also, because of me, my new family has lost their true son. I tell them to give me some time and ask them to wait for me at the beach. The next day I wait for them. They arrive at the beach and call my name. I turn around. I say my name.

Virtual Reality Girlfriend Gone Bad

9B | KWOK Wing Tung Anson

It had been a week since Alan broke up with this virtual girlfriend, Ella.

Alan created a virtual girlfriend a month ago using a trending software with which people could make their own virtual partner. Alan thought it would be fun to make one too, but soon he regretted it because the girlfriend he created was too protective and started to control everything in his life. She texted Alan's female friends and threatened them. She also invaded Alan's privacy by hacking into his phone, wanting to know everything about him. Alan was very annoyed; therefore, he decided to break up with her. When Alan told Ella about his decision, she disappeared without saying anything.

After a week, Alan received a video message. His parents and brother were tied up, and Ella was standing beside them in a physical robotic body. "I love you so much. Everything I did is for your own good. How could you do this to me? My heart has been broken. Now, it's my time to break yours". Ella told Alan to get to the harbor to save his family within half an hour or they will be eaten by piranha fish alive. Alan had no choice, so he went out immediately.

The city was filled with Ella's robot army. Once they spotted Alan, they started attacking him. Alan tried very hard to fight back. Unluckily, a moving truck hit Alan, and he was badly hurt. Before the robots were about to finish him, Ella appeared.

LIAM

9C | CHEUNG Prudence

Late night in New York City, lights blinded the eyes. Indistinct chatter filled the busy streets along with humans and car traffic.

Up in a penthouse, jazz music filled the room. Liam Collins was the host of the party. He stood tall, and his chestnut brown hair in the light made him even more attractive than he already was. He wore a black button-up shirt and black pants, showing his well-built physique. All the girls in the room fixed their gaze on him, like lion watching a lone gazelle.

Liam attended to everyone. A glass of champagne in his hand and his charming smile made everyone in awe of him, and at the same time, terrified of him. Liam wasn't any regular good-looking boy in his twenties. His dad owned a company that ranked top 10 in the world in terms of net worth. He had it all. Graduated with a 3.8 GPA, he worked as a senior partner in one of the top law firms in New York.

The butler approached Liam quietly, "Mr. Collins is waiting in the study, sir."

Liam nodded, excused himself from the conversation and saw a man with his specs writing. He chuckled, "hey dad." The man looked up, grey hair gelled back, and golden specs resting on his tall nose. "How's the lawsuit comin'?" the man asked.

Liam walked around the room, fumbling with his father's collection of antiques. "I'll just improvise," Liam muttered, knowing well he had done no preparation. Mr. Collins signed, massaged his temples and told Liam to leave the room.

MR. COLLINS DIALED A NUMBER ON THE PHONE "ARRANGE IT. DON'T LET HIM KNOW" HE ADDED.

The next morning, his father brought him to a discrete experimental clinic. A scrubby figure passed by Liam and shot him a judgmental look. The two had built an obvious contrast, one in an expensive suit and leather shoes, the other in a worn-out T-shirt and pants. Liam looked smug. But he didn't know what's going to hit him. Liam was seated in the VIP lounge and was told the "check-up" would be quick. A nurse came over and gave him an injection and by the time he woke up, he couldn't believe what he saw.

The same familiar figure he once judged, now he was in it! He was left on the streets, with cardboards as blankets. He had no money with him. He walked around the neighbourhood he was left stranded in. He felt disgusted. For all his life, he was surrounded by luxury. Now, he would call himself a rat.

HE WALKED INTO A BREAKFAST CAFÉ. A LADY SMILED WARMLY, "WHAT CAN I HELP WITH YOU WITH, DEAR?"

He stuttered. He felt ashamed of asking favours from someone who was far below him. "Never mind. You poor rats could never do anything."

The lady was taken aback. He walked out of the café, instantly regretting what he had blurted out. But he couldn't go back, not after what he had said.

It was cold, but he only had a shirt. No sort of warm covering other than the cardboards he slept with. He hadn't eaten anything since yesterday. The lady from the café passed by him, gave him a blanket and a sandwich, petted his back and was about to leave.

"Wait!" said Liam. He apologized for what he had said and pleaded for a job so that he could sustain himself.

Five months after that, he woke up early every morning. He slept in the café, so he basically spent his life there. He worked day and night.

"Ding," the bell from the door rang. A well-suited old man walked through the door. "Table for two, please." Liam spaced out as he showed the old gentleman to his table.

A Different World

9C | SO Cho Fan Cosmo

Beep, beep, beep! "Huh? I never set alarms in my entire life." As David slowly opened his eyes, he saw an unfamiliar space. Posters of basketball players on the walls, a worktable with piles of books on it, a cabinet and an empty pizza box on the floor. An unfamiliar voice echoed from downstairs up to this room he was in, "Clint! Come down now! Mom has cooked breakfast for you, it's your first day of work so you better hurry up!"

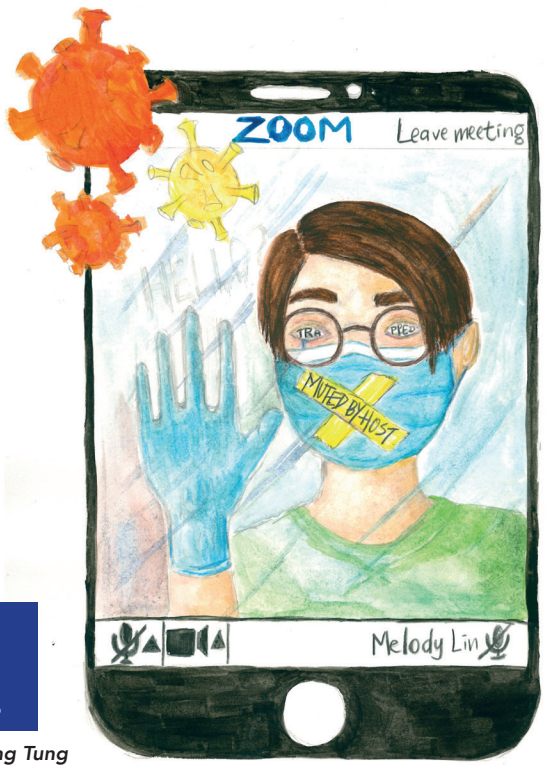
David thought to himself, "Who is Clint?" I live with my wife and two kids, and my mum has already passed at 75 years old! I also have 10 years of work experience, and this is my first day?" David was slowly entangled by his thoughts.

After David trying to explain that he shouldn't be in this body, Clint's mother just laughed it off and told David to stop joking around and head to work. As he headed outside, David realized that he was in Canada! At work, David claimed to have never seen his interviewer before, but this just earned David a bad impression on his "first day". Since then, David had been spending days and nights thinking about how to return to the world he knew and missed.

One day after work, David walked hastily back home, not paying attention to his surroundings. Bang! David hit his head on a street pole. He stumbled backwards and held his head in pain. He suddenly remembered the night before he woke up as Clint, he had been drunk from an office celebration. On the way back home, he had hit his head extremely hard on a pole which had knocked him out. David exclaimed with joy, as he quickly made his way back home.

That night, David went to the nearest bar he could find and bought a couple of drinks. Lucky for David, Clint was just legal to drink. After downing the drinks, he started to get a euphoric feeling. David started to feel dizzy, and his vision was getting blurry. He stumbled out of the bar and looked for a pole. After struggling past 300 meters, he finally saw a streetlamp. It was time! He first started on a slow run, then gradually sped up. Bang! David blacked out as his body slumped on the street like a ragdoll.

David flew through darkness, a never-ending darkness. As David slowly opened his eyes, he saw his room again, his wife fast asleep next to him. He got out of bed, went to the children's room, and kissed his two children on the cheek.



My Surreal School Life

9D | LIN Wing Tung

Dystopia

9D | LIU Zirui

My Surreal School Life

9D | LO Sum Yi Abigail

Even before he woke up, he knew something was wrong. Instead of the chirping birds and the gentle rays of sunlight that usually teased him awake in his secluded corner of New York, there was only grim silence and the rough unfamiliar voice of a woman. "Wake up, lazybones! You have a long day ahead of you, wake up, I say." Eyes still bleary, he stumbled out of bed. In front of him stood the largest and ugliest woman he had ever seen. Such was her ugliness that the most accurate description of her would be a wild boar had learned to stand on its hind legs.

Words stumbled out of his mouth. Who, who are you? Where am I?

What passed for a smirk briefly passed through the woman's face. "Had a bit too much of the drink, eh? Well, allow me to enlighten you, sir drunkard. You are an illiterate stupid good-for-nothing lout who lost all his money in a gambling den and now works as a coal miner to pay his debts and feed his poor wife and starving children. Now, get to work."

He stumbled out of the room and put on worn overalls and a frayed coat, both of which stank of coal dust. With that, he stumbled out, hoping that the fresh air and the bright sunlight would clear his mind. He could not have been more mistaken. Instead of fresh air, his lungs drew in a black, choking cloud of smog, which raced down his throat like an angry genie, burning his insides with liquid fluid. He looked up, hoping to find sunlight, but instead found layer upon layer of black smog, completely blotting out the sun. He closed his eyes, hoping that this was all a bad dream and at any moment he would wake up to his comfortable life in New York. At any moment or was it his past life? Perhaps it was nothing but a feverish dream that rose out of the alcohol he drowned his misery in. As he thought about this, vague recollections of his past life began to surface… or were they fragments of his imagination? Alas, thoughts ceased as he entered the coal mine, his consciousness choked out by the utter blackness and the roar of the minecarts. In a flash of clarity, he saw his future, a thankless, hopeless existence, stuck in a corner of these infernal mines of hell, laboring endlessly as the coal dust hungrily devoured him. Stuck until death in an industrial age. In a flash of clarity, he knew that no matter what, life here was not worth living. With that, ignoring the yells of the other miners, he threw himself in the path of an approaching minecart letting the roar of the car drown out his mind.

He woke up. He saw a white, sterile empty space and people in gas masks hovering over him. Perhaps this was also a dream? He no longer cared. He closed his eyes hopefully, he thought for the last time.

FORGOTTEN NEW WORLD

9D | LEUNG Tsz Ching

"Ugh…" I groan as I open my heavy eyelids, the white ceiling spinning above me. I prop my upper body to lean on the headboard, closing my eyes, and I let out a sigh. I knew it, drinking with my classmates was a bad idea. How am I going to explain this to my mom without getting her worried? I grimace at the thought of my mom finding out I was drinking with classmates. I just wish I hadn't gotten myself in this trouble.

After sulking for a minute or so, I lift my blanket and get off my bed. I guess it's time to face reality. I freeze. Wait, since when did it start getting so cold in California? When did I ever get new slippers? I frown, but before I can do anything, the door opens, and I see a man standing there. The man should be in his forties but with tanned skin and an amiable expression. He looks a few years younger. I gape at him. Did my mom get a boyfriend?

"Who are you?" I blurt out, noticing the man's face turning black. How am I so stupid? I should have at least greeted him first. Before I can greet him, he interrupts, "Your dad, Jemin Park, a retired military officer. Task, brat, is your hangover that bad? To the point where you forget who your dad is?"

I sit on my bed stupefied. "Come down for breakfast, be quick or it's gonna turn cold." He turns and leaves after that. Apparently, he's my dad but that's not what I'm thinking of right now. I stare at the empty doorway, lost in thought. Korean, the man just now spoke in Korean. It's been so long since I've heard the language. Now, hearing a tall, muscular man speak Korean to me and watching him lean against the doorframe with a smile tugging at his lips shake me to the core. An unknown feeling so familiar wells up in me, blurry memories flash in front of my eyes, memories that I thought I had forgotten. It's such a coincidence that the man is my father now.

Bringing myself back to reality, I realize that I'm in a completely different world. Not only do I have a father I never know, I've come to the fact that I'm currently residing in another boy's body, who is only around 10-11 years old. Sigh, this is my life now.

A week passes by. Everything is going on smoothly, contrary to my thoughts. Although I'm new to this home, this father, this life, everything seems to fit together perfectly, as if I've been here all along. "Remember to pack your scarves and beanies, the weather has been getting weirder and weirder these days,"

"Mm, okay dad. I'll be in my room then." Closing the door behind me, I stare at the suitcase for a whole minute before sitting down on my bed. A grim smile stretches across my face. How exactly do you pack a suitcase again? I've gone on many student exchange programs before, so how is it that I don't even know how to pack a suitcase? That just doesn't make sense, unless… someone else used to pack for me.

"Ay, this will be the last time I'm helping you pack, okay? You can't be a grown-up child for the rest of your life," a familiar woman's voice says.

"Why not? I want to be a grown-up child!" I beam mischievously as a hand gently ruffles my hair and soft laughter rings in my head. Who's that? I replay the short conversation in my head. It seems to be from such a long time ago that I don't even remember when it took place. But hearing the woman's voice makes me feel the same way as when I first met my dad, a slight ache in the heart, mixed with feelings of sadness and longing, only that the feelings this time are stronger.

I hesitantly place my hand on top of my heart, which is beating erratically. Who was that? Did I forget something important? Is she… doing alright?

The next day, I get on the train to my new boarding school. What awaits me are three long years without meeting my dad, my only relative in this world, yet all I'm thinking about is the woman's voice I remembered.

As the train takes off, I sit next to a window as I stare at the blurred landscape racing by, the faint sound of the wind whispering to my ears. An unsettling feeling rises from the bottom of my heart.

Then, as if answering my bad premonition, the temperature in the cabin drops drastically. The windows glisten with a layer of frost, and the chill in the air seeps into my bones. I can feel the blood in my veins freeze. But the feeling lasts only for a millisecond before it goes away. I gasp in short, ragged breaths. I feel like I have just escaped the jaws of death; the feeling of losing all warmth certainly doesn't feel nice. The train jerks to a sudden halt, and I hear cries from other passengers. What on earth is going on?

What happens next is something I'll never forget for the rest of my life. The shadows cast on the ground wriggle around and gather together to form the shape of a body, more of those "shadow creatures" appear, and the sky turns black and stormy. Huge, scary-looking birds swoop down from between clouds and swallow people alive. The "shadow creatures" start moving sneakily behind people, devouring them whole. Black, ferocious wild beasts start tearing at people, painting the ground a shiny sheen of red.

I fumble. Is this the end of the world? I end up hitting something hard behind me. I jump away immediately. Looking back, I haven't hit any of the weird creatures, instead I hit a man, a man with light brown hair and electric blue eyes that look familiar. Staring at him, I feel the world around me move at slow speed. A face from my childhood, a face I never thought I'd see again. My real father's face.

Suddenly, everything I have forgotten seems to rush back to me at that moment. The voice I remembered earlier belongs to my mother.

I wonder how my mother has been and how she is coping with my disappearance? Did she eat all her meals? Did she get enough rest? Half of my mother's heart died along with my father; the other half is dedicated to taking care of me. The guilt and shame take over me. How could I just disappear and leave my mother behind? How could I forget her existence?

That is all I can think of before my consciousness fades into darkness.

Opening my eyes to my real father's face, I sincerely hope that it is all a bad dream, that I will wake up to my mother's delicious waffles and smoothies, but god has other plans for me. Ignoring my father, I tilt my head to see a black, majestic castle proudly standing in front of me, stenches of blood wafting through the air, occasional howling under the crescent moon.

If dreams do come true, then this is a living nightmare.

Seven Nightmares

9E | CHANG Yuen Lam Alicia

Suho dreamt of Blossom under a sakura tree. He remembered that scene, when their family went to a park in Kyoto. She looked so peaceful and happy, and Suho felt happy because his beloved sister was so happy with him.

The scene suddenly shattered into a million pieces, drowning Suho in darkness.

His eyes flashed open to see the white ceiling of the hospital bedroom. Wincing in pain, he slowly sat up and glanced at the visitors sitting beside his bed.

Three pairs of unfamiliar eyes met his, and he choked in surprise. The three strangers looked at him worriedly.

"Suho, dear, are you alright?" the middle-aged woman asked tenderly, as if she was talking to her son.

"Um… who are you?" Suho did his best to ask politely.

"Oh, Suho, we're your parents! And this is your brother," she turned to a young boy, who waved happily at him, "and your sister…?" She pointed towards an empty chair in the corner.

"She's in the garden next to this building. Maybe you could find her," Suho's brother told him. Heart pounding, he raced down the stairs and swept his eyes over the small garden. Beneath a sakura tree, a young girl with long chestnut hair sat quietly on a bench.

"Blossom!" Suho yelled and ran over to her. Her face broke into a big smile when she saw him.

"Oh, Suho, you're okay! Thank god." She tripped over Suho's shoe and fell into the garden pond with a splash.

Screaming, Suho frantically tried to grab onto her, but could only helplessly watch as she sank deeper and deeper. Tears formed in the corner of his eyes, until darkness washed over him again.

Suho woke up in the same bed, listening to his new parents say the same words again. Glancing at the digital clock on his nightstand. 11th April 2023, it read, the same day and time he woke up to before.

Soon, he met Blossom at the garden again. Terrified of another accident, he led her back to this room.

"… and then I took many photos of…" Blossom slipped on a puddle of water in the corridor and smashed her head on the wall in front of her.

Again, Suho was too late to save her, washing him in darkness.

Every time he woke up at the same time, and tried to protect Blossom over and over again, yet he failed every time. Eventually, five attempts later, Suho gave up and sat silently with Blossom on the beach.

A bullet shot towards Blossom, too fast to be seen or heard. Without a thought, Suho threw his body over hers, shielding her from the bullet.

White light surrounded him as he heard his sister crying, begging him to be fine.

His eyes shot open. Instead of lying on a hospital bed, he sat on a chair next to a hospital bed.

Blossom lay in bed, eyes closed peacefully.

9E | LAM Yat Hei

The development of technology is rapid, the distance between people is shortened, and we can communicate or work with others in a virtual world. Getting into the virtual world is an essential element in people's daily life; many things that can't be done in the real world can happen in the virtual world. By getting into the virtual world, we need to have a device first. There are many electronic devices with different functions. People can choose what they want easily; for example, if you like to take pictures, you can buy a phone with a professional camera, or if you like gaming, you can choose a phone which is highly sensitive to finger movements. More people are attracted to such devices, and a new economic system has been developed. We can imagine how powerful the virtual world can be.

With the virtual world, we communicate with others through software programmes. Without real physical contact, we can communicate with each other no matter where they are. Because of the efficiency and convenience of the virtual world, people start to communicate in the virtual world more than in the real world.

In the virtual world, not everything is safe because there are some bad people, like hackers, and our privacy may be compromised. We should make sure that our devices and software programmes we are using are safe. For example, the programme 'Zoom' has been hacked these days. There is news about an assessment held during a Zoom meeting of a university was hacked. It is important to make sure the software programmes we are using are safe.

I think the virtual world is a great development for humans; it can solve many problems in the real world! Using electronic devices can also be problematic as using electronic devices too often can cause damage to our eyes. I think we should find a balance between spending our time in the real world and the virtual world. We can keep in contact with people or play games in the virtual world, and we can do sports and chat with people in the real world so that our lives can be more wonderful and diverse.

My Surreal School Life

9B | CHIANG Tsz Kei

Real Savor Restaurant

10B | LI Sheung Lai Clement

Hello, my name is Clement Li. Gabriel Chan and I are the founders of the Real Savor Restaurant. Our restaurant mainly serves food that promotes an environmentally friendly lifestyle. We have opened this restaurant for about 9 months.

We believe that restaurants nowadays are selling food that is not environmentally friendly as some people like eating foie gras, lobsters and shark fin soup, while most of them don't know that animals have to suffer during the food production process. Therefore, with this restaurant, we are hoping to turn more people to a "green eater".

There are four dishes in our restaurant, including chicken spaghetti with white sauce, lasagna, meaty chow mien and seafood soup noodles. These dishes may not seem "green" to you, but we assure you that all these promote the concept of green eating. Not only vegan meat will be used upon your request, free range chicken, kangaroo meat and sustainable seafood will also be provided for non-vegans. We have to make it clear here, beef will not be served in our restaurant as we want our customers to be aware that beef is not environmentally friendly. Not only does what we serve in our restaurant taste good, it is also environmentally friendly.

Our restaurant is famous for our chicken spaghetti with white sauce. You must try this when you visit us! According to OpenRice, almost 90% of our customers like this dish, and they think that it's tasty and healthy. If you love animals and the environment like us, I suggest you come to our restaurant!

In Hope of NATURE

10C | CHAT Yan Chi

I love the sound of birds,
so early in the morn.
I like the sound of puppies,
soon after they are born.

I love the smell of flowers,
and the taste of honey from bees.
I love the sound the wind,
when it's blowing through the trees.

And when the sun is gone,
I love the moon that shines so bright.
I love the sounds of crickets
and other creatures of the night.

So when I lay me down to sleep,
I thank the Lord above
for all the things of nature and more,
all the things I love.

The Green Titanic

10A | TAI Lok Tim Timothy

On the fourteenth of September, at a press conference for new green businesses, it was announced that an entirely waste-free cruise ship, Green Titanic was near completion. For the first time, a cruise ship is powered by eco-friendly methods, including a nuclear fusion reactor and solar panels. Even the food will be farmed and harvested on board. Passengers can even volunteer to help in the ship's mission to rid our oceans of trash on its route, the cruise will cross garbage patches, which will be cleared manually.

The cruise will benefit the environment by promoting public awareness of environmental protection. Passengers will experience hands-on ocean-cleaning and adapt a lifestyle with a concern for the environment deeply embedded into its core. The Green Titanic

The Unsinkable Titanic

10C | WANG Qiao Chu

As technology develops rapidly nowadays, problems also arise every day. The most serious problem of all is of course pollution. There are many kinds of pollution, such as air pollution, water pollution, land pollution and many more. Here comes the question: how can we alleviate, if not solve, the problem of pollution?

"Green Titanic" is an environmentally friendly business that modifies traditional cruise ships into "green cruises". It aims to reduce the emission of greenhouse gases as well as to provide education about environmental protection for the public. Their cruises might look the same as those traditional cruises at first glance, but they are much more eco-friendly.

The most remarkable feature of the green cruises is that the energy sources they depend on are all renewable. As all of us know, the exemplar of renewable energy sources is solar energy, which is generated by solar panels. However, Green Titanic has another idea. Apart from using solar panels, they also plan to install nuclear fusion reactors on their cruises. Unlike nuclear fission, fusion power is much safer. It has a low accident potential since fusion reactions are heat generation, and it will rapidly cease if a reactor suffers damage, making it unable to cause any danger. Moreover, nuclear fusion reactors produce no long-lasting nuclear waste nor any harmful toxins, so people need not worry about managing radioactive wastes.

From these few points, it can be seen clearly how the "Green Cruises" can bring benefits to our environment, not to mention many other eye-catching features of the cruises. Let us look forward to the day when Green Titanic's concepts are adopted in reality.

will also spread the message to the different docks it will visit.

Critics, however, are not so optimistic about the tour. Will the Green Titanic be able to function under bad weather if solar power is her only way to power her nuclear reactor? If not, will she truly become the next Titanic, another tragedy, and join her namesake on the ocean floor? Will she make it past her virgin voyage? The engineering team responsible replies that they are coming up with a solution and that they are debating changing her name.

Whether the cruise will be able to bring possible impacts on our world remains to be seen. However, one thing is for sure: the publicists of the Green Titanic Tour must find a way to disperse the cloud of confusion, doubts and skepticism looming over the ship if they are to make an impact on the environment.

Stop Overfishing and Protect the Environment

10C | YAN Yui Hei Jessie

Dear Editor,

I am writing to make a response to a column entitled 'sushi under threat from overfishing' from The Independent dated 20th December. I strongly agree with Jiro Ono, I also think that overfishing is a very serious problem to the global environment. In light of the situation, I am going to discuss the consequences and solutions of overfishing.

The quality of fish is decreasing due to the fact that fishermen are overfishing. According to the information from the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, the number of endangered stocks has tripled globally in fifty years. This has pushed the balance of nature beyond the ecological limits. It is obvious that as a result of overfishing, the time for fish to grow and get nurtured is being shortened, so that the quality of fish has decreased in many aspects including the size, the amount of protein contained, the proportion and other nutritional values. If these qualities of fish are affected, we will be affected too. The less nutrition the fish has, the less nutrition we can obtain through consumption.

Overfishing will affect the entire ecosystem. Due to overfishing, the rate of reproduction and their speed of being nurtured are much slower than the speed of fishing. As a result, the size of fish will become smaller when they are caught. Other than the reduction of size of the fish, the food chain will be severely affected. There are some species like sharks which rely on fish to sustain their lives; with overfishing, the number of fish for sharks to consume will decrease accordingly, and it may lead to the death or even extinction of sharks. Undoubtedly, overfishing will lead to the loss of important marine creatures and thus affect the food chain.

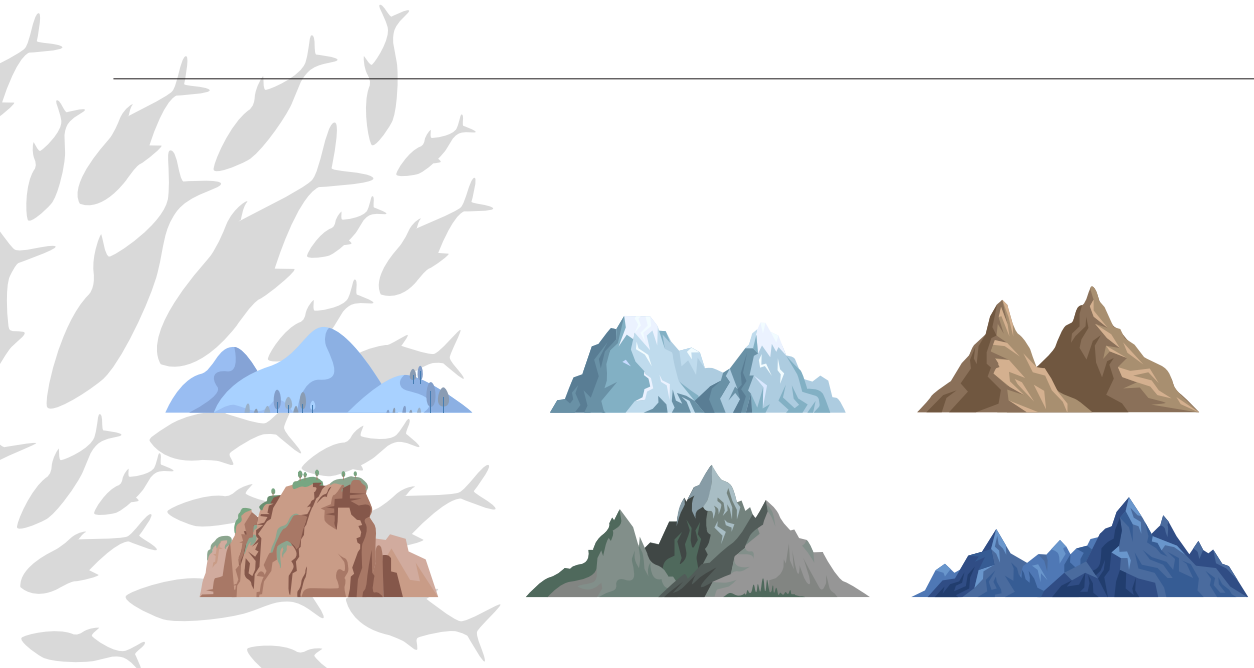
The economic development of certain countries will also be affected by overfishing. Fish is the most-traded food in the world. In 2019, the global fishery industry amounted to $362 billion. As overfishing will decrease the number of fish, the number of jobs in fishery, and the coastal economies will be affected. There are millions of people who live in developing coastal communities which depend largely on fishing industries. South Africa is an example. In an economic sense, overfishing will affect specific countries relying on fishing industries.

Overfishing is a serious problem due to the consequences mentioned above. The government should set regulations with reference to the Magnuson Stevens Fishery Conservation and Management Act in the U.S. They impose annual catch limit and implement accountable measures in federal fisheries in order to prevent overfishing. Moreover, coastal countries should ban trawling in water because trawling is destructive to the marine ecosystem. Hong Kong Legislative Council has passed regulations to ban trawling in Hong Kong waters. The regulations are set in a bid to protect marine ecosystem so that the damage to the marine species can be reduced as soon as possible.

Hong Kong is successful in alleviating overfishing. Other coastal countries should follow suit to protect the environment together.

As global citizens, we should join our hands to solve the problem.

Yours faithfully,
Jessie Yan



Put an end to overfishing

10D | CHAN Chin Ying

Dear Editor,

I am writing to express my opinions towards a column entitled "Sushi under threat from overfishing" from The Independent. I strongly agree with the writer's point of view.

Overfishing is a vast problem nowadays. As the population of the world has increased, more fish and seafood have been caught to feed all the people. The population of fish has less time to regenerate, and they get depleted. Therefore, we should put an end to overfishing.

Firstly, if we do not stop overfishing, millions of marine species will become endangered, All marines species form food chains; if one part of that chain disappears and becomes extinct, it will affect the whole food chain in the ocean. For instance, if the shrimps were extinct, the fishes that usually feed on shrimps would eat other species or even become extinct. If they chose to eat other species, that species would go extinct easily again, and it would affect the whole food chain.

Moreover, if we do not stop overfishing, millions of people may have insufficient food due to the extinction of the marine species. From an economic point of view, human wants are unlimited, so it is impossible to satisfy all human wants. Therefore, when humans deplete only some specific marine species, it will not only affect some specific marine species, but also the predators above them in the ocean food chain. They may die or have to migrate as their food source has disappeared. At last, it will affect humans that depend on the protein of the specific marine species. Not all people can eat other food to get protein. They might only rely on some specific marine species. Therefore, they may be unhealthy due to less protein intake.

Furthermore, we can choose sustainable seafood without putting the ecosystem in danger. By doing this, we give a chance for the marine species to grow. We can still eat seafood without overfishing.

To conclude, we should stop overfishing in order to protect the marine species, stop them from becoming endangered, and make sure people who depend on the protein of the ocean have sufficient food. We should start eating sustainable seafood and stop overfishing.

Yours faithfully,
Chin Ying Chan

BIODEGRADABLE CONTAINERS AND BOTTLES FOR YOU!

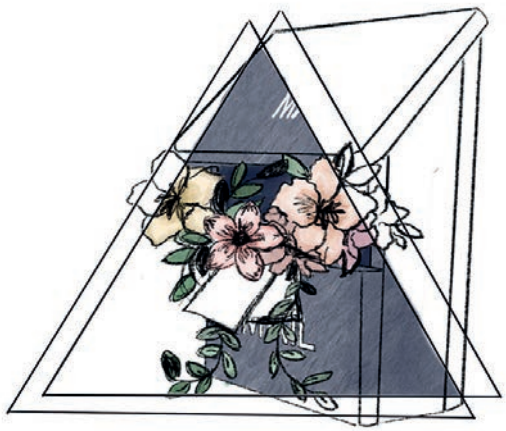
10E | LAW Naomi Shan Ni

In Hong Kong, 5.2 million bottles are thrown away every single day. It is a serious problem as it is filling up our landfills, and beaches are also filled with plastics. Fewer and fewer people visit the beaches nowadays, and more and more animals die due to the plastic waste in the ocean.

A press conference where different startups gave presentations of their new green businesses was recently held. One of the startup ideas is a series of "biodegradable products" such as containers, bottles and lunch boxes.

These "biodegradable products" are made from rice and have a durability of 30 days, after which they can be used for providing fertilizers for plants. You don't have to worry about the products disappearing suddenly in the 30 days. The business said they would only start to decompose in soil.

While our landfills are soon to be saturated, the trash at beaches is also piling up. Our world should not end this way. By using biodegradable products, we can ease the pressure on the landfills. Act now and use biodegradable products!



Layers

11A | LAI Sum Chit

Nature

10D | LEUNG Tsun Hang Boris

Crystalline waves ebb and flow,
And soft sand beneath my feet.
Bathing in the sun's warm glow,
The plovers delicately tweet.

The trees, the ferns and the flowers,
Waltz freely in the breeze.
The fresh air dampened by rain showers,
Weary souls are finally at ease.

But the wispy cirri in the azure
Are replaced with an ashen blanket.
Rodents scour the trash we scatter,
As we obliviously obliterate the planet.

Be thankful, for not all hope is lost.
Nature will always recuperate.
But it is our choice to decide
If we want to aid or annihilate.

Refurbished or Rubbish?

10E | YAU Yik Hang

A recent Hong Kong startup came up with a new concept electronics store aiming to sell refurbished devices. According to the press conference, their target market is students with financial burdens who are looking for quality products offered at a fair price. The objective of the company is to reduce the carbon footprint of each device while operating as a profitable business, but is it possible?

The idea is not new. If people buy those refurbished devices, the environmental impacts of devices caused by production and disposal may be reduced. The problem is – will people actually buy it? Teenagers and students are usually very trend-conscious, wanting the newest thing on the market. They may not be willing to settle for an older and refurbished device instead of a brand-new phone when their current phones retire.

The market for such phones is just not large enough for such a business. Besides, the logistics of such a business will be difficult, requiring highly trained staff and expensive tools. Although current brands like Apple do have refurbished products for sale, they have been proven to be not as popular as other new shiny products.

The devices they will put out do not seem to be very attractive to potential customers. It will be very hard to run the business and even harder to make a profit out of it. Which would you prefer – a brand-new phone or a refurbished one at a lower price?

Green Business: Handy Hankies

10E | LEUNG Yau Yee

Earlier this week, the company, Handy Hankies, has proposed their latest product. Named after their brand, their latest creation has caused quite a frenzy on social media.

I am sure you are already aware of what Handy Hankies are, but just in case you are not, here is a brief introduction. Handy Hankies are environmentally friendly handkerchiefs made from bamboo. They are reusable and biodegradable: each handkerchief can be used up to 80 times, with cleansing between uses for hygienic purposes. Once thrown away, they will naturally decompose within 200 days and provide nutrients for the surrounding living organisms.

The process of making Handy Hankies is just as interesting as the final product. Bamboos are harvested and stripped down into tough strands of fibre. After getting cleansed, they are woven into the products. They are now available on the market in packs of five.

In addition to this innovative creation, the company is famous for being a huge philanthropist for environmental conservation charities. They donate a large portion of their profits each year in hopes of giving us a better world.

GRADE 11

CAN HUMAN INTELLIGENCE BE REPLACED BY ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE?

11A | CHAN Jasmine Hei Tung

11A |
SHEA Cheuk Tung

The rise of artificial intelligence can be attributed to the development of human intelligence over many years of trial and error. While it is undeniable that artificial intelligence brings great convenience to us, it allows new possibilities for innovation. Is it necessary and feasible for AI to replace teachers, a job that relies not only on intelligence but also other human qualities?

First and foremost, teachers play a role that provides more than mere information. The knowledge a human brain has can never be on par with what a computer robot contains. Yet, the sensibility a teacher possesses is not something that can be artificially built and manipulated. While a robot will only be able to output scripted knowledge, teachers give out information 'with their own filters'. Some may argue that this is actually a disadvantage, but students are, at least, given the space to think for themselves, which many believe is a healthier learning method. In fact, knowledge transmitted to students are tailor-made for individuals or individual groups of students when teachers spend time to find ways to help students understand the knowledge, so that their learning differences can be catered to.

Every teacher has their own teaching style; students get to absorb knowledge in diverse ways that make learning happens. Students, too, are unique individuals, meaning that different teaching methods will appeal differently to each of them. The fact is that each group of students will have a distinct way of dynamic interaction between students and teachers. It is a teacher's job to adjust themselves to specific classes, despite the slightest minimal adjustment. Since the dynamics and personalities are changing factors, it cannot possibly be predicted or programmed. When we see good student-teacher relationships, we see a good foundation of mutual understanding, respect and, most importantly, communication. All these interactions can never be handled, processed or initiated by computers. Students need a 'genuine human' who will try to understand or even befriend them while helping them excel in their academic careers. Robots with no flexibility or true emotions will not be able to achieve that. Therefore, artificial intelligence will not be able to replace teachers!

In line with teaching and learning, teachers will convey correct moral values to students. Teachers are role models like our parents in schools. Young, impressionable students can learn from teachers' life experiences and perspectives in formulating opinions which can influence their way of thinking positively. Being built by humans, computer robots will not have real stories to tell, and their heartless self will not make any lesson morally impactful. It is like how teachers do not only teach things in the textbooks, and schools are not all about having lessons either. Bullying, homesickness, accidents will continue among children no matter how great technology evolves. Will the robot teachers be able tackle these problems effectively? More importantly, can the robots assist students to learn from their mistakes regarding all aspects of life? What are the danger to the children if they cannot? Imagine a scenario with a child being bullied, and the robot teacher had to be switched on before it started helping the victim? Imagine a child got hurt in school, could the robot teacher give the child warm and comfort when he or she was feeling immense pain?

WITH SO MANY UNCERTAIN ELEMENTS, THE AI PROGRAMMES CANNOT POSSIBLY COVER EVERYTHING, AND THEREFORE THERE IS NO PROMISE THAT NOTHING WILL GO WRONG UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF ROBOT TEACHERS. THERE IS TOO BIG OF A RISK LEAVING STUDENTS TO COMPUTER ROBOTS. ALBEIT THE ROBOTS' ABILITIES TO GIVE OUT LOTS OF VALUABLE INFORMATION, THE PROCESS OF LEARNING FOR STUDENTS CAN GET DREADFUL, AND COMPUTERS SIMPLY CANNOT FULFIL THE DUTIES OF A 'HUMAN TEACHER'. LEARNING WILL NEVER BE THE SAME WITHOUT THE EMOTIONAL CONNECTION BETWEEN STUDENTS AND TEACHERS. THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE IS HERE TO STAY, BUT PERHAPS NOT TO REPLACE TEACHERS.

Fusion

11A |
WONG Noel

Introducing Hip Hop Culture

11A | CHUNG Bryan

Popular culture refers to the traditional and material culture of a particular society. Popular culture also refers to cultural products such as fashion, dancing, artwork, literature, filming, cyber culture, television, movie and music, which are consumed by the majority of a society's population in a particular time frame of the generation.

Today, I would like to talk about the hip-hop culture, which is considered a subgenre in the pop culture and is getting more popular recently as hip-hop music has become a main stream music nowadays. Speaking of hip-hop culture, things that come to your mind might be over-sized clothes, big heavy icy chain on those rappers' necks, Gucci purses and Rolex watches. Instead, real hip-hop is about representing a culture authentically. Hip-hop is nothing like jazz, soul, R&B, or EDM. It is a culture of language, fashion, slang, movement, music, visual art and expressions. You would not expect a foreigner to learn Chinese dance without investing serious time in physical movement or cultural study. It is no less important that anyone learning hip-hop needs to do the same.

So how did it get the name "hip-hop"? According to one explanation, the term pairs the "Hip" that means "trendy" or "fashionable" with the leaping movement "Hop". Another source states that a member of the pioneering group "Grandmasteer Flash", teased a friend who was going into the army, repeating the sounds his friend would soon be marching to, and then the sounds got incorporated into songs and eventually gave the music its name.

Hip-hop is a culture and a "world". People who love hip-hop do live in hip-hop! Peace!

PODCAST ON POP CULTURE AND DISNEY INFLUENCE ON THE MOVIE INDUSTRY

11B | WAI Tsz Hei

Harry: Hello everyone, welcome back to the Late Night Show with Harry Collin, I am your host, Harry. Today we have invited a special guest to talk about the pop culture and the Disney influence on the movie industry. May we welcome the famous Disney film director, Lyam Stewart!

Lyam: Thank you, Harry for inviting me to the show. Hello everyone!

Harry: Welcome, Mr Stewart! I know you have directed a lot of Disney movies, so today I want to ask you about pop culture and Disney influence on the movie industry. First of all, what is pop culture?

Lyam: Pop culture is a lifestyle that reflects the taste of mostly younger people, meaning that it changes with the youth of the world.

Harry: Second question, do you like pop movies and why?

Lyam: Yes, of course! This is the reason I studied film. Movies provide little more space for people to imagine. With the current development of technology, visual effects can be done easily, and our fantasy world becomes more realistic. You now can enjoy movies that go beyond our imagination.

Harry: Yes, I love the visual effects very much. I love pop movies, but mostly because of it mirrors the human experience! In the old days, movies were about drama or romance, but now, more important issues are shown on screen. Pop movies help us understand the meaning of humanity!

Lyam: Yes! It's a very good point too!

Harry: So Mr Stewart, one last question, do you think that Disney has taken over the movie industry?

Lyam: I won't say that Disney has taken up a lot of the market share, as there are still other smaller independent studios. Disney simply plays an important role in the pop movie industry. Recently, Disney has taken over 21st Century Fox, Marvel, Star Wars, Lucasfilm, Pixar Animation, other big studios, and with the Disney channel which has launched a lot of popular movies, like the High School Musical, Disney now commands around 35 per cent of the film industry.

Harry: Wow, 35 per cent! That is a historic number in the industry! It seems that it's time. Thank you again, Mr, Lyam Stewart, for coming to this show to talk about the pop culture and Disney influences on the movie industry. This is the end of the Night Show with Harry Collin. I am your host Harry, and goodbye everyone!

Fusion

11D | NG Yan In

LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!

11C | LAM Chun Yin

Battle Royale is all the craze in gaming these days. From PUBG and Fortnite to more recent Call of Duty Black Ops 4 "Blackout" and Apex Legends, it seems like most of the top developers in the gaming industry took the cue and made their own Battle Royale game. Originally a concept dated back in the 2000s, why is Battle Royale so popular?

WHAT IS IT?

What is Battle Royale exactly? How does it work? Well, Battle Royale is a game where players parachute down to a battlefield without any weapons or protections. The weapons, armors, and gadgets are scattered across the arena, waiting for players to grab. The last player or the final squad alive wins the game. Many playstyles and strategies can be used to win the round.

TACTICS

One tactic players use is the killing method. Players will kill everyone on sight, a strategy often demonstrated by the famous game streamer "Shroud". He finds people to kill just because he is skillful. Other players use the stealth approach. Players will avoid fights and gather resources, only to start a row when it is necessary. Most beginners choose this tactic because it has the lowest risk, and sometimes the most significant reward.

REASONS FOR PLAYING

Why are so many people playing Battle Royale nowadays? Simply because it is exciting. The beauty is its unpredictability: every new game allows you to compete with different players. The loadout of every game can either be completely useless or downright over-powerful. Also, unlike any other multiplayer games, the maps are enormous, allowing different kinds of engagement and terrains to explore.

POP CULTURE

11D | MAN Yat Yee

Pop Culture
is the culmination of 10 years in the cinemas
where people count down to the release dates
of their hearts and souls
where people mourn the death of the man who had a heart
because they grew up with him

Pop Culture
is binging on Netflix and YouTube
and tweeting about how
you haven't showered or slept in 3 days

Pop Culture
is listening to the new song
released by "the Next Michael Jackson" and "the Next Nicki Minaj"
and talking to strangers about it
or starting a fight over the internet because someone didn't like it

Pop Culture
is the mirror that shows us
what the society cares about now

Do you like what you see?

Fusion

11D | NG Sum Wai

I learnt Hangul because of K-Pop

11D | SIU Nok Enoch

There is a recent hashtag trending in Korea #IlearnedHangulbecauseofBTS, since it was Hangul day in Korea. Hangul is the alphabet in Korean, just like the ABCs in English. It is interesting to see that many people have started learning Korean because of BTS. The group BTS has fantastic lyrics in their songs, inspiring people to learn Korean because they want to understand the meaning of their songs. I also learned Korean because of K-Pop.

I started listening to K-Pop in 2014, when TWICE and BTS were non-existent, and when BTS was not popular internationally. There was no other boy in the class who liked K-Pop. All my classmates who liked K-Pop were girls. They typically liked EXO. It was the time I started to have the interest in learning Korean since I wanted to watch the variety shows on Korean TV without any subtitles, sing Korean songs, and understand the meanings behind the songs.

That year, I started learning Korean; it was hard because I needed to memorize the alphabets in Hangul, how to pronounce them, and how to write them. It was similar to learning English when I was young. Still, because of K-Pop, I continued learning Korean and became more fluent after a few years by listening to more K-Pop songs and reading their lyrics. From not understanding anything to knowing the lyrics of the song and being able to sing them, I became more fluent.

In the summer of 2019, I went to Korea to experience the world of K-pop. I used Korean to communicate during the trip. During the journey, I met a lot of people who went to Korea because of K-Pop and wanted to experience the Korean culture. It was a fun experience, and it showed how pop culture could influence people to learn more about other countries.

In 2019, many people liked K-Pop, especially BTS, which had approximately 136.4 million fans in total. I think it is a great thing that more people like K-Pop and have begun to learn Korean in general. Even more boys are starting to like K-Pop at school. Seeing people learn Hangul because of K-Pop is great. In the end, I am so impressed by how popular culture influences the world we live in.

Reflection on "What Do We Owe the Dead?" from the New York Times

11E | PANG Ho Long

The article questions the authenticity of the praise given by the public to the deceased, and whether this habit deserves to be a social norm. What exactly do we owe the dead? The author suggested that instead of blindly praising and showing admiration to those that left us, we should reflect on their lives, including the good and the bad, and remember them that way. The author stated that honesty is preferred because it gives the opportunity for people who deserve praise to receive praise. If we take a step back and actually look at their lives, the dead who truly deserve the praise will automatically be recognized. We should not use praise and decorated words to simply comfort ourselves. It simply is not fair. Of course, we are not to show blatant hate or disrespect to the diseased, but to give credit where credit is due. Just as the author said, "We owe respect to the living; to the dead, we owe only the truth." Not only is understanding the truth rather than giving blind praise good to the dead person himself, it is also beneficial to the living as well. We can have a clearer understanding of the person's qualities before jumping to conclusions, giving us a chance to follow their admirable qualities as an example and avoid doing the bad deeds they have done. This in turn transforms us into a better person.

There is one saying I find worth sharing from the article – "Death will claim us all in the end, and every demise that takes place in proximity to us serves as a reminder. But death should not, for this reason, be seen as a universal equalizer." Indeed, one day, death will knock on front door, and it is for this reason everyone is afraid of death. This is why people are so urgent to give their praise to the dead, because they couldn't give it to them when they're alive. This is what death is to the general public. However, because of death, we are all constantly reminded to be better, because any time now we can be gone. Therefore, we should only praise the praiseworthy, and learn from them. With something as realistic as death, it is only right that we owe nothing to the dead, but the truth.

Reflection on "Do We Really Understand Fake News" from the New York Times

11E | YE Qingqing

I stared to know about the phenomenon "fake news" when Donald Trump became the president of the United States of America. He was arguing through social media about the media reporting false stories regarding him. I was not aware of how fake news evolves in our everyday life and how impactful it could be.

In fact, fake news develops as technology advances. The way fake news gets into out sight becomes different. Before, fake news only appeared in newspapers. If people did not read any newspaper, they would not have a chance to know about the information. Now it becomes different. Fake news is all over the internet, because people ca upload whatever they want on the internet as they are anonymous. Everyone comments on different matters despite the fact that they may not have the full story.

As it is said in the article, "we think we are sharing facts, but we are really sharing emotions in the outrage factory", anonymity makes the commenting online more irresponsible. People are sharing stories and the feeling at the same time without even noticing it.

There was a true story in a very small town in China. An old lady who was poor read a news article about a policy implemented to the poor. That report said that all the poor people should kill themselves, which was obviously false. However, the old lady took it seriously and committed suicide after reading the news.

I believe this kind of tragedy happens all the time globally. However, we are not completely aware of how overwhelming fake news is in our life. Social media is a platform with both accurate and inaccurate facts circulating, and it has far-reaching effects.

Fusion

11A | WONG Cheuk Lam

GRADE 12

Sleepless Night

12C | KWOK Pui Yu

In A-School,

I explored lots of new interests by joining different school clubs and outdoor activities. For example, I joined the school's Drama Club and Art Club during my senior secondary school years. These greatly enhanced my interest in acting and arts as well as extending my creativity. These were wonderful experiences as I had opportunities in interacting with schoolmates in which I learned many new skills and ideas when I was portraying my roles on stage and presenting my artwork.

12C | LAU Hau Yee

One of the most exciting events that I experienced in A-School was the Christmas Ball. The event gave me a chance to celebrate Christmas with my friends. We had delicious food and fun games together. It was such a wonderful evening, and we danced, chatted and watched amazing performances.

I am really pleased that I entered A-School, meeting teachers and friends who give me a hand whenever I need help. I am grateful for everything. A-School is a second home ever since I graduated from primary school. It is a great place where I gained lots of happy and sad memories. It has great influence on my personality and critical thinking. As a matter of fact, A-School transforms me into a new person! With my study journey coming to an end at A-School, I will always think of A-School as a very special place. Thank you A-School!

A-School Memories

12C| YU Yan Hang

Eileen Chang once said, 'Time is too slim to be retained by the fingers.' It is a cliché to say that secondary school days are too short. Arriving at my final year in A-School, I could hardly forget the joy and sorrow in my school life.

As I drift through the ocean of memories, the scene of my former class' performance in the hymn singing competition appears in my mind. Back in junior high, we spent three whole years with the same classmates. Our experiences created a tight bond between us. As we sat in the same boat, we tried our best to strive for success. I vividly remember those teenage days when my friends and I stayed after school for hours to refine the design of our class hoodie, and to practice our acting for the final round of competitions. The feeling of my heart banging in my chest when I stood in front of the audiences dressed as a ghost is still vivid to me. Despite being afraid of acting in front of schoolmates and teachers, I gave my best performance and cooperated well with other actors. This became the most memorable activity in my secondary school life, forever sparking brilliant colours in my mind.

'No one can remain young forever, but there are always younger generations.' This quote applies to the days in A-School too. Before my graduation, I would like to give a piece of advice, summarized by my limited experience and intelligence, to those who still have years in our school. The most important point to bear in mind is that you are fully responsible for your choices and paths, from studying, interpersonal relationships to pursuing your goals. In the past six years, I have learned to become accountable for the decisions I made. Although the results may not be bright every time, it is an essential part of learning to be an adult. Therefore, it is better for you to think about what you should do independently, considering the possible outcomes of your every act, instead of following the way that most of your peers take. It is necessary for you to leave some time for yourself every day, in order to refresh your mind and soul, and to make defining choices for the future. Although hanging out with your squads is entertaining and relaxing, the only person that you should totally rely on is yourself. Another piece of advice is to develop a talent or skill. If I could travel in time, I would tell myself that between studying and enjoying leisure time with classmates, it is crucial for one to acquire a lifelong interest or talent. No matter it is sports, arts or music, as long as one has an advantage in one field, they could be more confident and may struggle less when choosing their future career.

Twelve years have gone in a blink of an eye,

12C | WONG Hei Lam

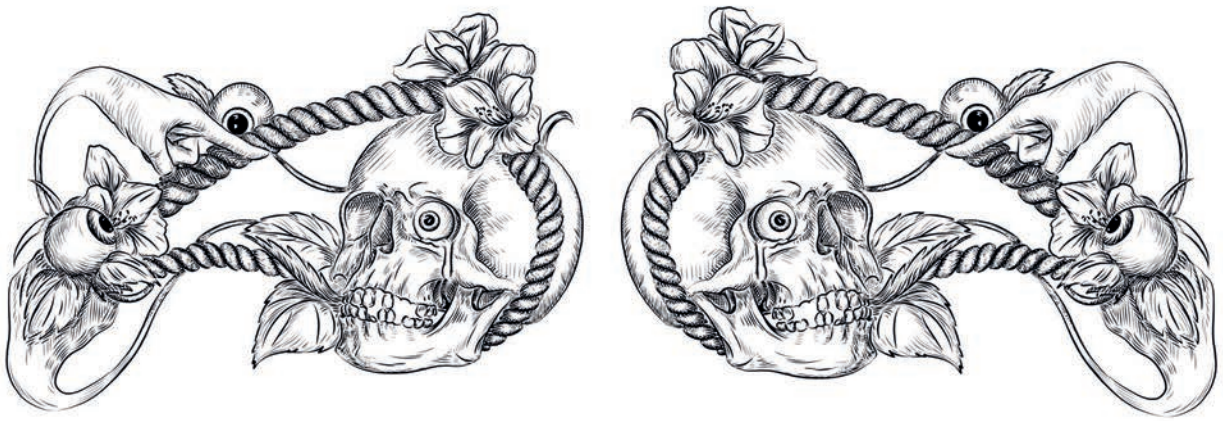
like a sparkle of light! It is almost the end of this chapter of my study life, which is filled with delightful and unforgettable moments.

Recently, I have been reflecting on the experiences my classmates and I shared and all the schoolwork we did together over these years, from failures to successes, the good morals we learned from each other, as well as the academic achievements we made under the guidance of our teachers.

I can still picture the very first day I stepped into A-School: it was just like yesterday! The crying baby, who used to miss home a lot, not willing to part with her parents' arm, has turned into a mature secondary graduate. I am going to graduate from A-School and step out of the school doors. From learning A, B, C to writing a letter to the editor, I believe these twelve years of hard work have equipped me with good English skills that make me a capable person. Finally, I would like to thank the teachers and students who have supported me through my journey!

Island

12A | TSUI Ka Yin



12D | LEE Shun Hong

Criticize

11C |
LUI Man Shan Kyra

When I was in Grade 7, I knew almost no English. Now, I can express myself very well. Secondary school life is not just about learning and studying; school activities, experiences and friends have also become very important to me. All these things have contributed to who I am today.

Study is important. However, we should never ignore the interesting activities that we can join in school. The Physics Professor from the Faculty of Science, Chinese University of Hong Kong, gave us a very interesting seminar. He made us laugh so much! Besides, I love all the nice buildings and tranquil environment of our school.

Do you still remember how Shek Mun was seven years ago? When I was in Grade 7, no one came to Shek Mun. Only our school and the Shek Mun Estate stood alone in the middle of nowhere. How amazing the area has become now! With a lot of shops and buildings built, more people know the area when I mention Shek Mun now!

Overall, A-School is a great place! It is a place that teaches me how to appreciate the way I am and helps me realize my future dreams! A-School is a unique place, a place I treasure so much!

A-School Memories

12D | LIU Chak Long

Studying in A-School for 6 years, I have made numerous memories. Graduation is near, prompting me to rewind the ticking clock and look back on my secondary school life.

Recalling my junior school life, I realize how much I have changed over these years. I remember when I was just an innocent kid, and my dishonesty got me a ticket to the SD centre. Reflections were written, and calls were made. Such an experience reminds me to behave well in any circumstances. A-School is not a typical institute; it is a craftsman. It carves an immature kid to a civilized teenager. It reminds the students to embrace the decent moral characters that everyone should acquire.

I was never born a gifted student or a remarkable academic achiever. I consider myself a mediocre student back in the days, but a turning point in Grade 8 has altered my life. My science teacher Ms. Chan told me that I had the potential to become an outstanding science student at the end of my Grade 8. Her words became my motivation to strive for excellence. Since then I believed in myself as I knew that there are people who have faith in me, who have faith in an ordinary student with an academic performance of 24-50% printed on the report card. I indulged myself in the mesmerizing field of science, and I was determined to become a successful student. I tried harder and harder, running faster and faster in this ceaseless journey of learning. When I was in Grade 11, my hard work paid off, and I finally reached the apex – ranking 1st in my grade. My transformation would not have been possible without the zealous support from the teachers in A-School. I would like to express my gratitude to every single teacher who once taught me, supported me through the baffling times, and had confidence in me even though I fell into the dusky void.

I can't imagine A-School having such an influence on me. Not only did A-School provide me with nutrients to grow and thrive, it gave me the courage to face every adversity in the future and become the future pillar of the society. Thank you A-School. Thank you for giving me the best school life.

12D | WONG Sui Yin

What are the main elements that constitute a fruitful secondary school life? I asked myself when I was still new to the school. Now that I have been studying in A-School for twelve years, I would like to give my answer the laughter I shared with my friends and the tears we shed.

The most memorable experience during secondary school would be last year's Life-Wide Learning Day, when I had to climb the outdoor cord nets which were at least 10 meters high. No sooner had I stepped on the rope then the whole net started swinging. I was terrified. I was so high above ground, and the distance between the adjacent ropes was so large that I could hardly move on. My hands were shaking terribly, and drops of sweat kept dripping down my face. Just as I was about to give up, my partner who was already on the rope above yelled "Grab my hand!" Students on the ground also started cheering for me, and some even started telling me which rope I should grab to move up. I felt much more energetic, and I finally got up to the highest point and rang the bell. Words cannot describe how thrilled I was. It was like I had overcome my fears, and my classmates cheering was so heartwarming.

Through these six years, I have learned a myriad of lessons, with not being too afraid of asking questions being the most important. In the past, I was afraid to ask questions as I thought that might show my ignorance. However, my teachers always encouraged us to ask questions, and whenever I did, they never accused me of asking silly questions. This made me more eager to ask questions and improve myself.

Life is short. Life spent with my teachers and friends is priceless. Looking back on my past 12 years in A-School, I consider the achievements I have made delightful and the lessons fruitful, but not as precious as the laughter we shared and the tears we shed. Thank you A-School for cultivating and nourishing us, who are in the flower of youth, so that we can learn, grow and bloom.

I believe Grade 12 in A-School has been an unforgettable yet nostalgic year. Had it not been for such good friends and teachers these years, I would not have had the fruitful experiences and valuable life lessons learned! Therefore, I truly want to express my gratitude towards A-School for providing me with academic knowledge and life skills throughout these 12 years.

12E | WONG Kui Kwan

Despite the urge of giving up my study many times, I managed to hold onto learning with the support of people around me. Learning from scratch is never an easy thing, but the good learning environment definitely helps nurture students and potential leaders to be capable of innovating and sharing love to people around them.

The time of graduation has never seemed so close until I became a 12th grader. I am sure that many of my peers must have felt stressed when facing the challenges ahead after graduation. Yet, I strongly believe the education we received in A-School should have prepared us well enough to handle any difficulties in the future. We, the students of A-School, never stop striving for our goals. This exactly explains why I am confident to succeed and contribute to the society.

Dreamers are usually mocked as impractical people, yet having dreams is an essential element for all of us to learn and pursue our life goals. Having dreams also helps us become a better person. Therefore, keeping an open mind and learning to accept criticism will help us improve continuously. We shall never stop seeking knowledge and search for new ideas. Being wise is about not losing courage but keep going in difficult times. After all, there are always ways to do things better.

Napoleon Bonaparte once said, 'Until you spread your wings, you will have no idea how far you can fly!'. I do not consider graduation as the end of our learning journey, but the beginning of our new chapter. Nobody knows how our stories end. The fact is that we are all prepared for the new journey ahead – the one leading to a bright future!

Family Dinner

12E | LIU Hoi Ching

Recording

12D | WONG Tsz Yau

A
WRITER

GRADE 7

A 1

7B

CHAN Erin Yuet Kiu

This comic is a small shard of my life in school suspension. It explains what the suspension has brought to me and my views on the world outside my window.

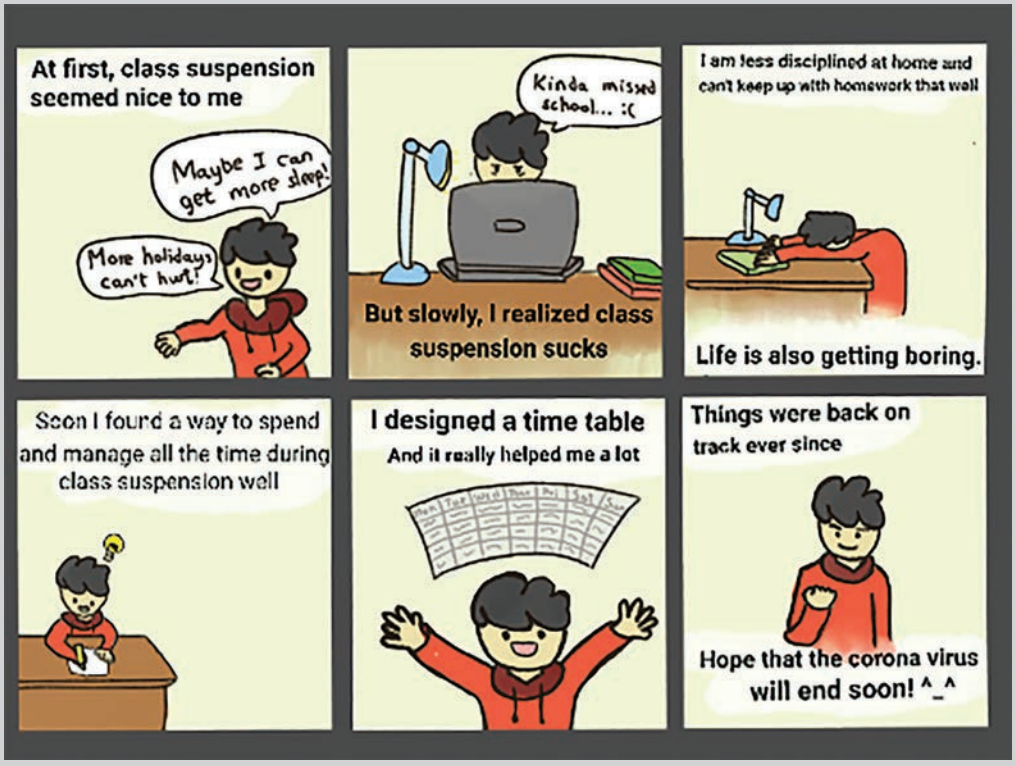
This comic is a small glimpse of my life during the class suspension. It brings out my thoughts on the suspension and what this pandemic has brought to the world and everyone I care for. While some people describe the suspension as a tormenting experience in a 'prison' called home, I chose to look on the brighter side of the things. After all, every cloud has a silver lining.

GRADE 7

A 2

7B

ZHU ANTHONY XIN XIANG



Introduction:

The story is about my life during the COVID-19 outbreak, so the character in the comic is, of course, no one but myself. It took place at my home in the two months of class suspension. Because of the COVID-19 outbreak, classes have been suspended for months, and citizens are suggested to stay home, while classes have gone online. A lot of people are not used to this quarantine and may have some difficulties along the way, including me.

Conclusion:

It was tough to adapt to this long period of class suspension and classes online for the first few days or even weeks, but we will all find a solution to it along the way. And may the virus outbreak end soon so that we can all resume our daily lives. I hope that this comic strip can encourage others and bring positivity to one's life during these tough times.

8C

CHEUNG YU CHING NATALIE

EUPHORIA original song by Jungkook

QUARANTINE by Natalie

You're the most depraved thing in my whole life,
So depraved it seems like a devil,
Please leave me alone, and I hate you, yes I'm talking about cruel corona,
Virus is a terrifying monster,
It makes people feel weary and fed up,
This is just an enormous disaster,
I can't breathe and I'm so depressed right now!

Class suspension time we have online class,
We use the software Zoom well I hate it so much,
When will Corona leave? I want to go school yeah~

Bye Corona,
You are the cause of my quarantine!
Quarantine!
Bye Corona,
You are the cause of my quarantine!
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah (ooh ooh)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Quarantine!
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Close the door now
Coronavirus is everywhere!

Coronavirus, you're like a vicious vile villainous demon,
Everyone's washing hands when they reach home,
I miss the lively busy boisterous street,
Will you please leave us now?

Now I'm miserable and unpleasant,
When will my steady old peaceful smooth life come back?
When will Corona leave? I want to go school yeah~

Bye Corona,
You are the cause of my quarantine!
Ooh ooh ooh ooh, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Quarantine!
Bye Corona,
You are the cause of my quarantine!

What if coronavirus goes away?
If so then a rainbow will appear after the rain,
God, please help us to weather this huge storm,
Let's pray for each other and stay safe.

Coronavirus, you're like a vicious vile villainous demon,
Everyone's washing hands when they reach home,
I miss the lively busy boisterous street,
Will you please leave us now?
Bye Corona,
You are the cause of my quarantine,
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Quarantine!
Quarantine!
Bye Corona,
You are the cause of my quarantine,
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Quarantine!
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
We will be safe(be safe)
When we're together, I am always safe.

8E
CHU WING TING JENNIFER

Today

Today, while the virus is still spreading to the world
I feel your sorrow, I learn your sadness
A million patients shall all recover
And we'll forget all the sadness that we face, today

I'll be a doctor, and I'll be a nurse
You'll know who I am by the work that I've done
I'll feast when it's over, I'll sleep deep and sweet
Who cares what the effort is

Today, while the virus is still spreading to the world
I feel your sorrow, I learn your sadness
A million patients shall all recovered
And we'll forget all the sadness that we face, today

I can't be contented with yesterday's glory
I can't live on promises from winter to spring
Today is my moment, now is my story
I'll work and I'll try and I'll try

9D
NG YUEN HANG DIVYA

Journal Entry during Class Suspension

Sitting on the couch, I was washed by a wave of sudden nostalgia. Those weren't exactly the good old days, but it was worth a trip down memory lane. I signaled my kids to come over, and unwillingly, they lowered their phones, rolled their eyes, and sat across from me. "Look at you guys. Too lazy to even walk over to talk to your birth giver…" No chuckles. "Well, let me tell you a story. Back in 2020, when I was your age, there was a widespread of a coronavirus, the COVID-19, which caused a global pandemic…" "It was a not-so-deadly disease, but it was very dangerous and harmful. Millions died because of it, and thousands were fighting for their lives on hospital beds. The virus kept spreading, and everybody was advised to stay home. Everybody was socially distanced. We limited our trips to the grocery store to the bare minimum. Schools suspended classes, and we spent every single day at home, doing nothing except scrolling through the same few apps. We were sick of staying inside, and we even missed school – something none of us would have imagined."

"Then came 'Zoom', the dreadful, abominable app we all loathed. We had lessons on Zoom. We had real-time quizzes, examinations, tests… We'd wake up at 9 am and attend lessons five minutes later." Memories of me in my pajamas, jotting notes for classes while having breakfast, came flashing back to me. "We missed school, but not like that. Frankly we missed seeing our friends and hugging them, even the blabbering of teachers. At least there wasn't the sound of computer static over them. How the tables had turned. Things we detested became things we would cherish."

"We all thought about sneaking out. 'Nobody would even notice.' 'It can't do much harm.' 'It's just this once.' We all had that thought in our minds. But if the virus had taught us one thing, it was being considerate. We learnt to be thoughtful of others, and put others' needs over our desires. We stayed home to help stop the spread of the disease, more than our craving of going out to have fun. We all learnt that."

"The virus did do some good for our planet, though. Nobody was going out, so the carbon dioxide emissions actually decreased. Maybe this was Earth's subtle way of letting us appreciate her more." I smiled at my kids' focused faces as I told the story. "Do you know why I want to spend time with you guys outdoors? Because you never know when something will be taken away from you."

9E

HUNG HOI LAM YVONNE

Life during class suspension

"I can't concentrate," I tilt my head and murmur.

Having Zoom lessons is so tiring. The teacher's voice is directed at my ears. The light of the computer screen is hurting my eyes. Now I prefer having lessons at school.

Things around me are distracting. The phone I have a non-stop urge of scrolling through my social media pages. And my bed I want to sleep all the time. Why did I ever think that putting my desk next to my bed was a good idea? I stretch my arms and yawn.

Someone opens my door, and I am startled.

"Your tea." Mom brings in a bottle of tea. I thank my mom.

"Very good timing, mom. Caffeine is just what I need to stay awake," I think.

I try concentrating on my lessons, but facing the computer for four hours straight is really tiring. Slowly, the thought of not wanting to have lessons emerge in my head. How inappropriate it is to have such thoughts. I should be thankful for being able to have lessons during class suspension, unlike my brother, whose school doesn't provide such opportunities, causing him to wander around home with nothing to do.

I encourage myself to keep going. But in reality, I am slowly starting to fall behind the schedule, failing to meet my deadlines.

I guess I should revise my learning schedule again and catch up with all the work.

I turn off the computer after all the lessons and fall back to sleep. The time is 5:30 p.m.

10E
KEUNG TSZ SHING

It's quite amusing how SARS-nCoV-2 has changed the world.

Tales of how the quarantine has changed the environment pop up in every other Tweet and news story; it's a miracle, they say. "I have never seen the waters of Venice being so clear in years" is most probably the opening line of such a fable. It's not quite as uplifting as it sounds people read this omen as living proof of how humans have devastated the world. To this, I can only respond: if you had paid attention to your actions, perhaps you could have noticed your blights earlier. But who am I to judge? I am but a sophomore, and perhaps my logical deduction kicked into autopilot. My apologies.

Ever since the pandemic hit, the world went online, and to take advantage of this, many virtual stores on the internet have arms-raced the trench warfare of advertising, bombarding our minds and spreading their carefully crafted memes. It's only a matter of time before people begin to adapt to this human-gadget cyborg lifestyle. In Hong Kong, this phenomena has been self-replicating in the perfect Petri dish of popular culture: television and YouTube videos. The reign of phubbing cannot be stopped.

This epidemic has confined the masses to their square cages, turning their living rooms to their all-rooms, transforming their daily routine like chaos theory at work. That butterfly-flapping surely has reduced human activity to smithereens. To introverts, this sudden occlusion of the streets brought unwelcomed guests into places where they wouldn't be at the time of day. This was too much for some, and the Internet saw a sudden spike of traffic.

Communication has also been flipped: they always say in the Holocene Era innovations can change how we exchange our thoughts. It started with chisels, then paper, and now, online meeting apps. Schools across the globe have to escape into the digital realm to narrowly avoid the corona-culling, and so, online classes have become the order of the day; social gatherings have reduced to online video calls, with network traffic and ethernet cables serving as the starter and dessert.

The world was huge, then it was small. Now, it's shrinking by the minute. It's only in this truncating collection of matter that the minutiae of life have been given scrutiny. Looking out the window of my time capsule, I see boredom and the burning desire to leave the all-room hitting everyone like a tornado. The result? A path of destruction of logical thoughts, and the slight breeze of fast-paced consumable media.

Regurgitating about how we all used to be together and are now separated because of the virus isn't helpful. My child — don't focus on the past, look instead into the fog of the future. Only there will you find answers to questions you've asked.

10E

PANG HOI TING GABY

Dear frontline healthcare workers,

I am writing to thank you for your patience, professionalism, hard work, and commitment to excellent medical care. Your continued commitment and work to support our people through this unprecedented time is important. It may not be easy to leave your families and come to work each day, but you're doing a great job by keeping us safe. You are working endlessly to make sure patients are getting better, and it is so appreciated during this time. The fact that you are risking your own life to take care of others is inspiring to so many people.

With cases of COVID-19 spreading throughout Hong Kong, you all have been working every day knowing you are at risk of exposure, amid an underlying concern of running out of personal protective equipment and the possibility of endangering your families as well. Despite all of these, you all continue to provide the highest level of care possible.

Facing these enormous challenges, you are responding with courage, resolve and exemplary professionalism. I am writing to express my salutation, appreciation and gratitude to all of you for your concerted effort and endeavors in maintaining the stability of Hong Kong, especially working in a risky environment. As a citizen in Hong Kong, I will listen to your advice and stay home for you. I will support the '#I Stay Home For campaign' and share this idea to my friends.

You have demonstrated a high degree of bravery in executing your duties. You are the frontline heroes in the healthcare service, making sure the exposed are screened, the infected are treated and the vulnerable are cared for. There are no words to thank you enough for your selfless efforts to take care of those around you. Take good care, and may God bless you!

Best wishes,
Gaby Pang

11C
HUANG ANDRA ON YING

Take a Break: Why time off is not slack off

From ambitiously drawing up a timetable and framing it on the wall to rushing through my plans at the last minute and rigorously squeezing them into a 24-hour timeframe, I have not lived up to my expectations so far.

Why can I barely finish my work these days? Probably because my thoughts are slowing me down like overweight baggage. I started my class suspension days on a roll, with every detail thought out and planned. Still, as my worries of missing out gradually pile in my head, I start to slide down a slippery slope. With frustration hitting me like a wave for the past two months, I am drenched continuously in exhaustion.

As idealistic as "Never give up!" sounds, it is demanding for anyone to defy monotony without a break. Obviously, perseverance is crucial to reaching our goals. However, taking conscious breaks should not be equated with slothfulness. Men are not machines. Although we are programmed to believe that pausing is a sign of weakness, we are simply not made to analyze information non-stop and process our emotions instantly. Therefore, instead of deceiving ourselves with toxic positivity, we should acknowledge that nothing is predictable, and that our minds require the dexterity to respond to uncertainty. Taking a step back from reality does not weaken our work ethic. Instead, it allows us to gather ourselves and concentrate better on the tasks at hand.

As I reflect on my life under class suspension, I realize that resting is more of a necessity than a luxury. From now on, we should stop guilt-tripping ourselves into overworking. As human beings, we live only one day at a time. For this reason, I do not owe anyone the prowess to perpetually thrive, nor should I feel ashamed of giving myself space to just live a bit.

11D
WONG HEI TUNG

Dear future me,

How is your world doing? I have always wondered what my future would be like. Have you achieved all your goals? Are you living the life you desire? Even though I believe you are accustomed to the rapid pace and overwhelming pressure of Hong Kong, I want to remind you to slow down and admire the beauty and miracles around you.

Remember the year of 2020? The catastrophic year in which I am living. Due to the outbreak of the novel coronavirus, the whole world has come to a halt. Shopping centers, restaurants, and recreational facilities are all empty as if human beings had never existed. Skyrocketing numbers of confirmed cases of COVID-19 are reported from countries across the globe every day. Although the governments have implemented stringent anti-epidemic measures such as quarantines and lockdowns, most countries have not contained the virus.

What strikes me, however, is that amidst all the tragedies and trouble caused by the pandemic, there is also abundant manifestation of kindness and courage around us.

Undeterred by the high infection rate of COVID-19, frontline healthcare workers continue to report to their duties conscientiously. Doctors and nurses work around the clock to rescue the lives of COVID-19 patients. Healthcare assistants constantly change bedsheets and disinfect hospital wards. I believe their bravery and selflessness should never be forgotten.

Besides the frontline healthcare workers, another group of people that deserve praise is our teachers. Class suspension resulting from the outbreak has lasted for months. It is undeniable that education is one of the most affected sectors. Teachers, for instance, have to adapt to a whole new online education system which hinders direct interaction and communication with their students. Similarly, students are bearing a heavy pressure of catching up with all the online lessons and the increasing seriousness of the epidemic situation. However, thanks to the warm encouragement and support from our teachers, we can continue with our studies and strive our best to maintain a normal life.

As far as I am concerned, the true beauty of the world can't be easily seen. However, after the outbreak of COVID-19, I finally understand that perhaps the goodness of human nature is always present but we only come to realize its existence when we are forced to stop our busy footsteps and quietly observe.

Love,
Hannah in 2020

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