

2017

Student Anthology: Issue 6

Blog Entry

by Cain Lam Ho Him (4A)

Hi everyone! I feel glad and honored to have won the Best Debater of the Year Award. My friends always ask me “What is the point in debating?”, or “Is debating easy or not?”, or “What is so fun about debating?” Well, I am going to talk about debating. If you have the same questions I have mentioned above, read on!

Some people may think that debating is boring and meaningless, but it isn't. It is very meaningful! The motions we debate are usually controversial issues in Hong Kong or from around the world. For

Example “A Judicial review is not beneficial to Hong Kong development”, or “The Environment is more important than economics in the world.” So debating is good for Liberal Studies since you can learn what is happening in the world through debating.

No matter if you are for the motion or against the motion, you need to define the meaning of the motion that will be beneficial to your argument. After that, you need to collect useful information and do research. Then, you have to write your points on a note card and rehearse until you do not need a notecard to elaborate your points anymore. It sounds easy but it isn't. I think the most difficult part of preparing for a motion is researching since we always

need to question the reliability of the sources. Thus, not much information can be used. Sometimes it is a little frustrating.

What I enjoy most in debating is the time I stand on the stage and present my points to the audience and my opponents. Although, it is very hard to be confident speaking English in front of a group of people because everyone is looking at you and listening to you. If you stammer or feel afraid, you feel like a loser! However, it is also a precious opportunity to prove that you have attributes and skills to overcome it anxiety. ‘Believe in yourself, and you will not feel overwhelmed anymore,’ I always tell myself when I am on the stage.

I remember my first experience of attending a

debating competition. When I stood on the stage, I was so afraid and I couldn't help but stammer without saying a word. It was a shameful experience for me but afterwards, I decided to be brave and practised speaking English for three minutes every day. It has become my daily routine and my speaking skills have become better. Therefore, debating is a great chance to improve your English speaking skills as well. I was lucky to be rewarded this time; I think I still have many things to improve, so I will do my best in each debate.

Whether you are an expert or just a rookie in speaking English, you can debate! It is a great chance to speak English more often and to improve your English

skills. Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you that debating can improve your listening skills as well. You listen to your opponents' speech for points to rebut. Hence, debating is doubtlessly beneficial to your English learning in both speaking and listening.

To kill two birds with one stone, why not try debating?

Posted on 6th March 2017,
21:45
8 comments

Into the Future: A regular day

by Jerry Ma Xue Lin (2A)

Dear Diary,

Today was an awesome day, a day that I might never forget. It started off in the morning when I had a sweet prank I wanted to play since it was April Fools' Day. The idea was to hack the software for my dad's fork so when he pushed the button to grab his bacon, instead of grabbing

the bacon, the fork would retract. Turns out my dad went for the baked beans first, which got all over his shirt. It was funny to watch.

After the prank, I set off on my jetboots to school. When I arrived, I was a bit late because I had to clean up the mess made by the prank. The first lesson was music. I grabbed my headphones out of the screen and tried to enjoy some music from the 2010s; it was really bad. The worst song was *Let It Go*, I mean, let what go? Some songs that I thought were okay were *Uptown Funk*, by Mark Ronson; *See You Again*, by Charlie Puth and Wiz Khalifa and some other songs.

Suddenly, I think the cord must have snapped, the headphones vanished and I couldn't see the icon on the screen. Now dad is fixing it for me, but I don't think it will work. Not much happened after the music lesson, except Nancy spat milk out of her nose at lunch, it was hilarious!

When it was the last lesson of the day, which was English, the teacher said we wouldn't be using e-textbooks for the day. Instead, we would use paper to learn. At that moment, I thought it was a prank, but he literally gave worksheets out! After distributing the worksheets, we started doing them. I got really dizzy after

ten minutes as I am not used to it, but I finished it! I bet I won't do paper schoolwork ever again. E-textbooks are way better and more natural, in my opinion.

So after a whole day doing things related to the 2010s, I really don't like that era at all. The textbooks were bad, who would write when you can type? That is weird. However, I don't mind listening to pop music, but I prefer dubstep.

The Problem of Pollution in Hong Kong

by Jerry Ma Xue Lin (2A)

To: Veronica@gmail.com

From: jelly@gmail.com

Subject: Pollution

Dear Veronica

What's up man? How is everything going?

I've just started the exams today. Maths was so hard, especially ratios. I heard you've just finished yours, haven't you? How did it go? Anyway, I've been thinking lately that Hong Kong has been a lot more polluted these few years. I couldn't even see the IFC last time I went to Tsim Sha Tsui.

Air pollution is the worst. I can't think of an urban area in Hong Kong that doesn't smell like exhaust fumes. I've just learnt recently that the main gases from them are sulphur dioxide, nitrogen oxides, etc. I think it's best to travel more by public transport and use less

electricity, or Canada will be turned into the beta version of Hong Kong.

Another kind of pollution, which is pretty bad, is light pollution. Even though Darth Vader and Darth Maul are bad, I think it is safe to stick to the dark side. There is a place in Hong Kong called Mong Kok. It is impossible to sleep because of all that light that is shining into people's houses. Although it's bad, I don't think there is a way around this, except writing complains to the people who leave the lights on.

Do you know a place in Hong Kong called Tsueng

Kwan O? That place is full of garbage, literally! There is a landfill that is going to be full soon. Then, we don't have a place to throw away our garbage. Food waste is another thing we need to address. We throw away loads of garbage, but most of it is food waste, including all the banana skins you throw under my bed! I have included a very scary picture with this email about buckets full of food that will be thrown away. Think about how many starving children in Africa could have eaten that? This is a very terrible practice. I think we should recycle our waste and turn our food waste into compost. That might be a lot better

than just chucking things away.

The last problem I think is pretty big is noise pollution. Every day, you always hear the engine revolving, the horns honking and the people talking. It's very annoying if you have to deal with it and that is what most Hong Kong people have to deal with every night. If you ask me, I think that it is the least worrying, yet most annoying problem out of the five. The main reason why I think it is annoying is because I can't think of a way to solve this problem which is what I absolutely hate.

If you had read all of the

above, thanks. I had a lot of things I had to share to someone, because it's been troubling me for days. Hope you will write back to me soon. Can't wait to see what you've got to say.

Your cousin
Jerry

Judgment Day

by Lenis Chiu (5C)

It was a good day as the day before; the sun was shining brightly onto the blue sky. The jewellery shop was the most famous jewellery shop in the town because of its high quality jewels.

'May I have a look at this beautiful ruby ring?' asked a young lady.

'Sure madam. Let me put it on for you,' smiled the seller.

As the seller was putting the shiny ruby ring on the young lady's finger tip, the door opened with a bang!

Everyone stopped what they were doing and looked to the door. What they saw totally shocked them. Three masked robbers with guns came in.

'Don't move! If you don't want blood splattered on you!' shouted the robber with the jump suit.

'All we want is the money. You will be safe and sound if none of you do something stupid,' yelled another robber who was holding a hand grenade.

People were terrified and handed all their valuable things to the robbers. It took a short time for the robbers to fill up bags. Once their bags were full, they turned on the machine guns and the shop was soon bathed in blood. Blood reflected the light of the display cupboard, as bright as ruby.

'That's what a jewelry

shop should look like,' laughed the one with the black mask.

Things started to go wrong after they left the shop.

'Weeooooo... 'a most familiar sound to them. The police were here.

'No! Cops! 'shouted the one with a cap, who began to run.

'Run! Both of ...' he never made the 'you' out before he went down. The other two were shocked. Until then, they thought they could get away with the robbery. The robber with a black mask fired a few shots towards the police cars and they started to run to the pre-arranged meeting point.

They soon got into their get-away car. Once they were far away from the police, the robbers started to count what

they had taken. They had stolen a lot this time, maybe enough for them to retire. They laughed and drank wine in the car. One of them looked out of the window and suddenly noticed that they were heading a different way to their planned escape route.

'Peter, where are you taking us?' asked the robber with the red jump suit.

'Who is Peter? You mean the stupid guy?' laughed the mystery driver. He slowly turned his head to the back.

'What... How come you are still alive?' stuttered the robber with the black mask, his eyes covered in horror.

'Ten years ago, three robbers broke into a house took everything and killed a couple, right?' said the driver.

'You are the little boy!'

shouted the man in the black mask. He tried to open the door but found they were locked.

'You guys killed my parents! You owe me two lives!' growled the driver and he sped up the car which was rushing to a broken bridge.

'No! Stop it!' the two robbers screamed.

'Gentlemen, it is judgment day!' laughed the driver. Things were flying in the air when the car rushed into the sea. The three of them sunk into the sea, never to be found. Their story became stories in novels and movies to serve as a warning to others.

Bad people do evil things and always think they can escape from the law. They thought they knew everything. What they didn't know is that one day those

people would pay for what they had done.

Letter to the Editor

by Ivan Lui Ho Wan (6A)

Topic: Many foreign countries are encouraging their citizens to travel around their home cities by bicycle. However, it is said that the conditions in Hong Kong do not favor cyclists.

Dear Editor,

It is widely acknowledged that cycling has become more popular in Hong Kong. Cycling, regarded as a sort of

sports, can benefit our health. Cycling also brings a positive impact to our environment if it is adopted as a means of transport by alleviating some adversities we are facing. Nevertheless, before we jump to the conclusion that cycling can bring a myriad of benefits to us, it is imperative to consider the feasibility of advocating a cyclist-friendly culture, since Hong Kong does not seem to offer conditions which favor cyclists.

First and foremost, there are insufficient cycling facilities in the territory. As we all know, the tracks available for cyclists are rather inadequate. They are mainly concentrated

in the New Territories, with almost none in CBD. Therefore, this only offers the choice of cycling to the citizens who are living near those tracks. Thus, the unevenly situated cycling tracks fail to meet the needs of people living in different districts. Other than the trails, bike racks are also uncommon, as we can see many bicycles usually parked along the sidewalk, indicating that the parking lots are inadequate. Therefore, the insufficient facilities have been too much of a hindrance for traveling by bicycle to become prevalent.

Secondly, the road environment in Hong Kong

is too complicated and dangerous. There are numerous traffic jams at most intersections in Hong Kong, especially during rush hours. It is too dangerous for cyclists to travel when drivers pay little attention to the road side and cyclists. Moreover, road users, especially truck and bus drivers, have difficulty recognizing the presence of cyclists as the rear-view mirrors of these vehicles cannot give clear and full images of what is behind or beside them. Therefore, accidents can easily occur if drivers are unaware, creating a poor and dangerous environment for cyclists.

Thirdly, there is a lack of consciousness about cycling as a means of transport. To Hong Kong people, cycling is only a kind of sports or leisure activity to be done during weekends or public holidays. This concept is deeply-rooted among Hong Kong people. Seldom do citizens use cycling as a means of transport. Besides, not many citizens have their own bicycles, preventing the popularization of cycling.

In light of the aforementioned problems, the government, playing an important role, can actually do something to improve the current conditions. A few measures are suggested as

follows.

Firstly, regarding the insufficient cycling facilities, the government should put more resources towards this issue. They should first investigate the possibility of setting tracks in different parts of Hong Kong and consult citizens for detailed opinions. By doing this, citizens around Hong Kong would have the choice of travelling by bicycle, generalizing cycling as a means of transport.

Secondly, more signs should be placed along the roadside. Since there are not enough signs on the road to remind drivers to be aware of cyclists, so accidents occur

occasionally. More reminders can be put to further separate two types of road users for the sake of safeguarding cyclists' personal safety, providing a comfortable environment for them.

Thirdly, with respect to the inadequate civil awareness about cycling, the government should encourage a mindset among the citizens through community education. Many citizens may not recognize the benefits of cycling, so few people possess a bicycle at home. Through advertising on TV or social media, the advantages to personal health and environment

brought by cycling can be advocated. This can eradicate their deeply-rooted mindset that cycling is merely a leisure activity, making the general public less resistant to it, enabling the government to promote a cyclist-friendly culture.

All in all, the consequences brought by cycling as a means of transport can be profoundly beneficial. Besides the advantages to personal health and the Hong Kong environment, a new image of being a cyclist-friendly city can be forged as well. It is hoped that the government can improve the current situation and make it more feasible to

cycle as a means of transport.

Yours faithfully,

Ivan Lui Ho Wan

Using Mobile Phones at School

by Ivan Lui, 6A

Dear Principal

I am writing to express my concerns about the school's latest policy on mobile phones. After the announcement of this policy, a massive controversy has

been sparked off in the school. Students are unsatisfied with this and have presented three compelling reasons to support their stance. Therefore, representing all the students, I am writing to urge your second thoughts on the policy and persuade you to change it. Here are some reasons.

First and foremost, in students' perspective, the policy would deprive of their rights to use mobile phones when having emergency. Regarding the fact that the school is going to keep the phones, students cannot use their mobile phones when needed. Therefore, if

students meet emergency, they could not contact with their parents or classmates. This would definitely put their personal safety in a dangerous position. With their phones in hand, students could call for help right away. For example, last month, one of my classmates broke his leg during lunchtime. Fortunately, I was around, I went to the general office to ask for help. This indicates that it is safer to have our phones nearby if accidents happen. It can safeguard our personal safety. Therefore, if the school implements the policy, this would deprive of their rights to use mobile phones in

emergent situation.

Second, it would jeopardize the relationship between the school and students. It is understandable that the school want us to concentrate in lessons and crack down on the use of mobile phones by students at school. Granted, there are considerable numbers of students playing phones during the lessons. Yet, as a matter of fact, large proportion of us does not play or use mobile phones at school. A strict rule has already been set up that if we are found to use phones, a demerit will be imposed. If the school still wants to implement the policy, we will have a strong feeling of being

distrusted by the school. This is also unfair to those who abide by the rules. Ultimately, it would jeopardize the relationship between students and the school. Worst still, it would degrade the sense of belongings towards the school.

Third, in the school's perspective, the school will have to shoulder the responsibility when the phones are lost. There are about 900 students in total. If all the students hand in their phones to the office, there will be a greater chance of losing mobile phones. If they are lost, the school will have to take on the

responsibility because those are students' properties. As a result, this would render students' dissatisfaction and thereby polarizing student-school relationship. Therefore, the policy is not the best way to deter students from using mobile phones at school.

If the school implements the policy, drawbacks would be brought and the well-intentioned regard will eventually backfire. Therefore, the school should think twice on the feasibility of the policy for the sake of fawning on the appeals at school. Never should the school turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the students. I

believe that a better policy could be thought of if the school and the students work together hand in hand to compromise and reach a consensus on it. It is sincerely hoped that the dispute can be settled and a more harmonious atmosphere can be built.

Yours faithfully
Chris Wong
 Chris Wong

Our Poem

Song

by Sekunder Zaheer, 6A

To:

www.cousinpeter@gmail.com

From:

www.chriswong@gmail.com

Title:

This is why I do poem

Dear cousin Peter,

Hi, how are you? I know you might ignore this but I hope you'd stick to this until the end. After all, I just want you to know how I feel.

Although we're far apart, you still keep teasing me about being in the Poetry Club. Well, to be honest, it doesn't really matter to me, but for you to say that poetry is boring and pointless, it just couldn't get off my mind.

For many people who don't really speak much, poetry is their kind of language. It helps them through an imaginative way to express their feelings and thoughts to the world. Some even say it is a kind of therapy used for people who don't communicate well with others. So, how is that pointless?

Poetry has been around for

many years now, and people have been expressing themselves through them. To show their love ones how much they care, to raise people's awareness about some serious issues or even just for fun, poetry can be everywhere in the history and even in modern life.

Yes, poetry can also be fun. Remember before you left, we used to do rap battles? Well, it's nothing much different, famous rappers like Eminem uses some poetry as materials for his rap music, and obviously we had fun hearing to those tunes in the old days.

Well, now that you've gone

overseas, I'm left alone with no one to rap battle with, and I don't blame you for that, because poetry helped me out in my lowest like rap helped you out at your lowest. That is how much it means to me. Poetry means meaningful to me, as much as rap means meaningful to you. I don't hope much about you understanding that, but I really do hope that you could show some respect to the things that I love. I joined the Poetry Club because I love doing poems, just like you joined rap battles over there because you enjoy rapping.

That's pretty much all I want you to know how I feel, but

here's something I want you
to know more about and I'll
present it to you in my way.

*We used to hang out and rap
together.*

*Now you left me here maybe
forever.*

*And then I felt that rap was lost.
Hundreds of poetry for the
healing it cost.*

*Big bang, big beats broke my
walls.*

*Poem pushes, poem pull proved
them all.*

*That nothing will ever break my
walls,*

*As long as poems are with me
through all.*

I miss you cousin Pete, just to

let you know.

*I hope that one day you will
shine and glow*

*With raps we used to sing at
your show.*

*I'm not writing this here to
prove you wrong.*

*Just to let you know that this is
my poem song.*

*I respect all the raps you sang
for me*

*When we were little kids, one
army.*

*But now has come, the poems
are close to me.*

*I hope I've earned the respect
and turned 'me' into 'we'*

This is a poem I wrote for us,
and I hope you get the
message. It's called 'Our

Poem Song', and obviously
the last word 'we' is what I'm
hoping for to come true,
which means one day we'll
meet with raps and poems
combining the joy.

Love
Chris

Communi- cation is Key to Happiness

by Eva Lee Hiu Yee (5C)

'Is this pretty and suitable for me, Chris?'

Mary had already asked this question, about a hundred times.

'That's good for you, Mary!'

I had already repeated the answer, about a hundred

times.

I am Chris. I guess you could say I'm an underprivileged girl. My mum died when I was young, so I lived with a single father who was really hard working and did his best to raise me. Although my marks at school were really high (in order to get the scholarship), I lacked confidence. Since I lost my mum, I never talked to anyone, except Mary, a wealthy girl who never bullied me. In order to cheer me up, she invited me to go shopping with her.

'Then let's buy these, one for you and one for me! We are best friends right?'

Not giving me time to reject the gift, she whipped out a credit card and swept in on the machine in lightening speed. As Mary was paying money for the jewellery, I

suddenly heard a loud shout, at the front of the door.

'Put your hands up and drop the stuff in your hands; otherwise I will kill all of you!'

Mary and I were both petrified; our faces turned white and we looked at each other. I tried to calm myself down and put the stuff on ground. My eyes looked at the robbers' faces. I felt the robbers were surprised and I also felt some strange connection, like I had met them before. The robbers took all the jewellery, and put it into a black bag. They turned towards the entrance and one of the men murmured 'This way. Quick!'

I was the first one who took out a phone. My shaking hands pressed 999 and I said frighteningly 'I am

at the ABC jewellery shop, the robbers have just gone and no one's injured.'

'Mary, you stay here. I am going to catch the robber!'

I ran out as fast as I could. I am very sensitive to people who steal from others. I chased them easily as they were old and could not run fast. When I caught one of the men, he struggled. His eyes were full of guilt and sadness. At that time, the police came and yelled

'Put your hands up!'

The black gun was ready to kill them if they didn't cooperate.

Suddenly, I pulled the mask of the man in order to see who he was. I became petrified. Yes, I was absolutely petrified. The man was not another stranger, it was my dad!

'Dad? What are you

doing?’ I asked, in shock. I could not believe that my father was involved in a criminal case. My dad dropped to his knees and sobbed.

‘Sorry, Chris, I am a bad guy.’

I shook my head. ‘I know you are concealing the truth, because if a man who really loves his daughter, and works really hard, just to give her the best, I am 100% sure that he is a good man. Dad, please tell us the truth!’ Even though I was a strong girl, I couldn’t stop my tears from flowing. My father was the best father in the world. He hugged me tightly.

‘Chris, I saw you were crying at night. You said you really want to get into university, but I don’t have enough money. I thought if I

stole some jewels, I would be able to raise the money for you study.’ My father hung his head in shame. Never had I seen him like this before.

‘Dad, I can do it by myself, you are so...’ I was touched by his intention. My dad apologized to the victims in the jewellery shop. He explained his motive and they tried to understand. I forgave him and said that he was the best father in the world.

‘Dad, why didn’t you talk to me? We could have figured something out, but not this!’

‘I know. Communication is better than resorting to being a criminal. I will never do this again.’

My dad realized that we should try to be open

and honest with each other. Communication in families is important to happiness because we can overcome obstacles together.

The Journey to New York City

by Hanson Lee (1A)

Context: This story is based on the Novel James and the Giant Peach, by Roald Dahl. James has escaped his evil Aunts and is trying to get to New York with his friends.

James and his friends

were on their way to New York. The Grasshopper said, 'The seagulls are very strong so the peach is moving as fast as a rocket. I think we will arrive in New York tomorrow.'

James asked, 'What should we do after we arrive in New York City? I will definitely have a meal in a good restaurant!'

While James and his friends were chilling out in the peach, Earthworm heard something 'What's that noise?' He went outside and took a look at the sky. 'Oh my worm! Meteorites!'

James and the other insects cried 'What?'

As James and his friends were panicking, the

meteorites were coming at a lightning speed.

'Guys, calm down. We will be fine! reassured Ladybird. 'Centipede, control the seagulls to change the route. Miss Spider, make a giant web as fast as you can!'

'Got it,' said Miss Spider.

'It's the only time that you can order me!' claimed Centipede.

While everyone was working, Grasshopper sang the song 'Dreams come true' while drinking a cup of coffee that smelled amazing. Meanwhile, Miss Spider made a HUGE web and Centipede used all his strength to control the

seagulls.

James said 'Guys, we're saf.....'

Suddenly, Centipede said 'Are you going to say we are safe? Because I STRONGLY disagree with you. We're doomed.'

James replied 'You're right...' when he saw the broken strings. BOOM!

A while later, James awoke and tried to focus on his surroundings. 'Where am I.....' asked James.

'Hey kid!' said a stranger.

'Who are you.....' James asked feeling frightened.

'I am just a citizen of this city,' said the stranger.

'Wow.....' said James, who was stunned.

It was a miracle. James and his friends had arrived in New York City safely.

James began to relax, thinking that he was safe, when he heard a voice that was very familiar.....OH NO!

'JAMEEEEESSSS!' shouted Aunt Sponge.

'YOU BAD BOY!' shouted Aunt Spiker.

Aunt Sponge and Aunt Spiker appeared as James was trying to find his friends! They smacked and kicked James and said 'Now, you come back to us!'

'I heard that you HATE spiders, right?' said another voice, suddenly.

'Oh my goodness! Spiders! AHHHH,' cried Aunt Spiker.

'I think you still remember how I defeated you guys last time!' said Centipede.

'AHHHH!' cried Aunt Sponge.

As James's Aunts were crying, Miss Spider made a long string. It was as long as the distance to the sky! Miss Spider tied them up very tightly.

James and his friends defeated James's Aunts!

Twenty minutes later, the police arrested James's Aunts. James and his friends decided to live in New York City...together, of course.