

Kid in a Parcel

'Your attention please. Luggage should not be left unattended...' Announcements were made over the whole airport. I was wandering around but suddenly found that a large brown parcel was put beside the waste bin. I was stunned. I moved forward a few steps, but I stopped. I noticed the parcel was moving bit by bit! I couldn't believe my eyes! How come a parcel can move by itself?

Originally, I would have liked to ask the airport assistant for help. However, I decided to investigate by myself. I bit my lip nervously and stepped forward. Then, I tried to cover my eyes and opened the parcel carefully. 'Ahhh!' I hollered, with a tensing tone. It was a boy! However, he seemed to be very dirty, as his hair was greasy and his shirt was filthy. 'Why are you in this parcel? And why are you so dirty?' I asked, but there was no response. The boy kept silent.

All of a sudden, an airport assistant came. 'What is going on? Why there is a boy in a parcel? Did you kidnap him?' the assistant asked in a furious tone. I swallowed hard and shook my head. Then, he started questioning the boy. 'Hey, little guy, why are you staying in this box?' 'Daddy, daddy!' the boy cried loudly, and suddenly broke into tears. 'Please tell my mum to stay out of the sun! Please!'

The assistant was shocked. Nevertheless, I found a newspaper in the parcel. I grabbed it and looked closely. It was about a man who had died because of a skin disease which did not allow people to stay in the blazing sun for too long.

'Sir, the report has been checked. He is the missing boy that has not been found recently.' Meanwhile, another airport assistant came with a file. I looked in the file carefully. 'Hey look, it says his mother was working in the U.S.A. I think he wanted to go there and find his mother,' I exclaimed. 'So that's why the boy was staying in the airport!' said the airport assistant.

'Then, can I find my mum now?' asked the boy anxiously.

All of a sudden, a bomb exploded near us. People all fled for their lives. 'Run! Quickly!' I yelled to the boy. He didn't move. I looked back and tried to rescue the boy, but it was too late. 'BOMB!' I saw the boy disappear in the blazing flame. The only things left were some pieces of newspaper, a parcel, and most of all, his love for his parents.



Katherine Cheung

A Letter to Pen Pal

From: Carmen Cheung

To: Ben

Hello, My name is Carmen. I am seven years old. I am from Hong Kong. I live in Tai Au Mun Garden L flat. Very nice to meet you. My Mum is a police officer and my Dad is a businessman. My favourite food is hand-made sushi and my favourite sport is running. My favourite place is the library because I love to read books. My favorite subject is English because English is easy. When I wake up, I go to school. Then when I finish school, I do my homework. If I don't know anything, I will ask my dad at night. I want to be a policewoman when I grow up. What do you love, or what do you hate?

Carmen

WTE 2A

July 2016



Title: The King of Hong Kong

E-Smart Learning Centre

As the King of Hong Kong, I would take something with me, like a teddy bear, money and gold coins. And I need ten eggs for my breakfast. And I need to go to the park, ride on a plane or in a helicopter and I will stay in the castle.

Also I need some knights and soldiers to come with me. And I need some staff who work for me only.

I would eat with poor people and soldiers because I like them, and I will give them some money.

I would make some laws, like children should go to school three days a week. Everybody must listen to me, even the guards, soldiers and the knights.

I would try to be a good king; I will do some good things like call some workers to build some homes for poor people and give them gold coins and food.



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Chan Sze In
WTE2A
Jul 2016

Homemade Blue Banana Sushi

My favourite dish is blue banana sushi. I made it yesterday with Malala and Mum. I felt excited.

First, we prepared some blue bananas, rice and seaweed.

Next, we poured some sushi vinegar on the rice. I tried it. It was a little bit sour.

After that, I used seaweed to wrap the rice. Malala put too much rice on it. It failed. Mum melted the blue banana.

Then, we spread some blue banana on the rice lightly. It smelled great.

Finally, we put them into the fridge. I look forward to eating it. Mum said we did a great job.



Karena Ho

WTE4A, July 2016

Yearning Life

Life should be happy.

Life shouldn't be tiring.

Life should be exciting.

Life shouldn't be boring.

I want the children to laugh.

I want the children to have lots of free time.

I want the children to enjoy their lives.

I do not want them to cry.

I do not want them to have revision every day and everywhere.

I do not want them to have sad lives.

Life should be delightful.

Life shouldn't be sorrowful.

Let us change their lives.



Kirby Wong

WTE10

Jul 2016

The Rubbish City

Last Saturday, when I was wandering on Stanley Beach, I stepped on a broken bottle. I bent down and grabbed the broken bottle. Suddenly, there was a flash, and I became extremely tiny! I looked everywhere, then I saw rubbish coming to me and said, 'Hello, miss. May I help you? And welcome to Rubbish City.' I asked, 'Why is there so much rubbish over here, paper, plastic bag, glass bottle..... And I have one more question, how can rubbish talk?' The reason that there is so much rubbish here is because of human beings! They always throw rubbish on the ground and litter everywhere! I hate human beings. However, I don't know how to explain to you why I can talk.' I was puzzled as all the rubbish is belongs to people! Unbelievable!

Just then, there was a flash again. I returned to reality again, and I learnt not to throw rubbish on the ground and litter anymore.



Natalie Fong

WJE 4A

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