

English Enhancement Edition 2016



2015-2016/P.6 English Enhancement Class

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Foreword

This small anthology is certainly a collective effort.

The English Enhancement Class for Primary Six this year at Ying Wa Primary School has a new approach of pulling out the literary lovers for four lessons weekly, experiencing a spectrum of ambitious tasks such as poetry, plot design, rhetorical devices, literary comparison and critique, public speaking and so on. Looking at their creative journal (or diary) at the end of the year, I could not help feeling amazed and astonished by the incredible young talent these guys have in writing, to say the least. With time constraints, I never planned to have this booklet put together; but as a memento for myself and a small gift to these young men, this has to be done, and I am glad I did do it.

At the age of eleven or twelve, life has just begun. To excel in the literary domain takes years if not decades of hard work in reading and writing. I wish I have planted something into the minds of these young lads and one day when they have become somebody, they will re-discover this booklet (yellowish, stained and worn by then) and understood they did learn a thing or two from their old English teacher and their peers.

And for any other readers of this body of work, I wish that you will also be deeply fascinated by the poetic journey these writers bring you with their skillful pen, passionate heart, and innovative mind.

The anthology is small, but we always dream big.

Dr Ho Cheung LEE

June 2016

P. S. For those of you who may be interested to know the meaning of the cover page picture, do speak to any of the authors of this anthology.

A Ride

Matt Leung 6B

A fiery ball of light blazing furiously,
Into the boat he climbed joyfully.
As he put on a jacket and grabbed a pole,
He raced down the sea of diamonds, ready to go.

He was grateful to have a ride indeed,
Letting loose of all his worry and grief
Knots of emotions tied together
Loosened and unraveled as his heart grew lighter.

However, under his feet was a chained up slave,
Held in bondage, struggling against the waves.
A harnessed horse striving for freedom,
An encaged animal demanded for ransom.

The canoer tied it up and whistled happily,
Leaving the boat in grief and melancholy.



The Weatherman

Edmund Wu 6B

Covered with grey water balloons,
you might think it's still midnight.
Eventually they were burst,
pouring water blocking everything in sight.
It wouldn't rest for a second,
but kept on pouring and pouring non-stop.
Then it halted, and I saw
the painted blue top.
Now it went hotter and hotter,
I could've boiled an egg,
and the land went drier and drier,
I daren't move a leg...

“Cut!” the director yelled, next to the bird-cage.

The back drop gone, just me on the stage.



Benefits of Drugs

Chester Wong 6B

“Taking drugs is fun!” they say
They’ll never let you doubt
Once they get you hooked
You’ll never want an out

“I feel great!” you’ll say
It’s a way to pass the time
As long as the police don’t know about it
It’s not called a crime

“Please stop!” your parents will say
But they can never see
The fun feeling you are getting
And yelling out a “Whee!”

“We are losing him.” The doctor will say
As you lie in bed
Why care about feeling the pain,
When you will soon be dead?



Look Outside

Jason Chan 6B

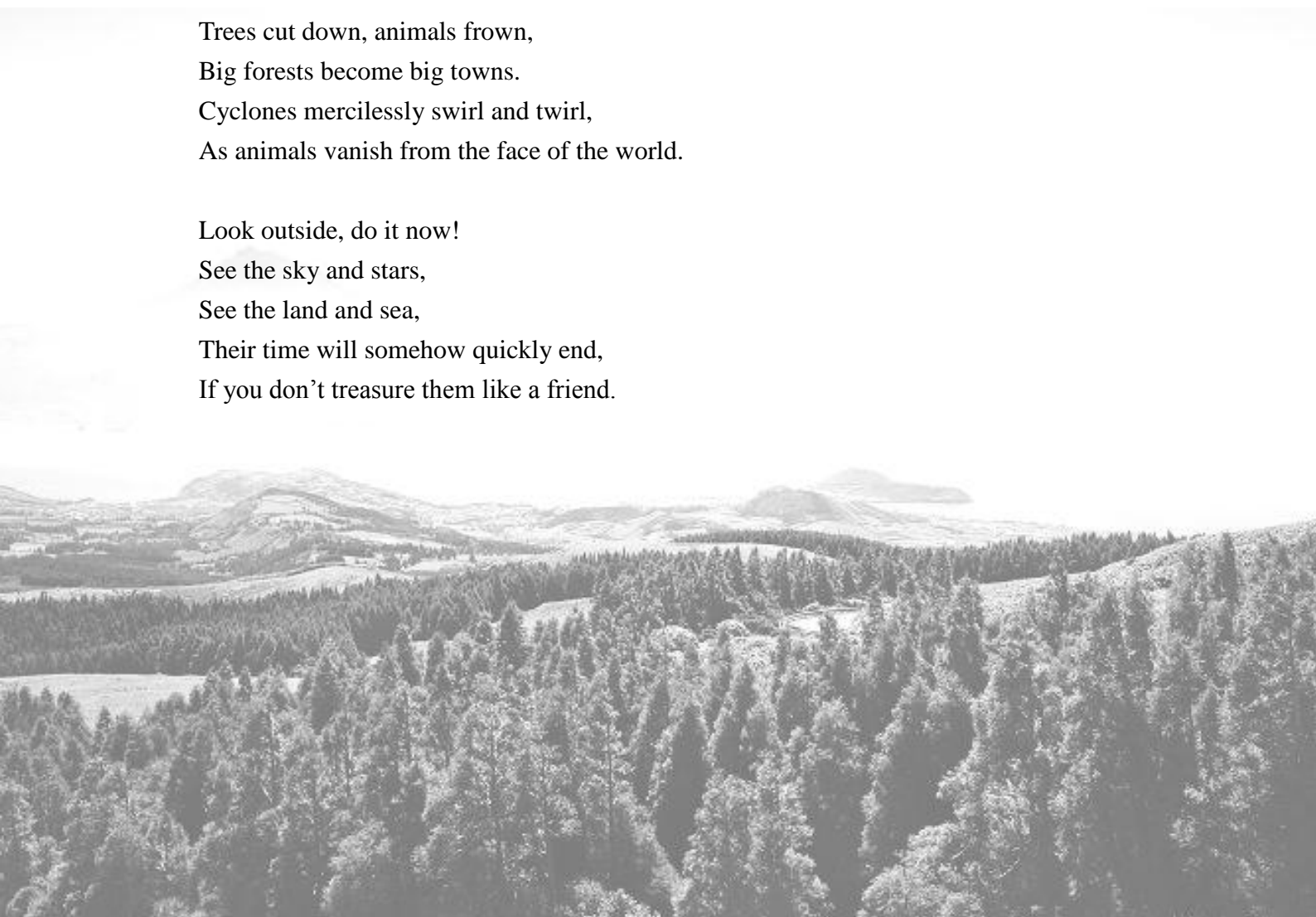
Look outside, see the sky,
Watch the flowers when they die.
Things won't be like this in a year or two,
If polluting is all we do.

Seize the night, seize the day,
Things won't always be this way.
Thousands of children are dying,
In the night you hear people crying.

Let's stop the war,
We can't stand it anymore.
The world can't help itself,
Care for it instead of your wealth!

Trees cut down, animals frown,
Big forests become big towns.
Cyclones mercilessly swirl and twirl,
As animals vanish from the face of the world.

Look outside, do it now!
See the sky and stars,
See the land and sea,
Their time will somehow quickly end,
If you don't treasure them like a friend.



The Plane

Oscar Au 6B

Perched on the doorsteps was a blonde-haired child, facing towards a boy in jeans. The child was named Alex. He was reclining on a wheelchair, pale-faced and frail. As the twinkling stars met under the blaze, warmth rushed into his spine and glimmering pearls gathered around his eyeballs. Every substance floated away from Alex's body into the cloudless sky. In exchange, life spread along his arms and bones, forming a flowing spring of water, refreshing and lively, awakening his spirits.

The boy in jeans was recognized as Jack. Overwhelmed, he was with mixed emotions, from shock to joy. Like a man who has just found her long-lost wife, he exclaimed in a high-pitched scream and darted towards Alex who was in the wheelchair. Spirited, he embraced his friend whom he hadn't met since the treatment, happiness flowing in his veins.

Jack seized the wheelchair's handlebars. His instincts led him to a park, the park where they first met. He didn't know why he had the idea of returning here. It was his thumping heart which directed him along the way.

It was early autumn. Leaves scattered on the uneven ground in numerous colours: orange, yellow, red, golden... The dry breeze calmly touched the flowers. Petals were blown onto Jack's palm. From his bag, he took out an airplane made of plastic and handed it to Alex.

Together, with Jack pushing Alex's wheelchair, they dashed across meadows and shaded paths. Rustling sounds filled the countryside as butterflies fluttered around them, spreading out their intricate wings. Alex raised his airplane and...

winds exhaled
the plane glided under the yolk
soaring, for hope





Flames Burnt into Ashes

Matt Leung 6B

She just sat there.
Her face was extremely pale. Beads of sweat rolled down her forehead. Drops of tears trickled down her cheeks. Her heart was thumping furiously, her lips trembling badly, as white as snow. Her head was incredibly sore, but she didn't dare to sleep.

Her stained and tattered white dress was a dozen of sparkling diamonds in the moonlight. When breezes blew by, the jeweled laces would dissolve into glimmering patches of brightness. Her shiny blonde hair was tucked into neat pigtails, swaying gently in the wind. Her knees were buckled together, her face was buried deeply in her hands. She was staring intently at the fireplace. The view was clearly reflected in her dazzling blue eyes.

The fire in the center of the hearth was very weak, sizzling and crackling softly. Wisps of smoke drifted from the chalk-white, badly burnt firewood. Specks and ashes were flying everywhere.

a dark cage
flames burnt into ashes
so was her heart

An orange glow covered the starry night. The first few warm rays of the sun shone through the caged windows. A pure white dove fluttered in and perched on the windowsill. It carried, with no doubt, only one message.

For once, she turned to the dove, her eyes shining.

OH NO!

Oscar Au 6B

“Alan, please come to the front and receive your report card.” As Alan walked to the front reluctantly for his teacher, he knew that his results would be terrible as he didn’t study.

“Alan, did you study for the exam? Or did you just lie down like a pig in your bed all day?” asked Ms. Tan harshly, storms raging in his eyes.

“I...I...don’t...know,” murmured Alan, as beads of sweat rolled down.

“Well then, what do you need to say for yourself, Mr?”

“Sorry, I did not study well.”

“Alan, I’m very disappointed. You failed my expectations. Work harder next time!”

As he received his report card, he was shocked. His grades were even worse than he guessed. He read:

Chi:	F
Eng:	F
Math:	F
General Studies:	F

Alan knew that he would definitely suffer from his mum’s punishment.

On the way home, he kept thinking about what he would get for punishment. The birds were twitting sarcastically as if they were saying. “Alan, Straight Fs! Unbelievable!” And the howling wind laughed and teased him.

Walking slower than usual, it took him thirty minutes more to get back. He saw Mum in the living room. When she saw him, she ran to him and the first thing she said was, “Give me your report card!”

Reluctantly Alan took out his report card as slowly as he could and managed to force out a smile. As his mum started reading his report card, Alan could see his mother’s face turning redder and hotter. Her eyes turned into fiery comets. At that moment, all Alan wanted to do was to bury his face into his hands but his muscles wouldn’t budge, as if they had turned into stone.

“Get out of here, now!” Mum screeched. The lioness took off her shoes and slapped Alan with it, leaving a purple bruise. “You are terrible. I couldn’t believe it. You let me down!” boomed Mum. She stomped away, throwing his card onto the floor, leaving the naughty monkey still standing there.

Looking at the growling tiger, Alan knew that this time, he really messed things up seriously.

The Ring

Matt Leung 6B

“See you later, little boy!” the huge bully called loudly after him as he stormed out of the classroom, smirking evilly. The little boy, sobbing quietly, sat down on chair, trembling with fear. His face was swollen and blue, with cuts and bruises all over his body. His clothes were ripped and torn so badly they were barely pieces of cloth now.

The room was desolated except for the boy. He took out a little glittering object out of his pocket. It was a shiny ring, sparkling and glowing in the dark and gloomy classroom. He held it tightly in his hands. It gave him a sudden warmth in his numb fingers. He had picked it up in the rubbish dump outside the school. I had been so lonely, he thought.

He raised his injured hand and touched the ring with his lips. He whispered something and the ring burst open. Within a second, black smoke gushed out and filled the room completely. Everything was very misty. The amazed boy looked around himself, only to find the classroom dissolving...

The big fat boy who bullied him was tortured by an old woman who was dressed in rags. She was creepy and witch-like, with big round eyeballs and an extraordinarily thin face. She was holding a bloody knife, forcing the bullying boy to wear a salmon-pink frilly dress. The bully was so frightened that he wore the dress unwillingly. The little boy laughed heartily at the scene of the bullying boy in the dress. At last, he had something to laugh at the cruel bully who always hit him after school. He looked at the strange witch again. She was now setting up a video recorder, while waving her wrinkled hands and murmuring words he didn't know. The huge boy's legs twisted and shivered weirdly, and somehow he started dancing reluctantly.

Again, the boy smiled delightedly at the sight of this abnormal happening. He longed to record it, but he couldn't find his phone. The boy finished dancing and the woman stopped recording, they both left the room. There was a sudden black mist again. He couldn't see anything.

The image of the darkened classroom came to focus again. Though full of cuts, the boy was satisfied and indeed delighted after the happening. He went in the imagery sulking and felt sad, but came out of it satisfied and delighted. Was that a magical ring?

Hopping and bouncing, he went out of the classroom, walking straight into the bully. As he towered over him, he rubbed his hands and smirked. “Want a fight?” The boy asked.

“In a dress, dancing? He returned, not afraid at all.
The boy, shocked and confused, scared and angry, clenched his fists with rage.
“How did you know...”



Maria

Edmund Wu 6B

He came out from the restaurant, after waving to his friend goodbye. He found a secret place, went inside, and returned a few moments later.

No one had recognized his change from a male to a female when he came back on the road. She had delicate skin, smooth like silk; long hair, reflecting brown-gold colour; and an attractive look, but nobody looked at her.

She went deeper and deeper into the buildings, as her boss had told, found a backdoor, and went into a room.

“There you are, Maria,” said the organizer of the place, “Now we can start.”

The place was the secret factory where the police had been finding. Maria was one of the detectives, and she registered herself to the factory to give information to the police.

She was going to be filmed advertising the “transfiguration pills”, so the factory could earn money through selling these fake stuffs.

“Three...two...one...action!” said the organizer, pressing the “start” button. He didn’t know that this button brought the police in. The police hand-cuffed the whole group apart from Maria.

Her boss came in, and said, “Thank you, Maria.”

Then the whole scene changed...

* * *

The police cuffed the whole group, but there was no “Maria”, the news said the next day.

He sat on his chair, and then turned his focus to the blue-and-white pills next to him.

The news continued. A teenager was disturbing the action, and he was found taking drugs as he didn’t respond to the police.

The officer switched off the TV and inquired.

“Do you know why you’re here?”



Train 8

Jason Chan 6B

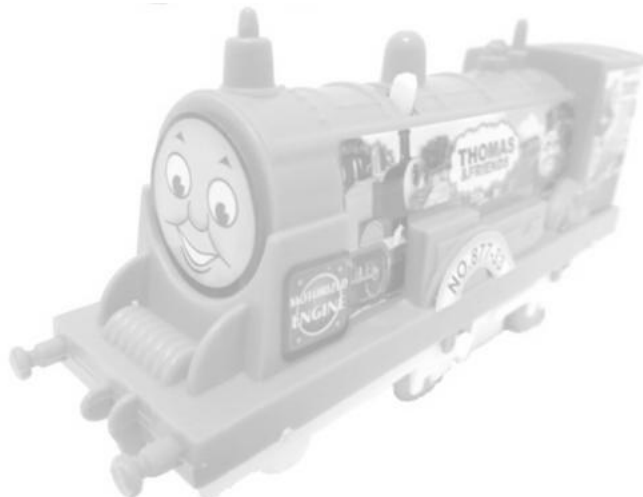
Train 8 puffed out some black smoke and thundered into an endless tunnel. The station master had personally sent him on “a dangerous and challenging journey.” He had said, “only for the bravest and the fastest one on the track.” And here he was, carrying cargoes of gold, going across the barren hills and the deserted lands, and crossing the territory of bandits and the enemy.

Something appeared in the distance and as he got closer to the raging close land mountains. Train 8 huffed and puffed and raced straight towards the hills. However, how unfortunate he was. A war cry erupted around him as a dozen bandits screamed and charged towards him. Train 8 closed his eyes and willed himself to go faster. Arrows and spear tips shattered on contact against the tough armor of the side of the train, but still left some nasty dents and scars and scratches. He closed his eyes for a long time and when he opened them again he was in a beautiful meadow and to his surprise, the bandits chasing him had long disappeared behind the horizon.

A single white gleaming tower rose just beneath the clouds as Train 8 raced towards his destination. Soon enough, when he screeched to a stop at a luxurious platform, workers, cleaners and other people started unloading him. Metalsmiths hammered out the dents and cleaners started wiping. Finally, he got topped up and started his long journey home.

He wasn't so fortunate, though. And when he passed the place where he saw the tower he slowed down, until he stopped. He thought that he had run out of fuel, or is it...battery?

He didn't even have time to think as a giant hand lifted him off the plastic train track.



Fluffy

Tom Kwok 6B

Nick the woke up under the first few rays of the warm sun. “Another sad day,” he thought, “hope Jack is sick.” Nick went to school with his head down. All he heard was people laughing at him. His schoolbag became heavier and heavier as he walked up the steps. He hated Jack in his class. He played tricks on him every morning. He hated school.

“Ha! Look, the stupid Nick is coming. No one likes him,” laughed Jack. Nick looked up. The gray clouds were laughing at him, the grass and the flowers were gossiping about him. He thought, “No one likes me.”

It was recess time. Nick thought, “It is time for Jack to laugh at me.” He walked out to the playground and sat on bench nibbling on his sandwich. That is when he felt something brush his back.

He turned around and saw a large tail moving. He followed the tail and found himself in front of a huge cat. The creature was the size of a tree. It had well-brushed gray fur. It had huge black eyes and when you looked inside them, you would see the little yellow spot that glittered like diamonds.

“Hi,” the cat said, “My name is Mr. Fluffy, I’m from the Farlands.” Nick’s jaw hit the ground and it seemed it would never come back up. He thought, “That is the first time that someone has said hi to me in years!” Mr. Fluffy seemed to read his mind and said, “Oh, don’t be surprised. What is your name?” Nick found himself chatting with Mr. Fluffy like they were best buddies for hours.

“Nick, what are you doing here? Who are you talking to?”, his class teacher said in front of him, “Recess is over!” Nick walked to his classroom with his head down, leaving his new friend, a tree.



Wonderful Star

Tom Kwok

“Woosh, woosh” the waves tickled the beach with its little white hands.

I was following Granny on her every-night walk on the beach. I enjoyed the singing of the waves as we walked along. It made me feel relaxed. It was the moment I longed for the whole day. We sat down on the soft sand and watched the stars. We watched them play in the cold dark sky, adding joy into it.

Oh how I wished I were them, I could run freely into no worries. All of a sudden, a white bright object was found on the sand.

I went to investigate.

It was a beauty in the size of an orange. Coated in warm yellow and when you look carefully, there was the wonderful white little bit in the middle of it, burning. Granny came and said, “What a beautiful star, wow, put this baby in the bag, just the right size?”

“Go get it, fetch” I threw the star and Bobby went darting towards it, caught it and brought it back. “Good boy. Mom, Bobby know hows to fetch now!”

“Wonderful!”



The Power

Isaac Yan 6E

The alarm clock rang shrilly and I climbed out of bed. The sky was dark grey and rumbles could be heard across the village. Big, fast raindrops started pouring down as I ate my breakfast.

My stepfather's voice came from the kitchen telling me to hurry up. I gulped down my breakfast and dressed. My stepfather stomped out from the kitchen holding a whip. He yelled, "Get a move on Tom, why are you still here?" His whole mouth was covered by his shaggy beard and you could not know his mood. I dressed slowly and he lashed out with the whip. It hit me and I fell to the floor in agony. He pushed my schoolbag into my face and kicked me into the pouring street.

I had bruises all over me as I walked to school. I felt very angry but I could not win my stepfather. Trudging along the rain, with my clothes all soaked, I finally arrived at the village school. The school had a simple classroom with a playground. I sat down at my desk and waited for school to start.

Ring, ring, the bell sounded. A mass of students started pushing to the playground. There, they would always play a game, "Bully Tom". I had barely stepped outside and people were already taunting me. A boy shot out from the circle they formed and punched me. I felt anger rising under me and I summoned my special power and lashed out with it. The storm became stronger and a tornado started forming. Meanwhile, the rain started pelting down so ferociously it knocked people wet in a blink of an eye. The rain never touched me and the bullies were already swept into a whirlpool. The tornado approached and the whirlpool started churning them around. I brought the tornado around and unleashed it on them with full force. I yelled, "You are to leave me alone and never bully me again!"

They replied. "Yes, yes, please have mercy!" I cut the storm and the tornado and the whirlpool and they started kneeling in front of me. I laughed loudly but a huge crack sounded and I gave way to the darkness.

When I opened my eyes again, I saw the leaders of the bullies walking towards me. I gave a gasp of horror and tried to flee, but I was trapped. They came over and asked, "Would you want to come over to play XBOX again at my house? We had fun last night!", leaving me standing there with my mouth wide open.

BALLOONS Lit. Journal Issue 3 Review

Tom Kwok 6B

Balloons Lit Journal is a literature journal filled with passion, excitement and fun to read. This amazing magazine is packed with beautiful paintings, inspiring poems and wonderful short stories. My favorite short story from issue three is "From One Who Does Not Exist"

This story's content is clearly shown in the title. It is about feelings from an imaginary friend that does not exist. The first person in the poem who is an imaginary friend is working in "The Imaginary Friends Corporation". The imaginary friend has a job which is making children less lonely or naughty. His first "friend" is Mason whom he is sad to leave.

The story is quite epic because the stories I read which has an imaginary friend always uses the real person as the first person and stories do not usually describe the feelings of the fake friend. But this piece is the opposite. It is all from the fake friend which has colourful feelings written clearly in the story, "This must be what it feels like to lose someone", "This must be what it feels like to understand". Almost every paragraph has this start and the feelings are superbly described.

Although there is not much of a moral in this story, the friendship between the fake friend and Mason is clear because the imaginary friend is always thinking of Mason. Also, there are two poems which I like very much, both of them are written by Seth Ruderman. "No Referees" and "Bottle of Whine" Both poems have their specialties but they are both talking about childhood. They have the same rhyming pattern too! The last word of the second and the fourth line are rhyming. "Mine" and "Whine", "games" and "trees" are rhyming pairs from two poems.

"The best kinds of games have no referees." This is the first line of the poem "No Referees". I keep asking myself "What is the game?" when I was reading it. Most of the piece is describing the kind of game and after I knew the game, which has actually no specific name, I would read the poem again slowly. Through the slow reading, I found out that the poem used a repeating technique to emphasis the freedom of the game.

The piece "Bottle of Whine" is clearly playing with words as wine has the same

pronunciation with wine but has completely different meanings. This piece has special vocabulary of wine such as “vintage” and “classic” but has a special and funny phrase after it. “Vintage of “I don’t want to go”” and “a classic “Not fair” from nineteen O’three” are two funny and new phrases from the piece to show the child’s feelings.

All in all, BALLOONS Lit. Journal is a really exciting Journal full of mind-blowing, unique and fresh fine pieces from all around the world. I am really looking forward to the next issue, when will it be published?



BALLOONS Lit. Journal Issue 3 Review

Wesley Yip 6B

Balloons Literary Journal is a collection of many wonderful and unusual pieces of writings. Today I would like to introduce three of them, which are “Dear Mrs. Miller”, “The Cliff Edge” and “Bottle of Whine”.

“Dear Mrs. Miller” is a very funny and light-hearted poem. It is about a child who is pretending to be his mother and writes to the teacher to complain about the school food. When I first read it, I did not understand what it really meant. But as I read on, I started to realize that it was the son who was writing. The sentence “I’m sick - I mean my son is very sick” shows this. The sentence “I’m only sick because of salami” shows he is complaining about the food.

Also, this piece is actually a poem that rhymes. This gives the whole piece a flowing rhythm that is comfortable to read.

I like this poem a lot because it gives the readers clues to learn its hidden meaning on their own. It has a light mood that makes the readers feel relaxed when reading it.

However, “The Cliff Edge” has a more serious tone. It uses falling off a cliff edge as a metaphor to talk about global warming and other environmental problems.

It is warning us that we should stop global warming or else we will fall off the “cliff edge”. The sentences “stop the mining and digging” and “destroy the ozone layer” show us clearly that the poet wants us to save the Earth.

The final piece is called “Bottle of Whine”. Readers will notice that the word “wine” was spelled as “whine”. At first I thought it was only a typo but in fact, it was done on purpose. A child decided to give his parents a bottle of “whine”. The poem uses what children often say when they whine: “not fair”, “I don’t want to go”, just to name a few. This may put a knowing smile on the readers’ faces.

This poem is very humorous and shows that children do love to whine.

These three poems are my favourite poems in Balloons Literary Journal. They are all special in their own way. I sincerely recommend that you read them.

BALLOONS Lit. Journal Issue 3 Review

Ryan Chang 6E

After reading the Balloons Lit. Journal Issue 3, I will like to compare two pieces in it. The two are from the same poet, the well-known poet John Foster. The two pieces are “The Cliff Edge” and “All That They Want”

The two pieces are also talking about some global problems. “The Cliff Edge” is talking about the earth being sick. This problem has always been a big issue for the whole world for a long time. This issue is a little bit out date in my opinion. Comparing with the piece “All That They Want”, it is talking about the refugee problem in Syria and other Middle East countries. This issue is hotter relatively.

On the writing, “The Cliff Edge” shows lot of exclamation marks. The poet wanted to emphasize the “Stop” message by using words such as “Step back!” and “Stop now!” a lot, but actually I do not quite like this poem’s writing style. It is because it is too straight forward to tell the readers the message of this poem.

Not like the first poem, the second poem “All That They Want” is very imagery, the image is clearly shown in my head. I especially like the first four lines:

“All that they want is to live in peace.
All that they want is to be free.
All that they want is to find a country
Where they can live like you and like me.”

I sometimes do not feel grateful about all the things I had, but when I read the poem, I felt very sorry for what I have thought before. Some of the refugees just want something very simple. We should really re-think and be grateful as we are living happily in a lucky place, Hong Kong.

I think these two pieces are both showing a strong protest to governments and also the pieces are very meaningful; I hope Mr. John Foster can write more and more pieces like these two.

About the Authors

OSCAR AU is a P.6 student in Ying Wa Primary School. He is one of the nine members of the English Enhancement Class. He has achieved “Best Improviser of the Year” in the 2015/16 Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Awards and was highly commended in the event. His pieces include “The Only Element”, “Typhoon” and “Memory Rises”. He lives in Hong Kong.

ISAAC YAN, a 12-year-old full time student studying in Ying Wa Primary School, is currently a member of the school’s English Enhancement Class. He likes playing the violin, writing creative stories and playing pranks with his little brother. He has a lot of music awards and is now trying to use his violin skills to improve his writing skills. You may contact him when someone buys him a phone.

TOM KWOK is a 12-year-old full-time student in Ying Wa Primary School. He likes reading and writing English as much as pranking his sister! He has participated in the APCC program and stayed in a Japanese family in the summer of 2015 but never learnt a tiny tiny bit of Japanese. He likes socializing, drawing and eating. He has a wild dream of six packs but he only has one. He is now still in search of the spider which bit Spider Man.

MATT LEUNG is an all-time student studying in Ying Wa Primary School. He likes writing creative stories as well as playing the French horn. English Literature is his favourite subject and he is currently in the Enhancement Class of Primary six. His stories are published in both of his school’s English publications, *FLAME* and *Fire in Flame*, and also in the student-made newspaper *Dragon Weekly*. He is a great supporter of this newspaper organization and constantly publishes articles in the Literature Ensemble section. His recent works include “The Ring”, a magical story, “A Ride”, a beautiful sonnet, and “Flames”, a haibun.

CHESTER WONG is a student studying in Ying Wa Primary School. He is now in P.6. He is at medium height, medium weight and medium strength. He likes dodgeball, football, swimming and playing his clarinet. He likes most subjects except one of them. He has two nicknames and you can guess from his name. Phone calls will be mostly ignored as he doesn’t use his phone very often. If you do send e-mails (through school mail) to him, you can wait for a reply when he is free. So, there is a need to check your e-mail every day to see if there is a reply.

WESLEY YIP is one of the shortest eleven-year-olds in 2016 and is also a nerd. He lives in Tai Kok Tsui, Hong Kong. He does most of his writing in a book called Enhancement Class Journal. He loves writing stories and reading or watching science-fiction and is a huge fan of *Star Wars*. He is still trying to find evidence that aliens exist.

JASON CHAN, 11 years old, future scientist, and is permanently stuck in the world of books by double A glue. Collector of moments and memories, not things. Lover of sushi, action movies, and football. Professional pillow fighter. Please bring glue remover to unglue his hand with the book he is reading if willing to speak with him.

EDMUND WU, a to-be twelve this July, 2016, loves writing, music, railways and freedom. He plays euphonium in the band (and tuba in the orchestra), and won numerous awards. He has so many railway directories that he 'train'-ed him out. He's a writer, editor and poet. One of his pieces got shortlisted in the anthology of the Hong Kong Young Writers Awards 2016. He is recently writing three *Star Wars* screenplays.

RYAN CHANG, a twelve-year-old boy, often recognized as the tallest midget on the planet. He is now currently studying in Ying Wa Primary School. His work is to collect homework and give them to teachers, actually a logistics worker. He loves playing soccer, but he sucks at it. All phone calls and whatsapps will be replied immediately, when a kind reader buys him a phone.

-Notes-

-Notes-

Ying Wa Primary School

