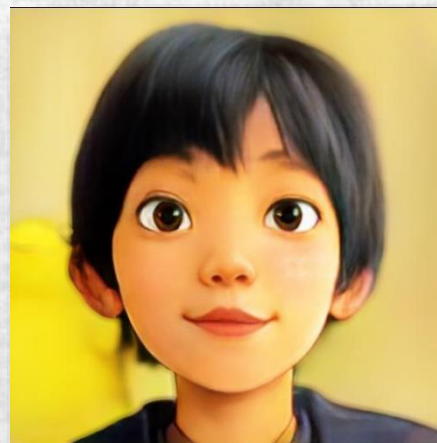
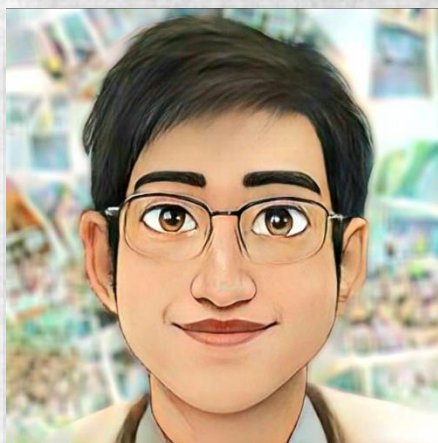


ACE

English Enhancement Edition 2021



2020-2021
P.6 English
Enhancement Class



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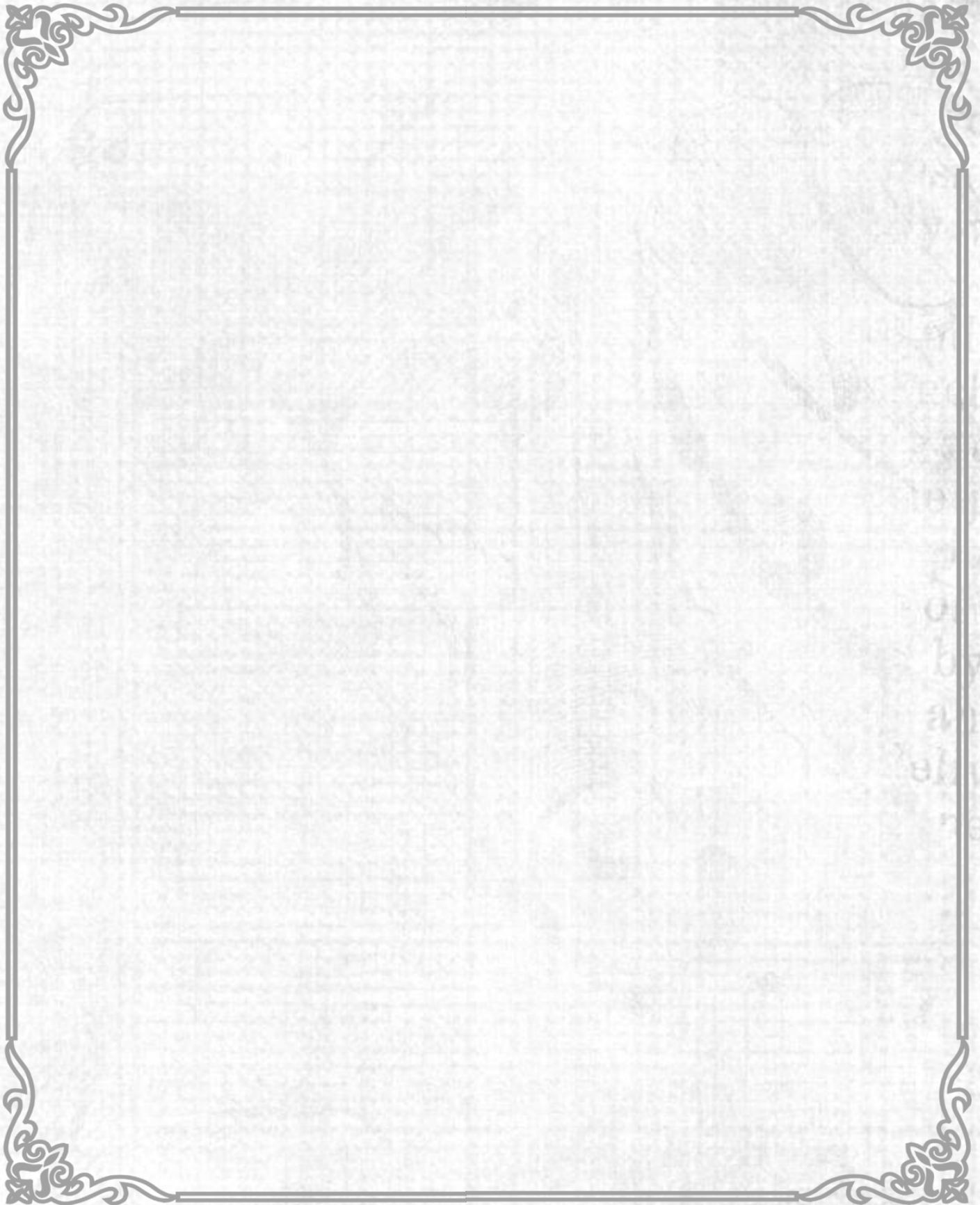
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About ACE Journal (English Enhancement Edition)

ACE Journal (English Enhancement Edition) is an annual anthology displaying selected written works crafted by Primary Six members of the Ying Wa Primary School English Enhancement Course. The course is designed and conducted by Dr H C Lee, who also edits this journal. The printed version of this ACE Journal is a gift to the course members at the end of the school year.

Message from Dr H C Lee

This booklet is a gift to _____



Untitled

Lance Lau 6C

A solitary figure standing in an empty field, a wind picking up over the barren land. Once green as an emerald, withered over by sands again and again. An unbearable feeling gathers smoke in her eyes, seemingly a deadly stench, sweat rolling down her face. The last few pieces of her coat fall into tatters, small brown dust upon the ground. Wishing the sun could set in the west, the water returning from the sea, colour returning to her home, she sat down upon the wailing sands, hoping she had not been born.

A thought crossed her mind, a new light in her head. A lone survivor she was, the last of her people. The only one who still could tell the story, bring light to the fallen, help the others meeting the same fate, having the same thoughts. And so, she set out towards the city, towards the column of smoke rising in the distance. A story to tell, in hope that the people would finally listen, finally act...

nature throws us
this one final ball
will we catch it?



The Insect-Hunter

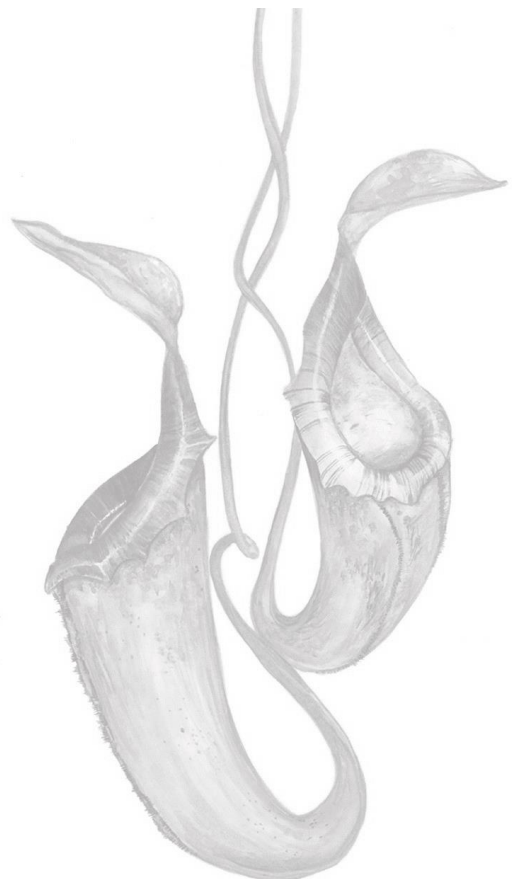
Nicholas Tang 6C

When I walked into the tropical forest
A water-jug-like plant hanging, appeared in my sight
What a mysterious it is, just flawless
This amazing weird plant is fierce like a knight

A fly came by, attached by the scent
Thought it was a food carnival, instead it's a carnivore
Stood, slipped, a long way down it went
Melting by the acidic liquid — it will be eaten raw

The wall was slippery and waxy
The fly will never be able to climb up the trap
The lid was closed immediately
The desperate fly took its one last gasp

Broken body parts of the fly floating around —
The cold-blooded nature is never safe and sound



The Tournament

Lance Lau 6C

The whistle blows.
The egg swiftly drops into the pool.
The audience applauds, cheers, even jumps up
As the competitor seems to meld
Seemingly if he is part of the water.

The champion reaches yellow land
In record time.
The crowd cheers on
As he slowly cooks dry.

The next event starts
As grains of rice fall, dive, and hit the water
With great, steamy splashes as some flip mid-air.
The crowd grows excited with the aroma of food.

Now we move to another stadium
Where pepper, salt
And condiments galore
Ski down a rice-y hill,
Leaving trails of hazy, smokey snow
Far in their wake.

The surfing competition is scheduled.
Brown soy sauce pours from the centre
Creating a tangy sea.

The winners now stand
Among green confetti.



A Performance

Ken Pan 6C



He stepped into the tub and pulled on the dripping curtain, shuddering as icy needles punctured his pasty skin. Grunting in frustration, he turned off the water tap and turned on the water heater, sighing in satisfaction as heat flowed through his body. But something was off. Was it the tingling sensation in his throat? Or was it the spewing shower head that seemed to glow? He grabbed the metal tube and felt the urge to sing. At once, he was sucked into a vortex of blinding white.

Crowds cheered as his eyelids fluttered open. Dressed in a black suit and tie, he waltzed on stage. “Now performing, Chris...Yu!” A nearby megaphone blared. Instinctively, he grabbed a nearby microphone, and there came a resounding flare, blessing the stage with silence. He tipped his white fedora hat and began his routine, sliding across the stage with his arms wide open. He sang his mellow rich melody, every note melting like cotton candy by the ears. Confetti sprinkled the stage as he started his second song, the crowd clapping along to the beat. Even Chris was starting to enjoy his own performance.

As his last song ended, the crowd burst into applause. He bowed, a grin dangling on his face. But what was that sound? The crowd went silent as a constant rattle drummed in his ears. His eyes widened as he entered the same white vortex, the microphone spewing water once more, the confetti melting into water droplets, the velvet curtain losing its luster, fading into the dull plastic drape Chris saw before his eyes.

“What is taking you so long?” A female voice hollered, followed by continuous pounds on the door, “Were you singing in the shower again?”

“Argh! Can’t you just wait? Jeez!” Chris responded, red splotches on his freckled cheeks. He dried himself off, slicked his hair, put on his pajamas and twisted the doorknob. He stared at the mirror, fogged up the steam. The shower head glowed in protest.

“Until next time...” he muttered, and strolled out the door.

A Night to Remember

Ken Pan 6C

The group of eight thudded up the stairs, arms swaying, the soaked cloth grasping against their faces and skin. Revealing their pale lips and panting mouths, they gulped down all the water they could, as if doing so would cure the emptiness in their stomachs. “This is the last one,” he thought.

Strolling across the school halls, they entered a room, a room darker than the deepest corners of the shadow-dipped corners of the night sky. Having explained the instructions, they shuffled forward, one’s hand on another’s shoulder, sneakers squeaking against the floor. It wasn’t long before they found the exit, and as their guide lifted the curtain, they scurried towards the distant glow like moths to a ceiling light, and the night was finally brighter than day.

They bid farewell to their final challenge of the day, cheering in blissful joy. After a long-winded conclusion in the hall, they too bid farewell to the final activity of their six-year journey. They strolled out the school exit, their excitement slowly fading, and their experience rising, like a constellation, into the night sky of memories.

silent humming
flying across dim colors
that tint glass yellow



Night Activities

Alex Wong 6E

Darkness was surrounding me, I shivered in fear. Tightly holding my walking stick, I took a deep breath. I stepped forward but was quickly stopped by an obstacle in front of me. I touched the obstacle and it was a table. Continue walking towards right, chairs and tables blocked my way. Although the room was filled with screams and shouts, I didn't say a thing. The silence inside me was making me shiver. Step by step, I walked further and further into the darkness ahead. After feeling the alphabet on a bumpy card and figuring the answer, I could progress through the maze. A faint light appeared in the distance like the first rays of the morning sun.

a black curtain
the lightsaber cuts through it
to reveal a beam



Untitled

Aden Su 6E

The boy slipped into another world. He saw a ferocious predator drawn red and green instead of black and orange. In reality, his teacher boomed, “Don’t forget to add your own personal touch.” The boy, using his magic wand, created a jungle of orange and blue. A dinosaur tromped towards him, blowing fire. This was his world. This overgrown lizard could not hurt him.

Next, he decided his new dimension needed water. With a flick of his wand he made a sparkling blue surface in which little fish frolicked happily. He dove into his ocean and saw coral of many colors that made up the rainbow. It was perfect.

Alas, good things don’t last long. As he grew more and more excited, he misfired his wand and created an ugly green scar in the sky. He tried desperately to fix it, but it turned even worse. The animals looked up in terror at the muddy brown sky, turning blacker by the second. The boy sat down and began to sob, throwing his wand aside. The teacher came and gazed at his painting. “You just need a little glamour in your night sky,” he said. The boy thought for a moment. Then, in a stroke of inspiration, he added a shining white dot. Then another. A little glamour in his night sky.



Untitled

Marvis Leung 6E

Darkness swept over the sky. With stars buried beneath. No light shone through the shade of mask. The only trace of light to be spotted were the ones illuminated by the torches of the towering coliseum.

A swamp of gladiators flooded the pit. Taking the spotlight of the stadium as spectators crowded over the edge to witness yet another savage competition.

The men were put through challenge after challenge, hardship after hardship. Friend was put up against friend as they competed to achieve one common goal – the grand prize of making it out alive. As for the others, we don't talk about them.

They didn't wish for this
Yet here they are competing
to see the light of day



The Young Breaking Free

Lance Lau 6C

Because of those at the top of the chain,
Because of those who abuse their reign,
Because of those who go city-to-city by plane,
Because of important information retained;

Asking people questions, about their future,
About the vultures sipping resources from the ground,
Watching Earth slip away,
And silencing weak voices.

But as my friends join me,
People start to notice:
We aren't just picking roses,
We are those who expose, who depose
The ones to turn the hose
And put out the fire, shut out the liars.

Change is coming, whether you like it or not.
And you either go with it, or against it.
It is your choice, your voice, your life.
Will you choose to open your eyes, to make a sacrifice?

I am Lance. I am doing what I can.
I strike, I fight, I look to great heights.
This is my question, my mission, my purpose
To ask:

Will you put your hand up, stand up, to do what is right?



Bloodthirsty Quiz

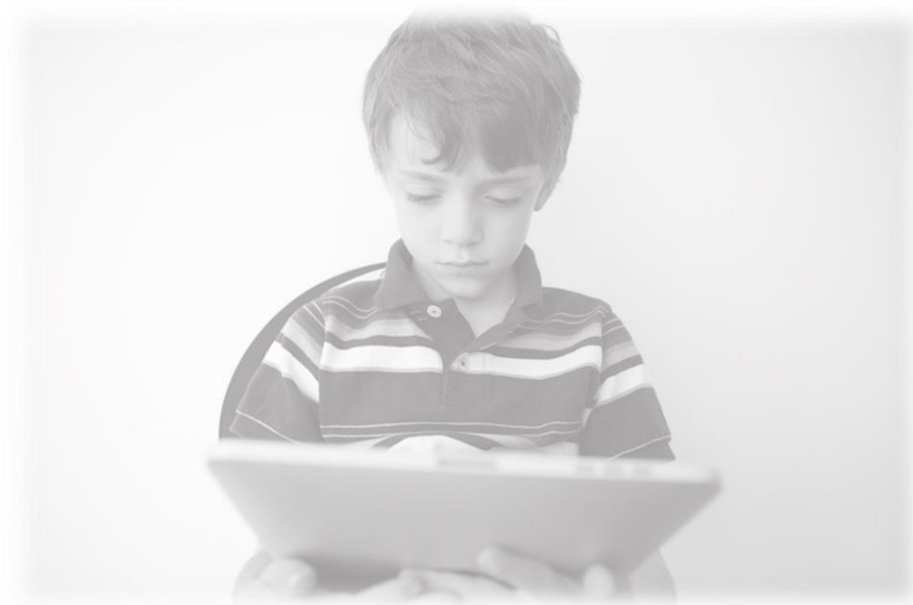
Aden Su 6E

Seven arrive
Little do they know
Four shall die
In this horrid show

Questions come
Like storms and typhoons
Press 'till your finger is numb
Losers are but fools

Finally, three win
Honour and laurels
But it feels like a sin
Leading to bitterness and quarrels

Is it worth the risk?
This “educational” game unearthed
When we play, eyes are covered with mist
So, what is it worth?



Visual Poetry

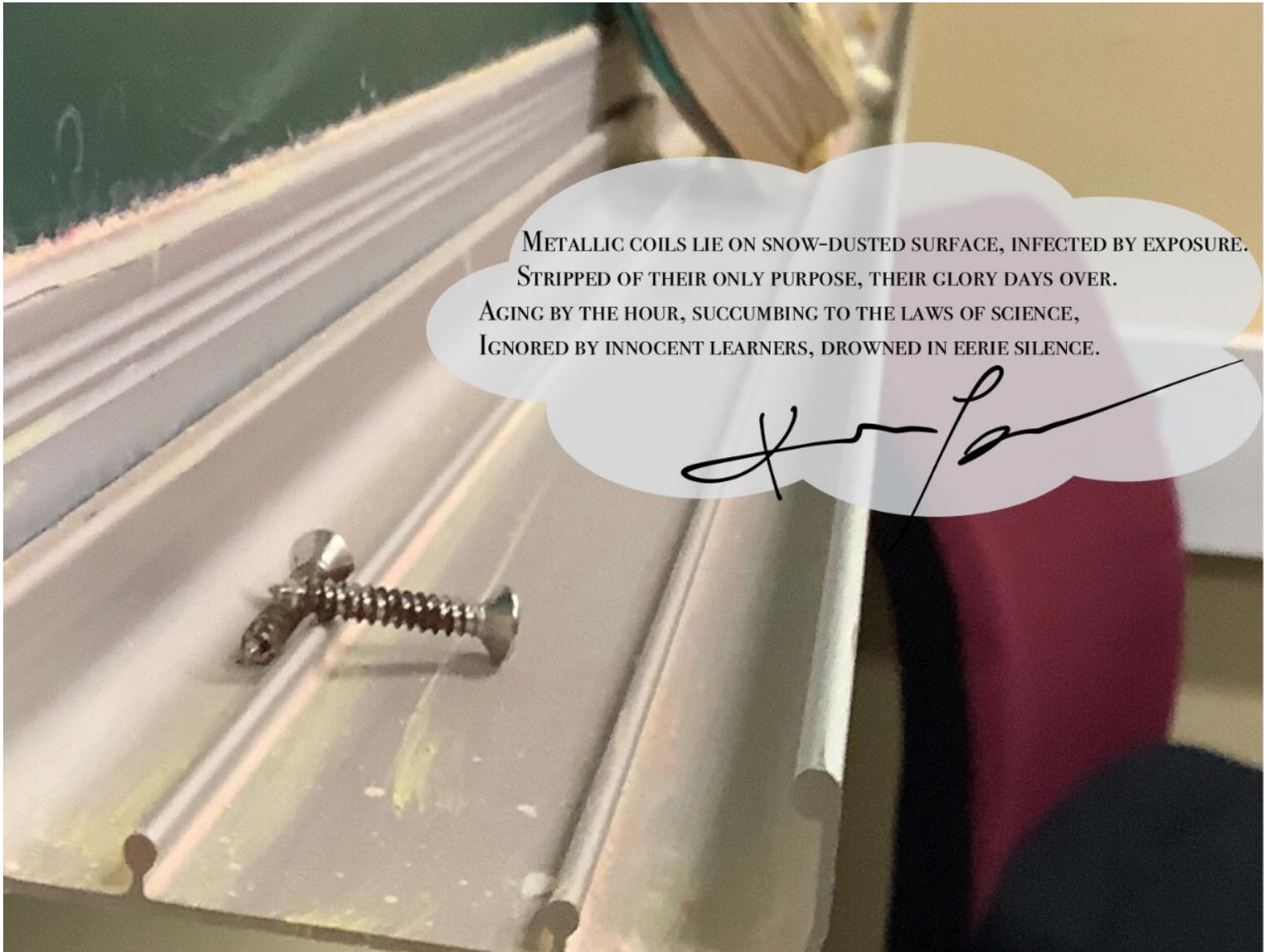
Nicholas Tang 6C

A pair of hands in the class
Pointing numbers at their edge to measure
So quickly, the six-year life here soon will pass
It's counting the time that we should treasure
— Nicholas Tang 6C20



Visual Poetry

Ken Pan 6C



METALLIC COILS LIE ON SNOW-DUSTED SURFACE, INFECTED BY EXPOSURE.
STRIPPED OF THEIR ONLY PURPOSE, THEIR GLORY DAYS OVER.
AGING BY THE HOUR, SUCCUMBING TO THE LAWS OF SCIENCE,
IGNORED BY INNOCENT LEARNERS, DROWNED IN EERIE SILENCE.

Ken Pan

A Little Green Booklet

Nicholas Tang 6C

“A little green booklet,” he said
 “Don’t lose it,” he said
 Ah, our Enhancement booklet
 Poems, essays and something combined
 Comments, grades and scores inside

Given to us by him

I am grateful
 to his hard work
 I am grateful
 to being taught by him

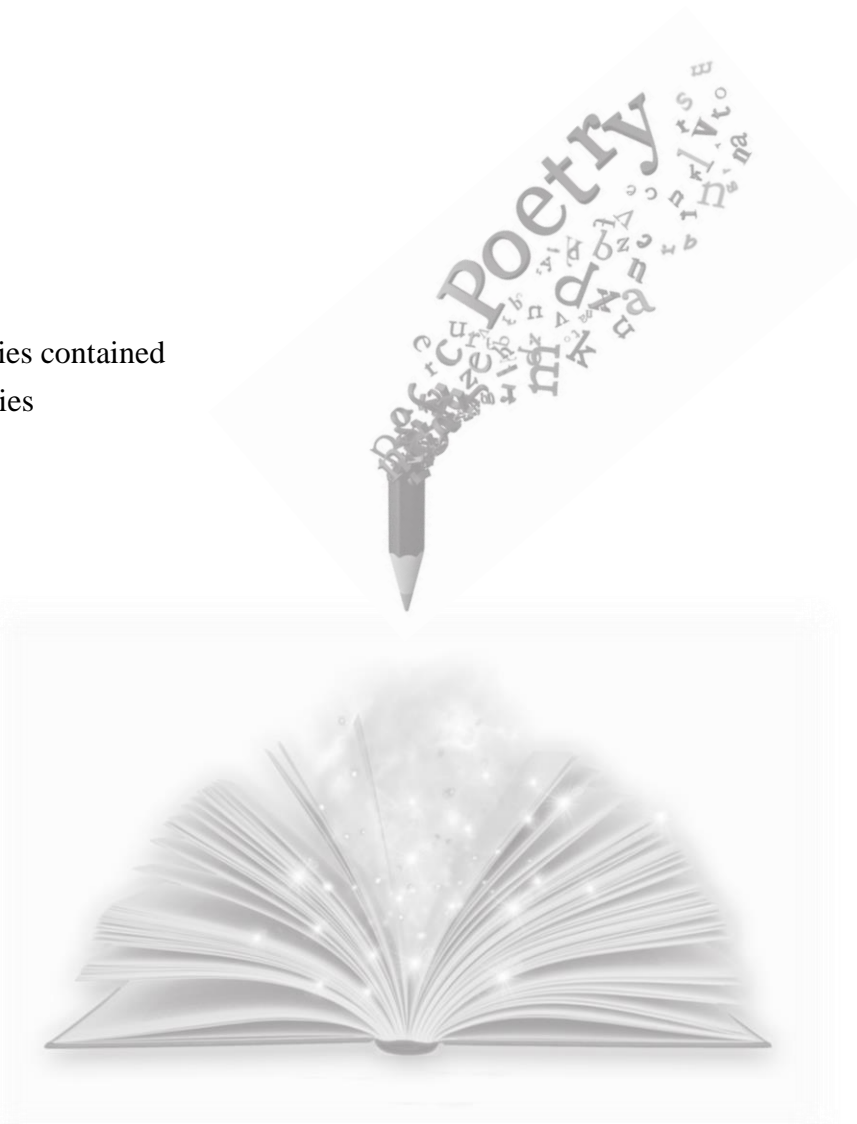
Little green booklet, marked our knowledge
 of the English language
 From iambics to the Haiku family
 From persuasive essays to stories
 Each contain morals
 of life

Little green booklet
 Inside, a topic was sarcasm
 Finally, a profession of mine

Little green booklet
 Tiny red coloured balloon-like species contained
 A unique, rare but well-known species
 that mark our success

In the little green booklet
 A hint of Shakespearean style stays
 Sonnets,
 a love of his
 Ring the message in 14 lines
 of rhymes

Each essay, each poem
 Each sentence, each phrase
 Each word, each punctuation
 Contain the crystals of English



The English Enhancement Class – My Reflection

Isaac Tin 6E



To begin with, we did poetry throughout the year. We did the three “hai”s, sonnets, saracstic poems...I think this is very effective in largening our word bank, since poems always have some restrictions like rhyming and syllable count.

I personally prefer writing haiku and haibun because of their simplicity and beauty. However, I hope that we could have started with the basics to more complex ones. I personally think that we could have started with *normal* poems before other types.

Secondly, we did descriptive writing while learning from the *BALLOONS Lit. Journal* (BLJ). It was hard to learn how to write a good descriptive writing, and therefore we looked through different masterpieces in the BLJ, absorbing new words and writing styles of the pieces, and using them in our own writing. I think that was the most enhancive part of the course.

Last but not least, we also had peer reviews. I think that was very useful for all of us, as we can see what others think about your piece, in different perspectives. In the meanwhile, we could also see mistakes made from peers and remind ourselves not to make the same mistakes.

This was a very fruitful year of enhancement. Looking back to when I first started, using a whole hour (or more) to make up a poem, to less than fifteen minutes now, I surely have improved. I hope our juniors can be enhanced this way too!

About the Authors

LANCE LAU is a 12-year-old Hong Kong Environmental Activist. He has been doing climate strikes every Friday since September 2019 for 93 weeks to raise awareness about rising sea-levels and animal extinction. This movement is called “Fridays for Future Hong Kong” and is still on-going. He speaks for his generation and he hopes to remind everyone to face the climate emergency and start taking drastic actions now.

Unicity, thy name Panda, also known as **KEN PAN**, this human-panda hybrid hast eluded capture from multiple owners across the globe. Settling in the English Enhancement Class, it serveth a new boss – Dr Lee. It loveth reading, composing poetry, playing football and watching the genre of television known as ‘anime’. Some of its favourite works includeth “The Tell-Tale Heart” by Edgar Allan Poe and “The Magic Strings of Frankie Presto” by Mitch Albom. It hast left the Room of Enhancement (aka the storage room on the sixth floor) and along with it away from Boss’ grasp, but it shall continueth keeping in touch with its master. Finally, a message from Panda itself: HAILLETH DR LEE! WE SHALL FOREVER BEETH IN THEE GRASP! WE ART THINE!

NICHOLAS TANG is a forgetful boy despite his intelligence (according to himself). He very often forgets to bring his Enhancement Journal, which even got him “awarded” once. He adores the English Enhancement Programme. A lot of people stereotype him as a “bookworm”, even though he hasn’t read some of the most popular pieces yet. His best friends, Ken and Lance, are greatly disturbed by this. His favourite book is the sci-fi novel “The Martian” by Andy Weir, because of the humour contained inside.

ADEN SU is a small, medium aged (12 years old) criminal at large and his most frequently used hideout seems to be the English Enhancement Room. It used to be a detention cell in which he was tortured with Kahoot! games. He later eliminated several other security guards and inmates, notably Jeffery Chiu and Omeo Wong. A security guard, Dr Lee, was sent there to guard it in case of his return, but he has cleverly escaped many times by “evaporating”. He also has several disguise names, such as “Den Den” and “Adem”. Quite ingenious.

MARVIS LEUNG is an extremely optimistic person, well, he tries to be optimistic, or more literally speaking, he tries to want to be optimistic. He is full of sarcasm and his writings bring out the worst in practically everything. He doesn't see the point in being positive and despises almost everyone in his life. His teachers always find a way to make him miserable, which they succeed in most of the time. But at the end of the day, he is still the one to blame as he triggers all the people under the sun single-handedly while not knowing it, and up to this day (the day you're reading this), he is still not on good terms with his adversaries. When he tries to be optimistic, he fails miserably and goes back to being depressed. But hey, at least he still has his buddies in the detention room – oh wait. He doesn't have any friends. Now he has given up on writing this thing and has decided to go on and try to be a normal and non-idiotic person.

ALEX WONG is one of the last survivors in the English Enhancement Class. Throughout the year, the English Enhancement Class has been smaller and smaller, from 12 to 7 people (he'll be the last one!). He is lucky to stay in the group for the entire year and study English with Dr Lee. He likes to read and write stories and poems in his free time but hates to do presentations or speeches in public. Although he is shy, he enjoys English and loves to learn more enhanced English in the future.

ISAAC TIN is a member of the English Enhancement Class. He has been called as a "field chicken" since a billion years before. He has been thrown to this English-enhancing dungeon as a punishment for not being able to read a single Harry Potter book since it is full of wriggly, magickish words. Unfortunately, he has also been punished to live forever with a rather small (RATHER small) height by Zeus for tricking him by buying all his precious Percy Jackson books but not reading any of them. He enjoys "praising" his teachers with this wonderfully hard-to-master-skill called poetry. He has tried all ways, but a "free verse" seems to be the best option, mainly because of its easiness.

Ying Wa Primary School

