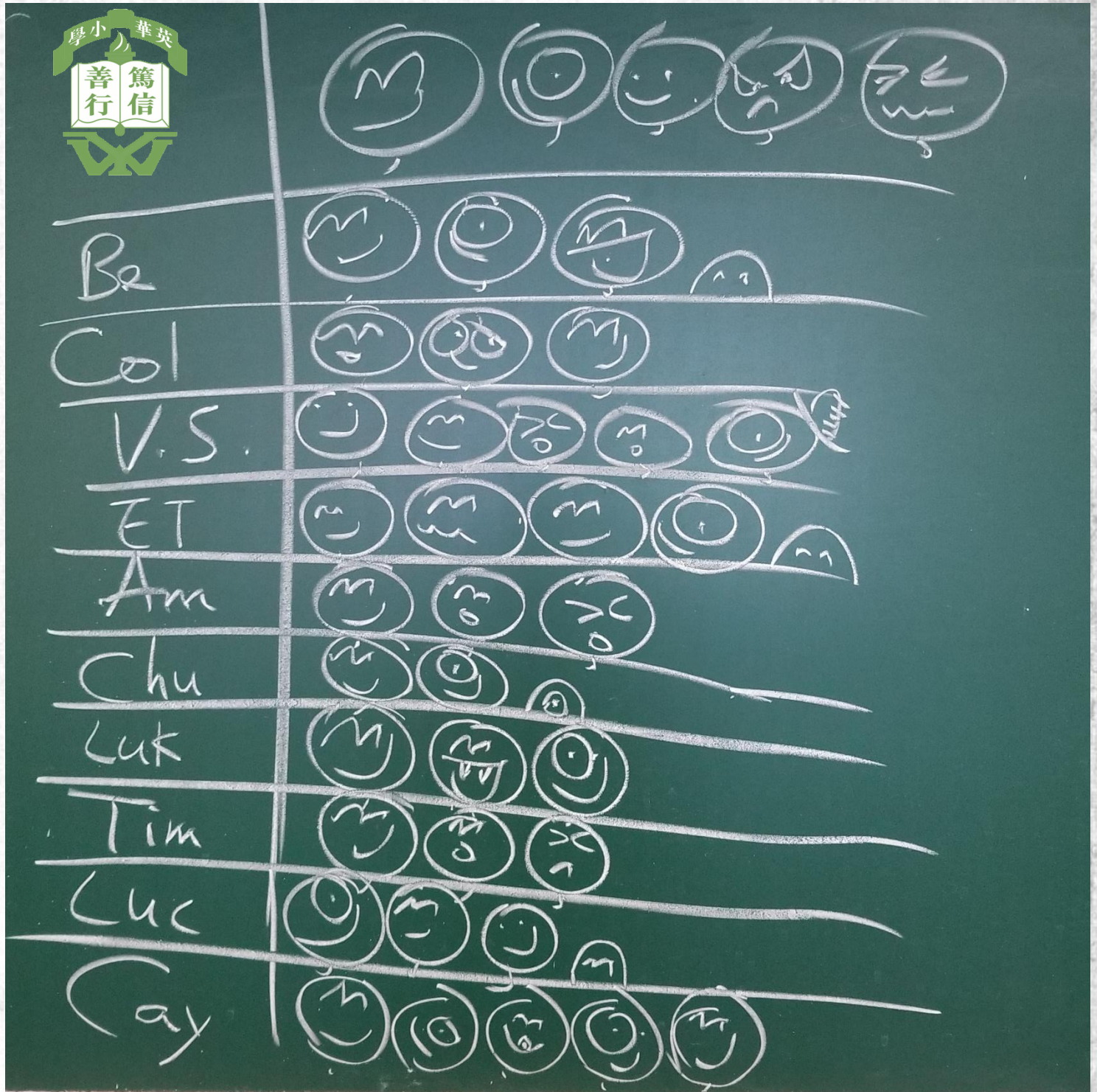


# ACE

English Enhancement Edition 2018



2017-2018 P.6 English Enhancement Class

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## Foreword – Ace to Play

*Ace* is a journal which I adore,  
these brilliant pieces make me ask for more.  
Magical prose, family verse,  
haibun, essay, and more stunning works.

Playing with perspectives, how about that?  
Feet and hair, insects and jets.  
Days in wars gives a moving mood;  
light and shadow in the dark dark woods.

Similes, metaphors, more expressive skills.  
Writing sad plots, no one needs to kill.  
These enhancement boys have gone through complex paths,  
quizzes cause their moaning until drama starts.

A year has passed and the course concludes;  
diamonds are polished like texts in BALLOONS<sup>1</sup>.  
Good works deserve a great home to stay;  
*Ace* is the journal where words can sing and play.

(*Ace* is the journal which we produce with grace!)

Dr Ho Cheung LEE

June 2018

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<sup>1</sup> BALLOONS Lit. Journal is a literary magazine students in the Enhancement Class use as a reading material.

## In the Airport

Luke Cheung 6B

Today is the day,  
That we put down all our work,  
Stop being a working fay,  
Not making our boss lurk.

My family and I, happily,  
Went to the boarding place, quickly.  
But we didn't see any planes.  
Or the airport staff Jane.

There was no plane I could see,  
Only the bright sun trying to flee.  
Passengers walking through the passage.  
Mum and Dad pacing in rage.

At last the passage door closed.  
My sister was picking her nose.  
As she really didn't know  
Our 'plane' has disappeared in a glow.



## The Unwanted Visitors

Chu Tin Hang 6B

They try to sneak in houses,  
They try to sneak in homes.  
For they are cunning creatures,  
So we are not alone.

They move as quick as rockets,  
They're hard to spot indeed.  
You'd think the root's demolished,  
But they appear like weeds.

Mum screamed with tears like sirens,  
And she was driven insane.  
The food and drinks got dirty,  
And ruined my ham from Spain!

My dad had sprayed some liquid.  
The villains he'd all slain.  
As whoops and yays had sounded,  
My home's in peace again!



## A Treasure Found

Ian Kim 6B

To kill time,  
I had a treasure hunt at home  
With my cousin.  
As I was looking under my bed,  
I found a photo  
Of a woman carrying a baby.

A familiar face,  
With gentle tender eyes.

Staring at the baby  
In this frozen moment of time  
Many yesterdays popped up in my head,

A big hand to the Lion King show,  
A gentle touch on my forehead,  
A hug on the first day of school.

In the blink of an eye,  
Lines developed on the lady's forehead,  
Time never stops, never goes back,  
You can use it, but not touch it,

Tick-Tock,  
Tick-Tock.

The tide goes up and down,  
The sparrows migrate,  
But time does not stop when we need it,  
But for us to treasure  
Every moment with our loved ones.



## Roads and Journeys of Life

Timothy Lam 6B

Life is one long journey,  
There's no need to hurry.  
Just walk along the road,  
And look at the beauty bestowed.

Sometimes you get detours,  
But you end up being more mature.  
So never give in,  
Because you'll grow up within.

Road never seem to end,  
But that's okay my friend.  
'Cuz if you keep on fighting,  
You're going to be the one shining.

Don't let yourself feel frustrated;  
Your effort wouldn't be wasted.  
Never be overcome by sorrow,  
Since there's always tomorrow.



## Feet

Bernard Ng 6C

Feet

worn out

after a day's work

Walk'n run'n scuttle'n

or more

Every...every...day...(sob!)

feet do

Being wrapped in shoes

and socks

To be mocked by the body

is their salary

To be smelly or not to be

isn't the feet's question

But their master's

To wash or not to wash

Why not the hands to walk?

Unfairness

Why does feet have

to be foul-smelling

but not the hands?

Feet is the principal of the body

to make it MMOOOVVE

No Feet

The body "BOOOOOO"

Therefore

My Feet told me

They aren't just principals

but also have a principle:

To Make the Hands Walk

but Not the Feet (or shoes)

to be Smelly or Mucky

(and Muddy)





## Fighting for Hair

Timothy Lam 6B

Every time you walk past a salon  
Thinking what hairstyle you want the most,  
Do you feel the fear from the end of your hair?

They wail in agony,  
Wincing while the  
Ruthless,  
Evil scissors  
Cut through their ends.

They do so much for you,  
Blocking the sunlight,  
Keeping dust out of your scalp,  
And yet you feel nothing.  
When they whimper from the pain?

Why should our friends be tortured anymore?  
Cut that out! (I mean, DON'T!)





## [Haibun]

Cayden Wong 6C

The wind came first. They swooped through the darkness, dancing with the branches, whistling in its high-pitched tone. Swirling around the countless looming trees. Small beams of light from somewhere high above, struggling and failing to peek through the army of swaying wooden structures. Alone in the deep dark forest. The cold comes to you, graceful and beautiful. Alone. Standing alone in darkness, knowing what to do. All you did was to walk towards the trees, the darkness. To embrace the wind. To see the light.

Nighttime –  
the cold wind sings  
a hollow song



[Haibun]

Vincent Song 6C

A dimly lit path. As I chased the last slivers of sunray, wandering through a path of blood-stained dirt. I bathed myself in the fading light, treading on the soft soil, watching the red disappear with each step, like ruthlessly crushed jewels. High up, the moon hung solitarily. Away from the sun, forsaken. The woods didn't bother to give way for me to creep through. Ghostly, jagged branches hang carelessly from the sides. I found myself listening to the meaningless whispers of an evening wind. Solemn. Unsounded despair. The world seemed to stretch into nothingness in front of me. An aimless walk, an unanswered call.

silencer  
of the fading, fading...  
an echo

## A Long-lost Father

Amos Tsai 6C

“Bang, Bang, Bang!” the sound of gunshots rent the air. “Assemble and retreat, squadron 1!” I yelled as we started to lose the advantage against the enemy’s merciless fire. It was WWII. Why do people always try to kill each other? That question was why I secretly formed the Armoni ring, meaning “harmony” in Turkish, a spy movement dedicated to stop war and defeat who we thought were provoking the war – the Germans. The problem was, the Germans also had their own secret police. And we were not able to defeat them.

“Pow, Pow!” Our soldiers returned fire as we retreated, a few Germans falling, blood streaming. We tried to shed as little blood as possible – most of our bullets were rubber-but the Germans didn’t give us much choice.

“ARGHHH!” Gregorvoska and Chairovski, my best friends, fell beside me as I crouched, blood spurting from a series of holes stitched across their chests. My mother was dead. My father was missing. And now my best friends? Crazed with anger, any thought of forgiving or peace driven from my mind, I shot my revolver again and again, desperate to avenge them all – not just Mom and my friends, but also for all those I had seen dead on the battlefield. But before I could reload, a wickedly sharp dagger dug into my sternum, stinging like bees. “I don’t think so,” the Nazi said in heavily accented English.

We were march into the enemy’s camp at gunpoint. Silent, menacing soldiers twisted our hands behind our backs and shackled our wrists. They tossed us into stone cells full of the scent of blood. I was more full of hate than ever by now, but I couldn’t do anything about it. I sobbed in despair.

The following day, masked troopers hauled us out. I followed them down a corridor, brimming with lust for revenge. It wasn’t until that I bumped into my guard that I noticed that I was in a white, padded room. A man sat behind a desk. He was weirdly familiar, but I refused to believe that I knew him. He was probably the boss of the Nazi secret police – the organization that killed so many of my friends. I loathed him with all my heart.

“Fuhrer, die gefangenen,” the soldier bowed respectfully.

“Freilassung,” the man replied.

No this can’t be possible, I shouted in my mind as he spoke. A shock rippled through me. I did know him, but the evil leader couldn’t possibly be...

“Timothy, I am your father,” the man in the middle of the room said quietly, almost as if he was rueful to say so.

“No!” I struggled against the obvious truth, but I could not stop myself leaping into his arms. The guards behind me shouted, but I didn’t care. “Papa...”

“Sonny,” he replied gently. Dad smelled like the mountains, where I spent my childhood. He smelled like the wooden cottage where the three of us called Chalupa. He smelt and felt like home. Tears began rolling down my cheeks.

I thought about my mother, and I burst into tears. My mom. My dog, Carl. Gregorvoska and Chairovski. My fallen spies. My beautiful homeland. All gone. All destroyed by war. I didn’t hate my dad for killing us, I knew he was forced to do so. By war. I didn’t hate the Germans; we had all killed each other, hence I don’t think we’re any better than them. I hated hate itself. I hated vengeance. I hated war. And it had to stop.

“Dad, we both have power now. Why don’t we resist fighting? We can do it. I know we can.” I whispered softly, looking into Dad’s eyes. “This carnage has to stop.”

Dad smiled lightly. The twinkle in his eyes, which were maimed by war, returned. “We’ll try.”

## Adventure in Beijing

Lucas Lam 6C

““**Y**awn...” Alexis yawned and woke up. He was in a hotel, with his teammate Sam in the same room in Beijing. When he was awake, he patted Sam on the shoulder. “Wake up!” he said.

Sam replied, “Just a few more minutes...” Then he went to sleep again soundly.

Alexis shook him until his brain almost fell out. “I said, WAKE UP!” Finally, Sam woke up groggily. Just then, they found a parchment on the desk of their room. It said, “Put the pearl in the Confucius Temple, then you will have eternal peace.” The two boys’ eyes lit up instantly. They were about to go on an adventure!

They rode on a bus with their classmates in P.6 and went to the Great Wall. After 30 minutes on the bus, Sam started to snore. However, Alexis found a note in the gap of two seats. The note was written like this. 1. GREAT WALL, 2. FORBIDDEN CITY, 3. BIRD’S NEST STADIUM and also 4. CONFUCIS TEMPLE. These letters were very common for Alexis, “But who wrote it?” he thought. When he was still deep in thought, the bus had arrived at the Great Wall. He quickly hid the note and the parchment into his pocket and when he almost got out of the bus, he saw Sam still snoring. He, again, shook Sam out of his trance. Sam plopped on the floor and said, “Pull me up the Great Wall then.” Alexis sighed. He dragged the fat Sam up the stairs of the wall while Sam was still in a coma. After a long walk and a “tug-of-war” practice, he found a note again with the same type of block letters. It was written like: “Congrats! You found the true location of the clue. Here’s another one: the treasure box with the pearl inside is in one of these locations: The Forbidden City, the Bird’s Nest Stadium and the Aviation Museum. Good luck!”

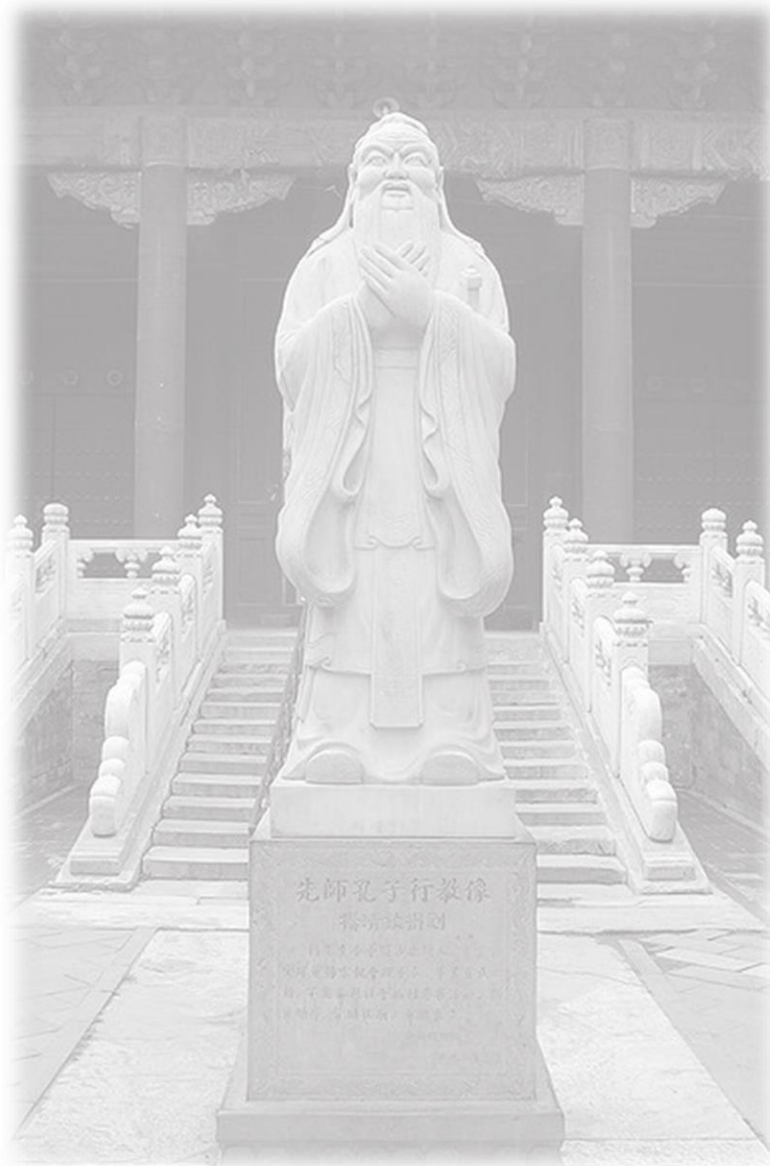
It was a very normal thing to Alexis, but when he saw a smaller note hidden under the big note, he froze in shock. It said, “Find the average of 2 to 6 and divide it by 2.” He was the weakest in maths, so Sam helped him solve it. “It is 2. The Forbidden City!” Then he slept again.

When the bus drove to the site, Alexis and Sam (who was not sleeping now) thought about the notes and the quest they were on. When they were about to sleep (because they’re tired), the bus stopped. They trotted around the building, but they saw some weird things. There was an old emperor going out of his working place in the City. When the emperor noticed them, he called them to come to him. The emperor whispered, “You two are the chosen ones. Take this box and go to the



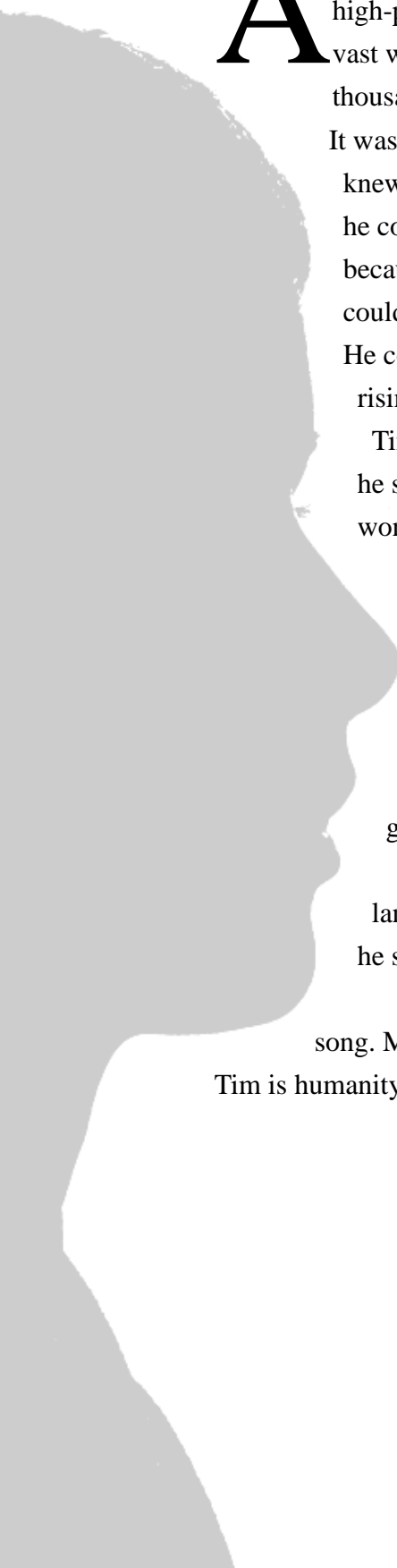
Confucius Temple.” He vanished when Alexis blinked. They asked the teachers to go to the toilet; they used this opportunity to slip away to the Confucius Temple. On the way, they fidgeted with a golden glistening abacus lock. The emperor didn’t tell them the password! The abacus hid a note in one of the beads, but Alexis found it. It said, “The numbers that you saw in the previous notes. “They took all the notes out and unlocked the abacus lock with the password “1234262”, and they did it with confidence and ease.

They found the pearl inside and they put the pearl in front of the statue of Confucius. Suddenly, the pearl projected some words, “It doesn’t matter how slowly you go, as long as you do not stop.” Sam watched the words in awe and wailed, “Nooo!” He then fainted.



## Tim's Song

Vincent Song 6C



**A** rumbling sound came from the deepest parts of the ocean. Then came a high-pitched one. After that, a low pitch. It shook the entire ocean, for so vast was its powers. Out came it from a creature in a deep chasm, a few thousand years old. At that time, a lonely man walked the earth...

It was dusk. Tim picked a few apples from the nearby tree. As far as he knew, he didn't have a parent, or parents. And he didn't need one. In fact, he could've lived all his life alone without the accompany of others. All because of his song. He'd discovered his powers long ago. Singing. He could create beautiful or sad melodies, sending powers through the words. He could control the thoughts of other animals, the tide of the rivers, the rising of the sun, and even the flow of time and death.

Tim spoke the language of Mother Nature, of the entire cosmos. And as he sat that day, crunching on his apples and staring at the sunset, he wondered what his powers could still do. He opened his mouth, and out came the most spectacular music the universe had ever beheld. Full of joy and sadness, full of wonder and fear, full of bitterness and sweetness, full of longingness and regret. Things slowly started to change. The trees were bent, the sky turned emerald green, the moon hung high up with the sun, every living creature started to float. Space itself was warped and time was slowed. Water started to gather at the shallow areas, starting to form oceans.

Tim closed his eyes. With one last sound, he ended his song. He landed into the ocean, slowly transforming into a whale. And in the sea he swam, for thousands and thousands of years.

Tim's song, at least, the modern version, was also known as the whale song. Maybe it was still Tim singing it, who knows? But one thing is sure – Tim is humanity.

## English is...

Vincent Song 6C

Earth. The brown earth we tread on and hurry forward,  
and on every heel, leading to adventure.

Air. The unseen existence of it all around us,  
and in every corner, peeking into ourselves.

Fire. The one unique that enables us to conquer the world,  
and at any time, converting into power.

Water. The essential we rely on like a snail to its shell,  
and for anyone, occurring as the unleaveable.

English. The combination of them all,  
and in any sense, being a world in miniature.



## The Test

Ethan Chan 6C

**T**he machine stirred awake as Peter – an inventor pressed the switch. “Tst...Tst...” He was testing his newest invention – the quick printer, said to print anything out in 5 seconds. Inserting a piece of A4 paper into its gaping mouth, he selected a long, 1000-word document from his computer.

“I hope this works...”

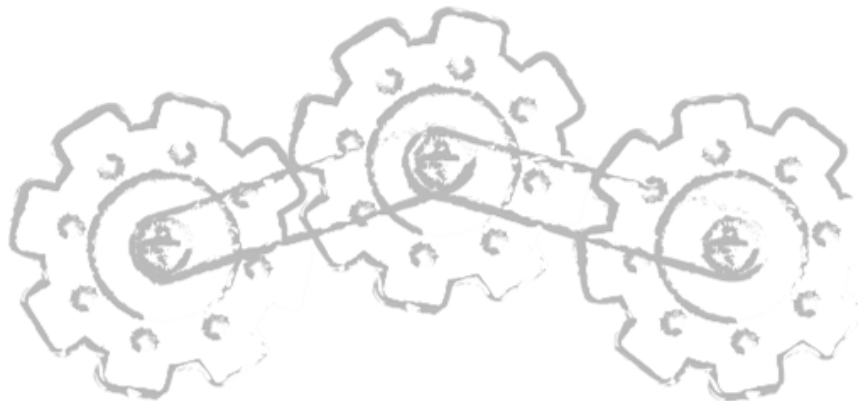
In front of him was the button that would decide the fate of this “extraordinary” machine – to be brought to public, glory and fame, or to be incinerated with all of the failed prototypes. Then... with trembling hands, he pressed it.

Like a hungry dog, the printer swallowed the sheet in an instant. Shaking and whining in almost a sense of agony, steam was protruding out of it. Peter shield his arms in front of him, bracing for the explosion – which never happened. Instead, there was a hissing sound as if a snake was trapped in the printer, and more steam gushed out, plus it spewed out ash – the remains of what was formerly a piece of paper.

Peters’ determination had melted for a moment.

“Well...that escalated quickly.”

One second later, he exhaled in disappointment, and sketched down some ideas for modifications, vanishing into the shadows of his workshop as always.



## Autumn

Colman Wong 6B

**A**utumn, third season of the year, known as fall in American and Canadian English, starts in September for the Northern Hemisphere and March for the Southern Hemisphere. It is the transition from summer to winter, when the duration of sunlight becomes shorter and the temperature drops.

At this time, insects (and humans) get ready for winter, ants stockpile food, bees stockpile nectar, etc. we humans start wearing sweaters, more clothes and drinking warm drinks.

Some cultures consider the autumn equinox as “mid-autumn”, whilst some others with longer temperature lag consider it the start of autumn. In the North America, it starts at the September equinox (21-24 September) till the winter solstice (21-22 December). Yet, in the Arctic and Antarctic circles. There is no such thing. It is just 24/7 daylight / no daylight there.

Yet, it is not just the difference of six months of the Northern/Southern Hemisphere 12 am in one place is different from 12 am in a place 160 km to the west.

Autumn and in extension the seasons and the Earth, is very fascinating. In autumn, leaves fall, insects stockpile on food, etc. But they start (and end) in different times.



## A Review of BALLOONS Lit. Journal Issue 7

Ambrose Young 6B

Even after I finished reading the whole book, I couldn't manage to put it down. I always wanted to read it again and again, never stopping. I was deeply impressed by most of the pieces' high quality. Here I will talk about the things I like and things that I don't in this issue – the seventh of BALLOONS Lit. Journal.

In all the poetry, art and story pieces, I like “Hammer and Nail” by Stephen Whiteside the most. The limerick, though short, was fun to read. The author plays with the meaning of “nail”, saying that the nail which the narrator struck was not a nail made of steel used to hold things up, but the nail on the tip of the narrator's fingers! Also, “Cinema”, “Zoom in Zoom out”, “A Stingray is Dying at Waratah Bay” has deep meanings that go into the readers' hearts. It really melts them too.

The quality of the literature pieces is really very high. But the thing that surprises me is that some of the authors, poets and painters are still students, and this shows that the next generation – our generation – didn't forget literature in this fast changing, money-minded world. “Assassin”, “Who Am I”, “Whale's Dream” and “Baby Shoes” are examples of these.

As for the things that I don't like...well, I think the journal is so wonderful that I nearly couldn't find something I hate. But there is one, and that is “Raspberry Rain”. To me, it is too disorganized. I like reading organised and meaningful poems, but this piece is exactly the opposite. With the strange combination of words, this poem is not a pleasure for me to read.

But generally, the journal is a huge success. I recommend that you read it on your own. Remember that the journey of literature is never-ending!



## B-A-L-L-O-O-N-S = Balloons? (A Review of BALLOONS Lit. Journal Issue 7)

Cayden Wong 6C

Outstanding. Another great magazine named none other than – BALLOONS. B-A-L-L-O-O-N-S. What's the meaning, why this title? Well, I'm gonna tell you, so don't quit reading!

### B

A boat carrying you forth to the land of literature, bringing you to marvel the wonders and colors of it. Or, is it waiting for a boat to get away from the lighthouse, the mad piano man? Ohhh! Maybe looking at...a stingray dying at Waratah Bay? Or is it the boat that brings you away from your father, the cinema, and old memories?

### A

Accurately giving all kinds of people literature that they love and deserve. Or, will it be the hunch that gives you accuracy while betting at the Yankee's Raceway? Will it be the silent assassins with blue topaz eyes? Or can it be the art that you get lost in?

### L, L

Literature itself, of course! But would it be something different like a lightning storm? Or could it be liars who claim themselves to be good people?

### O, O

Outstanding journey to the world of literature. But would it be the old man who sleeps in the adjoining room with his wife? Or can they be the odd ducks who communicate through music? But maybe it would be Oscar, the teddy bear who got lost!

### N

The need to read the wonderful pieces in this magazine. Which may also happen to be the nail/thumb being hammered, or – notice the raspberry rain?

### S

Last of all, but not the very least, S stands for SUPERB, my best feeling about this magazine! A superb experience, which really sends you ballooning upward with joy, sadness, excitement, anger, hatred as you look at different stories, long and short, new and old. A very enjoyable experience.

## About the Authors

**CAYDEN WONG**, a current student in Primary Six at Ying Wa Primary School, (though not for very long now) has been interested in writing, captured by its creativity and beauty since he began reading. He has set his hopes up to become a writer of many books in the future, and he is already (yet to be) a renowned writer. He is also constantly inspired and mystified by the way that life works, (for example: Why does his neighbour constantly punch him when he is quite a large boy?) and wants to express his questions out to the world in future works. He is also a hater of the instrument cello because it was forced upon him to the responsibility of playing this instrument and doing it well.

**LUKE CHEUNG**, a boy in the English Enhancement (ENH) Class for two years, has a friendship problem with Timothy Lam, also in this class, in his last days of primary school life. He is also a student who got the last in English one time when he was in Primary One. Fortunately, his English has become better and he is in the 2017-2018 YWPS Drama and Debate teams. Luke has never gotten an A grade in any poem in the ENH class but he is quite good in Quatrain poems. Talking about daily life, Luke basically reads Chinese Wuxia novels but we don't know why he is in the ENH. He hates video games and likes raging on Whatsapp. He has many friends. He is a quiet boy at most times but when he's on stage, he is a different person. He has a great passion in English and hopes to be an inventor in the future.

**IAN KIM**, an 11-year-old schoolchild at this time of writing, is a student of Ying Wa Primary School's English Enhancement Class of 2017-2018 with eleven other students who are being taught by Dr. Lee. He delves into many different kinds of martial arts as well as writing stories and essays but not so well on poetry. He also likes to read and do speech and drama. He got first place twice in the Hong Kong Speech Festival.

**AMOS TSAI** is an 11-year-old kid who loves writing and eating chocolate. He has been honoured with the Hong Kong Young Writers Awards, though he sucks at poetry. He was originally terrible at writing, but an evil genius stole his brain for experiments and put another stolen brain back in his head. (Fortunately, Amos' current brain used to belong to Charles Dickens.) He believes that reading and writing are what made him a good writer, even though his original brain was too stupid for that. When Amos isn't busy writing stories, doodling on notebooks or learning new



languages, he can be found sitting snugly on the couch with a good book and a steaming cup of hot chocolate.

**BERNARD NG**, 12-year-old, is a little squirt who has just retired from the Enhancement Workhouse. He is lucky to have not more than five extra writings known as “A-list writing” (because he was humble). He is an animal lover who always gets his writing ideas from his little adorable dog. He is also keen on Japanese and has been learning it for three years. He hopes the tradition of A-list can pass down and become a daily habit of students in Ying Wa Primary School.

**ETHAN CHAN**, a typical 12-year-old boy who likes to chill and enjoy himself by reading his favourite Rick Riordan fiction books. What’s special about him? Well, he’s in the English Enhancement Class which he likes doing improvised dramas. As a pass-time act, he remakes pop music with other cellists in the Ying Wa Senior Orchestra. Near the end of this school year, he’s hooked on origami, and is currently giving away free paper dragons to his classmates. Anyone for pre-orders?

**CHU TIN HANG** is a 12-year-old person currently living in Hong Kong. He is an all-time favourite on Dr Lee’s “kidnapping list”. As a member of the Debate Team, he prefers writing persuasive essays to stories. He is currently persuading his parents to buy him more games for his Nintendo Switch (He wants all games starting with “Mario!”).

**COLMAN WONG** is a 12-year-old Homo sapiens who is addicted to video games. He plans to be a YouTuber and a coder. Despite his “dreams”, he is studying in Ying Wa Primary School and is a member of the English Enhancement Class, taught by the incredible Dr. H C Lee. Also, he is begging his mother to buy an Alienware 15 laptop – which costs HKD 19,999. He doesn’t care because that PC has good specs!

**AMBROSE YOUNG** is a genius to some people. But in fact, his grades aren’t so good. At school, he prefers speaking English, but at home he speaks Cantonese. He craves eggs, but he is still a little short compared to some of his friends or colleagues. He likes studying WWII history and knows that Mussolini is a crazy maniac. He also likes planes and models and the two of them combined (for the lazy readers, the two of them combined makes model planes!). If you plan to give him a present, it better be one of those. In his free time, he reads, plays SimCity, draws maps and planes or writes – In English. He lives currently in Hong Kong but will immigrate to Toronto, Canada very soon.

**LUCAS LAM** had taken the award of the 64<sup>th</sup> Speech Festival Winner. He plays table tennis, plays video games and reads books in his spare time. He is a book collector with exactly 108 books of the Geronimo Stilton series. He likes writing about his (fake) adventures with Jonathan, his big brother. Secret: he likes scratching his bottom (shhh! Don't tell him!)! He is in the P.6 English Enhancement Class of Ying Wa Primary School.

**TIMOTHY LAM** is an unreasonably good-looking 12-year-old Homo sapien born in Hong Kong. He is currently in the YWPS P.6 English Enhancement Class, but somehow has a bad impression of A-list (Dr Lee's programme of extra writing assignments to "award" students who screw up). He has a passion to music (namely the saxophone), books and poetry. He wrote 68 words for this entire passage (according to Google Document).

**VINCENT SONG** is a 12-year-old school kid who believes that no A-list (an untypical homework assignment scheme invented by his English Enhancement Class teacher) would make the world better! He feels constricted in the city, and therefore has a tendency to go wild. He likes to watch FIFA, study physics, programme computers, design things, and travel around the world. He also likes writing, which started because of an inspiring dream that made him create his first story. He admits that life without chili would be flavourless. And when he's not doing anything mentioned above, he's sleeping.

*-Notes-*

# Ying Wa Primary School

WATCH THIS VIDEO

