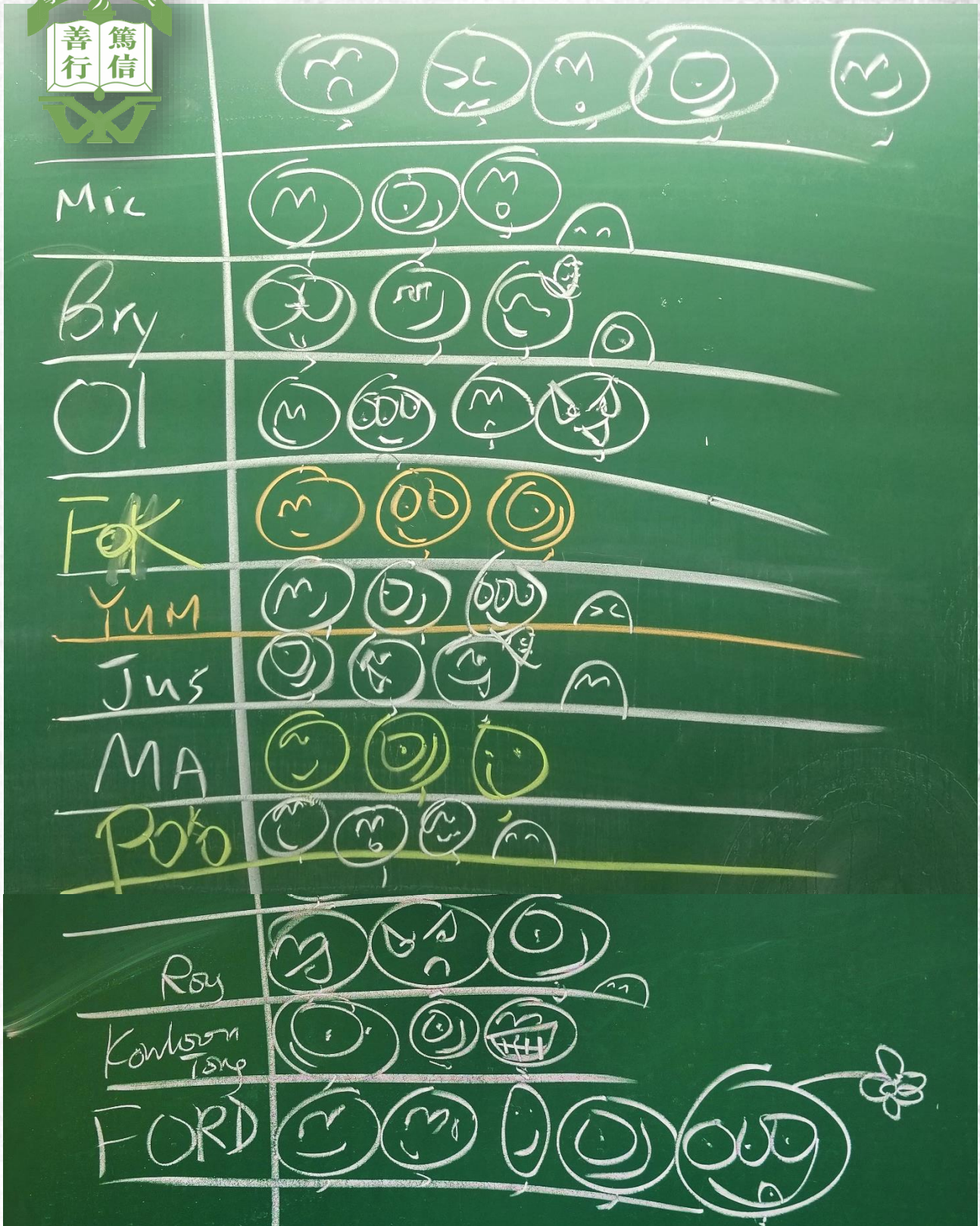


ACE

English Enhancement Edition 2019



2018-2019 P.6 English Enhancement Class



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Foreword

Streaks of Light

What a time to publish a journal like this.
Dark clouds diffusing, the town in mist.
But this is exactly why literature matters –
We see in perspectives; we think it over.

It's a mere coincidence,
If it's of any relevance,
That this little book is filled with dark forces
Even with works handpicked from ample choices.

These young writers moaned from school scenes
To global issues; they're not even teens!
They cared about relationships, life and death.
Reading their works, I had to hold my breath.

This year's over and the boys have grown.
Serious learning has settled in their bones.
Streaks of light sometimes visited though,
To free us from burdens, like these lines below:

“Mona Lisa fell down!” yelled a janitor.
“Ask her to get up!” I'd say if I were the manager!
And the line to put the geniuses to shame –
“Playing is more important than games.”

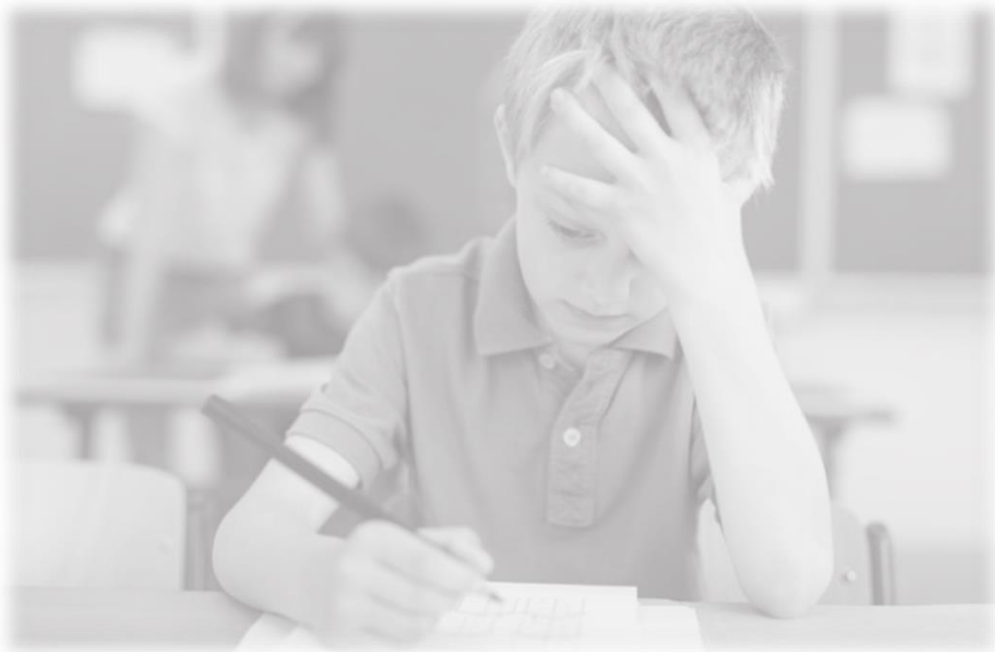
Please don't mind if the above made little sense,
This verse is only for the eleven boys, no offense!

Dr Ho-cheung Lee
June 2019, Hong Kong

The Exam

Bryan Choy 6C

Nervous mothers
Tired children
Exercise hills
Exam looming
Teachers screaming
Students sitting
Pens flying
Scribbled paper
Words written
Sighs heard
Results out
Angry mothers
Disappointed teachers
Sad pupils
Tired mothers
Nervous children



A New Girl in Class

Roy Chan 6E

“Say hi to Wendy, 6E!” Ms Peters announced, a small girl trailing behind her.

“Hello,” we chorused, our attention not on Ms Peters, but the small girl.

The girl must have known we were staring at her, but she didn’t show it. She only stood there, twirling one of her braids like nothing mattered to her.

“Wendy, dear, you’ll be sitting next to Jeremy,” Ms Peters told the girl, who slowly shuffled to the empty seat next to me. I offered a friendly smile, but Wendy just stared at me as if I had gone mad.

Later that day, I found Wendy sitting by herself, muttering something over and over. Walking closer, I overheard she was memorizing a bus route! The strange thing was, she didn’t even ride the bus with the same route!

After a few weeks, I had had enough. After school, I had said to Ms Peters, “I don’t mean to be rude, but is there something wrong with Wendy? She’s been acting very weirdly. Last week, I found Wendy repeating the same maths question over and over again. The thing was, it was a maths question we learnt in Primary Three...”

Ms Peters replied with a sigh, “Wendy is diagnosed with autism. She doesn’t know how to communicate with others and is constantly submerged in her own world. Just be nice to her, okay?”

I nodded, but I never got the chance to be nice to Wendy. She left days later. But even now I can still remember her – Wendy, the new girl in class.



A Special Boy in My Class

Poko Lam 6E

“**D**ing-dong!” Bells rang and children went back to their classrooms. As I was going back to my class, I saw a boy who I hadn’t seen before following me.

Soon, I went back to my classroom. The boy also followed me. When we got in, our teacher, Mr Cheung, widened his eyes. He pointed at the boy and asked, “Are you Lawson Ma?”

The boy answered, “Yes, this is 6E, the class that you will be in for this month.”

My classmates were silently discussing about the new boy. I thought, “Maybe he is a friendly boy. I hope he will be good to everyone.”

Mr Cheung said, “Boys, be polite, this is Lawson Ma, our new classmate. He will be in this class for this month.”

Lawson introduced himself, “Hi! I am Lawson. I am eleven years old and I am from England. I will be here for a month.”

Mr Cheung appreciated his speech, “Very good, Lawson.” He pointed at the seat next to me. “Please take that seat.”

Lawson sat down next to me. Mr Cheung continued, “Okay, class, let’s turn to New Magic p.46. We will continue with our learning of past tense now.”

Mr Cheung started his boring lecture of Grammar. After a while, I stifled a yawn and my eyesight started to dim. I looked at Lawson. He looked hyper as if he just took a huge amount of caffeine. I was wondering about why he was like this. And then...

“Roar!” A very loud voice came. I fell off my chair. I managed a yelp and got back up. I saw that everyone’s eyes were fixed on Lawson who was running around and screaming at the top of his lungs. It was so loud that my ears rattled. I feared this loud sound my even shatter the glass.

Mr Cheung looked disoriented like he didn’t know what to do. Lawson was still running and screaming. Some classmates burst with laughter while some were discussing about Lawson. The whole class was in chaos.

“Ding-dong!” The recess bell rang. I thought, “Phew...saved by the bell.” Mr Cheung said, “Goodbye class!” And he went away.

During recess, things got worse. Lawson got into an argument with Jack, my other classmate. I went there just in time to see Lawson punching Jack in the mouth. Jack fell down. A white thing flew out of his mouth and I assumed it was a tooth. Blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

A teacher came in and whisked Lawson away. Jack was brought down to the medical room.

At lunch, things got even worse...

When we were eating lunch. Jack reported about Lawson's misbehavior at recess to our class teacher, Miss Mg. Then Lawson yelled, "He started it!" And he threw rice at Jack who was in front of him. Jack howled in furry and threw a piece of beef back. Lawson then spat a piece of chicken at Jack... And then the whole thing came out as a good fight. At last, Miss Mg had to bring the two down to change clothes and see the principal.

When Miss Ng came back up, she told us, "Boys, I know that Lawson caused quite a stir today, but I hope you can be considerate to him. Do you know why he caused all this? It is because he has attention deficit disorder, also known as ADHD. He moves a lot, talks a lot. I hope you can be kind to him."

After this, we were all kind and considerate to Lawson. We found out that he was a good person in his heart. We became friends.

A month passed. Lawson had to leave. This encounter with this special boy in my class in like a life lesson. I learnt how to be more considerate, friendly and kind to others. It made us learn a lot and I will not forget this.





The Earth

Jason Fok 6C

I'm a planet not far from the Sun. I was born during the "Big Bang" as Steven Hawking said and my family is the Solar system. I'm the extraordinary planet among the others as I got liquid water on my surface while others just have land.

But well, I was still a horrible fireball with lava and magma approximately 4.6 B.Y.A.¹ There were no living animals, and the whole planet was covered with ash and rocks, like a deadly haunted place.

Approximately 3.6 B.Y.A., I finally cooled down. My surface temperature was about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and liquid water finally wouldn't be water vapour. During this period, my friend, Moon was found. A fatal asteroid hit straight into my skin, and the rocks formed the Moon. He has been orbiting around me since then. Soon, my wish finally came true – organic life started to exist!

2.9 B.Y.A., Pongola glaciation occurred. My entire surface was frozen, and ice covered me utterly. I was freezing cold at that time. But because of that incident, I discovered oxygen on my surface. I could see clouds and also the Sun. It was a tremendous evolution.

Finally, after waiting for about 2.5 billion years, land plants and coral reefs appeared. They started producing oxygen and made me healthy and habitable. Soon, I got forests and mountains and land. Dinosaurs existed, and they ruled the whole planet. Then, mammals appeared gradually and my hatred animal, humans, existed. Till now, as they became active and intelligent, they polluted me badly, and I'm in critical danger.

I think in the future, I won't be like the one who was pretty and habitable. My mask will be torn; my lungs will start to have cancer; my heart won't be working anymore; water will drown me... just because of humans. I will be profoundly suffering in the future years.

As the Sun was still shining, I still won't be in the darkness. Humans, please stop.

¹ B.Y.A. = billion years ago

Before the Storm

Lawrence Ma 6C

Luke woke up in the middle of the night, startled by a huge wet wooden chunk that nearly hit his leg. He looked up to the soaking roof and got up. He started to walk on the partly flooded floor of his old wooden house, to the radio. He fiddled with the radio, desperately trying to get a signal. And in a blurry, muffled voice, the radio said, “A typhoon is striking at dusk. Beware of falling trees, floods and landslides.” After that, the radio went back to its static noise, and Luke was devastated.

He was a poor farmer. With the crops ruined by the midnight rain and vast grass plain with no trees to chop down, he had no way of getting money to buy planks or sandbags. So, what could he do in these few hours? He thought to himself – hope I don’t die? Run away? Scavenge some cover for myself? There were many thoughts and ideas popping up in his mind, and only his courage could help him survive.



The Classroom Ghost

Jonathan Ford 6E

“No!” I screamed, “Not Maths again!” Our Maths teacher was the most boring and tedious person you could ever meet. She went on repeatedly about mind-numbing concepts like “volume” and “capacity”, and “radius” and “circumference”. (I never heard my Maths teacher, or my parents, or anyone else use the words “radius” or “circumference” meaningfully, so why did we have to listen whilst they were taught?) Practically, I found my Maths teacher and her subject nothing but a nuisance!

One day last year, she was trying to teach us the art of something called “calculus”. Really! Primary Six students having to learn “calculus”? It’s slightly crazy isn’t it? There have to be far more exciting things to do than listening to my Maths teacher tell us how “y” equals “x” cubed (or something like that). Daydreaming, sleeping or even playing with my stationery seems far more exciting than listening to this.

Then, in the middle of the “calculus” lesson, it happened...

There was a strange, eerie, spooky feel in the classroom; I do not know how to describe it. The next moment, a table slowly flipped over. I looked in alarm at the moving table. Then a chair. Then another table. Then another chair. Then it dawned on me: there was a ghost in the classroom.

I heard students screaming. I sensed some were hiding. I saw others turning pale. At that juncture I felt sick. Then, an eraser started to rise up and return down the blackboard, rhythmically and deliberately, from left to right.

“No!” I shouted again, this time trying frantically to copy down some notes, but it was too late: the teacher’s explanations were gone. I felt sickened; surely this was not what I really desired in my head and my heart. Then, when I looked back up, I saw a message written on the board: “This is your consequence.”

“Stop daydreaming!” yelled my Maths teacher. In shock I looked at her, then looked at the board: no more explanations for “calculus”...

Later that day, we had a “calculus” quiz which I failed. Then I realised that the person who had removed my chance to score well in the quiz, and to learn “calculus”, was not a real ghost. It was just me, in daydreaming, ghost form.

I never successfully learnt calculus. I doubt I ever will.



Dead

Colin Tong 6C

The last time he came upon the bed, Chinese soup and a bouquet of flowers. Every time during the visit, he held tightly onto her hands, until both their knuckles were blotchy red and white. Her manicured fingers, her smile that could rival the sun, all turned into yesterday's dreams. Now cadaverous and ill, all she could hold on was his hand, the physical presence that remained.

The malignant and cancerous cells were a pain to behold. Every day keeping a vigil by the old woman's bed was a pain too, but it was irreparable. Yes, he remembered the nights when his mother had scared away the monsters in the closet and kissed him goodnight, cured his ravenous appetite by cooking for him every day, picked him up from school.

Shrieks resounded, and a posse of nurses rushed in spontaneously pushing the irrationally emaciated body out of the room, lifelessly liquefying. Beseeking voices dictating, alarms screeching and then luminous stars forming in her head before she went comatose.

He broke down disparagingly, bereavement eating at him relentlessly like a ragged doll. Lamenting at the injustice...

A fruitful spring, he came to a graveyard, searching for a long-lost spirit. A bouquet of flowers to reminiscence his mother. A bird chirped mellifluously and sonorously, the sound rattling the empty forest canopy, like his empty heart.

To the world she might be one person, but to a son a mother might be the world.

warmth desiccating
in the stained palette of tunes
memories linger...





Alone at the Corridor

Lo Yik Ming 6C

The sudden crack in the sky horrified him. He stared at the sky and held his breath. The storm outside was violent and had frightened him for many times.

For the first time in his life, he realized that he was alone now. In the heap of torn jeans and a ripped shirt, he sat alone with utter terror in the darkness. Long periods of harsh solitudes were swallowing him while sticking his back against the cold bricks, at the corner of the corridor, with the lightning being the only light source. The state of raw abandonment was slipping through his frozen fingers. The darkness was surrounding him, and the silence was echoing in his ears constantly. He could smell the floor as if it were wiped clean, and he could hear each ant crawling on the earth.

The school corridor was stuffy as usual, and the walls were scraped in places. The floor was slate grey. He looked at all the similar things at the corridor, trying to reduce the loneliness inside his heart. He remembered what he did every day at school, and the sleepiness started to whirl around him, ignoring the thunder...

Out of Love

Colin Tong 6C

It seemed implausible yet simple. The first day of school. Maybe a peck on the cheek? Or to accidentally bump into him in front of the lockers? Annie's excitement piqued; her heart was set a flutter.

The sleepy, the coffee-coloured hair, the silly grin, all belonged to a boy named Ethan, who was widely approached by boys and girls of the similar age. She thought once about having a date with him. Sweet, right? Or a love note? She paused on this and raised her eyebrows, deep in thought. Yes! Her mind was bombarded with questions and emblazoned with the faces of her Ethan. The next few days, she wore heavy makeup, a skirt, a sweater. It looked as if screaming for attention. And, plus a secret recipe her mother had made, for making a cake. A heart-shaped cake.

"Hi, Ethan." She tried to be casual, speaking more spontaneously and freely. Wait. The look on his eyes. No interest.

"Did you, uh, receive that note?" His eyes rolled backwards.

Erase the words, explain better, Annie thought. "Uh...well..."

"Annie, I've no time! Please." He backed away.

She fell to her knees like a dropped sack of rice. Annie broke into a disparaging sob, until her chest hurt from heaving. Her heart crashed. She looked at the frayed recipe Ethan had refused to keep. Just the first day of school. It hadn't finished. She held up the dog-eared recipe.

It never said how, or why, to love.



The Maybot Speaks

Jonathan Ford 6E

“Will I let Britain leave the European Union...?”

Listen here Mr Barnier,
I don't care what you think...
And Messrs Tusk and Juncker too,
You're really just Eurocrats (wink, wink).

Brexit is Brexit,
Understand and be told,
My red lines are sacrosanct,
Do not cross my threshold.

Because I am the Maybot,
No one can argue with what I say,
That's my biggest advantage,
I practise it myself all day.

And if everything is against me,
I keep myself simple and pure (!),
I may seem to stuff up always,
But I'm not fooling you, I'm sure.

An election lost is a mere trifle,
A P45 nothing to shout about,
Defeat after defeat is simply what happens,
Before the Maybot wins the last bout.

One future day I know will come,
Eventually I will have to resign,
But by then the damage will be done,
And you and I will be wonderful and fine...

“Because we Remainers... will have won...!”



A Tree's Life

Michael Leung 6E

I was a young tree. Short and thin. Humans loved to play with me. They would sit on my branches or rest under my leaves. All was fine.

Then, I started to see more and more cars along the streets. Smoke came out from them. I coughed sometimes. But except that, all was still fine.

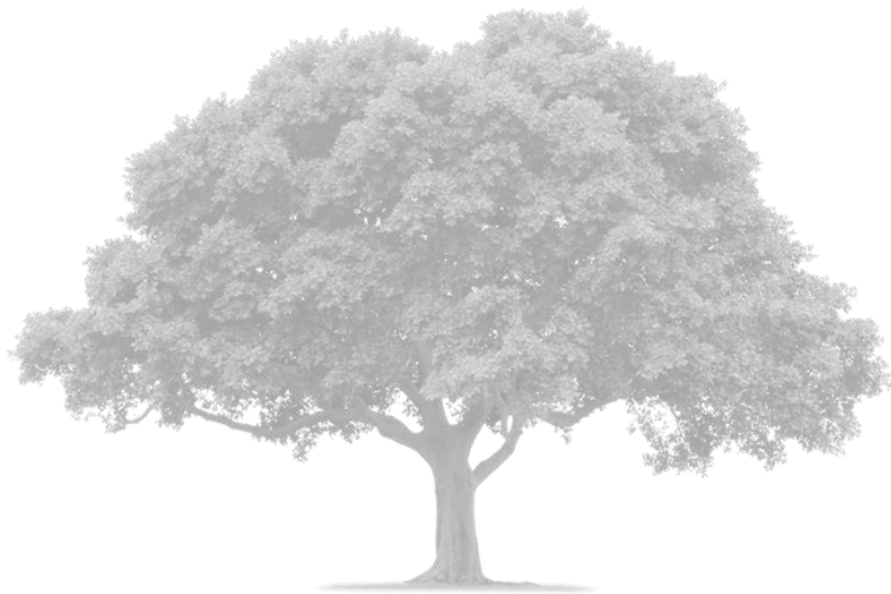
More humans came to the park and played with me after a year when the park became a popular tourist spot. I was happy. Everyone was too.

After that, things went wrong pretty quickly. I noticed that a lot of my friends were disappearing!

One day, I saw a bunch of humans carrying weird metal blades and used them to chop one of my friend's branches off! He screamed for help but there was nothing I could do except watching. I watched with horror as my friend lost all his limbs, then his body. All of him, was gone.

Then, that weird smoke that came from cars began to spread a lot quicker and everywhere you looked, there it was. I began to cough way much more than before.

Finally, the day came. The men carrying blades came back again. I knew what they were going to do. I looked around at the place I called home for fifty years. All the trees, plants, were gone. In place were some towering gray buildings and factories. I would be sent to a paper-making workshop. I took a deep breath and prepared for it.



Brownie

Justin Yip 6C

Once I was a year old. The year when my friend, the little boy, bought me from a smelly shop to the brightly lit fragrant house. The boy was my best friend. He played with me every day, from morning till night.

Once I was three, the boy started going to school. He learnt that I was called a dog, and he named me Brownie. He had made new friends and played with me at last. But I was still his friend. I ran with him in the new garden that the boy's father had planted and went on walks with him, in an area which they called a park.

Once I was five, the boy, James, I had learnt, came home one day. I heard him tell his father, "Dad, someone stole my pencil case today!" I went up to him, wagging my tail. He suddenly buried his face in my fur, using my fur as the towel. I looked at him and tried to make him feel better, and then, he laughed! He said to me, "Brownie! What are you doing, it's so itchy!"

In the future, I know he won't be my friend anymore. He'll get married, have kids and go to play with them. He'll forget me, I'll be a speck of dust in his eyes. But I won't – I won't leave him. He is mine, as long as I still have blood in my veins and air in my lungs.



A Reflective Narration of a Piano

Colin Tong 6C

When I was made, I was poised on a platform with all sorts of miscellaneous tools. Encrusted in onyx black metal and strings that covered my frame, my excitement piqued; the happiness set my heart aflutter. Soon my fastidious workers had made me perfect and printed the words “Steinway and Sons”. I was opulently embellished by the best strings and metal and paint, and I exuded the touch of vintage glamour. I was a piano.

I was pushed onto a big van and was transferred to an old man’s house. He smiled benevolently at me. Awestruck by my grandeur, he gushed and marvelled at my beauty. Oh, how I wept with joy! I had finally found my dream master. He began playing an extract from Beethoven’s concerto. Then, he played the well-tempered clavier from Bach. That lovely sound serenaded the whole room. This was my life. The world of music. The world of joy.

Years and years flew by. I didn’t age with time; neither was I covered in dust or fingerprints. I was resplendent and luxurious. One day, people came and took me. In a befuddled state of confusion, I deigned that it was the best chance to escape. But I was pushed into a van. After a few hours, the van halted and I was pushed into a great hall. It seemed that my owner was lending me out for a music festival. That night, somebody played the piano and a woman sang at the concert. I loved her singing. She sang with full-throated ease. In any way, the music was eccentric. When I concluded, the singer’s voice plunged on the last note. There was applause from the rapturous audience. Oh, how could I forget that night?

One day, I was sold to a music company. I longed for another owner who would take me back to his home. Alas, one day, somebody stopped by my side. Dressed in a T-shirt emblazoned with robots and superman, he bawled, “Mummy! I want this piano! Mummy...” He pounded on me mercilessly. His vice-like grip on the keyboard was no deterrence to my fragility. I could not ease out my tension. I felt so bad. This obnoxious boy, without doubt, was the lowest class of pianists. I wanted to cry, but I didn’t. My grimace remained fixed like a gargoyle. I couldn’t believe my luck. Oh, how I wept with sorrow!

Soon, I was wheeled to the entrance of the shop and into a drab gray carpark. My face turned maroon. I knew that my fate was going to be a horrible one. Maybe I would be sold again. Perhaps I would be unwanted next year. By chance some well-bred gentleman would buy me again. But those are only thoughts. The next moment, I heard the door open and I was carried out.

BALLOONS²

Jonathan Ford 6E

To like ‘it’, or not to like ‘it’: that is the question.

Now, before I confuse you completely, I am not talking about the multi-coloured delights that grace every children’s party, happily floating off on the wind to shrieks of wonder and merriment.

Instead, quite the opposite. I am talking about a literary journal. So, let’s get out of party mood, take the fun away and get down to the rigours of academia. That’s what literary journals are all about, aren’t they... serious, academic endeavour?

Let us get out our copy of *Balloons* and start our serious, journal review:

Front cover: lively, engaging and colourful;

Contents: poetry, fiction and art;

Layout: clear, impactful and bold;

Poetry: a potpourri of styles, interpretations and topics;

Fiction: a cornucopia of moods, emotions and themes;

Art: a mix of realism, impressionism and photography;

Printing: the highest quality possible.

Hold on. We must be getting waylaid. Is this not meant to be a serious, literary review?

It is. However, our interpretation of *BALLOONS* is more akin to the multi-coloured delights of a party.

Lively. Entertaining. Fun. Sassy. Happily taking us off on the wind to a beautiful literary world of wonder and merriment.

Yet, at the same time, a beautiful literary world that is of the highest academic quality and rigour.

² This is a review of the 8th issue of *BALLOONS* Lit Journal.

Therein, lies the magic of **BALLOONS**: taking an academic genre and creating, through it, life, verve and entertainment, without in any way sacrificing the seriousness of its pieces.

To like 'it', or not to like 'it': the answer is obvious.

A big high ten all round!



It's BALLOONS 8!³

Oliver Ng 6E

BALLOONS,
What it showcases
Are poems, haiku,
Stories, Qwoos.

The thing I like most,
The wonderful wild red rose.
Such a good piece,
Worthy of a feast.

The biography,
A reflective story.
Touching,
Moreover, heart-warming.
The thing I dislike, however
Is the drawings.
I don't feel a meaning whatsoever,
I couldn't feel the "ka-ching".

One-page stories,
Such as the UFO and others,
All are light-hearted,
And sometimes funny, as I admitted.

Skinny
Or "listy"
A hidden meaning
Bluebells is thought provoking
Tightrope Tired
Leopard
Behind the scenes
Messages

Haiku poems are pretty
Describing nature and beauty
Though sometimes sad

In a nutshell,
BALLOONS has lots of different places.
Some are as sad as hell,
But most are masterpieces.



³ This is a review of the 8th issue of BALLOONS Lit Journal.

About the Authors

ROY CHAN is a normal 11-year-old kid who spent exactly 13 minutes to write this passage. Unfortunately, he has not been ‘awarded’ an extra piece of writing by Dr Lee (His teacher in his P.6 English Enhancement Class) more than five times (According to Dr Lee’s A-list). This year, Roy unfortunately caught a disease called Pokothermisis (It causes patients to think with a more scientific mind, causing less creativity) and can only read more books as a cure. So far, Roy has found that reading the Harry Potter series is the most effective cure, and he has recovered almost entirely from Pokothermisis.

MICHAEL LEUNG, an annoying kid in Ying Wa primary school’s English enhancement programme, likes writing whatever stories that interest him that day, which is usually nothing because he finds it too boring to do research. He also tries to be funny although he really isn’t. He likes video games a lot and considers himself a god. He is also decent at playing the violin, although not the best.

COLIN TONG is a boy currently studying in Ying Wa Primary School. He likes to dive his head into philosophical quotes and books about the meaning of life. He holds dear to himself that “I’m not claiming divinity. I’ve never claimed purity of soul” and also the fact that God limited our days to make each other precious. He has some problems with his best friend Oliver, who is competing with him to get A-grades from Dr Lee. He likes to listen to traditional Indonesia “Gamelan” music, playing the piano and badminton. If not, he’s reading (or criticizing) literary articles. He also craves pop songs and the educational value of it.

LO YIK MING is currently a Primary 6 student at Ying Wa Primary School, who is a member of the English Enhancement class. He rarely speaks in English, so his Enhancement class teacher, Dr Lee says he is the mute boy. He is given a nickname ‘Yummy’ by Dr Lee too, as he has no English name. He prefers speaking in Chinese to English, and he participated in the Chinese debate team. He also prefers writing persuasive essays to poetic pieces or stories. He is always told to do a short improvised speech in front of the class, as Dr Lee wants to encourage him to speak more. He is very fond of music, especially in the Oboe and Piano. He joins the band, orchestra and choir at school.

BRYAN CHOY, a 12-year-old kid, is a normal and regular boy in Dr Lee's fabulous English Enhancement class. He likes to chill out, read books, and eat unhealthy, crispy snacks every day. His lazy hobbies are eating, sleeping and snoozing when there is time. This boy is struggling to keep on a diet as he is fat, but he just can't control his weight or his appetite. His forever-unsatisfied stomach is growling every second.

JUSTIN YIP is a stupid boy quite addicted to stupid games (He doesn't how he got into this English Enhancement class!) He loves writing stupid stories in his free time. He loves football and reading all sorts of biographies. He has got an A in conduct for the first three terms, but in the current fourth term he messed it up and may not be so lucky this time. He is sometimes forced to go running with his dad but he knows it is good for him as he is quite fat for his age.

JASON FOK is a 12-year-old boy who is part of the English Enhancement class (just THIS YEAR!). He is a boy whose brain is made of science logics, without any sense of poetry. He created an extraordinary word – “He've” (another scientific invention of tenses). He has never got an A in all of his enhancement works (cause Dr Lee hates scientific minds). He will be an English-science inventor in the future (100% sure)!

LAWRENCE MA is a current 12-year-old student in the YWPS English Enhancement class who loves writing, talking and playing video games. He's always hoping that his Enhancement class homework is not poetry, as he has never got any good results out of it. If his assignment is some sort of presentation, he gets to use his creativity. He's also interested in reading non-fiction books which give him trivia that no one knows about. Fun fact: He got his British accent by watching TV.

JONATHAN FORD, currently 11 years old, is a human being who has been kidnapped and confined to the enhancement classroom (at least during English Enhancement class, that is). He enjoys all sorts of writing, especially poems, and enjoys NOT being on the A-list (a typical Dr Lee invention, which equals extra writing homework). He likes listening to jokes, especially Poko Lam's “Mona Lisa fell down”, which was a sacrilegious part of a detective story. He will soon be leaving YWPS, which is emotional, but would also equal the end of the A-list occupation of his effort.

OLIVER NG, a hard-working student at Ying Wa Primary School, is graduating from Ying Wa (How ironic!). Writing has always intrigued him, and he has written many wonderful short stories. He is currently a VIP member of English (a.k.a. English Enhancement class), taught by Ying Wa's humorous teacher Dr Lee. His favourite hobby is playing soccer, writing, and of course, gaming. Currently, he is surviving under the apocalypse of the homework zombies, and sometimes struggles to keep up at General Studies. He likes Maths and English the most as he doesn't need to memorize anything. He hopes that the tradition (which has gone on for three years) of "awarding" students with writings can continue until the end of time (at least until Ying Wa closes).

POKO LAM, a "Pokalist" who hates writing poetry, likes writing violent, dark stories that are filled with violence. His writings can be accidentally humorous, for example, the "Mona Lisa Fell Down!" joke, which, according to Roy Chan, came second in the enhancement joke list. He is a frequent member on the "A-list" because of his frequent "pokalizations" which muted a fellow yummy classmate called Yummy. During his free time, he likes playing video games, but he spends most of the time choosing which one to play because he is very indecisive. He is very weird and always laughs uncontrollably while others are talking and that always misleads others into thinking that he is teasing others. He hopes to make Mona Lisa fall one day.

-Notes-

Ying Wa Primary School

