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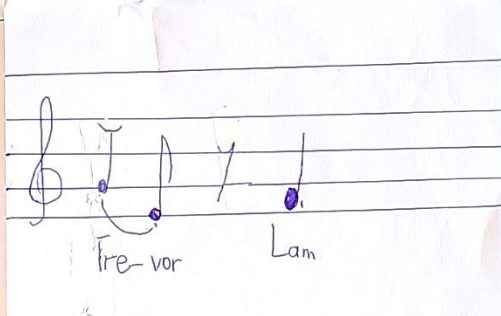
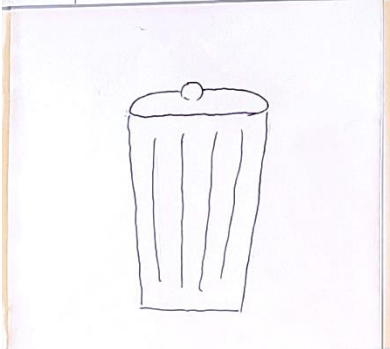
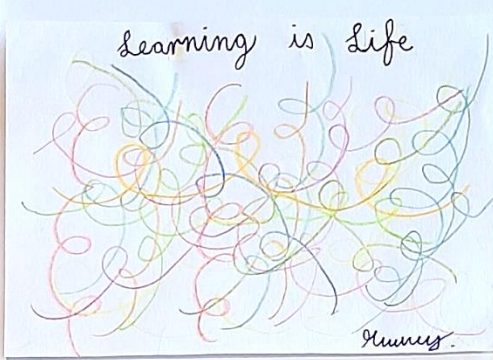
English Enhancement Edition 2020



2019-2020 P.6 English Enhancement Class



BB
Never trust your first
DRAFT. 99



REVIEW:
DANIEL:
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
1 15
"Absolutely hopeless. IQ is 0.1."

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Nick
Wong
Dr. Lee,
Thank you!



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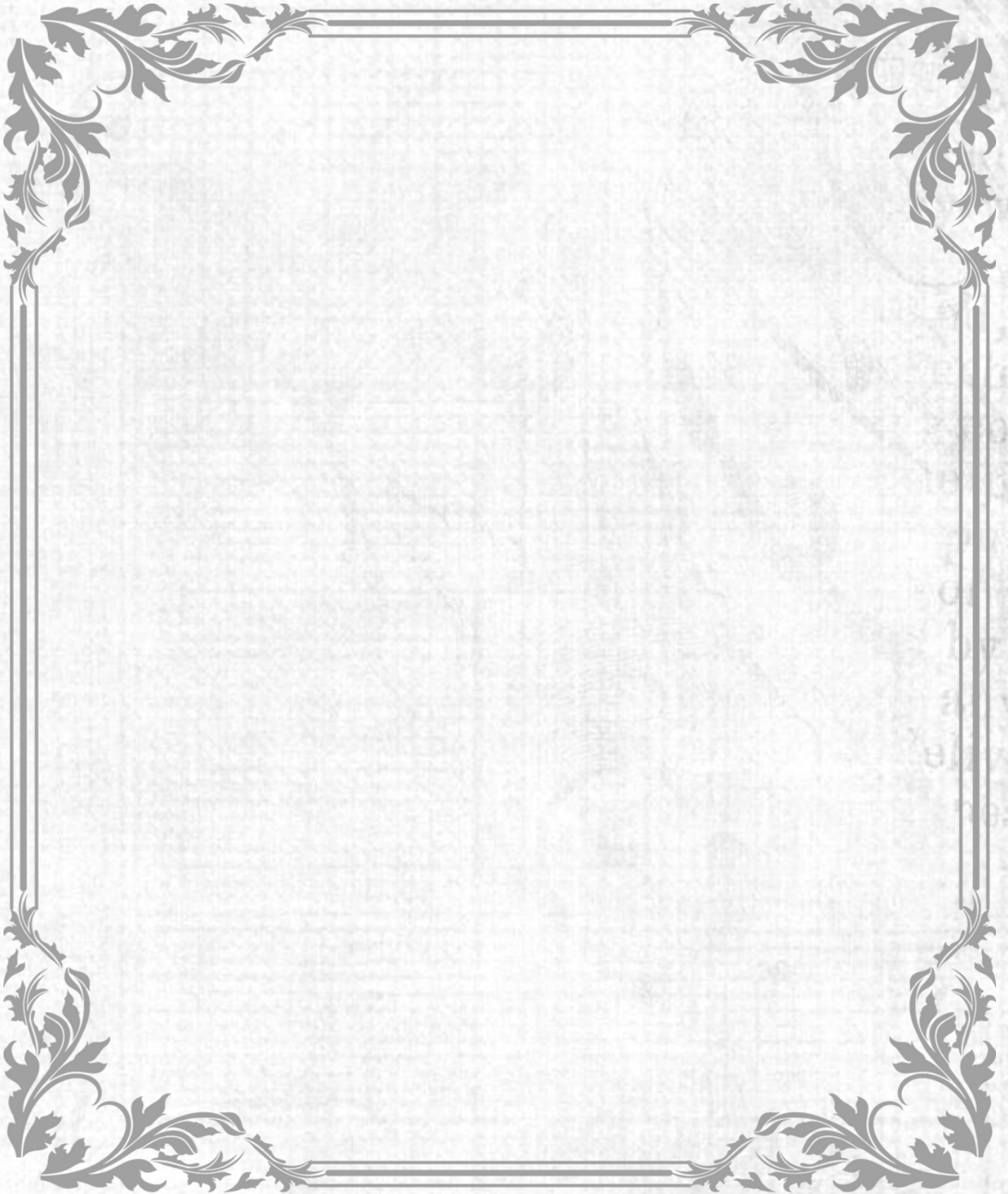
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About ACE Journal (English Enhancement Edition)

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 _____



Great to Be Washed Up

Trevor Lam 6C

Have you ever heard of a timid person becoming famous and braver after being washed up? I'm sure you haven't. But you will. Let me tell you about one person who is called David and you will surely be surprised.

David was really timid. His parents hated this personality so they tried every idea to help David.

As David really liked animals and plants, and would risk his life to get closer to nature, the parents told him, "If you go on an adventure alone, you will have a chance to study and observe the interesting nature in the best way." This inspired David. A few days later, he left home and boarded a ship for which his parents bought him a ticket.

When the ship departed, David looked around, trying to find a shelter to avoid the strong wind, but ended in finding himself alone. Although he was scared, he believed that his parents were doing this for his good.

After a few hours, a storm came. Heavy rain poured down and lightning flashed. Seawater flooded the ship and made David terrified. He fainted immediately.

After the time which seemed like a thousand years, David woke up on an isolated island. It was deserted but with a lot of creatures. He didn't have any similar experience before, so he panicked. Luckily, he paid attention in General Studies, so he kind of knew how to survive. First, he made a fire with wood. Then, he built a tent out of twigs, bark and leaves. Lastly, he made a net to catch fish.

He dislikes to waste time so as what the parents told him, he could go into the forest and blend in with nature. He had to gather up courage to do that.

Eventually, he went into the forest and observed the animals and plants and learned a lot more other than the things he learned at school. With the passion of nature, he even invented tools for special purposes like exploring in the sea.

When he grew up, he was found accidentally by a traveller and was questioned about his survival. David talked about his inventions and experience. He also thanked his parents for letting him have a chance to enhance his independence and intelligence, making him braver. Soon, he got famous and was a successful explorer, natural scientist and inventor.

Water

Jayden Chow 6C

I like to drink some water
But I dislike it too
For it does not look gorgeous
It is just plain old blue

This liquid is so tasteless
I need it to survive
I will not drink tomorrow
Let's see if I will die

And if you drink some water
It comes out in the end
So I think this is pointless
It's useless to attend

I really don't like water
But don't want to be dead
So now I have decided
To drink some tea instead



The Glasses

Luke Wong 6E

John Robertson was an ordinary adult. He would sleep, eat, talk, etc. But there was something he didn't know, and that was his true destiny...

One day, John was just watching TV when he decided he would stop lying on the couch and clean up his basement. His basement was a disgusting mess. Used calendars, a dusty, broken lawn mower, random coins he didn't know he owned. He had been dying to clean it up, but as an adult working nine long hours a day, he hadn't had the time. While he was dusting and cleaning, he came across this pair of antique glasses. He decided to clean them for all their dust when the glasses screeched, "PUT ME DOWN!" John gasped and stumbled in fear. The glasses spoke again, "Who do you think you are, mere human? Daring to touch ME?" John spluttered, "Who... who are you?" "I am the Holy Lens, made of lava from a volcano, ice of the Arctic, feathers of a bird, and thunder from the sky. Together, you and I shall rid this world of lurking evil." John was beyond confused. "What?" "Put me on, and you shall obtain the powers of mine." "Okay..." John put them on. Instantly, John felt immense power surging through his blood, and electric shocks through his brain. "See?" said the glasses. "I sense evil in the central bank. Let's us head there with haste." John nodded; his face filled with determination. He ran out of his house, and soared into the sky.

Not after long, John landed. Some robbers were escaping, duffle bags filled to the brim with money. "NOT ON MY WATCH!" boomed John. Fire shot out of his eyes onto the wheels, causing the sedan to lose balance and fall.

The police managed to capture the robbers, all thanks to John. The reporters were all dying to know who this hero was. But, without a word, he soared back into the sky.

The reporters were still gawking.



Black Friday

Calvin Tong 6C

Black Friday, the day after
Thanksgiving.
When millions of people
Use up all their living.

An accident occurred,
In twenty o eight.
I can tell you right now,
It isn't really great.

A 34-year-old man,
An employee of Walmart
Was trampled to death
By a stampede of carts!

Although it seems terrifying,
You don't need to worry,
But remember this when you shop,
YOU'RE NOT IN A HURRY!



An Unusual Lesson

Gareth Yuen 6E

“**T**he substitute teacher is coming!” A student shouted out to the whole class.
“Wonder who it will be this time,” said another.

These days, the main teacher of our class fell ill suddenly. We were taught by different substitute teachers lately, each with a different appearance, but never repeated. Twice we were visited by normal teachers (one male, one female), once by a panther, and two memorable times being lectured by a chimpanzee and an egret.

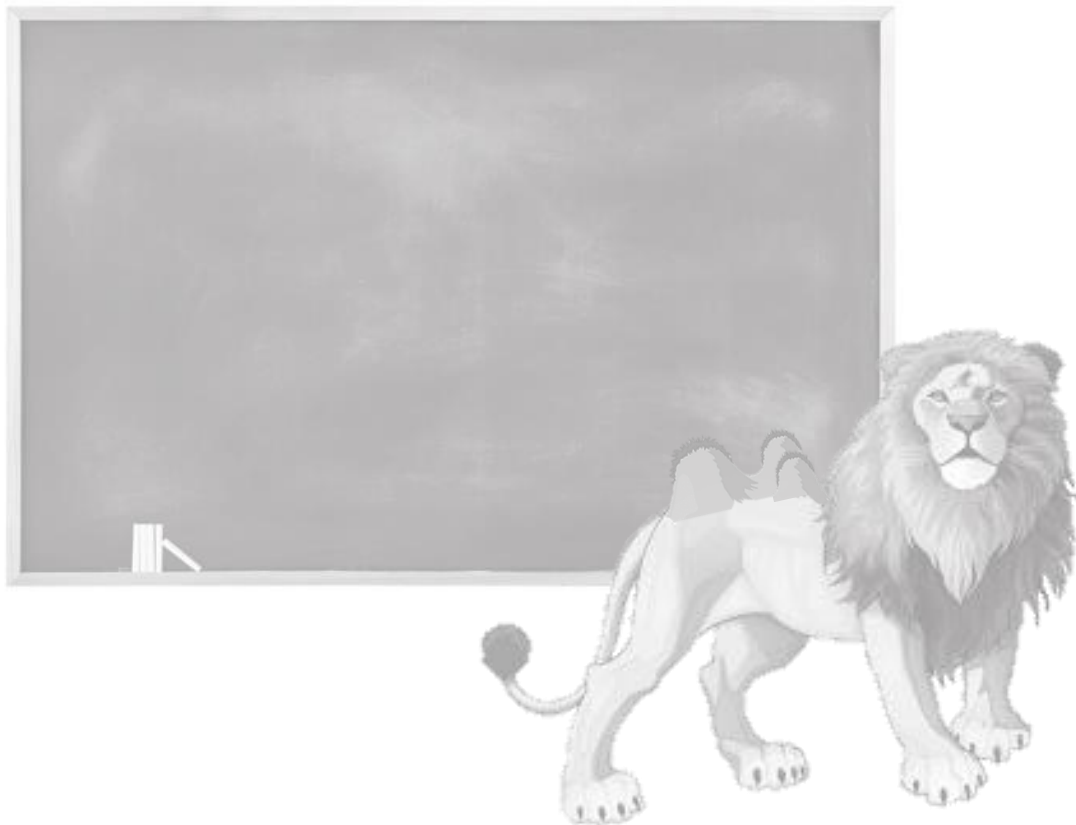
But this time, though...

“What’s this? A camel?”

“No! It’s a lion with three humps!”

“It reeks! Someone turn on the fan!”

The lion with its furry mountains on his back turned and roared loudly, forcing us to keep our mouths shut. It saw the worksheets prepared by the English teacher stacked neatly on the teacher’s desk, walked over, held them with his mouth, and swung his head, releasing all the homework, caught by thirty gleeful hands. Then, the “Lion with Three Humps” walked serenely out of the classroom, followed by delightful shrieks that told school was over.



Quiet Please

Marco Wong 6E

meditating deeply
sitting on a warm
and cosy marshmallow
looking out
at the
holome- lanocratic sky
the chunky clouds
the flourishing
trees sighing
softly thinking
about my
long-lost
father
meditating
deeply



The Poisoning

Daniel Ho 6C

“Initiate the signal. Death will come...”

It was just an ordinary day for Mark when he arrived at China to visit his parents.

After not seeing them for several years, they rejoiced for joy, and decided to eat at a Chinese restaurant for some Chinese flavour.

“You always loved your fortune cookies, Mark. Speaking of which, let’s order some now!” his mother said.

Mark cracked open his serving of “Magicky Cookies”, and read the message: “RUN. YOU’RE IN CRITICAL DANGER. NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. JUST RUN.”

“Huh, what does that mean?”

“Don’t worry, these cookies don’t actually mean anything. They’re just made in a factory.”

Mark said she was right, and really didn’t think much about it. So, they continued on their day.

Meanwhile...

“This sniper rifle that shoots bullets at ten times the speed of sound. It will also conjure a supersonic black hole that will suck up all the sound and will act like a silencer. It will shoot a BB dart that contains a lethal poison. Mark has failed to pay back his ten-thousand-dollar debt for half a year. He must therefore be killed painfully and silently.”

“The sniper will be at the start of the Great Wall of China at exactly 3 pm. Mark will be coming to visit it at that time. According to intelligence, his parents will also accompany him. You got that, Alton?”

“Yes, Chief.”

“Alton will be the sniper. Before we depart, let us remind ourselves who we are, before Alton leaves on this mission.”

Five voices rang in unison: “We are the Alchemists. We never forget. We never forgive.”

Then they left. Before Alton embarked on his mission, he managed to whisper: “Sorry, brother.”

At 3 pm, Mark and his parents skipped toward the Great Wall of China.

Alton gulped.

“Initiate the signal. Death will come.”

“DO it now.”

At 3:01 pm, a dart whizzed through the air, going three kilometers a second... and HIT THE GROUND.

Mark leaned forward. The kill was seemingly successful.

“Ooh, a gummy bear!”

Alton smirked. He had switched the bullets.

At 3:02 pm, something metallic pushed its way into Alton’s brain. Before he died, he pushed the SEND button on his phone.

“I HAVE to do everything myself...” the chief said.

Just then, Mark got a message. It contained valuable information of the Alchemists and how they were as cunning as Scorpia in *Alex Rider*. Their addresses were also in the message.

Mark was furious. He decided to avenge his brother by getting rid of the Alchemists once and for all.

So, he did.

He spiked each and every member of the Alchemists with the same poison in the BB dart. The poison took effect, and the Alchemists were officially killed ironically by...poison.



The Forbidden Package

Jayden Chow 6C

I looked at the box. Oh, what have I gotten myself into?

Before I checked in my flight, a man wearing a hoodie handed me a box. “Don’t open it no matter what. I’ll pick up the box later. Money will be awarded.” He went away.

I had no idea what was in the box and why he gave it to me. I tried to pretend nothing happened. It was fine except there were these little cards at the luggage check, in which said, “Did you pack your luggage yourself?” It made me feel guilty, but I knew I’d be better off not telling anyone that I didn’t even know what was in the package, let alone pack it.

Nobody came to me to reclaim the package. I was surprised when it went through the security check. However, I didn’t like where things were headed. By the looks of it, it was going to travel with me overseas. I started to think that it was just a practical prank. Only then did I see a note at the bottom. “Leave me at the Beijing Airport.” How did it know I was going to Beijing? The thought crept me out.

When I arrived at Beijing. I didn’t know what to do. I decided to open the box. Inside was a note. “You’re not trustworthy,” it said. I was really scared by now. I noticed a man behind a wall. He sniggered, his eyes darting around to look for his next target.



A Battery's Lament

Luke Wong 6E

locked in a cellar
holding hands with
mathematic symbol

in that place
nothing to do
just passing my energy

every day and night
I continue
to serve my purpose

months pass,
I'm leaving the cellar
trash can I go.

my only needed-
use in this world
being a slave

draining me dry
used to power up
the powerless bunch



The Prince's Mistake

Gareth Yuen 6E



The horns blared. “Give way to his Royal Highness, the Prince!” the leader shouted clearly to everyone, over and over again.

The prince, named Ethan, sat in an elegant gilded wooden chariot pulled by four white horses, with his royal guards holding spears and wearing glinting armor that shone when facing the sun. They were heading back to the palace after a day of hunting outside the castle.

Ethan’s title was “Ethan the Careful Warrior”. He is very handsome (no doubt, or the king will cut off my head), wears a red robe made of silk, a gold belt, and usually has a sword strapped onto his back, mostly for defending himself. True to his title, he

rarely makes a mistake. Not never, however, as he just made a huge mistake just last Friday. He criticized himself for that ever since.

He kissed the princess Andromeda. Yes, that was his mistake, that led to the bloody battle of York, which resulted in millions of deaths of both warriors and villagers.

You see, Ethan was single. Because he was handsome, he certainly attracted a lot of beautiful women in the kingdom. They came, dozens and dozens of them, each dressed up as best as they could, hoping to win the prince’s heart. But no. He refused them all. All of them were wicked and selfish. He only wanted one, and that was Princess Andromeda of Bannockburn. She was kind and caring, and also so beautiful. Her smile was so sweet, with her white skin and delicate hands. It was just the way that Prince Ethan wanted. So, he set off to Bannockburn, which was about 50 miles away from his home, York.

After three days and two nights, he reached Bannockburn. The people there bowed before him as he rode past on his horse, and the king, Richard greeted him warmly. He went up to Andromeda’s room.

She was there. Ethan loved her dearly. She smiled at him, which made Ethan like her even more.

There came the critical moment. The urge to kiss her was too large, and after he had done it, the princess was shocked and angry. She was humiliated. She told her father King Richard what had happened, and the king had the same shocked and angry expression that her daughter had worn in her room. He banished Ethan out of Bannockburn and declared war on York. Many knights perished in the battle of York, and dead soldiers littered the battlefield. It ended in a bloody draw.

All because of a kiss.



The Woman's Bag

Nick Wong 6E

Hi, I'm in prison. This is the story of how I got sent to jail.

It all started when I went to the airport.

Here we go.

I sat down in the airport's waiting area. I was going to Hawaii – a well-deserved break from work. I was under huge stress, though. When I bought my tickets, I accidentally chose first class. No, the airlines refused to let me change my tickets. So here I was, owning merely eight hundred dollars, and my salary wouldn't come in twenty days.

Just then, a complete stranger walked up to me. As if sensing my thoughts, he said, "Hey, could you take this bag to Hawaii for me? You'll get fifty thousand when you arrive."

I immediately went on high alert. I needed the money badly. I wouldn't even be able to pay my rent. On the other hand, I knew that there could be illegal things inside it. The bag could be filled with drugs with all I knew.

I asked him to open the bag.

He said, "Worried that it might be illegal? Nah, it went through security check." Nevertheless, he opened the bag.

Inside the bag was a collection of random items, which seemed to be a lady's handbag's contents. Nothing dangerous.

I nodded. "Deal".

It turned out to be the worst decision I ever made.

The man smiled. Warm, but cunning. It hit me with the force of a punch that I'd seen that smile. Definitely seen it, but I couldn't remember where. Only until I was arrested did the name surface from my memory. A long-forgotten memory.

As the man walked away, I couldn't help question myself if I had checked the bag properly. I shifted in my seat uncomfortably.

I arrived at Hawaii uneventfully. I slept through most of the journey.

Just as I reclaimed my luggage, two officers approached me. "Show me your bag." The black-haired officer pointed at the bag I got from the stranger. I opened the bag, and Black Hair immediately arrested me.

The next month was a daze. I remember judges, lawyers, courts, handcuffs, a screaming man attempting to kill me (don't ask) and me being sentenced to jail. From what I gathered, this was what happened: the man called the police and said I

stole a woman's purse, which led to me being arrested, which led to me being sentenced to jail for theft.

The most shocking part? The mysterious stranger was my childhood enemy. When the police mentioned him as the crime-reporter, I felt as if I was dosed with anesthetics. I couldn't feel my fingers. He, of all people, landed me in prison. I collapsed on the floor of the jail cell.

Out there, someone is petitioning for my freedom; yet thinking of my future is like looking through a foggy window of a locked door – unattainable, unimaginable, and hopeless.



All Hail the English Assessment

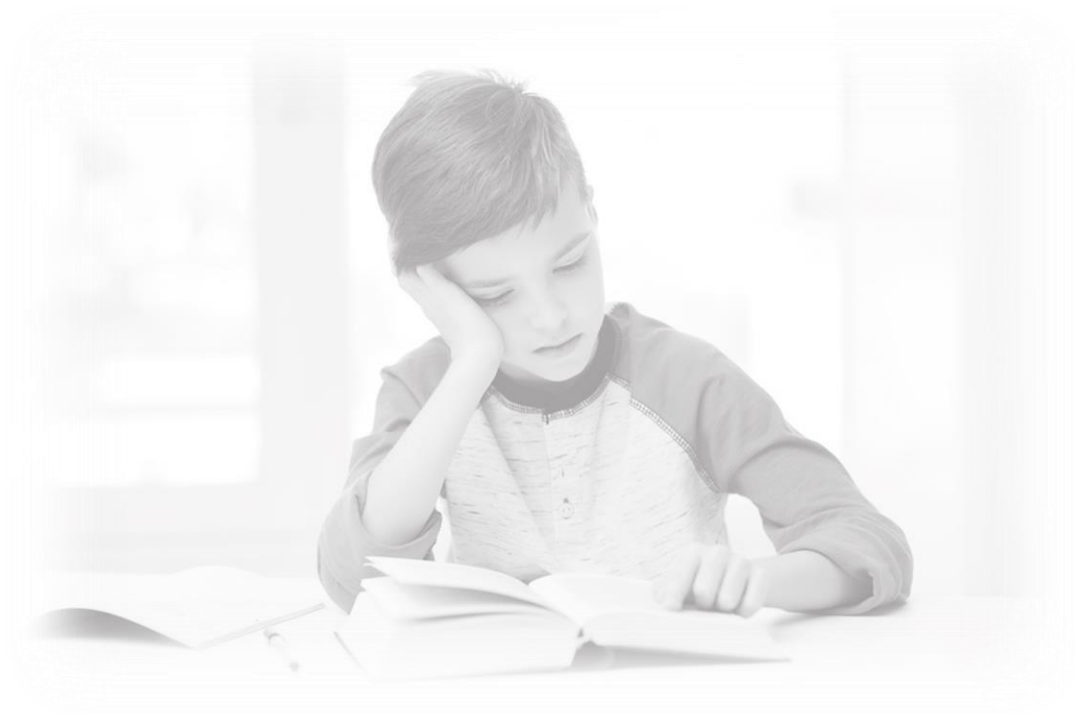
Jayden Chow 6C

Here comes the English Assessment
Proofreading, grammar and tenses
It's making my head really hurt
I think I'm losing my senses!

If you think that's over,
The worse has yet to come!
Writing's ever so boring
You can't even make a pun!

Listening gives you a tiny break
From hundreds and thousands of words
But if you tick the incorrect box
You wobble like custard

Speaking delivers the final blow
It feels like torture to me
I brace myself for the impact
When my grade drops to D!



A Comparison between “Langhosta” and “Chicken in the Ruff”¹



Cyrus Ng 6C

Have you ever known that ghosts are not necessarily scary? In the following, I am going to be comparing two not scary ghost stories called “Langhosta” and “Chicken in the Ruff”.

Firstly, “Langhosta” is about a ghost of a lobster going to haunt a girl and the girl pities it because it is sad. “Chicken in the Ruff” is about a boy wanting to leave home and travel the world and he meets his dead brother.

Both of the stories are ghost stories, but in “Langhosta”, the story explicitly indicates that the lobster is a ghost at the start. But in “Chicken in the Ruff”, we don’t know that the brother is a ghost until the end, the brother disappears and the story tells us that he has died for years. This adds confusion and mysteriousness to the readers and the whole story.

Some people say that the moral or message is the most important thing in the story. The message in “Langhosta” is animals have feelings too. The ghost is sad so the girl pities it, the girl understands that she must help the ghost, so it can be happy. The message in “Chicken in the Ruff” is a bit blurry, but it will most likely be “Treasure your time with family.” The main character wants to leave the mother behind, but after meeting with his ghost brother, he knows that he shouldn’t leave the only person alive in his family alone.

Does the writing angle effect the story? I don’t think so. “Langhosta” is written in third-person, and “Chicken in the Ruff” is written in first-person. Even though the feeling when you read them is different, I don’t think it affects the story’s quality.

In a nutshell, the differences between “Langhosta” and “Chicken in the Ruff” are the mysteriousness, clarity, messages and perspectives. So, as you can see, ghost stories aren’t necessarily scary, but let’s hope that ghosts won’t come haunting us tonight!

¹ This is a review of *BALLOONS Lit. Journal* Issue 11.

A Review on *BALLOONS Lit. Journal* Issue 6

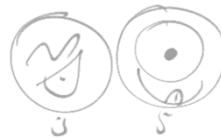
Jadon Lee 6E

After reading the *Balloons Lit. Journal* Issue 6, I would like to share a piece with you. The piece is called “The Lone Beach Ball”. In this review, I will first tell you what I have learnt from this piece, then I will create my own piece inspired by it.

The piece “The Lone Beach Ball” is a quatrain poem in an “ABCB” rhyming pattern. The poet of this piece is Coltrane Varela. In his words, the innovation is the twist. In the first stanza, he describes the great view of the beach, then at the second stanza, he says, “a broken, worn-out beach ball was lying on the sand”. This makes me think of a twist because the poem should be describing about the great view and the beach ball should not belong there.

Now I will show you my own poem inspired by it:

Friendship Forever



Nate and I are best buddies
 Always spend recess together
 Sometimes go play basketball
 But don't when there's bad weather

Nate and I support each other
 Never judge and only trust
 Whenever I have a secret
 I'll tell him and he keeps them from Mr Bust

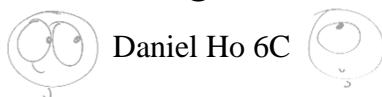
Nate and I will collaborate
 In projects, reports and homework
 We always work together
 Like a pair of jerks

Nate and I are inseparable
Without each other we cannot survive
We help each other no matter what
Even though we're now sixty-five

In a nutshell, *BALLOONS Lit. Journal* Issue 6 gives me a lot of teaching and better skills for writing poems.



The Teenager's Brain²

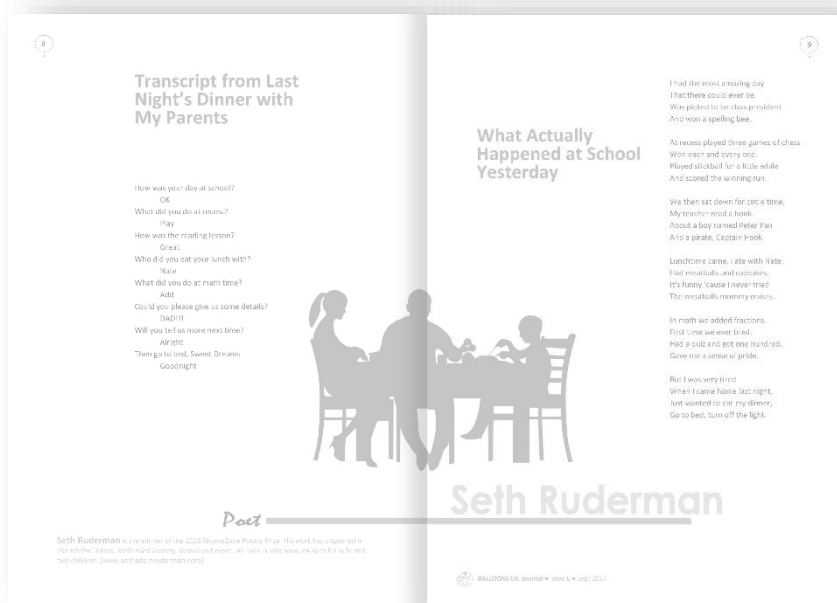


BALLOONS *Lit. Journal* Issue 6 really inflates the crucial balloon that takes me into the teenage mind. It starts off with school, and then some mischievous stories, games, and etcetera. My favourite piece, in this wonderful magazine, is “What Actually Happened at School Yesterday”.

The poem has a prequel, which gives absolutely no detail, but this poem, “What Actually Happened at School Yesterday”, provides a complete description of what actually happened. At the end, the poem says that he is too tired, and he just wants to go home and rest.

I think this poem tells us that children have a limit in ability and strength. In this poem, the author says that the kid has won several chess matches, got full marks on a quiz, and won a sports match. All cramped into one school day! Adults should suspect that after a school day. They should just let their son(s) rest for a while, and then ask him what happened. Nevertheless, the abrupt change from single words to an entire five-stanza poem is very meaningful.

All in all, this journal clearly resembles a teenage brain. Let's grab a balloon and float into the gigantic mind of a young lad!



² This is a review of *BALLOONS Lit. Journal* Issue 6.

The 6th Annual Balloons Competition³

Jasper Loi 6E

Emily Lu clutched the paper in between her hands tightly, rehearsing it again and again.

It was the 6th Annual Balloons Competition and Emily had come here to win. She stared at the competitor before her, watching as she went over her own poem again and again, hoping that this would be her best. Her eyes moved and landed on Cole – the person on stage. She listened to his poem, hearing the judges’ – Luke, Jasper and Gareth – respond, “Great use of personification! You used a ball to describe the feeling of loneliness.” After hearing what the judges had to say, she focused back on her own poem, going through it a second time.

Emily heard Jasmine’s name – the competitor before her – and looked as she walked on stage. Emily suddenly felt the clock tick quicker and quicker, realizing that after Jasmine, it would be her turn. She felt her feet shake and breath quicken, anxiety rushing through her. She put her hands on her lap and cracked her knuckles, knowing that this would soothe her as it always did. “Emily!” Emily took a deep breath and laid the piece of paper on her seat, ready to perform.

She heard the bell and started speaking,

Forgetting

foaming licks
of salty ocean water
crawl up the gritty shores,
leaving pebbles caught
in the cracks of my palm.

but it won’t be long
before they tumble,
for even the clenching,
white-knuckled grasp
will slowly start to slip.

³ This is a response to *BALLOONS Lit. Journal* Issue 6.

She bowed and saw the judges contemplate over her score, talking about her poem. Jasper, after talking to the other judges, said, “You had a beautiful use of metaphor. You reimagined pebbles as your memories and friends. I thought that it was pure genius. Also, I love the message you brought through it, how it teaches us to treasure every second with our friends, because someday, they might slip away from our grasps. Overall, this was great!”

Emily walked off the stage, a smile dangling across her face. She had done it! And most importantly, she had felt good about it!

Emily walked up the stairs, taking in everything that had just happened. She had joined the 6th Annual Balloons Competition, and she was their winner. Tears came out of her eyes as she was handed her trophy from the host, Dr Lee. But they were happy tears, not those you have when you feel depressed or frightened. Emily held her trophy over her head, letting the glory of winning sink in, allowing herself to enjoy the moment of winning one of the largest poetry competitions ever.



About the Authors

JAYDEN CHOW is an 11-year-old boy who struggles to even write this bio. In his free time, he likes to read books such as *The Hunger Games* series or the *Harry Potter* series. Although not being very poetic, he is very proud of his selected poems and would like to share them to others. He believes that it does not make any sense to bother him if whatever coming his way will come anyway, whether if you are troubled or not, therefore, he is usually very optimistic. Despite that fact that this bio is supposed to be funny and witty, he has decided to stop writing here since he can't think of anything entertaining.

DANIEL HO (formerly known as the famous Dandan) had been captured and confined to the “detention room” for exactly six months. He is pretty good at writing stuff but despises thinking on the spot or ad-libbing. Now, he has bid farewell to the room and the English Enhancement Programme and moved onto better things. He also likes to play video games and thinking of philosophical questions in his free time.

TREVOR LAM, currently 12 years old, is locked up in the English “enhanced detention” room and is bloodthirsty for English, especially writing dreadful, tragic stories. This young lad always has tricks in his sleeves, relentless at finding a unique perspective for every topic. His English is natural as nature (one of his key interests). He likes to write with interaction with the audience. In general, he really enjoys having “detentions”.

JADON LEE finished Primary 6 in 2020 and is about to go to Ying Wa College to continue his learning. He is a winner of The Hong Kong Young Writers Awards 2020. As a percussionist with over six years of experience, he has won team awards in various local and international music competitions. He also loves to play Fortnite, which is a very popular online game. Reading is one of his favourite hobbies among many. He encourages people not to run away from their adversities, but embrace them positively. Inspired by wonderful TV hosts such as Jimmy Fallon, Jadon strives to communicate with people effectively with empathy and understanding.

NICK WONG is a Slytherin studying magic at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. In his spare time (which is a rare occurrence considering homework), he reads the *Harry Potter* series, which he believes is the best way to improve one's English. Dr Lee disagrees with Nick, however, as Dr Lee is convinced that doing

extra pieces of writing homework, known as “A-List”, is the most efficient way of learning English. As such, he regularly “awards” us with “A-List” tasks in the name of learning. Merlin, no! Why would you think that “A-Lists” are punishments? They definitely aren’t! The fact that you get “A-Listed” if you misbehave is totally a coincidence! My motto is: “Aga isn’t a word”, and I must thank Jasper for causing that phrase to come into existence. For a detailed explanation of it, please refer to Jasper’s bio.

CYRUS NG is a stoopid boy (So stupid he doesn’t even know how to spell stupid!) who likes to play video games. He has no idea how he got into the English Enhancement Class in his last year in Ying Wa Primary School. He is in the school’s Track and Field Team and the Symphonic Band. He is very playful, and that’s why Dr Lee likes to troll him a lot. By the way, he likes the Australian accent but some of his teachers think that he has a good British accent.

JASPER LOI is a criminal who has escaped the enhancement classroom many times by “evaporating”, but has failed to escape Dr Lee’s clutches, always getting thrown back. He enjoys writing and reading fantasy stories with unnecessary detail and words, for that is how he writes as well. He is also the new J K Rowling due to his outstanding word creating skills such as agaisn’t (definitely NOT a misspelling of against!), a word that has been turned into the joke: “aga isn’t a word”, and he will surely prove these unbelievers wrong when it is put into the Oxford and Cambridge dictionaries one day.

CALVIN TONG is an endangered species which has been hunted by space pirates for centuries. The last one is currently locked up in the lab of Dr H C Lee and is undergoing a training to improve its speaking talents. It is famous for its “Calvinisation” which makes everyone confused. Its biggest weakness (found recently) is that it never understands jokes. Its favourite foods are dark chocolate and pizza.

MARCO WONG is a 12-year-old boy who is a member of the amazing English Enhancement Class. He likes learning English but sometimes writes something stupid and silly. He likes watching English and Korean TV programmes and watching movies. He is also fond of playing badminton and he plays it every single day. He hopes to become an outstanding Hong Kong badminton player in the future and is now working hard on it. He will soon leave Ying Wa Primary School and will miss Dr Lee’s “A-List” forever.

LUKE WONG is a member of the class for English geniuses (to be honest I don't know how he got in!). He is a way-too-serious person who barely chuckles at jokes that would send mortally sane people to the ground. He likes playing video-games, but absolutely sucks at them. He has no idea of what he was doing for the past six and is given the nickname "Skywalker" by Dr Lee. He has been slowly enduring people teasing his name and is secretly making revenge plans for anyone who teases him. He is a big fan of the calming music genre "Lo-fi", podcasts, and an absolute scaredy-cat.

GARETH YUEN is a 12-year-old boy who is quite shy, and as Dr Lee had said, quiet and mute. He detests doing presentations, but prefers to write stories and poems, in which he does superbly. He plays Minecraft in his leisure time and also likes reading books – classic books like *A tale of Two Cities* are his preference. Fun fact: His nickname is "Coffee", although he likes to be called "Da Coffee Man".

Ying Wa Primary School

