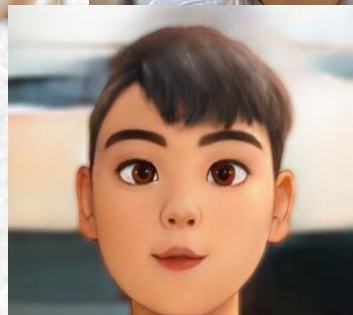
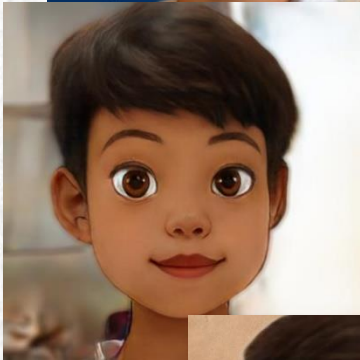


ACE

English Enhancement Class 2021-2022



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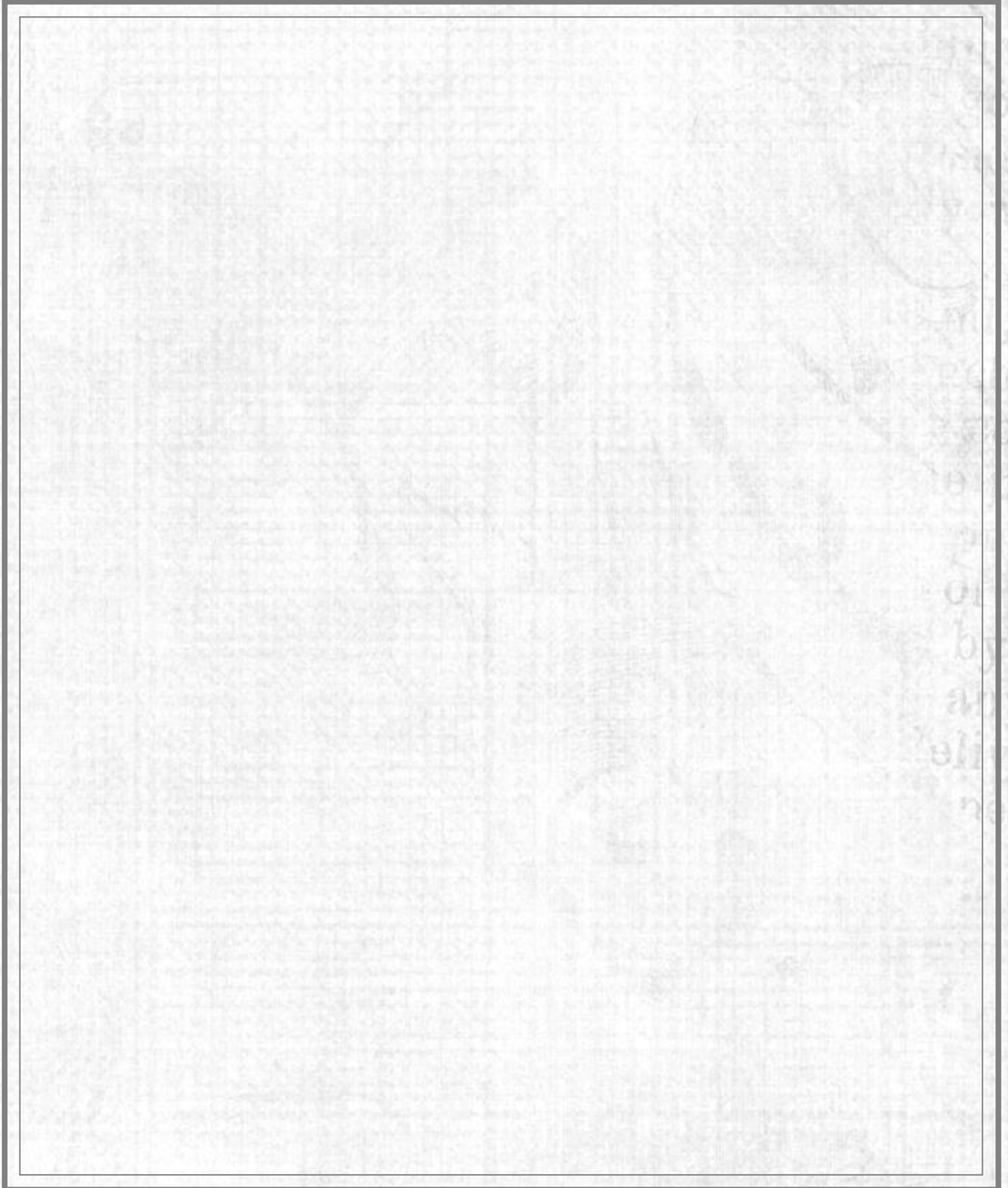
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About ACE Journal – English Enhancement Class

ACE Journal – English Enhancement Class is an annual anthology displaying selected written works crafted by Primary Six members of the Ying Wa Primary School English Enhancement Class. The course is designed and conducted by Dr H C Lee, who also edits this journal. The printed version of this 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 _____



The Second Shower of Golden Rays¹

Tony Choy 6C

“Wake up! Wake up!” shouted Wanhe, a Buddhist priest. It was the Tang Dynasty, and Wanhe was shouting for the monks in the Mogao Grottoes to wake up. That day was no ordinary day, for the Monks had learnt about the fall of the Buddhist kingdom of Khotan to the Islamic conquerors from Kashgar. That day was the day when the monks would seal the library cave, then escape, to avoid any destructions to the Buddhist establishments in the grottoes. The cave temples were named Mogao for it was built in the tallest peak of the desert, and the monks knew that this fact endangered them, since the temples would be easy to spot. They had to act fast.

The monk's first destination was the library cave, for they wanted to seal it. The reason for them to do so was because it contained over 50,000 manuscripts, scrolls, and booklets filled with sacred Buddhist information. If the people of Kashgar found them, the books would be burnt. Led by Wanhe, the monks sealed the cave entrance with tons of dirt until it blended in with the walls. Their next goal was to escape.

On their way out, they passed the Sleeping Buddha Cave. It contained sculptures of thousands of Buddhas, and the monks stopped to pay their respects. As the leader, Wanhe led the monks in to a prayer. While the monks were chanting, Wanhe thought he saw the 16 metres long Buddha's eyes open slowly, and a ray of gold shot out, then vanished. He didn't mention this to the others, because he thought he was mistaken. After that the monks prayed to the Gauntama Buddha, who is regarded as founder of Buddhism. Then Wanhe once again saw a streak of gold light come from the sculpture's eyes. What he didn't know was that the rays meant an arrival of some sort of spirit, and he would soon find out.

Maybe you're wondering: Why did the conquerors of Kashgar want the monks dead? The answer is simple: They were Christians. But there were no Christians in China! Yes, but these people come from the west of China, outside its boundaries. And since the grottoes are near the Silk Road, which was used by the people of the West to leave and enter China, that meant the Christians would soon arrive. And also, the cave was built in Sanwei Mountain, the highest point of the desert, so the Christians soon spotted the mountain. Then Siwilltong, the leader of the troops from Kashgar, shouted out, "Fellow brothers! I have spotted the demon's nest! Let us march on!" His words

¹ Honourable Mention, Hong Kong Young Writers Awards 2022

roused a chorus of cheers from the army. As for the monks, they heard the stampede above the caves and made a run for it. That was the end, they thought. Or was it?

Very soon, the party of Kashgar arrived in front of the grottoes in Dunhuang. Then Siwilltong announced, "Troops! Thy entrances of Hell lie before us! By the power of the Lord, we must enter!" Then again, a chorus of cheers arose from the army. And on the other side, the monks stopped running, and Wanhe said gravely, "By the power of the Jade Emperor, let us march on and meet our enemies." So, both sides continued on.

When the two groups met, the leaders approached each other. A solemn conversation started.

"Here is the leader of thy demon!" shouted Siwilltong. "Open up to the Lord, and thou shall be forgiven."

"Never," replied Wanhe, calmly. "You shall not pass."

"Then by the power of our true lord," boomed Siwilltong. "You shall die!" But still the monks stood, not even flinching.

"If you want to pass," said Wanhe, "then you must step over our corpses, looked by the devas above." He gestured to the Thangka on the ceiling of the entrance, about the size of 792 square centimetres.

"Very well." growled Siwilltong. "Then we shall fight."

Now you must know the monks had a huge disadvantage: They had no protection. Their fight was based on nothing but their belief. And on the split second when the Christian priest's blade reached the Buddhist priest's chest, a miracle happened. All the Buddhas, be it sculpture, be it painting, their eyes glowed a shade of gold. A ray of gold struck Siwilltong's blade, saving Wanhe. Then the paintings above shot out thousands of rays. It was as if history was repeating itself. Wanhe sure felt that way because he knew legend has it that Yuenzun, creator of the grottoes, saw a shower of golden rays, so inspired, he started building the caves.

This was the second time it happened.

The second shower of golden rays.

In the confusion, the golden rays merged into a golden ball. It then said, "Christian Siwilltong, is this what you seek. Is this hatred, this war, this fear, this confusion what you seek? Isn't it peace that your God yearns?"

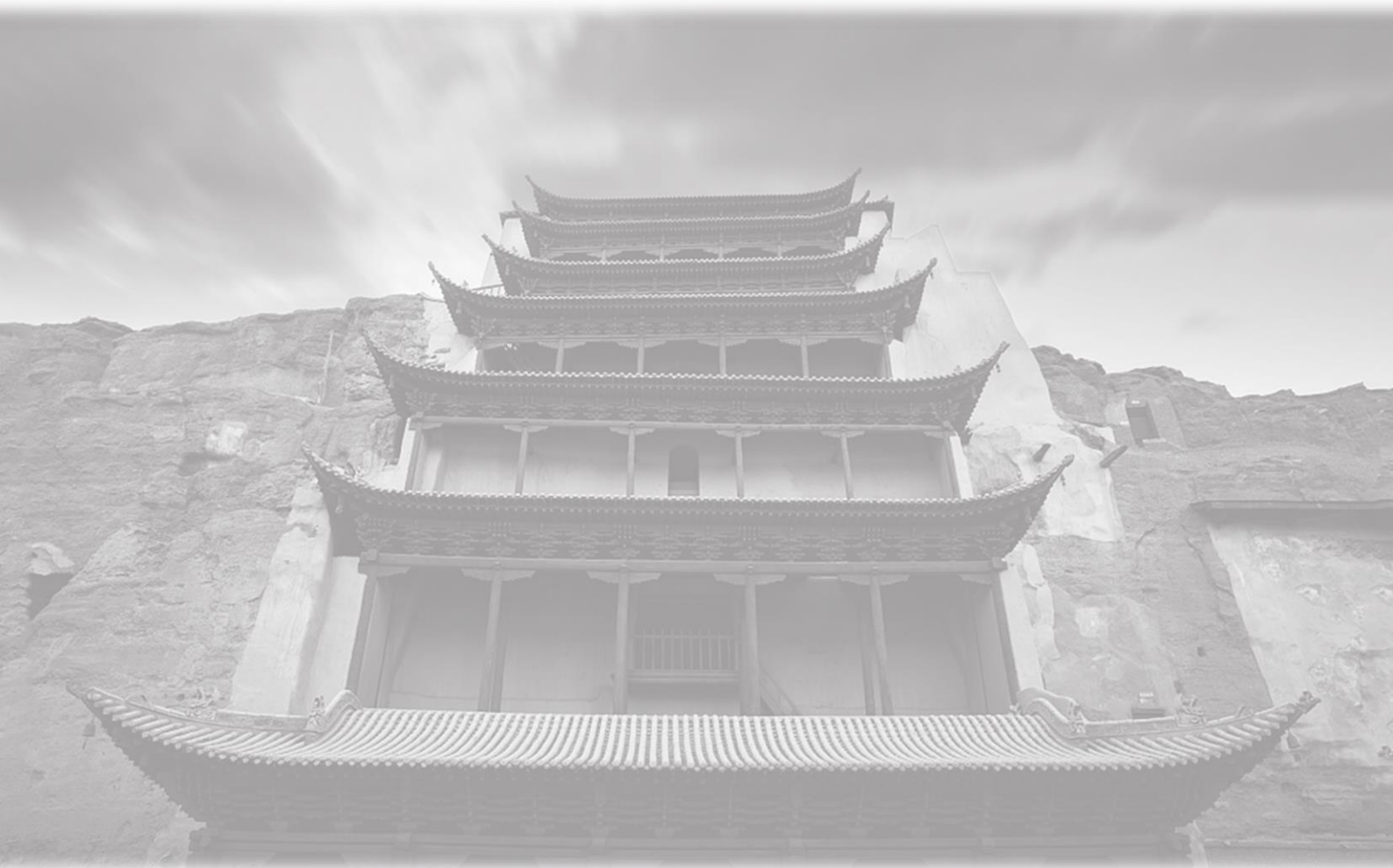
"Who are you?" demanded Siwilltong.

"I am you. I am also Wanhe. I am everything. And I am here to warn you, that what you are doing is wrong. I am no Lord, nor Buddha, but if you dedicate your belief to something, and try to achieve its purpose, then the something exists. Just like Wanhe, he dedicated himself to Buddhism, and now he is fiercely protecting this place, because

he believes that Buddhas exist. So, if any of you dare harm another believer, he shall pay the ultimate price.” With that, the swirling mass vanished.

“I don’t know what sorcery this is, but I’m not falling for it,” shouted Siwilltong, keeping his cool. “Brothers, charge!” But with these words, no cheers came, because Siwilltong slowly turned to ashes. With that, the people of Kashgar had a breakdown. Words like “heaven help us!” and “I want my mummy” were spoken. The monks were safe, without having any men to die.

A mysterious voice sounded out in the distance, “Believe your belief...”



Christmas

Kado Law 6A

Carols being sung everywhere,
Happiness fills the stagnant air!
Rudolph prancing joyfully,
Icy December is chilly.
Sleigh bells ringing all the time,
Toys being sent out as they chime!
Mince pies being eaten by Santa,
Also spreading out angelic aroma.
Season spirit fills everyone's persona!



It's All about Love

Samuel Wong 6C

People always say, it's all about love,
But it is very important to distinguish this very phrase.
Which brings us to the story, about true love,
which had a legacy to make you amazed.

It comes to a great mother, who gave birth to a girl,
The mother struggled for help, but sadly all was vain.
Her dad was a bad person, and she wasn't the pearl,
And that was a hard time, since she didn't know pain.

She worked for days and nights, and no one really cared,
It was all just work, but no such word as "play".
She could hardly bear, but she was always prepared,
So she went to a small town, where she started a café.

When things had finally worked out, she married a husband with honour,
and gave birth to a diligent son
who was such a brilliant boy and became a loving father
at the age of thirty-one.

But sadly, this chapter has come to an end since time flies like an arrow.
The story went as the little girl grew into a dear grandmother.
It's finally the day when death has come, it just proves that life is shallow.
As she whimpered, "As my death comes, a soul will rise, one after another."

No more sounds, nor a whisper, in the room,
She just passed, as this story ends.
Her elegant hands lie without gloom,
All looking back to her dear family and friends.

Memories we had at Disneyland,
Eating your pudding is the best.
Always holding my little hand,

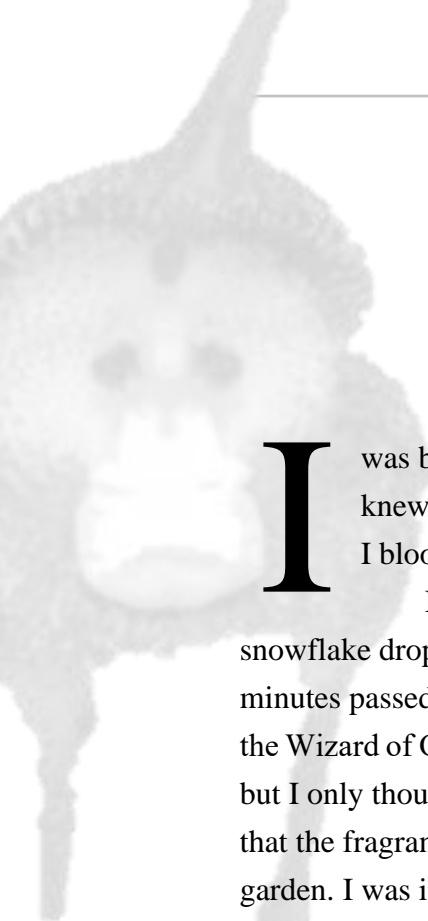
Our love, like a bridge, will always connect.

Your great love, as deep as the blue sky,
As a teacher, teaching me day by day.
But this isn't the end, nor a bye,
You're my best grandmother, for whom I'll always pray.



Life as a Monkey Face Orchid

Yau Cheuk Lok 6D



I was born in a gardening pot. I could only hear, but not see, nor speak. All I knew was that I was planted at the wrong time, because a length of time later, I bloomed in winter.

I knew that because as I bloomed and saw the glorious world, a snowflake dropped on my little beady eye. I could only see out of my other eye. Three minutes passed and my petals stretched out to their fullest. I felt like the scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz. I couldn't move but I could hear and listen and smell. I smelt oranges, but I only thought that those fruits were somewhere I couldn't see. Later, I understood that the fragrance was coming from me. Three days later, I was put in the center of a garden. I was in the middle as I smelled good and lived mostly at an altitude of 3000 feet.

Colourful butterflies flew and danced. Some bees buzzed past me, some sucking the sweet, luscious nectar. Green sward was everywhere, and even the wood seemed green too, as moss had grown on it. The trees had massive fruits and after some time, a person picked two and stuffing one in his pocket, he ate the other one. Juice dribbled down. There were flowers of every kind. Big, small, tall, short, red, blue, violet, yellow, white and even a rare black rose was next to me. Surrounded by colours, I finally understood that I was to stay here and be looked at and looked after until I wilted.

I felt quite sad as I wasn't going to explore the world after all. However, life wasn't as bad as you might think. Gardeners would cut away the weeds which were an absolute nuisance. They made short work of them with shiny blades. On the days with less light, I would be put under some LED lights. I didn't mind but occasionally it would shine me full in the face and leave me blinded for two seconds.

Seventeen years later, I turned old. Then I wilted.

To be honest, I was already one of the long ones. Most of my neighbors had sunk in the soil and had been absorbed as well. I may sound disgusting but the rest of us plants just drained the energy out of the "corpses" and survived. One sacrifice meant better growth for others. Would you have done it even if you were not about to die?

Many famous people have said, "Let us sacrifice our today so that our children can have a better tomorrow." As I went to what I hoped was a better place, I thought of this quote.

Exotic Flowers

Mitch Christopher Milas 6A

Suicide palm. It's a plant that you may have never heard of. It's also the most expensive plant in this ordinary flower shop in the middle of the city.

This shop was called "Exotic Flowers". The owner of the shop was Skippy Jr., Skippy the hero's son. I'm not going to explain who Skippy was, so just pretend that he was an average Joe.

This shop included a lot of exotic plants, like hammer orchids, parachute flowers and purple pitcher plants etc. But a suicide palm is ultra-rare and only breeds naturally in Madagascar, also only 90 of such trees can be found in the wild.

Skippy Jr., who was sitting in the shop right then, was waiting for time to pass, hoping that the ticking time bomb would not explode, for at the end of the suicide's palm's life, its stem tip explodes into a massive show of tiny flowers which is capable of being pollinated and developing into fruit. Skippy Jr., hoped that it would not show the flowers yet, for he would not be able to earn any money from it, and also, he would have to painstakingly pick up all the flower buds caused by the explosion.

It was a wonder that his shop was large enough to fit a whole palm tree inside.

After a while of waiting, he looked at the tree. According to his knowledge, it would burst open soon. Skippy Jr. had to hurry up to sell his plant.

Just before he was going to make a discount on the plant, a customer walked in. Skippy Jr. was delighted. He told the customer all about the suicide palm tree and the customer, who was a botanist, was interested in this tree. Although he had no means of buying the colossal tree, he wanted to look at it trying to burst open, as he too knew that it could burst at any moment.

Skippy Jr. sighed. This was going to be sad. An expensive tree just burst and died, followed by a big mess. Before he got to finish thinking, an explosion of colourful flowers showed on the palm tree. The botanist immediately took a picture of it and collected a few samples from the flowers.

He looked at the suicide palm. He told Skippy Jr. that he would come to study more about this plant. He left, and then that was all.

The next day, at Skippy Jr.'s shop, he took out the morning post, and it read, "Rare suicide palm in 'Exotic Flowers'". He waited at his shop for customers once again. Instead of pure boredom, he saw quite a few customers coming in. He knew the news article did it. After all, who wouldn't go to a shop that sells the most exotic plants in the city?

Blackboard Duster

Anson Lo 6A

A student walks out, head high. In his hand, a piece of chalk, ready to write. The whole class watches, eyes focused on the blackboard. Slowly, the kid writes “invasion”. The horror of the sudden realization is spread to the class as bombs suddenly drop onto buildings and airplanes whiz above. Red ink marks the blackboard as the students run to safety. The kid remains, chalk in hand.

an olive branch
with a million doves
erases the mistake





Super Spuds

Kim Kwok 6E

“**A**lrigh son, I think it’s time I taught you how to harvest potatoes,” the farmer announced to his son.

“But Dad, potatoes are the most boring crop. Why couldn’t we have chosen something cool, like pumpkins?” argued Wilson, the farmer’s son.

“Will, potatoes aren’t boring, they’re actually the opposite! They’re one of the most important crops in the world! They also have so many interesting facts.”

Wilson rolled his eyes, “What are these ‘facts’ then?”

“Well for one, potatoes produce more food per unit of water than any other major crop, meaning it already out-classes the pumpkin,” the farmer said enthusiastically, “plus, potatoes were the first crop to ever be grown in space, they could be the first source of food on Mars in the future.”

The farmer noticed that his son’s eye suddenly grew a little bigger, and had a little glint. The farmer grinned and continued.

“Son, I understand that you play a couple shooter games, right?”

“Yes, I guess I do,” replied Wilson.

“Well during the Irish famine, half of Ireland completely depended on —”

“Hey Dad, what’s that purple bit in the potatoes?” Wilson asked.

“Ah, that is a rare disease that happens in potatoes. It spreads really quickly and the farm has basically no chance of surviving it. I can’t get rid of the infected ones quickly enough,” sighed his dad.

“Well...what if I help?” enquired Wilson, “Like you taught me, two is always better than one.”

“Are you sure you want to do this, Will?” the farmer raised an eyebrow.”

“Yes, I’m absolutely sure,” Wilson said with determination.

Father and son set to work, calling out every time an infected potato was destroyed. Not long into the second day, the farm was all clean with only pure nutritious potatoes.

“Well, that wasn’t easy, but it was an interesting experience,” Wilson said.

“It sure was. Thanks son, I don’t know what I’d do without you,” the farmer replied, “Now, how about we go play some games?”

“Sure, let’s play together,” Wilson agreed, “Like I said yesterday, two is better than one.”

The Long Walk Back Home

Milton Chan 6A

September the first. As a Primary One student I am walking home from school with my elder brother with a bright smile on my face, thinking about the knowledge learnt there, how kind-hearted the teachers and how encouraging the older students are. I whistle the national anthem of my country learnt in Music lessons while attentively listening to the joyful songs from the talkative pigeons. I hold my brother's warm, pleasant hand, and he taps my shoulder affectionately.

the salted egg yolk
farewells with the clouds above
take frowns away

It seems to be an endless journey as I feel the pain of my legs increasing gradually. I guess my brother has the same feeling because he finds a bench and sits on it, taking sushi out from my schoolbag which I wasn't able to finish at school. He picks one of the pieces and puts it into his mouth, munching it slowly as if he were having the best food in the entire fifteen years in his life (I hate sushi). I take a glimpse on my watch, and by looking at its two hands I calculate that we left school forty minutes ago.

the warm, cosy bench
and pieces of cold sushi –
contradiction

After I finish the sushi, I notice a little bird standing on the bench next to mine. I haven't seen it before. It has yellowish feathers, two short, orange legs sticking out from its cute body, a small beak and black eyes. I curiously go to that bench and lie down, trying to make friends with the creature. It turns around, and surprisingly meets with my eyes. I look straight into its eyes, trying to appear friendly. It moves a few steps forward with its tiny legs, just like how very young children climb the stairs.

I touch the chick's head
brother clicks the shutter
with a smile



Miss Universe

Max Sze 6B

When you spill the beef stew
Or forget how to tie your shoe,
I'll help like how you taught me
How to count from one to three.

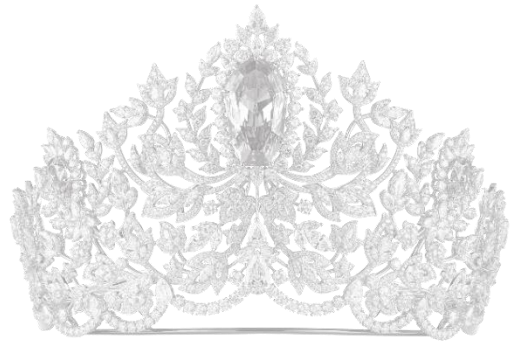
When you need help with your phone
And can't figure it out on your own,
I'll always be there for you
As you taught me everything too!

Remember when I sucked my thumb
I always spilled all the crumbs.
You picked them one after another,
And could not have a peaceful supper.
You were still patient and didn't complain,
As you thought I had an innocent brain.

Before, you helped me walk my first steps,
Now, I'm here to help you dress.
Before, you provided me a "comfort zone",
Now, I make sure you aren't alone.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter,
How every year you get elder.
Your hair turned from black to white,
And I have overtaken your height.

Now, your reflexes are getting slow
And you even forget some people you know.
Now, you have wrinkles on your face –
Time never leaves anyone with no trace.
Your condition may be getting worse,
But Mum, you are forever my Miss Universe!



Truth and Lies²

Edgar Tsang 6B

There was first a sound,
as if a meteoroid had hit the ground.
Or as if all the drums had started playing.
Then the haze started clearing,

and I was formed.
A few hundred millions of years had gone,
after which, the lone creatures started prowling the world,
at first, all was well, but then the Lies unfurled.

Truth was locked up by the malicious Lies,
who was taken by surprise.
He had never thought that humans were deceitful.
He never thought that humans were untruthful.

Sadly, they were.

But, why, oh, why?
Why would humans lie?
The cause is none other than their self-centeredness.
Humans created Lies due to their thoughtlessness.

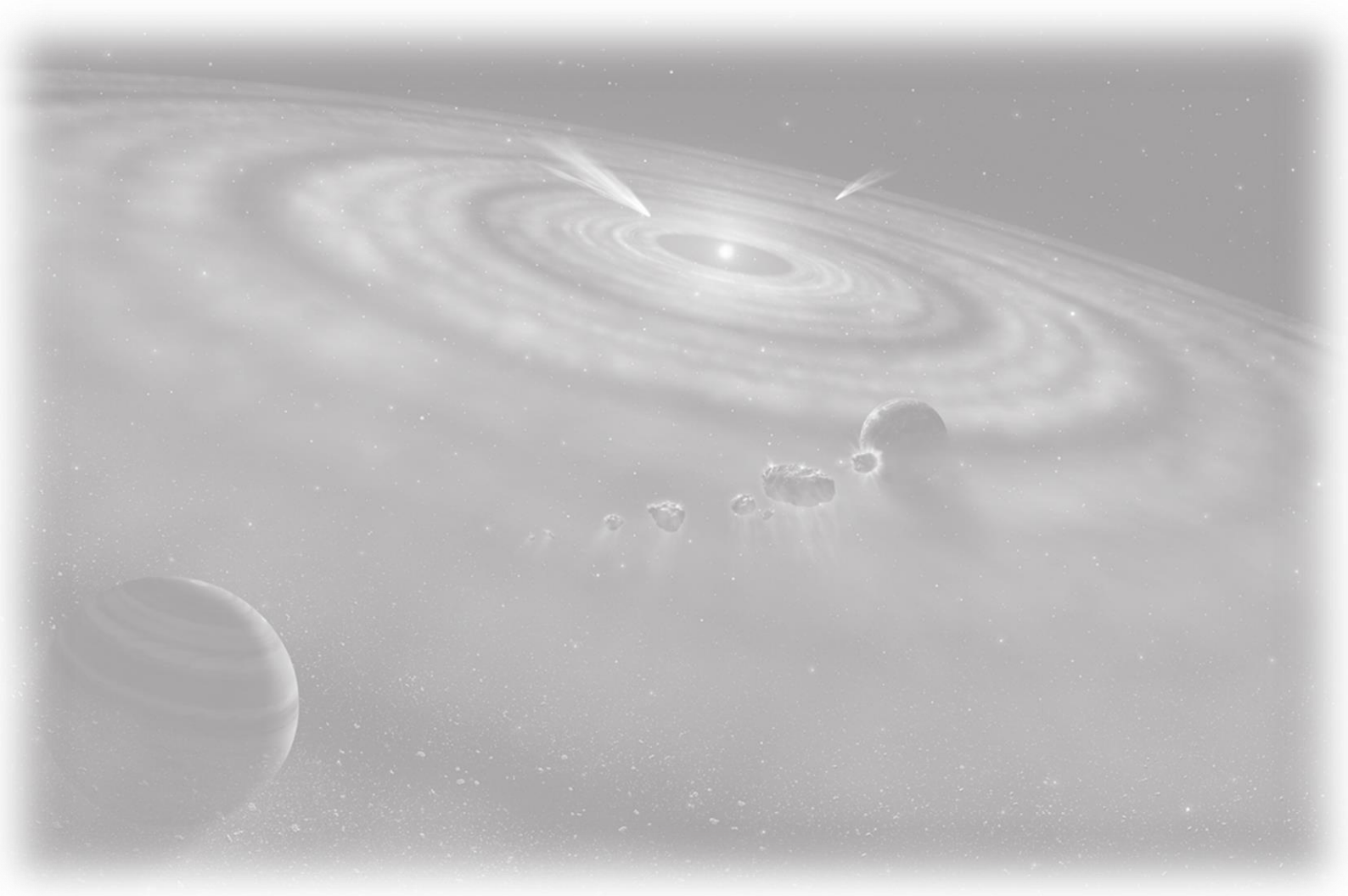
Lies were produced by mankind.
They imprisoned Truth in the most discouraging place they could find.
Nowhere else than the dark side of the moon,
Truth thought this was his doom.

Day by day went past.
Truth remained aghast.
Who knew this would happen to him?
It seemed like a long and atrocious dream.

² Honourable Mention, Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award 2021/22

Another million years passed by,
and God descended from the sky.
He gave the liars what they deserved,
then saved Truth from where he was preserved.

This brought light to the sky,
who wanted to cry.
Alas, all was fine from then on.
But I, the Earth, hope this could remain for long.



What the Lies Will Do³

Horace Chan 6A

There was a kid who told tons of falsehoods.
He lied to all the people all for his own good.
He played with his brother's model in his room
And he knocked it to the floor. He was doomed.

The kid did not want to let others know
That he broke his brother's model with a blow.
He wanted to get rid of this severe trouble,
So he decided to lie (Well, he'd make it double).

When his mum and brother went inside,
They looked at the debris, very petrified.
"Oh my goodness!" they both shouted out.
"Horace, what on earth is this all about?"

"I don't know," the kid shrugged when replying.
But his mum just knew that he was lying.
"Lying," she said, "is never, ever fun."
"Tell us what you have really done."

However, the kid still refused to confess
That he was the one who made the mess.
"If," his mum said, "you don't tell the truth,"
"I'll be really hitting the roof!"

The kid had finally admitted.
But he could never play, not even a bit.
The kid then let out a very loud "No!"
However it's the outcome, he should know.

His brother laughed. Actually he had a plot.
Before the lie he had already thought,

³ Honourable Mention, Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award 2021/22

“I’ll break the model and lay the blame
On that silly kid, which Horace’s his name.”

He was happy with what the kid got.
However in his heart he deeply thought,
“What have I done? Why should I even make
My brother unhappy, for goodness’ sake?”

Knowing his model-breaking plan’s a mistake,
He told his mum all the real and the fake.
Then he said, “Brother, I have been so bad.”
“I’m very sorry for making you that sad.”

However, it’s only silence that remained,
And nothing that the brothers have gained.
If not of the lie, that avoidable cause,
They wouldn’t have suffered from that loss.



An Amazing Party⁴

Ambrose Wong 6D

Carrying my wonderful magic string,
I jumped onto the somersault cloud with the spring
That I borrowed from the Monkey King,
Flying to the party which was in full swing.

Righted myself, I landed at Pisa in a jiffy,
Still feeling giddy and dizzy.
Wait, I saw something defying gravity.
It's a tower leaning in reality.

Eager to meet my passionate, persistent and pivotal friends,
I left behind the tower and rushed to the hall's ends,
Wondering what things each genius recommends,
Because I like closely following the latest trends.

Admittedly, I was getting hungry,
Wanting some food cooked by Gordon Ramsay.
This time he roasted a duck with chili and jelly.
It's crispy, spicy and extraordinary.

To celebrate our party "Historic",
How could we miss out someone who's terrific?
What Mozart composed just now was not classic,
But pop music with lyrics about the pandemic.

I noticed Gauss and Einstein were not singing,
But sitting in the corner and playing.
As accurate as computing, as fast as lightning,
They're turning the Rubik's Cube with a view to winning.

Van Gogh gave me his latest masterpiece,
Which showed a majestic temple in Greece.

⁴ Gold Award, Hong Kong Budding Poets (English) Award 2021/22

He said it was once stolen by thieves,
Who were just caught by the police.

I asked Shakespeare to write about the temple,
But he counter-proposed writing about Aristotle,
Who was sitting at the bar table,
The presence of both was a miracle.

The party climaxed with Steve Jobs presenting the future traffic,
Which was not only dynamic but also automatic.
Together with my magnificent, marvellous and miraculous magic,
All the audience said that it was absolutely fantastic.

Yet, they all had the same question about the gala,
Asking why these great men were here.
Oh, my dear!
Look at the first letter of each stanza!



A Tour “Flows” into a Class

Ambrose Wong 6D

The tour starts.

The adventure towards English
has finally begun!

I quickly examine the animals
one by one deeply.
Like the fox,
it likes to talk slyly about a
meaning, without expressing it
straightforward.
That’s the contrast,
I thought.

Something isn’t right.
Why are the lions and tigers together?
Oh, they are forming ligers
that will be named “weave”.

The dolphins adored me.
They sang with rhythm,
And did a professional pose
to bid me a final goodbye.

Suddenly, the cats started a flick.
Meowing to perform a good trick.
Active schmear
Racing to cheer
To form a great limerick.

The bears are so ferocious,
Alerted, angry king
A hagia, haibun, haiku



Is formed with some delight

“Ring!” The tour is over.

I moaned, groaned, grumbled,
about how fast time went on.

I quickly examine the
parallel cheetahs and leopards

Only to get a final peek
at the wonderland.



Fertilizer

Max Sze 6B

Through the months of being in the English gym, I've gained a lot. All the bonus strengthening with the sophistication-infected paper really gained me confidence.

nineties in red
the clouds drift a crevice
for a crack of sunlight

However, this glory came to an end, when elegant weight lifting tripped me. The novel design of dumbbells confused me like a hypnotising beam. Each time I attempted to do my best, but I barely received a pass.

post-dusk
the sun doesn't rise till dawn
time unknown

Still, there's hope. So, I worked out hard and absorbed Coach Lee's teaching. My brain's strength has increased and muscles have been gained in many areas, while competitions have only sped it up. Sooner or later, the sun will come back, and shine in the class.

garden flowers
secretly rely on the first "f"
fertilizer



About the Authors

ANSON LO is a Canadian dog who loves nature and canoeing. He currently resides in Happy Valley with his two snakes, five sharks and a Caramel-dog. He hopes to become a successful soldier even though he is very short and thin. He is due to go to England in August and will miss the dogs of Hong Kong.

HORACE CHAN is an 11-year-old Rathalos which “invaded” Ying Wa Primary School in 2020 and was later locked up temporarily in the English Enhancement “cage” by monster hunter Dr Lee in 2021 to study English skills. It got the Honourable Mention Award in the Hong Kong Budding Poet Award 2021/22. Now, it is set free and has to leave YWPS (it didn’t forget to bid farewell). Apart from English, it loves Mathematics, IT and VA and is looking forward to Science in secondary school, but is not interested in History. In its spare time, it likes to read any kind of books, watch its favourite channels on YouTube and plays video games like Roblox, Minecraft and Pokémon, which it describes as “best things since sliced bread”.

YAU CHEUK LOK is a 12-year-old EEC (English Enhancement Class) student, AKA YCL. He can be found in a specific place (planet Earth) and has enjoyed the EEC for a year, writing different poems and stories. Now he cannot be disturbed at all times as he is writing another story. He will not be free until the year 2023. His favourite animals are mice. His favourite activity is reading. He hates homework but must do it because he does not have a pet dog to help him make an excuse. His weakness is no strengths. The thing he dislikes most is people reading his personal information so please get out and stay out!

KIM KWOK is a thief who is wanted across the universe for crimes like eating too many hotdogs, consuming too much sushi, and loving potatoes too much. He was last spotted in Ying Wa Primary School attending the English Enhancement Class (considering he’s an alien, I’m not sure how his language skills were good enough to get into the class). This thief is terrified of dogs and is also not the best at writing poems. Thanks to his fabulous teacher, that has since changed by a tiny bit. He enjoys mashed potatoes too much and can consume two adult servings in 15 minutes. His hobbies include reading various books like *Percy Jackson*, *Harry Potter*, and many other books of the fictional genre. He is currently on his quest of trying to secure another A grade from his instructor, who often uses him as a “delivery service” for the “machines” often used in the class. If you spot this alien anywhere, please report to his instructor [name redacted] immediately.

TONY “Stark” CHOY is a lazy slug that has just finished a specimen programme to improve the English power of a few selected slugs. Although not quite noticed in the specimen programme, he still enjoys it very much (of course except for the homework part). He adores animals and owns three gold fish in his home, although he never asks for those. His favourite books include John Grisham’s courthouse novels, and Mitch Albom’s, well, books. In his spare time, he also reads poems from the slug-ternet, mainly haibun because those are his favourite ones. In his class he’s also viewed as an academic genius and a terrible sports player (which he actually is). He will be studying at a new school next year and he has nothing left to type so he’ll end now.

SAMUEL WONG lives in Hong Kong, where he is a senior in Ying Wa Primary School. He lives with his parents and siblings where his ambition is to become a writer. He enjoys writing intriguing poems and wholesome stories in his small little bookroom. Currently, he does drama role plays and singing at school since that’s what he aspires to do the most!

EDGAR TSANG (aka Ajar) is Dr Lee’s second container. Pretty enthusiastic about his detention classes with Dr Lee, he attends it twice a week. He dislikes doing presentations and writing stories. He likes poems especially terza rima and limericks. He is now attempting his best to write this bio which is already late.

MILTON CHAN is a “mill” which receives the honour to sit in a classroom with a boy whose name is the same as a Canto-pop star’s. Although Milton was not good at writing poetry at first, his teacher, Dr Lee, patiently taught it how to crush grains into flour and it has improved a lot. It finds haibun poetry very interesting and is proud of itself after knowing that his haibun poem was selected. For several days a week, it is asked to exercise and move around, and it likes to think about music and sometimes English poetry. In his spare time, it likes programming and playing musical instruments – the piano, the violin, and sometimes a rubber band!

MITCH MILAS is a 12-year-old boy that is a mix and currently lives in Hong Kong. In his whole writing career, he has written about 100 books or more. He tries to put in his creation of Skippy and his helpers (three heroic heroines) in every single story he makes (even in the ones for his assessments). He is famous for his ridiculous love of food and basically everything that relates to “edible”.

KADO LAW is a 12-year-old boy who is trapped in the 5A classroom almost every Monday and Thursday to attend the “detention class”, where you need to create intriguing pieces of writings and poems. He is an amateur at creating miniature comics. He enjoys English, but writes things that make no actual sense in his free time. He is also a big fan of music from the 80s, such as rock and R&B. As he is now slowly departing from Ying Wa Primary School, and will miss this Enhancement Class and his classmates dearly.

MAX SZE is a serious boy who doesn't want to do anything wrong in school. He cares about grades and reputation a little too much. Sometimes, he has serious obsession and forces himself to recite the world's 193 countries. He is supposed to be excellent in Maths, but he never gets 100 marks. He doesn't know why he could attend the English Enhancement Class as he thinks he is not that smart. He has a stone face, but Dr Lee strangely picked him to do public speaking. After a year in the Enhancement Class, he has learnt a lot, especially in designing and playing Kahoots, because if he could always get into the podium, he would avoid and escape from being “awarded”. He hopes Dr Lee will not go to sell ice cream and continue to be the leader of the YWPS English Department!

AMBROSE WONG is a clumsy but athletic person who doesn't like to speak very much. You will usually find him playing with the Rubik's Cube, playing badminton, or having a mental breakdown when he receives his “not 100 marks Maths paper”. He loathes people when they recognise him as “Dr M”, because he has a close relationship with a dude called Sherlock, but in the book “Sherlock Holmes”, Dr M is Sherlock Holmes' arch-enemy while Holmes being Dr M's nemesis. Ambrose is currently addicted to the series “Magnus Chase” by Rick Riordan, whom he calls “Rick Astley, but a writer”.

Ying Wa Primary School

