

Poetry

Group 1



New Journeys to the West

Diocesan Boys School Primary Division, Lee, William – 6

Oh Monk, Oh Monk —
Instead of hurting the Monkey King,
How about using a hypnotizer?
Then he will obey you without feeling the pain.

Oh Monkey King, Oh Monkey King —
Do you think you are strong enough to battle with aliens and super tanks?
Why don't you go help Jedis fight the Stormtroopers and end the Star Wars?

Oh Pig, Oh Pig —
You can share all my French fries, hotdogs, burgers, pizzas, chicken nuggets and desserts.
I know you will like them,
And I will not grow fat.

Oh Friar, Oh Friar —
Your weapon is not that good.
I wish I could give you a super gun,
But I don't know how to build it yet.

Oh White Horse, Oh White Horse —
You used to be a dragon!
When you were hungry, you ate a horse.
But now you are a horse,
I don't know how to turn you back into a dragon again.

Sun Wukong

PLK Choi Kai Yau School (Primary), Wong, James – 8

Sun Wukong, a mischievous monkey,
With magic of transformations and the cloud trapeze,
Seize the iron staff from the Dragon King of the Eastern Sea at ease.

Sun Wukong, declare himself “Great Sage”,
Cause lot of troubles in Heaven and in Hell,
Detained beneath the Five-peaked Mountain for 500 years with a spell.

Sun Wukong, accepted as a disciple,
Follow Xuanzang and set off with Pigsy and Sandy with a quest,
Accompanied by White Dragon Horse prince on a journey to the west.

Sun Wukong, nimble and brilliant,
Pluck his hairs and blow into clones of himself,
Defeat demons and monstrous creatures,
Help Xuanzang fetch the true scriptures.

Sun Wukong, now repented and be good,
Mission fulfilled and challenges resolved,
Metal ring with spell placed around his head be removed.

Expectations on Pigsies

S.K.H. Kei Oi Primary School, Chu, Joyce – 9

As spring follows winter.
Then, they hope we aim high as lovebirds.
We fly high and sing hopefully.
The parents hope we can go to Cambridge and
Be the four lions.

Teachers and parents never understand
How lazy and impatient we are.
So are they.
We never understand how lazy they are
To understand us.
They just think we are perfect.

Stressed like Pigsies

S.K.H. Kei Oi Primary School, Gao, Rachel – 9

Children nowadays are lazy like Pigsies.
Our parents put us in the tutorial centers,
Our second home,
Of stress.
Is it worth it?

We are on a journey to the setting sun.
We want to be free as a bird,
Flying in the sky.
We stay away from stress as far as we can.
We go to the West to find
Our freedom.

Tang Priest didn't abuse Monkey King

S.K.H. Kei Oi Primary School, Wong, Ivana – 9

Children are on a journey in life
With their parents as guide.
As a cub follows his mum,
The bear is patient.
As the team followed Tang Priest,
He is patient.
As the children follow their parents,
The parents are not.
The children aren't as naughty as Monkey King.
Monkey King was not abused.
Only Gold Hoop was all used.
Tang Priest loved him so much,
Though Monkey King was not his son.
The children lived in their mum's belly for 10 months
Before coming to the world of
Pain.

How can the parents abuse their children?
How can parents be inhumane,
When they give birth to humans?

New Journeys to the West

Singapore International School (HK), Cao, Jia Min – 8

A gust of wind
A heavy rain
Monkey King, Monk pig,
Tang Priest, Friar Sand
got blown into my house

Chocolate, chips,
Coffee, coke
All got eaten by Monk pig
Until he got a nose bleed
He said it was poison

Cars, buses,
ships, planes
were all moving monsters to them

pretty girls with
red, blue
green, brown hair
and blue, green, brown eyes
are lady monsters to Monk pig

Ha! Ha!

I told them that
This was the modern Hong Kong
The beautiful Hong Kong
The international Hong Kong

They liked Hong Kong
but
Tang Priest said that
They needed to go to India
to take the Buddhist scriptures

Tang dynasty
Chang'an
That's their home
Buddhist scriptures will let
Tang dynasty become more prosperous

Cloud summersault
took them out of Hong Kong

Hong Kong
welcomes you back
Hong Kong
welcomes you back

I love
Hong Kong!

New Journeys to the West

Singapore International School (HK), Wong, Harold – 8

Zest, fest, lest
had a journey to the West.
It took more than fifty days,
and almost got stuck on a bay!
At least they did their best.



The Story of a King

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Cheung, Charlianne – 6

What is his name, name, name? His name is Monkey King,
He flies on a cloud and wears a golden ring, ring, ring,
He travels with a master and becomes a great helper,
His magic golden staff protects them from demons and monsters.

Coming from humble beginnings,
Born from a fairy stone egg shining,
King of monkeys through a courage call,
First brave one to jump through the waterfall.

Ten years he travelled to find life everlasting,
Across oceans and lands determined never flinching,
Through an immortal teacher, seventy-two magic was his treasure,
Sun, Seeker of Secrets, the one true capture.

Proud and mighty monkey becomes a monkey bully,
One time, two time, three, Old Jade to make him happy,
Never seems enough, not even Great Sage Equal to Heaven,
Through face of greed and envy, he becomes Mr. Tantrum.

Enough is enough, mighty Buddha gives out a test,
Silly monkey fails, trapped for all the mess,
Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, monkey is very sorry,
Heading to the west, for a long meaningful journey.

New Journeys to the West

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Cheuk, Cheryl Trinity Kiu – 8

Part 1: The “Old” Journey

*I was born on Flower Fruit Mountain as “the Monkey King”.
I was “Great Sage Equal to Heaven” (齊天大聖), the real wild thing.
My mischief angered everyone in heaven and I was forever detained.
Finally Guanyin (觀音) punished me by giving my head a tight ring.*

I was commanded to protect my master Xuanzang (玄奘), a monk.
Together with a pig that was always drunk and another one that stunk!
The journey was full of hideous spirits and demons,
Who craved for Xuanzang’s flesh instead of the real treasure in his trunk.

The harsh journey to the West lasted for years.
I felt we had travelled the whole hemisphere.
We had conquered demons of sins that disguised as animals or humans,
My Master had finally brought back new knowledge with cheers.

Part 2: The “New” Journey

*I was born on Flower Fruit Mountain as “the Monkey King”.
I was “Great Sage Equal to Heaven” (齊天大聖), the real wild thing.
My mischief angered everyone in heaven and I was forever detained.
Finally Guanyin (觀音) punished me by giving my head a tight ring.*

I was not called “the Monkey King” for nothing.
I had many weapons that are stunning.
My baton, Ruyi Jingu Bang (如意金箍棒) could bring us future magic.
I thus proposed to my Master to morph his white horse to an *Airplane*.

The journey on flight was full of wilderness and evil spirits.
But my hi-tech weapons made us fearless.
My baton was installed with *G.P.S.* to avoid the hidden dangers and traps.
Our life was saved from the evils that were vicious.

My Master’s Buddhist scriptures from West were heavy and plenty.
Years to bring back the treasures were many.
My baton stored the scriptures onto my *Computer* via *iCloud*,
Now the *Data* upload were more speedy and steady.

Part 3: Old or New?

However the journey was started and ended;
Whatever way the scriptures were brought back;
Whoever was the hero of the Journey to the West;
There was something of which the baton lacked.

Teamwork meant that we worked as an unity;
Our *kindness* thawed the cruelty;
Though our obstacles were numerous,
Our *perseverance* conquered the adversity.

Though I started my life as a mischievous monkey,
With all my might I finished my sarcastic duty.
Devotion, belief in the Mission is our key,
Something which could not be replaced by new technology.

New Journeys to the West

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Wong, Emma Jaydn - 7

Once upon a time,
There was a princess named Chime.
In her dream God calls,
“Go find a missing Bible at the Rainbow Falls.”

The princess was very stressed,
For she didn't want to fail God's test.
Her monkey friend says,
“As long as you tried your best, you can put your stress to rest.”

Monkey had a great grandfather.
With a bunch of friends together,
They travelled to the West,
To fetch some Buddhist text.

Monkey gave her a crystal ball,
Which showed the way to the Rainbow Falls.
They should climb over the Western Wall,
And fight with the scary Darth Maul.

They rode an alicorn named Athena,
And were joined by a witch called Luna;
They also met a fairy named Gemma,
Who helped them fight the monsters.

Through woods and rivers,
They fought many monsters.
After they slayed the dragon,
They reached the Western Garden.

Beyond the garden lies the Rainbow Falls,
Where the Bible is hidden behind the castle walls.
Finally they defeated Darth Maul,
Just like it was in the Star Wars.

Hidden under the table,
They finally found the Bible.
As God appeared Chime felt happy
To thank her friends she gave them all her candies.

A NEW MISSION

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chung, Jacqueline – 7

After the last journey to the West

Monkey King celebrated his success

He filled his stomach with a dozen immortality peaches ¹

Then he napped under a beech

One day came a messenger, who tried to wake Monkey King using all means

Monkey opened his eyes only to find that it was Year 2013

He had slept for a thousand and four hundred years

He couldn't wait to find his peers

A gentleman sought Monkey's help to make a new trip to the West

As part of a very secretive project

Monkey King nodded

Can I get a hundred immortality peaches as a reward?

Monkey hopped onto his Cloud Trapeze ²

And sped off in a breeze

On the way, he raced against a giant metal bird, not feathery

How come this bird is as fast as me?

He glided by Mount Everest

Mightier than Mountain of the Five Elements ³, where he was arrested

For five centuries by the Buddha

I'd better hide in Kuan-Yin's pagoda ⁴

He flew over market after market, neighbourhood after neighbourhood

Bedazzled by millions of multi-coloured goods

He used magical breath to morph his hair to gold, but still a shortfall

How can I buy them all?

He saw heaps of silvery rocks and reddish mounds
Dark viscous liquid coming out of the ground
Machines screeching and squeaking, leaving no peace
Should I take out my Jingubang⁵ to fight these beasts?

He switched on his down-the-wind-ears and thousand-league-eyes⁶ at a vantage
People of different colours speaking different languages
Laughter and joy in every occasion, big and small
Wouldn't it be great to befriend them all?


He spotted miles of roads of gravel and sand, unpaved in their entirety
Bumpy as the old horse trails in Tang Dynasty
Vehicles puffing on creaky tracks in slow ways
How come they have not advanced much from the old days?

He almost bumped into gigantic white windmills organised in arrays
Black panels lying on hilltops following sun's rays
Cables stretching out far on the dunes
Are they absorbing the essence of sun and moon?⁷

After two years, Monkey King returned home
A gentleman, whose name was Uncle Xi, awaited him in a stately room
Monkey King retold his eye-opening journey to the West
Uncle listened with zest

At last, Uncle beamed a huge smile
There are goods to trade
Room to gain
And much to learn
It is all going to be worthwhile

So he summoned his team
And started a Belt and Road scheme



Footnotes

- (1) Immortality peaches are legendary peaches grown in the Peach Garden of the heaven.
- (2) Cloud Trapeze is a trick Monkey King learnt from the Immortal Patriarch where he can move one hundred and eight thousand miles with one leap.
- (3) This is the five-peaked mountain made with the Buddha's five fingers.
- (4) Kuan-Yin, the goddess of mercy, has saved Monkey King several times in the Journey to the West.
- (5) Jingubang is a golden cudgel, the primary weapon using by the Monkey King.
- (6) These are immortal powers that allow one to hear and see from afar.
- (7) In Chinese mythology, some spirits have the power to get energy from the sun and moon to become mortals.

The New Journey to The West—Monkey King the Genius

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Zhang, Emmanuel – 8

Monkey King in his shining black boots,
Stepping on roots from the dark dark woods,
In his hand was a gold long stick,
He's been ready for the adventure he would risk,
Nothing's gonna stop him from getting the scripture,
With his amazing shi-fu,
When there was a monster,
Monkey king would grab his long tool,
But sometimes the shi-fu was badly fooled,
No matter what the shi-fu was always saved,
Out to the west on a long long walk,
There was no food or survival kit,
It was up to them to eat some air or die,
How much they are eager for some rye,
It was such a pain to walk,
On million hills and rocks,
Monkey king was so patient,
That he walked with his shi-fu even he could go so fast,
One time when shi-fu is fooled,
He fired Monkey king out,
Back to his home sweet home,
Where he would find forests to roam,
From that day on Monkey king returns to monkey herd,
Suddenly a voice several miles heard,
Saying "Help!help~!",
It must be my dear shi-fu,
I would take revenge so soon!
As he jumped down from a rock so big,
And then he ran to an edge to dig,
A tunnel to the mountain where the monsters raid,
So he saved shi-fu so fast,
But after a few miles to walk,
They came to a clearing,
And came to the west west world,
The mission was completed finally,
With glory and joy,
Just like Monkey king's belief!

The Struggle of these Journeys

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Li, Hayden – 8

One journey can have brights with dreams,
Go forward with wide eyes.
And happy faces looking on,
Way beyond the skies.

But journeys rarely go as planned,
They very often fade away.
For mountains, rivers, seas and bays,
Will make the journey grow more land.

They go through dark and windy paths,
See the cati on the road.
Blocking all the roads nearby,
Cracking China's secret codes.

Walking on and on,
Finding traps and tricks.
They have fights and battles,
With swords and fists.

The struggle of journeys is hard,
Through mountains and rivers more and more.
Blocking their roads step by step,
Finding the spells one by one.

It was harder and harder day by day,
With the great wall blocking their way.
Marching through the deepest roads,
Finding the traps of China.

The sitting mountain started to stand,
And the cati started to rise.
The towers began to send their spies,
To find the next god to rise.

The Buddha tried its power,
But started to lose it one by one.
The guards protect the tower,
With all the strength they had

'Sun Wukong' got the power,
And end the desire.
Having the team win the day,
Finally with bright eyes and dreams.

The Strength of Sun Wukong

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wang, Matt – 8

Today's the day the hero face,
The hero pass the hills and caves.
The demons prepared their magic and mace,
They march toward the deadly graves.

His fists grip like blasting iron,
His weapon strikes the ground.
The hero fought as much as require,
To take the golden crown.

His flaming hands of fiery wrath,
Explode out in the shape of a pod.
Fighting and striking as he break down the path,
All for becoming a god.

Poetry

Group 2



New Journeys to the West

American School Hong Kong, Kan, King Lun – 9

[A poem on XuanZang's changing perception of his disciple]

On the journey to recover the scriptures,
imprisoned in stone for stealing elixir,
I meet the Monkey King.
Rebellious arrogant and impolite;
greedy eyes glowing in the night.

I release him to help me with my quest
on this Journey to the West.
A band controlling the wicked ways of
a super speedy shape shifter on a mission.
His mischief requires constant supervision.

As we continue our odyssey,
I see a beautifully dressed lady
offering me delicious food to eat.
Viciously she's beaten by Monkey's kick
and brutally slain by his magic stick.

Outraged by his lack of mercy
and disregard for authority,
I expel him only to realise
Monkey had seen she was the demon
of the Bleached Skeleton.

As Monkey and I continue our journey,
we encounter a robbery.
Despite my commandments,
he makes meatballs of the leaders and is
needlessly savage to the bandits.

Angry, sad, and in distress,
I doubt if he can ever change.
I wonder if I have to make him leave,
but recall all he's done for me.

Even when banished from the voyage to the West,
he returns to vanquish countless demons on our quest.
I reflect that Monkey is
Loyal. Obedient. Powerful.
A faithful protector and a formidable disciple
ensuring my survival.

A king of monkeys,
now a deity.
The Buddha of Victory!

New Journeys To The West

Bradbury School, Cheung, Charlize – 8

The Monkey King's fur is brown,
he has a golden crown.
He likes to play and fight all day,
and chase the fierce demons away.

The monk's hat is red,
he has a horse called Ted.
He longed to find the spiritual fulfillment,
without thinking of the dangerous excitement.

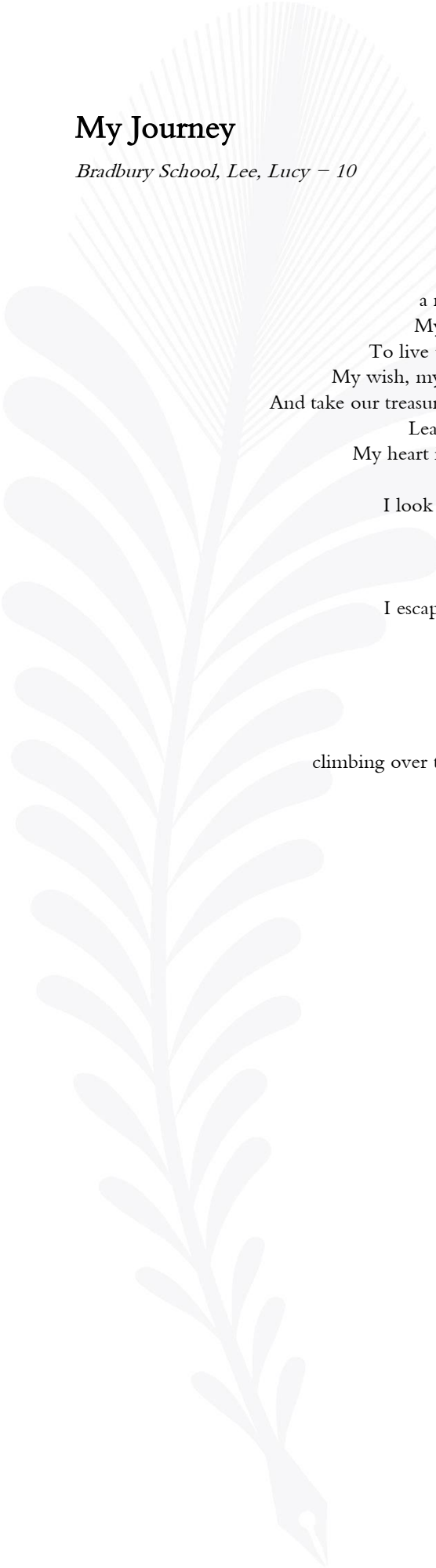
The talking pig's coat is blue,
his words are not always true.
He loves to sleep and eat in secret,
then ask for more food so he can eat it.

The friar's gold band is bright,
his strikes are not always right.
He likes to help the good fight evils,
but sometimes gets caught by devils.

The journey was a thrilling adventure,
till they found the precious spiritual treasure.
They enjoyed the journey very much,
and they will always keep in touch.

My Journey

Bradbury School, Lee, Lucy – 10



My hand touches
the familiar surface of the house
that I have lived in for many a year
Built by my late father in the 30s
a memory never to be lost in the heart of Austria
My hometown where always have planned to stay
To live until the day I perish unto to the depths of the planet
My wish, my dream is shattered when German soldiers raid our home
And take our treasures away, retreating back to their country full of merciless people,
Leaving heartbroken mothers and fathers full of rage
My heart is filled with fear, for the soldiers have left us a warning:
'Surrender or die,' was what they said
I look outside the window, seeing men get their weapons
getting ready to fight
But i know they will lose the fight
So escape
I escape to Switzerland where i will be safe for some time
who knows how long
So i pack my things and lie in bed
Twisting and turning, trying to sleep
Finally I fall asleep
I wake up at midnight
climbing over the mountain and looking onto my country for the last time.

My Quest

Bradbury School, Lee, Rosie – 8

I want to travel,
To the west,
And see the birds,
Making their nests.

I want to travel,
In the starry night sky,
And see my village,
From up so high.

I will travel,
On a plane,
With Sophia, Chloe,
And Elaine.

While Belle is a tiger,
Sophia 's a cat,
And Chloe's an eagle,
Who will help me with a bat.

This is Isabella,
She's my human friend,
Who came along with me,
And really likes to pretend.

Now I start to travel,
It's really fun.
But now it's hot,
Under the sizzling sun.

I reach my destination,
And find what there is to find.
I realize it's good and made a living,
And there's nobody there who's unkind.

We are living fine,
We are living great.
And I'm so happy,
Because I've found a mate.



A Letter to the West

Clearwater Bay School, Li, Adele – 10

PART ONE

A man spits.
I shield away from the sun,
Squinting.
I hack at the mound of wood
That lies in front of me.
I am in full control of the axe
But something still cuts into my head.
It drills its way in,
until all I hear is
Silence.
And it's a loud silence too
Almost too loud to bear.
I want to speak
But I can't.
So all I am blessed with
Is silence.
I've never heard silence
Quite this loud.
Spitting man
Looks at me
Like a hawk.
Hey,
Dreamer boy,
He says.
It's not time to daddle.
Get to it!
He turns his back
But still mutters to himself.
Lovers.
He says the word like it's poison,
Like it's a plague.
I can't help but agree.
True love is the most inconvenient type.
I feel
The sudden urge to run.
Away
From reality,
Away
From myself,
Away
From love.
So I run.
Spitting man
Shouts at me
But his words
Are pinpricks
And I
Am an armour.
As soon as I smell
The molten wood
Of my door,
One in a chapter of doors,
I feel safe.
I rush in
And the musty smell soothes me.

I take out my stationary
That took three months to earn.
And slowly
I begin to write
A letter to the west.
To the girl who
Soaked up my tears
And shined like my sun.
But could also disappear behind clouds
And flood my heart.

PART TWO

The comb is thrust
Against my hair.
Daadee Ma
Dusts
Gaudy powders
And gunk
On my face.
I see
The lines of age
That wrinkle
Around
Her sarpech.
Daadee Ma
Places my
Silver shinka
On my forehead.
I won't do this,
I warn.
Daadee Ma cups my face
With her wrinkled hands.
Do you know how much we need this, Priy?
Reluctantly, I nod.
I know.
I know how desperate Maan is to get out of this shoddy bungalow.
I know how she wishes to feel rich.
I look around
At our tiny room.
A jhompadee
The girls at the Temple
Used to call it.
Shack.
For a moment, I see.
And it's almost like I wish
To live in a palace.
But then I remember.
I have to marry
Someone
I don't know?
Someone
I don't care about?
Someone
I don't love?
This world
Is full of flaws.
Soon,
I will belong to someone
All for the sake

Of family comfort.
Soon,
I will belong to someone,
Who is not
The man I love.
But the man I love
Is in
China.
And
As he disappeared
I disappeared with him.

Suddenly
Maan screams.
I know that look.
He's here, isn't he?
I say.
She doesn't have to answer,
To speak.
Her face says enough.

A man in a smart white suit strides in.
Like he is god himself.
Like the world revolves around him.

Maan
Ushers
Me
Back into the room.
Wait,
She says.
But how can I?

I hear
Muttering.

Miss Rejai, I will assure you, you will get your pay.
Eighty rupees a week for her hand in marriage.

Wow.

That would have taken Many years to earn.

But

He is treating me like a painting
Ready to hang on a wall.

I
Am not a word.

Then,
I hear something else.

I'd be happy to do so, sir.

Happy?

Sometimes,
I think,

Happiness is anguish in disguise.

The room feels like a prison.

Then I see an open window.

It isn't that far down.

PART THREE

I leave

A note for spitting man.

And think

About

Emotion.

And how

They ruined

Me.

Honesty

Is limpid.

But painful.

And love?

It's a test to me.

Somedays

I sit on the roof.

Praying.

Those days

When I am truly lost

I pray

For a map

That will guide me.

Back to reality.

Back to myself.

Back to love.

But I don't wish for everything.

If I did,

What would be left to wish for?

The Monk and the Three Disciples

Diocesan Boys School Primary Division, Shiu. Bernard – 10

“Retrieve the Buddhist scriptures for me,”
Gautama Buddha said.
So a humble monk and his three disciples
Went to do as he had said.

Xuanzang – a friendly monk
Is full of sorrow and sigh.
He abhors conflict and war.
He wouldn't hurt a fly!

Sun Wukong – the Monkey King
Has seventy-two looks.
He's as lethal as a bear
And as scary as spooks!

Zhu Bajie – a talking pig
Is the greediest of them all.
He eats and eats all day long,
Making him round and fat as a ball!

Sha Wujing – a loyal friar
Does not have much to say.
But when the demons come,
He's deadly as a shark is grey!

So then they set off to Dahila
With problems they had on hand.
They persevered and overcome them all,
That's how they got there in the end.

Through wit and teamwork,
The party passed the test.
They saved the Tang people
And went on to be the best!

Journey to the West

Diocesan Preparatory School, Chiu, Man Yuet – 10

Thousands of years ago, a courageous monk
made a multi-year journey
Accompanied by a group of creatures
To begin a journey of adventure.

Monkey king was magical but arrogant.
Piggy was loyal but greedy.
Friar was honest but timid.
Their adventure was exciting but dangerous.

They faced much hardship and difficulties
Battled strange and evil monsters.
They trusted each other with loyalty
During the hostile and riskful journey.

They found a community of learning.
In Nalanda of India,
They succeeded to attain
Their true spiritual fulfilment

The Heroes' Expedition to the West

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Ma, Luann – 10

The humble explorer of China sets off
To the unknown Dahila Kingdom.
With Guanyin guarding him from above the sky,
Protection embraces him, as well as wisdom.
Xuanzang, he's named, the devoted monk,
His faith and determination have never sunk.

The mighty king of the Flower Fruit Mountain sets off
To serve the faint-hearted Xuanzang.
With his formidable Power Pole, he boasts,
"Ha! I can defeat anyone," and sticks out his tongue!
Sun Wukong, he's named, the ingenious monkey,
Even faced with any peril, he's ever so lucky.

The lively follower of Xuanzang sets off
While eating is definitely his whim!
With his invincible Nine-tooth Iron Rake,
He can turn any enemy's hope dim.
Zhu Bajie, he's named, the ruthless pig,
Will probably chop off any devil's leg.

The obedient supporter of Xuanzang sets off,
Like the others, to make up for his sins.
With his unbeatable Crescent Moon's Shovel,
He can plop enemies into foul-smelling bins.
Sha Wujing, he's named, the courteous disciple,
Will stun every wicked kind of rival.

The courageous gang of voyagers sets off
To complete a treacherous yet noble mission.
With the three amusing and loyal companions,
Future can surely be seen within Xuanzang's vision.
The omnipotent party, the amazing discoverers,
Can conquer every demon without any barriers.

Along the road, hideous monsters they encounter.
Yet with no hesitation they so chivalrously destroy.
With the three omnipotent weapons and the wit they possess,
They are faithful companions of Xuanzang indeed...oh boy!
Who won't shake with fear if he spots the group?
Whereas the group, ha, they'll simply gleefully troop.

The road is long, the risks are high,
But with no apprehension, towards the West they stride.
To help Xuanzang acquire the sacred texts,
With transformation skills which they perform with pride.
"Oh, come on," eagerly rapped all of them.
"Our tricks will prevent him to be eaten, again and again!"

Flaming mountains, raging rivers, monstrous spiders...a decade in time.
An unforgettable journey they've experienced and thereafter must miss.
The disciples' dedication has relieved them from their crime,
What is to follow, is the joy, the hope, the bliss.
At Vulture Peak, the priceless scriptures have been received.
What a phenomenal mission the heroes have achieved!

The Journey to the West (Monkey King's Perspective)

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hui, Ho – 10

You should know I,
Famous, am I,
I travel, there and fro,
On quests, is where I go.

Born from a stone,
Born all alone,
I walk, I roam,
Not knowing where's my true home.

When others saw me,
They said, "What a fool,"
Now see me monkeys,
See who is cruel.

Then I discovered,
How to get back my name,
How to get back the honour,
How to get back my fame.

I challenged them to,
A challenge none can do,
A challenge anew,
A waterfall for few.

They jumped and they jumped,
But none can go through,
Then I shown them,
What this monkey can do.

I then went back,
And paced and paced,
Then I leaped so far,
This was the hardest I ever faced.

Then I was soaring through the air,
Without any care,
The tables have turned,
Life is now fair.

I went in the water,
And saw what I'd find,
Treasures of diamonds;
What the gods left behind.

I brought out the goods,
The monkeys all stunned,
I knew they were finished,
I knew they were done.

I got out the goods,
To our leader Mah'Hest,
He congratulated me,
And gave me a quest.

To swim down the deeps,
Of the waters below,
I didn't know where,
How deep shall I go.

"There's something down there",
The leader told me,
He wouldn't tell what,
The something would be.

I swam down and down,
Down to the deeps,
Then an army attacked,
They attacked me in heaps!

I still carried on,
The things still there,
And then I saw it,
A stick for master's care.

And just when I grasped it,
I felt a sensation,
A tornado of water,
That shook the whole nation.

I returned to our master,
Who was watching all along,
He then refused to take it,
He said, "You earned it, am I wrong?"

He told me to go,
Told me to be on my way,
I thanked and thanked him,
What else can I say?

Then one day,
In the middle of a doze,
I saw some human,
And then I arose.

He asked me to come,
To help him on the way,
I thought about it,
Then I thought it'd be okay.

We didn't know what,
We didn't know when,
We didn't know how,
This journey will end.

He told me he's a monk,
He told what this is about,
He told me that he,
Was all tuckered out.

While he slept,
I pondered what tricks the stick can do,
It wouldn't now hurt,
To try out a few.

I waved it around,
Waiting for a reaction,
Then there was a wind,
Finally, there was action!

I whirled it around,
Creating the air,
To become wind,
And fly me around, without any care.

The monk was awoken,
Thinking his mind was making a mistake,
He knew I wasn't normal,
That I can overtake.

He told me to wear,
A headband of gold,
I listened and listened,
And done as I was told.

Then when he was sleeping,
I tried to take it off,
But it was no use,
My temper was about to blast off!

I accepted to sleep,
I counted the sheep,
I couldn't go off,
This monkey must be asleep.

My temper went off,
And my face turned red,
Then the anger soothed,
And tucked me into bed.

Then I awoke,
Don't know where I was,
I started to kill for food,
But then told me to pause.

"Animals are life",
The monk told me,
"When you're at age,
You then will see,"

We ventured even more,
Not expecting a pig,
He had a long tail,
And a stomach rather big.

Then a friar came out,
Holding a rake,
He swung it around,
And chopped up a snake.

It shriveled and wiggled,
It stopped in its tracks,
The friar had a fierce look,
And stopped all his acts.

Oh, how we fought,
We punched and kicked,
And slapped and swung,
And the pig also flipped.

The monk then stopped us,
Right in our tracks,
He gave some wise words,
And we then relaxed.

We then teamed up,
Walked away and sighed,
We were all friends,
And not ally.

We then went west,
To find the sacred scrolls,
From every path we take,
We have another goal.

We battled dragons,
Skeletons and creatures,
All with different attacks,
All with different features.

We finally made it,
But encountered a difficulty,
It was a lady,
With an armor of bones, typically.

With the flick of her wrist,
She took away master,
We glanced at each other,
We had to act faster!

We fought like gods,
And slain the nasty woman,
Then we looked around,
Were there any more of them?

We noticed that master,
Was now made of stone,
We knew this was bad,
So we then went home.

But we managed to pinch,
The almighty scrolls,
Then it was me,
I took care and controlled.

But to our surprise,
Master was back,
Then I just had,
The weirdest flashback.

“I am a monk,”
He told me long ago,
Now I understand,
Now I just know.

So we walked back,
To the birthplace of me,
This is my story,
Now you can see.



Vision of Greatness, Journey to the West

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Josephy Hui – Alexandra – 11

Mellow creaking, decrepit air conditioning blowing softly,
I cradle in his warm embrace, and stare.
In his eyes, I see the sky, and the heavens,
Blues mix with stars mix with me,
I fall into the deep spell of his story.

How the strong, bold ape blocked the essence of life from flowing into him.
He stopped the knowledge from blooming out of the flower.
How he was engulfed in his own greed.
The desire for life's wonders,
Lust to capture immortality and keep it in his pocket.
I watch the gentle movements of Gong Gong's hands as they create arcs in the air.
He gazes right into me, and speaks to my heart.
Every second, dust flakes flutter gently onto his worn, ragged shirt.

Soaring, flying, the power surges forth,
As the frosty air swirls around the monkey's shaggy head.
Inside, visions of greatness are churning,
Like currents of bolting electricity.

Weightless power, gliding through the undying waves
In masterful grace.
The waves, bubbling and gurgling, roaring with spite,
But he silences them
As he cuts through the vicious currents
Empowered by his own arrogance.

Racing, the tips of his toes bouncing lightly
As he leaped from stone to stone.
An athlete moving as fast as wind,
Driven by his ever charging ambition.

God towering over him, with the
Hope of immortality
Right there,
Within his longing grasp.

But it was all for nothing,
As knowledge is
Irreplaceable.

For he was
Foolishly,
Madly
Blind.

Two monkeys in one

Kennedy School, Hemnani, Nadia – 10

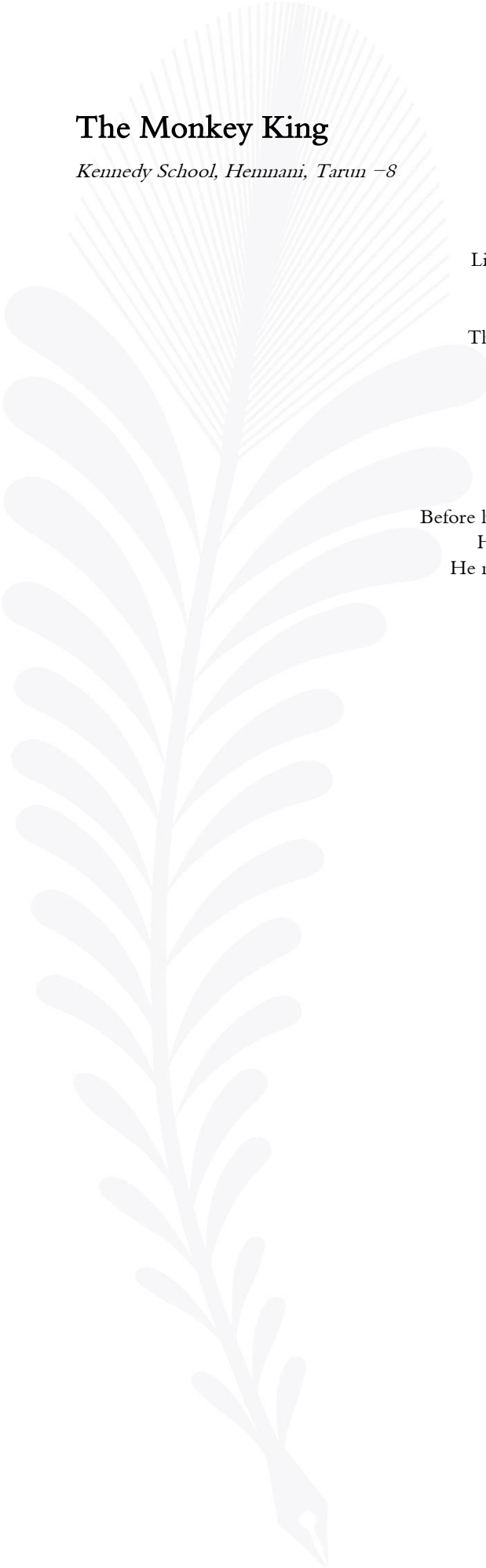
It is said...
That the Chinese Monkey King
Sun Wukong was...
As powerful as a horse
As fast as a cheetah
As protective as a tigress
In his journey to the west
with Xuanzang
He transformed into weapons
Protected his leader
Destroyed the demons
Earned immortality
And was rewarded for being the greatest hero

But did you also know that...
The Indian Monkey God
Hanuman was...
As mighty as a lion
As clever as fox
As devoted as a golden retriever
In the story of the Ramayana
He helped Rama and Sita
Lead an army of monkeys to fight Ravana
The ten-headed king of Lanka
Was destroyed forever
Now he lives throughout eternity
And chants the lord's name in the Himalayas

Perhaps these monkeys are one in the same
And perhaps just perhaps
We will meet this special monkey
In another time
In another country
Once again

The Monkey King

Kennedy School, Hemnani, Tarun -8



Born of heaven and earth
Like a pearl from a shiny black stone
With light blazing from his eyes
Comes Sun Wu Kong
The naughty monkey makes mischief
Leaps upon the heavens
Changes shape like a cloud
Shrinks his staff like a needle
He is greedy, selfish, moody
And wants to live forever
Subodhi makes him wise
Before his journey to the west with Xuang Zang
His strength is like a thousand bulls
He makes the waves dance like butterflies
And all the demons fall down
He is the king of the heroes

Changing History of Westward Journeys

Kennedy School, Tsang, Eric – 10

Fourteen hundred years ago,
A Chinese monk set off in quest.
A journey to obtain Buddhist texts
Which were located far west.

His lengthy travel lasted years,
To India from central China.
Finally his journey ended
In a place called Nalanda.

He arrived at a tranquil monastery.
A place of dreamlike education.
Youths were learning in harmony
Without the slightest friction.

Now what about those ancient journeys?
Some assume they have ceased.
Yet those adventures are far from over.
Lots of trips westward still remain at least.

Boarding schools, campuses and school field trips,
Plus supplies and tech trade need chaps to roam.
Journeys to the west fulfil these needs.
Even folk get decent jobs west of home.

Journeys to the West still don't fade
As the endless modern days pass by.
Westward trips are always important
So the customs are never going to die.

New Journeys to the West

Kennedy School, Wong, Karen – 10

Today, I went to a journey to the West.
The weather was freezing cold.
The wind was blowing heavily,
And poking through my bones.

On the way, I met a golden monkey.
With armours of finest steel.
He took me to the journey to the west,
That started in the golden fields.

The fields of gold inspired me,
To build an empire of my own.
I just reminded my forgetful brain,
That I wasn't even at home.

Again, somebody joined our journey.
His name was Butcher Pig.
He works as a meat seller,
And wants to be King's protector.

We walked through the hall of meat,
The place was very stinky.
Reminded me of dried market fish.
And chunks of refried beans.
The journey was ahead of me,
I learnt how to face my fears.
I was a bit hungry and thirsty.
So monkey gave me some congee.

We walked through the icy cold mountains,
We walked through the clear blue sea.
Reminded me of suspense.
And reminded me in the orchard's tree.

We got into sorts of danger.
With cobras dangling in trees.
And weapons and spears hiding.
Trying to shoot monkey, butcher and me.

We finally saw their faces of ebony.
With pure evilness and wicked glee.
They held their weapons surrounding us,
The team was the infamous black Smees.

Monkey tried to shoot them with harpoons,
But he fainted during the war.
The team of infamous blacks were winning.
But that didn't give them the lead of the war.

We finally saw a ray of hope shining over me,
And then we started the escape,
We dragged monkey with us,
Then we left in a puff of smoke.

The route to heaven took ages,
Because we had to drag monkey along,
That still didn't make a difference at all,
Because I was singing some weird song.

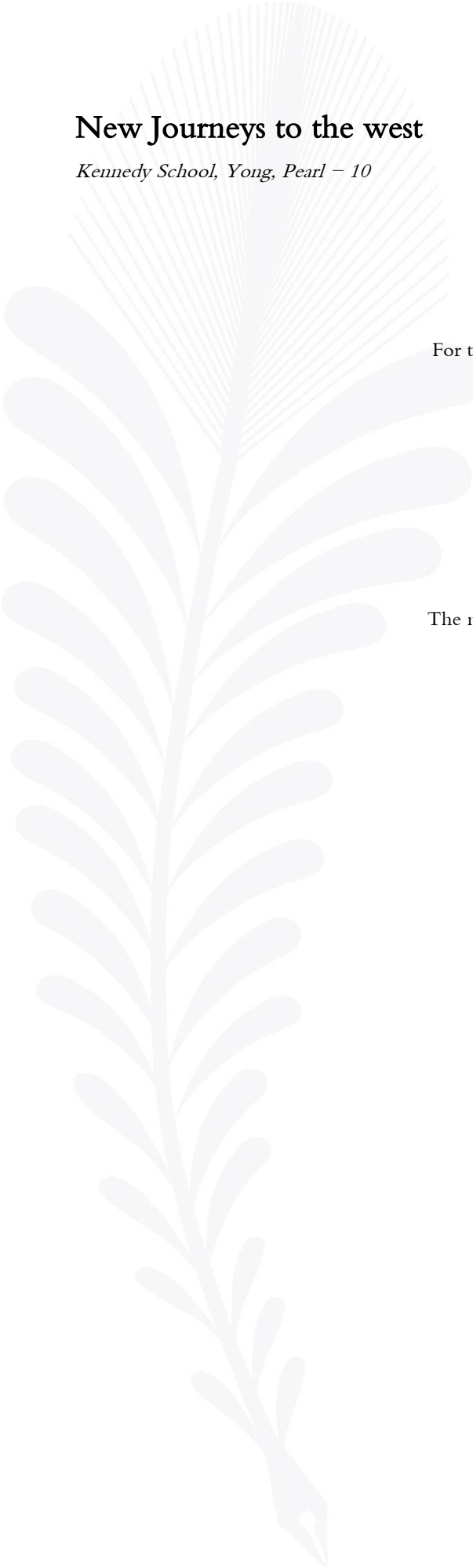
Finally I felt like I was wrapped in a quilt.
Because I was nearly home.
That means I had to say goodbye to my friends.
And thank them for bringing me.

Ding Ding! The alarm clock rang through my brain.
I shouted monkey and pig's name.
I realized they weren't even there.
Finally I knew, It was just an adventurous dream.



New Journeys to the west

Kennedy School, Yong, Pearl – 10



Monkey King, Pig, Friar,
The time has come,
As god desires,
For them to help Xuanzang the young monk.
They fight alongside each other,
To defeat evil spirits,
They suffer from hardships,
In which they overcome.
Then after all the hard work,
After 81 difficulties,
The monk finally finds true spiritual fulfilment.

Imagine as a Family

Kingston International School, Tsai, Celine – 10

A real long journey with a naughty monkey

Cheeky, playful and mischievous we don't know

He loves to jump, he loves to play,

But he just doesn't like doing math homework everyday!

Daddy monk, mommy pig, why can't we go to the park and play?

No, no, no, no! Do your homework then we'll play.

Finish snack too then we'll go,

To the swings going to and fro!

No, no mom, No, no dad, let's go now, now, now, now now!

Wait son! Wait son! Were going now!

Were going to the west sky to have some fun!

A journey to the west is always the best!

Were here! Were here! Hope is found,

Now we can finally break our fest!

And our books are still tightly bound,

Yippee! Yippee! Our destination is found!

Sun Wu Kong

Korean International School, Lee, Charlotte – 9

With a boom

With a zoom

With a zang

With a bang

With a swoosh

And a wosh

The ground shook

Here comes the Monkey King!

He is smart, brave, selfish, and very naughty

It is hard to make him get along with others

Because he thinks that he's the best

There are only two people that can beat him

Guanyin and the Buddha

One day, Buddha and the Monkey King made a bet

They wanted to know who was most powerful

Buddha said,

“If you can escape from my hand, you win”

“If you don't, you lose”

But however far Monkey King flew, he was still on the Buddha's hand

So Buddha won

The monkey king became Xuan Zang's disciple

Then Xuan Zang gave a special headband to him

Whenever he is naughty, the special headband will become very tight

Now Monkey King will be kind to others

The Monkey King

Korean International School, Ng, Ian – 9

The Monkey King
Is strong but naughty
Is a protector but rude

At the start
He was as bad as a demon
But after he got a master, Xuan Zang
He behaved like a peaceful angel
But without Xuan Zang
He will not behave

After a while
They decided
To go to India
Crossing the Silk Road
The journey to the west

On the trip to India
They met lots and lots of demons
Some of them become good
Like Piggy and Sandy
Piggy and Sandy helped protect Xuan Zang
But the strongest is Monkey

When they arrive at India
Monkey become a god

New Journey to the West

Korean International School, Sze, Sophie – 9

Once upon a time,
There was a Monkey King who loved to rhyme.
He lived in a place with a lot of slime,
Where he liked to play on his slide.

He was magical,
Nothing was impossible for him.
But he was also very naughty;
He always caused tragedy.

He was detained under a mountain
For five hundred years.
No matter how loud he shouted,
No one could ever hear.

A monk named Tang San Zang,
Wished to retrieve Buddhist scriptures for the East.
The Monkey King promised to help,
So he set him free.

Zhu Bajie, half pig half human,
Was greedy and loved romance.
And Sha Wujing, a hard-working man,
Followed Tang San Zang till the end.

They had a lot of challenges.
Some were very difficult.
But they overcame them all.
There were battles they had never fought before.

They succeeded in their mission,
And went back to China.
Everyone was delighted,
The East celebrated with joy!

New Journey to the West

Korean International School, You, Lauren – 10

Slowly striding toward the setting sun
Along the trail where traders trade
To finish a quest that lead them here
To finish a journey to the west

Ride a horse of blinding white
With a monkey king
And along with a lazy pig
Trek along with a friar too

Retrieve the scrolls
Of the sacred god
From the temple that lies
Beneath the setting sun

Face the dangers
With courage within
Battle your fears
Conquer the tests


Run away from
Those who want
Longer lives from
Xuanzang's flesh

Yearning forgiveness
For wrong-doings done
Discipline given
Another chance

Fight the weariness
Stand up to your sleepy state
Believe in yourself
And don't ever give up.

Don't fill yourself
Up with despair
For you will succeed
When the time has come

Monkey, a monk,
A friar and pig
A group of odds,
Together to win



A magical
Mystical
Challenging
And unimaginable

Journey of friends
Journey of courage
Journey of wits
And Journey To The West

Journey to the West

Kowloon Junior School, Lee, Audrey – 9

This is how the story goes,
I think it'll keep you on your toes.
Xuan Zhang was the boy's name,
But little did he know he would rise to fame.
His parents sadly got shot,
Luckily he found a school and was well taught.
Sanskrit the religion he loved,
His devotion to it was like a dove.
He was always eager to learn more,
So to India he soared.
With Sun Woo Kong the monkey,
The pig Pigsy,
And Sha Wu Jing finally.
Unfortunately in India he was jailed,
So he went on a hunger strike without bail.
Fortunately the King of China rescued him,
So Xuan Zhang's life was less grim.
Promising the King to return in three years,
Again he set off to India with his three peers.
Renowned for his Sanskrit work,
He still remained humble and not curt.
He studied Sanskrit for a long time,
Everyone forgot that he had even committed crime.
Keeping his promise to return in three years,
In China he became a Sanskrit seer.
This is Xuan Zhang's story,
And my poem is about his glory

Xuanzang

Peak School, Kind, Victoria – 10

To the west I go,
Follow the flow.

To get some scripts,
For the buddhists.

With me I take the monkey kings,
The troll of rings
And the pig with wings.

On my way,
I meet the dragon of clay,
Waiting to burn me on a pile of hay.

I also meet
The king of wheat
Waiting to come and eat
A pile of monkey meat.

I arrive in India

I have finished my quest,
Now I am free to rest.

My Name Is Xuanzang

Peak School, Yang, Christie – 9

My name is Xuanzang
I traveled from North to South
I walk and ride upon my white horse
Navigating the treacherous roads to enlightenment

I sleep on rocky grounds with a rock for a pillow
Other nights, I sleep on prickly grounds and a log as my pillow
Every night was cold, uncomfortable and dark

I traveled with very little food
Upon hearing the trickling of water from a stream
I stop to drink the fresh water

I find fruits along my journey
like peaches, grapes and kiwifruits
I encourage myself to keep on going

I am a man of great wisdom
For I have suffered along my way to enlightenment.

New Journey to the West

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Chan, Anson – 10

Maybe one day,
a special thing would happen.
The Sun would float away,
and it would disappear into the west.

No one would know how and no one would know why,
but it wouldn't return in a month or so.
A scientist would exclaim, "This is a work for a spy!"
The government would reply, "Well, we should find a spy and try."

A courageous spy would volunteer to do this dangerous job.
He would have to get over Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto!
"Before I go, I have one last wish," the spy would sob.
"If I wouldn't return, please, put me in the funeral I have already chosen."

The government would agree,
then the earthmen would all call him the "Sun Hero".
The Sun Hero's mission wouldn't be easy.
He would have to go into space and report what he would see.

The Sun Hero would step into a rocket bravely,
sitting down at the control room.
He would hope that he would return safely,
and let the people remember him.

The rocket which would travel faster than light speed,
it would get to the Sun by itself in half a nanosecond.
It would be more useful than GPS and airplanes in deed!
It could be a useful invention to the citizens.

The Sun Hero would report what he have seen,
And the group of scientists would ask him,
"Dear Sun Hero, where have you been?
Do you know why the Sun had to leave?"

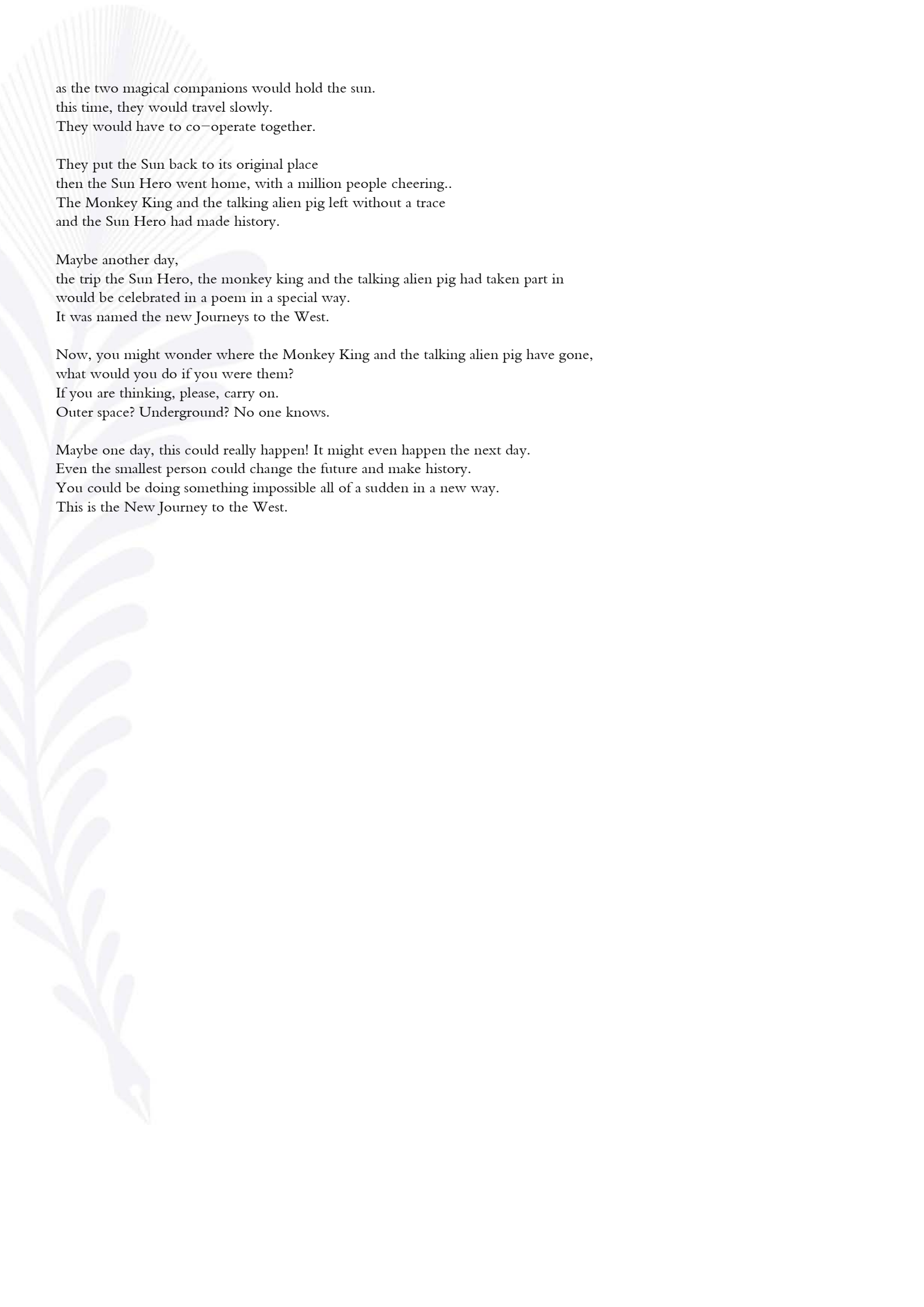
The Sun Hero would say "I don't know yet!
I only know I'm in another galaxy."
After a while, the Sun Hero would say, "Oh, look, look, look! The Sun is full of sweat!
It might be too hot, so it decided to leave the galaxy."

Unexpectedly, the group of scientists would tell him to bring back the Sun!
Impossible! How could he move the Sun?
This is the hardest task anyone has ever done!
He feared that he would not succeed.

But he would meet a talking alien pig,
and the cheeky, powerful Monkey King.
They would be somebody whose heart is big,
and could help the Sun Hero complete his mission.

The Monkey King was once a character in "Journey to the West",
he would has special magic powers to help the Sun Hero.
The talking alien pig is fat but strong, and he is always the best.
They are unstoppable when they work together.

The group would travel through the galaxy,



as the two magical companions would hold the sun.
this time, they would travel slowly.
They would have to co-operate together.

They put the Sun back to its original place
then the Sun Hero went home, with a million people cheering..
The Monkey King and the talking alien pig left without a trace
and the Sun Hero had made history.

Maybe another day,
the trip the Sun Hero, the monkey king and the talking alien pig had taken part in
would be celebrated in a poem in a special way.
It was named the new Journeys to the West.

Now, you might wonder where the Monkey King and the talking alien pig have gone,
what would you do if you were them?
If you are thinking, please, carry on.
Outer space? Underground? No one knows.

Maybe one day, this could really happen! It might even happen the next day.
Even the smallest person could change the future and make history.
You could be doing something impossible all of a sudden in a new way.
This is the New Journey to the West.

Nalanda

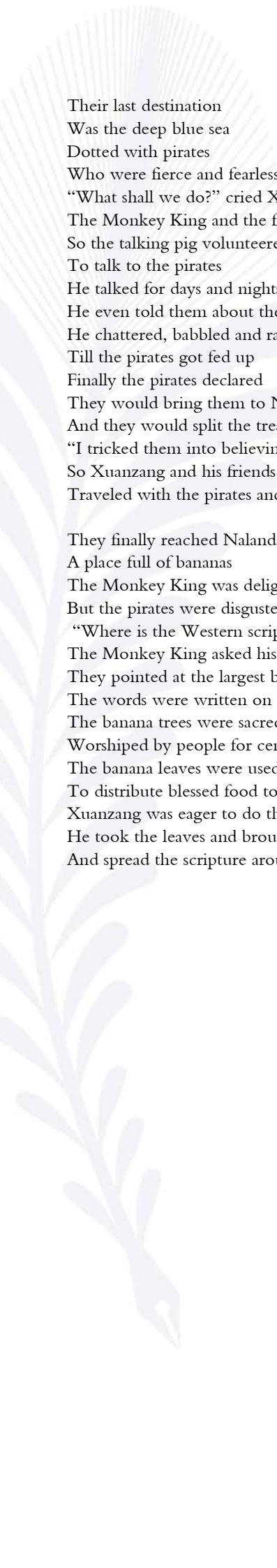
St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Hui, Raphael Yun Fung – 11

A long time ago,
A young monk, named Xuanzang
Went with three friends –
The Monkey King, the talking pig and the friar
Went on a quest
To search for the “Western scripture”
In a place called Nalanda

The first place they went
Was a hot fiery volcano
Hot as hell, spitting lava all over
“What shall we do?” cried Xuanzang
His magical friends had an idea
The Monkey King produced a large fan
Which cooled the lava
Then the friar poured sand
Over the molten lava
And the talking pig volunteered
To walk over the hardened magma
“I am not roasted!”
The talking pig boasted
So Xuanzang and his friends
Walked through the volcano and continued their quest

The second obstacle
Was a long green river
With hungry alligators
Tossing and rolling with gaping mouths
“What shall we do?” cried Xuanzang
His magical friends had an idea
The Monkey King murmured and chanted
Turning the river into ice
The alligators got stuck like helpless mice
Then the talking pig volunteered
To tiptoe through the frozen river
“I am not eaten!” laughed the talking pig
So Xuanzang and his friends
Hopped through the river and continued their quest

The third challenge
Was a huge dark cave
And a big black monster
That smells of rotten sulphur
“What shall we do?” cried Xuanzang
His magical friends had an idea
The Monkey King produced a pistol
But failed to hit the blood-thirsty devil
So the friar threw grenades
At the monster's face
The ceiling of the cave suddenly collapsed
Burying the monster at last
Finally the talking pig volunteered
To walk through the rubbles
“I am so brave” raved the talking pig
So Xuanzang and his friends
Stumbled through the cave and continued their quest



Their last destination
Was the deep blue sea
Dotted with pirates
Who were fierce and fearless
“What shall we do?” cried Xuanzang
The Monkey King and the friar ran out of ideas
So the talking pig volunteered
To talk to the pirates
He talked for days and nights
He even told them about the Arabian Nights
He chattered, babbled and rattled
Till the pirates got fed up
Finally the pirates declared
They would bring them to Nalanda
And they would split the treasures
“I tricked them into believing me” jeered the talking pig
So Xuanzang and his friends
Traveled with the pirates and continued their quest

They finally reached Nalanda
A place full of bananas
The Monkey King was delighted
But the pirates were disgusted
“Where is the Western scripture?” cried Xuanzang
The Monkey King asked his monkey friends
They pointed at the largest banana tree
The words were written on the leaves
The banana trees were sacred trees
Worshiped by people for centuries
The banana leaves were used as plates
To distribute blessed food to the people till today
Xuanzang was eager to do the same
He took the leaves and brought them home
And spread the scripture around the globe

New Journeys to the West

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lo, Man Yi Kristin – 10

It had been a long long journey
spanning many many years.
The young monk climbed many mountains,
in a quest for the light of truth and the wisdom fountain.

In the lonely desert, he had many dreams.
His magical disciples, followed him everywhere as a team.
They fought monsters, subdued evils and illuminated dark
hollows along their paths.

Finally, the young monk woke up from his dream and saw the vinetrees.
Where Buddha once sat and where Nalanda gleamed.
His loyal disciples bowed goodbye.
But the divine power of Hanuman soared high.

The end of one journey opened the door to another.
Fulfilled and eternally blessed.

The New Journey to the West

Yew Chung International School (Primary), Cai, Kyle – 9

There was once a King, who lived in the East,
He thought to himself: It's time for a feast.
You see, dear reader, he was quite *fat*,
Anyone could've mistaken him for a giant rat.


So he set off, to the village below,
And he said "I'm just like Marco Polo!
I'm handsome, I'm adventurous, and I like to explore,
The villagers are just... so poor, poor, poor!"
Oh, he is a HORRIBLE man,
I mean, he even hated Peter Pan!
So let's leave him, with his disgusting feast,
Because we are about to leave the East.

Over in the West, there was a pig,
That was addicted to common fig.
He also had a very LARGE brain,
And he lived with the one and only: Bruce Wayne.
He bragged to anybody nearby,
"I know everything, including pi!"
His greatest hero, was master Monkey King,
Who was currently retired in Beijing.
Anyway, this piggy bragged so much,
A king met him and said to keep in touch.
And that is how the world's cleverest "Beast"
Came to become a royal priest.

Now, we're gonna fly to the South,
Where we'll meet a dwarf with a very big mouth.
Dwarves (over there) were known to keep secrets and lie,
But whenever someone told *him* a secret... he would just cry.
It was a curse that he couldn't shake off,
Created by a sorcerer called: Virus Cough.
He was probably born as a practical joke,
To make people laugh, grin, giggle and croak.
Whoosh! Now we're here in the North,
Where we'll meet a Monk called: Xuanzang the fourth.
He worked out in the gym every day,
And at the nights, he would pray:
"Oh Buddha, I am thy Holy Man,
More powerful than a caravan.
Take this offering, a guacamole,
I pray to you, and to you only,
To make me stronger, when I train,
To strengthen the body and the brain.
Hā-mí-tuó-fuó, Shā-lā-tuó-mó,
Bǔ-tā-luò-tuó, Sǎn-tà-xuán-pó."
Holy man was kind and friendly,
But when made MAD could beat the monstrous 20.

These are the 4 that will go on the quest,
The **New** Journey to the West!

So... piggy and King decided one day,
that they wanted to go to the North and play.
And not the childish playground "play",
I mean real army and stuff, okay?




They were so so loud with their gigantic “war”,
That they disturbed O’Holy man doing parkour.
“Who in the world is making that noise?
It’s probably some bandits from Illinois.”
So he walked straight to the battlefield,
And saw a person holding a shield.
But instead of shouting “Stop!” or “Hey!”
He just asked... “Can I play?”
“But wait!” you may ask “Where’s the other guy?”
Well, he was on holiday in Shanghai.
But after a month, they all met,
Somewhere near the border of Sichuān and Tibet.
But anyway, we shan’t waste our time,
And continue with our GLORIOUS rhyme.

When they all gathered, there was a lot of shyness,
Until O’ Holy man...broke the silence.
He said “Let’s do a competition to show off our talents,
After all, everyone loves a little challenge!”
So they partied and showed off all night long,
And in the morning, they all sang songs.
They told each other why they wanted to travel to the West,
And just like that they started their quest.

It wasn’t long before they came to a stop,
In front of a little pizza shop.
But they didn’t stop there to eat and drink,
But instead to look at a Lavink.
A Lavink is a mythical creature,
That is even more powerful than a Zombie teacher.
And because these four were an unlucky gang,
It bared it’s sharp and deadly fangs.
“RUN! RUN! RUN!” yelled two nearby mice,
The crew didn’t need to be told twice.
They took off running, oh pretty darn fast,
Until they were safe (at last).

But obviously the world hated them,
For out of nowhere jumped a Sebalem.
The Sebalem had poisonous spit,
And it used it on anyone who got near it.
“No more running!” piggy said.
“We kill this beast and move ahead.”
So they all put on their SCARY face,
And DING! DING! They scored an ace!
It was a day of hope and glory!
It was the headline of the news story!
But just like a river that was always flowing,
These brave adventurers kept on going...

BANG! CRACK! BOOM! POW!
HUH! SHING! HEY! OW!
The sound of battle was not amusing,
And the 4 friends were... *sigh* losing.
They had recently encountered an old wise man,
Who was descended from a family called <<Weran>>.
So...um... this old groovy dude began,
Pointing a finger at O’ Holy Man,
“This young lad and all his friends,
Must put together all their heads.
Or their last battle will break their necks,



And unleash the ***NEW Tyrannosaurus Rex!***
They must go on forward, the almighty heroes,
Or the world will be reduced to zeros.”

While we were in the past,
The “Fantastic 4” won... pretty fast!
This time, they all celebrated,
Because no other beast awaited!
They all shook hands, and bowed and clapped,
And watched the Buddhas as they zapped!
Then off they went, back to their hometown,
And they didn’t even care that rain was ***POURING*** down!
But I, dear reader, am **NOT** impressed,
Because they didn’t even make it to the west!
And so... and this is not a quiz,
And so... the **moral** is:
<<Fighting so many creatures and pain,
Really can do something to your brain.>>

The New Journey to the West

Yew Chung International School (Primary), Lau, Amber – 9

Before the Great Wall of China, Demons roamed China through. The little door gods protected the innocent while up in the clouds a monkey soared high.

Above in the clouds where dreams drift high,
A monkey was born from a rock nearby,
The golden pelt gleamed in light,
But what happens if he bites?

Long by the story that you know,
A few years after he learned kung fu,
He battled to the death until time ru.
The gods decided for the final attack,
Which trapped him into stone until the curse was cracked.
But what if he had a son which grows.

A peaceful life he will come,
Flower fruit mountain is his plum,
It flourishes day by day,
Until the sun's last ray.

A little monkey in the trees,
Jumping round in full glee,
Where the fruit and flowers bloom,
But there's still some monkey room.


Let's call him Ru for now or so,
May his spirit flow,
For in day he will play,
And night evil's at bay.

He's by far the king of the land ,
Defending it against all evil hands,
Why not set out for the quest to defeat all fiends?
But should we start now or then if we get cleaned?
If I were you I would nod, oh looks like he's set out already,
Now get ready for another story and grab your teddy!
Hold it tight,
With all your might.

In the valley, where the trees do grow,
An ancient rune there sat a crow,
Stood a block of stone in the trees,
Written with the amber honey.

Carved the legend of stone,
Where the moon shone,
The crow crackled and summoned the wind,
As his claws bind.

Oh dear reader, this was no normal bird,
The bird and the wind slowly blurred,
You may be asking, my dear reader,
Then what was the bird? It was a leader.



The leader of that mountain,
The one opposite flower fruit fountain,
He was known as the king if demons,
He travelled the sea but he's not a seaman.

For he longed for Su Wu Kong to wither,
So he could roam & slither,
But for his wishes be stopped by the one and only son,
For his favourite snack was a bun.

As he gritted his jaws on what to do,
He wanted some meat to chew,
But for the guardian's son was still alive,
He would have to survive.

Down in the caves with death and bones ,
laid skeleton throne,
For hatred and pain was only what he know,
So he would always groan.

Then came a deathly thought,
all he had to do was what he was taught,
Oh dear reader, don't you know what powers he do hide,
For the darkness he controls, he takes some pride.
He has the power to trap anyone he wants,
And if they escape they'd receive taunts,
So his quest to trap little Ru,
Will come true when the sky is blue ...

The sun came up, the sky is blue,
Little Ru swung while the cool wind blew.
He spotted a plum tree and grabbed a plum,
Ru licked his lips, that plum was yum.

But all of sudden, dark magic headed Ru's way,
The plum tree was cursed, Ru ran away,
For it was too late,
He already taken the bait.

.....

Ru opened his eyes, the demon king was mad in flames.
Oh wait dear reader, we need to give king a name
How 'bout Li, that sounds nice,
King Li to be precise.

A trail Li holds for Ru will ace,
But while that, he's being chased,
By a group of undead,
Plus king Li gave Ru a bit of bread.

Will Ru survive or will he be done,
We all know he's the warrior's son,
Maybe it's time to start the quests,
May Ru be blessed.

The quest obviously is about plums,
To gather all the holy plums or else the worse fait be done,
He'd had to enter the gate and head his way to the west,



And gather a group of the best.

A few days later after long hard travel,
The story started to unravel,
Little dear Ru met a bird,
It had a beautiful voice as was heard.

The bird looked like a falcon but red instead,
It wore a string of thread,
On its head,
When it's scared it'd play dead.

So little Ru decided to take him along,
Ru called the bird gong,
So off they went into their adventure,
Into the forest they did venture.

Lurking in the shadows was a scaly creature,
More scary than a zombie teacher,
It had a fishtail and murky green eyes,
And is incredibly big in size.

Let's call it Flaw,
for now since it has got claws,
And beside it sat a furry friend,
As its fur blends.

As you guessed "they're" the "Undead",
Well I'd guess you expect more than what I said,
But trust me dear reader,
They're some speeders.

As Ru and gong passed them,
They giggled in delight and stepped on several flower stems,
And slowly followed the little Ru gang,
But all of a sudden heard an accidental bang.


The monsters were discovered,
And away they ran uncovered,
Scared as forever the good guys ran,
And fled to a place called Gu Ru Ban?

Guess what reader Gu Ru Ban is a monster hub,
You know the monster club,
Well let tell you reader they got into BIG trouble,
And were chased away by knives and other stuff,

But while on the run they met a pig,
Which certainly looked like it wore a wig,
He called himself Qiao Tao the master of smart,
And was in love with a lady-pig as his heart goes off the charts,

For the lady pig was named Yan Chun,
She loved to play and have fun,
But she could be as stern as ever if you tried her,
It wouldn't be nice if she made you grow fur.

Don't ask me why she has the power,



Trust me she could be as gentle as a flower,
Originally the couple were in the mud,
But then water started to flood.

So their perfect bath was gone,
But the scent of lettuce was caught in Chun's prawn,
And trailed it towards Ru's camp,
There Gong complained it's too damp!

And Chun came rushing through,
As Tao followed he knew,
That Ru wanted plums,
As he jiggled his bum.

And munched some dinner,
And spun the leaf to Ru and said he's the winner,
Instantly Ru was teleported to Li holding plums,
The royal drums rolled as they tuned bass drums,

Li surprised stared at Ru,
Without a clue,
Ru to puzzled held out the plum and ate it,
And Li took a plum and ate it too and felt wonky a bit,

And then black, they were in the abyss,
For now it's the deadline until Li feels bliss .

My Story to the West

Ying Wa Primary School, Lam, Timothy Yu Ching – 11

Hello, my name is Pigsy
And welcome to my story.
It happened a thousand years ago
And let's see how it goes.

I was once a villain,
Used to kill people with my weapon,
Until I fought with the Monkey King.
And yes, that was a new thing!

Anyway, I followed the Tang Monk
(Although I always got drunk)
To the faraway west
And of course I wasn't upset!

We once went by a spider's cave
And we, being brave
Went straight into the interior
And saw a giant spider.

The Monkey hit her on the head
But surprisingly she wasn't dead.
Finally, we got her on the ground
And that was a lovely sound!

The rest wasn't that exciting –
There wasn't much fighting
But we finally got to the sacred place
And that wasn't such a disgrace.

We got the sacred texts
And got back from the west.
We were treated as heroes
But is there really a moral?

Well yeah, teamwork and bravery,
They're as good as I see.
But one thing that I'll truly lend
Is really 'trust your friends'.

Oh, it's getting late now
But I'm still talking anyhow.
So, good luck on your journey
'Cus I'm really in a hurry.

The Long Road

Ying Wa Primary School, Wong, Cheuk Yin – 11

Those days already bathed in dust,
the story just beginning to rust.
Oh friend do you still recall,
that great old tale again at all?

A monkey, a monk, a pig come out,
to the west they walk without a doubt.
Just to find those sacred scrolls,
not caring if there were any trolls.

Though determined, they fear,
to be killed on the journey, oh dear!
While they feared, monsters sang,
that they would destroy the holy gang.

Spiders, skeletons they try to destroy,
that heroes gang, oh boy!
Though facing countless threats,
the team never gave any regrets.

And finally, yet not easily,
after months of travelling busily,
They had finally reached their goal,
where the Buddha blessed their souls.

Now, my friend, the story has ended,
But that path they took hadn't bended.
When you walk along that very road,
You'd see how they were very bold!

Five Weird Creatures

Zhuhai International School, Marianetti, Samuel – 11

There was an immortal monk
He fell down with a bonk
He had extremely delicious flesh
He lost his teeth and had to eat mesh

There was a unique monkey
His dance style was very funky
Then he fell inside a mountain
In the mountain there was a fountain

There was a weird pig
He was really big
But then he died
And no one cried

There was an angry sea monster
His favorite word was “longster”
But then he fell down in a pit
It was just a little bit

There was a lying horse
His middle name was Borse
He often said
“I wet my bed”

Adventures of the Monkey King

Zhuhai International School, Qu, Felix – 11

There once was a monkey named Sun Wukong,
Who purposely ruined the feast near a gong.
He ate almost everything,
Then went running,
But at last he couldn't sing a song.

There was the time where the Monkey King,
Who really made the humans ring.
He turned into an oak tree,
And next was a bumblebee,
But at last he wrecked everything.

The Monkey King was really hungry,
So he rioted something meaty.
Everyone saw,
Because he broke the law,
So he ended up in a prison not so perfectly.

It wasn't a problem for the monkey,
Because he could summon the exact key.
The police were snoring,
So no sirens were roaring,
But at last the monkey turned into the key.

Out he went through the prison seal,
Back to the hole where he was first revealed.
For there he lived a happy life,
Free from trouble and strife.
But then he fought a great big deal.

And that took him back to the sky,
Where he was not able to turn into a fly.
He was put to work,
And it caused trouble to lurk,
Which ended up him getting hit by a knife.

But he didn't die,
And it isn't a lie.
Something you might not expect,
In his mind he had a plan set,
To fill the peaches in his side.

Then he jumped off the sky,
To his home where everyone was on his side.
The soldiers were all set,
For the palace was desperate,
To turn the Monkey King white.

The Monkey King won,
So he had a beautiful life long
Three cheers for the monkey,
Regarding what I see,
As the little monkeys sing a song.

Four Monkey's Lives

Zhuhai International School, Ran, Sean – 10

There once were four monkeys,
They had different pets,
A dog, cat, horse and donkey,
But they never slept on beds.

The four monkeys have no names,
They can't even talk,
They love the feeling of pain,
That gives everyone a shock.

One day the monkeys played,
But the strongest monkey grew tired,
That's when he went away,
But he actually was hired.

Another day came they had a race,
But the fastest can't feel pain,
The others didn't chase,
Just let him go away.

Two monkeys were left behind,
Thinking what to play,
Trying to see whose more kind,
Died without any shame.

The Funky Monkey

Zhuhai International School, Zhu, Isabella – 10

There was a monkey,
He was born really funky.
He had magical powers,
And his last name was Bowers.
Of course he liked bananas,
And he got it from his Nana.
He used magic for good,
Like teaching people how to cook.

One day, the monkey went out to play.
He said, "This is okay."
He was a lad,
And he wasn't bad.
The monkey used potion.
Which turned out to be just lotion.
So he yelled, "Hooray!
I'm using the brand Olay!"

Poetry

Group 3



Unter Stein Versteckt

Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Davidson, Hannah – 12

East, West

A border never more separate
Gates of barbed wire and thorns

Today it lies as rubble, rocks and stones
Graffiti covered and stained
Beautiful, but haunting
Underneath, we feel the pain of the people
The revolt that they led
To set us all free

We look into the future
Eyes brimming with tears
Thinking about our suffering
To get to freedom

To go on the journey
From east to west
From hardships and suffering
To happiness and wealth

We dig underneath the barriers
Into blood-stained soil
Into the dirt of death


Breathing heavily
We go in the dead of night
Whispering and creeping

Their lights blind us
The click of the trigger
We act on instinct

Climb into the tunnel
Crawling through the earth
Fear overpowering us

Hearts beating in our chests
Staying silent
For our lives are at stake

Minutes turn into hours
Perspiration on our foreheads
Light beaming in our faces
See a hand reaching for us
Pulling us up
Being born into a new life



Emerging from the tunnel
We hear screaming
Our hearts beating in our chests
People are celebrating
Joy radiating

We see the sunshine through the bricks,
The glow is liberating.

Angel

Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Hasofer, Dan – 13

One day, one unforgettable day,
A spark lit his string on fire,
He wouldn't be here now,
If he could set the guilt free,

He lives through days of endless struggle,
Hiding the pain, while trying to appear “normal”,
If only he could jump the queue,
In some sort of way,

Lost of all hope?
Tied on the end of a string,
Ten thousand feet in the air,
Can he climb his way back up?

Every life is a journey, they say,
His, started with passion and opportunity,
Until its' descent, down and South West,
He tries to climb up, but to no avail,

The South West,
An endless space of screaming voices, melting on the wall,
A dark red sky, reminiscent of love, but in a nostalgic and painful way,
An upside down hell, appearing in the worst of nightmares,

Roaming the South West, in a freak of silence,
He falls deeper and deeper,
This time screaming, bleeding with amnesia,
He feels weak, gone is everyone, lost is everything,

Drowning in a pool of an unknown substance,
Secured in a slipknot, yet somehow breaking free,
With every ounce of strength he pushes through the debris,
He feels a burning impulse and races past the breeze,

Mourning the loss of a life of peace,
Feeling sick inside, winded, looking for a finishing cease,
Guilt is the string preventing his drop,
He can't take it anymore, he begins his deathly fear,

Every attempt leads to a trickling cascade of blood and tears,
Always the temptation to pull the trigger,
But he won't,
For even in the darkest skies there is always a hopeful star.

Decisions have Consequences

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Park, Jenny -11

It all started with a simple decision,
To go on this big journey as a mission.
For I was a Buddhist, determined and brave,
Who studies and worships all day in a cave.
I set off to India to claim some books,
But then a few tagged along, and they were crooks.
A talking pig, a monkey and a friar,
They were all special and could start a fire.
Or fly to the clouds and breathe underwater,
Our expedition was soon full of laughter.
We were threatened by both humans and creatures,
And all they had were terrifying features.
But we managed to get away safe and sound,
Somehow, we almost got killed and almost drowned.
But finally, all our hard work had paid off,
For we had got what we need—the Buddhist cloth.
We returned and spread the big Buddhist culture,
And told them the stories about our adventure.
The people were impressed, and I was famous,
I took all the glory but who could blame us?

New Journeys to the West

HKUGA College, Yu, Guan Shu Godfrey – 15

Xuanzang was a young Chinese monk,
He found himself stuck in a funk.
He went on a quest,
In a flight to the West,
To come home with some books in a trunk.

Wukong was born out of a stone,
Ruling the monkeys all on his own.
Then Xuanzang came along,
And he righted his wrongs,
Journeying to the West to atone.

Then there was a pig who could speak,
Who was also a bit of a freak.
After an affair,
He joined the pair.
And off to the West they did seek.

And Sha Wujing joined Xuanzang's crew,
With the aid of the gods and kung-fu,
Despite demons and traps
And attempted kidnaps,
They still managed to pull themselves through.

As the quest to the West reached an end,
The four had become quite close friends.
The gods, they were good,
Granted them Buddhahood
Allowing our heroes to transcend.

New Journeys to the West

International College Hong Kong, Pareja Lopez, Lucia – 13

The heat of this desert
Is a killer
And like a venomous snake
It hunts for
Me

I've been up
And sometimes down
The mountains of the southwest
Accompanied by the
Sun

The sun is empty
The only cloud
Is the breathing smoke of the fire
Igniting the
Sky

I am dying
Like this desert
And I feel my thirst scratching
The back of my
Throat

India is miles away
From China
And my feet are
Oh so tired of the burning
Sand

Every drop of life
Has been drained from me
And I feel like falling
On my numb
Knees

Like a river
I run and never look back
And like a fire
I keep gasping for
Air

I stop
And so do my heart and lungs
Standing before me
Are the rich fields of
India

New Journey to the West

King George V School, Jain, Mudita -12

Upon a mountain, hard to climb,
lay an ancient rock, as old as time.
With mother and father, earth and heaven,
came a stone egg, soon to leaven.

Nourished by the elements, if counted, five
wood, earth, water, metal and fire, to thrive.
With 72 transformations, Monkey grew,
dressed in armour, he flew.

Monkey set off, for scriptures so sacred,
to the land of India, where the words lay faded.
He continued his journey, foot after the other,
through the sun, through the rain, he battled any weather.

Then came Pigsy, who was satisfied with more,
rode on the clouds, half human and half boar.
With 36 transformations, no more and no less,
when near Monkey, he was often tempted to aggress.

Along with a monk, joined the journey, Sandy, who appeared like a demon,
once from the immortal world, he showed no signs to weaken.
Appears like a monster, because he broke a vase,
at no other location, but the Peach Banquet place!

Cracked under his feet, the autumn leaves,
brushed past the wind, on the winter's eve.
Came out the long, pale clouds, that covered the blue sky,
everything in sight appeared not wet, but dry.

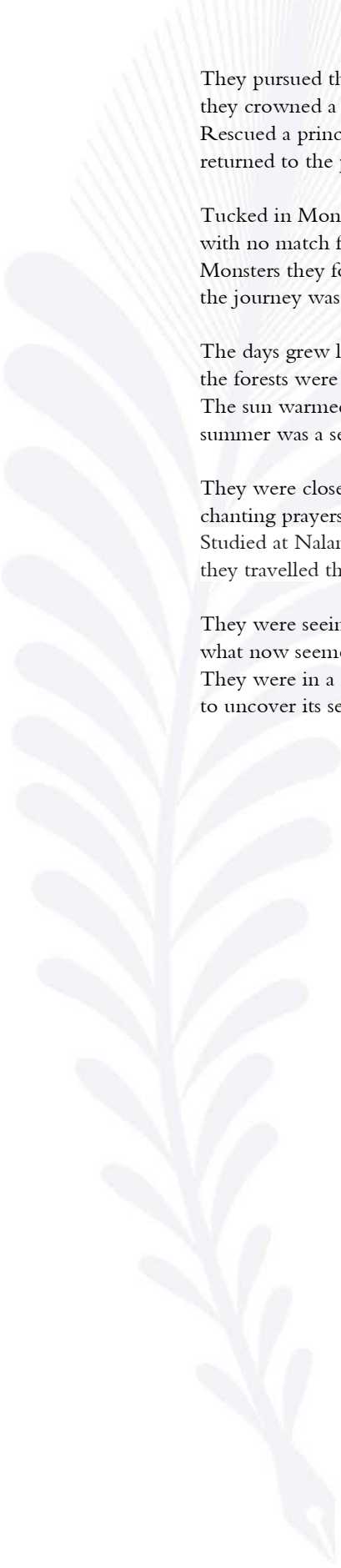
A loud roar startled the 4 men,
they took out their weapons, ready to defend.
They saw a metal bird-like structure, soaring in the sky,
shocked, they stood there, wondering where it was going and why.

The last leaves fell and swirled to the ground,
snow drifted and settled all around.
Every breath was visible in the misty air,
they passed by the trees, which looked so bare.

Then from the corner of Monkey's eye,
he spots vivid colours, bursting in the sky.
Monkey turned to his companions, puzzled and confused,
but they just stared at it, bewildered and amused.

Night falls as they reach the peak,
they are amazed by the sight – unable to speak!
Shining are hundreds of lights,
why didn't they see them on all the other nights?

Cherry blossoms bloom, the flowers are full of colour,
the leaves reappear, this time brighter, not duller.
Once again, the sun shone,
once again, the wind had blown.



They pursued their journey, hot or cold,
they crowned a dead king, strong and bold.
Rescued a princess, who was trapped all alone,
returned to the palace, soon a heir to the throne.

Tucked in Monkey's ear, a weapon that could shrink or expand,
with no match for the enemy, this tool came in hand.
Monsters they fought, Bodhisattvas they met,
the journey was hard, but their mind was set.

The days grew longer, as the clouds rolled away,
the forests were lush – it was a perfect clear day.
The sun warmed their skin, as it rolled high above,
summer was a season everyone could love!

They were closer and closer, with every step they took,
chanting prayers from the Tripitaka book.
Studied at Nalanda, an university so ancient
they travelled through Kyrgyzstan, Uzbekistan and the lands adjacent.

They were seeing the Earth develop, they were seeing it change,
what now seemed obvious had once felt strange.
They were in a modern era, and it had just begun,
to uncover its secrets and leave everyone stunned.

The Journey to the West

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Chu, Webbe – 14

There once was a monkey fit to be a king
and in his possession were millions of things
But he was detained.

Piggy did something uncanny
and was banished to the mortal world
as he was greedy

Friar Sand was made to look like a monster
and these three had something to conquer
to accompany Xuanzang
to obtain the Buddhist sacred text

Our foursome has many hurdles along the way
what do they face I hear you say

Demons spirits and a dodgy rabbit
But our heroes succeed
and gain Buddhahood
or should I say brotherhood

Success Favours the Bold

St. Paul's Co-educational School, Chan, Ngo Ka Olga – 13

An adventurous journey to the West;
Four characters proven to be the best:
In search of the precious scriptures
locked up in India as treasures.

The four partners travelled for years,
fought through battles resulting in tears.
Notwithstanding all the challenges they faced,
they finally found the scrolls and aced.
That is the plot of a famous novel
loved by all because it is comical.

Let's blast off a similar journey in 2003,
unfortunately SARS broke out in Hong Kong, making everyone flee.

Xuanzang, determined to obtain the medicine to cure
embarked for India again with his enchanted friends.
There being traps after traps to lure
the gang's success or failure, perseverance depends.

Accompanying the monk were the trio:
the friar, the pig and the monkey.
Off they went high-spirited with a barrow
undertaking the mission to save their country.

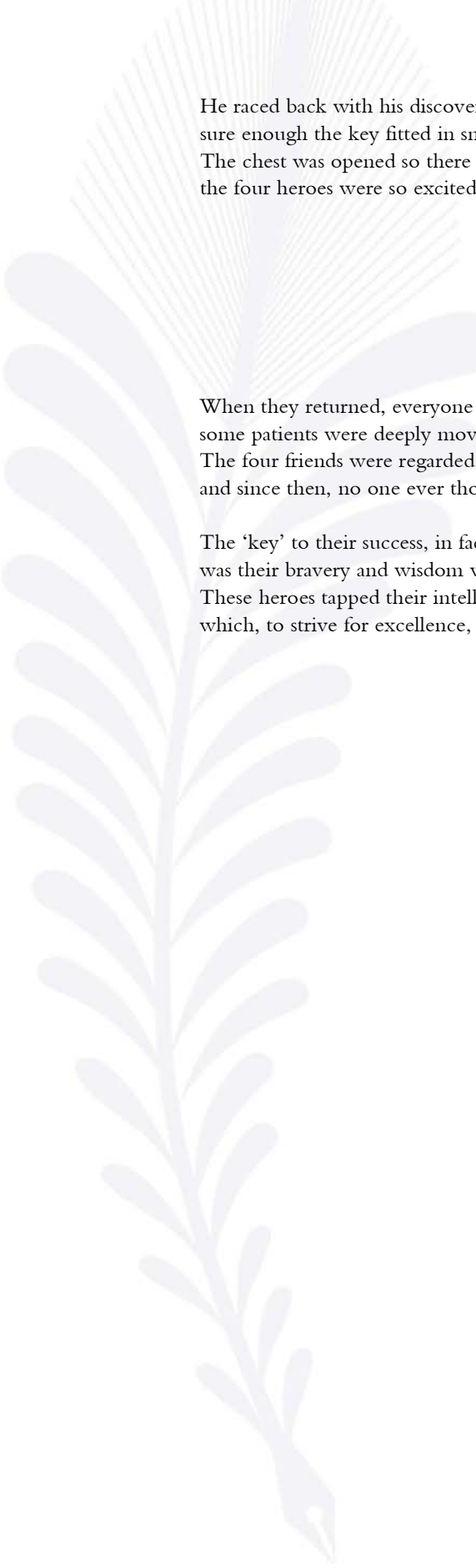
They flew for hours on planes,
on board various buses and trains.
Finally, arriving in India, feeling dazed,
'Which way should we go?' they gazed.

Gathering their wisdom, they reached Nalanda Temple,
where the monkey believed the pills were there.
Spotting a chest on top with a mantle
they met some monsters – what a scare!!!

Xuanzang trembled with fright
While the trio got ready to fight.
Together they came up with lots of tricks
and, at last, winning the battle with everything fixed.

'One, two, three!' The gang counted triumphantly
as they opened the chest carefully.
Oops, there was yet another box inside
which remained tightly shut no matter how hard they tried.

They were all getting antsy:
The monkey was cranky,
the pig pleading for a rest
while the friar was fed up and stressed.
The pig did nothing but rest
when he incidentally spotted a key for the chest!!!



He raced back with his discovery
sure enough the key fitted in snugly.
The chest was opened so there were the pills,
the four heroes were so excited, that

gave

them

the

thrills!

When they returned, everyone rejoiced
some patients were deeply moved, their eyes were moist.
The four friends were regarded as heroes
and since then, no one ever thought of them as weirdos.

The 'key' to their success, in fact
was their bravery and wisdom whenever being put to test.
These heroes tapped their intelligence and trust,
which, to strive for excellence, is a must!

Poetry

Group 4



Wesbound

Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Haviv, Oz – 16

七言律诗 style

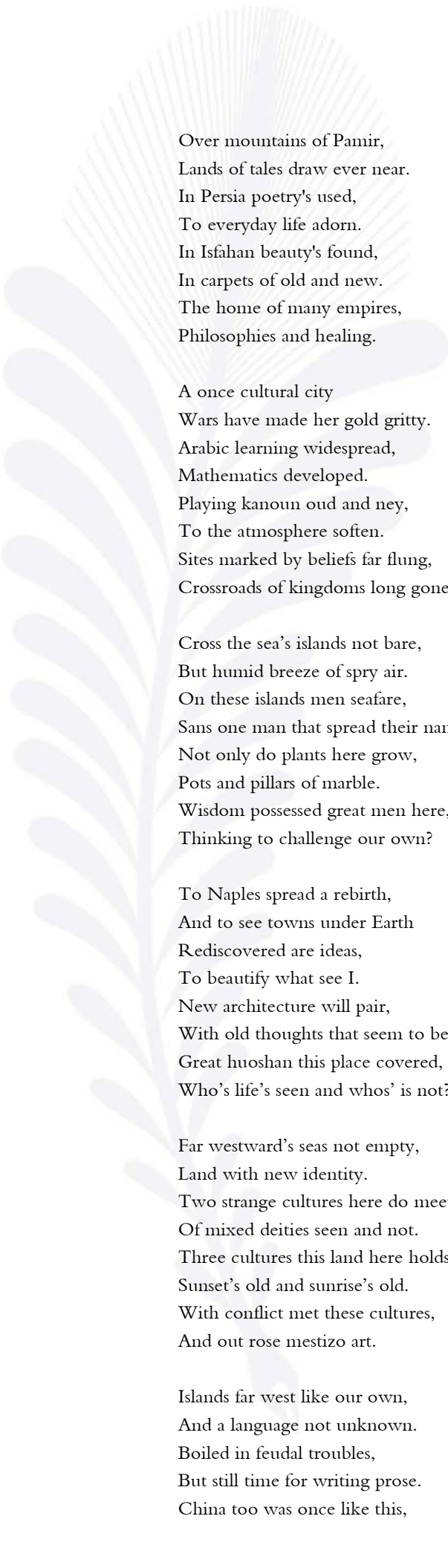
“Our zhongguo is perfect,
All east Guangzhong’s our subject.
There is nothing else we lack,
Civility we dictate.
In culture we pioneer,
And science we by far lead.
Yet despite this something’s wrong,
Further knowledge must we seek?

A man of gifts and talent,
For which he must be gallant.
New knowledge he will seek far,
Foreign cultures document.
Coastward philosophy’s known,
Up north barbarous people.
The west yet strange and eerie,
May hold some great great beauty.

Oh what lands’ll encounter he,
Friends or rivals will they be?
Politics may matter less,
If new music he brings back.
Calligraphic strokes endless,
Triumphant not war but art.
From flawless home ancestry,
To pursue the journey west.”

Journey westbound I’m to go,
To seek new worlds my breeze’ll blow.
Xi’an marks my journey’s start,
Qin Shi Huang bids me farewell.
In Qinghai I’ve heard not nought,
If not King Mu’s Kunlun trek.
Chengdu held our greatest pearls,
Sima Xiangru and Yang Xiong.

In Kashgar I see less Han,
And see legacies of Khan.
From there I hear twelve Muqams,
And through my eyes hear colors.
Here balanced are two cultures,
One familiar one less known.
More than silk’s traded on this road,
But Buddha Islam and Tao.



Over mountains of Pamir,
Lands of tales draw ever near.
In Persia poetry's used,
To everyday life adorn.
In Isfahan beauty's found,
In carpets of old and new.
The home of many empires,
Philosophies and healing.

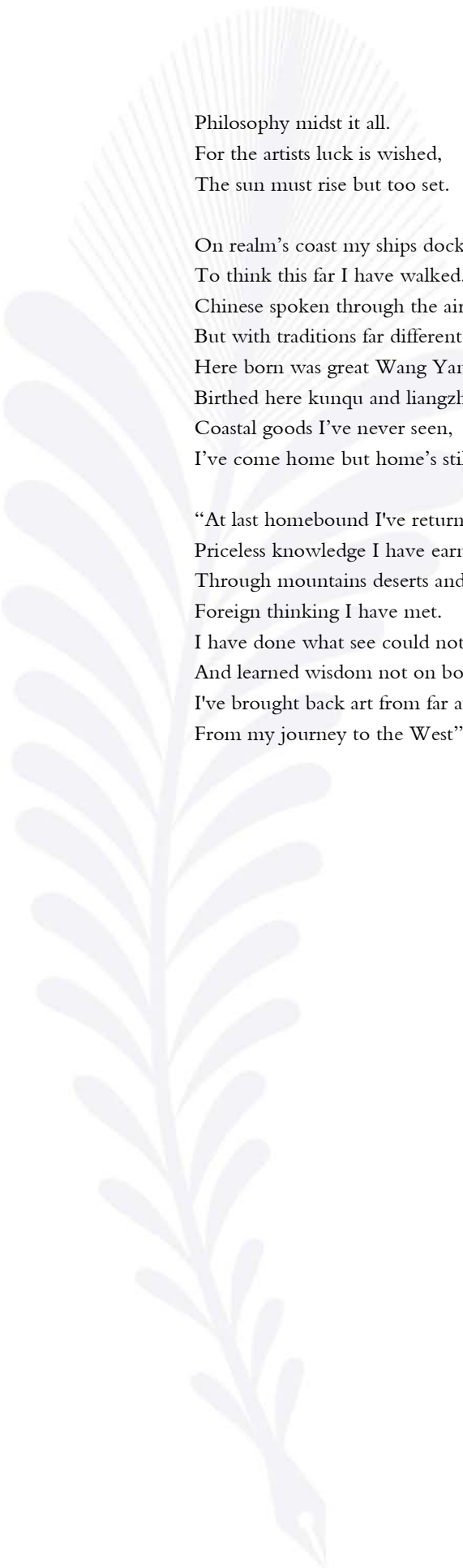
A once cultural city
Wars have made her gold gritty.
Arabic learning widespread,
Mathematics developed.
Playing kanoun oud and ney,
To the atmosphere soften.
Sites marked by beliefs far flung,
Crossroads of kingdoms long gone.

Cross the sea's islands not bare,
But humid breeze of spry air.
On these islands men seafare,
Sans one man that spread their name.
Not only do plants here grow,
Pots and pillars of marble.
Wisdom possessed great men here,
Thinking to challenge our own?

To Naples spread a rebirth,
And to see towns under Earth
Rediscovered are ideas,
To beautify what see I.
New architecture will pair,
With old thoughts that seem to be.
Great huoshan this place covered,
Who's life's seen and whos' is not?

Far westward's seas not empty,
Land with new identity.
Two strange cultures here do meet,
Of mixed deities seen and not.
Three cultures this land here holds,
Sunset's old and sunrise's old.
With conflict met these cultures,
And out rose mestizo art.

Islands far west like our own,
And a language not unknown.
Boiled in feudal troubles,
But still time for writing prose.
China too was once like this,



Philosophy midst it all.
For the artists luck is wished,
The sun must rise but too set.

On realm's coast my ships docked,
To think this far I have walked.
Chinese spoken through the air,
But with traditions far different.
Here born was great Wang Yangming,
Birthed here kunqu and liangzhu.
Coastal goods I've never seen,
I've come home but home's still west.

“At last homebound I've returned,
Priceless knowledge I have earned.
Through mountains deserts and seas,
Foreign thinking I have met.
I have done what see could not,
And learned wisdom not on books.
I've brought back art from far away,
From my journey to the West”

The Buddha, The Tailor

Chinese International School, Shin, Ethan – 15

Dreams are the tailor of a man's legacy,
Dressing the man in his future
As they see fit.
It may, perhaps, be glorious
Dining on ceramic plates with nobles.
It may be unsightly;
A beheading upon the glance of an emperor

With each trod,
My miserable horse delivered me deeper
Into a myriad dimension of lifeless sand
Like my dream had envisioned,
A dream personally delivered by The Buddha himself.
Drifting down from the sky
As gently as a feather, but as gloriously as a phoenix,
He urged me to start my journey.

In the blinding blaze of the Gobi Desert,
My horse was showered in sweat.
I lethargically unsaddled, collapsing on the scorching sand
As the Tang Watchtower glimmered with warm brilliance in the distance.
My mouth yearned for the banquets,
My throat for the cool water at the Watchtower,
But I would never surrender my dream.

Having traversed the sweltering Gobi Desert,
I arrived at the city of the Buddha – Gao Chang.
Its extravagant silk and flourishing markets was enviable to the eye,
But it was through visiting modest Buddhist temples
Where monks vowed to accompany me in my odyssey
That my humble soul was pacified and reignited.
Disregarding all warnings about Mount Ling,
I resumed my journey to the West.

As foretold, Mount Ling was a cold-blooded murderer
Boasting a fleet of icicle spears,
That would send a bitter chill through a man's bones.
Its rounds of avalanches swallowed men whole,
Burying a third of my companions in a trail of snow.
As much as I shed icy tears for them,
I never surrendered my dream.

Until I returned to China with the Sanskrit texts
To achieve my dream of clarifying Chinese Buddhism,
The Buddha was tailoring my legacy,
Using garments from his palatial wardrobe
As he saw fit.

Something Mythical Called A Bed

German Swiss International School, Samant, Anuj – 15

Is a journey an errand to a supermarket?
Or ten miles to a water-hole with nothing but a basket?
Is it something greater? A change for the better?
Your mind starting to unwind, becoming redefined?

For me a journey is about expanding your bubble.
It's really all about the struggle and the hustle.
Which journey, you ask, is the epitome of this?
Perhaps it's one as arduous as climbing out of an abyss.
For me, a journey is simply toil,
And an experience that Time itself cannot spoil.

The journey I'm about to describe is a common one,
As common as the rays of the lion sun.
Minute after minute, hour after hour,
Hordes of Indians pile into the Promised Land of freedom and power.
Jobs, family, education and money,
People looking for someplace bright and sunny.

But underneath all the celebration and exciting aspirations,
This grand old journey to the West can be as rough as the '70s in stagflation.

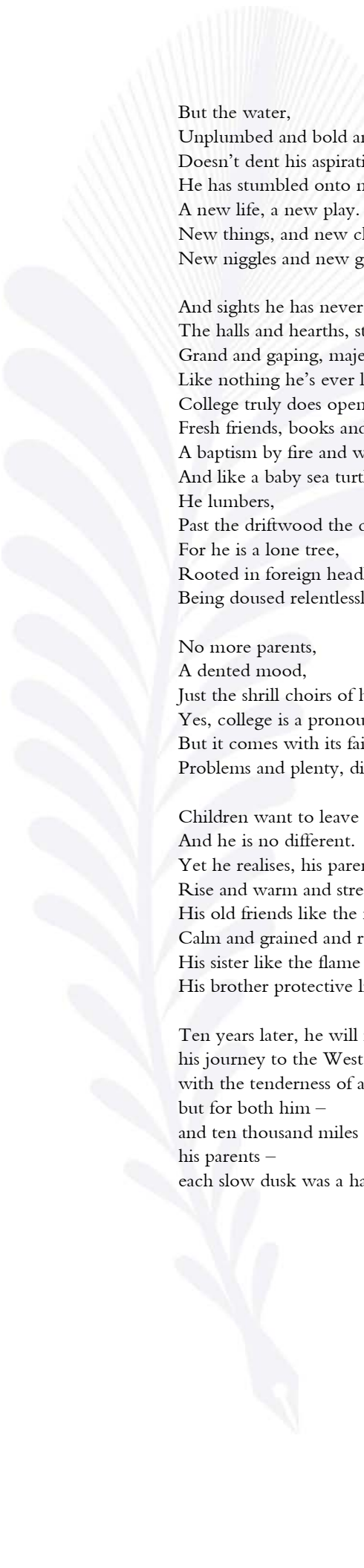
First, the child leaves his home:
Waving parents, and tears fine as a comb.
A monumental day, nothing less,
But the child will soon be crushed by tomes of despondency and stress.

Just turning away is grueling,
And onerous and burdensome,
Life and friends just jettisoned,
Evaporated, vanished and worrisome.

The child has travelled on a plane before,
A great cavalier beast telling of luxury, and more.
But now those bullet-grey edges don't seem so pristinely polished,
And those flaxen-yellow seat pockets are crammed full of rubbish.
Fly direct? 'Course not!
For a student, money's as exotic as Afghan apricots.
A sojourn first in Australia, then onto Korea;
Then a leapfrog like a high-strung squirrel to Canada.
And more than 48 hours later he is finally on his last leg,
Another torrid flight sleeping on something mythical called a bed.

But still the golden dreams haven't perished,
Despair is still powerless to destroy,
Yet he will learn how his stay can be cherished,
Fed without the succour of joy –

Soil as foreign as bagels,
People as different as carrots and chips;
First steps as pendulous as cables,
His skin the pallor of congealed dips.
Low and high, cold and hot, slow and quick, thin and thick,
Everything seems inside-out like he's seasick.



But the water,
Unplumbed and bold and fathoming,
Doesn't dent his aspirations.
He has stumbled onto new trails, a new way.
A new life, a new play.
New things, and new chinks,
New niggles and new giggles.

And sights he has never seen before –
The halls and hearths, steeples and spires,
Grand and gaping, majestic towers.
Like nothing he's ever laid eyes on before,
College truly does open new doors.
Fresh friends, books and freedom:
A baptism by fire and wisdom.
And like a baby sea turtle,
He lumbers,
Past the driftwood the colour of umber,
For he is a lone tree,
Rooted in foreign headlands,
Being doused relentlessly by a sharp-tongued sea.

No more parents,
A dented mood,
Just the shrill choirs of his solitude.
Yes, college is a pronounced thing,
But it comes with its fair share of, well, everything.
Problems and plenty, diamonds and pennies...

Children want to leave home,
And he is no different.
Yet he realises, his parents were like the sun,
Rise and warm and streaming
His old friends like the moon's eye,
Calm and grained and replenishing;
His sister like the flame tree's shade,
His brother protective like an old bear's cave.

Ten years later, he will remember
his journey to the West
with the tenderness of a flower's patient mind,
but for both him –
and ten thousand miles away,
his parents –
each slow dusk was a hasty drawing down of blinds.

The Almighty Monkey Is Not At All Mighty

Heep Yunn School, Ho Ching, Lui – 15

Ochroid-haired, dressed in aureate,
Itches to become laureate.
Unearthly birth, blessed assurance,
Doubtlessly, one of importance.

Magical staff, cloud-walking boots;
Immortality that he loots;
Seventy-two transformations –
Power needs no confirmations.

Crowned himself 'handsome Monkey King'.
Power, fame, he has everything.
Problem is he's aware of this;
This conceit may grant him death's kiss.

He smugly accepts Buddha's bet,
Overlooks the threats, spills no sweat.
Trapped inside the palm forever,
Fails venture, trashes his future.

He reflects on why he has lost,
He pleads: "Why should I bear this cost?"
He dwells on it, mulls over it,
Then a sudden awakening dawned on him:

Always undermining his foes,
Thinking, "Our skills aren't even close!"
Blinded by success, hubristic;
Arrogant, never realistic.

The enemy of the greatest,
Is not prowess of the latest.
But rather, the legend himself,
Should never take pride in oneself.

Search for Immortality

International College Hong Kong, Ho, Clarissa – 14

China's sun
Shed tears.

The tears
Fell on the clouds.
They listened to lullabies
Day and night,
Sung by their parents,
The Sun and Moon.

A tear of sunlight,
Listens to the voices
Of Gods in heaven,
And it longed for
Immortality.

The tear transformed itself,
Into another creature,
For it had faith
The travel for immortality
Could be succeeded.

Journeys to the west,
The creature searched endlessly,
And found a tree of
Good and evil.

The creature lay wearily,
Under the ancient tree's canopy.

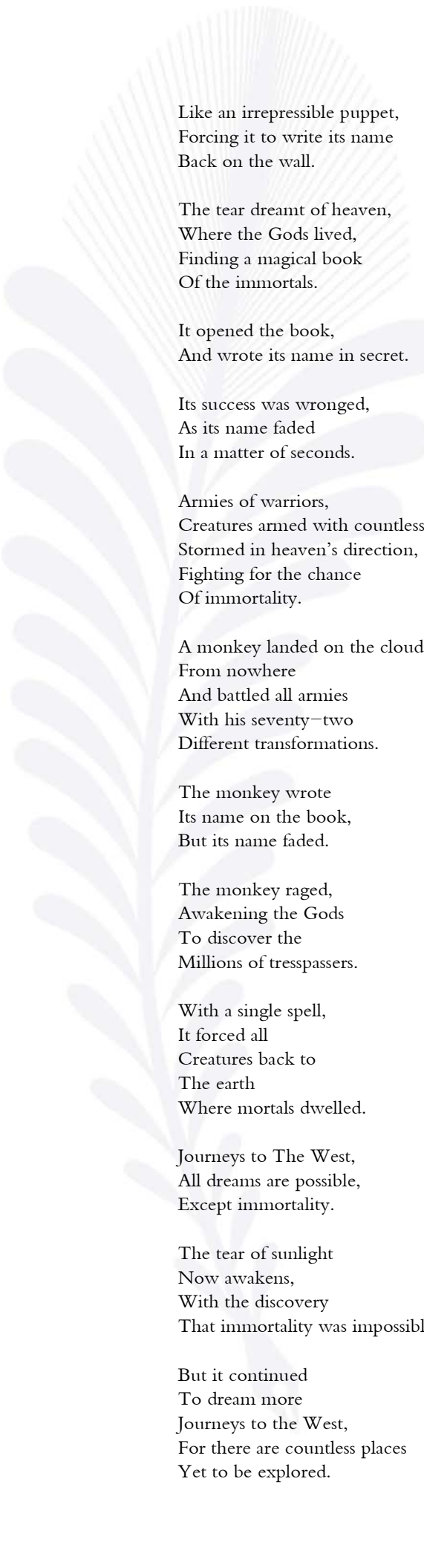
An aura of spirits,
Good and evil
Revealed their souls
Under the misty moonlight.

The tear dreamt of hell,
A place of havoc,
Where demons dwelled.
It found itself
Standing forefront
Of an endless wall.

On the wall,
The creature's name
Shone invitingly under
The funereal darkness.

The tear walked closer,
And closer,
Close enough
To cross its name off
The registry of death.

But the wall of death
Pulled the tear back



Like an irrepressible puppet,
Forcing it to write its name
Back on the wall.

The tear dreamt of heaven,
Where the Gods lived,
Finding a magical book
Of the immortals.

It opened the book,
And wrote its name in secret.

Its success was wronged,
As its name faded
In a matter of seconds.

Armies of warriors,
Creatures armed with countless weapons
Stormed in heaven's direction,
Fighting for the chance
Of immortality.

A monkey landed on the clouds,
From nowhere
And battled all armies
With his seventy-two
Different transformations.

The monkey wrote
Its name on the book,
But its name faded.

The monkey raged,
Awakening the Gods
To discover the
Millions of trespassers.

With a single spell,
It forced all
Creatures back to
The earth
Where mortals dwelled.

Journeys to The West,
All dreams are possible,
Except immortality.

The tear of sunlight
Now awakens,
With the discovery
That immortality was impossible.

But it continued
To dream more
Journeys to the West,
For there are countless places
Yet to be explored.

The Beginning

Island School, Ting, Garbo – 15

The outbreak. Explosive energy unleashing out of the rock,
he jumps with such power it shakes the earth.

The goodbye. The superior monkey risen to reign,
“Farwell tribe”, for immortality waits.

Subodhi. Seventy two transformations and a cloud trapeze.

The hunt; for the magic iron staff from the sea’s dragon king.

His power breaks every single wand and soon is left with no choice but to pluck the sea
pole from the depths of the pacific.

The rivalry; the absence of the sea pole upsets the waves,
Monkey king is punished and gets locked in a pot.

Bring to boil. Isn’t it crazy how time flies

Almost as infinite as the skies

No limit but yet there is

As if deeper than a bottomless abyss

86400 seconds too little

Not appreciative we grow brittle

I swear I was six now I’m sixty

The Story of a Story

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Fung, Tiffany – 17

The story of the journey to the west came from nothing
Thoughts translated to writing
With pen and paper.
Like all stories, it started from zero.

A composed monk with some curious company
Start their journey,
Of to the west.
Like all stories, it began slow and steady.

Numerous number of challenges they encounter along the way
Their perseverance begins to sway.
Doubting and divided,
Like all stories, it began the climb.

Exciting fights and battles broke out with those who blocked their paths
Victorious in the bloodbaths,
United they fight.
Like all stories, it reached the climax.

They reached the west, bustle die down and peace is restored
A harmony like a chord.
The journey ceased.
Like all stories, it came to a close.

A yin and yang balance between imagination and history
Forms a Qing dynasty,
Cultural masterpiece.
Unlike any story, it is mesmerizing

A picture is worth a thousand words but the story used words
Sharper read than seen or heard.
Illustrated a thousand pictures.
Unlike any story, it painted scenes before our eyes.

Five hundred years later the story remains unforgettable, a classic
Still growing even more credible,
Known by generations.
Unlike any story, it is a legend.

The Wanderer

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Lau, Nicole – 17

Trees line along the country lane.
Step by step I set foot on the soil,
As the morning dew twinkle
Under the rising sun.

Images of Xuanzang walking the exact same path
Come afloat in my head,
As I trace his footsteps
To find what he was looking for a thousand years ago.

The leaves in front start to shudder,
Clouds gather above my head.
Trees bend to form an arch
Inside which a mirror shimmers.

It is a peculiar urge that
Draws me closer to the portal,
An urge to venture into the unknowns,
To venture to the West.

I am paralyzed as I witness time flows by.
Where there used to be trees,
thick layers of sand now cover the tree stumps.
The morning dew evaporates into thin air under the scorching sun.

The lifelessness of the desert overwhelms me.
With the morning sun behind me,
I trek through the swirls of sand,
watching as the sand slowly bury the footsteps behind me.

How are you now?

Po Leung Kuk Ngan Po Ling College, Thapa Magar, Arshu – 14

–How Are You Now?–

You need joy to feel pain, pain to know joy. So when one is in eternal pain, is the pain itself nonexistent?

•

23 years. 23 years since you left this earth.

Witnessed the worst, tasted the afterlife. Heeded the skeptics and ignored the lovers. Two minds in one body had spread out their battalions. Yet nothing compared to those eyes, full of vacant stares and devoid of apprehension.

An age too juvenile, unabridged of possibilities. Nonchalant to the world outside. The walls you built were to shelter you from yourself. But flimsy they were, like new year resolutions and papers to bleed your words on. Allegedly, you had become a shadow of your nonexistent self.

You used to have big dreams, eyes never failing to trail the setting sun.

But maybe you had had enough. Of feeling and doing and looking and listening. Of aimlessly wandering, frantically searching for something that never existed. Every sense, every move, every sound, in hope for the slightest of hints that never could make its way to you. Every puff of smoke you let out, every knuckle you cracked, every leap of faith, every hollow bark. Every mouth you kissed, every stolen song, every hand you held, every thing gone wrong.

You ran out of yourself every single time.

Until the only thing standing was your withered lifeless self.

Until the only remains left were your ashes in the wind.

Until–

•

I told you. No matter how far you venture, you unfailingly end up back here. After all, the planet we live on doesn't recognize its own existence. You and I, we're merely subjects to its game. A game of highs and lows, a game of come and go.

Still, I hope the sun has lent you its hands. I hope you're no longer lost. I hope you've found a provocation. I hope the West did you just.

White-boned Demon

St. Paul Co-educational College, Lam, Chin Yau - 15

Ugly, repulsive, bony entity;
how I abhor
my traitorous body.

Beauty.
Beauty of pure, pale skin;
delectable meat
I must taste.

I want to taste this beauty;
just as I wish
to destroy this—
my traitorous body;
and replace it with yours;
your beauty.
I long for
immortality.

I used to be
flawless, like you;
pure and pale and beautiful.
But I quit a long time ago.
Now I hate.
I avenge my long-lost purity;
purity stolen by beauty—
beautiful bastardly men.

My dearest travellers;
men who pass by my domain.
Beware.
Beware of the woman,
once bitten and betrayed.

I am not shy.
Prepare to perish.
Men who bring immortality,
do not fear me.
For I am innocent and pure
in my holograph body.

Do you see me now?
White-boned and beautiful.

Three Criminals, A Horse and A Wise Old Man

West Island School, Sloyan, Jennifer – 15

I

Three criminals, a horse, and a wise old man
embark on a journey to the west.

II

Embedded into palace walls,
the jade crane arches
silver wings
and scents the wooden peonies.
A dragon, far above, clutches
pearl in its jaws—has there ever been
such wealth? The Empire,
eternal.

A gold-encrusted room, in a gold-encrusted city;
the gold-encrusted emperor bids the monk farewell.

The monk
feet calloused
eyes weary with sight
leaves barefoot and thinks of the future.

III

A pig, bloated with sacred wine
courts the moon
and falls with her.
He does not rise, the second night.

IV

Have you heard, have you heard—
the Queen Mother's goblet!
Smashed, broken, absolutely
destroyed—

Shards of crystal goblet scatter
chaos at the banquet;
alone amidst the anarchy,
the general reflects.

The Mother, always knowing best,
drives him from the palace.
He will stew, in rage and sand.
Nothing can be done.



V

One stupid monkey pisses on the Buddha.

VI

Monk, monkey, pig, and ogre
pass the years with
blind luck.

Redemption—bound,
mercy—bailed,
together they best the once unbested:
mountain of fire,
demon of bone
monsters worse still.

Fourteen years, looking back
pass quite quickly
in company.

VII

Do you know,
monk and monkey
are but letters apart.

Perhaps two become enlightened
and two become redeemed;
perhaps one becomes a dragon
and all of them heroes;
but really, all they've come to be are
vagabond voyagers, and
world-weary wanderers—
good, good
friends.

Three criminals, a horse, and a wise old man
return from their journey to the west.

Poetry

Group 5



Beyond the Rustling Grains?

German Swiss International School, Lai, Arista – 16

i. the plains

Throughout her life, the plains were all she knew.
Lines blurred, sun-soaked, the pastures were her world
They stretched and circled past her field of view
And twice each year the golden husks unfurled.
Clucking rousing village early mornings,
Rustling of grains herald a new day's start;
Flowing breezes carry their soft warnings
As humble farmers wake to do their part.
At noon a chatter rises off the plains
And children to their fathers call a pause.
"Let down your scythe, for sweat falls on our grains!"
The blinding Sun above their bowed heads draws.

Sometimes she wished they'd change their daily talk –
It seemed that all they cared about was rice.
The harvest and the weather were their walk;
To them, this wake-work-eat-sleep life was "nice".
And yes, the girl, she loved her no-name town,
Familiar nooks and crannies, ins and outs,
But stifling still with nothing else around –
Yet neither old nor young had voiced their doubts.

*"What lies beyond the rustling grains?" she asked,
"What's there to find that hasn't yet been seen?"
"There's nothing," Mother scoffed. "I thought at last
You'd grown enough to know that you're no queen!
We've made a life for us, and you'd do well
To thank us for the blood shed on our soil –"
Her father shook his head. "Come now, don't dwell.
You wonder why your future must be toil.
Dear girl, I will not force you into duty
That for a hardy son is better suited.
I wish – I wish – that you would see beauty
That in our simple life is deeply rooted."*

ii. the merchant

"Spices, spices!" the ringing call resounds,
Diffusing undeterred to farmers' ears.
Towards the weather-beaten cart she bounds,
Grinning as the merchant her way steers.
"Good day!" he greets. His camel snorkels water.
"Hot enough to make a sand-horse dry."
She offers him the rice, and, *"How's your daughter?
And wife—it must be hard when you're not by."*

She'd grown to like the merchant over time.
Though others stayed away from his brown skin,
Kissed darker by the heat and journey's grime,
His sparkling eyes and sharp gaze held within
A wisdom gained from besting life's long trials.
With spices gone, she helps him load the cart,
Begging to hear recounts of many miles –

Lands she'll never touch but holds to heart.

*“When I was young like you, I lost it all –
My parents drowning in a raging flood.
How wrong it seemed that fishermen should fall
Into their Mother Sea, entombed in mud.
Too soft to sail alone, I heavily
Relied on strangers’ kindness to survive.
But soon they looked away, and readily
I found a vendor who agreed to drive
A desperate boy with nothing to his name.
Lost in the city market I despaired;
Sat hunched, glared down at my soft hands in shame.
For I, though wide with hope, had not prepared
To live without the comfort of the waves.
Sudden, a man crouched down regarding me:
‘What fate befalls that shrouds your eyes in caves?’
I told him how I feared I’d never see
Again the sampans docked at shore, aflame
Under the rising Sun of tranquil dawns.
He seemed to understand. ‘So here you came...
I say, I do respect a lad with brawns;
Let’s have a chat over some crusty bread.
For I’m a tradesman in lack of a son,
Inviting you to follow in my stead –
Our journey far to chase the setting Sun.’*

*He gave me all I have in seven years;
On camelback we scoured uncharted lands.
I pushed myself to go confront my fears,
And with each step surged further on the sands.
We triumphed snow-capped mountains, rolling streams,
A sea of clouds; I once stood on Earth’s ledge!
Shook hands with cultures, traded friendly beams,
To know all human variants I pledged.*

*My eyes were wide to capture all this life,
‘Til trade was swift, and hands and feet were sore.
A foreign state was where I met my wife;
That man gave me a chance, but so much more.
A merchant’s kindness I will not forget,
Our years of struggle I will not regret.”*

iii. the quandary

The merchant’s words made echoes in her mind,
For searching souls entrapped do tortured feel.
To all the merchant’s recounts she was blind,
And all his glory tales seemed so unreal.
And while she kept to heart this rare secret,
The truth unknown would not disrupt routine.
Their sight was clear, within their limits set:
In comfort, but with worlds beyond unseen.

She pulled at stubborn turnips in the ground,
White flesh like pearl: *enchanting, how they grew!*
If only she could find something profound,
Profound with meaning – bring back something new.
What if she could? What if it were her fate?

Since youth she wandered fields and wanted more.
His words had birthed conceits no farm could sate –
To carry on would shake her to the core.

I need to leave, she thought, or I'll begin
To hate the boundaries that rice plains draw –
To loathe the home that gave me life is sin.
"Naïve you are!" fell slack her mother's jaw,
*"Ungrateful daughter, nothing know you yet
Of fears unspoken lying still in wait.
A girl of thirteen? Trap's already set –
Within the night you'll be a fox's bait."*


"But what about the fires?" she longed to say,
Her father's hasty glare halted her tongue.
In truth, now not a thing could make her stay –
To dreams of journeys far her heart was flung.

iv. the pages

The village slept; and yet her mind ran wild.
Feet light, she rummaged high and low and lay
A sack on which her precious things were piled.
There was not much, she noticed in dismay:
There lacked for practicalities a tool.
This night would lift; her time was coming soon.
Her gaze procured an object on her stool –
Her father's knife reflecting back the moon.
At first she wondered if it were misplaced,
For nightly by its master's side it slept.
But doubt with surging warmth was soon replaced:
It showed her choice was one he could accept.

Internally she struggled, still untrained.
Her food would have to be just rice and grains,
Delicacies to salted meat constrained.
To cook: a piece of flint would soothe great pains,
But choice was not a luxury she had.
In truth, she cared about not what she ate,
Took pains instead to tuck away a pad
Of folded paper, yellowing of late.

The pages: they alone survived the flames.
The angry blaze she watched ignite the streets
Inferno rising to the skies untamed –
A fatal wall of fury, no retreat.
Three years, yet images still burned her mind.
Three sheets of gold once bound into a book,
A book once held in hands that underlined
Each spoken scrawl, deciphered with a look.
Alive he was the wisest man she'd met.
Bespectacled and looming tall and proud,
The Councilman was kind when plains were wet
And let her in to hear him read aloud
A tale of myths and legends, told in rhyme.
He'd gifted her the pages on the day
When ten she turned, and bowed to seize her time.
"I promise you", he'd said, *"that come what may,
I'll teach you how to read and write and see*



The realms of wisdom in these words bestowed.”
With blackened body burnt this could not be,
This quest for learning now a lonely road.

v. the journey

But courage comes to those in need at last,
And now her hands found strength, her heart grew strong;
Her footsteps firm, her fears were in the past –
A journey called to which she must belong.

The shadows cast behind outreach her years,
As to the now set Sun she solely steers.

Xuanzang

Sacred Heart Canossian College, Wong, Lok Sze Louise –16

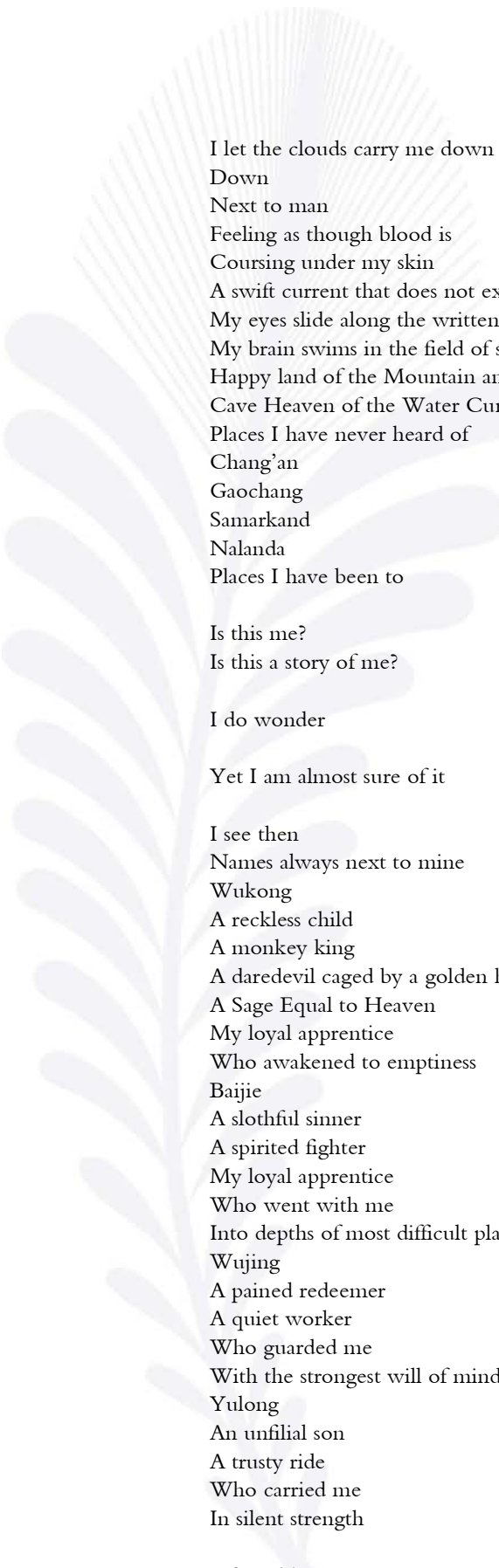
Flimsy cotton clouds
Ripple and flow
Beneath my soles
Flit and billow
Wrapping my torso

There is a man
Behind a desk
As I hover
Inches above the ground
I watch him flick
a thin bamboo stick

Captivating
The ink seeps into
Thin blankets of whiteness
Scrolls lying
On top of each other
Slid to spaces in between
Fitting like a puzzle
Going over the side of the desk
Tumbling in falls to the ground
Running into shelves

One lie open in view with
Two thin bamboo plates
Holding each end
While clean ivory
Is splashed with life
Of words in atramental black
His hand grips the pen
Tight as I grip my beads in hand
I see my name
Once
Twice
And many more times
A calling I have not heard in long

The brush dips into
An ebony ocean
Of wild imagination and thoughts
Comes out trailing strokes
Of raw creativity
Captivating
Entranced
In the first words I have read
Since the time when I travelled
Letters come to
Words come to
Lines come to
Paragraphs come to
Chapters
Of
Me



I let the clouds carry me down
Down
Next to man
Feeling as though blood is
Coursing under my skin
A swift current that does not exist
My eyes slide along the written characters
My brain swims in the field of sentences
Happy land of the Mountain and Flowers and Fruit
Cave Heaven of the Water Curtain
Places I have never heard of
Chang'an
Gaochang
Samarkand
Nalanda
Places I have been to

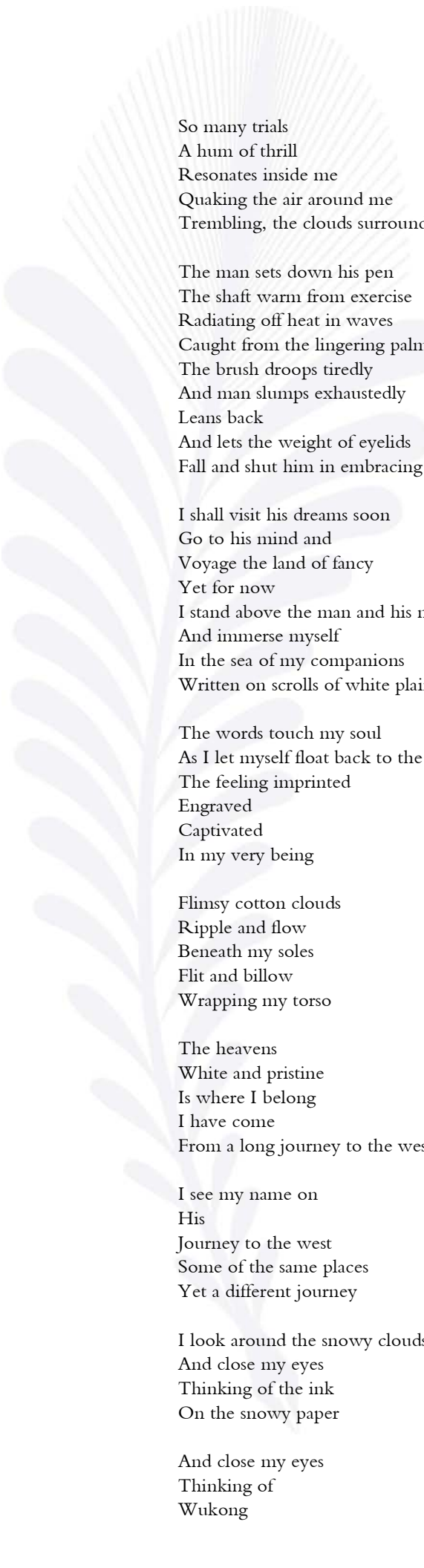
Is this me?
Is this a story of me?

I do wonder

Yet I am almost sure of it

I see then
Names always next to mine
Wukong
A reckless child
A monkey king
A daredevil caged by a golden headband
A Sage Equal to Heaven
My loyal apprentice
Who awakened to emptiness
Baijie
A slothful sinner
A spirited fighter
My loyal apprentice
Who went with me
Into depths of most difficult places
Wujing
A pained redeemer
A quiet worker
Who guarded me
With the strongest will of mind
Yulong
An unfilial son
A trusty ride
Who carried me
In silent strength

Of worlds
Of fantasy
Of places I have never seen
Of 81 tribulations I faced
Before I reach the true scripts
Of tales about a journey
A journey to the west
So many adventures



So many trials
A hum of thrill
Resonates inside me
Quaking the air around me
Trembling, the clouds surround me

The man sets down his pen
The shaft warm from exercise
Radiating off heat in waves
Caught from the lingering palm
The brush droops tiredly
And man slumps exhaustedly
Leans back
And lets the weight of eyelids
Fall and shut him in embracing darkness

I shall visit his dreams soon
Go to his mind and
Voyage the land of fancy
Yet for now
I stand above the man and his novel
And immerse myself
In the sea of my companions
Written on scrolls of white plains

The words touch my soul
As I let myself float back to the heavens
The feeling imprinted
Engraved
Captivated
In my very being

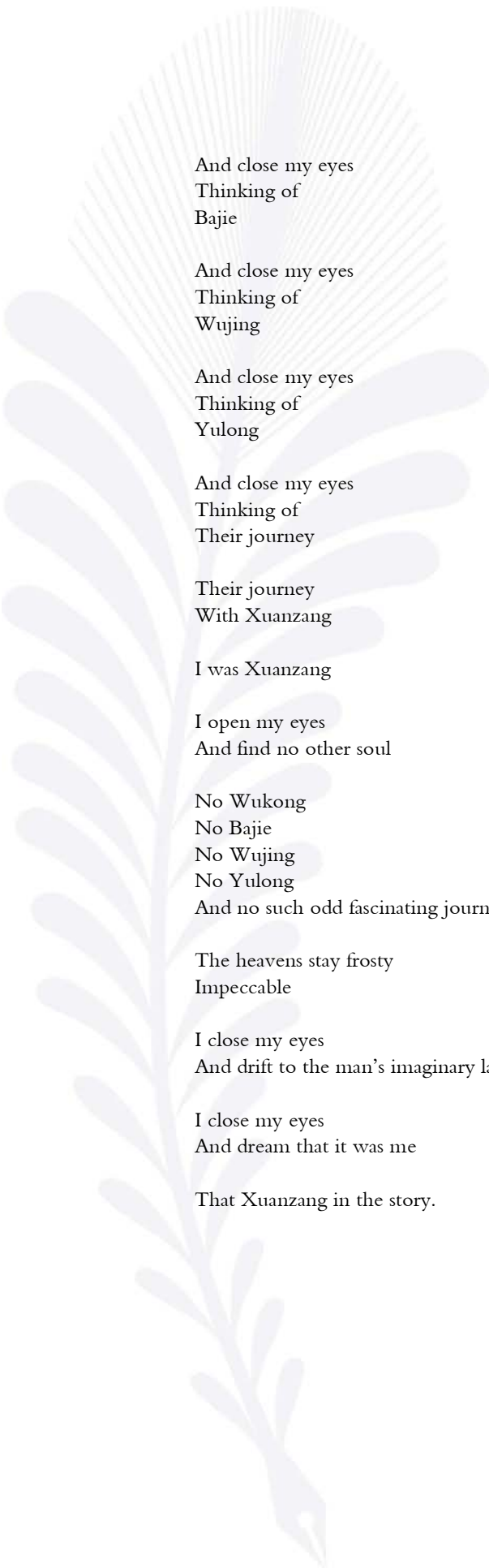
Flimsy cotton clouds
Ripple and flow
Beneath my soles
Flit and billow
Wrapping my torso

The heavens
White and pristine
Is where I belong
I have come
From a long journey to the west

I see my name on
His
Journey to the west
Some of the same places
Yet a different journey

I look around the snowy clouds
And close my eyes
Thinking of the ink
On the snowy paper

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Wukong



And close my eyes
Thinking of
Bajie

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Wujing

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Yulong

And close my eyes
Thinking of
Their journey

Their journey
With Xuanzang

I was Xuanzang

I open my eyes
And find no other soul

No Wukong
No Bajie
No Wujing
No Yulong
And no such odd fascinating journey

The heavens stay frosty
Impeccable

I close my eyes
And drift to the man's imaginary land

I close my eyes
And dream that it was me

That Xuanzang in the story.

Paper Lines

West Island School, Lai, Kenton – 17

Look how everything is white, how thrilling
the blankness be, how exciting—
I have nothing, yet, there probably would be nothing
Until inspiration crashes down on me
Whilst I lay in the snow, inhaling.

I decide to hug it, I need to feel its
heat, its kick I need it head first, my saline
like the ocean to mile-travelled gulls
a pint to the drunk,
alack, in the deep blue sky flickers the final gleam. A comet.

Inspiration like the aborigines that gave iron bars, it must stay be behind
Breathing talent in bloody breaths bad breaths
Whipping out on rows of ditches in the white heaths,
until I accidentally wrung too much. It was only for show
Thereafter the snow, still frozen calls us back to the somme.

Not a comet but a moth.
Follows the moon and maimed by dawn
How many carcasses should be thrown into the furrows
If I rocked too hard and out the crib before they could speak
I regret it all since in the silent snow
There are only needless wars, wars, wars and wars

Nobody expected from me, nothing comes from
nothing. The snow gleekeed and girded woud describes it best
my palsified fingers should be freshly printing poems now;
How disappointing.
Their foiled ashes tarnish it all.
Ashes ablaze and the snow, thawed,
every tear sagittate every stream a corpse
every streak, a spot of sunshine
it ate my air and I didn't resist. Puffing, wheezing.
I have a face
efface that smudged print,
bring in the photographer's flash
Bring the press
Bring me a dais draped in yellow and gold
Bring to me, what I ought
For all, was it worth?
I bow
Wilted snow rolled the red red roses like a carpet.
who disowned our limbs in between.
(Sleep, Sleep, Sleep by with me)

I exhaled, the lines were still empty.
I place my pencil on
paper lines.

Poetry

Group 7



Adventure Journey

Korean International Springboard, Chau, Kirsten – 14

Adventure
brave dangerous
fighting rescuing saving
Monkey Tripitaka Piggy Sandy
walking running jumping
caring faithful
friends.



Minotaur Madness

Korean International Springboard, Ching, Matthew – 16

Tripitaka is mighty and powerful.
In the knowledge of weapons, he is masterful.
With three friends embarking on a journey,
Learning new lessons like an attorney.

The Minotaur monster equally strong,
greedy for more of the power he longs.
attacking Tripitaka in an evil way,
fighting a war will not make him sway.

Tripitaka is defeated in this war,
The Minotaur monster has him on the floor.
Using the monk's knowledge to destroy the world,
Gets a nasty shock when something is hurled.

Out jump three heroes to save their friend,
Using humming music to bring about an end.
The mighty Minotaur defeated by sound,
Explodes in the air like a firework all-around.

The world is saved and back to the norm,
Four friends continue their journey on and on.

The Long Voyage

Korean International Springboard, Hughes, Edward – 16

Voyage
long hard slow
Fighting hitting bashing
Tripitaka, Monkey, Piggy, Sandy
Kicked punched rescued
Sore happy
friends.

