



Poetry

Group 1

Sailing on the sea

A.D. & F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Lo, Chloe – 7

Sailing on the sea,
What do you see?
Look! What is flying up high?
It is the seagull in the sky.
Look! What is moving deep below?
It is the shark as we know.
Look! What is shining bright?
It is the star in the night.
Boom! What is coming near?
It is the storm we can hear.
Oh! What is waking me up?
It is the sunshine upon us!
Sailing on the sea,
Explore the world with you and me.

Great Navigation

Kingston International School, Xu, Dora – 5

A great man named Zheng He, organized a magnificent fleet.

Voyage to distant Europe, mysterious Africa...

They had made friends with as many as dozens of countries.

With a great deal of treasure and friendship, they realized China...

and thought that we were the most powerful country.

At that time, China was a very rich and prosperous country....

The real central state. Then ambassadors from all over the world came to worship.

Zheng He's Wonderful Spirit

Shanghai United International School Wanyuan Campus, Cao, Eric – 8

Pirates usually steal
But not YongLe's deal
He let Zheng He make ships
And let them go on trips

They carried silk and gold
And let them faced the cold
They had lots of expeditions
With a lot of competitions

They met peaceful
Delightful graceful
And evil
Very rude people

They also did tradings
Came back with walnuts
Grapes and pomegranates
Beans cucumbers and sesames

Also found new things
Won place of explorers
Reaching India
Africa and Arabia
So everyone is looking
He had ruled the seas before
So school has foreigners!

Zheng He's Junk

Shanghai United International School WanYuan Campus, Xu, Cherry – 8

Zheng He's junks are very fierce,
All the junks he has are massive.
Marco Polo is scared of them,
Because one junk is where they all live.

He has junks that carry food,
'Come get food , come get food!'
'Thank you , thank you , I am full.'
These junks make them have a happy mood.

He has junks that carry water,
'Thirsty people, come get water!'
'Great , great, you clear up my thirst.'
These junks make them cooler.

He has junks that carry horses,
'Let us go on the land!'
He has junks that carry guns,
'Hit others by guns, not by hand!'

He has junks that stays the first,
'Turn right, turn left, be careful of this wave!'
He has junks that stays the last,
'Quickly, we will be late, be fast!'

Zheng He has more than 200 junks,
Do you think he has a huge fleet?
Yes, I do. Yes, I do.
Zheng He and his fleet is who I want to meet.

The Great Voyages of Zheng He

Shanghai United International School Wanyuan Campus, Yang, Lisa – 9

Zheng He was a navigator
He was also a sailor
He made friendships between countries and countries
He traded goods from China to everywhere

Zheng He had seven voyages to the west
Wearing vest
Wearing coat
It was not easy

They went to Champa
To see the sandalwood
They went to India
To smell the ambergris

They went to Malacca
To taste the spices
They went to Java
To learn Buddhism

Zheng He crossed the sea
To send silk, China and tea
Brought back spices we hadn't tasted
Brought back special animals we hadn't seen

We must have Zheng He
To be the trading angel
Who wore a vest and a coat
And let people to trade

We must have Zheng He
To be the trading angel
Who made friendships between countries and countries
And traded goods from China to everywhere

Pirates

St Margarets Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School, Ho, Ching Lam – 7

Pirates ordered by King,
In the rainy, windy and stormy days.
Ran to adventure to find medicine.
And they were bitten by crocodiles.
Travelled to the USA. India and Asia.
East and South, everywhere!
Sail in the sea for days and nights.

On the Seas

St Margarets Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School, Hung, Emmie – 7

Here I am smelling salty water.
Sailing days and months across white ocean.
Here I am dressed in old white
rags sweeping the deck.
All day long.

Brave soldiers fighting the
mean and scary pirates.

Guarding the hidden gold and silk
Exchanging for medicine.

All I wish is to be at home.
Safe and sound.

First Time on a Boat

St Margarets Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School, Kwan, Lauren – 7

A long time ago in China.
Zheng designed giant ships – 90 metres long.
A thousand people on a ship.
Sounds like thunder.
Smells like salty water.

Travel around to the world to give presents.
Very loud.
Very Scary.
Very noisy.
Lucky we had friends.

Stormy.
Dark.
Rainy in the night.
Sailing with others.
No need to worry I thought.

Sail together to give presents.
To make friends.

On a Ship

St Margarets Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School, Kwok, Alex – 7

The wind is blowing the waves high.
The weather is very bad.
There are thunderstorms the whole day.
We sail for days and days.

The ship sails boldly and loudly
There are thousands of people aboard.
We have a lot of gold and silk – to exchange for medicine.

The food is so yucky
That I don't want to eat.
We dressed up fully white
And wear white hats.

I want to find out the secret of the sea.
We sometimes fight with pirates.
We go around the world,
From the east to the west.

A Genie in the Ming Dynasty

St Stephens College Preparatory School, Law, Sin Ming Kate – 8

A genie in a bottle I was floating in the sea,
Landed on Zheng He commander ship unexpected-ly.
Seven feet tall he was called the Three-Jewel mariner,
The mighty Yongle emperor was his big admirer.

Over two hundred ships travelled in a group,
Explorers, sailors, doctors and soldiers were in the troop,
The fleet covered thousands of miles of giant ocean,
Voyages with the mission of the Ming dynasty promotion.

The ships spread their sails, cruised day and night,
Along the way they met plenty of waves of great height,
Sometimes facing pouring rain and violent wind,
That caused all the ships to rock and spin.

In great danger, why Zheng never called me out to save the day,
It was because he had Mazu the heavenly princess to pray,
Her holy answer always turned fear into calm,
Got the fleet safely to places including Kenya and Vietnam.

On his seventh voyage in 1433, Zheng died at his beloved sea.
His mission was a huge success everyone would agree,
It was as exciting, adventurous and rewarding as it could be.
Now I hope there will be another Zheng waiting for me.

Pirates

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Cheung, Anesia – 8

Pirates rob,

whether hot or cold.
Pirates rob,
all silver and gold.

Pirates are greedy,
what they do is rob.
Sunny, cloudy or windy,
they still rob.

Perhaps they drink alcohol during their trip,
Perhaps they sing a pirate song,
Perhaps they sing a song about their pirate ship,
No matter what they rob all day long.

Sharing

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Fok, Elie – 6

If I have a magic door, I can go anywhere.
If I have wings, I can fly everywhere.
On my ship, I sail.

To share my favourite food.
To give my helping hands.
To show my culture.

I want to explore new things.
I want to share my wise brain.
I want to teach my traditions.

Bring my egg puffs to new friends.
Share my egg tarts to greet friends.

Welcomed by Zheng He.

Cheerfully and gracefully.
Sharing and giving.
The best way for making friends all around the world.

Travelling Treasure

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Liu, Ryder – 7

I am a gold bar
Pirates take me place to place
I am tired, what for?

Ming Treasure Voyagers

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Kwok, Sheung Nga Hannah – 8

These pirates were bold,
they carried loads of gold.

They took a lift
of those special gifts.

They gave them away
in those special days.

They fought in wars
and kicked down many doors.

They sought for what's right
to get to their own sight.

They got more treasure
to have better pleasure.

Let's make way for the Ming Treasure Voyagers.

In the Museum of China

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

In the Museum of China, hidden in a dark corner;
There stored a hand-scribed poem, with tales by a **Sailor**.
On the description at the corner,
“Anonymous. Found in Gulf of Oman’s border”.

*Sunrise and sunset – everyday is repeating;
Life and death – these episodes are revealing;
Brightness and darkness – never compromising;
Howling and prowling – only the Ocean is listening.*

The words of the poem were his last scream,
The dying embers of the **Sailor**'s dream.
All around the world he left them, it seemed,
Like whispers and musical notes under the moonbeam.

*As the fleet pulled away for its maiden sailing;
The skyline of Fujian and cheering crowds receding.
The vague ocean was opening;
To welcome the dreams and treasures the fleet was carrying.*

Found in Malacca, AC 1406.

*I was sixteen when I was brought to the sea expeditions;
The fleet was heavily weighed with ambitions.
I worked as the kitchen boy with harsh conditions;
From my cell I had no clue the big dreams was on commissions.*

Found in Ceylon, AC 1406.

*Admiral Zheng was kind and gentle but hard as steel;
The thousands of sails travelled two years under his wheel;
On our return some pirates were defeated on their kneel;
We proudly returned and rewarded with the Emperor's seal.*

Found in Calicut, AC 1407.

Weeks after months then years to tally;
The **Sailor** spent days and nights in the ship's alley.
Listening the splashes of waves, sobbing quietly;
The **Sailor** was happy to be homeward bound finally.

Found out his parents were gone forever;
A eunuch like him had no one to stay together.
The **Sailor** decided to part the Ocean never.
He boarded on the fleet one more time in September.

*The pinnacle of glory enthralled the Emperor;
The second voyage was summoned immediately after;
The second followed by the third until the seventh adventurer;
Our maritime power extended farther.*

Found in India, AC 1432.

*The fleet sailed along in the Strait for defense,
We set our foot on a shiny day on land immense.
We were set to cut the wood and incense,
The aroma was far-ranging and intense.*

Found in Mamacca, AC 1409

*Homeward back during the third journey,
Our fleet was attacked by barbarians who were many,
Harsh battles launched were worthy,
Countless imperials were brought back to Nanjing finally.*

Found in Ceylon, AC 1420

The **Sailor** was promoted to officer and then an important staff;
His ship pet transformed from rats to lions, ostriches and giraffe.
He also worked with astrologers on graph;
Sealed with all document with Zheng's monograph.

The light of the ships mirrored the stars in the sky,
The fleet was a moving village away from home with supply.
The **Sailor** admired the sky with dull and heavy eye.
He recorded all the dates and itinerary of routes the fleets passed-by.

Lights in front of each ship were their only communication,
The stars in the sky were their aviation.
Imperial letters and gifts brought back were the fruition,
Poems were the **Sailor's** attestation.

An imperial order was issued in 1430 for the seventh expedition.
Admiral Zheng started coughing up blood with poor condition.
The success in Ocean has also arose ruling elite's suspicion,
The Ming Grand Voyages have then brought to a prohibition.

*Seven voyages over twenty-eight years;
Twenty-seven thousand troops with no fears;
Over two thousand ships without frontiers;
Countless monsoon and casualties never defeated Zheng and his peers.*

Found in Hormuz, AC 1433.

*Lonesome overwhelmed the troops in nightshade;
Desire captivated the Emperor to establish control over the maritime trade;
Generosity absorbed the Kingdom to project their power and foreign aid;
Glory bewildered our Ming Dynasty on the fleets we made.*

Found in Java, AC 1417

*I was now old and alone.
I failed to travel back to my parents' gravestone.
Admiral Zheng and the troop succeeded to conquer the seas unknown,
There were messages we carried all along.*

Found in Malindi, AC 1433

*Strength is not a weapon to defeat the weakness;
Numerous is not the same as meanness.
The world is shared by everyone;
Peace is the fortune for all, you are not the only one¹.*

Carved Inside Forbidden City Museum, China

¹強不凌弱,眾不暴寡,天下共享,太平之福

In the Sea

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Ngie, Lok Yung Hailey – 6

The flag waves
strongly and
angrily
in the
wind.

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in the bumpy waves, the brave sailors
protect the Emperor's treasures ...
but a spooky storm stops them.
The darkness and the rain are
treacherous with cold
clouds and lightning!

The sea can sound like a gentle whistle; but now it roars like a lion.

The Fleet

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Tsang, Tsz Ting – 8

A fleet of ships on the sea
Travelling around to see
Making friends or foes?
Let's see where the fleet goes!

Cargoes of silk and gold
For gifts? Oh-no!
All these silk and gold
Were given out, then bowing low

To show off China's power
To scare away other emperors
Moslem herbs for our members
Armada led by splendid ambassadors

Infest the sea of Asia
Pirates raided Strait of Malacca
Admiral Zheng had no fear
Defeat them the same year

“Give it now! The gold, now”
armies yelled aloud
Bombs flew, like flying cows

Shots fired at the cloud
History winners, you may say
To see the light of day
Exploring India in different ways
To see what they say

“Travelling across the sea;
Looking for things to see.
Gold not just for me.
This, the joy for me!”

Persian Gulf we see
Lions from Sultan to me
Seven voyages and goodbyes
Nautical Chart is still applied

China ruled the seas
That is what I see
These wonderful sailors
Are good models for me!

My Adventures on the Ming Treasure

St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Cheung, Charlianne – 8

I hear big blue ocean waves,
the seagulls loudly squawking,
Ahoy! The ship has sailed,
the pirate swords are clashing.

With a snort of my nose, I smell salt here and there,
down the gallows, a smelly stench stinks,
In the kitchen, dried fish smell everywhere,
these sweaty sailors will never smell pink.

“Time to eat!” says the General.
I wonder what we’re feasting on today.
Boiled barracuda and funny-looking fish rolls,
Aw, we had that yesterday!

As my hand runs along slippery scales and fins,
my feet touch the treasure box.
I feel the smooth and fragile porcelain,
against the bumpy hard surface of the rocks.

Look beyond the beach over there,
where the sand is marked ‘X’.
Golden treasure everywhere,
what fun will go next?

Poetry

Group 2



The Great Voyages of Ming Dynasty

A.D. & F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Chan, Sophie Chan – 10

The journeys to the west was 70 thousand miles or more,
Unknown horizons were waiting for Captain Zheng He to explore.
He went on 7 voyages and spread Chinese glory.
It ushered in a new era for Chinese history.
Short after the first expeditions, Zheng He became famous,
Long before America discovered by Christopher Columbus.
Came over numerous obstacles and defeated the pirates,
The sea was protected by Zheng He and his teammates.
There are giraffes as tributes from Africa,
And there are also horses from Arabia.
Using a compass to navigate for over 30 years,
Mastering a powerful navy definitely without any fears.
Extend the route for trading among countries is a success.
How much profits do we get? No one can guess.

The Journey to Jedda

Bradbury School, Bracovic, Yelena – 10

It all started with the Ming Dynasty, they wanted to expand their empire relations.
They set sail on open seas, to seek other nations.

They gathered gold, silks and spices, to delight the Sultan of Arabia, in hopes of future trade.
They set out on ships carrying military forces and weapons on a course they stayed for days.

Through the East China Sea, the South China Sea, the Bay of Bengal and finally, the Red Sea.
The Chinese men faced many dangerous pirates, various fleas, ticks and drinking lots of herbal tea.

When they arrived in the city of Jeddah, the King was not so keen on their arrival.
So the Chinese pleaded for mercy for their survival.

After trade negotiations with the Ruler for precious stones and highly prized fragrances from Arabian trees.
The two countries celebrated with wine, dates, nuts, rice, meat and cheese.

At last it was time for the Chinese to go home.
The people of Jedda were all alone.

After months of ticks, fleas and herbal tea, they arrived back in Nanjing.
They told the adventures and brought fabulous goods for the King.

The King was delighted and also very excited to explore more territories.
This voyage was known as one of the Ming Treasure stories.

The Last Journey of the Greatest Explorer

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Ching, Helen – 10

Angry sea winds swallow us into the darkness.
Mountain-high waves rock our ship to restlessness,
Shaking the Swimming Dragon to the bottom of the gloominess.
The raging lightning strikes our masts with no pity,
Breaking the Dragon feet wickedly,
Making it kneel with utmost anxiety.

Fear floods my soul, from head to toes.
I'm frightened, but stand firmer than a boulder on a bumpy road.
My almighty *Tiaufei*, my Heavenly Princess,
May our utmost sincerity shore up our valiant soul,
Sweep the life-taking antagonists, again, off the road.
I always stand by my master to his greatest loyal goal.

The holy incense lighted by my ignited heart.
Billows of shiny smoke curling in the dark,
Bittersweet smell of the burning wood awakens the thrilling stories.
Icy rain and tears drip on my tired body.
Blur my vision, the indelible memory of glory.
We are valorous explorers and always defeat enemies.

Standing proudly on the deck of the Swimming Dragon,
Five thousand fierce-looking pirates roared and screamed.
Blood-thirsty arrows soared like lightning beats.
The “whoosh” roared inches beside our ears.
The powerful Ming Treasure Fleet will never retreat.
Loyal soldiers stood firm and neat.

Panic flooded my body, from ears to soles.
I was scared, but stood firmer than big tree bole.
I charged forward with honor and spear,
Corpses and blood splattered on sea water.
Mercy to the Corpse Flowers, they almost drooped.
Our courageous soldiers restored peace.

We sailed to Sinhalese Kotte kingdom and offered harmony,
Welcomed by the hostile and given agony.
Lured into the land of overbearing enemies
Deadly weapons were waiting to pierce our motionless bodies.
We were outnumbered as minority,
Waiting for our wise master to deploy his brilliant strategy.

Anger flooded our crew – entirely.
I was agitated, and stood firmer than a tombstone in the cemetery.
We fought the rude and discourteous to the finality,
Infinite courage and wisdom was our weapon.
We captured the king before he knew what had happened.
We took him to Nanjing, a real wonderful heaven.

Beyond challenges, we voyaged through the Indian Ocean.
Friendships were built with ardent and colorful nations.
We shared the wisdom of our peaceful expeditions,
Delivered deluxe treasures of our kind dynasty.
The powerful Ming Treasure Fleet
Shipped back a mountain of eye-opening discoveries.

The charming shade of blue of Persia,
Bluer than sky and sea water.
The appealing color on the priceless china,
Always breathtaking for every admirer.

The fragrant agarwood of the Southeast Sea,
Enlighten the lost souls under the Bodhi Tree.
Precious sweet smoke of noble incense,
Guide the restless to the ultimate peace.

The black pepper of Southwestern India,
Tiny berries hotter than the burning chili powder,
Highly regarded condiment, more valuable than blazing gold.
Wow, the Black Gold can heal your stomach in just one go!

The magnificent long-necked creature in Africa,
Taller than four big soldiers standing on shoulders, one on the other.
Camouflage of scattered brown patches keep them safe from predators.
We found the legendary *Qilin*, our magical figure!

Noble horse in a black and white striped coat,
Dashing in African savannahs.
One for all and all for one when they were galloping together.
We found another *Qilin*! Our great future was prefigured.

Joy floods my whole body, from soul to toes.
I am pleased, and kneel humbly in front of the Heavenly Princess.
My sincere prayer is answered.
The shining stars sweep off the darkness.
Galaxy unveils her brightly eyes and witnesses
The victory of courage, wisdom and kindness.

Strength floods my whole body, from heart to fists.
I am honored, and stand proudly with the powerful Ming Treasure Fleet.
Tianfèi sends Monsoon Winds as our company.
Swimming Dragon is riding on the tides of history.
The spirit of Zheng He will last for eternity.
I stand by my greatest master to complete his last royal journey.

Exploring the World: The Ming Treasure Voyages in Haiku

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Kee, Cheuk Yin Chloe – 10

The First Voyage, the 3rd to 5th year of *Yongle*

In the sweet scent of
Spring, Zheng He launched a great sea
adventure: fruitful.

The Second Voyage, 6th to 7th year of *Yongle*

Calicut—we waltzed
in its court, celebrating
without Zheng. A miss.

The Third Voyage, 7th to 9th year of *Yongle*

Supreme! A roaring
Sea King, Zheng captured the King
of Ceylon. Forlorn.

The Fourth Voyage, 11th to 13th year of *Yongle*

To the Persian Gulf
we embarked—stretching so far,
Like a luscious dream.

The Fifth Voyage, 15th to 17th year of *Yongle*

We reached Africa
under the vibrant rays of
Summer. Exotic.

The Sixth Voyage, 19th to 20th year of *Yongle*

Returning home, blest,
the envoys were most impressed.
Silk—we gave Brava.

The Final Voyage, 5th to 8th year of *Xuande*

Requiem for Zheng:
The Red Sea held the warrior.
Life completed; he rested.

My Legendary Voyages to the Sea

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Ma, Luann – 11

The glistening blue of the welcoming oceans,
The upraised nautical flags with intricate patterns so fine,
The encouraging cheers and chants of our citizens,
Once were the unique cherished fortune of mine.
The treasure fleet and the magnificent sea -- my homeland,
The glorious memoirs I indulged in, ever so grand.

Zheng He am I.
“The voyager who rules the sea,”

They admiringly sigh.

The perfect start with 62 handsome ships --
We displayed Ming China's prestige, traded and battled!
Our mighty fleet left all in awe, and
Charged! Aha! Yes, the pirates we tackled!
The victory gained by nearly 30 thousand of us men,
Could you imagine the contentment of the Chinese then?

Zheng He am I.
“I shall faithfully serve the King
till the day I die.”

We set off again -- at the Emperor's wishes --
To Calicut, bearing innumerable exquisite presents.
Then, incense logs from an island, we cut --
The extravagant fragrances were simply enchantments!
Elation flooding into me while we returned,
Amidst all the hullabaloo which we had earned.

Zheng He am I.
“The ocean's my home,
To which I'll never say good bye!”

The third voyage -- to the destination of Ceylon,
We fiercely fought in our biggest battle, what an adventure!
Attacking the capital although our ships were assaulted,
Heading towards success! The ruler of Ceylon we did capture!
The Buddha's sacred tooth we then secretly redeemed.
I couldn't wipe the smile off my face, how I gleefully beamed!

Zheng He am I.
“I shall embrace all challenges
which in the future lie.”

Venturing farther to the Persian Gulf and Africa,
Ambergris from sperm whales and pearl white cowrie shells.
Look! The qilin, a sacred animal, towering over me!
May it grant us peace and prosperity with its magic spells.
Elephants, rhinos and zebras...the envoys presented,
Withal, of course, spices scented, gems ornamented.

Zheng He am I.
“Hooray for the Emperor,
for this marvellous supply!”

Extending our route beyond the Arabian Peninsula,
Our port of call: Aden -- the prosperous Muslim country.
What a stupefying sight of 8000 cavalry and soldiers!
Onwards to Mogadishu, Africa, offerings boarded our ships so grandly.
Welcome, ferocious lions and bizarre camels!
I could never suppress my fondness for the animals!

Zheng He am I.
“I couldn’t help giving out
a jubilated cry!”

We sailed back hurriedly -- the Forbidden City was completed!
To join in, at Beijing, the spree and the splendour.
Our maritime expeditions resonated the triumph,
Nodding in pleasure was every farmer and vendor.
From Han to Ming, our Silk Road extended,
From land to sea, the legends were ever so splendid.

glorify.”

Zheng He am I.
“This country I love,
I would truly

The seventh, indeed, the final voyage --
As an admiral, again valiantly, to the deep ocean so vast,
Indulging in the rhythm of the undulating waves.
I was in command till I breathed my last.
Buried in the blue waters, where my heart lies,
Mesmerised, am I, in the grandiosity of every voyage’s surprise.

Zheng He am I
“Forever would I gaze at
the wondrous seas from high.”

Across the Seven Seas

Diocesan Preparatory School, Chan, Yan Kiu – 11

Long, long ago, in a certain dynasty;
Where pirates roamed the endless Seven Seas;
Sails fluttered up masts of a fearless fleet,
Destined to link among countries,
On each ship carried silk and gold,
Sending gifts to foreign places,
Determined through misty sea against hostile armies.
Courageous, yet careful, into the unknown,
Hoping to return, alive, not alone.

1)
The fleet's first voyage across the seas,
Was among the ports of many countries,
Vietnam, Indonesia, Malacca too,
Nicobar Islands, Calicut and lots of new views!
Although they found Sri Lanka hostile,
They soon retreated safely awhile.
Back to China, with tributes and envoys,
Fierce pirates the fleet destroyed,
All were safe then on the journey return,
But the unknown had much more for them to learn!

2)
The fleet set sail once again,
To send gifts back to their domain;
Sailing as far as Sri Lanka, attempting to land,
Stopping in Champa, Java and Thailand.
The armada collected fresh tribute,
Then turned right back for another long route.
Again, the fleet sailed into the unknown,
Hoping to return, alive, not alone.

3)
Across the seas the fleet set again,
On their most ambitious journey to date,
Through Arabia, Africa, ports at Muscat,
To bring back exotic gifts and freight.
But soon then some bad news came,
The admiral's friend and sponsor had met his fate.
The successor ordered an end to all journeys,
Would this be the end of the fleet's odysseys?

4)

The new successor, again, met his fate,
An adventurous one took his place.
A final voyage came for the fleet,
Though the admiral felt as white as a sheet.
This last great voyage lasted three years;
Among seventeen ports between Champa and Kenya.
On the path of return, the admiral deceased;
The crew buried him at sea and in peace.
At last the fleet left the unknown,
Returning alive and not alone.

Long, long ago, in a certain dynasty,
When pirates roamed, the endless Seven Seas.
A fearless fleet voyaged within,
Linking, among countries, remembering, where they've been.
Each ship passed out gifts, silk, and gold,
Making friends with foreign places.
Together, the fleet had their mission done,
But it seems as all had just begun.
Brave and careful, into the unknown,
Returning, alive, and not alone.

The New Heroes of the Ming History

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Wong, Ching Ki – 11

When you spot a ship,
A shiver upon your lip.
For centuries ago,
Pirates were crawling.
Grabbing gold and go,
For it was the time of stealing.

But once,
A fleet of ships were sailing,
And they were not stealing.
Back in the early 1400s,
Where the story truly began.

Off the hook!
Slam the book!
Master, my men are ready.
Good, all materials trendy?
You have my word.
Then sail to all landlords.

Hundreds of ships and thousands of voyagers
Ready to sail
But not to jail.
Men as brave as lions,
Ships loaded with millions of weapons.
However the men were young.
Can they be heroes?
Or just zeroes?

Oh! Ho! Ho!
We're sailing at dusk,
We're going to do a trade
Which is as fragile as tusk.
Head to west,
There's no time to feast,
As there's an adventure that lies ahead!

Look up high,
Seagulls soaring up the sky!
Which was as blue as sapphires,
But couldn't be touch!
Fluffy cotton candies,
Smell the fresh air,
It was beyond compare.

Look down,
Crystal clear water,
Reflecting the men's image.
Eek! Eek! Eek!
Dolphins waving cheerfully.

Now, tilt your head up!
An island had been arrested
Out of nowhere.
Was it dangerous or safe?

Should they risk their lives?
But the team never gave up.
So dead ahead then,
Cause they're the mighty men.

Drop the hook,
Get onto your feet
And let's go and explore the wilds.
Oh! Look over there!
Trees full of fabulous fruits,
Plenty to eat to quench their thirst.

Wow! Look over there!
Lovely dazzling flowers,
All gather around to have a meeting,
Who were these guys from the sea? Hmmm?

Wait! Look even farther!
A couple whose skin as dark as chocolate,
Dressed in clothes that voyagers never wore.
One dressed in deer skin dress,
Tied in a colorful beaded vest.
One wore an antelope skin robe and a swan feather cape with a cane,
Both bowed down,
And so did all the men.

As sailors went further,
The people in this island were Indians,
They were all kind and loyal.
Indians grew many things for a living,
And since they were leaving,
Men were curious,
As well the Indians.
Together they did a trade,
Grape wine for a piece of delicate fabric,
Crunchy nuts for silkworms.
What an interesting trade.
But these food would be souvenirs
For a memorable trip to the king.
Say their farewells and off they head,
For more adventures awaits for them.

How time flies very tight,
Owls woke and it was night.
Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!
Dinner came but only beans.
Luckily, there's no need to clean.
Time for bed,
Sleep on hammocks,
Next, admire thousands of fireflies
Sticking to the sky.
Finally drifted off to sleep,
To dream of their families and friends.

The next bright morning,
A huge, annoying storm emerged.
Waves battered and lashed,
The ships tumbled and grumbled.
Lightning struck and thunder boomed!

Raining cats and dogs.
Sailors grabbed their ropes,
Then pulled in unison.
The ships got their balance.
Everyone took a storm shower!
Sailors all pray,
For the waves to have no violence.
Suddenly the sunshine came,
First the darkness
But now the happiness.

As the clouds separated,
A splat of green caught their eyes,
A vast island that you couldn't deny.
How exciting it would be,
Now wait till you see.

However, until they step,
A trap was dropped.
Two got caught,
Rest had fled.
Rustle, rustle!
Out came a bunch of strangers,
Holding bows, swords and daggers.
Men charged clutching guns,
Others shouted gripping their spears.
The hitting, the killing.
Oh! So dramatic!

The fight ended up with blood pumping,
Scars revealed and bruises occurred.
Men were beaten,
Exhausted and collapsed on the ground,
Hunters surrounded,
Holding their ground.
The chief stepped forward,
Looking up, his eyes were suspicious,
But could've gone worst.
Men surrendered,
Bodies were tied with the hands
While legs were bind with long thick ropes.

The tribe feasted with a hearty meal
While men struggled to set free.
They hid their daggers
Until midnight,
Sawing ropes secretly.
They got up and fled back,
But the land was gigantic
That they got lost.
Roar! Roar! Ooh! Ooh! Ah! Ah!
Creatures woke but they daren't care.
They bumped into a giraffe and were surprised,
Grapping the giraffe,
They left a stunning crystal vase
That shone brightly like lit candles
Feet aching till they went back,
Sweating fear like a mouse.
But angry like a bull.

Now the men knew never to ask the Africans for help
As they were horrible creatures that made you weep.

Meals at night sounded promising,
A freshly steamed fish filled with nothing.
Everyone went to bed,
But had nightmares about Africans.

The next early day,
Everyone was gay.
Everything went well and pleasant,
But nothing could be an amazement.
Dancing and singing filled the air.

At noon,
The excitement came soon.
Just ahead the ships,
The fog tickles the sailors' eyes.
Several ships in a full speed.
Sailors looked worried like a damsel in distress,
But soon found out that the strangers were friendly.
The strangers greeted them like a family,

They led the men to their tent,
Making sure that their content.
The guys ate till their stomachs hurt
Until they saw maidens that they started to flirt.

They went to stupendous concerts,
Singing like exquisite swans,
Not like noisy lawns.
Dancing like funny clowns,
And wearing handmade crowns.

Laughter lurked around the air
And yellow pansies looked so fair.
Nature is so beautiful.
Lions so fearless
With their handsome pointy teeth.

At night,
Voyagers watched in hunger
As hunters hunted viciously at a huge juicy deer.
Soon the prey tumbled and fell,
The audience would scream and stood to cheer.
Using two sticks they started a fire,
The men watched the meal turned
From juicy red to chocolate brown.
They ate it cooked
While hunters had it raw.
Blood burst as they chewed,
They looked so scary
That their kids screeched.

The tour ended constantly,
They traded red rubies or radiant amethysts.
Buddha's made from gold
Which was very valuable to be sold.
Tears were shed
And eyes were red.

All in all
The trading did well,
Treasures were stacked up very well
And they could open up a mall!
Seven voyages
And thirty countries.

Sailors sharpened all their swords
As sharp as needles,
And washed all their clothes
As fresh as edelweiss.
As tomorrow was a marvelous day!

Back to home was the greatest treasure of all,
Their wives and kids all gather around the port
While husbands tried to stand up tall.
Guards escorted them to the king's court,
Men were then named as heroes.
They then lived their lives full of joy.

Now that's the end of the story
Of the new heroes of Ming history!

The Ming Treasure Voyages

Harrow International School Hong Kong, King, Thalia – 11

The glowing crimson boat sailed gracefully away,
Skimming the waves like an eagle with wings of the wind.
Frightened young sailors on board, clutching their pounding hearts,
Peered into the vanishing distance, waving goodbye.

Soon, a day seemed like weeks, many tears were wiped away,
The Ming Treasure Crew practically felt like giving in.
No land could be seen, all around was only the sea.
Azure seawater sparkling from the golden sun,
The smells of warmth mingled with scents of salty water.

A log of wood marked with notches kept track of the time,
Dreams were flooding with land visions in the horizon.
The Ming Treasure Voyage had been sailing for a month,
The sailors on board noticed dark thunder clouds blooming,
As it filled the sky with ominous shakes, alarm grew.
“A storm is coming!” cried a sailor. “A storm coming!”

The boat shuddered as an immense wave struck it fiercely.
Confused, the captain lost control of the steering wheel,
A sharp turn knocked the crew off their feet like dominoes.
Abruptly, a ragged rock bashed into the shocked ship,
BANG! An enormous hole ripped open in the ship’s hull.
Water gushed through the ship, it caused a large commotion.
What could be done? Terrified murmurs grew amongst all.

Even the elder sailors seemed to drain of colour,
But one wise idea burst free from a thoughtful head,
“We should pile up a couple of barrels, one by one,
After that, the hole will hopefully surely be gone!”
As they predicted, no water leaked through anymore,
That mission was completed, all they had to do now,
Was to fulfil their hugely tough challenge from before.
Just then, they saw that precious golden key sparkling...

The eye-catching sight of land, land in the horizon,
Stretched their mouths open like a flexible rubber band,
As lapping waves led the ship to the destination.
The island inhabitants gazed at them in wonder,
Who were these different people, just where had they come from?
Different shade of skin they wore, but same kind of creatures,
What exactly was their plan, what could be in their chests?
Knives the villagers uncovered, their hate they unleashed.
A courageous man ended what would have been a fight.

“Stop! We come in peace!” With that, he hurled the treasure down.
The treasure chest filled to the brim with gold and soft silk.

The Ming Treasure crew repeated that job many times,
All across the world they sailed, all those stunning sights,
Known all over the world at last, they set sail for home.
Just one chest left, they possessed, their only treasure left,
Intended to be used for restoring China's wealth.
Little did they know about the wave coming up soon,
The thunderous wave lurched at the ship and let the chest fall.
Gold spilled out, swirling into the kingdom of the fish,
The Ming Treasure Fleet had decorated the waters.

To Fame Through Flames

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Mak, Myra – 10

The sea is still, the wind is light.
The sails are drapes a-fly.
The moon's aglow and all alone,
The mast is proud and high.

There, sailors drink throughout the night,
And fall asleep at dawn.
But now the ship is set to sail,
"All hands on deck!" They yawn.

The quay is full to bid adieu
The sailors of Shanghai.
There, kin and children cry and weep
While others wave goodbye.

A cabin boy, so grim and glum,
Waves wistfully and blue.
For no one on the dock is his—
He joins the somber crew.

Two weeks of toil and nary a sail,
When suddenly they spied
A Jolly Roger, so they'd heard,
A flag to give berth wide.

The crew and captain fret and wept;
They could not up their glide,
For ballast bilge was treasure filled.
The foe pulled near beside.

And there by dawn the fight began
The pirates' grapples tight.
The cabin boy foresaw their end—
No hope their present plight.

Then suddenly a picture rose,
A spark within his mind.
He grabbed a torch, a kindled flame,
Left all he had behind.

"Ahoy! Our ship! Go back! The flames!"
The foe to ship they fled;
The sailors could not fathom why—
Why they had not bled.

Then found they were bereft of boy—
They jerked round toward a sound.
They spied 'their man' with torch in hand,
With pirates all around.

He raised the smould'ring torch in hand,
He cried aloud, " Ahoy!"
The pirates then no mercy gave—
Struck down the cabin boy.

Not one, that day, shall e'er forget
Who gave for them his life,
The cabin boy so sad and bleak,
Whose flames o'ercame the strife.

Acrostic Poem – Ming Treasure Fleet

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,

Chu, Ivanka – 10

Mighty Zhang ,he sailed around the world seven times as General of the voyages.
I think Zhang He thinks of all the friends he and the voyagers have made every day.
Numbers of the voyages was vast.
Going around the world made Zhang He and his fellow voyagers experienced.

Truce had been made in countries where the voyagers went.
Ruthless pirates attacked the voyagers during the first voyage.
Eastern places have been visited,
And most of the world was sailed around by Zhang He and his brave voyagers.
Sailing around caused some negative comments,
Understanding the sea's ways were not easy.
Round, delicate,hoops circled the fleet,
Exotic places they have visited,

Fearless courage has been shown,
Left and right, they have turned,
Even so, they have continued,
Ever courageous, ever mighty.
The Ming Treasure Fleet voyagers are brave and strong,we should remember and thank them for our glory.

The Death Of Zhang He

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,

Ho, Namie – 10

Once upon a time
There was a courageous,imitating chinese traveller
His name was Zheng He
But he died in the great, gigantic sea

Marvellous stories about him
About him travelling the high seas
Mighty, intrepid, adventurous
For he risked a dangerous mission

But soon he got sick
On the seventh voyage
Over the world he goes
The mighty hero, forever gone

62 or 63
Was the age he was when he died
I hate illness and diseases
Because it was the cause of his horrible death

People buried Zheng He's tomb in Nanjing
But it was actually empty
Because the people who travelled with him
Poured his body into the sea

Oh how oh how did he really die?
Some say ambush
Some say sickness
So what is the real answer?

A courageous traveller gone from us
Zheng He, remember his name
Let us hope that we don't forget him
The mighty hero

THE END

The Ming Treasure Fleet

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,

Ip, Aidan – 10

Ming treasure fleet we made piece by piece, general Zhang He was instructed to command the fleet. In the beginning the treasure voyages they sailed far and wide to Aru and Java and many others. Never did the cities kings knew that the treasure fleet had gifts such as patterned silk and Gold brocade for them, they were extremely surprised. Given the choices, all of the kings Had accepted the gift and bowed down to China thinking that they were rich and powerful and sent envoys to visit the emperor.

They each gave gifts of back to China as an example of honoring the Yongle Emperor. Ready to leave, they sailed back home to show the Yongle Emperor there riches and gold. Even knowing that China is rich and powerful, the foreign envoys were still amazed by how lovely and beautiful the palace looked.

After escorting the envoys, Zhang He had received orders to set sail again in 1407, 3 years after the first fleet.

Uptown, some villagers started to plot against the emperor thinking that the cost of the voyages cost too much, but took no action until the last voyage left the docks.

Ready to sail, Zheng He left the docks just like the first voyage and visited all sorts of places. Even though on the last Treasure Voyage, the members of a pirate ship commanded by Chen Zuyi attacked the voyage and its crew members

For they were caught in surprise, the Voyager's crew lost many lives but so did the pirates. Let alone Zheng He, he attacked and decimated the enemy pirates and won. Even though Zheng He brought victory, he caught a serious illness that will soon take his life. Even after death, Zhang He rem

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Acrostic Poem

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,

Wang, Vanessa – 10

Muslim Zheng He leads the mighty fleet.
Influencing other empires to rise with Ming.
Numbers of ships rise with glory and pride.
Gigantic fleet sweeps across the stormy, dark waves

The ships loaded with priceless goods ships strong and powerful with sturdy boards.
Ready and ambitious they started their journey
Every place was filled with interesting stories
All sailors as united as a skeleton's bones.
Sailing first to Champa, Java and Malacca.
Using respect and courtesy, they exchanged luxuries.
Revising their every route
Every stop made carefully counted

Fiery determination in his eyes
Leads dignified Zheng He with his words wise
Every day a hundred miles
Every moment different stories
To remember the Ming Treasure Fleet, of all their contribution deeds.

Haiku

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,

Yung, Trinity – 10

Everybody is proud
Of Zheng He's excellent gift
Zheng He bring us joy

Maps made by Zheng He
Treasures marked in different places
Now in museums .

We are so lucky
Because Zheng He brings us joy.
Oh ! Thank you Zhang He !

Zheng He you're the best
You can fight pirates and kings
Wow!So courageous!

The Great Ming Treasure Voyage

International College Hong Kong, Chin, Madelyn – 10

Seven fleets set sail to sea,
Planning to give out gifts for free,
Each containing precious treats,
From rare eats to silky sheets.

Young sailors struck by awe,
Frozen by the sights they saw,
While the crew lay down and drifted into slumber,
The ocean's waves as loud as thunder

Returning back the motherland,
Stopping by with everything in hand,
Fleets filled with exotic delights,
Paying back to those sleepless nights,

During the Great Ming treasure voyages.

The Eighth Voyage

Kennedy School, Li, Andrea – 9

We were giving out gifts,
To the poor and to the rich.
Mostly to the kings we say,
And in a hurry we can't delay!

Others all think they know,
How our wise leader had to go.
But even without him at our side,
None of the crew ever cried.

The new king banished the good,
As if we weren't manhood.
But here I stand onboard the ship,
Sailing again to the world's tip.

The eighth journey that we sailed,
Across the sea with no fails.
Without the Zheng's clear orders,
We sailed through the world's borders.

Onto a land we never saw,
Where all we heard was a bird's caw.
The land that would make Zheng proud,
One that wasn't very loud.

We had no memory of this place,
Until the emperor showed his face.
We called it floating- mania,
It was nothing but the southern Australia.

Once the emperor came to greet us,
He welcomed us onto the grand bus.
A emu outside spread his wings,
To welcome us the Mings.

While the emperor was speaking to the emu,
The crew dug into the welcome meal.
I gave the emperor our precious bamboo!
He gave us a lady emu.

Even without captain Zheng,
We managed to visit a new land.
I hope this journey will never end,
And we are allowed to find loads more hidden gems.

Zheng He

Korean International School, Ikuta, Hirotaka – 11

He sailed around the world with ships full of gold
Big and mighty, his name was Zheng He
He went around the sea with his sailors on his ship.
All the ships looked like dolphins,
Everybody worshiped him like a god.
For the Ming dynasty, he sailed around the world.

Zheng He

Korean International School, Jeong, Seoyun – 10

Zheng He, he was as brave as a lion!
Zheng He, he was as calm as an elephant!
Zheng He, the waves were bullying his ships!
Zheng He, tricky treasure he was trying to find!
Zheng He, the emperor was a million miles away!
Zheng He, Splash! As a step on the water he takes!
Zheng He, going in a boat is a piece of cake!

Goodbye World

Korean International School, Joo, Stanley – 10

Zheng He the Wise
Zheng He the Brave
I have earned many names over the years
I have sailed the Ocean Blue
I have defeated the Pirates
I am worshipped like an almighty God
I have met many kings and queens
I want to see more of the World
But for now I'm afraid I need to go

Zheng He

Korean International School, Lai, Alexis – 11

Splish, splash, clash!
The pirates were taken down
The fire of honour never bowed down
Brave, strong, fierce
That's what you must be
Like the hero, who saved so many
His name was Zheng He
He did it for honour
Even though going on was getting
Harder and harder
He still managed to be smarter
And be the impossible
It seemed he was unstoppable.

Zheng He

Korean International School, Lee, Alistair – 11

Zheng He sails around the world
Trades and sails with lots of treasure
People worship him like a god
And he works as a fleet commander
The waves crashes into the voyagers
Zheng He has the biggest ships of all,
Scaring pirates away was a piece of cake

Zheng He

Korean International School, Ng, Ian – 10

Splash went the waves,
As the sea misbehaved.
Zheng He being a slave,
As a servant he behaved.
While they sailed for gold,
Which could be sold.
They sailed to the ocean blue,
And the pirates shouted "Boo!"

Sailing the Sea

Korean International School, Ng, Sherry – 10

Sailing across the empty sea
A brave admiral led his crew
His name was Zheng He

They saw a small island
Where no one lived
When he took a step on the island it shook and rattled
Every step he took lit up the plants
The trees sang, flowers hummed
The Island was beautiful

When he left, everything was gone
He sailed across the dangerous sea
He never gave up
He forged for treasure
jade, emeralds, gold
Priceless things
Stars guided the way
They twinkled as he sailed through the night sky

Zheng He

Korean International School, Sze, Sophie – 10

There out on the ocean,
With a lot of commotion
With sailors of many,
Way more than twenty
Zheng He sailed,
Plus he never ever failed,
He was as strong as an ox,
And as quick as a fox,
He was as big as a house,
But he didn't know how to joust,
Splash!
Crash!
Waves tumbled onto the ship,
Sailors could taste the water with their lips,
They brought back treasures of all kind,
Everything they could find,
He was once a slave,
Yet he was very brave.

The Chinese Qilin from Africa

Peak School (ESF), Blades, Lucy – 9

Oh water,

Oh water,

Please let us go,

Were only travelling the world and letting China know

The explorers travelled round Africa and saw many great things,

They bought back animals from Kenya and met Egypt's famous kings,

but when the explorers came back with a giraffe China thought it was a Qilin

and wondered where they had b'n.

When the giraffe was on the journey he fell and hit his head,

For the eagerness of the waters weren't exactly like his bed!

When he got to China his cage was way too small,

Particularly because his neck was very tall!

“The people of China are kind,

But I think I'll change my mind”

Said the giraffe who wanted to go home,

because he was alone.

Oh explorers,

Oh explorers,

you brought back a giraffe and China thought it was a Qilin

and they wondered where you'd b'n.

Cheung–Ming's Last Stand

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wong, Ching Hin Matthew – 10

The sea is calm, the sky is clear.
The sailors are all drinking beer.
No clouds were floating in the air.
The sailors dance without a care.

Their revelry was heard afar,
with a blissfulness that none could mar.
Their happy whoops and joyful yells,
in lands of pure joy the sailors' hearts dwell.
But why oh why, I hear you ask,
did they all choose to neglect their tasks?

The answer is: they share one ambition,
one prime goal they made their commission.
This, they pursued with determined spirits.
And yes, they had some distinctive habits...
some of which were rather odd,
like eating a clammy, raw, wriggling cod,
or sleeping on a weave of dirty old wires,
or running round the ship until they tire.
But all were united in the sole desire
to fulfill the dreams of the one they admire:
a humble young captain by the name of Cheung–Ming.
To him, future children will gratefully sing
of the hero that conquered the notorious pirates,
their lethal cannons, and sinister parrots.

But why was his mind dark with foreboding?
A nagging sense that danger was unfolding?
For his only desire was finally in operation
to give back treasures taken by the abomination
of the pirates who sow chaos and destruction.
But Cheung–Ming's heart wasn't light with elation.
His happy balloon was undergoing deflation.
He couldn't shake this persistent sense
that there would be no smooth recompense.
Something was bound to go astray,
so his exhilaration began to decay.

His magnificent fleet of ships sailed on the sea.
The sailors were now as busy as bees.
Wind was blowing strong on the mast,
pushing them toward their goal, at last.

Upon the vessel was silver and gold
inside a chest with no spot of mould.
Gems and diamonds, rubies and sapphires,
breath–taking silks that all desire.
A lure, to be sure, for avarice and greed,
and for evil men with desperate need.

Alas, one thunderous and frightening night,
pitch-black clouds deprived them all of light.
Their ears were deafened by the wind's great roar,
chilling all the sailors to their core.
Great bolts of lightning were all they could see
as mammoth waves tossed them with murderous glee.
The rain poured relentlessly upon the ship,
Flooding the sailors up to their hips.

As if things couldn't get any worse,
a cannon shot and the rail burst.
Harpoons were fired onto the ships.
The evil pirates licked their lips.
Upon their eyes, a demonic light
for death and flesh, or a worthy fight;
for rivers of blood, or the crackle of bones;
for terrified screams and painful moans.

Swords clashed as the ocean churned.
"May the pirates perish and their bodies burn!"
Cheung-Ming's cry echoed through the night,
heralding the start of a historic fight.
For the great War of The Ships began,
at the signal of the great Cheung-Ming's hand

Bodies piled up in gruesome mounds.
The seas raged from a cacophony of sound,
of cannons, rifles, and screams alike.
But all fell silent with the thrust of a spike
that pierced young Cheung-ming through the heart,
reaving his body and soul apart.
Even as life drained from his eyes,
the brave captain uttered not a cry.
His shirt soaked through with hot, red blood,
and his head fell still on the filthy mud.

To his demise, the pirates cheered.
They clapped and snarled, and sneered and leered.
Suddenly the ship lurched, tossing all to one side
Cheung-ming curled into a ball as if to hide.
A wave had caused the ship to list,
like it was in the clutches of a giant's fist.
It was then that Ming made his final stand,
grabbing the pirate leader by the hand.
Ming pulled him in to the ocean deep,
to a watery grave of eternal sleep.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages –by "Admiral Cheng"

Salesian Yip Hon Millennium Primary School, Cen, Tsz Yan – 11

In the oceanfront of India, I met some natives.
Their tears fell, their soul discouraging,
My translators translated their reasons.
“We don’t have water for farming.”

So, I instructed my regal “Fung Sui” Masters
to find an **area** to dig some “Chinese wells”,
As the irrigation mission fulfilled
The natives assembled to hail.

So, I returned to my “Treasure Vessel”
The natives chased after us!
Halt! Why the hustle?
My guards drew their steel.

Instead, the natives begged,
“How to catch fish faster? Do teach us!”
Then, assembled the “Chinese Fishing Nets”.
my heavenly craftsman to them instructed.

The craftsmen also forged a “Golden Banner” for them.
In the name of trust, to the motive best.
On the banner, in a language called
“Ang–Glash”
it read:
“New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages” – By “Admiral Cheng”

It was rumored, that “Golden Banner”
is still there,
Somewhere in India,
hidden in a secret **area**.

The natives wrote this verse,
To remember this incident.
There is a big secret
about that verse’s occurrence!

In this verse, only the **letters** in the **title** are used.
N, E, W, T, A, L, O, F, H, M, I, G, R, S, U, V, Y, B, D, C
As in “New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages – By “Admiral Cheng””
Remember! Only 20 of the 26 letters are used.

The six letters **NOT** used: J K P Q X Z,
lies the secret to the **area**,
where Admiral Cheng’s Secret Treasure
left in India.
Do you have any idea?

*鄭和 (1371–1433 or 1435) was a Chinese fleet admiral during China's early Ming dynasty.

Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

Sha Tin Junior School, Robinson, Agnes – 10

Sails up, Captain ready, map drawn.
This stunning ship, soon, from sight, would be gone.

The Ming Treasure Voyages were lead by Zheng He,
Fearless and kind he was equipped for the trip

They left with a mighty amount of silk and of gold,
Arrived at new lands, warm and cold.

Some people were kind, so they gave them their glee,
Others would shout and chase them into the sea

Sometimes they met pirates, the usual kind,
Luckily the ships were equipped with weapons and good minds.

They made it home with relations to lands,
On their seven voyages, they made themselves grand.

Seven centuries ago they ended,
Still well known for their troubled past.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

St Stephen's College Prep School, Choy, Samantha – 11

Ahoy! Ahoy!
Sailing past the yellow, brown, dark and white,
Seeing the pyramids, Sphinx, wildlife and tribes,
Travellers giving out gold, silver, rubies, pearl and jade,
People praising and feeling great.

Charge! Whip! Die!
Pirates robbing travellers of voyage treasures,
One traveller hollers,
“Take care of the treasures!
I will fight against the pirates!”
The crew travelling in the seas,
Their wounds toughen their spirits,
Determined—
To find the legendary jewels,
And secure their safety home.

Having perilous adventures,
Fighting the hideous pirates,
Being a mighty group.
To bond with other countries,
They deserve chests of treasures in return.
War is imminent,
China and her allies,
Helping the emperors
To receive good news of victory.

Back then,
China totally ruled the seas,
Thank you, oh thank you,
To those brave travellers.

The Stowaway

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Poon, Valerie – 9

Now I don't feel brave,
that was a giant wave.
It was so near, I'm full of fear,
but I'm glad I'm here!

I really need food,
I'm in a bad mood,
I don't feel so good.
I moan,
I groan,
I'm so alone.
I miss my Mum,
I miss my Dad,
it makes me cry it makes me sad.

Hiding on a ship is not a good trip.
I hear a voice I start to rejoice,
the voice I hear is my Dad near?
The lid is raised from my hiding place.
Angry faces peer at me,
the light is bright I cannot see.
I hear them shout they pull me out,
then march me to another room,
I fear that I'll be punished soon.
The captain is looking down at me,
I'm petrified.
Will I get thrown out into the sea?
"What are you doing here boy?!"
I get annoyed.
"Who is he?"
"Can't you see, I'm a she!"
"What?! How can this be?"
The crew pull off my hat.
When my long hair falls down,
they are so surprised that
they nearly sat on the cat.
I try again to explain.
The captain is quiet as everyone holds their breath.
The captain orders the chef
to bring me some food.
I'm now in a good mood.
The captain asks more questions,
is this the Question Dimension?

He tells me how brave of me
and tells the crew to go and see
my Dad who's on another ship.
This is starting to be a good trip!

Soon, I'm drifting off to sleep
and dreaming of the ocean deep
and counting sheep.
I dream my Dad is calling me.
I wake up.
It's real! How can this be?

We laugh we hug we cry we smile.
The captain is thinking for a while.
The captain wants to know why
I'm here. So I try
to tell him how I love my Dad
and when he left I was so sad.
"Is he a pirate?" I ask in fear.
"That's why I followed him here."
"No, no, no, my dear," comes the captain's reply.
"Your Dad is an amazing guy!
I'm Zheng He, your father helps me
to carry gifts from China across the sea.
He sails my boats and leads the crew
to do what China has asked us to do.
The treasure Fleet will sail the earth
to show the world what China is worth.
We'll send a message to your Mum
to say you are safe and you will come
on this adventure with your Dad
because you're brave and strong
so your Mum will be glad."

I'm on an adventure of a lifetime!

The Great Voyage

St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Leung, Emily – 11

Zheng He boarded his boat,
on a fine, sunny day.
With his thousands of men,
he went on his way.

They saw wondrous sights,
as they sailed through the seas,
from islands to jungles,
with enormous trees.

They conquered great storms
and the wind and rain.
But brave Zheng He,
had battled with the pain.

They battled with pirates,
despite all their fears.
They ignored their strength
and their cackles and sneers.

And after the trip,
they unloaded the ship,
with gifts for the people,
and silk in strips!

Zheng He was great,
and brave and smart,
but nobody knew,
why he had such a kind heart!

Zheng

St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Schuetz, Cris – 11

317 ships, 27000 men,
This great admiral, his name was Zheng.
He brought his fleet, on ocean rage,
but not, dear readers, to take on slaves.

His first mission, to travel afar,
battled the evil and took them under arm.
25 countries, all souvenirs,
He put them on the ship's rear.

He brought back to China, not one thought amiss.
And the Chinese emperor, was in pure bliss.
Humble, respectable, heroic and kind.
This man will always stay in our minds.

The Untold Voyage

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chung, Jacqueline – 8

Waves race across the ocean
Winds howl in the sky
My ship rocks to and fro
Albatrosses, from my childhood dreams, lead our way on high

Silvery flying-fishes land on the bow
Water splashes onto my face,
Saltier than melted snowflakes at Kunyang (1), many miles and years away
Summery blue sky is here to stay

My head feels heftier than ever
Tears roll down my cheeks,
From mother's sob at my teenage farewell
For yet another adventure to start, my heart beats

By myself, I am standing on the first mast of the nine
Eerie silence as in lonesome nights I spent at the Palace in tears
Over my shoulders stand thousands of comrades
Who start to chant and cheer

My mind still haunted by unnerving thoughts
Would villainous pirates fight us till we crack?
Would monstrous waves capsize my fleet,
Or a venomous sea monster turn me into snack?

Like branches in whirlwinds, my hands shake – would I snap?
Like a stone, my heart sinks – could I stay afloat?
I have risen to become chief of staff
Nothing is going to stop me from my goal!

Glittery jewels and gold coins stacked high
To spread our traditions to far-flung realms is my mission
My flotilla loaded with treasure priceless to measure
To open up a new world for the Kingdom becomes the vision

O' dear let me catch a glimpse of my past
Hidden among the uncharted West (2),
From where my Muslim blood flows
My Arabic tongue would confess

My neck feels sorer than ever from the golden armour
But my heart is as light as feather
The feather of an albatross
Who longs to fly back to her nest, freed from a tether

(1) Zheng He was born in Kunyang.

(2) Zheng He was a sixth-generation Muslim descendent of Sayyid Ajjal Shams al-Din Omar from Bukhara (modern day Uzbekistan) who might have a Persian origin. Zheng He possibly learnt Arabic during childhood.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Wang, Madeleine – 8

As a child,
I loved to hear stories from my dad and my grandad,
But all I really wanted to do was to...
BE ABLE TO EXPLORE THE OTHER PARTS OF CHINA
JUST LIKE MY DAD AND GRANDAD HAD!
Which made my dad and grandad very glad!

When the enemies of our town came,
THEY KILLED MY DAD!
I was captured with lots of other children,
And all scared and alone,
And I became a servant.

But as a servant,
Was when...
I became friends with Zhu Di,
The Yongle Emperor!
And...
Zhu Di's MOST trusted servant in his private door!

When I grew up,
Zhu Di commanded me to lead ships to the west of China,
And I became a Chinese Explorer,
JUST LIKE MY DAD,
Explore without a border...

When I was appointed to lead the voyage,
My heart leapt out of my chest,
I was so excited!
I was going to be a voyager,
To the west!

But as night began to fall,
I started to do the soldier call,
And I felt a little uneasy,
Because I knew that the others were going to do something cheesy,
The palace was very noisy!

For that I knew that I needed to get gold,
To show how good China was,
Before Zhu Di was too old,
So I took out my spear,
And got ready for war.

But I knew that we could do it,
And I encouraged them,
“Come On!”
I urged,
But the crewmen resisted,
Then we rested.

We took out our bags,
And used them as pillows,
We took off our jacket,
And used them as blankets,
So we made a fire,
With sticks and rocks,
For warmth and hot air.

But we didn't need a lot of warmth,
Because we were going back tomorrow,
I wanted to just get done with this,
So I told them that we were going home with a graceful bow.
I hoped that we would find the treasure,
Right before we left.
But we failed and in the first voyage,
I MET A PIRATE SHIP AND THE PIRATES WERE KEPT!

I had to do this 7 times,
I led 240 boats,
27000 crewmen,
Ate lots of dairies,
And...
We went to 30 countries!

But sadly in 1433,
While I was sleeping,
I caught an illness,
And I was tossed overboard without weeping.
Because my crew was scared that the illness would spread,
In the ocean I died just so very sorrowfully.
But...
Zheng He's name,
Will still remain in history eternally.

Ming Dynasty's Adventure

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Wong, Kadya – 8

Ming dynasty

crossing the waves,
Over the fields and far away!
They travel to towns,
And other countries,
Giving them money,
And gaining their trust.
One time they sailed across an island,
An island full of pirates and thieves,
But luckily.....
There was a man who helped ming dynasty,
He heard the pirate's plan,
He quickly went to the army,
And told them what he heard.
But instead of panicking,
The general just said,
"I have so many soldiers,
I am definitely not afraid,
And instead of running away,
I'll take this chance,
To lock them all away."
And so at night,
When pirates came,
Much to their dismay,
The soldiers came out,
They pointed their guns,
And so pirates said,
Oh please don't hurt us,
Just send us away,
Please soldiers,
Please,
We'll do anything!"
And so the soldiers took them,
sent them to jail right away.
This adventures was great,
They got so many presents,
It was very good,
In fact it was so good,
that they did this 6 times in a row.

Zheng He's new tales

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Li, Hayden – 9

Early 1400s people sailed the sea hoping for leisure
Stealing away with lots of treasure
China wanted wealth
And called Zheng to stealth
The Admiral was leading a hundred ships
Gifting minerals and gifts
Answering questions who seated at the throne
Mapping the unknown

Fighting battles tough and strong
Suffering illnesses more and more
Occasionally returning back from the expeditions
Only to plan for more sailing missions
Furious kings and tribes
Rides to escape they tried
A disastrous and bloody war
Stopping the roaring of the shore

Starving and cold on the weakening boat
Zhang aimed at Africa and Arabia as a goal
The Oceans took him to his destinations
All from his brave determination
His crews and voyages under his control
Three hundred seventeen fleets in a row
Finest of China's porcelain, gold, and silk
In return with exotic gifts
Giraffes, Zebras Africans gave
Zheng succeeded in friendship made
Never before the map expanded
International Trade embarked
Zhang became the master of Seas
For more adventures to be seen
History was written as never before
Zhang bought China to the world map like never before

Victory off the horn of Africa

Ying Wa Primary School, Ford, Jonathan – 11

The waters were dangerous,
Ships that survived were rare,
And the coast off Mogadishu,
Was a veritable pirates lair.

Yet Zheng He sailed with purpose,
The Emperor's message his key,
Pacify the Swahili trade routes,
Then extract tribute as a fee.

Wang Jinghong, Li Xing and Yang Zhen,
Zheng He's trusty seconds in command,
Ordered men to serve as lookouts,
Critical as the fleet neared land.

However, no pirates showed themselves,
Was this to be the order of the day?
Surely it could not be so in these seas,
Where danger lurked in every bay.

Then suddenly a cry came from above,
Armada ahoy! Every man to your gun!
An armed fleet of Arab dhows,
Was spotted sailing against the rising sun.

That day, a battle to end all battles ensued,
Cannons roared and proud ships sank,
Sailors were cut down with swords,
And the stench of blood was rank.

On and on went the brutal mayhem,
Throughout the day and through the night,
Then at the coming of the following morn,
Zheng He was triumphant in the early light.

From that epoch-making time on,
Zheng He's fleets traded the Swahili coast,
Their reputation protecting their way,
A tribute paid that was the envy of most.

As for the Mogadishu pirates,
They surprisingly turned upon their own,
And henceforth only raided Arab dhows,
So a network of local rivalry was sewn.

An Autobiography of Zheng He

Ying Wa Primary School, Lam, Cheuk Kwan – 11

On the day I became a eunuch,
I knew that my life wouldn't be ordinary.
My guess was true,
my life was specific.

Ma He I was once named,
and was castrated by Ming armies.
I was sent to the palace,
and being a eunuch was destined.

I learnt martial arts,
which an old eunuch taught me.
I became the emperor's guard,
protected him with all my heart.

I was told by the emperor to have a voyage,
this was the voyage of my life.
I had to go to foreign countries,
the voyage may last for ages.

There were hundreds of ships,
hundreds of men.
I was the admiral,
I can command them all just by my fingertips!

I went to Champa, Java, and Malacca,
I defeated the armies of Ceylon.
I confronted pirates at Palembang,
I went also to Semudera.

I spread Ming's glory,
Shared our wealth to the world.
Now I am fragile and old,
I have only this story.

The Great Voyage

Ying Wa Primary School, Ng, Chun Yin – 11

I, as Zheng He, commanded our mighty crew
And set sail to improve our country.
I steered the ship while the musician blew a kazoo
To entertain us for the great, exciting, upcoming, first journey.

Storms arrived in a diabolical state
I commandeered the ship expertly
And overcame the storm that would've taken us for bait
And I heard the storm shout curtly.

We arrived now at Champa (now we call central Vietnam)
And taught the villagers agriculture, and how to tame horses.
They thanked us, as deep and wide as the Three Gorges Dam
and rewarded us with useful resources.

“Land ho!” one of my crew shouted
And we stepped foot on Siam (now we call Thailand), a wonderful place.
We met the villagers and traded
As my gold value increased at a quick pace.

We disembarked once more
Then a pirate ship suddenly appeared.
I ordered the crew, “Prepare to fight, now let's ROAR!”
As the pirates neared.

We fought and stabbed
Till most pirates were jabbed.
We contentedly captured the pirate (We will have lots of bounty!)
And decided to bring him back to our country.
As I began to shout a loud, hooray,
A big gray box abolished my joyous day.

“Error 307” it stated.
I gasped in a mortifying state
And all of my characters evaporated.
All I could say was, “Oh this again? This is just *great!*”

Poetry

Group 3



Vaporous Mountains

Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Hasofer, Asher – 12

The vaporous mountains of Chinese earth
Where life is scarce and love, dearth
A serene stage that's disturbed by not a flea
The elders sit quietly brewing green tea

Their traditions and scrolls carried off by sea
A tale of mysticism flowing by the Yangtze
While many generations grow more and more silent
The conquests of our sailors are more and more vibrant

With men spread across the colossal world
A lone man's scream is seen but not heard
But if all the men at sea unite
They have no need for fear nor fright

New stories from the Ming dynasty

Dulwich College Beijing, Gao, Yubo – 11

We were the Explorers of the East,
Desiring to find the Emperor's lost Brother.
We wore our hopes on our armour,
Trusting each other.
This was how we survived.

Dangerous disasters we faced
As group as one.
Terrible typhoons nearly tore us apart,
Not even the sky showed us any mercy.

But, as we bonded more deeply,
No catastrophe could break us apart.

We were damaged severely the night before,
When an army of men ambushed Us.
They seemed to despise us,
Though they didn't tell us why.

So, we wrote to their leader,
Who demanded gold.
Because we wanted alliances,
And wanted no enemies,
We gave them their gold
And became friends.

Not lucky on the sea,
We nearly buried our fleet.
Pirates started to pillage,
We were low on energy.
But we still fought as we should.

It was also unpleasant at sea,
With all deckhands deep in sick.
This was the worst we could get,
Since everyone was calling for land.

This became worse over time,
With sailors complaining day and Night.
Nights were longer
Days became shorter.
We were completely drenched with sorrow.
But that was only the darkest hour Before dawn.
Days became calm and kind,
With gracious locals,
And favourable winds.

We lived on these motto
For the rest of our voyages.

For you, Ba Ba

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Joseph-Hui, Alexandra – 12

The rope soared through the air, and it whispered
You can't go back anymore.
Staring behind me, the towering masts summon
A wave of terror crashes that down on me.
Like a storm that never ends, pulling me down,
I grasp safety but it slips through my desperate fingers.
I'm a hopeless soul in the midst of an overwhelming adventure.
I can't do this anymore.

Feeble, Fearful, Weak, the words flew from his mouth
To attack me.
A cold stare looking through me.
My own father didn't believe in me.
Just you wait and see, Ba Ba,
I will bring lavish gifts of silk and gold.
I will face armies like a valiant soldier,
My feet fixed on the swaying floor,
Honored to defend my country.

This broad, wooden beast of a boat is cruising
Mightily atop the rolling waves of a seemingly infinite sea.
A different gush, a sense of possibility is pulsing inside me .
Will this deep and endless ocean lead me to a different universe,
Filled with an aura of magic and warmth,
Or will it be blanketed by darkness and peril?

Blinding, beating, streaming sun
Pours into me, but the whirl of dizziness and heat
Makes my senses stir.
The pungent aroma of rich spices tantalise me.
Beautiful, dark women with bright, vivid headpieces,
Where am I?
I'm in a world far away from home, but this exotic place,
It calls to me.

I'm a speck among thousands of vessels,
Thousands of soldiers, thousands of treasures.
Remember the boy I used to be?
Some of my friends were taken, but here I am,
Undaunted by the arrows flying past my ears.
Unshaken by the boom of the cannon,
As our enemies tried to drag us down, thinking we were here to slaughter.
But those dark, unfamiliar people alien to us,
I wonder if they were afraid and threatened like I once was.
Or are their bare feet firmly planted into the soil,
Holding their arrows mightily, pointed at our ship?

Ba Ba, look what I've become.
I'm a man.
I'm strong.
I'm courageous.
I'm an adventurer.
I have seen the chaos of battle and felt the magnificence of gold and silver galore.
I've tasted the salty mist from the waves that make your eyes well up.
I've smelt the boldness of coffee from the different world.
China was the only thing I knew, but now
I know what it's like out there, beyond our middle kingdom.
But nothing has prepared me for this.

Ba Ba, I came home to you.
Why aren't you there?
I did everything for you.
All of this, just to come back to the agony of destruction.
Why did God have to make the crashing water terrorize my home?
I left you
I knew I was too cowardly
To protect you.
Do you know how I feel?
I wanted to show you the world,
To let you feel the wind against your cheek as you flew across the water.
I became strong for you.
I grew, just to look at the nothingness where you should be.
Where my home should be.

i'm never going back.

A Lesson Learnt

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Kwong, Andreas – 12

We saw the ships come by,
And as they came they magnified
A hundred ships, a hundred trails,
Our eyes transfixed on their orange sails.

Journeys they made thus far:
Kenya, Malacca, Sri Lanka.
This was their last one.
They were very nearly done.
Their aim was to have allies and friends,
And also importantly, to make amends.

Their ships did dock,
But brought no shock.
No swords were drawn,
No battles born.
Faced not by fear,
Instead a cheer
Rose up to greet,
This friendly fleet.

They robes were adorned with mandarin squares,
And they strode the shore with humble airs.
They wore curious wing that resembled hats,
And walked in silken 'broidered flats.

Chests full of gold,
To be given not sold.
Trunks silver filled,
Reflected sunlit gild.
Boxes full of gems,
That would entirely fill the River Thames.
Caskets full of jewels,
That would fill a hundred pools.

Rich gifts they brought and kindness taught,
us not to hate nor isolate.
But practice brotherhood we ought,
Tying together a deep strong knot.
And demonstrating unity not hate.

The Walk.

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Leveux, Chloe – 14

Step.
Move! Move! Faster!
One
By
One
My comrades
Are forced into
The vast void of the ocean.

Step.
Crack.
Crunch.
Swish.
The water is stained
With the colour of Persian rubies
Blinking in the midday sun.
The line moves forwards.

Step.
The Buccaneers
Shove me onwards.
Ball and chain
Drag
Across the tattered deck.
Smack. Thump.
I lay on the ground
Too tired to
Get back up.

Step.
I look up
To all the men
Before me,
Inching their way
To their ocean graves
And I sigh.
I have let all of you
Down.

A Captain.
A leader.
A guardian.
How can I call myself
Captain
When I couldn't even get my friends
Home safely?
Disgrace.

Step.
To think
Mere hours ago we were
Celebrating
The discovery of an uncharted island,
Cheers, drinks, songs.
We were vulnerable

And they
Attacked.

With these men I have lived
For a year.
Strangers are now
Friends.
Friends are now
Family.
Who am I to let
Family die?

Step.

With these men I have seen
Sights
So magical
Words will not do them
Justice.
Temples plated with gold,
Palaces touching the heavens,
Oceans stretching as far
As the eye can see.

With these men I have tasted
An explosion of flavours.

Step.

With these men I have learnt of
Different cultures and traditions.
Discovered hidden civilisations.

Because of these men I have grown
As a friend
As a captain
As a leader
As a person.

Step.

Many a night
I have lain
On the deck of this ship
Staring
At the painting of the heavens;
Specks of white littering
The dark abyss of the sky.

Many a night
I have looked up
At the vast greatness
Before me
And felt
So insignificant.
So trivial.
So small.

Step.

What impact have I

On the world around me
The lives around me
The sailors beside me,
I do not know.

That my wife and children
Will be devastated by my death
Back at home
I know.

That my parents
Will turn in their graves
For I will join them
Too soon
Too early
I know.

Step.
But is it really
Me
That they are missing?
My wife
She loses her husband.
My children
They lose a father.
My emperor
He loses a captain.
It is not
Me.

Stop.
And what is the loss of
One sardine
In the ocean of life?
Nothing.

Below me
The ocean is
A writhing mass of
Waves and fins
With the promise
Of a quick passing.
Here a leg
There a hand
I had been shaking
Only this morning.

Step.
Step.
Plunge.

The Red Blouse Girl

International College Hong Kong, Cheung, Charlotte – 13

Waves slowly went up and down, up and down

A girl, named Shi Li, lonely, scared and fearless

Was a fool staring into the distance

Not knowing what was in store for herself

The girl was as clueless as a fish

Stepping out of its school, exploring all

With nothing but just herself

Wondering why she agreed to her parents

She dressed in a patterned red blouse

And silky red pants

Long black hair dripped down onto her thighs

With damaged shoes and rusty hands

Wood, rusty, bland and decayed

This ship that once held memories

Died many years ago

But today, this ship finally came back to life

One out in the South China Sea

Another girl sat on the deck

Worrying about new friendships

Not knowing what was to come on this journey

The two girls then met on deck

They instantly clicked, and they become friends

They soon learned each other's names

Shi Li and Ming Yu, what a perfect match

The salt water went up against their noses
Making them severely sick
They wanted to leave, they wanted to escape
But the scene was too breath-taking, so everything was worth it, they believed

Stacked wood planks, made up a sleeping space
Shi Li began to regret this journey more
Cramped, crowded and confined
Nothing that she was used to at home

Mother and Father sent her here for something
Perhaps a life-changing experience
Or something else, she was not sure
But she wishes she knew sooner

They soon arrived at a place
Shi Li didn't know where, but it looked dazzling
They got off, and she smelt the burning sent of fire
And saw a great, grand castle

"We are now in India!" a man cried
The bright blue skies shone in our faces
The high mountains rose up
This was it, this was it

Shi Li later found out
That Mother and Father sent me to participate in a Pirate Event
These Pirates were finding gold to steal
And she was one of them, as well as Ming Yu
She was a Pirate. Her name, was Red Blouse.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

International College Hong Kong, Cheung, Isaac – 11

The Ming Voyages travelled from place to place

Only to realize where their fate lies ahead

They chanted encouragements so they could keep up their pace

They decorated their pots of silk with pale, crimson, hectic red

They arrived at a island giving them gold and building structures

The hospitable Islanders welcomed them with crusty bee bread

The Chinese taught them languages and agriculture

Showered them with wisdom and riches

And taught them to craft magnificent sculptures

The Chinese crafted them red velvet dress with fringes

To remember this magnificent day which led them in peace

So the islanders showed their gratitude so they gave them a flock of elegant finches.

They were saying their farewells and the Chinese not knowing, they were sailing to Greece

As they watched the horizontal line of the sky and the sea for several months

And finally they saw the Athens crease.

The Moon and the Ship

International College Hong Kong, Pareja Lopez, Lucia – 14

All was asleep, except the Moon
Who was wide awake
She whispered to the waves
And the waves whispered back

Glancing through the clouds
She saw a tiny ship
Swimming in the ocean blanket
Fighting against the current

The Moon, she was curious
For she was always alone
All was asleep
Except her and the ship

The clouds grew darker
And the birds flew away
The storm was coming
For the ship

The Moon, she followed
She tried to save the ship
By moving the waves
But still the ship continued

She pushed and pulled
But nothing
The sky was black
And the storm came closer

The Moon, she flew high
And called the waves together
And together, they lifted the ship
Over the storm and over the sky

The ocean slept in peace
And the storm was gone
Not far in the distance
The silhouette of an island

The Moon, she was curious
So she looked closer
Tiny men stood on the ship
With piles of gold and treasure

The moon had heard before
From whispers of the sea
Of pirates who travelled
To steal the rich and gift the poor

The pirates were thrilled
And celebrated with music
They thanked the Moon Goddess
And she was pleased

For if it weren't for her
The storm would've swallowed them
And their golden gifts
Buried in the ocean floor

The Sun, he began to rise
And so did his light and glory
Which had awoken the Earth
Earlier than the morning birds

Night had fallen
And the morning had risen
For the stars grew sleepy
And the Moon sleepier

Her eyes began to drift
But she could almost see
The pirates had arrived to the island
And gave their gifts of gold

All was awake except the moon
Who was in deep slumber
She dreamed of a new day
And dreamed of the pirates

And for once, she smiled

Friendship has the word 'end' in it

Island School, Lam, Ady – 13

yī,

The pound of their feet
The stink of their belches
The laughs they direct at me,
a lowly swabbie

everyday it's the same,
wiping away their dirty footsteps
the mud left on the deck,
the stories of dark skinned men
with beautiful gems and colossal rocks
with waterfalls that stretch to God's heaven,

everyday it's the same
i never get to go along.
and i will never get to go along.

èr,

it's a bright day,
today,
the sun searing into my back,
the heat is
insufferable

until

shadows,
on my back.

they arrive;
a few cabin boys,
two carpenters,
one me.

sān,

i've never had a family
it's only ever been me
but with them
not anymore

a sense of belonging, is that what they call this?
i'm not just the swabbie anymore,
i'm
me.
Zhou Song.

with them i can fight all day
eat all day
talk all day

about how we're going to be captains of our own vessels
about how we're going to find beautiful women of our own
about how we're going to get out of here soon

sì,
the days pass

scrubbing decks is
more better now,
i don't even mind
when they come back with

their tales of
mesmerising women
valleys with no end
palaces of entrancing grandeur

because i have friends
(what a strange word, friend.
the word itself has end, yet,
you never want a friendship to end)

and they have their own tales:
dainty girls back home
pranks on their neighbours
stealing roosters, so the
cock-a-doodle-do doesn't
wake the town up-

but! when the men bring back
an egg, larger than
the size of my two hands;
clasped together when I
pray to God, asking
Him for safe travel
and for my friendship
to last,

all eyes are on it.
and they stay
on it.

wǔ,
night falls;
our voices
ring out
like the bell they ring,
from the crow's nest,
when they spot land.

he wants to take the egg, he says,
a cabin boy, a little taller than me.

it's beautiful, exotic,
nothing like it at home.
cabin boy says
amid nods and murmurs
of agreement

i want to argue against this,
if we wanted beautiful or exotic
we could've just found ourselves
the enchanting Indian girls they speak of,
we don't need to steal

i don't though, because,
well,
i don't know if we visited Africa or India
i'm only a swabbie after all
they don't tell me such things

the rest reach a general consensus.
tonight, when the lanterns are out
when the moon emerges
in all its glory,
when Chang E blesses us with
luck and good fortune in this quest,

we will steal it.
liù,
The cabin boy will head first,
he assures us of his way with locks.
After it's unlocked,
the carpenters will go
and find the egg.

The carpenter feels his stubble,
his eyes wondering, his voice steady but loud.

It's kept in Zheng He's own private room,
we won't make it.

We'll need someone to cover his mouth,
so if Admiral yells, no one will hear him.
cabin boy searches the room,
his eyes, wandering
searching,
but finally,
settling on me.

Zhou Song has thick hands
from all that scrubbing he does.

that's it. i'm chosen.
and i don't want to be a part of this,
friendship, who knew
friendship meant
stealing, crimes, sins?

if only God had come to
their towns too. they'd know
He said thou shalt not sin

qī,
they leave and yet,
I follow, like a lamb
to the slaughter

outside his room, we cover our faces,
with towels taken from the kitchen,
where Chef Ting cooks the food
that give the crewmates indigestion.

and it starts.

i run to Zheng He,
sleeping peacefully on his bed,
an intelligent, talented man,
the leader of so many others

my hands cover his mouth,
but not his nose, we don't want
him to awake,
g a s p i n g f o r a i r

the carpenters find the egg,
its grandness even more
awe-inspiring in our hands.

they whisper-call to me,
i take my hands off
i run
but
i look back once,
i pause.

are his eyes open? i do not know
i do not dare to wander up to him
to see if he was awake the whole time,
and just never said anything.

back in quarters,
the egg stuns even more.
how can God create this massive,
this powerful yet this delicate,
delicate thing?

stashed safely away,
we congratulate ourselves on the heist,
but I can't help thinking,
were we found?

i have the answer to my question tomorrow:
yes.

bā,
Zheng He comes around
to everybody's quarters
and feels their hands

sir, sir, with all due respect
what on earth are you doing?
we get back to China tomorrow
now is not the time for
fortune telling!

Zheng He smiles, one of
knowing, understanding.
He approaches us

cabin boy looks at me
his eyes full of the shared secret
too big for him to keep.
then he stops, admiral calls
for a new pair of hands.

cabin boy has passed.

carpenter one,
i do not know their names, i
only know them by
face and eyebrows,
his rough creased hands,
the colour of cropped wheat,
passes too

carpenter two,
the man who found the egg,
comes with such a straight
and steady posture, you'd
never think he was in on it.
lies roll off his tongue to keep
Admiral busy, though for what
i do not know.

he passes, and i go.

Zheng He traces the
lines on my palms,
my long life line,
my dry skin, my
long fingernails.

he presses my hand,
the warmth of his hand against mine
and he
knows

he steps back
nods to his comrade
a man with fierce looks
harsh eyes

the last thing i see is Zheng He's eyes
a mix of pity and understanding,
but also pure leadership,
intelligence i will never measure up to
because i am never given the chance

jiǔ,
pitch black
jet black
onyx black
raisin black
so many words to describe black
yet none fit this black,
the black that surrounds me
the black my head is inside

i hear them
the other pirates
what will we do with him
he betrayed our mother country
for this he must die!
a voice shrieks, above the
din of the crowd
yet this voice is the one of the boy
the cabin boy who wanted
to steal the egg in the first place!
traitor!

i try to scream, but
my mouth has been bound with
dry, tasteless rope
it hurts

i have grown so used to the
limitless, endless
constricting, restricting black
that when it's gone and
the blue of the sky,
the warmth of the sun's rays
the turquoise of the sea
return
i am disoriented for a while

i find myself
standing on the plank
a myth it is not
it is real and
i'm on it

i turn around,
screaming but the rope
is in my way again and
tears come out of
desperation but nobody
offers to help

instead they laugh
i see the cabin boy
his guffaw – unmistakable
but his eyes; another story.

pity resentment sorrow remorse contrition
self-reproach shame weak relief distress
anxiety hesitation doubt uncertainty

guilt.

we lock eyes
he runs.

Zheng He steps forward from the crowd
his head blocking the sun from shining on my face
his long shadow from his long frame
shades me for a while

he stops,
looks at me,
silent. the crowd has
stopped laughing
so silent, you could hear
a water droplet plop!
softly! on the floor!

he kneels down,
we're eye to eye
i see the wrinkles on his face
beginning to form from years
of travels taking their toll on him

it's a shame,
he says.
he stands up and
turns away.

that's it. he's gone. the crowd
they begin to laugh again
i writhe on the plank, nearly
falling into the sea,
but my arms are bound, too
much to risk.

suddenly
without any
warning,
i'm falling. a push
a kick, what did it matter
they drowned me

i'm dying.

i'm dying.

Song of the seas

Island School, Lee, Wing Yan Hannah – 13

Stories of heroic battles,
and ships decked out with gold.
Written down for centuries to come,
Great Voyages retold.

A fleet of ships from an eastern shore,
Set sail to a western sea.
Homeward bound, when pirates struck,
Red as far as the eye could see.
A violent fight was fought,
five-thousand rebels killed.
A victorious fleet emerged,
The Ming Emperor was thrilled!

Their maiden voyage brought great gifts,
So a second and third were called.
Great Zheng He again at helm,
The envoys were enthralled!
With sails aloft and gentle waves,
Ceylon was in plain sight.
They carried back gold, tea and jewels,
All treasures, shining bright.

After a two-year repose ashore,
They were ready to proceed.
They sailed far to Arabia,
An ambitious trip, indeed.
Among the many exotic gifts,
A giraffe was surely new.
Fifth and sixth were just as planned,
Until the order went askew.

Tragically, the emperor passed,
And his succession ordered a pause.
Nine months later his adventurous son,
Added a final journey to this cause.
Zheng He, on his seventh voyage,
Was at sea for three years.
Returning from Kenya when ill fate struck,
His death brought many tears.

Although this great adventurer is gone,
His legacy lives on.

Stories of heroic battles,
and ships decked out with gold.
Written down for centuries to come,
Great Voyages retold.

Heatbeat of the Sea

King George V School, Jain, Mudita – 13

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 story of my voyage

Korean International School, Ismail, Adam – 12

I woke up in the morning scrubbing the deck
I stayed up all night massaging the captain's neck
The next day I saw pirates and we annihilated their ship
The day after we discovered gold and bring to people in need by ship

Then we distribute it to people in need
Then we went to a shop and bought a steed
We travel around the globe and discover new lands
We named the lands :India, Africa and Arabia but not Iceland

Our boat rode through tidal waves and storms
Our kindness allowed the people in need to buy dorms
Today I am slave, but I won't give up
One day I will have enough credit to be the next Captain, but till then I will not give up

Enchanted Adventures

Korean International School, Lam, Kai Yee Claudia – 14

"All hands hoay!" Captain said,
Stepping on the deck.
A parrot on his shoulder,
Sailing across the border;
Carrying the cargoes of silk and gold,
To our mighty Emperor.
The seagoing life is not good for every man,
Walking the plank, storms and rickets.
It takes a day,
And ends in the opposite way.
How far will we go on?
As far as it takes,
My heart is a compass that shows the way.
Captain turns his head,
Looks up at me with those mysterious eyes;
I couldn't stop being panicking I cried.
Finally down the ocean,
In the land we give out wonderful presents;
Making new relationship,
With countries we fancy.
Dealing with nasty pirates across the sea,
Our mighty crew will not lose which we guarantee.
For our crew will not end,
With the souls of our thousand men.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure

Korean International School, Lau, Andy – 12

The king set me on a ship,
Were there so many soldiers I couldn't even count?
He sent me on a task that no human has done.
When we went we off we saw was a pirate ship,
Coming closer and closer,
Then bang! Their ship crash into ours,
Their man came on to our ship,
The soldiers were fighting and I was sailing the ship,
After the fight our man had won,
But our ship was in bad condition,
I sailed the ship back to where we came from,
And got a new one.

The Great Voyage

Korean International School, You, Lauren – 11

My name is Cheng Wei
I sail the seven seas
I'm on a Great Voyage
And I see

A fleet of ships, a sad farewell
A setting sun
And a journey
Ahead of us all

My master says
We sail with pride
My master says
We are made of pride

My fellow friend
Who works below the deck
Says he's seen treasures
Treasures, iridescent and opaline

The noble general
His head held high
Says we will sail
Says we will fly

My kind companion
The friendly cook
Says we will visit
A land with golden fruit!

My brother the deckhand
Speaks of a creature
With a tail so big
And it's body black and blue

My father the navigator
Talks of stars and planets
That fill the night
And a pale, luminous moon

The physician, so wise
Says he will rejoice
Because of the cures
From overseas

A soldier on board
Shouts out to me
Have no fear,
We are here!

But everything expires
Even on journeys like this
Everything slows down
Even time seems to stop

My days go slowly
So I complained,
Nothing happens!
I wish for a change

Then in the silent night
I hear the rumbling sound of a storm
And I pray for it to be
A distant bird, oh please!

But it is not,
A tropical bird
It is instead
A full-blown storm!

Oh how foolish I were!
To wish such a wish!
Now all because of me
A storm has hit the ship

Everyone up!
I hear my master shout
We've hit a storm!
And we must move!

I jump up
I rush out
My father is running
My brother is sprinting

My fellow friend
My companion the cook
All are in frenzy
All are in such hurry

And I must run
To my post
For I am needed
And I must go

Thank the stars!
We have made it out
We have conquered the storm
We have sailed with might

I must never
I will never
Wish again
For a change
Because I am thankful
For this fate
I am lucky
For this chance

I am content
On this journey
I am elated
On this trip

I am euphoric
Because I, Cheng Wei
Sail the seven seas
On this Great Voyage

Requiem for a Voyager

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Chung, Giann – 15

Sixty-two years of life,
Twenty-eight spent on sea.
I braved the islands and raging waters,
and I know this will be my legacy.

Our fleet went south,
with high winds and tall waves in our way.
With pirates and bandits on the oceans,
Many a time we were delayed.

In total I led seven different voyages, and
Each venture gifted me with new discoveries.
With my great fleet and thousands of men,
we brought back knowledge and novelties.

Throughout the voyages and sailing,
my one wish was to return to my old life.
But now, it doesn't seem so possible –
This illness might just take my life.
Will I make it back home,
or will I perish in internal strife?

I wonder if I have done enough.
Have I left my mark on history?
I wonder if the things I have done are just.
Will my name live on in glory?
After I move on,
will my descendants tell my story?

Now, as my life sways and flickers
like a windswept leaf
I can only give in
and be glad I died with little grief

Give the king my apologies,
for I cannot report this last trip.
Tell my men how proud I am,
to have them aboard my ship.

Sixty-two years of life,
Twenty-eight spent on sea.
As I close my eyes in a foreign land,
I know this will be my legacy.

Zheng He's sonnet

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Chung, Webbe – 15

Tonight I sail along the endless seas,
Staring across the darkness I took a breath.
I dreamt about the sights that I will see
But troubles are in my head I confess

I put my faith in the goddess Tian Fe,
As three thousand soldiers put theirs in me.
Siam Cochin thousand places await,
Can't guarantee my warriors' safety.

Bearing the task of spreading Di's Glory,
Embark on journeys with dangers woven.
Afraid but I appear free from worry,
Can't be afraid of the life I've chosen.

Be calm be kind, we'll end up with great feats.
Sail ahead and follow where the seas lead.

The Captain of the Sea

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Wong, Abigail – 15

A man in unwashed attire,
Ringed by every man's desire.
Sapphires and rubies glistening in the sun,
Existing treasures lying altogether in one.
He carries them all,
Through the seven voyages against Mother Nature's squall.
A hero by day,
A pirate by night.
He is the Blackbeard of the South China Sea,
The Santa Claus of the riches you see.
He carries a crew of elves,
Who package the jewels to put on the shelves.
He carries a heart of gold,
That echoes his giant load.
He carries on his journey,
Of spreading gifts to many.
The skies praise his goodwill,
As the poor have stomachs to fill.
The kind flicker in his eyes,
Can be seen through his disguise.
He brings joy and light,
Even where war is in sight.
The answer to poor people's plea,
He is the Captain of the Sea.

The Unsung Companion

Shanghai Singapore Internatinoal School, Abraham, Annmary – 12

Sold as a hatchling
His companion to be
one who led royal voyages in the sea

with heaps of people
thousands of tens
I looked out for other ships, land and nearby dens.

a parrot worth a million carats of gold
we traced our way around the world
while the ocean tossed, churned and hurled

towering green walls of sea above the hull
and the sight of pure white sea gulls
there was never a moment dull in the water.

being dry can be a luxury
but memories on the deck were ones never to bury
very merry, sweeter than cherry they were

kept all types of fortunes
to be delivered in a couple of moons.
our grand trade missions
further than anyone ever before
through the worst of all conditions,
so ambitious that we soon had no competition!

The swimming dragons we were called
During the times we ruled and hauled
The treasure to convey our wealth

the master passed away, the fates do twist
I looked through the ocean mist
life is a beast

and kilometers apart we'd never sever
linger in the mourning, the faithful, the unsung
companion all morning and forever

The Ocean's Tale

Shanghai Singapore Internatinoal School, Guzman, Joon – 12

The foamy green water lulls the sailors to sleep,
A deep pulsing coming from the ocean deep,
The sea will favor the fairest of all,
And the liars and thieves and pirates shall fall,
Their treasures will sink and their crimes will cease,
But there is a disturbance to the beautiful peace;

War

A new era will begin to start,
With slaughtering, pillaging, and pain to the heart,
But out of this violence a hero will rise,
With the last name of Zheng, he will claim the great prize.

The new age of pirates, with a race to the top,
They shall sail in the seas, and this will not stop,
Until our hero saves us,
This we cannot discuss.
Hand to hand fighting,
Fuses igniting,
Cannons will fire,
Consequences are dire.
The ships are all burning,
But out of the fray, comes one very last boat,
Which then docks in the bay, and the world is rewrote.

This is the ending,
the sea is at peace,
The waves are calm,
And the fighting shall cease.

Rushing & Rushing

Shanghai Singapore Internatinoal School, Ko, Sukyoung – 12

As usual he will be looking at the sea like this is his home,
he will be having an adventure every day.
Once, he has had his dangerous adventure,
the sky suddenly turns grey, and then darkness.
There was an enormous wave rushing,
Howling and dancing,
Rushing through, rushing through and rushing through.
The boat was sinking.
Everyone was screaming

Panic

The screams of horror rang out.
Suddenly, a big roar came out like a tiger," Enough!!"
Everyone was silent only the waves were splashing.
Rushing and rushing.
The word had power in it,
Everyone started to act calm.
They tried their best to prevent the boat from sinking.

Suddenly, Peace.....

The grey sky turned bright blue.
Each wave was like a playful little dog,
gently splashing the boat,
people started to scream but it was different.
They were the screams of happiness,
Everyone was happy,
Slowly, everything became peaceful.....

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

Shanghai Singapore International School, Lee, Jina – 16

Spreading a sail and sparkling
confidence at the same time for new journey
with the gratitude and pray for
god of vast sea
with hoping no danger, no monsters, no quarrel
during the extremely long time.

With elderly of experience,
young of new method of new generation
with the last eye contact to
a family with hard acceptance
with the last promise of silence
for myself for a safe

The first day of peace
enough silence from the sea
which made me have a sweet nap for a while
sound of laughter spreading out from the boat
boasting our endless peace to the sea creatures
to the god.

Louder louder of laughing
which awoke the monsters in the ocean depths
which awoke the god from the nap
the god of sea, the god of wind
with enough anger to raise a powerful storm
which enough to make us be flurried.

Swooping wet tail and scales
the boat which seemed to be wrecked
the mixture of sweat and a tear for a hope, life.
With a children's picture in inner pocket
in my heart, in my brain for
last memory before death.

With peace again,
pray and thank for god who made storm
without mental, without talking
by looking the far horizon
where the fish had gone.
Fear is in heart until find out how tired they were.

The day with beautiful sunset
which made me expect for the new day.
The real treasure with shining gloss
which made me be deeply moved for the new life.
Hoping the journey as the finale
knowing the journey will continue.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

Shanghai Singapore International School, Man, Tsz Yan – 13

15th century is the time to set sail,
Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus all left a trail,
Seeking wide, on the tides, for the treasures they will find,
Bringing glory to what we call today as mankind,
But none of them could foresee,
The capability of Zheng He.

In the Fourteen hundred came along a young Muslim man,
Who was taken away from his very own clan,
Years of his life that he'll never forget,
Of being somebody else's pet,
After that he befriended a prince called Zudi,
Whom gave that man a name called "Zheng He".

Zudi ordered Zheng He a quest,
A quest to voyage and to never rest,
To embrace the waves,
Sail underneath caves,
Since Zheng He was seen to be very brave,
Zudi's plan was seen to be unreal,
As for he wishes to give and not steal.

Ships larger than any other made,
Packed with china vase, gold, iron, and jade,
This is to give as presents or to trade,
And not start a fight or to draw out a blade,
Weaponry, guns, bombs are all installed,
NOTHING will stop them throughout the long haul,
Even when they are about to hit a curveball.

Seven voyages by the Ming Treasure Fleet,
Strong enough that even nasty pirates couldn't beat,
Making them call mama and yell "RETREAT",
At this rate no task for Zheng He was left incomplete.

Zheng He searched far and wide,
With his fellow captains and sailors by his side,
They went from China to India and also Africa,
But they weren't able to travel to America,
Bringing back prestige, respect, and goods from their adventures,
A zoos worth of zebras, rhinos, giraffes and such creatures.

The voyagers won themselves a place in history,
But their adventures are sometimes kept in a mystery,
Everyone who sees them would want to flee,
And that is why China truly ruled the sea.

Zheng He

Shanghai Singapore International School, Miyasaka, Andrew – 13

Long time ago, over the sea,
There was a great pirate, ME.
I came from South East China,
In a place named Fujina.

My first epic voyage began in 1405,
My fleet I commanded had 208 vessels,
I was commander of as many men as bees in a beehive.
I had as many ships as a human had cells.

We travelled day and night for a fortnight,
To a land, now called Vietnam.
During our travel I had such a fright,
I had mistaken a merman for a clam.

Under the emperor's rule,
we gave many glorious great gifts for the kings.
The presents were so beautifully marvelous, it would make anyone drool.
The king was like a little child, discovering he had wings.

My favorite voyage was my fourth,
The ship sailed to the Maldives and traded silk and spices along the way.
When we let people feel the softness of the silk cloth,
trying to get back the silk was like trying to get a dog's bone to play.

When we came back,
We brought many people of the countries for the emperor to meet.
The emperor needed them for a problem to finally crack,
He had to know, how to destroy the barbarians that were elite.

My last and final voyage, was the last of the nation,
I was just sitting by the vast expanse of the ocean.
Watching the endless maze of scalding water, gave me a chill.
I watched for the first time, the ocean peacefully in tranquility, for I had become still.

Zheng He's Fleet

Shanghai Singapore International School, Panda, Anouska – 13

The ocean glittered under the beaming sunlight,
Shimmering like sapphires with specks of gold on blue,
The warm breeze caresses our faces, as gentle as it was,
Roaring waves crash down upon the golden shores,
Indomitable but unruffled in its own ways,
Elegant sea birds soar across the horizon,
Their wings spread out in freedom of the day,
As they beam in proudness upon us,
They are witnesses of a magical beginning in history,
We shall be remembered as the voyagers of today.

I, Ming, look below through the ocean waters,
Within the wink of an eye, I could see,
The most picturesque of the fishes,
The most flawlessly carved corals,
The lushest of the seaweeds,
And the most idealistic pink—sunset above it.
Zheng He, the hero of them all,
Speaks for all of us as one,
To dream beyond the deepest oceans,
And for them to glide over the highest clouds,
The sights we visit in our 7 voyages,
Are the ones we lock with us, forever.

We're not like other pirates,
We're Zheng He's fleet,
We aren't the ones to plunder ships and wealth,
We're the ones who want to explore the big world out there,
We're the ones who want to understand this domain that we live in,
We're the ones who want to give gifts to all those who have us,
And we're the ones to explore this realm of goodness today.

As Zheng He leads us through the warmest of the waters,
He shows us islands of many shapes and sizes,
Slowly as the days pass by like petals falling of a dandelion,
I realize we've seen islands that do wonders in this world,
From our hearty China we've come to Incredible India,
We been through the raging waves of the Arabian Sea,
To the east coast of earthy Africa,
We've been to the imperfect America,
I don't think I've ever seen so much beauty in nature in my life.
As Zheng He leads us through the waters,
We do face some hardcore battles with the bloodshed of my friends,
But in the end; we're with one another,
We're strong, undefeatable and we're united in every way possible.
We're Zheng He's Fleet and ... we're unstoppable

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

Shanghai Singapore International School, Tang, Sang Bin – 15

Brown Whales on the journey
Swimming around Blue Land
Searching for their food

They saw a flow of Fish
Attracting them to come
No one wanted to eat them
But some Whale left

They saw a group of sharks
Finding the prey to hunt
No one wanted to get hunted
But some Whales were gone.

A rage of the sky was landing
Whales drift into it
Some of them managed to swim out
But some of them got the punishment

The Sailor

Shanghai Singapore International School, Wong, Ka Ho Jia Hao Louis – 15

There was a man from Ming,
He had the courage to sail the seas.
His goal was to make other countries,
Bow down to China.

The sea was dangerous,
It was unpredictable.
There were storms, and
Diseases broke out between sailors.

The sailor went on this courageous voyage
Seven times in total.
He brought porcelain and silk to other countries
And brought back many new things to the Chinese.

The voyages were not easy,
Health was always a problem.
Sailors got diseases such as,
Hepatitis to skin rashes,
From earaches to respiratory issues.

This sailor conquered all these problems,
And finally got the respect from all countries.
This sailor is Zheng He.
Zheng He's voyage brought respect to himself
And for his home country-----China.

No one can live forever,
Zheng He passed away in 1433,
Aged sixty-two,
Leaving behind glory and inspiration for the Chines.

The Unexpected Journey

St Paul's Convent School, Lai, Elita – 14

Flipping through the pages
scribbling the remembrance in a million rages,
the hall had altered into a war zone
competing to attain the title of a study clone.
Whilst everyone else thought that was glorious,
he sat drooling over the blanks, hardly serious —
for he was merely living up to expectations
as the boy who missed several graduations.

The tick tocks echoed, as if he ever cared.
All of a sudden his eyes sprang open unprepared!
With a muffled groan of a funny man,
the boy almost thought he saw Tarzan,
until the man shot him a deathly glare,
“You snarky pirate ain’t going anywhere!”
Wait, the boy thought to himself mindlessly.....
Did he just meet Jack Sparrow from his favourite movie?

“Are you a pirate?” the boy splurged out
The man turned from the wheel he was steering about.
“Hardly like you. Bring him to the empty cell!”
“But...but I’m not a pirate, you can’t send me to jail!”
The boy’s mind was spinning fast as he recalled,
“You’re the guy from my history textbook!” he bawled.
Zhang He furrowed his brows in scepticism,
as he queried, “Did I receive any criticism?”

“Is that all you care about?” sniggered the boy
Zhang sighed and said “Sometimes I feel like a toy...
“That people enjoy till all of your tricks don’t work anymore.”
“Exactly boy, all these adventures make my heart sore.”
The boy tilted his head, deep in his thoughts
trying to come up with a solution before the boat almost hit the rocks
Zhang ranted on, “I wish I could go back home.”
“Not yet.” the boy said, ‘Not until you’ve visited Rome!’”

And that’s when their quest truly started,
postponing the date of departure as they dreaded being parted.
They were often in search for food for their over-hyped giraffe,
who hardly ever agreed for a nice warm bath!
Little did they know they were making history,
as Zhang claimed the giraffe was a unicorn in victory!
The boy had given up quarrelling with his silly friend,
for the two still had a letter for the Emperor to send.

The day came when Zhang finally got what he needed,
and the boy knew he had a goodbye to bid.....
“You should come with me and meet His Majesty.”
The boy replied, “I know it’s a pity,
but I have to go back to my boring life.”
Zhang waved one last farewell as he took the drive.
Strange enough, the boy felt an arm interrupting his rest,
astonished and spellbound when he heard his teacher say,
“You got the highest mark in the history test!”

The First Ming Voyage

West Island School, Lee, Claire – 13

The old story of the first Ming voyages,
A tale not so often told
Now if you want to listen,
Allow me to let the *true* story unfold.

Many versions have been described,
But none of them are pure.

Beware friends,
That this is a true legend,
Taken place in the first Ming Voyage,
In 1403.
So do not start snickering and smirking.
In this story, men met their end,
Screaming and spluttering.

The first Ming Voyage,
Men were so delighted,
To be part of the Middle Kingdom's first ever trade,
To demonstrate the strength of China's blade.

The brave lads willing to danger their lives for the infallible Emperor,
Half of them would return with the Emperor's gifts, half of them would perish, but none knew who.
So alas, off they set sail,
Into the unknown and
Unfamiliar world,
Where China
Was in the
Middle
Of it.

No one knew of a curse,
Placed by a sorceress out of boredom,
That existed long before mankind,
That would sink all ships,
All people,
Who dared to immerse,
In its deep, undefined,
Waters.

The moment they left China's protection,
They each felt bounded by ropes,
But no ropes could be seen in their reflection.
It squeezed them mightily,
It was nothing either of them could take lightly.

The sky turned dark.

The thunder blanketed their screams,
As invisible binds pulled them down into the water through the boat,
Smashing through the splinters of wood,
Their heads thrust back, eyes looking around frantically, praying to the gods above.
The ship rocked, the Emperor's treasures ricketing down below,
And BOOM.

The ship exploded without any bombs,

Gold, Jade and Emeralds flew everywhere, and with a *plop*,

Landed into the roaring sea,
Where waves swallowed them,
And sailors begged for it to stop.

But of course, it didn't,
The unseen lasso clasped even tighter,
For the evil sorceress wanted the Gold, Jade and Emeralds
For herself,
And no one else.
She swooped them out of the water, hands gleaming,
Her mouth a-beaming,
And she left for the sailors to suffocate.

A yell came from the distance,
It was covered by fog.
A second ship, from the voyage
Heard screams and hastened to locate the source.

A fellow sailor saw the sorceress,
His mouth gaped.
But the sorceress only smiled and placed a finger on her lips,
As she poured a soft curtain of purple fog
And over the severed first ship,
 It slowly draped, leaving
 No trace of any ship.

Now that's the tale of the first voyage,
Where hundreds of noble men
Some younger than ten,
Succumbed at the hands of a sorceress.

The first Ming Voyage,
 As you can tell,
Was no more successful,
 Than a fat house cat
Attempting to capture a mouse.

The Last Days of Zheng He

West Island School, Lee, Seren – 13

I was born in Yunnan in 1371 from a Muslim family
My grandfather and my father were the leaders of the Mongol Yuan dynasty
However, when the Ming dynasty rose I was enslaved to one of the princes

I made seven grand voyages to show the glory and power of the Ming Emperor Yongle
On my first voyage, I reached Calicut in India
On my second voyage, I sent 68 ships to Calicut to join the ceremony of the new king
On my third voyage, I fought a small kingdom and brought the king to China
On my fourth voyage, I journeyed further to Hormuz on the Persian Gulf
On my fifth voyage, I went to the Red Sea and the East coasts of Africa
On my sixth voyage, I travelled again to return nineteen ambassadors to their home lands
On my seventh and final voyage, I travelled the seas with more than a hundred ships

I have always loved the seas and the adventures it has given
I have fought pirates and kings and seen the great treasures of the lands
From slave to commander I have risen in status but I have never stopped to wonder of the outside world
At age 62 I died in 1433 but I desired more, I wanted to go further
So I am buried in the waters to travel once more

I am Zheng He and my adventure still continues



Poetry

Group 4

The Queen

Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Hasofer, Dan – 14

Leaving the fragrant harbour of Xiang Gang,
I wave goodbye. In my heart, I feel love and respect,
I have been selected for this, the sixth voyage, sent to explore the world,
See special sights, do special things, aboard the Ming Treasure Fleet.

I have been sent to do my part, and serve the Emperor,
I can and I will; winning my place as a great explorer in history.
Ever since I was a little boy, I dreamed of travelling the seas,
I, Hua Long Xia, am the captain of the ship, “childhood dream”.

My dream is the Emperor’s wish. Whatever may come my way, I shall face,
Whether it be battles with armies, attacks from pirates, or the harshest of storms,
All is to be overcome, on this adventure of the seas,
Laden with gold, silk, and precious gifts, I pray I will find the Emperor a worthy queen.

I battle the harsh winds and the battering waves,
They smash the sides of our *childhood dream*,
The wind whistles in my ear, she whispers, “you will fail”,
But I have an aim, a thriving ambition – I will find my worthy queen.

I rush to the wheel, and yank on the ropes,
We crash into waves unrelenting,
I fear we may not make it, but I have a dream,
I cling to my childhood dream and find the Emperor’s queen.

Many harsh dangerous days and nights go by,
We near an island, its coast long and coloured luscious green,
With its calming aura, its waters and skies crystal clear,
I am reminded of my fragrant harbour, my Emperor, my China.

As we grow closer, I see things described only in fairytales,
There are animals that have never been imagined,
One is yellow, and tall with a long neck, one is four-legged and strong with a beard,
There are elegant groups of trees and exotic fish in the seas.

My senses are overpowered, I am intoxicated,
We land, my fellow explorers and I rush in,
It’s enormous, I fall head over heels, running, searching,
I am proud, exploring for the Emperor and for China.

I stumble upon a magical creature, I am struck down by her beauty,
Helplessly I watch her by the river, bathing,
She is strong, her golden skin shining under the canopy of the trees,
Her beauty is a revelation – is she the Emperor’s queen?

I am scared, she sees me and I run,
She chases me, and she catches me,
I am fearful of her, yet I am perplexed as to why,
In all this confusion, we tumble down a steep hill, and she holds me tight.

When finally we stop, I feel at peace, a rush of love and humanity
The two of us, together in the thick, tall savanna grass,
Her mystique is her beauty, she has become *my* queen
I feel a divine betrayal to my Emperor, I collapse.

I am lost in a daze of confusion, bewildered by ethics and morality,
My childhood dream seems lost to me,
I have shifted from explorer to traitor,
I want to bring her to home as the Emperor's queen, but I am in love.

By the pure chance of luck and miracle, I stumble upon a fellow sailor,
Aki Wong, I give him some of the round, ball-shaped tree food, that I have found,
Then, quite hesitantly, I show him my friend,
To my disgust, he treats her like an animal, beating her with a stick.

I try not to think about what is happening,
In this mysterious and beautifully inspiring place, but I can't,
She is my nightmare, she is my reality,
I can't sleep, I miss her, I love her – where has she gone?

Weeks go by, and I wish this place goodbye,
I, Hua Long Xia, captain of the ship, name this place Africa.
I miss my friend, she is underneath everything, at the bottom of the ship,
She must feel terrible, I feel a burning sickness.

I can't stop thinking about her,
My life has found something with a meaning,
I pray that she can be treated like anyone else,
But something inside tells me she will not.

We arrive back to the Fragrant Harbour,
They bring her out of the hold,
Our faces exchange understanding glances,
She comes towards me but is taken to my Emperor.

I ask for royal permission for her to come and live with me,
For his queen is my queen,
The answer is no, for she is a trophy,
An exotic display, to be used, showing others the superiority of China.

I have lost all of my faith in love, and humanity,
Those who judge her, only because of her skin,
I am also judged solely because I do not judge,
In attempting to fulfil my childhood dream, I am left empty,

I can't take it anymore,
I love her dearly, but I hate to see her resented like this,
My Queen, Savannah,
I love you.

Fire of Waves

Good Hope School, Lam, Gigi – 16

Bon voyage! Bon voyage!
The City of Innovation cried
The troops did march
With heads raised high
“Behold! They’re nigh!”

With watercrafts of gold
With vessels of silk
Two thousand sailors
Three hundred ships
The passage raged ahead
To storm or fire the world shall see

With tales of old, the aborigines
Sang about the hearty men
Courteous Africa, who bade them goodbye
With ivory, spices and exotic wood

Rhinos and oryxes,
Nilganas and lions,
Zebras, ostriches and giraffes
Granted by the welcoming crowd
The Age of Discovery had begun!

From the Guadeloupe beaches to the Great Barrier Reef
To the Cape of Good Hope and the Sea of Atlas
Mighty, they maybe
Like the Titan who held the sky

They were nigh! They were nigh!
The first explorers in days and nights
Asia, Middle East and Africa cried
Bon voyage! Bon voyage!

#mingvoyages

Heep Yunn School, Chan, Wing Tung – 14

Long before the decadent, dissolute years
under the rule of opium and Manchu domination,
Was the birth of the name, august and renowned,
The Great Ming Empire.

Emperor Yongle decided to prove the Mongols wrong,
That he was anything but a doormat,
“Let the world dismiss the idea of declaring war on us,
Then we shall regain our sovereignty as Ruler of all under Heaven!”

And so he sent a monumental treasure fleet,
Seemingly sinkable with the heavy cargoes,
To convince their neighbours to pay tribute,
And to secretly chase down the lost treasure of the last Emperor.

Though unprecedented in history,
The voyages were blocked from doors of records and books
By crossbows and cannons of Christopher Columbus’ colonization
That disrupted peace in the unreached world.

The truth well hid from prying future eyes,
A tale was passed down for children to recite,
About the secret treasure that escaped with Jianwen,
And how Zheng He, the trusted admiral and Yongle’s playmate,
Plummeted to his death with guilt,
For its sinking.

“This is the tale of Sanbao’s voyage,
Whom the Dragon sent right after his commencement,
Bring back the lost treasure, sparkling, undamaged,
To decorously rule without the fear of seething resentment.

In 1405, carrying trunks of shimmering riches,
The vessels coursed the map the Dragon had drawn.
As the burgundy sails ripple and the compass twitches,
He reaches for the great unknown at dawn.

All along they chased Jianwen down his track,
Enduring an attack from the Kotte Kingdom.
Pirate Chen Zuyi stood against them on their way back,
Executing him returned Sanbao the ocean’s masterdom.

Flooding the capital with lavish tribute,
Sanbao revealed the treasure map Chen was told to protect.
Gathering the royal navy and with an assured salute,
Ceylon was invaded, seized for revenge and respect.

In the hands of the Kotte King was a journal of clues,
He was reluctant to give away such fortune so he decided to shoot.
A gun at his head, the Kotte King could no longer refuse,
Had to hand over the journal and open some new trade routes.

The journal in hand, Sanbao reached unimagined lands,
Welcomed by Calicut, Hormuz even Mogadishu after an artillery sneak-peek.
He figured it out clue by clue, as the tribute list expands,

Going to Brava, Malindi, the farthest reaching Mozambique.

Heading back to realize the Dragon could no longer await his arrival,
Sanbao vowed to fulfill his last wish at all costs.
Barred from the seas he turned to scrutinize the journal,
And a red cross was marked on the map when someone knocks.

Not knowing it was his last salute,
Sanbao sailed directly to the marked cross:
No twists and turns, no stopping en route.
And there, gleaming as if about to burst, the awaited treasure was.

But on their way back was a storm,
And Sanbao watched helplessly as
one trunk... two trunks... *the* trunk...
Sank... sank... sank... to the bottom of the sea.

There was no firestorm, no one was informed
As Sanbao jumped and
Sank... sank... sank... to the bottom of the sea,
Heavy with guilt.”

Our Fleets Sail On

Heep Yunn School, Lee, Cheuk Wing Charmaine – 15

Breaking waves and splitting the unreached waters, our fleets sail on.
Unlike the mischievous others we tend not to attack
But send gifts across the turquoise and islands we come upon.
Gold and silk and pots and glistening splendid we pack,
With a patriotic heart and an ambassadorial mind we cruise every dawn,
And in the name of Great China we tack.

When the silver moon sets and gold begins to shimmer around,
We wake and dust and mop and steer and sing
Loud and proud to let our songs float beyond the bounds.
When skies dim and night breeze swing,
We sail towards where the dipper is found,
No maps, no compass, we drift along wherever starlight bring.

Monday morning we land on shore
Welcomed by suffocating fresh air and hesitant step.
Behind bushes they peek, eyes adore.
Cargoes of fantasies and pride we schlep
Then berries and coconuts and peculiar edibles they bore
Aboard with long-necked, big birds and ferocious feline of pep.

Breaking waves and splitting the unreached waters, our fleets sail on.
Across the fog not from afar rung sirens of attack,
Flintlocks loaded and triggered, fires ready, bows drawn.
Through thick smog their sharp shots pierce and hack.
Decks shudder yet our boldness not, in the name of Great China we fire on.
Sirens halt while ours not until waves wash them gone.

In starry nights and sunlit days,
On choppy seas and tranquil ones, we sail
To the opposite pole where obscure paradise lays.
We've seen creatures from the dragon tale
And sights of their almighty displays
As we follow the mythical trail.

Breaking waves and splitting the unreached waters, our fleets sail back
As heroes to where as pirates we left
With tributaries, discoveries, spectacular treasures and knack.
We are explorers of southwest unlike those of theft
Rulers of the seas to win nature back
Till our eighth voyage no storm and sea shall be cleft

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

HKUGA College, Chan, Sheung Yat Arthur – 16

The Yongle Emperor demanded a voyage,
To improve the Ming Dynasty's image.
So Zheng He was called upon
And an order was undergone
To set sail and show wealth, not carnage.

Zheng He's fleet set out like pirates,
With imperial seals even a minister covets.
Their adventure turned awry
For not only mono or bi
But seven voyages took place, the emperor did advocate

They travelled to India and Africa without stealth.
To show off their treasures and project their wealth.
The foreigners rejoiced
Their kings' opinions voiced
As they devoted themselves as tributaries like elves.

The fleet encountered the notorious pirate Zuyi,
And thus began the clash of their armies.
The enemy ships flooded
The sea bandits defeated
The voyagers rewarded, and since made history.

After years of unrelenting tiredness,
Zheng He left the world due to illness.
How the country mourned
A legend was born
And his statue was erected in greatness.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

HKUGA College, Cheung, Lik Hang Craigen – 15

The Emperor called an order
Zheng He was in charge
He was the most trusted retainer
As tough as a marble arch

He gathered a group of sailors
Who were ready for this adventure
He offered a sacred prayer
And waved to the mayor

From China they sailed to Vietnam
On the first leg with their treasure
The fleet met pirates but they were calm
The pirates escaped in terror

Down they went to the Indian Ocean
Settled down and traded with the locals
Herbs, tea, ores and lotions
And aquatic animals like turtles

Off they went on another trip
This time it weren't as peaceful
They were ambushed and had to fight back
Zheng He's retaliation was forceful

Floating bodies, shirts with red stains
The fleet took over many ships
Zheng He thought he was going insane
Luckily it marked the finale of the trip

The ship came back to where they belong'
The emperor was very pleased
Most of the crew could live on
And China's prestige had increased

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

HKUGA College, Cheung, Man Hei Hayley – 15

Zheng He kicked off his voyage,
Seven times in a row.
Not to loot your treasure,
But to give out Chinese gold.

Terima Kasih, Dankie, Xiexie,
The dragon god was praised.
Silk, jewelry, gold,
Friendship forged was great.

Not everyone was welcoming,
Flaming cannonballs on the way.
Boom, bang, smash!
A thousand men slain.

The sea was red,
Blaze dominated,
Roar! Ooof!

Some gulped for breath,
Some drowned in silence.

Who ruled the sea?
People answered, “Zheng He.”
What built a shimmering empire?
Skeletons buried in fire

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

HKUGA College, Cheung, Wai Tak Anna – 15

Ruler of the seas
Not with fists but amity
Peace is sanity

Drowned Sails

HKUGA College, Kwan, Lok Yin – 16

Black fleet's murk, bloodthirst.
Voiles thrashed the dragons of gold.
Deep-six grief, thawed rime.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

HKUGA College, Lam, Hi Yi Hayley – 16

Stygian-eyed men
Demolished sea rivalries
With peace's gentle kiss

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

HKUGA College, Lam, Kwan Kin Anakin – 16

On the surface of the vast sea,
There were some men roaming free.
They lived on a ship made of wood,
And strived to do something good.

They sailed through the seven seas,
And sometimes traveled with ease.
The other times however,
Were a bloody shower.

These men knew no fear,
As their goals were crystal clear.
To give out all their silk and gold,
Before they were too old.

They've spread their loot,
But they also knew how to shoot.
When someone came to fight their fleet,
They turned them into shredded meat.

They were trustworthy helpers,
But they were also deadly fighters,
With their countless victories,
Came their many stories.

They left their mark on history,
Mainly because of their treasure's glory.
What is known as the results of their adventures,
Is now known as the Ming Treasure.

The Adventure

HKUGA College, Ngan, Ching Man Yola – 15

It was the Ming Dynasty
Precious gifts on fleets of ships
Building bonds between countries
China was the place to be ...

Whoosh! As the wind whispers in their ears
The sails hear it and catch the wind
With travellers on board, the voyage starts
A brand new adventure is near

“Scrub the deck and keep her steady!”
The young captain, yells from high up
Staring into the vast, gleaming ocean
He wonders what he’ll see at sea

With piles of gold stacked high and low
Presents and gifts made out of silk
Make new friends and develop trust
Relationships will flourish, blossom, grow

Then up ahead, a pirate ship appears
It seems like they’re ready to attack
The captain draws out a sword from his waist
And another adventure is near

The Root of China

HKUGA College, Wong, Yeung Yi Jeff – 15

In the dark and early 15th century,
Pirates stole gold as their inventory.
Going far east to Ming in China,
A ship heading toward to Arabia.

Seven voyages sailed on their adventure,
Carrying cargoes of precious treasures.
Giving away gold as gifts,
Sailing away in their shifts.

When there were nice foreign people,
Making relationships and being peaceful.
When there were hostile evil nuts,
Chinese adventurers kicked their butts.

Raising up China's national strength,
Increasing China's map in length.
Is China really being nice and wise?
Or is that China's strategy to rise?

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

HKUGA College, Yau, Cheuk Fung Marco – 15

“Glittering treasure!”
Ambitious men looking for
More precious items

“To further beyond!”
The fleet had aspirations
For more fame and gain

“Sail to Africa!”
A flag of frightful presence
Pulled while pirates roared

“Shoot!” The captain howled,
Barrage of cannonballs fired
A cry of triumph

Possessed

International College Hong Kong, Ho, Clarissa – 15

Born into
A world plagued
With evil,
Mankind is raised
Under the care
Of Greed.

Like zombies,
Humanity gravitates hauntingly
Towards the funereal paths
Greed leads us to.

Captivated in my
Naive illusions,
That I would discover
A land beneath another sky,
Where golden apples grew,
Where silver waters flowed,
Where the possibilities
Of prosperity
Would lay endlessly
Before my eyes.

Unrest in China,
All too soon
We have already
Enslaved ourselves,
As we drown
Deep down
Into the voyage
Of tragedy.

Sailing along the
Crepuscular waters.
Watching out with
Weary eyes
Against the misty
Winter haze,
Hunting.

Our hearts beat
Attentively,
To the mourning cries
Of treasure
Near and far
Wanting to be discovered.

Unstoppable,
Our thirst for more
Remained unquenched.

Like soulless spirits,
Like unconscious demons,
We drifted through
The lugubrious night,
Possessed.

I looked
Everywhere,
Craving
For more.

I awaken to see
Heaps of
Gold and silver
Scattered over myself,
While jewels and pearls
Were clenched firmly
In my now
Wrinkled fists.

Interspersed between the
States of
Disgust and confusion,
I float away
From the sight
Of this tragedy.

A moment
Of epiphany,
Comes to light.

And I see that
Greed has reaped
Me.

Perseverance on the seas

Korean International School, Lam, Josiah – 14

On the ship comparable to the horror of the shade,
we have not winced nor mourn aloud.
It has been many days without food for everyman,
we have fallen, caught in a bad situation.

In the evening the waves covered us,
we have lost our way in the enormous sea.
In the evening the storm covered us,
we have lost our way back to the shore.

I thank whatever gods may be,
sending his messengers rescuing us.
We will never forget that which has happened.
We will remember till death do us part.

It matters not how strait the gate.
How the situation is as bad as purgatory
We are the master of our future.
We are the leader of our spirit.

Diary of the Captain

Korean International School, Shin, Sodam – 14

My childhood was in deep darkness
I could not see my future
When I was a teenager, I was caught by someone and I had to live a wrong life
I had been waiting for opportunity without giving up.

Then one day I distinguished myself at a battle
And after a long wait I could grab an opportunity
Finally the blue sea became my world. It is the beginning of the legend.
With my gallant ships, my loyal colleagues, our great voyage began.

We fought with wild winds and nasty pirates, but we never stop
The world was wide. We went aboard far away and saw strangers.
Sometimes we became friends, sometimes involved in a rough fight and lost some colleagues
But nothing could stop our adventure

We spread our culture around the world
And spread the greatness of our country.
They saw something from great Ming
Our journey will never end even if I die.

Many hours spent at sea
A lot of stars in the night sky
Dolphins swimming in the sea with us
Strong waves and storms

The evening glow that we looked at from the ship
Seagulls that welcomed us
All these beautiful days will never come back again
The happy memory in the sea.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

Korean International School, Wong, Kora – 17

On the first voyage we set out for India
Whose times can be measured linear
The Yongle emperor put the muslim eunuch Zheng He in charge with no doubts
We prayed to Tianfei for our treasures to rise as high as the mountains

Traveling from Vijaya, the capital of Champa
A coastal city in central Vietnam
Traveling to the island of Java
A volcano-dotted island in Indonesia packed with coconut palm

Steer away from the fearful pirate Chen Zuyi
Steer away from the hostile leader in Ceylon that was now Sri Lanka
Return to India and safely trade in Calcutta
Return to the merriment of exchanging gifts

Chen Zuyi tried to steal our goods and came like a deadly virus
So we ambushed him and slaughtered more than five thousand pirates
Captured seven ships and sunk ten more into oblivion
Gazed at his severed head with winning satisfaction

On the second voyage we had a special mission
To grant Mana Vikraan the King of Calicut as recognition
In celebration of China and India's relationship
A memorial tablet was inscribed to honour their friendship

Java was to pay for killing 170 members of the Chinese Embassy
By handing us 60,000 liang of gold as compensation and apology
Or else get sacked the same way Vietnam did in the Ming-Ho War
Our diplomatic relationship was restored but our trust was done for

On the third voyage we engaged in another bloodshed
The local waters of Ceylon and southern India was where we head
To defend against the Sinhalese for being hostile towards our bordering allies
Ended the tyranny of King Alakeshvara and took his family for their expected demise

The entire country of Kotte whispered hollow
But the new captives in Nanjing had their fears swallowed
For their lives was spared by the ever-virtuous Yongle emperor
They were not worthy enough for punishment of the heavenly empire

On the fourth voyage we stopped at northern Sumatra as danger sang
Sikandar sat on the Semudera throne as the new false king so he must be hanged
Until he was caught along with his wife and child whom both cower
The false king was publicly executed to reassure our power

A giraffe followed us home and became a Chinese unicorn
The gentle beast was as wise as our leader and the name Qilin was born
With the magic to walk across the water's surface without running amok
To help paint our life with a stroke of good luck

On the fifth voyage we travelled the ocean like it was the sky
Arabia and East Africa was where we shot multiple bull's eye
Collecting tributes from as much as thirty different states without breach
The whole Ming court erupted as they feasted their eyes upon the exotic creatures

On the sixth voyage envoys of sixteen countries were showered
With gifts as their hardwork and patience has helped our fleet flowered
Into a striking sensation that often bestowed lavish tributes
Ranging from paper and coin money to ceremonial robes and linings to distribute

The troops in campaign against the Mongols came in full flight
The wind blew swiftly yet cold in the night
As the Yongle emperor finally rested into eternal sleep
One last voyage must be made in gratitude for our friend before the fleet dared to weep

On the seventh voyage we visited at least seventeen ports between Champa and Kenya
It was time to say goodbye to Zheng He and farewell to this magnificent era
Our great navigator knocked on heaven's door and was buried in the ocean
A braid of his hair and a pair of his shoes was buried in Nanjing as part of our devotion

We have travelled more than one hundred thousand li of immense water spaces
We have set our eyes on barbarian regions hidden in blue without graces
Beating against savage waves that were rising sky-high for us to see
Whilst our eyes beheld the starry night and the starry sea

These seven voyages will forever have a lasting memory
China had reached into a preeminent naval power of the early fifteenth century
Trade was still flourishing long after our adventures had ceased
Trading around India and East Africa did not decrease

The clock ticked further and so did the tributary system faded further
Political power shifted to the civil officials with future conflicts murmured
There was not enough support for the Eunuch faction to initiate any new expedition
The Indian Ocean was an empty void without a strong fleet in dominant position

The ocean : the final frontier
These are the voyages of Ming China's treasure fleet
Its mission : to build trust and loyalty on maritime trade
To create friendships through exchanging tributes
To advocate Ming Dynasty China in the place of honour

Another Thalassic Odyssey

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Lui, Anice – 15

The moonbeam has clasped with the wayward tides
The sea foam froths 'loft undulating waves
Where Chang'e neath th'osmanthus shade reclines
Or Dioscuri stirs the stilled Ondines
A spectral kiss good Mazu sends their way
As o'er the brine the Feilian lithely sways
Delivers he the hoisted masts astride
And steers her through the soundless eventide

Another surging swell enfolds the bow
Another forlorn sailor quits his berth
He hobbles on deck in a cockeyed trance
And chases wisps of satin in their dearth
In crocked health raises he a glass on high
A maudlin toast to Changxi's stellar fays
As blear he dreams past fleeting shadows nigh
And gallant yarns of erstwhile odysseys

He sees a stalwart Admiral midst the haze
In archaic vesture perched atop the stern
To whose decree a hundred navies heed
Their holds with trophies brimmed beyond discern
The pioneer cavalcade clears the blue
A herald convoy for their children's sail
'Twas Zheng He's fleet that moved his forbears ere
Its lingered sprite the pilot down his trail

What harvest does he dream awaits their craft?
What garlands shall he bear upon the quay?
Another stranger to his kindred folk?
Another wonted idle eulogy?
He sees his thriving wraith above the heights
Enrobed in Muga silk and bijou gold
A legion paramours engrossed his nights
Each skirt foregone with bygone tales untold

Yet he has not entombèd whence he came
Their homely bosoms veiled neath gelid palls
The shanties sing of flaxen fields afar
In wistful haunt a whilom mind recalls
Envisaged he a window from the Fates
Where Shennong's fertile loam to Ba bequeathed
To venture peril twixt the ireful straits
And opulence restore across the heath

Another billow curl engulfs the bow
Another captain stands staunch at the helm
As Leigong with his peal the oceans quake
And Dianmu with her flare the vessels whelm
In scurried shift he dries his lush apace
And through the tumult reels athwart the beam
Against the gale conns he the froward keel
To douse another pungent pipèd dream

But lo!
See the morn dawning on the wayward tides!
See the aureate spume aloft the waves!
Where Golden Crows in Morus trees ensconce
Or Phosphorus bestirs the Rainbow Fawn
He sees the treasures Mazu sends their way
As o'er the brine still Feilian lithely sways
Delivers he the hoisted masts astride
And steers her t'wards th'auspicious morningtide

The First Journey

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lam, Errin – 14

The ropes are flung free,
Now the treasure ships set sail!
Cheering from behind,

Where the king watches.
We are loaded with treasure,
To gift to people.

Up here I can sight
Sky, sea, and the horizon!
Where the two planes meet

They are one colour,
Like Picasso's masterpieces:
Exquisite beauty.

High up in the sails,
Is I. A frisky young boy
Hired as a lookout.

My shift is over.
All is tranquil and peaceful,
This gentle rocking is serene,

I am lulled... to slumber.
Then I awake –
Duty calls again.

From dawn to high noon,
I wash floors, untangle ropes
But it is all joy

Up in the crow's nest
I – I see something! I shout:
“General! Look, land!”

The General looks,
His eyebrows and mouth tilt up,
“Ready the presents!”

We set anchor there.
I walk proudly alongside
The General's steps.

The people there look strange,
But the General minds not.
He kneels to present

A gilded sculpture
Of a golden buffalo.
The king is pleased,

We are welcomed well,
All guests in this foreign land.
I see animals

Of all kinds and types,
Explore during adventures,
Until we have to leave.

I wake to dissent.
And I go up to the deck.
What I see shocks me.

Loose ropes whip wildly,
The sails billow in and out,
Stairs creak when I climb.

The skies crash
Out there on the horizon,
Lightning strikes.

The wind shrieks and screams
Twisting and turning, it
Howls, relentlessly.

The sea heaves
Slap-slap-slap
Clawing at the ship

But it is terror.
For in wind you cannot drown –
Water drags you down.

The seas rise upwards!
Stretching hungry waves over
The ship's banisters

Like strong liquid vises
Wind and water together
Water blinds my eyes,

Wind makes me stumble,
Blinded, disabled, frightened –
Sounds reach crescendo!

Fear.
The ship rocks violently!
I fear for my life...

I whimper and cling
To walls, so cowardly am I.
Suddenly – “Rally!”

He speaks. “Procedures!”
He appears out of nowhere!
I am shocked, and I

See it in his brow.
See his challenge to the storm.
It is like he says:

“You dare not do this.”
The General walks below.
His impressive form

Instills new courage
In me. And I believe him –
We will fight this storm.

I bail water out
Others let sails hang downwards.
The helmsman’s wheel turns.

Orders are flying
Around us as he restores
Peace to the people.

And onwards we go,
To Java and Sumatra,
Malacca, and oceans.

Here, the seas are blue.
Azure, sapphire, zaffre, and
Navy-hued at night.

We sail a long time.
I strain, but sight only sea
Until one day, I see.

“India!” Says he.
Off to Colchin, Calicut,
Where they trade spices.

At long last, return.
With stories of success, and
Tales to tell

I can never forgo that which I have learned and seen.
All the adventures and experiences and memories,
Forever embossed in

The sea brought me there,
The sea, the waters, the oceans.
Life was as I never knew it.

I cannot resist the will to be free,
Out on the tossing waves, just the zephyrs and me,
As the hull breaks waves and I in the crow’s nest see –
That my heart truly belongs to the sea.

History's Important Man – Zheng He

Shanghai Singapore Internatinoal School, Chao, Liang Yun Kylie – 14

His name is Zheng He, first known as Ma He.
He is history's important man,
Travelled by ship to faraway lands.

Should be known as an explorer of plenty,
Man of mystery and reality,
Now let's look at the moment of truth,
Beyond his childhood, past his youth.

He was known throughout the oceans wide,
Had visited places near and far.
Sailing was never a hard mission to take,
For him the oceans were giant lakes.

Back from 1405 to 1433,
And voyages in the Indian Ocean.
He came back with many a treasure,
A great and thrilling sailing adventure.

The ocean is full of mystery,
For some it might end up in tragedy.
If the days look dark, some might lose hope,
But he was never at the end of his rope.

On the travels the sun felt warm and bright,
Adventures they had, following the light.
There were days when there's luck, days that were rough,
But he and his crew, stayed firm & kept tough.

In 1433, this great man died,
In a tomb located at the southern slope
Even until this day, it's clear to see
He'll forever be remembered in history.

His name is Zheng He, first known as Ma He.
He is history's important man,
Travelled by ship to faraway lands

A Scribe's Account of his Malacca's trip

St. Joseph's College, Chan, Benjamin – 16

Into the Straits of Malacca we steered,
In awe was all by the prowess of our fleet,
A voyage of splendor where all revered,
A showcase of majestic grandeur none could beat.

Gifts of silken silk were bestowed,
Ming's porcelains of blue and white were present,
Gold and silvers dole out to tributes stole the show,
Prosperity of the Middle Kingdom one must assent.

Traders flaunt their extravagant wealth,
Adorning their wives and concubines with the finest,
Bargaining the prices of goods with stealth,
Loading their ships with barrels of exotic spice, ivories, and bird's nest.

Came one day, the union of merchants to the local maidens,
A fusion giving birth to a new hybrid society,
The unique Baba and Nyonya no one could mistaken,
For they were the affluent who live like the royalty.

The Nyonias clad their intricately embroidered *sarong kebaya*,
Pinning their golden *keronggang* and wearing the beaded *kasut manek* at their dainty feet,
Retaining their Chinese heritage while adapting the customs of Malaya,
They, indeed, lead a life oh so flamboyant and sweet!

On to the imperial record I must scribe,
Lucrative trades, contended subjects and triumphant tributes of sworn allegiance,
The Mandate of Heaven has been fulfilled as described,
The favour of Heaven upon the Emperor has taken credence!

Victorious Voyages

St. Mark's School, Lau, Natalie – 15

Voyages by the Ming Treasure Fleet,
Seven perilous challenges did they surmount;
Facing the roaring Sea whose fiery ringlets
Swirled and span in threats.
Venturing into the unknown indigo of possibilities
Where Death summoned his troops of cruelties.
Though numberless enemies awaited in their way,
Still these brave souls managed to run away.
Exquisite treasures discovered in shoreless oceans,
Relationships blossomed among coasts and nations.
These gallant travelers made such history.
Are you not amazed by their victory?

Out the In–Between

West Island School, Donaldson, Armelle – 15

Gliding across the still waters,
Only the lapping of water is heard. Hush.
We sail through valleys engulfed
In a blanket of mist.
It sticks to our skin.
Cranes stroke
the water's surface like Chinese calligraphy. Smooth and
Delicate.
Memories of paper cranes in a childhood.

Dawn. Then
Dusk.
We drift through time.
The sun draws circles on the horizon.
Home is f a r a w a y .

They greet us with vibrant colors. Cloths of
Crimson, chestnut, and emerald, swindled around their
Bodies. Feathers and
Rings of gold dangle from their ears.
With their feet they strike
The earth, their hands twist in the air and they
Shake to the man playing thunder.
We watch. The sun
Becomes drowsy.
It spills blood on the sky.

Porcelain jars, embroidered with
Lotus blossoms. Gold necklaces. Ivory. A dragon
Guards the treasure of a silkworm. We
Offer our gifts to the big man with the carved wooden rod.
His face is the moon and his eyes
Hold the stars. It speaks warmth.
Night stains the sky. They play with
The sun in their hands.
We make noise
Beneath the tree, until a sparrow summons dawn.

Now. The wind
Rallies us back to the east. We align to
Pay respect
Before we part.
Curious eyes gaze out
Into the unknown
Where we have been before.
Reverent bows, our hands clasp
Theirs.
In a touch, two worlds
Become one.

O, China, Emperor of the Waves

West Island School, Lam, Winston – 15

O China, emperor of the waves,
We were in awe of thy strength.
Having sailed the world far and wide,
From Nanking, of heaven's blessings,
 where thy ships sprung to life.

Seven mighty journeys thy hath made;
Honourable Zheng He at the helm.
Thou truly did, six centuries past,
Make thy voice be heard
 across the ocean.

O China, emperor of the waves,
The sea's edges did thou meet.
With gold and silver as thy gifts,
Did thy reach the coast of Ceylon,
 Malacca, Persia and Africa.

At times thy had to battle bandits,
Who lusted for thy riches or power.
But thy always proved thyself tough,
And beat them back to their place
 with military might unforeseen.

O China, emperor of the waves,
What treasures thou broughtest home.
In trade of thy riches, thou received
Spices, jewels, beasts from exotica,
 Treasures, unique yet stunning.

Not only did gems flow from thy boats,
But a diplomat too were thee.
In spite of thy dominance over the sea,
Thy made treaties with foreign nations;
 Executed those who challenged thee.

O China, emperor of the waves,
Thy influence forever felt.
Established thyself as great explorers of Earth,
Across the ocean thy monuments stand –
 Such as a stele of three tongues at Galle.

O China, emperor of the waves,
 Still are we in awe of your strength.

Poetry

Group 5



Blank Verse Ballad

Dulwich College Beijing, Zhou, Jennifer – 16

Come now, my old friends, come. Let us disturb
The stillness of our idle lives. Let us discard
The clocks that count our twilight hours, the bells
Whose ceaseless tolls mete out our dwindling days.
Come, let us beat our feet against the earth
And once more shake the heavens with our voice,
And let us howl with young men's lungs again
Into the silence where we have grown old.
Let us relive those distant days, my friends—
When we drank deep from life, and not its dregs.

For we have lived much, known much, suffered much
And seen much of the world. Our golden ships
Bore us across the earth and to its ends—
Where boundless mist swallows the land, where wild
Wind moans among the barren trees, where tall
And ancient pillars of the earth hold up
The star-lit sky—and to the shores of men:
The cities where the faithless raise their towers
The jungles where the wild thrust up their spears
Each just as proud, trying to graze the stars.

We set our ships on untamed sea and eyes
On unmapped sky. We thought ourselves heroes:
We who were of one dauntless heart and one
Unconquered mind; we who saw our fates writ
Across the heavens; we who fought, who sought
And saw, who wandered, won, and witnessed all—
We have grown old. Oh, to wander again.
To tread that well-remembered path along
The footsteps of the gods, and once more hear
Among their hushed and hallowed names our own.

Come now, my old friends, come. For though we are
Worn down by time, made fearful by old age,
And heavy with the weight of stagnant dreams,
We stand strong still. Look there, our ship awaits:
The sail is puffed; the oars are raised; the prow
Points to the waves. My faithful companions,
Tis not too late. We can be heroes yet.
The time has come to leap across the gulf
Of years, become once more our former selves.
To see the endless wonders of the sea—
And carve our names upon eternity.

New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan, Yan Ting Tiffany – 16

This is my tale
Of how we all went
On the greatest trip ever
All of us in search of treasure
Not knowing the treasure we were forming.

The guys called me Cheeky Boy
Because of the laughter I brought them during the day
Dancing around the deck, getting in everyone's way
And at night, when I told my own tales to the men and the stars
Describing with such antics as you could never imagine
The treasures that we dreamt of finding in foreign lands
So we might forget that we were scared

Once
General Zheng visited our ship
And called me
Me!
to serve him at dinner
I won't forget
the way my body trembled
as I gave him his cup
took his bowl
and was so so close to our leader
Me within touching distance of he
I know that he remembered me too.

Just as I remember the places we went and the gems we saw
Large grey beasts with massive horns taller than I
Spotted creatures with necks that reached up to the sky
And the barbarians of my imagination
Dressed strangely, (sometimes) barely covering their crazy-coloured skin
Crazy like the unfamiliar scents cruising the tang of the sea
And the babbling of a hundred different languages wherever we went—
I collected so much treasure my mind could not hold them all
And night by night my stories grew
Until one night, the entire crew
Was hooked upon my words.

It wasn't all wonderful.
Occasionally we fought
Barbarians of the sea
Ruffians like pirates and hostile armies.
Times like these, my tales were useless
My brothers helped me now
As I, a little kitchen boy
Covered behind crates
And prayed for their lives.

When we saw the shadow of home again
We all cheered but inside we all cried
Without my friends, allies, brothers:
Home would not seem like home.
We set off in search of treasure
And even I, nobody to you
Struck gold.

Poetry

Group 6



A 13 Year Old's Quest

King George V School, Chew, Darrel – 9

Sprawling on the vibrant and colourful beaches in Los Angeles,

I'm about to start my miserable and boring voyage,

Wait!!! I've got something that will help and make this more exciting,

My remote control boat, YEEEEEEEESSSSSSS!!!!!!

That means I don't need to ruin my \$10,000 clothing.

So I relax, in unbelievable joy,

Using my mystical controlling device,

On a quest for a rare and scarce treasure,

On a location that is more than 2,000 miles away from where my foot is,

This is going to be a thrilling time for myself,

My high tech boat will bring me my treasure from that metropolis

Come to me, you precious and sparkly beauties

or you will be lost forever.....

Candy Treasure Hunt

King George V School, Pek, Maxx – 10

I'm starting my voyage in Sai Kung aiming to finish in Discovery Bay

My mission is to bring back the treasure I find on my way

I will look for treasure at the beach, I will look for treasure in the sea

I would like to eat it all myself but it's better if I give some away

Sour, chocolate and tasty treasures is what I'm looking for

Will I find the candies on this route? I'm really not too sure

Gold Coins and Boats

King George V School, Shum, Lok – 10

My voyage starts in Hong Kong, it's going to be a tiring trip.
I need to look for gold coins, but where will I find them and how will I get there?

I will use my speed boat to look for gold coins around the islands of Hong Kong.

I get there and the gold coins are hidden in treasure boxes...wow this is an adventure!

My mission is to get as many gold coins as I can, and I will sleep with them in my bed to keep them safe.

I will invite people to my speedboat to help me find the coins...
Will they look after the treasure?
Or will they take my treasure?
I won't share my coins, but they can keep the ones they find themselves.

I will bring my gold coins back to Sai Kung, Hoi Ha. And put them in my own treasure box.

Finally I can take a rest and enjoy my golden treasure.

My Treasure

Korean International School – Springboard, Chor, Damien – 11

I want to find gold.
I want to find jewels.
I need to dig a hole,
using my tools.

I want to find diamonds.
I want to find money.
I'd buy a computer,
and a long eared grey bunny.

I want to find emeralds.
I want to find cash.
I'd buy a swimming pool,
and make a big splash.

But I don't need treasure,
To give me pleasure.
I need something other,
That is my mother.



Poetry

Group 7

A Boat Trip

King George V School, Kwok, Jonathan – 15

I will voyage in China, then all around the world.

Wait the sailboat is ready for me!! I'm ready for a ride.

It's a Shanghai sailboat, MY FAVOURITE.

Please wait I have to check in.

I go to the boat and I see some people walking through the pier.

I see my friend. YAY it's going to be a good day.

I ask them to join me. So they come to my boat and play some games.

Off we go on our voyage to China.

We are having a playdate, my friend and the sailboat.

An Animal Hiking Hunt

King George V School, Spencer, Harriet – 14

I started my journey at Sai Kung town ready to start my night time animal hunt for the photography competition in school.

The aim of this adventure would be to spot either a porcupine or a wild boar and take an amazing picture to hand into the competition.

I start my journey by taking the speed boat to the beginning of the trail.

Soon as I arrive I start walking inside the trail as quiet as possible.

After walking for several minutes I hear a noise coming from the bush.

I stay as still as possible with my camera in my hand ready to take a picture.

Then all of a sudden a porcupine comes out of the bush.

I take a few pictures and then started the hike back to the boat dock thinking of another adventure to come.

Cruising

King George V School, Sy, Bryan – 16

My boat is waiting for me.
It's the royal cabin on the cruise ship.
It's a special room because I'm going to different places.
I'm with my Hong Kong family, but I have many more around the world.

My cruise journey is during the Christmas holidays. I will remember the adventure well.

I'm going to travel to different places, in China and Japan, sadly not Australia where I know many young man.
My mission is to give out Christmas presents to my family and my friends.

I call myself the Hong Kong family Santa.

My voyage will take 4 weeks, I will see lots of places.
I try lots of different foods and will wear my santa hat always.
On my way to give out my presents, I will collect fridge magnets for my memory box.

Once I've handed out my presents, it will be time for me to head back to Hong Kong. But before I go back I will spend time with my Hong Kong family and watch a fancy show.

I hope my other families like their christmas presents - I will keep my memories as treasure forever.

Diamonds in the Sea

Korean International School – Springboard, Chau, Kirsten – 15

The brave and fearless explorer
Sailing, diving and surfing
Into crystal clear water to hunt
for some treasure, precious jewellery and
glowing diamonds under the sea.
Go quickly on your quest,
don't stop.
Find the chest

Angry Pirates

Korean International School – Springboard, Ching, Matthew – 17

Ugly, mean, brave
Frown, fight, steel.
Quickly, swiftly, deadly,
Sharp, Bloodied sword.

Ahoy

Korean International School – Springboard, Hughes, Edward – 17

Sailing away,
On the ocean we'll stay.
Until we reach the bay,
The Bay of Bengal.

The Treasure Chest

Korean International School – Springboard, Lee, Joshua – 18

Big, heavy, wooden
Pull, rattle, clang.
Carefully, slowly, loudly
Shiny metallic coins.

The Treasure Junk

Korean International School – Springboard, Tang, Adrienne – 14

With nine huge masts,
And cannons that blast.
It was as big as a football pitch
With treasure to make you rich.

There was room for hundreds of men.
And would probably fit Big Ben.
Its body was watertight
But it wasn't used to fight

Below deck there was a huge tank.
If you were bad, you'd have to walk the plank.
They kept cows, horses and fish,
which they could eat at their wish

Tons of treasure to be given away,
and traded in lands faraway.
Silk, treasure, silver and gold.
Making stories to be told and retold.