

Poetry Group 3

Tarbosaurus Filicide

Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Almeida, Siena – 12 The charge, the roar, It's oh so familiar. The look, the feel, the glint in your eye But why, this time, do you want me to die? For once the night falls And the hunger sets in One cannot differentiate between food and your kin. What's the difference. Between a one or a two, Three or four feet smaller than you? But when you're hungry, It is difference indeed, To find the weak ones, The rot in the seed. Then you exterminate, Then you slash, maul, and kill, Even if they know you And so they hold still. So why must I lie here for centuries on end 'Till my bones wear away and are finally condemned, And my body and head are covered in rime, Because somebody I trusted did not bide their time?

Search for Dinosaurs - Ancient Tales from the Wullingyuan

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Shtorch, Ofek – 13

In the depths of Wulingyuan's ancient embrace, Dr. Liam Cheng chased mysteries in that sacred place, With him stood students, Arnold Zheng and Liang Tao, Together they worked like a sacred dào.

As the trio embarked on an adventure of shadows, Their excellence and pursuit of wealth allowed Them to delve into the meadows. In this realm of the unknown, they proudly vowed.

The sanctuary was in teetering condition, With puzzling directions for the fossil on its walls, Dr. Cheng, proud of his ambition's execution, Closer to revelations than foreseen, as his destiny calls.

In the heart of the ancient shrine, where time and space align, Fossils were found, with warnings screamed, stories so divine, Inscribed characters forewarned of peril, a message defined, Destinies teetered on the edge, as ancient whispers combined.

When the terrifying k**ŏ**nglóng stood his ground, And thunder was sounded from his throat, Cheng and his students ran far until they found An ancient temple, for they hid from the Bào lóng rex.

Up rose, the Shadow Consortium with their despicable intention, Their presence was a shroud of darkness, posing a threat to The highly-anticipated prime expedition. Forces clashed, destinies intertwined, a battle of ancient whispers with no honorable mention.

Amidst old and crumbled walls, a choice was revealed, Dr. Cheng thought the past was unsealed. Hesitant decisions, in ancient crook, New truths rose, and old shadows shook.

In the xīn of the lab's sterile glow, Ancient secrets were awakened, ready to be shown, Dinosaurs as DNA, a genetic dance, Resurrected whispers from an eternal dance. Dr. Cheng and his students, with wide eyes and awe, Returned to modern times, where the future lay in their claws. In the echoes of time's eternal dance,

Dr. Cheng and his students, with knowledge acquired,

Returned to their routine, their spirits inspired.

With ancient whispers guiding where the future might go.

Growing up

Creative Secondary School, Cabusay, Vhela Mary - 11

Inside an eggshell, soft and small, a tiny life began its call. A baby dino, fragile and new, in a big world where giants grew. Its legs were weak, its steps unsure, but instincts taught it to follow through. In deep forests and wide rivers, It learned to hunt, to fight, to hide near the tides. Its teeth grew sharp, and its body grew tall, no longer small but rather feared by all. From quiet chirps to terrifying cries, it claimed its place beneath the skies. Exploring the world for miles and miles. It learned so much it never knew. There were mistakes, but that's okay. They helped it grow in their own way. With every step, it found its place, a stronger heart, a braver face. Now standing tall, it looks around, at all the wonders it has found. But deep inside, it holds a spark, Of those small steps that changed its heart. Because growing up is more than years, It's just a journey that could end in tears.

Born to Lead

Creative Secondary School, Ho, Chloe Hiu Tung - 11

Through the forest where flowers bloom, Beneath the palace where birds vroom, There forms a creature with power, As the egg cracked, The tough Dino fell out of its comfort zone. It stepped onto the surface of the ground, Realizing its strengths. Its texture was colorful and bright, While its legs were full of darkness and firmness. With its harsh behavior, Together with their savior attitude, They form an adventurous leader. In the ginormous world where creatures roar, The creature shined out of all the shadows. it moved with such intensity, It began to rise.

A Dino's Journey

Creative Secondary School, Lee, Haein – 12

From an egg it cracked, it took its first step, A little dino, unsure but kept. The shell behind, a new world ahead, So big, so bright, with skies so blue. It learned to walk, it learned to run, Exploring the world under the sun. It tried its best, it didn't give up, Each little fall helped it grow up. Through soft green grass and desert sand, It wandered far across the land. It saw the stars up in the sky, Dreaming big as time passed by. Its tail grew strong; its legs grew fast, The little dino was changing at last. It roared out loud for all to hear, Its tiny fears had disappeared. Through sunny days and stormy nights, It faced its fears and fought its fights. Step by step, it made its way, Growing stronger every day. With every step, it learned and grew, A journey full of dreams that had come true.

A Dinosaur Museum

Discovery Bay International School, Keath, Mia – 12

The jagged edges of the many fossil bones.

Remains deep underground with nowhere to call home, not a museum they own.

There are many that have been discovered.

There is still a lot to be recovered.

There are many dinosaur fossils that are displayed in museums carefully constructed to capture the dinosaurs's shape. The landscape of which the fossils are found is carefully constructed to hold them down.

An engraving left in the soil.

Almost like when metal boils.

Although they may seem frightening, when you really look at them you see the true beauty of how they were formed.

Who knows their life could've been swarmed.

But if we really want to know, only time will show.

The Story of Dinosaurs

ESF Island School, Wang, Petra - 11 When the first dinosaur fossil was found, It was in jiangxi Province - where secrets abound. In 1990, a farmer discovered, The absence of giant creatures that has not been uncovered. Imagine, as we are passing by, The familiar space and time that has been around, If we look back to the time where dinosaurs has lived, You will be astonished. The enormous creatures stumps, You are stunned. In the magical extraordinary world, The China Dragon Birds soars upon the clouds, The immense spine lizard crawls on the ground, The gigantic iguana tooth stomps heavily, As towering dinosaurs bents their necks down, The golden sun shines on the rivers and mountains. This is a miracle... It a special twist in our humanity history, A fact but still imaginary, Back to 1990, When chinese farmers began the story, We dig into the history, Of the magical and special animals, It's a mystery...

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

ESF Island School, Wong, Emma – 11 The lithe, supple feathers clung onto the remains The eerie, wretched bones lay there, stark amongst the dirt Where it lies in the ominous ground, Not to be seen nor found.

Through the impregnable borders, with guards glaring beyond, Is where the nation of China was. As the verdant crops cultivated and sprouted, As a farmer drags a rake across the soil, The walls remain dominantly looming above.

The rake clangs against a obscured object, And the farmer's eyes widened with dismay.

The internet rave about a sudden discovery, Sounding like tumultuous chatter. When such creatures existed, would they soar among the azure sky? Would they have ever roamed the barren land?

A crowd chants the nation's name,

As more discoveries arise.

The intricate bones scattered beneath the abysmal ground, awaiting to be found.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

ESF King George V School, Asaka, Sota -

At the night in stars, the dinos dream Of jungles and rivers, and a big ice cream T-rex dreams of being the king While Brachiosours reaches for everything!

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

ESF King George V School, Atkinson, Angus - 13

Dinosaurs roamed, with thunderous feet, In ancient trees, where past and present meet. Their mighty tales, a history sweet.

Chinese Chicken

ESF King George V School, Blackshaw, Ben -

Chinese Chicken, running around, Playing and slaying and pecking the ground,

Daddy Dino asks, "What have we made?", Mummy Monster says "For the price that we paid!"

Two ripe specimens, ready and proud Out pops a joke, attracting a crowd.

The Ancient Kings

ESF King George V School, Cuddeford, Sean -

The ancient kings Huge or small With or without wings They dominate them all Teeth are fierce Completed with sharp claws Human flesh they would pierce And start massive brawls

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

ESF King George V School, Deng, Jason -

In a time of giants, the world was vast, Roars of Brachiosaurus and Velociraptors fast. Tyrannosaurus ruled with teeth like stone, While pterosaurs soared, majestic and alone.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

ESF King George V School, Harish, Neil – 13

In a world where chickens roam and play, Dinosaurs strut in a grand display. Feathers and scales in a dance so bright, A cluck and a roar under the moonlight.

China's Dinosaurs

ESF King George V School, Hong, Mikaela - 13

Dinosaurs come from far and wide. They roamed under the sea to the expanse of the sky. As much as the stars in the sky. Until the meteor, wiped out the poor dino's

Their bones are preserved through time and sand. Buried under the ground, they land. Until the explorers came and, Dug them out.

Fossils spread far and wide Under the rivers, and, mountains None as much as the deserts of sand None as much as the Gobi desert, its sands preserved time and time again.

Beneath the Bone

ESF King George V School, Tewani, Arden – 12

Earth is our queen, Time is our king, Piecing together our region; And to our prince, evolution... We have never failed.

But together, they weave; A jail in the ground. A buried tomb — now that is found.

The middle kingdom, Where Earth keeps its secrets... Of diamonds and gold; Where Time stands still So do the secrets that remain untold.

And now when They unfold... It is not to come from these flawed lips... but a four feet wide cave aligned with rows of teeth,

of Our ancestors that once roamed the world Our ancestors, who took avatars twice our size And yet flew overhead the skies. Our ancestors, who even still failed the prince, And so he trapped them in ambers of time, freeing them from their vengeance by freezing them in their vengeance. And in The Middle country lies... The titanosaurs screams and cries. Can you hear them, those who failed to oblige.

But our minds, Reflect like glass windows; For We share the same foes. Thoughts ding faster than notifications on our phones. Earth is our queen, Time is our king, learning from our predecessors tale To our prince, evolution, We shall never fail

An Accidental Adventure

ESF King George V School, Yeung, Austin - 11

First Hong Kong dinosaurs fossil was found, Port Island was where the archaeologists dug. News spread around the town, As the scientists celebrated and hugged. Red rocks, mudstones, siltstones, and conglomerates were cracked and shattered.

A 15 cm bone was stuck in a stone. When did this dinosaur live? It was believed to be in between the Cretaceous and Jurassic zone. Was this dinosaur destructive? Big teeth, sharp claws, feathered or rough scale, all of it mattered.

A curious boy decided to sneak in, He took out a big shovel and started to excavate, the places that the palaeontologist have never been. The curious boy believes in his fate, That he will find more fossils that were scattered.

Two eggs were found in between the red rocks and mudstones, The boy jumped and leapt with excitement. He stared at the eggs as they shone, Then held the eggs with delightment. Patting his own shoulders, feeling flattered.

CRACK! The two eggs cracked and hatched, As two baby dinosaurs peeked out of their shells. SQUEAK! The shell came off as they pushed and scratched, As foul as they smell, These two baby dinosaurs surely did not look like attackers.

However, these two were no babies, In no time, they were enormous and ferocious. They sure do not act like lord and ladies, The boy approached the dinosaurs with cautious. Too late! The dinos used their tails like a wacker.

Run, run, as fast as he can. You can't catch me, I am the marathon man! In a glimpse, the boy flee. "Roar!", the baby dinos sounded louder than a firecracker. Continue to excavate, Without any clue what was happening. The palaeontologists might end up on the dinosaur's plate, The dinosaurs were coming, Ready to be the most brutal attacker.

"Stomp!", "Stomp!", "Stomp!" They turned their heads to the big white claws, Ready to bite with a big chomp. The men escaped from the big jaws, Climbing up the awaiting boat through the long ladder.

"Bye-Bye!", "So long" and "farewell!" The boys and the men said "ciao!" With a piece of the eggshell, The news reporters raised their brows. For weeks, this exhilarating discovery has become the subject-matter.

Ode To Mamenchisaurus

ESF Sha Tin College, Lee, Jiyui – 11

Inside the dense jungle near the coastline of China, A single egg starts breaking up, Cracks form around the smooth round surface. As the gentle ancient lizard rises majestically from the remains of the egg And greets the radiant sun with a yawn. The rest of its unborn siblings start to peck their way till the next dawn. They rise like waves from the ocean, With the scorching sun shining on top of their heads.

Ten years later after many of its siblings have died off to either predators or natural causes Off in the distance they see a herd of dinosaurs who stand as tall as mountains When they approach the dinosaurus cautiously, They felt relieved that they found a group of other mamenchisaurus They were told that they would be easy targets because of their long necks which are half of their length

At twentieth of age, it gracefully grows slower than before, head swaying side to side Daily it faces many difficulties like predators or shortage of food. Bu they had rivals, such as a certain pack of Allosaurus that lived close to the shore Getting the best materials and also managing to get kill easily, Luckily they all had built up their survival instincts a long time ago.

At Thirtieth of age, it stops growing majestically after thirty years. It starts to become an old grandpa, its siblings also turning into oldies. In the end the younger generations start making eggs, while the older generations guard the eggs like a lighthouse in the dark.

A few thousand years later after the Jurassic and the late Cretaceous period a meteorite wiped out 1,708 dinos.

A Wisp of Hope

ESF Sha Tin College, Wang, Victoria – 11 They once told me, About the tales of the new and unknown, Fossilizing from beneath the ground. The bones and the skulls, Preserved throughout centuries.

They once told me, About what those puny little skeleton fossils, About what the deceased remains of those moth—eaten creatures, About what extinct, antique, bygone things, Could do to the financial world.

They once told me, How archeologist would dig in the fertile lands of Yunnan, Praying and hoping, That they could find what they desired. That they could uncover and discover, The new age of Chinese dinosaurs.

Their desire,

Their pain,

Their only one aspiration.

Carried away on the gentle breeze,

On the tiny wisp of hope floating and floating...

Towards the unknown.

The Dinosaur Revolution

ESF Sha Tin College, Wong, Yan Chun Shannon – 13

In the country of China, A nation of rare fossil discoveries. For millions of years, it was home to the most unique animals of fears – dinosaurs: the microraptor, Protoceratops, Oviraptorosaurs, Yinlong and Guanlong

The microraptor, a deadly carnivore a small, four—winged dinosaur who flew to and fro lived from 120 to 125 million years ago. The microraptor was a dangerous species, Among all the other beasties With its sharp, curved claws and narrow front wings Among all other things Allowing them to parachute from trees to the ground Without any sound Ready to ambush and attack their prey.

The Protoceratops, a small dinosaur with a bigger bulky, barrel shaped figure was a dinosaur living from 71 to 86 million years ago It had a large head compared to its body which made it quite stocky with a parrot like beak and short legs like four sturdy pegs Its powerful jaw muscles protruding were capable of producing hefty bites

In Ganzhou, southern China A 66 million years old embryo was discovered It was believed to be an oviraptorosaur or the key to becoming a toothless theropod dinosaur The dinosaur rests at Yingliang Stone Nature History Museum in China, which is one of the best.

A Song Of Shadows And Stone

ESF West Island School, You, Dora - 11

I dig gently, In shadows of the earth, where silence holds secrets.

The sun shines on my back as I brush away dirt, connecting dots of history a giant's foot, the echo of a roar.

I wonder, what skies did they roam? What storms raged above them? Each piece tells a story, a snapshot of life, gone but not forgotten.

I hold history in my hands, breathless at the past tiny fragments, vast worlds, Buried memories of towering beasts.

Yet I ponder what it means to reach across time to touch the ancient, to feel the pulse of creation in my palm, lost and found in a tapestry woven with the threads of existence. In the rustle of paper and pencil, as I record each find, I knit together past and present, a world of wonder emerges, not from fairy tales, but from the ground, where death's embrace protects the whispers of giants, waiting for a voice to sing their stories anew.

Whispers of a Lost World

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Liu, Sophie – 12 In ancient lands under a darkening sky, A baby dinosaur wanders alone. The earth shakes, and fire fills the air, Its parents lost in the chaos.

Small and scared, it searches, Through shadows of a crumbling world. The stars weep, As the sky falls in torrents of flame.

Lost in a realm of roaring destruction, The tiny creature trembles in fear. Its eyes wide with the weight of impending doom, A witness to the end drawing near.

Through the haze of smoke and ash, It stumbles, a lone survivor in despair. Innocence shattered by the fateful chaos, A witness to nature's ruthless flare.

As the asteroid's waltz unravels, The baby dinosaur braves the blaze. A relic from a time long past, In the twilight of an ancient maze.

Extinction

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Lui-Schwille, Tristan - 14

In a scorched earth and decayed land, each movement made with careful hands. The diggers were persistent, clawing at the sands, reaching for what lay beneath.

Sand becomes stone, then stone became bone, old bones. Warped by heat and buried with time, Pieces of history from long before human hands arrived, now all was seared to ash... Crushed beneath the weight of a falling sun.

A shattered ribcage, A skull deformed

there a once great creature lay, broken, blameless

The Chinese Dragon Bird was the name they chose for this creature And now they rested

How long would it be, they thought, before their own bones would be discovered Or would they be obscured by a new calamity, But this time of their own making.

Dinosaurs of the Ages

Harrow International School Shanghai, Karvandi, Tiantian – 12

Sunlight streams through venerable trees, Golden light spilling on feathers fair. Predators prowl with elegant ease, In pleasant winds and refreshing air.

Yutyrannus roars with regal might, Wrapped in a blanket of fuzzy down, Wearing a crown both bold and bright, Not of scales, but of a soft warm brown.

Caudipteryx races through the forest shade, Its plumed tail sways, so swift and light. Clawed feet flee as the shadows fade, With a dance of speed in the dying night.

Microraptor glides through the midnight sky, Its wings stretched out, so dark and wide. Four limbs lift it, soaring high, A phantom where the darkness hides.

In lands of old, these reptiles roam far and wide, Fierce and fearsome, ferocious and fast. Though their vibrant colours have long died, They remain the feathered wonders of the past.

Awaiting, Awaking

Heep Yunn School, Liu, Xuan Ting Jessica – 13

In the era of prehistoric beasts, When shadows dance and ancient echoes call. Kill, Hunt, And roar, Wherever and whenever you please!

> Beneath the Great Wall's watchful eye, Tales of sacred dragons flowed Through misty valleys and streets.

> > Hiss. Swoosh! Whoosh. Shush! Listen to the whispers of the sky.....

Enigmas unmasked, past unearthed. Now they lie in the heart of bustling cities, Waiting, waiting, waiting..... For sunlight to shine on them once again.

In China's realm, where fossils lie deep, A farmer's find stirred history from sleep. Sinosauropteryx, the dragon bird's song, Unveiled a world where ancient dreams throng.

Cultural symbols of strength and of grace, Dinosaurs remind us of nature's fierce race. Inspiring awe, they ignite curiosity, Bridging past and present, they shape our identity.

With each excavation, new tales arise, Secrets of giants that time can't disguise. What stories of struggle, of survival, and flight, Will these ancient echoes unveil in their light?

It

Heep Yunn School, Lui, Yin Tung - 13

On a silent night in the Taklamakan Desert, a team of archaeologists were searching for a bone. An innocent fellow leaves alone and unravels the buried throne. Little did he know...

As he slips through dirt and tons of stone, He finds a hole and enters the unknown. The dim light flashes at intervals, lighting his way towards its funeral. Little did he know...

Slowly cautiously walks alone, There lies a footprint shown. He takes out a brush and brooms it with care, and meticulously unravels a devil's stare. Little did he know...

He brushes and polishes and does his affairs, unravelling mysterious ancient remains and handles with care. With salty sweat dripping down his pearl-black hair, Oh boy be aware, the buried king finally reaches the air. But little did he know...

The dinosaur seems to be a carnivore, said the crew in groups of four. And tries to revive the remains of a fossil destroyed by nature without complaints. Joy fills the Jiangxi Laboratory, unaware of the minor movements of the monarch's remains. Little did they know...

Allotment of death is controlled by nature, And even destroys the king in major. And once changed everything back into dust and vapour, And saved the Earth from further danger.

However,

Little did they know, about their foolish act of human nature, furthered triggered the tyrant from far under, Secrets of the past slowly escape the pressure, And once again awakens the ruthless conqueror.

Little did they know, what is under the moving bone, and what consequences they will face alone. Yes, something exciting is yet to come. Oh boy do not moan, there's still something we can do so that we can stop the unknown.

Take the bone to its original position, and cover the remains with polished stone. Oh boy do not moan, there will be a solution to the problem known. But little did you know...

The Thief of Devil's Helmets

HKUGA College, Chloe, Sze – 15

A garden filled with Aconitum flowers: Monkshoods, Wolfsbanes or Devil's Helmets. But all disappeared in a moment, Who could be the thief stealing in a second?

Indigo, violet, plum, purple... Appealing leaves under each petal. Swallowing Devil's Helmets the poisonous snack, Transforming its body into lilac! Chewing and gulping; Mouth–watering but death–dealing.

Its neck and tail are long but not to fail, As a snake likes placing its head on its tail. When its gleaming eyes close three quarters of a day, It is a spiral shell in the clay! Swirling and whirling; Snoring and groaning.

Climbing, climbing up the mountains for a dream, Claw prints left on places that could make you scream! Dreaming of touching the clouds and sky, With stars sparkling that led to a cry! Falling and holding; Chasing and catching .

With rabbits, squirrels and the King Turtle, Playing together as usual. Friends struggling on its slippery back with shame, Its pointy shiny horn serves as the finishing point of the game. Crawling and sliding; tickling and giggling.

But in all friends Lilacsaurus's favourite are the moles, Spending lots of time together dealing with the chores. Stomping the ground with its big feet, Moles hiding to avoid the dinosaurs' beat. Digging and covering; Watching and searching.

Coming into sight in China, where Devil's Helmets are seen everywhere. Lilacsaurus, a new star of dinosaurs, Shining with beams of light and roars!

China's Dinosaurs

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Lau, Tsun Hin Cavan – 13 The Confucius is a small dinosaur. It has big light wings like a modern bird. It is a fierce predator to other animals. It originated from Asia somewhere near China. It is known to have devolved into a smaller bird. Its wings are known to be beautiful and blue. Its current version of the bird is near to the size of a crow. It was especially small and considered a carnivorous. It only eats specific and weaker smaller organisms. It is nearly as small as your bare feet. It is very agile and very fast. It is a quick snack for larger predators. Its bones were first found in China. This prehistoric dinosaur bird went extinct millions of years ago. It has fierce teeth to eat food. It also eats its green vegetables if there are no live prey. This is a very special and unique dinosaur.

Ancient Unknown

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Yau, Choi Lam Chelsea – 13 An old farmer was plowing his fields, When he stumbles upon a pit that yields, Bone. A big pile of the ancient unknown. He brushes away the dirt, revealing a skull, Of a giant that once roamed his land majestic and full.

In China's lush, verdant valleys where giants play, Joyous spaces thrived, in the sunlit array. Herd roamed beneath the skies so bright, Looking majestic under the pure light. They feasted on grass and basked in the sun, Life flourished like it was never done.

But a shadow drew near, Tremor of warning and shakes of fear. A comet came crashing, with fires in the wake, The ground shook and the earth began to quake. In the havoc, some fought to survive, Yet none made it out alive.

Echoes of thunder, a roar of despair, Once so joyous, now with no spare.

Their Days, Our Days

Hong Kong International School, Chow, Jolie – 13

The past of the Vast– Vibrant– Vibration.

The bright feathers of the Sinornithosaurus, Soaring through the air; Orange and white– Blinding and alluring to its prey.

The wise Confuciusornis for its years, Hunting on a carnivorous diet; Colourful and petite– To be wished as frail and fearful but never will be.

The dream-like Yutyrannus, Feared as a fearsome tyrant; Strong and murderous-The fearless hunter of the strapping Sauropods.

The spined Tuojiangosaurus, Larger than one could dream of reaching; Long-lived and armoured-Herbivorous but strong: dangerous.

Steps of the Dinosauria: left=right. leftright. Run.

The present of the Enormal– Exhilarating– Extinction.

We are the Sapiens on this Earth, Breaking every pattern: Of nature– Smaller. Weaker.

Steps of the Homosapien: left-right... right-left. Fall. Left; right; Down.

With a deafening roar capable of killing a Man— For survival... humans... We cannot compare!

The fall of the Golden Age of the Gods, A discreet hubris for humanity to worship... themselves?

Then the Sinosauropteryx of China: the national pride of palaeontology. the bones of a creature we use to admire... ourselves?

In the present with our semiconductors and chips, Our machine guns and kitchen knives and bioweapons— Comparison is out of the question.

We bring our love to the battlefield: Meek and unwilling but over-compliant. As They bring their pain and anguish: Fiery and burning like the killer meteor.

'Intelligent beings.' 'Compassionate beings.' 'We are the higher beings.' Us- the homo-sapien?

Yes, I did say– We are the Sapiens on this Earth, Breaking every pattern: Of nature! But perhaps if we show respect: to the extinct but rageful, to the loud but eloquent, Nature will get back into its rhythm.

Their day Has passed, And Our days Present.

I intent on imagining myself in the eyes of a creature as such like Them: grand, elegant, vicious. And I find myself at a loss.

How beautiful a creature. How tragic a creature. How beautifully tragic. How tragically beautiful.

Ancient China

International Christian School, Tsang, Yik Fei Faye – 12

Up the hills, across the land.

Where China sits still,

fossils cupped in ancient hands.

Winged creatures that soared so high.

Now glide through stone,

resting in a frozen sky.

Soft white clouds, boundless blue.

Clear as glass,

bright as stars.

Now in the rocks,

where we find them.

What now remains is bones,

but we see a historical past.

Where they glide as high as their wings can take them.

Where they feel so free,

with no one to disturb them.

Now they rest in our hands.

What we now see is history,

and we won't hold back on what we see, think, and do.

As we look forward to what ancient stories they will tell.

A Timeless Legacy - New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

King's College, Lau, Grayson - 12

They roamed on the land long before our time, Carnivores and herbivores alike roared. Dinosaurs whose names always ring sublime, Triceratops fought, Microraptors soared.

They ruled the world across all continents, China standing out as proud as can be. The epicenter for hunting remnants, Hidden wonders set one's mind ever free.

Sinosauropteryx, titanosaurs, Mighty pterosaurs which once filled the air. From China's depths, there lay keys to all doors, Revealing glories of a past so rare.

Though ages fade, their legacy remains, In every mind, the ancient world sustains.

Dinosaur Poem

Korean International School, Mitchell, Declan – 12

Gigantic creatures that lived long ago.
Comes from the sky a dangerous glow.
Oh those poor dinosaurs that lived long ago.
Millions of years pass by on Earth.
Evolution, technology, new species take birth.
Big skeletons and bones are found.
Seen all around the world, scattered in the ground.
But not completely everywhere.
For China still has some more to spare.
It may not be glanced at as much.
But when it is, people find quite a bunch.
Home to the longest dinosaur neck.
That must have given quite a check!
Our knowledge on these dinosaurs grows and grows.
Our knowledge on the gigantic creatures that lived long ago.

A Titan of A Tale

Korean International School, Ng, Shing Hei Marcus – 12

In a world where ancient tales echoed, A humble farmer set his abode. A farmer's job needs sweat, tears and toil. But that's when he uncovered legends from the soil. A Sinosauropteryx, 'the China dragon bird'

Indeed, it had secrets that were blurred. In Liaoning, a wondrous solved mystery. 40 found species that shaped history. Near the hills of Jiangxi, under the sun. Reveal a titan, a new tale begun. A lot of excitement awaiting to be unveiled. Glorious stories that legendary fossils tell.

A Poem for China's Dinosaurs

Korean International School, Phillips, Alisha – 12

The country of China is the place to look So one day we can write a book They have some long and ginormous names Don't worry if you spell it wrong, it's just a game No matter big or small, they all had tiny brains If they lived today, they would rule the plains Fossils hunting is the key and China is the place It makes a lot of sense as there is SO MUCH space

In Ancient Places

Korean International School, Wong, Ching Yuk Dylan – 12

In ancient places

Where you can see dinosaurs faces

T-Rex was there

Aprocht if you dare

They were fierce and bold

While velociraptors were swift and cold

Now in china

All over the media

You can see dinosaurs bones

As they are old as stone

China Dinosaurs

Korean International School, Wong, Sze Nga Jaycee – 12

With revolting feet that sends chills down your spine.

to fierce fangs that glimmer and shine.

Remains firm in an upright stance.

Makes you shake with dread when it gives you a glance.

Xu Xing's Journey through time

Korean International School, Yim, Yan Loi Elka – 12

In the cradle of ancient stone, Xu Xing discovers secrets, calling fossils home. With brush in hand, he sculpts the past zone. In the dance of bones and stones, the past comes alive, never alone.

With wisdom of ages, Xu Xing walks the ancient ground, In every fragment of history, questions vibrate in his head, wondering the covered secrets. Xu Xing the seeker, with a heart filled with dreams. His legacy will forever rouse.

Deep Down in the Earth

Korean International School, Young, Yat Long Alvin – 11

Dig, dig, dig, deep down in the earth.

For days, months, years, and ages, paleontologists' faces are flooded with dust and tiredness. North, East, South, West, upon the sky and down to the earth... they gained nothing. Holding brushes, hammers, and shovels, searching for dinosaur fossils... they found nothing. Not to give up, paleontologists!

Stepping on the stones, thinking of their homes, the paleontologists are staring at a hole. A shy agleam fossil hiding in the dirt of the sand in Xinjiang shone.

They roll up their sleeves, use all the tools they have, and start to dig, dig, dig... but the dinosaur fossil is so shy that it doesn't want to reveal its face.

Hauling and hauling up the dirt by the friendly paleontologists, the fossil becomes eager to welcome the warm sunshine with a smiling face.

They carefully reveal the fossil bit by bit as if it were a newborn baby.

It is a dinosaur head! It is a dinosaur neck! It is a dinosaur tail!

Paleontologists assemble pieces and pieces like a jigsaw puzzle. They are over the moon, their eyes are filled with tears and joy.

Since then, more fossils have been found in different places in China.

Dig, dig, dig, deep down the earth, dinosaurs fossil is coming!

Gentle Giant- Titanosaur

Malvern College Hong Kong, CHAN, Hei Yui Adna – 12

Although I am strong, I am not mighty.Although I am tall, I cannot brawl.I wander through the trees,Through echoes of the tribe, of family,Who left me behind.Unlike the rest of them, I am not a titan.I am only a gentle giant after all.

Shadows grow long, while mountains grow tall. As the wind carries echoes, all my voices stop. I tread through the valley, footsteps like thunder. But in reality, I only eat cucumbers. With each heavy step, a flower is born. But I am only a gentle giant after all.

My legacy survives, while others thrive. I lie in soil, where I once kneeled with purpose. But now as I lie, I am just worthless. While the echoes stop, once and for all. My eyes close, ready to thaw. I am only a gentle giant after all.

But after a while, they've come to get me. All the way, from the East. With their long claws and sharp teeth. They hunt the trees, flowers and everything underneath. Like meat eaters, who come out to feast. They dig us up, display us to perform. Clean us up, to see who has more. But what can I do? I am just a gentle giant after all.

The Passengers of History

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Chow, Sonja Kit – 12

It doesn't feel right to say this is the beginning of an end, because we wouldn't know if there would be an ending. It feels more precise to say this is the beginning of a lost beginning.

I walk into the dark museum in Chengdu, but it wasn't just a museum to me. It felt like a cave of emotions, a place where mysteries were stored, and where time has stopped. The dinosaurs from the ancient times, Looked exactly like what I imagined. The leftover of their bones, As tall as my room door. The bones looked fragile, on the verge of snapping. There were different bones, Some were pieced together like a complete puzzle, Others were only made of a few bones.

The t-rex caught my attention because it was bigger than other dinosaurs, and it didn't look like it was lacking some parts, like the other ones, it showed confidence and it looked like the t-Rex ruled the world. I felt fear coming out of me, and it was intimidating, even as a skeleton.

The eyes of the t-rex intinidated me, Although it was just a hole, it was vast, even though it looked empty, and it was empty, I still felt it staring into my soul. I felt as if the head of bones would turn to my direction, and run into me. It felt like a connection, one that scared me, even if it's just a skeleton. When I look into the dinosaur, its emotions, like fear or loneliness startled me. I have never been lonely, surrounded by people who love me. But the dinosaur didn't feel the same, I could feel its separation and loneliness, because it was transferred to me, when I looked at him in the eye, even if it was just a skeleton.

Many people had theories, about why dinosaurs became extinct, One about where there was a giant tsunami, during their roam, and because the dinosaurs didn't know how to swim, they all died drowning, but it was just a theory, or was it? Their separation and loneliness, Was separated as they slowly sink into the water, Catching their last breath of pity, And their last tear of pain, And you can see all that with the human eye, Even if it was just a skeleton.

We are the passengers of history, although it looks as if the dinosaurs' journey has ended, but nothing is really gone.

Whispers of the Ancients

Singapore International School Hong Kong, Chew, Ho En Ashley – 14 Sinraptor Dongi, named after me, an honour, as the world's most prolific dinosaur namer.

Part 1: 1987, Xinjiang

Fossils stood frozen in ash ash that told her stories, hibernated, forgotten, left behind in countless yesterdays.

Awakened by my curious hands.

I laid on the soft sand, resisting the tide of gale, threatening to surge her away.

My fingertips pressed against her bare bones, anchoring her to the grainy floor. Yet she seemed to anchor me, drawing me to her core.

I felt it, her heartbeat, a pulse against the odds.

I heard them, secrets of her past their voices flooding my mind.

Rejuvenated, yet disoriented, I pondered: Who are you?

Part 2: 1994, Institute of Vertebrate Paleontology and Paleoanthropology, Beijing

Carefully settled on the motorized table, and guided through rings of X-ray beam, hoping she too, would guide me back to the reality she once lived in:

I saw her.

Under Pangea's severed spine, where the earth rumbled and peeled, an agile dragon hunted, among others roaming the massive field.

With limbs disproportionate to her lengthy hind, her jagged teeth tore the prey, dwarfing grayish pines, crushing them out of the way.

Suddenly distracted by a flicker of light—trees burning afar, consumed by a lethal flame.

As she watched the blazing asteroid descend, how did she feel, sensing her kind might never see the sun rise again?

Part 3: October 2024, Beijing

Still curious, how glad I am, as I breathe my last. Her echo spans: "I am Sinraptor Dongi, a dragon who roamed Middle–earth, a witness to the unknown past."

I see her, again. Am I dreaming? Or is she dreaming of me? A dragon's whisper, trapped in eternity.

Epilogue:

Forty years, the golden age of Chinese paleontology, propelling Chinese dinosaurs to global forefront.

For future generations carrying on my life's work, an AI dawn has landed— I know, my ancient friends are in good hands.

To my dearest Sinraptor Dongi, I ask: What lies in the next excavation? A piece of the puzzle they shall soon uncover.

A Chinese Paleontologist's Ode to Sinraptor Dongi

Singapore International School Hong Kong, Lye, Yuxin - 13

No sound is heard in this village. No one will notice, no one will hear.

Only the sound of hands and thoughts, digging deep into ancient earth, uncovering fragments of the past, small pieces that belonged to something larger, whispers of lost worlds, echoes of giants.

A tale spins of shadows and hidden truths, of civilizations that coexisted with dinosaurs, not merely relics, but keys to secrets long obscured beneath layers of time.

In the heart of this village, there lived a girl named Mei. Curiosity sparked in her bright eyes, she often wandered the hills, searching for treasures, dreaming of the day she would unearth a secret of her own.

One afternoon, while playing among the trees, she stumbled upon a glint in the soil, a small fossil half—buried, the curved shape reminiscent of a claw, a reminder of the titans that once roamed.

No sound is heard when the truth is shouted. They will not hear it when it rises.

Mei carried the fossil to the elders, but their faces blanched, as if she had unearthed a ghost. "Put it back," they whispered, "before it stirs the past." But the discovery only fueled her quest; Mei needed to know more.

Legends soon filled her ears, tales of guardians intertwined with giants, protectors of powerful wisdom buried within bones an echo of a time when humans and dinosaurs shared the earth. She learned of a prophecy: when the balance is tipped, the ancient protectors would rise again. For mankind cannot begin to realize that with each fossil, a new question arises, etchings on ancient stone tell stories of survival and forgotten conflicts, those fragments of a life larger than imagination, roles woven into a cosmic tapestry, a civilization buried, now awakening.

Caution echoed in the stillness of the village. After hearing her tales, the elders warned her, "Do not disturb them. The spirits will not rest."

But Mei's heart raced with possibilities. At night, she studied maps and old texts, braving the silence to decipher the past. What if her village sat atop a hidden valley, home to the very guardians of the dinosaurs?

One fateful evening, guided by faint whispers on the wind, she ventured to the cliffs where the earth felt alive, and began to dig. At her feet, bones emerged large, ancient, and undeniably real.

With each layer she peeled back, the whispers grew louder, urging her on. Finally, an enormous skull emerged, its features majestic, the eyes of the ancient world staring back at her. In that moment, Mei understood this was not just a discovery, but a connection to a world that had been.

No one will ever hear it when it's shouted. They will not listen when it breaks the silence.

But there, in the cone of her flashlight, she felt the presence of the guardians, watchful and wise, embracing her curiosity. She realized her fate was intertwined with theirs.

Agents of authority hovered like dark clouds, veils of disguise in lab coats, arriving at dawn to investigate the findings, fearful of what might be unearthed. "What truths do they fear?" Mei pondered, "Am I alone in this?" We stand where titans once roamed, unaware of the prophecy whispering through the grass, when the Earth will remember, when ancient protectors rise once more, and the balance of power shifts, echoing the cries of winds long forgotten.

It shouts through the silence. It echoes through the past.

It shouts to remind us of truths unspoken, woven into the largest tapestry of history. In the soil's embrace, these mysteries await, for those brave enough to unearth the legends, to reclaim the gifts of a time lost to fear.

Mei stood at the cusp of discovery, surrounded by bones that told stories, and in her heart, she believed that the day would come when the world would listen. No one will ever listen when it's shouted. They will never heed the echoes of the past.

They will only listen when it is silent, and when the winds no longer carry whispers from a time when giants walked the earth. But Mei, with courage ignited in her, would not let that happen. She would ensure that the voices of the past were heard again, awakening the guardians of a world long forgotten.

Dinosaurs and Fossils

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Cheung, King Yiu – 12

Dinosaur fossils, buried in the ground. Under the hot sun, Waiting to be found.

Many shapes and sizes, from different creatures. From walking like T–Rex's, to soaring like vultures.

> Many places on Earth, the fossils reside. Only bones left, as people described.

Still many more fossils, left uncovered. But many of them, have already been discovered.

Whispers of Time

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chow, Hei Tung - 14

In the heart of ancient lands, Where secrets of time lie, Detectives worked gently, Beneath the wide, blue sky.

With tools of gentle hands, Tales unearthed were told, Of titans that once roamed here, In ages vast and bold.

Within Liaoning's treasures, Feathered dreams take flight, A marvel was Sinosauropteryx, In the morning's golden light.

Then in Jiangxi, a giant risen, A titanosaur now anew, Its bones whispering stories, Of a world that it once knew.

Each fossil, a time capsule, Each shard, a breath of time, Painting pictures of the past, None else could ever mime.

With every careful dig, And every dusted find, We stitch the fabric of history, In the tapestry of time.

Dear China, land of wonders, Your treasures yet abound, In the echoes of the ancients, A symphony is found.

So let the world remember, As time goes by and strive, That within the earth's embrace, The past is still alive.

Tales of Ancient Giants

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Hau, Hiu Yau Oyumi – 13

Dinosaur fossils, buried in the ground. Under the hot sun, Waiting to be found.

Many shapes and sizes, from different creatures. From walking like T–Rex's, to soaring like vultures.

> Many places on Earth, the fossils reside. Only bones left, as people described.

Still many more fossils, left uncovered. But many of them, have already been discovered.

Life Long Ago

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Higasi, Alexa Grace - 12

In the heart of China, we explore, The remains of those who lived before. Fossils lie shimmering in layers of gold, Secrets of ages in stories unfold.

Dig deep into the ancestral soil, But be careful, as we don't want to spoil, The mystical species we discover, And age-old relics we uncover.

Close your eyes and hear the earth sing, Feel the presence of prehistoric spring. Their ancient bones buried in the ground, Them and the earth are forever bound.

Paleontologists watch in awe, As they caress a T–Rex's claw. At night, they dream with starlit eyes, Unveiling the past where the remarkable lies.

Where magical velociraptors sing, In the divine colours of spring, The whispers of giants weave through the land, They live in harmony, hand in hand.

So let their tales spread in the breeze, Stories of how they roamed with ease. Mysteries of the past are revealed from below, But there's still much to know about life long ago

The Tales of China's dinosaurs

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Ogawa, Yuno – 12

Dinosaurs, mysterious creatures, Countless secrets about them, Palaeontologists work day and night, Trying to discover a hidden jem,

Dinosaur means "terrible lizard", Hunting, predator, prey, Carnivorous, herbivorous, omnivorous, Dangers every day,

China, discoveries everywhere, Mountains, forests, streams and rivers Dinosaurs wander here and there, Spotted prey, shivers,

Fossils, bones and skeletons, Discoveries on all sides, Excavating specimens, All around, far and wide.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Oh, Jia Wei - 14

In the olden days, A farmer sowed, sowed his land, For his crops and stock.

Dug, dug fertile soil, His shovel hit a hard mass, Stabile treasure.

The wings of dragons, The remnant feathers of birds. Bones were discovered.

Centuries later, Many followed the farmer, In pursuit of bones.

Treasures were unearthed. Bones of creatures, big and small, Discoveries made.

> Fossils were studied. Amazing stories were told. Since the farmer sowed.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Pang, Daniel - 13

In mountains high and forests deep, Dinosaurs roamed, their secrets to keep. Longnecks stretched to reach the leaves, While swift Raptors danced like thieves.

Fossils hidden beneath the ground, Whisper stories of giants found. A young explorer, brave and keen, Uncovers tales of what's unseen.

Legends of dragons soar up high, Maybe dinosaurs—who knows why? In China's heart, where history sings, The spirit of these giants still brings.

New Tales of China's Dinasaurs

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Santos, Kylie Ann – 13
The shadows of Liaoning's fields play,
The farmers' hard work turns earth away.
Beneath the soaked soil, the treasure lies,
Villagers heard the whispers of time, ancient sighs.

Its feathers under sunlit beams, A new breed wakes from its dreams. Sinosauropteryx, lost from the past, Trapped in the old times,a spell was casted.

With each discovery, more tales unfold, Of dinosaurs roaming, its purpose bold. Pterosaurs dance under azure skies, These titanic creatures attracted curious eyes.

In Jiangxi, a new fossil gleams, Echoing the past, of its long-lost dreams. Each bone speaks, their voice profound, China, where wonders surround.

Ancient Treasure Under the Ground

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yau, Ho Yee Chloe - 12

Everything has happened before many seasons, the sun rises and sinks more than a hundred thousand. It might be a dream or just fantasy, as being a dinosaur is never too easy. Hoping someday I can be discovered from the soil, as staying under this dark and tight environment makes me feel turmoil.

Everything has happened before many seasons, I was still a small and tiny living creature. I opened my eyes and saw my life—long teacher. My father and mother looked at me with pure joy. They gave me a small bird as my toy. I knew it must be a good world for me to enjoy.

Everything has happened before many seasons, I was still a small and tiny living creature. I lived inside a beautifully decorated place. Surrounded by magnificent scenery and a lovely face. As I was still small, my mother helped me to stand. From her help, I could finally make some friends.

Everything has happened before many seasons, I became a strong and healthy creature. I flew towards the ocean to meet the endless sea. I flew through vast grasslands and felt so free. Flying to the North was always my dream. However, all of my friends thought I was weird.

Everything happened before many seasons, I became a strong and healthy creature. I spent some of my time playing tricks with my friends. I spent some of my time sleeping in the arms of my mother. I laid on the grass and looked at the sapphire sky. I knew it was the time to say goodbye.

I opened my eyes, and I discovered that I was in a snuffy soil. Just as I couldn't breathe, I nearly cried. Some strange creature pushed aside the mud and looked at me with tears. They used their tool to dig me out of the soil. And I can finally meet the lovely world without fear.

The Tale of The Sinosauropteryx

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yu, Nim Ka Yoga - 12

Sinosauropteryx, a feathered wonder, Roamed the ancient lands, a sight to ponder. With its delicate plumage and slender frame, This creature from the past, a prehistoric fame.

Its feathers, a mosaic of hues so bright, Adorned its body, a captivating sight. Tiny teeth and claws, a predator's tool, Sinosauropteryx, a dinosaur so cool.

Fossils reveal its secrets, a window to the past, Shedding light on a world that could not last. This feathered dinosaur, a link to our past, Inspires awe and wonder, a legacy that will last.

Jehol Biota

St. Paul's Co-Educational College, Fu, Man Hei Hayden - 12

No one would have expected Eastern lands of China Would play a pivotal role in palaeontology.

The Jehol Biota. An entire preserved ecosystem dating from the Cretaceous period. Liaoning Province in China proudly bears host to it. Exceptional preservation enables scientists to study it in depth. Snapshot of history when the dinosaurs still ruled the Earth.

Oh, how the world's eyes bulged and the world's jaws dropped For feathered dinosaurs emerged from slabs of stone.

Crucial in understanding the evolution of birds How feathers' purpose shifted Insulation to flight Not possible! Deniers cried And now, where did their voices go? So let us now drink to a new era of paleontology!

Dashing through forests In the pursuit of their prey No one dared to Oust them in their prime Swiftly they soared All day along Until one day... Rest is history Savour the days when you reign unopposed, humans!

Unveiling of Bones

St. Paul's Convent School, Mok, Hoi Ching Valerie - 14

Night fell.

Velvet black wings enveloped Liaoning, Like a mother gently hushing her newborn. A fiery flambeau slow danced with the dark. He fidgeted with his straw hat, afraid to be seen, And shuffled into the cave of his newfound infatuation. His heart had been content in the soil But started to crave for what lay beneath it. Trembling flesh uncovered What the soft earth was protecting-A tangle of fragile ivory. Startled by its weathered glare, he fell Into a world of colossal predators, gargantuan and baleful, Of runty menaces, minute but habile With eager talons and mischievous claws, Some streaked with brazen russet or striking gold Others with serene brown or soothing grey. Winged ones became fine quills of the sky, Gliding and swooping, a ballet of the eventide, Bristled tails swinging to and fro, restlessness undisguised. Those without were deified as kings of the land, With stomping feet and glorious feasts, With roars of triumph and cries of cruelty-Nascent rays bounced off the bumps on the wall. He looked out. But, alas, What prevailed Was merely a mysterious tale From a heap of bones.

The Pride of the East

St. Paul's Convent School, Shing, Ping Ting Audrey - 13

In the depths of the earth's embrace, I thrived, A whisper of a time when brilliance shined. I remember, oh, how I roared, Through sun-drenched fields, vibrant and unchained. With feathers delicate, a silhouette so fine, Built for the hunt, I stomped with pride. I felt the earth, warm and alive, A cradle of secrets, where dreams would thrive.

The clouds turned gray, filled with fear, A rumble erupted, the earth quaked near. I huddled tight, my family felt fright, In shaking shadows, we faced the night. Flames rained down, the heavens split wide, A world turned to ashes, a sorrowful tide. Whispers of terror, a chilling song, As chaos took over, we ran from the wrong.

Now, the dust is gently swept aside, Unveiling tales of a bright past. In a luminous chamber, I stand with pride, Children gaze, their eyes sparkling fast. They point and wonder, filled with delight, At the remnants of what once sparkled bright. With fierce talons ready, I reached for the sky, A fleeting echo of days gone by.

Look closely, dear ones, can you sense In every shard, a pulse that calls? Each fossil cradles a story immense, In quiet layers, where time enthralls. Remember us, the mighty and the lost, We lived, we loved, we roamed this shore. In the echoes of your inquisitive gaze, Uncover our essence, wild and evermore.

Pay attention, friends, can you feel In every piece, a heartbeat that speaks? Each fossil holds a tale so real, In soft layers, where time quietly peaks. Remember us, the grand and lost, We roared, we chased, we roamed this coast. In echoes of your curious gaze, Discover our spirit, wild and ablaze. So treasure the bones, let the tales unfold, In every fragment, a universe to behold. For in the stillness, we continue to share, Through ages and stone, our spirits lay bare. As the Pride of the East, we long to ascend, A legacy in fossils that will never end.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

St. Paul's Convent School, Tee, Ava – 12

In the centre of China, where secrets lie. Fossil whispers echo beneath the sky. In fields once plowed by a farmer's hand, The first feathered dinosaur took its stand.

Sinosauropteryx, the dragon bird. In ancient tales, its name is heard. A marvel of nature, cloaked in time, With plumes that shimmered, a sight so sublime.

From Liaoning's depths, a treasure untold. Forty species of wonders from ages old. Pterosaurs glide on wings strong and bright. Guardians of history, in endless flight.

Now in Jiangxi, the titanosaur wakes. A giant emerging from legend's great stakes. Each layer of earth holds stories profound, Of majestic creatures that once roamed around.

Paleontologists dream of what lies ahead. In valleys and mountains where giants once tread. With every new finding, excitement ignites. In the dance of the past, where history unites.

So let us celebrate this wondrous quest, For in China's embrace, the fossils find rest. With each tale that surfaces, the ancient unfolds.

A saga of dinosaurs, in whispers retold.

The Eastern Fossil Paradise

St. Paul's Convent School, Chan, Wan Sum Jasmine - 13

Three decades ago, what was formerly unknown was discovered fortuitously, then revealed and shown.

A feathered fossil, first of its own kind. It was influential, the especially fine Sinosauropteryx.

The flying dragon bird of China, what came next, in the Liaoning province? More than twenty-four pterosaurs winged reptiles, flap flap! Look how far they've soared!

Don't worry, fossil-hunting is yet to be senile. Lately in Jiangxi, there's been another discovery of a special species!

If you wonder what it is, titanosaurs—Stomp! The largest of them all.

Like the layers beneath the oceans, there are still so many possibilities lying in the sedimentary rocks of China.

"What'll be found? What'll come next?" question the general public, "In the homeland of the legendary sinosauropteryx?" Perhaps in a more recent account, when fossils of the ornithischians were discovered on Hong Kong's Port Island

How many years do they date back to? Sixty-six million, such old reptilians!

"What'll be found? What'll come next?" question the general public, "In the homeland of the legendary sinosauropteryx?"

Sauropods, tyrannosaurs and hadrosaurs, microraptors, yinlongs and so much more, All found in China, the core of discoveries of dinosaurs. What's more?

Phantom of the Eastern echoes

St. Paul's Secondary School, Chow, Ho Ching Kristy - 14

Theropods scurrily soar A glance of life in distant gloom Liaoning is guarding its bloom Earth is sighing with the ancient folklore Sichuan mourns on its history page

Oh, prehistoric sculptors of a bygone page For they sway and twirl in China's stage

Daring dinosaurs in emerald timberland In the carving of fate in wonderland Navigating as adventurers in muddy cage Once conquered the cyan blue kage Sinosauropteryx gazed in shadows Arrogant T-rex in fierce tide Urging towards the heart of blaze in wide Ridge in the Eastern ride Silence whispers through the jade-green hills

History of Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Chan, Ting Hei Ian – 13

Every dinosaur Once an egg Extinct for millions of years Once dominators of the ancient world Beasts feared by every creature But now forgotten in history Bones crushed under pressure To liquid golden fossil fuel Their bones Still underground Waiting to be discovered Their bones Resting in museums Their bones Held as artifacts Their bones A doorway to ancient times In the end Underground Where they shall lie Resting under our feet While their souls rest in the sky

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Geng, Yi Nuo Natalie – 13

In China's ancient history, secrets lie. Mysterious bones await discovery. Their existence a sign of an ancient architect

Centuries pass and then, Unearthed from the deep darkness, A forgotten power that roamed the earth.

Fierce, fearless, and free A sign of power but now Blueprints of sorrow

An extinction of life, Like the demise of power. Fossils of forgotten wisdom.

Examine the past Where mysteries are solved, And see into our future.

Eternal Change

Stamford American School, Gonzalez Castiblanco, Isabella – 13

As seasons shift and rivers carve new paths, Life must adapt, evolve, transcend. We must move on from what used to be. As we move from the past, From snowy mountain peaks to open grasslands, We must learn to navigate the currents of change. In this fragile vessel, we search for answers, In the quiet shadows, echoes linger, After millions of years underground, Fleeting moments drift like autumn leaves, In cities thrumming with energy, Ghostly tales of love, loss, fear,, Powered by those who used to rule, Cultures collide and fuse, Creating new ways to exist, To thrive in diversity, We must move on from the past. Beneath the stars, we stand unaware, The echoes of history resonate, Inviting us to honor the past, While embracing the future, In this ever-unfolding journey of life.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Kiang, Wing Hannah – 13

Dinosaurs, a mystery to us Just as powerful, old spirits remain A king forgotten as time passes Year by year, era to era History builds from ashes And under the land, under the dirt Ashes and fossils Nothing remains the same

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Lee, Chun Yin Rex – 13

Dominant in war Though even in their death They can be powerful But, power doesn't last forever Buried deep underground Old dinosaurs forgotten As from the earth New powers are born

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Li, Joyanna – 13

Dusty feet crush the earthen hill Pushing down trees with hands Rough and rustic Covered with calluses

They surround the fields Raising dust as Strong hands labor To work the soil

Unearthing fossilized bones That once controlled but No longer wield power Although others now continue

They labor on, wrestling To control the earth From dark damp places that are Residences but not homes

How much has changed?

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Lim, Jo Zoee – 13

The world was born 4.6 billion years ago. Of all calamities that could have occurred since, here we are. Here we are, small and insignificant and impotent and painful because I think I am always thinking about how the future is scary and big and bloody and cruel and centuries old and millenia young But I guess I'm also slowly learning that the future is also just, tomorrow. This monstrous creature that is time that never stops moving, never stops slipping, never stops killing, is also just as softly, tenderly, 5pm on a Wednesday. 5pm on a Wednesday in 1996, an old farmer in China might have discovered the bones of a dragon-bird dinosaur while tending to his fields. And 5pm on a Wednesday in 2025, I might be lying lifeless on my bed. I might be sleeping on the cold familiar floorboards of my room because when you make the decision to spend your existence only in the safe confines of where your toes can steady themselves on something, anything, familiarity is all you know. I might be sipping tea on the couch, 15 kilometers deep into thought, convinced that anyone can be a time traveller if they are desperate enough. Because the day that the time finally catches up to me and the only thing left to do is surrender I will finally free fall back in time, nose to nose, hand in hand with all the creatures who have stepped on this path of mine and died at my feet, with history smudged on their god so powerful hands, with an existence they know how to carry out, and I will pretend I am an asteroid, some type of otherworldly, rocky body that holds as much power of wreaking havoc as a leaving father, holds as much mystery as a woman's reflection, holds as much warmth as a childhood blanket, because what better way to watch something die than in the place of its executioner? So before that happens, Maybe tomorrow I will discover dinosaur bones rotting under the grass of my backyard. Maybe tomorrow I will go on a walk and meet a stranger who changes the entire trajectory of my entire life. Maybe tomorrow, instead of digging a hole in the core of my chest, repeating to myself that "my significance in this world is not defined by anything but the ever-changing, ever-changeable quality of my soul" (less as a reassurance, moreso a mantra),

I will finally get up to alchemise my spirit into such a thing where I can say that in confidence. Maybe, when I pass, I will smile knowing that I am exactly where I am supposed to be, knowing I killed this life in the utmost style. Maybe tomorrow I will finally let myself be born. And, maybe tomorrow, I will finally realise I have all this time. And while another old farmer uncovers more bones and skeletons and fossils and history, I'll think: *might as well make some more too while they're at it.* Because time is not boundless and it is not merciful and it is not kind and it does not wait. But it is holdable, within reach, so I will hold it in my fresh, baby—soft hands, knowing that by the time I have made sense of it, my hands will have calluses and scars and marks and they will be the most beautiful, big blessing I could've got in this life.

But that's just a hypothetical.

Maybe I'll just get up next Wednesday.

Dinosaur

Stamford American School, Ng, Chun Ho Fergus - 13

Once almighty, filling the skies with roars Massive shadows lurking everywhere, Jungle leaves green and trembling in fear. Their earthly presence announced with every step.

Eventually forgotten, Falling likes leaves in an endless cycle. Faint and abandoned in the disregarded past. Absorbed by the cruel circle of life.

Once a flame shining bright. Now, forsaken to memories. Illusion of the past, Fading into shadows. An overlooked legacy.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Nie, Ziqing Anna – 13

Creatures hidden in the earth To be excavated and explored, We dig, investigate, ruminate As we have for thousands of years

We hypothesize, theorize But what is reality? Does anyone ever see the truth? They say there's evidence in the clues

Mysteries unsolved and so Opinions form, ideas populate to Explain myth, and legends Wreathed in smoke

Science continues to battle With sceptics who obfuscate Truths with emotions until we question What is reality?

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Qu, William – 13

We dig into history to Try to restore the past so that The world will see Their ancient splendor. Fossils in the dry dark A buried history Forgotten by the world Discarded pieces of history's worth. Exhumed and brought to light and revealed to the world

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Shen, Jun Peng Roc – 13

Dinosaurs are the collision of two eras. An old era and a new era. The product of ancient times. Is it an exaggeration to claim them as our ancestors? We can't even agree if they existed. Although there are fossils found, humans will always question what we have never seen. Can you guarantee 100% that they existed? Can you guarantee that they are extinct forever? Just like the Pyramids, the Grand Palace, and the Purple City Most of us now don't know who built them. Mighty in their time They represent an era past The automatic evolution of the organism Every fossil and every bone is evidence. Time is a cyclical phenomenon, the rhythm of a forgotten dance. From the mighty dinosaurs to human weakness A problem has arisen Will we become extinct like the dinosaurs? Will people in the future remember what we do now? What is the meaning of life? Is it meaningless to live and then die? No Living in the present is vital. From here, no one knows Where we go.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Tam, Tsz Yau Bobby – 13

From the depths of history, where echoes resound, Dinosaurs roamed free Over the ancient soil, From mountain peaks Their spirits would rise To tell us tales of the past.

In the footprint of time, Their bequest inspires, Hearts full of wonder Their powerful dance Reverberates and Their spirits reach out Bright and hard

In the whisper of nature, Their story remains, A bond with China, Spanning the globe Though gone now Their spirits linger and Remain forever.

New tales of the China's dinosaurs

The French International School of Hong Kong, Lee, Christabel - 11

In a land where laughter dances on the gentle breeze, Where rivers sing their secrets, flowing with ease, Lies a forbidden paradise, a realm so bright, Overflowing with opportunities, like dreams taking flight.

Yet where dinosaurs once roamed, now in silence they sleep. Beneath crumbling stones, ancient secrets lie deep As the northeast beasts soar through the moonlit skies, We walk the air just the same, beneath the stars' sighs.

Crunching on soil these giants once stood tall, Venturing on paths where the impossible was called. Fossils lie buried, whispering tales of old, Of triumph, survival, and battles of bold. In the heart of China, where the spirit thrives, Reminding us of times past, where history survives.

We embark on a journey across these hallowed grounds, Carving our stories where the echoes resound. For we tread Liaoning, hand in hand, Connecting our journeys across this ancient motherland Of us, of they, of we.

And with every footprint upon this sacred earth, We honor the giants who once knew their worth.

Descent of Darkness in Different Realms

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Lu, XinQi Kiki – 13

Thou thunderous footsteps Earth-shaking Thou ferocious roar Bone-rattling Ancient China's verdant lands, Thou Once Roamed Beneath the endless skies, Thou Ruled Supreme In the Ancient realm Thou Erst Owned That is until Giant Stones Fell Like Needles Then Darkness Descended On Everything Gone In А Flash . . . Zooming past Hovering above Thou dodge Revving beasts With roars That Even The T-rex Will be fearful of The place Where the jungles Used to stand Dazzling stone cliffs Scrape the skies That

Even The T-rex Won't be tall enough to reach Millions of stars Dancing and flashing In front of thou eyes In the dark of night With its flickering light That Even The T-rex Will be blinded by When Will Darkness Descend? Upon Thee?

Dinosaur Warning

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Kluft, Sophia Felicia - 11

Do not try to talk to a dinosaur, I tried to be friends with a dinosaur, but it was a disaster. Never feed one, 'cause you will be eaten. Amazing creatures I wouldn't say, they're better left unseen. Scary creatures I certainly would say, A ten times big creature, that makes you scared. Unique and special, in their own way, Roamed louder than thunder, back in their day.

Without armor, you can't survive. About their history, I don't know much. Running and hunting is what they do, Never scared of anything, that's true. In the jungle is where they live, Nicely hunting their prey back home. Go and watch out for the dinosaurs' steps.

Dinosaur Awaits

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Siniushkina, Mariia – 12

In bushes dinosaur awaits, The perfect time to strike. Beware the pointy claws that might, Tear you up inside.

Those dark green scales, Cold as hails, Those evil eyes. Grey as mice.

In bushes dinosaur awaits, The perfect time to strike. Remember to be quiet, Once he is in sight.

Dinosaurs

Yew Chung International School of Shanghai, Zou, Charles – 12

Dinosaurs can eat, dinosaurs and gulp

They walk , they run

That's how they show they're alive

Why did they die

How can they die

Can somebody explain it to me



Creative Writing Poetry Group 3

Ancient Times

HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Hou, Hank - 14

May the years be long rivers, mythical and difficult to understand. Analyzation and records are never measured, only the sun, the moon and the stars. January first opened chaos and hell, all things grow through the wind and frost. Unless you terminate others, or else you get terminated by others. Numerous prehistoric giant creatures, enormous body shock the world.

Sharp claws are like knives, and their terrifying teeth are like swords. Having heavy armor and weapons, walking around China. In today's world, only fossils remain, legends of the ages live on.

Secretly, time passed for thousands of years, the dawn of civilization has just emerged. Bone tools are on the rise, hunter-gatherer time.

Tick, tock, time pass like rabbits jumping, fast and rapid. Although things will finally fade, long live the legends. Numerous sunrise and sunset rest, the cycle of the four seasons have constant. Gorgeous steps cross over the time river; By the time we realize, it's gone forever.

Hide and seek, and timekeeps have become sophisticated.

Shadows reflect on the mirror of history.

Zooming, and looking back at prehistoric heart feeling, human wisdom forever. The ages fly by, and the ages fade.

Watch of time is keeping track of the good times of mankind.

Leading and teaching you to cherish every moment, do not let time flow empty. Grasp the present to create the future, the prehistoric spirit forever spread.

Comfortably Numb By a Chinese Author

HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Huo, Eason - 13

Beyond the horizon of the places lived when we were young, In a world of simultaneity and miracle. The myriad of small creatures trying to pander to the unknown or so, but the beloved soul of itself won't let it down. To fight but not for triumph nor to be a desperado, The nights of wonder leave the suffocation and wretchedness. I will soon be the puppeteer of myself. As the twilight appears, I sucked a gas of benevolence , for a sacred will in my heart, in this chaotic and forlorn world. The best way to survive is to be staunch. While the others gently weeps, I remain old and wise, in order to survive.

Echoes from the Jurassic

Ling Liang Church E Wun Secondary School, Kaur, Sukhveer – 13

In northwestern China, where ancient secrets sleep, A time traveler's footsteps tread softly, deep into layers of earth, where giants once roamed, their bones now silent, in sandstone entombed.

Broken rib emergesWhispering tales of oldJurassic mystery, August sun beats down on weathered rock, as hands brush away time's stubborn lock. A child's eyes widen, filled with pure delight, At the massive bone now brought to light Mamenchisaurus, your name we speak, with necks that stretched beyond belief. Sinocanadorum, bridging lands and time, your fossils tell a tale so sublime.

Towering dinosaurNeck reaching for the skyNature's masterpiece

A scientist's heart races with glee, Uncovering history for all to see. Each careful stroke reveals the past, A puzzle piece found, knowledge amassed.

In Shishugou's embrace, you've rested long, Your bones a fragment of Earth's ancient song. One hundred and sixty million years gone by, Yet still, your presence makes us sigh.

Fossil whispers softScientific minds listenPast comes alive now

Imagine the wonder, the awe-struck faces, As we piece together long-lost traces. Mamenchisaurus, gentle giant so tall, Your neck vertebrae, longest of all.

Time traveler, child, and scientist unite, In shared amazement at this wondrous sight. A rib, a clue, a key to the past, unlocking secrets, meant to last Curiosity blooms Wonder ignites young mindsScience marches on From China's soil, your story unfolds, A tale of life that never grows old. Mamenchisaurus, you bridge our worlds, As your magnificent form slowly unfurls.

In labs and museums, your legacy lives on, Inspiring questions from dusk till dawn. How did you move? What did you eat? Your enormity makes our hearts skip a beat. Ancient mysteriesRevealed through patient work knowledge blossoms now Oh, Mamenchisaurus, long-necked friend, Your discovery marks not an end, but a start. For in your bones, we find reflection, Of life's endurance and nature's perfection.

Time traveler, child, scientist, all as one, Stand in awe of what Earth has done. In China's embrace, your story we've found, A testament to life, profound and sound.

Jurassic giant sleeps Awakened by curious hands History breathes anew

New Tales Of China's Dinosaurs

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Shing, Ariel - 12

One warm summer's day Near the coast of Laurasia I scavenged through the humid forests Feathers ruffled by the seasonal gales Claws snagging on unsuspecting prey.

Still, I remember myself Scanning the horizon of boundless green Foraging within the abundant ferns Scales painted translucent by the spring showers The steady crunch of leaves as I came and went.

Maybe it was in the viridian sea of treetops Among the covers of the canopies Where I glided, freedom unabated Where I perched on the topmost branches Presiding over the skies.

Perhaps it was under the cerulean waters Where I found my recluse Basking in the slivers of transient sunlight Catching fleeing fishes In my maw, wide and agape.

Was it possibly in the higher—ups In which the cycads and ginkgos grew? Extending my neck past the thorns, brambles and bushes Reaching far and above for supple leaves And fruits and berries, deliciously ripened.

From the sky comes a blinding light Shrouding my world in a white as pure as snow Plants wither while my companions fade to ashes The suffocating heat haze that warps my vision Settling dust wrings my neck, as all life escapes

Miles deep and six feet under Buried in a peaceful slumber "When will I be free?" I wonder As autumns turn to spring and winters to summer.

New Tales Of China's Dinosaurs

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Sun, Audrey – 13

In the whispers of winds, where ancients reside, Legends and lore in currents collide. From the depths of ocean to mountains so high, The stories of life in cosmos fly.

Among these legends, one creature gleams bright— Sinosauropteryx, a curious sight. Uncovered by Li Yumin in 1996, Unraveling melanosomes, a trove of tricks.

A precious find, gracing museums grand, Nestled in Beijing's National Geological land. Experts soon saw its evolutionary role, Dinosaurs to birds, a key to the whole

Yet debate arose, about its cozy coat, Some doubted the marks, thought them merely a note Of collagen fibres, tough and unyielding, But others proved feathers, their truth revealing.

Adorned in red-brown, with stripes dark and light, A camouflaged theropod, a marvel wiped. Darker on top, lighter below, This countershading helped it stealthily go.

In the heart of the earth, time stands still, Echoes of history beckon with thrill. Sinosauropteryx traversed the lush terrain, In northern China, indelible marks remain.

With trees of conifers, cycads, and ferns, It thrived alongside others, as the world turns. The feathered tyrannosaur, Yutyrannus near, Beipiaosaurus with long claws, cold-blooded's fear.

A massive feast, in an ancient domain, Small animals captured, a hunter's refrain. A lizard preserved in the stomach of one, And mammal bones found, banquet begun. Among its prey, Zhangheotherium lay, With spurs like a platypus, venom at play. In the shadows of history, where time softly weaves, A treasure of life in the earth's gentle eaves.

In the dawn of the ages, where shadows stray, Creatures of wonder greet the new day. Covered in fur, a cuddly squeeze, An ancient companion in the soft morning breeze.

More than forty species, in layers of stone, Each one a story, each bone a tone. In this rich archive, still yet to unfold, The tales of the ancients, lovingly retold.

Oh, China's history, a glorious legacy, Threads of wisdom woven through time's tapestry. Treasures lie, in the earth's embrace, Without your tales, the world would lose its forever grace.

Sonder (Neologism in the Dead of Night)

Shanghai American School Pudong Campus, Bian, Angelina – 13

the subject is the object renown— (unbeknownst to them) in irises of color, neither blossom nor sight; entire lives thrive

tucked underground, for none to see and all to seek; scattered stellar remnants, where the dearth of gravestones is gracing coffins mustn't confine; death's supposedly freeing.

behold nature's own terracotta army; preserved bones rather than clay hats slipped off to each sacrificial demise; footprints of a necrosis-like stray of mind all condemning one another to eternal incarceration underground. (deep deep deep.)

sparse shadowy figures in the bokeh; perpetually clouded in wreath-cocoons of backgrounds, characters and stories forever metamorphizing; an endless journey from the first step to the thousandth mile

sunglasses and microscopes, oh what a pity; one disclaiming the beaming smile of sun, the other looking across lands but not under their nose, both shaded in the befuddlement cast by naked eyes. what a juxtaposition.

they say one's something until the others forget—then one's nothing but what if the others aren't something, they're nothing then what are you, Nothing? are you still Something? (and if Nothing is forgotten by Nothing but then found by Something, is Nothing not Something?)

cemetery sediments silence the echoes inside and outside of my mind; shadowy bokeh embers igniting, metamorphized stories unfurling their wings. how can one not be nostalgic of the future?

(in the future, will one have a future?) (in the future, will one's grave be brought to light?)

Lost and Found

Shanghai American School Pudong Campus, Bian, Jamielynn – 12

Kai

<u>Golf and dinosaurs</u> The wind, blowing past my face, salty, gentle, yet firm. The August Californian sun flashes a grin. Its radiant beams scatters tinting the world a rich gold.

The course full of lush, green grass. The pearl white bunkers, perfectly raked. The green flawlessly trimmed, with a hole, 4.25 inches in diameter. That's the target I'm aiming for. The pressure is on.

It is a par 4 hole. stepping onto the tee, as fierce as a dinosaur, but as cool as a cucumber. I take a practice swing. With wicked accuracy, I aim For the hole.

Then I swing With such force Swoosh! like an ankylosaurus swinging its tail at a predator. Whack! Except what gets hit is the ball.

Watch the ball soar, not like a bird, But a jet, Fast and precise. It lands 250 yards away from me, on the fairway with 145 yards to go Not bad.

I pull out my 7 iron, another whack and the ball is out, Heading straight for the hole. Thud, It lands on the green, 2 yards away from the hole.

Stay calm I said to myself, one stroke to go. I putt. The ball curves and Drops right into the hole. 3 strokes, Birdie!

Golf is green, calm, but powerful, So are dinosaurs.

My eyes closes. As I dissolve into Nature. I fade away into the chirping of birds, the rustling of leaves, the crashing of the waves On the shore. Feel the soft summer breeze kiss my cheeks. Gradually, We become one. I'm coming back

Home.

<u>As the days</u> Shorten, I feel the sun losing its warmth. The summer breeze gradually turning chilly.

Time seizes me and grapples me in its wrath. It possesses me, I am a slave of its Wicked grasp. Time swallows me Whole, I am gone And so is freedom.

Chase

The plane is ready for takeoff. It grumbles and rumbles and roars. This gigantic machine trembles and vibrates as it leaves the ground. The deafening roar makes me dizzy. Planes are awful.

The gigantic, Lifeless Bird Ascended into the sky, and glided through the clouds that are as soft and fluffy as cotton candy. Trailing behind the metal bird is a long, long line of Carbon dioxide. Turning wherever it passes Dull and Lifeless. <u>I feel</u> Empty, As if time had Drained me Until I'm left with Nothing.

I feel Lost. In the reminiscences of the Past. Trapped in my memories, My thoughts, In the past. Forever.

<u>The plane</u> goes Farther away From Japan, My home, My friends, The food.

Every second, the plane gets Closer to California and Farther away from Home, A place I may Never Come back Again.

<u>After</u> 12 hideous hours, 2 meals, 2 bags of pretzels, 1 bag of crackers, 1 chocolate chip cookie, 3 novels, and 1 nap, The plane landed in Monterey Reginal Airport.

I know I will finally hear the Ocean's call.

Kai

<u>Summer</u> is ending. The leaves turn into a vivid carrot orange. Hear them Crunch as I stroll by.

The brisk wind Piecing me like needles. I feel fear For the first time In two months.

Tomorrow Fear, Anxiety, Apprehension Tumbled out, forming a gigantic Cascade. Plunging stones, into the bottom of the valley.

I sink into the Darkness Nowhere to be found, seen, or heard.

Tomorrow, I will become tiny. I dread Tomorrow. I hope tomorrow Never comes. Tomorrow is the day when I will be deprived of myself. When I will be taunted because I am obsessed with dinosaurs. When I will not be myself anymore. When I will be torn apart by the insults I eat up. All because I am an oddball.

<u>The first day of school</u> The balmy morning sunlight, blazing through my windows, soaking me in warmth. I wish I can linger here Forever. But I can't. Today, I will be torn apart into pieces.

I roll out of my bed, brush my teeth, wash my face, comb my hair. Then, I dress myself, Head to tail in maroon and yellow The colors of the Xiaosaurus, My favorite dinosaur. I look down, checking if the two Lucky pendants, I've worn for my entire life, Is there.

Just then, I hear my mom yell, "Kai! Time for school!" I yank my navy-blue backpack off from my chair, "I'm coming!" I stomped down the stairs and rushed Out of the door.

Chase

My New Home is a house with two floors, an attic and a backyard.

Lying on my blue bed, as if I am afloat on the ocean's calm ripples, I can hear the ocean's call Beckoning me. The waves crashing onto the shore.

My new room smells like the salty ocean breeze, and grass.

It turns out This new place is actually not bad. I feel like I'm finally at home.

School I am going to a new school tomorrow with unfamiliar faces. I miss my friends. I feel restless. Will the people at the new school be nice to me? Are the teachers mean? What does the classroom look like? Nobody knows.

Anyways, it does not matter at all. I Hope that everything will be Fine. <u>A new beginning</u> Startled by the loud *Buzzing* of my alarm clock, I leaped onto my feet, remembering that today is the first day of school. Butterflies are taking over my stomach.

The mesmerizing Pacific Ocean filled my window. I calm down as I stare Deep into the dark blue eyes of the ocean.

I will survive this new school. The yellow school bus arrives as I walk out the door.

Kai

<u>The yellow</u> school bus arrives. I walk down the front porch, Reluctantly. I brace myself, Ready to accept the taunts people are going to throw At Me.

Seconds later I'm on the bus. One by one the insults pour onto me. "Hey, Ching Chong" "Slant-eyes!" Giggles. "Look, Dino-Freak's here!" "Hi, Freakasarus! Still obsessed with your *dinosaurs*?" Followed by a wave of laughter. "OMG, she's still dressing like a dinosaur. That's so disgusting!" "Oh, and she's so unfashionable. Ew, she dresses like a boy!" Humiliated by them I walk past quickly

to the back of the bus.

<u>I feel scared</u> of the taunts,

of the people who stab Me with such force that I will never heal. But why, Why am I afraid. shouldn't I be furious?

I am weak Defeated by the words that bruise and leave scars across my heart. When did the words Start to become so sharp that it hurts so much? That it wounds me?

The sharp knife Turns me into another person Very different from the one on the golf course. in the dinosaur exhibition. Why are they so powerful? Powerful enough to hurt me Powerful enough to change me Powerful enough to overwhelm me and persuade me that it is true: I am worthless.

The taunts steal me away from me from golf and from Dinosaurs. I stare at my pendants, Why can't I just we strong Like the Xiaosaurus carved onto one of them?

I dread of this moment The moment of change. The feeling of fear Dominating me. I lose myself Entirely To fear Never to find myself again. Never in school. I stare out the window in despair, When a murmur on the bus distracts me.

Chase

On the bus I feel Apprehensive as I step onto the bus. I feel all eyes staring With great intensity at Me. Nervous, I look down at the ground staring at my feet as I walk past the others.

People were commenting about me. "I heard that he's the new kid here." "I hope he's not an idiot like freakasaurus." "Same. Our school cannot afford to have a new freak." "It'll ruin our year."

I DO NOT care I will NEVER care About the silly comments they make. Who do they think they are, They do not have the right to judge me. Their comments do not matter. AT ALL. I will not let Their silly little comments change me. They need to know that their comments are nothing. Don't anyone ever dare to Change me.

<u>I walk</u>

To the back of the bus, trying to find a place Alone, so that I can calm down from anger.

Instead, I see a girl about my age staring out of the window. She has a tall But athletic frame. Her jet-black hair Sleek and straight in a ponytail. Her skin is Tanned. A gloomy expression printed on her face. She seems out of place.

Kai

<u>Someone</u> I sense a figure Approaching me as the murmurs gradually ceases. I turn around.

A boy is Walking towards the back of the bus Towards me. As he approached I asked, Annoyed, "Who are you? What do you want from me?" Waiting for him to thrust a Knife Into Me. Instead, he just Stands And asks "Can I sit here?" "Sure."

Is he mad?

Why would anybody want to sit Next to Me? "Hi, I'm Chase. I'm new here. So..." He explained. Oh, that's why He does not know anything about Me. He looks Asian. Let me guess, Japanese. Yes, he Definitely is Japanese. "Um, hi, I am Kai." I said in response. Why is this so Awkward?

I wish I have a friend that does not Hates Me. Why don't the people in my school Accept Me? I genuinely hope That this new kid in school is friendly. Then I will Never be Alone Again.

Chase

This girl. Who I don't know her name yet, Asked me In an angry manner, Who am I and why am I here. Guess she's having a Bad day. She's rude. Still, I reply. She observes me as if I am an alien from outer space. Her dark-brown-almost-black Eyes Starting at me with intense curiosity.

I suddenly feel Thin and transparent, As if her intense focus could see through me. After moments of Silence and observation She finally answers "Um, hi, I am Kai."

Kai.

Such a powerful name. It is a Hawaiian name, which translates to "the Sea". Typical surfer name. Now I know her name.

An Awkward conversation

I feel awkward And she Looks embarrassed. Okay. I am *not* enjoying this conversation.

"Where are you from?" She asked. "Oh, I am from Japan. But now I have to move to here." "Do you miss Your friends, Your friends, Your home?" I suddenly feel Homesick.

"Yeah, I do miss them. My best friend was Kazuki." "Just to warn you, the people here are Not nice At all." "Wait. Are you the one Whom they called Freakasaurus or Dino-Freak." "Yes, I am the one they're talking about."

Kai

<u>The new boy called Chase</u> He asked me about the insults others thrust at me. He seems Friendly and kind unlike the other kids. But I wonder will he become One of them? One of the other kids?

"I don't mean to offend you, But why do the others Call you such a mean name? I mean You seem nice." I sure am Not offended "The reason why I get called these Weird nicknames is that I am different from them. I am an oddball. I am obsessed with dinosaurs. and I dress in dinosaur colors. For your information, My favorite dinosaur is the Xiaosaurus Originated from China. They're fascinating. But these people think that I am this Weirdo who has a dinosaur obsession. I'm half Chinese, and people sometimes call me Ching Chong or Slant-eyes too. Also, I don't fit their Standards. The girls here,

they are obsessed with fashion. Not my type." I snapped at him.

He stays silent. His chocolate brown eyes are staring at the ground. His brown hair, half of which is bleached into blond, rests on his forehead, like a mop parted in half and swept sideways. The deafening silence Creeps me out. At last, I break the silence. "I'm sorry for snapping at you."

"It's okay. I'm sorry to hear that. But I was thinking, Can we be friends?" He suggested. A wide grin Spreads across my face. I nodded. This is the first time I've ever smiled in school, or you may say on the school Bus. He smiles back at me. Adorable.

Chase

<u>First Friend</u> Kai agreed that we can become friends. She is my first Friend here. "You can ask me about stuff If you need help." She told me "Thank you."

She is indeed different, Unique. I can sense a curious connection Between us. We share the same opinions and ideas. We are meant to be friends.

<u>School</u> The bus arrives at school. This place is huge, Plus, it's right next to the beach. I can taste the tangy ocean breeze from here.

The campus is surrounded by trees and animals. I close my eyes and fuse with nature. It is a miraculous feeling.

The chattering of students brought me back To reality. The calm feeling was gone. I am washed head to toe With anxiety.

Inside I feel lost, like a puppy All alone On the streets. The interior of the School is even more confusing than navigating an Entire city. Who in the world designed this? I walk down the hallway with walls covered in posters. I cannot find my classroom.

"Hey, do you need help?" Startled, I turned around To find Kai's face in front of me. Her goofy grin hanging on her tanned face.

"You almost gave me a heart attack! Thank goddess you're here. This place is a maze. Can you show me where's Room 213?" "You also have advisory at Room 213?" "Yep." "I guess we have advisory together. Well then, follow me." Kai led me through Tons of hallways, Until we finally arrive at the classroom. Kai Help I offered to help Chase because I didn't want him to feel scared, To feel abandoned The way I did When I first came Here.

I still remember the first day I was here. I was lost in the maze of hallways. The old students here Deluded me. They misled me on purpose. They did not want me to find my classroom.

The kids here were so Hostile. I was so Gullible I felt forsaken, stranded on a barren island With nobody there For me. And I don't want Chase To feel the same way I did.

Enemies My enemies: Ivory, Jenny, Isabella, Peter. Andrew, Jason, Mia,, And Basically, the whole Entire Grade. Unfortunately for me, they are in all of my classes. I try to look

Unafraid and brave. But deep inside, I sense apprehension and fear Crawling into me, and eventually It deluged me.

Feel my body trembling, as my heart Races. I try to shield myself from these Malicious taunts, like Arrows darting at me.

Look at them Cut through the air, Aiming their Keen head At me. But why me? The cuts hurt. Leaving permanent scars that will never heal. I don't want them to hurt me again. I'm afraid that it will. I don't want More scars. The scars that haunt me Forever.

Why

Am I the target? Why do people hate me? Why do they think it is fun to hurt me? Why are all the other kids so normal? Why do people think that I am a freak? Why do people think that liking dinosaurs is naive? Why am I so different? Why am I me? Why is it always Me?

Chase

Kai and I Have three classes together: Humanities, Science, and PE. Now I understand Kai's feelings About the insults. All of them Always Pick on Kai, For the following reasons (from my observations): 1. Kai is very fond of dinosaurs which is not cool in their perspectives 2. Kai is a nonconformist. She is different. She does things her own way. She has her own style. 3. Kai is not fashionable in their perspective. That's why the girls here despise her. 4. Kai is nerdy (a bit). She is smart, a straight A student. Not cool and popular in middle school. 5. Kai is boyish (and her name): main reason why girls hate her. She does not fit their standards.

In my opinion, these are Absurd reasons why people hate Kai. To me She seems fine. I guess Middle school is weird.

The Taunts

Humanities, First block of the day. Kai's also in the class.

Walking

into the classroom, I felt nervous. What if the course is Too challenging? What if the teacher hates me? I thought I was the stranger, Until I saw Kai.

Kai glanced up at me. Helplessness Flooded her eyes. A group of three girls, What's their names again? Oh, Isabella Ivory, and Jenny, Were quietly discussing, Ahem, they're actually super loud, about Kai, in a mocking tone.

"Great, I'm stuck with The Freak for Humanities." "ew, she's so disgusting. Hope nobody gets the dinosaur touch." *Girlish giggles.* "Yeah right, I'm having lots Of fun in Humanities this year With our favorite friend." *Laughter.* Then the boy named Jason comes in. "I've heard she's a nerd." Says Jason. Gasps. "a nerd? That's horrifying." "Yea, I think last year she read Like thousands of books. About dinosaurs!" "Wait, she likes books. Books are sickening." "Here freak, Wanna read some books? I bet they have real dinosaurs in it!" Laughter.

Yeah, right. I bet they didn't know Kai could hear it.

I can see Kai shrinking lower and lower into her seat. Oh God, She is trembling. I feel sad for her. I sense Fear Manipulating her penetrating her. She lives under Constant fear. I suddenly feel so Fortunate because I am Still Myself. Unlike Kai.

Myself. Unlike Kai. Fear, a Powerful force, Twisting, manipulating her. Turning her into a Stranger.

The mocking abruptly ceased as the teacher Walked in. "Good morning, everyone. I am your humanities teacher Mr. Newman." His warm and soothing voice filled the room. He seems to be in his thirties. His raven black hair makes him seem younger, Though his dark eyes, Full of wisdom, like a wise old sage. I don't know why, but he gives off Dumbledore vibes.

Anyways, I hope that he is a great Teacher.

Kai

Humanities class Mr. Newman Stood in front of the class. On the whiteboard He wrote, in big letters: Who am I? "Throughout the course Of this school year, we will discover More about ourselves. At the end of this year, You will be able to answer this Question and Reflect on your growth." explained Mr. Newman.

Please no! I do not want to do This. This is dumb. I know every single part about Myself. And I hate

them all.

He then continued, "Today, we will first get to familiarize each other. Then, we will answer the question Who am I? Because I want you all to compare answers at the end of this semester." Okay, this is not going well.

Getting to know each other means that I Will have to introduce Myself in front of the entire class Which equals to Begging for Mockery.

"Okay then. Let's start With introductions and class rules. Tells us your name, Age, and two hobbies. We'll go In alphabetical order of Last names" Mr. Newman announced. As expected, I am always First.

"First up, Kai Adler. Oh, interesting name. I like it." Calm down I said to myself, It's fine. But it's not. "Hi, I am Kai Adler, and I am 12 years old. I am a golf enthusiast And I am passionate about dinosaurs, Especially Xiaosauruses: a type of Dinosaur that was first Discovered In Sichuan, China." People sniggered as I introduced myself,

Muttering "Freakasaurus" and "Ching Chong" Under their breath. "Class, please show respect to Kai." Mr. Newman commanded. That was enough to stop the sniggering.

After me, it's other people's turn to introduce themselves. Ivory kept bragging about Being a fashion blogger. Jenny kept yapping about How good she is at dancing. Why are they so Girlish!

A century later, It's Chase's turn, after all we're sort of Friends. "I am Chase Morikawa and I'm a 12-year-old. I like to Surf and read. I like the Feeling of gliding on the Crashing waves. I am part Of the ocean. You might think that it is absurd, but I have a Spiritual connection with the ocean." Interesting. Never knew he was A surfer. But it is not crazy that he has a connection with the ocean, I also have a connection with The golf course.

After everyone introduced themselves, Mr. Newman started Yapping about class rules. I waited forever. Finally, we're done with introductions and rules. "Now, let's answer the question Who am I? And I want you pair up and share your thoughts on this. At the end of the year, I want you to compare your answers. You will answer This question Again At the end Of the year. You'll have the rest of class to do this "

This question is easy. Who doesn't know Themselves?

Chase

Who am I? This is the Hardest question I've ever seen in school. Who am I? I don't know. Maybe I'm the Boy who surfs and reads. Maybe I'm the curious boy who sometimes can be Stubborn. But I do know I am Chase.

I decided to pair up with Kai because I don't know anyone here. Plus, Nobody wants to pair up with Kai. So....Um I guess this is the only way.

Kai insisted that

I should start first. "So um, for me personally It is a tough question. I don't really know Who I truly am. I mean I do know that I am a surfer. a reader. Ordinary, Asian, And the list goes on and on. The problem is Life is complicated. I think that I will Never be able to find out Who I am." I told her The truth. "Well, I don't believe that it is that difficult. My actions, words, interests, looks, personality, race, culture, and what other people see you as Determines who I am. Well, I see myself as the Nerdy, Dinosaur freak that gets Bullied by everyone, That everyone hates. I am just a human being in a crappy condition that is a waste of resources." replied Kai. "Is that really what you think about yourself?" "Obviously yea. Can't you see how other People treat me. It's proof that I am Worthless. I guess I deserve to be treated Badly." The sharpness of

Her words Stung me. She's being too harsh on herself. Why is she allowing others to Define her? Why is she allowing bad people To tell her who she Is?

"You don't deserve to be treated badly. You cannot let others decide who *You* are." "I'll think about it." She was silent, Her eyes staring at the ground, Her brown furrowed. The peal of the bell Broke The stillness.

Kai

Break Time My head aches from all the thinking. What did Chase mean? I don't deserve to be treated like that? Isn't it obvious that everyone Despise me? Everyone bullying me indicates I am good-for-nothing. Why is he trying to make me feel better? Why did he want to be friends with an oddball?

I see the pendants, hanging on my neck, Shining so bright. The dinosaurs, The flames, we persevered through Tough times together. Me and my dinosaur. It gives me hope. Maybe Chase is right.

<u>Choir</u> I have Choir for Second block. I walk into the Classroom. I see the electrical piano In the front of the classroom, 2 rows of chairs neatly arranged to form a curved line, and at the back of the classroom there's a soft couch with fluffy Big stuffed animals, most of them are dogs. Everything is familiar. Everything is silent. Everything is alright.

I look up to the Left, Where a whiteboard Hangs. "Grab a form and fill it in" Written in neat handwriting on the board. I filled in the form, it was the same form as last year. I wonder What are we going to sing This year?

Mr. Miller walked into The classroom with his usual wide smile attached to his face. More and more students walked into the classroom. The thing I love about choir is that Everyone leaves me alone because they're not one of my worst enemies.

I can enjoy the class Without anyone teasing me. Today in class we did the routine warmup and started with the songs. This is the best block of the day. I wish I could be here Forever.

Well, I can't because the bell brought me Back to earth And I must head to art or else I'm late.

On time Fortunately, I'm on time. Ms. O'Connor is very Strict about being on time. The dim lights casts a soft glow on every object in the room. Such serene. But serenity Never exists in my mind. Never.

<u>Hungry</u>

My tummy's growling. I want lunch. But I still have one more class before I can devour my lunch. And that class is math. I walked into the classroom, snatched my calculator, and grabbed a warmup. Easy peasy lemon squeezy. I'm done in no time.

The annoying part about math, I have to wait And wait And wait For decades Because the others are way Too slow and then the teacher Explains this silly little question!

I hear a murmur behind my back "Dino-Freak is so nerdy, She's done already!" "And look at her handwriting, it's so ugly." "How can she do math if She can't even write properly." "She's dumb enough to like dinosaurs." I want to leave The room Now. Why can't Ivory, Isabella, Jenny And that bunch of girly girls Leave me alone? Not even for a second! I can feel my Self-esteem decreasing As every word Punches me hard in the tummy. I'm not hungry anymore. I full, stuffed by Insults.

The Popular Girls Ivory, Isabella, and Jenny. I'm sick of them But mostly I'm scared of them. They judge people by clothes and appearances. They always wear Weird clothes which they claim are "fashionable". On top of this, they wear makeup Every Single Day! I hate girly girls, especially Them

Chase

<u>The cafeteria</u> Loud and crowded. I grab my lunch and try to find a seat. I see Kai Alone. I sat down across from her.

Her brows are Furrowed. She looks droopy like a wilting flower. She looks up, Her cloudy eyes Full of misery. "What's wrong?" I asked. "Ivory and that bunch of girls they emptied my locker in front of me and they threw all the things onto My face." "You have to fight back." I was angry. "But I'm weak." Kai muttered.

We sat and ate in silence For the rest of lunch time.

Last block of the day is PE. We're playing Capture the flag. Kai's good. She is like a flash of lightning, A gush of wind, So fast that nobody could catch her. Not even the boys. She's 100 times better than the boys. But for some absurd reason, that makes her vulnerable To the bullies. The girls in our PE class Taunt Kai because she is athletic.

"She's like a boy." A short, skinny girl called Mia giggled. "Girls should not be that good. That's what Boys do." stated Queena. "At this point, I don't think Kai is even A girl." and they burst out laughing. The anger in me boiled like lava in a volcano About to erupt. "What's wrong with being good at sports?

You stereotypical girls are just jealous." I told them.

"Aren't you the new kid here? What are you doing now? Trying to stand up for your new friend? I warn you, better not be friends with her." Queena replied in a mocking manner. I don't know what Grudge they held against Kai. They pick on Kai For everything she does, For being herself. They're just Ignorant.

Finally The first day of school ends and I hop onto the bus Back home. Kai sat next to me. I suddenly lost my temper. "Kai, this is the first day of school and you've been bullied for a whole entire dav. You can't let this happen for the rest of the year. You have to fight back. They Want you to feel fear. They are just people who are insecure about their lives Who wants to ruin other people's lives too. And they succeeded easily. The point is You cannot just watch them destroy your life In silence. You're going to let them think that it is fine But it's not. Right now, You're living under fear. I can feel that fear is controlling

you.

You have to take back control of Yourself. You cannot live like this anymore." I whisper-shouted at Her.

Kai

<u>Deep down</u> I know clearly that Chase is absolutely right. But instead I say "I thought you were my friend."

Chase looked straight into my eyes. I could see the hurt in his eyes. Oh no, I'm such a terrible friend. I've hurt him like the bullies did to me. "I'm sorry. It's just that I don't think that I can do it." I feel guilty.

His gaze softened and he muttered "I understand." The bus arrived At Chase's house, he went off the bus, Leaving me all alone, Sitting all by myself.

Minutes later, I walk off the bus, Leaving a trail of Taunts, insults, jeers, and mockery.

Home sweet home An escape from jail. "Mom, I'm home." I yelled as I open the front door. "Kai, we're having Mac and cheese For dinner, your favorite." I bolted up the stairs and sung open the door of my room. slamming it close as I walk in. Taking off my backpack, I have no time to waste. I darted out of my room again, skipping 5 stairs at a time, Basically half jumping and half sprinting down the stairs. "Mom, I'm going to the golf course to hit some balls. I'm coming home before dinner!" I yelled.

Luckily for me, the golf course is right next to My house. Today, I'm going to the driving range.

First up, Warmup. After I'm done warming up, I took out my 7 iron, took a few practice swings, and start hitting golf balls. It feels right, It feels safe, It feels like

Myself. My true inner Self. I diffuse with nature.

Listen to the waves crashing on the shore. Listen to the wind gently blowing through the curtain of leaves. See the green, never—ending piece of land, expanding larger and larger. Specks of pearl white dots decorating this green canvas. I focus on my swing My body becoming one with the club.

Hear the crispy and clean thwack at impact, Healing the wounds from school. I feel free and powerful, Full of control. Feel myself as I gain power and strength. I feel like a Xiaosaurus Roaring with vigor, Full of life. I feel like a powerful dinosaur Whipping its Tail at its predators with such force and power, Scaring them all away. I wish I could be the dinosaur at school. Dinner I take a humongous bite of mac and cheese. Feel the delicious cheese melt in my mouth, Filling me with warmth. I devour the food in seconds.

I'm as hungry as a Xiaosaurus who hasn't eaten in a month. "How's school today?" My mom inquired enthusiastically. "Fine." I replied with a mouthful of food. I'm too much of a coward to tell My mom about being bullied at school. so, I'm pretending that everything is fine.

After dinner, I went back to my room and collapsed into the chair, like a pile of knocked down Lego. I unzipped my backpack, And hastily completed my Homework. It's not hard anyways.

<u>Night</u>

Exhausted, I flop onto my bed. I don't like soft fluffy beds, I like the hard ones. I stare at the ceiling, painted in navy blue and dotted with stars.

I ponder about Chase's words. He is right. But I'm just too afraid. Though I know One day I will take back control of Myself. I will be found Again.

Chase

<u>I miss the ocean</u> Yes, I know that it sounds hilarious because I'm Right next to the ocean. But I miss the ocean, I miss the waves in Japan. I haven't even strolled On the beach yet, Not to mention haven't feeling the cool and soothing sea water.

Maybe I'll surf if I have free time. Maybe on the weekends. I've heard that they have Good waves for surfing here. But before all of that excitement happens I still need to deal with school stuff. Making friends. Maintaining a good GPA. and those complicated stuff.

<u>Worn out</u> It's an intensive day, many things have Happened. I lie down on my bed, staring out of the window.

It is pitch dark Outside. The midnight blue sky dotted with specks of silver. The moon Shining on the ocean. Hear the waves crash onto the shore. Taste the salty breeze. Everything is tranquil. The calm before the storm.

The next day

The chirping of the birds and the ring of my alarm Woke me up. Feel the sun shine through My window. Today is the Second day of school.

Similarly to yesterday, I went onto the school bus and sat next to Kai at the back of the bus. Compared to yesterday, I am more familiar with the school now, But I still am a stranger.

All the classes went on smoothly and I seem to get to know more people. Still, Kai is being "attacked" by everyone. And she is not Fighting back As usual.

Misery

Lunch is the worst time of the day. Sitting next to a miserable Kai is not the ideal way to spend lunch time. "So, how did your day go?" I asked. "Horrible. During math class, Ivory snatched my worksheet, crumbled it, tore it, and threw it away into the trash bin. Then, My teacher was disappointed in me." "They're so obnoxious." I truly mean it.

Kai came to this school to receive education, Not to be tortured by ignorant Bigots. This feeling of misery is Contagious. It spreads to me. I suddenly feel low. So, we sat in stillness, Feeling wretched together. I guess that's what friends are for.

Kai

<u>Time</u> Days and days passed. Same routine every day. Wake up, go to school, Be tormented for eight hours, come back home, play golf, dinner, homework, shower, bedtime. I am worn out as each day passes in front of my eyes, As time passes.

I feel empty, I feel lost, I feel stolen. Stolen by time, Stolen by fear, Stolen by the jerks in school. None of me is myself anymore. I am completely lost. "I" don't exist anymore, at least in school.

I don't want to go to school.

I am scared. I am timid. I am futile. I am everything negative you can think of. I am not me.

Project

In humanities class, Mr. Newman assigned us a project. We are required to present our most prized possession in front of the entire class. We have two days to do it. I'm doomed and dead.

Yes, Mr. Newman is a great teacher, but this project is disastrous For me. My lucky pendants are my most Valued possessions. My classmates are going to make fun of it again For sure.

I always wear two pendants. One is a round pendant with the element of Fire carved onto it, symbolizing Transformation, power, and passion. The other one is a dinosaur charm, depicting a Xiaosaurus. They both give me hope and strength. I wish that I can become them. I wish that I could be powerful.

On the day of the presentation. I was the tenth person to present. The first person is Ivory. A\and her most valued possession is her Lip balm!? That's so... I cannot even describe it. Mr. Newman's face is almost twisted. Never mind about her, She's just a spoiled kid. After Ivory there's Jenny, Isabella, Peter, Andrew, Queena, Chase, and a bunch of others.

Chase's presentation is interesting. He said that freedom is his most prized possession. True.

Finally, it is My turn to present. I feel the butterflies flutter in my stomach, my heart seems to be jumping out of my rib cage. I feebly walk up to the front of the classroom and start presenting. "My most valued possessions are the two pendants I'm wearing on my neck. The first pendant has the symbol of the element fire, which is a triangle, carved onto a golden round piece of metal. My grandmother gave me this. Fire symbolizes transformation, power, and passion. The second one shows a Xiaosaurus. Xiaosaurus is a Chinese dinosaur found in Sichuan. It is small, lizard-like herbivore that lived during The middle Jurassic Period. Xiaosaurus walks on Two legs and is a fast, agile runner. Spiritually, Xiaosaurus represents power, wisdom, longevity, protection, And resilience. I wear these pendants every single day and we endured through a lot of things Together ... "

As I am making the presentation, there is some noise down below in the audience. I see people sniggering and smirking. Why do they think that it is funny?

Chase

Break time Kai was cornered by the bullies, The girls loomed above her, Throwing books at her, Screaming insults at her. Kai's eyes frantically begged me for help. "Are you girls done? You have an entire life to be an idiot. Why not take today off? You think all those insults are funny. If ignorance is really a bliss, You girls must be the happiest people in the world." I stated calmly, as if nothing had happened.

For the first time In years Ivory and that pack of girls, Stunned and shock, left Kai alone.

"Thank you." Kai muttered, embarassed. "I cannot save or help you anymore. You ought to learn how to save Yourself. Nobody is going to have your back Forever. It is not their job to look after you." I snapped sternly.

I feel that Kai is becoming More distant Day by day.

New Friends

In many of my classes, there's this boy, Jason. He sits next to me during math. He's talkative and friendly. and soon we became best friends.

These days, I don't sit next to Kai anymore during lunch. I don't talk to her that often either. We're not really friends anymore. I afraid that people will start teasing me if I am friends with Kai.

I sat down with Jason And his friends at lunch. Jason's group includes Peter and Andrew. "Guys, this is Chase." Jason introduced me to the group. "Surfer boy?" Peter asked. "Yea." I guess he still remember the introduction I did in humanities class.

"You know, all of us surf, so maybe we could surf together this Saturday." Suggested Andrew. And we all agreed. It sounds nice. I finally have a group of friends that we could have fun Together.

Surfing

We meet at Huntington Beach. The dark blue Pacific Ocean, Dotted with tiny colorful dots which are surfers. The water forms a perfect curved shape And crashes down Into whiteness.

- I see Andrew and Peter standing in the pearl white sand waving at me. I carry my board and walk to them. "Nice board." Peter complimented. "Thanks." I replied.
- After a few minutes Jason came. We waddled into the ocean. The waves are big today Making it more difficult for us to paddle to the back where we line up.
- I catch a big wave, I feel myself glide on the waves as the water Beneath me tumbles. I am flowing on water. The others are all super good at surfing. I haven't surfed for weeks already I miss the ocean And now I'm back. I'm soaring on the waves.

Kai

Lonely again Chase abandoned me and instead, became friends with the people I hate. I can't believe that he became friends with Jason, Andrew, and Peter!

The feeling of being unwanted and forsaken Floods me. I shouldn't have been so gullible. Nobody wants to be friends with me. Chase was just pretending. I shouldn't have trusted him. During break time, I walked past Chase and his new friends. I overheard them discussing about me. "She's a loser." Peter commented. Then I heard "I wish she was dead. Nobody would care anyways." OMG, It was Chase who said that Not Peter, not Andrew, But Chase.

Shocked and betrayed, I quickly walk past them, Tears sliding down my cheeks. I don't care if Chase saw that or not. I don't care about anything Chase does. I simply pretend that he is invisible.

Back at home I am tired, Both physically and mentally Tired. The only thing I want to do is to be Safe and snug, all curled up in my bed. With no one to hurt me. Why did Chase do that? Why? Well, It doesn't really matter now. I soon drifted off to sleep.

<u>The dream</u>

The Jurassic Forest, Humid. Tall trees sprout from the ground, Its roots, deep and firm in the soft soil. The brisk air smelled fresh, without any traces of pollution. The thick, lush leaves create a Canopy, Half covering the radiant sun. In the distance, faint roars are audible. The soil, just wet enough for dinosaurs to leave paw prints. I follow a trail of prints, it leads me into the unknown, it leads me to a place I've never been before.

It is a hidden place. The leaves, In every shape and color, you could've imagined, Creates a dome-like structure, with vines and twigs hanging from the ceiling. It is breathtaking.

Then, a cry of agony interrupted my thoughts. I could hear the claws clicking on th ground. A Xiaosaurus frantically scurried into this heaven. It lies down on the ground, wounded badly and will soon die. See the red blood Ooze out from the wound. The Xiaosaurus lay in a puddle of Blood.

I watched its eyelids flutter then close. It's asleep, and it will never wakeup, Never to see the morning sun rise Again.

<u>Change</u> I woke up,

Terrified by the dream. Why was the Xiaosaurus wounded? Who wounded it? But that doesn't matter anymore. It's already dead. A frightening thought washed over me, as Chase's words appeared in my brain "You ought to learn how to save yourself." Will I "die" if I don't fight back like that Xiaosaurus? Will I forever be defeated if I stay in My comfort zone and act like a coward?

There must be some significance in this dream. At this instant, I realized if I don't stand up for myself, Nobody else is going to. And I will suffer Alone like that Xiaosaurus. Just the thought of it horrifies me. No. I'm sick of being defeated, And tired of suffering. I finally realized. I have to change. I must come out of my Comfort zone. If I don't I'm going to end up like that Xiaosaurus. Dead.

<u>A plan</u>

To defeat the bullies. 1. observe the bullies: their weaknesses and their goal of bullying me. 2. practice mindfulness to make myself resilient and resistant 3. start by ignoring the bullies 4. fight them verbally (throw "insults" at them) 5. don't ever be bothered by their taunts 6. victory.

Chase

<u>Pity</u> I feel pity for Kai. She's kind and friendly. And I couldn't help noticing the tears, streaming down her face after I insulted her. I'm sorry. I don't actually like Peter or Andrew, Unless it comes to surfing, but I don't want to get insulted because I'm friends with Kai.

I'm not afraid of the bullies, It's just that I'm sick of defending Kai. These days I noticed something about Kai that's different. During recess, I was playing soccer With the boys, when I saw a bunch of girls. They formed a semicircle around Kai, Throwing random things at her and mocking her.

Unlike most days, She did not beg me for help. Instead, she stood In silence and let the objects hit her, Letting the girls tease her. She stands, Calm, After the bullies are done, She walks away. No tears, No sad face. She walks away With a smirk on her face.

<u>News</u>

It is Saturday, and I agreed to surf with Jason today. I woke up to the morning sun, Excited. I can go to the ocean again. But when I walked out of my room, I feel that something's not right. The usual noisiness of my mom cooking Is gone. No sizzling of food being cooked, No aroma of coffee, Nothing. I tiptoe down the stairs, afraid to make a noise. I see my mom Sitting on the sofa.

Her darkened face. Not saying a word. Stunned. Then she dropped the bombshell, "Kazuki's no longer with us anymore."

Shocked, I ask "How?" "Surfing. Hit his head on the reef. Unconscious. Drowned." Tears overflowed my eyes. Kazuki was my best friends from Japan.

No. This is not happening. How could he die? He's a great surfer, he knows better than this. Why him? I walk back to my room And bury my head in my pillow.

No.

How could Kazuki just leave Like this? Why? It's all my fault. If I did not leave Japan, I will be there To save him. But Why him? Him? I stayed like this For an entire weekend.

Kai

<u>Half failed</u> I somewhat half failed my plan Already. I still get hurt when the bullies mock me. I still feel weak and broken.

Sometimes, I want to cry so much. Sometimes, I wish someone was there to save me. I feel vulnerable. But I know that This plan takes time.

It is going to take the whole semester. Though one third of the semester have passed Already. I have to transform. I have to change. I must persist and stick to the plan no matter what. Because I don't want to be bullied For my whole entire life.

<u>Useful</u> Facts I gathered about the bullies, especially Ivory.

Weaknesses: Cares about looks a lot, indicating that she hates people telling her she's Ugly. Low self—esteem (like me). Seeks attention. Wants to be popular.

All these weaknesses reassure me, I am not the only coward here. Now I'm done with steps one and two and maybe half of three, I'm still going to ignore them and occasionally Fight back. It'll be fun, Watching the bullies suffer.

Carrying out my plan

I wake up, Today is a big day. I cling to my lucky pendant for good luck.

I'm going to watch these bullies suffer. After days and weeks of observing these bullies and giving them the silent treatment, which they think that I've just being a Coward, and practicing mindfulness, I am stronger, More resilient, and ready to take Revenge.

I hop onto the school bus and ignore all the taunts Pouring at me. But I still sit alone, I don't want any company anyways. As we arrived at school, I took a deep breath and prepare myself For what's coming next.

As I walk into my humanities class, I stay silent, Never look at any of the girls. I sit down at my chair acting like nothing had happened. Everything was going accordingly to my plan, I'm giving them the silent treatment, Until break time.

The bad things always happen to me at break. The girls surrounded me again,

Taunting me. "Are you girls done now? I need to go to class." I stated calmly. The girls sniggered. "Or else what? You run away and cry? You call mommy for help?" They teased me. Embarassed, I walked away. That was awful. After that, I don't even want to stick to my plan. I gave up.

The rest of my day was Ruined. But I guess I'm not the only one Who had a miserable day.

Chase has been acting weird these days, He no longer sits with Jason. He sits Alone. His eyes are red and puffy, Looks like he's been crying for days and he hasn't got enough sleep. Something is very very off. But nah, I'm not going to comfort him. I am not going to comfort a traitor

Chase

<u>I hate everyone</u> Jason and their friends Abandoned me because I did not go surfing with them, like I've promised on Saturday. They're not my real friends anyways.

They abandoned me like the way I deserted Kai. I am now finally heartbroken. I can't stand this anymore. I would find myself weeping In the middle of class. Why did the ocean take Kazuki? Why him?

He was such a caring friend. I would remember his nut brown eyes glistening in the sun. I would remember his silly hair. I would remember how the ocean was his home, How he and the ocean were bonded and connected. Kazuki couldn't live without the ocean They were one. And now The ocean killed him.

The cruelty of the ocean The ocean, a murderer, Bloodthirsty. The ocean no longer seems Calm and safe. The waves no longer look Familiar. The waves, Thrusting their tridents at me, even more brutal than the tributes in the Hunger Games. I couldn't bear the ocean anymore.

Once I get home, I buried my face in my pillow and screamed as loud as I could. I hate the ocean. I hate it. I hate it. I hate it. I hate it. I swear I will never ever surf Again. I will never touch seawater anymore. Never.

The ocean once felt like home,

but now The ocean is cursed. Surfing no longer feels like gliding on water, Surfing is the act of walking on thin ice. Surfing is the act of sacrificing oneself to the ocean. Surfing is the act of killing oneself. What if I surf and end up dead like Kazuki?

I swear I will not make any contact with seawater ever again, Not even a drop.

<u>These days</u> are tough for me. I couldn't resist the urge to burst into tears during class. I would shed tears silently All day.

I don't care if I look like a pufferfish. The only place I could find refuge is in books. As soon as I got home, I would have my nose in a book. The only people I can relate to are the characters in the books. They're like me, They've been through tough times, Sometimes, Their friends die too. I understand them. and they understand me. They're my only escape From reality.

Kai

Another try My first attempt to roast the bullies Successfully failed, Instead, they embarrassed me. But I still have chances. I will not end up like that Xiaosaurus. I'm not the old me anymore, But I am not the new me yet. At least I have To try.

Deep breaths, Kai, I told myself, pretend that the bullies are just Ignorant idiotic bigots. No wait, they really are ignorant idiotic bigots. Just the thought of that makes me Laugh. A true laugh.

This time, I'm not going to being nice to them anymore, I am going to be harsh on them. This time, I'll be the one Attacking them.

When they surround me again during recess, I stay silent. And then I exploded "There are some *really dumb* people in this world. Thanks for helping me understand that, *Ivory*. Oh, and just so *you* know, you and Monday are extremely similar –

Nobody likes you." Look at their faces, They're so stunned. I want to laugh. "Your gene pool needs more chlorine." Ivory replied sternly.

I walked away, grinning. That's funny Because you know what, Ivory's gene pool doesn't have any chlorine At all. After sort of insulting Ivory, I feel much better. I'm proud that I finally confronted my fears. Actually, Ivory looks hilarious when she's shocked and furious.

Now I know how to stand up For myself. Weeks and weeks passed Ivory and her group of girls gradually stopped picking on me, Though I usually have to "insult" them before they stop.

I now have a collection of things to say To Ivory: "Remember when I asked for Your opinion? Me neither." and she would be dazed. "If you're waiting for me to start care, I hope you brought something for eating because it's gonna be a long time." and she would silently walk away. "I know that everyone is allowed to act stupid once in a while, but you're Abusing that privilege." and she would look disgusted. "Whenever I see your face, I'm reminded that God has a great sense of humor." and she would roll her eyes at me Angrily. "You bring me so much Joy and happiness – every Single time you leave the room." and she would leave me alone.

Well Ivory, Good luck on Refuting *that*.

Chase

<u>Kai</u> seems to be getting stronger Each day. I can see that she knows how to Fight back. It's already been a semester, and I seem to be getting worse.

Now, I am the coward and now I am the one who needs help. Now, Jason and I are not friends anymore, and now I Need someone for support. I really want Kai to be My friend again. Maybe she will.

<u>Please</u> Today is the first day of the second semester. and at lunch, I have to talk to Kai.

I sat down next to her, "What are you doing here. Leave me alone and go sit with Jason." A hint of anger was in her voice. "I'm here to apologize." I mumbled. Kai's looked at me for a second, rolled her eyes at me, and then continued eating.

I started speaking, "I'm sorry that I left you alone By yourself when you needed support the most. And I'm sorry if I offended you. I ..." Kai cut me off. "I don't need to hear your apology. Just tell Me why you abandoned me." She snapped. Jesus, Why is Kai like this now? "Okay okay, just calm down." Oh god, this is embarrassing.

"Um, so I was afraid that I'll also get bullied if I was your friend, so I went and found new friends that turned out are jerks." I explained. Kai laughed for the first time ever. "Well now, who's the coward?" she teased. For the first time since Kazuki passed away, I smiled.

"Friends?" I asked feebly, Scared of her rejection. But to my surprise she confirmed, without any doubt. "Friends."

<u>Kazuki</u>

Even though Kai and I are friends again. I miss Kazuki. I miss him so much. I miss everything about him.

At times,

The feeling overwhelms me and I snap. Most days, I'm silenced by Emotions. I stay speechless during class, during recess, during break, on the bus, and at home.

I will mentally collapse the moment I step into my house, and whimper for an entire afternoon. Every night, I lay on my bed staring at the ceiling, listening to the waves, reminding me of how much I Hate the ocean.

I would lay there Motionless for hours and hours Until I fall asleep.

Nightmares Every single night. I would be surfing in my dreams, On the blue waves. and I would fall from my board. My head hits the reef below. I'm knocked into unconsciousness. I feel myself sinking lower and lower. Hopeless. Helpless. I'm drowning. I can't breathe. I am suffocating. Everything turns black. Panting and sweating, I wake up. Imagining how the ocean took Kazuki's life. Curse the ocean.

Kai

Weird These days, Chase is acting super weird. His true self seems to be Stolen. He isn't talking to me anymore.

The silence always send shivers down my spine. This isn't like him. Something's very off.

During lunch time, he remains mute, staring at his food. "Are you okay?" I asked, Worried. Is he sick or something?

"Yeah, I'm fine."

But he definitely isn't. For the first time ever, I see fresh drops of tears rolling down his cheek. He sniffed, then using a shaky voice, he replied, "I am not okay. I have to tell you something, but you must keep it a secret." He waits for my answer, I nod.

He continued, "So, my friend from Japan. His name is Kazuki. 2 months ago, he, um, you know, drowned while surfing." Okay, That was unexpected. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you sad." I apologized. Chase sighed, "It's fine. It's not your fault. I'm scared. I'm not going to the ocean or beach anymore."

Now

It's my time to be a supportive friend. It's my turn to look out for Chase. Everything changes so fast, 4 months ago I was the silent one, the one who needs help. But now, Chase is me.

Now Chase is traumatized, He refuses to surf again. He lost hope. He lost the key to the door leading to the sun. He lost his anchor. He must find it back, and I'm Going to help him Now. Please "Chase, you are afraid of the ocean, right?" I asked. "Yea." "Can you please take me to the beach. I want to see the waves. Please." I begged. "Nope. You know I'm scared of the ocean." He replied. "But you must confront your fears. And according to Yourself, you must save yourself. Plus. I've Never been to the beach before, even if I've lived here for my entire life because I spent all that time in the golf course. I did already save myself from the bullies. Still, I must confess that I am still afraid."

He chuckled "Don't use my own words against me." I requested him for 20 minutes, it took 2 bags of pretzels too, before he agrees. "Okay okay, I will go to the beach, but promise me That you will not force me to go into the water." "Deal."

Chase

Back again I am going back to the ocean Again. The place I dread. but this time I have emotional support. I take Kai to the beach, and we kick off our flip flops.

We stroll on the soft,

Familiar pear white sand. "Do you know what bunkers are? Like in golf?" Kai asked. "Yea." I replied. "Well, you know, I was wondering if the sand in the bunkers came from here." she said with a goofy grin.

"That's insane, and can you stop grinning Like an idiot?" We burst into laughter. "Look at the sea. It's so blue and beautiful, The way it sparkles Under the sun." Kai exclaimed. My face darkens, "That's what I thought too, until.... Kazuki drowned. The ocean suddenly felt foreign and unsafe. I no longer wanted to touch my surfing board. I'm scared that,,, I can't continue.

"It's okay. One day you will be able to return To the sea. I promise." Kai told me earnestly. I Stay silent. Until Kai breaks it, "So, tell me about Kazuki." I took a deep breath and started,

"Kazuki is a great surfer, better than a lot of people I've seen before. He has tanned skin, like super tanned skin, and brown hair. He looks just like Kanoa Igarashi, a Japanese surfer. Kazuki is as nimble and as swift as a Bird when he's on the surfing board. He's unbeatable. We were friends since I was 3, so a pretty strong bond. I miss him so much." Kai looked at me and said, "I'm sorry. I guess Kazuki is not Moana." We burst into laughter.

"Oh, Kai did you know that your name means 'sea' in Hawaiian language. It's a typical surfer name." "Oh, I never knew." replied Kai.

<u>Maybe</u>

Maybe one day, I could teach Kai how to surf, and she could teach me how to play golf. I sit in the sand next to Kai, watching the orange glow of the sun dye the sky, The sea in front of me. The waves washing up the shore. It all seems quiet. It all seems peaceful.

Maybe Kai is right. Maybe one day The ocean will be familiar again. Maybe one day, I would surf again. Maybe one day The ocean will be home again.

I can feel the ocean's heartbeat. I can hear the ocean's call, It is summoning me. I close my eyes, Feel the sun Warm on my eye lids. Hear the crashing of the waves. Hear the heartbeat of the ocean. Thump thump, Thump thump. And I merge with the ocean. Together, We become one.

Kai

Who am I? I lay on the soft sand Next to Chase. Hear the waves slash the shore. Listen to the seagulls' cry. I close my eyes. My mind drifts to the question From humanities class At the start of the school year: Who am I?

It turns out, I am wrong the entire time And Chase is right.

Who am I? I am the girl who was once bullied. I am the girl who was afraid. I am the girl who now is capable of saving herself. I am the girl who stepped out of her comfort zone. I am the girl who defeated the odds. I am the girl who takes control of herself. I am the girl who is powerful. I am the girl who changed and transformed. I am the girl who confronted her fears.

Feel the radiant sun Shine on my back. Feel the Xiaosaurus inside me Roar, Strong and powerful, Unbeaten. Who am I? I am Kai Adler.

Echoes of the Cretaceous: A Tale of Friendship and Eternal Flame

Shanghai American School Pudong Campus, Jin, Elise – 13

Music starts.

Clattered rocks form the beat, roars of the dinosaurs constitute the melody. I am here, hidden under a thick tree, surrounded by robust monsters. Loud thuds fill my ears, The ground shakes below me, The sun flickers above me as the ground trembles harder beneath my feet. Majestic dinosaurs that were once written in history stood in front of me, They bellowed with force celebrating another victory.

As time gently advanced, the roars began to fade. The warriors walked out from the cave, Leaving me with waves of herbal fragrance. My gaze follow their steps, Until one stops in front of me. My eyes met hers, We stared at each other with awe. A Zhuchengtyrannus, I figured out. She moved closer, I moved backwards. My mind was full of fear. She is going to eat me. With a gasp of wonder he lifted me up, Observed me closer and gave me a hug. My heart pounds as I feel her breath. Warm and cozy, as a mama would have.

A bright light forces my eyes open, A place in heaven it must be. A flourishing flame surrounded by lush trees, A pellucid pond embraced by thriving thorns. She grins as she put me down, Watching me play upon the pond. She roars in happiness, I scream in excitement. I wave my hand directing her to come, She joins me slowly in bursts of thumps, We were like... Friends!

BOOM!

A loud thud strikes, My feet wobbled, dragging me to the ground. Thunder roars, Darkness shrouds. Earth is shadowed. I hear them shout. She lifted me up on her hands, Sprinting towards the huge cave ahead. Ground cracks. Ashes extend. Fire breaks out. I knew. It was the end. Will I survive? Will she survive? Dinosaurs decreased as we traveled, Only shouts of despair echoed in my ears. We entered the cave. Music starts. There was no beat, just a melody. I am here, sitting on a Zhuchengtyrannus. Tired and frightened voices fill my ears, The ground shakes below me, The darkness shadowed above me as the ground trembled harder beneath my feet. The frightened warriors fell to the ground as part of the cave collapsed, The roars faded gradually as more warriors fell to the ground. Wildfire lit up the darkness in my eyes, I turned my head towards her, And a bright light filled my pupils. I fell to the ground, My eyes meet hers again. She was on the ground, Burnt and nearly dead. She roared again. Not happy. Not sad. But relieved. At the end of life, A piece of jade in her palms, A stick lit up with fire in my hands, That was the end. Shall the jade keep her soul safe in heaven, And shall the flame of life and friendship ever burn bright, We shall pass this baton on, lighting up new sparks of precious memories.

Finding Harmony Amidst the Whispering Woods: A Ride to Remember

Shanghai American School Pudong Campus, Lu, Isabella – 13

A Journey through time, Traveler's guide Misty Chinese dawn Silk threads weave past stories Golden dragon rise Tails among tall trees, Discovering a thrilling Cretaceous quest, STOMP!

Deep woods that I ride, Alectrosaurus besides, Music found; joy wide.

Sunlight filters through, Leaves sway, shadows play and swoon, Nature sings a tune.

Gentle breeze murmurs, Through the ancient forest tall, Echoes of their past.

Old lonely hunter, Fearsome Alectrosaurus, Terror of the land.

Mighty claws extend, Rulers of a long-gone age, Dashes in the trees.

Spirits of the Earth, Roaming where the ferns still wave, Nature's pure delight.

Dino's friend and guide, Through ancient secrets we glide, Finding peace, our stride. Gentle rustling breeze, Soft words of woods, secret plea, In this place, we're free.

Cheerful, laughing stream, Splashing, carefree, life's pure dream, All about dino theme.

Dusk blends, kissing skies, Night noises, secrets, and sighs, Woods' lullabies rise.

Boundless vastness, Star-studded canvas above, Ethereal night.

Lost in thoughts, I stay, Finding sympathy, they say, In this place, find my way.

With each gentle stride, The leaves hum a soft, sweet tune, Unity in peace.

Through vibrant greens face, Timeless dreams of hearts embrace, Dinosaurs in grace.

Nature's sweet, gentle ballet, Feeling small yet free.

In the hearts of land, A legacy of wonder, Pride forevermore.

The far long East hills, Where secrets still abide, And mysteries await.

Beneath the starry sky, Dreams soaring, fading, flying, Ancient home, alive, Harmony thrives and survives.

Asteroids

Shanghai American School Pudong Campus, Pek, Hui Lan – 12

Beneath the majestic forestry Of the prehistoric Jiang Xi Jungle The rich and earthy aromas linger And waft like a fusion of spicy herbs.

Hear the crystal babbling stream, Gurgle and glisten incessantly, like Playful curious little infants at play, Like silver streamers in the scorched sunlight.

The dying drowning dusk illuminates The prehistoric clevosaurus His sleek back gleams as he croaks and leaps Vivaciously onto a craggy rock.

The cunning wildlife stalks and prowls Secretive and busy between The abundant foliage, like blown leaves As the gentle wind whispers through the trees.

Superiorly, stomps from the distance Swagger through the trees. Majestic pompous Sauropods wander for vegetation Their titanic forms bulging with purpose. The rhythm of their steps in tune to the Cries of avians and the hisses of The amphibians.

An ear-splitting echo rumbles through the forest. The asteroid pierces the canopy.

All is chaos.

Flames. A blinding burst.

A roar.

The undergrowth shatters—splinters—fractures. Apoplectic winds crash into the trees The prehistorical creatures frantically Floundering for a place to hide Their cries lost in the tempestuous sea.

Darkness drowns the forest.