

# Poetry Group 4

#### New Tales of China's Dinosaurs (Awaken)

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Yahyagil, Ayla – 14

Open eyes. Awake like the sun. The world unfastens; revealing, from younger days, Those of us who were better forgotten.

The creatures, upon their two legs, Have grown too weary. Their elusive efforts Have become infinitesimal.

The great clouds ripple above, Lingering stars fade, Whispering in their ears; A ringing noise. A bell that tolls twelve.

In the valley roams the behemoth; its towering stature casts dewy shadows, Verdant forests sway and meander; Each footstep tugging at the strings Of the Earth.

The feathered ones flit; Dancing from branch to branch. Coming as quickly as they depart. The pines join their game; Hiding them away.

The serrated crests upon their scaly backs Sink with the frigid wind; Blown away with the sky's allure. The mellow embrace of darkness Subdues the fields, east to west.

The erratic blowing of the wind's feet Sweeps the barren land. Arises the perpetual song: The time to leave has come. A blink.

## Alectrosaurus

#### Creative Secondary School, Bae, Yeojin – 15

Finally, the day the world discovers Secrets that were concealed beneath the stone Soft, sweeping brushes slowly uncover, The scintillating bone glowing alone As I take the final piece to my hands, The long-awaited assembly — done.

I held the beautiful creature that stands, I watched all the parts, together as one.

The zapping feeling, coursing through my veins That ignited an idea, ding! Ding!

I needed a name that could entertain Showing my newborn, that he was a king!

Still, that one, suitable name that struck me: Alectrosaurus, the label for thee.

#### The Comet Sonnet

#### Creative Secondary School, De'eb, Isabelle - 15

In twilight's glow, a mighty beast does fall, Beneath the heavens, darkened by despair, As meteors rain down, a cosmic call, The earth quakes, and silence fills the air.

Once lush and green, the world begins to fade, The forests thrum with life, now choked in dust. Where rivers flowed but now have been betrayed And shadows stretch where once the sun was just.

Yet as the giant breathes its final sigh, The truth unfolds; this creature wears a guise. For in its heart, a human soul must cry, As nature weeps beneath polluted skies.

What once was lost to cosmic force and flame, Now echoes back, our actions bear the blame.

#### Sweet Old Tales

Creative Secondary School, Elliott, Erin – 16

In the far hills where early echoes fade, The mighty dinosaurs once roamed so free, the lanterns in the moonlight, are now frayed Beneath the sky, bamboo with memory.

Each tooth and claw a tale of ages past, The jade, a mirror to the elders' place, For in their eyes, the shadows do not last, A red dragon carved in each wrinkled face.

An old culture, history or folklore together, calligraphy intertwines, With every teacup, fortunes they restore, Ancient mooncakes, sweet and rich like aged wines.

The festivals from those who came before, Like dinosaurs, the traditions we adore.

### The Tales Untold

Creative Secondary School, Hui, Heather Wai Lam – 15

Beneath China's soil, an ancient tale unfolds Mysteries of dinosaurs untold Stomp stomp Their mighty feet resound Sinosauropteryx, echoing across the ground

Chomp Chomp Chomp mouth opens wide But only having small animals inside wood, fire, earth, metal, and water embrace Elements entwined in this ancient space.

A dance of nature, where time stands still, In the heart of China, where fossils thrills Every trace of bones Whispers of creatures in this hollow space.

As Sinosauropteryx roamed with grace, In China's embrace, a timeless chase. different elements dance, a tale unfolds, Of dinosaurs ancient, in tales untold.

#### Literally 1984

Creative Secondary School, Joly–Montaron, Alex – 15

The mighty Omeisaurus. Claws like crescent moons, Staring over us like 1984. He felt on top of the world, yet when he stared back up, he had to shoulder the burden, of being the only one up here.

## Echoes of the Roar

Creative Secondary School, Kan, Hiu Lam – 15

Roar.

Fossil in the soil Sinosauropteryx is spoil Chinese whispers of ancient lore, Dragon soars, forever to explore. Birds of the ages, with feathers on the dance floor

Roar Roar Covered by the comfy soil A ray of light shines through my skin With every brush of dust, history unfolds Squelch squelch squelch 'Ta Shi Shen Me' I was shrouded

Jiangxi's treasures discovered Titanosaur hovered Let the world marvel, let legends ignite In the land of the dragon, their races once smite

## Layers

Creative Secondary School, Kasthuri Hetti Arachchige, Diyana Jayasinghe – 15

I start from scratch Peeling back the layers Discovering the hidden truth Of all the lies that need to be known

Peeling back the layers Uncovering hidden truths. Curiosity guides the way, Revealing life's untold proofs.

A world of wonder emerges, Secrets long obscured come to light. Expansive realms of knowledge, Discoveries that ignite the mind's delight.

# New Years

Creative Secondary School, Lai, Siu Yu Hayley - 14

Lanterns up in the sky The kids wondering which one to buy Pennies falling onto floor, clanking sounds that roar.

Moms with the red apron steaming the dumplings Dads and their kids playing with the ducklings Neck stretches as they await for the lights to shine Long march in parallel line

## Dinosaur Soar

#### Creative Secondary School, Li, Henri Miguel Miralles – 15

Daring giants roamed the earth, Incredible beasts of ancient mirth. Nimble hunters, fierce and grand, Over mountains and through the sand. Scaling heights, they ruled the land, Ages passed, their reign so vast, Unfathomable echoes of the past, Remnants of a time that forever lasts.

## New and Improved Dinosaurs

Creative Secondary School, Li, Tianze Jack – 15

Two species, similar in biology. To scavenge, and hunt, and eat and repeat. In Chinese lands, they roamed magically. Strong motives, accomplishment of the feat.

From the prey hiding and starving in trees,
To the hobo munching on processed cheese.
After the meteors came and the world changed,
"Fight" for our food, has life actually improved?

Ancient dinosaurs, displayed in glass. To see yourself, buy the prehistoric pass.

#### The Triceratops' Fist

Creative Secondary School, Muhammad, Anas – 16

In the risky peak of Cretaceous days In which land where he be be feared by all One emerges to stop people's dismay One that even the dinos perceive tall

The Triceratops, majestic and fierce Colossal god that be praised by all foes The Triceratops holding gaze that pierce His bony frill, three-horned face proudly shows

Even after death his presence still known In the form of The Triceratops' Fist In battles of death when this move gets thrown Blood of foes be vaporized into mist

The Triceratops' Fist, born from distress Even the strongest man, this will impress

### Mahjong Giants

Creative Secondary School, Nasayao, Sabella – 15

In a cozy room, friends holding cups of tea draw near Tiles clatter, crooked laughter sparks the cheer With silver hair and wisdom deep With every turn, the tension grows as tight as they hold onto life Ancient whispers echo through the night but their ears function as old as dinosaurs How did they use to conquer this land?

#### Extinct

Creative Secondary School, Pena, Juli Sze Yuen – 15

Dinosaurs playing in the bright, enlightening sun, Running and stomping, oh what fun Dinosaurs roared with a mighty growl, While the little Raptor dashed all around.

Triceratops munching on the leaves up high, Brontosaurus reaching for the sky They danced and laughed, big and small, In their ancient world, they had a ball

But in a shock, their world went down, The friendly sun had darkened the place, With the place they once played, and the places, they once ate The dinosaurs had finally met their fate.

#### Lords of China

Creative Secondary School, Quitiba Freitas, Elisa – 15

In ancient Dynasties where giants roamed the land, Thunderous steps of giants shook the ground. With scales like armor, they were fierce and grand, They ruled with might, their roars a mighty sound.

And from the soaring bright or dark blue sky Pterodactyls would spread their wings and glide, While Trex stalked with hunger in its eyes. In green shrubs, the herbivores would hide, Yet time, relentless, claimed their reign so bold, As meteors fell and shadows filled the air. In fossil beds, their stories now retold, A glimpse of life that once was beyond compare. So let us marvel at their ancient grace, These Chinese now echo in our space.

#### The Tyrannosaurus

#### Creative Secondary School, Rendell, Daniel – 15

Massive creatures from an ancient time Long gone and buried under the surface Some only consumed plants such as thyme Others could run or sneak without a trace

But the Tyrannosaurus would eat them With its deadly strength and razor sharp teeth It would destroy and cause lots of mayhem So how did it end up buried beneath?

A colossal rock that fell from the sky An impact that could make the world tremble All the animals get buried and die Leaving only bones to be reassembled

While the creatures are long gone from this land At least we can admire them, how grand!

# A Tale as Old as Time

#### Creative Secondary School, Saeed, Esha – 16

Two dinosaurs, pulled apart by the heavy hand of family, (Living separately, one in Beijing, the other in Queens) Unlikely lovers, they fell into immense agony, Soulmates forever entwined in their youthful dreams.

Romeo and Juliet pales beside this love's tale; Both raised in China, they met by the great sea. Never together again, yet bound without fail, Longing for acceptance, but the asteroid set them free.

Much like today's youth, they were in a teenage embrace, They asked themselves, "How could love be wrong?" Foolishness from an ancient race, lost in time and space, Yet their passion endured, in the end, made them strong.

They died with the warmth of a true lovers' kiss, Forever remembered in love's gentle bliss.

#### Just a Normal Sunny Day

Creative Secondary School, Sidley, Marcus – 15

Looking out the window, tea as warm as a star The sky clear like water, waves crashing

On the other side A chilling eye fills the room The wind reeking of blood there was peace, now silence dominates

All that's left is a ringing abyss Or is there anything left at all

# Echoes of Ancient Discovery

Creative Secondary School, So, Hailey Ho Lam – 15

In the heart of China, secret whisper, A farmer's keen eye found a marvel hidden inside, The first of its kind, was conceal in a secret, A sinosauropteryx was discovered, a dinosaur was cooed.

'What's that?'

Forty species were discovered, a wondrous array, Pterosaurs, Sinosauropteryx, titanosaur have all emerged with the heart of them, Sinosauropteryx was the first, born with rare, Pterosaurs were the second, rulers of the sky, Titanosaurs were the last, gigantic and high.

Amongst the ruins, a lost world revealed, Where the time remain unchanged, Ancient life is exposed. Beyond the reality, A tale of bones was unearthed. 'What's next?' 'We don't know' The tales of these giants, they will transmit, In the heart of China, where the story is written. Where stories passed. Where mysteries were untold.

#### Remnants

#### Creative Secondary School, Tam, Adrian Chun Hei – 15

At the deepest depths of mud and rocks Lies the remnants of a once living creature It waits to be discovered in a bog Overtime its body has become disfigured

After millions of years It will once again see the light Its discovery cause the crowd to cheer And cause the scientists to write

Workers dig up the rest of the body Its fossilized body is put up for display Perplex and mesmerize everybody And its name lies on the board next to the doorway

A lot of families has come to visit The museum's main show The children being very inquisitive Ask about the deathblow

# An Emotional Sky

Creative Secondary School, Tessariol, Luca – 16

Dead dangling Dichroa hang from the cave as the smell of Cycads mixed with the smell of smoke and fire reek in the air.

It's a dead world, but it's ok.

Nobody can accept it, but there's no need for accepting, because there is nobody, or at least it seems so.

- Over time, the world healed, becoming a beautiful place as nature took its course-on its own-free from the burdens of greed and desire.
- **S**olitary, but genuine and profound: The trees felt alone, the clouds cried and the soil occasionally erupted with green herbs and vegetation.
- **A**nd in this cave, a poor Sinraptor dinosaur lay on the ground, one who once happily paraded around the provinces of China, now decaying slowly by slowly as decades pass by.
- Unfortunately, under this beautiful, emotional sky that cries from time to time,
- Rain isn't the only thing that comes out soaring, ready to descend and overwhelm us. Rocks do too. Big, angry, random rocks.

#### The Mythic & The Extinct

Creative Secondary School, Tianson, Yzabella – 15

Lore passed down about mythical beings, where prehistoric unseen, dragons beamed. But look back at their history readings. "Kind of similar", the people agreed.

China's mythology says dragons soared. Carnivorous, Microraptor takes a swoop! Majestic dragons, like knights with sharp swords. Pinacosaurus's hard shield? bulletproof!

Both are similar in multiple ways, But their mindset is different, just like looks. "Dragons are lucky protectors," folks say. Dinosaurs killed for their own lives like crooks.

Stories about their derailed legacies, the lore we remember... like melodies!

#### Dreadnoughtus in the Sky

#### Creative Secondary School, Tse, Anson Yuen Ka – 15

The day of the dinosaurs' beginning When it first hatched out of its large, round, shell The reason the world would stop spinning As the Dreadnoughtus emerged, tall and well Its name, announcing its own resistance "Fears nothing", named after a battleship Others should fear only its existence For when it finally gets its grip Extinction shall be but a common doom Plaguing the Earth, humans and those above The day will come for us to meet our tomb Yet many see it a labor of love

Dreadnoughtus, high and mighty in the sky Will you tell us if destruction is nigh?

## Chinese Dinosaur Poetry

Creative Secondary School, Yang, Allan Zehan – 15

In ancient lands where mighty giants roamed, New tales of China's past are now intoned.

#### Haiku

Fossils in the earth, Whispers of ancient giants, Time's breath stirs the past.

#### Limerick

In China, the dinosaurs thrived, With tales of their journeys survived. They danced in the sun, Had parties for fun, But tripped on their tails when they jived!

## Extinction

Creative Secondary School, Yuen, Jasmine Wai Shan - 15

extinction was no great mystery: over millions of years, the KT layer was laced with the rare metal iridium from the dusty remains of an asteroid impact that triggered the mass extinction and the smoking gun? worldwide cataclysm

#### The Sinosaur

#### Diocesan Girls' School, Mak, Hei Tsit – 15

The Middle Kingdom was once ours, Its fertile soil raked by reptilian claws. Our echoing calls and ricocheting roars, More primal than those of dragons'.

Warm gusts of air breathed on my silken tail, Ruffling my feathers like a phoenix in flight. Giant dinosaurs displayed their might, While winged ones took to azure skies above.

We were the bone and flesh of the legends to come, Ancestors of the great beasts. Lush lands and gushing rivers that did not cease, It was our golden dynasty.

Then— The great calamity came. Footprints fading as we fell to the ground. The earth forcing our kind into an eternal slumber, Frozen with our stories, Buried with our pride.

#### \*\*\*

And there we lay, still and silent, Like a delicate breath held for millennia. While civilisation gave a cry from its cradle, Announcing the dawn of humans.

Sometimes voices passed through the cracks and crevices— A wizened man with tales of auspicious creatures. Dragons and fenghuang, with scales, fangs, feathers— In appearance, we were like brothers.

Oh, how imprisoning it felt! Biding our time in ancient rocks below, Awaiting the ever-shining sun to grace us with warmth Once more, to revive our legacy from long ago.

#### \*\*\*

A farmer stumbles upon my fossilised self. His heartbeat's a jumble— It's the unearthing of new knowledge, Of wonder, of excitement.

A dragon resurfacing from clouds and fog— I am catapulted into the limelight, People buzz with interest over me. Showcased under museum lights, People flock to hear my story.

A treasured piece of Chinese natural history, Finally fit in the mosaic of China's tales, new and old. Whenceforth dinosaurs under layers of sediment rest in peace, Knowing that their history is now well told.

## New Tales of China's Dinosaurs- Skeletal Echoes

ESF Island School, Tsang, Chun Yin Chris – 14

Dust jumps off the rusted spade Onto the ancient layered rock below. Simple farmers like myself, born long before the dinosaur boom, Whilst the scores of other miners on the other side, Clouded with fantasies of fortune and splendour Carve out mountains And the heavens itself, it seems For piles of old bones worth millions.

Clink, clink, clink Clink, clink, clink Chock. The spade hammers again But the same empty, hollow sound follows. I crouch and examine the beaten rock, A dark, rusted brown hue jutting out amongst the sea of beige, Curved smoothly like the crescent of the moon. Eyes widen as I realise I have done what the money blinded fools eagerly digging on the other side Could not.

> "The scale, the size of this fossil– I don't believe you know how valuable this is!"

The museum director Eyes glued on the ground Splutters to me in ecstasy While groups of men In baggy uniforms coloured frost white Trod and stomp on my fields of corn and Chip away at my findings.

> I do know, director, And I do not care.

A skull Curving to form a beak-like mouth Emerges slowly Contorted in agony. Rows of ribs Laden with cracks and fractures Hide in the rock.

> Radios buzz and The televisions blare only one thing– The humble farmer's discovery of a dinosaur fossil in the Yixian formation, Larger than even the first.

I do not know how they even have my full name, Pictures of my farmland – now With government officials and workers galore, Even pictures of my childhood Thought lost to the sands of time. The hordes of people in the back of my land Finally dissipate, leaving Behind a gaping crater Which they could not be bothered to fill. A hole bored into the skin of my land that will soon Be swarming with infectious bacteria.

"Could we get an exclusive interview with you?" "You are the one that found the fossil, right?" "Do you have a moment to talk, sir?" "Excuse me sir do you have tim-" "What are your thoug-" "How will you rea-" "Can we als-" "Please co-" "He-"

> Flashes from cameras Shouts coming from the gates Letters flooding my mailbox Reporters mashing their faces Against my windows, Hoping for that one Special interview I will not give it to them.

Vans clad in midnight black Screech up to my driveway, Men in suits costing More than what I make in a year, Wait outside my home. Mining corporations Museums News channels Grappling with each other For my attention.

> Half a million yuan for my land A million yuan Two million Four million

> > Name a price, please sir.

I will not entertain you, gentlemen, I will not name a price, I will not give an exclusive interview, I will not tell my wondrous story I will not sell my land, My life, Away.

Fathers, Grandfathers, Forefathers, Blood of a bloodline, Spilt over these meagre acres of crops. Fighting the *Gaoli* soldiers Fighting the *Yangren* soldiers Fighting the *Kuomintang* soldiers. Faded tracks from artillery carriages Chipped edges of battle axes embedded in the rock Specks of inky black gunpowder littering the porch Impact craters in the sides of the concrete walls Worn down with decades of neglect.

#### Yet

The prospect of Money, of fortune, of riches Blinds people to tradition Wipes away all sentiment, heritage and legacies In favour of the golden coloured reverie.

#### Let

The hollow world thirst For hollow skeletons, Let them chase the echoes of long—lost roars, Let them bask in the glory

And revel in the parades and discoveries. Let them chase for the shadows.

#### While

I stand firm in my place, Defending my legacy, While I turn down The seven-figure numbers In favour of actual riches.

#### While

I cultivate the future, Rooted in the present And not the past, A place where true wealth lies Not in what is taken, But in what is grown.

In the legacy of life, In the soil beneath my feet.

# Shadows of the ancients

ESF King George V School, Teow, Aylin – In Ancient China's rugged landscapes, Amidst relics of old, weathered by time, Lies the lore of colossal beings, Their scales gleaming under the scorching sun.

Beneath the naked gray sky, there once was a teeming sky, full of feathered beasts with pounding wings, every stroke creating a gust of wind that ripped through what was like an invisible barrier.

Beneath the echoes of engines and urban sprawl, you could hear the faint echoes of the titan's feral roars. you could almost hear their footprints etching into the fresh earthly ground, now lost behind dull concrete and steel.

Where I stand now, viewing the empty old town, there once were harmless beasts.

Harmless. Harmless.. Harmless...

Where I stand now, I am alone. I am alone with nobody but the rugged landscapes, the naked gray sky. I could hear myself breathing

In... and out...

## Dinosauria by the Holocene, China

ESF West Island School, Zhu, Leda – 15

Lumbering beasts of terror Slowly, sluggishly, stumping about.

Their minds – absent from all life wherever, No purpose but to maim and tear with their gore–covered snout.

These cold-blooded reptiles, wrinkled from head to toe, Emitted ear-piercing roars and sickeningly showed

Twisted hands; jutted teeth; Shrunken skin wrapped the bone beneath.

But perhaps, there remains something more, Something just so difficult to ignore – Something meaningful, more familiar than this, Something beautiful, yet we constantly miss.

His ginger tail, barred with stripes of white; His soft, fuzzy body glistened in the light. Was the Sinosauropteryx ever aware That he'd be the first to boast the coat he wears?

And in the dense forests, in another chapter, Swoosh! From tree to tree, flew the Microraptor Dressed in lustrous feathers that shimmered iridescence From black, blue to green, with such handsome essence.

Then down below among the thickets and ferns, A young Psittacosaurus abruptly turns To see his reckless sibling scamper towards him— Crash! They tussle and scuffle, missing bristles by the brim.

Or even high up, in the hills above, Snuggled up silently in some passionate love: A pair of Yutyrannus, gently snoring With fleecy bellies full from their feast of the morning.

Further down the line, the Hadrosaur laid While her herd stood attentively as they surveyed The large, open land that stretched afar To ensure her precious clutch is safe as they are.

And in the dunes, marching along Were the clubbed Pinacosaurus that travelled daylong, Whose clumsy youngsters chirped noisily for food, Contesting to be the loudest in the brood...

Oh! But there's so much more to discover, so much more to find, Yet their faces so clear now! How were we so blind?

And maybe just by chance, if you pay close attention To everything around you, that you don't even mention— There, in the skies! Or in the pond or in the trees, Or striding proudly by your feet, or out there fishing in the seas, They chirp, they squawk, they screech and they tweet, And perhaps up there, you could hear their wings beat.

Maybe then, it will start to be more and more clear,

As you observe the beings that are passing right through,

You'll begin to notice that they are still here-

The dinosaurs, they're alive and well too.

Heep Yunn School, Shing, Yee Isis - 17

Mystical and magical, They were neither make—believe nor fantastical, These creatures laid in tales we told, And existed in the land of the bold.

In the Chinese soil where shadows dance, Beneath the blazing sun's golden glance, The echoes of their appearance last, While ancient dinosaurs' stories are cast.

Feathers illuminated like autumn leaves, They appeared in fossils underneath. As the Sinosauropteryx showed us its trace, We visualize them soar into the sky with grace.

Legend has it that it resembled the dragon, Breathing fire and gold when the city was barren. When it spread its mighty wings, Fierceness and power they had was far greater than kings.

Palaeontologists deemed it the most magnificent creature, That this land of history will ever feature. Little did they know buried deep in the Chinese soil, Were stories of dinosaurs that awaited to uncoil.

On one frosty night the cold wind blew, A rock emerged to the earth's surface anew. Yet, this was no ordinary rock, As it held the remains of a giant hawk.

Little by little, bit by bit, The discoverer disassembled it. There laid the bones of an otherworldly creature, With talons so large as if it wasn't born from nature.

The discoverer cautiously inspected the fossil, Running his fingers through it as if it was a fragile sandcastle. To his dismay, the claws of the dinosaur held an object. Amidst the ashen winter he pondered what it would reflect.

Under the moonlight and in the silver hue, He held the object, finding traces of something he knew. In the heart of the night, he gasped as a vision took flight. The marks on the object – they are a piece of a magnificent sight. What the creature held was none other than a stone, The stone which protected his country and his king's throne. It was the dinosaur which helped build his country's Great Wall, And it was not just a myth the elders told after all.

He admired what he unravelled, Back to the fifteenth century his mind travelled. Envisioning the construction of the Great Wall, He marveled at the dinosaur's strength to make it tall.

"Poof!" The fossil in his hands went aglow, A fiery red surrounded him in the snow. Then came alive a hawk-like beast, Which rose to the sky and towards the east.

He followed the dinosaur to that direction, Until he breathlessly arrived at an intersection. With might, fearlessness, and determination, It stood on top of the indestructible fortification.

With wings unfurled in the silent night, The dinosaur bravely took its flight. An allegory of strength, and power so vast, Its legacy would always last.

Side by side there they stood, And their bond was understood. Hand in hand they had a mission, In forged unity they fueled their ambition.

From the Great Wall's heights, They were the guardians of the knights. Vowing to protect their country with all their might, Together they kept heroes safe like the light.

# The Chinese Dragon

Holy Family Canossian College, Chan, Ka Huen Erin- 17

Your snakelike figure lays still, on the table We, shuffle towards you like bee to honey

You, once hailed king of the seas Now king of our laboratory

I, imagine your long necked self that roamed, Imagine your mythical self that soared, Terrorising the oceans Terrorising the skies

I, wonder if our emperors saw shadows of you in the seas, Thinking the shadow came from above, Yelling 'Dragon, Dragon!'

I, wonder if you knew that your end was near, Did you lash out at the world's injustice? Did you murmur mournful goodbyes? Did you shed woeful tears?

The king of the seas lays still.

# Ι

#### International Christian School, Yeung, Sheung Ying Pisha – 15

The earth reverberates with my steps The land rumbles under my feet The mountains tremble as I trundle by: I, a great, four-legged, wizened beast.

I arch my neck – one I could boast Longer than the longest river green Which flows down twixt the valleys, through The land, and to the distant sea. The birds call, echoing my cry; My head, crowned with silken clouds I stand tall, touching the roof called sky. I, the most majestic of them all, The greatest of them all is *I*.

See the tremor of the small! Look, The peaks must bow to meet my eyes My tail sweeps through forest and plain The great leviathan thing Waving behind the Tromp, tromp, tromp, Of my earth-shaking feet. See the hollow stems cry out in pain -Tromp, tromp, tromp, See the veils of weeping trees sway ---Tromp, tromp, tromp, See the creatures, fierce and feeble Cower at my name; I, the mighty Titan king, I, the most majestic, I, the greatest, proudest, creation's feat I, a four-legged, wizened beast.

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Fong, Sze Yi Olina – 15

In the cradle of mountains, where the sun meets the sand, Lies a land of the ancient, a forgotten band. Whispers of giants, through the valleys they roam, In the heart of old China, they're calling us home.

With scales like the earth and eyes like the sky, They danced in the shadows as the ages drift by. From the peaks of the Himalayas, to the rivers that flow, Once they ruled over realms, where the wild grasses grow.

Listen! The echoes of thunderous feet, A crescendo of stories, so wondrous, so sweet. Beneath the soft layers of stone and of time, New tales awaken, in rhythm and rhyme.

There's Longbo, the swift, with feathers all bright, He soared through the valleys, a magnificent sight. With wings made of colors, like the blossoms in spring, He'd sing to the mountains, his heart in full swing.

And Dajing, the mighty, with a roar that could shake, Stood proud on the cliffs, his spirit awake. With wisdom of ages embedded in bones, He whispered to clouds and spoke with the stones.

Oh, the rivers would shimmer with stories of old, Of battles, of friendships, of secrets untold. In the dances of fireflies, tales come alive, As children, now dreamers, together they strive.

They gather 'round lanterns, beneath starlit skies, Listening close, through the murmurs and sighs. For the past is a tapestry, woven with care, In the heart of China, where the dinosaurs dare.

So here's to the legends, both distant and near, To the creatures that once breathed this atmosphere. In the echo of ages, their spirits will gleam, New tales of China's dinosaurs, alive in our dream.

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Ma, Pak Ho - 15

In the heart of China, where time seems to stand still, A farmer discovered a truly thrilling quill.

Beneath the earth where secrets quietly reside, Lies a feathered dinosaur, with a matter of pride.

Sinosauropteox, known as China's dragon bird, Whispers it's tale through the fossils unearthed

With each stroke of spade in Ning's gentle embrace, Forty marvels unravel in grace.

Pterosaurs soaring through the skies of old, Their mighty wings become lively and bold.

The shade of leaves and the murmurs of stone, Countless titans once called this realm their own.

Jiangxi reveals with fresh deep swirls, Unveiling a scene where the titanosaur whirls.

Excitement flares up like stars at night, As hidden treasures may come to light.

Paleontologists who are eager to comb. Through the ancient trails where giants once roamed

What stories will the ancient bones leave, Where more and more wonders conceive!

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, To, Shiu Yu – 15

Among the serrated peaks, where dinosaurs entwine, in the obsidian sky, the stars they shine. The new tales of China's dinosaurs echo, whispering the mysteries in twilight's shadow.

Above the Terracotta Army's steadfast gaze, setting their hearts ablaze. Beneath The Great Wall's impenetrable resistance, frolicking in the sunlight's effulgence.

The towering Brachiosaurus soaring into the eternal clouds, surpassing the gossamer mist that shrouds. The agile Velociraptor sprinting across the vibrant field, unveiling the story that has not been revealed.

Scales so iridescent, feathers so luminescent. Claws as curved as the crescent moon, hymning their favourite tune.

Once rulers of the Elysium, now resting in the timeless museum. The history written with their tales, perceived as enchanted fairytales.

#### The Pebble's Lament

#### St. Paul's Co-Educational College, Lam, Pui Kei - 15

Waves wash over the rock-strewn shore The moon, like a hollow, pale stain Casts its flitting light across the water As if desperate to penetrate its depths The wind, a quiet sob, echoes and dies Its whisper seeps down into the lake Where I lie shivering in the abyss

Through the rocking windows of time That travels relentlessly down this bumpy road Moonlight weaves a milky path of stars Into the ancient land of dinosaurs

I see the gentle glow scattered upon the feathers Of the long legged, winged creatures with wild, haunting cries That seem to reverberate through the earth From the bones of their remnants

I hear their voices even now Clearly through the faded lenses of memory Plainly as I sense their presence Buried deep underneath the asphalt Entombed, immortalized, preserved I hear them as they cry out Under the clumsy hands Of the mud-caked peasants With hungry eyes Helpless, paralyzed

I remember the choking ash and The searing heat and The flash of fear In their eyes before being trapped In the grave for eternity I remember their lives spent In the warmth of sunlight that Cut through the humid air In the blossoming land Rich with bird call and life

Do you hear us? I do Every day But I am only a pebble Trapped in the sand I wish to be found (word count: 231)

## Dragon-D

St. Paul's Co-Educational College, Lei, Sydney - 17

When we tell a story, We are reliving a common truth.

Dinosaur. "Deinos": Terrible, fearfully great. "Sauros": Reptile, turtle, lizard, snake. Put them together, "terrible lizard."

In Chinese culture, we crave a creature called **the dragon**. The rooster's crest, the tiger's claw, the monkey's wit, the pig's snout. Scissored and spliced, cut and clung, Branched and bonded — That day, a child's glued-together-piece-of-craft, ascended To gold-scraped murals, to untouchable realms, To the "China's hidden century" crystal box That Paddington laid his paws upon.

And yet, just as architects forge models from blueprints, Chemists craft experiments from manuals, Chefs mold pastries from recipes — storytellers Are artisans, Weaving together fragments, stitching them into a tapestry. This narrative we share is called history.

Plunge your fingers in dark, damp earth, Where the scent of rich, loamy soil stirs into perfume — A musty, mossy breath, Like rain on sun-warmed stones.

With each scoop, the soil yields, To crimson clay and golden grains, To crystalline glimmers glinting like salty stars. Feel the sunlight dancing on mottled browns, As the shovel rustles softly through the bitten crust. "Roughly 700 valid dinosaur species have been discovered and named." The dragon-bird. It must be a variety. It must be a hybrid. Short as a silkworm, long as silk fluttering in moonlight. It cloaks itself in ink, draped in midnight glow, A camouflage, a palette of colors borrowed from the sea. It soars, brushing the feathers of the sky, Yet dives into swirling shadows.

"Dragon bird. Draw it out."

How could you ever draw a dinosaur —

Ever laid eyes on one?

Neither have paleontologists.

The lake monster, the nine-tailed fox, the phoenix ----

How different could they be?

They unfold their blueprint, sculpting monsters from fossil frames.

Piecing together the rooster's crest, the tiger's claw,

The monkey's wit, the pig's snout.

Ones that burst from mud hills into flickering screens,

The D-capital cell cluster. Terrible reptile.

In truth, they are one and the same.

"But then, 66 million years ago, the dinosaurs suddenly vanished from Earth." Gently I leave, as gently I came. I wave goodbye, To lush ferns swaying in the breeze, To rivers murmuring secrets to pebble stones, Where fish twirl and dance in rippling waters.

Quietly I depart, As quietly I arrived; I unfurl my wings a little, Carrying away not even a whisper. I wonder if the stars will catch the drifting dust — And remember my name.

#### Write it down. Write it out.

Write of the dragon's glistening, piercing beak,
Write about the feasts. Write about the famishes. Write about the floods.
Write of unhatched eggs cushioned below.
Of larvae wriggling from the remnants of decay.
The book could never end...
Call us "terrible lizard". Call us "dinosaur".
Call us royal, majestic, alligator.
Call us "dragon of the East."
Mix and match:
Call us Chinese (Sino), Dinosaur (sauros),
Add a wing (pteryx).
Sino-sauro-pteryx. Sinosauropteryx.
We are the Chinese dragon-bird.

## Threads of Time

#### St. Paul's Co-Educational College, Yang, Ting Nga Katelyn Sophie - 15

A nameless seeker trembles, his brush hovering over the fragmented shard. Ancient whispers spill from the crevasse, stories embed in bone and time.

Somewhere in an ancient forest, the layer of earth quivers under each footfall, an earthquake of doubt. Shadows of kings, belittling the nearing future of his route.

The seeker's heart pounds, echoing against the fortified laboratory walls. His finding so minuscule for the headlines, yet has the aura of extinct gods.

Fiery torrents and volcanic plains carry its uncertainty as it shifts from a cabana to a cathedral of bone and flesh. Striding away from its past, the horizon ignites with sparks of transformation.

His voice grows stronger with each step of reconstruction, the novel species unfolds. Blinding flashes scorch his skin, his name forever etched in stone.

Others gather in its massive shadow, finding shelter in his newfound strength. Leadership flows like marrow, through its ancient frame.

Two stories separated by the tapestry of time, intertwined in the parallel legacy of prime.

# Whispers Under Burning's Earthy Veil

St. Paul's Convent School, Ip, Sze Wing Shirin - 16

Under burning's earthy veil, Sinosauropteryx, feathered and pale A dragon bird of legends spun, embraced by China, under the sun.

In Jiangxi, a titan dreams, where the story begins to gleam. A new tale blossoms, grand and bold, of ancient China's secrets left untold.

Memories dance in the azure sky, reminding us of a past that still intrigues our eyes. In China's embrace, where legends take flight, new stories of ancient times spark our delight.

In a world where time passes and mysteries blend, this cradle of life invites us to tend. Curious beings strive to unlock the doors, to the wonders of nature, rich in lore.

Exploring this ancient space with care, where echoes of giants linger in the air. In the soul of inquisitiveness, with each careful dig, we uncover the tales that sought to hide.

## The Last Dance

#### St. Paul's Convent School, Mok, Hei Tong Hayley - 16

#### Opening

Shadows loomed across the dark vast land and the chamber of night held their hand as they crossed the earth with a growl, howl and a yowl.

Through misty valleys deep and mountains high and beyond the hidden gaze of silver crescent, reveals a bonded pair of feathered wings. A splash of colours caught in a hidden embrace Yin and Yang intertwined. Crimson and vermeil flickering catching moonbeams in a spectral play of colour in hues of splendour lies a painter's delight like fresh cloth spun from the silkworm's womb Oh, such softness! Oh, such grace! With elegant stride they move through the glade in dappled twilight there was none to evade. Each step a sonnet, each caress a rhyme a symphony of beauty frozen in time.

What's that? A fiery celestial dancer from heavens above leaving the sky ablaze with fervent light

Tian's gate shook and Diyu's doors fell wide open and the Earth trembled as the scorching visitor drew near— A nervous harbinger of fear. A gloomy messenger of ruin. Or an eerie melody of woe. As the ball of destruction hurtled through the velvet clothed night an asteroid of wrath plunging across the sky crashing and burning in a doomed ballet with a tail of stardust following its wake. Nature's greatest mistake. As death crept inch by inch the pair shared a longing glance talons intertwined in tandem in the looming shadow of the raging dance. Tears were shed, yet hearts unwaver in face of fate's cruel favor. As the deity unsheathed his flaming trident, in murky chaos they found solace a blood-binding promise-

#### The last dance.

A requiem for the tragic tale of love in the rock remnants their love immortalized forever known, whispers of their bond down to the earth's core. As the Earth's heartbeat slowed to a mournful drag the final curtain fell on nature's grand verge.

#### Applause.

Stamford American School, Chan, Chi Ho Steven – 15

Ancient beasts destroyed by a meteor Are they all gone? No, they still exist in places Instilling fear and trepidation from the moment of birth onwards Our mothers - fiercely frightening They yell at us, with reason they say. Well, sometimes. Home from the demanding and the difficult A desperate need to relax from the rigor and requirements of a tough day But with shuddering footsteps The mothers appear Eyes flashing, Roaring expectations. For our own good they say But sometimes, they yell at us And we wonder -

What did we do wrong?

Stamford American School, Chan, Chi Kit Javen – 15

Some relationships are like a fossil, stuck in place like a stone Hard and unyielding They rub against emotions And remind us of what cannot be changed Etched in history Excavated, studied Then buried again Never forgotten Fading with time But then resurrected Polished and examined And so they remain An example A lesson Not to be forgotten

# New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Liu, Lok Ting Carl – 14

Millions of years ago, dinosaurs conquered the world A head full of sharp teeth – to ravage and murder, Their insanely loud roars intimidate Legs that crushed, and a tail to balance their massive bodies Oh, and small arms (but we don't talk about this) A quick yet destructive attack, feats of annihilation Deemed an insurmountable power But look at them now, evolved to a simple farm animal Not even a shadow of the oppressive kings they once were

Stamford American School, Lung, Hong Elizabeth – 14

The brachiosaurus stood on the grassland, Chomping on the leaves of a gingko tree. Its long neck stretched out like a bridge To our childhood From Barney to Toy Story From Jurassic Park to Jumanji Our cultural icons were sprinkled with imagination, adventure, fantasy Throughout the decades, they climbed and soared, Through windows and childish dreams With teeth as sharp as daggers, and wings that spread as wide as our horizons, They ruled a world where the fittest survived But goodness always won and Though their existence is now in shadow We still await the hero's ending

# New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Stamford American School, Ma, Haotian Maria – 14

With scales that glimmered fierce and bright, Dispelling the fog before our eyes, a wondrous sight. Chinese dinosaurs, the soaring symbol of might Mystery, power and benedictions take flight. As reality shifts to mythical tales of dark and light Ancient fires of the East gently ignite. To roam the realms of legends untold. Fossils whisper tales of days of old, And soaring mythical creatures of the sky. These ancient giants, where history lies.

Stamford American School, Singh, Ivane – 14

The beauty of bygone structures Realms of forgotten architecture left in the dust Heart of ancient temples where dragons danced in gold Tradition carved brick by brick into Patterns filled with memories of times past

Then began a genesis of simplicity and starkness Where once streets filled with lanterns of light and memories swirled like smoke from incense sticks Now filled with hurried footsteps in busy crowds We run blinded by smoke and pollutants

Hollowness of my soul as I falter through dismal streets Seeking fragments of an earlier era Pieces unearthed from dirt and crafted by A master's hands, long labor Lit by candlelight that catches and shimmers

A maze of reflection An intertwined reality of modernism I linger as I ponder When will we open our eyes? To the artistic realism that once was

To the forgotten beauty of spirit and art

Stamford American School, Ying, Yau Wing Carina – 14

Although in every society, there are those that cling to "dinosaur ideas". In the shadows of history We draw inspiration from the memory Of old ideas and so foster An evolution of thought Innovation means the past fades into history but is not lost. A treasure compressed into a fuel for creativity. So new ideas and beginnings emerge. Just as sunrise comes after darkness. So, the future is awaited, Although unseen and untold We know it will Arrive for us to behold.

## The Small But Mighty Xiaoxiaosaurus

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Lee, Katelyn - 14

In the ancient Chinese glow, A body no larger than a mug arose, The smallest dinosaur bestow, Its little head and its little nose.

The Xiaoxiaosaurus stood in its pride, But it was overlooked by every ally. "You're so weak!" says one with a fairly larger stride, "I can barely see you," says another that boasts of how high it can fly.

The solemn Xiaoxiaosaurus hid to weep, As its little legs didn't grow grand. It stowed away in sweet deep sleep, Then an asteroid hit the land.

Centuries later scientists found, A mysterious fossil under the ground. A perfect little dinosaur kept in fine fettle, Maybe it wasn't so bad being the size of a pebble!

# Creative Writing Poetry Group 4

## Anchiornis

#### Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Chan, Hoi Nam - 15

As dawn breaks the shadows leap into view Nature awakens with a booming roar Charging through thickets the ground starts to shake Heavy thumps echo as giants explore In the distance fierce hunters take flight Over valleys they glide with a powerful grace Rampaging through forests their might on display Nestlings watch wide—eyed in a world full of space In this land of wonder stories come alive Spirits of the ancients in every heartbeat thrive

# Underneath

#### Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Chui, Ming Tung – 15

Along bamboos the mysteries lie Bones and mud in meadows reside Stories beneath the sediment hide To whom it may concern residents worldwide

Wisdom inhabits bone mallow and more Feather brushes between slender fingers Claws crack and muscles turn sore Charcoal ink on wrinkled creases stains and lingers

Loud thuds in battlefields occupied Loud roars from soldiers dissatisfied Loud cheers from incapable emperors overthrown Loud cries from joy overflowed

Volcanoes erupts, meteorite crashes The dinosaur community perishes in ashes Culture and knowledge preserved underneath Humans left in disbelief

## Four Haikus

Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Fu, You Ran - 15

Ancient bones whisper Mountains cradle their secrets Time's breath lingers soft

A huge sudden roar Colossal dinosaurs growl It forever flows

In jade-green valleys Thunderous steps shake the ground Nature's heartbeat thumps

Under twilight skies Scales shimmer like stars above Guardians of time

# Sonnet - Shimmers Under the Soil of China

Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Leung, Chak Hin - 15

Beneath the woods, beside the hills, they run and roar Behind the bush, around the lake, they search and hunt Flying on sky, stomping on ground, a burst of war Tearing of flesh, scratching with claws, the teams confront

They fought, they armed, they joined, they went, they wrote their fate. No one on earth has dared to try and interfere. Yangtze and high Mount Lu, they dive and elevate. Footsteps across the meadows mark the pioneers.

Their fame was roaring loud, admired by all with ears Until one day a fallen rock annulled their glorious days. The fog shrouded their trace, earthquakes buried their peers. Hot lava burst and burned, huge smog wiped out sunrays.

Millions of years passed by, the people get to dug Their buried glory now will soon be woken up.

Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Luk, Chi Yan - 15

Digging deep, we find old bones In China's land, where history roams New tales arise, like whispers in air Once mighty myths, now stories we share Strong as mountains, they ruled the land Adventurous giants, both fierce and grand Under the earth, their secrets stayed Remember their journey in each fossil laid

#### Sinosauropteryx

Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Mok, Chloe Yu Kiu - 15

The Sinosauropteryx rose to the sky, In ancient places where shadows moved with the passage of time.

A creature so magnificent with brilliant feathers, Its voice reverberates as the rocks weather. The powerful giants strolled across verdant fields, From the Liaoning beasts to the raptors that never yield.

Here, ancient tales took place, Fights and battles, predators gave chase. Their legacy is whispered deep in stone, More tales are discovered as we reveal each bone.

In China's embrace, their stories swell,

A collection of wonders that the ages retell.

## Sinosauropteryx

Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Wong, Nga Chi – 15

Sinosauropteryx with feathers so fine In the shadow of light, they cry Nowhere to live Opening their eyes Seeking a place to stay Adventurers, bold in flight Underneath the ancient trees Roaring for its hope to live On, where the sunlight shines Perhaps it could make plants thrive There is yet nothing alive Embroidered on emperors' robes Revenge is what they want Yearning for a home, a place to be Xenial dreams in the night's embrace

### **Two Diamentes**

Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Yang, Cheuk Wing – 15

Dinosaurs

Roaming, hunting

Happy, reunions, families

Meteors, volcanoes, earthquakes, tsunamis

Terror, farewells, deaths

Screaming, crying

Fossils

Sauropterygians

Paddling, Diving

Fins, buckteeth, tails

Mystic, astonishing, aquatic, creature

Claws, antlers, scales

Dashing, flying

Dragons

# Fujianvenator

Christian Alliance S C Chan Memorial College, Yip, Tsz Kei – 15

Fujian, Fujian! My home is there
Unique place but now with despair
Jellyfish? Oh! I've heard of these losers
It's sad that we don't live in the waters
All of us run fast when we hunt
Nobody could escape the corps we run
Victory always belongs to our claws
Eating all the loot with sharp teeth
Neglecting the sky with black shadow
Abnormal weather can't stop our travel
Trying to climb up the mountains amidst the mist
Oh no! What is this red and hot fluid?
"Rhhhhh!" We're fearless screaming-venators

## Triopsbrontosaurus

#### G.T. (Ellen Yeung) College, Leung, Yu Fung Christie - 16

Millions and millions of years ago, As far backwards as time could flow, Retrace Earth's timeline like never before, Pterosaurs, plesiosaurs, along with dinosaurs!

Triopsbrontosaurus, one can wonder, "Three-faced lizard loud as thunder" Mysterious, its existence no one can know, Just a rumour -- from the fossil found two years ago.

Tales of it began to emerge, Of its famous herbivorous urge. Leaves or peaches, a grand debate, Pondering over, in its lifespan, what kinds of fruits it ate.

How did it live? Oh, what a mystery. Asleep? It didn't at night. When other dinosaurs are sleeping tight, All injured animals, it protects with its might.

In the final moments of disaster, Where a meteorite sparkles through others' last chapter, A cave, it found and hid inside. Townspeople say, this is why it survived.

Whether this tale is true, I think, It's difficult to say. Perhaps, when you go to Shanghai, pray don't blink, You'll see one of its babies at bay.

Interesting, how fossils hold stories, Are they really from the past? What else do they know about the world's glories? Maybe the present can answer the questions I asked.

Now and History, they're all combined, Unchanging since the dawn of time. From the first day to our last, Never shall we forget the past.

Twisting, Earth's timeline goes on and on, Past, present, till our world is gone, Birth to stardust, we'll all go through, So, cherish antiquity, please do.

# **Dinosaurs Fossils**

#### G.T. (Ellen Yeung) College, Liu, Elap – 15

If only we can have a real dinosaur gaze All the way back to early Cretaceous days Bygone during 145 to 66 years ago To see the utmost extraordinary window

Palaeontologists prove your existence Examined your left behind evidence Fossils unearthed and discovered The treasures more to be recovered

In China the Tianyu Museum of Nature Houses troves of delicate treasure In Beijing Museum of Natural History Entering into the replica dinosaur journey

In Fuzhou excavated fossils of ankylosaur Identified as new species of dinosaur Laid silently in polished glasses for display Quiet but ferocious power skeletons on array

A trip to China to see the prehistoric discoveries Which has the most dinosaur fossils species Along with nowadays Science and Technology To understand the vestiges of evolutionary history

## The Dinosaurs

#### HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Chen, Tom - 14

Once upon a time, long before our hands touched fire, there walked the giants. Breath like storms and winds, skin like stones and mountains, they carried the weight of beginnings, tuned the spring of time.

Their bones had been burried, their footprints had been erased. Their mind had been destroyed, their voice had been forgotten.

Who are they? They are the voices from the past, the thoughts of the previous generation. They are the dreams of the past, which the dream will forever last. Generally i like to call this third generation the "dinosaurs"

Yet we build on forgetting. Skyscrapers that scrape the skies but stand on the dust of million dreams we no longer remember.

Roads paved with futures that began in their shadows. In classrooms, we trace their stories with fingertips, but the ink of our understanding fades. We trace their stories with books, but the pages had been worn and torn.

We look above, far above, always above but the truth is that what holds us upright is buried beneath, fossilized, unmoving, numbed, no longer appear. the pulse of a past that built our present.

The things that truly matter the "dinosaurs" Lays far down below the bright blue sky.

HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Lei, Max – 14

Beneath China's soil, the giants lie, Feathered and scaled, they touched the sky. Beneath Liaoning's soil, Beholds secrets of another era.

Their roars are forever gone, But their echoes still remain. Their stories still show, Through fossils and bones. New tales continue to arise.

#### Sinosauropteryx

HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Li, Shang Tiger – 14

A dark brown stone, covered by dusts and limes A fragmentized body, polished by the shine of time

Long, sknny tails, covered by ginger and white stripes Colorful feathers, once brightened the forests of cretaceous

With eyes like eagle, they sprints through trees Chasing preys, surounded by ancient breezes

Now carved into stone, their existence still shines They speak to us only, through the wispers of time

Centuries has pasted, lands has drifted Yet this ancient creature, still thrives in museum

## Dinosaur and Birds

#### HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Mu, Yi Tao Tina - 14

In the dawn of time, when Earth was young, Lived creatures grand, with scales and lung, Mighty dinosaurs, in forms diverse, Roamed lands and skies, in nature's course.

With claws and teeth, and feathers too, Some soared the skies, a sight to view, A link between past and present day, A bridge of life, in time's long sway.

The Archaeopteryx, a creature rare, With wings unfurled, in ancient air, A blend of bird and reptile traits, A glimpse of evolution's intricate tapes.

Through earth roar the world did change, Mountains rose, and seas did range, Yet life evolved, in forms anew, From mighty theropods, the birds grew.

Feathers once for show, for warmth, for flight, Became the wings of avian might, The Cretaceous saw the rise of birds, From dinosaur kin, they took their words.

The beak that breaks the shell so tough, The wings that cut through sky and stuff, The eyes that see the world anew, Are gifts from dinosaurs, a legacy true.

So as we watch the sparrows fly, And hear the eagle's cry on high, We bear witness to a tale untold, Of dinosaurs, in evolution's fold.

# D.I.N.O.S.A.U.R

HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Xun, Zhi Jing Sam – 14 In the Ancient realm of vitality Expansive earth was bathed by the endless glory of sun The fresh air was consist of fragrance from flowers

And these all belongs to those enormous and powerful rulers

They take over the planet for hundreds of millions of years Hunting like killers by their incredible speed and incisive teeth Fighting like warriors by their hard armor and mighty weapons Holds the absolute advantage against all the other creatures

Unfortunately, they vanished And without a clear reason But now they are back, with the fossil we've found Standing in museums proudly, being worshiped again

HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Yin, Yiyang Albert – 14

In the ancients lands where giants roamed, Through prosperous plains they freely roved. Plant kindom of ferns and treas, Beneath the sun and drifting seas.

The mighty T-rex, king of the land, with teeth sharp as knife, frightening and grand. Its roar echoing in the quiet yet dangerous night, A predator, full of might.

The gentleman of the giants, Brachiosaur, A walking tower, and its neck soar. Strechting hight to feed on the leaves, as sunlights dance on forest weaves.

The cunning raptors, agile and sly, Fast as lighting and wings to fly. Depite small in size, their strength were vast Best predators, as their speed unmatched.

Triceratops, with huge horns, A shielded beast of the morns. With its strong sheild, bold and proud, A determined gaurdian in the crowd.

Stegosaurus with plates of steel, Its spiked tail, spinning like a wheel. It lived in peace but determined to defend its ground, When danger threatens, no one dare come around.

Then the rulers of the sky, the Pterosaur's flight, Gliding through sky, showering with the light. Their wings seems to be wispering tales untold, Of the eras passed, and the skies that grow cold.

But as time pass by, the earth changed. The heavens darkened, the wind grew strange. Now only fossils tell us where beast once tread, In these cold stones, their stories in the world spread.

HD Beijing School (JinZhan Campus), Zhu, Yue Xi David - 14

Here I stand, Beside a corpse of a Pterosaur.

I looked down, This is where and when the last animal of one species extinct, This is where and when a civilization collapse, This is where and when a dinosaurologist cries.

Later, the corpse of this Pterosaur will be eaten by animals, Later, the bones of this Pterosaur will be buried under the soil, Later, the legend of the Pterosaur will be forgotten, and when the story of them became unknown

No one will remember their names, their existence, their apperance and anything related to them. But its not a problem.

The Pterosaur has once left its own footprint and breath on this earth before, And this is where it stands before.

To them, time doesn't matter, the only thing that matters is the process of pursuing to eat their fill. The Ptesrosaur did think in that way, so do us, The process of pursuing your dreams is always more precious of the destination.

# The Great but Forgotten

Henrietta Secondary School, Chan, Ting Fung – 14

In the land where giants roam, Underneath the ancient dome, Mamenchisaurus stands so tall, A gentle giant, hear its call.

With neck stretched high to kiss the sky, Leaves and fronds, its feast nearby, In forests lush, it wanders free, A marvel of biology.

Long and lean, with graceful stride, In tranquil streams, it takes a glide, Among the ferns and whispering trees, A symphony of nature's ease.

In twilight's glow, the shadows dance, Mamenchisaurus in a trance, A silhouette against the moon, A hymn of ages, a wondrous tune.

So let us dream of creatures past, Of eras where these giants cast A legacy of strength and grace, In every fossil, time's embrace.

## Mamen Creek Origin

Henrietta Secondary School, Ng, Chun Yin - 14

In the Jurassic, In Sichuan's stream, Type of sauropod once roamed, As it seems. I became as fossil waste in their eyes, A tale of despair beneath ancient skies.

We are the relatives of Cetiosaurus, We share our kin, Yet not a whale, nor a member of them. We also close to the Emeishan nor a member of them. I'm misplaced, Dear scholars, we're not fossil trash.

> We yearn for a name, Worthy and true fame. Unlike panda.

Ancient at six, Our heads eclipsed the sun, Extend, heads and necks. Wider, bright future. Vegan enjoy pines.

Smallest Yang often I'd forget, Wish to forget the threat. Fiery ball in sky, Dining disturbed.

Storm, dust danced in the air, Thunderous roars. My kin and I trembled Fled in dismay, Waves crashed around,

> Volcanoes erupted. Ash buried us deep. Heavy, dark sorrow pressed. I struggled, I wandered.

Tragedy reminded, Fading memories. Humans, I won't forget, I won't unite. Anymore. Thanks to the Archaeologists. Warmhearted humans, Has brought us to unite. Our bones align tight.

Beneath this vast land, many fossils still lie. With stories like mine, under time's watchful eye. Some may be tiny, or larger than I. Perhaps they'll awake. Soar through the sky.

# Whispers of Prehistoric Wonders

Ling Liang Church E Wun Secondary School, Rigor Jannea Aislinn Natalio – 16

In the ancient times, dinosaurs existed as they stomp, roar, and live in a great time. They eat, they roam, making themselves feel at home.

A farmer finding the first dinosaur that is feathered It was an extraordinary discovery The dinosaur called "China dragon bird" The 24 more pterosaurs found were surprising.

Extinction occurs, dinosaurs cease to exist such a painful moment to roar on their last breath. Leaving fossils and bones deep underground founded by humans for eons by now.

Liaoceratops, Tanius, Euhelops, Sinraptors, you name it. It is all in the museum where all dinosaur remains are kept.

O' how my heart flutters to see them with my own eyes. A lot of secrets to reveal without lies.

Fossils of Sinosauropteryx, Yutyrannus, even some Tanius still so many more dinosaurs that were found. I couldn't make count as there are still many It made my heart pound.

Microraptor is what catches my attention Them using four wings when they soar. Their remains discovered in Liaoning O' how it surprises me to let me know if there were more.

# Ancient Rules of the Earth in the New Era

S.K.H Tang Shiu Kin Secondary School, Lee, Tong Ming Yin Ethan – 16

Sediments deep and caverns old, prehistoric secrets await to be told, through the winds and bitterly cold, Lies treasures found by those most bold.

First of many Sinosauropteryx, feathered and proud, what a wonderous mix, Then came Microrapter the four-winged grace, Unbridled by fear, never stuck in place.

Yutyrannus, a prince, a ferocious tyrant, Strong and fierce, a herbivore's lament, A fine specimen it was, though it missed one factor, Never compare a prince to the king, Gigantoraptor.

From its highest peaks to its softest sands New tales from China now emerge, Untouched by human hands, Before the fiery purge.

Year by year these dragons resurface, Perished long ago yet they still serve a purpose, These once mighty beasts now paint the picture clear, Of a past long gone, where dinosaurs flourished here.

New archaeologists now eagerly descend, Found skulls, bones, and cartilage alike, It never seems to end, This newfound prehistoric might.

## When I Was Eight, My Asian Parents Said

Shanghai High School International Division, Dai, Gabrielle – 16

that the neighbor's child was a dinosaur. and I'd never seen one so I stopped stuffing my face just long enough to ask: *what does she look like?* they started to bicker at the table and couldn't agree on anything in the end except that she had teeth like mountains.

later they told me that she goes to private school, wakes up earlier and gets home later than I do. and on weekends she's always at home either studying or practicing trombone – *what a terribly hardworking child, that's why we never see her.* (I didn't know what a trombone looked like either but I decided not to ask.)

after that the neighbor's child the dinosaur was all I ever heard about. every night in my mother's mouth she'd shapeshift into spectacular creatures: clawed or horned, scaled or feathered, breathing fire or swallowing seas – always up to something new. (I told mom that the things she did sounded awfully dangerous, and didn't she get awfully tired? *you'd be tired, but she's a dinosaur.*)

so the neighbor's child the dinosaur became for me a mystery and a miracle. a new favorite bedtime story. I almost felt like we were friends, even if I still couldn't picture what she really looked like.

then one day I met her in the stairwell – the neighbor's child the dinosaur. I didn't recognize her – she didn't have claws, nor horns nor scales nor feathers nor even teeth like mountains. but she introduced herself as the girl next door, and said that she'd heard all about me. she didn't say she was a dinosaur so I didn't ask if she was one – it felt rude. (it sounds silly now but she looked like me so I thought *maybe I am a dinosaur too.*) I did ask her about the stories where she's breathing fire and swallowing seas – *how much is true?* 

at that the neighbor's child the dinosaur looks left and right before she stares me in the eye. then she pulls me close and whispers slow: *listen, I've got questions too. I've heard crazier stories about you.* 

# Guidraco Venator, Dragon Ghost Hunter

Shanghai High School International Division, Hsieh, Chloe – 15

I spread my wings to touch the edges of the world; my feathers were the first (and parting) gift from my mother who soared at the momentary sight of my delayed hatching, teeth snapping to taste the bitter winds of freedom at the first chance she received;

huddling in the nest, bodies sticky from uncleaned albumen and chalazae (a second gift?) we wailed against the stifling silence until cold forms slumped against us, and we mustered up the courage to jump;

and they named me and my siblings: Guidraco, *dragon ghost* for our pale, slender bodies that waltzed through cracks and crevices unnoticed, uncared for, in which they saw their last glimpse of my mother in us;

but others called me (and me alone): Venator, *hunter* for my wandering soul still searching for my mother's ghost in the mourning woods of my stillborn siblings and her absent motherhood.