

Poetry

Group 1



The Dino Story

ESF Quarry Bay School, Yim, Jayden Christo – 7

My magical journey, my treasure to find,
To share with you, to open your mind.
Follow my steps, come my way.
To a far-off land where secrets stay.

To the Northeast, where the gold mud hides,
Stones of colour, treasures of old,
Turquoise, purple, yellow, and blue,
Hidden stories are waiting for you.

I dig, I learn, and I uncover the past,
Under a tree, where a map appears,
The roots glow, with the power of light,
A single touch whisks me to a secret hour.

Below the earth, I see the remains,
Bones in shapes, from feet to brains.
Skulls and spines, teeth so strong.
Sleeping giants, asleep for so long.

Feathers so soft, colours so bright,
Turquoise, gold, a magical sight.
Flying with creatures, golden with wings,
The orange flowers, the joy it brings.

Water so clear, sun shining high,
Shadows of indigo dance in the sky.
Tyrannosaurus, the king of land.
Velociraptor, quick and grand.

Triceratops, three horns on its head,
Brachiosaurus, so tall and well-fed.
Some ate plants, some ate meat,
Each had their way, their own to eat.

Volcanoes roared, fire and ash,
The earth trembled in a sudden flash.
Smoke and darkness, the air grew still,
The world fell silent, nothing to fill.

Ash covered all, like a heavy cloak,
Wrapping the earth, choking with smoke.
Time moved on, new life arose,
Rain and rivers, the earth now grows.

Animal returned, with horns and trunks,
Wild cats, birds and creatures that jump.
But fossils, stay underneath the earth.
Telling the story of another day.

The Northeast of China, frozen in time.
The treasures of old, a story in rhyme.
Feathers and fossils, nature combined,
Now we know the Cretaceous Hue's mind.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Wong, Gwyneth – 8

In the cradle of mountains where whispers tread,
Beneath the ancient skies, where legends are bred,
Once roamed the titans, with scales like the stars,
In lush, verdant valleys, and beneath moonlit bars.

With the grace of the clouds and the strength of the stone,
They danced through the ages, in kingdoms unknown.
The mighty Tyrannosaurus, fierce king of his kind,
Stalked through the shadows, with hunger in mind.

In the rivers of time, where the waters run deep,
The ichthyosaurs glided, in silence they sweep.
Their fins kissed the surface, reflecting the sun,
As they wove through the currents, their journey begun.

The Pterosaurs soared on the breath of the breeze,
With wings spread wide, they danced with the trees.
Majestic and free, like whispers of dreams,
They painted the heavens with sunlight's soft beams.

In the marshes and swamps, where the ferns did unfurl,
The gentle Brachiosaurus, in splendor would twirl.
With necks reaching high, they savored the leaves,
Their hearts full of wonder, like stories in eaves.

But time, like a river, flows ever so swift,
And shadows of giants became tales, a gift.
In the dust of their passing, new stories arise,
From fossils of past, to the stars in our eyes.

In the halls of discovery, where science ignites,
We unveil the secrets of ancient delights.
Each bone tells a story, each footprint a song,
In the tapestry woven, where the lost once belonged.

So let us remember, as we gaze at the sky,
The echoes of roars that once made it sigh.
For in each whisper of wind, in the rustle of trees,
Lies the spirit of dinosaurs, dancing with ease.

In China's embrace, their legacy thrives,
In the hearts of the dreamers, their memory survives.
With every new tale, we honor their might,
In the glow of the past, they illuminate our night.

So here's to the giants, in all their grand lore,
May their stories of wonder forever endure.
For the land of the dragons, where history spins,
Is the cradle of dreams where the journey begins.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 1



Adventure in Chinese Dinoland

Kowloon Rhenish School, Ma, Chun Tung – 8

Get, Set, Go!

Grab your dim sum to China

And look for The Mythical Dino

That may be the ancestor of panda.

Hold on! Hold on!

The mother is laying some eggs.

Soon the hatched babies will be called Yinlong.

I hope they are safe and won't break.

Rock! Paper! Scissors!

Tyrannosaurs have no chance to win with two fingers.

Oh No! They are the Yutyranus,

So special that they are covered with feathers!

Run! Run!

The Chinese Dragon is having fun.

It is chasing pandas to be its food.

The pandas keep running and not feeling good.

We use chopsticks to break its bone.

It roars in its loudest tone.

Poetry

Group 2



Dinosaur Fossils of Ancient China

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Lee, Hoi Tung – 10

In a valley where secrets unfold,
Tales emerge, awaiting to be told.
Etched on a modest stone, can tell a history of centuries,
Lighting thousands of new discoveries.

Once, beneath the cerulean skies,
Ancient creatures awake and start to arise.
Ruling the seas, conquering the earth,
Marks the start of their miraculous birth.

Spreading their wings, soaring in the air,
Gliding across the heavens with elegant flair.
Graceful as a butterfly, fierce as a leopard,
Or nurturing like a mother, like sheep and their shepherd.

Prowling the land, a predator seeks its prey,
Relentlessly pursuing through each passing day.
Letting out an earthshaking roar,
Resonating through the continent's earthen floor.

Beneath the surface of the rolling waves,
Shadows slink within the submerged caves.
Mighty serpents are born in the turbulent tides,
Inside the sea, stories abide.

Among the trees, the microraptor takes flight,
A feathered legend, a delightful sight.
With effortless grace, it dances through the air
A stealthy hunter, cunning and rare.

On the vast plains, the mamenchisaurus strides,
A gentle giant where ancient time resides.
Its towering neck reaching for leaves emerald-green
In the lush woodlands, it thrives serene.

Within the coral reefs in the depths so deep,
The dinocephalosaurus rises from its slumber sleep.
With eyes like beacons and a sleek serpentine frame
It thunders through the tides, setting oceans aflame.

In the heart of China, the fossils tell,
Of lives entwined in a world so well.
From the feathered kin to the armored might,
Each discovery ignites a newfound delight.

Beneath the Earth

German Swiss International School, Ho, William – 9

Beneath the earth, the stories lie,
Of dragon birds with feathers bright,
Secrets dwell where fossils hide.

In China's lands, where dreams soar high,
They lived with strength, their wings held wide.
Beneath the earth, the stories lie.

With ancient echoes, a proud reply,
The past reveals its guiding might.
Secrets dwell where fossils hide.

From Liaoning's soil to Jiangxi's sky,
New China shines, its future bright.
Beneath the earth, the stories lie.

Traditions grow, our spirits high,
Through knowledge gained, our dreams ignite.
Secrets dwell where fossils hide.

Beneath the earth, the stories lie,
Secrets dwell where fossils hide.

New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Lee, Yee Wa Grace – 11

In a quiet world where shadows softly rest,
Ancient whispers beckon from a time we've blessed.
Under the soil, where secrets softly dream,
Fossils lie waiting, holding stories that gleam.

A farmer's discovery, an unexpected surprise,
A clue of the past beneath the bright blue skies.
Feathers shimmer softly in the pale moon's glow,
Dinosaurs soaring around, a breathtaking show.

In Liaoning's embrace, where giants once roamed,
Forty species awaken, their tales still uncombed.
Winged dinosaurs gliding through the air,
Like cherished memories that linger everywhere.

With every careful dig, we're sure to find something new,
The excitement of discovery brings joy to me and you.
China's like a treasure chest, overflowing with delight,
Stories from long ago, just waiting to come to light.

As we gently brush away the dust of years gone by,
Each little piece we uncover feels like a gift from the sky.
The whispers of history float softly in the air,
Inviting us to wonder, to dream, and to care.

Imagine the creatures that once roamed this land,
With scales like the ocean and wings that were grand.
They danced through the forests and soared high in the blue,
Now resting in fossils, their stories still ring true.

So let's set off on this adventure, filled with laughter and cheer,
To uncover the tales of dinosaurs that are waiting near.
In the earth's warm embrace, where history comes alive,
The whispers of the past are calling us to dive.

Drawings

Marymount Primary School, Lei, Gianna – 11

Dragon bird. Draw it out.

Does its iris branch into tiny corticals?

Does its feathers kindle fire?

Does its wings scrape through the breeze of air?

Listen to the wind.

Is it a singsong? A whistle blow?

A weasel? A honeysuckle tune?

An orchestra? An early morning band rehearsal?

Listen, *carefully*.

The tranquil songs that arise

From the hollow caves

And seep, penetrate

Layer by layer

The epithelium's river beds

Dry and damp.

"Sinosauropteryx."

Say their names. They are listening.

Deep deep down.

That's where they fall to sleep.

That's where they call home.

Imagine the stories you could draw.

All it takes is a concrete frame. Skeletal and moderately grey.

The biography is henceforth yours to tell.

How the fierce wrestled at the strike of dawn.

How the wardrobes changed to spring.

How the beginning of life bounced away — to the wrong places.

Dragon bird. Draw it out.

We each take out a blank sheet of paper,

Stroke its corner with inkless bamboo chips.

Don't use ink. Ink seeps too deep and divides the core. Ink draws boundaries. Ink paints red in green.

Dragon bird — it knows no cities, no walls, no borders, no monuments. Just bliss.

Let it sink. Let it fly. Let it go back to the winds. The winds of the Eastern East.

If You See A Feather

St. Joseph's Primary School, Ting, Yi Hang – 10

In Liaoning's embrace where the mountains rise high,
A pigeon flutters beneath the vast azure sky.
With a passionate heart and a resolute will,
She seeks the secret hidden down the hill.

Through valleys lush, the breezes whisper,
To a clearing where shadows gather.
Footprints etched in the earth, giants in a time long past,
Each marking a story of a world unsurpassed.

In sunlight they glimmer, like treasures of lore.
Dilong the emperor dragon, his fellows and more,
Each carved a story in stone,
Of ancient might, of power grown.

To the villagers around, with their eyes bright and keen,
These relics are symbols of the sacred unseen.
Stories spin in the sun,
Of a sacred bird that once had run.

'Ha! Look at those marks!' they chant with delight.
'A bird of good fortune, in the shadows of night!'
They speak of luck, of fortunes untold.
In dreams of wealth, rich legends unfold.

For the pigeon knows the truth behind the lore,
Those footprints belong to her kin of yore.
In her heart bittersweet,
Those legends are woven from her forefathers' feet.

Oh, how she dreams of the days when the skies were so wide,
When her forebears roamed mightily, side by side.
From great thunderous roars to the gentle winds' sighs,
She imagines the grandeur that once filled the skies.

Once a dinosaur, grand and free,
Roaming the earth, a sight to see.
She ponders the might of her grand ancestors,
Those towering giants that were once the land's dictators.

Gazing at the markings of her past,
Imagining the strength that couldn't last,
Longing for kin she has never set eyes upon,
Feeling the weight of a legacy gone.

Oh, mighty ancestor, where are you now?
Beneath the stars, beneath the bough,
She longs to soar in ancestral flight,
To feel the thundering roar of might.

With a tender heart aching with loss,
She stares at the footprints which crisscross.
Then from her side, she gently draws,
A soft feather between her claws.

She places it solemnly on the giants' mark,
A token of love, a flicker in the dark,
A tribute to ages of strength, a symbol of loss,
A quiet farewell, a bridge to cross.

'Oh mighty ones, you know that I honour you still,
In gardens of history, your essence I fill.
Though I can only let out feeble cries,
I carry your spirit as the soft evening dies.'

With a heart full of memories and dreams intertwined,
The pigeon takes to the sky, leaving sadness behind.
In the dance of the past, in honour of her forebears,
Let the feather be the sign of heirs.

For every imprint, a legacy stays,
Of luck, wealth, and the might of those days.
In Liaoning where history lies deep,
A pigeon remembers, a promise to keep.

So let the villagers speak and sing,
Of the sacred birds and the fortunes they bring.
For a humble pigeon holds the key,
To the strength of her ancestor, wild and free.

The Discovery of Me at Liaoning

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Foo, Sing Yeen Caitlyn – 9

As I begged and begged
My mom finally said, “yes”
I won’t tell you my adventure
You’ll just have to guess!
A beautiful land in China
Where paleontologists explore
The mysteries of creatures
Called China’s dinosaurs!

Give up? Don’t worry,
I’ll hint you one thing.
I’ll be looking for fossils
In the province of Liaoning
I’m the only girl,
But I could care less.
I’ll show the boys
That I am the best!

On the first day of the trip
The counselor had asked
“Who is brave enough
To do this challenging task?”
When I looked around the campsite
All the boys seemed scared
But I mustered up courage
I’m the only one that dared.

“Put this harness on
And go down this ledge.”
I felt very nervous
Because I was on the edge.
As I zipped across the site
With birds flying in my direction
“As soon as you land, start digging
You don’t need my permission!”

I dug for what felt like forever
I thought I had enough
But the boys kept on cheering
So it sparked me right up!

After hours of digging,
I saw something white
It was by far the biggest bone
A real fossil, what a sight!

The boys pulled me up safely
And asked, “what is it?”
They wanted to know more
But I wouldn’t tell them one bit!
Until we send it to the lab
So scientists can examine the bones
Gratefully, I had some help
Thank goodness I’m not alone!

The bones belonged to a creature
named Confuciusornis
seeing this pretty bird of the Late Jurassic
No one would want to miss!
“Sorry” the boys muttered.
“We shouldn’t have underestimated you,
We should appreciate each other
And know that girls can be great too.”

Then a phone call came
A day full of excitement
“Your discovery is groundbreaking
You’re the girl of the moment!”
Goodbye to peace and quiet
Because everywhere I went
I could my face on posters, walls and screens
At every event!

One year had passed
People still don’t leave me alone
In their heart I’ll always be
The girl who found the bone.
Sometimes when I’m by myself
I think about Liaoning
Digging bones with my friends
An experience so amazing.
That’s when I realized
I wanted to do this every day
So, I signed to study paleontology
The very next day!

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 2



Adventure with My Fossil Friends

St. Joseph's Anglo-Chinese Primary School, Tam, Sum Caspar – 12

A dinosaur fossil was found in Hong Kong one day,
It was just sleeping in the ground, not far away.
If only they woke up, I'd help them escape,
I'd bring them to my home—oh, what a delightful fate!

One would sit on my couch, snoring so loud,
While another would dance, feeling so proud.
We'd travel together, just me and my pals,
We'd have such great yells—oh, what fun we'd have!

We'd ride on the ferry to Macau for fun,
The dinosaur fossils laughing, oh, how we'd run!
Then we'd take a plane to Jiangxi to search around,
Exploring where the new species titanosaur can be found.

“Hey, meet my new friends!” I'd shout with a grin,
But they'd bump my backpack—oh, where to begin?
Then I'd wake up and see it was all just a dream,
Playing Dinosaur Fossil Strikers, lost in the theme.

Hoping for more fossils across China's expanse,
Perhaps even back home, if there's a chance.
I would excavate in a monsoon's dance,
And maybe unearth more fossils by chance!

Poetry

Group 3



Search for Dinosaurs - Ancient Tales from the Wulingyuan

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 kǒnglóng 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.

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 Yutyranus,
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
Enormous–
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.

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 intimidated 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

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.

A Chinese Paleontologist's Ode to Sinraptor Dongi

Singapore International School Hong Kong, Lye, Yuxin – 13

*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.*

Whispers of Time

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chow, Kei 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.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 3



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.

Poetry

Group 4



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.

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

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.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 4



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.
Townsppeople 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.

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.

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 5



New Tales of China's Dinosaurs

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wong, Matthew – 16

To live one life and throw the rest away
To push, pawn; pander to pieces incessantly,
Chess boards to haul with me, Position C, sea, see I'm
Incessantly nothing, past bluffing, long hauls like a ball along the holl-
Low, pull my reeds, pulley reads, mech-grit, type it.
I used to be man, in their three-fold way,
To lose and gain our youth, uncouth, and smile everyday.
They feed me one man's gold to play
To live one life and throw the rest away.

But wait, once upon a time, today in fact, I met a Satanist.

To live and give a gift as they knew I wouldn't feel it.
Knew I was done with it, and more pennies wouldn't do it.
Baiting me, hey, me hating my day,
Cradle full of sand, I will make, baby girl.
Fill it up, but your hand still I'll hold, baby girl.
Hold your tears till I make you not from sand, baby girl,
Cuz we were nothing until you became father's world.
I used to be man, pathfinding, lectures at hand-
Book, book that knew my hand had me, and ours had shook,
To keep the keepable, gift of fire-stain,
turn your cradle into glass, and parallel to you I will maintain.

Cuz this ancient normal dinosaur, a parakeet, a rarity,
In this place with no feral thieves, it's it and you, just him and me,
With every brush of expertise, miracles won't have to repeat,
your time will come and time will cease.
I have pages so full of so many semantics,
Used to love it, but now I do it so you will not have to have this,
To reap my life in love of how many times and when and who will end,
To throw your life but to the sky above my dragon's den.
He wrenched a trade in equal right yet he know not I've no time of night
And because angels are so rare,
This fossil, like you, is the only one I have here,
And as time congeals and my name yields,
Angels fly above all the names of all my lame-
"Ents", cuz when I shook and gave my deal,
In devil's cane and cradle, sane
Through hell I will maintain,
And we'll be parallel all the same.

Poetry

Group 6



The China Dragon Bird

Korean International School Springboard, Bi, Taryn Liane – 12

Dinosaurs
Quick Unique
Hunt Play Fly
Roaring, Stomping, Seeking
Impressive

Dinosaur are Ferocious

Korean International School Springboard, Chan, Hin Yuen – 9

Dinosaurs are ferocious
Dinosaurs are horrible
Dinosaurs Are are strong and intelligent
Dinosaurs are swift
Dinosaurs are ominous
Dinosaurs are ill tempered
Dinosaurs are naughty

The China Dragon Bird

Korean International School Springboard, Chung, Taemin – 12

Sinosauropteryx
Small, fluffy
Soared and roared
Sized like a chicken
But
Agile like a hunter.

Chubby Dinosaurs

Korean International School Springboard, Hung, Wing Hung – 11

Their fast legs stomp
Their big mouth chomp
They have legs to run
Strong teeth too white
For an ill tempered bite.

Roar and Soar

Korean International School Springboard, Kim, Patrick – 8

Dinosaur can run
Dinosaur can roar

Some dinosaurs yearns to soar,
Some dinosaurs like to have fun

Words about Dinosaurs

Korean International School Springboard, Lee, Andelyn – 12

Dinosaurs are fast like
Iguana on turbo Do they sleep in a
Nest? Do they roam
Orange volcano? Do some
Specimens come out of the fire? Where
Asteroid from stars high
Up above the
Rocky mountain sank?

The China Dragon Bird

Korean International School Springboard, Sung, Sangeun – 12

Sinosauropteryx
Small Real Hero
Fly Eat Hunt
Soared Through the Trees,
Roamed Ancient Lands
Precious

Destroy the World

Korean International School Springboard, Yuen, Shun – 10

Destroy the world.
Island and the sea.
Need to graze.
Or hunt for dinner.
Spending time with your life unit.
Asteroid hits the land. If you survive.
Use the pencil to write.
Run for your life.

Poetry

Group 7



The China Dragon Bird

Korean International School Springboard, Chu, Ka Lok – 14

Sinosauropteryx
Free and Wild
Quick and Keen
A swift little hunter:
The Feathered Wonder

I am a Musical Dinosaur

Korean International School Springboard, Ryan, Efion Angela – 16

Singing, dancing, and drumming on my way
Playing the piano in the wood
Twisting my tiny body to make my day
Swimming in the pool is good.

The Sinosauropteryx

Korean International School Springboard, Wong, Jing Yuk Euan – 14

Dinosaurs are cool and interesting,
Some have a very long neck,
Some dinosaurs are tall and big.

Dinosaurs lay eggs,
Some dinosaurs have claws,
But not all dinosaurs have a tail.

Dinosaurs can be bloodthirsty, beastly, predatory, terrifying, scary.
Some dinosaurs can be just the same, even if they are small.

The sinosauropteryx is small, but moves, oh, so quickly.
The sinosauropteryx is small, but it soars through the trees.
The sinosauropteryx is small, but it has very sharp teeth.
The sinosauropteryx is small, but it hunts fearlessly.
The sinosauropteryx is small, but it is an agile hunter.

It is the wonderful China dragon bird.

The China Dragon Bird

Korean International School Springboard, Yeo, Yeu Joen Darren – 16

Sinosauropteryx
Feathers bright
Soared
Darted
Chased
Small but agile.
A hunter.

Dinosaur in Jiangxi

Korean International School Springboard, Chor, Damien – 17

There's a dinosaur in Jiangxi, living in a swamp,
Where many fossils of ancient animals can be found.
A tyrannosaurus rex is behind the lamp.
And they say those dinosaurs roamed in .

Once, long ago, they lived in these lands.
Surrounded by echoes of times long passed.
In the hearts of Jiangxi, most dinosaurs flock.
Dreaming of becoming more than a shadows cast.

They tried to move like sinosauropteryx,
Yearning to change into something more grand.
A giant dinosaurs, larger than blocks, in their mix,
But in the deep, their shadows take a stand.

There were giant dinosaurs as the sun beat down.
The heat rising up from the ground all around.
Heated... hot... burning in the glow,
When will the cold winds from the north finally blow?

A feathered dinosaur is a coloured of steel carbon.
Where can Chinese dragons find a meal?
The dragon bird can lump into the stale.
When the fossils can hit particularly in scorching the pale.
But, the ethical dinosaur is very pleasant for our novel.

Who am I?

Korean International School Springboard, So, Yan Tung – 19

I lie on the colorful
Glimmering brown sand and opening my eyes.
Vanilla scent of the sand went through my nose.
My family screamed and echoed in my long ears.
Pleasing tastes of the salted ocean water.
Powdery sand was softly painted on the ground as I wiggled my toes.

My shiny white scales reflect the blue sky and clouds as I move up from the radiant sand.
My sky blue scales turn to the light brown sand as I dig into the soft sand.
My shiny light brown scale camouflage to shiny white as I crashed towards the waves in the lake.

As I walk on the light brown sand, I roar with the vanilla scent of the light brown sand.
When I walked on the soft powdery sand was soft on the ground as I felt happy to wiggle my toes.

The light brown colors are getting lighter in the sand.
When I woke up, I could see some of the dinosaurs
joyfully running around on the soft sand. I like
my light brown scale,
my shiny light brown scale put inside the water can change to white colors. I like
my shiny white scales, the blue sky and clouds as I move up from the radiant sand.

As I walked back to light brown sand my scale can't change back to light brown color.
As I boomed back to the water,
my shiny white scales turned it into a shiny white mix with a light brown color scale. I am
scared to leave this peaceful home
as humans want to put me in a big cage to test my anger.

My violet fluffy wing when I smell my wing smells like a flowery scent.
My violet fluffy wing looked like a pillow when I fell asleep at night.
When I woke up my violet fluffy wing was tangled, it looked like an uncombed tangled fur.

As I fly up to the sky, my violet fluffy wing can change color to ashen ragged feathers.
As I stop flying up to the sky, my ashen ragged wing can change back to the violet fluffy
feather wing.
As I tapped my wing around, the wing turned to a powdery snowy wing.
When I sleep with my violet fluffy wing on the ground, my wing turns to a warm fluffy
pillow on the ground.

The Hunt

Korean International School Springboard, Wong, Pak Him Joshua – 17

Gradually,
crawling,
moaning.
Trapping the heat to burn the Sinosauropteryx like a starving beast hunting for its next meal.
Its chinese dino feathers were almost gone with the empty stomach.

Cloudless blue sky
formed a sand castle in Jiangxi
and dried it up

empty and cave

and

cave and empty.

Seconds
Minutes
Hours
Days
Nights
Months
Dried lips shaking for its chinese dragon's next meal.