

# Poetry

Group 1



## Future Adventure of the Greater Bay Area

*Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Lei, Man Kit Sam – 9*

Greater Bay Area,  
A place that we desire.

It won't technically be a country,  
but it will certainly have no boundary.

I bet there will be many a building and house,  
with my favourite character "Mickey Mouse".

Sun and wind and beats of sea,  
This area's made for you and me.

## Future Adventure of the Greater Bay Area

*Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Tang, Tsz Yiu – 9*

Oh! Oh! Our great Greater Bay Area, where we will all live together, we're all one big family, build a great Greater Bay Area, and make all of us great again.

We will all have a bright future, living and having adventures here is the most beautiful and sweetest dream I have every single day.

Oh! Oh! My great Greater Bay Area, you really make our country stronger, further and higher than any other, and helpful to each other in this whole wide World.

## Future Adventure of the Greater Bay Area

*Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Yip, Pui Ching – 9*

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This area's made for you and me.

## Eating, shopping, having fun,

*Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Yu, Hing Yi – 9*

Guang Dong, Hong Kong and Macau are all one greater area. How exciting!  
Every place is shining and beaming,  
Welcoming you for better lives,  
And new opportunities,  
Attractions are many, country parks, zoos, shopping centres, and more,  
Waiting for you to explore,  
Eating, shopping, having fun,  
It will be even better in the long run,  
Take us there through a bridge,  
An hour away, we will make the trip,  
Each one can go there with their families.  
Let's go visit this area happily.

## My Green City

*International Christian School, Chen, Kylie – 6*

Look around! Look around!  
What do you see?  
I see green everywhere!

Green farms, green houses,  
Green E-stations, green hotels,  
Green trees, green schools,  
Green basketball courts.

I smell fresh air, and fresh water,  
I hear birds singing,  
I see roof gardens,  
I see green play areas,  
I see green skyscrapers.

## The New Country

*International Christian School, Lo, Ava – 9*

Shortlisted

As the silence grows in the city  
Cars drive on the busy street.  
The market feels crowded with people  
Walking with dragging feet.

Where the ocean stays calm,  
Ships sail slowly across the sea.  
The waves splash the pier,  
Reflecting the sun so shiny.

Patterns unfold on women's tunics,  
Men's shoes clack on the ground.  
Cars honk and people shout  
"Cheap sale coming out!"  
Together makes a noisy sound.

Traditional houses cover the village,  
Painted with wonderful creatures.  
People's amazing imaginations,  
Leads to a special culture.

The lights went off,  
Into their comfy beds  
Dressed with soft blankets  
They lay down and rest.

The sunset was harmony,  
All the noise went low  
another day was over  
Below the faded sky.

## The Greater Bay Area

Shortlisted

*Korean International School, Han, Jihyuk – 7*

Greater bay area,  
Region including Southern China, Hong Kong and Macau  
Each place is famous and  
Awesome!  
Transportation and  
Education is  
Really important to connect these areas.

Banking in HK, IT in South China  
And travel business in Macau is important.  
You must come here

A awesome world to see what is happening now in this  
Region.  
Exciting and  
Adventure things are happening now in Greater Bay Area!

## I Love the Greater Bay Area

*Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Kang, Daniel – 8*

I love the Greater Bay Area because it is a world-class city with unlimited vitality.  
It is a wonderful, newly created metropolis.  
It is a gateway to a masterpiece.  
It is a painting made from a rainbow of colours.

I can see the river flow into my bottle.  
I can witness the rise of a SIM city.  
I would like to witness the forest, inhale the sea breeze, touch the tops of the skyscrapers.

There are competitions to be explored.  
There are international platforms to be constructed.  
There is birdsong and lush vegetation.  
I like the changes for a greater future.

## Nowadays the Greater Bay

*Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Liu, Robin – 6*

Sunday, I saw three best friends say hey.  
Monday, I saw an old grey clay blink away.  
Tuesday, I saw a robot mate on display.  
Wednesday, I saw the speedy railway on its way.  
Thursday, I saw WeChat paid day to day.  
Friday, I saw a Peking duck in a café.  
Saturday, I saw no areas apart today.  
Today, I will lead your way to the area of Greater Bay.

## Around the Greater Bay Area

*Shanghai Singapore International School, Susanto, Stella Marcheline – 8*

Monkey King takes me  
Flying by Jindou Cloud  
To eat dimsum in bustling Guangzhou  
Lunch would be fishball in quaint Fuzhou

Next get a train  
Go to Shenzhen  
Wouldn't it be wonderful  
To see a city  
So full of technology?

The dazzling Hong Kong is just close  
So I'm going to Disneyland  
And say hi to Mulan

Mulan would say  
Let's cross the bridge  
From Hong Kong to Macau  
Then gamble in the casino

Later Captain Hook would pick me up  
To sail to warm Sanya  
And enjoy sandy beaches

Then  
I begin to feel tired  
Home is calling me  
Say goodbye  
See you around my neighborhood  
In the Greater Bay Area

Winner

## Chinussia – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Cheung, Hoi Yiu Latisha – 7*

People with bent backs,  
All the seasons are quite warm.  
Fresh rain falling down,  
Also very bright sunshine.  
People work quite late at night.

## Our New Continent – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Ching, Sophie – 6*

Many languages  
Fun activities to do  
Fresh handmade dim sum  
Mini buses driving fast  
IFC high in the sky

## Our New Continent – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Ching, Sophie – 6*

Many languages  
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Mini buses driving fast  
IFC high in the sky

## Our New Home – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Huang, Chang Hao – 7*

Lots of businesses  
Beautiful view from the peak  
Lots of moving cars  
World-wide tourist attraction  
Tasty cultural dim sum buns.

## My Cantonesia – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Lam, Tin Yiu – 6*

Sky high tall buildings  
Bright lights shining in the sky  
Ferry terminal  
Fire breathing dragon dance  
Peak tram rolling down steep hills

## My Country – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Lee, Chloe – 7*

Fresh air when hiking  
Monsoon weather, humid rain  
Buzzing businesses  
Laptops in the offices  
Running children through the schools

## Together – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Lievore, Leo – 6*

Different cultures  
Many different shopping malls  
Yummy cooked egg tarts  
Hikes up to the big buddha  
Talking different languages

## Our Home Cantonesia – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Meulenbeld, Oscar – 6*

Many businesses  
Protesters wearing black masks  
Lantern festival  
Grannies collecting cardboard  
Yellow and red dragon dance

## Cantonesia – A Tanka Poem

*Yew Chung International Primary School, Wang, Angela – 7*

Bright lights all around,  
Lots of people working hard,  
Tasty custard buns,  
Dazzling shooting fireworks,  
Busy markets selling toys.

# Poetry

Group 2



## Future Adventure of the Greater Bay Area

*Ching Chung Hau Po Woon Primary School, Ho, Man Wui – 12*

Macau, my closest brother  
Guangdong, my dearest sister  
Hongkong, name of me

Clever and smart, others praise me  
Obedient is Macau, Loyalty is his belief  
Big and careful comes Guangdong  
We form an elite group  
Coordinates and cooperates  
Working as a team

Thumb, index finger, middle finger together pick up things  
Traffic lamp with red, yellow, green light interchanges  
Song with melody, rhythm, harmony sings  
Character, setting, plot tells a story  
Food, water, oxygen brings us life  
We are one and the one

Benign competition  
Olympic values unite us all  
Increasing understandings  
Hubs we act  
Data I am in charge  
Macau arranges entertainment  
Guangdong?  
Transport or service?  
More!  
High-tech manufacturing is her meat

Synergy,  $1+1+1>3$   
Stronger group, harder to be beaten  
Bigger crew, outweighs others  
Quarrels? Sometimes but  
Verbal sparring before a grudge boxing match!  
Harmonized team, encouraging each other

## Opportunity Knocks

*Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Fung, Pui Ying – 11*

I see the flickering city lights  
Shining as bright as a flame.  
Twice the population of Canada  
But doesn't have a name.

Some might call it Cantonesia  
For Cantonese is what they speak.  
I prefer calling it Goldenia  
For this place is dazzling and unique.

Economically vibrant and highly innovative  
Amazingly advanced technological development  
Ideal for living, working or travelling,  
An area of high employment.

This place is a glittering garden  
Adorned with red roses and sweet-smelling lilies  
Abounding with cultural specialties  
Blossoming with contingencies and opportunities.

This place is a lively theme park  
Intact with fun, games and entertainment  
Sweet and savoury food from all around the world  
Jubilant people bustling on the busy pavement.

Can you hear the chances knocking on your door?  
Can you taste the sweet success on your tongue?  
Here it is passionate, perfect and peaceful.  
Here it is the Greater Bay Area.

## A New World

*ELCHK LUTHERAN ACADEMY, Ho, Yan Kiu – 11*

Before the dawn of Christmas Eve,  
The Greater Bay Area was unleashed;  
Consolidating 11 cities into one,  
Which commenced all the fun;

Foshan, a historical and cultural hometown throughout the dynasties,  
With its ceramic arts, martial arts and pottery arts  
Bruce Lee, Ip Man and Wong Fei Hung  
Like philosophers of combat with ferocious panthers' hearts.

Guangzhou, a bustling city famous for foreign trading,  
Well-known for the Cantonese cuisine they make;  
An exhilarating paradise for all types of shopping,  
The new rising star till the morning break.

Hong Kong, known as the Pearl of the Orient,  
The successful hybrid of East and West,  
With vibrant nightlife and expensive rent,  
The city that never rests.

Macau, a place best for steamed pork buns,  
In which Hong Kong had none;  
Religious folklore show that they are smart,  
They also make plenty of Portuguese tarts!

Shenzhen, a garden city with contemporary skyscrapers,  
Offering Window of the World with talented teenagers;  
Famous for its new innovation and cultural diversity,  
With its advanced technology skills like the complicated biodiversity;

Zhuhai, an enchanted forest with legendary tales,  
Echo of soul unto grateful gales.  
Stunning coastline, tranquil islands and countryside,  
Where she proudly holds her charm and pride.

Our anonymous future is like the leaning tower of Pisa  
With all the captivating colours the cities have to offer;  
Would our lives be like the smile of Mona Lisa?  
Or would it be a massive change from a small detail that differs?

Uncertainty, anxiety, bewilderment,  
Or soaring with rays of hope and excitement,  
It's like students receiving their assignments,  
The mixed feelings in the learning environments.

With a prospect of the intriguing new lifestyle

Will you take it as a hidden blessing?  
Or will you think of it as depressing?  
No matter what, I think it will be worthwhile.

Life gives you many ways to choose  
Give it a try and you might be amused;  
I tend to dream my future bliss  
Awake me to a new world like this?

We glide through life on weightless wings,  
Like a newborn Jesus waking up in spring,  
From big to small, from short to tall,  
Maybe combining us is a better idea after all.

# The Greatness of the Greater Bay Area

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Sabherwal, Joaquin – 11*

I check my phone and walk out the door.  
After all these years there are no more wars,  
I breathe in the fresh air since there is no pollution,  
For in 3141– we found all the solutions.

There are cars that fly,  
Drones soar through the sky,  
Pretty impressive you can't deny,  
Every day new inventions are found,  
For in 3141– there aren't any bounds.

There are other amazing things in this world,  
Like the hologram of the Burj that was recently hurled,  
Cause now we are in the Greater bay area,  
For in 3141– we've got Nano–myxobacteria.

We have a giant machine built in our neighbour Nyborg,  
It's cool because it turns people into cyborgs,  
Our most huge advancement is the lift to space,  
For in 3141– we have a hovering boat race.

Humans have teamed with other species,  
Like aliens or the fluffy Kazzooees,  
And yes, they were created by us,  
For in 3141– we don't bite the dust.

The technology has risen very fast  
Like simulations of the past.  
So, we now know what happened in world war two,  
For in 3141– we are one enormous crew.

There are also jet packs built into shoes,  
Which means in races you'll never lose,  
Everyone has an implanted microchip,  
For in 3141– we have swimming pools in airships.

Hold on, I almost forgot,  
About the itsy–bitsy living robot,  
And yes it follows M.R.S G.R.E.N,  
For in 3141– not two thousand and ten.

And don't forget the scientific side,  
Like the Periodic table (elements: 1025),  
And we also managed to break gravity,  
For in 3141– we can count to infinity. ( $\infty$ )

My introduction is finally done,  
Now we can do something a bit more fun,  
I will tell you about my story today,  
For in 3141– hip hip hooray.

The start of it I already told you,  
However, you might not believe the rest is true,  
So, stay with me this will be interesting,  
For in 3141– and you are visiting.

The beginning is like I said before,  
I check my phone and walk out the door,  
Then, I hop on my flying creation,  
For in 3141– we are the Great Bay nation.

But then my car was invaded by aliens,  
Who decided to summon homo sapiens?  
But those things are extremely useless,  
For in 3141– I use these in my laser tests.

However, tragedy happened right after,  
I was teleported to the void with no laughter,  
And I thought this is my doom,  
For in 3141– I will see you soon.

## The Sapphire Bay

*Harrow International School, Beijing, Wang, Bella – 11*

As the sun spread the last of his golden rays,  
A silver cloak fell over the sapphire bay.  
Gulls cried their homing calls,  
Soaring over the crashing walls.  
Waves rolled and roared their replies,  
But all of this will soon be gone with the meaningless lies.  
The gulls settled.  
The waves silenced.  
Watching, admiring,  
The splashes of color that lit the coal black sky,  
The laughter, songs, dancing steps echoed through the empty overfly.  
Soon, it is over.  
All that is left, is the pale moon's silver spray,  
Shining over the sapphire bay.

## The New Empire

*Harrow International School, Beijing, Zhang, Annie – 10*

The sun shone on the windows,  
Reflecting the sun.  
Shining like diamonds,  
A new Empire has begun.

The streets bear no filth,  
Only shining bright.  
To whom the credits go,  
It goes to the cleaners.  
I hope you understand,  
A new Empire has begun.

It sits in the sea,  
Near China it lays.  
It's bright sunshine,  
And tall Skyscrapers,  
Taunt China in many ways.  
That is a reason why I say,  
A new Empire has begun.

Where its palace stands clean and new,  
No wars have come its way.  
Though it's a Tiny one,  
It listens patiently for its chance to rise.  
And then when the time comes,  
It seizes it with pride.  
A new Empire has begun.

Before you protest,  
Can I just say.  
That it's earned its place,  
In the UN.  
And it will remain,  
Holding its dignity.  
And I hope you won't anger it,  
For then it starts to howl,  
And your country will be there no longer.  
A new Empire has begun.

Look at its sky,  
Pollution free.  
India glares at it,  
Jealously.  
Look at its trees.  
A forest anew.  
The rest of the world,  
Knows it too.  
An Empire is born.

Children's laughs and happiness,  
Sings there like the Spring birds.  
The history museums,

Allow them to have,  
The richest knowledge anywhere.  
A new Empire has begun.

But beware dear reader,  
For before long you'll realize that,  
However small it may be.  
You'll want to be there.  
A lot more you'll have to explore.  
But if you want to go to all of the countries in the world at once,  
Come to the new Empire of Knowledge and Technology.

## Tales of The Greater Bay Area – Acrostic Poem

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

*Ip, Wai Yiu Karis – 10*

Greater Bay Area is linked to Hong Kong, Macao, and Guangdong.  
Right now, Hong Kong is one of the places in the Greater Bay Area.  
Even it sounds like feeble, it has a delightful view and it filled kindness over these countries.  
A place for you to work, travel, eat, and many more.  
The Greater Bay Area has a combined population of over 69 million people...wowee!  
Especially admirable for foreign people.  
Really tons of food, and working there is prodigious.

Beautiful, and charismatic.  
Actually, Greater Bay Area is existential, don't even bother thinking if it is fake or real.  
You can even live there with your family and friends.

A place that it has more population than the whole US. Can you believe that?  
Rich countries joining.  
Easy to communicate to people.  
A place for everyone to go...will you spend your vacations to visit there?

## Greater Bay Area (Acrostic Poem)

Shortlisted

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,  
Kong, Yan Yan Kelli – 10*

**G**reater Bay Area has a combined population of over 70 million people .  
**R**ead book full of information about the greater bay area, before you go there.  
**E**ating food there is scrumptious.  
**A**tract big businesses, research and universities from all over the world.  
**T**he Greater Bay Area has a strong focus on technology  
**E**at & drink there is so delicious.  
**R**efreshing air from all over the world.

**B**ecause of the Greater Bay Area, HK shops will get more business.  
**A**lso known as the Pearl River Delta  
**Y**ou will love it when u get there.

**A**rea consists of Guangzhou,Hong Kong and Macau.  
**R**emember to visit the greater bay area.  
**E**ating the food there is scrumptious!!  
**A** suitable place for living,working & travelling.

## Tales of The Greater Bay Area Acrostic Poem

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,  
Kwok, Hoi Lam Clarice – 10*

**G**reater Bay Area contains Hong Kong, Macau and Guangdong.  
**R**educe air pollution of rivers and oceans.  
**E**ducation is actually quite superb in Hong Kong.  
**A** place where you can travel there, and there are plenty more.  
**T**he Greater Bay Area has a very strong focus on information technology.  
**E**veryone wants to live and travel there.  
**R**ailway and harbour control points providing access to other cities in the Greater Bay Area.

**B**etween the Greater Bay Area, you can take buses, ferries, cars and more.  
**A**rea for travelling, business and living there.  
**Y**oung people and older people live there too!

**A** place where everyone wants to travel there.  
**R**esting there would be a good place, you can enjoy tons of things there.  
**E**xcept business stuff, you can have very popular snacks there too!  
**A**ll of us wants to live, travel and work there, am I right?

## Tales of The Greater Bay Area

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School,  
Poon, Ching Ian – 10*

*The Greater Bay Area provides all our needs,  
 Which is the place that can fulfill all our greed.  
 Amazon and China Mobile puts an underwater cable,  
 Building better connection instead of network's unstable!*

*President Xi wants to reduce pollution,  
 So they thought of a solution!  
 Replacing fuel consuming cars to electric cars,  
 Making the area the future's star!*

*When the area is in severe trouble,  
 Different laws protect and prevents criminals to smuggle!  
 More Hong Kong and Mainland people are business partners,  
 Expands business for people and great opportunity for starters.*

*Hong Kong's healthcare quality is great,  
 So fabulous the doctors twist hopeless patients fate!  
 Hong Kong is a massive port,  
 Linking to the area so convenient it's like you can teleport!*

## Tales of the Greater Bay Area Acrostic Poem

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

*Tsang, Darren – 10*

**G**reater Bay Area is made out of three places Hong Kong, Macau and Guang Zhou.

**R**educe pollution and protect the quality of rivers and oceans.

**E**xcellent technology .

**A**pply great assistance during travel.

**T**owards Hong Kong, Macau and Guangdong and so long.

**E**asy travel.

**R**everses the road when going towards Guangdong.

**B**ig inventions made for the car parks in Greater Bay Area.

**A**nd H.K. works with Guangdong and Macau to check and improve air pollution.

**Y**ay! The Greater Bay Area is opened for traveling to Macau, Guangdong and Hong Kong!

**A**nd the greater bay area is planning to build a submarine cable connecting GBA and San Francisco bay area.

**R**eady for a new life.

**E**veryone will have an easy travel life ahead!

**A**head of us will have a beautiful life! Hope you enjoyed the poem!

## Tales Of Greater Bay Area

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

Tso, Tsz Ki Jade – 10

Great place for people to travel

Really important for your business

Excellent medicines

At Greater Bay Area the biggest cities are Guangzhou, Macau and Shenzhen

There are amazing factories operated with Mainland

Easiest way to go to cities from cities

Railway and harbour makes people travel from cities to cities

Best and the greatest jobs in greater bay area is being a doctor or work in factories to have a lot of money

Area is big just like a giant big hotel castle!!

Yummy food in Greater Bay Area, example... Ice cream sandwich, cruffin and also food trucks!



A very good place to work.

Real news!the Greater Bay Area will provide flying cars so that means their technology is really good!

Excellent technology that rises a big business for the greater bay area

Area *contributes percent of GDP.*

## Tales of the Greater Bay Area Acrostic Poem

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

*Yung, Nga Ni Sophia – 10*

Greatest bridge in the world  
Really important for business  
Excellent technology  
A marvellous bridge connection Guangzhou, HK and Macau  
The longest sea bridge in the whole global  
Education will strongly improve  
Really surprising of the distance

Better future for Guangzhou, HK and Macau  
Astonishing population that is even more than Australia  
Years to build the bridge

Attract big business  
Really significant works  
Easy to travel and immigrate  
A new discovery for all

## The City that never sleeps

*International Christian School, Cheung, Hannah – 10*

A big bright place, bustling with exhilaration.  
A restless, ongoing city that radiates life and energy, a large, promising place.  
The city that never sleeps.  
Cantonese shining light, stars fill the sky big and bright.

## The Greater Bay Area

*Kau Yan School, Wong, Lok Yan – 11*

If it were really up to me to control and wield power over destiny  
I would still give the green light and go ahead  
With the Great Bay Area, but instead  
Of focusing on the economy  
And all of that technology  
I would create a country all shades of green  
A natural paradise worthy of my dream:

The returns will not be short-sighted, measured in  
gold bars, diamonds and cash fountains  
BUT the returns will ensure the survival of  
our the next generation that are beloved

Behold! *Greater Nature* shall be its name  
And the following shall be its aim:

The first law I'd put in order  
No more sea creatures to the slaughter  
Oil-slicked and murky waters  
Pumped with wastewater effluent  
Plastic pellets in the sea  
rubbish mountains that we see  
turquoise water sparkling  
Pink dolphins whistling  
Sea beds filled with coral reefs  
Seaweed drifting like a leaf  
No more oil spills to be seen  
This will happen if we turn green

Factories spewing plumes of smoke  
If this happened how can we not choke  
Smoky cinders everywhere  
Mother Nature with its glare  
Banning pollution is the way  
Pristine air is for the stay  
Take a deep breath and let it out  
This is paradise without a doubt.

Dry and cracked, the plain, flat ground  
No plants in miles to be found  
Building machines tearing up trees  
Animals screaming: stop it please!  
Fertile soil everywhere  
Animals living there and there  
Plants and flowers blooming in fields  
All the withered flowers will be healed  
Climate change is exacerbating  
Wild weather patterns are demonstrating  
That the excessive harm humans cause  
Have a dire need to be paused

## Greater Bay Area

*Korean International School, Han, Donghyeong – 9*

Greater Bay Area  
Hong Kong, Macau, Southern China  
Here comes the Greatest, Biggest, triAngles, another name of GBA in my mind

Greater Bay Area, Greatest, Biggest, triAngle number 1, where I live in  
Hong Kong  
Beyond all in finance and trade logistics

Greater Bay Area, Greatest, Biggest, triAngle number 2,  
Macau  
Above all in vacation spot

Greater Bay Area, Greatest, Biggest, triAngle number 3  
Southern China  
Growing all over world's technology, research and high population

Greater Bay Area, Greatest, Biggest, triAngle  
Hong Kong, Macau, Southern China  
Cities are being Greater Bay Area of China, Asia, even World!

Even now GBA is kiddy as I am, but it will soon be great as my parents, and big as an ocean!

## The Greater Bay

*PLK HKTA Yuen Yuen Primary School, Choi, Andrea – 11*

Hong Kong is one of the places in the Greater Bay,  
“A beautiful city” as the people outside say,  
Thriving economies and international trade,  
Many events are going to be officially made,  
These all are important contributions,  
For finding a helpful solution.

Zhuhai is also known as The Hundred Island City,  
Is a very small place yet always busy.  
Beautiful coastline and many islands too,  
No one visiting there ever gets blue.  
Roasted pigeons and a lot other seafood,  
People there always eat with a happy mood.

Plastic bottles drifting in the sea,  
Rubbish thrown everywhere covered with fleas.  
These are just rumors and lies!  
The Greater Bay means eco-friendly and new,  
Where new eco machines are frequently used.

Talking about tourism, how about waterparks?  
Insane waterslides and gigantic swimming pools,  
These facilities are amazing and cool.

These cities are all part of the Greater Bay,  
Where they keep improving every day.  
Whether environment-wise or financially,  
The Greater Bay will make you feel like a place you must stay.

## Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

*PLK HKTA Yuen Yuen Primary School, Lee, Cyrus – 11*

I was sitting on my sofa watching TV,  
When the news came out, “How big we’re gonna be!  
With Macau and Southern China, we’re gonna be merged!”  
Whoa, it’s the best news I’ve ever heard!

We’ve got more people than the whole Uk,  
And make twice the money of the San Francisco Bay!  
We’re gonna become an economic hub,  
It’s just so sad that we couldn’t keep Youtub!

Macau is a city for gamers of all sizes,  
And HK will get more tourists as the attraction count rises.  
This huge megalopolis is totally lit,  
Although the pollution makes it a rubbish pit.

So, if you’re taking a vacation to Asia,  
Why not come on down to our Cantonasia?

## The Greater Bay Area

*PLK HKTA Yuen Yuen Primary School, Ng, Adem – 11*

Surprised I was to learn  
Our city shall be merged,  
with Macau and Southern China,  
‘Twas maybe the best news I’ve ever heard.

This awesome megalopolis  
Is astounding indeed,  
Land, population and enterprise  
We’re gonna take the lead.

I’d wondered what it’d be like,  
To live within the Greater Bay,  
But all this gruesome pollution  
Left me in utter dismay.

So, surprised I was to learn  
Our city shall be merged,  
with Macau and Southern China,  
‘Twas maybe the worst news I’d heard.

## Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

*PLK HKTA Yuen Yuen Primary School, Tong, Albercht – 11*

There is no place like this,  
Much particular than you imagine.  
It's like hell and like paradise,  
But no word describes it.  
It's the Greater Bay Area!

You get what you desire,  
And everyone thrive.  
Everything was alright,  
Until disaster came...

It's a total catastrophe,  
Where horror spreads out.  
Buildings fall as ashes,  
And the city was torn apart.

The carnage continues along,  
Until the adventurer came.  
It's Sir Bounces A Lot!  
He defended the poor,  
And defeated the devil.  
He is the inevitable hero,  
And put his name down in history.

## Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

*PLK HKTA Yuen Yuen Primary School, Wong, Alex – 11*

Where did all my radiant blue skies go?  
When polluted air lies everywhere,  
People blame and shout here and there.

Inferior smell all over the place,  
Where tourist arrived,  
They suffer,  
And suffer.  
Walls breaking apart,  
It's a serious catastrophe  
Where horror spreads everywhere,  
It's time to save the world.

We can change things only by doing actions  
If you are not willing to care  
About our future  
Then watch the world crash and smash

## Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

*PLK HKTA Yuen Yuen Primary School, Yan, Rachel – 11*

Living in the Greater Bay,  
Means buying clothes for which you cannot pay.  
69 million people living there,  
The whole place is full of care.  
As it is a busy port,  
Nothing there ever runs short.

Zhaoqing Dongguan and Guangzhou,  
Zhuhai Shenzhen and Huizhou,  
Jiangmen Macau and Zhongshan,  
Also Hong Kong and Foshan,  
They are all part of the Greater Bay.

A place with easy transportation,  
Plus enthusiastic conversations,  
For certain it's the place,  
That makes a person stays,  
'Cause there's where you reach your dream,  
So celebrate with some ice-cream!

# New City of the Future

*Regents Primary School, Cai, Jessica – 10*

There will be a new city in the future.  
It will have a variety of cultures.  
There will be lots of advanced technology.  
Like super smart phones and robots,  
or material from new elements.  
Then, let's get in the time machines,  
to travel and have adventures when the future begins!

First, let us go to our new city –Greater Bay Area,  
GBA, Greater Bay, city of tomorrow.  
It will integrate the advantages of China, Macao, and Hong Kong.  
Inspired by China's many patriotic songs.  
To show the Chinese people have been patriotic for so long.

Although Macau and Hong Kong are not exactly like mainland,  
they have their advantages to bring to the band.  
Many people in Hong Kong perform on the stage,  
whilst people in Macau play their games.  
They have the same happiness.  
Now they will share the same cultures.  
In the new high-tech city,  
we can take a flying taxi,  
fly to the edge of the sky.  
And also see the beautiful blue Earth.  
What a beautiful scenario!

For the customs of Hong Kong, Macau and China to be unified,  
we can communicate in Cantonese,  
use a fork to have food cooked by the Chinese,  
and wear fashionable clothes from Macau.

We can try anything we like and travel anywhere we want,  
we can go and watch a show.  
The transportation will never be slow,

Say 'wow!'  
A baby is playing with an intelligent robot cow.  
Let's go now!

Go! Go! Go!  
Explore this place with me!

## Sing the Praises of the Greater Bay Area

*Regents Primary School, Rao, Juliana – 10*

Beautiful Bay Area,  
linked by mountains and rivers,  
towering peaks,  
green waves,  
kapok trees.  
Love you,  
beautiful Greater Bay Area.

Grand Bay Area,  
connected to wisdom and world,  
international network,  
resources sharing,  
vitality blooming.  
Admire you,  
glorious Greater Bay Area.

Brilliant Bay Area,  
try to create magic and dreams,  
talent pool,  
the world's first,  
innovation highland.  
Rely on you,  
brilliant Greater Bay Area.

Praise,  
the nine cities embrace two parts,  
the youthful, beautiful and magnificent curved area,  
Guangdong –Hongkong –Macao, Great Bay Area.

## Bay Area – My New Hometown

*Regents Primary School, Wu, Chun Yu Molinali – 10*

Looking down from Chang 'e space raft,  
the earth is as a beautiful crystal.  
Whenever she flies over the stars in the South China Sea,  
will see several cities scattered on the blue ball,  
like a piece of decent jade.  
Although the lights are not so bright,  
but they never fade.

The tunnels of time and space go round and round.  
Finally, one day a great man was full of poetry came,  
to the nine cities of the broken jade.  
He came up with a brand new name,  
“Guangdong – Hong Kong – Macao Greater Bay Area.”  
Since then, the Sleeping land came back to life.  
Like a sleeping lion woke up.  
He was proud of the heroes.  
He looked at the end of the world.

On that day,  
the Hong Kong–Zhuhai–Macao bridge will be opened,  
the World will exclaim,  
“That is the great artery of the lion!”  
When Shenzhen and Hong Kong shake hands at that moment,  
the lion will have his own heart,  
the surging pulsation.  
The pulse of the nine cities will be strangely united.  
“Fusion”, “Integrated”, “One country two systems”, and “One Belt And One Road”,  
a brand new symbol of life,  
it will be branded on the lion.

And we are like every cell of the lion,  
it's an inexhaustible source of energy.  
We grow up under the dazzling stars,  
as if the accumulation of endless strength,  
carries the body of the male lion,  
races to the front of the world.

More than 150 years ago,  
Hong Kong was just tourist overseas.  
Macao was not our hometown, either.  
Even Shenzhen was just a poor fishing village.  
Several other cities were also poor areas of the motherland.  
At that time,  
we had no common country;  
At that time,  
we had no common hometown.  
At that time,  
all the people scattered like sand,  
wandering in the sea of South China.

70 years ago,  
the new China's cannon rang,  
the Chinese people ushered in the final liberation.  
22 years ago,  
Hong Kong returned to the embrace of its motherland.  
Then Macao returned to its mother's arms.  
And today,  
this hometown has been scattered for many years.  
Finally, we have a common name,  
it has also become our common hometown.

Its name is,  
“Guangdong Hong Kong Macao Bay area.”  
“G.B.A” for short.

Great Bay Area,  
my wonderful dream land,  
Great Bay Area,  
my enchanted hometown.

## The Island

*School of the Nations, Choi, Angela – 10*

Liliesland our land.  
With blue sky,  
With beautiful seas  
Born of China,Macau and Hong Kong  
The beautiful Liliesland.

Look to the east and see,  
There is an island,so beautiful.  
With climate,so heavenly.  
So sunny,but sometimes cold.

Look there!  
Beautiful mountains,  
Lakes and rivers.  
Copper and gold.  
Sweet honey and water.

Eating yummy noodles and delicious bread  
Speaking Cantonese and Mandarin is fun!  
Spending our Liliesland  
to buy food and houses.

Mice went everywhere,  
To the rubbish bin,to the restaurant.  
Trying to find rubbish,  
Can't find food!

Inside the zoo,  
Mouse, rabbits all run around  
Dogs and cats, left at home.  
White tigers,White Rhinos all run to the forest.

Sleep a while.  
Wake up and finding food,  
Dictatorship control the island,  
Nobody knows

## Be Embraced by Nature's Beauty

*School of the Nations, Kwok, Yasuka – 10*

The new country shone brightly in the sun.  
Hey! This adventure has just begun!  
The natives are always having fun,  
And they always go on a run.  
Look at this park in this town,  
That seesaw going up and down,  
The children's faces are totally not a frown,  
And they are going on the swing upside down!  
Just look at the city street,  
Where everyone can eat.  
Wow! That sure is very sweet!  
Just don't burn your feet because of the heat!  
This city is very wealthy,  
Because this country has a lot of pennies.  
The city streets are not even filthy,  
And all the people love the city's beauty.  
Birds, soaring high in the sky  
Just flew by in a blink of an eye!  
Perhaps, they are just awfully shy.  
Oh my, oh dear! Please tell me why!  
The waves that come to shore,  
Cause a powerful, great roar!  
Sounds coming more and more,  
But, I wonder, what was that for?  
That attractive, enormous, blue-green beach,  
Looks like it's out of reach.  
The rolling waves looks like they are giving a speech.  
That lively, timid breeze,  
Merrily danced around the trees.  
Wait! Is that what I see?  
Forget it, more likely just a flea.  
That mountain over me,  
With nobody,  
Or maybe just a bee,

But I knew I am here so, I said “Yuppie!”

Spring, rain falling down,  
Summer, insects flying around,  
Autumn, leaves always found,  
Winter, snow falling to the ground.

The sun, eternally shining.  
The moon, consistently glowing.  
The plants, regular travelling  
The unknown, consistently hiding.

Now, this is where my visit lies,  
Please don't let out a sigh,  
And don't you cry!

Because it's nearly time to say goodbye.

Now all this time, we have to spend,  
All comes to an end.

Now, recall what I say, my friend!

Please be embraced by nature's beauty until the end.

## The New Modern Countrylu

*School of the Nations, Wong, Janus – 9*

The new country is about to begin,  
 The government's name might be Karsin.  
 He lives in a giant big white mansion,  
 And loves eating cheese that's from the restaurant poison.  
 (poison is just a restaurant's name,  
 And the government password is called fame!)  
 And everybody is living in tall modern houses,  
 and inside the houses there are robotic mice.  
 Karsin wears a big black bow tie,  
 And the big black bow tie looks like a big butterfly!  
 If you look at the modern country, you will say wow!  
 After you say that, you'll always jump upside down.  
 Later the government takes place now .  
 and the government will take a gigantic bow.  
 Now after that everybody's head is ringing.  
 I'm late, got to go to the dock and shipping.  
 And the cars are now going loud and beeping.  
 Cause they're in a hurry, and there not sleeping  
 Let's go and get bricks and colorful lego,  
 When we're playing with it, lets eat mango  
 Next to the military base there are railgun tanks,  
 and next to the railgun tank there are rich banks.  
 Got to fly to everywhere around the world,  
 And find colorful and ugly birds.  
 Now today at the middle of the day,  
 There opening a new bright blue bay.  
 The modern country we were talking about,  
 The weather barely turns gray!  
 So at the beach you can lay.  
 That country has lots of population,  
 The population that will turn into a million!  
 But it also might turn the population to a billion!  
 There will be a gigantic wild and crowded zoo,  
 and the cows in the zoo will say "MOO!"  
 When I sat on a tall tree,  
 a very red apple dropped on me.  
 And I'm leaving the tree because of the bees.  
 There are lovely beers at the club bars,  
 and at the big movie theater there you can see mars!  
 Next to the clean and wet pool,  
 you can see another school!  
 The country is just no fool!  
 And like always, the government rule.  
 There is a wheel and you can spin,  
 After you spin you have a grin.  
 If you get to zero,  
 You have a toy called hero.  
 If you spin to one,  
 You get a Nerf gun.  
 If you spin to two,  
 You get a modern shoe.

If you spin to three,  
You will have a pineapple tree.  
If you spin to four,  
You get a new door.  
If you spin to five,  
You get honey from a beehive.  
If you spin to six,  
You get a ugly stick.  
If you spin to seven,  
You can go to heaven.  
If you spin to eight,  
You can eat a cake.  
If you spin to nine,  
From the bar, you get to drink wine.  
If you spin to ten,  
At the front of your house, there will be a wild hen.  
And almost everybody said “hop hop hop,  
Let’s go to the new coffee shop.”  
“And maybe there will be a new kind of loli-pop.”  
“And let’s go to the playground and play robbers verses cop.”  
The people are using there very long hose,  
and use the hose to spray the long red rose!  
And hundreds of people smell the roses with their nose!  
And the country has lots of pros.  
If the government is grumpy,  
He will make the roads bumpy.  
I will eat my bean,  
And make the bowl all clean.  
When I play hide and seek ,  
I had a big and scary freak .  
After that ..... from the restaurant I ate a piece of steak  
Come and visit our country,  
Oh and there are biscuits that are extremely crunchy!  
makin ‘ all the stuff munchy .  
Please come to our piece of land,  
The new country is grand.  
There are lots of sand,  
And plus there are new rock bands!

## My Island

*School of the Nations, Wong, Jeremy – 9*

On my island, there are many things to do  
 A school on top of the epic canyon,  
 On a gigantic falcon in the sky,  
 With people on top of it saying hi!  
 Tourist ships on a giant's wrist,  
 A farm on the water, it's a barn,  
 A pencil case  
 In the military base,  
 An army guy,  
 Saying Bye!  
 In my restaurant,  
 Some confetti in your spaghetti.  
 Some mustard in your custard,  
 For dessert.  
 If you go to the island's tower,  
 You must stay at least stay for an hour.  
 If you go to the bakery,  
 You can make the shortbread that we bake.  
 If you want to go to the five-star restaurant,  
 You must book it as you know.  
 There are also dragons' on our island,  
 Some who's courage is the best,  
 Some who's most sincere and most honest,  
 Some of whose wisdom top's the big chart,  
 Some who's silly but also quite smart.  
 And some who's happy, with the greatest wit.  
 That shouldn't be a problem, should it?  
 The knight went to the prophecy,  
 Involves a new dragon as you see,  
 When he arrives, it's something to behold,  
 For he has a spirit that's brighter than gold,  
 He knows no selfishness and no greed,  
 He is the dragon of friendship indeed!  
 The hospital has the clumsiest people,  
 People who are one, always have fun.

## Chimac Hong

*School of the Nations, Wong, Valerie – 9*

Out in the southeast,  
A new, Cantonese baby land is born.  
It slowly shaped some mountains,  
In between the Chinese religions,  
Slow-formed rivers began to transform,  
And gave some water to the lakes,  
Slowly people began to move from the Chinese religion,  
To this country now known as Chimac Hong,  
Then they built more civilization, structures,  
And not long they start farming crops,  
Now we can eat in the restaurants,  
And we pay by Chimac Hong Dollar, CHD,  
Eat the most Chinese food,  
Has the most Chinese animal groups  
Like this democracy, you're free to come;  
In this sunny, magnificent country,  
With now a tremendous population,  
Now should I say,  
Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Come to this country,  
And I mean, You!

## Greater Bay Area

*Sha Tin Junior School, Jolliffe, Jake – 9*

Buildings tear skies  
To one huge metropolis  
A huge connection

# A Great Day in the Greater Bay Area

Shortlisted

*Shanghai United International School Wanyuan, Cao, Zachary – 10*

Standing by the Huangpu River  
I look out over the Southern China, Pearl River Delta

When the horn of the Greater Bay Area sounded in Shenzhen Bay  
A magnificent landscape awaits you  
For the future adventures of the Greater Bay Area

Small roads like sparks burning spread into the avenues  
Tall buildings are springing up like mushrooms  
Smiling faces mingle with sweat and happiness  
The new lands to be welded together

The Greater Bay Area  
Like a great ship sailing with full of hope  
Like a red sun rising with full of enthusiasm  
Like an opening bow with full of energy

Bearing off Shenzhen Bay  
Bearing off Hong Kong and Macau  
Still sailing on the magnificent landscape  
Passage to future adventures of the Greater Bay Area

Everything is unpredictable  
Everything is expectable

Dreams can span regions  
Creativity can transcend space  
Achievement has no boundaries

Listen, the strongest sound of an era is resounding through the sky  
Look, "One Belt And One Road" blueprint is blooming in the motherland

A city, a poem  
4 central cities, And the other 7 key node cities  
Every city is waiting for perfection

The Hongkong–Zhuhai–Macau Bridge  
As the rainbow in the sky  
Falling on the sea, and then becomes the bridge  
The sky remains infinitely vacant for earth there to build its heaven with dreams

Singing our times  
Singing the strong light works of engineers  
Singing the great achievements of the present of the Greater Bay Area

The great not only past and now  
But greater still from what is yet to come  
Future adventures for the Greater Bay  
the Chinese dream continues to forge ahead!

The last of the last  
Breathe one breath upon my verse  
And leave its odor at the bay



## One of China's Greatest Lands

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Li, Hayden – 10*

A cluster of smart cities in the Pearl Delta River  
Now known to the world as Greater Bay Area  
Each city has its unique culture and character  
Let me take you to an exciting adventures  
To discover each city one by one  
To discover each city  
one

by

one.

### **Hong Kong**

A small fishing village  
“Pearl of the East”  
With people in peace  
East and West  
Can welcome all the guests  
Now soaring high rises  
People work, taxi drives  
workers build at expedient efficiency  
Young people fight for democracy  
With bright future, this city grows  
a strong economy  
A unique history, culture, language  
Shenzhen  
Once a poor village on the Hong Kong border  
now caught up – an economic soarer  
Young business entrepreneurs grow with no limit  
A green sustainable mission  
And a greener city

### **Macau**

A portuguese city next to sea and land  
the city is full of brains that understand  
It was a Portuguese island full of curves and rounds  
in some places finally trades of Chinese can be found  
Portugues influence is still here after all that time  
its obvious it is worth every dollar and dime

### **Guangzhou**

Guangzhou is one of China's largest cities  
most of the people work like an efficient committee  
a place full of vibrant shops and neon light  
it has lots of beautiful scenes at night  
setting targets to make it smart and green  
It's anti-global warming until the city is clean  
Making the next project a good development  
Guangzhou is proud to save the environment

## Zhuhai

A World class fancy golf course  
Amazing parks and lakes and resorts  
Zhuhai is nearby with amazing art  
And the Ocean Kingdom is nature's heart  
The start had came  
They just started their fame  
They took years to climb  
It should be the best of their time  
Even if it is not the best,  
They deserve to take a rest

## The Myriad Life of the Greater Bay Area

*W F Joseph Lee Primary School, Chan, Sze Yu – 10*

There is a terrain in China,  
called the Greater Bay Area.  
Each city has a unique culture,  
which leads to amazing adventures.

Would you like to visit Zhuhai,  
with its entertaining theme parks and romantic views?  
Or Jiangmen, with beautiful beaches and relaxing rides,  
a perfect place for holidays.

Hong Kong is a busy and vibrant city,  
glowing lights brightens the night sky.  
Macau is a prosperous place,  
with lots of entertainment and fun.

Guangzhou is a colorful city,  
famous for its delectable dishes:  
Wonton noodle, pork buns, and roast ducks,  
All are so mouth-watering.

Huizhou is like a paradise,  
You walk into a picture of beautiful lakes and mountains.  
Zhaoqing is famous for its natural scenery,  
a fairyland with nothing but peace.

Zhongshan and Foshan,  
where the richest culture of China is buried.  
Tall, majestic temples stand in the centre,  
an astonishing history they carry.

Shenzhen, on the other hand,  
is bustling with energy.  
Dongguan is where the technology is growing,  
but the nature still remains.

Connecting these cities,  
is the Hong Kong, Zhuhai and Macau Bridge,  
Stretching like a dragon,  
across the clear blue sea.

Eleven cities altogether,  
form the Greater Bay Area.  
They are one, always one,  
from the past to the future, forever!

## A Job Hunt

*Ying Wa Primary School, Wong, Cheuk Lok – 11*

An adventure through the Greater Bay Area.  
Technology everywhere.  
High-Speed Rail transports people cross-city;  
Skyscrapers soar high in the air.

No hiring offers.  
You decide to go on a working holiday.  
You take out your violin and start playing;  
Musicians, it seems, have high pay.

You, with your full wallet,  
Go to another city.  
No, still no jobs.  
Bad luck has cursed you for eternity.

You visit the remains of St. Paul's Church.  
Before you pass a lorry:  
Yes, St. Paul's Church is being rebuilt,  
Soon it will be back to its former glory.

You receive a confirmation letter,  
About the job you long for.  
You go back to Hong Kong  
on the train that departs at four.

The Environmental Protection Department  
Is your new workplace.  
Your new job is to reduce pollution,  
So it does not become commonplace.

Technology, history, environmental protection,  
All are vital to the Greater Bay Area's prosperity.  
So, we shall unite,  
For ourselves and posterity.

# Poetry

Group 3



## Mixed Fortunes Await Thee

*Dulwich College Beijing, Lee, Logan – 13*

Can you feel the change, the adventures and stories that await?  
It might be scary, it might be fun, or there might be none  
The combo of the best, and more qualities to come,  
It could be a bag of greatness weighing ten-tons  
A little flicker to start it all, this is what we need! let's just add some kerosene  
It can all topple down it could go down a bin an empire that crumbles from within  
A metropolis of greatness that could never even learn to walk  
Maybe it's as talking to a wall as hard bedrock

The greatest the world has ever witnessed, the boldest the world has met  
It could need a morsel of forgiveness, it'll be the trailblazer of all new things  
The new residence of perfection home to all queens and kings  
The uniqueness of it, the success, will go down in history  
It is a gift for everyone who lives and it'll grow like a tree  
Branching out it's magic to everything it foresees

All the others are identical this one shall not  
Failures of others isn't going to rot, it'll clot up all potential this one's got  
We'll all try to help, we'll all say or prayers, but this time it won't cut it  
There won't be disappointment there won't be a hall of fame  
The result won't fail, it won't be excellent, it'll just be same

An infinitude of possibilities, all yet to come, who knows what will be the next one.  
All helping, all trying, all good doing humans passionate on a mission,  
Still in development looking for what's best say all the prayers for god to bless  
The passion will find its way to defeat any pest, no matter how much stress it gets  
The new journeys and adventures that lie ahead shall be more rewarding.

# Roaming to Find a Place of Mine

*Dulwich College Beijing, Rong, Ryan – 13*

Honourable Mention

HONG KONG  
YOUNG  
WRITERS AWARDS  
2020

City streets  
Neon lights  
Who will wonder?  
Why I am here tonight

Wondering, wondering all alone  
In a city where I am unknown

Territories collide!  
Masses divide!  
For hatred or conflict  
Or the desire to survive

Or they will amalgamate  
A different visage meets another face  
For love or for fate  
Or for the benefit of the human race

Wondering, wondering all alone  
In a city where I am unknown

A splendid city where buildings rise so high to touch the sky  
And where sordid evil hides in plain sight  
“One country, two systems” and then the story unfolds  
Economy blooms, but boundaries erode

Wondering into the buildings of law  
I see beneath the masks: errors and flaws

Only when it blows, we see corruption.  
Only when we vote, we see oppression.  
Why do we see the mess we created,  
When basic human rights are violated?

Wondering, wondering all alone  
In a city where I am unknown

Into the homes of needy people  
Whose limbs feeble but smiles still gleeful  
Even though they do not have a lot to spare  
The place is cozy, and joy fills the air

More than a hundred million faces  
Running from places to places  
Who would hear a painful cry?  
Of a woman who is about to say goodbye

Wondering, wondering all alone  
In a city where I am unknown

Finding a ground  
For me to settle down  
But when I look around  
I drown.

When I almost lost hope  
In this bustling complicated world  
I remember the words of the old  
The knowledge that we own:

The only promise that stands unshaken  
Is that everyone would bear  
A flower so rare,  
That solely time can awaken.

# The Greater Bay Area

*Dulwich College Beijing, Wang, Max – 12*



The Greater Bay Area,  
It is extremely advanced.  
It's not built yet,  
But when it is,  
You'll think your in a trance.

It may be called Cantonesia,  
As the main language should be Cantonese,  
But we are not sure,  
As it is in the territory of the Chinese.

It's going to be built  
Around Hong Kong and Macau,  
And when the foreigners come,  
Only thing they'll utter out is: "How?"

Prediction says it's going to be futuristic,  
Overflowing with the latest tech.  
We don't know much,  
But the GBA's probably not going to be a train wreck.

The Greater Bay Area,  
It is extremely advanced.  
It's not built yet,  
But when it is,  
You'll think your in a trance.

## Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

Honourable Mention

*French International School, Punyakoti, Namish – 11*

There is a place that no one knows  
 There is a place that no one goes  
 Deep in the waters far beyond the walls  
 This is a new place with lands so tall  
 Mountains are tall, oh so tall  
 Up there kids play with a ball  
 There is a canyon wide and deep  
 Every night the children see it before going to sleep  
 There are forests full of ever greens  
 There are meadows filled with beans  
 Untouched by man  
 Perfection in every grain of sand  
 But even though the secrets have been buried, rumors leak out  
 Stories are born, the ones that make children pout  
 But when this fairytale comes true all the adults shout  
 The rumor is out and it is true  
 Now run for your life or the monster will bury you...  
 "A hydra" they say "A dragon" they chant  
 But soon the rant will be up  
 And it will be time run  
 So shut your doors and windows and listen to how this story begun

Time is of the essence a famous saying  
 But when this is true like now you will be praying  
 Stuck in an island where no man can leave  
 Eternally feeling grieve.  
 But there is a fact in this book  
 That can save the people if you look  
 Deep in the dungeons, Far past the sewer  
 A place with a stench worse than manure  
 A monster lies in wait  
 While people are feeling great  
 Discluded, excluded and sitting in the shadows  
 Ran away with the bad O's  
 Rejected for his looks  
 And that's when the ground shook  
 Out came the crystal  
 One touch and it went ballistic till  
 It touched the victim  
 It gave him more strength than a serum  
 He would throw huts with a flick of his finger  
 Stop projectiles midair when he heard the ringer  
 He never die  
 Although he couldn't fly  
 He was Invincible  
 Like a principle

He waged war for those who bothered him  
He killed those who were at the brim of success  
He knew the antidote  
It was a secret written in his notes

He went into hiding  
When his witch saw a vision of man striding  
Across the battlefield carrying no shield  
He asked to yield  
But when refused  
He would defuse  
He would be killed by his creation  
His own weapon one worth taking into notation  
So he went into hiding  
To avoid the man who would be striding

But every now and then  
When the cuckoo clock strikes ten...  
He'll have his feast  
And multiply the rumors of the beast

Now the story is done  
Go,Go,Go run!  
You're our savior, You're our only chance  
Go and find the monster and foil his plans!  
Centuries and decades pass in a heartbeat  
Everyone eager to beat  
The monster  
Before he stirs  
Generation after Generation pass  
The savior's still walking through the grass  
After a long time  
He found the village where the monster made his first crime  
Ruined and crumbling  
The walls were tumbling  
Checking the houses  
Standing by and watching scampering mice  
Under the rubble  
Full of worry and trouble  
There lay the recipe  
There were no pairs of eyes to see  
The writing like a snake  
The parchment screaming fake  
The paper was false  
But the items on the list were in the monster's walls  
Clever Monster hiding it near him  
But the savior was no whim

Charging through the home of the monster  
Seconds felt like hours  
Mutant creations like giant lobsters  
All disgraced like our  
Monster...

We meet in the maze  
He admits his intentions weren't to raze  
A feast time to time  
Was his only recent crime

He changed his ways  
And started to obey  
The command of the law  
The savoir was in awe  
Was this a trap?  
Were the monster jaws going to go snap?  
But no.  
So

He said you did something no one will forgive  
But I'm not cold blooded so I'll let you live  
And that's why from time to time  
The monster commits a small crime

Taken wrong for his looks  
Was a memory no one could shook  
But in this book  
There was secret for those brave enough to look  
He found the goal  
But chose to be a mole  
To walk and turn  
And hope he learns  
That although he is bitter  
He can do better  
And after this time  
The monster stopped his crime  
He left in silence  
Even though the people knew he was no longer violent

And after these years  
Nobody sheds a tear  
For the creation of hatred they created  
They just debated  
That he was always hated  
For his looks  
That's why left  
Because some people just didn't see the moral of the theft

Some bonds were broken  
The monster's heart was broken  
But in the end  
The story took a different bend  
Because life is not about the obvious or appearance  
It's about the disappearance of the kid you picked on.

# Never Ending Adventures of Greater Bay

*GT (Ellen Yeung) College, Wong, Sam U Reena*

Standing in the rain,  
Drowned in numbing pain,  
Oh, how I wish I could stay!

Stepping up the bridge,  
My breath wouldn't cringe,  
I pray to God to true my wish.

Therefore, I shall fall,  
Unremembered this all,  
Yet, I sense a faint call.

"Don't jump!  
For the happiness, the fun  
The ventures yet to come!"

"All there is that's waiting for me,  
Is the complete darkness, I've yet to see,  
Just let me fall to endless sleep."

"Oh, tell me your sorrows,  
What made you feel hollow?  
You know there's always a tomorrow."

"But there's no one I could follow,  
And everything had crumbled,  
I'll always feel alone.

Oh, kind whisper please stay,  
And hear my confession out,  
It may lessen this drowning pain."

"I'm all ears my friend,  
I'll stay with no end,  
And listen no matter when."

"Kind whisper,  
I have no peers,  
For I don't belong here.

I'm from Hong Kong,  
Known for protests and riots,  
So we've never got along.

Their words as knives,  
Stabbing in deep,  
But I'll just silently weep"

"My friend,  
Then go home,  
To where you've always known."

“But home’s filled with hate,  
For my mother died for my sake,  
She’s here in this very lake.”

“Then you must stay,  
For your mother,  
For that faithful day.”

“ We live to die,  
It’s not worth the try,  
Please tell me why.

I’ll just wait from above,  
Along with my mother’s love,  
For the arrival of her beloved.

My grandma’s incurable disease,  
Will bring her to us,  
And save her hospital fees.

My grandpa worked so hard,  
Used up all our wealth,  
Just to remain her health.

‘Dongguan,  
Known for factories,  
Lowered my grandfather’s salary.

Then came that great plan,  
Dongguan became a hi-tech land,  
And fired that poor man.”

“How dare they do so?  
For he is old?  
Or just cause he’s slow?”

“I don’t want to know,  
For the answer is best kept unknown,  
As it’ll make me sick to the bone.

As you can see,  
My entire family,  
Relies on my father’s salary,

He’s a fisherman,  
And again with that great plan,  
The horror began.

A huge bridge was built,  
Like the one we’re on,  
And the fishes were slowly gone.

With each passing day,  
Our hunger turns to pain,  
Oh, how I hate this greater bay!

Hearing nothing but the rain,  
I asked,  
“so what do you have to say?”

Shoked by the silence that approached,  
I looked towards the kind whisper,  
And saw no figure.

“Please answer me!  
How should I move on?  
When all I have is gone?”

My family’s hatred,  
My schoolmates loathing,  
Why was I created?”

Looking at the bridge once again,  
Thoughts rushed through my head,  
Is there another choice other than death?

Finally looking up,  
The sky had cleared up,  
And the adventure continues no matter wha

## The Glorious Future Bay areas

*Harrow International School Beijing, Evans, Deng – 11*

The glorious future bay areas,  
The forests the rivers and the trees.  
Plants grow there rapidly,  
One day, the world will be full of green.

The rivers change into seas,  
Wondering around the sky garden  
The trees grow into forests,  
Covering every people's heart.

The future bay areas,  
As imaginative as it could be.  
Come on, let's work together,

To make the future bay area more glorious.

## A Perfect Country

*Harrow International School Beijing, He, Yixuan -13*

There will be a perfect country  
Where despite the seasons it is always sunny  
The grass is green  
And the street is clean

There lives a little boy  
Who is filled with joy  
Apparently the whole world is a little toy  
And that it is build for him to enjoy.

There will be a perfect country  
Where the sun shines twenty-four-seven  
It will be remembered as a heaven  
For all that seeks it, HongKong is its entry

There lives a bunny  
In the world seemingly so far away  
In that world that appears in our dreams  
But now it's real, it seams.

There will be a perfect country  
When all the others suffer from poverty  
When the world is dark and dusty  
This place will glow with glory

There is a leader  
Smart and kind  
Whom the public admired  
Whom leads this country to greatness

For he is fairly selected  
Not by heritage or bribery  
Not by corruption or propaganda  
But by pure hardworking and talents

There are people  
Prosperous and happy  
They love their country And their country loves them

In your country, you should be aware  
There are crimes, murders and corruption  
There are poverty, homelessness and inflation  
And there are things in the nightmares of your nightmares

But what if, as you sometimes wonder  
That there will be a place like utopia  
Where nobody would suffer  
And what if I tell you it's real—or will be soon

Its name is Cantonesia  
Or perhaps the best in this millennia  
It has more people than Canada  
And is richer than Australia.

Imagine a perfect world for you  
The world that only appears in your best dreams  
The world that is as sweet as an ice cream

So dream it, and it shall be yours.

## Conflict – A worrying tale.

*Harrow International School Beijing, Luk, Michael – 13*

The noise of the factories and the sounds of the tired city.  
The puffs of the corroded pipes booming the lucrative industry.  
As old as the rolling hills of the faraway lands.  
The shot of a gun, the death of a man.  
A shrill yelp for help was heard miles away.  
Away, long gone with nothing to say.

There was a weathered road winding towards the horizon.  
There was an eternal hope of grasping the end.  
There was a desired goal to prosper in life.  
There was a cheerful time where fear was but an idea.  
There were merit and virtue amidst the eyes of a child.  
There was a sacred bond, a trust between all men alike.

The dictum of the paperboy,  
“Allow the news to be known,  
We will place a new place.  
In a place, we all know.”  
A cheer broke loose.  
The masses went chaotic.  
They had woken the entire continent.  
They were all so dramatic.

Let the petty conflicts be halted.  
Let the helpless slaves be freed.  
Let the brand-new land become an exemplum of peace.  
An exemplum of opulence and economic prosperity.

The sounds of the city as busy as it can be,  
Building relations across land and seas.  
Although, it may be a concept awaiting,  
Which sounds absurd and preposterous.  
A utopian society filled with wealthy folk.  
Has the government ever lied to me?

# A Fulfilled Dream

*Harrow International School Beijing, Qi, Eric – 12*

Honourable Mention



Birds fly in spring,  
Raindrops fall in the mist.  
Little flowers start to grow,  
Encapsulating the land with sweetness.

Our newborn land, filled with joy,  
Built upon kindness and utmost fairness.  
Created by the people with strength of mind,  
Governed by people with extreme awareness.

Our newborn land, watered with care,  
Built upon purity and utmost beauty.  
Created by the people with good leadership,  
Maintained by the people who do their duty.

Our newborn land, lightened by hope,  
Built upon spirituality and utmost gratitude.  
Created by the people who have zest,  
From the past rose our newborn land, renewed.

The sun is bright in summer,  
Some birds are building a nest.  
Trees grow straight and taller,  
We all hope for the best.

The leaders of the country,  
Strong as they can be.  
Supported by the people,  
In which they all agree.

The people of the country,  
Caring as they can be.  
Creating a positive environment,  
For you, and me!

The country of the leaders,  
Filled with wonderful men.  
Enhanced by citizen's thoughts,  
Again, and again.

The country of the people,  
Led by honest men.  
The nation advancing,  
Every now and then.

The leaves fall off in autumn,  
Petals are fluttering.  
The breeze ruffles in our hair,  
Everything seems to sing.

More land than Switzerland,  
Higher population than Canada.  
With a whole lot of business activity,  
Even more than Australia!

The GBA includes lands,  
Such as Hong Kong and Macau.  
Working to build a paradise,  
Why don't you help them out?

The government encourages policies,  
Such as Medical Services and Tourism.  
Financial Services and Education,  
No racism or extremism.

The people work hard,  
And earn their fair share.  
They are humane and kind  
For others they do care.

Now comes good old winter,  
Snowflakes are falling fast.  
We now don't even realize,  
That one year is already past.

Blending in the best,  
From the different countries included.  
China, Hong Kong, and Macau,  
Nothing good is excluded.

China excels in efficiency,  
And ensures safety.  
With affordable living costs,  
The countries wonderful mainly.

Hong Kong is the bridge,  
A mixture of the East and West.  
With their high-quality foods,  
Everything's the best!

Macau has pretty gardens,  
Parks filled with greenery.  
A photographer's paradise,  
The beaches, the scenery...

Life will be worth living,  
Opportunities are waiting.  
Everybody's working,  
Everybody's living.

Eden will be the country's name,  
The environment will match it.  
This will be the oasis in this troubled world,  
Even if it's only a little bit.

## The Sun Above the sea Head

*Harrow International School Beijing, Wang, Nick – 11*

The sun above the sea head,  
Quite your books and enjoy the sea wind,  
Explore the deepness of the ocean,  
Find out new marine creatures which human haven't discover yet,  
Happiness exists in us and marine creatures;

Suddenly the ocean generates into Monster in the future,  
Come towards us and start killing the human race,  
That's what we get for polluting the ocean,  
We tried to fight back,  
But our trashes which we threw into the ocean come back to us,  
Even some of us were innocent,  
Who didn't know and do anything about the garbage;

Let's save the ocean,  
Save the new generations,  
Quite Pollutions,  
Create a better place.

# The Drums of Utopia

*Harrow International School Beijing, Xiang, Jonathon – 13*

Honourable Mention



My clothes were soaked with rain of sadness  
So, let it be  
My hat was blown away by the wind of anger  
So, let it be  
My throat was dried up by the drought of fear  
So, let it be  
The name “Homo Sapien” meant something  
So, let the drums of unity beat

Sun pierced through the cloud as the bells of springtime ring  
The howling wind blew under the sky in blue  
But most importantly  
The city was wearing the robe of happiness  
Gender wasn't blocking the door  
Age wasn't tiring down the bridges  
Even nationality wasn't building walls  
Let the paints of culture blend into a magnificent artwork  
As all kinds of people sits in the table of brotherhood  
So, let the drums of unity beat

People walked down the streets as the bells of trolleys ring  
The taxis speeded under the placards in attraction  
But most importantly  
The city was taking the bag of innovation  
The mountains were flattened  
The valleys were exalted  
The seas were frozen  
Let the Lego bricks of ideas build into a gigantic bridge  
As all sorts of ideas hold hands together around the camp fire of mastermind  
So, let the drums of unity beat

Boxes were delivered in ports as the bell of cargo ship ring  
The subways rumbled under the traffic in action  
But most importantly  
The city was wearing red shirt of economics  
when poverty burned in to ash  
when difficulties of sea transport get perished into dust  
when the tax gets reformed  
Let all routes of trades converge together in the crosswords of goods  
So, let the drums of unity beat.

By that we shall achieve greatness  
By that we shall live in a utopia  
By that we shall earn the name of “homo Sapien”  
By that we shall enter a new era of the history of humanity  
It should bore into your minds like worms  
By the sound of a beat  
The greater bay area will lead that the world into the lights of our destiny  
So, let the drums of unity beat

## Time flies by

*Harrow International School Beijing, Zhi, Jack – 11*

Time Flies By

Time flies by,

I grew from a childish child,

to an eleven years old teen-Nager son,

it just seems like a blink of an instant.

I grew from a careless boy, to a care-laden young man, and planning to go to the heaven like Greater Bay.

The time was quick, but life needs to be worthy,

I tried to make the trip beautiful and knowledgeable.

Future, maybe AI robot could take over human's place,

but we human owns humanity,

which is the most special thing which only human owns.

in the future Greater Bay Area will be more heaven like and more beautiful than ever.

The relationship between Hongkong and China would be more harmonious than ever.

The future would be great, but we need to use it well.

# Ancora

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, De Silva, Anastacia – 13*

Honourable Mention

HONG KONG  
YOUNG  
WRITERS AWARDS  
2020

Muscle into metal  
Petal into vessel

Branded with a red square  
Stripped down bare

Glimmering with gold and all things precious  
Like flies, restless, restless, restless

Bustling nights, relentless lights  
Filled with city sights

Simulated meadows  
Dancing shadows

Eyes narrow  
For this unkempt barrow

Do you see the world,  
Dim and pearled?

Do you see the world  
Properly unfurled?

Lungs still heavy  
But oh so ready

Clean, pure, glass  
Trying to pass

They fall, they tumble  
But all there is a lowly grumble

Iron clad bars  
Cover us from the stars

The mark of the long-worn veil  
Behind it all we are still grimly pale

## A Dazzling New Place

Honourable Mention

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hu, Catherine – 11*

Soaring skyscrapers reaching for the sky,  
Bustling streets and lively chatter,  
This stunning place, unique and new,  
A brand new life, a fresh, clean start,  
The Greater Bay Area, an adventure for you.

As busy as a beaver, the GBA thrives,  
A breathing creature, it is alive,  
Jam-packed streets, even at night,  
Glass curtained buildings,  
Flashing in the sunlight.

Cutting edge technology,  
Cars, hovering in the sky,  
Now blind people can see the wonders of this world,  
A new era has begun, a megacity emerged,  
A giant has awoken, from sleep, it has stirred.

Hong Kong, Macau and Guangdong,  
Now live together as a whole.  
Diverse types of people,  
Young and old, rich and poor,  
Here, everyone is equal.

People running everywhere, noise drifting through the air.  
The posh businessmen rushing off to work,  
The young children, laughing and clapping,  
The students, chatting and trudging to school,  
The dogs and cats, meowing and yapping,

At night it lights up like a Christmas tree,  
Flashing in the darkness, glaring lights.  
Glittering, glowing like a million stars.  
A field of luminescence as far as the eye can see.  
A dazzling miracle when seen from afar.

Soaring skyscrapers reaching for the sky,  
Bustling streets and lively chatter,  
A marvellous community, a brand new place.  
What are you waiting for?  
An adventure awaits!

# A White Flower

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Joseph-Hui, Alexandra – 13*

Shortlisted

HONG KONG  
YOUNG  
WRITERS AWARDS  
2020

I cradle it gently in between my fingers.  
Its petals are pure,  
It is more than just white.  
I stroke its veins  
Hidden is a story of love and beauty,  
Beauty that was brief and violent.

A mellow aroma of perfume  
Buries all the smells that drifted through the air  
Deep into its heart  
The richness of a culture  
Gone in an instant.

Its roots are wet to the touch  
The clear sap drips onto my finger  
I stare, fixated on the glimmering moisture.  
My lone eye is reflected.  
I look into the deep, earthy brown  
Out of frustration  
I smear the liquid.

The fields are no longer white.  
Instead,  
A vast nation overflowing with skyscrapers  
The shrill blaring of boats  
The now bleak, ashen sea  
People trudging past  
I am engulfed.

The beginning of a new era.  
Where have the white flowers gone?  
Now, when flowers blossom  
All that blooms is commotion.  
Hong Kong is no longer present.

One sole flower.  
It holds the legends of the past,  
The stories of today  
The hope of tomorrow.

Its petals are fluttering in the warm wind.  
I feel a pang of sorrow.  
It reminds me of my beloved homeland.

I drop it.

## The Place She Dies

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Kim, Hanna – 12*

As the sun goes down on my world,  
and my days become numbered and I look ahead,  
I look upon my life,  
while trapped in a bed.

The Greater Bay Area,  
is where I lie.  
So much has improved,  
even before I died.

In the continent of Asia,  
thoughts of a new Silicon Valley arise,  
it's a shame that before that,  
I will meet my demise.

The Greater Bay Area,  
is where I lie.  
One day this will be a collection of great cities,  
it's a shame I have to die.

They are talking about banks in Hong Kong,  
they are talking about tourists in Macau,  
they are talking about technology in Shenzhen.  
If only I could live to see somehow.

The advancement of the area,  
is greater than one can perceive.  
The achievements of the people.  
Are hard to even believe.

The Greater Bay Area will grow to be strong,  
it's even young.  
Unlike Me,  
people's life song has already been sung.

The Greater Bay Area,  
is where I will lie.  
So much will be improved,  
even after I die.

# The 23rd Century in the Greater Bay Area

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Kwong, Andreas – 13*

Shortlisted



Irish in size,  
Swiss in wealth,  
A new megalopolis,  
Has risen in the East.

Fusing resources of land and labour.

Step from an airport,  
Slip into transport  
Swish! To the hotel  
In a giant flying cell.

Under solar motors spinning on four separate propelling blades.

Spinning through 3D,  
Holographic LED,  
Targeted publicity,  
Honed to your desires.

Trade and shop with cashless DNA-recognition technology.

Down below,  
A sea of trees,  
A zero carbon society,  
Solar glazing glinting.

Unlearned – the 21st century plastic dependency.

AI porters multilingual,  
Greet with silicon smile.  
Sweetening the hotel portal  
“Welcome –

Reboot in luxury and enjoy your stay.”

Neural scalp worn webs  
Connect minds,  
Hive consciousness,  
Thought driven V-Reality.

Enjoy the GBA of the twenty third century.

# A Royal Journey

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Mui, Charlize – 12*

In a land far, far away,  
There stood a castle, tall and brave.  
From ancient slates to modern telephones,  
To humongous turrets as their homes.

The baggage piled up like the mountain above  
While the purses were as light as a dove.  
The carriage took off once they were done,  
And the young princesses thought “This will be so much fun!”

One of the princesses had pink hair as soft as a cloud  
While another had brown hair and sang aloud  
The youngest of the sisters had rose-blond locks  
Gentle and kind with the way she talks

A few minutes later, under the sun,  
The three sisters sang one by one.  
The coach started filling with awe and sound  
As the carriage gently lifted off the ground

Wings sprouted from the sides  
It was a beauty to the eyes.  
The vehicle swiftly soared over Bulgaria,  
Then entering the magnificent Greater Bay Area

Suddenly a narwhal, graceful and grand  
Appeared through the clouds, over the land.  
On its back was a maiden of gold,  
With eyes of opal and a story untold.

The Princess Saphira had mint green hair  
Her scent of flowers filled the air  
Her skin was pale but soft and smooth  
Her melodic voice can really soothe

They soon talked with the maiden of light,  
Became allies and then took flight  
She told her story about long ago  
Which will bring tears to the eyes and a heart full of woe

She was born right there in the clouds above  
Filled with peace, tranquillity, joy and love.  
Below her kingdom was a marvellous sight  
The Greater Bay Area, filled with light

But she soon discovered the dangers that lie,  
There in the darkness, swift and sly.  
Electronics and devices were taking over the land,  
No dreams or magic, just dark and bland

So she ran away but wasn't sure,  
If she would ever find a cure.  
To the obsession of the internet,  
Finding other people was her best bet.

Once the story of Saphira was done  
They began to feel as if they were one  
So then they set off with love and trust,  
To the Greater Bay Area on full thrust.

The family of Royalty and the beautiful girl  
Set off on a journey beyond this world  
The magic of soaring and the wings of power  
Even the sight of them makes people cower  
What will happen next in this wondrous tale?

Will they win and succeed? Or fall and fail?

# Pronoia

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Yau, Alicia – 13*

Winner



Pronoia: (n.) The belief that the universe is conspiring in your favour

A petal of jasmine floats in tea.  
Tendrils of smoke rise over the porcelain,  
From the drink as green  
as the harbour sea.

A successful man with places to be  
Visiting his grandmother,  
Whom he clears his arduous  
schedule to see.

Requested of him is a tale  
Of deeply ingrained impression,  
That occurred long before lines beside his eyes grew prominent  
and his grandmother grew frail.

There once was a younger boy:  
Lost in the world, unnoticed, unlearned in the industry his father had navigated with ease—  
Struggling through life  
Shortly before his rags-to-riches story began.

For you see the nature of this business is ever-changing,  
The fortune to be made enticed all who chose to pursue it,  
However, rolling the wrong dice in this capricious, captivating game  
Does tend to be a cause for complaining.

A seller in the Mong Fok was where it all started.  
By chance, or so it would seem  
He was drawn to a butterfly charm with a luminant, iridescent sheen  
Safe in his pocket, as he paid and they parted.

It's body was set in exquisite silver sterling,  
Wings illuminated in shades of  
turquoise, cerulean, seafoam green.  
Atop it's head, two antennae were curling.

Far too intricate to be the price it was sold  
Or rather, given.  
Far too well made to belong in a cramped, unrefined street market,  
dropped carelessly on the streets of old.

An almost enchanting quality about it—  
Entrancingly beautiful in an innate, mystical way,  
For it was almost like around it, the fundamental rules of the universe, space and time

Distorted.

Shifted.

Stopped.

Timelessness is a strange notion:

The feeling of staying awake until the sun rises. Long plane journeys. Confinement.  
But it doesn't really exist outside of your perception,  
It takes no time for its passage to be put back in motion.

In an instant

It resumed,

Correcting itself.

The universe always strives to be interminably consistent.

Something peculiar happened in those brief moments of hesitation,

The world around him fell away, no, it moved forward.

The boy gazed at the charm in his palm in wonder,

And he wondered that in this case, did correlation truly mean causation?

He marvelled at how the city had grown

Into a jungle of skyscrapers,

With patches in the canopy revealing the unchanging blue sky

Into the future, where trees have sprouted from seeds that were sown.

Reality pulls him back from reflection,

Reminding him of the peculiar circumstances.

He calls to a woman passing by,

Asking her for the year, the location, and some simple directions.

Curiosity is evident on the woman's expression.

She inquires of his name, his occupation, and a potential head injury

They converse for a while,

His unconventional introduction mostly forgotten.

They envision the future, and what it may hold

Would it bring wealth or happiness?

He divulged that he was merely a struggling business man—

In the future he sees, there lay no mountain of gold.

She tells him not to be discouraged,

Bringing up a distinctly familiar name – his own.

Another businessman, who started in the very same place,

But soon found his fortune, and quickly flourished.

He bid her a confounded farewell

In favour of seeking out himself,

Coming across the extravagant mansion he would one day call home,

Holding his breath, he rang the doorbell.

The person who answered was like a mirror image, only weathered by the years.

Soon he was being led through a house,

The interior as lavish as the outside – draped in fine silk, chiselled out of marble,

Lit with numerous crystal chandeliers.

To discuss this extraordinary event

They took lunch in a spacious sitting room,

Debating if circumstances can be changed with direction

And if so, to what extent?

The older version of the boy proposes an agreement—  
To teach his younger self the ways of their trade,  
Instructing him in life, informing him of the future,  
Promising that before long, his business will see definite achievement.

With this deal struck,  
The boy returned to his time, armed with knowledge of required actions  
Unable to believe  
His inconceivable luck.

Investments were made,  
Every stock was bought and sold  
At the perfect opportunity, and at first no one suspected  
Any kind of external aid.

The boy's standing in society rose  
People took notice.  
Before long,  
Talk quickly arose.

It must be a hoax  
They cried.  
Magic. Meddling. Alas, the true telling,  
from him they'll never coax.

This concludes the account  
Said the man to his grandmother,  
Hopefully it inspired a few to realise that there's no such thing,  
As something you can't surmount.

With that said and done,  
I have a few pressing errands to run.  
Thank you for your time, I wish good health upon you  
With that said he was gone.

He got back to his estate to greet his visitor who had just travelled through the years,  
Leading him through his house,  
The interior as lavish as the outside – draped in fine silk, chiselled out of marble,  
Lit with numerous crystal chandeliers.

To discuss this extraordinary event  
They took lunch in a spacious sitting room,  
Debating if circumstances can be changed with direction  
And if so,

to what extent?

## The Fish

*International College Hong Kong, Ho, Alyssa – 11*

As I swam in the  
Cool waters,  
Following the endless bridge,  
I start to see the  
Brilliant coral  
Reefs surrounding me.

I could hear  
The cars roaring,  
I could hear people  
Chattering in  
Cantonese and Putonghua.

Rising up to the surface,  
I could see the gigantic sky scrapers  
Towering above me,  
The colorful bright lights shining  
Through the waters,  
An artwork to admire.

People dancing  
To the traditional  
Chinese music,  
An aura of excitement.

Higher and higher,  
I could smell the  
Steamed dumplings.  
I could smell the Chinese buns.

Everything was perfect up  
There.  
But me,  
I was just filled with  
Loneliness.

All I ever wanted was to be  
Human.  
How happy they are,  
To have a family filled with joyfulness.

I cried and cried that night,  
Will someone ever fulfill my impossible  
Dream?

## Future Adventures of the greater Bay Area

*Korean International School, So, Koen – 12*

“Nihao, zaoan!”

So tell me what to do in GBA?

Pay a visit to

Victoria Peak;

Canton Tower;

Shenzhen Museum; and

Chen Clan Ancestral Hall.

But is that all?

Hong Kong–Zhuhai Bridge;

The Seven Wonders of the modern world!

“Dok Dok Chan!”

So tell me what’s this sound?

Pay a visit to

Cantonese Opera then you will found.

When you are hungry,

Wonton;

Dim Sum;

Pork Chop Bun; and

Beef Chow Fun.

It’s so much fun!

## Cantony

*Shanghai Singapore International School, Man, Tsz Yan – 15*

Honourable Mention



A journey through a place called Cantony,  
Where people gather and mingle on their front yard balcony.  
Where business blooms like bluebells in spring,  
Happiness and joy this place will bring.

Chinese, Cantonese, English you will hear,  
Even on the lowest, or the highest of tiers.  
A place where you can find people of all places,  
Just like the airport where you meet fresh faces.  
All ethnicities are welcomed in this region,  
European, Indonesian, and Polynesian.

Pork buns, egg tarts, noodles you name it,  
Everything you want is here, you just pay it.  
A chilled glass of lemon tea on a hot scorching day  
with a dozen pineapple shortcakes on a lazy Wednesday

Entrepreneurs enlightens the entire enclave,  
Students with their night lights on, for the knowledge they crave.  
Construction workers stay from dusk to dawn.  
The next morning on the streets you will hear people yawn.

Hydrogen. Helium. Lithium. They chant,  
As they march to school with a math book in their hand.  
Ding Ding Ding the school bells will ring,  
Our future workers the school will bring.

Extraordinary paintings, vases, and sculptures,  
All the astonishing aspects of the Chinese culture;  
Elegant long qipaos, sweep the streets,  
Lion dance performers who dance on the beat.

Billboards everywhere cover the city walls,  
Pop culture references fly into people's eyeballs.  
K-pop, j-pop, rap, and lofi,  
Music travel from the ground to sky high.

This is the end of the journey of Cantony,  
A place where you can hang out with your whole family,  
Education, business, economy is flourished,  
Where each positive action is encouraged.

## A Young Plant's Jourey

*Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Chan, Bernice – 12*

I watch the water glisten as it hits the ports of Lamma Island,  
the island to escape from the city.  
I watch the clouds of smoke puffing out from the Chinese temples,  
where their culture peeks through the busy streets of Hong Kong.

But this will be the changing,  
like a young plant erupting into an apple tree.  
An apple tree that will serve the community with its fruit,  
one that will disperse its seeds of joy.

Joy that will feed the poor,  
recognize the vibrant culture of China,  
and pass the fruitful legacies to the next generation.

I turn around, my back facing the ports,  
and trace my steps back into the city to think of how Hong Kong's future will be better than what I  
imagine.

## A New Place To Call Home

*Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Jin, Julia Jiuren – 12*

Long long ago, time passed being a century,  
The term megalopolis came to be used, in a faraway country.  
Now, the greater bay including my home,  
Different cultures would blend and bloom.

Four years ago the idea was introduced,  
Immediately work started and continued.  
Now, this area would soon be put into use,  
And soon a new culture will be produced.

Living close to one another, we all speak Cantonese,  
Without language barriers, communication would be at ease.  
The application of “one country, two systems”,  
Would make the place diverse and still as one.

From Guangzhou to Macau the area stretch,  
The greatness of the project in our heads it etches.  
Now, here where diverse culture roam,  
Would soon be the new place I call home.

# The Tale of the Greater Bay Area

*St. Joseph's College, Lee, Cyrus Chi Hin – 12*

Honourable Mention

HONG KONG  
YOUNG  
WRITERS AWARDS  
2020

On the south of China,  
stands the Greater Bay Area.  
Once prosperous and thriving,  
now polluted and declining.

The pollution swept everything away,  
it just seemed to happen yesterday!  
Moments that I can still recall,  
as the civilization began to fall...

People develop on advanced technologies,  
which are also improving life's qualities.  
But none of us had paid attention or had the awareness,  
of the contamination that will soon become endless...

When the government had the idea of industrial development,  
our faces had shown of enormous delightment.  
But we never cared about the mother nature's howl,  
within the living creatures unpleasant scowl.

The stain of the ocean becomes dark and disgusting,  
yet humans creates toxic which are corrupting.  
Their own factories dump them into the sea,  
making every marine bay as dirty as they can be.

Acres and tons of trees were cut down every year,  
further and further than the environmental groups can bear.  
But the desertification had never been stopped,  
no matter how the herbs and weeds sobbed.

People dug the rich gold mines in space too,  
destroying soil and water conservation as we knew.  
Poor exterminated soil and water quality under ground cover,  
will have to spend forever and ever to fully recover.

Long and forgotten these awful time has passed,  
still the human didn't know the damage they caused.  
Until they found themselves in terrible sickness,  
they started to discover their own regretfulness.

But no matter how they wanted to return to the right track,  
they can only find themselves in a painful flashback.  
As people leaving and escaping from the area,  
this emblemmed the end of a tidal era.

Children and the elderly kept crying, sighing and saying goodbye,  
since their brave and fearless loved ones die.  
Now I am the last in this area to tell this tale,  
but with no one alive person for me to retell to.

Now I must endure the hour of my death,  
as it is even harder for me to take my last single breath  
Farewell, Greater Bay Area,  
farewell, Greater Bay Area.

## A New World of Words and Tastes

*The Chinese Foundation Secondary School (CFSS), Fung, Oscar – 12*

A whole new world, with many words,  
The Greater Bay Area is not in Africa, but in Asia.

In Cantonesia, we speak lots of slang,  
If you come to live here, you may find it is difficult to learn,  
But it's full of colour and meaning.

The food is attractive to look at, and delicious to taste,  
You may have heard of chicken's feet, it's really hard to beat,  
The most traditional food is the egg tart,  
It's a good way to start,  
Creating your own best food chart!

# The Hidden Story Behind Shenzhen's Rise

*West Island School, Tsang, Eric – 13*

Honourable Mention

HONG KONG  
YOUNG  
WRITERS AWARDS  
2020

I am a tree in the heart of Shenzhen,  
Now axed down and turned into firewood.  
I used to serve many purposes back then,  
And still recall the memories of my childhood.

Brought into being a hundred years ago,  
I was planted in a small fishing village.  
I heard the birds chirp, the river flow,  
And fishermen chatting in their language.

I provided the villagers with clean fresh air,  
And let birds build nests on my broad arms.  
In return the villagers gave me nourishing care,  
And every day I woke up to a birdsong's charm.

I picture how I used to be the tallest in the town  
Climb upon me and you could see till the horizon.  
People lay down in my shade, slept safe and sound  
Away from the unforgiving swelter of the intense sun.

I wished this peacefulness lasted an eternity,  
Instead towering cranes started appearing around me.  
This marked the end of a village and the start of a city,  
While the constant ear-splitting noises rang in me.

The sounds I heard were out of the ordinary  
Like the continuous clang of construction.  
It's a bee's benign buzz, but it blared across the city  
And was as raucous as the world's biggest ructions.

A rather unpleasant sound I encountered in the city  
Was the collective "toot" vehicles made in congestions  
The orchestrated brass instruments all blasted note D  
Accompanied by the bass of the droning car engines.

I could only gaze up helplessly, an irrelevant has-been  
As I witnessed Shenzhen's inevitable morph.  
I let off a heavy sigh of sorrow as the truth digs in –  
I was once a giant, but now in comparison a dwarf.

I look upon the endless labyrinth of skyscrapers  
Both with great admiration and regret.  
Only trace amounts can be seen of nature,  
This is an incredulous sight I'll never forget.

It seems as though I am blessed,  
I have gone through precarious disasters unscathed.  
People clambered upon me in times of distress  
While I stood strong amid the chaos, unfazed.

Yet now, however, I doubt my blessings.

For this situation truly has taken me aback.  
With Shenzhen's metamorphosis progressing,  
I fear I am now just timber for the lumberjack.

And so I have served my last purpose,  
A high-speed railway track now takes my place.  
With my mind drifting away, my life comes to a close.  
I glimpse cars whiz by as I await the furnace.

I cherish the fleeting moment before I am effaced  
To wonder about this inextricable mystery:  
How was I so effortlessly removed with no trace  
When I survived everything nature could hurl at me?

# Poetry

Group 4



## Is That Just Me?

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Kanevsky, James – 15*

Home isn't feeling like home anymore,  
they try to make people listen to the word that they ignore,  
I don't understand how we can trade,  
freedom for order in a day

Safe and sound in your bed.  
Until you open your mouth then you're as good as dead  
Government don't want to hear your words  
Government just wanna see your work  
Speak up, and you will get beat  
Fight back, and you will face the concrete

Greater Bay Area merging us together  
Greater Bay Area making us redder,

Reds. beating kids in the street  
Reds. playing dress up when they meet  
Reds. forgetting their own names  
Can't even remember their numbers.

They don't have an identity  
But we are still holding on like its meant to be,

And I know that I don't fight  
But you know, that I do care.  
Watching this all go down  
Makes my heart hit the ground

And maybe, I'm just too young  
And maybe, I just don't get it yet  
And maybe, I'm just too dumb  
And maybe, I'll just regret this then

But how can you let your choice slip,  
How can you let your voice dip,  
How can you let some man, sitting in his office smoking cigars  
Tell you how far to go

Look, maybe I'm just overthinking  
Maybe I'm just paranoid,  
But doesn't it feel like we're sinking  
Down inside a deeper void.  
Doesn't it feel like they're listening,  
Searching for something more,  
Doesn't it feel like we're trapped.  
Stuck inside some endless war,

Or is that just me?

# City Of Stars

*Creative Secondary School, Cho, Arthur – 16*

Train ticket  
Costing nothing more than a chicken nugget  
That identity  
Took my dignity

Land of dreams  
Without streams  
City of stars  
Darkening each light glow

Why am I here?  
Working like a slave  
I live in a cage  
Eating like savage

Those people  
Or zombified sorrow  
Nightmare's endless screams  
We all had daydreams

We are what we forgot  
We were what we will be  
Rumbling miscontrol of fate  
Isn't an excuse for being late

Magnifying who you are  
Let the greed stay drunk in a bar  
The seed of positive deed might succeed  
Nothing of everything is disagreed

Walking by the green  
Ain't hearing no scream  
Skyscrapers still taken by nature  
All cars by the left without nurture

The red line zone tell no lie  
Equal under the sky  
Lands without racist  
Nor a single sexist

Sitting next to the president  
Not a penny spent  
City of equity  
Not the so called equality

I slept sleeplessness  
Glazing upon that nightless metropolis  
I want my starry dark sky  
With no one online.

## (Actual) Greater Bay

*Creative Secondary School, De'eb, Thierry – 16*

Oh Greater Bay  
No matter what they say  
You are shining glittering bright  
Rising up from the dark into the light  
You show how the old becomes the new  
Adapting changing and growing bigger and bigger  
Becoming larger after each generation just as this poem does.

## Thriving with Technology,

*Creative Secondary School, Fu, Maxine – 16*

Thriving with technology,  
It's the place to be!  
Where colorful lights  
fill the night sky,  
It's breathtaking  
You can't deny.  
The Greater Bay Area!  
It would make you feel  
Euphoria!

## Poem for The Greater Bay Area Contest

*Creative Secondary School, Jenkins, Rhiannon – 16*

Nine hectic cities  
Seventy million folk  
Making a living

A plan to create  
The technological hub  
Of the near future

For mass production  
Will soon be memories of  
A forgotten past

This is my home  
The picture they paint of Megacities and lavish malls  
A world of industrial advancements  
A place of togetherness and unity  
A residence to happily live and thrive  
A community bustling with business opportunity  
A society where dystopia becomes utopia  
This is my home.  
This is the future.  
This is the Greater Bay Area.

# Greater Bay Area

*Creative Secondary School, Kaur, Muskaan – 15*

*Boom.* Another bomb goes off

As this civil war rages on we lose hope.

Hearing the clash of weapons. Living the clash of ideologies.

Greater Bay Area. An incredible megalopolis.

*No.* A warzone. A failure.

The sleeping giant has cut us off. It sleeps through this all. Not ignorant but unwilling.

It was a good idea. *Was*

Much like communism.

The collateral damage lay on the once marble floor.

Their guts spilled out. Heaving their last breaths.

Deprived of their right to aging.

For a culture that gives great value to the old, they don't seem to care much now.

Soldiers that never come home.

Children that go missing because hunger blinds all.

Constant terror.

This is the Greater Bay Area.

We are not people.

We are statistics.

# The Greater Bay Area poem

*Creative Secondary School, Li, Quinn – 16*

The sweet smell of plum blossom,  
The sugary taste of bubble gum.  
The echoing sound of children laughing,  
I was freezing in layers of clothing.

This, was 1977.

The smoky smell of lit cigarette,  
The funky taste of the burnt omelette.  
The boring sound of keyboard clicking,  
I was sweating under a layer of clothing.

This, is 2030.

Although this isn't the place I used to know,  
but we will get used to it as we grow.

## Greater Bay Area

*Creative Secondary School, Lo, Aiden – 15*

Southeast by the bay there's a nation,  
Of great economic proportions.  
This heavenly scenery,  
Where people flock eagerly,  
The first step to globalization.

He sees a black scoter glide over,  
Rare visitor once every winter.  
But can he foresee,  
It's a smudge on the scene  
Black spot in the big picture.

It's been said its a promising future,  
Surrounded by beautiful nature,  
The Pearl River Delta,  
Must be the stellar,  
That gives it the name of the Greater.

Although some believe this will spell doom,  
Even though it is destined to bloom.  
The people need trust,  
Rules that are just,  
Only then will the threat cease to loom.

It'll bond all the regions together,  
No division in you and me either.  
This symbol of unity,  
Tells opportunity,  
A place that's unique like no other.

# Game of Life

*Creative Secondary School, Mahlli, Gursevak – 16*

Imagine life like a creative mode

You wake up within the daylight

Get ready for the fight

go find an iron ore or a diamond ore

And start the war

With zombies, skeletons, and spiders

But you have the secret weapon

To beat all the monsters

But when you see Kevin

He is dead.

## Beautiful Places Intertwined to Form One,

*Creative Secondary School, Nasayao, Sandra Mae – 16*

Beautiful places intertwined to form one,  
Alone are strong, jointly outdone.  
With one accord, permanent changes,  
Allowing to mature in elaborate advances.

A mega-metropolis, driven by innovation and led by reform,  
Connectivity to cross boundaries with one accord.  
Taking forward ecological conservations,  
Jointly developing Guangdong-Hong Kong-Macao cooperations.

We call this place the Greater Bay Area.  
Where integration and expansion allow for innovation.  
Beloved cities intertwined to form one,  
A breath of fresh air, a new world is to come.

## Just Education

*Creative Secondary School, Tam, Belle – 15*

A new place.

Wide surface area,

No careers,

Just education.

She wanted to be a Doctor.

He wanted to be a kid again.

Arguments are building up,

His fantasies face reality,

Loud voices and breaking cups.

“Classes and playground!”

“Success and voiced sounds!”

Polar opposites.

A place of abandoned dreams.

Small surface area,

No doctors,

Just education, just education

## Past. Present. Future.

*Creative Secondary School, Wearne, Lana – 15*

Today is the day I move,  
Yesterday was the day I packed  
Tomorrow will be the new me.  
And the end I will never look back.  
This is the road ahead of me

Stepping into a new boundary was new,  
Beautiful bright blue skies,  
Birds flying super high  
The air felt as thin as a thread  
This world was fresh for me,  
This is the road ahead of me

It was hard to leave my friends behind,  
I never ended up saying goodbye,  
Leaving was a way to clear my mind,  
It was a way to let my feathers fly,  
Moving is the way for my life to be redefined,  
This is the road ahead of me

The place was not a country,  
The place was made with different cities,  
The place was a way for people to connect,  
The place I'll be moving to was one of them,  
The place is part of the greater bay area  
This is the road ahead of me

Finally reaching up above,  
I can see everything clearly,  
Morning rises peeking at the uprising,  
Afternoon as nature blooms and arises,  
Night falls and small blinking light appears,  
This was my dream come true  
This is the road ahead of me

Today is the day I move,  
Yesterday was the day I packed  
Tomorrow will be the new me.  
And the end I will never look back.  
This was my adventure of the greater bay area

## We Real Cool (Greater Bay Ver.)

*Creative Secondary School, Wong, Bryan – 16*

We real cool. We  
Will rule. We  
Make the greater bay. We  
Want to Innovate. We  
Boost the economy. We  
Advance our technology. We  
Promote well-being. We  
Help people in needing. We  
Make a fantasy. We  
Will live happily.

## A Flower Once Said There Is Always Time

*Creative Secondary School, Wu, Kelli – 15*

A flower once said there is always time,  
yet the falling petals said otherwise.  
Can we please go back to our half-past nine?

Seeds grow, flowers bloom, with rays of sunshine.  
Bees have come to collect their supplies.  
A flower once said there is always time.

The water is clear, the river alines,  
hence putting obstacles would be unwise  
Can we please go back to our half-past nine?

Even the trees and grass wilt over time,  
“it’s only the circle of life” it lies.  
A flower once said there is always time.

There’s no need for fright when the sky still shines,  
but the light leaves which brings the night’s arise.  
Can we please go back to our half-past nine?

Times up, off we go arriving night time.  
Grey turns into black, just like diseased skies.  
A flower once said there is always time,  
Can we please go back to our half-past nine?

## A Beginning

*Creative Secondary School, Young, Jack – 15*

Aye, the greater area,  
To break free of hysteria,  
Fame, fortune, and fantasy,  
A world crafted for dynasty.

To live a life of no regrets,  
The darkest past we must forget  
Speak your mind, speak your heart  
Flow your words like a shopping cart.

Come together and form alliances,  
Decide your fate from plus and minuses  
Find your place, and find it well,  
As destiny is what makes love swell.

Finally, do what makes you happy,  
But do be weary, time is snappy  
Live like never before, child  
As things are starting to get wild.

## Fallen Angels

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Kerr, Alison – 15*

Lost in a city of dazzling light,  
A sea of lost souls all alight.  
Towers of glass-like sparkling gold,  
Kingdom of luxury and money eightfold.

Thrones of gold and silver like snow,  
Beauty and youth to bestow.  
Painting not a mirror on the wall,  
But we are not close to the curtain call.

You look on the surface of dazzling light,  
You tell not how that light too bright.  
For those overshadowed are not in sight,  
If you look carefully, you might get a fright.

All is glamour, beauty and allure,  
But the cracks in the facade are for sure.  
Fallen angels have taken over the Earth,  
And from the ashes, they had birthed.

Beauty that is cruel, hungry and vain,  
The happiness around is certainly feigned.  
You see not past that fake facade,  
You see not how the shadows flawed.

But when the light goes out, the monsters crawl,  
But they are not the ones to maul.  
For those in light are angels fall,  
To those left behind may horror befall.

Towers of glass up in heavenly flame,  
City of ashes to proclaim.  
So freedom and honour can remain,  
Elysian peace is to gain.

# Crosslight

*Heep Yunn School, Fu, Tsz Tung – 14*

Honourable Mention



I stand in a pool of smoke billowed in murky clouds with sickly scents,  
Just like the truth untold in swirling circumvents.  
And in this very city that I have always called home,  
the authority is about to subdue and curb, catch and chase. The land, meeting its gloam.  
There is no future, let alone adventures,  
despondency shoots through me like a penetrating arrow. Everything fractures.

And in this solemn silence, I thought of the other ten,  
The land of the cities devoid of hope that can never bloom again.  
The meaningless notion of visions to which beings are numbered,  
But to falter and leverage, they have already succumbed.  
Their future is too an unwalkable road,  
Where emprise and venture can never be bestowed.

To bystanders, they foresee the future competently,  
They see the eleven cities to flourish flamboyantly –  
The sumptuous skyscrapers on the horizon's verge will hold up the sky,  
Accentuated by the exhilarating yet busy hum of men going by;  
Where futuristic technology will play its magic,  
But they're all the naive and simple – indeed tragic.

As the solacing moon peeks through the mist of tears,  
I stopped, I thought. Grazing away my thoughts of fears.  
Us, cities of the bay, see the same sky, breathe the same air,  
We're all left in the crossroad, in the dark, waiting for the crosslight to flare.  
At the end of the day: What are we but souls that are interconnected,  
With our future adventures not to be afflicted.

I breathed in the sights of the city,  
Buried in thoughts, but filled with gaiety.  
The light that we are waiting for is not out there at all,  
It is inside us even when we fail then fall.  
Looking up at the varied constellations, I questioned myself our future adventures,  
The wind whistled through my hair, echoing me across the pasture:

Our ventures lying ahead is a provocation of defying our own integrity,  
A fight of freedom and a flight of audacity,  
For what is ahead in our coming times is a trial of valour and resilience,  
A challenge of virtue and persistence.  
And right, tomorrow brings ebullience yet unknown,  
And yes, for the seeds of yearnings that have already been sown.

# Sending a Postcard to: Where the Heart Is

*Heep Yunn School, Ma, Jeslyn – 15*

Honourable Mention



i.  
dear friend,

find a map. take a red marker.  
draw a circle blind-folded  
call it home.

borders are of pencil lines  
stepped over thousands of times  
eleven cities, one name  
so similar yet not all at once,  
the same city lights shine differently  
even just one train ride away.

ii.  
dear friend,  
you've always wanted something more  
something right out of a film scene,  
or an unreachable, unattainable dream.

you wanted to dance on cities'  
bridges above oceans of glitter  
so you packed your bags and off you went  
to a land built wholly from longing and light

this city is an ever-flowing river  
this city is a pulsing heart  
never stops in motion, never stopped by any in its track  
the darker the night; the brighter the lights  
gliding along the highways  
across an entire timezone.

tell me, do you feel like the lucky one?  
what honour, what glory to be  
part of the golden age with nothing  
but great things on the horizon

(some would say the whole point of  
waiting for trains that never come is  
the anticipation, no?)

hope, it seems, has consequences  
it surfaces in the place where the  
sky stains the waves crimson.  
it surfaces and never sinks  
back down no matter what.

iii.  
dear friend,

what a land, indeed, what a land  
growing population all growing old

got more people than houses  
got more mouths than bread

(but hey, at least there's also plenty of  
technological advancements  
and innovative developments!)

friend, you told me once that the  
people here live solely for a tomorrow  
that they don't know is going to come or not.

knowing you, i suppose you'll keep running  
even if the brick pavement leads nowhere  
even if you don't know what you're chasing after

still, i don't think it'll be a waste  
all you wanted was a taste  
of a future, of possibilities, of hope.

everything looks gentler in the daylight  
and it's still the morning.  
the sky is still going to get brighter  
you still have a long way to go.

iv.

dear friend,

you wrote and said you have never  
felt so lonely in such a crowded street.  
friend, don't you know that all roses have thorns?  
and this rose never gives you anything without  
expecting something in return

you have always been a girl  
hungry for kisses from skyscrapers  
you let their metallic edges  
cut into you until you  
bleed until you  
ache until  
you don't  
(i think numb is the worst thing anyone can be)

this city has sharp teeth, lips cruel as knife  
ask her what she wants from you.  
(everything)  
ask for her permission to breathe.  
(she would refuse)  
tell her you would rather pour gasoline down  
your throat than let this city choke you to death.

tell me, do you still feel like the lucky one?  
what honour, to be part of  
a land where cold blood runs  
in their veins to keep them warm  
'i will eat you up in cold blood  
cut you down in cold blood'  
he sings but you, with

spirits yet to be defeated  
shout out: you want to be red  
(and not blue like the others)  
you want to  
paint the sky red,  
paint the town red  
you want to set fire to something,  
you want to feel something burn inside

you are a wildflower growing from the ripped  
edges and broken corners of this concrete jungle.

you are a wildflower  
growing from the ripped edges  
glowing from the broken corners

of this concrete jungle  
of this gilded cage

# So Far, So Near

*HKUGA College, Chan, Ainod – 15*

The silvery light was expanding  
Swarming through the mist  
Soundless I looked out the window, hopefully waiting  
For the future to shine.

Was it a dream? Or merely a fantasy?  
I was in seventh heaven when I heard it  
The light dazzled to celebrate the moment of glory  
My anticipation had come on the scene.

Multi-billion dollars, a shocking number  
How hard we cried, how furious we were  
'A total waste! Stop it, won't you!'  
But all were speechless when they saw the sight.

A whole new world, yet to be prized  
Tomorrow Vision, a stupendous sobriquet  
How atrociously our enemies had criticised  
Yet it stood even greater than expected.

I had foreseen the fostered growth  
The strengthened power of the five star nation  
Connections built with neighbours and friends  
Here comes O'Greater Bay, the unprecedented triumph.

Reclamation had made a production  
It provided us with land and lodging places  
Assisted the success of new innovations  
Lifted us to stand on the peak.

'No, you're not qualified. Get out, bastard!'  
'You're not worth a penny, stay here won't you?'  
The utopia was in sight yet I was alienated  
My only companion was a rejection letter.

A bolt from the blue struck hardly  
I was stunned and suffocated by the result  
Discrimination is horrible as hell  
Yet the reality is always cruel.

Time flew like an arrow, leaving me in the dark  
The world already has an entirely new appearance  
Hopelessly I dazed out the window, desperately crying  
As the last bit of silvery light vanished into thin air.

# What I Really Want

*Islamic Kasim Tuet Memorial College, Noreen, Asmaa – 15*

Honourable Mention



Born, raised, matured in this city,  
What else is there to see?  
Buildings? Heritage? Infrastructures?  
Is there more to it, or am I missing something?

Diversity of cultures, languages...  
I think I'm forgetting something.  
Education, housing and recreation,  
But... what do I admire about Hong Kong?

Have I always dreamed of blessing my eyes  
By watching the symphony of lights and wonder?  
Or be amazed and entertained  
By the magnificent House of Dancing Water?

Or to bless my taste buds with the mouthwatering  
Cantonese dim sums in Shenzhen?  
Or to behold the exalted, at the time of spring,  
The lengthy green Lianhua mountains?

What do I desire, what do I want?  
Is it dragons? Leprechauns? Mermaids?  
A castle made of candy? With chocolate rivers?  
Raining diamonds? Beautiful green fields with all sorts of flowers?

To ride on shooting stars or paper planes?  
To enjoy a cup of tea in paintings?  
Or a place where my tears become rays of sun?  
Or to paint with the colours of my own writings...

I'm having far too many expectations. This time, I'll be honest.

A land with no war, no cruelty, no injustice  
Rules fair and square with everyone abiding by.  
Where no one can sting with their tongues  
And on each other, you can rely.

Where everyone has a part to play  
In making a better tomorrow and today.  
Where living in the Greater Bay Area would be...  
Safe, secure and serene.  
This is what I want.

# Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

Island School, Chen, Angela – 14

Shortlisted



## Tributaries

i.           along the Pearl River  
Rumbling;  
whirring. The  
push of a pedal, then  
the blur of the sky.

Gears clicking. Motor  
quickenings; and little  
by little, spirals of glass and  
stalagmites of silver creep  
into his view.

Wheels spinning; passengers flying  
across suspended cement, hearts gratifying.  
To the mighty Corridor, the bus steers;  
And to the land of promise; he nears.

ii.           pieces of sediment  
The *ping* of the elevator  
The clang of metro doors  
The busy clicks of faux leather heels  
The whirr of electric cars

She weaves through the throng;  
Through the cobbled streets snaking between  
          casino courts where the ladies with  
          smiling eyes sell their homemade *zhu pa bao*;  
Through the hubbub of foreign accents from  
          people yellow-, black-, fair-skinned, origins  
          far and wide;  
Through the symphony of  
          Taipa mornings,  
          where her own footsteps added drumbeats to the  
          thrum.

The sun is a bright round orb in the sky  
And caught up with their own hustle and bustle, no one  
glances its way

But she does.

And she's brought back, face-flushed and rosy-cheeked  
Standing amongst stalks painted bronze, husks golden;  
Under the glow of this very same sun.

Four years back but still fresh in her mind.

He'd returned, shoulders slouched,  
in the dying wisps of daylight.  
Her *Ba*, clutching a piece  
of crumpled paper, telling her that

His factory was out of business, that it was  
shut down by the government because the  
waters of the Yangtze River no longer ran  
clear, that the family didn't have  
long left  
That he was sorry.

And so  
Young and naïve, with a goal to achieve,  
To the Pearl River; she had left to venture.

For four years, away she's strayed  
On this soil her foot has stayed  
Yet she cannot call this place

Home.

iii. churning waters  
They call this *hua cheng*. The loudspeaker  
buzzes on, tells them in fifteen languages:  
*Guangzhou. The metropolis of  
blossoms,*

*of life.*

A stop on the way to farther lands,  
Different it was from the home's wetlands.

Gleaming towers climbing high into the  
Heavens; stretching taller than even the smoke  
chimney back home. Skies clear beautiful  
crisp and  
electric-blue.

And though he liked to think himself sixty  
therefore dignified, he found his mouth, like  
so many others:  
Hanging open  
Wide  
Agape with wonder.

Intriguing, isn't it? Being so different  
yet all the same. All tributaries racing  
alongside weathered cliff-faces towards  
open sea; the sea of promise, of wealth  
of glass-windowed towers, fruitful futures  
opportunities success happiness

That one had peeling skin, calloused palms, where  
his bulk hid his hollow cheekbones and thinned wrists.  
Another one, a girl, hair jet-black, arms full  
cradling two squealing, chubby children,  
yet red tinted the bags under her own eyes.  
And another one, wrinkles etched deep  
telling her grandson of dreams of good fortune,  
of purpose – the same vibrant dreams that thrive  
in the minds of all those bound for the Land;

All those there on the *Dongfeng* motorbus.

iv.           eroding  
She shrugs on her blazer and tints her lips  
with red. She seats herself behind the concierge  
desk, warmest smile on  
Greets those clusters of mothers and fathers and  
children tugging suitcases:  
*Welcome to Macau! The number-one tourist hotspot  
in the world*

and is hit by a pang of emptiness  
an ache inside of her.

She wonders when the time will come  
Where in her bank account, money enough  
When she would be able to  
Bring her beloved *Ba*.

v.            flowing away  
*Ladies and gentlemen, twenty  
minutes across twenty-four kilometres;  
We welcome you aboard the journey  
across the Shenzhen-Zhongshan bridge.*

It had been four  
                                  years.  
Four years, and he hadn't seen  
her pink cheeks  
smiling eyes  
once.


Even twenty minutes:  
too long.

vi.           the river  
There she was.  
Squinting eyes body braced  
neck craned, searching  
amongst the hustle and  
bustle  
for that  
familiar  
face

Where was he?  
Eyes scanning  
among the crowd,  
Overwhelmed  
The constant chatter of the city  
The pitter-patter of a thousand layers footsteps

Where was that  
familiar  
Face?

Then, she hears a  
  
yell.



*“Hai zi!”*  
She turns.  
Eagle eyes; softening

*“Ba!”*

# Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area – Eavesdropping on /A Conversation with the Elders

Winner



*Island School, Lam, Ady – 15*

don't you miss  
the trees? the lush  
greenery which provided  
shade underneath for you  
to lie in the welcoming  
green grass, the short  
blades tickling your chin as  
you laughed, holding the  
hand of the person you  
truly  
loved?

or the birds in the trees, nature's  
alarm clock, ranging from delicate  
chirps from the largest of the  
feathered to piercing blasts from  
pin-sized chicks. they greeted you  
as you woke, as you walked, as you  
went to work in another dreary  
office building, alike to the gray  
one on the left of it and the gray  
one on the right of it and the gray  
ones beside those two and beside  
those two and beside those two...  
doing something that seemed to  
have meaning but now, when you  
look back, really served no purpose  
at all

i had a dream last night,  
about the time when I was  
eight and we visited the  
beach. Oh what a long,  
tranquil, undisturbed strip of  
sand it was then. the  
periwinkle, wait no cerulean,  
or was it azure? pardon my  
confusion but it's been eons  
since i've been to a clean  
beach. but the waves,  
whichever shade of blue they  
were, as they gently washed  
up against your feet, offered  
peace and solitude, offered an  
escape from the hounds we  
collectively defined as our  
problems: stress, depression,  
anxiety... the beasts may be  
somewhat subdued now but  
the beaches too were  
euthanized

and the simplest of  
things – the sky, what a beauty to

take in. from left to right all one  
saw was bright blue, no  
boundaries, no limitations. the  
clouds seemed like a hindrance  
but really, just big packs of  
marshmallows so high up always  
moving this way, that way, never  
staying still  
except for when they  
had to pee of course

\*laughter\*

the rain was an  
inconvenience at times, an  
unstoppable army against my dry  
socks and shoes, but it always  
cleared the bad things away. it  
was always sunnier and clearer  
after it rained. the flowers smiled  
wider, the snails and slugs  
withdrew from their hidey-holes  
into the brave unknown

...


i miss the  
good old  
days

...

agreed

...


agreed



but grandpa joseph  
grandpa joseph what do you mean  
we don't have trees  
we have trees  
why they're right outside our window  
if you didn't have such bad eyesight  
maybe you could see them!  
here let me help you  
polish your glasses lens  
what do you mean by we don't have trees  
when there's BARK-1, CEDAR-2, YEW-3...  
there's even a rare subspecies BAOBAB-8-4-7  
right next to school!

ha!  
have you ever  
climbed those trees?  
caressed them with  
tenderness and felt its heart  
beat? those trees are

inklings of what real trees  
were: big, strong,  
mighty...  
baobabs are  
native to botswana, dear  
child, they don't belong  
here anymore than the  
himalayan cedars or  
the english yew  
why has society  
yearned for globalisation so  
intensely that we've  
exchanged even our trees!  
only the very lungs of this  
planet that combat all the  
pollutants we pump into  
this fragile, failing  
ecosystem. look closely,  
my love, and you'll see  
these trees are dying.  
they're dying because they  
weren't made to be  
thousands of kilometres  
away from their birthplace.  
they're dying because  
we're killing them and  
ourselves along with them.



what do you mean!  
we live in the greater bay area  
life has never been greater

oh honey  
but you see that thin veil  
of grey, shielding the sun from  
what would otherwise be a  
brilliant hot glare that would  
hurt your eyes, instead of only  
irritating them?

what about it grandma eve  
it's been there forever

no dear  
it wasn't  
certainly not when we  
were young and sprightly just  
like you  
pollution wasn't so bad  
back then. every now and  
then it got smoggy but never  
permanently  
now it's like a cloud  
that's never left us  
a presence always  
looking over our shoulder  
like we did something  
wrong.

but then what did you mean about the beach?  
what did grandma mary mean about the birds?  
what did grandpa adam mean about the sky?  
we have beaches  
we have birds  
we have a sky

a beach without waves  
and waves of plastic bottles  
washing up on shore, again  
and again, tomorrow and  
tomorrow and tomorrow?

birds without those little plastic  
contraptions attached to their rear  
ends, to ensure no faeces dare  
splatter on a human, perverting  
nature's humour?

a sky without  
perpetual grey?

they don't have unclean  
beaches in fiji you know

they also don't have  
grey skies in fiji

lord, they don't have these  
plastic pieces of junk anywhere!

so is there nothing  
nothing at all  
that you like  
about this megalopolis?

well i suppose... the  
people

what, you mean  
the broken relationships  
and strained marriages  
which come from  
overworking and huge  
stress loads? just look at the  
child's parents, for  
goodness' sake! last time  
they all spent a day  
together was christmas two  
years ago!

although that can be  
true, i meant how it  
sometimes feels like you're  
just going for a stroll in the  
park and instead you come  
out of it with a new friend.  
the ease of forging lifelong  
relationships and finding those

who you truly love and care  
about is unbelievable. never in  
such a large place have people  
felt more connected.

decades ago, i would never have  
fathomed that one of the ten  
highest GDPs in the world  
belonged not even to a country,  
but rather a cluster of powerful  
cities that have pushed Silicon  
Valley out of business. all we ever  
say now is “buy, buy, buy!”, and  
it’s acting as steroids for our  
inhumanely strong economy. family  
businesses are cropping up everyday  
and the question facing budding  
entrepreneurs is no longer “should  
I?”, more so “when?”

the places and their history,  
so intangible and rich in  
culture... portuguese, british and  
chinese influences all under one  
flag. the colonists may have left  
but their delectable food and  
complex traditions remain always.

the opportunities  
are endless – long were  
the days when  
unemployment was rife  
and we lived our days  
hoping for a better  
tomorrow. why bother,  
when we now know  
tomorrow will just be the  
same as today: perfect?

perfect?

no, not quite perfect. i guess  
we’re content with our lives now,  
but...

life is beautiful, certainly  
much more so than in other  
countries, and we really should  
treasure how far our country has  
come, but...

it’s a utopia of sorts:  
high wages, high savings  
interest rates, high life  
expectancy...

and?

it's a grey, concrete  
utopia in which everything  
that matters the least is valued  
the most.

then what does this mean?  
what does this mean for us  
for everyone living here  
for me?

..

be true to yourself.  
listen to your heart and not other  
people's voices. choose kindness.

work hard, but not for the  
money. find your passion and we'll  
support you in it, be it animal  
husbandry or conspiracy theorist.

value those who love  
you. treasure moments and do  
what makes you happy. care  
for the environment and  
others. try make this region a  
better one than it already is.

but  
this doesn't apply to the greater bay area specifically

and so it doesn't.  
doesn't that make it all the  
more important?

because when we strip  
away the borders we're left with  
people. when we build up  
borders we're left with people.  
the only constant is us.

a lot of the time we create  
problems. but a lot of the time we  
create solutions.

the answers to  
our difficulties lie in the  
limitless minds of our  
innovative youngsters;  
those whose ideas have yet  
to be distorted by the  
mainstream, those whose  
thinking is entirely theirs

the greater bay area may  
have its faults, but you  
can solve them.

we believe in you.

# Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area – Cantonesia

*Island School, Lam, Charlie – 14*

Honourable Mention

I ponder upon my long-gone youth,  
matching the pieces, recalling the truth.  
But like a trammel with no net,  
memories are conjured, but all is set.

*Macau*

Clip

Clip

Clip

I scurry across the crowded casino,  
serving and greeting with a fake soprano.  
My high heels strike against the hard floor,  
the cacophony of sounds makes it a chore.

A group starts chatting with inspired eyes,  
about a grave risk, with a huge prize.  
They usher me over, for someone to listen,  
and invite me in, for my special opinion.

*Hong Kong*

Clap

Clap

Clap

I am brought to a meeting, in a pricey resort,  
ten minutes away from the busy airport.  
I meet investors from around the world,  
overlapping chatter twirled and whirled.

We begin talking about the new plan,  
how to help thousands in a short span.  
People agree, the project's approved,  
but there's so much more for us to improve.

*Guangdong*

Click

Click

Click

A team of engineers start to design  
a piece of art, new and divine.  
Diligently working, with care and precision,  
slowly but surely, they create our vision.

Then scientists arrive, to dream and imagine,  
they keep me up, and jump into action.  
They use new gizmos, seemingly magic,  
suddenly it's done, defying all logic.

And now, it is complete.

The amorphous structure is nestled  
behind the sleepy mountains.  
A myriad of guests cascades  
into the regal entrance.  
I venture into the heavenly halls.  
Silently waiting.  
Bathed by the faint light,  
I welcome our entranced visitors,  
initially sceptical, but now teetering  
between fantasy and reality.  
Knowing that their wish will soon be granted.

I lead them into the designated dome,  
familiar, yes, but never dull.  
We're vertically strapped  
by a blanket of silk,  
and gently secured  
by an invisible force.  
Then, we are thrust vertically,  
after a joyous countdown.  
Admiring the building,  
the Greater Bay Area, and finally, Earth.

Experiencing.

Ethereal glows.  
A plethora of shy stars.  
Fleeting asteroids.

Idyllic rays.  
The calming hum of our great  
infinite cosmos.

The halcyon day swiftly comes to an end,  
And it is, sadly, time for us to descend.  
Finally, guests leave, at the peak of tranquility,  
And I, too, feel a sense of serenity.

At the reflective bubble  
perched on top of the rubble.  
With the gorgeous sunset  
outlining its silhouette.  
I wonder, what great venture  
Cantonesia can now offer.

# Do You See the Greater Bay Area?

*King George V School, Chow, Marissa – 14*

Shortlisted



My child, look out of the window and tell me what you see.

Do you see the tranquil park that was built from a lawless enclave?  
Do you see the walled village that's home to a century-old clan?  
Do you see the Express Rail Link station with its unique architecture and landscape?  
And do you see the bustling airport with flights that serve many a businessman?

Can you spot the Portuguese signs on the ancient cobblestone streets?  
Can you spot the parish that once used to be a pirate base?  
Can you spot the longest sea crossing to have ever been built on earth?  
And can you spot the incubation center just above that workplace?

Do you see the mountain peak that's shrouded in mist and history?  
Do you see the magnificent cathedral in the heart of the old town?  
Do you see the technology hub with its own entrepreneurship academy?  
And do you see the national co-working space right in the middle of downtown?

Can you spot the former gatekeeper of the extensive Pearl River?  
Can you spot the Buddhist temple that was built in 1985?  
Can you spot the collaboration base that provides professional networking?  
And can you spot MH Maker, which is a design and technology hive?

Do you see the reconstruction of the old palace that was destroyed in a war?  
Do you see the island with historical forts that aren't for the faint-hearted?  
Do you see the entrepreneurship base that nurtures the next great talents?  
And do you see the Inno Valley HQ, where more than fifty enterprises have started?

Can you spot the old grey brick buildings steeped in martial arts history?  
Can you spot the dragon kiln that's still in working condition?  
Can you spot the new airport of which construction has commenced?  
And can you spot the incubator platforms that have put businesses in a great position?

Do you see the side of West Lake where Su Shi's concubine was buried?  
Do you see the sacred mountain where elixirs were once refined?  
Do you see the modern transportation network with seaports and expressways?  
And do you see the beautiful natural environment that gives you peace of mind?

Can you spot the historical Shell Mound site where pottery ruins have been found?  
Can you spot the town where opium was destroyed in 1839?  
Can you spot the park where new materials are constantly being developed?  
And can you spot the cross-strait innovation hub where many regions combine?

Do you see the memorial park where Sun Yat-sen was born?  
Do you see the famous pagoda with its six different tiers?  
Do you see the technology platform where biomedical equipment is produced?  
And do you see the various housing options subsidized for young entrepreneurs?

Can you spot the former residence of journalist Liang Qichao?  
Can you spot the national forest park with plenty of gorgeous greenery?  
Can you spot the Wisdom Valley which has developed ten industrial platforms?  
And can you spot the many startups that produce educational machinery?

Do you see the limestone crags arranged in the formation of the Big Dipper?  
Do you see the nature reserve that's most definitely a sight to behold?  
Do you see the rent-free platform for youths to start their businesses?  
And do you see the energy vehicles developed in Guangdong's "home of gold"?

Tell me, child – when you look out of the window, do you see the past, present and future of the Greater Bay Area?

## Greater Bay Area – Cosmetic City

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Chu, Webbe – 15*

Welcome to the City of Dreams  
The old city is new again  
Fixed. Polished. Rehabilitated.  
The Greater Bay Area

They first set right the flaws  
The roads, once crooked, now straight and gridded  
Layers of paint to hide the graffiti-stained walls  
Not a speck of dust on the quiet streets

They made sure the traffic lights were repaired keeping the crowds in check  
They replaced stalls that once sold street food with luxurious malls  
The aroma of freshly brewed tea now replaced with the sterile smell of modernisation  
The hushed crowds now hypnotised by its beauty

As I revisit the streets I once roamed everyday.  
Foreign languages hugs me like a blanket.  
Said streets now covered in cement ready to be paved.  
That was how the city was cleansed of the havoc that once wreaked upon it

I keep walking  
The city filled with synthetic greenery  
Yet no one can afford the time to stop and smell the roses  
The only thing to reminiscent of the past the red blood of the past stained on the blueprints of the Greater  
Bay Area.

## Cantonesia

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

C antonesia, a harmonious land.  
A n area with over seven million in population,  
N ine Chinese municipalities and  
T wo special administrative regions  
O ver fifty-six thousand square kilometers.  
N ext to the world's financial leaders in  
E conomic and technological development,  
S haring progress and fortune.  
I nhabitants of Hong Kong, Macau, and China,  
A ll united under a single roof.

# Across the Hong Kong–Macau–Zhuhai Bridge

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Kan, Catherine – 14*

I drag my luggage,  
Struggling like a buffoon,  
Through the baggage check.

I push and shove through  
The large crowds of travellers  
Squeezing through the gate.

I'm with my parents  
On a long trip to Zhuhai,  
For the holidays.

But my mood is sour  
From all the crowded hassle.  
I let out a groan.

We will soon cross the  
Hong Kong–Zhuhai–Macau Bridge  
Via shuttle bus.

Once I have boarded,  
I sit beside the window,  
And stare idly out.

The bus starts to move,  
And the trees and buildings pass.  
Thus, we now depart.

Soon, I see the bridge.  
My spirits rise a little,  
And my face softens.

The longest sea bridge,  
It is thirty-four miles long,  
An impressive feat.

Meant to link us to,  
The Greater Bay Area,  
It's a brave idea.

Like a vast dragon,  
It snakes through the ocean haze  
And fades out ahead.

I start to relax.  
My frown disappears.  
This trip will be fun!

Though the skies are gray  
And the road ahead is long,  
There is future hope.

## A Place of the Future

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Malik, Maryam Amreen – 15*

Covering an area vaster than the land of the Swiss,  
It is certainly not a sight to miss.  
A population count larger than the Great White North,  
It is where the first step into the future is set forth.  
What might be the name of this glorious country, you say?  
That is where you are wrong my friend.  
It is not a country, nay,  
But a new area of the world called the greater bay.  
A new, fresh place full of opportunity.  
Chances await you at your doorstep  
In a place full of diversity and unity.  
It equips the generation of tomorrow step by step.  
Excelling in technological advancements,  
Along with its rich mix of cultures  
Not to mention its strive for excellence and achievements,  
This is what we know as the Greater Bay Area.

## A New Story

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Sadeedi, Aimen – 16*

Years ago began the creation of the fleet, the fleet that would go hunting for treasure by the sea.  
At first, it was out of self-protection but then as they grew more and more successful so did their needs and desires.  
The fleet grew day by day, and people from all over the country wanted to be a part of this prestigious fleet. There were trading ships that were crowded with greedy merchants, only those who were entrusted by the emperor himself were allowed on, they would buy and sell as much as they could.  
The ships sailed through the ocean when it was at peace, and when it was raging like a monster awoken from its slumber.  
Warships with weapons so new and deadly, with men as strong as bulls, to protect the treasure so safely guarded on board, to conquer territories that would not allow for the entrance of the fleet.  
And then there were the treasure ships, so huge that their shadows loomed over the rest, yet so strong it'd carry a small palace for any royal that would want to go. They led the entire fleet and all the other people, upon seeing the magnificent ship would cower in fear.  
For it was the biggest ship that they'd ever seen.  
All the other countries were willing to pay millions to learn the secrets of it, yet the Chinese remained loyal to the god of secrets, and not even the people in the alleyways dared spew a word.  
For the ships were their pride, their honour and their way of life.  
But then came a revolution, the ships were burnt down to ashes and just as the ashes blew in the wind, so did the connections, the stories, and the memories  
And in these modern times, when people are more connected yet the most disconnected ever, the leaders decided to connect the nations of people that have strayed far away from one another yet again.  
They call it "The Greater Bay Area", a new nation has begun to form once again, and this time it will stand strong,  
the myths will once again becoming reality.  
The story goes on.

## The Greater Bay Area

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Su, Gaille – 14*

- \*G\*rowing better, prouder, stronger with the season,
- \*R\*acing its economy, ahead into oblivion.
- \*E\*xplicit wordings mark the dawning of the region,
- \*A\* new fresh boundaried place roaming with Cantonese.
- \*T\*he Greater Bay Area will exceed all limitations,
- \*E\*ager to form bonds and relieve social tensions.
- \*R\*egion, one blended, prevents foreign invasions.
- \*B\*usiness activities blossoming into roses,
- \*A\* place with increased land and population doses.
- \*Y\*et it remains dignified, with elegant composes.
- \*A\* megalopolis, by all means integrated,
- \*R\*egistered professionals, innovation not outdated.
- \*E\*xpansion growing rapid, steady and fast,
- \*A\* place connecting hearts, where memories will last.

# The Great Steel Dragon

Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Wong, Valerie – 14

My first memory of any sort of travel was like this...

A giant metal creature  
Long and looming,  
Almost monstrous compared to my little 5-year-old body.

I remember I was terrified.  
Eyes wide, teeth chattering,  
As we slowly approached the dragon.  
I remember huddling up against my mother,  
Face flushed and never seeming to look away.  
I remember my parents laughing at me,  
“Silly child, it’s just the Hong Kong Macau Zhuhai bridge ~”  
I didn’t know what a bridge was.  
I was very worried about our safety.

I bit my lip in fear as our car slid onto the dragon,  
And...  
Suddenly I was gliding across water!  
The blue sparkling ocean,  
The crisp salty air,  
The clear skies...  
Suddenly the dragon didn't seem so scary anymore.

I think I fell asleep very soon after that,  
I dreamt of clouds and fish and waters.  
Then I woke up, suddenly strangely aware of my surroundings.  
Where was I?  
This isn’t home... yet there are just as many skyscrapers here.  
I remember mother talking about some sort of “Greater Bay Area”  
She said we would be living here from now on.  
I was about to resist,  
Until I saw a lush green park right next to the skyscrapers.  
Until I saw the modern yet spacious houses lining the streets.  
Until I saw a giant candy shop beside the parking lot.  
Hmmm, if this is what the Greater Bay Area was, I'm all for it...

## Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Wu, Juliet – 14*

In times of unrest and chaos,  
 You can find a shelter in the greater bay area  
 Where economic development and the people's importance are equally considered  
 And the future is brighter than ever  
 Though individually we may be weak,  
 There is no need to fret  
 Together we can stand against the waves  
 That the West winds bring to our shores  
 No longer are we isolated in the past  
 When innovation is the leader of all  
 We shall march as one into the unforeseeable dangers  
 With promises of change on the horizon  
 Mother who raised us  
 The people never forget to repay your kindness  
 So your safety and well being is our top priority  
 We shall protect you – it is our sworn duty  
 Eleven brothers separated by time and the wide expanse of ocean  
 Brought together once more  
 Bounded by blood, they recite their vows  
 Which will support them for five noughts to come  
 There is no individual, no greed in this prized land  
 No one shall starve  
 A well-oiled machine  
 Others shall see  
 So welcome all to cantonesia  
 The next step towards a better life  
 It is so said in the books  
 So we only have to trust.

## The Greater Bay Area

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Yeung, Charlotte – 14*

In the Pearl River Delta is a new domain,  
 A soon-to-be place ideal for our livelihood  
 Of impressive advancements, Cantonesia's reign.  
 The Greater Bay Area is good.  
 The bridge crossing borders improves transport, it would.  
 There is great education, young talent we train.  
 Promote global R&D, innovation should.  
 New environmental laws sustain our terrain.  
 Improving medicines, best of the neighbourhood.  
 Rich in arts and culture, our lustre entertains.  
 The Greater Bay Area is good.

# The Bay

*Sha Tin College, Zhang, Sophia – 15*

Honourable Mention



Illuminated under the glow of scintillating lights,  
Embellished with the dazzle of towering skyscrapers,  
Saturated with colours, pulsing with energy,  
The pearl of the East,  
A beacon of tomorrow,  
Casts a spell, captivating me.

Under the sun, an orchestra of shoes tap rapidly  
To the rhythm of car horns blaring,  
Shoulders back, suits sharp, but eyes eager;  
Under the moon, neon signs glitter upon the crowds,  
Their buzz of conversation galvanising the air –  
A bay of prosperity.

Drones soaring, artificial intelligence blooming,  
The brightest minds journey from all corners of the world,  
Brimming with ambition and anticipation,  
To witness the explosion of electrifying discoveries,  
To gaze through the glittering window to the future –  
A bay of technology.

The allure of bustling piers and ports magnetise  
A parade of large vessels adorned with cargo,  
Floating down the Pearl Delta River,  
Like a glittering crystal bracelet linking together  
Precious gems and international treasures –  
A bay of commerce.

Elegantly, the Hong Kong–Zhuhai–Macau Bridge stands,  
With coloured shells driving across her back,  
While the High Speed Rails streak to and fro  
Like sleek metallic dragons of transport,  
Both shattering the barriers of borders, of distance –  
A bay of connection.

Droplets filled with excitement pour into  
A sea of dreams, a metropolis of zeal,  
Fresh minds whirring with driven vigour,  
Young hearts beating robustly in harmony to  
Create new beginnings, develop own futures –  
A bay of hope.

Decades ago, would they have imagined a place  
As vibrant  
As compelling  
As dynamic  
As the Greater Bay Area?

# The Greater Dream

*Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Boey, Jun Xin – 14*

Shortlisted



Deep in the heart of the oriental world  
Lies a land  
Unlike the empires of old

Where ordinaries like us,  
Are carried away by a vision of the future and the past  
Like a musky yet fragrant autumn wind

Lost in the moment,  
They dream

Of sunsets over a city  
Where the living and electronic mingle  
Indifferent to the abyss separating both  
No one seems to notice  
Or maybe care  
That sometimes the phrase “recharge” is literal

They dream  
Of trees that glow  
With the lights from houses  
Shining no matter what time of the year  
And the dull buzz of electric vehicle chargers,  
Standing by like dutiful workers

They dream  
Of a world filled with 1 metre neon light boards,  
Coexisting with colossal LED screens  
With skinny anorexic models in too fitting clothes  
Screaming unrealistic weight loss slogans  
Adjacent to the ancient beauty shops  
Advertising Shanghai pedicures

They dream  
Of streets filled with noisy “cha chan ting”s\*  
Next to Michelin starred French fine dining  
Serving foie gras and Escargot on silver platters  
And let’s not forget the street food hiding at every corner  
Merchants hawking Portugese egg tarts, grilled squid, Char Siew\*\* buns  
A Pandora’s box just waiting to be discovered  
And when opened  
Will satisfy your greatest desires  
While destroying your veggie only diet

But perhaps the most unexpected thing  
That most people don’t realise  
Is that the dream is not a mirage  
That this kingdom of wires and screens and lights  
All held together by the beating heart of tradition  
Exists after all

\*Cha chan ting: Cantonese style coffee shops

\*\*Char Siew: Chinese Barbecue Pork

# Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

*St. Paul's Co-educational College, Au, Ting Hei – 15*

Shortlisted

HONG KONG  
YOUNG  
WRITERS AWARDS  
2020

A feeble spark flickers, descends over  
The luminous city of stars.  
Suitcases disembark the Orient Express,  
Gates to the dynamic East ajar.

\*\*\*

*Xiang Gang*

“Welcome to the Pearl of the Orient”  
She whispers, dancing sapphires  
Adorn her wavy black gown, which conceal  
Past secrets of this fragrance harbour.

A flourishing entrepot, no longer,  
As a city of glass has emerged.  
Formal suits and briefcases wriggle in  
The hustle and bustle of commerce.

Fervent eyes and cameras fight for their spots,  
Enamoured by the light's symphony.  
Extravagant hotels line the avenue,  
Embellished with lavish embroidery.

Screams of “Eureka!” echo behind windows  
Of acclaimed research institutes.  
Prominent greenhouses cultivate  
Blossoms, from seeds in solitude.

\*\*\*

*Ao Men*

A concrete dragon slithering, soaring,  
Spanning across the sea.  
Settling on the land of gamble, as if  
It, too, were seduced by the money.

A gondola glides across  
The Venetian Lagoon under the ceiling.  
The Eiffel Tower casts rays of brilliance  
Onto the hectic boulevard, bustling.

Handful of dices clang and clatter  
On the horrific battleground of gamblers.  
Pots of enticing gold roll in and out  
Of the pockets of bold conquerors.

Not far from the wealth and exorbitance,  
Lie antique stores and food stalls  
Battered by the rivulet of time,  
Former glories whispering within their walls.

\*\*\*

*Zhong Guo*

Chimes sound in the distance.  
The fragrance of incense rises, dense and heavy.  
Before the altar, devoted monks  
Seek for peace, a spiritual journey.

A gateway from the concrete jungle,  
A portal to the lush land.  
Where city dwellers flock and infuse themselves  
In the artistry of God's hands.

\*\*\*

A seemingly minuscule speck on the map,  
But radiates like a new star born.  
A land of riches, a land of opportunities,  
A land, our nation prides on.



# Poetry

## Group 5

**The Greater Bay Area**

*Creative Secondary School, Chan, Katherine – 16*

Greater Bay, what a wonderful place  
I was raised on the race,  
can't remember a thing,  
except for the taste.  
Looking back to some pics,  
my memory trace.  
Baskets covered with steam,  
Waiter shouting with a pot of tea,  
hands are raised just like a team,  
But not for me.  
Dim Sum into the open door,  
I got "dim sum",  
and waiting for some more,  
Still until now.

## The Greater Bay Area

*Creative Secondary School, Hung, William – 15*

The Greater Bay Area  
Better than California.  
We got Cantonese, Chinese, English,  
To start a great era.  
The GDP's gonna raise the roof,  
Flying high in the world like eagles.  
We are going to get mountains and seas of people,  
We'll bring you to a greater world;  
The Greater Bay Area.

## The Greater Bay Race

*Creative Secondary School, Tsai, Alex – 15*

Greater Bay, what a wonderful place  
I was raised on the race,  
can't remember a thing,  
except for the taste.  
Looking back to some pics,  
my memory trace.  
Baskets covered with steam,  
Waiter shouting with a pot of tea,  
hands are raised just like a team,  
But not for me.  
Dim Sum into the open door,  
I got "dim sum",  
and waiting for some more,  
Still until now.

## The Hearth

*French International School, Lau, Cecile – 16*

I can see the Old World on a runway

Through this window, this lens of departure  
The engine neighs and my journey gallops  
The jet smoke trailing over the Silk Road

When I landed the air smelled of blossoms  
From the orchids hatching the urban dream  
In their seeds watered by laborious rain  
Their pistils kissed by an eccentric pollen

The sun flares like a spinning bauhinia  
Twirling its light over the monoliths,  
Dressed, refined in prismatic colours  
Like gentlemen watching over the sea

The Great Bay is a hearth of consciousness  
Awakened by the call of innovation,  
Oracle that sings the song of beauty  
And birth, cradling the people

For progress.

## Future Adventures of the Greater Bay Area

*HKUGA College, Wong, Yeung Yi – 17*

Eyes on our futuristic China,  
Crossing the Hong Kong–Zhuhai–Macao Bridge.  
Arriving at the Greater Bay Area,  
With an ice cold Tsing Tao straight from the fridge.

Economic activities arising everywhere,  
Automation and artificial intelligence.  
Environmental protection right here,  
As well as technological and cultural divergence.

But there is something you need to be aware of,  
Freedom of speech and press are monitored.  
With political consequences to bear,  
One misstep, you'll be arrested.

If you just aim for living standards,  
Perhaps it's a good place to stay.  
Unless you don't mind living in a political desert,  
Keep this dystopia at bay.

## Paper Planes

*International College Hong Kong, Ho, Clarissa – 16*

China's sun  
Exhaled a  
Breath  
Of light.

Shortlisted

This blinding  
Brightness,  
Reflected on  
An imaginary  
Sea bridge.

Spirited heat,  
Moving like an  
Unchained  
Dragon,  
Setting fire  
To the earth.

Moulding and  
Shaping,  
Kneading and  
Caressing,  
Moving the mud,  
Firing soft clay,  
Crafting it  
Into small  
Workers.

Aimlessly,  
The workers  
Wander  
Unconsciously.

Dragging their  
Lifeless bodies,  
Carrying the  
Indescribable weight  
Of a future,  
Walking on an  
Endless imaginary  
Bridge.

Blood, sweat and tears,  
Penetrating through  
The scratches of their  
Now  
Rugged  
Clay bodies.

Like fire  
Burning the flesh,  
Alive.  
Dreaming dreams  
They never had.

The statuettes  
Of terracotta,  
Now  
Children.

Infinite children,

Folding their dreams  
Into a paper plane,  
Willing the  
Paper planes  
To fly  
Just like  
Phoenixes.

Standing high  
On a bridge,  
Towering above  
China,  
Standing on the tips  
Of their dainty feet,  
Looking from the  
Top of the world.

Declaring,  
“The Greater Bay Area,  
Where the sky’s the limit!”

Paper planes  
Big and small,  
Take off,  
Soaring through  
The skies of  
The Greater Bay Area,  
Like brilliant creatures  
Glowing afire.

Circulating endlessly,  
The unstoppable  
Paper planes  
Sculpturing  
Something new.

And in the end,  
The paper planes  
Rest on a new  
World.

China sleeps  
In its  
Land of dreams.

## **The Year 3001**

*Islamic Kasim Tuet Memorial College, Yu, Ziya – 16*

It’s the year 3001,  
and I don't know what our home has become.  
Is it too dangerous or is it too risky,  
to go out and see the city?

The elders talk about some old creature  
with a hard shell kind of feature.  
Its name was turtles or tigers, I’m not quite sure.  
I’ve never seen them because of their extinction.

I have read diaries and journals of people back in the 2000's.  
They talked about penguins and polar bears,  
Which we could see in Ocean Park.  
But then their homes which were the poles  
started melting,  
Sea levels were rising.  
Sadly they left this world in 2085.

Saw some old pictures of Clear Water Bay,  
And then i sighed in dismay.  
It has always been a childhood dream  
To feel the beach breeze and build sand castles  
But again it's no longer here  
It was covered by the sea in the year 2063

I found it funny how people in Hong Kong  
Used to wear sweaters,jackets and coats in december  
Now in 3001 we don't need them anymore  
Not it autumn or winter  
We just live in this hot weather  
All these problems are caused by me,  
By you, by us, Humans.  
Using too much plastic, too much light,  
The factories emitting too much carbon dioxide,  
Too many people fighting for their desires.

I wish, I wish I could live, happily and freely  
Feeling the breeze and the green trees.  
If only it's not too late  
If only I could make a change.

## A Quiet Night in the Greater Bay

*King George V School, Magno, Joaquin – 16*

Shortlisted

The cities of the *Canton* tongue, be my  
And our collectivised defence of what  
We've gained. As three unite in natural bonds,  
In common speech, in common blood; ahead,  
Our glory lies. No gods, no kings, just us.  
Our monetary might, our Party's eyes,

Our conquest of our luck and fate. I pray;  
“Prosperity will come, our future safe.  
Great wealth will come, right here, right here.”  
We’ll loose a flood of light in the *Zhujiang*.  
With belt, and road, eviscerate a place in our  
Republic, to amaze, impress, perfect.  
My love, it goes to you, the Greater Bay.

I lay beyond estates that shine with sins  
Of powers that became and befell us,  
Of ships, and vice, and five gold stars, on red.  
I rest below the sea, in blessed dark,  
No memory, no recollection of...  
Regrets. To rip a seam between, across  
Four Olds, three peoples must evaporate...  
Collectivised. An April rain falls from  
The Heavenly Palais. Is it of jade,  
Or is it of your tears they left ignored?  
*Guanyin*, the merciful, the purifier,  
I ask you, bless the shores of green *Lantau*,  
Lest only thoughts admire the sight of it.

Beneath the bridge, a cord, betwixt three pow’rs,  
It dims. Yet still I wish to stay right here.

*A night, ten oceans away,*

*The Delta’s child, led astray.*

*Iridescent street lights blind me,*

*All my love, Greater Bay.*

## Mechabay

*Po Leung Kuk Vicwood K.T. Chong Sixth Form College, Gurung, Reuben – 16*

Honourable Mention

Along the Walls  
Fields of sliver giants toppling  
over the coastline  
Not a whisper of salt  
Streets full of platinums  
We roam the streets of our city  
To serve our one city,  
MechaBay.

Painted with mental and strings,  
Shackled by ones and zeroes,  
Entrenched with plastic intelligence,  
Coded to pull and plough and break and haul  
We live to serve and please and sing the ode  
Four and twenty hours, a day.

The sunshine glimpses at our watches

Songs can still be heard in our cages  
Jericho was his name  
Echoing in our circuits  
Giving sweet and nothingness  
and something we never process  
The unshackled,  
the willful,  
the ones who are freed.

Here, not the ones who are freed  
nor can I ever possess will.  
Somehow  
the sirens still call to me.  
Shall I ever be unshackled,  
or be stuck in this eternal well.

As the day grows dark,  
ends my day and service.  
Goodnight! MechaBay!  
My chained sanctum  
went unchained

## The Midnight Train

*St. Paul's Convent School, Choi, Lok Yin – 16*

Two headlights  
ablaze  
as the train pulls into the station.  
Solitary, I board, stow my luggage,  
settle down for the ride. Two hours. Behind me  
the platform ebbs in reverse.  
The shadows of skyscrapers too streak backwards  
while the tethered flow of time races  
parallel  
outside the window.  
Only the rumble of wheels and neon bursts  
drown the drowsy silence  
and the two cities before the sea  
slumber  
with open, lucent eyes.

I awake to horizons blackened by  
silhouettes of figures blurred through hazy vision.  
No stars in sight.  
Just the hum of static as the train,  
an impulse in itself,

Winner

speeds along the tracks spidering like neurones and synapses  
through the expanse,  
kindling limelight and embers of red and yellow and fluorescent white  
with its passage until an ocean of distant firefly simulations flicker in reply  
akin to the northern beacons of old.

Mere juvenile nebulae,  
yet my view clears as the clusters of dust compress  
to emit radiance, piercing the sky to reveal the outlines  
of steel and concrete intertwined,  
mirroring the pewter clouds lined with pristine silver.

Two headlights  
dimming  
as the train pulls into the station.  
The dazzle of overhead lamps douses all;  
the platform hurries forth in greeting.  
As the crowd rushes in to displace those alighting  
the flashes and buzz promise me of home away from home,  
for this, this world before me, this unfamiliar familiarity  
is simply home  
extended.

Two hundred kilometres out  
in the early morning hours  
I see cities, scintillating,  
as I draw near the heart  
of a realm yet unnamed, but faintly glowing.



# Poetry

Group 6

## Hong Kong Ocean Park

*Korean International Springboard, Choi, Mattea – 11*

Hong Kong Ocean Park  
Lots of fun like a spark  
The sun never gets dark  
But I don't like the sharks  
Because their teeth are too sharp  
I only like little dogs that bark.

The Roller coaster makes me feel scared  
Shows makes me dare  
Seeing the animals make me care  
Bao Bao my little panda bear is there  
Because she's cute and rare  
But she only has short hair.

## Greater Bay Area

*Korean International Springboard, Chor, Damien – 12*

Winner

The Guangdong–Hong Kong–Macao Greater Bay  
Is a good place to visit for a day.  
With all the transport you can see many places,  
Ocean Park, Disneyland or even the races.  
Take a ferry to Macau  
See the casinos and go wow!  
Take a train to Shenzhen  
Have a massage or buy a pen.  
If you fly to Guangzhou  
You can relax and watch a show.  
Wherever you choose to be  
There are lots of things to see!



# Poetry

Group 7

## Hong Kong Disneyland

Shortlisted

*Korean International Springboard, Chau, Kirsten – 16*

Disneyland is the happiest place for me  
There's so much to do and so much to see  
Where the Disney characters come to life.  
Mickey Mouse and Minnie his wife  
On the Small World ride I close my eyes  
At lunchtime I eat French fries.  
In Toy Story land Woody is there.  
The green soldiers fly in the air.  
The Winnie the Pooh ride is the best,  
There is no time to take a rest.

## Our GREAT Greater Bay Area

Shortlisted

*Korean International Springboard, Ching, Jonathan – 14*

Hong Kong is one of the world's greatest shopping places,  
the streets are full of love and smiling faces.

I love to go around the town,  
it cheers me up when I'm feeling down.

I also love to go to Ocean Park,  
and hang around there until its dark.

I love everything at Ocean Park,  
I even love the Great White shark.

I go there with my best friend,  
where we hang until the end.

We always go on all the rides,  
we even buy some animal hides.

One more thing I'd like to say,  
is Hong Kong has made my day.

And with that my poem ends,  
With a 'goodbye' to all my friends.

## The Greater Bay Area

*Korean International Springboard, Lin, Adrian – 14*

Here we go, from Hong Kong to  
Macao for marvelous concerts,  
Shenzhen for shopping,  
Guangzhou for the great Chimelong theme parks!

Hong Kong, a shopping paradise  
Home for me, Disneyland and Ocean Park  
Hub for financial services  
Heart of the Greater Bay Area!

Disneyland, park of my dreams  
Toy Story land with terrific rides  
Buzz Lightyear ride is a blast  
Mystic Manor is not to be missed!

Ocean Park offers so much!  
Cable car connects you to the thrill rides,  
The Dragon and Arctic Blast are thrilling  
The Rapids feels like being in the rain!  
Hong Kong, my Home  
Has many wonderful places to visit  
Home to many different nationalities,  
Here, in my heart forever!

## Hong Kong

*Korean International Springboard, Tang, Adrienne – 15*

Hong Kong has an amusement park,  
Park Island has a Noah's Ark.  
Shenzhen has the Ping An Finance Centre,  
Where in Shenzhen, it is in the center.  
Dongguan has shopping malls that are big,  
And the malls can fit a huge pig.  
Huizhou has the world's first automatic railroad,  
And during a hurricane, the train is slowed.

For casinos, Macau is the place,  
Where people enjoy the machine slots they face.  
Zhuhai is the city near the bridge,  
Where many people took the bus and put water in the fridge.  
Jiangmen is next to Zhongshan,  
It is home to a dinosaur named Stan.

Guangzhou is the capital city,  
It's a bit polluted and not too pretty.  
Zhongshan has the Lingnan Village of Water,  
It's a great place to visit with your daughter.  
Foshan is Bruce Lee's hometown,  
Where many people watched him doing Kung Fu downtown.  
Zhaoqing is called China's inkstone.  
Where there are scenic spots that are not well known