



# Poetry

Group 1

# The Name to Be Remembered Forever

*Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Joo, Won – 7*

Everyone aspires to be famous  
But most die anonymous

There is one name that nobody forgets when talking about justice  
Which will be passed through generations endless

Justice Pao, Justice Pao, how fair you are  
Peasant and commoners praise you despite their scar

For Criminals and Cheaters your name will be feared,  
But to the honest and modest, your name shall be revered

I am so proud that there is a figure like you  
It will not be easy, but I will do my best to make the world true

# The Glorious Judge Pao

*French International School, Lee, Hayden –*

Judge Pao was a smart detective  
He was never ever infected  
Sometimes when he was curious  
He was also very mysterious  
When he was nice  
He was very concise.

# The Amazing Bao Zheng

*Korean International School, Khandelwal, Advik – 6*

Who was Bao Zheng?  
A man born March 999,  
Lived with the poor people,  
Understood people's hardships fine.

A very nice man,  
Who hated corruption,  
Very confident  
In giving instruction.

He became a politician,  
Punished powerful families,  
He gained the title "Justice Bao"  
But hated brutalities.

He was like "Sherlock Holmes"  
Did careful investigation,  
He never tortured people,  
To avoid a wrong conviction.

Justice Bao became very famous,  
His stories were retold,  
In form of arts and opera,  
Never boring and old.

# Bright Moon in the Dark

*Kowloon Rhenish School, Yick, Chun Ka Kayley – 8*

Once in the Song Dynasty,  
There was a famous judge  
Known by his uprightness  
And capability of dispensing justice.

More than an official,  
he cared as a parent.  
More than a detective,  
he made unbiased judgment.

Not shielding his own uncle,  
He helped the poor.  
Not afraid of the powerful,  
He made things fair.

Loved by the people,  
Feared by the evil,  
He was Judge Pao,  
With an honorific title Justice Pao.

Like the bright moon in the dark,  
He has left a reputation appreciated by generations.  
Like the unstained lotus out of the dirt,  
He has inspired those who fight corruption.

Now it's our turn  
To maintain a clear and fair society together.  
Like shining stars in the Milky Way,  
Everyone has a role to play.

## Judge Pao

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chan, Ching Man – 9*

There were many secrets unrevealed  
There were many unfair cases unsolved  
Victims' sadness, victims' anger  
Spread and spread  
Approached to Judge Pao

As the smartest detective,  
As the cleverest Judge,  
As the most fair and self-disciplined judge,  
Judge Pao soothed victims' sadness.  
Judge Pao comforted victims' anger.

With Judge Pao's fairness,  
Whole world was peaceful.  
All people were pleased.

## Judge Pao

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Wong, Wengi – 8*

There was a hero called Judge Pao,  
Even though he's dead now.  
He loved fighting crime,  
And he was divine.  
He didn't let us down in his life,  
And doesn't leave our sides.  
When he surprisingly died,  
Our eyes cried a tide.

## Pao's Filial Piety

*St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Lau, Haohua Hayden – 7*

Thinking about you every day and night,  
Always dreaming what thy youth was alike,  
You always search for the thoughtful insights,  
Never wasted a day not be manlike.

Thinking of your loyalty fills my days,  
Caring, mourning thy parents a decade,  
It was certain to be years of harsh stay,  
Reminding us love for parents mustn't fade.

Following thy wisdom will make us bright,  
Can your heart enlighten us to be firm?  
So the love within us can re-ignite,  
So your faithful standard be re-affirmed.

For we must maintain all integrity,  
For we must insist what's true and aright.

## Judge Pao

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Lee, Audric – 7*

Judge Pao has a very black face  
Like a piece of coal.

Judge Pao has a very good attitude  
Like a positive person.

Judge Pao is very old,  
As old as a rock sitting on a mountain for 1000 years like it had nothing to do.

Judge Pao is very clever,  
His clever skills made him a professional detective like Sherlock Holmes.

Judge Pao Is A Detective,  
From 961 years ago.

Judge Pao Is A Legend,  
Who is the best detective in the world.



# Poetry

Group 2

# The Amazing Judge Pao

*Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Fung, King Man Daphne – 10*

Chinese history of legends from humble ones to greed,  
All of these I love to read  
But a specific one that catches my eye  
Is Judge Pao that is justice itself,  
Which you can't deny.

Judge Pao really existed you see,  
Definitely not just a random story.  
Even though it seems unbelievable  
Because of how amazing he is able  
To be.

Judge Pao was the one who came before every man,  
Including Sherlock Holmes, and even Batman.  
The most just judge there ever existed.  
If there was a list of best judges,  
He would definitely be listed.

Judge Pao is unselfish  
He has courage like a lion.  
You can feel his aura of power in court,  
Like how Poseidon  
Roams the sea.

Judge Pao is not greedy,  
Money can't buy him easily.  
He would rather do the right thing,  
Than to earn a lot of money  
That would leave his life with no worry.

Nothing can get past Judge Pao,  
He can tell who is lying  
and who is telling the truth.  
I can prove it to you  
With the cases he has solved.

All these great qualities he possesses  
By making all defendants confess.  
All of his acts  
written in historical lore,  
Make me look at him in such awe.

I hope that in this modern era,  
There is still someone like Judge Pao,  
Who only supports the truth  
And cannot be bribed  
No matter what threats he faces.

# The Legend of Judge Pao

*Diocesan Preparatory School, Yan, Zi Rui – 11*

“Jailer of kings”, their whispers once told, of a hero so just, so noble and bold,  
Underground in the night, he’d descend, to  
Defend, souls in flames, as he did, in our world up above, where  
Gold, and power, vast riches and bribes, fell  
Empty – in his iron eyes.

Peasants’ prayers he heard, and took to his heart – there was never  
A place, for those with connections, to bend to their will, look the other direction – his  
Own blood, the best wives, the highest of emperors – all came, the same, as his justice  
proclaimed.

## Judge Pao Man of Justice and Wisdom

*Dulwich College Beijing, Zhu, Chelsea – 10*

Judge Pao was a man of justice and wisdom,  
To him the truths are never forbidden.  
He spoke truth to power,  
And fairness always comes to his prior.

Judge Pao’s mind was sharp as a sword,  
Not even the slightest details are ignored.  
Wisdom is part of who he is,  
He’ll never be fooled even by the hardest quiz.

Judge Pao ruled with a firm and steady hand,  
Justice was his only demand.  
May his justice be forever remembered,  
May his wisdom be forever remembered.

## The Name's Judge Pao

*ESF Discovery College, Mukherjee, Myra – 11*

A champion, fighter, and many other things,  
he was just like China’s own king.  
As mighty as a Lion, and speedy like a Cheetah,  
he could lift up the pyramid of Giza!  
He fought crime in the day and cleaned up the land,  
but in the night he’s a judge in the afterlife.  
Hong Kong is his grandkid for which he takes care,  
his name is Judge Pao and he’s famous everywhere!

# A tale of Judge Pao

*ESF Kennedy School, Sia, Sofia – 10*

Judge Pao, Judge Pao,  
How fair you are,  
How just you are,  
How people of old,  
Sought your advice.

A tongue of an ox,  
Cut off mercilessly,  
It's owner seeking help,  
Went to Judge Pao.

The judge told the owner,  
That the ox be slaughtered,  
Then a man of guilt,  
Came to the court.

He told Judge Pao,  
That the owner of the ox,  
Slaughtered a beast of burden.

He explained to the judge,  
About what the owner did,  
But Judge Pao's quick thinking,  
Was always with him.

The words that came out of his honest mouth,  
Were the words that revealed the culprit.  
“Why would you cut off the tongue of his ox then accuse him?”

Startled with shock,  
Petrified with fear,  
The culprit confessed,  
With doubtful honesty,  
Coming out of his mouth.

Judge Pao, Judge Pao,  
How fair you are,  
How just you are,  
How people of old,  
Sought your advice.

# The Ghost of Bao Zheng's Son

*ESF Quarry Bay School, Wong, Angie – 9*

*(or Seeing Memory)*

In Kaifeng my father was employed to judge  
an offender to the town. As my father walked,  
the people bowed, acquiescent:  
splitting apart as if anticipating my father's path  
closing behind him in awe – but not fast enough  
to shut me out. I slipped through them  
like the whispers filling the crowd –  
the hushed voices quiet as spirits'.

I stood at the back,  
as quiet as the still air,  
glaring at my father,  
wearing his hat;  
I waved at him violently,  
but he did not wave back.

Thump! Thump!  
My father banged his fist,  
on the shining Throne of Judgment,  
scowling at the criminal;  
fear caught in the people's throats:

silence.

I wanted to say something to my father,  
but my tongue too was locked in terror.

Guards marched forward,  
dragging the criminal:  
their wary sickles,  
pointing at his back,  
waiting for their sign – “Execute.”

They jabbed the sickles  
with sudden aggression:  
inscribing small warnings,  
on the prisoner's back.  
Blood running like ink.

The criminal screamed in pain,  
bowing low, seeing what fate will take him,  
into a forest of the unknown.

And I wondered – had I lived –  
Could I have been that man?  
What makes him *he* and me *me*?  
Could it be that I was lucky?

Once when I was newly dead  
I slipped through a person  
by accident; I heard his thoughts,  
his fears, his wants.  
The criminal bowed his head.  
What if I could become him?  
As I did the man by my grave.

I began to drift –

over the criminal's back:  
lettered with gashes—the language  
of pain, of punishment,  
sinking my ghostly form,  
through those ill-gotten words.  
Inhabiting his body,  
as if it were my own.

As if the lashes on his back  
were mine to carry  
I felt the weight of his life  
hanging heavy.

I saw his childhood house  
his mother too; him skipping,  
around the meadow.  
But then a dark cloud came  
and I knew – with him –  
that this was his father.

His father:

his eyebrows sagging in disappointment,  
and the sad twisting of his beard.  
His righteous eyes cutting through you –  
the angry squeeze of his fists:

the bared teeth.

His father – my father:  
the storm of his rage,  
broke over us as a tidal wave.  
Raining anger as the spittle,  
hitting our face.

I took a deep breath in –  
and out –  
propelling me backwards  
back, into myself – into the world.  
Into the crowd waiting  
with jaws gaping open:  
watching Judge Pao,  
like children do their teacher.

Shock flushed through the people,  
consuming them with terror  
the criminal staring at the ground  
accepting his fate,  
as my father's mouth widened  
to give his verdict.

My father breathing in –  
as I slipped into his throat.

# When I Follow the Crowd

*German Swiss International School, Chang, Rochelle – 10*

A steadily walking sedan chair—carrier with others, carrying The Judge,

We ask.

They don't answer.

They don't know of the silent group behind them,

It grows.

They don't see.

Cymbals and drums clamor all around them,

It gets louder.

They do not hear.

They finally reach the courthouse,

It looms above them.

They stay indifferent.

The stairs run long and imposing,

It seems longer by each step,

But they stay unconcerned.

They wait patiently for hours,

The hours stretching to what seems like years,

But they try not to show it.

An argument—

A yell: "Off with his head!"

Then—

Silence.

# Who Was Judge Pao?

*German Swiss International School, Pun, Jasmine – 9*

The amazing Justice Pao was China's Sherlock Holmes,  
Lord Pao and Justice Pao was what he was being called,  
His name was Bao Qingtian.  
The Magistrate of Kaifeng,  
The listener of ordinary villagers,  
The hero who stood up against the imperials, bribery and protests,  
The man who always spoke his mind.  
Born in poverty,  
But respected and reigned by the Emperor,  
For his fairness, wisdom and bravery.

Born with a dark face,  
But with a white crescent on his forehead.  
A gift from heaven,  
But was seen as a curse from his parents.  
Being thrown away,  
He grew as a wise man.  
In the midst of his success,  
He returned home to care for his elderly parents,  
Who abandoned him as an infant.  
As an action of Pao's 'filial piety'.

Bao Mian was the nephew of Pao.  
Also a magistrate,  
But was never a fair man,  
Bribery and dishonest was what described him,  
Under the tiger guillotine  
Executing Bao Mian in tears was what Pao did.  
Not feeling sorry for punishing this corrupted man  
But for his kind-hearted aunt  
Who was Pao's 'mother' for years  
As an action of Pao's 'fairness'.

Chan Shi Mei was a coward,  
But the son in law of the Emperor.  
A wife, two children and elderly parents,  
Are people whom he has left behind.  
Elderly parents left to die of famine,  
Wife and children left to starve.  
Food was their only wish,  
But murder was what Chan was granted.  
His head was then put under the dragon guillotine,  
As an action of Pao's 'bravery'.

The poor woodcutter,  
Who was being honest to return the fifteen coins.  
But the greedy merchant claimed he had thirty,  
The smarty Pao solved this mystery with wisdom.  
Since the purse should have thirty coins,  
Then this purse mustn't belong to the merchant.  
All unclaimed items were then granted,  
To the founder of the purse,  
For his integrity and righteousness.  
As an action of Pao's 'wisdom'.

Lord Pao is now resting in sealed glass,  
Worshipped by his people in Kaifeng,  
Where we now call Au Huy.  
Justice, fairness and honesty;  
Are what we remember today.  
Generations after generations,  
We will still honour this judge.  
Dog, tiger and dragons,  
Are placed in one of his temples,  
As a remembrance of his bravery to justice.

# Unfurling of crimes

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Gao, Janus – 11*

INTRO:

The judge, with his gavel in his hand,  
Fighting crimes with every plan.  
With a crescent tattoo on his head,  
Who always thinks ahead.  
He is whom we know as Judge Bao.

It was a warm and sunlit day,  
With people going out to play.  
A man called Max went to Marshall, Illinois,  
To spend the summer with joy.  
Then he arrived at a terrific place: the world's giant gavel.

At the gavel, stupendous things happened:  
The man stepped next to the gavel and examined  
The mysterious hidden radiant light.  
He touched the gavel softly and felt something not quite right.  
Abruptly he felt the ground disappearing beneath his feet—All went  
black...

CRACK! EEK! TAP! CLANK! CRASH! ————— THUD!

He awoke in a different world,  
Colours and buildings all curled  
Into different shapes.  
Besides the tremendous shimmering blue lake,  
Stood a mysterious figure; he looked faintly familiar.

Max approached the silhouette step by step,  
He tapped the figure cautiously, and away he leapt.  
The figure turned and found Max running from him,  
He skimmed across the landscape and grabbed his limb.  
The figure suddenly asks inquisitive questions. Max thought, "Is he———Judge Bao?"

Crimson blood was split everywhere, depicting a violent crime,  
Now this is when his deducting skills shine.  
He observes scene,  
Finding a carcass that has been stabbed at Halloween.  
He now begins his thorough and miraculous investigation.

"Not all can believe anything they want to  
because not all have the ability to believe." This is my view.  
I do not care if you are a relative of mine,  
I will treat you the same way as other people, However you sigh.  
It is just the truth; everyone gets equal punishments for crimes.

TICK-tock!-TICK-tock!  
Tock-tick!-Tock-tick!  
What is that ticking noise?  
TICK-tock!-TICK-tock!  
Tock-tick!-Tock-tick!

What did the questions mean?  
Judge Bao was completing his daily routine—  
Deducting who is guilty at the crime scene!  
Max became curious and keen.  
Max asked him if he could work with him, and he agreed.

Now he continued his thorough search,  
Finding who is guilty in his research.  
He started scavenging for clues like a hound  
Face down on the ground looking around.  
Soon, an answer will pop up, and the case will be closed!

Once the case is closed,  
Soon, the criminal will be exposed.  
Then, simultaneously another crime will show.  
For example, what is that ticking noise---Who knows?  
Judge Bao immediately returns to work, trying to minimise the disorder for once and for all!

TICK-tock!-TICK-tock!  
Tock-tick!-Tock-tick!  
TICK-tock!-TICK-tock!  
Tock-tick!-Tock-tick!

In the end, they parted together,  
Going off fighting crimes with leisure.  
With a moon tattoo on his head,  
He always thinks ahead.  
The famous supernatural Judge—Bao.

# How Judge Pao Met the Phoenix Firebird

*HKUGA Primary School, Poon, Lok Yan Kirsten – 9*

Recently I heard of a tale,  
But if I tell you, you might go pale.  
Beware, the amazing Judge Pao,  
If you ever see him, don't say "Ciao!"  
He's the greatest of the great,  
More handsome than the krait.  
But never fear him,  
For he is like the Brothers Grimm.  
All the stories he wrote,  
He also create famous quotes.  
Now I'll tell you the tale I heard,  
Of how Judge Pao met Phoenix the firebird.

Innocent Pao was writing a new story,  
When suddenly he felt a wash of glory.  
There it was, shimmering and glowing,  
The firebird flew in and wanted to get going.  
So it quickly grabbed Pao and flapped its wings,  
Silly firebird, it was meant to kidnap the king!  
Her master bellowed, "I wanted the king!  
You are stupid! Such a useless thing."  
Pao's eyes widened, he witnessed the whole scene,  
He decided to save the firebird and was quite keen.  
Pao whispered to the firebird,  
"Save me please, your master is absurd!"

The firebird knew what he meant,  
So he carried Pao and off they went.  
Pao instructed the firebird,  
They also chatted, word by word!  
And the duo bonded quickly,  
But once they reached land, Pao coughed sickly.  
The firebird's super worried,  
So off to the hospital they hurried.  
Phew, turns out Pao isn't sick,  
Back home's ride was superb quick.  
Pao toured the firebird around his place,  
After that he decided to name the firebird Grace.

Pao and Grace, has a nice ring to it,  
The duo bonded and the firebird was suddenly sunlit.  
Bright yellow, orange and red it glows,  
Pao was amazed and promptly froze.  
Grace hugged him and said, "I always knew,"  
"It means I found happiness, meeting you."  
Pao looked into his friend's fiery eye,  
"You will always have my shoulder when you cry."  
That's the story of Pao and Grace,  
And now they're writing stories in their workplace.  
He's the legend and idol I look up to,  
If I actually saw him, I might go "Achoo!"  
I hope to be like Pao one day,  
And write my poems in my own way.

# The Case of Judge Pao

*Kau Yan School (Primary), Hon, Ho Kiu – 10*

Economics, health, defence, and education,  
The emperor and I discussed with ambition.  
Toast after toast, glass after glass;  
Sat amongst the heavily armed guards.

As lines of humour filled the air,  
The emperor's jewel blinded us with its glare.  
Mooncakes and Mao-tai were served  
And soon after, everything became a blur.  
It was as perfect as one could ask for  
Because I, Judge Pao, didn't know what is in store.

The next morning a spear was pointed to my head.  
Then, I was dragged to jail to behead.  
Confused, I implored for information  
And I was told I had ruined my own reputation.  
Even more perplexed now, I realised I was in jeopardy  
And accused as the royal jewel thief.

Oh dignity! It was diminished instantly!  
From the top to the bottom of the hierarchy  
Never had I thought I'd ever need  
To plea.

But:

One conversation leaked a clue that sparked my interest –  
Two ransom notes were left at the palace;  
Three assassins nearly killed the emperor;  
Luckily four guards stopped them and took them to the beheader.  
Drinking my fifth glass, I didn't notice anything,  
But I realised there was a sixth clue which made my mind ring.

On the day of my trial  
I listed out the points to stop my downfall.  
Seeing that not everyone was convinced, I unleashed my final evidence –  
“Being inside the cell, I couldn't have delivered the ransom!” I said in confidence.  
The jury nodded, convinced  
And the Emperor's guards winced.

The judge demanded, “Stop them!”  
And on the floor the guards were slammed.  
The emperor apologised and went down on his knees;  
Moving on as all I wanted was to redeem my dignity.

# Judge Pao

*Maryknoll Convent School (Primary Section), Chow, Souja Kit – 11*

There once was a man named Pao,  
He was a great judge!  
He held no grudge,  
His decisions were important,  
As they may cost human lives.  
Sometimes his stories give me the chills!  
He worked for the king,  
A long time ago at the season spring.  
He stamped out injustice!  
He found the accomplices!  
I really admire him,  
And I will always continue to.

# New Tales of Judge Pao

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Chan, Hylia - 9*

A hooded shadow creeps along the streets,  
Robbing every wealthy person she meets.  
When someone pulls her filthy old hood down,  
All they glimpse is a shiny silver crown.

And in the Imperial Court sits Judge Pao,  
A fair and just judge to whom citizens bow.  
He knows the difference between right and wrong,  
And his righteousness is special from the throng.

No matter royalty,  
No matter family,  
No matter rich or no matter poor,  
Law-breakers will be punished for sure.

One day a struggling woman is dragged to court,  
With a frayed and patched hood and a fine fringe short.  
When the folks see her, they are shocked by the sight,  
As the Emperor's concubine was in the fight!

"Did you steal from the citizens?" questions Pao sternly.  
"No," denies the concubine shakily but firmly.  
Judge Pao calls for the witness,  
And the concubine's speechless.

"She stole my precious jewels!" a rich lady cries.  
"I didn't steal any rubies," the concubine lies.  
Pao says, "How do you know which jewels they were?  
You obviously stole some rubies from her!"

"You have so much money, so why did you steal?"  
"So I'll be the most powerful and people'll kneel."  
"Take her out to be whipped!" Judge Pao angrily roars.  
The concubine ended up crying in remorse.

Judge Pao is a judge always upright,  
In the dark world he's a shining light.  
He'll never be fooled, try as you may,  
People still praise him up to this day!

# The God of Justice

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Wong, Anabelle Ruoxi – 10*

It was the god of justice  
Who solved every crisis,  
That did things pragmatically,  
But very tragically,  
He went through the doors of death,  
With poison in his last breath.

Judge Pao's great valour,  
Received much honour,  
From peasants to soldiers,  
And youngsters to elders.

He pushed away corruption,  
With little interruption,  
And drove away destruction,  
Without a problem.

With gratitude and respect,  
We need not be scared,  
Since the legendary judge,  
Has took away fear with a nudge,  
And his soul is still here,  
For his spirit lives on,  
For ever and ever,  
Never to be gone.

# The Three Guillotines

*Ying Wa Primary School, Chan, Hon Lam Morgan – 11*

I am the dog-headed guillotine  
Used to kill civilians  
I've lost count  
I probably killed millions  
I'm the sharpest one of all  
Criminals quickly die with no pain  
Cutting the crucial part of the body  
The dirty-minded brain

I am the tiger-headed guillotine  
Used to kill ministers who embezzle  
They're too greedy  
And I think they'll meet the devil  
I'm the second sharpest of all  
It takes some time for the soul to wipe out  
They suffer pain  
And that's what everyone is scared about

I am the dragon-headed guillotine  
I only killed two people in history  
Is there more?  
It might be a mystery  
My blade is blunt  
People don't die right away  
They experience tremendous discomfort  
To tell citizens they should go on the lawful way

We were all granted by the Emperor  
And belong to the magnificent Judge Pao  
He also has the authority to execute criminals  
Before the Emperor allows

Every murderer that walks into this court  
Even using their glib explanations  
The judge can somehow send them into our blades  
Out of the criminals' expectations

Judge Pao was a true legend  
With his noble character and fair trials  
If we had lived until now  
The society's development would've gone in miles

# Impenetrable

*Ying Wa Primary School, Jiang, Weike – 11*

Sunshine poured into the room

as another culprit was pushed through  
His face was covered in gloom  
with nothing else but blues

Judge Pao sat on his wooden chair  
his face darkened with sobriety  
and his eyes glaring down in pairs  
shining bright on one's notoriety

The sinister's name was Chan  
who was accused of filicide  
He killed evidence and ran  
but there was nothing to help him stride

Pao got to his feet earnestly  
as he doffed his hat away  
Reprimanding Chan vehemently  
for leading his mates astray

Chan's family attempted to intervene  
with threats involving Pao himself  
Still, he brought Chan to the guillotine  
who teared up in regret to stealth

The unbiased judge stared blankly  
as the murderer finished his last page of life  
Then the blade was pushed down brutally  
ending a dismal book of strife

I've watched this happen every day  
sitting in the corner without biz  
Judge Pao was the greatest display  
of the unchangeable justice.

Upright, historic and unafraid  
Pao Zheng's legacy will never fade.

# Bao Zheng's Honourable Verdict

*Ying Wa Primary School, Lee, Ho – 11*

The servants pushed Bao Mian,  
through the hefty doors of Bao Zheng's temple  
The wrists of Mian tied up with stout rope  
With trepidation that makes him tremble

Ensnared in his mahogany armchair  
The magistrate's face was covered in disappointment  
The crescent moon on his forehead glistening  
crowning him the dominant

The delicate china surrounding him  
illuminates fluorescently  
A carefully graven wooden plaque  
indicates equity and egalitarianism staidly

Mian is accused of malfeasance  
and a case of bribery  
Now he must face the personification of  
uprightness and absolute loyalty

Zheng rose from his seat  
Clenching a scepter with a round of crystals  
Cut up to see his nephew  
as a fraudulent criminal

The judge emotionally ordered the guards  
to bring the wrongdoer towards the lever-knives  
and position his neck under the honed blade  
Making the judge wrinkle in strife

The executioner paced towards the honourable instrument  
Pressed down on the rugged handle  
And in the blink of an eye  
the edge lacerated the flesh of the vandal

I stand aside in the court  
and watch as Mian suffers from decapitation  
Once again, the tungsten-faced hero  
leads us through the path of anti-malversation

# Beacon

*Ying Wa Primary School, Yuen, Hei Wang Roderick – 11*

The emperor's dragon cloak intimidates me,  
On my shoulders it rests.  
I have sworn to preserve justice,  
Indeed a difficult quest.

Fortunately, I am not alone;  
Aided by an honorable helper:  
Judge Pao, a selfless man of steel,  
Fair to every man, aristocrat or retainer.

Once a financial officer was murdered,  
With another put in his place.  
Judge Pao wasted no time.  
So as to gather clues, he raced.

Inspecting the royal spending report,  
Which was essential evidence,  
He saw figures miscalculated.  
Like a sprout, an idea took residence.

Such an elite, experienced officer  
Would never make so grievous a mistake!  
Thinking it through, thinking it through,  
The judge realized that it was faked.

Four–two–five–six... What could the numbers mean?  
Like a bolt of lightning, it struck him.  
He rushed to the storage rooms,  
It was all due to a sudden whim!

Indeed, there was a message,  
Patiently waiting for his entry.  
It was from the financial officer,  
Probably not incidentally.

My brother and his partners  
Had killed his predecessor.  
They offered him a fruitful pay  
Should he slip up to their favor.

“Out of righteousness, I refused;  
They will kill me if they know of this letter.  
I trust that you will see the law upheld,  
And punish the conspirators behind the murder.”

An astronomical barrage of accusations  
Overwhelmed the plotters in court.  
To plead on the grounds of his royalty –  
the leader's last resort.  
Those words were a breeze,  
Judge Pao an unmoving boulder.  
Oblivious to my mother's begging,  
He gave the bloody order.

The dragon's head guillotine claims a head,  
The voice of Judge Pao echoes in its might,  
I gazed out at the silhouette of this dark-skinned man –  
The *Blue Sky's* gleam of justice is bright.



# Poetry

Group 3

# The Murder at Dawn

*ESF Island School, Chand, Nimisha – 12*

I had been through an event, that traumatised  
I needed some explanation, then I realized  
To consult greater authority, was what I need  
Soon enough, I brought myself to ease

The judge was rumoured to solve matters in hell  
And from his reputation anyone could tell  
But this wasn't afterlife, this was the present land  
And before him I was bound to stand

The only person who could help me, was Judge Pao, the great  
What I did not realise though, is I was trembling at the gaze  
By the time I reached the footstep, of his siheyuan, I inhaled,  
I was about to knock on his door, but to my surprise I didn't fail

The door slid open, and there I was on my own  
Standing face to face with a justice, whose eyes were like stone  
“What is it?” Judge Pao grumbled and looked down on me.  
To be fair it was 4am, which is not ideal to be

He looked he just banished, someone in eternal fire  
And I was worried he was going to call me a liar

Nonetheless, I pointed, to my clothes which looked doused  
Nearing a dark red maroon, it was once my blouse  
“That's blood” I pointed out, just to confirm.  
“Your own?” Judge Pao asked, to remain on terms.

This led me to question my communication skills  
but I remained calm as I replied, while standing still

“No, I have just come to tell you that a murder has taken place”  
“Just outside your courtyard”, I saw the look on his face  
Intrigued, or so I thought, Judge Pao stroked his beard and went inside.  
I didn't really know what was happening, so stepping in I tried

Peering inside the room, It was a well organised house  
And I thought I was being, as quiet as a mouse  
“What are you doing snooping?”, I almost jolted and tripped  
Turns out he was just getting his slippers, and came from the back equipped

“I was just admiring your room”. I perked up a smile.  
I don't think he believed me. I was acting quite hostile

I insisted on following, his each and every stride  
As soon as he started walking, I was right there beside.  
We had just taken a single pace forward, when he jerked behind  
“When did the murder happen, what was the time”?

I honestly had no idea so I just said, “ 12 – 4 I think.”  
I hoped that was correct, and started to reassuringly blink  
It seemed like he made a mental note of everything I said.  
There was no concrete evidence, but my instincts instead

And as we walked closer I saw it. There it lies.  
The bark of the tree splattered with blood before my eyes  
An idle body lying, not too far from the scene.  
It was a girl. I knew that girl. She was about fourteen.

I knew why she got murdered. That I would know  
I wasn't ready to reveal that though.

It was nearing 5am, and all the villagers from the towns  
They were approaching. The gossip, it spread somehow  
Somebody else must have saw the event  
And then the message must have been sent

Judge Pao on the other hand, drove away guests who were keen  
As they tried peeking their way to look at the crime scene  
It was a long time before we disappointed all customers vast  
We drove them away to their rabbit holes at last

I was keeping watch for any more sightseers, while Judge Pao examined  
"A knife wound, or rather knife *wounds*", he said astounded  
"stabbed right in the heart and stomach, must be painful to bear"  
And I just hyperventilated, as I stood there

But I wanted to be a bit useful so I blurted out some words  
"That girl was the town chief's daughter", I waited for him to turn  
I then proceeded, with my facts to say,  
"She has been pronounced missing, for quite a few days

And rumour had it that she ran away, holding on to a bag  
Filled sapphire and gold and which her father used for brags  
"Hmmm interesting" Judge Pao stroked his beard a second time  
He reached around the girl's dress with a stick, aiming for a bag tied

With a silken string bound it seemed quite a hefty load  
My eyes blinked themselves as I started to decode  
That the very bag that was dangling  
Was at fault for all bestowed...

I approached the bag, like predator with its prey  
I examined it curiously, And looked at it that way  
I hadn't realised that the bag, was there all along...  
The thief didn't search properly, or their reasons were wrong

There was nothing else that sparked interest, so we called it a day  
And casually headed towards Judge Pao's house, with all the information we got today  
I nervously sat down, watching a person pace  
Again and again and murmur about the case.

I did need to know, what we were getting at  
Because he was solving, and I was just sat  
I did need to know the process, so I could get closer to my dream  
I wanted to become like him, and plot plans and schemes

Judge Pao came in front of me, and presented what he knew  
His knowledge on current affairs, and what was new  
I picked up a sense of worry from the tone in which he spoke  
and with the frantic speed of talking, my mind almost broke

Judge Pao was not done yet though and continued on,

“They didn't want any money but killed at almost dawn,  
which is a bit strange and also points out the fact  
that the murderer was very bad at finding the bag”

“But then again, who wakes at 3?  
Then leaves the gold, that they could get for free?  
Also they happen to wear a white cloth  
They're going at night, they should dress goth”

I look at my blouse that used to be white  
Now it was red, which gave me a fright  
Thankfully there wasn't, blood anywhere else  
And I went back, listening to intel

“They were killed, with something that stabs—”  
“It was a kitchen knife”, this opportunity I grabbed  
I wanted to help, that's it, that's all  
There's nothing deceiving that I have to call

“But that is a fact only the murderer would know”  
Judge Pao kept staring, like there's something I owe  
“Either you witnessed, the murder in front  
Or you have committed a very deadly stunt”

“Maybe they were tired, I started to reply  
And they had to run, since it was midnight”  
I glanced at the judge, who looked at me with suspicion  
What had I done to reach this position?

I hopped nervously and this is what I said,  
“Maybe they did that, it's just a guess”  
“You're wearing white and you were awake  
Then the judge said “you made a mistake”

You know what trouble comes when someone lies  
You know I can see it, right in your eyes  
My ancestors before me they also know  
And there's no other place where you can go

My sanity act collapsed, and soon it broke  
I was about to defend, when I felt a poke  
The Judge loomed over me, and he looked mad  
I don't remember when I did this, no memory I had

I pleaded and pleaded, that I didn't know what came  
For some reason, I didn't feel the same  
I knew I killed that girl, but I don't know why  
But to punish myself, he was right I should die.

# Bao 'Justice' Zheng

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Tan, Derek – 14*

A legendary man, born over a thousand years ago  
Changed people's lives more than they'd ever know  
Since his youngest years, he desired what is just  
He despised the corruption, so a change was a must  
Won wide respect everywhere that he served  
For his impartial judgement and it was well deserved  
Solved complicated cases throughout his career  
No matter rich or poor, for crimes you would pay dear  
He used his observation skills and clever mind each time  
To easily find culprits responsible for the crime  
Once, according to the story, he left the people in shock  
This detective caught a thief by 'interrogating a rock'  
The emperor trusted his judgement and gifted him three knives  
Decorated with different heads, each to take different lives  
A dog's for the commoners, a tiger's for the government  
And for the royalty a dragon's head as the finest ornament  
With his righteous life, he became a symbol so great  
That all those, who are seeking justice to this man can relate  
All the stories about Lord Bao influence books, movies and shows  
And his legend passed on through generations, continuously grows

# New Tales of Judge Pao

*Heep Yunn School, Shing, Yee Isis – 15*

Before there was you,  
Before there was me,  
There stood a detective, who  
Was as righteous as he could be.

He wasn't as adorable as Pikachu,  
Or as heroic as Batman.  
He lived where the North wind blew,  
Fought crimes and thieves ran.

This was Judge Pao,  
Lofty, unpretentious, and just.  
People come forth and bow,  
To the divine detective, they trust.

The name of the notable figure rang bells worldwide,  
Not a single spot had not heard of his kind acts.  
Inspiring writers and movie makers nationwide,  
Written in books and films marked his facts.

Judge Pao dispensed justice during the day,  
To guard his country and prevent tragedies.  
Quick-witted, he swept crimes out of the way.  
Deeply respected, no one ever questioned his abilities.

Yet at night he turns immortal,  
Known as Yama of the Infernal Bureaucracy.  
There he judged the Afterlife through the portal,  
To weigh their good and evil with his authority.

Hong Kong, a land fair and just,  
Has deep roots with the honored judge.  
Its legal system is one to trust,  
Stakeholders smile with no grudge.

Judge Pao's descendants strive to carry on,  
Continuing the justice he had demonstrated.  
Their mark is a black swan,  
Symbolism of purity, it was elated.

Yet, one day the black swan was stolen,  
And the city resulted to be in chaos.  
Villagers assumed that it had been swollen,  
Which made the whole town disrupt in pathos.

Famous patriarch named Pao Yue-Kong emerged,  
Who was known to be the descent of Judge Pao.  
As he tried to comfort panic villagers, a wave surged.  
It was so huge that made every single villager bow.

Soon the wave swept the whole town,  
So strong that it washed away the mischief.  
Corruption and unjust, the waves drown,  
Gone was the evil, sly, and rough.

“Justice and impartiality shall rule,”  
Pao Yue-Kong proclaimed.  
“We shall knock the cruel,”  
The villagers determinedly aimed.

Judge Pao’s essence long live in the land,  
To protect the needy and the weak.  
With great virtues hand in hand,  
Justice shall rule and peak.

# Judge Pao

*Hong Kong International School, Khaderia, Aaryav – 12*

The other night,  
I opened the texts of old  
And the lessons and tales poured out  
Tales of royalty, crime, humility  
And...

Justice

As I read his story  
I understand what he did  
What he went through  
I realize

he swept the lands clean  
Of the rotting plagues of evil  
The plague that burns our beautiful land  
An evergreen forest sinking into the mud  
A land of royalty, brought to it's knees.

They all thought that  
Their petty threats  
“Death”  
“Torcher”  
“Theft”  
Would make it past him  
He didn't care about saving his hide  
As long as  
When the sun sets  
his will, the will of justice  
would always be the one on top

He taught me

that them who have wronged  
Live a lie  
There is no escape  
Only delay  
As the clock ticks they fall slowly  
Into his hands  
The hands of justice.  
Every single sinner  
A lion who killed another  
Or the dung Beetle stealing slightest of feces  
They all are one

And they all must fear the reign of **JUSTICE**

# Bao Zheng

*Hong Kong International School, Qiao, Nora – 12*

Wind cannot blow down one with justice  
Whether it be a gallant gale or a wispy gust  
For they will never reveal a face of cowardice  
Or collapse in the midst of lust

One is fearless toward punishment  
One will glare at unjust fake divinity  
For they are not scared of its hellish sentiment  
Or the anger of a false ruler's decry

No emotion will break one's impartial dimension  
Not even the cries of familial tongue  
Or the greed for physical possession  
For love, if unjust, is a song not meant to be sung.

And though death may part our way  
Justice's legacy will never be put to lay

# Life in Hues

*Hong Kong International School, Sin, SeoYeon – 13*

the darker blue of justice  
the color of night as he sleeps  
the color of the ocean as it ripples  
the color of fluttering peacocks  
the color of sapphires,  
though these did not exist at the time of him

he wakes as justice fades from the sky  
replaced with the pale blue of peace

he is blue throughout his life  
from his birth in the middle classes  
to his rise in the courts  
he is  
dyed blue  
through

and through

and through

he bleeds justice

he is relentless in his blue  
though his family leaks the pink of love  
he paints them blue  
changes them to the purple of power

from the red of war and hate and courage to  
the orange of success and change to  
to green to blue to purple  
to cases of white and hope and simplicity  
to cases of black and shame and revenge  
to the gold of kings and queens and crowns and princes  
to the browns of strength and new security

cold hearted cases done  
hands stained with things unspoken of

he places himself in the afterlife  
here, things are quieter  
cases brutal still yet  
as the judge of everlasting life  
the green of tranquility

a job well done

he quiets as peace fades from the sky  
and though the dark of justice rises in  
to perform it's duty once more  
judge pao has passed to his eternal reward

# Conquered Land of Bao

*Hong Kong International School, Zhuang, Aisling – 14*

Bao QingTian,  
The Lord of Justice,  
Honored  
Yet feared by many  
Stood firm with uprightness  
In his glorified land  
Justice is all he desired,  
Ruthless  
For virtue and ingenuity

Mercy  
They begged  
Innocence  
You cried

Years you'd not returned  
Wicks burned to the end, melted  
Yet there was no man  
No one by the name Chen Shimei  
Burden, you left behind  
Your shameful past, neglected  
Famine and death  
Nothing left,  
Except for me, and I

Aloof,  
You looked  
“Why?”  
I asked

Power and Gold  
Was what you longed  
Severing the past we tied  
Eradicating...all  
Our past and memories  
Were worth not a penny  
“Do you recognize Qin Xianglian”  
Unknown, you affirmed  
Yet, dead you wanted me to be

How satirical,  
Lord Claimed  
Justice,  
He demanded

With gathered evidence, verified  
Innocent not,  
Chen was sentenced to death  
Yet, still pardoned by the emperor  
Indignant, his official headwear removed  
Lord declared,  
“Chen Shimei shall be executed before me”  
Execution proceeded despite the edict  
For Xianglian, and Justice

Bao QingTian,  
The Lord of Justice  
Entitled,  
Justice Bao  
In his conquered land

## Judge Pao – Pao Heizi

*Korean International School, Kwan, Meng Fung Austin – 13*

He is a loyal patriot, his name is Pao.  
He has a pale moon hanging on his brow.

His face like iron ink to deter courtiers,  
Never flattered by his superiors,  
Because of his selflessness,  
Serious in handling cases,  
People also call him “Pao Heizi”

Needless to say,  
Why should corrupt officials who break the law stay?  
Love is in a hopeless place,  
Punishing corruption cannot wait!

Hanging onto the pain  
Frames made us vain  
We’re breaking through the chains  
Find justice Saint in the rain.

Don’t give up the fight  
Get up, stand up,  
Stand up for your rights.  
We seen enough  
We know our rights  
You cannot touch  
There is no peace where is no justice  
You have the right to grab a light.

Life turns away  
Some try to tear us down every day.  
Rise up and speak your mind  
Know a lot to do but still he pulls up cases on his mind.

There's even love in a hopeless place  
Dark shadows come across every day  
Judge Pao will guide you through your way  
Light shines through an open place.

# Conviction of a loved one

*Nord Anglia International School, Bogard, Ari – 11*

There they stand,  
Hand in hand.  
Matching leers,  
Full of evil cheer.  
Bound with chains,  
But maliciously happy.  
They have a bond he and I will never have,  
A bond that cannot be severed,  
No matter how hard I try,  
No matter how long I cry.  
My boy is gone,  
With no possibility of return.

So I stand there,  
Shocked.  
Whispers echo through the courtroom.  
Images whirl through my brain.  
These images bite and gnaw at my conscience.  
They are merciless, painful, powerful,  
Yet true.  
I wish they weren't,  
But they are.  
I wish things were different,  
But they're not.

Both were once my family,  
Both were once loved,  
By me.  
By me but by no one else.  
They were outcasts.  
Slowly they turned bitter,  
Growing to resent me.

My brother's hair turning grey,  
My son getting stronger every day.  
Them both growing to want me dead,  
Or at least discredited in my world.  
They certainly achieved their goal.

Soon they left,  
Never to return.  
But now I see them,  
Clear as crystal.

They are gone,  
They are gone.  
They are monsters now.  
Nothing I say or do will change that.  
So I guess it's for the best,  
That you're being locked away.

Now I needn't worry myself to sleep,  
Wondering if you're okay,  
Wondering if your 叔叔 is taking care of you.  
Now I can sleep soundly,  
Knowing that you are in safety.

But my old, wrinkly mind forgets,  
That this 'safety',  
Is in fact,  
Captivity.

You are not at all glad,  
Are you son?  
My 小火鳥?

# New tales of Judge Pao

*St. Joseph's College, Chung, Man Nok Terrance – 15*

Legends tell of many tales where Judge Pao shined with might,  
The unwavering spirit of his that stood before his enemies' last fight.  
A thousand years have passed since then, people have changed and so have the times.  
But Judge Pao's drive, his wisdom and justice still stand strong in the face of crimes.  
His traits have great and utmost influence to nowadays judges as always shining in the night.

The powerful fable of Chen Shinmei, where the trickster lied and bribed,  
How Judge Pao stood up to the royals and officers in stride against the crime.  
The crushing sob story, where Bao Mian was found committing malfeasance and bribery,  
How Judge Pao gave up filial piety and condemned his aunt's son in pursuit of impartiality.  
The case of the black basin, where the ghost haunted the greedy merchant,  
How Judge Pao dealt with the supernatural and showed he was observant.  
The renowned myth of the civet cat, where the new-born prince was a victim of a swapping,  
How Judge Pao tricked the truth out of the defendant with a plot so cunning.

Gone are the days Judge Pao would investigate, now the judges sit in court for the truth to instigate.  
Gone are the days murder crimes happened so often, replaced by countless drunk drivers and online extortion.  
Gone are the days Judge Pao with his retainers fought crime hand-in-hand, now the judges have lawyers and jury at hand.  
But the one thing that won't be gone is Judge Pao or the judges of the present and future's consistent pursuit of fairness and justice in the end.

"Court!" "Bang! Bang! Bang!" Three hard blows by the gavel signaled the start of the trial.  
Uncountable continuations of an online blackmailing have brought faltering denial.  
The defendant pleads his rock-solid alibi and leans back,  
While the victim watches on in tears as his testimony is loose and lacks.  
The lawyers argue in heated voices, hundred pieces of evidence cause the jury to doubt.  
The judge looks on unfazed and patient, as the facts begin to get muddled about.  
"Your Honor, please believe me, I am innocent indeed!"  
"Your Honor, my client has suffered, because of this man as you see!"  
Thrilling and drilling, sharp voices of dispute ring throughout the courtroom,  
Penetrating and discerning, the judge considers their pleas as he remains calm and cool.

With tenacity and unrelenting inquisitiveness, the truth will always be prevailing.  
Under a wave of unyielding perseverance, in the plead of the defendant a flaw is appearing.  
That is a crucial clue to finding out the undiscovered truth that was hiding.  
Others might overlook something, but the judge won't omit anything, even in such dire situation.  
Others might deduce based on pure speculation, but the judge reads all the evidence, gathers relevant information.

The judge calls on the holy wisdom of Judge Pao, amongst the blaring comments,  
Based on the facts of the case and supporting evidence, he questions the defendant.  
"You were the one to take possession of the money, how could you be innocent?"  
The judge rationally applies the rule of law to make a sensible and witty judgement.  
The lawyers are astonished by the judge's perspicacity, the defendant has lost with such a well-versed question.

The judge shows his immaculate wit, like a burning candle wick shining through the dark is his wisdom. The courtroom becomes one and driven, the judge's query guides the jury to vote out the defendant.

'Bang! Bang! Bang!' The trial is over, the case has been cleared...

The victim has won on this wonderful day, the judge sentencing the defendant to prison is the right way.

The judge, following the righteous legacy of Judge Pao, uses his best endeavor to pursue fairness and justice in the trial all the way.

"Court!" 'Bang! Bang! Bang!' A new tale of Judge Pao is being played out in the courtroom every day.

## Judge Pao and the lost child

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Cheung, Sze Yuen - 14*

A family who owned a tavern went outrage  
when they found a man carrying their kid in a cage.  
The parents sought help from the great  
but no one cared for the child's fate.

The parents came to Pao's headquarters  
and he accepted the request with many supporters,  
so he quickly prepared for the journey  
on a palanquin that would take him there early.

He finally arrived at last  
and ran to the scene fast  
because there was not much time  
to solve this single crime.

He pivoted around the spot the man was spotted,  
when he found a tiny note that was plotted.  
If you don't remove your shop by dawn,  
the child would be gone.

The parents had no confidence and started to tidy the shop  
but Judge Pao said to just stop.  
He spotted cages directly across the street  
in front of another bar where people meet.

Bao was merely confident with his accusation  
but he can't foresee any situation.  
He spied on the tavern until midnight  
When he heard someone put up a fight

He crept closer and saw a child.  
Trapped in a cage so odd, so wild!  
Judge Pao quickly prepared  
a few strong men who really cared.

The strong men burst on the man, puzzled.  
Quickly he was being muzzled.  
Judge Pao finally smiled  
because he finally rescued the child.

The man was taken to Pao's court with no defence.  
There he faced his consequence.  
When Judge Pao is involved  
anything can be solved.

# The Clear Sky

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Fung, Lok Tung – 12*

Powerful fists tightly held the throats of ordinary people  
They couldn't breathe  
Couldn't say a word

In the dark days  
People fought for freedom  
But were afraid of punishment  
People strived for happiness  
But had to endure with unfairness  
Morality was thrown into the trash  
Fate was decided before birth

The privileged sacrificed morality  
Covered the sky  
Blocked the sunlight  
The land was rotten

People has become silent

Freedom has become a luxury  
Bravery has become rare

But brave men won't be afraid of power  
Judge Pao is like fireworks in the dark  
Burning away the darkness in the sky

He is fearless  
As he has nothing to lose  
His life has already been given to the nation

People like him  
Drive away the dark clouds  
Bring a clear sky to everyone

# Judge Pao

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Ip, Hei Tung – 14*

A top hat and a robe,  
A long beard and a serious look.

He always dispensed justice.  
He has solved many cases.  
Every time a case is solved,  
Proud and applauses from the crowd.

Serving right under the light,  
Solving cases with all his might,  
So why not appreciate what he did.

# For Justice is Served

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Qamar, Fatima – 14*

The pain from those  
who possess an innocent heart,  
breath uptight — the realisation dawned upon  
being done wrong.

When will justice be served?

You, who feel the unbearable pain,  
screams no one shall hear, —  
all from one's selfishness.

When will justice be served?

People can be bitter,  
those who seek for valued materialism,  
a pedestal —  
Why is humanity so deluded?

When will justice be served?

The sad act of bribery is for the coward,  
a tool of delusion,  
a megalomaniac outcry  
...for something better.

When will justice be served?

This blood that rumbles  
through my heart,  
through my fists, through my temples.  
From today onwards.

Justice will be served.

It is not the fault of those  
who live in this world – vulnerable to the selfish.  
It is not the fault of those  
who simply want to show kindness – for kindness is still a living deed  
a handful of humanity possess.

For justice is served.  
No person deserves to be thrown into the shadows,  
when he had been done dirty.

No person deserves to be gifted the stage,  
when he lives with a dirty tongue.

Justice will be served — now, and forever.

# White Lie of the Black-Faced

*St. Paul's Co-educational College, Tang, Yik Yan – 13*

A candle of hope adorn the only desk in the room, flashing brightly,  
the Kaifeng Office remains silent.  
The setting is the same as usual: A desk and a chair in the center, simple and clean.  
Metal guillotines stand still, cold and violent.  
Only cicadas sing outside among trees.

The black-faced sat in the middle of the room.  
Browsing through the cases he adjudged the morning, dipping his brush in ink.  
Out of the blue, in front of the office, stopped a groom,  
an old man came down from the sedan chair and walked with a wooden crutch.  
Strolling towards the black-faced workroom.

'Judge Pao! Judge Pao! Please help!' He called, bowed and greeted.  
The black-faced stretched out a helping hand and let him seated,  
'See! My son! He...he is in danger!' He took out a folded letter from his pocket, tensely shivering  
The black-faced glance at the man, comforting him and taking the letter, carefully reading...

*Dad, my dear!  
Save me from such a fear!  
The soldiers imperiled me with a long spear,  
And tell me that a theft is what I bear!  
If I ain't saved with one hundred taels of silver in a year,  
The spear will pierce through my rear!*

'This was brought back from northern China by a homing pigeon. Oh, my son, my only son!'  
'I will try my best to help, really, trust me.' promised the black-faced, firmly.  
His eyes glitter with his determination to search for the truth,  
and a mysterious grin appeared on his face – the confidence as a sleuth!  
He never disappoint his clients,  
As he knows, he should not, and could not,  
Instead, he needs everyone to pay for their own fault!

The cool wind huffs and puffs, ridiculing the old man.  
Why is he told such a joke?  
His wrinkles are deep, tears dropping from his eyes.  
The black-faced understand that he needs to take action, to reassemble the man's heart, which is broken.  
The black-faced takes a deep breath, smells the letter.  
The letter not only smells decent, but also uncomfortable.

This  
is  
certainly not the type of paper being used by a suspect or a prisoner!

The fragrant smell of a high-qualified rice paper  
made the black-faced frowned.  
The writer will not use such expensive paper  
unless he wants to ensure that the letter could be read by an elder!

If his son is really in prison,  
the letter should be instead, written  
by the watchperson.

The black-faced rubbed the moon on his forehead  
that he couldn't imagine meeting the hardest case ever in such an ordinary midnight.  
He kneels in front of the old man on one knee,  
'I told the soldiers to release him, tell him, next time when he is in need, Judge Pao will again help  
protect his right!'

One year later, the old man comes with a youngster again,  
Reporting that his son came back and explained  
He was in debt a month ago,  
so he made a wrong decision to scam money.  
He was moved for not being listed as a wanted criminal,  
then he decided to become a coolie and learned to live by himself.  
Improving his living standard without consuming pelf.

The old man kneels down, bow and thanks to the black-faced,  
he noticed that the impartial judge had lied.  
They gave the black-faced a pack of tea leaf,  
although the black-faced forced them to take it away.

Both of them left ...

The black-faced is lost in thought.  
Maybe, sometimes, guillotines can't address the root cause of crimes.  
Sympathy and help are what criminals sought.  
All of them deserve a second time.  
To choose the right route and strive.

# The Man with the Bread

*St. Paul's Convent School (Secondary Section), Mok, Hei Tong Hayley – 14*

Trudging through the streets  
Of gloomy shanghai  
His clothes tattered and torn  
And his feet bare and bloodied  
His face worn and scrubby  
His eyes shone like the red moon at twilight  
And his shadow loomed over the brick walls  
Like a spider who crawled on these streets  
Staining the sidewalks as he passed  
With black spots and smudges  
The empty streets greeted him  
With a strained howl  
The wind slapping and penetrating his skin  
Whilst the moonlight shreds his clothes with vigour

He staggered without purpose  
Furiously glancing around  
Searching and searching for something  
But what?  
There, that red house!  
It was quite a luxurious house  
The walls decorated with golden tints and silver  
Dragons and phoenixes engraved and enslaved to the bricks  
Pupils dilating as they ogled the man  
Curiously.  
He kept staggering, into the dark depths of the hallway  
His uneven footsteps echoing  
An uneven rhythm without music  
His long fingernails scratched the walls  
And kept him stable and going.  
He walked and walked until he reached a room  
The candle in the middle shimmered and flickered softly  
Embracing his silhouette as he stepped  
Slowly  
Into the room.  
He stretched his arms out  
Slowly  
And reached the tiny teeny piece of bread  
That was lying on the table.

Boom! Clash! A man appeared  
With grace and courtesy  
Mystical yet plain  
His futon hat adorned his head nicely  
A crescent moon carved and engraved on his forehead  
So familiar, yet, distinct  
He reached for the man's hand  
“ Your time has come.”

Time? What time?

All that was left for the man was starvation.

The judge beamed, and took out a fine loaf of bread

“Come with me, and I’ll show you the way.

Do not be afraid, for I am just the man with the bread.”

Slowly, hesitantly

The man reached for his calloused hands

Show me the way, he rasped.

Beaming, the judge grasped his tightly

As they both ventured into the depths of the unknown

To where?

A question unanswered by the living and the dead.

## Judge Pao – Glory of China

*Victoria Shanghai Academy (Secondary), Chan, Hania – 11*

A mighty man, an upright judge, fearless through and through,  
Expelling crime, dishonesty, and making them speak the truth.  
Wise and brave, with stories of, his justice seeking name,  
The legends of, gong'an, wu xia, became his final fame.

A heart of stone and eyes like knives,  
cutting heads with guillotines,  
Whatever misdeed that was committed,  
Will certainly not be admitted.

Even crimes without a trace,  
Are not easy to erase,  
Under Judge Pao's watchful eye,  
All convicts have to comply.

His stories spread throughout our land,  
His books in stores on high demand,  
Like novels of the faithful time,  
He hit a rock to save a dime.

Do you perceive the favoured tale,  
Of tracking clues and hunting trail,  
To find the fire starters by,  
Looking through the truth or lie.

A clever hero, fearsome lord,  
Fights for law without reward,  
A valiant man, his life a tale,  
His famous name will long prevail

## The True Leader of China

*Victoria Shanghai Academy (Secondary), Chan, Pearly – 12*

Known for his wisdom and fairness.  
Known for his important status and purpose.  
He led China with his ingenious.  
He led his people to greatness.

Fighting for law,  
Fighting for justice.  
With Judge Pao around,  
Crime would not go unpunished.

Judge Pao inflicted rules,  
That made society favorable.  
If you ever had any problems,  
The problem he will handle.

Judge Pao was a fighter.  
A fighter for his belief.  
Belief in justice.  
Belief in what he desired to achieve.



# Poetry

Group 4

# Heartless

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Goldberg, Ella – 15*

He does not see  
He does not feel  
He does not care  
He does not fear

A heartless man, who lies with ease  
His every word, a false disease  
He'll never show his true intent  
But it's plain to see he's not content

He'll play the game and take his chance  
To fool everyone with a single glance  
The truth has no place in his heart  
Where lies and deceit do their part

He'll tell you what you want to hear  
And make your faith seem so sincere  
But when it comes time to be true  
The betrayal will come out of the blue

My life's been turned upside down  
I'm left to pick up the pieces on the ground  
His deceit has taken its toll on me  
His lies have made it hard for me to see

My life will never be the same again  
His true colors will be shown in the end  
His actions speak louder than words  
And his lies will be what you heard

He does not see the tears I shed  
Nor feel the love we once had  
My broken heart he cannot hear  
For his is far away and unclear

He does not fear the pain I bear  
Our happy life a thing of air  
We once lived a happy life  
Together we shared our strife

With a mask of innocence and charm  
He fooled the world and did no harm  
In the end the only thing left is an empty shell  
An empty heart with nothing but sorrows to tell

An unspoken truth hidden behind a devious lie  
A man so selfish that he'd rather have his kids die  
He thought to cover his past and break free  
So he sent someone to kill me

His wife and children with no warning or chance  
He could have cruelly taken their lives in a single glance

# Timeless Gratitude

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Rebibo, Liora – 14*

*This poem is from Judge Bao saying thank you to Lui Yun for influencing and mentoring him.*

Lui Yun, you influenced the worthy me.  
Like a zhà měng full of nobility and wisdom.  
As I once said when I received the Duan inkstone:  
"Those who are incorruptible are worthy of the people;  
those who are greedy are the thieves of the people".

You are my interpretation of "incorruptible".  
Who I am today is thanks to the choices I made yesterday.  
The birth of my life journey started the first yesterday you guided me.  
Piloting me into a reality which opened my eyes to the corruptible.

One case reminded me of your mentoring:  
A businessman was wicked on the strength of bribery.  
Immense pressure I was under; yet, I held the truth throughout.  
An image of fearlessness and righteousness flashed,  
It was always part of me but you helped me embrace it.

I accompanied my parents when I returned to Luzhou.  
Filial piety for long, all along, but you were still there as magistrate.  
I was present until the last breath arrived for my teacher.  
But you mentored me even then, I profoundly thought 'How?',  
How to become a hard-working official and serve the court?

So I ought to Thank You,  
Not only for influencing the experienced and superior me.  
For guiding me to be the best zhà měng there is, like I know you are.  
Whether in terms of knowledge or morality,  
I extend my thoughts to reach the point of kindness.  
The kindness of friendship that you have shown me.

# Warm Moon

*Chinese International School, Li, Adele – 15*

*you listened as the grown-ups watched the news.*

*tales of deceit; rote injustice;*

*and your home froze over*

*in this cold cold age of guile.*

*my dear; come, sit. warm*

*your hands in mine as I tell you a story.*

*let me thaw your frost-bitten heart*

*with tales*

*of the Great Justice Pao.*

## I

They say his hands were callused,  
wizened with life. Deep recesses  
carrying memories of himself  
(*bao zheng, twelve, ambitious scholar son*)  
climbing the days to age twenty-nine.  
Imperial scholar, at last!

## II

They admired him for  
his sense of family;  
the man was a son before he  
was a judge.  
Thirty-five, heavy with  
filial piety,  
his tear ducts carrying the weight of  
his return home  
(*hefei, luzhou, ageing folk*).  
Carrying his parents' bittersweet  
welcome to the afterworld.

## III

Now, in the courtroom  
once again,  
his ears were tuned  
to the voice of the people.  
Fourty years young, exerting  
reform after reform  
with no machination, no hesitation  
(*as clean and clear as the sky*).

It was cold when  
Li Chen bowed before him,  
bitter when  
his nephew confessed his crimes,  
so Pao rose higher, virtuous fire,  
(*they say he smashed down his gravel*.)

## IV

By fifty his eyes were piercing,  
but blind to exaltation.  
So when the rotting sun sank into the sea,  
and the gloaming sky shone black,  
they say he was judge to the mighty gods.  
It was night when  
Feng Meng killed Hou Yi,  
dark when  
the Empress was stolen away,

so Pao stood bright, a beacon of light  
(*they say he smashed down his gravel*).

∞

He was the universe and more.  
The unmovable moon,  
the sharp spires of constellations,  
earth's certain orbit around the sun.  
Ageless, timeless  
(*they say he transcended humankind*).  
The moon in his forehead held  
the earth on its axis,  
crescent; incandescent;  
nestled in his dark night of skin.  
Glinting without the company of come-hither  
people, emperors, gods,  
lighting his eyes to see every being  
as equal.  
Now, in bloodlines of  
the sedulous Hong Kong patriarch,  
behind TV screens buzzing in convivial warmth,  
he waits, guileless,  
for you to see that his moon has not dimmed.

## The Mother and Her Son

*Creative Secondary School, Cao, Oswin – 16*

Judge Pao, eyes wide open so he can see,  
Who on Earth is the liar or the thief,  
Wild accusations that may set them free,  
But the innocents never go in grief.

A merchant with a large bag steps forward,  
“Please Judge Pao this fool cannot be set free,  
My mother is dead because of this coward  
Look him in these eyes and reveal his greed.

He stole from her and beat her till she bled  
He then accused me of beating her down  
Now I will never sleep well in my bed  
Please Judge Pao he needs punishment now”

“You will be sentenced to 10 years scum!  
Deceiving us as you murdered your mum.”

# Justice

*Creative Secondary School, Cuadra, Steven – 15*

Judging what is right or wrong

Understanding what is fair

Standing up for those in need of help

Trying to listen to both sides

Informed with wise decisions

Caring enough to take action

Equal opportunities for all.

# Move it Move it

*Creative Secondary School, Datta, Kieran – 16*

Here comes Judge Pao entering the court,

He likes to move it move it like Mort.

He shook that fat booty,

He twerked to Tutti Frutti,

That booty bounced like a ball in a sports court.

# Life of Judge Pao

*Creative Secondary School, Gim, Ciyo – 15*

Born with a life in poverty and pain

Darkness at the start with a light of hope

When solving cases with his clever brain

He theorizes the outcome through his scope

Entering the intense and heated room

Everyone's eyes looked at him with respect

Deciding their sentence without a gloom

“It is now the time for you to reflect.”

“Judge Pao, I'm innocent!” the thief pleaded

Knowing his principle of right and wrong

Judge Pao knew this phrase has been repeated

The thief knew he would be in jail for lifelong

A bright light left the room, knowing that there

Would no longer be darkness in his life

## Pao's Influence

*Creative Secondary School, Ip, Sophie – 16*

Justice is known to all  
Ugly court cases need to be forestalled  
Don't lie and be upright  
Gonna serve you right  
Ensure justice is known to all

Pao as a Judge  
As different as he may be  
Ought to be right and you will see

## Judge Pao's Cuisine

*Creative Secondary School, Kaur, Mausimran – 15*

Justice will be served to the innocent as they wish.  
Uttered truth as a spice for the dish.  
Delicate, somewhat bitter  
Guilt isn't based on gender or race or color but the sins of the sinners,  
Equality will be provided as a side dish of dinner.

Peeled truth, some with the flavors of tears, whilst some with tears of  
Anger.  
Objective sentences will be served according to the sued.

## Judge Pao

*Creative Secondary School, Ma, Lotta – 15*

a flick of an eye  
a shake in the hands  
a swallow of saliva  
a slightest hint of a stutter  
none of which can escape his gaze  
nothing escapes under his eyes

the blinding white crescent moon shines upon me  
piercing through my soul  
as if it can see the darkness and crimes i've done  
i couldn't look at it  
it's brightness and purity mocks me  
i try to hide it  
i try to meet his eyes  
i try to calm my nerves  
i try to but with no prevail  
nothing escapes under its light

or perhaps it's the guilt gnawing at me  
even my sub-conscience wants to rat me out  
after all  
a guilty conscience needs no accuser

# Judge Bao

*Creative Secondary School, Nazil, Jasmine – 15*

the one and only justice bao,  
one's greatest arch-nemesis.  
whoever comes before him bow,  
unlike me i emesis

wise and witty,  
with eyes behind his head.  
he never felt pity,  
when they bled.  
even i, the evil of the city,  
never made it past his shed

i tried to play his little game,  
i tried to blacken his mighty name.  
but justice bao remains unscathed,  
for his tactics were well played.

# The Final Breath

*Creative Secondary School, Nylander, Allan – 16*

Picture this, you're an ancient Chinese guy  
Working till you're dead, farming til' it's late  
You have got neither the will, nor the why  
Staying poor seems to be your only fate

Your neighbour's got money, that's what you heard  
I mean, you have a family to feed  
But stealing the money would be absurd  
No, you can never give in to your greed

And yet you need to do it for the pay  
You steal all their money, pitchfork in hand  
At the same time, a man gets in your way  
You have officially murdered a man

In trial, Judge Pao sentences you to death  
Under the noose, you take your final breath

## Judge Pao

*Creative Secondary School, Sidley, Maia – 15*

Jacket filled with secrets  
Underground and above  
Devoted and confident  
Got no sympathy  
End with justice served

Pack away the crimes  
Absence of control  
Obey the law

## Judge Pao

*Creative Secondary School, Tian, Tina – 15*

A clear moon in the darkness  
The representation of fairness  
the best embodiment  
of brave and accomplishment

Persevering righteousness,  
bring happiness  
Refusing corruption  
Reaching stabilisation

An impartial judgement  
Wicked brought to surface  
Providing perpetrators with punishment  
Welcoming love and peace  
for victims  
for all

## Endeavors at Night

*Creative Secondary School, Wijewardena, Yehansa – 15*

Just like that  
Under he goes  
Down to the depths  
Guided by his insight  
Each case, recognised

Prone to right judgment  
Acknowledged by all  
On his own, just like that

# Xiaolongbao

*Creative Secondary School, Wong, Jeff – 16*

Immolates his life, immolates his life,  
Immolates with his life onward,  
Into the 18-storey of hell.  
May the lotus now blossom,  
In the ditch of pitch-black water,  
Marched the uncontaminated one.  
Under those deceptive blindfolds,  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the pleasants knew,  
Someone has wronged.  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to drown and die.  
In the ditch of pitch-black water,  
Lies the balanced scale.  
Strings on the right of him,  
Gold on the left of him,  
Ascendancy in front of him,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed with rain and mud,  
Boldly he stands,  
Under the heavy rain,  
In the middle of hell.  
Marched the intrepid one.  
Sabring the leeches there,  
Standing in front of them.  
Burning in the deep ditch of water.  
Royals and corruption.  
Falling one by one.  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then he comes back, but not  
Not the glorious one.  
Swords to the right of him,  
Spears to the left of him,  
Snakes behind him.  
Laughter and scorns;  
Stormed with rain and mud,  
While the lotus wither.  
He had stood so well,  
Pierce through the endless abyss,  
Back to the abominable hell,  
As the crow flies,  
Quenched the blazing one.  
How can the triumphant noble fade?  
The wild choice he made!  
But they never expected.  
Just from another side of this ditch.  
A red spider lily is igniting.

# The Case of Two Nails

*Creative Secondary School, Wong, Yan Kiu – 15*

Two nails, driven in different bodies.  
In rural China, where we lay our scene,  
A suspicious death led to an autopsy,  
An unfortunate expiry date unseen.

No wounds, no scratches, blood no longer flows.  
Natural death, not caused by a knife.  
To the coroner's bride, maybe she knows.  
Nail to the brain, no injury, said the wife.

The dead man's widow confessed thereof,  
Arrest and punishment wrote her new page.  
Dubious Pao was of the coroner's love.  
Revealing her first groom, bygone by this stage.

His coffin was dug up from the dirt dull,  
And there lay a man with a nail in his skull.

# Judge Pao

*Creative Secondary School, Yuen, Howie – 15*

Judge Pao the legend , he is the hero of the people  
His value goes from zero to ten thousand euros  
He is the owner of the restaurant Books Dining  
The judge prefers to serve his books cold  
He has got the heart of a stone  
Pao is the boss of the restaurant people overrate  
Cooking books in the kitchen until he starts entering the flow state  
He admits that cooking books are easier than baking cakes  
Serving people 12 hours everyday  
The judge is as hard working and flexible as a snake.

One day he spots something weird about his customer  
Dining like usual then starts asking for the Judge's phone number  
Judge is starting to doubt if he is a undercover  
So They argue pointlessly for an hour with no direction  
Suddenly the undercover's friend shows up  
Pao therefore finds out he is a big fat stool pigeon  
Pao's dirty secret is getting leaked out to the public,  
After realizing that he has been swindled  
He blows the whistle  
The stool pigeon has been caught red handed  
This boy tries to convince to the cops that he is trying to save the planet

In the end he is just another ordinary bandit.  
The state of his restaurant is not so rigid  
After the incident , Judge Pao wants to retrieve his respect  
His restaurant is now empty so he is upset  
His dirty little secret was so well-kept  
So Judge Pao has a plan B up in his head  
This time he tries not to involve the feds  
Instead he turns his whole restaurant into white and red  
Because he realizes now its Christmas  
And his restaurant is going to run out of business  
He starts introducing new dishes  
But no one is coming in because his food is not in anyone's wish list

Judge Pao is running out of money  
So he starts searching for food on the streets like a monkey  
As Pao starts to see the cruel reality  
He might have to go back to the MasterChef Academy

Judge Pao sits down , reflects his actions and write this poem  
Then starts blaming the justice system for no reason  
The Cops find him sitting on the bench  
Into the prison he goes  
His life just went from Hero to Zero.

# Pao Qing Tian

*Diocesan Girls' School, Mak, Shan Shi – 15*

Red on the walls  
Tiger in the halls  
Here he comes!  
Pao will ne'er fall

Poor people get rights  
Rich people set sight  
No longer on money  
Fame or victory  
But on Pao's admirable might

Deceit will cease  
So will sleaze  
Run away you fools!  
Pao will ne'er appease

Out with the flood  
In with the Judge  
Displaying integrity, firmness, impartiality  
Clearer than "green sky"  
The innocent shall not die!

Look to the left  
Glance to the right  
Whene'er danger's near  
Pao will appear!

Corruption dies  
Truth trampling lies,  
Pao's legacy will live longer than the mystery  
Of how judges came to be  
And now we all are free –  
From the tyranny of our ancestry  
To do justice, as Pao'd agree.

# New Tales of Judge Pao – Above the Dream of Pride and Power

*ESF Island School, Wong, Nicolas Lik – 16*

Whilst above the dream of pride and power,  
He does not punish because law so wills,  
Nor in vengeance, corruption or wrath.  
As a true advocate of justice, he does not  
Punish those who grimly seek eye for eye,  
Or tooth for a tooth, but those who have wrongfully sinned.

Whilst above the dream of power and pride,  
He does not capitulate to greed and materialism,  
Regardless of crusading desires that seemingly  
Clash with justice. Staying emotionally impartial  
From judgement, he is unafraid of serving justice  
To those that have sinned, even to his family.

Whilst above the dream of pride and power,  
He sits above us, as he waits to oversee  
our eternal judgement in the afterlife.

# Dichotomy

*German Swiss International School, Tse, Chloe – 15*

Every impasse is a rite of passage:  
Suffering, and the success that tails it.  
Reigning Gods were once mere mortals:  
Humility, and the power that hails it.

Revered Him, of the cyan sky  
resolute among whispers of crime,  
behind the façade  
of obfuscated truths  
and effortless lies.  
Revered Him, of the radiant night  
stalwart guardian of nocturnal sight  
amidst the stealth  
of creeping unease  
and writhing disease.

Afflicted are the officials, the civil servants,  
sick faces red in fits of fiery rage  
blind with greed and deaf to pleas  
people prostrated, servants slandered  
no choice left but to go down under.

The head bows:  
the bow sinks  
into obscured black ink.

The lamp perches  
steady on the lone ship. Divinity  
hovers, on its own,  
above the tumult  
of waves roiling.  
It comes. It goes.  
It rests, and rows  
across the throes  
of the night stained bold  
Its glow, all alone  
speaks brighter than  
the sovereign's throne,  
shining true, and through  
obscuring fog, birthing anew:

the child, the seed, the foal  
the timeless thing with lustrous feathers—  
reborn in depths of the fire, the coal,  
It perches steady atop the soul;  
nocturnal Sun warming the cold  
of discomfort, insecurity,  
and unease—driven riots;

Order, It seeks, among the entropy of the universe,  
rife with disorder and an absent border  
domains expanding, particles colliding,  
exploding from the barrel of celestial mortar  
relentlessly preying upon pieces of fodder  
charred cinder remnants of crucified symbiosis:  
feeding upon fear, annihilating justice.

As I tilt my head up today I see the remnants  
of a persisting war, the haze  
of the hubris,  
reaching far beyond the surface  
of my window, to the unexplored realms of the abyss—  
we look up and recount tales of how  
You, our God, the axis of madness  
stilling the wild cyclone of turbulence,  
delving in after a keen eye has noticed  
exquisite inkstones that hid the darkness  
of bribery, veiled nepotism that  
dulled the spark of the emperor's palace,  
You are the lone star in our polluted night sky  
our God that witnesses; you're one of us, transcended  
yet the world will not remain in stasis.

What comes out of this ancient mess  
won't coalesce into staggering success  
nor suppress inevitable distress.  
But what we can emulate, what we can do best  
we will settle, for nothing less: above  
us, waxing, above us, waning. A relic, engraved.  
A confident stroke, from the chisel  
carved deeply, into white marble;  
a fine imprint, of bone-white chalk  
powdered gently, on the lead block

until then:  
Do not praise, and do not mock  
heads hung high on the chopping block—  
resulting in salvation, a life unlocked  
freed from the tick-tock of broken clocks  
or a forced stop, a steady walk  
slowed by time grinding to a halt.

What we're seeing will amount to nothing  
for anything, everything never persists.  
Not supremacy, nor strength.  
Not inferiority, nor weakness:  
The dragon only concedes to unfurling  
timelines, continuous cycles, evolving  
into the ouroboros—  
retracing steps, repeating history.  
Nothing betrays the balance, belies the shifting  
of dynamics in Chatelier's equilibrium. Herein lies  
the harmony,  
the dichotomy. The Yin  
and the Yang.

The Moon reflecting  
off the Sun, the Night bleeding  
to-Day. The Past morphing,  
transforming  
that persisting Present.

# Judge of Diyu

*Heep Yunn School, Chan, Hiu Laam – 17*

Revered by all is the judge who bore  
a heart of steel and a righteous zeal  
His virtuous gaze would seethe before  
crooked lords and common thieves

None escapes his lawful judgement  
Best be truthful when you see the crescent  
Honest men sleep sound at nightfall  
Dammed souls wail as judgement befalls

“O’ mighty judge I beg for your mercy  
I’ve done no harm by taking a few dimes  
All that I’ve taken, I took for family  
I’m no saint but for hell I’m unworthy”

And the judge replied,

“All that you’ve taken, you took from a family  
who suffered the forfeiture for your felony  
a daughter was sold so her brother was fed  
Yet all that you took, you took so casually”

And the damned soul pleaded,

“Gold and silver and precious jewels,  
all those I’ve taken I’m offering to you  
O’ mighty judge don’t be so cruel  
Had I another chance I wouldn’t be a fool”

And the judge replied once more,

“Save the pilfered stones for your family  
I have no use for a dead man’s bribery  
A self-serving thief will be your legacy  
For your avarice you’ll repent in agony

Now hurry along the road you chose  
the depths of Diyu shall be your abode”  
With distance the damned soul’s wails were silenced  
Yet another scale has now been balanced

# !Our Great Judge Pao!

*Maryknoll Convent School (Secondary Section), Liu, Jenny – 17*

Judge Pao judge Pao he is smart  
Always judging the right way  
Judge Pao judge Pao he is kind  
Helping people out of woe

Let us praise you mister Pao  
For all good deeds you have done  
Let us worship mister Pao  
Spread the love that he has left

Have you seen the crescent moon  
It's on his face shining bright  
Don't be afraid of his iron face  
It's how he scares villains away

Judge Pao! You are our hero!  
Millions of people you have helped will remember you forever!  
Judge Pao! Such a star!  
You will be praised even thousands of years later!

# New Tales of Judge Pao

*St. Clare's Girls' School, Yang, Wai Ting - 16*

As the clock struck twelve, the mist  
And crescent kissed.  
I woke up upon the coldness,  
Realised it was time to end this ridiculousness.  
Such a conspicuous truth,  
But I was blinded by my ruth.

Far from the city and the puissance of nobilis  
Was the Village of Amaryllis.  
A place to be jaunted,  
But was recently said to be haunted.  
The succession of tragedy  
Began with a male corpse in nudity.

With another young life fading away,  
I was invited by the village head to stay.  
The terrified atheists  
Asked me to judge the deadlines.  
For the purpose of sustaining justice,  
I started to collect evidence for the crisis.

All victims were males  
Carved with bloody spells cursing them to hell.  
Nonetheless, under the depictions of their wives,  
They were said to be innocent and white.  
Everything seemed normal and right,  
Except for the occasional cries during the night.

Trying to investigate the streets  
At night, but was asked by villagers to retreat.  
Avoiding the monitors, I sneaked into the worn-out  
House where the shrieks were extremely loud.  
Showered in the crimson  
Moonlight, there stood a long-haired woman.

To my horror,  
She was dissecting a man whose face was distorted by terror.  
I ran to stop her  
And brought this executioner to the villagers.  
However, the story was far from an end,  
As the creepy woman ascended  
In air and vanished.

She was a vengeful soul,  
Creating immense tolls.  
Later, I helped the villagers captured  
The ghost with an amulet and they were raptured.  
Yet, after the effacement of the ghost,  
A villager suddenly ran to me and forced me a dose  
Of poison.

To their surprise, I stood there unaffected,  
As I was protected.  
The ghost and I made a deal,  
I would help her achieve her ideal  
Revenge, as these villagers  
were human traffickers.

Blinded by their pathetic appearance  
Of losing a close friend of family member.  
I failed to realise their abhorrence  
Act of trafficking maidens, who made the cries in despair.  
The encounter  
With the ghost allowed me to understand the fact of the matter.

Thus, we put on a play  
At midnight and gave the villagers the last chance to repay.  
Fortunately, they chose to murder me  
So as to bury the truth forever and to flee.  
I left the village in flame,  
As the villagers were the one to blame.

“When there is no more room in hell,  
The dead will walk the earth.”  
Humanity were sometimes scarier than demons  
And ghosts. The dead cannot cry out for justice,  
It is the living who could be the daemon  
Of fairness and judge of injustice.

Amaryllis — the flower of blooming beauty,  
Buried the youth of hundreds of maidens in  
A small and isolated village, it is my duty  
To fight for their justice and allow the lost souls to be redeemed and to begin  
A new journey.

# The Way of Pao

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,  
Chan, Colloton Grace Din Yung – 15*

A mighty mind,  
Ascending from above.  
Where thy generations may rest.

He is just and he is fair.  
Under any circumstance he would stand,  
For what is right,  
Not for thy wrongs.

He is not an executioner,  
He never kills.  
He is not a person of hate,  
But a person of love,  
Who has not been corrupted,  
By the ugly visions of this world.

He is smart,  
Almost too smart.  
He can solve any crime,  
Understand any mind.  
He can enter the minds of people,  
Learning what made thee sin.

I dare thee.  
Let him look at thee right in the eyes,  
Even for a second.  
He will know all the things thee have done,  
All the things thee want to do,  
All the sins thee have committed.

His stories are known world-wide.  
From the catching of a thief,  
To the innocence of a guilty mind.  
His ways of proving the guilty  
Are intriguing and never alike.

He is full of scientific knowledge,  
That helps solve crimes.  
Yet he is religious with his craft,  
Making righteousness and justice,  
his divine inspiration.

A tale once told,  
Long, long ago  
But close within our hearts.  
Is that he was no ordinary man.  
Instead, he was no man.  
Just an image one creates in one's mind,  
Just a persona one wants to achieve.

Every day we leave our haven,  
We see him in the form of us,  
His new adventures awaiting to happen.  
But still we ask...

Is Pao still here?  
Is he within us?  
Is he us?  
Is he the angel that sits on the right side of our shoulder?  
That tells us to do just and right,  
To not ignore that nagging doubt?

And now I have this crime to solve,  
A crime this detective cannot pass on.  
Would Pao see the guilty mind as plain as can be?  
Or would Pao's attempt be as vain as me?

The situation is long gone,  
The weapon is lost,  
The suspect is here.  
But without the help of proof.  
The case will go cold.

With a check and check again,  
I think of Pao and his men,  
How will they construe this man?

Where will the suspect have left the weapon of sin?  
Maybe a look in his eye will tell me all of his sins.  
Just a look right in his eyes,  
Will give me a sign.  
A beacon of light to stride this case to its victory.

I close my eyes,  
A strike of light comes across my mind.  
A strike,  
A strike,  
A strike.

The weapon found,  
My case solved.  
Another day with Pao in my mind  
Helping me,  
Guiding me,  
To justice,  
And to right.

# The Modern World?

*St. Paul's Co-educational College, Mak, Wing Tung Gloria – 15*

A man of righteousness, wisdom and loyalty  
presides above all in his court, high and mighty  
Known to others as Judge Pao of Song,  
tirelessly does he work to discern those who have wronged

For many years, he has brought prosperity to the land,  
trustworthy advisors, cunning wit and a fine set of morals always at hand  
But when taken to the modern day,  
perhaps he will discover the differences of his ways

Wandering down the street, Judge Pao makes a peculiar observation  
Young women in tank tops and skirts, quite the abomination  
Surely this is a misdeed, for women should show restraint  
But this is the modern world, where dressing conservatively is mundane

Passing by a school, Judge Pao hears something atrocious  
Children jeering and calling their teachers nicknames, acting all precocious  
Surely this is a crime, for children should show respect  
But this is the modern world, where impertinence goes unchecked

Near a pedestrian crossing, Judge Pao witnesses a terrible episode  
A contemptible man with finger poised over phone, not helping his senior mother cross the road  
Surely this is a sin, for all human beings should show filial piety  
But this is the modern world, where family is no longer as valued in society

Throughout all this, Judge Pao realizes  
there is a vastly contrasting set of beliefs that modern civilization idealizes  
No amount of wit and righteousness in one man can change this situation  
It is up to each one of us to bring about true alleviation

# I See it in the Stars

*St. Paul's Co-educational College, Yeung, Nga Yee Winnie – 16*

On a darkened night, when dried leaves crackled,  
From the basement came an evil cackle.  
A smartly dressed boy, bound tight to a chair,  
Mouth muffled with rag, emitting sounds of despair.  
Cold sweat dripping and eyes full of fear,  
He stared at the man who stood with a sneer.  
“Your father better pay up, so say your prayers”  
The kidnapper smiled at the son of the mayor.

\*\*\*

When the mayor heard the news,  
His eyes turned red and his lips turned blue.  
His only son, kidnapped! And there was a note,  
On which the culprit daintily wrote:  
“Want your son back? Then bring me this:  
10 billion dollars, then you’ll have Chris.  
Put them in an envelope, then give it to me,  
Toss it in the mailbox on 12 Fletcher street.  
You better hurry, my patience is already wearing thin,  
72 hours you get, let the countdown begin.”

The mayor’s eyes widened at the sight of the request,  
“**10 billion dollars??**” **I must object!**  
The city is broke, and so am I,  
From the covid pandemic that swept through the night!  
I can’t afford this, oh what should I do?  
Oh dear heavens, I plead with you!”  
Desperate and panicked he started to weep,  
For he had no idea where for help he should seek.  
Then he remembered, today was the day,  
When the fabled Judge Pao would come for a stay.  
“**There is hope!**” he cried, “**A glowing light!**”  
“**To save my child from this plight!**”

\*\*\*

Furrowing his brows Pao peered at the note,  
He rubbed at his chin and smoothened his coat.  
“**It’s rather unfortunate, it’s a bit of a shame,**  
**That the man didn’t sign with his name,**”  
Murmuring to himself as he puffed his cigar,  
“**Instead there’s only a simple star.**”

\*\*\*

*After a day of investigation,  
Coffee breaks and consideration,  
The boy was guessed to be in a remote location,  
With the culprit – hired by a dark association.*

Toward the end of the 36th hour,  
Pao had figured out the main source of their power.  
The man was a crook at night, but by day,  
He was a worker at a local cafe.  
So they cornered the shop and brought in the men,  
And questioned each one, again and again.

But there was a problem – they all claimed they had,  
Nothing to do with the wrong and the bad.

But Judge Pao had a plan. “**Gents!**” He cried,  
“Come along now, follow me inside.  
We all wish to see justice restored,  
**So kindly draw a star on this whiteboard.**”  
Everyone stared in confusion: *Draw a star?*  
His scheme to catch criminals: Tell them to make art?  
But Pao remained resolute: Do as I say,  
And I promise you we’ll find him at the end of the day.

So the men trudged up and drew, one by one,  
A five stroked star, and when they were done,  
Pao pointed at the third fellow in the row,  
“**T**is you!” he roared, “**I**m certain, I know!”  
The man’s face covolted in shock,  
His knees trembled and his face turned chalk.  
“**N**–no! I swear! You have no such proof!  
No right throw false accusations under this roof!”

“**O**h but I do, for the stars have spoken.”  
Pao gestured towards the board, and with a swift motion,  
He circled the third star, gave it a tap,  
“You fell right into my trap.”

“Using a dying pen was your mistake,  
I could identify the order of strokes that you made,  
You started from the top, then went bottom right,  
Upper left, across, bottom left, the trails get light.  
And just now I observed how you  
Drew your star, **that’s** how I knew.”

“**A**rrest him guards! **H**andcuff him now!”  
Another case solved by the great Judge Pao!



# Poetry

Group 5

# The Scales

*ESF Sha Tin College, Ho, Athena – 17*

Under that clear sky  
Justice delivered by water –  
A thief's oiled fingers,  
copper coins,  
a peasant boy,

Impersonal is the sentence, yet so precious are the bonds

Those in pursuit of true justice must know  
surely,  
Of whether they are content to have  
the loneliest job in the world?  
Or if the toll of a scales' brass weight  
is a token of loss' favour,

Made rigid like an exclamation  
The purer the heavier, a coveted jadestone  
Every groundbreaking story closed  
Only aims to form another  
For who but precious History?

Which I imagine then  
if the Crescent Moon could ever learn leniency from law?  
Alas, the concubine of a principle promised to fairness

Voice of the commons, authority so solemn  
A heart like an atrium housing a phoenix –  
To condemn is to ask distance of its warmth.

# Judge Pao: The Chinese Icon

*Korean International School, Yuen, Wai Rainbow – 16*

Judge Pao, the chinese icon  
A hero, he is remembered  
A cultural icon, Judge Pao is  
You might be wondering who he is  
Well, here is Mr Judge Pao

Just by his name  
He is a judge, which is pretty obvious  
His traits are worth learning  
With total honesty  
And also uprightness

He wasn't afraid of sentencing his uncle to prison  
As he believed in justice  
He gained his title  
The honorable title  
Judge Pao  
The injustice defeater

So Judge Pao, the chinese icon  
A hero, he is remembered  
A cultural icon, Judge Pao is  
You might be wondering who he is  
Well, here is Mr Judge Pao

# Why Not Make Haste?

*St. Joseph's College, Siu, Sung Yan – 18*

down, down, down the rabbit hole,  
hear, hear, hear the chants of souls—  
wander, in restless rumbling murk  
Wonder, beneath it lurks

Ox Headed approaches with a cling, cling!  
Horse Faced arrives with silver chains dangling,  
“Follow us, follow us,” they say, “you are misplaced.  
Hurry up, hurry up. Make haste.”

“Who are you? Where am I?  
Why must I comply?”  
“Silence, speak no words,” says Horse Faced,  
“For you are dead and must make haste.”

From the murky depths we depart,  
At the lines in front of the 5th Infernal bureaucracy we part.  
Ember, the magenta glow of lanterns,  
Amber, the flame within paper auburn.

Strolling in the darkness as a ghost  
is not something I'd like to boast  
Yet— the eerily quaint scene, the soots of incense, soothed my soul  
I ponder about— afterlife, me, and the past — “MAKE HASTE!”

Resonating, I hear, the Yan Luo King's deep voice in the hall,  
Resonating, the parchment of my past spread open for all——

“Make haste!” Acquaintances said;  
“Make haste!” Strangers said;  
“Make haste!” Everyone said;  
“Why make haste?” I said.  
“But you must make haste.” They said;  
And so I acquire this state,  
“Why not make haste?”  
“MAKE HASTE!”

Not good, not bad— T'is the judgment,  
Out in a second, I have my soup  
To oblivate my past enjoyment and torment  
Hastily, leap into life's loop.

By the looking glass I observe my reflection,  
A rabbit, alas, is my complexion  
Hastily, I leap—  
down, down, down the rabbit hole.



# Poetry

Group 6

## Dear Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, Lee, Amber – 10*

Judges Who  
Understand and  
Defend those who are helpless has  
Great power and  
Expertise of the law.

Power over the bad people can  
Acquit the innocents and  
Object to injustice.

## Dear Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, Tsui, Yau Yau Claire Summer – 8*

“Judge Pao Judge Pao”, Pleads The man,  
“Understand that the bad guys will die.”  
“Dear Judge Pao,” said the woman,  
“Grudges doesn’t mean you chop off people’s heads  
Even if they stole mooncakes or bread.”

“Pow! Pow! Pao!”  
“Argue not!” Said Judge Pao  
“Oh, Go to jail!”

## Dear Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, Wong, Jing Yuk Euan – 12*

Dear Judge Pao  
Judge  
Understands the case  
Defends the law  
Gathers  
Evidence  
Prosecutes  
Accused and  
Offenders



# Poetry

Group 7

# Judge Bao

*Korean International School Springboard, Chen, Ue – 14*

Judge Bao is honest.

He is someone we can trust.

He is a good judge.

We all love him so much.

# Judge Bao and the Panda Family

*Korean International School Springboard, Choi, Mattea Abbey – 14*

One fine morning, Judge Bao stumbled across the Panda Family.  
They looked extremely adorable, didn't you see?  
After the Panda's Mom told him that one of the cubs had gone missing,  
Bao already went 'Panda Searching'.

He searched in, out, and all over the place.  
But no matter how he looked, he couldn't find it mainly in open space.  
Consequently, when he continued searching, there was still no hope.  
Did Judge Bao find the Panda cub yet? The answer is 'NOPE'.

Eventually, he heard a racket,  
Which is very loud compared to a silent pocket.  
He had finally found a panda cub,  
It was trying to escape the crowded Chinese pub.

When the panda cub exited the bar,  
It saw him as a judge-like superstar.  
Then, he brought it back to the family.  
Don't they look extremely happy?

# Judge Bao and the Family

*Korean International School Springboard, Chor, Damien – 15*

Judge Bao saw an upset boy,  
Many things, he wanted to destroy.  
The boy ran away from home,  
and built himself a place to roam.

Judge Bao felt bad for him,  
The family's faces looked grim.  
They let out a loud yelp,  
And asked Judge Bao for help.

Judge Bao said "Go away!"  
And the family said "Please! It'll make our day!"  
Judge Bao stopped to think,  
He scribbled some notes with ink.

Judge Bao said "Sure I'll do it!"  
But, I'll do it how I see fit.  
Judge Bao went to find the kid,  
and found the dome where he hid.

# Judge Bao goes to my School

*Korean International School Springboard, Chor, Damien – 15*

Judge Bao came in the morning  
to the students, It was a warning  
Judge Bao will find all the bad  
This made of students were sad

Judge Bao went to a class  
He was watching through the glass  
Judge Bao saw some boys are fighting  
They were supposed to be writing.

Judge Bao senses what is wrong  
He thought that's cannot for long.  
But the boys kept fighting and yelling  
Judge Bao thought it's time for telling

He told the boys this is not right  
Fixing things, no need to fight  
He told them to use their words  
Instead of packing like birds  
He fixed the problem fairly  
The problem was fault, but barely  
He told the dairy

## New Tales of Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, Kwan, Jordan – 16*

Judge Bao visited the village,  
People suffered food shortages.  
Judge Bao thinks about what he can do,  
To end the problems too.

## Judge Bao Meeting Someone

*Korean International School Springboard, Lin, Adrian – 17*

Judge Bao went to the mountain,  
Where there was a huge fountain.  
He sat near the water,  
And then came his daughter.

She said “Hi dad!”  
And then said “This is the work that I had!”  
Judge Bao said “You have nice work!”  
And gave his daughter a smirk.

On the mountain, they played a board game,  
And then Bao’s friend came.  
His friend walked up the stairs,  
And gave his friend a chair.

When night fell, they had dinner,  
During the eating contest, Judge Bao was the winner.  
Judge Bao then became fat,  
And his daughter gave his tummy a pat.

## New Tales of Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, Ryan, Ffion Angela – 14*

One day Judge Bao went to the sea,  
He brought some yummy tea.  
He then saw a lady in the water,  
He wanted to call her.

He yelled “What’s your name?”  
He thought no girl looks the same.  
She turned and said hello,  
And moved like she was very slow.

Judge Bao asked if she was okay,  
And she said she had a long long day.  
Her name was Yen Bao,  
And he said “Wow I too am Bao .”

## New Tales of Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, Chau, Kirsten Hannah – 19*

He is a man of honor and integrity.  
He defended peasants and the needy.  
He punished those who are cruel and evil.  
He is a hero and loved by many.

In twenty five years of service,  
He only shows honesty and uprightness.  
Who in this modern world can you call for justice and mercy?  
Who will be the hero for many?  
Who will be like Judge Pao that lives a legendary life of integrity?

## New Tales of Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, So, Yan Tung Kristy – 17*

Just  
Understanding  
Selfless  
Trustworthy  
Impressive  
Courageous  
Excellent

Praiseworthy  
Able  
Outstanding

## New Tales of Judge Pao

*Korean International School Springboard, Tang, Sze Chai Adrienne – 18*

Where the judge watches  
Judge Pao was very wise  
He lived on top of a star  
And watched all fairness

## The Judge

*Korean International School Springboard, Yeo, Yeu Jeon Darren – 14*

Judge Bao  
Upright and brave man  
Distinguished by the moon on his head  
Good judge  
Everybody loves him