



# Poetry

Group 1

# Paper Power

*Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chan, Casey Mia – 8*

In a great country of wisdom and fame,  
There lived a scholar, Cai Lun, by name.  
Inspired by wasps and busy bees,  
He gathered the bark from mulberry trees.

The pulp so tender, the rags so old,  
He pounded and soaked them, the story told.  
He pressed and dried from night to morn,  
Creating sheets of paper, an invention was born!

The genius sought materials with grace,  
And made into something that all would embrace.  
The birth of paper, a treasure found,  
No longer scrolls of bamboos around.

The learned and poets were fascinated by the change,  
Transcribing their verses on a wider range.  
Across the Silk Road, its influence grew,  
Connecting cultures, new ideas flew.

Cai Lun cleverly delved into nature,  
Giving the world a brighter future.  
Our utmost gratitude to the creation of paper,  
And most of all, the great nation China!

# The Creation Of The Compass

*Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chan, Jacey Megan – 8*

Amidst ancient China's lands,  
A gift's crafted by two skilful hands.  
He was Shen Kuo, a Chinese scientist,  
A polymath and a horologist.

Born in Hangzhou, the capital city  
Of eastern China during the Song Dynasty.  
A wise mind of the Middle Kingdom,  
Shen was a master of ingenious wisdom.

With the power of a magnetic stone,  
A secret force, a power unknown.  
A needle, trembling, sought the way,  
Navigating sailors in the ocean spray.

Shen invented the compass, a guiding light,  
Unveiling mysteries of the day and night.  
Also the first to discover the true north,  
A path to follow, a course set forth.

Now, the compass spreads far and near,  
Treasured and embraced by all who steer.  
From the Silk Road to endless boundary,  
We rejoice in this wonderful glory!

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*Diocesan Preparatory School, Chim, Ho Chit – 8*

Compass is very practical,  
Hikers find it useful.  
It was invented long ago,  
North, East, South or West,  
Around the world everyone knows, it's the best.

Improvement made our lives go smoothly,  
Night and day Chinese tested the inventions thoroughly,  
Various inventions made were so cool.  
Electric solar panels, papers and gunpowder,  
Neither you nor me was the inventor.  
Today and the day after tomorrow,  
Inventing something new is my goal.  
Observing people's need from time to time,  
New designs help us survive,  
Sooner or later no one would die.

## The Printing Poem

*ESF Bradbury School, Chan, Jayden – 6*

Plastics, paper, metal and chair.  
Printing can be everywhere.  
Printing is one of China's inventions.  
Let me tell you about this great creation.

Long long time ago,  
People copied words on stones, bones and bamboo, but it was slow.  
Until Bi Sheng from Song Dynasty invented something amazing.  
The first movable type printing is still what we are praising.

Modern printers are made from rollers,  
With tubs of ink in different colours.  
A stack of paper goes into the printer.  
Sheets of paper come out full of colours.

Open your eyes and look around.  
Is there any printing that can be found?  
Printing can be everywhere.  
Do you have a story to share?

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Poon, Hoi Yan Cathy – 9*

Gunpowder can be beautiful but also dangerous

Used for flaming arrows for battle

Need some flammable powder instead of potions for morality

Powder can be used for fireworks

Often use in different wars

William brought gunpowder back to Europe

Dangerous things are all around the world

Everyone knows about gunpowder now

Return back to normal and stop having a war and use less gunpowder

## Four Great Inventions of China

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Po, Hoi Ching – 9*

Do you know the “Four Great Inventions of Ancient China”?

Paper was invented by Cai Lun.

Paper was made from mashed-up plants and rags, spread over a bamboo screen.

Because of inventing paper, writing and printing are user-friendly now.

It is so wonderful.

Printing technique was invented by Bi Sheng.

Printing was carved words into stone tablets and then made ink rubbings.

Because of Printing technique, copying is faster now.

It is so efficient.

Gunpowder was invented by Chinese alchemists during the Tang Dynasty.

Gunpowder was made from salt paper, sulfur and carbon of charcoal with honey.

Gunpowder was used for making fireworks.

It is so fantastic.

Compass was invented by ancient Chinese in the Han Dynasty.

Compasses help sailors navigate at sea.

Compasses tell us the directions.

It is so amazing.

Tell you a secret.

I want to be an inventor too.

I want to invent a “Homework Robot”.

If I succeed, it is so incredible!

# The Ingenious Chinese Inventions

*Marymount Primary School, Chan, Chloe Caroline – 7*

The Earthquake Detector was invented in 132 AD,  
Or more specifically, the Han dynasty.

The instrument was shiny with many dragons,  
But it was too heavy to carry with wagons.

If an earthquake is happening in the Southeast,  
A bronze ball will roll out from the mouth of its beast.

Gunpowder was made in the Tang dynasty,  
Around the 9th century.

Made by Nitrate, Sulphur and Charcoal,  
Exploding things is its end finishing goal.

Commonly used in warfare,  
It became soldiers' nightmare.

Around the 11th century,  
During the prosperous Song dynasty,

The copper coins were way too heavy,  
Hence the government invented paper money.

It was first used by merchants looking for trade,  
Paper money was a brilliant upgrade.

These remarkable inventions that were made,  
Throughout all the reigns, deserving a parade.

The ingenious inventions unfurled,  
Changing nations around the world.

# New Year Eve Fireworks

*Marymount Primary School, Chung, Ming Sum Deanna – 7*

Crackling, Sizzling, Bang,  
Purple, Red, Green, Cyan,  
The scene is amazing.

People are looking into the sky,  
They are shooting fireworks up high,  
People are celebrating.

Today is the last day of the year,  
Family and friends cheer,  
Tomorrow is a new beginning.

Boom, boom, boom,  
Evils go away,  
Surely will bring lucky days.

# Embracing Connections

*St. Joseph's Primary School, Lo, Chun Hei Brandon – 8*

In ancient times where dragons soar,  
Lived curious hearts that longed to explore.  
Though oceans were deep and mountains high,  
They embarked on journeys far and wide.

A magnetised needle on a leaf  
And a bowl of water was all they need.  
With a compass in hand, they sailed the seas  
Guided by stars and carried by breeze.

Directions all set yet challenges remained,  
For the weather was not forever plain.  
When rough winds blew and tides ran high,  
The ships were tossed and swept aside.

With that in mind, Lu Ban observed  
Fish swim with grace in the way they swerve.  
Enlightened by nature, he invented the rudder,  
That steered the ships through stormy weather.

Deep blue conquered, the next step was flight.  
Silk fabric on bamboo frames, the very first kite.  
Carrying messages across the distance,  
Onto battlefields to the army's assistance.

As gears of the clock turn the wheel of time,  
Opportunities open up to all of mankind.  
Inventions, creations, a flurry of innovations,  
Closing the gaps between human connection.

And China has never stopped in her tracks,  
Advanced and progressed ever so fast.  
Like high-speed camera twirling in a blur,  
Astonishing the world as transformations occur.

For now time has reached the modern day,  
Exploration dreams have never swayed.  
A spaceship was launched to study the heavens,  
By the name of Shenzhou, to solve science questions.

With Tiangong space station, the docking was done,  
Taikonauts work hard there and float around in fun.  
And Mars' space mission on its rocky plains,  
The rover, Tianwen, exploring the terrain.

Up in the skies there was C919,  
A home-grown airliner developed ever so fine.  
While millions of people gleefully gather,  
Watching her glide low over Victoria Harbour.

Over the Earth and the universe we roam,  
But home is the place we call our own.  
Deep, deep within we never forget

It is our loved ones we yearn to connect.

So let us navigate the uncharted skies  
To a future where endless possibility arise.  
With flying suits and time machines,  
Glowing underwater cities so serene.

And by then, my friend...

Wherever you are, whatever place it might be  
From the depths of the sea to the alpine trees,  
To the ends of the Earth on the distant shores,  
Where snowflakes pour and seagulls soar

Would the distance between you and me  
Be merely an open door?

## Seasonal Strolls

*St. Joseph's Primary School, Shih, Ching Yau Quentin – 8*

I notice the **Pure Brightness** of **Rain Water** and verdant green of budding shoots at the **Beginning of Spring**,  
Native swallows savouring the **Grain Rain** and **Waking the Insects** as they dance in the **Spring Equinox** rain.

Vivaciously hoping for **Grain in Ear** since the **Beginning of Summer**, cicadas sing to rejoice at **Grain Full**,  
Enduring **Slight Heat** and scared of **Great Heat**? Sip the **Summer Solstice** melon drink to keep you cool!

Nibble on osmanthus jelly with **White Dew** Wine, I feel the fading **Limit of Heat** at the **Beginning of Autumn**,  
The wild geese travel south to dodge **Cold Dew** and **Descent of Frost** as the **Autumnal Equinox** sun sets to the  
cumquat sky bottom.

I ask Li Bai to write Plum Blossoms in **Slight Snow** as I feel **Slight Cold** at the **Beginning of Winter**,  
On cliffs icicles dangle in **Great Snow**, eating sweet dumplings on **Winter Solstice** keeps me away from **Great Cold**  
and quivers.

Now can you spot the **24 solar terms** embedded in the last four stanzas?

String the first letter of each line to uncover the wisdom of great China's inventions – maybe you'll be the next  
inventor!

## Bamboo Wisdom

*St. Joseph's Primary School, Wong, Joel Chun Him – 9*

Strong, hollow, bamboo poles,  
From bamboo forests to scaffolds.  
Chinese wisdom centuries old,  
Still alive today, do you know?

Clever scaffolders with lion hearts,  
Weave bamboo webs like spider crafts.  
At scary heights they perch and climb,  
Skyscrapers constructed to soar and shine!

Bamboo towers, balconies, braces,  
Reaching incredible heights and places.  
Nature, ancient wisdom and techniques,  
Organic, sustainable, matching today's needs!

Fewer, fewer scaffolders now,  
Preserve bamboo scaffolding, but how?  
Battling with modern metals now,  
Bamboo poles will never bow!

## New Tales of China Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chung, Derek – 8*

China is a great inventor.  
GUNPOWDER, compass, paper and printing,  
They are famous inventions of the past.

Fireworks light up the sky with colourful raindrops.  
Captains find their directions at the sea.  
Books are light and easy to carry.  
No need to copy repeatedly.

China is a smart inventor.  
Digital fireworks made by drones,  
Global navigation sent from space,  
Electronic books and videos,  
All available at a finger's touch.

China is a mighty inventor.  
High speed trains travel like a bullet.  
Tao Bao, We Chat and Alipay,  
make our life simpler and easier.  
Keep going, China!

## Our Precious Treasure

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Luk, Anderson – 8*

Rice is white, small and yummy.  
It goes in your tummy.  
Rice can be shushi.  
Rice can also be congee.  
There are different kinds of rice.  
Red rice, white rice and brown rice.  
Rice is nice.  
It is healthy.  
It can give you energy.  
Rice has vitamin A.  
Eat rice every day.  
Rice is grain like wheat.  
It is good to eat.  
China has the most rice.  
You can get it at a cheap price.  
Rice is the best.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary And Primary School, Yasar, Inayah – 7*

China's Inventions have changed the world

How many do you know? Name them in words!

First one is Paper making, what materials were they using?

Bark, hemp and bamboo, isn't it amazing?

Next one is Printing it saves you time from copying

That's all? Not yet.

Have you ever thought of how ancient people did travelling?

They followed the north star.

What if the weather wasn't promising?

Luckily someone smart had invented a compass

To make places easy to be accessed

Now let's talk about China's Inventions in modern time

World's fastest high speed rail, have you ever tried?

Mobile payment which is a great convenience to everyone

Making videos on Tik Tok is super fun!

Now you guys have learnt all these,

Will you be proud of the Chinese?

# I Am Silk

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Choi, Ming Wai Serena – 9*

The tiny silkworm, my creator,  
Munches on mulberry leaves,  
feasting for forty-two days.  
From one long thread it spins an oval-shaped cocoon,  
white, furry, the size of your finger tip.  
Eight days later, it dies from heat,  
workers unwind the cocoon,  
giving birth to me!

They brush the clumps of dirt away,  
dye me the colours of the rainbow.  
Carrot orange, sea blue, salmon pink, raw banana green,  
even black zebra stripes, everything you can imagine.  
I am a roll of silk, with lovely flower patterns.

Some of us are thick, some of us thin,  
we become carpets, blankets, some clothes.  
I sit in a shop awaiting my fate.  
I am perfect whether hot or cold,  
as a blanket smooth on your bed,  
or a shirt beautiful on your body.

I was born in ancient China,  
And I live to this day.  
I feel joyful to be silk,  
And make you joyful too.

# Chinese Development

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lee, Alexa Joy – 8*

Chinese are the greatest inventors,  
Have been inventors for thousands of years.  
I think they are the best creators.  
No way they have frightening fears.  
Exciting to see their strong power.  
Since people from other places all prefer,  
Easy for the Chinese to make it occur!

Don't underestimate their abilities,  
Especially since they focus on endless possibilities.  
Victory is the door to responsibilities,  
Even though they have to work on durability.  
Living things sometimes count on them,  
Obligation is where their ambitions stem.  
Prices may be high, sometimes may be low.  
May more inventions start to grow.  
Exploration is within them.  
Next you can see them working from AM to PM.  
Their work is a real precious gem!

## My Computer T-shirt with Solar Panel

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Yang, Si Cheng Natalie – 8*

My T-shirt is so cool, a computer's embedded,  
It is a magical tee, making my days bright.  
Go with a skirt so twirly, not a smidgen of fright,  
No ugliness here, just purely fashionable sprite.

A solar panel on the tee's sweetest scene,  
Shining like a star, oh, it's so keen!  
As I stroll by wavy canals, on a boat serene,  
Steak automatically ordering by it, a hilarious routine.

Life gets breezy, oh, what a treat,  
With tiny computer buddy, life's comfy seat.  
Healing hugs when I'm feeling beat,  
Bandages and slings, making pain retreat.

Through paths intricate, a T-shirt so sly,  
Launching bubbles, oh my, oh my!  
Cleansing and giggling, reaching the sky,  
The computer's tiny as a bean, it winks with a sly try.

Study and read, in the moonlight's glow,  
Computer whispers, like a friend in the know.  
Imagination soars, in a funny flow,  
T-shirt antics, as if putting on a dazzling show.

Rolling, jumping, with a playful spin,  
I take off my tee, in a world of whimsy within.  
Dreams unfold, in a giggle-filled din,  
My T-shirt's tale, where laughter's the kin.

## A Time Travel Poem

*The French International School, TKO, Zhang, Harper – 7*

In the future I think we will have Time Machines! They would probably cost 7900\$.  
In the rustles of fall the children grow nice and tall .  
2017 ,China . Come try the dumplings taste in time to waste!  
2013 ,UK . when it's raining, we'll go out pull a hood !  
10,000 BC .Caveman age . While others stay in the caves nice and good!When is spring we have picnics and we  
bring fruits !  
A.D 393 Rome. While adults have romantic dinners,Olympics called her winners!  
Don't wait, don't hesitate. Come travel with me !

## New Adventures of Yutu-2

*The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chung, Jacob – 7*

Boom boom boom.  
So close are we, but yet so distant.  
Far side of the mystical moon,  
Finally we land, thanks to our nation's persistence.

Hop hop hop.  
I see the Palace of the Moon,  
Drowned in darkness, ice on top.  
Besides an osmanthus tree, a long lost rune.

Who is that lady in Chinese attire,  
Frozen in a moment of history?  
Is that Chang'e,  
Who has lived there for years, alone in misery?

Hold my hands,  
Let me take you to Mars.  
Out of our solar system, untouched by man,  
Into mysterious outer space, home to billions of shining stars.

Come what may,  
Let science lead the way.  
We push to innovate every day,  
What do you say?

# The Inventions that Changed the World

*The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Lui, Joelle – 8*

Do you love to write?

Paper was never white.  
It was made out of hemp and tree bark.  
I love doodling in the park.  
Papermaking brought us literacy, knowledge and enjoyment.

Do you want to wipe your bottom with your bare hands?  
Toilet paper saved our two hands.  
But it hurts our butts.

As it was made from rice straw that was very rough.  
Toilet paper brought us hygiene, sanitation and prevention.

Do you love licking ketchup off your fries?  
Ketchup is the best sauce in disguise.  
Keh-jup was made with fish sauce and soybeans.  
It was a saviour for long voyages and submarines.  
Ketchup brought us indulgence, flavours and pleasure.

Do you enjoy watching the crackling flames from fireworks?  
Gunpowder was an accidental curse.  
Longevity medicine was the original plan,  
'Smoke flowers' were turned into cannons and bombs for clans.  
Fireworks brought us hope, happiness and celebrations.

Do you ever feel tired from copying?  
Movable type printing was a lot of carving.  
Thousands of iron plates,  
Millions of books and scholars graduate.  
Printing brought us equality in education, scholars and news updates.

Do you find carrying coins cumbersome and jangly?  
Strings of copper coins were heavy to carry.  
Paper money was later called 'flying money',  
It is so light that it can slip out of our hands like a little bunny.  
Paper money brought us convenience, trading and wealth.

Can we go on a time machine?  
To see what other amazing inventions that the Chinese made.  
Silk, wheelbarrow, crossbow, compass, seismograph and more.  
Today's high speed trains, fiber optics and the world's longest cable bridge.  
The Chinese were the ones who thought of it all.  
Cai Lun, Bi Sheng, and Li Tian were the great inventors.  
Will you be next?

# My Belt and Road Railway Journey

*Victoria Shanghai Academy, Chan, Eugene – 7*

On the train, I hop with joy.  
An adventure awaits for this young boy.  
Towering mountains, side by side  
To my left and right the entire ride!  
As this locomotive makes the bend,  
Snapshots of landscapes I will send  
To my teachers, my grandparents and my best friend.

Now, on a bridge high above the water,  
The closer radiant sun made it seem hotter.  
Could you imagine how far we have come?  
The thought of riding horses and wagons made me feel numb.

The stars are like cities that scattered and glowed.  
Like Beijing, Moscow and Venice, connected along the Belt and Road.  
A spiderweb of rails that can connect the world:  
Travellers, tourists and businessmen can see cultures unfurled.

Can you see the crowd at every station we pass?  
People from all over the world, together at last!  
Some go home after a long year of school,  
Tired mummies carrying babies covered in drool.

A modern Silk Road allows ideas to be free.  
But not just silk, spices, cotton and tea!  
I won't forget to mention technology!

We stop in Kunming and rest for the day.  
Destination: Vientiane, on the China–Loas Railway!  
Over a thousand kilometres of spectacular views,  
No wonder so many people waited in queues!

We finally hop on, and my seatbelt is buckled.  
My sister is excited as she laughed and chuckled.  
Mama gives us a warm and sweet cuddle.  
Limestone rock mountain as high as the sky,  
My sister spotted rice paddies with her cute little eyes!

It's amazing to imagine how Chinese inventors think.  
Once a landlocked country, Laos is now land–linked!  
All because of an engineer named JEME Tien Yow.  
Projects like Belt and Road  
Proves the future is now!

At the end of the ride, we see our dad.  
I'm glad I wrote this poem to save the fond memories I had.

# The China's Great Inventions

*YK Pao School, Chen, Anne – 6*

From ancient China to modern China,  
Via the silk road, across the sea,  
China's inventions brought prosperities  
To the East and West.

China's four great inventions  
Changed the world.  
Compass made it easier to travel.  
Gunpowder made beautiful fireworks for us all.  
Paper, together with printing,  
Made books more common to people.

One of the western merchants in Yuan Dynasty,  
Marco Polo, a big fan of China,  
Brought lots of Chinese goods back to Europe,  
Making Chinese silk, teas, and porcelains.  
Even the recipe of Chinese noodles  
Was popular in the West.

Swooshing, whooshing and whizzing,  
If Marco Polo were travelling to modern China,  
He would be surprised  
To see the high speed rail.  
He would gasp with admiration:  
"How splendid!"

High speed, the Chinese speed,  
Saving the time and cost,  
Bringing people closer together.

While the moon is a part of ancient Chinese myths,  
Modern Chinese have launched the Chang-e Lander and Yutu Rover  
To fly to the far side of the moon.  
Chinese inventions are great and legendary.  
Chinese inventions are continuing  
And going beyond.



Creative Writing  
Poetry

Group 1

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan, Ngok Fung Alvin – 6*

In ancient China, where wonders abound,  
Inventions were born, with joy they astound.  
From the compass that guided brave explorers,  
To the swift abacus, with its calculating powers.

Oh, how the fireworks lit up the night,  
With colours and sparks, a glorious sight!  
From gunpowder's magic, they were born,  
To celebrate festivals, a joy to adorn.

The art of papermaking, so delicate and fine,  
Brought knowledge and stories to every line.  
Books and scrolls, with wisdom contained,  
In ancient China, knowledge reigned.

The grand Great Wall, stretching afar,  
A marvel of engineering, a majestic star.  
Built to protect, to defend with might,  
A symbol of strength, a glorious sight.

And let us not forget, the mighty porcelain,  
With its delicate beauty, a treasure to win.  
From vases to bowls, each piece unique,  
Ancient China's pottery, a joy to seek.

So let us rejoice in ancient China's glory,  
Inventions that shaped our world, their story.  
With gratitude and wonder, we raise our voice,  
To celebrate their brilliance, let's rejoice!

## China's Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Ho, Tak Yuet – 8*

China's inventions are really useful.  
They made most of what we use today!  
All of these things are really helpful!  
They help us with our everyday routines!

When we want to remember things,  
We write and draw on a piece of paper.  
When we want to get explosive fireworks,  
All we need is some gunpowder.

Compass is a mini map for us,  
We use it for hiking and sailing.  
Umbrellas can shelter us from the sunlight,  
It also covers us when it's raining!

Toothbrushes are mops for our teeth,  
They help to make them sparkly white and clean!  
We use silk to make pretty clothes,  
It transforms us into king and queen!

## A Magical Substance

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Kwong, Ching Hei Colin – 7*

Gunpowder, powerful and bold,  
A spark of fire, a story unfolds.

Sulfur, charcoal, and saltpeter's blend,  
Unleashing its power to the greatest extent.

With fiery might, it shapes history's course,  
From ancient battles to modern force.

From cannons' roar to fireworks' glow,  
Gunpowder's magic, a dazzling show.

On the bright side, it helps build tunnels and roads,  
Yet many lives could be lost in one shot, oh no!

So let us use it with mindful care,  
Respecting its power, aware and aware.

# Fireworks

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wan, Ho Ching Sophia – 7*

Looking to the skies  
Colourful fireworks  
Blasting through the air  
Boom! Boom! Boom!

Looking to the skies  
Sparkling jellyfishes  
Drifting through the air  
Blink! Blink! Blink!

Looking to the skies  
Thousands of comets  
Travelling through the air  
Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Looking to the skies,  
Glowing flowers  
Blooming in the sky  
Kaboom! Kaboom! Kaboom!

# Poetry

Group 2



# Bloom

*Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Lui, Devon – 9*

Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Splashes of colours paint the gloom.  
Letting out an amazed gasp,  
As the child tightens her grasp.  
Perched on her father's broad shoulders,  
Thunderous wonders make her shudder.  
Red, orange, yellow,  
These hues pull her lips into a radiant smile.

Flowers are ephemeral.  
Tender buds of luscious green unravel,  
Delicate petals of baby pink unfold.  
Bursts of fiery scarlet blossom, uncontrolled.  
Shimmers and glimmers light up the sky,  
Finally, it withers; finally, it dies.

Starting the Chinese New Year with a festive cheer,  
Fireworks over the Victoria Harbour is a tradition we all hold dear.  
A spectacle worth remembering,  
The little girl has never seen something as exhilarating.

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Thud! Thud! Thud!  
Tendrils of smoke and stench of blood,  
Permeates her home,  
The poor child has nowhere left to roam.  
Without her father's warm embrace,  
She sulks in a shadowed corner for what seems like endless days.  
A blank look in her eye,  
She does not flinch as missiles fly.

Explosions are deafening.  
Amber sparks of death scattering.  
Poisonous puffs of mushroom billow in the shrieking wind,  
No building left unsinged.  
Screams of terror erupt in the dark,  
Bloody stains leave an imperishable mark.  
A fireball ignites and another fades,  
Just like the life of a poppy in a summer haze.

She peers out the window,  
Overflowing with sorrow.  
Relentless raging tongues of flames,  
Bringing her back to the blazing fields of poppies where she and her friends played games.  
She wonders why, she wonders how,  
Something so beautiful could be so catastrophic now.  
Her home will never be the same,  
After the blooms of doom came.

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Wei Boyang, the father of gunpowder, would have never thought,  
His creation terrorizes the world as a weapon of assault.  
Illuminating the pitch black night,  
Fireworks shine with all their might.  
No innocent souls should ever succumb or feel pain,  
The only wish I have is for peace to reign.  
I hope the two young girls will meet one day,  
Holding a bouquet of peace lilies under a magnificent fireworks display!

## **New Tales of China's Inventions**

*Diocesan Preparatory School, Ng, Tsz Yui – 10*

Ancient China's many inventions, Paper, Compass, Printing and Gunpowder.  
Like a miracle with power, we now always question how.  
How could they do it without modern technology?  
Because they are very smart to create new things!

China's great inventions are not only limited to the past,  
the inventions in modern China can also last forever.  
When Wechat and Tiktok were invented,  
they are not going to be the last!

We love China's inventions,  
love that can't be mentioned,  
we will let China's inventions last forever!

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*ESF Beacon Hill School, Srivastava, Twisha – 9*

The Chinese inventions are so cool,  
That proves that they are not fools.  
China has made so many inventions,  
Without any tension!

They invented a compass,  
That actually works.  
And the sailors used it,  
When they got dispersed.

Write and write, draw and draw,  
It is fun to draw on paper.  
All thanks to China for inventing it,  
They definitely had no time to be a caper!

The Chinese are very creative,  
They made gunpowder which is very important for a rocket and a gun,  
They must have took a lot of time until they were done!

The Ancient China invented wooden kites (Muyuan)  
That sent messages while it has flights.

Brush brush brush your teeth,  
Kill the germs with horse hair (bristles) and bones (handles).  
China invented toothbrush!  
Although it feels filthy to brush like that,  
But they must've worked hard thinking on it,  
While they sat.

Rain rain go away,  
Give me an umbrella each rainy day,  
Thank you Lu Ban for a waterproof day!

Hail hail pure silk!  
Soft, smooth, slippery and light.  
The Chinese invented fresh cocoon silk,  
I will buy it if I might.

Sip,sip,gulp and gulp.  
The Ancient China invented tea.  
Yummy,green,old and drinkable  
If someone wants to try it,  
That would be me!

Not just these,  
They also got us paper money (flying money),  
And got it easy in our pockets with no metal coins,  
Now it mustn't be hard,  
For all girls and boys.

I want to see if there will be flying vehicles,  
So I could see how they hover in the sky!  
I'll always want to see if I could have a clone,  
So I would never be alone,  
It would be so much fun to travel through time!

Surely, it wouldn't be the same  
Without the creative China.  
They invented one of the most important things!

We should say a big thanks to that country,  
Those inventions could cost  
More than a sundry!

# High Speed Rail/ Mobile Payment /Bike Sharing/ Shopping Online

*ESF Discovery College, Zhang, Haoxuan Johnson – 10*

## **High speed rail:**

The steel is painted, red, blue, and white,  
The high speed rail is ready to blast with all its might,  
It speeds faster, and faster, to reveal a glorious and blurred sight.  
The wheels screech,  
As the next stop meets,  
Passengers flee,  
Before the train leaves.  
You look outside,  
To see a second train pass by.  
The train is blurred,  
Neither could you see a bird.  
When the train blasts through the air,  
You could get a little scared,  
For you might be unaware,  
If you are going too high in midair.  
The tip of the train,  
Bursts through the air.  
It starts the break in terrific speed,  
It does not care.  
The windows show the outside world,  
It shows the pattern of the wind swirl,  
Showing how much the trees grow.

## **Mobile payment:**

The network is fast, knowledgeable, and wide,  
The phone is about to pay for a ride,  
The money goes faster, and faster, until it transfers to its new home to help it thrive.  
The money stays,  
Until it's time to go away,  
They go and stay,  
Before they could settle and stay.  
You use it now and then,  
Until you have less of it again.  
You don't need to waste paper,  
It could make the world stapler.  
When you use it now, and then, you could get scared,  
For you might be unaware,  
If you spend it here, and there.  
After travelling to another place,  
The money would need to find some space.  
It would start to settle down,  
Before it needs to travel round.  
It travels away from your device,  
Before you could roll a dice.

**Bike sharing:**

The wheels go sprinting, squinting, and spinning,  
It always starts from the beginning.  
The pedals spin,  
Around and around,  
The wheels get pinned,  
Down to the ground.  
The handlebars move,  
Left to right,  
As they turn the bike,  
Just up right.  
When you balance on the bike,  
You will notice it would be as easy as having a hike.  
You have to scan the QR code,  
Then you hit the road.  
You could ride east,  
You could ride west,  
You could at least,  
Do what you think best.  
You could ride north,  
You could ride south,  
You could ride forth,  
But close your mouth.  
Feel the wind,  
Cut through your chin.  
Feel the rumble,  
But don't tumble.  
Sit up straight,  
At this state.  
You might fall,  
Or crash into a wall.  
It's up to you.

**Shopping online:**

The network is big, knowledgeable, and wise,  
You could sit at home and rest your eyes.  
For when you need something,  
You could hold out your phone,  
Then you look for something you would want to own.  
The wheels stop,  
The packages land with a flop.  
The doorbell rings,  
With all of the things,  
The door swings.  
You get your package,  
That hasn't been damaged,  
You open the box which you could manage,  
So that you could take out your cabbage.  
You buy more and more things,

Which means more and more they bring,  
You could get rings, swings, and some other things,  
When the doorbell rings.

# An Omen for the Compass

*ESF Glenealy School, Mithaiwala, Mariya – 8*

China' world's first civilization.  
Developed a magnetic compass used for navigation.

South pointing fish was an amazing invention.  
That helped explorers steer in the right direction.

Lodestone was the material used.  
Steel as the indicator was introduced.

Made in the early 11th to 12th century.  
It was Han dynasty's remarkable victory.

An aid when the sun and stars were concealed.  
Became an eye for the sailors to see.

Shen Kuo was the creator.  
His innovation made China greater.

Spoon was used as orienting arrow.  
Helped navigators find directions to follow.

This glorious discovery was worthwhile.  
It benefited the world from time to time.

China's creation helped geographical research.  
To discover new terrains on mother earth.

# The Four Great Inventions of China

*ESF Kennedy School, You, Dora – 10*

In ancient China, inventions profound,  
Four treasures emerged, their legacy unbound,  
Guiding us throughout our life,  
Let's enhance this ode to their glory,  
And tell their tales with poetic story

A needle, magnetised, in water's embrace,  
Seems so plain and lacks elegance,  
But beyond its simplicity,  
An indispensable tool, that shows you the way,  
Yep, that is the incredible compass!

A mix of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre,  
Will not result into a magical potion,  
Instead a deadly chemical is formed,  
Which has caused tragedies but also joy,  
Yep, that is the extraordinary gunpowder!

Wooden blocks, etched with patterns unique,  
Dipped in ink,  
Are the start of a thousand books,  
Beginning with just one letter,  
Yep, that is the marvellous printing press!

Rags, tree bark, hemp and water mashed then squeezed  
Could possibly be considered as garbage,  
But it bears history's light,  
A canvas for wisdom and thought,  
Yep, they are magnificent pieces of paper!

These great inventions, these great ideas,  
Are priceless gifts from the past,  
Enriching our world, forever to last,  
China's legacy, woven in time's embrace,  
Inspiring wonder and awe, leaving a glorious trace.

# Gunpowder

*ESF Quarry Bay School, Lau, Esther – 10*

In ancient China,  
Where secrets reside deep below,  
Bamboo stands steady and tall,  
A power is born from fire's delight,  
Gunpowder,

A group of legends circle with pride,  
Was it the monks or was it the alchemists?  
Nobody knows,  
Secret unrevealed,

A hint of charcoal,  
A twinkle of sulfur,  
A sprinkle of saltpeter,  
Mixed, together, into an explosion,

Gunpowder, a force of might,  
Invention that brought both dark and light.  
With the power to conquer and defend,  
But also, the destruction it did send.

Wars waged with deadly intent,  
Lives lost, families torn, and rent.  
The sound of gunfire filled the air,  
Leaving behind a world in despair.

Communities shattered, peace disrupted,  
Gunpowder's impact cannot be disputed.  
Innovation and progress it did bring,  
Negative effects and devastation sing.

Let us learn from history's strife,  
Seeking peace and a better life.  
For in the shadows of gunpowder's reign,  
We must strive for harmony to regain.  
Although, the negative impacts reigned...

In ancient realms, the alchemist's quest,  
From China's shores to Europe's crest.  
Across the lands, their secret unfurled,  
Creating wonders that changed the world.

In ancient China, gunpowder's power,  
A monk's medicine, in every hour,  
From skin sores to suffering's sway,  
Healing herbs held the day,

In ancient China, gunpowder's might,  
A monk's medicine, helps to ease the fight,  
From skin to suffering, it brought relief,  
Healing herbs, a soothing belief.

Heroes the day.

From healing herbs to war's fierce might,  
Gunpowder's path took a daring flight.  
Explosions of colour, fireworks' birth,  
A journey of power, transforming Earth.

# Paper Money

*ESF Quarry Bay School, Lee, Michelle – 10*

In days of old, when China's Song Dynasty did reign,  
A new invention came to the land,  
Paper money, born of wisdom and design.  
With the need for coins no longer the norm,  
Paper money became the new form,  
a sheet of paper, with ink so fine,  
became the standard, and all could design.  
The first notes were issued by the state,  
To replace the copper coins, so great,  
Their value was fixed, and never changed,  
The people rejoiced, with joy so true,  
for paper money, a boon to them anew,  
No more the need for heavy coins of old,  
Just a light and portable paper to hold.  
The merchants and traders, they did cheer,  
For now their transactions were clear,  
No more the need for barter or trade,  
Just paper money, to ease the way,  
China's economy, did take flight,  
with paper money, the future in sight.

# The Four Great Inventions

*ESF Sha Tin Junior School, Dong, Elsa – 10*

In ancient lands, where legends were born,  
Four great inventions, from China's dawn.  
In tales of old their brilliance unfurled,  
Let's embark on a poetic journey,  
Entranced by their world.

First the compass, a guide in the night,  
Pointing true, a sailor's delight  
Magnetic needle, steady and sure,  
Navigating seas, unlocking distant shores.

Next, behold, paper, delicate and light,  
A medium for words, ideas taking flight  
Brush strokes dancing, calligraphy art,  
Recording history,  
Etching wisdom into every part.  
Then the grand invention, gunpowder's might,  
Explosive force, a formidable sight.  
Fireworks illuminate the sky, colours aflame,  
From celebrations to battles,  
Leaving none the same.

Lastly the printing press, a gift to knowledge,  
Carved wooden blocks, wisdom college.  
Books, scriptures, spreading far and wide,  
Enlightening minds, awakening the tide.

These inventions, treasures from the past,  
China's legacy, a legacy that will last.  
From the compass to paper, gunpowder's flame,  
And the printing press, leaving an unfading name.

Let us honour these ancient creations,  
Their impact was felt across generations.  
Inventions of China, a beacon of light,  
Guiding humanity, shining ever so bright.

# China's Inventions

*ESF Sha Tin Junior School, Lin, Matthew – 9*

In the land of China, where innovation thrives,  
more inventions appear, helping countless lives.

In the ancient time, China's inventions sprout out like a bloom of flowers, making your dreams fly.

Firework filled the atmosphere with sparkling lights and sights.

Oh, something thin and light, made from bark, of course it's paper.

Their thoughts took flight in the night, through written paper where people use them every day.

Travelling through uncharted seas, bringing the compass, pointing at the true direction without any fees.

In modern time, China is a master in making garden green resources like solar panels and electric cars. WeChat, connecting hearts and minds, bringing people together, without using winds.

So let us embrace China's inventive future.

Oh, you know what?

Actually, we are the future of China's inventive minds.

We will build the future so grand, with hand to hand.

# Those Billions

*German Swiss International School, Chang, Rochelle – 11*

To the six year old me, a worm was useless—just there,  
Or even a bit of a scare,  
“It is slimy and gooey, with a big, squishy snout!”  
When she first saw in her snack, my friend Kiah did shout!

Then I was eleven, my grandmother showed me her hand,  
Small cocoons, white and fluffy, how kind,  
Stacked up on a bountiful of mulberry leaves.  
“What are these delectable treats? ”

Oh Silly, cotton candy these are not,  
They’re called Silkworms, hatched from specks of eggs I got,  
They feast for 40 some days,  
Then they spit out prizes fit to last the ages.

Fascinated, I watch those threads magically appear,  
Day and Night, nonstop, spinning, pretty and fair,  
Until they build their home,  
Their cocoon is safe and quiet, a home sweet home.

Oh Child, how lucky these worms are to have you,  
And how little do they know,  
By Chinese invention, the Silk from ancestors built this shore to shore road,  
Into the rich and powerful’s home, but regrettably the truth was never told.

The heartless merchants boil these cocoons to snatch the silk!  
What horrible pain they must feel, my heart sank,  
All things go black for them.  
A rush of anger and sadness flood through me. “Why would these people do such to be condemned!?”

I gaze at the biggest cocoon on these bountiful of leaves,  
The touch is soft like a marshmallow, in the sun, how it shines.  
Would the top worm also want to rule above all?  
I can only think about those lifeless silkworms inside factories’ wall.

I imagine the population in my hand multiply,  
Not to go into some luxury supply,  
I want them to flourish and thrive, to survive the wild,  
Taking to the far and wide.

So many have traded, and traded some more,  
To get to the silk, to claim more than before,  
Billions of worms die with a dream every year.  
This is really a nightmare.

But may be there is hope,  
At least one more child has now spoke,  
For the sake of those Billions,  
Please form your own opinions.

# The Compass

*German Swiss International School, Pun, Jasmine – 10*

The North star shone our way,  
Back to our homes,  
And sent us away.  
Made sure that we were never lost,  
Keeping us beyond the deep unknown.  
With misty days dawning,  
Misguiding and overtaking us in the haze.

Who knows the power of a spoon and a plate,  
With the handle pointing South and the bowl pointing North.  
Leading us to our fate,  
Predicting our births and deaths,  
Determining the best location and time.  
A bronze plate carved with a square and a circle,  
Together, they united Heaven and Earth.

The mystical magnetite then married a wooden fish,  
Swimming for eternity in a bowl of water,  
With its head always pointing South.  
Opposite the North Star,  
Forever apart and never as one.  
Dry dock, canal pound locks and more.  
Even predicting climate change,  
Was he a fortune teller or just a genius?

Just like enemies parting ways,  
Too mad to conflict face to face.

A fine man called Shen Kuo,  
A scientist,  
A strategist,  
A mathematician,  
An astronomer,  
And much more.  
What a knowledgeable man.

Madly in love with planets and stars,  
Trying to map out their orbital paths.  
Water clock, gnomon and armillary sphere,  
What a knowledgeable man.

Discovered the secret of the true North.  
Just like someone rubbing a genie lamp,  
He rubbed steel needles against lodestone.  
Transferring the magic of magnetism,  
From a stone to a piece of metal.

Leading us North, South, East and West.  
What a knowledgeable man.

All these never mattered,  
'Til his death.  
The compass saved the lives of many sailors and merchants,  
Navigating them to safety.  
Staying away from lands of mysteries,  
Even during storms and gloomy days when stars couldn't be seen.  
What a knowledgeable man.

Still widely used in aeroplanes and ships today,  
Navigating travellers all around the world.  
Global Positioning System comes in hand,  
Working adjacently to our old compasses.  
Locating devices that are in our pockets,  
Again keeping us safer than ever.  
Thanks to this knowledgeable man.

So this is the story of the compass and the extraordinary mind behind it.

# World–Changing Chinese Inventions

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

Paper, printing, compass and gunpowder,  
These inventions gave China its power.  
Bullets, weapons, propagandas and trackers,  
These inventions were altered by the foreign makers.  
Who were the original inventors?

How else can you slurp your noodles up?  
Of course, with a pair of chopsticks, yup!  
Chang fen, mi xian and la mian,  
Transformed into pasta, udon and ramen.  
Who were the original chefs?

Ketchup, tea, tofu and soy sauce,  
Added great flavours into our dinner course.  
Stir frying, roasting and braising,  
Who said it's only for French fries dipping.  
Who were the original gourmet cuisiniers?

England always hosts the European Championship,  
Who knew the first kick balls were actually made in China with cloth strips.  
It's called the ancient Cuju,  
Again, this was claimed by foreign countries too.  
Who were the original football players?

A game with shovelling tiles made of bamboo,  
Carved with patterns like cuckoo.  
Modified into games like Bridge,  
Turned the Italian and French from poor to rich.  
Who were the original gamers?

A match is a powerful tool,  
Ignited firecrackers that were pretty cool.  
Lighted candles and lamps,  
But the foreigners used it to light soldiers' camps.  
Who were the original innovators?

Gunpowder was an accidental find,  
Longevity medicine was what they had in mind.  
It was then used for firecrackers,  
But later used for defending from foreign attackers.  
Who were the original pioneers?

Origami is a Japanese word,  
How absurd!  
It was an idea taken,  
Which made China's heart shaken.  
Who were the original artists?

Wheelbarrow was a lifesaver,  
Helped carrying heavy loads from here to there,  
Transported wounded soldiers from battlefield,  
Later transformed into all things that need to be wheeled.  
Who were the original saviours?

Lurking, stealing, lying and altering,  
Originators were often forgotten.  
These are inventions that changed the world,  
China has been the source of many innovations.  
Still continuing to be the world leading mastermind.

Who knows what will be next?  
It may be another out of the world project.  
The future awaits,  
For other magnificent creations,  
Made by our great Chinese inventors.

# Dragon's New Tale

*German Swiss International School, Shin, Christabel – 9*

As the centuries pass,  
As the population grows,  
The dragon soars through the clouds,  
Who knows how far it will go?

With innovations in mind,  
A new legacy sprouts,  
Bringing imagination to reality,  
I am quite sure, no doubt.

Before we had this life,  
There were people who dreamed,  
There were people who tested,  
There were people who prevailed.

There were chopsticks,  
There was gunpowder,  
There was silk,  
Making China prouder.

Many projects completed,  
More promises sealed.  
Many dreams fulfilled,  
More magic revealed.

These new inventions would blow your mind,  
From auto-pilot to robot waiters,  
From flying bots to electric cars,  
New products, new inventors.

Making all kinds of things,  
As hard as a steel block,  
As soft as cotton,

A ticking of the careful, compassionate clock.

But is this the limit?  
Is it here we will stop?  
We will create even more for the future,  
Ascending to the top.

Ice-cream enhancing your health,  
Smart glasses bringing sight,  
Space elevators outside earth,  
Passengers in flight.

We will make successes,  
We will make mistakes,  
But in the end,  
That is all it takes.

May we all be prepared,  
As China continues inventing.  
May we all cherish the future,  
When an endeavour is made.

May we all be prepared,  
As the dragon is shedding,  
May we all be mesmerised,  
As we admire its new, shimmering coating.

# An Ode to Chinese Characters

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hu, Winnie – 9*

The characters turn and twirl,  
As a story unfolds in a colourful swirl.  
Phonogram whispers softly in a dream,  
Ideograph flows with imagination like a stream.

From bamboo scrolls to paper scrolls,  
History rolls.  
With each stroke that binds,  
History revives.

Though many legends are very old,  
There's a lot left to be told.  
All the things from the past,  
Can eternally last.

All the characters from the past,  
Humanity and wisdom will never be lost.  
The beauty of form and rhyme always appears,  
and the code of culture lies in the small squares.

From the corners of the world, where we may roam,  
Our shared language bonds, a place we call home.  
In torrent of times, bred our ancient civilisation,  
Closely connected, to our grand modernisation.

# The Invention of the Kite

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Shen, Tia – 11*

I wanted to make a new invention  
That represents peace and happiness  
Peaceful like a feather,  
That brought people together.

I stumbled into a bamboo forest  
As the birds surrounding me joyfully chorused.  
I picked out the perfect bamboo,  
That is as lush as the vibrant forest view.

Step by step , I trotted back home ,  
Wandering on a winding path full of stones.  
With a rucksack full of organic bamboos,  
Walking and driving away the autumn blues.

I put down my loaded bag,  
It's time to get busy!  
I got some paper from the market lately.  
I started sketching my humongous masterpiece,  
With endless inspirations that never seem to cease.

Next I coloured my artwork with various hues,  
Working all night while the others dreamily snooze,  
With a wide collection of colours to choose.

I polished my knife with a rough , hard stone,  
Until it was so sharp that no one has ever owned  
Crafting had always been my passion , but nobody knows  
That I made it through the night , without a single groan.

Slowly and steadily,  
Bit by bit,  
I cut around the piece of paper,  
Making the edges perfectly fit.

I pulled out some string from my massive shelf,  
Remember to do it carefully ; A note for myself.  
It took me hours to make it secure,  
And I shook it around just to make sure.

In a blink of an eye , it was the morning,  
The sun was beaming , and rays were pouring.  
I released my kite into the air,  
People in the distance were trying not to stare.  
All we saw was a bird , flying across the sky,  
Making sudden turns ,  
And swiftly , down it glided by

Just like that,  
I made a new invention.  
By working through the night,  
The invention of the kite.

# The Teller of the Way

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Sze, Anna – 11*

Once upon a time,  
There was only the landmarks, star, sun and light,  
To guide everything in your sight.  
Once upon a time,  
If the sky was cloudy,  
And the stars cannot tell their say,  
How are you to know the way?  
Once upon a time,  
If there was a flood on the only route  
Landmarks, signs drowned,  
How were you to get your fruit to the faraway market loot?  
Once upon a time,  
If it was midday, the sun wouldn't set,  
How would you know which river to put your fishing net?  
"It is totally unreliable,"  
Anyone would scorn,  
So I was born.

2<sup>nd</sup> Century,  
Han Dynasty.

I was a spoon at first,  
As smooth as soft dirt,  
A ladle lodestone nerd.  
But why?  
What's the say?  
When people go to the forest, desert or sea,  
They need me to lead.

Handle to south,  
Bowl to north,  
Such a great sort.  
I am,  
A south China spoon.  
I am,  
*The* south China spoon

For magnetic was the answer to my superbness,  
That made me reward rich.  
Lovely, simple, dazzling.  
Yet I wasn't enough,  
So there was some remaking.

11<sup>th</sup> Century!  
Forever victory!

Then I was round,  
Light and easy, lots were fond.  
My needs scorched and switched, very quickly,  
To worship and which— something called geomancy.  
I had a point, like a sharp sword,  
Circles and circles of chinese words.

Sailers, military hail for my creation, my use rewinded again,  
How many times has it lain down and gained?  
I traveled and traveled and traveled,  
Over the mountains and over the seas,  
Through the lost and through the waves,  
To the unknown and to the untamed.  
But I was always right,  
I have a flawless might,  
I was a finding device.

Have I told to much? Can't you guess?  
I'm *the* compass, a *Chinese* compass,  
A lump of wholesome,  
A teller of the way.

# The Growing Thought

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Wong, Jessica – 10*

The silver gleam of the sharp knife,  
The bustling of the shop,  
The barking outside my window,  
That never seems to stop.

As the days grow longer  
And I grow older,  
Dreams come in and never come out  
Each one of them getting bolder

I mix together a duo of trouble  
The soft flour beneath my hands,  
The fragrant olive oil that weaves the piece together  
The water that binds it all together  
When the dough lands

But, I knock a piece of salt,  
Pure white with a silvery glaze.  
It lands on the simple dough  
As I fearfully gaze.

I chop the new dough apart  
Lines and lines of it that are firm  
I drop it all in water  
And look at it as I learn

At last! A new discovery!  
A mistake that I have made!  
That boils and toils in water  
After all the times that I've prayed

The invention is smooth,  
With a creamy feel.  
When it moves and slips away,  
It slips away like an eel.  
The food shall be called Noodles

The once small idea has become great  
A never-ending thought  
That slides from side to side  
Every new idea being taught  
That life is for being inspired  
Said the growing thought

# Fireworks

*Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Aung, Myitzzu Si – 12*

Boom!  
My mother held me in her arms.  
I was afraid  
Afraid of the sound  
Afraid of whatever was happening out there,  
Fireworks, my mom had called them  
I hated fireworks.  
I wished they would go away  
Never see them again,  
Ever.

But that was when I was a little child  
Afraid of everything.  
I grew to enjoy watching fireworks,  
Admiring the pretty colors  
Blue and green, I've never seen  
I found out soon  
Those were the hardest colors  
To create

“How disappointing” I would say,  
Every time I miss the fireworks now.  
Then a small smile  
Would appear on my face,  
Remembering how I hated fireworks,  
And had wished  
That it never existed

# Kite

*Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Hong, Wing Nam Aimee – 11*

*Red, orange, and yellow soar through the skies  
Green, blue, and purple float within the clouds  
Animals of all kinds flow past each other in a race,  
Trying to see whoever can fly higher up, some fall and some rise.*

*Big, medium, and small butterflies flutter, synchronized.  
Large, massive, and ginormous dragons speed in the air  
Groups alike glide together, and the fabrics collide.  
Then a few other kites fly, types uncategorized.*

*The wind blows from east to west, up and down,  
It spins and twirls and whirls.  
The wind can be peaceful but sometimes harsh,  
The collection of animals is swung around.*

*Some shoot farther ahead, and some get dragged and held back,  
They move all around, falling through the clouds.  
The sun shines, glowing through the fabric,  
Most of them, though, can stay right on track.*

*But no matter if it's big, medium, or small, fast or slow,  
No matter if it's red, yellow, blue, or green,  
Whether it's a delicate butterfly or a fierce dragon,  
Whichever direction the wind chooses to blow,*

*They all have a string tying them to the ground,  
But even so, they all continue to chase freedom.*

# Fireworks

*Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Liang, Hok Lee Glory – 12*

*Fireworks are beautiful,  
They can give many different faces.*

*Sometimes it can be a brocade,  
Which is the most common one.*

*Sometimes it can be a chrysanthemum,  
Which looks like a flower.*

*Sometimes it can be comet,  
Which really looks like a comet.*

*Sometimes it can be a peony,  
Which will change its color.*

*Sometimes it can be a pearl,  
Which looks like a dot.*

*Sometimes it can be a willow,  
Which looks like it is falling.*

*Sometimes it can be a strobe,  
Which looks like a bright little star.*

*Fireworks can appear in different festival,  
Such as New Year.*

*And in Japan there is a festival that made for fireworks,  
They will celebrate it for the whole month of July!*

*Fireworks are so beautiful, attractive, and used in many different festivals.*

# The Big Four

*Kau Yan School, Hon, Ho Kiu – 11*

A meager piece of machinery,  
But an invention that has flourished, for centuries,  
A delicate disc with a dazzling glimmer.  
Countless journeys ventured; storms weathered.  
Indispensable in navigation history.

A formula that benefits all,  
From old to young, big to small.  
Crafting a piece of white we use  
Now made of wood, once from bamboos  
Infused with knowledge, on which we stand tall.

An ancestor of the pen,  
Times the efficiency by ten.  
Carved and marked on paper,  
Preserving memoirs for millennia later  
Revolutionizing writing for men.

Creation of this was not intended  
In battles, always recommended  
The Elixir of Life, through which it was born  
The Powder of Death, through which enemies mourn  
Hundreds of wars won, yet never commended

# New Tales of China's Invention

*Korean International School, Parnala, Czane Young Marion – 9*

In ancient China, where dreams took flight,  
A land of wonders and inventions so bright,  
Li, a young boy with a curious mind,  
Discovered treasures, one of a kind.

Beneath a tree, he found a surprise,  
A compass, mysterious and wise,  
His grandfather explained its power,  
To guide lost souls, hour after hour.

Inspired by this, Li's imagination bloomed,  
He dreamed of inventions yet to be groomed,  
With bamboo and silk, he crafted wings,  
A flying machine, with magical things.

He pedalled and soared through the sky,  
Like a bird, so graceful and high,  
The Flapping Wings, his creation so grand,  
Astounded the people, across the land.

News reached the emperor, wise and great,  
He invited Li, eager to appreciate,  
In the palace, Li shared his dreams,  
Of inventions and wonders, like sunbeams.

The emperor saw the spark in Li's eyes,  
The passion that within him lies,  
He encouraged him to continue to create,  
To explore, innovate, and never abate.

Li became known, a brilliant young mind,  
Inventor extraordinaire, one of a kind,  
Hi compass and wings, symbols of pride,  
In ancient China, where innovation did reside.

So, dear year 5 student, let this tale inspire,  
To dream big and let your imagination fire,  
Like Li, explore, invent and create,  
For in your hands, the future awaits.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chau, Ji Nam – 10*

Once upon a time, in a land so fair,  
A special drink was made, beyond compare.  
In ancient China, a wise man did find,  
A leafy treasure, a drink so kind.

Shen Nong, the man with knowledge vast,  
Sat beneath a tree, his mind steadfast.  
A leaf fell into his cup of water,  
And a magic happened, something to savor.

The water turned golden, a lovely hue,  
With a soothing aroma that wafted through.  
Shen Nong took a sip, and he did see,  
The wonder of tea, so tasty and free.

He shared it with others, far and wide,  
Tea became a joy, a comforting tide.  
Across the lands, its fame did grow,  
Bringing warmth and happiness, this we know.

So let's raise our cups, filled with delight,  
To Shen Nong's discovery, shining so bright.  
In every sip, a story unfolds,  
Of tea's invention, a treasure to behold.

# An Invention Which Changes The World

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Cheng, Yi Man Trinity – 10*

Long long time ago, we said Europeans were illiterate!

Because the books were extremely expensive.

Luckily, Bi Sheng appeared, a man of great skill.

He used clay and wood to make his type,  
and positioned them on an iron plate just right,  
then ink was exerted and paper suppressed.

Incredibly, he invented a printing thrill!

Now, the people young and old can read books,  
and knowledge can spread to everyone's home.

We all appreciate Bi Seng for his invention,  
the world has changed!

However, the compass, gunpowder.....

These are also the most important inventions from China's past,  
they helped the world to grow and last.

So, let's remember and celebrate,  
the things that make our world so great!

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Cheung, Tinnie – 11*

Amazing China inventions  
Paper, compass, firework and more  
Transcend your imagination  
Ready to be amazed at the new invention

Present to you the new invention  
AI Cooking Machine  
Choose your food  
Put the ingredients  
Wait for five minutes  
Then ready for have Michelin food

New tales of China inventions  
Far exceed your expectations

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chiu, Ho Lam – 11*

In a country of East Asia, where people call her China.  
Since ancient times China has been so wise,  
with wonderful inventions that give us surprise.  
Printing, compass, paper making and gunpowder,  
these change the world to become better.

Taobao that everyone should heard of,  
an internet platform selling anything you can think of.  
Online shopping has never been so easy and relax,  
Just press a button, your goods will be delivered worldwide by express.

High speed trains that connecting places to places,  
travelling from Tianjin to Beijing is only twenty minutes.  
This high speed trains is very famous,  
it has gone global and helps Indonesia railway to take place.

China's inventions light up our way,  
With creations and determination that never go away.  
Sooner or later more inventing wonders for all to see,  
all we need is to wait with expectancies.

So let us cheer for the new tales of China's inventions,  
as it reminds us to keep dreaming high,  
maybe one day we can reach the sky.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chiu, Tsz Ning – 11*

A magnetic compass is very useful,  
and it is also very old.

It can prevent us from being lost,  
and help us find the way we want.

Gunpowder is extremely magical,  
which is a very important tool.

It can help us win in wars,  
but it is not safe at all.

Paper is so wonderful,  
and it has a lot of functions too.

It can make books and others,  
which helps us to get clever.

Woodblock printing is pretty fruitful,  
which makes the spread of knowledge possible.

It can help us to print documents,  
and to make our lives become comfortable.

So that's why I said these inventions are important,  
as they make everything more convenient.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Guan, Shiqing – 12*

Inventions of the Great China have been influential.

None of you would ever doubt that they are beneficial.

Various inventions have become more essential.

Each design was the result of their creativity.

Never give up to enhance the perfectibility.

Trying to improve life is their responsibility.

Imagine life without them would be very terrible.

Optimization of the inventions is achievable.

Nourish the dream of making our lives more comfortable.

# Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Hau, Ka Kiu Anson – 10*

Innovation, Intelligence, Inspiration.

Not limited to four great inventions in China.

Vegetables grow rapidly with ploughing during Shang Dynasty.

Enabling metal producing by blast furnace during Han Dynasty.

Notes became paper money during Song Dynasty.

Turning flowing water into power by water wheel during Ming Dynasty.

Inserting needles for curing by acupuncture during Han Dynasty.

Obtaining food using chopsticks during Shang Dynasty.

Never give up, more inventions to come.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Huo, Connie – 10*

From old times to now,

China is always on the stage,

No matter the four great inventions of ancient China,

Or nowadays the world wide internet shopping

Or even the mini video times

China's technology stands truly elite.

With new inventions,

Life becomes easier and easier

With new inventions,

Information booms everywhere

With new inventions,

Opportunities holds not only rich people's hands.

With each invention,

the future is spun,

China's tech journey has only begun.

# Alipay

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Ko, Lok Hei Samuel – 11*

Ali- Ali- Alipay,  
It's the best way you can pay.  
With this e-wallet,  
You can enjoy shopping anywhere.

Alipay is powerful,  
Making your shopping experience wonderful.  
With this fantastic payment platform,  
You will forget what is cash.

With an QR code and a mobile phone,  
Payment is as quick as a flash.  
Without queuing up in line,  
Scan the code and everything is fine.

Ali- Ali- Alipay,  
You can't let it go away.  
Try this new pay way,  
It will make your day.

# The New Tales of Chinese Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Kong, Kai Dik – 11*

Without inventions that we can use.  
There is only history,  
but nothing that let our lives or lives hack because of Chinese inventions.  
There is no humanity, when we didn't have inventions.  
China let us grow, that we can use it in lives or even goals.  
Chinese inventions help our daily lives.  
It can help us to let history grows.  
Chinese inventions are the best.

# New Payment Generation

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Kwan, Ronnie – 11*

WeChat Pay is the greatest payment invention in China  
We can use it at traveling  
We can checkout at shopping  
We can pay the bills at dinning

We do not need foreign exchange anymore  
We do not need to bring money anymore  
We do not need to take care of small changes

Life is so easy nowadays with WeChat Pay  
WeChat Pay is so convenient  
Let us use this greatest invention together!

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Man, Hoi Hei Michelle – 10*

In ancient lands where legends dwell,  
A tale of China's innovation I shall tell.  
From the Middle Kingdom's ancient halls,  
A symphony of inventions that enthralls.

Long ago, in distant past,  
China's brilliance began to amass.  
The compass, a gift to guide the way,  
Navigating oceans, no longer astray.

Paper, the canvas for wisdom's ink,  
Books and knowledge, no longer on the brink.  
Printing press with movable type,  
Spreading ideas, a glorious ripe.

Silk, a fabric of delicate grace,  
Woven threads, a masterpiece to embrace.  
Porcelain, vessels of exquisite design,  
Beauty and function, forever intertwined.

Gunpowder, a force both feared and revered,  
Fireworks illuminating the night, endeared.  
The abacus, calculating with speed,  
Numbers dancing, fulfilling every need.

Inventions flow like a mighty river's course,  
A testament to China's creative force.  
From silk to paper, from compass to tea,  
Innovations that shaped history.

But the story continues, a tale anew,  
As modern China rises, ambitions grew.  
High-speed trains race across the land,  
Connecting cities, a marvel so grand.

Drones take flight with precision and grace,  
Mapping landscapes from high above in space.  
E-commerce, a digital revolution,  
Bringing convenience with each online solution.

From artificial intelligence to renewable energy,  
China pioneers the path with visionary synergy.  
Robots dance and factories hum,  
Automation shaping a future to come.

Innovation blooms in the land of the Red,  
A legacy of progress, never to be shed.  
China's spirit, resilient and strong,  
Inspiring the world with each invention's song.

So let us celebrate China's bright star,  
A nation whose inventions have traveled far.  
From ancient wisdom to modern-day,  
China's innovation lights the way.

In classrooms filled with curious minds,  
May this tale of innovation forever bind.  
Dream big, dear students, let your creativity flow,  
For you hold the power to invent and grow.

## **New Tales of China's Inventions**

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Sun, Linxi – 10*

Once upon a time, in ancient China's land,  
People dreamed big and made things with their hand.  
They crafted paper, gunpowder and more,  
Their clever ideas, we still adore.

They birthed a compass, a guide so neat,  
And found gas, what a feat!  
Through bamboo pipes, energy moved like a fleet,  
Their bright minds could never be beat.

These days, China's still weaving dreams,  
With TikTok dances flowing like streams,  
And WeChat messages light up the night,  
Their ideas burst forth, a spectacular sight!

Solar panels sparkle in the sun's friendly glow,  
And electric cars, oh they steal the show!  
Their inventiveness continues to grow,  
In China, creative seeds they sow.

In a world where anything can be,  
China's minds dance wild and free.  
Their wisdom and whimsy, the perfect spree,  
They're painting a future we can't wait to see!

# The Useful Compass

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Tang, Lok Lam – 10*

In the word of adventure, let's go explore.  
With you, the useful compass, everything we will be sure.

Pointing to the East, where the sun rises.  
Pointing to the South, where we may find surprises.

Pointing to the West, where the sun sets.  
Pointing to the North, where we must not be sad.

North, East, South, West, you guide us every day.  
But now we will say.

In the past, we used compass together with a map.  
Nowadays, we use Google map.

Yet, we will still thanks compass.  
You are still our traditional asset.

# The Four Great Chinese Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Wong, Sum Wing – 10*

What are the four great inventions of Ancient China?  
The compass, papermaking, printing and gunpowder.  
With these great inventions,  
They revolutionized world civilizations.

The compass was invented by Si Nan.  
It is an indispensable navigational tool.  
This device is definitely so cool.  
The Chinese used the compass primarily for geomancy in the past.  
It was then used for navigation at last.  
New expeditions and maritime undertakings are made possible now.

The pulp papermaking process was invented by Cai Lun.  
A kind of paper was made from bark, rags, wheat stalks and other materials.  
With the invention of papermaking,  
It brought about a revolution in writing  
And paved the way for the invention of printing.

Clay-type printing technique was invented by Bi Sheng.  
Individual characters were caved on fine clay pieces,  
Which could be used again and again.  
With his great innovation,  
It led to the development of education and communication.

Gunpowder was invented by Chinese alchemists.  
It was originally used to make fireworks  
For celebrating festivals and events.  
But it was used as explosive material in later years,  
For cannons, fire-arrows and other weapons in warfare.

Thanks to the intelligent ancient inventors,  
Their inventions make the world more convenient.  
I hope someday I can be an inventor,  
To develop new and innovative ideas.

# Father of Fiber Optics

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Wong, Zi Yun – 10*

Father of Fiber Optics, Nobel Prize winner in Physics, Charles Kuen Kao.  
Little Charles was smart as an owl.  
His physics journey started when he's still a child.  
Little Charles' imagination soared, like a magician.  
Malimalihome..... malimalihome..... malimalihome.....  
POOF! POOF! POOF!  
He turned moist mud into an exploding ball!  
Charles wanted to create more, to create more.....  
To create an optical fiber to transmit signals over the world!  
Being laughed, failures, lack of resources...  
Nothing could stop Charles!  
He took failures as lessons.  
He's as persistent as a mosquito!  
His hard work paid off.  
Like a super magician, he made light to carry signals all over the world, as fast as a shooting star.  
The groundbreaking achievement changed the world, connected the world.  
This successful inventor who contributed to the world,  
a person should be honored.  
A person worth writing about, Charles Kuen Kao.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Wu, Sin Yu – 10*

The old Four famous inventions were great, important and strong,

They have existed for so long.

How old are they? Already thousands of years since they were born.

Time flies and flies.

The four new inventions make us high.

Ask me! Ask me why!

I 'll tell you how they change our life.

The machine is running real fast,

High- speed rail can bring you here and there.

Cities now become near and not too far.

Wherever you go from South to North, from East to West, it's always easy to access.

A great platform is here for us to sell and buy.

Everyone in the society should be having a try,

From products to payment, from supply to inventory, it's all proceeded online.

Electronic commerce is the smart and helpful guy.

Sell and buy can be managed by a little device.

It's good to use, convenient and works 24/7.

No case, no card, only login and input password with your device, so please must have a try!

The mobile payment becomes indispensable in our current life.

Have you ever thought of bike sharing?

Imagine how good it is if bikes are available in the cities?

Please don't think I'm silly! It's all about technology.

Bike sharing is now very common in lots of different famous cities.

The new four inventions can also last for long.

They are also great, important and strong.

You now know what they are, please try and feel how they change your life.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Yau, Hei Tung – 10*

The old days of China, people dreams start flight.  
Innovations explore, day and night.  
Enchanting Tale of China inventions world,  
To become a wonderful and amazing world.

The kite make people dream to fly,  
Fly over the world to explore the sky!  
Fisherman fishing with kites fitted with hook,  
Other people was shook!

Chinese alchemists discover gunpowder,  
It's China people power!  
From firework to flamethrowers,  
A new era of the world began to come.

Fireworks crossover bamboo stick,  
Miracle fuses lighted tick.  
Taking eternal dream: explore the vast cosmos.  
Take the rocket— Tianwen— 1.

Tale Chang'e 5 lunar sample return.  
Orbit the moon, land the moon and return.  
People fly up to sky come true,  
The eternal legend of China.

## Cai Lun: The Inventor of Who We Are

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

In the dark dark world of China,  
In the unknown corner of Leiyang,  
there lived a bright, vibrant mind.  
Where Cai Lun lives,  
he allows his fingers to connect with hemp and tree bark, instead of tons of bamboo scrolls that tire the knowledge of  
a simple book.  
He dreams of something that can carry this book further.  
It is this stack of dog-eared paper that defines who we are and what stories we tell.

The amount of intellect in his mind,  
his perseverance intertwined,  
he made paper,  
then paper created a world of carrying,  
the inky world he was born in,  
How could he ever imagine a page of snow?  
Without that spark of light,  
there would be nothing,  
just like a starless night.  
There would be no love letters,

There would be no newspaper,  
There would be no source of learning.  
We would all be soundless.

But Cai Lun wanted us to be heard.  
he wanted something to pass down for generations,  
something as thin as the skin of a tree.  
He waited months and years,  
for the leaves to change into brown,  
so as his hair from black to ash white.  
He no longer feels the scorching pain of the labour,  
but the trail of words leave scars on his hands.

Not enough words in this world could describe the story of this maker,  
The maker of all maps.  
Endless stacks of poetry,  
Lives in a library.  
His ideas were first rough,  
but he did not give up.  
The piece of paper I am looking at now,  
there were once a thousand trees,  
a thousand years of history speaking to me.

Cai Lun made an ark of light,  
that's why the ink finds a voice to rhyme.

## **The Four Main Inventions of China**

*Maryknoll Convent School (Primary Section), Leung, Yan Ka Shermaine – 11*

A thin , white sheet made from trees,  
Carries knowledge across the seas.  
Sometimes folded into something odd,  
Created into a book with the words of god.

Shows you the way from where you are,  
Guides the route to someplace far.  
Metal giants high up in space,  
Maps out every possible little place.

A destructive powder used in war,  
Used to mine out valuable ore.  
Forging the way through the land,  
Giving construction a helping hand.

Ink on paper that's seen not heard,  
Alerts the press to spread the word.  
Nowadays it can print a home,  
Giving the homeless people hope.

## The Footprints of China

*Maryknoll Convent School (Primary Section), Ng, Chin Pui Bella – 11*

From porcelain to compass to the Silk Road,  
Our China's potential and talent showed.  
From abacus to printing to paper-making,  
Our innovative hometown is record-breaking.

From TikTok to WeChat to Alipay,  
The modern China has paved the way.  
From hydrogen cars to the fastest trains,  
Inventors strive for the country's gains.

While products require intense devotion,  
They promote China's great reputation.  
The future of inventions is still a question,  
Let's picture it with imagination!

What if we invented flying cars?  
Or teleporters that travel to Mars?  
A jetpack from China would be cool  
To fly across town and go to school!

We'll produce batteries that never run out.  
How about seeds that instantly sprout?  
Medicine with all sorts of nutrition—  
With effort, this will soon not be fiction!

China shall promote a green future,  
With products that benefit our mother nature.  
Such as plastic that can be decomposed,  
And tissue that doesn't need to be disposed.

We can develop underground housing,  
Or fashionable, colour-changing clothing!  
Forever-lasting pens, egg-dispensing AI hens,  
We can set these fabulous trends!

With these groundbreaking possibilities,  
We shall break current boundaries.  
The future of China is bright— who knows?  
Inventions are the legend that echoes.

## What If China Invented Nothing?

*St. Joseph's Primary School, Lee, Ching Yu Cyrus – 12*

What if China invented nothing?  
I bet you won't feel anything.  
For America invented Iphone,  
which helps us make phone calls.

Well, I am telling you  
that you might regret this,  
especially your parents,  
for wine wouldn't exist!

What's more?  
No more Fortnite,  
which people play day and night!  
This will make you cry all night.

Now you might start to feel something,  
It's your wallet aching!  
You have to pay more for paper,  
as Europeans' papers won't be cheap!

Is that all?

You may say,  
when there aren't bank notes,  
and you need to carry coins loads!

In a nutshell,  
you can tell,  
if China invented nothing,  
you won't live well!

## **Pitter–Patter Pitter–Patter**

*St. Joseph's Primary School, Ting, Yi Hang – 9*

Rain down the lane  
Cheerful children rushed together  
Stepping in puddles and avoiding the drain  
Under the eave they were all soaked in laughter

Rain down the pond  
Frolic froggies leaped into the air  
Singing their best a capella afar and beyond  
On lotus leaves they held the most joyous funfair

Rain down the willow  
Lu Ban the Carpenter frowned deeply  
'What if I make a moving pavilion, how wonderful!'  
Under the tree he wondered curiously

Rain down the windowpane  
Lu Ban's wife rummaged about  
With a big cloth, some bamboo sticks and a long cane  
From the house she dashed out

Rain down the meadow  
The couple crafted the first umbrella  
At the end of the rainbow  
Casting sheep's eyes at each other  
Saying, 'I love you so!'

Rain down the river  
Lu Ban raised his newly made umbrella  
Sitting with his wife on his cloud ladder  
Toasting their success of old and new inventions in shower

Rain down the umbrella  
However loud the rain roars  
Raindrops kiss me tender like no one ever  
With an umbrella I fear no more when it pours

## Acupuncture

*St. Joseph's Primary School, Yeung, Hok Ting – 9*

In ancient times, inventions did arise,  
Chinese wisdom, a treasure to prize.  
Acupuncture, a marvel of old,  
Relieving pain, its tale untold.

Tiny needles in the skin,  
Relieving pain, letting healing begin.  
A natural method, ancient and wise,  
Enduring through time, a precious prize.

The flow of Qi, the vital force,  
Bringing balance, staying on course.  
Through pathways in the body, it streams,  
Guiding health, fulfilling dreams.

Fu Xi, a sage, his knowledge profound,  
Among the first healers, he was renowned.  
With needles, symptoms he did treat,  
To world civilization, a gift so sweet.

Inspired by his remarkable feat,  
We carry on, traditions we meet.

Technological advances, we embrace,  
Creating a future, filled with grace.

Let's honor the past and forge ahead,  
Innovation and wisdom, hand in hand we tread.  
A brighter future we shall create,  
Guided by ancient wisdom's fate.

## **An Oriental Octave**

*St. Mary's Canossian School, Chen, Zhihan Cecilia – 11*

Planted in Yunnan tea forests,  
Universally loved by both locals and tourists.  
Every year its taste and price grow,  
Rich fragrance as its dark red colour show.  
Helping us stay younger and calmer,  
Taking a sip of it daily makes us slimmer.  
Every time when others pour new tea to your cup kindly,  
Always tap two fingers on the table to show your courtesy.

## **The Father of Umbrella**

*St. Mary's Canossian School, Choi, Hoi Lam – 10*

Use it when there is a thin mist, a heavy fog or a thick haze,  
Most of us cannot live without it on rainy or stormy days.  
Bring it along with you wherever you go,  
Rather than getting soaked in the snow!  
Ever wondered who created the first umbrella?  
Lu Ban got this marvellous idea from a young fella!  
Lotus leaf had been turned into a portable shelter,  
All of us will be grateful for his invention forever!

## The Home of Umbrellas

*St. Mary's Canossian College, Wan, Joey – 10*

Underneath the pouring rain,  
May this invention reduce your pain.  
Bringing it has no harm,  
Right in the rain, it's a charm!  
Even on bright and sunny days,  
Like a shield, it protects you from ultraviolet rays.  
Let's learn to dance in the rain with it on our hand,  
All the glory to the umbrella inventor in my homeland!

## The Chinese Compass

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Chow, Lok Ting – 11*

In lands of ancient wisdom, where legends reside,  
Chinese creativity, with inventions as our guide,  
Let us flourish over the time garden where thoughts intertwine,  
Studying the jewellery of the magical compass divine.

With needle pointing towards the truth, a traveller's reliable aid,  
The compass appears from China's ancient glade,  
A vessel of harmony and peace,  
Guiding voyagers' hearts against challenges they dare to face.

In magnetic embrace, Chinese ancestors discovered the call,  
Leading throughout the adventurous lands,  
From North to South, through the Fast East till the end of the West,  
The compass unveiled the secrets, with fortunes to tell.

From gunpowder's splendid dance in the air,  
To paper's gentle touch, printed with fables and enlightenment to share,  
Porcelain and silk adorn, a deluxe art of grace,  
China's talents spread beauty to everywhere.

That is not the end of the adventures,  
Chinese inventions never end,  
Leading the world beyond the seas and the lands,  
A compass of imaginations manifest.

Now there are new inventions delicately made,  
Like the electric car shining as if it was a jade.  
And the grand telescope zooming in on afar,  
Letting us see the stunning glowing stars.

Dear Chinese Compass, so dependable in times of mystery,  
Always there to support us when we are lost.  
Thank you for all the creations that have been conceived,  
Assisting us all along the way.

## Taobao-holics

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Ip, Ngo Ying Spencer – 12*

From compass to gunpowder,  
There's only one that stands out—  
One invention that's magical,  
One invention that you'll never doubt.

Traditional tea set ordered by Steve,  
A digital wallet should be his  
Over the world people believe—  
Best invention it surely is!  
Ancient antiques bought on New Year's Eve  
Open the parcel, hoping it remains in one piece.

An ordinary boy betting on “The Game of Life”,  
Living as a legendary figure,

In creation of this mind–blowing kingdom!

**B**uying, selling, whatever you want,

**A**prons, apples, and arrows,

**B**icycles, blades, and barrows,

**A**ll there for you to “Tao”.

Shopping spree, shopping spree,

Get your rewards free.

If you want a Christmas tree

Within the day, you shall see.

## China's Inventive Journey

*St. Paul's Co–educational College Primary School, Kwok, Sofie – 10*

Amidst the world, I pause and see,  
wisdom of China, beckoning to me.

In the realm where dragons dance and wisdom gleams,  
in the scrolls of history, a timeless stream.

Text dancing ballet in books,  
knowledge and wisdom evoke.

With a compass in hand, I seek the way,  
navigating to truth without delay.

In the realm of dreams where possibilities soar,  
I envision the inventions of a future in store.

A machine captures dreams at night,  
turning aspirations into tangible delight.

Flying cars like birds in the sky,  
effortless travel without a sigh.

Robotic companions with hearts of steel,  
listen without judgment and they always heal.

Ancient wonders shimmering like a precious jade,  
China's innovation shaping a brighter day.  
The next chapter to be stored,  
our nation forever to adore.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lau, An Yu - 12*

Papermaking and printing,  
China's technology started sprinting!  
Later they made gunpowder,  
War zones were being a lot more louder!  
Last we made the compasses,  
Looking for directions was not a fuss!

Now, Chinese creativity is not just a thing of the past.  
Nothing we invent will ever be the last!  
Online platforms became such a blast —  
Taobao, TikTok and WeChat,  
China's got the technology stat,  
Other countries could never do that!

Technology development, who's the leader?  
China is right on the seizure!  
Solar panels, plantation, electric cars,  
Chinese inventors are the stars.  
Oh, they're definitely not ending here,  
They're working to stay on a high tier!

These are the tales of China's inventions,  
They're a proud, confident mention!

# Paper

*St. Stephen's College Preparatory School, Lee, Lok Yi Rosie – 10*

Soaked mulberry bark and rags,  
From old, broken bags,  
In a big barrel: wood, brown,  
Make pulp for the crown.

Ts'ai Lun hopes  
This will work  
For the Hon  
Dynasty.

Take a wood-flame screen,  
Drag it in the soaked pulp and catch,  
The best try he's seen,  
He now had a big pulp patch.

China will  
be the first  
to make this  
new paper.

Then, Ts'ai Lun put the paper  
Out in the hot sun.  
Thank the heavens, it was done,  
Delightful paper!

# China's Exciting Inventions

*The French International School, TKO, Chau, Aaron – 8*

Let us explore and learn,  
Many inventions that China has spurned.  
Long long ago from China's past,  
Many discoveries were made to last.

Gunpowder creates sparks that fly,  
Beautiful fireworks satisfy!  
Swish, swish...BANG! They light up the sky!  
Quickly they disappear like "Hi and Bye".

The toilet paper that we use,  
Comes from China – A great produce!

Solar Panels saves energy and light,  
Making every person's home so bright.  
They catch the sun's rays in the day,  
Giving power in many ways.

Many inventions that China has spurned,  
We are thankful in return.  
Many inventions that China has spurned,  
Will remain in our lives for us to learn!

# The Peace Machine

*The French International School, TKO, Shi, Evelyn – 9*

There was a very cute little girl.  
Who liked to go in a boat made of pearls.  
She is keen to go everywhere.  
But somewhere she just can't go.  
There were wars and battles going on.  
People dying and people gone.  
With people alive, losing their hope,  
Ladies saying "no, no. nope.  
People running around with tear stained faces.  
She started investigating the different cases.  
She put on her little blue coat.  
And jumped on her pearl made boat.  
She travelled day and night.  
Until she found what caused the fight.  
There was a magic spell cast on a wall.  
Which draws curtains on people's eyes.  
So they see things neither fair nor wise.  
She decided to make a peace machine.  
That changes people's minds and routine.  
So she made one with her clever mind.  
And with her heart so very kind.  
She put it on the people there.  
And soon they became just and fair.  
They see things from each other's eyes.  
And how stupid they were they suddenly realised.  
The little girl felt safe and happy.  
That she can see her boat flag so flappy.

# Who Am I?

*The French International School, TKO, Shin, Shaun – 8*

A poor kid to a billionaire  
Which has the best skills of football  
Has a family of six  
Has a lot of trophies  
He always practice football  
Only eats chicken and salad  
Owns a lot of stuff  
Famous all over the world  
But Fifa hates him  
But has the most fans  
People troll him  
But does not care  
He continues to train  
And scoring like a beast  
He is a crazy superhuman  
Scoring like a robot  
The top goal scoring footballer with 865 goals  
He scored 147 goals with his head  
Just like you say he is a superhuman

Who am I?

# Snowstorm

*The French International School, TKO, Lee, Grace – 10*

Snowing rapidly  
No sunshine  
One cup of hot chocolate  
White snow  
Snowflakes everywhere  
Tornado? Maybe  
One cup of ice? Nope  
Riding in sleigh  
Might be a no

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*YK Pao School, Chane–Yene, Anaïs – 10*

China made many useful inventions

That we use in our daily lives,  
What more interesting creations  
Can really help us thrive ?

Sometimes we are blank,  
We just don't know what to think  
You'll be filled like a bank  
Before you can even say Pink

China is going to make  
The best thing the world will enjoy  
Maybe a net that cleans a lake  
Or a magical drink that will turn sadness into joy

But the most important invention  
Would be a tool  
That would stop war and destruction  
Because worldwide peace is super cool

## Four Inventions of Ancient China

*YK Pao School, Zheng, Yang – 10*

Inventions, ancient, beyond guess,  
But even now, with uses no less.  
The four inventions of ancient China,  
Without them, life would be more irksome.

A black powder bursting into flame,  
Either in a firework or a deadly aim.  
Laughter here, and colourful sparks,  
Shrieks there, with terrible remarks.

All the same thing, double-sided.  
Dead corpses, or happiness uncounted.  
Depends how you use it,  
Gunpowder, with two cores.

Ships sail far into the west,  
Not straying far, because of this.  
Never lying, pointing north,  
Showing their masters, the correct course.

To this day, they are used,  
This title has not yet been refused.  
Even in the long, long future,  
Compasses shall not be a loser.

Hundreds of books, empty and waiting,  
A person works, tired and fading.  
In another room, several plates of symbols.  
High efficiency, no more grumbles.

To this day, printing is used,  
Though in other ways and forms.  
Without it books would be extremely rare,  
And knowledge would be blank and bare.

One smooth sheet on a long table,  
Containing knowledge and wisdom in strange symbols.  
A pen moves, swift and intricate.  
Something is stored, in the thin miracle.

Long later, when people use phones,  
The paper is found, in ruin and stones,  
Containing the wisdom, that would've been lost,  
If not for this sheet so soft.

Gunpowder, compass, printing and paper,  
Fiery sparks, and the knowledge maker.  
Faithful pointer, and a box of wisdom,  
All used today, everywhere and anytime.

Four such inventions always with us,  
Helping so much to avoid a fuss,  
Yet we do not seem to appreciate them,  
As they, to us, are a gem.

Creative Writing  
Poetry  
Group 2



# Fly into the Sky and Beyond

*Kowloon Rhenish School, Yick, Chun Ka Kayley – 9*

Once a little kid,  
Crying over a lost kite,  
I wondered where it hid,  
After such an exciting flight.  
I was told that kites helped those who spied,  
And inspired people to glide.  
I wished I could fly,  
Fly high in the sky.

I opened my eyes wide,  
Fascinated by a fireworks-brighten sight.  
Vivid, thrilling, magical...  
What a wonderful night!  
I was told that fireworks were made from gunpowder,  
For celebration but not for fight!  
Now I am even prouder,  
When I learn about the new achievement in spaceflight.

What are there in the space?  
Stars we observe and wonders we long to explore.  
Despite difficulties and failures,  
Enthusiasm and devotion never stop.  
Rockets, spaceships, space stations...  
Every journey is supported by ingenuity and dedication.  
Satellites, spacewalks, space experiments...  
Every step leads us to accomplishments.

From legend to reality,  
Chang'e flew to the moon.  
From ancient times to the present,  
China's inventions are a great boon.  
Standing on the solid ground,  
I look up at the starry sky again.  
I wish I could fly,  
Fly beyond the sky.

# Printing

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Chan, Yu Ching – 9*

Plenty of inventions in the world.  
Remind me which inventions are from China.  
Interested questions?  
Namely, compass, paper, printing and gunpowder.  
Think about what we need for printing  
Ink.  
Now, printing is popular in the world.  
Good invention to human.

# Wonderful electric cars

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Cheng, Ho Hin Hayden – 10*

Heart filled with passion in designing electric cars.  
A shining star, like a guiding light with China's brand.  
Your presence in sitting them with joy and happiness,  
Dedicating myself invent gorgeous cars with China's style.

Enthusiastic soul, constantly inspired,  
Never giving up, always admired.  
Constantly seeking new engines,  
Harnessing wisdom, always yearning.

Humble and kind, always lending a hand,  
Eager to design, to understand.  
Never ceasing, always striving,  
Greatness within you, always surviving.

Genuine and true, a new brand so dear,  
Cherishing moments, spreading cheer.

## Printing

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, He, Sum Lui Melody – 9*

Please follow me.  
Read history books.  
It is very interesting.  
News  
To be informative.  
I'm proud of my country.  
Nowadays  
Great achievements.

## Gunpowder

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Lam, Tsz Long Jack – 10*

Great!  
Unique inventions motivate us to have new ideas.  
New inventions are coming.  
Paper, compass, printing and gunpowder.  
Outstanding inventors will create new inventions.  
Watch out!  
Demand of gunpowder is increasing.  
Everybody can be an inventor.  
Right! A lot of dreams can come true.

## Paper

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Lau, Ho Yi – 9*

Pens and pencils create a dance,  
A woven story on a chance.  
Pondered words, they still alive,  
Every sentence strives to thrive.  
Revealing thoughts, a canvas so grand.

## Compass

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Li, Yuen Han – 10*

Coming together, guiding the way.  
Onward we sail, amidst the fray.  
Marking the path, steadfast and true.  
Pointing us north, through skies of blue.  
Always there, a trusted friend.  
Seeking direction, until the end.  
Sailing through waters, calm or rough.

## Paper

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Ma, Hok Kiu – 10*

Picking up the pen, we begin to write,  
A world of words, taking flight.  
Pages eager, awaiting their tale,  
Every sentence woven, never to fail.  
Revealing stories, with each turn of the leaf.

## Fantastic Motor Cars

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Rafiqat, Zariq – 9*

Radiant mind, lighting up the idea of designing motor cars.  
Alluring presence, a spirit in bloom with Chinese mood.  
Fantastic, cherished and true,  
A beacon of kindness, that is you,  
Quick wit that brings laughter near,  
Always uplifting, spreading cheer,  
Thoughtful, always there,  
Zest for life, beyond compare,  
Ambitious and driven, with dreams so grand ,  
Radiating positivity, across our Great China,  
Inspiring others, with your grand engine,  
Questioning norms, making your choice of my new electric car.

## Compass

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Shah, Hussain – 13*

Caring, it guides us on life's winding road.  
Offering direction, it helps us be bold.  
Moving steadily, it doesn't falter or sway.  
Pointing true north, showing us the way.  
Always compassionate, it gives us hope.  
Steadfast and true, through all we cope.  
Seeking adventure, it leads us to explore.

## Firework

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Tsang, Siu Chi Elfa – 10*

Fireworks in the sky. Pretty as a butterfly.  
It's bright as the morning sun, colouring the black night sky.  
Rising into the bright moon,  
Effecting the darkness in the black night sky.  
White, red, purple and green, blooming like a sunflower, resting under the sky.  
Offering a spectacular view, breathtaking.  
Refreshing and amazing, as they fall down the sky,  
Kindness through the cast clear skies.

## Umbrella

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Wan, Tsz Lam – 9*

Under the rain it's shelter I provide,  
Making sure you stay warm and dry inside.  
Blocking the drops that fall from the sky,  
Ensuring your clothes and hair won't go wet.  
Let me shield you from the stormy weather,  
Let me be your shield, now and forever.  
As we walk together under the gray,  
I'll keep you safe, come what may.

## Paper

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Wan, Tsz Yan – 9*

Pristine pages, so pure and white,  
A medium for thoughts take flight,  
Perceiving stories in every line,  
Every word, a treasure to find,  
Revealing secrets, both old and new.

## My dream car

*LKWFSL Wong Yiu Nam Primary School, Wu, Kit Yin Dennis – 10*

Divine dreams lead me on my way in invention.  
Endless creativity my mind does sway to design a new car.  
Navigating through life with a curious view,  
Nurturing passions, I always stays true.  
Immersed in the beauty of the outlook of my car.  
Seeking inspiration with Chinese style,  
Wow! Devising with Chinese taste,  
Unleashing my spirit with my Chinese heart.

# China's Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chin, Leah – 10*

In Ancient China's land so bold,  
Inventions like silk and gunpowder unfold.  
Bamboo brushes move as quickly as a roar,  
They paint a picture of China's ancient lore.

The abacus “clicks” and “clacks,”  
Like a river's flow,  
Counting coins and crops,  
With an ancient glow.  
The compass points the way,  
Like a guiding star, leading travellers near and far.

The paper lanterns, like a firefly in the night,  
Shed its gentle glow, a beautiful sight.  
Chinese inventions, like a dragon in the sky,  
Soaring high as time goes by.

In ancient China inventions abound,  
Silk and paper, compass to astound,  
With wondrous words like “boom” and “bang,”  
Gunpowder mimicry, a crafty pang.

Inventions rhyme with time's sweet tune,  
Echoes of destiny from Sun to moon.  
The Great Wall stands, as ancient as a rune,  
A dragon tail, stretching mile by mile.  
Protecting the land within entering style.

Chinese inventions, ancient and bright,  
With whispers of wisdom and wondrous light,  
Gunpowder and fireworks burst and boom,  
Invention soaring beyond the silence gloom.

The compass guides like a wise old friend,  
Paper and printing, spreading stories without an end,  
The abacus “clicks” like rain on a tin roof.  
While kites dance and soar, like a falcon aloof.

From porcelain to silk,  
Like a river so smooth.  
These gifts from China, like treasure to behave.  
Inventions aplenty, an endless stream,  
Flowing like water in a timeless dream.

The legacy of ancient China's inventions,  
Like a river flowing through the centuries.  
Their impact is felt far and wide,  
A testament to human time and creativity.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chong, Ching Yan Claribel – 10*

Have you seen the compass,  
An astounding Chinese invention?  
Made in the Han Dynasty by Shen Kuo,  
The compass grabbed plenty of attention.  
Before the Chinese compass was invented,  
People used the North Star to find the way.  
When the night came, they looked up,  
In the sky where the North Star laid.  
More than two thousand years ago,  
The first Chinese compass was made.  
In the early Warring States Period,  
People used it for war and trade.  
The compass has an interesting look:  
With a wooden frame that's spherical,  
And a spoon-like object on top.  
What is it? A steel needle!  
"The South Pointing Fish" was what  
Ancient citizens called a compass usually.  
Since a "fish" came out of the compass,  
This name for the compass fits perfectly.  
The "fish" was actually a lodestone piece,  
In the water, the "fish" pointed south.  
After that amazing discovery,  
The compass was given this title.  
The compass was then used for navigation  
When the Song Dynasty came.  
Now that this invention has a new purpose,  
The compass is full of fame.  
The magnetised compass we use nowadays  
Wasn't invented until Medieval Europe arrived.  
It's always wonderful to know  
That our invention has survived.  
Compasses are very useful  
In both ancient and modern days.  
With the technological advances,  
Would people still think of compasses in the future days?

# Gunpowder

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Hung, Song Yeo Jamie – 9*

In old stories, a tale is told,  
Of gunpowder strong and bold.  
A tiny fizz, sparks so bright,  
Releases the gunpowder, causing fright!

Gunpowder, a miracle they say,  
Made from charcoal, sulfur and salt in a day.  
A special mix, fierce and strong,  
Equipped in war, where heroes belong.

Cannons roar, their powerful blast,  
Passes the night sky, fierce and fast.  
In fireworks, it fills the night,  
Beautiful sight, a true delight.

In the hands of heroes, it can amaze,  
But in the wrong hands, it isn't a game to play.  
We don't use it to endanger our lives,  
Gunpowder is much stronger than a knife!

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Mui, Amanda Genevieve – 9*

In ancient lands where dragons roam,  
A tale reveals China's home.  
Where inventions, bold and grand,  
Shape the history of this hoary land.

Long ago, in the kingdom of old,  
China's cleverness began to unfold.  
Silk, a fabric of elegance and grace,  
Made with care, a treasure to embrace.

From paper, the written words took flight,  
Ink and brush, a poet's delight.  
The compass, guiding explorers from far,  
Mapping the world, like a guiding star.

Tea, a soothing beverage to be sipped,  
Its fragrance and flavour forever cherished.  
Ceramic, delicate and beautifully designed,  
Decorated with art, a treasure refined.

So let us celebrate their ingenuity,  
Their inventions, a heritage for eternity.  
Through stories told, these tales we weave,  
China's inventions, forever to believe.

# New Tales of China Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wong, Sik Yu Elisa – 9*

China made a lot of things we use today,  
Maybe they will make more someday.

The Chinese wanted a potion of immortality,  
But instead they made gunpowder.  
The army used it to make flaming arrows,  
To defend themselves from their foes.

The Chinese also invented the first compass,  
Used for geomancy and fortune telling.  
And it developed gradually for navigation,  
Now we know the direction to our destination!

The Chinese made paper for writing,  
They didn't want to write on animal skins, bones and bamboo.  
Paper was easier to store and deliver,  
Now people can record things forever!

The Chinese invented silk for clothes,  
At first when silkworms were found.  
Only the royal family was allowed to wear,  
Now it's available for everybody and it's fair!

China made a lot of things we use today,  
Maybe they will make more someday.

# Father of Hybrid Rice

*Shanghai Singapore International School, Li, Caiden Wei Han – 11*

Few could imagine,  
The agony of famine.  
The heart, lungs, and muscles shrink,  
Till one can barely think.  
Clawing for survival,  
Each one becomes a rival.  
Scavenging for resource,  
There seems to be no recourse.  
Broken policies, natural disaster,  
Economic blunders, and social pressure.  
These are claims for how famines happen,  
How, then, to prevent such abjection?  
Born in early 20<sup>th</sup> century,  
Having witnessed the dire calamity,  
Yuan Longping rose to the call,  
Determined to end hunger for all.  
He toiled and laboured in the field,  
Thought of ways to maximize yield.  
Finally, there came a solution,  
And it was rice hybridization.  
The results exceeded his expectations,  
He shared and helped the other nations.  
Not just in donations of hybrid rice strains,  
But having sent teams to teach and train.  
Yuan's effort saved millions of lives,  
His legacy is immortalized.  
For generations he's been recognized  
As Father of Hybrid Rice.

# Great Inventions of China

*Yaumati Catholic Primary School (Hoi Wang Road), Cheng, Lok Man – 11*

What are great inventions of China?

They include the compass, paper,  
Movable printing and gunpowder.  
They are important here and afar.

To replace strips of wood and bamboo  
Which were heavy for people to move,  
*Cai Lun* invented sheets of paper  
With mulberry and bast fibres.

Paper was gradually spread worldwide  
By travellers on countless camel rides  
With textiles, tea and heavy loads  
Criss-crossing the ancient Silk Road.

The first compass was used in warfare,  
Where a ladle pointed on a calibrated square.  
It was later used to explore and navigate,  
Making an impact in culture and trade.

In a modern compass, the needle  
Is made from a magnetic metal.  
It always points to the north,  
No matter where you go forth.

*Bi Sheng* invented movable printing  
For efficiently books reproducing.  
Cuts of Chinese characters were made,  
They were as thin as a coin in sticky clay.

Single types were assembled  
In a metal frame without trouble.  
On the solid block, paper was pressed  
So as to create a duplicate of a text.

The first explosive was gunpowder  
Which comprised carbon and sulphur.  
Gas was produced when ignited,  
In a gun it propelled a bullet.

Black powder was multi-functional:  
It was used in fireworks and signals,  
Weapon making, stone digging,  
As well as pipe and road building.

The inventions are ancient but great,  
As the inventors never stopped to innovate.  
Thanks to advances in technology and science,  
We can enjoy daily comfort and convenience.

# Ancient Chinese Inventions

*Yaumati Catholic Primary School (Hoi Wang Road), Fan, Lai Man – 11*

Great inventions of China:  
Compass and gunpowder,  
Printing and paper making,  
They are simply stunning.

The first compass, *si nan*,  
Invented in the dynasty of *Han*,  
Is a south-pointing ladle  
That seems common and usual.

A modern compass is round,  
The needle can turn around.  
It always points to the north,  
No matter what you go toward.

People wrote on strips of bamboo  
Which were too heavy to move.  
They also wrote on fabric of silk  
Which was as expensive as gilt.

*Cai Lun* created the first sheet of paper  
With mulberry and other bast fibres.  
It was used for wrapping and padding  
As well as writing and printing.

Gunpowder was developed by Taoists,  
Originally for medicinal purposes.  
It was later used in weapons  
At war, such as in cannons.

Gunpowder produces flares in signals  
That illuminate but do not explode.  
It produces power in rockets  
That propels, with gases ejected.

Incised were characters of Chinese  
On wood blocks and pieces.  
Buddhist scriptures and beautiful cloth  
Came from printing with wooden blocks.

Great inventions are all-inclusive  
As well as functional and creative.  
With advances in culture and science,  
Our lives have been more convenient.

# Ancient China's Inventions

*Yaumati Catholic Primary School (Hoi Wang Road), Wong, Hei Yin – 11*

Ancient Chinese inventions include paper making,  
In addition to the compass, gunpowder and printing.

Not only strips of bamboo and wood,  
Writing on fabric of silk was just as good.  
There were various media of writing before,  
But paper was the only thing people adored.

China's paper wasn't perfect or white,  
But it was good enough for people to write.  
It is not a problem to carry piles of paper,  
As it only weighs as much as a feather!

Invented long ago in the dynasty of *Han*  
Was the earliest compass called *si nan*.  
The spoon that always pointed to the south  
Is like the one you put into your mouth!

How can people navigate a mountain trail?  
This is because the compass never fails.  
No matter in what way spins the needle,  
It points to the north without trouble.

Gunpowder was used to make fireworks  
To celebrate festivals and days of birth.  
It consists of fuels of charcoal and sulphur  
As well as an oxidizer called saltpeter.

Black powder has been used in cannons  
Fire-arrows and other military weapons.  
It has been used as an agent of blasting  
In quarrying, mining and tunnel building.

Reproduction of Buddhist scriptures  
Gave rise to the first print culture.  
On wooden blocks, Chinese characters  
Were carved and then pressed on paper.

*Bi Sheng* changed wood to ceramic,  
To make printing much more rapid.  
Thousands of characters were assembled  
To print plentiful copies of messages textual.

Which ancient Chinese invention is the best?  
Best? They are all the best!



# Poetry

Group 3

# Visions through a kite

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Domnitz, Ayala – 12*

Flying through the air – fast and steady  
Dancing in the sky, a sight all long to see  
My wings set out and free  
The shining sun blazing down on me  
Lying on the wings of breeze  
With not a single care

So free and proud; yet tied to a string  
Up high, broad, tall, what a thing!

As I fly through the sky  
I think how and why  
I am held by a string  
Yet feel so free, like a king

Plastic and string  
All you need for a very big grin

The higher I go the more I see  
The islands and the seas  
As beautiful as can possibly be

In China – the place of my birth –  
Stands the greatest structure in all the earth  
The great wall, standing tall  
Over which I soar following nature's call

The wind holds me high  
While I touch the sky  
As I gaze through the clouds  
I see all the bright colors shining proud

Up high, the air so fresh and clean  
A world of new possibilities can be seen  
As I rise up from the ground  
The feeling of freedom can be found

But as I arise,  
The perfect sky can quickly disguise  
Danger approaches as pollution quietly encroaches  
The breeze of smoke can rise  
We are destroying our air, why don't the people care?

As I fly around and admire the beauty that I see  
You have all closed your eyes to the potential that can be.

# Paper That Flew With The Wind

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Wall, Jemaiah – 13*

I seem to be floating high, a graceful flight,  
Reaching heights, embracing the light.  
Being guided by a steady hand.  
Every gust, a step ahead,  
Guided by winds, where dreams are spread.  
I am paper that flew with the wind.

Can it be attained,  
Paper aloft, with the air it gained?  
The concept so unimaginable.  
Parchment and wood together entwined,  
Soared high, so unconfined.  
For it was paper that flew with the wind.

A chinese farmer was legend,  
A hat his only possession,  
To keep it from blowing in the wind,  
He tied it carefully to a string,  
Creating this magnificent sort of thing.  
So became paper that flew with the wind.

If we go back to 200 BC,  
With General Han Hsin of the Han Dynasty,  
He flew FengZheng over the City,  
To find the distance past the barriers,  
Surprised the enemy, and were conquerors.  
Due to the paper that flew with the wind.

Now, whatever will I call this,  
This invention of outright bliss.  
It reminds me of a bird,  
the bluejay, the sparrow or the kite?  
The egret or robin, what a plight.  
But it was paper that flew with the wind.

My spirit and kite flew in harmony,  
Weaving an exhilarating symphony,  
One that was fit for a king.  
For aren't we all kings, in life's grand play,  
Shaping our kingdoms, in our unique way?  
For we can be paper and fly with the wind.

# Whispers of Silk

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Wall, Keziah – 13*

In ancient China, where it had just begun,  
Amidst the jade mountains, beneath the rising sun,  
Silk, a gift from nature's loom,  
Whispered secrets of a land in full bloom.

But how did this happen? Where did it start?  
In a palace on a hill, set apart.  
The Empress, a visionary with wisdom to behold,  
Unveiled the secret of silk, a tale to be told.

With a gasp, she dropped it accidentally,  
Silk cascading into her tea,  
The threads danced and swirled in the golden brew,  
Infusing her drink with a magical hue.

With delicate touch, they gently unwound,  
The secret threads that nature had bound.  
Transforming silk cocoons into fabric of lustre,  
A shimmering tapestry, a vision to muster.

And in the palace of the empress so fair,  
Her heart skipped a beat, enraptured by the sight so rare  
As she sipped her tea, delicate and refined,  
A strand of silk, by fate, she did find.

Oh, the tales it wove, the stories it told,  
Of ancient empires and legends of old.  
Silk, a symbol of wealth, luxury, and grace,  
Woven into the fabric of China's embrace.

Her creation of silk, a story to be told,  
Can be woven into stories, a treasure to behold.  
The Empress's legacy, forever will unfurl,  
Whether in ancient China, or the modern world.

# An Epistle to Youthful Dreams ~ Cai Lun

*Carmel School – Elsa High School, Rebibo, Lea – 13*

O endowed honored youth,  
In the realm of your generations, seek the truth.  
For when the great spirit offers itself to you,  
to embrace fate's whisper, NuWa calls, '*you must seize your cue.*'

With open ears all attend,  
To words that I, Cai Lun, shall now lend.  
Within your grasp, the fate of our human kind,  
Lies not in bounds that others bind.

Like in China's vast expanse, let your boundless dreams ignite,  
As if fireflies in the night, suffusing a spell-binding light.  
May you entwine your aspirations, like silken threads so fine,  
and let your ingenuity roar, like a soaring phoenix at its prime.

Reminiscent of ancient ink upon a parchment fair,  
concealing your thoughts, those dreams take flight through air.  
Embrace the boundless realms of 'what could be?',  
For in your hands, lies our world's future destiny.

Such myriads of ideas, bound to ripen like mulberries on a vine.  
Some already sprouted, their joyful flourish, a kaleidoscope of design.  
So let them prosper, these abundances so divine,  
Let them bloom and sparkle, like the many stars that shine.

And O how earth's luminous dust of thunder's wrath,  
Or our guiding star, in nature's weary path,  
All envisage from the world's tapestry of red and starry gold,  
A land of stories, triumph and legends that are yet untold.

In this journey of life, where hopes entwine,  
Your essence shines, a beacon so dominant and sublime.  
For Cai Lun sees the spark within each soul,  
A flame of imagination that makes us in control.

O endowed honored youth,  
In the realm of your generations, seek the truth.  
And as you ponder inventions yet to come,  
Let your imagination soar, a journey only begun.

Yours sincerely,  
Cai Lun

# China's greatest inventions — which one is best?

*Diocesan Girls' School, So, Tsz Yu Tiffany – 12*

In the ancient lands when legends unfold,  
China's greatest inventions remain untold.  
Four wonders, each with own its story,  
And with each of these tales we unveil their glory.

First came the compass, the explorer's guide,  
Leading ships through the oceans deep and wide.  
The magnetic needle, brave and ready —  
Faced all challenges calm and steady.

Next was paper, the knowledge's bank,  
The bearer of wisdom, true and frank.  
From calligraphy's swift and elegant strokes  
To inspiring stories, it invokes.

Gunpowder was after, a force to reckon,  
With violent power that none can beckon.  
Fireworks shooting high, illuminating the night,  
Or cannons flashing in battles' might.

Lastly, printing, an astounding art,  
Spreading ideas, igniting both minds and the heart,  
Symphonies of words, spreading out wide,  
Flawlessly demonstrating the inventor's sweat and pride.

Now, let our long awaited debate commence,  
Which design reigns high in eminence?  
Could it be the compass, showing us the way,  
Or paper, preserving thoughts every day?

Could it be gunpowder, savage and bold,  
Or printing, a legacy to eternally hold?  
Each invention, a masterpiece of its own,  
All evidence of the excellence China has shown.

But in truth, we mustn't compete,  
Rather, cherish the wonders of these miracles complete.  
For united, they exemplify,  
China's creativity outstretching the sky.

Inventions intertwined, a heritage grand,  
A testament to the nation's hand.  
Let's celebrate what all marvels possess,  
And honor China's exceptional success.

# Old inventions and new innovations of China

*Diocesan Girls' School, Chung, Hei Kiu Osanna – 13*

Perhaps some people know about China's four great inventions,  
Although others may have long since forgotten these creations:  
Paper, printing, the compass and gunpowder,  
Exhibiting the brilliance of our ancestors,  
Related to the present despite all of time's evolutions.

Pioneering new domains, from finance to technology,  
Reintroducing: the modern inventions of our country.  
Instead of paper money invented in the Northern Song dynasty,  
NFTs and digital commerce replace cash and currency.  
Taobao, for example, as an icon of online shopping  
Introduces China's capability in product manufacturing.  
Netizens increasing, growing phenomenally,  
Going online to shop, pay or browse Baidu daily.

Continuing to diplomacy, trade and transportation:  
One belt, one road, the legacy of past navigation;  
Meituan bikes, not only rapid but also reachable;  
Propelling upwards, the Comac C919 is truly remarkable;  
Accelerating across the country on the high-speed railway;  
Sustainable vehicles, electrical and environmental headway;  
Surpassing speed and expectation.

Galactic ventures made possible by the Long March rocket family,  
Unknowns answered with rovers named after a lunar deity.  
Not to mention the construction of an independent space station,  
Proving the nations' potential and progress in space exploration.  
Outstanding minds are deeply rooted in our culture,  
Whether it's developments in AI or agriculture,  
Disrupts the world, both ancient and contemporary;  
Experimenting with innovations, making novel thoughts a reality  
Rendering us proud of our Chinese nationality.

# Father of War

*Dulwich College Beijing, He, Benita –*

A pinch of saltpeter, charcoal, and sulfur.  
Give it a good mix, and you've got gunpowder.  
A foolish idea, I know, but at first, I could not see why,  
When I invented it, I didn't realize it would cause so many to die.  
I only wanted to make the great Elixir of Life,  
Earn lots of money, settle down somewhere nice.

*One year later:*

The 'Elixir' is deemed useless; it doesn't work at all.  
But I did not lose hope; it was used for fireworks, after all.  
Beautiful explosion after beautiful explosion of red streaking across the sky.  
Tears of pride fill my eyes as I watch the fireworks fly.

*A few years later*

In my grave, I lay— serenity shattered, but I'm not awake.  
I am confused by the trembles in the ground.  
It isn't natural, and certainly not just an earthquake.  
My soul floats above my grave, determined to see what caused these sounds.  
My heart sinks as I see the sight before me—  
Part of my soul withers as each boom sounds against the ground:  
It is war.

Now, I lay in my grave, this time only half-awake— disturbed by the sights I saw.  
I hear the people praise my name, thanking me for my creation—  
The secret weapon, passed down for generations,  
Enabling them to win a battle in every single situation.

I wake with a start— now I'm truly awake:  
In soul, if not in form, but —oh— how I want to break  
Out of this cold damp grave, unable to do anything.  
Except for watching my men slaughter one other.  
It's all my fault. it's all my fault!  
My harmless invention— now, a deadly weapon.  
I should have predicted it— humans are like bloodhounds,  
The trenches are their playgrounds.

The muffled noises accumulate,  
It's something I simply cannot take!  
Help me— fill my nonexistent ears with wax,  
Do anything you can to make my soul relax.

*Present day*

To this day I still hear  
The cries and screams of fear  
Piercing through the air,  
Like a sweet angel's cry  
Amidst a swarm of angry demons.  
How did it come down to this?

Why had I never known?  
My grave today is littered with a pile of dusty bones.

To this day I still see  
The salty tracks of tears  
Gushing out of a pair of undersized eyes,  
As if the child would somehow  
Wash away the world's miseries with his tears.  
How did it come down to this?  
Why had I never known?  
I should've known that I would reap what I had sown.

To this day I still smell  
The metallic scent of blood  
Barely there,  
But still polluting, lingering in the air.  
How did it come down to this?  
Why had I never known?  
Beside my grave are the dead soldiers' names etched in stone.

It's been over a century,  
Since those traumatizing days,  
Yet I know this hasn't stopped, only continued in different ways:  
Soldiers parting from their families carrying backpacks full of death.  
Never knowing when they might breathe their last breath.

It's been over a century,  
Since those traumatizing days:  
Blood and shrapnel  
Litter my grave.

# The Fascinating Invention of Gunpowder

*ESF Discovery College, Jain, Rishit – 11*

China, oh China, land of ancient wisdom and modern bliss,  
Countless inventions and genius minds that changed history's abyss,  
From papermaking to printing to the compass, China's contributions are vast,  
But one invention stands out from the rest: gunpowder, a substance that lasts.  
Chinese monks discovered the technology in the 9th century,  
During their quest for longevity,  
Truly, they stumbled upon the substance that changed history.

Gunpowder and firearms as we know them were developed  
During the Song Dynasty, which began in 960.  
Historians regard the Song Dynasty as a highly prosperous time  
And assert that it marks China's entrance into the modern era, so sublime.

In 1044, Zeng Gongliang's pen unveiled the blend  
Of saltpeter, sulfur, and charcoal, a secret to defend.  
Initially for merriment, like fireworks in the night,  
Its military soon shone, a force to incite.

The Mongols soon emerged as an ambitious society,  
Their conquests spread it across Asia; soon, gunpowder was used widely.  
It reached the Middle East by the 13th century,  
And traders and crusaders came into contact with it, you see.  
It's the source of tanks, a weapon of war  
that changed the world's ranks.

A materialistic culture arose during the Song Dynasty,  
And the circulation of money became widespread, you see.  
But the development of gunpowder hints at a modern interest  
In the practical applications of intellectual speculation, no less.

The speed of change in China today is dramatic and fast,  
A resource that no other country has, a future that will last.  
So let's celebrate China's rich history and culture  
And honor the genius minds that have made it a wonder,  
For it's a land of ancient wisdom and modern bliss,  
China, oh China, what a land it is!

# New Tales of China's Inventions – The Disciple's Discovery

*ESF Island School, Chand, Nimisha – 13*

“A battle will commence in just a few days from now.  
We need all that we can get, remember your vows,  
We have sworn to our leader that we will find a way  
A scheme to prevent our warriors from death and decay”

The master paused his speech, and his breath faltered.  
“What?!” the crowd exclaimed, “How?!” they hollered  
“A perpetuity medicine? That's impossible, unheard!”  
“Stop”, the master went on, “This all might seem absurd,”

“But as the leader of this alchemist organisation,  
I believe we have the ability to perform this investigation,  
If not, we we will simply go to the battle empty handed  
And there's a slight chance we might get reprimanded”.

“Thank you all of listening, your work can now resume”,  
He turned to his disciple, and his face spoke the word ‘doom’.  
The disciple gulped in nervousness, and faced the master's eyes  
“Your job is the same”, the master announced, “go gather supplies”.

“And if you return even the slightest bit late”  
“Know that a punishment will always await”.  
Whimpering, the disciple scurried down to the woods  
Hoping that he would find some exceptional goods.

It would be a shame to be treated a stranger,  
By the master himself, who posed some danger.  
With those exact thought to encourage him on  
He ventured into the forest, hoping to return before dawn.

The trees were majestic, the herbs and leaves  
The ample bird nests, properly weaved  
And while all of this was truly mesmerising to see,  
He needed something that was useful to some degree.

The pouches in his bag contained vials to hold  
Their bodies were transparent and the cap was gold  
He took one out, and a flower was in his view  
With a small stick he pushed some pollen through.

Happy with his discovery, he found his motivation,  
“Wonder what's there..?”, he eyed a rock formation.  
This was territory he had never explored,  
Not that he was even ever assigned these chores.

The cave was so big, and so much to scout  
Would he make it back, it was evening no doubt  
If he took the whole night, he would never get sleep  
And he was already inside the forest too deep.

But this was an opportunity, a risk he was willing to take  
“I'll only get the necessities, see what I can make”.  
As he went in deeper, he saw sulphur on the ground  
Somewhere near, a volcano had to be bound.

Taking another vial, he took as much sulphur as he could manage

Hopefully in the future, these would come to his advantage  
He went on collecting more and more, his excitement never to end  
Until he came to the realisation of how much time that he had spent

He needed a product, he couldn't just return with some rosemary and thyme,  
And on top of that, per his calculations, he was going to barely make it on time.  
He took all the vials he had, and carefully began to think,  
He had some formulas in mind which he needed to link.

He combined saltpetre plus sulphur, and some charcoal too  
Who knows what wonders this experiment will do?  
According to his knowledge, it would create quite a spark,  
And quite strong enough to create light in the dark.

The charcoal helps to make this thing burn bright  
The sulphur is both useful to fuel, and to ignite  
The saltpetre is what was missing, the oxygen we need  
And together it holds power, real power indeed

“Maybe if I present this”, he thought, “I will make a name for myself at last”,  
“People would forget the mistakes I made, and failures in the past”.  
A smile emerged on his face, and excitement ran through his veins,  
If they could use this in the war, they would definitely take the reins.

This battle they were fighting, it was his chance to succeed  
The invention had to be useful. It was guaranteed.

Unfortunately his plan was on its way to fail,  
His idea was really not going to prevail.

“But master!”, he begged, “this mixture might explode!”  
“Might?”, The master scoffed, “we need death antidote,”  
“We’re looking for immortality, not some random mess”  
“But—” the disciple said and stopped. He just wanted to impress.

The master shot him a look of disapproval and turned to face the others  
The disciple was treated like a slave, while the rest were like brothers.

Moping was useless, and he realised what time it had become  
He smiled at the thought and suddenly things weren't that glum  
He looked behind, to make sure no one was to stalk  
He imagined her face, love blooming in him as he walked

In through the bushes, a little farther by those trees  
He felt the thrill of this mission, and also the breeze  
Standing there, waiting, the woman for whom he longed,  
He'd been meeting her for months, with him, she belonged.

It didn't matter that she was with the rival team they had to fight,  
He trusted her to keep secrets, when they secretly met at night.

“Oh how I waited for you so long”, she said with her eyes sad,  
“At one point I thought you'd left me, and I hoped you weren't mad..”  
“Of course not my dear!, it's just my master made me stay”,  
“I am really so sorry”, he conceded, “I apologise for the delay”.

“What's in your hands?” the girl seemed eager to know.  
“It's a mixture of some substances, it should make things glow”.  
“Here you can have some”, he handed her all the vials  
“It's useless anyways, the master says it isn't even worth a trial”.

“It’s supposed to make things blow up, but now I have some doubts” .  
“It’s ok” the girl comforted, “I believe what it’s about”,  
“Well I do have to go, sorry this was short” the girl said,  
After the battle”, she paused, “I hope you aren’t dead...”

With that they departed, and awaited the battle to commence  
They had no immortality, and the last few days were tense.  
The disciple was told to sit in the healers tent, his only job was to cure  
But hopefully the battle went well, and the soldiers would endure

Everyone was anxious.. then there was a stab and a scream  
The battle had officially started, this was no dream  
And everything was just slashes. the clanging of metal  
Destroying all the nature, the flowers and its petals

Then there was a peculiar sound, the disciple stood up straight  
Was it... an explosion? or was what he heard a mistake?  
The sound was endless, it kept on firing again and again  
The sounds overpowered the sounds of our men.

A rustle was then heard, and the disciples attention was taken  
His body shivered in fright, and from the inside he was shaken

He turns around. The girl stood there with a different look in her eye  
“Oh my gosh, you’re alive!”, the disciple jumped to hug her as he cried.  
The woman didn’t move though, she was stuck to the ground like glue  
“What’s wrong, my dear”, the hint of concern in his voice grew.

“So naive as always..”, the girl trailed off and looked down  
Hearing this comment, the man backed away with a frown.  
“My love you were right, the gunpowder does explode”, she finally looked at his face  
With a pitiful look she replied, “Unfortunately, everyone thinks you’re a disgrace”.

This harsh truth had taken the disciple aback, it was something he didn’t expect  
Suddenly the girl he met from time to time, had lost all her poise and respect.  
“So it was actually you who did this”, he pointed to the outside.  
“You’re the only reason why all of our team is about to die”.

The girl simply walked around like she didn't have a care in the world.  
The man’s eye twitched, controlling himself as his anger unfurled.

“Why did you do this?” he said, “Why would you harm lives?”  
The girl replied, walking on ahead, “my dear, don't you realise?”  
“Gaining power is much more exciting than our love here”  
“No..”, he cried, “the woman I love is now something I fear”

“Then run away, for all I care”, the woman disappeared behind the tent.  
“You’ll die in this war”, she remarked, “don't keep waiting for my repent”  
Silence echoed throughout the space, and it was all too quiet for one.  
A tear of regret fell down the disciple’s face, saying “What have I done?”

All of a sudden, a loud bang surrounded the entire warfield  
Knocking down every barrier, every sword and shield  
Reduced to atoms, the man started to burn in the fire  
“This is how I die”, he winced. “I trusted a liar”.

# Legendary Discoveries of the Chinese

*ESF King George V School, Chan, Pui Yin Brandon – 12*

Creating one of the great four:

The compass, which is the legacy of more,  
The idea of it seemed hopeless and in vain.  
Chinese inventions remain countless in the brain.

Stressed, anxious, apprehensive and lost,  
The legend of the guide will never come with a cost. Everyday  
helping tourists in distress,  
The Chinese creation will never fail to impress.

Inventing the second of the great four:

The ink with which a brush dances and soars.  
A feat that was modified by the Chinese hand,  
Was first invented in the desert land.

Slow down, slow down, with each flick you make,  
Everybody's bound to make a disastrous mistake.  
Communication now possible with silent strokes,  
With facial expressions now hidden, the cruel beast awoke.

Innovating the third of the great four,  
The destruction it holds, so tiny yet roars.  
Originated in China in desperation for peace,  
Very successful as its standards increase.

Gray as wool and light as a feather,  
The sparkles of dust all gathered together.  
Preparing to make a great big boom,  
The enemies of the legend all wait for their doom.

Discovering the last of the great four:

The printer that always presses out some more,  
Copies of the original,  
Will always be flawless and additional.

Nonetheless, when the printer lands, Made  
from Chinese hands,  
Presses down to smudge red ink,  
Into the paper with a great Ka-chink.

So there we go, the legends of the Chinese,  
All explained in detailed expertise.  
Now you know the Chinese inventions,  
How great Chinese ideas mentions.

# The Old and the New

*ESF Sha Tin College, Tong Kyra – 11*

Spark  
Ignite.  
Fireworks light the sky up.  
Crash!  
Bang!  
Colors weave and flow like fishes in a river  
Twine around each other,  
Taste each other,  
Before they join on a new and arduous journey.

Pound.  
Spread.  
They peel the thin material off.  
Light as a feather,  
With a texture  
Rough yet smooth.  
Watch as it is filled  
With the artful strokes of a scribe's writing  
Or a painter's art.  
The paper slowly becomes decorated.

Shift.  
Point.  
The tip swivels around as the winds guide it  
North, south, east, west  
Home, mountains, rivers, kingdoms  
Villages, forests, oceans, beaches.  
The places are endless.  
Take the compass, they say,  
And you'll rule the seven seas.

Click.  
Clack.  
Arithmetic in your fingers.  
Slide.  
Count.  
The beads follow the mathematics.  
No more long and arduous hours  
Of counting, thinking, trying to calculate in your mind.  
The abacus sits stoically,  
Waiting patiently for the calculation to finish,  
For its purpose to be complete.

For all of these things to be complete.

# Mindscapes of China: Where Brilliance Blooms

*ESF Sha Tin College, Wong, Qian Yu Sharmaine – 13*

In the country of China,  
A nation of unity, an innovative space.  
For five thousand years, she has stood with grace,  
With intellect from minds, sharp and swift,  
Harmonizing numbers and equations  
With nothing adrift.  
The abacus, the ancient calculator of old,  
With a flick of the beads and rods,  
calculations quickly unfold.

Through the ages, her thirst for knowledge prevails,  
Her inventions astound, her discoveries inspire,

Seeking direction across vast seas,  
People longed for guidance,  
An answer to appease,  
A magnetic dance, a northward pull,  
The lodestone compass was a precious tool,  
With the aid of the bronze stone,  
Became an amazing dual.  
For those who wander, going astray,  
No longer adrift, finding their way.

With resilience as her guiding light,  
A delicate frame, crafted with care,

Paper or silk, it gracefully bears.  
Intricate patterns, vibrant and bright  
An unveiling beauty in the darkness of night.  
From palace gardens to humble abodes,  
Lanterns adorned, their secrets bestowed.  
The lantern, a glowing sensation,  
Illuminating lights with a spark of creation.

A hunger for knowledge,  
like massive flowing streams,  
Through which turbines and generators,  
fulfilling numberless dreams.  
The Three Gorges Dam, a majestic sight,  
Mighty and vast it stands with pride,  
Harnessing the Yangtze river's powerful tide.  
Its walls, like giants, reaching the sky,  
An emblem of progress, towering high.

In the vast expanse where stars align,  
China's space program begins to shine  
With Chinese Interplanetary Explorations,  
Mars orbiting and landing and roving.  
From numbers and algorithms,  
computations precise,  
With satellites orbiting the globe.  
Chang-e and Tian-wen  
Missions shining above.

Through the ages, her thirst for knowledge prevails,  
Her inventions astound, her discoveries inspire,

China sought to embrace a new era,  
Modern agricultural processes, the best in the world  
Her grain production, to all countries unfurled  
So development and prosperity sprout.  
Her call to those in need echoed far and wide,  
Precision farming became the creed,  
AI and sensors met every need,  
Satellites mapping the lay of the land,  
Guiding farmers with a digital hand.

They weave success with threads of gain.  
Amidst the whispers of the past,  
A tradition holds steadfast, steadfast,  
Silkworms dance on mulberry trees,  
Their delicate threads, a gift to seize.  
In bustling workshops, skilled hands toil,  
With nimble fingers, they gently coil,  
Spinning dreams into shimmering threads,  
Crafting tales in the silken spreads.

Since these times, China's thirst for knowledge prevails,  
Their inventions will continue to astound, their discoveries will always inspire.

# The Gift of Paper

*ESF South Island School, Wong, Waai Chung Brandon – 14*

*“The journey of  
a thousand miles  
begins with one step.” – Lao Tzu*

The Gift of Paper

In the realm where ancient China's embers glow  
Where wisdom and innovation intertwine and flow  
A tale unfurls  
A prophet's legacy to bestow

In the land where legends breathe life anew  
Dragons dance  
and phoenixes majestically pursue  
Cai Lun, a man adroit  
with profound ingenuity  
He unveils a marvel

Mulberry bark, hemp  
old rags and fishing nets too  
With dexterous hands, he pulps  
and presses

*Paper is born*

Ink pirouettes on parchment's pure expanse  
Calligraphy —it is a sort of elegance  
bewitching those who behold  
Its dance

Scrolls of Confucius, sacred and copious  
portray secrets of the past  
Legends of warriors, poets, emperors  
engraved on paper, a testament to China's name

By virtue of Cai Lun's wits  
the written word ascends

The Great Wall's splendour, a guardian resolute  
and terracotta warriors too, his honour they protect  
Paper, a witness to  
China's prestige —a phoenix rising with grace

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*Let minds become dragons  
and soar through  
these boundless skies of  
imagination.*

# Gunpowder

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chung, Christopher – 14*

A spark of a new genesis,  
A new power deciphered,  
Celebrations,  
Made bright and happy,  
They are the sun of the night,  
Unbinding the forbidden darkness  
Is something wrong?

Nothing,

When it is ignited,  
It is like a power,  
The whistles of fireworks,  
It resonates in the dark,  
It lights up our happiness.  
Its dazzling brightness,  
Smiles at you,  
Laughs at you,  
What could go wrong?

Nothing,

Its pyrotechnics are pure art,  
The light shall never diminish,  
With its magical splendour,  
It will never fail to impress you,  
Its pulchritude exhibits the word,  
“Art”  
What could go wrong?

Everything,

A spark of death,  
A spark of war  
A spark of depression,  
Bullets consume lives,  
The ghastly augmentation of gunpowder,  
Bloody,  
Deathly,  
Feared,  
The epitome of the word  
“Death”.

# Warmth in the Rain

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, He, Emily – 14*

A rainy day,  
and a bird under an elm,  
wings spread, a natural umbrella

Inspired,  
he plucked a leafy branch to try  
A crude, yet workable prototype  
—— the first-ever Chinese umbrella

Amid the thunder,  
lightning breaks through the sky  
Umbrellas bloom,  
a wondrous sight to see

A shelter from the rain,  
these elegant imitation of nature,  
graceful and refined

Roofed with oiled paper,  
strong and light  
Rainy seasons are no longer a blight,  
that under the umbrella  
ones will never get wet

Frolic under the rain  
—— raindrops transform to joy

Umbrellas bloom,  
a spectacular sight to see

A home under the rain,  
these mighty symbols of protection,  
powerful and staunch

Structured with wooden,  
firm and tight  
Rainy seasons are no longer a blight  
that under the umbrella  
ones will never be cold

—bringing warmness to those  
whose heart are frosty  
and need a place for healing their scars

# China's Inventions

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Thain, Cherise – 13*

In ancient lands where wisdom thrived,  
New tales of China's inventions arrived.  
A tapestry woven with innovation's thread,  
Transforming the world with the words unsaid.

The abacus, a humble wooden frame,  
Calculating numbers without any shame.  
Beads danced upon its rows so fine,  
Revealing the mysteries of math's design.

Silk, a delicate fabric from nature's loom,  
Woven threads whispering tales of bloom.  
Embracing bodies with elegance and grace,  
A gift of beauty from an ancient place.

Gunpowder's explosion shook the earth,  
A discovery that ignited both joy and dearth.  
From fireworks to weapons, a double-edged sword,  
A reminder of power, both loved and abhorred.

Compass guiding the lost across seas,  
Navigating the unknown with steady ease.  
Magnetic needle pointing true and strong,  
Helping explorers find their way along.

China's inventions, a treasure trove,  
A legacy of brilliance and resolve.  
Innovations that shaped our world's design,  
A testament to the human mind's divine.

# Illuminations of the Skies

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Wong, Prima – 13*

I remember when my eyes were full of stars.  
As the night sky exploded with color.  
I take in the chill that warms my heart.

When the sun has set,  
And left only the somber quiet of the evening,  
It pierces my ears.  
The glow of the moon reigned over the heavens above,  
And the stars scattered, watching over.

Suddenly, a cry  
Not of pain, but wonder, of amaze.  
A series of warm glows pierced through the dusky sky,  
Dancing across my face

Flickers and bursts.  
Left darkness in the wake.  
Yet bring the promise of hope  
To look away, I tried  
But I could not bear to lose the sight  
Descrying the great tapestry  
It casted a spell of empyreal radiance,  
On my soul that night.  
A way to set the stars alight.  
Condensed for mine own delight.

Under the weight of the sky,  
In the cold of the harbour I stand.  
Even in the darkest of times.

Every night I dream of the stars.  
I marvel at the sight.  
And each time I close my eyes, they fill with colours too bright to be true.  
They take me back to that night.

# Stained Realities – The Dark Side of a Spark

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

Monday,  
I woke up with an idea,

Skies of grey  
And hollow dismays  
From my chamber, I see.  
Colours that I plead.

Colours that make empires sing  
And kingdoms fall.  
Medicine that treats.  
Everyone  
Free for all

Tuesday,

The idea came to mind,

Harnessing luminance,  
I strive for life.  
For passion  
For sparks  
For scintillating delights

A concoction of black  
Pilgrimage for eternity  
A treatment for death  
Never-ending might

Wednesday,

It popped into my mind,

And it crackled in the sky.  
It soothed the body –  
Satiated my eyes.

An array of the rainbow,  
But in another form  
“Heaven is so far, so high”.  
But with my sparks,  
I can make angels cry.

At night when the monsters prey  
My colours scare them away.

Thursday,

It was discovered.

Kings bought and villagers talked.  
Of the little glimmer of pigment

Friday,

Something was off,  
Where was the colour and where was the love?  
Sparks don't fly.  
But bullets do

Not piercing my eyes,  
It pierces my heart.

Soon, a merchant call.  
From a land where no one knows.

Millennia pass,

From a spark of colour,  
To more than that  
Countries fall.  
Yet heaven sings  
About the foolish moments when people boasted  
About making angels cry.

An ambitious expedition  
Exposed to corruption.  
Turns into the subject,  
Of world-wide discussions.

Instead of colours,  
Metal weapons are used.

We used to scare off monsters,  
Now we are them.  
And they are us too.

# I Forget Me Not

*Heep Yunn School, Li, Xinyan Cathy – 12*

With a mind sharp enough to  
kill a man.  
With hands strong enough to  
crush a mountain.  
My dear friend,  
Cai Lun, is the  
Master of Inventors.

One day, I made  
a request,  
“My friend, talented you are, but  
you have forgotten the most  
important thing of all.”

My friend looked over,  
curiosity lit in his bright eyes,  
“What might that be?  
a magical tool?  
a spell to eliminate all the dark and unforgivable beings  
known to humankind?  
pray tell, friend,  
what is more significant  
than what I have already created?”

I replied,  
“Oh, my dear friend, you must  
think beyond the unknown!  
Have you ever thought of  
something that might resemble a  
plain handkerchief?  
Fragile yet so strong,  
worthless yet so priceless,  
small yet so large...”

My friend looked over,  
wonder lit in his bright eyes,  
“Oh yes, friend, you are one  
clever lad.  
I will make something  
just like that!”

and that, my friends,  
is how Cai Lun,  
Master of Inventors,  
invented what we now call  
Paper.

\*\*\*

My Memories,  
are faithful things  
they never leave  
they dance and prance  
in the deep hollows of my lonely bones.  
They accompany me  
often with an air of melancholy

and empty, empty regret.

My Memories,  
are impish things  
they taunt and tease  
especially when I am blue.  
They prank me  
though harmless,  
they cut through me,  
leaving the Scars that now shape  
the person I am.

Every so often,  
my Memories flow out of my eyes  
and take the form of silent tears,  
they roll down my cheeks,  
until they meet the hard surface  
of the Paper  
in front of my haunched frame.

I try to resist  
every time,  
I try  
I try and try and try

it's no use.  
My Memories refuse to  
let me go  
as if the Paper  
was a magnet,  
attracting those  
forlorn Memories of mine  
like bees and sweet honey

but I will burn them  
until they are no more than  
worthless piles of  
ashes on my  
abandoned fireplace.

\*\*\*

I take a piece of  
finely crafted paper  
and wait.  
I wait for the  
dam of my eyes  
to break.  
I wait for the tears  
to flood me again.

They came  
with the pure desperation of  
a weak, powerless girl who  
knew that the only way  
for her to win, was  
to survive.

They came  
with the force of

a conquered kingdom's army, the  
necklace of hope that  
the innocents hopelessly  
cling to.

The sheer beauty of it,  
brought me to my knees.

\*\*\*

The Paper is fragile no more.  
It shoulders the  
burden of holding  
my Memories, my Soul  
it helps me stand tall  
the Paper is strong now.

The Paper is worthless no more.  
It paints the picture of the  
tempest within me  
it keeps my sanity at bay  
the Paper is priceless now.

The Paper is small no more.  
it is a Labyrinth,  
leading every other soul  
except mine, astray  
it keeps me protected  
the Paper is large now.

\*\*\*

The Paper is thrown  
into the fireplace.  
It does not  
burn

The Paper is thrown  
into the ocean.  
It does not  
tear

I put the Paper in  
a Jar.  
I seal the Jar.  
The Paper vanishes.

Wisps of smoke take  
the Paper's place  
weaving through each other,  
my Memories entwined in the  
shadows of my mind  
and disappears, once and for all.

My Memories  
bid me a  
fond adieu.

I ask myself,  
where am I?

what am I?  
who am I?  
I don't know either  
I feel nothing  
but I feel  
everything

\*\*\*

I have trapped myself  
I have lost myself  
I have forgotten myself  
but I am not  
who I was.

alas,  
in the midst of  
my lost Memories,  
I find what I  
have been searching for:  
forgiveness for my past  
peace with myself

my Memories,  
though forever lost,  
remain deeply imprinted  
in the core of my soul

my Memories,  
though forever lost,  
my Soul stays  
alive  
I know.  
I know who  
I am.

I am the Paper  
that is fragile and strong,  
that is worthless and priceless  
that is smooth and rough

a story untold,  
overlooked,  
forgotten by all

but,  
in the end,  
I Forget Me Not

# Firework

*Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Jiao, Hui – 14*

*Green and red flowers appear throughout the sky.  
Bright flames flashing across by.*

*Sparkle light cracking, making loud noise,  
I can't even hear my own voice.*

*Sadness and anger disappear.  
All that was left was joyfulness and excitement.*

*Everyone waits for the fireworks to appear.  
All of us wanted to celebrate the new year.*

*Fireworks are like an art.  
When it exploded it was like sprinkles falling.*

*I always like fireworks.  
It scared my fear away.*

*It makes me feel relaxed and peaceful in this moment.  
When fireworks appear at midnight.*

*It is like a meteor flashing through the sky.  
The fireworks look so beautiful.*

*I would love to see it every day.  
But it only appears for a few seconds.*

*I wish it could stay forever.  
This is an unforgettable thing.*

# Firework Festival

*Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Xu, Zhou Fan – 13*

The night in summer,

Streets with yellow lights.

Red lanterns hanging,  
Above the eaves.

Boys and girls side by side,  
Fingers holding tight.  
Under the ambiguous night,  
Fire lights flashing.

Girls' face blushing.  
Light shadow allude,  
On her pink face,  
On her lovely figure.

Cherry Blossoms fall on their shoulder,  
Fire lightened their figure.  
Bathrobe with colorful pattern,  
Under the light.

Inflecting the fireworks.  
In their eyes.  
This wonderful moment,  
Everything stopped at this time.

# Chinese Inventions

*Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Yip, Chin Yue – 13*

The Chinese people invented paper.  
It was invented in 105 AD.  
People still use it now,  
Paper was invented around the Han dynasty.

The Chinese also invented chess,  
It originated around 200 BC.  
The person who invented it was Han Xin,  
Some people would think it originated in India.

The Chinese also made Paper Money,  
It appeared in the 12th century.  
It was made so merchants don't have to carry thousands of coins,  
It was also invented in the Tang Dynasty.

Silk was an invention from the Chinese too,  
The silk was discovered 5,000 years ago,  
Princess Xi Lingshi discovered it.  
It was from 3630 BC.

# The Invention of Paper

*Korean International School, Kim, Ching Hei Justin – 12*

a world full of inequality  
there was a time

an era to justify prosperity and peace,  
the zenith of philosophy and motion;  
in the ancient worlds of the Han dynasty  
where chants of spirits lingered –

Ts'ai Lun announced  
*a new invention was born:*

*the paper.*  
so much depends upon  
such brittle papyrus  
scumble with animal skin  
always different

de-fibred bamboo slips interweaving with delicate hands  
mulberry bark, soaking the concentrated layers;  
they would embrace many festivals and celebrations  
and a delicate spider's web, woven so fine.

the essence of lime in a stone kettle  
eight days and nights of time passing,  
placed into a giant mortar –  
peasants and slaves would penetrate in unison

i can feel it glowering  
a graceful ballet, born to be married  
such fragrance, the art of paper was born  
oh, the burning passion of the never-ending cycle.

the damp coarse sheets parched on racks  
like a sleeping ox carried by the breeze  
the moisture putters and escapes –  
the journey has reached its destination.

merchants replace with paper receipts  
whereas artisan portrays meticulous tapestry,  
latest politics recorded by scholars;  
farmers using newspaper for paper mulching

it would have been mundane  
in the realm of words, a treasure is composed  
the power of the paper remains  
ink bleeding through with stories untold

in a world full of inequality  
there was a time

an era to maintain prosperity and harmony  
the zenith of principles and motion;  
in the modern days of this generation  
one of the most important materials throughout history –

*a significant item that helped make our lives easier:*

*the paper.*

# How Tea Came to Be

*Nord Anglia International School, Bogard, Ari – 12*

It blew in the wind,  
Attached to its tree,  
Attached to its family,  
When suddenly,

A gentle gust of wind,  
Made it fall,  
Falling,  
Falling,  
Falling,

It was angelic,  
In that moment,

It was a feather,  
Falling from a nest,

It was a piece of paper,  
Blowing weightlessly in the wind,

It was a bird,  
Slowly flapping its wings,  
Flying over a picturesque mountain,

It was a snowflake,  
Unaware that it was soon going to melt,  
And fade away forever,  
Or so it thought,

It was graceful,  
In that moment,

It was a ballerina,  
Performing most elegantly to a sold-out theatre,

It was a swan,  
Gliding across a smooth, cool, lake,

It was a part of its surroundings,  
It fit in perfectly,  
It was the missing puzzle piece,  
The cherry on top of a perfect landscape,

So down,

Down,  
Down,  
It went,  
Until suddenly,

Plop!  
It landed,  
As daintily as it had taken off,

Its beauty was overlooked at first,  
It may have been neglected,  
But soon,  
It would become the epitome of elegance,

And it was now in a regular,  
Normal,  
Perhaps even boring,  
Cup of steaming water,

The emperor did not notice its significance,  
Had no idea that drinking it would change the course of history,  
And took a sip,

And that one sip,  
From that one small, inconspicuous leaf,  
From that one charming little tree,  
From that one beautiful little garden,  
In a small but comfortable palace,  
Owned by a renowned herbalist,  
In the middle of a vast country,  
In a big, wide world,  
In a never-ending universe – its full contents unknown,

Changed everything forever.

# A Creation Emerged

*Nord Anglia International School, Boyd, Isabella – 13*

In ancient China, where wonders were born,  
A creation emerged, rainstorms to scorn.  
With skillful hands and minds so bright,  
The umbrella bloomed, a marvellous sight.

China's inventions, how they astound,  
Umbrellas, like petals, opening all around.  
Silk and paper, their canopies unfurled,  
Shielding from showers, a precious world.

From Qin Dynasty's reign to Song's golden age,  
Umbrellas flourished on history's stage.  
Bamboo frames, sturdy and strong,  
Carrying dreams as they danced along.

Under their shelter, a refuge we find,  
A haven from raindrops, a solace defined.  
From emperors to peasants, they gave respite,  
A symbol of protection, in darkness or light.

In intricate patterns, they were adorned,  
Painted with beauty, love, and stories reborn.  
From delicate blossoms to mythical creatures,  
Umbrellas spoke tales, woven with features.

Invention of foldable umbrellas, a grand innovation,  
Transformed portability, changing life's station.  
Compact and convenient, they travelled with grace,  
A companion in the rain, a smile on every face.

Through dynasties and ages, they stood tall,  
Witnessing China's rise, embracing it all.  
A symbol of creativity, resilience, and art,  
Umbrellas, in China's heart, played their part.

So let us celebrate, China's gift to the skies,  
Umbrellas, reaching out, with love and surprise.  
Inventions so cherished, a legacy so bright,  
China's umbrellas, forever taking flight.

# Reshaping the world

*Nord Anglia International School, Fukuda, Maya – 13*

In ancient lands where wisdom bloomed,  
Where scholars sought to break the gloom,  
A tale emerged, a wondrous sight,  
Of how China birthed a gift of light.  
In the kingdom of Han, where legends dwell,  
A secret whispered, they chose to tell,  
Of a substance rare, so light and thin,  
That could hold thoughts, the ink would swim.  
From bamboo's hollows, they would craft,  
A medium crude, yet it held a draft,  
But the sages yearned for something more,  
A canvas pure, their musings to pour.  
Then came Cai Lun, a master's hand,  
With skill and vision, he took a stand,  
In the year A.D., one hundred and five,  
He changed the course of life's grand drive.  
He gathered fibers, plants from afar,  
Macerated them, a process bizarre,  
Until a pulp, so soft and fine,<sup>44</sup>  
Became the base for tales divine.  
With patient hands and tender care,  
He spread the pulp on screens so fair,  
Pressing, drying, the water's flight,  
Transforming chaos to sheets of white.  
And there it was, a revelation true,  
A gift to scholars, both old and new,  
Paper, they named this marvel born,  
A vessel pure, where knowledge would adorn.  
Through scrolls and books, a written tide,  
The wisdom flowed, unbroken, wide,  
From thoughts of sages to poets' verse,

Paper captured tales, an eternal nurse.  
Across the lands, this art would spread,  
    Paper's influence, no limits ahead,  
    Enlightening minds, igniting flames,  
A testament to human's creative aims.  
    China's invention, a stroke of fate,  
A legacy cherished, both small and great,  
    For paper's birth, a debt we owe,  
    To the land that nurtured it to grow.  
    So let us honor those ancient days,  
    When China's ingenuity lit the blaze,  
    And as we write, our stories unfurled,  
We celebrate the gift that reshaped the world.

# Silk

*Nord Anglia International School, Le, Han Han – 13*

In realms of elegance and grace,  
A fabric woven, fine embrace,  
Silk, a treasure from nature's loom,  
Unveiling secrets, a delicate bloom.

From silkworm's humble, silken thread,  
A masterpiece of nature's spread,  
With shimmering sheen, a lustrous glow,  
Silk whispers tales of beauty bestowed.

A silken cocoon, a world unseen,  
Nature's wonder, a precious dream,  
Silkworms spinning, with patience and care,  
Crafting a fabric beyond compare.

In garments crafted, silk finds its grace,  
Flowing and draping, with elegant pace,  
Adorning emperors, queens, and kings,  
Their regal splendour, silk's offering brings.

Through time and trade, silk's journey unfolds,  
Across distant lands, its story moulds,  
A bridge connecting cultures diverse,  
Silk's timeless allure, a universal verse.

In tapestries woven, legends take flight,  
Painting stories, captivating sight,  
Silk's vibrant threads, like colours ablaze,  
Weaving tales of ancient days.

From East to West, its beauty unfurled,  
Symbol of luxury, admired and twirled,  
Silk's touch, a caress against the skin,  
A whisper of opulence, a love to begin.

So let us treasure this gift so rare,  
Silk, a fabric beyond compare,  
A testament to nature's art,  
Weaving dreams from the silkworm's heart.

# China: A Tapestry of Tranquility and Inventions

*Pui Kiu College, Chang, Lok Man – 13*

People in The Neolithic Age had the most tranquility life,  
But their ideas are not naive.  
Beautiful drawings and exquisite pottery,  
Lots of them are excellent in light.

In the 2070BCE,  
Chinese people had developed bronzes.  
From cups for wine to container for meat,  
Xia Dynasty is the head of these.

Most people only knows the excruciation of the Zhou King,  
But stone, jade, bone, copper in Shang Dynasty's progressive is also big.  
People made white crystal clear jade and beautiful pottery,  
Chopsticks made by bronzes are also elegant and utility.

Zhou dynasty developed the gear of correction tape—  
They found the pinion drive.  
A gear can make the other gear move,  
Makes the horses use less force.

The Spring and Autumn Period and the Warring States Period had lots of philosopher,  
Confucius, Laozi, Mozi, Zhuangzi are heads in there.  
Most of them died in the war,  
But there ideology makes us shocker and shocker.

One of the most valuable thing of China is Silk,  
Which is made in Han dynasty for first.  
They sell those to people in other countries,  
Which developed the "Silk Road" walked by Qian Zhang.

Qin Shi Huang made a huge place underground,  
And his dead body is placed in there.  
People don't want to open his grave,  
Cause he putted mercury in it for not letting his body broke.

Tri-coloured glazed pottery of the Tang Dynasty is a huge discovery,  
Which is making people excitingly.  
Using only three colour to make such beautiful horses,  
Makes the history of Tang more curious to me.

The first money made by paper appeared in Song Dynasty,  
Which is called "Jiao Zi".  
This is more convenient to people using money,  
And it's popular for people after to use.

Si Nan made the first North Pointer in China,  
Making war in smog being easier.  
Gunpowder is also a big development in the past,  
But it's used at war for the first time in Ming Dynasty.

There's a boy in Qing Dynasty who made lots of things,  
His name is Huang Lu Zhuang.  
People said that he had made the first bicycle in the world,  
Which is 100 years earlier than the bicycle developed in other countries.

Inventions from China is very useful and beautiful,  
Some of them is still be used nowadays.  
Hope China can continue these good inventions and help people more,  
Being the most helpful country to the world!

# Chinese Medicine: Ancient Wisdom for Well-being

*Pui Kiu College, Chu, Lok Lam – 13*

Inventing such pure delicacies,  
Are none other than Chinese scholars.  
But it all started with something much smaller,  
The history of Chinese medicine is like none other,  
though it's not that easy to offer.  
They can be easily overlooked,  
why is it that they're misunderstood?  
By people all around the world,  
These thoughts certainly aren't the first.  
The taste can be both bitter and sweet,  
Isn't that just neat?

When it comes to beliefs,  
Some say,  
it's part of your religions and spirit that puts you at ease,  
guess that's up to you to believe.  
It solves things in all nature ways,  
It can ensure that you're safe,  
Just put in some faith!  
Soothing and no side effects,  
Is there anything left?  
From blood pressure levels to skin conditions,  
This is a good invention!  
It might not suit your taste,  
But it can't easily be replaced,  
That would be too much of a waste!

# New Tales of China's inventions

*St. Joseph's College, Chen, Yat Seng Marcus – 12*

China's inventions are many,  
with their hidden backstories plenty.  
Marvel at these fascinating stories,  
and learn about the lessons within.

In a long and cold winter,  
some tea might cast away the shiver.  
The king's servant poured hot water  
into a cup where the fallen leaves gathered.

The king was an herbalist,  
so he could not resist  
playing with infusion!  
And, thus, tea became his invention!

\*\*\*

Now, would you like an egg waffle?  
A food nobody would find awful.  
But, do you know about its tale?  
I will explain without fail.

Shopkeepers in the 1950s  
had broken eggs too plenty.  
They tried to find some use for it,  
and they invented something from it.

They mixed the eggs into a batter  
and put it in a mould thereafter.  
Cook it in the mould for a while,  
and the egg waffle got people wild!

China's inventions are many,  
with their hidden backstories plenty.  
Do you know about these hidden gems?  
They are waiting for us to unveil!

## **New Tales of China's Inventions**

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chan, Tsz Chin – 12*

China made tons of inventions,  
From Paper to Trains.  
They are honourable mentions,  
Which always remains.

Inventions come from all dimensions.  
There's always something new here  
We are the centre of attentions  
China fear no fear.

China made 4 great inventions,  
Paper making, gunpowder, compass, printing  
These bring marvellous intentions  
This is just the beginning.

Compass is to tell the direction  
Often used during hiking.  
We all need this invention  
It is always to our liking.

Paper making often used for printing  
Invented in Han Dynasty AD 105  
Paper and printing has long been existing  
It is really what we need to survive

## **New Tales of China's Inventions**

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,  
Cheung, Hei Yeung Andy – 13*

Born in the year 1933,  
Kao Kuen, in a Shanghai family.  
After the Communist revolution,  
His family went for Hong Kong immigration.

A young and talented man,  
His work for fiber optics began.  
Years of hard work and aspiration  
Made him the father of fiber-optication.

From deep within the Earth to oceans wide,  
His invention spanned the globe, far and wide,  
Transforming the landscape of our modern age,  
Empowering generations, turning a new page.

So let us celebrate this wonderful invention,  
Enriching the world with this marvelous innovation,  
This new tale of China's invention,  
Certainly is the world's admiration.

# Ode to Porcelain

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

In China's ancient realm of grace and lore,  
Where art and stories intertwine evermore,  
Lies a treasure made with the finest skill,  
A symbol of delicacy, elegance, sitting still.

Behold, the porcelain, delicate and fine,  
Telling tales of centuries, ageing like fine wine.

Through expertise craftsmanship, it travels,  
By delicate hands, thy unravels,  
The beauty of porcelain, a newborn,  
Crying of history and art, combined and reborn.

Behold, the porcelain, delicate and fine,  
Telling tales of centuries, ageing like fine wine.

Through blue and white hues, like the whispers of the sea,  
A tranquil song, enchants you and me,  
In detailed patterns, secrets lie concealed,  
Amongst the porcelain's waters, mysteries were revealed.

From tea ceremonies to museum display,  
Our porcelain ages throughout the day,  
A gentle reminder, of culture and pride,  
In China's porcelain, history shall forever reside.

Behold, the porcelain, delicate and fine,  
Telling tales of centuries, ageing like fine wine.

# Gunpowder

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,  
Chung, Ching Sonija – 13*

A barrel of black sand falls to Earth,  
Associated with ink yet similar to smoke's rebirth.  
Coal, saltpetre and sulphur unite,  
Came from ancient mystics' divine light.

Inventing gunpowder is The Red Dragon's immense feat,  
When time-worn fields are broken, victory is sweet.  
Insignificant black dirt holds potent power,  
Flames cracking, deities left to cower.

Festivals welcome spring with a joyful cheer,  
Whips burst open and the smells of New Year appear.  
The motherland of this beautiful art,  
Fireworks, a spectacle, an exciting impart.

Then the modern world unfolds,  
They no longer fight with swords so bold.  
Iron rifles guard the frontier, protect its land,  
Arrows of heaven scatter the clouds, shielding their homeland.

Next come the fantasies of spaceship high,  
Jumping through the clouds, dominating the sky.  
Spacecrafts and stations in planetary quests,  
Shall not forget the black powder's bequest.

Evil treats it as a weapon, catastrophe he brings,  
Shells crafted with snores as the night sings.  
Tyrants have seized and entangled themselves by wicked might,  
Human's ambition, perilous, a dangerous sight.

Wise minds seek knowledge, achieves its goal,  
Science climbs, it's forever to claim.  
Escalating the world with scientific stride,  
Innovation and technology, a milestone guide.

Discovery of gunpowder, a world-shaking force,  
Wisdom of ancestors, the pinnacle of course.  
Gunpowder of The Red Dragon, ingenious and grand,  
A celebration of amazing achievements in this earthly land.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,  
Ho, Nok Yee Sophie – 12*

China, a country with such rich history,  
Is sure to have a wide array of inventions and technology.  
Ranging from paper making to ammunition,  
Follow me as we explore the Four Great Inventions of our nation.

Starting with paper making, tracing back to 105 AD,  
Using old rags, fishing nets, and fibres such as mulberry.  
Providing an apparatus to write on, these silky smooth sheets,  
It is truly one of China's greatest feats.

Then, creating printing,  
Ancient technology is truly astounding.  
With the woodblock and moveable printing types,  
It will develop into modern society's useful device.

Third comes the compass,  
Using lodestone to guide us.  
Originally invented in the Warring States,  
Leading men to the direction it navigates.

Lastly, we have gunpowder.  
Though originally created not for military power.  
Used to make fireworks for festivals,  
Not for wars and violence detestable.

After everything we saw,  
I am very much left in awe.  
Knowing so many inventions derive from my country,  
I've never been prouder of my nationality.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Kong, Hoi Lam – 13*

In the realm of wonders, where dreams take flight,  
China is the figure of innovation's sight.  
From ancient times to the present day,  
Its inventions paved an extraordinary way.

“The Four Great Inventions” of great renown,  
The Red Dragon deserves a crown.  
Shaping civilization and influenced all,  
Leaving their marks and standing tall.

In the distant past, the compass arose,  
Magnetised needle, the direction it chose.  
Across the oceans, in wars it would dominate,  
Trades and cultures, led by its great.

Then from bark to clay, the craft refined,  
That was the birth of paper, the flow of mind.  
As its accessibility grew far and wide,  
The costly mediums had to step aside.

Under the abyss, the potent secret untold,  
“Boom!” The power of gunpowders behold.  
Sparks ignited, brightening the night skies,  
Bursting its frenzy, in glory of battle it flies.

With skilled hands danced upon the printing press,  
Rising efficiency, remarkable progress.  
Woodblock and movable type, together they shined,  
Recording history's footprints, incredibly designed.

Embarked on a voyage through time vast span,  
From historical marvels to modern China's plan.  
Flourishing creativity it thrives,  
The world connects and derives.

WeChat is the social platform lead,  
Always fulfilling every need.  
Messaging and shopping, all in one place.  
Living in a digital society with convenience and pace.

Swiftly on the road they ride,  
Electric cars are filled with eco-pride.  
Green technology, a cleaner lane,  
Driving us to a future that will sustain.

Towering rocket ascends,  
With blazing flames it transcends.  
Over the sky it soars,  
Unveiling mysteries in the cosmic lores.

Bygone creations had built an immortal brand,  
Its craftsmanship today continue to awe and expand.  
An amazing feat of human endeavour,  
The Eastern fantasy, since and forever.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

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

*Kung, Hoi Nga Daisy – 11*

In ancient China's realm of old,  
Inventions wondrous did unfold.  
Silk, a treasure spun with care,  
Threads of elegance beyond compare.  
Paper, a medium for thoughts to flow,  
A canvas where knowledge could bestow.  
Compass, guiding explorers afar,  
Navigating by stars, a guiding star.  
Gunpowder's fiery burst of might,  
A force that changed the world's delight.  
Ink and brush, calligraphic dance,  
Strokes of beauty, a visual romance.  
Tea, brewed to bring harmony's embrace,  
A sip of solace, a tranquil space.  
Through time, these inventions inspire,  
China's legacy, innovation's fire.  
Invention's tapestry, rich and grand,  
Woven by China's gifted hand.  
A testament to human creativity,  
Shaping history with ingenuity

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Lau, Wing Hei – 13*

Once upon a time in ancient China's land,  
A tale of invention, both wondrous and grand,  
A young artist named Li, with a heart full of dreams,  
Embarked on a journey, or so it seems.

In a bustling village, where colors danced in the air,  
Li stood before a canvas, his thoughts unaware.  
He longed for a brush, with magic to create,  
A masterpiece that would leave the world in a daze.

With hope in his eyes, he set out to find,  
A legendary brush, whispered by passing winds.  
Through mountains and rivers, he traveled with zeal,  
To seek an invention, that was almost unreal.

On a misty morning, amidst an ancient grove,  
Li encountered an old man, whom legends behave.  
His face wrinkled with wisdom, his eyes shining bright,  
He spoke of the brush, with immense delight.

"Seek the Enchanted Brush," the wise man declared,  
"Hidden deep in the mountains, where secrets are shared.  
It possesses the power to bring art to life,  
But be cautious, young artist, in this perilous strife."

Eager and determined, Li ventured ahead,  
Through treacherous terrains, over paths unknown and dread.  
With each step, his passion grew stronger and bold,  
For the Enchanted Brush, worth more than gold.

After days and nights, he reached the mountains high,  
A mystical aura filled the surrounding sky.  
With trembling hands, Li reached a hidden cave,  
Where the brush lay in wait, ready to be brave.

He picked up the brush, with reverence and care,  
Its bristles seemed to shimmer, in the sunlight's glare.  
He dipped it in ink, and with a stroke so fine,  
The world around him transformed, like a cherished design.

Mountains came alive, with their majestic peak,  
Rivers cascaded freely, as their stories did speak.  
Dragons soared through the sky, with scales that glowed,  
And cherry blossoms bloomed, along the winding road.

Li painted tales of love, of courage, and strife,  
Of heroes and villains, in the tapestry of life.  
His art touched the hearts of those near and far,  
Bridging gaps and differences, like a guiding star.

The Enchanted Brush became a symbol of hope,  
For a nation united, where dreams could elope.  
China's invention, a gift to the world,  
A testament to the power of imagination unfurled.

And so, the tale of Li and his enchanted brush,  
Continued to inspire, with every single brush.  
In the Hong Kong Young Writers Awards of '24,  
Li's story was celebrated, forevermore.

For his imagination soared, like a bird in the sky,  
And his creation echoed, as the years went by.

In the New Tales of China's Inventions, set free.

## Poem about China's inventions.

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Li, Zien Angela – 13*

The land where tradition and innovation thrive,  
So very long it dates back centuries before,  
The time when emperors still ruled the lands,  
People's creative ideas have never been ignored!

A black powder made by a peaceful mind,  
Sadly turned to a tool of massacre,  
But it is an item of much importance,  
I'm sure gunpowder was never meant for slaughter!

This fabric so very soft to touch,  
Full of colour and just so beautiful,  
It is an existing masterpiece indeed,  
Even its sight is very delightful!

Possibilities certainly don't end there yet  
For there's still so much to be found,  
Maybe a train that's the speed of light,  
How about a new pet robotic hound?

Who will be the ones to seek them out?  
Can it possibly be your creative mind?  
Or will they be made by somebody else,  
Let's see what your creativity can find!

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Liu, Sum Yin – 11*

The deep dark waters, was a place full of life  
There lived different creatures from a to z  
And came a chinese inventor, called Asife  
Created a device that defied the sea.

He stayed in his lab, day and night  
Tested his studies for a right pick  
His mind seeing visions of excite  
Until at last, he hit upon the right mix

He called it the 'Aquamarine breathe' a name so grand  
Was an invention which created a path of light  
To a marvellous place filled with lots of life and land  
A world humans could do explorations with delight

In the ocean's depths, he swam with ease  
Without the need for a breath of air to keep  
this invention, was a gift to all mankind  
It opened up a world, so vast and kind

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Oh, Jia Wei Vian – 12*

China's inventions.  
Each thought made by the people,  
greatly meaningful.

Yeast and rice to wine,  
Drank during celebrations.  
Cheers to legacy.

Silent flows of water,  
Turn the cogs within the clock.  
Ancient pulse endures.

Pitter patter plunk,  
Rain falls on the umbrella.  
Shields the host from harm.

North, south, east to west,  
Gears, wheels, driving the system.  
The trusty compass.

A development,  
Leading to discoveries.  
Brings forth the future.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Santos, Chloe Ann – 13*

In the land of legends and ancient mystique,  
Where dragons once roamed and emperors would speak,  
A land of wonders and tales to unfold,  
China's new inventions, let their stories be told.

From the realm of technology, cutting-edge and bright,  
China's innovation shines with radiant light.  
The whispers of drones fill the tranquil air,  
As they soar with grace, beyond compare.

In the bustling cities, where dreams take flight,  
High-speed trains race, a magnificent sight.  
Bullet trains whizz by, with lightning speed,  
Connecting the nation with incredible need.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Tang, Kai Pong – 13*

A star, harvested from the sky, leading the path for a traveller's eye,  
4 arrows aiming for a globe's corners, truly an explorer's device.  
Returning to space centuries later, BeiDou grants unlimited navigation,  
from a compass to a star's illumination.

A dust tainted with an abyss, a byproduct of immortality,  
becoming metal dragons, used in wars to conquer.  
Mixing light with the shadows, these serpents transform,  
gunpowder into lasers, an artificial storm.

Made with nature, a blank canvas appears,  
a demonstration of humanity for a thousand years.  
Becoming a tool, an authority of creation,  
a piece of paper is the greatest weapon.

A weapon of creation is useless without a user, black ink seeping into white paper.  
A yin and yang symbolise our potential,  
printing the pinnacle of what our world offers.

4 simple inventions that transformed our world,  
a crucial foundation for what has yet to come.  
As we turn to the future, a world of technology,  
I cannot help but think about what China will have to offer.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Wong, Hoi Kiu – 12*

In ancient lands, where tales forerun,  
China's inventions, a new chapter has begun.  
Silk weaves a story of beauty untold,  
Threads of elegance, shimmering gold.

Paper unfolds, a canvas for minds,  
Words inked with wisdom, stories behind.  
Compass points true, guiding the way,  
Exploring horizons, where dreams lay.

Fireworks ignite, painting the night,  
Colors bursting, a celestial sight.  
Abacus beads, calculating with grace,  
Unveiling mysteries, numbers embrace.

Tea leaves rustle, a moment of peace,  
Resting under a tree, worries release.  
Porcelain vessels, delicate and rare,  
Artists' creations are beyond compare.

China's inventions, legends reborn,  
A legacy cherished, from dusk till dawn.  
The Innovation's spirit is forever alive,  
In the heart of progress, they will thrive.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Wong, Yat Hei Max –*

13

In China's land of ancient knowledge,  
Where inventions build the days of ledge,  
New tales minds and ancient history fallen.  
Guiding us to a whole new era.

From paper and printing to gunpowder's magical.  
Inventions from China have left a colourful start.  
Now the future rises, and history blends,  
As new stories of innovation transcends.

High-speed rail and high tech industries,  
From ancient wisdom, to new world.  
Connecting the world in a modern dance,  
New tales of China's inventions advance.

The dragon's spirit, bold and wise,  
Flows through these creations that mesmerize,  
A legacy of brilliance for all to see,  
New tales of China's inventions set minds free to a new era.

So let's celebrate this grand and grand,  
The legacy of China, a special land,  
For new tales of invention continue to rise.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yu, Sing Ho – 12*

Silk's strands bright, a glowing delight,  
Woven delicately, a fabric which is light.  
Emperors adored it in garments so fine,  
Silk's elegance is a treasure so divine.

Compass guides us through the haze,  
Navigating oceans, in ancient days.  
Explorers brave, exploring unknown shores,  
Compass' magnetic needle, adventure it pours.

Gunpowder's flames, a spark in the night,  
Explosions boom, illuminating the sight.  
Fireworks ignite, in a vibrant display,  
Gunpowder's spectacle, joyous array.

Invention's marvels, China's pride,  
Silk, compass, paper, gunpowder's stride.  
All four inventions make tales of gold  
China's inventions, a story to behold.

# New Tales of China's invention

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,  
Yu, Tsoi Hing Ashley – 12*

There's a place where birds call  
And the sun blazes in the fall  
China stands, diverse and vast  
With wonders from future to the past

Inside this place  
It's full of amaze  
Rainbow everywhere  
Shining through out anywhere

Next to the rainbow  
Inside the shadow  
There's a treasure box  
Full of paper

Every each paper  
Is made by a fairy  
She sings day and night  
Just to make paper

Everyday at midnight  
She'll go down town  
With vibe and hype  
To deliver paper

This is the story  
Of the one and only  
paper fairy  
China's paper delivery

Creative Writing  
**Poetry**  
Group 3



# Should paper not exist

*Good Hope School, Lau, On Kei – 12*

Should paper not exist  
Knowledge would resist  
People's learning remain  
Turning senses into a stain  
Lives without long lists

Should paper not exist  
Finances would be missed  
Coins dwell in our bags  
Pockers all in rags  
Economy shall desist

Should paper not exist  
Traditions would not persist  
Pleasure from above  
Decorations like paper doves  
We will never reminisce

Should paper not exist  
Our lives would be a mist  
The future would turn to ash  
Progress would be trash  
Thoughts will be all blisped

# Dragon's Dreams: A Tapestry of Chinese Ingenuity

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

In the land where the dragon's breath warmed the forge,  
Where wisdom wove silk threads through history's gorge,  
A nation arose, cradling invention's seed,  
In the heart of the Middle Kingdom, ingenuity's creed.

From the compass that danced with the Earth's silent song,  
To the paper that carried ancient wisdom along,  
The printing press inked with scholarly might,  
China's mind blossomed in the scholar's dim light.

But let us dream further, past the Great Wall's embrace,  
To a realm of new tales, both of time and of space,  
Where the bamboo shoots upwards, reaching for stars,  
And the mind's eye envisions, no borders, no bars.

Behold, the Cloud Loom, weaving mist into silk,  
A fabric so fine, it's akin to warm milk,  
Drifting down from the heavens, dressing emperors anew,  
In garments that shimmer with the dawn's early dew.

Imagine the Jade Flute, playing tunes that can heal,  
Its melodies flowing like a river's soft peal,  
Each note a balm for the weary soul's cries,  
A symphony of peace, under the endless skies.

There, the Iron Phoenix spreads its grand, fiery wings,  
A marvel of flight, defying the strings,  
Of gravity's pull, soaring through time,  
Uniting the heavens and earth in one climb.

With brushes that paint not just colors, but thoughts,  
Capturing dreams, untangling knots,  
The Canvas of Echoes reflects what is true,  
A portrait of moments, in red, black, or blue.

The Seed of Shennong, a botanical wonder,  
Sprouting crops in a day, without plow, without thunder,  
A bounty for all, from just one tiny grain,  
Ending hunger and strife, no more famine's chain.

And the Dragon's Gate, a portal to traverse,  
Through dimensions and realms, the universe's diverse,  
Network of galaxies, in one blink crossed,  
By the spirit of wanderers, never to be lost.

Let us not forget the Chariot of Light,  
A carriage that travels faster than sight,  
Through fields of rice, over mountains and streams,  
Carrying dreams in the blink of moonbeams.

These are the tales of what might yet come to be,  
In the land of the dragon, where thoughts swim free,  
A testament to a culture so bold and so bright,  
Where the future is waiting, just out of sight.

In the heart of China, where the old meets the new,  
The spirit of invention always rings true,  
With each story that's told, and each idea that unfurls,  
The Middle Kingdom inspires.

# The Four China Inventions

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Sun, Audrey – 12*

In ancient lands where empires roar,  
tales were woven, as unfurled its store.  
Innovations spun in tapestries of yore,  
as ideas galore erupt and soar.

Creativity splashed within traces of ink,  
Cai Lun's creation, made in a wink.  
woven into delicate sheets without time to think,  
paper, history's treat although it's not candy pink.

Gunpowder's spark, a flash of harms,  
Wei Boyang's gift, petrifying charms.  
Fireworks and propellant firearms,  
saltpeter sure did set off alarms.

Pointing off into the northern unknown,  
Shen Kuo's compass, not a phone.  
Every single direction shown,  
giving guide in seas and mountain zone.

A marvel's mold, where letters stance,  
Bi sheng's press, quality and speed enhance.  
Ink-drenched characters, a vibrant trance,  
words always moving, a rhythmic dance.

In clasp of history, innovation sprint,  
Carving a path, with tenacious tint.  
From east to west, their echoes imprint,  
Robust innovations, a legacy glint.



# Poetry

Group 4

# Fuxi's Fish Trap

*Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Chu, Alex – 15*

Thickets of towering rattan trees line  
the winding path towards the  
secluded pond.

The damp forest floor is  
scattered with remains of the  
monsoon,  
a trail of viscous mud.

Pangu's hooves sink deep into the soft  
Earth.  
She trudges along as I  
gently stroke her lustrous mane.

Ginkgo leaves float past,  
carried along by the fate of the  
wind,  
no resistance to their  
destination.

Pangu whinnies to acknowledge the muddy water ahead  
that hides the  
once visible carp  
which used to dart  
through the crystalline pool.

I once selected the perfect moment  
to propel my arm  
into the pristine water  
and emerge with the day's catch.  
Now, the carp swim undetected  
in a murky swamp  
I cannot enter.

Pangu whimpers and  
I too feel the pang  
of hunger.

Across the lake  
atop a towering Yunnan --

A spider, Ximu,  
spins silk from her spinnerets.  
weaving an intricate  
series of strings that  
band together in circular formation.

Motionless she sits in the center,  
divesting all control to  
Mother Nature  
in full belief her  
dedication merits reward.

Suddenly, a fly!

The silky contraption swallows  
the twitching body and Ximu emerges  
to retrieve the fluttering prize.

The flawless construction of the trap,  
The inevitability of the catch,  
The patient unfolding of  
Mother Nature's will.

My eyes lock onto the web  
entranced by the hyperconscious design  
and my hands begin to  
motion at the air,  
entwining an invisible substance in front of me  
as my mind conceives a prototype.

Leaping from off of Pangu's back  
I locate the material for my web:  
a gorgeous trove of  
rattan sticks.

Selecting one, I attentively run my fingers over  
the sturdy fibers of the plant.  
Before I know it  
a force takes over my body  
a clear image of the web  
guiding my design until a novel device  
sits before me on the muddy soil.

The bottle  
shaped trap  
seems simple  
but it is also an  
enigma: a prison  
with one entrance  
and no exit, a maze  
which only ends in  
capture, the essence  
of a flawless trap.

Gently  
I place it beneath  
murky water,  
and sit in meditation at the water's edge  
hoping fate  
will acknowledge my efforts with a  
glistening carp.

# A Blessing or Curse?

*Creative Secondary School, Ateeq, Arham – 16*

Coloured, sparkly or designed,  
Paper comes in all kinds.  
Fold it, wrap it, crumple or tear it,  
It serves as a purpose and finds a way to fit.

Paper here, paper there,  
It surrounds us everywhere.  
In houses, schools and offices,  
The wastage of paper is quite dangerous.

Made as a protective barrier,  
For mirror carriers.  
It is now an assault,  
That we ourselves have brought.

The landfills weep  
When trying to sleep.  
There is never a pause  
Because pollution continues its loss.

Hand in hand,  
Trees and our world stand.  
Barely supported by the weight  
Of the harmful waste we create.

So now I wonder  
China, did you bless us?  
Or did you end up making  
A world that will turn to dust.

# Fireworks

*Creative Secondary School, Bigelow, Marasia – 15*

China created the parade of celebration  
The hues of color arranging to show,  
a celebration into fleeting glow

Awe the sight of rejoicing lights,  
that awaken these silent nights  
Mark our salient stages of life

So let the dim lit stage marks this time,  
within each burst of radiant light  
Moments of our pass, present, future tense

Darling, etch these moments in commemoration  
Intertwine their warmth in our embrace  
Unite into celebration

For they, the lens into shared heart and soul,  
and every celebration, our homage  
Mark our salient stages of life

# Stress of Paper

*Creative Secondary School, Chan, Cayla – 15*

Looking at the paper in front of me,  
The invention of paper a poor thing.  
Oh paper, causing me stress within thee,  
Looking in front of me, troubling thoughts cling.  
Hoping to rip it into tiny bits,  
Causing myself trouble everywhere.  
Too much pressure, just wanting enough bliss,  
Can't seem to get enough air in my lungs.  
Looking at the numbers in front of me,  
Making me want to go super crazy.  
The numbers causing me to want to flee,  
Paper, causing me to feel quite dazey.  
Oh paper, paper, how troubling you are,  
Causing people to feel stress from afar.

## Old Time Battles

*Creative Secondary School, Chen, Gaspar – 15*

As the clash gets louder  
He walks on the field, the commander  
With one breath he takes a deep breath  
His thunderous roar suppressed the gloomy air  
The archers, bows a standby  
Fired their arrows, synchronized  
A blanket of fire covered the horrified air  
The enemy scuttles from the field  
The deaths they yield,  
A thousand scared souls scatter.  
The freight of gunpowder  
Truly turns people into black powder

## Paper is a Gleam

*Creative Secondary School, Cheung, Rachel – 15*

In days of old, when treasure behold  
An amazing thing, the paper we upfold  
Birthed from nature, its brought safer  
To write and say the words for greater

No more hefty scrolls, or parchment gold,  
Paper came roll, a lighter thing to hold.  
An empty canvas, awaiting to tell tales,  
Where wonders would be told in details.

With a gentle pen, we carve upon the page,  
Our thoughts, dreams and stories will age.  
A tender touch, a kind and true,  
Paper, we owe so much to you.

At home, at school or at work you have made it a dream,  
Paper, you are a gleam.

## Tea Cultivation

*Creative Secondary School, Chinthu, Freya – 15*

The Empress of China loved her tea  
Especially because it gave her peace  
A peaceful mind would help her think

Calming breeze she could feel  
Under the wonderful cherry blossom tree  
Loving the feeling of wind in her hair  
Thick taste of tea on her tongue  
Inspired her to make her own tea cultivation  
Very excited about her idea  
A lot came to her mind to inspire  
Tea is delicious  
Inspires you in many ways  
Optimistic minds arise as tea refreshes the brain  
Nice refreshing feeling of tea makes the Empress really happy

## Connect

*Creative Secondary School, Delfin, Josephine – 16*

In the way you talked to me.  
Shot the arrow to my heart,  
Over the world, different never ending love.  
Stroke a radical, though we can't talk no more.  
Absentmindedly, craving for more.

The words are hitting—  
on the windows of the house.  
Held it up high like it was our pride.  
Spread them around, grow them more alive.  
And the color black, never grew us apart.

Drop the ink and wipe the tears away.  
Capture the time, forever and always.  
It's only four words, so what's so hard to say?  
Our connections weaves like a labyrinthine maze.

# Ignited Ashes of the Dead

*Creative Secondary School, Doniparthi, Misha – 15*

CLICK.

CLACK.

A spark advances up the cordage,  
Approaching the bamboo chute's entrance,  
Like a dragon, waiting to set the invaders ablaze.

Infiltrating the black abyss,  
The growing fire sways amidst the toxic particles,  
grasping death firmly by its hand,

GRIND. POUND. TRASH.

Its roar can't be stifled within prison walls,  
The inferno breaks loose, untamed.

WOOSH.

The arrow gleams, slicing through the shroud of night,

Is it a star?

No, it moves.

Is it a meteor?

No, it's getting closer.

Is it a firework?

No...

It's death, knocking at our door.

BANG.

BOOM.

CRACKLE...

FIZZZZZZZ...

Silence reigns until,

A torrent of light shatters the stillness.

Arrows rain down like hail in a storm,  
Flames spread swiftly, consuming the path it follows,  
Unbridled and relentless.

Embers scorch the once-tranquil paths,  
Roofs of huts hammered by merciless sparks ,

And the screams...

They echo, hauntingly.

Oh, the chills that slither up your spine,  
The village now lies in ashes,  
innocent spirits rising up from the debris.

THIS

is how gunpowder was wielded,  
Not for the anticipation of sparkling skies above,  
Or for bringing communities together,  
As families and friends marvel in awe.  
NO.

It was employed in battle,  
To safeguard honor and glory,  
By engraving destruction and eradication,  
Deep within the fabric of our society.

## Embers of Mortality

*Creative Secondary School, Henderson, Kirsty – 16*

There is so much creativity to an invention,  
You can make good and bad.

When monks discovered gunpowder,  
It was made for medicinal purposes.

“A life-extending elixir”,  
It seems more like life-shortening.

The sound of gunfire,  
The sound of bodies falling to the ground.

This is what it turned out to be,  
Just another creation for man-made horrors.

# Fireworks

*Creative Secondary School, Ip, Faith – 15*

With colours bright and spark that dance,  
They fill the sky in a joyful trance,

Jolly memories of red, orange, yellow,  
Bloom to the sky, fill it with joy

Sudden sparks of blue, purple, grey,  
Shatter to the sky, fill it with pain,

And as the sparks fade away,  
So was our friendship that's just a memory

# The Bomb

*Creative Secondary School, Lee, Daria – 15*

The forces of good and evil clash and conflict.  
In a world ruled by shadows,  
The bomb, a sign of revenge,  
Anger is a tool to make things right.

Venom builds in frightened hearts,  
But what terrible strews may revenge heal?  
Or does it continue the rule of the cycle—a never-ending dance of suffering?

Hold your power, the bomb of revenge, and  
Find the light during the darkest hours.  
Love must grow in an atmosphere of chaos.  
To maintain hope and repair the scars.

Let compassion and love triumph in the struggle between good and evil rather than letting revenge consume the spirit.

Therefore, let's refuse the need for harm and resist the attraction of payback.  
Accept your true goodness and allow love to triumph over evil.

This complex dance of shadow and light  
May we make decisions that will not worsen.  
For love must guide, even though revenge may tempt.  
And we will overcome fear with kindness.

The blast of revenge, channel your might,  
transformed into a force that upholds equity,  
Let the good overcome the bad.  
And may peace remain in connection.

# Blotches of Pain

*Creative Secondary School, Leung, Jeffrey – 15*

Blotches of ink splattered on papers  
Hours of pain wrung into words  
Thousands of wrists aching with pain

But then a shining light  
Appeared before the laborers  
A yellow messiah, bringing an end to the dark plight

With a simple press, the words come to view  
What costed hours, now take so few  
From then on, history was written anew

# The Day

*Creative Secondary School, Lu, Ka Ue – 15*

Bunch of monsters  
running in my life  
without a knock  
shocked  
but seems to be what it should be  
Hoping  
an umbrella  
Covering these for me

make it clean and tidy  
make it dry and cool

Falling drop by drop  
please please be my  
umbrella  
Til the end of my life

A wind flash by  
real  
pick up the pen on the desk  
words appear  
Continuing

Couple of pearl lays on the window  
looking on the view  
more relaxing and chill  
Yes or no  
covering all over

Golden flash into the room  
on the cat  
on the fur  
it turns yellow  
on the book  
it turns vitality  
Yes  
Covering all over

# Beautiful Flowers

*Creative Secondary School, Lui, Wing Kiu – 15*

I once discovered a lovely powder  
Which brought the sky some beautiful flowers  
It gave and healed and nurtured the soul  
As medicine which left the heart whole  
I thought to myself “what a wonderful thing!”  
But everything changed as quick as a blink  
The skies turned dark, the black crows cawed  
Devastation and anger was all that I saw  
There it was, my amazing black powder  
Used on a red field as a means to devour  
I screamed and shouted “No please stop!  
Don’t tell me you have left the past to rot!  
How in the sky it was a sight to behold  
And gave the patients a sign of hope!”  
Yet it was too late, nobody listened  
They continued to use it for mass destruction  
Just the thought makes me somber  
From now on, who will remember those beautiful flowers?

# Chinese Ink and Wash Painting

*Creative Secondary School, Ma, Christy – 15*

It, a piece of white paper, white and spotless  
lying pure on the desk  
until they write  
The ink drips from the tip of the brush and spreads in the whiteness  
thick or pale, light or strong  
with one stroke and another  
a land of glories and gorgeous world  
the ink in the frame never changes

It, a piece of white paper, white and spotless  
lying pure on the podium  
until they write  
brutal and disorganized  
The ink in the white spread, halo out black silk, woven into a net, gorging  
It guards the white island solitary, curled up in corners  
Why? The mischievous wind picked it up and threw it into the ink tank  
struggle in silent, without billow  
It floats quietly on the ink, looking at it in the frame  
The ink swallowed up little by little  
white disappear

A woman makes paper faraway  
A gust of wind blew gently  
another piece of white paper lay on the desk...

# The Malevolent Navigator

*Creative Secondary School, Qamar, Fatima – 15*

To corner a land and its children deep,  
You require a compass  
A compass that guides you  
Where the countless souls hide

From the hands of a scholar, a vessel was born  
A gift to the world  
A sinister guise  
So cunningly received

To capture peoples' dreams and hopes,  
You utilize the four directions  
And enslave the East's mothers  
To gas the North's children  
To inflate the West's bread  
Finally, to steal the South's jewels

To kill a man  
You entail a magnetized needle  
To pierce each vessel  
And destroy him

# Paper

*Creative Secondary School, Shek, Mia – 15*

This sheet so pure and white,  
Its blankness is an invitation to write.  
A canvas so versatile and free,  
An eagerness for what it can be.

Folded or flat, it patiently awaits,  
To carry messages connecting the human race,  
A letter of love or a note of cheer,  
Paper captures moments, year after year.

From classroom doodles to heartfelt notes,  
It holds memories like cherished quotes.  
It's a canvas for dreams, a poet's delight,  
In its simplicity, it shines so bright.

# Cars of China

*Creative Secondary School, Shi, Cherry – 15*

The Chinese culture, ancient and profound,  
Countless inventions to astound.  
In Xia dynasty, Xi Zhong made the cart,  
That roamed the fields and roads, a work of art.  
Visited friends and kin, admired  
The beauty of the world, by nature sired.

The earliest of scripts, the oracle bone,  
In Xia and Shang, the "car" was shown:  
A pictograph of 2 wheels and 1 axle, with  
A carriage in between, a yoke to lift.  
The "car" evolved with time, in bronze and seal,  
In clerical and regular, as cars grew real.

Archaeologists have found, in Anyang,  
Eighteen remains of carts from Shang.  
From fourteenth century BC, they date,  
With spokes and wheels, already quite ornate.

The 'Han book' records, Duke Huan of Qi  
Attended "conference of car" and "conference of riding" meets thrice and six times, then he unified  
The feudal lords, and brought peace to the land.  
The car was used for war, with force and speed,  
And also for the nobles, for their need.  
In Three Kingdoms, legend has it that  
Zhuge Liang's wife,  
Huang Yueying, smart and wise, helped him  
Create the "wooden ox"  
To transport grains, and also made the locks  
For cars, a touch  
Of brilliance to the field.

Yue Fei's "Full River Red" revealed  
"Driving our chariots of war,  
We'd go to break through our relentless foe."

The "long car", or "long hub", a kind of car  
That climbed the mountains, fought the wars.  
He drove the long car, broke the Helan Pass,  
A hero of his time, unmatched in class.

In recent years, the Chinese trains have soared,  
With wisdom from all sides, they have explored  
The highest speed of operation, three-fifty  
Kilometers per hour. Like lightning, swiftly  
They shuttle through the land, with sun in sight,  
And show the world another country's card of might.

Who would have thought, the ancient car of two  
Slow wheels, would now become a dragon, who  
With wind and thunder, races to the end.  
The Chinese people's wit and skill transcend  
The limits of the world, and create more  
And more, the great miracles of yore.

## The Right Direction

*Creative Secondary School, Takano–Chong, Kenji – 15*

Amidst the chaos, worlds apart,  
Two minds collide, a work of art.  
In harmony, their truths entwined.

A dance of thoughts, they intertwine,  
A symphony of contrasts, refined.  
Bound by fate, their paths combined.

In unity, they're redefined,  
A tapestry of souls, entwined.  
Together, they create their own design.

## Compass

*Creative Secondary School, Then, Jamie – 16*

Compass  
In you I feel secure  
In you I feel clear  
                    with myself

Laugh  
                    in the west  
Break  
                    in the east, invisible

Its magnetized needle aligns  
                    with myself

# The Life of a Kite

*Creative Secondary School, To, Marcus – 15*

Rustle, Rustle, Clamp, Clamp, Whirl.

The rush of wind flowing below my silk skin.

I opened my eyes, I was in the light.

Soaring above the grounds, floating through the skies, I felt alive.

Green mountains, Blue Lakes, away from all, I was in space.

I soared higher, and higher, drifting in any direction the wind takes me. Swish, Swoosh.

Whiff, Whoosh. The Sky turned red. Gray clouds appeared. The end was near. I was a kite, a kite in war. The rust of the wind flowing below my silk skin. I didn't want to be here. I was forced to fit in. My companions soar high, loud and proud. Scaring men away with their horrific sounds. I was forced to fit in. Demanding my dreadful sounds, lifting men in the sky, to spy. All I want is to go back, drift me back, to peaceful times. Roar, Thunder.

Whiff, Whisper. It was bright, it had light, but it didn't feel right. Among everyone else, each unique with their own design. Some blue, some bright, some yellow, some delight. Some big, some small, some short and some tall. Everyone unique in their own ways. But I remained gray. Floating through the skies, I felt out of place. Questioning the world, why can't I fit in? In harmony, together, alone, within. The rust of the wind flowing below my silk skin. Letting life, drift me by.

SNAP.

I detached from my string,

from everyone else,

from the world.

The rust of the wind flowing below my silk skin.

Soaring above the grounds, floating through the skies,

I felt free.

Letting go of the world, I flew higher,

Higher,

HIGHER.

Above the mountains,

Above the skies,

Above the clouds.

The sky turned black. I changed from gray to yellow.

Swimming through the endless darkness, I started to glow.

I let go of the world,

floating in outer space, my space.

Free at last, alone.

# Cai Lun's Paper

*Creative Secondary School, Tsui, Yu Him – 15*

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,  
he didn't know about all the birth certificates that'll be handed out  
or all the copies of death certificates that'll be printed.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,  
he didn't know about all the types of knowledge that'll be spread  
or all the students that will suffer from school.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,  
he didn't know about all the romantic love letters that'll be sent  
or all the unequal treaties that'll be signed.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,  
he didn't know about all the egg cartons that'll be used  
or all the forests that will perish.

When Cai Lun made his first sheet of paper,  
he didn't know about a lot of things,  
but he did know some things,  
like it'll probably be better than writing on bamboo.

# Robbed by Papers and Knowledge

*Creative Secondary School, Yam, Damian – 15*

A classroom where laughter echoes,  
a gentle breeze of stress tickles my skin,  
realization of the reality settling in,  
piles of work ahead,  
crucifying my brain to my desk.

Four cold walls surround me,  
as I pour my soul onto a thin sheet of wood torturing myself to be as good as them,  
another damn wall sits between me and my paper.  
Blinded and overshadowed by my thriving peers.  
I've lost my mind,  
my lucidity vanishes and disappears,  
only motivated by sheer fear.

A hater of myself I've become,  
Consumed by books and tests I'm numb.  
Just a lifeless corpse,  
Crawling and bawling.  
Sound of muffled laughter on the other side.

Oh, to be a kid again,  
the freedom I once had,  
To have no worries and stress I beg.  
Always with friends and playing tag,  
only ever happy, sad, or mad,

But the bag of sweet joyous childhood I had was stolen from me.  
Only to be replaced with papers and stationaries.

# Porcelain Dreams

*Creative Secondary School, Yeung, Tiffany – 15*

tender and fair,  
made with care.  
a creation of god was born.

glowing with beauty and grace,  
as delicate as lace.  
alluring in the dark of night.

as charming as moonlit dreams,  
detailed down to the seams.  
the great invention of our descendants.

as elegant as the moon,  
as graceful as a peacock's plume.  
hail to the creation of god!

# Compass of the Soul

*Creative Secondary School, Zhou, Justin – 15*

Great compassionate compass, guide me home!  
I'm lost in the city, lost in the crowd!  
Grant me direction, I don't want to roam!  
Lead me back safely, Mom will be so proud!

Great compassionate compass, school is hard.  
If school was a movie, she's the best part.  
High school work has left me forever scarred.  
Be my guiding light, lead me to her heart.

Great compassionate compass, life's unfair.  
"Breaking up is normal, take a breather."  
I am over that girl, now I don't care.  
Can't be her love, she doesn't care either.

Great compassionate compass, guide me home.  
To the afterlife with good things.

# The Needle–Wielder’s Song

*Diocesan Girls' School, Yiu, Hong Ching Katelyn – 15*

Gossamer tendrils swirling in whispered waltz;  
Smoky spirits beckoning travelers halt.  
For a symphony of scents fascinating,  
unearthly tranquility captivating.

Weary souls who the crimson corner lift,  
Emerge ecstatic, their recovery swift.  
Yet lips forbidden to preview  
The secrets which the cave conceals.

Zephyrs spread rumors of divinity,  
But Asclepius’ gift to humanity,  
Though philanthropic, though altruistic,  
This healer stands mortal without mistake.

The routes she trekked no esplanade:  
Passage of Drake, Cliff Palisade.  
From archaic inscriptions she heard the hum,  
Concord with Nature, synthesis come.

Before barred gates of sages illustrious,  
She earned her title as ingenious.  
Delicate needles meridians lubricate;  
Moxa fumes anatomical points stimulate.

On joss sticks protruding from tender flesh,  
Patients beseech hope for vigor refreshed.  
Chronic aches dissipate, stress alleviate;  
lames prance, mutes chant, blinds glimpse changed fate.

Embered tongues set her fame ablaze:  
Some relish the warmth, some plot her glow erased.  
Gammons bitter, who fear talent untethered,  
Labeled her monster, banished forever.

From city center, where rites, rituals faltered,  
The emperor’s paroxysmal splutter  
Unfurled anxiety, demanded remedy.  
Nathless, archiaters failed incessantly.

Officials her cavern saw as last fanal,  
To her door hurtled, begged her meteoric travel.  
Such proved unneeded, sheer mention of illness  
Had her astride, only query terminus.

Curtains gave way to resplendent light,  
Wind against face, palace’s silhouette soon sight.  
Before the moribund dragon reverently knelt,

Brows furrowed, his pulse cautiously felt.

On scalp and chest needles administered,  
Redirecting Qi to astral rills mirror.  
On soles smoldering mugwort circled,  
Invoking response from inmost torso

Where scarlet tides via convulsions rise,  
Iron blossoms from lips materialized.  
Bloodcurdling shriek assassin hollered,  
Still, she sat at bed end unbothered.

Purple-robed figures flooded into chamber,  
Stared agape as their ruler's eyelids flickered,  
Cheeks found color, aroused from slumber.  
Cheers erupted, louder than ever.

Gentle eyes cognized this new art's healing power,  
Tender smile grateful to its inventor.  
Offered priceless treasures or vassal manor,  
regardless she chose her true mission honor.

From village to village her journey embarked,  
humanistic love recognized trademark.  
To ardent apprentices her wisdom shared,  
In esoteric scripture tonic skills bared.

Her curative legacy hereby deliver;  
Revamped medic care lives ready to alter.  
Inventions a wonder, this unnamed messiah  
Undeniable pride and joy of China.

# Peonies

*ESF Island School, Chiu, Anson – 14*

From crimson tea blooms,  
from firework ash fumes,  
from flushed lights illumine  
silent peonies  
that seek thoughts entombed.

Listen! Flowering  
on goldfish roofs, sweet  
peonies sing  
dreams of soft pulp sheets,  
gentle beads clicking  
and fine silk paved streets.  
Fatigued faces cling  
to hopes on repeat.

Seeds from this harvest  
burst from the soil,  
an anthem that calls  
young hands to come pick  
them from their rest.

We clutch the tiny peach peonies  
to our beating hearts. Our eyes meet,  
shining with ambition, and with a breath,  
we scatter the seeds  
into the fields of our future.

# Palace of Tranquility

*ESF King George V School, Wong, Rachel – 15*

Precious marble and wood,  
And a sprinkle of sorrow,  
Paved with gold,  
Baked with clay from Suzhou.

Set fire to the city,  
Centuries before it becomes pretty.

There sits the empress, dressed to impress,  
Quiet the han; give her the mandate,  
Let her choose the next worthy agnate.

Flee the court; cease the government.  
The boxers rise,  
Seeking for their prize.  
Prove they're insolent; wait for the agreement.

Shhh... They listen.  
Deep into the golden room,  
Don't cry, it'll be over soon.  
Quiet, dowager; Pui Yi has risen.

Mother Consort, when do I see you again?  
Intertwine a bond, control and constrain,  
Let me see my emperor's reign.  
Court of the inside,  
Make the child satisfied.  
Make them truckle, avert their eyes,  
Strike their backs if they do not comply.

Here come the Nihonjin,  
With their customs and bullets.  
Artefacts will flee,  
Destined to routes of three.

The creation of a lifetime,  
The imagination of history,  
The chronicle of antiquity,  
This is China's greatest victory.

The pivot of centrality,  
Heaven of purity.  
This is the palace of tranquillity,  
We call it the Forbidden City

# An Ode to Tea

*ESF Sha Tin College, Chiu, Jennifer – 14*

Noble lady, Camellia!  
Before thy flowers came the hardy roots—  
roots of life—liquor; solid in the gnarling jaws of the soil.  
O blossom loving, two stars binary in their orbit  
Are destined to shoot into a tree hesperidean.

Sinensis of her genus, of the thousand unfurling funeral skirts!  
Thou art the crying concubine's remedy, the empress's confidant,  
a liquid shadow in the guts of a general.  
I laud thy trickery in each throw of the hexagram;  
first a shape—shifting dignitary, diplomat in an old world anew,  
yet a drunken melody pouring from a pot all the same.

O muse—leaf,  
Thy verdant buds doth burn black  
in the desperate fires of a weeping pine  
Birthed of fame by sea—ports and the foreign tongues of florins and guineas  
Thy name fired, cannon—like,  
from celadon—stained waters to wildflower lands of milk.

How I adore thee so,  
Warm creature blessed heaven—jade,  
A hit truer than mercurial arsenic, twice immortal all over.  
Thou art archaic spring through to the dim quiet  
of the teahouse on a flooded neon ocean  
Nestling in the palms of my soul!

# The Gift of Paper

*ESF South Island School, Wong, Brandon – 14*

In the realm where ancient China's embers glow  
Where wisdom and innovation intertwine and flow  
A tale unfurls  
A prophet's legacy to bestow

In the land where legends breathe life anew  
Dragons dance  
and phoenixes majestically pursue  
Cai Lun, a man adroit  
with profound ingenuity  
He unveils a marvel

Mulberry bark, hemp  
old rags and fishing nets too  
With dexterous hands, he pulps  
and presses

*Paper is born*

Ink pirouettes on parchment's pure expanse  
Calligraphy —it is a sort of elegance  
bewitching those who behold  
Its dance

Scrolls of Confucius, sacred and copious  
portray secrets of the past  
Legends of warriors, poets, emperors  
engraved on paper, a testament to China's name

By virtue of Cai Lun's wits  
the written word ascends

The Great Wall's splendour, a guardian resolute  
and terracotta warriors too, his honour they protect  
Paper, a witness to  
China's prestige —a phoenix rising with grace

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*Let minds become dragons  
and soar through  
these boundless skies of  
imagination.*

# Whispers of Ingenuity

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hao, Nicole – 16*

In ancient land where legends dwell,  
China's inventions, tales to tell.  
An ancient past to present day,  
The inventions shine in every way.

Compass, path to home,  
Guiding us, we're free to roam.  
Needles like the guiding light,  
Leads us through the darkening night.

Saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal combined,  
Gunpowder, the forces intertwined  
Exploding power, fierce and bold  
Hard to handle, the story told.

Tea leaves steeped into the fragile brew,  
A moment of zen, your heart went through.  
Peace and serenity, sip by sip,  
As if I'm on a vacation trip.

The tales of China's inventions grand,  
A heritage where all can understand.  
From ancient stories to modern glories,  
More praise we give to these inventories.

## Lead the way

*Heep Yunn School, Lo, Wing Kwan – 16*

North, east, south or west, which way should I go?  
I wondered and whispered to myself 'I do not know'  
I sat down on the ground feeling helpless  
This whole situation is endless  
Suddenly a speck of gold dust caught my eye  
In the mist of sand I can't deny  
Digging desperately with my hopes held high  
A golden object with hands like stars in the sky  
Its hands started moving, rotating round and round  
And I just know in my heart I'm no longer bound  
It stopped after a while  
Landed on the letter 'E' and I cracked a small smile  
Started walking in the direction it was pointing to  
I prayed that I would be able to see a better view  
I walked with my head held high  
And didn't even dare let out a sigh  
With my bags dredged behind me  
I just wished to finally be free  
Felt my throat almost crack open  
There was just so much pain left unspoken  
My feet felt like they weighed a million pounds  
But I did not want to fall to the ground  
Out of the blue, I saw a speck of light  
It was so pretty and bright  
Ran over with all my might  
Holding on to the hope to win the fight  
When I arrived I was speechless  
The view before me left me breathless  
A huge waterfall stood before me  
The golden object was the key  
I grinned from ear to ear  
And I just knew I did not have to fear  
The golden object taught me there's always hope  
You just needed to learn how to cope

# The Canopy of Shelter

*Heep Yunn School, Shing, Yee Isis – 16*

He peeks out of his window,  
And sees how the winds blow.  
His brows soon furrow with frustration,  
As he gets lost in his contemplation.

A thick blanket of clouds obscures the sun,  
With their gloomy, heavy bodies that weigh a ton.  
The man knew what was coming,  
When he hears the sky rumbling.

Suddenly his son comes crashing through the door.  
Holding a bowl above his head, he was already drenched at the shore.  
Looking at his dear son, he thinks hard,  
And a marvelous idea starts to burgeon from his heart.

The next day he rolled up his sleeves.  
Determinedly, he went outside to pick some leaves.  
The man broke some branches on the trees,  
And picked them up amidst the breeze.

He sat on his little wooden bench,  
With his crafty hands, he gave the leaves a drench.  
In his expectations, the water flowed along the tip,  
“Splish! Splash!” The surface below was dry without a drip.

Benting the sticks with a loud snap,  
Connecting them with a strap.  
He gasped at the gigantic bowl:  
The turned it upside down and went for a stroll.

The notion that sparked within his creative brain,  
Could indeed prevail the rain!  
He glimpsed at his creation proudly,  
And proclaimed its name loudly.

He figured his invention would help a lot of people  
To escape from the drenching and feeling feeble.  
Swiftly, his name flew through communities,  
Amidst praises for all the opportunities.

Thanks to this man –  
China’s carpenter Lu Ban,  
From the solid framework to the sturdy rib,  
Nature’s woes oppose when you give it a grip.

As the downpours get heavier over the days,  
More and more bought an umbrella to embrace.  
Even when the gloom outside seemed to persist,  
Nothing can stop one from going out into the mist.

The umbrella remained precious for generations,  
Together, we cherish Lu’s magnificent creations.

His delicate hands that weaved a sheltering art,  
In thick and thin never shall one become apart.

When raindrops danced upon the earth,  
We shall no longer fear but smile with mirth.  
For Lu's umbrella would sustain,  
Through good and bad it will guide you in the rain.

# The Chinese Marvel

*Heep Yunn School, Wan, Kit Yu – 17*

An ancient kingdom of charm and superiority  
where master weavers create the tapestry  
of stories that come down to age

Hands of the Clock Tower echo through the night  
delivering a cosmic chime Oh so light!  
They measure the depths  
from the dancing droplets of water  
to the whispers of shimmering stars  
Seconds twist and swirl in the timeless universe  
while dreams are lit and sailors traverse  
in the realm of the Yin and Yang

Guided by needles of the South Pointer  
parting sons explore nature's untrodden wonder  
As daring boats glide on the Yellow River  
they unveil secrets of the wild uncharted water  
'hoot! hoot!'  
Leaping between the heights of bamboo wall  
a playful partridge replies to nature's call

Delicate mulberries of the sweetest flavour  
ripe and eager to savour  
Harvested by tender hands  
soothed by lukewarm water  
shone by the Sun's embrace and  
transformed into Canvas  
inviting imaginations  
Holding a brush  
a painter strokes  
a tale is told  
Scholars speak of wisdom words  
written on antique scrolls  
Bygone days are preserved  
and civilisation blossoms

Of elegance and grace  
needles and twine interlace  
Cocoons and larva  
fibres then threads  
Glistening Silk  
hand woven on a loom  
uncovers a pristine treasure chest  
bridging a trail from the East to West  
Fortunes sail and Legacies tell  
From weavers to merchants  
Tea to spices  
A prized connection we found  
the ancient marvels may never pound.

# Azure Beyond Dust

*HKUGA College, Ng, Chi Kuan Jane – 16*

Dragon heads whistle, the airy song of dire.  
Sing, “What a lovely day, painted deep azure.”  
Gaping mouths spew, sly sparks of fire.  
And how they crackle!  
Like long–forgotten delights.

Watch! How the masts burn!  
Hark the crumbling ships, the groaning as they plunge:  
Into the raging black sea! Its frothing mouth bloody.  
Can you not hear, the bitter sound,  
Of resentment?

Is it the North Star in the sky,  
Or the missile’s white eye?  
Oh how cold its gaze, like riptide. Like riptide.  
And how light I feel,  
Floating through life.

Is there a crueller joke by kings than,  
The pledge of mortal life?  
We only know how, to walk a straight line,  
Only a straight line,  
Forward.

And golden warships crumble, scorched by dragon spit.  
Squinted eyes search, for the strange, sweet sky,  
But we are blinded: by light, and dust... dust... ..  
A deathly thrill runs,  
Thrumming through bodies.

Lift me above, the blinding black smoke.  
Lift me by the arms, lift me wind of sea.  
What a guttural cry, rising from the sunk:  
Let me see,  
Azure beyond dust.

If only I were born  
a bird.

# Kite: Brilliance by an Eye, Insights on the Sky

*Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Cen, Xinyan – 16*

*Glance up high–*

Brilliance is up by an eye; insights are placed on the sky  
Crafted in a scintillating and clever manner by Mozi and Lu Ban's philosophical mind  
The brilliant construction, aimed with purpose, provides guidance as it flies  
Fine silk, and resilient bamboo to sketch a framework they find

*Follow the line–*

Trace a deliberate intention of invention in China's early warring period  
Civil unrest and foreign attacks call for a need in an accessible, yet handy—smart assistance  
Sending a message, vividly lucid on the blues, for a rescue mission with this method  
Intelligence to communication with a diligent measure for necessary resistance

*Is the weather fine? –*

Over the walls of the city, with its recorded length— Han Xin threw  
To determine the extent of distance his army would attack with while pass defense  
Sailors were tied to it—before sailing shores of possibilities—to deliver a clue  
To interpret the voyage's temper—coarse or tender—for how successful the shipping may sense

*Make it your best sign–*

Combining fibrous fabric for the face and robust—sturdy bamboo for the line  
Fitted and adjusted in multitude of vibrant circumstances it may function to aid  
Decorated with colors, inspiring innovations, for religious ceremonies to shine  
Supplied with hooks for fishing and attached to whistles for lively—authentic tunes to play

*To spread and define through time–*

Brilliance is up by an eye; insights are placed on the sky  
Crafted in a scintillating and clever manner by Mozi and Lu Ban's philosophical mind  
Through the Silk Road, it became exceedingly widespread and identified  
*Feng Zheng*, or Kite, a splendid Chinese invention for us to have pride

## Drink Me

*International College, Hong Kong, Ho, Alyssa – 15*

I am tea.  
Simple but life-changing.  
Unexpectedly bringing  
Inevitable havoc  
Wherever I please.  
How?

Winds of  
Yin and Yang,  
Powerful and strong,  
Blew me  
Away from the tree  
Where Emperor Shennong  
Found my ancestors,  
Into the provinces  
Of China.

Uncertain,  
I moved.  
My aimless invasion  
Into rural villages.

People's unquenched thirst  
Executed in  
Repeated sips  
To satisfy their  
Hungry souls  
That craved for  
Yin and Yang.

1839,  
Eyes now south.  
I soared with passion,  
Flying into Guangzhou.

Foreigners,  
Eyes on trade.  
The merchant's hand  
Reached into his pocket.  
Silver coins  
In exchange for  
Me.  
DEAL.

Souls poisoned by greed,  
Foreigners conspired  
Against China.  
I tasted  
Opium's pungence  
That loomed above  
Chinese ports.

I awoke to  
My ceremony.  
Aristocrats pointed their  
Fine China upwards.  
CHEERS.  
Celebrations of their clever  
Control of  
My forms.

Journey back East,  
Morning to night,  
I smell opium everywhere.

Unknowingly addicted,  
Gambling away,  
Spiralling from reality,  
Broken humans.

Lying lifeless,  
Weak on the ground.  
Limbs crossed,  
Leaned towards

Their instruments.  
Puffing,  
Caressing,  
Protecting,  
And hiding  
Their opium child.

Against the suspended  
Nightmarish haze,  
Segregated from consciousness.  
Permanent masks of daze,  
Daydreaming one's life away.

Fortunately,  
Emperor Yongzheng  
Ordered the army.

Fire and flame  
Fell from burning skies.  
Opium-laden ships  
Erupted and unfurled  
Into black smoke.

I swam from  
The explosion  
Of licking flames.  
I saw tonnes after  
Tonnes of opium  
Disintegrate into ash.

Waters set on fire.  
Chilling screams sunk with opium.  
The declaration signed.

Tea-trees lived on.  
I found myself in a cup of  
*Lai cha* in a  
Local *Cha Chaan Teng*.

Mixed

Between Yin and Yang,  
Between the East and West,  
Subconsciously together.

When you drink me,  
You are reminded.

My unusual happening,  
A record of  
Hong Kong's  
History.

# The Invention of Ice-cream

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Bui, Lang Hei – 16*

There once was a man named Qing,  
Who lived most of his life in Beijing.  
He has big, sparkly eyes,  
And a pair of roughed-up hands.  
Qing didn't have privilege, nor did he have time  
He was just an old man with little to no dime.  
Though he was not young enough to dream,  
He was destined to make ice cream.

Qing started by mixing different ingredients,  
Goat, Buffalo, Cow milk.  
Adding salt, sugar, water  
Mixing, boiling, fermenting  
But it all ended up winding up in a huge mess.  
He kept on trying but he kept on failing.  
To the point where his family told him to stop preserving  
He never listened

Qing restarted his progress and reversed his steps,  
He tried mixing goat, buffalo, and cow milk in different reps,  
Carefully ferment the solution till it checks.  
He prepared some other ingredients which he never tried,  
There was flour, and camphor which were all dried.  
He slowly added the flour to the yogurt,  
And added camphor to enhance its taste.  
At last, he took the yogurt and placed it in a stone.  
He surrounded it with ice and kept spinning,  
Till ice cream was formed.

It was perfection, the ice cream was finally made.  
The silky texture with a sweet taste  
People began to notice and paid to try,  
They all kept buying and buying till storage ran dry.  
Qing has successfully created a business,  
Which allowed him to put food on his table  
But also provided youth with happiness,  
For generations and generations.

# The Legend of the Ten Rings

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chan, Yeung Yat – 15*

In a world of the future, a tale unfolds,  
Where power clashed and stories were told.  
China, a land rich in ancient lore,  
Faced an invader on its sacred shore.

A superpower emerged with force untamed,  
Their military might, equally famed.  
Devastation reigned, damage was wrought,  
As battles ensued, the war never sought.

In this future, nuke shields stood tall,  
Protecting the land from a deadly fall.  
But peace remained elusive, the war endured,  
For no weapon could pierce shields assured.

Yet in China's ancient tales of old,  
Whispers of a weapon, a story untold.  
The Ten Rings, a legend of power and might,  
An ancient general's dominion, a swift and fearsome fight.

China's military sought to unveil,  
The secrets of the Ten Rings, without fail.  
Through ancient texts, they delved deep,  
Hoping to awaken a weapon from its sleep.

With knowledge acquired, they built anew,  
A weapon so mighty, its purpose true.  
To shatter the shields, to break the hold,  
And bring an end to battles untold.

Crafted with precision, a ring-shaped cannon bold,  
The Ten Rings unleashed a surge, a power yet untold.  
Alien energy surged, pulsating with an otherworldly glow,  
A formidable force, striking fear in every foe.

The war did cease, the conflict did wane,  
As the weapon unleashed its deadly reign.  
But China, wise and cautious to the core,  
Destroyed the weapon, their secret lore.

For world peace they wished to preserve,  
No more destruction, no more to disturb.  
They erased the texts, the ancient scrolls,  
To prevent mankind from dangerous tolls.

For in the shadows, danger could lurk,  
If such power fell into hands berserk.  
They chose a path of peace and restraint,  
To protect the world from a deadly taint.

So let the tale be a cautionary verse,  
Of choices made and history's curse.  
In the quest for power, tread with care,  
Lest destruction and chaos fill the air.

For in unity lies strength and grace,  
A future where love and understanding embrace.

## China's Legacy of Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,  
Chau, Ying On Daisy – 16*

In ancient China where legends dwell,  
Their genius shines, the world extols.  
Tales of Chinese inventors I shall tell,  
Stories inked on books and scrolls.

Perfecting the paper-making process,  
Cai Lun, a renowned court official.  
With his innovative mind, he gained success,  
In history books, he is deemed special,

A seismoscope with remarkable precision,  
Serving as a warning to mankind.  
Zhang Heng with his amazing vision,  
He was surely a clever mastermind.

The father of alchemy, Wei Boyang,  
A writer with knowledge so profound.  
Unlocked secrets with his alchemist gang,  
Gunpowder's birth, a thunderous sound.

The compass, a creation of ingenuity,  
Paving the way for global exploration.  
Allowing cultural exchange and prosperity,  
The pride of the Chinese nation.

Numerous modern inventions thrive,  
Bringing a world of endless possibilities.  
The Chinese continues to strive,  
Pushing boundaries, reaching new capacities.

Numerous modern inventions flourish,  
Innovative ideas and boundless potential.  
The Chinese continues to nourish,  
a new generation, talented and influential..

WeChat, a killer app so fine,  
Communications, e-commerce, effortless and smooth.  
A platform where applications intertwine,  
It is A hit amongst the old and the youth.

Connecting the nation with seamless grace,  
The high-speed trains, saving hours.  
A modern success story setting the pace,  
proof of China's economic and technological powers.

With burning passion as their fuel,  
Inventors transforming the world as ideas ignite.  
Using their creativity as their greatest tool,  
Reaching new heights as the world shines bright.

# New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Eze, Chinwe Lynn – 16*

In the realm of history, behold the rise,  
China's four greatest inventions emerge, a wondrous prize.

The compass, a needle pointing true,  
Paper, a medium for dreams to brew.  
Silk, a testament to craftsmanship, divine.  
Gunpowder, a symphony of sparks, lighting up the sky.

From ancient wisdom to modern-day grace,  
A tapestry of ingenuity, filling every space.  
And now, as the digital age unfolds,  
Technological marvels, new tales untold,

WeChat's vibrant presence, it expands,  
Binding lives together, a digital symphony in our hands.  
Messaging, social networks, payments too,  
Bringing the world closer, uniting me and you.

TikTok's creative spark, it sets the stage,  
Short videos ignite our screens, engaging every age.  
A place to create and resonate, transcending cultural walls,  
China's gift of entertainment fuels the internet's calls.

Huawei's 5G technology, a digital revolution,  
Unleashing speeds and possibilities with resolution.  
Streaming, gaming, virtual realities come alive,  
The digital future, reaching new skies.

China's inventions, a testament so true,  
Inspiring generations, with possibilities anew.  
A legacy of brilliance, forever alive,  
Shaping our world, as they strive.

In the realm of innovation, bold and bright,  
New tales of China's inventions emerge, a wondrous sight.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Lee, Yin Wai – 16*

Cai Lun was a clever inventor, really smart,  
He made paper, just like a special piece of art.

Using bamboo and silk, he blended with care,  
Creating a material beyond compare.

No more heavy stones to write upon,  
With his invention, paper's lightness shone.

Paper changed how we communicate,  
It's power, we really appreciate.

His gift let ideas and stories flow,  
Thanks to him, our knowledge would grow.

Cai Lun's name will forever be remembered,  
His gift of paper, a legacy tendered.

## A Tribute to the Pioneers

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Miranda, Kathleen – 15*

In the heart of the East, where wisdom took flight,  
Inventors of old, in the still of the night.  
Crafted with hands, born of the earth,  
Ideas took form, given new birth.

Paper to record, the tales of time,  
Gunpowder to signal, the bells' chime.  
A compass to navigate, the vast unknown,  
In the face of darkness, hope was sown.

Natural gas harnessed, a flame in the night,  
A beacon of progress, burning bright.  
Toilet paper, a humble invention,  
Echoes of practicality, worth a mention.

Inventors of old, their legacy remains,  
In every creation, their spirit sustains.  
A tribute to those, who dared to dream,  
In every invention, their brilliance gleams.

So here's to the inventors, their hearts ablaze,  
In every creation, their passion plays.  
For in the dance of invention, one thing is clear,  
It's the courage to create, that we hold dear.

## New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,  
Ong, Oi Ching Aurora – 14*

The thin sheets of paper we take for granted,  
Cai Lun, the man behind, was wise and celebrated.  
From pounding bark to forming sheets,  
A literary house that inspires or a card that greets.

With skilled hands and a meticulous mind,  
He refined the process that benefited mankind,  
The method was initially highly classified,  
Eventually, it spread far and wide.

Zhang Heng was a man of profound insight,  
His mind soared to a great height,  
A Chinese polymath, his knowledge was wide,  
His seismoscope was there to guide.

The urn-shaped bowl listened for quakes hundred miles away,  
North, south, east, west, it pointed to calls for help faraway,  
A testament to human curiosity and skill,  
Understanding Earth's movements takes creativity and will.

From cartography to horology, Su Song had great expertise,  
Xinyi Xiangfayao was Su's best-known treatise.  
At 70, Su created a clock tower powered by water,  
Very similar to European clocks hundred years later.

At 12-metre-high, Su Song's astronomical clock was a sight,  
A beautiful tower with an armillary sphere, it told time right.  
Su's time-telling machine was a true innovation,  
Sadly, it was stolen after the Tatars' invasion.

# From Then to Now, Always Around

*St. Paul's Co-educational College, Xie, Pui In Candy – 16*

Ancient China, with its Four Great Inventions,  
Wisdom encapsulated in its innovations.  
Paper and printing, testaments of the past,  
Compass, a handy navigator of the vast,  
And gunpowder, a source of dazzling ignition.  
Archaic, yet a truly revolutionary mission.

Porcelain bowls, serving delightful meals,  
Along with tea, a classic chill that appeals.  
Shiny silk, when worn, smooth and reeled,  
Umbrella, in downpour, a mighty shield,  
Toothbrush for oral health, all China's entitled.  
Ubiquitous, yet unseen, essentially vital.

Modern China, excels in scientific quests,  
From discovering seismometer that detects quakes,  
Brilliant abacus for mathematics,  
To the finding of rockets for space stakes.  
Acupuncture, astragalus, and artemisinin,  
China's breakthroughs in medicine.

Influx research in AI, an aim of the future gaze,  
with smart devices, emerging amaze,  
Owning 5G stations, China takes the lead,  
Wechat, Alipay, Tencent, achieving our needs.  
Chinese technologies, convenient, ever-true,  
Developing, yet rapidly in the global tech milieu.

Exemplary gifts from the history,  
Future unveiling the mystery.  
Full of inquisitive minds, always striving,  
Where ideas spark, all empowering.  
China's inventions—from then to now,

Original, and around, for the apex to be reached.

## Wine (Let Us Raise A Glass To History)

*St. Paul's Convent School, Ho, Yan Kiu Antares – 15*

when thine graced my lips  
i passed away into a  
fairy realm  
where people walked on skies  
and the land towered above us  
where history came alive  
and doomsday was but a myth

and in my inebriation  
i wrote:

today  
i heard the teacher ask  
boys and girls, what's a thing  
of chinese descent  
history would not exist  
without?  
xia said paper  
fang said the compass  
wu said printing  
ah—wei, the rebellious one  
he said gunpowder  
(i'm not one to judge but hey  
he's actin' like a warmonger)

but...  
it's the littlest of things that  
thaw into our day and night  
of each century and decade that  
tell tales as old as time;  
they fuel our daydreams as we  
sketch poetry and  
create dynasties that  
break us and fix us and

(i cleared my throat)  
guys, you're not wrong but  
what about,  
what about *you*?

you, with your  
iridescent waters you  
flood the land and  
drown the strong and the

mighty; but you  
give life to the parched and the  
afraid  
oh, what a paradox  
but it's true (so true)

you, that day at the  
feast at swan goose gate  
were you not the one who  
served courage  
to a little man (fan zeng, his name was)  
who defended his master's honour  
in the face of a beast?  
when he plunged his sword into  
the flesh of the tyrant's offering  
and downed his glass in one go  
were you,  
were you not trembling with  
pride and glee?

"i do not fear death" fan zeng said  
and in those couple of minutes  
with you on his side  
he was the strongest man alive

oh you spirit  
oh you liquid fire and  
molten lava stone  
you make the world  
psychedelic, truly; where  
they dream, and they dream, and they dream  
of ones they shouldn't see  
(ones their souls call for  
but are not here physically)  
and don't you make them  
leave ghosts of touches  
kissing their bare skin?

and you could make a grown man cry  
when his mama comes to  
kiss him good night  
(good Lord he's almost eighty-three  
and he lost his mama at twenty!)

and don't you remember?  
one autumn eventide when  
li bai raised the barrel to his lips  
and together you

sang love sonnets to the moon;  
the shadow was his friend  
but you  
you saved his solitude  
you became his salvation  
(and his ruin)

and you, who forgave our sins and  
burnt love down our throats  
(no matter what we did wrong  
you were omnibenevolent)

don't you reminisce how  
you sat in a jug lovingly held by  
Jesus Christ  
as he poured you and broke bread  
for all twelve of his disciples?  
when you witnessed the  
betrayal of judas  
did you not shed a tear  
and trickle down a drunken face  
or two?

and  
are you not aware of the thousands of  
thousands of  
thousands of years that were poured into  
your making?  
blessed was your modest firstborn found in  
yellow river valley more than  
nine-thousand years ago  
(almost a decamillennium!)  
to luxurious beverages hidden in  
wine cellars and favelas at  
present;  
are you not aware of the tears and  
sweat and  
blood that dripped as you thrived  
from a simple grape vine?

and don't you know that  
when i taste you i taste  
centuries of rich, rich history?  
our dark and our gritty;  
our lustre and our virtue  
and  
i see  
great men who drank themselves

into nothingness  
as they wept and wept and wept  
for God's forgiveness

and don't you recall?  
the day the conqueror xiang yu  
bid farewell to  
his beloved concubine  
(and his will to live)  
he drank and drank  
until he was lost in a trance and  
he had slurred "you look like  
an angel, my dear"  
and so she smiled and  
took her life before him with  
his own sword; and for days he  
griefed and pleaded for mercy as he was  
incompetent; before he met his own  
end

and thus was the rise of  
the han dynasty  
(oh, how great you are indeed  
to cause such great falls and rises)

but don't you realise?  
you are a blunt needle  
whose purpose served but to heal  
and the flesh that was punctured;  
how could it  
bleed more than the tear?  
(that's funny but again it's true)  
and so fools seek you, praise you  
and they  
beg with their grubby lips  
and their plump little fingers:

*please*  
*i just want to feel again!*

(and unknowingly drown  
in their feral greed)

and you see, those  
failed scholars and half-dead knights  
with their broken ambitions  
and deceased families and such;  
they were

wallowing in purdah and fear;  
and they just wanted eternal peace  
(but there's no such thing innit)  
and ha! you were their escape indeed  
so you sent them to sleep  
(and stole their hope  
when they awoke)

but now

what about now?  
what about you in the present?  
indeed you were history  
you were the convex and the concave of  
those little puzzle pieces  
that stuck together and formed us:  
a wall; whole  
or perhaps you were more like  
the twinkle of the evening star  
that was there like a  
lurking presence or maybe

well  
you were just there

but what about today, loved one,  
where history proves to be but a ladder  
to worth and flair? today  
do you stand with the sober  
or the weak?  
(without you the ladder  
would crumble, wouldn't it?  
without you we'd all

fall  
    fall  
        fall)

well, whatever  
(i closed my journal)

i raise my glass and  
greet nirvana  
to tales you've ruined and  
tales you've written  
and under the glow of the silver moon  
you were the colour of  
blood

but i did not drink like  
yue fei did when he drank  
the blood of his enemies

i drank like  
i was drinking history

# The Lantern in The Dark

*St. Paul's Convent School, Mok, Mok Hei Hayley – 15*

At the beginning, there was dark.  
And the earth was without form, and void;  
And darkness was upon the face of the deep,  
like a black, endless abyss.  
The darkness engulfed you whole  
throttling you with its tight grip and suffocating hold.

Before, there was only night.  
Then, there was light.

Down the dirty, twisted paths and up the lanky, ghastly mountains of Huangshan  
there laid a tiny village where he lived  
in a small thatched cottage  
with vines clinging to the walls  
and mould crawling across the ground.  
He was an inventor  
and those who knew him would chime,  
“He is the greatest creator of all time.”  
For he had invented  
The Lantern.  
Not just any,  
but the brightest lantern  
one wishes to yearn.

They came from near and far  
just to witness with their naked eyes,  
How gleaming,  
How dazzling,  
O how brilliant it was!

And he  
who spotted the dreamy eyes  
and the tattered hemp  
of the children on the streets  
with their face smothered with grime and slime,  
never ceased to grant them  
the tinkling and the jingling sounds of joy  
as the holy lantern beamed back,  
caressing their sunken yellow faces  
with hymns and praises.

And he  
who spotted the dreary eyes  
and the dull bland hanfu  
of the men and women  
with their faces coated with gloom,  
never ceased to grant them  
the peaceful and calm noise of bliss  
as the silent lantern grinned back,

stroking their weary bleary faces  
with serenity's gentle kiss.

The man's son beheld the scene with  
his eyes and deepest longing keen.  
O, how he yearned to be like his father!  
To him, his father was a fangshi  
granting wishes and brewing special potions  
that brought a smile even  
to the king of hell.  
He dreamt a dream, vivid and grand,  
that he was wooving rice paper and bamboo by hand  
to fashion the world's brightest lantern.  
One that kindled hearts with its radiant glow and  
dispeled darkness in rooms shadowed low.  
There, by the window, a figure he'd see  
wearing a grey worn-out changpao  
a silhouette whose hands, rugged and free,  
wove enchantment with each gentle touch,  
transforming the ordinary into magic, as such.  
The boy watched his father day and night  
but the answer was still far from sight.  
His father never unveiled the mystery ahead,  
until he was lying on his deathbed.

By the time the boy had grown up,  
his father had shrivelled and withered  
to become a mere husk of the man he used to be,  
like the withered lily, so hauntingly frail to see  
and casts a sombre shadow upon the living souls.  
His son stayed by his bed from dusk till dawn  
and listened to his blurry babbling  
with tears glossing over his sober eyes.  
O, what a shame!  
Soon his father shall join the earth's eternal light,  
And return embraced by the side of the earth god's might.  
Memories flooded his heart's core  
recalling the cherished times of childhood  
when he was young, innocent, and small  
in the tender embrace of his father's care, above all.

His gaze fixated on the radiant lantern's glow  
nested in the heart of the tiny hut.  
Through countless years, its light persevered,  
dispelling shadows where darkness leered  
“People deem my lantern the greatest creation.  
But I always shake my head. Do you know why?”  
The son shook his head.  
His father smiled, with warmth in his eyes.  
“My dear son, the answer lies in love's ties.”

# Echoes of Ingenuity: A God's Legacy

*St. Paul's Convent School (Secondary Section), Liu, Yan Kiu Tianna – 16*

In the land of dragons and ancient lore,  
Where whispers of tales echo evermore,  
Beneath the moon's celestial delight,  
The God of Inventions works through the night.  
Creating Four Great Inventions, intelligent and bright,  
now a legacy of wonder, as wisdom unites.

Four noble treasures, gifts to mankind.  
The God's brilliance, it enshrines.  
Paper, compass, gunpowder and printing,  
His intellect infinitely worth preserving!

Paper, a fragile canvas for His art  
Became a vessel for His wit to impart.  
A delicate tapestry of knowledge unfurls,  
He wraps the world in inky swirls.

The compass, His guiding light in sailor's hand,  
Uncovering mysteries of distant lands.  
He leads to navigate seas and conquer tides,  
Exploring the oceans far and wide.

Gunpowder, the third, with its fiery flame,  
Transformed warfare to be never the same.  
The God created such potent force,  
He feared its might, a destructing source.

Lastly comes printing, once a laborious craft,  
Woodblock words on paper amassed,  
Wisdom weaved on pages in stack,  
The tales untold and stories unmasked.

Now, new tales of mankind's innovation bloom,  
The God of Inventions senses the changing tune.  
With humble grace, he steps aside,  
For humans have grown in colossal strides.

Now from scrolls to screen, technology preens,  
In a digital scene, where worlds convene.  
We peer at Earth through satellite's eyes,  
The era of compasses, in smartphones, confined.  
Gunpowder created fireworks of flamboyant display,  
But too made missiles fire in vicious array.  
Old ways of printing have too ceased,  
Now bytes and pixels, a virtual feast.

He sees the world of tradition and progress blend,  
Embracing its fast pace hand in hand.  
“The symphony of progress”, He gently pleas,  
“Should bridge the old and new to be.”  
For the harmony of old and new, ancient and fresh  
Lies the tapestry of time’s finesse.

And thus, dear reader, heed this tale  
Of The God of Invention, grand and hale.  
China’s Four Great Inventions, forever enshrined,  
May they flourish, bloom and shine!



Creative Writing  
**Poetry**  
Group 4

# China's Great Inventions – A Timeline

*GT (Ellen Yeung) College, Leung, Christie – 15*

Have you heard of China's four inventions?  
Do you know of China's new innovations?  
Let me tell you of our inventors' wonderful contributions.  
Let me tell you of our beloved country's creations.

We first transport to somewhere old in history,  
A tale as old as time, in the age of Qin Dynasty.  
When banknotes were made to replace strings of coins that were so hefty,  
And a powerful crossbow was developed, outstripping the armour made for the enemy's infantry.

Then we fly to the grand dynasties with the birth of the four inventions,  
There's a compass! There's papermaking, gunpowder, and printing!  
These are the popular objects that the Chinese have established,  
The sign that China has bright inventors in the making to be flourished!

And now we arrive at the beautiful present,  
An impressive array of fabrications and originations looking so magnificent.  
Our love and passion for inventions never ceased,  
Bringing us to create glory for the world, knowing they'd be pleased.

Ooh look, there's a Maglev train above us!  
Being on a railway with permanent magnets, almost floating, making its passengers feel marvellous.  
If you say you cannot witness it,  
Here is a pair of Smart Glasses for clear sightings in every bit.  
Except enhanced vision, there are so many things inside,  
Temperatures, cameras, and voice assistants, developed to become one's reliable little guide.

Here I have produced a small timeline,  
There are so many more objects within, this is just an outline.  
From majestic and wild to small and useful,  
No matter if it's ancient or novel, our inventions are always so enormously splendid.

After being introduced to these spectacular designs,  
We must continue walking this wonderful, astounding, and awe-inspiring road.  
Look into the past, dive deep and explore.  
Gaze into the future, invent, and open some brand-new doors!

# Shadow is The Queen Of Colours

*GT (Ellen Yeung) College, Tam, Arnold – 18*

pure ink is the defiance of  
white; trying to be hypocritical inside a tuxedo suit  
too many shades of grey are there  
for the widower, the man to choose

blurring and fading strokes are flowers  
blossoming within a monochrome, nostalgic film  
“do you recognise me?” said the melancholic man  
with a sorrowful voice of grim

feud between the black and the white  
like the excerpts in a fugue, hard to disguise  
which, at last, had to compromise

as the silhouette of mankind hides  
within the margins of the paper and brush  
is where the poets and artists lie

# Improvements of Chinese Technology

*HDBJ School Jinzhan Campus, Sui, Julie – 14*

As time change  
We start to innovate  
What did we find?  
I'll tell you right now

The pandemic's bad  
Everyone knows that  
What makes our life easier  
is we have WeChat

Online chatting  
Online laughing  
Online studying  
Online reading

Shopping online  
Paying online  
Isn't it grand?  
To have something you want right in your hands

China has been improving its technology in recent years  
I hope we can achieve more to be heard  
From all of us  
To all of you

## Traces in Paper

*Ling Liang Church E Wun Secondary School, Dumpit, Jasmin Maridel Dela Rosa – 16*

Morning casts and memories come  
Silk blankets slide off my skin  
To the sheets, I snatch and then I seize  
For yesterday, where and who I've been

My fear continues to hold me near,  
The inability to remember;  
Blushing skies and playful laughs  
And savour of the peaches down the river.

A road of silk is not enough,  
To record and log my days.  
But a roll of mulberry bark has its grasp,  
This paper and juice will surely stain.

## Vibrant Past and Disdainful Echo

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chi, Ryan – 16*

Long before time, when wisdom still thrived,  
In an age when sages strived,  
Seeds of progress, inventions graced the earth,  
In the land of the dragon, China – the hearth.

Boom! Whoosh! Bursting to be free –  
Firecrackers dance with vibrant glee.  
Intricate designs and a snow white sheen,  
Silk – the canvas for a weaver's dream.  
The first soothing balm, a tranquil potion,  
Tea soothes the mind, a wellknown notion.  
Needle pointing north, never wavering,  
The compass gives direction, never quavering.

But even dynasties crash, burn. Now skulking  
Husks of Chinese eat their McDonalds,  
Drink their coke, devoured by bland black and white.

Even silk recedes, firecrackers fizz with disdain  
Compasses askew, tea tastes like pain.

The land once had ten suns. Yet arrogant  
Steel titans sneer upon history, obscuring  
The fading sun that resided in my heart.

# The Inventor's Curse

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Leung, Josh – 16*

A missile whistles through serene skies.  
The air bristles with a fissile prize.  
A noble guise, outcries, advice, ignored,  
abyssal in nature, a squall pursues.  
It's incandescence disappearing before eyes.  
Furtively, they hide nebulous, insidious intentions.  
Surreptitiously, opposition goes dispatched, resistance detached.

Gunpowder!  
A simple, chemical mixture,  
when in known fixtures, ignites rapidly,  
which, for Chinese pioneers in the year 142 AD,  
certainly seemed alchemically miraculous:  
An exothermic reaction, propelling inventions  
developed polemically,  
meant, to bring benefit to humanity.

Its inventors called it "fire medicine".  
An eldritch substance. Eerie, fearsome.  
Taoists, perhaps divinatory, performing augury,  
persisted, attempting creation wildly, elongation of longevity,  
baseless, unscientific medicine, nevertheless effective,  
barring the original intention of anti-aging, this portentous substance,  
phantasmagorical, seemingly arcane, capable of thaumaturgy, held unknown wonders.

Alas, the wonders that came to light,  
were not the bright beacons of hope in one's dying nights,  
for to extend one's life were the inventors foremost sight,  
yet this promethean light served only to stifle lights,  
in desperate plights, frights, and flights from home,  
like a moth to flame, combatants flocked in droves to tomes  
detailing gunpowder's creation, its formulaic collation,  
which gave these specks of dust, light in foundation,  
the ability to cause heavy damnation.

Across the globe, icarus flew too close to the sun;  
back at home, belligerents grew too close to becoming undone.  
Theseus too led the charge, slayed the minotaur, and yet was snubbed;  
caught in the crossfire, innocents devastated, destroyed, leaving the inventors shunned,  
stunned that no refund could be found, while their men sank, gunned.  
As the butterfly's gust turns into a storm,  
history repeats, and towards war, nations swarm.

The missile encroaches on its targets without care.  
Troops in tumultuous terror clash, unaware.  
Barbed wire, sprawled across the quagmire,  
snag and snare unsuspecting soldiers,  
rending into flesh and bone indiscriminately.

Artillery shells batter relentlessly,  
a persistent barrage plaguing persevering trenchers,  
entrenched in sludge, yet undeterred.  
Rife with furor, disorder reigns,  
a tempest of shouts, screams, and shots,  
gun barrels barrelling towards death,  
mind clouded in bloodthirsty mists,  
an incurable addiction,  
defly defying death  
with a brazen charge.

Yet no chaos compares to the missile's flare.

A warning siren blares, too late  
the missile crashing to Earth, resigned to fate,  
the gunshots abate. Shelling stagnates.  
Heavy, the weight of one's death,  
lies on shoulders already weighed down by death.  
And suddenly, a cacophony erupts.  
Explosion upon impact, implodes,  
a persistent pestilence severing limbs,  
rending bodies asunder,  
pangs of pain unfelt by shredded nerves.  
Death feels light in the blistering bliss within a fireball.

From serene skies a squall erupts,  
from quiet squalls a storm emerges,  
from harmless storms a tempest rages;  
gunpowder was just the first.  
In all their wisdom, in their thirst  
for knowledge, caution was at its worst.  
The Chinese inventors, unknowingly, left the Earth cursed.  
So a warning for creators plunging into the storm  
into gales, forlorn,  
with intent to transform,  
don't stray to far, that thirst, abate,  
lest you irrevocably seal humanity's fate.

# Wilting Exploration

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Ma, Eugenia – 15*

blackly gleaming  
iridescent as ink  
twenty feet high and tall as a toddler

chopstick–point sharp  
thick as a brush  
innocently warm like freshly brewed tea

two, four, six, eight  
jade–tongued, pink–cheeked  
china–fine like golden dew —

to, for, silk, age  
long–eared, red–eyed,  
porcelain fur like white yew

round; ringed;  
wonderful; beautiful;  
heartbeat fast, ambitions tall

are we meant to reach for our stars?  
to weave fate between our fingers  
yet lose sight of the looming future

an ant amongst the scurrying leaves  
a giant amongst ants  
foreseen and foretold  
disbelieved and discordant

golden bells tolling endlessly,  
summer sun shining,  
souls touching under the umbrella of hop

## Flying Cash

*Shanghai High School International Division, Huang, Yi Ting – 15*

So the story goes –  
to end suffering is to end desire.

But as I look within  
inky irises  
I see temptation drawing its roots  
tendons slipping surrounding me  
what if? just a little  
because if I were to be trusted,  
does that mean I am to be trusted?

Because wealth is fleeting  
but so is life; I supposed I  
didn't want to waste my life away without  
basking in its glory and so  
bartering – what I do best, a  
twist of words here and there lands me with  
fleeting paper

(a touch would bestow to it  
what I bestowed to them  
a breath of wind sighing down would  
disregard the sweat of labor and the blood  
that churns)

Because I assigned them meaning –  
mere pieces of scrap before I birthed it  
new life – and suddenly  
cash flowed  
and flew up in midst the gods  
golden hues reflected across my irises  
whilst I reaped the fields  
of endless golden.



# Poetry

Group 4

# Silkwork's Requiem

*Chinese International School, Li, Adele – 16*

*Legend has it that the Yellow Emperor lived through several dynasties before he transcended to the heavens, escorted by a phoenix and a kirin. But before he was the hero we know, he was a boy in love. It is rumoured that his first wife, Léi zǔ, was the true inventor of sericulture and silk; villagers insist that they saw her, in the shadows of a mulberry tree one afternoon, catch a falling silkworm cocoon in her tea-cup, which the heat of the Sun unravelled into silk, as if by magic. The two married as teenagers, and shared a delicate sort of love that ended tragically upon Léi zǔ's early death. Every night, the villagers would see the Emperor walking through the necropolis, laying hand-written poems over her tomb, listening intently to the night's crooning as if hoping to hear a human voice.*

*In the moments before he rises from man to God,  
he writes to her one last time.*

*Léi ěr,*

I have not slept since the night you left. Sleep spites me mercifully;  
it is in the shore that separates wake from slumber that I feel your  
presence most; in a sea so vague, I might pretend you are hiding in a  
cove, skirts gathered in your arms, waiting. But I've lived in perpetual  
expectancy, and now I must forget you, moult our memories away in  
the same way a phoenix husks itself into resurrection.

You have consumed me, and I cannot go before I tell you  
how I have remembered you in the centuries past,  
how history has told your story.

It is daytime now, and I am sitting under the mulberry tree you  
so loved. Let my shadow be yours for a second, let it be that you're  
next to me, a porcelain cup of tea in your hand. This is a story you  
know. You must remember it – the cocoon falls into your cup, the  
silkworm, fat and dazed, it's white cloud of a tail.

The world stops  
spinning and the cicadas fall silent in their hidden chambers, the  
wind a whisper. *Liven the larva, pulp the pulpa, cull the cocoon into  
silk, it murmurs. Feed thread through spindles and wheels, plunge  
fabric in dye. Then, rinse. Repeat.*

It was enchanting, the way you led your troops, those nimble-fingered  
girls with dreams to reap. I admit I did a poor job at masking the shame  
that I could barely say the same for my men. You pulled them into the  
orbit of your spool, doomed them to a life of spinning, swirling...  
and you slipped away like silk. Oh how I wanted to stop the wheel,  
quiet the wind, lure the moon out of its cycle; but, alas, I haven't  
the same command over the world as you.

And then, you found me. Or did I find you? I can't remember.  
It was the day of the Qixi Festival, and the elders had been  
pestering me all day.

*It's the day of love and reunion, they cooed, step out,  
come with us. The women outside are praying to Zhi nü, the men  
to Niú láng – come, let us help you cross the heavenly river. The  
magpies have built a bridge just for you.*

We travelled south, through *Jīn nán* and *Chéng dū*, ended up  
in *Kūn míng*, some village with nothing but a pagoda and a  
little man in dusty red *cháng pǎo*: a fortune teller.  
My palms said I was bound to forget you. The tea-leaves said I'd find  
someone new. So this was the other side of the river, then:  
a life of never knowing how it might feel to grow old with you.

But then the sun caught a glinting... thing. Something bright,  
prismatic. A tapestry! No, not just any tapestry... a *kè sī*!  
On the wall, a silk landscape, unmissable... a reminder of *you*.

And just like that; so clearly could I see the spinning wheels,  
the girls on stools, spools of silk retching out colors, fibres,  
hours, days, labour burgeoning itself into *creation* under  
your instruction; the white of your skin, the red of your  
blood, spun together, inextricable, holding each other with  
the desperation of an old man and his single last memory.

There you were, in the river's breath; waters rippling in envy  
at your eternalization. You, an unanticipated nomad racing it  
to the edge of the word, coursing through the bloodlines of history.

From that day on, *Léi ěr*, I saw you everywhere I went.  
I could barely walk through the palace without seeing  
you from the corner of my eye, in the *yuán líng páo*  
boasting their drooping sleeves, in the *shàn zi* of the  
bashful dancer. I commanded that ribbons be draped over  
the chariot, woven into the saddle, and whenever the steeds  
trotted through the village, peasants and men in lonely  
outposts looked on in longing, the few little cowry shells  
jostling around in their bone-grey sacks, wishing to touch,  
to feel, those fabrics of your blood and skin.

A millennium later and silk has replaced cowry shells,  
each length worth a thousand: a symbol of the nobleman's  
largesse. I dare not say that your girls have outdone you,  
but the threads get finer and finer, hundreds of thousands  
of strands tightly packed into the length of a silkworm's  
crawl. Books, papers, shoes of silk. Did you know that  
would happen, that day under the tree?

*Léi ěr*, China alone was not large enough to contain you. The  
yellow-haired rulers were fascinated by silk, and, I must say,  
terribly conspicuous with their espionage, their hawk-eyes and  
thieving hands. They took you to Byzantium, Persia, India. Egypt,  
Greece, Rome, places you never knew and yet places you dwell,  
planted the mulberry seeds and coaxed the worms into coition.  
The Goddess of sericulture, they call you now. Goddess!  
*Léi ěr*, did you ever foresee that?

Two millenniums later and there is a snake that trails its way  
from the East to the West, *Cháng' ān* to Constantinople, carrying  
men and camels on its back, slithering through the marshes to the  
men with empty baskets waiting on the other side. They call it the  
*Silk Road*, and round and round it goes, on land and sea,  
a carousel for your creation. It outlives every animal, watches us

through amber eyes, the rise and fall of kingdoms, for a thousand years.

And when the snake stopped, thrashed itself to death, China  
could only bear your absence for so long: four millenniums  
later and your road is our way to industrial success, co-operation  
among nations; *One Belt One Road*, they call it.

So, the yellow and black-haired  
children could press their stub-noses into store windows,  
peer at the silk dresses on the mannequins, and think of you,  
silkworms, and spinning wheels, of which they learned about  
from their mothers before bedtime, over a thimble of camomile  
or jasmine tea. For you have been pressed in storybooks like  
the mulberry's leaves, *Léi ěr*. Your name, kept forever in print.

Sometimes I can't help but question the futility of it all:  
the worms falling into the hole's they'd eaten, the graves they'd  
dug, speaking in tufts of spun silk, little bodies spent. To hibernate,  
siphon all its energy, just to plunder through those white walls, fly  
off in pursuit of a warm leaf to die on, harrow its eggs with the same  
life of falling and spinning and lying fallow; silk:  
the only evidence of its life.

*Egg, silkworm, cocoon, pupa, moth*, the wind whispers,  
before carrying away those limp bodies. *Liven the larva, pulp the  
pupa, cull the cocoon into silk*, it murmurs. *Feed thread through  
spindles and wheels, plunge fabric in dye*. You know the rest.

So, is this what it means to be the inventor?  
To recognise the brevity of life,  
to immortalise oneself in the invention?  
To be the girl on the stool  
to keep the wheel spinning?  
To be the silkworm,  
for the sake of the silk?

If life starts as a worm, a wiggly thing,  
then it ends with the silks you dye, the dresses you sew.  
Starts again when the dress, moth-eaten, falls apart,  
ends with the *qí páo* we laid you to rest in.

The silkworm dies, but the silk persists.  
And *love*... love is everything life leaves behind.

Do not be sad that I am leaving, my dear,  
for there is still so much to be said.

– *Xuān yuán*

# Ephemeral Monuments

*Chinese International School, Fei, Yawen Jodie – 16*

*On turtle shells,  
amongst the stars,  
written are tales of  
China's inventions  
– ephemeral monuments.*

## I. Illumination

A moment,  
sparkling, lighting up skies,  
putting the gleam  
in gleaming eyes,  
unfadingly inspirational yet a fading sight,  
planting a flickering flame  
that could, one day, become a roaring blaze.

Tales were told,  
of carving knives,  
and specks of charcoal,  
of looms, needles, and fiber and string.  
And more tales were told,  
of ideas or ambitions,  
of lucid fantasies that were made into realities, driven by the same stubbornness,  
the same persistence,  
a will to make dreams come true.

Devotion from centuries ago remains, crafting dreams, illuminating dreams.

## II. Momentum

There once was a man, an inventor.  
(His name, *Cai Lun*.)  
When moments were to be remembered,  
words were written on paper,  
instead of dense bamboo sticks.  
Letter after letter, word after word,  
scrawled across surfaces as black ink leaves the brush, leaving stories  
to be eroded by time.

There once was another man, another inventor. (His name, *forgotten*.)  
Moved bone inscriptions on turtle shells,  
and handwritten copies of literature,  
to identical letters embodied in miniature wooden blocks, reenactments, verbalized, simple  
moments.  
There once was another  
and another,  
and another...

Until there is now,  
another,  
and another,  
and another...

### III. Purloin

Claimed,  
by another artisan,  
of a different culture  
to belong to a mismatched background,  
but with a story,  
hidden away, underneath disseminating lies.

Taken,  
as prizes of war,  
by a country elsewhere  
to cold, impassive showcases,  
waiting to be viewed by glazed-over eyes.

A pyrrhic victory,  
for whomever wrongly possesses their so-called trophies, as these emblems,  
of culture, of history, of creativity,  
are taken back in people's hearts  
to where it truly belongs  
yet remaining where they are  
to eventually  
return.

### IV. Legend Says...

Some are carrying – or trying to carry –  
a legacy of devotion on their shoulders  
as they move forward,  
burdened with trust,  
while attentive eyes pry at them,  
*(hidden in the dark)*  
to stop them from writing new tales,  
tales of innovation.

Some are on a journey – or wandering amongst lost thoughts – to step out of old, longstanding tracks  
into a new light, to make new footprints.

One at a time, they mark new steps,  
following a compass of previous triumphs and they step down with a weight,  
not of the sky, but of tales that their children could tell, tales of a future to recover.

Some are blamed – or wrongly accused – showered with hypocritical claims,  
that hinders them like a blurring veil  
but they light it up  
*red, blue, a splendid purple*  
and like phoenixes

that rise from ashes  
stories soar, higher than the flames,  
to become tales,  
tales of success and successors.

*standing*  
*on the cusp of tomorrow,*  
*you look ahead, afar*  
*to see a horizon built,*  
*by tradition, innovation,*  
*and the devotion*  
*of many, and many more*  
*in the tales of*  
*China's inventions*  
*– ephemeral monuments.*

# Five Thousand Years

*ESF West Island School, O Mara, Alexandra – 17*

Cast into fire, dragon bones set ablaze,  
mortal impurities burned to smoky haze,  
careful hands stroked the symbols engraved,  
and now stoke the hearth that eats it all away.  
Cracks, a tapestry of the stars is made,  
familiar shapes emerge as the embers fade,  
a crossing of lines, a crossing of fates  
sculpting the image of a universe that now awaits.  
The beginning unfolds as the people turn to proclaim,  
look now, how the universe spells its name!

Spinning cocoons, steamed and threaded,  
sent down roads many feet treaded,  
barbarians lie waiting out of sight,  
caravans huddle closer, tight.  
Merchants sell, but cannot possess  
the Great Weaver's secret, kept close to her chest,  
oh, but western monks come armed with lies,  
they stare at weavers with their prying eyes.  
Silk is knowledge, inky imprints of scholars long gone  
Silk is prosperity, nobles garbed like graceful swans  
Silk is culture, music sweetly uniting the Empire  
Silk is the king across the earth's perverse desire.  
Mulberry, eggs, leave concealed within a gentleman cane,  
and so was the end of China's silk reign.

Roaring dragons awake from slumber,  
driven by a shaking thunder  
splitting earth, gives rise to disaster,  
pearls of knowledge direct aid faster.  
Hungry frogs with gaping maws,  
hear the quakes from cracked earth's jaws.  
Splendid carvings in bronze and gold  
can't hide the tragedy the seismograph told.

Solitary monks play with forces unknown,  
they labour for their emperor, alone.  
The chosen son the world above has blessed  
longs for the one thing he does not possess.  
Immortality is what the emperor requires,  
and the alchemists will deliver him phoenix fire.  
Powder, black as the northern sky  
strays close to where a timid fire lies,  
blazing powder, erupts to bring,  
scorching, blindness, suffering.  
It seems destruction is all these ashes can incite,  
so send them up to join the inky darkness of the night.  
Perhaps later they will be used to inflict pain,  
but now they only spark marvel, wonder at the burning rain.

Cloud ladders extended to the sky,  
reaching for the realm where the heavens lie,

then fall back to the raging battlefield below,  
skewering the walls that shield their foe.  
Spoken or bound, legends unite fact with myth,  
tales of battles for succession serve as monoliths,  
some inventions are made only for the mind,  
to masquerade the fickleness that plagues humankind.  
Still, the mandate of heaven will be eternally passed,  
for the good intent of dynasties will never last.

Up and down five thousand years  
yet the end of conflict never nears  
why must this kingdom, so very grand,  
be locked in eternal fight for the land?  
Perhaps like the Phoenix, the everlasting beast,  
she must reinvent herself to renew the peace.  
Though from long battles her body may ache,  
her heart ignites, like the flames she will awake.  
China once again rises to spread her wings,  
the heavens will listen when they hear her sing.

Every poem must end, yet it is hard to stop!  
Earth extends to the sky, can we ever reach the top?  
the rivers run, a babe's hair grows long  
life continues, spring flowers awake to birdsong  
like the Great Wall that lays across this vast land  
these progressions were crafted by thousands of hands  
and still the future is something that we can mould  
as the stages of civilization continue to unfold  
from stone to steel, from sky to space  
new tales will arise as humanity continues its race  
because the tale of inventions are the story of man  
empires rise and fall but the people will still stand.  
I could've begun this story anytime, start, middle, end  
I could've listed everything, but you've no time to spend  
as I behold the modern Ancient, I bring this to a stall,  
I see invention is less of a leap, more of a steadfast crawl.

# Echoes of the Dragon

*St. Paul's Convent School, Ip, Natasha – 16*

Along the yellow river sparkled a neolithic civilization  
Adventitiously embarking on the advent of its adventures  
Exquisite was the pottery that swirled under the summer vision  
Burgeoning like the paddy field that limned arcadian shelters  
Wellwater trickled into scarlet lacquerware without cessation.  
Silk metamorphised into clothes in the cornucopia of sericulture  
China took its first stride in effervescent elation Into a momentuous moment that bifuricates past and future  
Human existentialism sublimes into the essence of Hanzhi  
Condensing into the cascade of a hundred schools of thoughts  
Iron swords, spears, sabres forayed from blast furnaces  
Ebbing and flowing at the peripheries of the warring states  
Acupuncture assuaged pain and nescience  
The four inventions were markers of the fledgling's innovation  
Paper and printing weaved and weathered information  
Compasses shone a vision through delusion and elusion  
Gunpowder lit up the discordant nation  
The high speed rail accelerated time into the 21st century  
Ceaselessly streams of innovation rippled  
As social media sensations waned and waxed  
As startups buoyant in a sea of competition  
As universities where research exploded into acclaim  
The nascent civilisation blooms into a superpower  
The story hence comes to a halt  
As the present dissolves into the future  
Possibilities await in every second passed  
Fusion reactors, genetic engineering, artificial superintelligence  
All disappear into the singularity of imagination aplenty

# Chin–novators: A Vision of Pasts, Presents, and Futures Boundless

*St. Paul's Convent School, Yip, Sum Yue Cecilia – 16*

Early dynasties' gifts spread far and wide  
In thoughts that shaped our modern worlds inside  
Long past Zhou's age of legends galore  
Through Shang's bold days of bronze cast lore  
The humble compass' secret of north's guiding light  
Paved landscapes' trails for travellers out of sight

Through Han's imperial ink renown did fly  
On mulberry sheets thin wisdom sailed the sky  
Light borne on fibres fine without delay  
Brought learning to all lands both near and away  
Bold Tang's inventions lit the skies afire  
Progress' roots through means both bold and dire

Song's presses innovation spread afar  
Tales and wisdom flowing free sans dearth and scar  
Woodblock pages opened serene scenes astream  
Wisdoms freely shared through efforts' gleaming dream  
Heroes of yore left legacies immense  
Where innovation's branches broad commence

Now visions take modern flight so free  
As seeds nascent futures' magic we see  
Currents' powers high highways afloat  
Vehicles roam charged without load's bloat  
Towers reach heavenward on missions so bold  
Freights and travellers upwards their goals unfold

Within labs life's codes grow new each day  
Forms crafted lucid from patterns' array  
Save health when grim death calls near  
New cures from death shall souls redeem and steer  
Skies may elevators soon come to know  
Reach moon and stars where life and wonder show

Solar wings energy's beams may trap  
Explore untamed lands with leisure's welcoming nap  
Twist distances as space and time entwine  
Where galaxies future visions define  
Through epochs ideas bloomed strong and sure  
Visionaries' paths for pioneers' cure

Heritage's gifts past genius honours still  
Push unknown realms that wonders unveil and fill  
As springs of progress flow renewed each tide  
Thinkers lesser hailed shine in views worldwide  
Blossoms creativity on fancies' feathered toes  
Humanity ascends sweet science's surge shows

Forever the call of progress rings out strong  
Each deed lifting futures in gladsome song  
Potential untapped still their vigils keep

As wisdom's light glows deep and skies leap  
Through pioneers' weaving, glories resound  
Inspire all peoples the whole world around

Creative Writing

# Poetry

Group 5



# Whispers of Ingenuity: Epochs Entwined

*Macau Pui Ching Middle School, Lam, Kam Him – 17*

In the ancient dynasties' subtle glow,  
Through scrolls of silk, and time's slow flow,  
Chinese inventors, in their prime,  
Crafted wonders, ahead of time.

In the forge of thought, they cast,  
Ideas that centuries would outlast.  
Gunpowder's whisper, compass true,  
Paper's rustle, printing's debut.

Their hands wove the timeless tale,  
Of innovation, beyond the pale.  
Porcelain sky, silk road's embrace,  
Crafting history, with delicate grace.

Yet, in the dreams of today's bright dawn,  
Lies the future, yet unborn.  
Innovations that dance in digital streams,  
Gadgets and wonders, beyond our dreams.

Quantum leaps in the fabric of space,  
AI companions, with a human face.  
Clean energy painting skies so clear,  
Biotech secrets, life's frontiers to peer.

From past's deep wells to future's high flight,  
Inventors' minds, a beacon of light.  
In every era, their visions soar,  
Crafting tomorrow, forevermore.



# Poetry

Group 6

# TikTok

*Hong Kong Red Cross Princess Alexandra School, Chen, Ho Wai Victor – 11*

This app

Is a video app, people need to

Know how to use this app.

TikTok: you can watch videos

On your phone. I think all people

Know this app.

# Paper

*Hong Kong Red Cross Princess Alexandra School, Lam, Tsz Ki Jason – 13*

Paper was invented in China by

A man who had

Power in the

Earth, by having a beautiful

Rainbow.



# Poetry

Group 7

## Roger that, Gunpowder?

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Chau, Kirsten Hannah – 20*

Golden powder bright  
Up the dark sky.  
No, it is not nothing. It is  
Powerful and colorful.  
Oh.! No! The  
War is coming.  
Dangerous guns are shooting off.  
Excited to hear loud fireworks blinking happily but no shooting gunpowder.  
Roger that?

## Paper

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Chen, Ue – 15*

Pencil can write on it  
  
Apply knowledge that fit  
  
People can draw flowers  
  
Energy filled with lover  
  
Rubber can rub out mistake forever

## Compass

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Chu, Ka Lok – 13*

Cats and dogs can find their way  
  
Oh, what a day wonderful day  
  
Men and women go on a hiking  
  
People know where they are going  
  
A hand can show the world with grace  
  
Sea and land have their own face  
  
Space & stars will find their milkyway

## Paper

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Chung, Taemin – 12*

Pencils and pens are my best friends

Airplanes drawing, writing and more

Precious and useful

Endless possibilities

Recycling me is the best choice for the environment

## Abacus

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Fan, Ethan – 15*

Ancient Calculator is very famous

Beads is used for math in the 18th Century

Adding up and subtracting down

Calculations is very simple but getting harder

Until your get the final answer

Summing it up is just very simple!

## Bold paper

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Kwan, Jordan – 17*

Books are made out of paper. They come from

Oak brown trees from wood.

Losing creativity makes me feel emotional.

Don't take away my

Paper as I like to write and show off my calligraphy.

Accomplished, unclouded & Voice Over my

Passion on paper. Happily

Ever after, I can't

Rhyme but I like my compassion on the paper.

## Dim Sum

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Ryan, Ffion – 15*

Delicious  
Inventions  
Makes me go hungry

Soup, buns and more  
Unique flavours  
Made by chefs.

## Tea

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Wong, Euan – 13*

Tasty drink, I drink it on a cold day.

Earthy , fruity or sour, which one do you like?

A drink that is popular all over the world.

## Clock

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Wong, Joshua – 16*

Clever and smart they tell the time

Life is easier with it

Over and over they repeat the line

Climb around in a circle, hour, minute has passed

Keep a good time in your life

## Paper

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Choi, Mattea – 15*

Possibly made to write or draw onto,

Also used for printing something.

People used it in different ways,

Especially in crafts, wrapping presents, etc.

Really popular invention that originated from China.

## Rockets

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Chor, Damien – 16*

Rockets were invented in 228.A.D.

Only used torches attached to arrows to guard

Chinese people

Kaboom!

Experimental accident

Tang Fu the father of the rockets

Shoots up into the sky

## Umbrella

*Korean International School – Springboard Programme, Yeo, Darren – 15*

Unique

Material or tool

Being

Remembered

Either rain or shine what a,

Lovely invention created by chinese that is ,

Light and useful to

All..