

# Poetry

Group 1



# On the Seas

*St Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School, Hung, Emmie - 7*

Here I am smelling salty water.  
Sailing days and months across white ocean.  
Here I am dressed in old white  
rags sweeping the deck.  
All day long.

Brave soldiers fighting the  
mean and scary pirates.

Guarding the hidden gold and silk  
Exchanging for medicine.

All I wish is to be at home.  
Safe and sound.

# The Fleet

*St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Tsang, Tsz Ting Ally - 8*

A fleet of ships on the sea  
Travelling around to see  
Making friends or foes?  
Let's see where the fleet goes!

Cargoes of silk and gold  
For gifts? Oh-no!  
All these silk and gold  
Were given out, then bowing low

To show off China's power  
To scare away other emperors  
Moslem herbs for our members  
Armada led by splendid ambassadors

Infest the sea of Asia  
Pirates raided Strait of Malacca  
Admiral Zheng had no fear  
Defeat them the same year

“Give it now! The gold, now”  
armies yelled aloud  
Bombs flew, like flying cows

Shots fired at the cloud  
History winners, you may say  
To see the light of day  
Exploring India in different ways  
To see what they say

“Travelling across the sea;  
Looking for things to see.  
Gold not just for me.  
This, the joy for me!”

Persian Gulf we see  
Lions from Sultan to me  
Seven voyages and goodbyes  
Nautical Chart is still applied

China ruled the seas  
That is what I see  
These wonderful sailors  
Are good models for me!

# Poetry

Group 2



# My Legendary Voyages to the Sea

*Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Ma, Luann - 10*

The glistening blue of the welcoming oceans,  
The upraised nautical flags with intricate patterns so fine,  
The encouraging cheers and chants of our citizens,  
Once were the unique cherished fortune of mine.  
The treasure fleet and the magnificent sea — my homeland,  
The glorious memoirs I indulged in, ever so grand.

Zheng He am I.  
“The voyager who rules the sea,”  
They admiringly sigh.

The perfect start with 62 handsome ships —  
We displayed Ming China's prestige, traded and battled!  
Our mighty fleet left all in awe, and  
Charged! Aha! Yes, the pirates we tackled!  
The victory gained by nearly 30 thousand of us men,  
Could you imagine the contentment of the Chinese then?

Zheng He am I.  
“I shall faithfully serve the King  
till the day I die.”

We set off again — at the Emperor's wishes -  
To Calicut, bearing innumerable exquisite presents.  
Then, incense logs from an island, we cut —  
The extravagant fragrances were simply enchantments!  
Elation flooding into me while we returned,  
Amidst all the hullabaloo which we had earned.

Zheng He am I.  
“The ocean's my home,  
To which I'll never say good bye!”

The third voyage — to the destination of Ceylon,  
We fiercely fought in our biggest battle, what an adventure!  
Attacking the capital although our ships were assaulted,  
Heading towards success! The ruler of Ceylon we did capture!  
The Buddha's sacred tooth we then secretly redeemed.  
I couldn't wipe the smile off my face, how I gleefully beamed!

Zheng He am I.  
“I shall embrace all challenges  
which in the future lie.”

Venturing farther to the Persian Gulf and Africa,  
Ambergris from sperm whales and pearl white cowrie shells.  
Look! The qilin, a sacred animal, towering over me!  
May it grant us peace and prosperity with its magic spells.  
Elephants, rhinos and zebras...the envoys presented,  
Withal, of course, spices scented, gems ornamented.

Zheng He am I.  
“Hooray for the Emperor,  
for this marvellous supply!”

Extending our route beyond the Arabian Peninsula,  
Our port of call: Aden — the prosperous Muslim country.  
What a stupefying sight of 8000 cavalry and soldiers!  
Onwards to Mogadishu, Africa, offerings boarded our ships so grandly.  
Welcome, ferocious lions and bizarre camels!  
I could never suppress my fondness for the animals!

Zheng He am I.  
“I couldn’t help giving out  
a jubilated cry!”

We sailed back hurriedly — the Forbidden City was completed!  
To join in, at Beijing, the spree and the splendour.  
Our maritime expeditions resonated the triumph,  
Nodding in pleasure was every farmer and vendor.  
From Han to Ming, our Silk Road extended,  
From land to sea, the legends were ever so splendid.

Zheng He am I.  
“This country I love,  
I would truly glorify.”

The seventh, indeed, the final voyage —  
As an admiral, again valiantly, to the deep ocean so vast,  
Indulging in the rhythm of the undulating waves.  
I was in command till I breathed my last.  
Buried in the blue waters, where my heart lies,  
Mesmerised, am I, in the grandiosity of every voyage’s surprise.

Zheng He am I.  
“Forever would I gaze at  
the wondrous seas from high.”

# Across the Seven Seas

*Diocesan Preparatory School, Chan, Yan Kiu - 11*

Long, long ago, in a certain dynasty;  
Where pirates roamed the endless Seven Seas;  
Sails fluttered up masts of a fearless fleet,  
Destined to link among countries,  
On each ship carried silk and gold,  
Sending gifts to foreign places,  
Determined through misty sea against  
hostile armies.  
Courageous, yet careful, into the unknown,  
Hoping to return, alive, not alone.

1)  
The fleet's first voyage across the seas,  
Was among the ports of many countries,  
Vietnam, Indonesia, Malacca too,  
Nicobar Islands, Calicut and lots of new views!  
Although they found Sri Lanka hostile,  
They soon retreated safely awhile.  
Back to China, with tributes and envoys,  
Fierce pirates the fleet destroyed,  
All were safe then on the journey return,  
But the unknown had much more for them  
to learn!

2)  
The fleet set sail once again,  
To send gifts back to their domain;  
Sailing as far as Sri Lanka, attempting to land,  
Stopping in Champa, Java and Thailand.  
The armada collected fresh tribute,  
Then turned right back for another  
long route.  
Again, the fleet sailed into the unknown,  
Hoping to return, alive, not alone.

3)  
Across the seas the fleet set again,  
On their most ambitious journey to date,  
Through Arabia, Africa, ports at Muscat,  
To bring back exotic gifts and freight.  
But soon then some bad news came,  
The admiral's friend and sponsor had met  
his fate.  
The successor ordered an end to all journeys,  
Would this be the end of the fleet's odysseys?

4)  
The new successor, again, met his fate,  
An adventurous one took his place.  
A final voyage came for the fleet,  
Though the admiral felt as white as a sheet.  
This last great voyage lasted three years;  
Among seventeen ports between Champa  
and Kenya.  
On the path of return, the admiral deceased;  
The crew buried him at sea and in peace.  
At last the fleet left the unknown,  
Returning alive and not alone.

Long, long ago, in a certain dynasty,  
When pirates roamed, the endless Seven Seas.  
A fearless fleet voyaged within,  
Linking, among countries, remembering,  
where they've been.  
Each ship passed out gifts, silk, and gold,  
Making friends with foreign places.  
Together, the fleet had their mission done,  
But it seems as all had just begun.  
Brave and careful, into the unknown,  
Returning, alive, and not alone.

# The Ming Treasure Voyages

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, King, Thalia - 11*

The glowing crimson boat sailed gracefully away,  
Skimming the waves like an eagle with wings of the wind.  
Frightened young sailors on board, clutching their pounding hearts,  
Peered into the vanishing distance, waving goodbye.

Soon, a day seemed like weeks, many tears were wiped away,  
The Ming Treasure Crew practically felt like giving in.  
No land could be seen, all around was only the sea.  
Azure seawater sparkling from the golden sun,  
The smells of warmth mingled with scents of salty water.

A log of wood marked with notches kept track of the time,  
Dreams were flooding with land visions in the horizon.  
The Ming Treasure Voyage had been sailing for a month,  
The sailors on board noticed dark thunder clouds blooming,  
As it filled the sky with ominous shakes, alarm grew.  
“A storm is coming!” cried a sailor. “A storm coming!”

The boat shuddered as an immense wave struck it fiercely.  
Confused, the captain lost control of the steering wheel,  
A sharp turn knocked the crew off their feet like dominoes.  
Abruptly, a ragged rock bashed into the shocked ship,  
BANG! An enormous hole ripped open in the ship’s hull.  
Water gushed through the ship, it caused a large commotion.  
What could be done? Terrified murmurs grew amongst all.

Even the elder sailors seemed to drain of colour,  
But one wise idea burst free from a thoughtful head,  
“We should pile up a couple of barrels, one by one,  
After that, the hole will hopefully surely be gone!”  
As they predicted, no water leaked through anymore,  
That mission was completed, all they had to do now,  
Was to fulfil their hugely tough challenge from before.  
Just then, they saw that precious golden key sparkling...

The eye-catching sight of land, land in the horizon,  
Stretched their mouths open like a flexible rubber band,  
As lapping waves led the ship to the destination.  
The island inhabitants gazed at them in wonder,  
Who were these different people, just where had they come from?

Different shade of skin they wore, but same kind of creatures,  
What exactly was their plan, what could be in their chests?  
Knives the villagers uncovered, their hate they unleashed.  
A courageous man ended what would have been a fight.

“Stop! We come in peace!” With that, he hurled the treasure down.  
The treasure chest filled to the brim with gold and soft silk.

The Ming Treasure crew repeated that job many times,  
All across the world they sailed, all those stunning sights,  
Known all over the world at last, they set sail for home.  
Just one chest left, they possessed, their only treasure left,  
Intended to be used for restoring China’s wealth.  
Little did they know about the wave coming up soon,  
The thunderous wave lurched at the ship and let the chest fall.  
Gold spilled out, swirling into the kingdom of the fish,  
The Ming Treasure Fleet had decorated the waters.

# Cheung-Ming's Last Stand

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Wong, Ching Hin Matthew - 10*

The sea is calm, the sky is clear.  
The sailors are all drinking beer.  
No clouds were floating in the air.  
The sailors dance without a care.

Their revelry was heard afar,  
with a blissfulness that none could mar.  
Their happy whoops and joyful yells,  
in lands of pure joy the sailors' hearts dwell.  
But why oh why, I hear you ask,  
did they all choose to neglect their tasks?

The answer is: they share one ambition,  
one prime goal they made their commission.  
This, they pursued with determined spirits.  
And yes, they had some distinctive habits...  
some of which were rather odd,  
like eating a clammy, raw, wriggling cod,  
or sleeping on a weave of dirty old wires,  
or running round the ship until they tire.  
But all were united in the sole desire  
to fulfill the dreams of the one they admire:  
a humble young captain by the name of Cheung-Ming.  
To him, future children will gratefully sing  
of the hero that conquered the notorious pirates,  
their lethal cannons, and sinister parrots.

But why was his mind dark with foreboding?  
A nagging sense that danger was unfolding?  
For his only desire was finally in operation  
to give back treasures taken by the abomination  
of the pirates who sow chaos and destruction.  
But Cheung-Ming's heart wasn't light with elation.  
His happy balloon was undergoing deflation.  
He couldn't shake this persistent sense  
that there would be no smooth recompense.  
Something was bound to go astray,  
so his exhilaration began to decay.

His magnificent fleet of ships sailed on the sea.  
 The sailors were now as busy as bees.  
 Wind was blowing strong on the mast,  
 pushing them toward their goal, at last.

Upon the vessel was silver and gold  
 inside a chest with no spot of mould.  
 Gems and diamonds, rubies and sapphires,  
 breath-taking silks that all desire.  
 A lure, to be sure, for avarice and greed,  
 and for evil men with desperate need.

Alas, one thunderous and frightening night,  
 pitch-black clouds deprived them all of light.  
 Their ears were deafened by the wind's great roar,  
 chilling all the sailors to their core.  
 Great bolts of lightning were all they could see  
 as mammoth waves tossed them with murderous glee.  
 The rain poured relentlessly upon the ship,  
 Flooding the sailors up to their hips.

As if things couldn't get any worse,  
 a cannon shot and the rail burst.  
 Harpoons were fired onto the ships.  
 The evil pirates licked their lips.  
 Upon their eyes, a demonic light  
 for death and flesh, or a worthy fight;  
 for rivers of blood, or the crackle of bones;  
 for terrified screams and painful moans.

Swords clashed as the ocean churned.  
 "May the pirates perish and their bodies burn!"  
 Cheung-Ming's cry echoed through the night,  
 heralding the start of a historic fight.  
 For the great War of The Ships began,  
 at the signal of the great Cheung-Ming's hand

Bodies piled up in gruesome mounds.  
 The seas raged from a cacophony of sound,  
 of cannons, rifles, and screams alike.  
 But all fell silent with the thrust of a spike  
 that pierced young Cheung-ming through the heart,  
 reaving his body and soul apart.  
 Even as life drained from his eyes,  
 the brave captain uttered not a cry.  
 His shirt soaked through with hot, red blood,  
 and his head fell still on the filthy mud.

To his demise, the pirates cheered.  
They clapped and snarled, and sneered and leered.  
Suddenly the ship lurched, tossing all to one side  
Cheung-ming curled into a ball as if to hide.  
A wave had caused the ship to list,  
like it was in the clutches of a giant's fist.  
It was then that Ming made his final stand,  
grabbing the pirate leader by the hand.  
Ming pulled him in to the ocean deep,  
to a watery grave of eternal sleep.

# Poetry

Group 3



# A Lesson Learnt

*Harrow International School Hong Kong, Kwong, Andreas - 12*

We saw the ships come by,  
And as they came they magnified  
A hundred ships, a hundred trails,  
Our eyes transfixed on their orange sails.

Journeys they made thus far:  
Kenya, Malacca, Sri Lanka.  
This was their last one.  
They were very nearly done.  
Their aim was to have allies and friends,  
And also importantly, to make amends.

Their ships did dock,  
But brought no shock.  
No swords were drawn,  
No battles born.  
Faced not by fear,  
Instead a cheer  
Rose up to greet,  
This friendly fleet.

They robes were adorned with mandarin squares,  
And they strode the shore with humble airs.  
They wore curious wing that resembled hats,  
And walked in silken 'broidered flats.

Chests full of gold,  
To be given not sold.  
Trunks silver filled,  
Reflected sunlit gild.  
Boxes full of gems,  
That would entirely fill the River Thames.  
Caskets full of jewels,  
That would fill a hundred pools.

Rich gifts they brought and kindness taught,  
us not to hate nor isolate.  
But practice brotherhood we ought,  
Tying together a deep strong knot.  
And demonstrating unity not hate.

# Requiem for a Voyager

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

Sixty-two years of life,  
Twenty-eight spent on sea.  
I braved the islands and raging waters,  
and I know this will be my legacy.

Our fleet went south,  
with high winds and tall waves in our way.  
With pirates and bandits on the oceans,  
Many a time we were delayed.

In total I led seven different voyages, and  
Each venture gifted me with new  
discoveries.  
With my great fleet and thousands of men,  
we brought back knowledge and novelties.

Throughout the voyages and sailing,  
my one wish was to return to my old life.  
But now, it doesn't seem so possible –  
This illness might just take my life.  
Will I make it back home,  
or will I perish in internal strife?

I wonder if I have done enough.  
Have I left my mark on history?  
I wonder if the things I have done are just.  
Will my name live on in glory?  
After I move on,  
will my descendants tell my story?

Now, as my life sways and flickers  
like a windswept leaf  
I can only give in  
and be glad I died with little grief

Give the king my apologies,  
for I cannot report this last trip.  
Tell my men how proud I am,  
to have them aboard my ship.

Sixty-two years of life,  
Twenty-eight spent on sea.  
As I close my eyes in a foreign land,  
I know this will be my legacy.

# Zheng He's Fleet

*Shanghai Singapore International School, Panda, Anouska - 13*

The ocean glittered under the beaming sunlight,  
Shimmering like sapphires with specks of gold on blue,  
The warm breeze caresses our faces, as gentle as it was,  
Roaring waves crash down upon the golden shores,  
Indomitable but unruffled in its own ways,  
Elegant sea birds soar across the horizon,  
Their wings spread out in freedom of the day,  
As they beam in proudness upon us,  
They are witnesses of a magical beginning in history,  
We shall be remembered as the voyagers of today.

I, Ming, look below through the ocean waters,  
Within the wink of an eye, I could see,  
The most picturesque of the fishes,  
The most flawlessly carved corals,  
The lushest of the seaweeds,  
And the most idealistic pink-sunset above it.  
Zheng He, the hero of them all,  
Speaks for all of us as one,  
To dream beyond the deepest oceans,  
And for them to glide over the highest clouds,  
The sights we visit in our 7 voyages,  
Are the ones we lock with us, forever.

We're not like other pirates,  
We're Zheng He's fleet,  
We aren't the ones to plunder ships and wealth,  
We're the ones who want to explore the big world out there,  
We're the ones who want to understand this domain that we live in,  
We're the ones who want to give gifts to all those who have us,  
And we're the ones to explore this realm of goodness today.

As Zheng He leads us through the warmest of the waters,  
He shows us islands of many shapes and sizes,  
Slowly as the days pass by like petals falling of a dandelion,  
I realize we've seen islands that do wonders in this world,  
From our hearty China we've come to Incredible India,  
We been through the raging waves of the Arabian Sea,  
To the east coast of earthy Africa,  
We've been to the imperfect America,

I don't think I've ever seen so much beauty in nature in my life.  
As Zheng He leads us through the waters,  
We do face some hardcore battles with the bloodshed of my friends,  
But in the end; we're with one another,  
We're strong, undefeatable and we're united in every way possible.  
We're Zheng He's Fleet and ... we're unstoppable

# Poetry

Group 4



# The Queen

*Carmel School Association Elsa High School, Hasofer, Dan - 14*

Leaving the fragrant harbour of Xiang Gang,  
I wave goodbye. In my heart, I feel love and respect,  
I have been selected for this, the sixth voyage, sent to explore the world,  
See special sights, do special things, aboard the Ming Treasure Fleet.

I have been sent to do my part, and serve the Emperor,  
I can and I will; winning my place as a great explorer in history.  
Ever since I was a little boy, I dreamed of travelling the seas,  
I, Hua Long Xia, am the captain of the ship, “childhood dream”.

My dream is the Emperor’s wish. Whatever may come my way, I shall face,  
Whether it be battles with armies, attacks from pirates, or the harshest of storms,  
All is to be overcome, on this adventure of the seas,  
Laden with gold, silk, and precious gifts, I pray I will find the Emperor a worthy queen.

I battle the harsh winds and the battering waves,  
They smash the sides of our childhood dream,  
The wind whistles in my ear, she whispers, “you will fail”,  
But I have an aim, a thriving ambition – I will find my worthy queen.

I rush to the wheel, and yank on the ropes,  
We crash into waves unrelenting,  
I fear we may not make it, but I have a dream,  
I cling to my childhood dream and find the Emperor’s queen.

Many harsh dangerous days and nights go by,  
We near an island, its coast long and coloured luscious green,  
With its calming aura, its waters and skies crystal clear,  
I am reminded of my fragrant harbour, my Emperor, my China.

As we grow closer, I see things described only in fairytales,  
There are animals that have never been imagined,  
One is yellow, and tall with a long neck, one is four-legged and strong with a beard,  
There are elegant groups of trees and exotic fish in the seas.

My senses are overpowered, I am intoxicated,  
We land, my fellow explorers and I rush in,  
It’s enormous, I fall head over heels, running, searching,  
I am proud, exploring for the Emperor and for China.

I stumble upon a magical creature, I am struck down by her beauty,  
Helplessly I watch her by the river, bathing,  
She is strong, her golden skin shining under the canopy of the trees,  
Her beauty is a revelation - is she the Emperor's queen?

I am scared, she sees me and I run,  
She chases me, and she catches me,  
I am fearful of her, yet I am perplexed as to why,  
In all this confusion, we tumble down a steep hill, and she holds me tight.

When finally we stop, I feel at peace, a rush of love and humanity  
The two of us, together in the thick, tall savanna grass,  
Her mystique is her beauty, she has become my queen  
I feel a divine betrayal to my Emperor, I collapse.

I am lost in a daze of confusion, bewildered by ethics and morality,  
My childhood dream seems lost to me,  
I have shifted from explorer to traitor,  
I want to bring her to home as the Emperor's queen, but I am in love.

By the pure chance of luck and miracle, I stumble upon a fellow sailor,  
Aki Wong, I give him some of the round, ball-shaped tree food, that I have found,  
Then, quite hesitantly, I show him my friend,  
To my disgust, he treats her like an animal, beating her with a stick.

I try not to think about what is happening,  
In this mysterious and beautifully inspiring place, but I can't,  
She is my nightmare, she is my reality,  
I can't sleep, I miss her, I love her - where has she gone?

Weeks go by, and I wish this place goodbye,  
I, Hua Long Xia, captain of the ship, name this place Africa.  
I miss my friend, she is underneath everything, at the bottom of the ship,  
She must feel terrible, I feel a burning sickness.

I can't stop thinking about her,  
My life has found something with a meaning,  
I pray that she can be treated like anyone else,  
But something inside tells me she will not.

We arrive back to the Fragrant Harbour,  
They bring her out of the hold,  
Our faces exchange understanding glances,  
She comes towards me but is taken to my Emperor.

I ask for royal permission for her to come and live with me,  
For his queen is my queen,  
The answer is no, for she is a trophy,  
An exotic display, to be used, showing others the superiority of China.

I have lost all of my faith in love, and humanity,  
Those who judge her, only because of her skin,  
I am also judged solely because I do not judge,  
In attempting to fulfil my childhood dream, I am left empty,

I can't take it anymore,  
I love her dearly, but I hate to see her resented like this,  
My Queen, Savannah,  
I love you,

# Our Fleets Sail On

*Heep Yunn School, Lee, Cheuk Wing Charmaine - 15*

Breaking waves and splitting the unreached waters, our fleets sail on.  
Unlike the mischievous others we tend not to attack  
But send gifts across the turquoise and islands we come upon.  
Gold and silk and pots and glistening splendid we pack,  
With a patriotic heart and an ambassadorial mind we cruise every dawn,  
And in the name of Great China we tack.

When the silver moon sets and gold begins to shimmer around,  
We wake and dust and mop and steer and sing  
Loud and proud to let our songs float beyond the bounds.  
When skies dim and night breeze swing,  
We sail towards where the dipper is found,  
No maps, no compass, we drift along wherever starlight bring.

Monday morning we land on shore  
Welcomed by suffocating fresh air and hesitant step.  
Behind bushes they peek, eyes adore.  
Cargoes of fantasies and pride we schlep  
Then berries and coconuts and peculiar edibles they bore  
Aboard with long-necked, big birds and ferocious feline of pep.

Breaking waves and splitting the unreached waters, our fleets sail on.  
Across the fog not from afar rung sirens of attack,  
Flintlocks loaded and triggered, fires ready, bows drawn.  
Through thick smog their sharp shots pierce and hack.  
Decks shudder yet our boldness not, in the name of Great China we fire on.  
Sirens halt while ours not until waves wash them gone.

In starry nights and sunlit days,  
On choppy seas and tranquil ones, we sail  
To the opposite pole where obscure paradise lays.  
We've seen creatures from the dragon tale  
And sights of their almighty displays  
As we follow the mythical trail.

Breaking waves and splitting the unreached waters, our fleets sail back  
As heroes to where as pirates we left  
With tributaries, discoveries, spectacular treasures and knack.  
We are explorers of southwest unlike those of theft  
Rulers of the seas to win nature back  
Till our eighth voyage no storm and sea shall be cleft



Now. The wind  
Rallies us back to the east. We align to  
Pay respect  
Before we part.  
Curious eyes gaze out  
Into the unknown  
Where we have been before.  
Reverent bows, our hands clasp  
Theirs.  
In a touch, two worlds  
Become one.

# Poetry

Group 5



# New Tales of the Ming Treasure Voyages

*Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan, Yan Ting Tiffany - 16*

This is my tale  
Of how we all went  
On the greatest trip ever  
All of us in search of treasure  
Not knowing the treasure we were forming.

The guys called me Cheeky Boy  
Because of the laughter I brought them during the day  
Dancing around the deck, getting in everyone's way  
And at night, when I told my own tales to the men and the stars  
Describing with such antics as you could never imagine  
The treasures that we dreamt of finding in foreign lands  
So we might forget that we were scared

Once  
General Zheng visited our ship  
And called me  
Me!  
to serve him at dinner  
I won't forget  
the way my body trembled  
as I gave him his cup  
took his bowl  
and was so so close to our leader  
Me within touching distance of he  
I know that he remembered me too.

Just as I remember the places we went and the gems we saw  
Large grey beasts with massive horns taller than I  
Spotted creatures with necks that reached up to the sky  
And the barbarians of my imagination  
Dressed strangely, (sometimes) barely covering their crazy-coloured skin  
Crazy like the unfamiliar scents cruising the tang of the sea  
And the babbling of a hundred different languages wherever we went-  
I collected so much treasure my mind could not hold them all  
And night by night my stories grew  
Until one night, the entire crew  
Was hooked upon my words.

It wasn't all wonderful.  
Occasionally we fought  
Barbarians of the sea  
Ruffians like pirates and hostile armies.  
Times like these, my tales were useless  
My brothers helped me now  
As I, a little kitchen boy  
Covered behind crates  
And prayed for their lives.

When we saw the shadow of home again  
We all cheered but inside we all cried  
Without my friends, allies, brothers:  
Home would not seem like home.  
We set off in search of treasure  
And even I, nobody to you  
Struck gold.

# Poetry

Group 6



# Candy Treasure Hunt

*King George V School, Pek, Maxx – 15*

I'm starting my voyage in Sai Kung aiming to finish in Discovery Bay  
My mission is to bring back the treasure I find on my way  
I will look for treasure at the beach, I will look for treasure in the sea  
I would like to eat it all myself but it's better if I give some away  
Sour, chocolate and tasty treasures is what I'm looking for  
Will I find the candies on this route? I'm really not too sure

# Gold Coins and Boats

*King George V School, Shum, Lok - 15*

My voyage starts in Hong Kong, it's going to be a tiring trip.  
I need to look for gold coins, but where will I find them and how will I get there?  
I will use my speed boat to look for gold coins around the islands of Hong Kong.  
I get there and the gold coins are hidden in treasure boxes...wow this is an adventure!  
My mission is to get as many gold coins as I can, and I will sleep with them in my bed to keep them safe.  
I will invite people to my speedboat to help me find the coins...  
Will they look after the treasure?  
Or will they take my treasure?  
I won't share my coins, but they can keep the ones they find themselves.  
I will bring my gold coins back to Sai Kung, Hoi Ha. And put them in my own treasure box.  
Finally I can take a rest and enjoy my golden treasure.

# My Treasure

*Korean International School Springboard, Chor, Damien - 11*

I want to find gold.  
I want to find jewels.  
I need to dig a hole,  
using my tools.

I want to find diamonds.  
I want to find money.  
I'd buy a computer,  
and a long eared grey bunny.

I want to find emeralds.  
I want to find cash.  
I'd buy a swimming pool,  
and make a big splash.

But I don't need treasure,  
To give me pleasure.  
I need something other,  
That is my mother.

# Poetry

Group 7



# A Boat Trip

*King George V School, Kwok, Jonathan - 15*

I will voyage in China, then all around the world.  
Wait the sailboat is ready for me!! I'm ready for a ride.  
It's a Shanghai sailboat, MY FAVOURITE.  
Please wait I have to check in.  
I go to the boat and I see some people walking through the pier.  
I see my friend. YAY it's going to be a good day.  
I ask them to join me. So they come to my boat and play some games.  
Off we go on our voyage to China.  
We are having a playdate, my friend and the sailboat.

# An Animal Hiking Hunt

*King George V School, Spencer, Harriet - 14*

I started my journey at Sai Kung town ready to start my night time animal hunt for the photography competition in school.  
The aim of this adventure would be to spot either a porcupine or a wild boar and take an amazing picture to hand into the competition.  
I start my journey by taking the speed boat to the beginning of the trail.  
Soon as I arrive I start walking inside the trail as quiet as possible.  
After walking for several minutes I hear a noise coming from the bush.  
I stay as still as possible with my camera in my hand ready to take a picture.  
Then all of a sudden a porcupine comes out of the bush.  
I take a few pictures and then started the hike back to the boat dock thinking of another adventure to come.

# Cruising

*King George V School, Sy, Bryan – 16*

My boat is waiting for me.  
It's the royal cabin on the cruise ship.  
It's a special room because I'm going to different places.  
I'm with my Hong Kong family, but I have many more around the world.  
My cruise journey is during the Christmas holidays. I will remember the adventure well.

I'm going to travel to different places, in China and Japan, sadly not Australia where I know many young man.  
My mission is to give out Christmas presents to my family and my friends.  
I call myself the Hong Kong family Santa.  
My voyage will take 4 weeks, I will see lots of places.  
I try lots of different foods and will wear my santa hat always.  
On my way to give out my presents, I will collect fridge magnets for my memory box.  
Once I've handed out my presents, it will be time for me to head back to Hong Kong. But before I go back I will spend time with my Hong Kong family and watch a fancy show.  
I hope my other families like their christmas presents - I will keep my memories as treasure forever.

# Diamonds in the Sea

*Korean International School Springboard, Chau, Kirsten - 15*

The brave and fearless explorer  
Sailing, diving and surfing  
Into crystal clear water to hunt  
for some treasure, precious jewellery and  
glowing diamonds under the sea.  
Go quickly on your quest,  
don't stop.  
Find the chest

# Angry Pirates

*Korean International School Springboard Post-16, Ching, Matthew - 17*

Ugly, mean, brave  
Frown, fight, steel.  
Quickly, swiftly, deadly,  
Sharp, Bloodied sword.

# Ahoy

*Korean International School Springboard Post-16, Hughes, Edward – 17*

Sailing away,  
On the ocean we'll stay.  
Until we reach the bay,  
The Bay of Bengal.

# The Treasure Chest

*Korean International School Springboard Post-16, Lee, Joshua - 18*

Big, heavy, wooden  
Pull, rattle, clang.  
Carefully, slowly, loudly  
Shiny metallic coins.