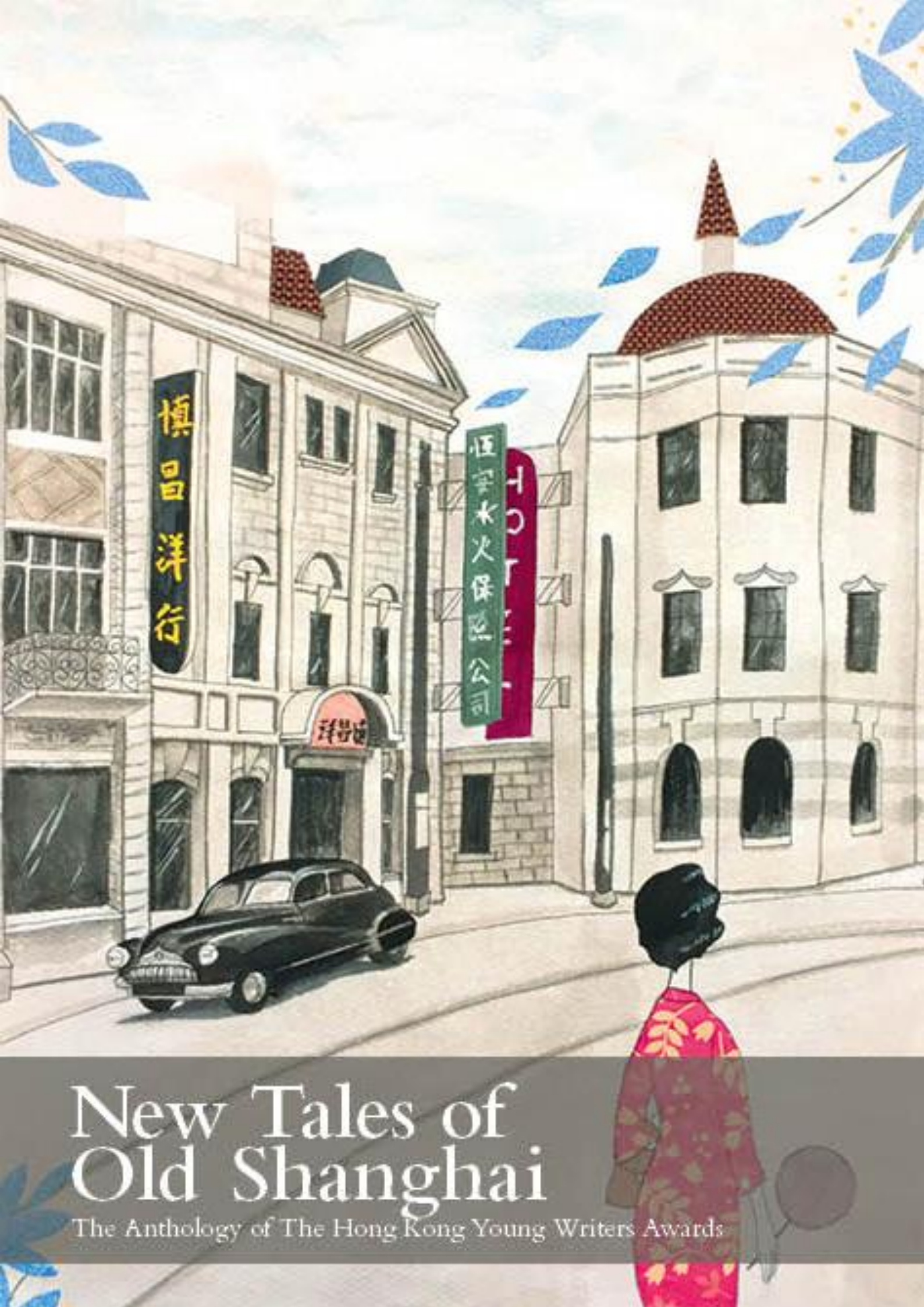

New Tales of Old Shanghai

The Anthology of The Hong Kong Young Writers Awards

Fiction

Group 1

Jenny in Old Shanghai

Bradbury School, Walther, Eva – 7

Once there was a dog called Jenny and she lived in Old Shanghai in a peaceful garden near a little river with flowers and lily–pads. The house top was curvy and red. The inside was beautiful with a balcony and no windows, and two statues on each side of the house. Outside there were cherry blossoms on the right side of the house. Pui Pui is the owner of Jenny the dog.

One morning Jenny the dog went outside to the centre of the city and then she went back home. Then she went to the road and safely crossed. When she came back home she found a pineapple! Then she found a cat. She chased it to the tree near her house. Then she went out to the road again and went in the jewellery shop and looked around. Then she went to a garden, but not her garden, and there was a robber. The robber tried to kill Jenny but she came back to her house just in time.

Pui Pui was wondering where Jenny had gone to.

"Where did you go Jenny?" said Pui Pui.

Jenny said nothing, only one bark, "Woof!" she said.

And then Jenny and Pui Pui lived happily ever after

Huangpu River Mystery

Creative Primary School, Wong, Ching Kiu Adrian – 8

Somewhere in the Earth about a hundred years ago, Shanghai had three cities called the International Settlement, French Concession and the Old City. The first two cities were richer than the Old City. There was a great river called the Huangpu River beside the three cities that all the people there depended on. The rich people always threw poor people out of their way to get water and the poor people always went home late because it took them so much time to get water from the river.

In some year in the 1920s, a mystery happened one night – Huangpu River dried up in one second flat. So the stubborn villagers and warriors of the three cities began to fight between the cities the next day because they all wanted water from the only underground water source at the border of the three cities.

In year 9899, there were two boys named Coolie and Roolie who were having a history lesson and they learnt stories of the old Shanghai. After the lesson, the kids worried about the citizens, so they decided to go back in time and help them to stop the war and help them to get water.

Roolie and Coolie went home and asked their dad, who was a Science professor, " Can we build a time machine to the 1920s?" they asked. "Oh well, no problem!" dad said. Hours and hours went by, the Funky Time Machine was finally finished on the sixth night. "Then let's have a try," Coolie said. So they opened the portal and jumped into it. They arrived to the 1920s in no time.

Roolie and Coolie saw roaring fire and collapsing towers. The people did not have enough water and so there were no crops on their farms. They were starving to death. Roolie and Coolie tried to convince the town mayors to build a salt water purifying plant at the end of the Huangpu River, so they could purify the sea water and let the cleaned water flow into the Huangpu River and through pipes and into the people's houses. All of the mayors were surprised by their ideas and advanced skills that they all agreed to build it. After long hours of work of all citizens from the three cities, the plant was finally completed. All the people, the rich and the poor, did not need to fight for water anymore. Roolie and Coolie were called the 'Peace Mayors' of the Huangpu River and the Mayors and citizens rewarded them a precious mineral of the river as an appreciation. Roolie and Coolie joyfully jumped back to year 9899 through the portal in no time. This was how the mystical adventure ended.

The next day, when Roolie and Coolie were in history lesson again, they found their legendary work mentioned in their history textbook! As for the precious mineral, it is now kept in the History Science Museum in a 10–meter glass case as an important exhibit.

Old Shanghai – Secret of the Key

Creative Primary School, Lin, Hui Yu Ernest – 7

John is an American cowboy doll in a shop in Shanghai Disneyland. "I want to explore the history of Shanghai." said John. That dark night, a beam of light suddenly shined on John and he came to life. He escaped from the shop and went to the station. A train was approaching. John was surprised to see the destination sign – **To Old Shanghai.**

John was so excited. He quickly jumped onto the train. He was the only one in the train. The train started to move and chugged into a tunnel. Passed the tunnel, John was shocked to see an old city. John got off the train. He saw a busy street and people wearing old–fashioned Chinese clothes.

"Where am I? Please tell me." John asked a hawker but he did not understand English.

"You are in Nanjing Road, Shanghai in the year1930," a young Chinese girl replied in English. John was amazed. "My name is John. What is your name?"

"I am Meisa," the girl smiled.

Suddenly a few gangsters came from the end of the street and shouted at Meisa, "Give me the key!"

Meisa cried out, "I don't have any keys. What are you talking about?" John grabbed Meisa's hand and ran quickly.

"Why are the gangsters chasing you? What is the **secret of the key**?" John questioned.

"I really don't know." Meisa was puzzled. "Mmmmmm....." Meisa continued. "There is an old Chinese saying. If a person cannot solve a problem, go to the City Temple to ask an oracle." Meisa could not wait. "Let's go now!" They arrived and Meisa sincerely prayed. She shook the bamboo holder. One bamboo stick dropped on the floor. Meisa picked it up and showed it to the old man in the temple.

"Go to the dumpling shop nearby," the old man said.

Meisa and John found the dumpling shop. They were hungry and bought a bowl of tasty dumplings. They began to eat. "Ouch! My tooth!" John screamed.

"Look!" Meisa exclaimed. "A key is in your dumpling!" Meisa whispered. *Peace Hotel Room 206* was marked on the key.

"Give me the key to the FUTURE!" the grumpy gangsters appeared again and yelled at Meisa.

"I know the way to Peace Hotel." Meisa looked at John. Meisa and John ran as fast as they could to Peace Hotel. The gangsters chased them. Meisa and John rushed to room 206. They opened the door with the key, crashed into the room and locked the door.

"We want to go to the future!" the gangsters banged on the door.

Suddenly the room became a big deep hole. Meisa and John dropped into the hole. When John opened his eyes, he saw himself back in the shop in Shanghai Disneyland. John was astonished to see a Chinese doll not far away in the shop. The doll looked and dressed exactly the same as Meisa. "Are you Meisa?" John asked. The doll did not answer but gave John a smile.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Creative Primary School, De' eb, Isabella Juliette Jacqueline – 7

Once upon a time there was a girl called River and she had only one friend, the Old Shanghai River called Huangpu. Ever since her birth it was the one thing that didn't change in her life. She had been found as a baby on the banks of this mighty river and the people who found her simply called her River. She had learned to swim in this river, she had learned that if you kept walking on the roads alongside the river, the people changed and so did the houses. She had learned where she could beg and what places to avoid. And it was with the help of her friend Huangpu who told her to hang out around the wharf where she found this couple that she could call mama and papa. Her life had then changed so much, but she never forgot about Huangpu and she only felt at ease when she could see, hear and smell him.

Now, her mama wanted her to go to school. The first day of school, she didn't feel like going, but Huangpu told her to be brave, so she went to school anyway. As she came into the classroom, everyone gathered. The teacher asked each classmate for their names. And as soon as River mentioned hers, everyone started laughing, saying, "You're the river of Shanghai, and just as brown and smelly."

She went to the river again. "No one likes me, they are all being bullies to me." The river answered, "You need to tell them that the Shanghai River is good. Sometimes if you're lucky you will actually get saved."

Every day she brought something to school that she had found in the river. Coins, a scarf, some sort of pipe and the list went on. She repeated exactly what the river had said. Slowly her classmates realized that indeed the river had a lot to offer.

One day, they heard people shouting, "The son of leader Du has gone missing, the one who finds him will get a giant reward!"

River ran to her friend Huangpu and said, "Can you please sense if the son of leader Du is anywhere around you?" After one minute passed, Huangpu said to her, "Go run now, there is a big log of wood nearby, go lie on it and I will take you across with my current." When she finally reached the other side, she heard a moaning sound. The current had taken her exactly to the spot where the leader's son was. The son was injured because of some sort of gangster fight. Huangpu helped River to get the son back to the other side. Her classmates and teacher were there, shouting, "You've found him!"

When the whole class got the reward, River was feeling great. Still she carried on her friendship with Huangpu, and kept him company through many days and nights for years to come. And that's how her life carried on.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Creative Primary School, Yeung, Wut Ka Woody – 7

"Hey, Ash! I've brought HSBC notes to go on our excursion," giggled Clemont. "I know there was HSBC a hundred years ago in Shanghai, we can buy some souvenirs."

"Silly boys," Professor smiled, "You can't use the current money in the old days. More importantly, don't forget your mission this time."

The time machine was ready. Ash and Clemont were ready to go back to Shanghai, dated 22nd February, 1922 along with a meteorite extinguisher invented by Professor. Yes, their mission was to extinguish a meteorite which would destroy the whole Shanghai city.

Shook, spun around, darkness. They broke into space ….

Dazed they felt. It felt as if they rode 10 times on the Space Mountain.

They peeked out the window and could not wait to tour around the Chinese city. They walked excitedly along the Huangpu River. There were grand western–styled buildings along the Bund, such as Shanghai Club and the HSBC building. Traffic was busy with modern and old vehicles. They liked the traditional buildings, the layout on the old streets and were impressed by the bustling market.

"Awesome! What a beautiful city," Ash exclaimed. "No wonder it was named the Paris of the East."

"Oh, Clemont! See, this is Lianhuanhua, a comic!" screamed out Ash. "I should buy one…."

"Silly, we don't have money!" Clemont stopped suddenly, he couldn't believe his eyes. The money in his pocket became the 1920's notes.

"Wow! We are rich!" Ash and Clemont cheered and felt they were millionaires with just 10 dollars in their hands. Suddenly, they sensed something awkward, like someone was staring at them.

It was a skinny lady carrying a baby upon her back. Around her were 4 more children. All of them were wearing ripped and raggedy clothes, with a look of sadness and desperation.

"Sorry for bothering you," whispered the lady embarrassedly. "I don't have shelter nor money to buy food. My husband died many months ago in the war." Suddenly she knelt and children followed. "I beg you to give me some food for these miserable children. Please, please." The children started to cry, beg and bow.

Ash and Clemont were shocked by this situation. But they got clear headed and replied with a prompt reaction. They reassured the lady and the children and dispensed the money they had in their hands. They understood the history at that moment. Although Shanghai looked very prosperous and wealthy, there were plenty of poor people struggling for their lives. The lady and children appreciated their generosity.

Suddenly, a meteorite flashed across the sky reminding the boys about their mission.

"Oh no! We have to go right now," said Ash.

They hopped into their time machine and flew up 4000 meters into the sky.

Ash was very good at catching. Clemont was excellent at machine operating. They made a good team. They took out with the meteorite extinguisher and focused, shot and bingo.

"Hooray!" they cheered. "See you beautiful Shanghai in 2022!" Their mission had been accomplished.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Diocesan Preparatory School, Wong, Cheuk Ying Charmaine – 8

This past summer holiday, Hannah and her father went to Disneyland in Shanghai. They were very excited because it was their first time to have holidays in Shanghai. Hannah brought the magic bracelet in her purse that her grandmother had given her, but she didn't know it had magic power.

While they were riding on the roller coaster in the park, the bracelet in Hannah's pocket began to glow. In a blink of an eye, the bracelet took her back to old Shanghai in 1941 in the middle of the Second World War. Hannah was frightened to see many injured people on the streets. She had pity on them and decided to help them by doing a nurse's job. She found some useful things in her backpack to help bandage their wounds. She forgot her fear of missing her father and carried on helping the injured people on the streets. Hannah slept in a tent next to City God Temple when she was tired and carried on doing her nursing job during the day.

After four years, the war ended at last. With Hannah's help, many injured people recovered and felt thankful to Hannah. She felt very proud of herself because she had helped many people. She hadn't felt lonely before but she now missed her father badly. She tidied up her tent and went inside the Temple. She thought very hard, "I want to see my father." Suddenly her magic bracelet began to glow once again. Instantly, she found herself back on the Roller Coaster seat with her father sitting next to her and no time had passed at all.

Hannah finally realised that her grandmother's gift had magical powers to let her travel through time.

After the ride, Hannah asked her father, "Did any of our family members fight in the Second World War?"
"Yes, your great grandfather was a general," said Hannah's father.
Hannah was very surprised to hear that. "Maybe I met my grand during my magic trip to old Shanghai just now!" She thought to herself.

Murder in Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Wu, Julinna – 8

In the early twentieth century, Shanghai was known as the Paris of the east and New York of the west.

After the Opium War, foreigners took over places such as the International Concession and the French Concession. The glamourous Concessions were filled with grand buildings with neon lights that glowed at night. The bustling streets were filled by chattering children and shopkeepers who would yell "Hey! You! Come and buy the best food you've ever tasted before!" However, even in such legendary places, danger lurks around in the shadows...

In a quiet street stood a few western-style houses with huge iron gates. One of them was Dr. Steven's clinic. On a windy day an old man came to see Dr. Steven. It was Mr. Li, a wealthy but very sick man. He had a cancer which Dr. Steven had been trying to cure for months. It was on this day that Mr.Li went to Dr. Steven's office for a check-up.

But Mr. Li never came back from the clinic that day… Mrs. Li got really anxious and called the police. Everyone thought that Dr. Steven had murdered Mr. Li but after days of endless searching, the police had no evidence and therefore called Sherlock Holmes.

Sherlock arrived in a flash and was briefed on the whole case. He went straight to the clinic and started searching. At the beginning, Dr. Steven denied any connection with Mr. Li's disappearance. But Sherlock – being Sherlock – kept searching.

At long last he found some vital information – it was the sign out book, which every patient needs to sign before leaving. There was no signature on it for that day. Sherlock showed it to Dr. Steven and he gasped. Dr. Steven gave in and explained to Sherlock the whole thing from top to bottom.

Mr. Li was dying. The only cure Dr. Steven could find was a medicine that only works on rats. So, the only solution Dr. Steven could come up with, was to turn Mr. Li into a rat and then cure his cancer while he was in the ratty form!

As requested, Dr. Steven described what happened that day in great detail: Mr. Li was asked to lay down in the transformation machine built by Dr. Steven. Dr. Steven closed the door that creaked loudly and pressed a red button. Green lights fizzed and whizzed around and Mr. Li squirmed in agony. His nails became rough and curved; his skin grew pale with long, spiky fur; a tail slithered out from his bottom; his nose was replaced with a crooked snout; tangled whiskers popped from around his russet nose and he shrank until he was as small as an apple. Mr. Li had been transformed into a RAT!

Finally, Mr. Li was cured and was transformed back to his human form. He was sent home to rest and all was well.

Next morning, Sherlock was walking on the busy street of The Bund, wondering what mystery he would have to solve next...

Going To The Past

Green Oasis School, Hu, Annie – 8

In 2017 Friday 13th January the weather was freezing cold. When I came home from school I was thinking about Old Shanghai.

How I wish I was in the past!

As I thought about it, I bumped into my friend Wendy.

"Do you want to walk home with me?"I asked her, as I strolled down the road.

She said, "Yes" so we walked home with her but on the way we saw a green light.

I asked her, "Should we follow or go home?"

She said, "I'll go and ask our mum first."

When she came back she said, "Our mums said ok but we have to be back by sunset" so we walked of together.

The green light was actually a time travel machine that could take us to the past! We looked at each other and suddenly both of us slammed opened the door and jumped in. There was about one thousand buttons! I spotted a button that could take us to Old Shanghai! I pressed the button and off we went! The machine was as fast as a train! You could hear the wind blowing smelly awful air and taste the sweet water. When we got there we went under the Eastern gate and then we went to Eastern water gate, we even saw the old city wall!

When Wendy looked at her watch there was only four hours until sunset!

Suddenly a girl asked us to play with her so we played with her. We taught her the games we played and she taught us the games they played.

But suddenly, I heard a whirring sound! I gasped and told them to go home.

When we were back home my friend asked me why do we need to go home? I told them the whirring sound means there is going to be a tornado! We waited until the tornado was over then came out.

"That was a scary tornado", I said relieved.

But time flew past and it was time to go home. We told her we have to go so we jumped back in the machine and went back.

Sushi

Green Oasis School, Zou, Cyndi – 7

Once upon a time there lived a dragon, his name was SUSHI. One day a king looked the dragon as his pet, Hitla's son the prince of Shang hai heard the news about the pet, he told his solders to prepare . Of course he didn't tell Hitla, his father, but after a few days prime minister came with a letter that said like this:

Dear Hitla
Your son is far away in the tall mountain, he brought foods and 3 solders to catch a dragon.
Your Sincerely,
The three solders.

After Hitla read the letter he told the prime minister to write a letter to the 3 solders to ask them come back.

After the 3 solders got the letter, they sneaked out during night when the prince was sleeping.

Since only the prince left in the tall mountain, Hitla got very surprised and very worried.

The prince woke up , he found that the 3 solders were gone, he kept going and…….suddenly he found a huge castle above the mountain, he went in……..the first thing he saw was a big hole on top of the castle, he was confused. He went up but he slipped and fell, he saw that he was tripped by a key.

He picked up the key and he saw 124. He put it in his pocket and went up stairs, he saw monsters everywhere, but they were all in cadges ...then he saw a dragon, it's Sushi! And obviously it said room 124! He opened the cadge quickly and it was free, Sushi let him ride on his back and Sushi flew all the way back kingdom and the prince took them to the king and Sushi lived happily ever after.

Stroll In Old Shanghai

Green Oasis School, Wu, Michael – 7

"Beep…beep…" My contact console bleeped suddenly in my pencil–sharpener. I looked around the classroom, nobody noticed me. I pushed in a pencil, turning it over. A message was received: "Asia No.1, a villain is hovering above east Asia. His purpose is to destroy old Shanghai. The way to stop him is hidden in a jigsaw puzzle. It has six pieces. They are lost in old Shanghai. Your job is to gather all of the six pieces, then send the message back to Galaxy."

I jumped half high in the sky. It was a busy, big city. A river flew through slowly. Ships clustered at the end of piers. Workers were busy with loading and unloading goods. In the street, cars were screaming, man–powered tricycles were hustling among people. Buildings were very Roman. There were many foreign faces. I checked my map, yes, it was old Shanghai, not Rome, not any other country on the earth. But how could I find the small jigsaw pieces in such a big city? My goodness!

I jumped down and leaped on a trolley. Next to my seat, a woman was smoking. Smoking did harm. I got off at the next stop, but before I left, I found the first puzzle piece stuck under my seat! A letter S was labelled on it. I quickly put it in my pocket and continued my hunting journey.

Where was I? Before long, I found I was in another busy street. The buildings here were different from the previous western houses. They had white walls, red gates and windows. The roofs were grey. The eaves turned up as if they were going to fly. Cloth banners with difficult Chinese characters on were hanging above head, filling the street. Advertisements of soaps, cigarettes, creams, cloth and films were everywhere on the walls and trolleys. I saw most people here. I thrusted out to breath.

A gush of wind blew into my face. Suddenly, I saw something dirty tumbling in the wind. It was another jigsaw piece! This one was labelled T. I was excited!

" Breaking news, breaking news! The Japanese army is attacking Northeast…" A boy of my age was selling newspaper. I walked up to him, telling him I wanted one. To my surprise, he didn't understand me. I paused and started to speak English. He understood this time!

I had got two letters. Where could I find the other four? I had no idea. I wandered and walked into an alley. I saw peeling walls and sagging power lines. A boy was slashing his top. A girl was playing some cards. I stopped and had a look at it. They were the rest four letters R, O, N, G! I pieced them together and sent the message back to the Galaxy: STRONG.

Goblins in Old Shanghai

Green Oasis School, Wang, Ray – 8

Once upon a time, there lived thousands of tiny goblins. They dressed all the same with black shoes, red clothes, green body and blue hats.

One sunny morning when they woke up, they saw the sun shining down onto one of the goblins' bed, he woke up. Then the king wanted all the goblins to go to old Shanghai and find more little goblins. Give them the same costumes. Finally they arrived in old Shanghai. The goblin that woke up very early was called Sam and he was the tallest goblin in the whole world. One of them shouted out, "It's amazing! I've never been here before!" Then it was silent. It was a magic moment and then everyone laughed until tears appeared from their eyes. Suddenly Sam stopped laughing because he remembered that they had to find goblins in this entire city. It was raining, however they kept on looking until an elegant lady told them "It's raining. Go back to your home. " One of the little goblins discovered the gentle lady was an evil person, so she whispered to another goblin, "She is our enemy." "Oh, I know it, thank you!" said the goblin. Then the lady walked away and the goblins left too.

It was time to eat dinner. Three hundred small goblins went to find woods, two hundred goblins went to buy matches and ten went to the butcher's to buy some meat. Then they started eating.

After a while when they had finished dinner, they went back on their journey. They found a dark cave. Tiptoed, they went through the long tunnel. "Where are we?" asked a small goblin. "In a cave, of course" said a strange voice from the deep of the cave. Deeper and deeper, one pair of shiny eyes appeared in the dark. It turned out to be an Ice Witch. She laughed crazily, "Ha ha……this is an ice cave! You are going to freeze to death!" One of the goblins said, "I have a fire stick and it is very funny." Then every goblin smiled because they were not afraid. The Ice Witch was melted. The goblins found the other new goblins in the cave and they also found a lot of diamonds. They cheered, "Hooray!"

When they came back home, everyone was very happy. The king also came to old Shanghai and they lived in that city happily ever after.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Green Oasis School, Wang, Ryan – 7

Chapter1

THE BROTHERS TO ANLUBAS HOUSE

1947 Louis Anlubas was in a house burning woods in the far north of shanghai, his older brother was busy packing a present for his old friend Amber zhu, Amber was a boy, when they were in the same school in Shanghai. When they knocked Amber's door Amber was reading a newspaper of the London fire, leo Anlubas called Amber mr zhu. He said:"mr zhu, I've got a thing for you"."And I…."said leo."I've got a white rat your favorite. WOW!!said Leo. When they were on the road, no one was there, and they met a man. He was 3 meters tall. he grabbed leo Anlubas and ran away Louis tried to get leo back, but the man has a leg that has 1 meters tall how can Louis get the man? So Louis just go home, a few days later, Louis get a letter from Leo it said: you need to find the peaces of the golden cup there was 3

After it Louis put down the letter and packed a school bag, it's full of food and a tent. He was ready.

Chapter2

THE GOLDEN PEACES

The next day, Louis was in a country far south in Shanghai, he walked along the Forest. It was darker and darker inside the forest, at last he saw a cave, and he feels someone is following him. But he keeps going and goes in the cave. He found a man, it was Leo! Leo Anlubas!"You was late", said Leo sadly, "they got the pieces and ready to crash them". "Let's get home before they find us!"Said Louis." But it was too late. The monsters were coming, but Louis leap and leap, they running straight home. At home Leo said:"the pieces were in the monsters king's pocket.""He was like an old wooden forest, he can control electricity."Now we can go back to the forest,""But we will meet the wolf solder, they were like stone army"."Let's go!"Said Louis. But when they were in the forest ,they meet the stone army. Leo pull out the sword and he found a golden peaces! He grabbed the stone army's string, and make them all into scopteres. In the middle of the forest, they found: the skeleton army, snake army, stone army, robot army, crew army, ghost army and the pirate army, they put Louis and Leo to jall. But they found two golden rings, they looked carefully, there was a button Leo press the button and the button was two pieces! They glanced at it .

Chatper 3

LOUIS SAVED SHANGHAI

Louis put the golden pieces and he found the monster king is want to burned shanghai! And it was start burning now! Louis is full of anger. He crashed the cage the monstes can't stop Louis. He ran over the monster's buildings. He stomp to the monster castle and grab the solders to throw them of. Then he stomp in the castle, he was very very cross. He crash the front gate and ready to have a big fight with the monster king. But the monster king is above 800 floor. But Louis don't care about it he only care about shanghai. He stomp upstars he was full of angry energy. He stoped stomped stomped for hours. He tell leo to save shanghai before he crashed the door. Louis zoom to 700 room, he can run two minutes in a room. Louis zoomed to the room, the monster king grabed Louis, Louis grabed a sword and push it into kings body. But king do the same too, Louis and the king were dead and boomed off ! It was silence. Shanghai people never forget Louis, Louis was only saved SHANGHAI!

Want to Go Back to Hong Kong

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Au, Chung Yan Kitty – 8

In the year, I, OU SONG XIN went to Shanghai. I am a beautiful girl who came from Hong Kong. I came to Shanghai for starting a new school live.

When I was arrived Shanghai Bund after getting off the plane, I saw a fisherman on a small boat. I asked "Do you know where is Wong Kam Fai School? Which way should I go?" The fisherman replied "What? What? What are you saying? I just know Shanghai language, I don't know this language." So I used Mandarin to said it again, he can understand me this time and directed the correct way of my school.

After registration and finished the arrangement of the school quarter. It was late at night already, I was so hungry. I forgot to take my dinner yet. I needed to find something for eating. At that moment, at the corner of a small lane appeared a small restaurant, I ate Dan Dan noodles, Xiao Long Bao, dumplings.... I finished eating till the restaurant close. They were so very yummy and I was really full then. However, I needed to take a walk with my full tummy. I saw a gigantic Shanghai Pearl Tower, many other colorful buildings.... with their mirror images in the sea. It was a very beautiful riverbank like the Vitoria harbor that I used to see in Hong Kong.

The next day, I went to classroom. I asked the teacher "How good is this school?" But the teacher did not reply me directly, so I decided to experience myself. When I sat down, a naughty classmate John sat beside me. He called me roughly "Hey! Who are you? Go away! Don't sit beside me!" I told the teacher how bad was this classmate but she did not take any action on him. I'm very angry and thought Shanghai was so bad. Therefore, I need to leave the school and go back to Hong Kong immediately.

When I arrived the airport, typhoon signal number "8" was hoist, the plane stopped. I needed to go back to the airport again the next day. However, because of the traffic congestion after typhoon, I was late already. I was so anxious and nervous. This time I had to wait very long time at the airport to prevent any accidence appeared. When I heard my flight arrived through the speaker, I packed up my belongings and rush into the plane. "Wow! It was so comfortable!" This was my first time to take Shanghai Airline, this airplane was wonderful and awesome!

The time past quickly, the airplane would land Hong Kong International airport in just a minute. Hong Kong was even more comfortable and relaxes than Shanghai. If someone told me to go to Shanghai, then I would say "I want to go back to Hong Kong!" I love Hong Kong more than Shanghai!

The Old Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Lau , Hin Tung Krystal – 8

Old Shanghai with a lot of traditional Shanghai building, you can feel a real Old Shanghai life style and an environment changes of this city. When walking along the lovely lanes of old Shanghai Street and you can see traditional Shanghai buildings but while turning around a modern fancy building in front will surprise us.

Zhujiajian is a water town and beautiful waterways with a 1,700 history, known as Shanghai's Venice.

Shanghai speak Shanghai dialect, which is dialect of Northern Wu.

The lifestyle of Old Shanghai, clubs, nightlife, fashion , pretty girls in Cheongsams, handsome man with hats and a lot of foreigners.

The most popular Shanghai dishes are steamed Hairy Crab (Da Zha Xie), beggar's chicken, thousand year–old eggs, smelly tofu, smoked fish slices and little dragon bun (Xiao Long Bao). But the special and common in shanghai cuisine is sugar used in combination with soy sauce.

For the very famous Old Shanghai style women dress is Cheongsam (Qipao). As a traditional Chinese dress, qipao is like a wonderful blossom in China's bright colored fashion scene. It is featured by stand collar, right side opening, fitting waist and slip bottom.

In order to know more about old Shanghai, Chan Yee Ming and Lau Wo Yee were planned to visit the old Shanghai and they would like to ride on the Fast Trains called high speed rail.

When they arrived in old Shanghai, they noticed that people speak in Shanghai dialect only, so they totally do not understand what the people was talking about. So they been walking and walking until they reached Fangbin Road and they found Yuyuan Garden which they have planned to visit. Badly, while they were enjoying the peace and comfort, Chan Yee Ming stepped onto the dog stool.

In an afternoon, they felt very hungry and would like to look for the yummiest traditional food of old Shanghai. Chan Yee Ming and Lau Wo Yee were going for lunch in Old Shanghai Street.

They found a very famous restaurant called "三六九". They have ordered several award–winning dishes, such as Xiao Long Bao and Hairy Crab (Da Zha Xie), smoked fish slices, thousand year old eggs and smelly tofu. The foods were so yummy, they keep eating and eating.

After lunch, they were planned to check in to hotel. On the way to hotel, they found a lot of hawkers selling different kind of fruits on the street. They have bought watermelon and persimmon, which is very fresh and sweet. They been eating so much again.

Next, they were not feeling well, they keep vomit and diarrhea. Oh no, there is only one toilet in the room. So Lau Wo Yee has to use the toilet in the hotel lobby.

Finally, they went to visit doctor and doctor said Hairy Crab (Da Zha Xie) and persimmon cannot be mixed together. So this is a good experience for us to know about the food combination.

Time Travel to 1942 Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Li, Hui Fai Matthew – 8

Li Chok and his family had been working on a time travelling machine once they have finish their machine, Li Chok went to Shanghai to the year 1942. People's clothes look strange, many of them said Li Chok's clothes looks strange too. Li Chok saw many building are damaged and the streets were of full debris.

Loud screams can be heard and its getting closer, scared and panicking people ran towards then passed Li Chok. Then he saw Japanese soldiers attacking and shooting at people. Li Chok quickly hid inside a big trash can. He can hear very loud boom and bang noises outside. He was very frightened so he used his mobile phone to message for help to his family in the future.

The soldier's voice is getting closer his legs started to shake in fear.

"Here." shouted a soldier, the trash can lid flew open. Then the soldiers dragged him out of the trash can and captured him.

He woke up and found himself in a prison cell. It was crowded with other prisoner and they were dirty and smelly.

In the evening as he was eating bread and water for dinner, a bright fill the room. It grew brighter and brighter until everyone was unable to see. The floor started to shake like earthquake then a loud "Boom" stopped the shake and the bright light. Li Chok slowly opened his eyes and saw his time travel machine. "Faster Li Chok come in!" said his father. He ran into the time travelling machine and set a course back to the future in 2017.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Pang, Jaydee – 8

One day, Hei Yu was in the library reading books about Shanghai, because her teacher needed an essay of old Shanghai. Hei Yu wrote down every single, little thing she read in the book. But on page 20, a pink bright light shone everywhere. And when the bright faded, a blue portal whisked Hei Yu and drown her in the book. It was a very bumpy ride.

When she was back on her feet, Hei Yu saw everybody was wearing cheongsam! Hei Yu was totally confused, then asked "Where am I?"A nice and friendly, French guy said "Bonjour! Welcome to the old Shanghai City God Temple. I'm Robin Hood and ……"He trailed off. "What are you wearing?"said Robin Hood. "Just clothes." said Hei Yu. Robin Hood walked away. That was weird. Hei Yu took a rickshaw to a tea house. She was starving, so she went inside. The lady in the tea house made Hei Yu a cup of tea. The lady also made Hei Yu some dumplings and tanghulu. Then, the lady asked "Have you seen the mayor?" Hei Yu was confused. She said "What?" The lady filled her in, and said "The mayor was missing last year."

After tea, Hei Yu went to the library to do some research. In the library, a piece of "wanted" paper was on the library floor. Hei Yu lifted up the paper. It wrote "wanted. Da Hoo. If found, $9998 for reward." She was wondering who this Da Hoo was. Then she went to take a tram back to the town square.

In a quiet corner of the town square, there was a huge hole. Hei Yu leaned on the ground and heard somebody shouting for help. "Help! I'm the mayor! Help!" Hei Yu ran to find the lady in the tea house. She told her the news. The lady went to fetch their tools. Hei Yu also told the town people about the shouting mayor. They fetched their tools and went in the big hole together. They saw the mayor was tied with strings and ropes. There was another person standing in the shadow. It was Da Hoo! Da Hoo shot arrows at a lot of people. Hei Yu found a stone and threw it at Da Hoo. He was so dizzy that he lay on the ground. The town people untied the mayor. The mayor was very proud of Hei Yu, and gave her $9998 as the reward. Hei Yu was very happy.

Hei Yu skipped to the town. She saw a book. She opened it, and it whisked her back home . Although it was another bumpy ride, Hei Yu was very happy to be home at last. Now it could be a good time to finish the essay!

The Magic Rock

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Chan, Jocelyn – 8

Once upon a time, three people, Chan Yee Lam, Chan yee Tong and Wu Wei Ting was in the school classroom. In the middle of the class, they want to go to the washroom, so they went to it together. Then the sign said "please do not go inside". Soon chan yee lam, Chan Yee tong and Wu wei Ting was to urgent to go to take a leak, they three did not care about it , so they went in immediately.

When they flushed water from the toilet bowl, then, Suddenly, they realized they were all inside the toilet bowl, they were stuck inside the bowl. After that, they soon went in a different place, the place has a sign "Welcome to the Shanghai." They look each other at that time.

They three were very scared , "why did we all in shanghai suddenly?" They three said at the same time, they felt so weird. Chan yee Lam, Chan Yee Tong and Wu Wei Ting arrived to shanghai. When they were going outside, They saw the shanghai house are very different from Hong Kong, They were smaller, older and shorter than Hong Kong. And All people spoke Mandarin.

And then, they want to go back their home, so they asked other people, the man his name called Kwan chi Lam, they tried to ask him but did not reply them, they three thought Kwan Chi Lam was not a good guy.

Then they asked other people , they seen one people who dress a suit and he walk alone, so they asked him, this man name called Fung Chi Him, and he told them where was the magic rock that can bring them to go back their home, and they thought theirself having a task, so they followed him the instruction.

Lastly, they found back the magic rock , so they touched the rock, when they touched it, they saw the brightness were coming through, they all went back to their school toilet outside suddenly, they were very happy and felt strange . Then they went back to their classroom, Lukily, the teacher did not ask them why did they used so long time.

Finally, they three wish they do not have this problem again, what a magic and amazing adventure!

The Old Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Hui, Marcus – 8

In a normal afternoon, I went into a tunnel. When I went out of the tunnel, I found out I was not in Hong Kong. I ran to a man and asked, " where am I?" The man replied. "Welcome to old Shanghai. "I was so scared because I was not in Hong Kong. I kept walking forward and then I felt hungry. I asked another man I saw, "What kind of food can I eat here? " The man replied, "You can eat meat bun." "What is meat bun?" I asked "Meat bun is a kind bun with some meats inside the bun, "he said. " There are buns look like animals like pigs and penguins as well! I can bring you to the meat bun shop to if you want! " The man said.

After a while, we arrived the meat bun shop. There were different shapes of meat buns in the shop. We ordered many kinds of meat bun and they were all very yummy! Also, we ate squirrel–shaped mandarin fish in the shop too. it was very yummy!

After the lunch, the man knew I was not living in the old Shanghai. He thought I was a tourist. So he wanted to show me the view of Shanghai. "What is your name?" I asked. " My name is William. What is your name? "He asked me. "My name is Marcus. Nice to meet you. "I replied. So where are we going now? " I asked. William said, " I am taking you to the Shanghai Tang. We can see a beautiful view of Shanghai there."

Then, we arrived Shanghai Tang. The view was very beautiful. Suddenly, it started to rain heavily. We were all wet. We ran under a big tree. The rain became heavier and heavier. There were huge wind as well. The wind almost blew us away. The weather was becoming worse. So William said, " I will call my driver to pick us up now! It is so dangerous now!"

Soon, William's driver arrived and he drove us to William's house. His house was so big. There were many furnitures inside his house. There were many people inside the house. They were all William's maid. They were very quiet and polite when William gt back home. "You can stay here before the rain stopped. "William said to me. I never saw a large house like this. The house was so beautiful and tidy. I wished I could live here too! The rain stopped and later. " Willian replied, ' Oh I hope I can see you again.

When I walked out of the door, it was not the city view of the Old Shanghai. I could see the street view of Mong Kok. I was back to Hong Kong again. I was happy I could com back to Hong Kong, but I also missed William and his big house and the ummy meat buns in the Old Shanghai.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Wong, Tse Chai Bosco – 8

One day, there was Typhoon number8. Tsz Chai was at school and he couldn't go back home. Tsz Chai was very upset, Tsz Chai went to washroom to blow his nose, When Tsz Chai was flushing the toilet, he was flushed too. When he woke up, he was backed to Old Shanghai.

Tse Chai walked around, everybody looked at him and laughed at him. They thought Tsz Chai was an American because his clothes were really different. Suddenly, an American women walked out and asked, 'Who are you?' Tsz Chai said, "I am Tsz Chai." The women said, "Oh! Nice to meet you, I am Linda and why are your clothes so different?" Tsz Chai said, "These clothes are popular in Hong Kong." Then they became friends, Linda shown Tsz Chai around the Old Shanghai City. Linda was Tsz Chai's best friends.

Linda brought Tsz Chai to many different places. They went to the shopping street, they saw a variety of traditional Chinese costumes like Qi Pao. Moreover, they ate the authentic Shanghai food –– Xiaolongbao. Linda told Tsz Chai that XiaoLongbao was a famous food in Old Shanghai, XaoLongbao was a dumpling with soup and pork inside. It was yummy and juicy. They walked for half a day and they felt really tired.

On the way backed to Linda's home, all of a sudden, robber rushed out and snatched a diamond necklace from an old lady. The robber was running as fast as he could. When Linda saw him, she ran to the robber. However, Linda was too weak, she was caught. The robber took out a knife and shouted, "Don't move everyone. Stay where you are!" The robber took backed the necklace from the floor and ran away.

Tsz Chai was chasing the robber. They ran into an abandon warehouse. The robber and Tsz Chai had a serious fight. When Tsz Chai took backed the necklace, he fell and hit his head, then he fainted out.

When Tsz Chai fainted out, Linda arrived the warehouse. However, Linda couldn't find Tsz Chai, because Tsz Chai had disappeared. When Tsz Chai wake up, he was in the school's washroom.

Time Travel

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Leung, Tsz Yau – 8

Once upon a time, a human called Shan Jai. He loved making machines.

One day, he made a time travel machine and sat on that machine. And then he ticked the year and wrote the place. "Here it comes!" cried Shan Jai.

After a while, he was in Old Shanghai 1967. One old lady came in front of Shan Jai. He said,"Um, hello Miss!" "Hello!", said the lady with a deep deep voice. "You look difference," grinned the lady.

Suddenly, he turned around. The time travel machine was gone! Shan Jai felt super nervous without it because he could not get back home! But he remembered that his mother lived nearby!

Later on, he went to his grandpa house that he visited during summer holiday. Shan Jai shouted out loudly his mum's name "Liang Ying! Liang Yinggg!!!" Liang Ying came out.

"Please, could you help me to find my so colorful time travel machine?" Shan Tai said.

"You mean this?" Liang Ying showed him the time travel machine. "I found it in the playground and thought it is no ones, so I took it."

"Oh, it is my machine!!!" Shan Tai screamed.

"But, wait. Who are you? Why do you know my name?" Liang Ying asked.

"Ummmm, I was your classmate but I moved to Hong Kong a few years ago." Shan Tai replied.

"Really? Sorry, I can't remember. OK, I buy you a lunch and show you around our district. There is a big change recently." Liang Ying said politely.

Shan Jai had a lunch with mom, young Liang Ying. She was clever and so beautiful. And then, they walked around her mom's district and her school.

Lastly, the sun went down. Shan Jai had to leave and said goodbye to Liang Ying. He took back the machine, ticked the year and wrote the place. "Here it comes!" shouted Shan Jai.

After he went back home, he run to kitchen to say Hello to mom immediately. He found that his mum was still clever but not beautiful anymore. Before sleeping, he wrote a journal about that amazing trip.

The Days in Old Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Chan, Tze Lam – 8

It was a cold winter. I woke up as usual. I hated school. I laid on the bed and stopped the alarm. I changed my school uniform, brushed my teeth and took breakfast. "Faster! It is 07:56! " shouted by my mom. When I got to the platform, the train blasted away. Later when I got to school, I was scolded by 65 teachers because I am late, but I don't care.

I hoped the toilet could flush me home, so that I do not stay in the terrible horrible school. I flushed myself down the toilet. It took so long until……

I was finally out! "Ummmm….Where am I? " This place was full of people with very old clothes.

I ate some Shew Lung Buns. The waiter used feathers and ink, but not pencil or pen. There were no buildings, but lots of small houses, or wooden houses. There were even not many cars rushing and zooming around. Bicycle's bells could be heard anywhere.

Then it was almost night, I did not have home in this strange place, so I looked for an …. There was a wooden house. I quickly ran to the wooden house. "Excuse me! Can I live here for a while? "Welcome!", said a man. I looked at the calendar…… It was written it was year 1953! Oh, how came? What happened? I flushed myself, then I came here?!

The next day, the man who let me stay in the wooden house was with his old friends talking something like monster or something else.

Three days past, the man said there were zombies going to attack this place. "Why not attack others places? "Because……RUSH!−−−BLAM!—BOOM! The zombies blasting sound could be heard! Then everyone fought zombies….One person had been kicked out and pulled back into the fighting place! There were more zombies coming with bicycles, scooters, cars, buses, taxis, school buses…OW! I was attacked by zombies. I fought with a ruler. One of the men came out, and asked "Hey, what is this long flat thing that looks like a sword? " I said "It is a rule …" Quick as a flash, a zombie suddenly jumped towards me! I swung my sword. My sword poked the zombie 's face. The other man grabbed the zombie's legs and punched the zombie's bottom.

The war was over. Our side won, but still lots of people got hurt. I got scratched by a hook also. "Ow! It hurts!" I signed.

Time flew. It was another night. I went to my bedroom. When I opened the bedroom door, the back of the door was the school's toilet door! Or the door had been painted the same colour? No! It was really the school toilet door! How come? I tried to get into the bedroom. I could hardly see the toilet bowl! It meant I was finally back to the real life! It was really an exciting adventure!

Quest for the Jade Jaguar

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary & Primary School, Saw, Wen Jie Lucas – 8

One day, it was an amber rainstorm but a boy called Jiang Ming still had to go to school. He was unhappy. So, Jiang Ming went to the toilet to sulk. When he flushed the toilet, the toilet sucked Jiang Ming in and suddenly he was in Old Shanghai, 1931.

Jiang Ming nervously went out of the Shanghai toilet. When he got out, he saw old buildings, trams, people riding their bicycles, and people sailing junks. He also saw people wearing old styled clothes, people carrying bags of rice, and lots of decorations on the street. He went inside a restaurant called 'Hing Ko' and sat down at a table. He ordered xiao long baos, dim sum, Chinese BBQ noodle, and Shanghai hairy crabs. "This is divine, I've never tasted something as delicious as this," he thought. After that, he was really full.

On the way out of the restaurant, the leader of Shanghai asked Jiang Ming, "Could you please do me a favour? If you can, I will give you some gold. I need you to go to a cave to find the Jade Jaguar and bring it back to me." Jiang Ming agreed and the leader gave Jiang Ming a bag of tools and a map to lead him to the cave. Then, Jiang Ming left to find the cave.

When Jiang Ming got there, he went inside the cave but a snake wrapped itself around his leg and tried to bite him. Jiang Ming opened the bag of tools and found a sword. He used the sword to slice the snake's head right off! Then, he went further into the cave but the path stopped at a lake of stinky, bubbling acid. Jiang Ming looked inside the bag of tools and found a rope. So, he threw it around a rock on the roof of the cave and swung across to the other side of the lake. Jiang Ming saw a smaller cave and went inside. He finally found the Jade Jaguar! He grabbed it but the Jade Jaguar was sitting on a pressure plate that triggered the walls to close in. Jiang Ming quickly got a metal pole out of the bag of tools and put it in the middle of the small cave. He ran out with the Jade Jaguar just in time before the walls crushed the pole! He made his way out of the cave and started to go back to find the leader.

Jiang Ming found the leader at 'Hing Ko' and exchanged the Jade Jaguar for a bag of gold. He felt happy but he really wanted to go home. He felt hungry but he needed to go to the toilet first. He flushed the toilet and it sucked him in again! He was back at his school! Jiang Ming went back to his classroom and hid the bag of gold in his locker. He couldn't wait for lunch time because he was starving after such a hard–working day!

The Legend of Esme

International Christian School, Wong, Andrea – 8

As the family approached the old ragged hotel at dawn, they shivered in the cool breeze. After the family entered the hotel, they hastily checked in. At night, Esme woke up as the door creaked open. As Esme crept to close the door, she felt a chill on her spine. Finding nothing, Esme shivered in the darkness. Without panicking Esme knew what she must do. She must go and tell the receptionist about the strange situation. Suddenly, Esme tripped in hallway. After she stopped tripping and fell face flat on the ground. Unexpectedly, Esme felt her hand thump on an uneven part on the ground. Immediately, she crawled around searching the floor for the uneven part of the ground and found a hidden compartment. At that spot she lifted the wooden cover. Under the cover, there laid an old dusty photobook. As she flipped through the fragile pages she saw a picture of a male floating in the air with pale red eyes. As she gasped in terror, no words came out of her mouth. After she caught her voice back, she kept walking until she saw something white with red pale eyes. Without hesitation, Esme realized she was seeing the same male ghost as in the photobook! Immediately, Esme sprinted for her life. The male ghost dashed after her. Esme dodged and zoomed all around. Cornered Esme gave up with no hope left. The male ghost opened up his mouth and he started to suck out Esme's little, joyful, soul. When her family found out that Esme was missing, her parents searched for her but failed to find her. Unfortunately, Esme had turned into a ghost. In time, the story of Esme became a legend to all citizens of Shanghai.

Stolen!

International Christian School, Chow, Duncan – 8

In the midst of the darkest hour, in Old Shanghai, Groudon, Pikachu and their Pokémon trainer, Yusuke, quietly slipped through the blackness of the vent. High above, they heard 4 police talking about a stolen necklace. As Groudon and Pikachu continued on through the vent, they shivered in fear. As dawn struck, they reached the room that stored the most expensive masterpiece jewel. Meanwhile, they snuck in with quiet footsteps, and expanded their hands to steal the jewel. Kaboom! A moment passed. They heard the door to the museum open, and they heard footsteps entering. Finally, they heard the footsteps go away. At last, they put the jewel into the bag and spotted a crack under the door. Peeking under, they held their breath as they saw guard pull out his gun searching for the thieves. When the guard wasn't looking, they took their chance and escaped. As they slipped out they happily danced away.

The Art Museum Mystery

International Christian School, Yip, Hana – 8

As Summer and Jessie ran towards the Shanghai Art Museum, they heard an alarm sound. Upon arrival, they saw Police surrounding the building. "Did something bad happen?" Jessie cried. "I know, I know!" Said a woman. "A painting has been stolen!" Jessie and Summer gasped. They walked towards the Museum for a better view. Craning her neck, Jessie said, "I guess we should come back another day." Summer nodded in agreement. As they walked back to the hotel, Jessie noticed the frown on Summer's face. "Summer? You seem sad!" "I wanted to see the beautiful artworks," Summer sighed. Thinking about her friend's frown, an idea popped into Jessie's head. "Let's solve the mystery tonight!" "Seriously? I'm in!" Summer said, suddenly happy. At the darkest hour of night, Summer and Jessie crept down the emergency exit of the hotel and ran to the Museum. Arriving at the Museum, the girls looked silently for clues like a mouse looking for a block of cheese. But when they found no clues, they started to walk back to the Hotel. On their way, Jessie spotted a shadow and thought it looked suspicious because no one would be out at such a late hour. She turned on her flashlight and saw the shape of a man loading a large board covered with black cloth into a truck. "Do you think that's the stolen painting?" Jessie asked in a whisper. "You'll have to follow to know!" Summer whispered back. Just after the short conversation, the girls followed the truck into darkness. After five minutes of following, the truck finally stopped and the man jumped out of the driver seat. Afraid to be seen, Summer and Jessie hid behind a bush. From their view, they could see the man unloading the board underground through a tunnel hidden in a garden behind a house. After the man loaded the large board into the hideout, he jumped in. The girls gasped and returned to the hotel. The next morning, Summer and Jessie took a taxi to the police station to report the view they saw the night before. After Summer finished the story, they took 4 police to the hideout they found yesterday. When they arrived everything seemed normal and nothing seemed suspicious. The police and the girls looked for clues of where the tunnel could be. As they walked around, Jessie realized that the grass she stood on felt different than the other parts of grass. As she knelt down, she firmly gripped the grass and pulled it up. From her view, she could see a long slide leading into darkness. After they slid down, they saw a man sleeping on a small piece of cloth. 2 police went to arrest the man and the two other police went to take the painting back to the Hotel. A police smiled at the girls and motioned for them to leave. The girls would remember this day for the rest of their lives.

Reformed

International Christian School, Chan, Nadia – 8

In Old Shanghai, a shadow emerged, carrying a mask. As the shadow silently moved through the door of an old man's house, it stopped by a room filled with gold. Crouching in a corner of the room, a man emerged from the shadow. Immediately an alarm sounded. In a bedroom, an old man jumped up. The old man sprinted to the room filled with gold, and flicked the light on. He found the thief crouched in a corner of the room, and called the police. Seconds later, police swarmed the house. Fortunately, no gold was stolen, and the thief was arrested and sent to jail. The next night in prison, meat was served. A brilliant plan forming in his mind, the cunning thief poured a bottle labeled "Acid" onto the piece of meat, then slipped it through the bars. A passing officer, apparently hungry, took the meat and gobbled it up. Immediately the officer crumpled to the floor. While the other officers rushed to his aid, the victorious thief climbed out through an air vent. He sprinted back home, and thought back to his own actions. He finally understood that it was wrong, and he felt guilty. He decided never to steal again.

The Story of the Lost Tsum Tsum

International Christian School, Dove, Nicole – 8

On Chinese New Year, the tsum tsum family trundled over to old Shanghai. As they arrived, Dale asked, "Do we have a spot on the tour?" Right after hearing the question, the receptionist answered "Let me check"., the receptionist said "Yes, you do". As the tour gide approached, the fluffy creatures rolled quickly together. While the sun boiled over, Dale & Chip whined "We need some ice." Gasping at Chip, Dale cried excitedly "There is some ice!" and scurried off to get some. Returning with the ice Dale came back but Chip couldn't be found. As the family tried to find Chip, Dale shouted "Chip! Chip! Where are you?" As they looked for him, they saw a bunch of fur! Realizing it belonged to Chip, they all followed the trace of fur. As the fur lead to the end, Chip was nowhere to be found. Puffing & huffing with tiredness, the family heard a loud scream. Dale cried "That must be Chip!" Just as Dale finished speaking, they heard another scream. As they followed the loud noises, they saw Chip tied to a tree. When Dale saw his brother tied with a rope, he rushed over and untied the rope. Hugging Chip, Dale shouted "Chip I missed you so much." As they rolled home, they remembered their adventure in such a mysterious city.

Left Behind in Shanghai

International Christian School, Lau, Sophie Grace – 8

As the maroon suitcase bumped along the hall, Teddy heaved a sigh of relief. "Finally, no more flying all over in this suitcase." He said to Water Bottle. "Well, I don't know about you, but I miss London." Whined Water Bottle. "I think it's awesome in old Shanghai." came the reply. As Water Bottle opened his mouth, they felt a bump and fell to one side. When they opened their eyes, a bright ray of light shone into the suitcase, flooding it with golden light. As Teddy peeked over the side of suitcase, everything flooded in with darkness. Teddy and Water Bottle sat in the dark gaping. After a while, Teddy and Water Bottle heard Dad mutter, "It's a power cut.". "It's when something goes wrong at the power station and you can't use electricity." he explained to young Jake. "I'll have to sprint down to the lobby and see if they own candles." he muttered before hurrying over to the door and dashing out. "What shall we do?" Water Bottle whispered in a trembling voice. "I'm sure everything will turn out right in the morning." Teddy whispered calmly. A week passed with the only light coming from the candles. One night, a terrible thing happened. A lightning bolt struck the building. People shrieked as they gathered their belongings to arrive out if the building safe. It so happened, that the family owning Teddy and Water Bottle fled Shanghai that very night, but in their rush they didn't notice the brown lump huddled in a corner alongside a shiny object. At dawn, Teddy woke to the ear piercing wail of Water Bottle. "What's the matter Water Bottle?" Teddy shouted. "OUR MASTER HAS FLED AND FORGOTTEN US!" Water Bottle wailed. "Well, I have a plan so stop wailing or my ears will fall off" Teddy snapped. After a short while, Water Bottle asked, "What's your plan?". Teddy replied, "Before the plan begins, we must have a rope. Where can we find a rope?". "Well, we can strip up a sheet." Water Bottle suggested. Rapidly, they striped up a sheet and tied the pieces together. "Next we toss one end into the bin." Teddy said coolly. "What!!Are you bonkers!?" Water Bottle hurriedly shut his mouth as he caught Teddy's eye. "Right, I'll go first." Teddy said briefly before hauling himself up the rope and hauling himself into the bin. "Hurry up." Teddy's voice called down. Water Bottle hesitated a second before climbing after Teddy. A while later, later, the door opened to reveal the bin man. He tipped the garbage into his junk sac, hopped into the lift and pushed the "G" button. As the lift doors opened, Teddy and Water Bottle rolled out of the sac and climbed onto a trolley pilled with luggage. As the trolley started to move, Teddy and Water Bottle dozed off. When Teddy and Water bottle woke, they lay on their front porch. They sighed and relaxed.

Ellie's Adventure in Shanghai

Kennedy School, Lai, Charisse – 7

Ellie Macassy loves deer and dogs especially fawns and Chihuahuas. She has a pet Chihuahua called Charlie. In an autumn, Ellie traveled to Shanghai with her mom, dad, and of course, Charlie.

The weather had gotten cooler. Ellie was eating brunch at Mr. and Mrs. Bund. Everything was going fine until she realized Charlie was gone. Ellie remembered Charlie liked the Bund area. Quickly telling her parents, she ran fast to the Bund hoping her dog went back to enjoy the lovely breeze along the river.

Unfortunately, when Ellie got to the end of the Bund, Charlie was not there! Frantically, Ellie looked around the nearby shops. She wished Charlie had gone into a shop to find a bone or a toy. Ellie knocked on each door asking the shop owners if they had seen a brown, furry, small dog happily walking alone. She even asked tourists and passerby too. A shop owner told Ellie to search in Huangpu Park. Ellie agreed.

Ellie walked along the pavement leading to Huangpu Park. At the corner of her eye, she saw something silvery. "Could it be a coin?" She wondered. It wasn't a coin; it was a bell. Ellie recognized that bell. "That is Charlie's bell!" She cried. "It must have fallen off from Charlie!" There were lots of trees in Huangpu Park. She whistled her dog's favorite tune. But there was no dog, nor the sign of Charlie.

Ellie looked around and saw a Yenom bank. She ran inside to looked for her dog. It was absolutely a mess. The ladies were screaming and someone had turned on the emergency button. It was noisy, and the floor was covered in muddy footprints. They were dog's footprints! Ellie followed them… until she saw a sign saying "This way to Mr. Fanoose's Fabric Factory". "Oh no!" Ellie moaned. "What if Charlie makes a mess there too? What am I going to do?"

As Ellie approached to the gate, the muddy footprints led to an even BIGGER muddy puddle. "Oh great." Ellie moaned silently. The old factory surrounded by ivy was very big, bigger than a mansion. Ellie snuck inside and looked around for Charlie. "There he is!" Ellie shouted quietly. Charlie was on the neatly made fabric leaving muddy paw prints on it.

Suddenly, Mr. Fanoose burst through the front door. "WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?" He roared. "Uh, um" mumbled the workers. "There's a dog running all over our new fabric and leaving mud prints on it." said one worker. Ellie ran out of her hiding place. "Stop!" She pleaded. "This is my dog. If you let me have my dog, I know how to make this situation better." Ellie cried. "OK" said Mr. Fanoose. "Tell me HOW to make this situation BETTER!" He commended.

"These fabrics with the paw prints are actually quite pretty." Ellie announced. "Hmm… you're right!" Mr. Fanoose interrupted. "Alright!" Mr. Fanoose shouted over the loud speaker. "WE HAVE A NEW DESIGN! PAW PRINT FABRIC!"

Ellie said goodbye to Mr. Fanoose. She reached into her pocket hoping there might be some coins for her to take a rickshaw back to the restaurant. "Now you need a bath, Charlie." said Ellie. SPLASH! Ellie and Charlie fell into the mud puddle. "Uh oh, now both of us need a bath!" laughed Ellie.

The Heroes of Old Shanghai City

Kingston International School, Doo, Damian – 7

Once upon a time there was a peaceful city called Old Shanghai City. Old Shanghai City was super hot and the city had almost caught a fire on each house! Even the temple almost caught on fire too. The king had a friend and he was very creative because he had many powers. He had: leaf power, fire power, water power, grass power and many different powers. The king had no guards but just one guard. "Protect the temple! Or else someone will steal gold from us," the king told the guard. "Okey dokey king!" said the guard.

So the king went off to find his friend. One hour later he finally found his friend and the king told him that each house in the city had almost caught on fire! His friend was very surprised. So they went on a plane. Then they flew back to Old Shanghai City.

When they were there the entire city was burnt and on fire! So the king's friend used his water power to put out the fire. But it didn't work. So the king called all the firemen. But it didn't work. The king's friend figured out the fire was alive! He needed his brother, so king's friend called. "Brother, can you help me put out the fire in Shanghai?" "Em… okay," said his brother.

So his brother came but he didn't feel like he wanted to fight the fire. He was just pretending to be very sick. So the king tried to figure the fire. He thought and he thought, then he had a very good idea!

"I have a plan. If both of your use all of your powers, we can fight the fire," the king told his friend and his brother. So they worked together. And it worked! The fire was almost gone. They kept fighting the fire. "We are the heroes!" they said. But… the water power was too strong and it broke the houses! "Oopsy daisy!" They said together.

The fire was gone. "Hip hip hooray!" said the entire city. "For the king, his friend and his brother!" "Thank you. I have another idea," said the king. "We can build a secret garden." "Let's call it the Royal Garden, okay?" the king's friend said. "Sure. Let's build it first my friend. Please tell all the people that we want to a garden," said the king. "Okey dokey king!" said the friend.

The king's friend went off to tell that the king had a very good idea. Then he told everyone to bring the material. "First give me ninety nine bricks. Second give me sixty five rocks. Third give me thirty nine pieces of wood. Forth give me a lot of soil. And finally we will build," the friend told everyone. "First we need to build a circle with bricks." "But how do we use bricks to make a circle?" said his brother. "Easy," said the king. "Give me one block and put it horizontally. Then give me sixty five blocks and put it like this. Okay?"

The king and his friends only finished half of the garden before they died in 1989. Then the workers destroyed it because they wanted to build another one and call it with another name. They called it Yu Yuan. The workers built it. And inside the garden there was the jade rock that had seventy two holes!

Yu Yuan garden is very peaceful because it very quiet.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Korean International School, Hung, Jerome Ip – 7

Hai

173 million years ago, there lived a Cryolophosaurus named ***Hai***. Since he was 5, he asked his family why he had this name but no one knew. His Dad then had an idea, "Go ask the ***Time Ghost*** in Professor Antarctopelta's lab." So he went to ask Professor Antarctopelta and Time Ghost but neither of them could have an answer. Then Time Ghost said, ''I heard of a place called **Shanghai** in China though." And he used his time travelling power to teleport Hai.

The Teleportation Error

In a flash, Hai found himself being teleported to year 1577… by mistake. They were supposed to visit the dinosaurs in the Cretaceous Period nearby Shanghai. But in the place they landed they could see beautiful pagodas and shimmering water ponds with lotus flowers. Hai took a deep breath and said, "The air is really fresh here." Suddenly a man shouted: "Arhhh… a DINOSAUR!!! Run for your life." The servant next to the man said, "You must be joking, Master Pan! Dinosaurs have been extinct for a long time." Master Pan said, "It's true! Come and see it for yourself!" The crowd came around and said "BOOOOOOOOOO" ''BEHIND YOU!" The crowd screamed and ran away.

Time Ghost said: ''There was a mistake, let's go to 2017", so they teleported again.

Modern Days

On the way to the portal of Shanghai, Time Ghost showed some China history (317−1912) before they arrived there on 13th September 2017. Across the street they saw a 5−year old girl, ***Shen*** being ***ABANDONED*** and crying helplessly. They went to help and asked her what had happened. Shen cried, "Me and my mom has an argument as I COMMAND her to stop laughing at my name. She got mad and just left." Hai said ''I see, are you okay now? But I AM STARVING, shall we go to have some food." "Me 2", said Time Ghost. "Me 3!" said Shen with a rumbling tummy. "Come on, I know a place nearby where we can find good things to eat", Shen told them. "***Yuyuan Bazaar*** has yummy traditional Shanghainese food called Xiao long bao which is a kind of dumpling with meat." Hai said, "Sounds delicious!" When they arrived there, Hai shouted, "It is the GARDEN we mistakenly landed 400 years before. It didn't change much, only the buildings look older". After eating, Shen brought them to ***The Bund*** for sightseeing. Walking on the riverside promenade, they saw tall buildings across ***Huangpu River***. Shen told them, "There is ***Pudong***, full of new commercial buildings."

Mystery solved

"The mystery…", Hai suddenly remembered and told Shen their mission to come here. Shen smiled and explained, "The word HAI means ocean in Chinese, maybe you were born near water." "Wait… I forgot to tell you something!" Hai asked, "What?" Shen said, "I think we are meant to be FRIENDS!!! Hi−5!!!" She continued, "My Dad told me that Shanghai was once called SHEN long long time ago."

Afterwards, Hai returned home excitedly telling his family about how he had solved the mystery and the amazing reunion with a friend that lived millions of year later in the future.

- THE END −

China Through My Eyes

Korean International School, Roy, Kenisha – 6

End of June this year I visited the most powerful country of the present world, The Great China. My father wanted me to visit this country as he always says; this country is very rich in Tradition, Culture and past history. Dad is working with a Shipping company and has travelled many countries. So being a shippies daughter I love to travel, learn new things and meet new people.

Books are my best friends so before this travel I managed to read few books on china and made a 'Wish list' of the places that I wanted to visit. Through books I learned China is a land of emperors, dragons, The Great Wall, Terracotta warriors and Chinese festivals that include yummy moon cakes.

My Wish list started with Qin Dynasty and Terracotta warriors in Xi An. My Dad took a local Guide so that we can learn the history behind this big mesmerizing Empire. Thank God that the Guide knew English so it was easy for us to understand him. Qin Shi Huang was the first emperor of the Qin Dynasty. He became king at the age of 12. He had an army of one–million soldiers and was the one who initiated construction of The Great Wall of China. The thing that surprised me was Emperor Qin created a Terracotta army of 8000 warriors just to protect his tomb and his empire after death. Also it is said that his tomb hides great treasures and precious stones. It was a brilliant piece of work.

My next destination was The Great Wall of China. On the way to The Great wall our guide told us about the past history and beliefs of Chinese people regarding Dragons. A Chinese Dragon was said to consist of nine different parts, all resembling different animals; the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a bull, the neck of a snake, the belly of a clam, the paws of a tiger, the scales of a fish and the claws of an eagle. They considered Dragons as divine monsters both wise and strong. Even now in modern age we see big buildings that leave space for Dragons to pass.

From the car, The Wall looked so long and so widely spread. Initially I told my mom that I will climb the wall from the start point and will go running till the end. However seeing the very first glimpse of the Wall, I realised that I need to grow up a bit more and wait few more years to fulfil my dream. Our guide told us there is a saying, 'You are not a Hero until you have been to the Great Wall and successfully climbed it'. Dad said the real Heroes are the once who build this Wall and sacrificed the life during the making. We walked the Wall few kilometres and then we were totally exhausted and returned back to our hotel. We all were very hungry after a long day trip and knowing so much about their traditions and culture. My Dad always likes to order the local food and wants me to enjoy it and know the taste. At the end I enjoyed eating yummy moon cake.

Portals Everywhere in Old Shanghai

Korean International School, Chan, Lara – 7

Once upon a time, there were four brave elves and Nambiana, a human. They were in the royal tree house of Elvendale. Elf Arizi shouted that we had found a portal. So we all climbed through it. We landed in new Shanghai. Then elf Aira cut a bundle of wood to make a stool. Then a tunnel appeared. Elf Naida said "A tunnel!" We all climbed through it. We landed in old Shanghai.

Elf Farran asked "Where are we?"

"Nambiana said we are in old Shanghai right? Nambiana?" asked Aira and told Farran.

"Yes." Nambiana answered.

They scurried down Nanjing road. They met a little boy on the way. He said he was called Hima. He also said he was lost.

Aira said, "Farran, the little boy said he has double checked Nanjing Road."

"Quite right, Aira. We should take him to another place." said Arizi.

They walked across Nanjing Road and then Naida said she saw lots of European-style buildings. "That's the Bund."

"When China got attacked by France and England, Shanghai got controlled by them." As they walked past the Bund, Arizi asked Hima. "What's that funny looking temple?" Hima said it was the City God Temple.

"I've never been there, but my mom might be there." said Hima.

"So let's go in to check." said Farran, jumping up and down in excitement.

"Woah! Calm down. You seem a bit jumpy today." said Naida.

They went into the temple.

"Farran!" Arizi yelled. "Build a telescope 'People Face-Look'!"

"Ermmmm okay." Farran said. He made leaves and built a telescope. Then he added some sprinkles. "Guys! I'm done!" Farran yelled.

They all came and Hima looked through it. "No sign of my mom." said Hima.

Ten minutes later, they scurried into Yuyuan Garden.

"This garden looks beautiful." said Aira.

Suddenly, Hima saw his mom. "Guys, I saw my mom! Bye!" Hima yelled. "Bye, Hima!" Farran, Arizi, Aira, Naida and Nambiana yelled.

As they began to walk away, Naida started to giggle. "That Hima just needed to grip on his mother's hand." The whole group began laughing. "Oh, one of Naida's jokes again." Aira managed to giggle and scutter at the same time.

"I've got a brilliant and great idea!" "Slowpokes, Eggheads and Daydaers!" Arizi suddenly said. "Maybe we should stay here for one week as our vacation?"

"Great Idea!" Farran , Aira, Naida and Nambiana answered together eagerly. For the whole week we ate Nanxiang xiao long bao and fried mantou.

Next Monday Farran and Arizi were chatting, Nambiana was reading a wonderful comic book, Aira and Naida were sipping green apple smoothie made from home. "It's quite nice here, but I miss home." said Aira.

"Oh yeah? Well actually, holidays are fine, but it doesn't last forever." commented Arizi.

"Well, then let's go!" They all said powerfully. Then Farran, Aira and Naida said "Burgerminster" as the spell. Then they all disappeared and re-appeared back in the beautiful royal tree house.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Korean International School, Sreejesh, Vedika – 7

This story is about two girls from different houses in old Shanghai. The two girls were named Pearl and Jade. Pearl and Jade both came from different families. Pearl's parents were farmers; they lived by farming and selling their produce in the market. Jade's family were artisans who worked in a Jewel shop.

Jade and Pearl met each other at a beautiful garden. After talking for a while, Jade asked, "My name is Jade. What's yours?" Pearl replied, "My name is Pearl." Jade said, "What a beautiful name! Can you be my friend?" Pearl agreed. Then Jade asked "Can you keep a secret?" Pearl nodded. Then Jade began her story.

"One day my mom allowed me to go to the park. When I was playing, I saw somebody wearing a black suit with a mask. I saw him holding a big bag of money and the most precious stone in the whole world. He smiled looking at it. When he saw me, he ran away. I decided to follow him. I saw the thief going into a cave. I was scared but I continued to follow him. Inside the cave, I saw a group of people talking to him. One man said, "Did you find the treasure?" The thief nodded. The same man said, "Let's break it into pieces." The thief replied, "No! We have to wait till ten moons have passed or the whole city of Shanghai will be lost forever! I was shocked to see such a big gang of thieves. Pearl, we must go and save the city of Shanghai. Are you with me?" Pearl replied, "Yes, I am with you. Let's go!"

On their journey to save Old Shanghai, Pearl and Jade met a monkey who offered to help them. The monkey led them to a river where they saw a dragon. The only way to get across the river was to get the dragon to help. They were scared of the dragon but they were determined to get help so they asked the dragon gently. The dragon agreed to help and it carried them on its back and flew all the way to the cave.

At the cave, they met the thieves and the fight began. When the thieves were defeated, they were face to face with the leader. The leader said, "If you fight me and win the battle, I'll give you the stone."

The group agreed. Then Jade and Pearl tied the leader's legs together. The monkey tied his hands together and the dragon punched the leader high into the air. They took the jewels and returned them to the Emperor and the Emperor gifted them with special medals.

THE END

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Camoes Tan Siu Lin Primary School, Lo, Charlie – 8

I woke up in the morning and realized something was wrong. The city of shanghai was burning. My parents had disappeared. With a shock, I realized they were Japanese. My mother had told me about them. "Beware, Xiaodong, of the Japanese. They are coming to our city. Soon, they will be here." I thought of Tasha. She was my only friend, apart from Flame, my phoenix. He had been with me. I looked among the Japanese and my heart sank.

Tasha was huddled behind a crate. "This is terrible. " She whispered. "They took my parents." We stayed huddled behind the crate as the sky darkened and thunder growled and the Japanese took hold of our city. Then I realized it wasn't about to rain. I looked up and saw a dragon. Everyone scattered – Shanghainese and Japanese alike. I was about to run too, but Tasha tripped over a stone and collided into me. The dragon was zooming at us head – first with its mouth wide open. But at the last minute, Flame grabbed our collars and yanked us out of the dragon's path. The dragon looked mad. Then suddenly, the pavement burst into flames. THE DRAGON COULD BREATHE FIRE? Flame saved us again, grabbing hold of our collars and lifting us up into the sky.

We soared higher and higher. I saw the Huangpu River. I gazed at it – and got an idea. I whispered to Flame and Tasha. Flame nodded his head and set us on the ground, then flew off toward the dragon. Flame dodged the blast and pierced the dragon's eye with his golden beak. Then Flame attacked the other eye. He turned around suddenly and dove straight at the dragon's good eye. Now it was time to carry out my plan. Flame dove at the ground, picking us up and depositing us on the blind dragon's back. Flame positioned himself in front of the dragon's nostrils. The dragon, catching the scent, flew in the direction of Flame.

As soon as its head touched the water, Tasha and I extended our arms and dragged a huge boulder from the side of the river. We released our arms, letting the boulder sink with the dragon. Then, we propelled ourselves upwards with all our might. All the Shanghainese helped us out of the river. "Where did the Japanese go?" I asked a woman. "They retreated to their territory. They were scared away by the dragon," she replied. Then someone lifted us up. We were brought to the Emperor. "Well, saviors of Shanghai. You will be the emperor and empress after I die, as I have no heir." So, just like that, we went to the palace to live. We all got the riches luxuries. Flame even got a room of his own, complete with a tree and other birds to keep him company. The only thing sad about this quest was that I had lost my father and mother.

Across time and space to see shanghai

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Dai, Jesse – 6

When we mention Shanghai, people's first impression is that, wow, a super bustling international city. I want to look for places, which can represent the Old Shanghai. But how can I find them? Fortunately, I have the time machine.

I sat on the cloud, started the time machine, returned to the time of one hundred years ago. How blue the sky was then. The newsboy was calling "extra, extra." In the Gold Mansion，there seemed to be sharp eyes which saw through the clouds to watch me. It was Shanghai's most legendary boss Du Yuesheng. It was really a sickening glance.

I jumped to the pink cloud. Before siting well, I heard the sound of "Nights of Shanghai, Shanghai Nights...".Bright moon, few stars were in the sky. I came to Bailemen. With more than seventy years of history, it was the most western style building. But it was not the one that I wanted.

I jumped on to another blanket of colorful cloud. Then upon the Whampoa River, there was a storm, and the wind carried me away. I saw the Oriental Pearl, the Jinmao Tower and the Whampoa bridge. Whampoa bridge looked like a dragon hovering in the clouds. I also found that people were riding bicycles outside the department store.

Across the city, people were in a hurry. With the heavy traffic, I was pushed upon by a crowd, and did not know where to go. Surrounded by tall buildings, I felt a little dizzy. "Lennon hao .Lennon qie gu fan fa?""ennon Sa ning ah" as ears were full of the languages I did not understand , I went to a Shanghai alley. We walked in the narrow alleys slowly. It seemed that the time had been still. So this was what I wanted , the most characteristic places of Old Shanghai!

Old Shanghai

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Ding, William – 8

My name is SAN MAO.Yes! As you know, I am the boy that only has three 'hairs'. I was born in Old Shanghai, My father is Zhang Leping, the famous cartoonist. Old Shanghai was the same as my childhood, poor and weak but full of vitality and hope.

I had no house to live, I lived outside the door of a "shikumen" in a narrow alley called "longtang". Even now, it is rich with nostalgic charm. Every morning, I got up early to sell newspapers. I was the first boy who knew all the news about Old Shanghai. My customers were multifarious. He or she might be a capitalist, a worker, a starlet, or a mafia boss. Some of them might give me a tip.

But merely relied on selling newspapers is not enough, I must also do other work. The Racetrack or the Nanjing Road was the most lively place, there were many rich men or women there, and I polished shoes for them.

After I got my reward, I would go to the town's god temple to eat some Old Shanghai's snacks, such as fried baozi, steamed BBQ Pork Bun, or fried dough sticks. By the way, I could also enjoy a bowl of soybean milk, it was free!

Except physical food, I also had my spiritual food. There were many picture–story book stalls all over the streets. I often looked for my favorite books at the stalls.

From these books, I knew that Old Shanghai was a very special place in the Eastern part of China. It was a melting pot of semi–colonial and semi–feudal society. It mixed the western and eastern cultures together. Old Shanghai was referred to as "Paris of the East" and also as "paradise for adventurers." Narrow alleys and exotic buildings, robes jackets and stylish business suits were all commonplace. National heroes and big traitors, the poorest and the richest, coexist in this city. Thus, good and evil mixed together on the seedy streets of this "Paris of the East."

At the stalls, I could find << SAN MAO Huckleberry Finn>> or << Winter Of Three Hairs>>. That was the story of me! It was the darkest memories of poor people in Old Shanghai. For the rich, Old Shanghai was the Paramount, was the big bright cinema, was the Hualian shopping mall, were Miles with foreign, garden houses. But for the poor like me, Old Shanghai was the hell. In winter, I had no clothes, not enough food, and no house, I could only wandered around in the street…

Nevertheless, Old Shanghai is my hometown. A piece of land belongs to China. I love it! I believe that New Shanghai has become rich, democratic and powerful since liberation.

The Battle of Shanghai

Sha Tin Junior School, Chu, Cyrus – 7

Once upon a time, there was a place called the Old City of Shanghai, it was a little community. The city was clean, but old fashioned, there were humps on the top of roofs made from ceramic plates. In the middle there was a big temple, which was also known as the army headquarters. One day, a fleet of Japanese pirates suddenly decided to declare an attack on the city. The pirates wore red, white and blue clothes, looking furious and they seeked to conquer the city for themselves. Their ships all had bone and skull cross flags hoisted up and a big sail with a wooden body. The citizens were shrieking with fear, trying to hide and get cover. Some people also tried to fight back, but it was no use. The old city fought hard to fend off the attack, but most homes were destroyed in battle. When all hope was nearly lost, one of the soldiers said "What we're using is no use! We need a new tactic!" Another soldier said, "Let's use cannons and bombs!"
"Sure" everyone agreed. Soon after, the pirate ships were all destroyed! Forcing the pirate fleet to fall back. All of the Chinese soldiers cheered "Victory!".

Meanwhile, at the army headquarters, the generals had to plan what to do to stop the Japanese pirates from attacking the old city ever again. One of them had a plan, he said "Let's build a big wall out of rocks and bricks so the Japanese pirates cannot attack us using their cannons again".
"Good thinking!" the general exclaimed. Immediately, they ordered the builders to begin building the big wall. It took about two months to complete, but eventually they finished and it was glorious. The wall was as tall as a palm trees, it was red and purple, surrounding the city in a large circle. There was also a little entrance at the side so that people could leave and re-enter.

Not long after, the pirates returned with an even stronger attack. They tried to battle their way through, but fortunately for the Chinese the wall held up strong. "This is useless" said the captain. "Our cannons cannot shoot through the wall" yelled one of the pirates. "Our ships are being completely destroyed and we've gotten no progress." The pirates were forced to give up and retreated in defeat, never daring to coming back again. The Japanese pirates lost and the Old City of Shanghai won the war!

That night the city had a huge celebration at the town hall. Fireworks filled the dark night sky, the banquet hall was beautifully decorated, they had a big feast. There were noodles, jelly, seafood of all sorts and a tall large cake in the centre. Music also rang through the celebration and everyone drank loads.

From then on, the day the Old City of Shanghai won against the Japanese pirates became a public holiday, calling for celebrating across the city.

The Wong Family

St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School, Kwong, Leann – 9

After dinner, the Wong family were watching television. They were on the history channel. The news reporter was asking the old grandma what exactly happened in Old Shanghai, Long Ping. The old grandma replied: "There was a war during 1096 which lasted for 169 days. We lost because the soldiers were too few, around 10 people. So, all the grown-up men were forced to fight and were not all trained (or not fully trained) still around 80 people. It was terrible living back then."

"Let's continue soon and have a break!"

"DAN DI DAN"

"cough cough nothing can cure a cold, except the throat lozenge…"

Then the Wong family started discussing what they had just seen. Brother Trevvy learned so much about Old Shanghai and knows more about China. And sister Sally thinks that she wants to go to Shanghai and explore herself. Dad replied, "But, it is only a broken park, now."

"DAN DI DAN, now back to Long Ping."

"Let's continue"

The Wongs stopped talking and concentrated on the TV.

"It was one of the biggest wars back then. My house was near so I could hear the banging spears and the breaking of things that fell. I could not sleep because I was fearful that "father" would die and it was too noisy. "Mother" did not eat, drink or rest and I never saw her again. I lost my parents. Hm! Hm! The old grandma said.

"So you are a lost girl?" the curious reporter asked the old grandma. The crying the old grandma answered, "Yes!"

Away and Home

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Chan, Chun Ning Cayden – 8

The year is 1938. I am on a boat full of people and there are forty of us. I don't know exactly how long we have been travelling for, but it feels like an entire year. I am an eight year old boy and my name is Caleb. There are eleven families here. My mother, my father, my older sister and I are one of eleven families. We are travelling to a place called Shanghai. We had to leave our home in Germany because a powerful man called Adolf Hitler, who wants to kill us because we are Jews.

Daddy said Germany is no longer safe for us to live in and we need to find somewhere more secure. We went to other countries but we could not stay there. We are going to Shanghai now because we heard that people can get in without a visa or a passport. I hope we are going to have a new life there in Shanghai because we are all exhausted and hungry from travelling so much and I don't want to run away anymore.

Our boat is getting closer to the city and lots of boats and ships are on the river. It is a very busy place with different buildings, but some buildings are like those in Europe. As we arrive, I feel fearful because I have never been here and I don't know what people here are like. I also feel enthusiastic and excited because it is a new adventure.

When we get off the boat, we see many people doing different things and moving around very busily. Some people are pulling, pushing and carrying things around. Most people are Asian, but there are also some European and American people on the streets. The roads are wide and there are lots of cars, horses and carriages, trams and even men running around pulling carts. Above the shops and on buildings there are scribbled drawings that look funny. Daddy said they are Chinese words. I wonder what they mean. I see both English and Chinese words on magazines and billboards. The streets are extremely noisy and I can hear many different languages spoken as we walk past people.

This seems like an exciting place to live in. I am optimistic that we can find a new home here and be safe from Adolf Hitler.

The Three Concessions

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Chau, Tsz Ling Alessandra – 7

Old Shanghai in the early 1900s was a vibrant and flourishing city with a huge trading port. The city itself was divided up into concessions ruled by the British, French and Americans all with their own mesmerizing culture, fashion and music, which brought Shanghai to life.

Unfortunately, I lived in the walled Chinese city of Shanghai but was fascinated by the sophisticated lifestyle in the concessions and longed to explore there…

One cold and frosty December night after pondering curiously about what was over the walled Chinese city, I fell into a deep sleep and found myself at Le Grande Monde in the French concession. As I looked around with my eyes wide open in amazement, there were theatres, cafes, restaurants, gaming rooms and cinemas everywhere. Le Grande Monde was alive with music, entertainment and laughter. It was bustling with people who warmly greeted each other with a peck on each cheek and said "Bonsoir" to each other. The French women were very thin and chic. They had an air of "Je ne sais quoi" about them and carried themselves elegantly. Women in the other concessions were so envious of them. As for the men, they were smartly dressed in tailored suits. I felt so out of out of place in my shabby old clothes, which were handed down to me from my sister.

With a jolt out of the blue, I was whisked away to the British concession and found myself in the British residents' Shanghai Club. The men were happily knocking back whisky in front of a roaring hot fire and talking animatedly to each other in business language that was alien to me. They were dressed in lounge coats and dark trousers and were smoking out of pipes. They had an authoritarian air to them and looked very serious. The women, however, were seated in a corner sewing and reading peacefully a world away from the business banter of the men.

I found myself in the American concession at the Majestic cabaret, which was full of American sailors who were brash and loud. They were swigging beer from bottles and walking around unsteadily on their feet. Their ship had just docked earlier that day and they were letting off steam or drowning out their own miseries.

On stage, there were beautifully dressed professional dancers, who were oblivious to the rowdy crowd. Then, crash, bang, wallop, a huge fight started out. There were blows everywhere and one very drunk soldier even landed at the bottom of my feet startling me. His face was all twisted and bloodied. In no time, the ballroom of the Majestic was a seething mass of wildly flaying arms and feet as the sailors ripped into each other with heavy blows…

"Time for school! And stop frowning!" Mum yelled. After all these, I realised the adult world was too complicated and I was not ready to grow up yet. Perhaps a simple life was not a bad thing after all.

The Magical History of Shanghai

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Lam, Darren – 9

A long time ago in ancient China, there lived a small group of powerful witches and wizards. They were hugely outnumbered by the non–magical people and lived in fear of being exposed. The Emperor of China ruled with an iron fist. His Prime Minister was a wizard, which made the Emperor very jealous. The people of the land barely had enough space to live, which made them fight and to make things worse they hardly had enough food to eat. He asked his Prime Minister for ideas to stop the conflict, but every idea involved magic, which he hated.

One day, the group of learned witches and wizards headed to the Emperor's palace. They suggested they build their own invisible city for their magical people to live in so that there would be more space for the Emperor and his people. ''FORGET IT! HOW DARE YOU EVEN THINK OF USING MAGIC? WHAT IS WRONG WITH MY LAND? IS IT NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?" the Emperor yelled. The Emperor was convinced that this idea came from his Prime Minister. He was a raging ball of fire and threw the entire magical population into jail.

Ten years later, the Emperor was still facing a crisis. The people were still starving. They still had no place to live and the Emperor was still not satisfied with how his country was turning out. He decided to bring his Prime Minister out of jail and asked him for advice. ''I'm facing more crisis and conflict. I need ideas on how to resolve this problem once and for all."

''Let me go back to my people and gather ideas," the Prime Minister suggested. Two weeks later, the Prime Minister returned with an idea for the Emperor. ''We have come up with a solution. However, you may not like it because it involves magic." the Emperor stroked his beard.

''Well, since I have no other choice, let me hear what you have to say." the Emperor said. ''We could build your people a fine city called Shanghai where it is close to the coast. They can live in this grand city, which will be colossal! They will not fight for land anymore, nor will they starve again." The Emperor listened in awe and agreed.

The Emperor freed the magical people and apologized since he had made a huge mistake. The magical people worked tirelessly and used many powerful spells, plenty of manual work and creative inventions. And so Shanghai was finally created.

The witches and wizards showed the people the new high tech city. The people were overjoyed since Shanghai combined ancient history with technology such as modern toilets, self–cleaning houses and enormous robots to assist people on chores. They invited the witches and wizards to live in Shanghai with them.

Over the years, the magical population slowly declined, and Shanghai grew more populated with non–magical people. Even though there are no more witches and wizards, the city continues to remain magical!

The Black Cobra Strikes in Old Shanghai

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Graff, Eric – 8

The year was 1934. Shanghai was the busiest trading port in China. People from all over the country and many foreign lands came to Shanghai to do business and escape from troubles in other parts of the world. It was the center of commerce, science and new ideas. But something strange was happening. Seven of China's most famous scientists who came to Shanghai to do research had all disappeared in the last month.

The police searched everywhere for the scientists but found nothing. Just when they were about to give up someone suggested contacting Max and Alex, the most famous detectives in Shanghai. They were both very smart, strong and fast runners. Max and Alex decided to take the case. The next morning during their investigations they discovered that all the scientists had disappeared next to HSBC bank branches. 'HSBC' stands for Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and was originally founded in Shanghai and only later moved to Hong Kong. They went to the HSBC main bank and saw footprints and followed them to a wall where they suddenly stopped. Alex kicked the wall as hard as he could. The wall broke and inside they could see a hidden door which they opened with great difficulty. Inside looked dark and dangerous. At first they could see nothing. Then slowly they saw movement and realized it was their arch enemy, the Black Cobra, a former great scientist and professor who had turned evil. Max and Alex saw all the missing scientists had been put into a prison cell. The Black Cobra yelled. "You cannot defeat me, I have transferred all the scientists powers to me! You are too late." Max and Alex saw that the situation was desperate. If the Black Cobra really had the combined powers of all the scientists he could conquer not only China but they whole world. They needed to do something fast. They charged and in the fight the prison cell door was knocked open. The scientists escaped and ran out of the bank. All of a sudden the Black Cobra started to shake and fell to the floor. "You have found my weakness," he said. " I must be able to see the scientists in order to use their powers. Now that they are gone I am becoming weaker." With one final effort the Black Cobra escaped through a secret trap door. In those days the Yangtze river was the center of life for many families who could not afford to live in the city. They lived on small boats that were tied up by the river bank. The Black Cobra stole one of these boats and took off up the river. Alex and Max ran as fast as they could along the river bank or Bund as it was also called. Up ahead they saw the Black Cobra begin running towards Nanjing Road. Nanjing Road was the busiest market street in all of Shanghai. Once the Black Cobra disappeared in there he would be impossible to find. Max managed to force the Black Cobra to turn towards the Foreign Concession Area. In those days the Chinese did not control all of Shanghai. Many foreign powers such as England, America, France, Germany and Japan occupied and controlled large parts of the city. Once The Black Cobra entered the Concession Area he knew he would be arrested immediately and probably executed. The foreigners considered him a threat not only to the privileges they enjoyed in China but also to their own country's survival. The Black Cobra had no choice but to turn and face Alex and Max who were hot on his heels and had now been joined by hundreds of Chinese police. Just as as he was getting ready for one last attack a brave police officer named Eric stepped forward and threw a bag over him and then quickly tied his hands. His powers were now useless. The Black Cobra had been captured and Shanghai and the world were saved. Everyone was happy and jumped for joy thanking Max, Alex and Eric.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Yaumati Catholic Primary School, Kwan, Zeu – 8

Hi, I'm Michael. I had a wonderful adventure to Old Shanghai last month.

Our primary school was on a field trip to the Hong Kong History Museum to see the exhibition of Old City of Shanghai. My friends and I saw old clothes, maps and models. We saw an interesting model of the "1910 Old City of Shanghai". We wanted to see the defensive wall that kept out Japanese pirates. So we inspected the wall and we found nine gates. Suddenly, there was a magic breeze blowing against us! Then, we felt light and disappeared into the picture!

We found ourselves standing at the defensive wall. We met a friendly boy called Xiao Hua with his mum. We said "We are travelers but we have lost our way and our map." He said excitedly "Maybe, you can come with us!" His mum said "Of course you can come with us! We would love some new people to worship our Gods!"

They took us to the famous City God Temple by rickshaw. The rickshaw walked past Shikumen alley which was paved with stones and pebbles. When the ride ended, we all felt queasy and dizzy. We walked along Zigzag Bridge to the City God Temple. The bridge had stone base and wooden railings. "The City God Temple is the most important Temple here" said Xiao Hua.

After we worshiped the City Gods, it was time for lunch. "Let's go to the Nanxiang Steamed Bun Restaurant" said Xiao Hua. "That would be a good restaurant to show the travelers" said his mum. We ate a kind of steamed bun called Xialongbao which was filled with pork and crab roe. We sat on a wooden bench called Gupaideng. It was hard but comfortable.

After lunch, we went to their house to play. Xiao Hua taught us how to play roll the circle, cheer the bell and shuttlecock. We went to Shikumen alley because that was where children play with their friends. I like playing shuttlecock the most.

The next morning, we went to watch a Beijing opera called "Journey to the West." It was about San Zang and his three disciples Monkey, Pig and Friar Sand. We didn't understand the words but we thought their costumes were very colorful.

When we were about to leave, the magic breeze blew again, and we were back in the museum! And most surprisingly no time had passed at all! I dug my hands in my pocket and found a little shuttlecock as a souvenir! I hope the magic breeze will take my friends and I on more adventures and mum will take me to Shanghai again in the coming summer holiday.

Fiction

Group 2

A Visit in Yuyuen Garden

A.D.& F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Chan, Hei Chit – 9

On Sunday, my family and I went to Shanghai for travelling. I felt excited because it was my first time to go there. When we arrived at the airport, we headed to the Bund to look at the night view. The Bund was a water front area in central Shanghai which was a very famous tourist destination in Shanghai.

On the second day, we visited The Old City of Shanghai. The Old City was the traditional urban cove of Shanghai. The tour guide said we could visit City God Temple and Yuyuan Garden City God Temple was located in the centre of Old City. It was very crowded when we arrived. I thought the temple was traditional but new because there were a lot of shops near by, such as restaurant, tea houses.

After that, we went to Yuyuan Garden which was located in the northeast of City God Temple. This garden was built in 1559 during the Ming Dynasty. There were many halls and an Inner Garden. I thought Yuyuan garden was pictures que. We were given thirty minutes to walk around there. I walked past a room of a hall and looked through the window of the room. I saw a boy who was drawing with a brush. He saw me and said, 'Who are you? I haven't seen people like you. Your clothes are very interesting.' I saw him wearing long clothes. I said, 'I come from Hong Kong. I come here for a visit.' The boy looked surprised. The boy said, 'Please come in and I will show you my drawing.' Then I came into the room and had a look of his drawing. His drawing was beautiful. He said, 'You can try if you want.' I said yes and tired to draw Doraemon. The boy laughed, 'what is it?' I said surprisingly, 'You don't know him? Doraemon is very famous.' 'Really? Please teach me how to draw Doraemon.' said the boy. Then I taught him to draw a circle first, then the eyes. Suddenly, I heard someone calling me, 'Wake up! Wake up! Why are you sleeping here? I rubbed my eyes and yawned, 'What are you talking about? I am drawing Doraemon now!' Dad laughed, 'You may be too tired and fell asleep in the inner garden. I think you may have an ice dream.' I looked around and saw myself in the inner garden. Where was the hall room? Where was the boy in the long clothes? Did I really fall asleep with tiredness? Or I met come body who lived in the past? I left with Mum and Dad with mystery.

We went to some other places in Shanghai in the next three days. I felt strange about the day in Yuyuan Garden. Was there any magic in Yuyuan Garden? I thought there wasn't any magic. I thought it was just a dream. I hoped I would go to Shanghai once again. However, I didn't want to go to Yuyuan Garden again because it seemed very horrible to me although Yuyuan Garden was beautiful.

The Twelve Sons

A.D.& F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Chan, Yan Ting Chloe – 11

One fine morning, some noises woke the Jade Emperor up on his birthday.

'I'm the eldest son. I should go first in the Chinese zodiac,' roared Dragon.

'I'm the cleverest. I should rank number one,' yelled Rat.

'I'm the most diligent. I should be in the first place,' declared Ox.

The twelve sons of the Emperor in Heaven quarreled about their order in the zodiac.

The Jade Emperor had twelve sons. Dragon was his eldest son. Rat was his second son and Ox was his third son. The other sons were Tiger, Horse, Sheep, Snake, Dog, Pig, Monkey, Rooster and Rabbit.

'Stop quarreling on my birthday!' sighed Father Emperor. 'I have an announcement,' he added. Everyone was in silence. 'I will send each of you to one city on the Earth. You must build this city into a prosperous one and look for a pearl I hide there in eleven days,' explained The Jade Emperor. 'I will give each of you a score. The one who gets the highest score will be the first place in the zodiac. I will determine the zodiac order by your scores,' he continued.

'It's a challenge!' exclaimed Dragon.

Father Emperor sent his twelve sons to the Earth. He first sent his three elder sons, Dragon, Rat and Ox, to Beijing, Shanghai and Hong Kong respectively. Then, he sent the other sons to other cities in China.

Rat was excited to arrive at Shanghai. He was wandering along the Bund. Suddenly, he heard someone shouting for help. He saw two huge lions being caught in the toils of a hunter's net.

'I will help you. Don't struggle,' said Rat.

'You are not afraid of us, little Rat?' asked the two lions.

'No. Father says that one should help one another,' explained Rat.

Rat gnawed the net until it parted and soon the lions were free. They became good friends immediately. The two lions were called Stephen and Stitt.

Rat told the two lions that he had to do some city planning for Shanghai, made this city becoming prosperous and found the pearl his father hid. Stephen and Stitt would be pleased to help Rat. Then, they hurried away to look for the pearl.

Rat learnt architecture at school. He wanted to use his talent to build some marvelous buildings in the city. Rat built a large bank on the Bund and made two bronze lion sculptures that looked like Stephen and Stitt. He placed the sculptures at the entrance of the bank. He also built some other banks, trading houses and consulates by the riverside.

Rat taught Stephen, Stitt and other people to manage his banks. He taught the inhabitants to grow crops and catch fish. He also invented some tools for catching fish.

After that, Rat opened a hotel so that people could come to dine and dance. He called it The Peace Hotel. Then, he built some temples, gardens, pavilions and tea houses.

Rat designed some nice Shanghainese dishes like lion head meatballs, steamed pork dumplings called xiao long bao and drunken chicken.

Stephen and Stitt helped Rat found the Pearl behind a rock on the Bund when Rat finished making Shanghai a prosperous financial center, a treaty port, as well a trading and shipping town on the eighth day.

On the other part of the world, Ox made Hong Kong 'The Pearl of the Orient'. Ox was very diligent, he worked all day and night. Ox taught the Hong Kong inhabitants to work hard. He taught the people to grow crops, catch fish, do trading and sell incense. Ox studied Finance in Heaven. Thus, he taught people the financial theories, especially the laissez–faire. He also taught them how to make Hong Kong a famous entrepot. Ox liked cooking too. He taught Hong Kong people how to cook delicious food. Ox invented the fish balls, egg tart, pineapple bun, dim sum, milk tea and mini egg puff. Ox made Hong Kong a prosperous financial center and a gourmet heaven, and found the Pearl on the Peak on the tenth day.

In the Northern part of China, Dragon designed Beijing as the capital as he was the eldest and strongest among his siblings. He built The Imperial Palace, The Summer Palace, The Great Wall, The Temple of Heaven, The Grand Canal and Zhou Kou Dian Peking Man Site. He designed some dishes such as Peking duck, imperial banquet and candied haws on a stick. Nevertheless, he could not find the pearl as he rushed to save his siblings on the eleventh day. His siblings were attacked by some gigantic spiders. Dragon won and his siblings were moved.

When the sun went down on the eleventh day, the Jade Emperor announced the result.

'The zodiac order will be Rat, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Rooster, Dog and Pig,' declared Father Emperor.

Father Emperor turned to Dragon and said proudly, 'You did a great job this time though you didn't get the first place. You united your siblings.'

From then on, the twelve brothers worked together in harmony. They brought prosperity and harmony to different places in both Heaven and Earth.

The Journey for the Mermaid

A.D.& F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Chong, Chi Hang Tom – 10

Once upon a time, there was a place which called Shanghai. There was a mermaid lived in the sea.

One day, the mermaid sound shell. She thought that the shell was very beautiful. Therefore, she brought the shell back to home. Suddenly, when she was taking it back to home, the shell opened. There was a shiny light. She was fainted. When she woke up, she was lying on the bench. She was surprised that she has a pair of legs. However she was very hungry so she started to find something to eat. She walked past a shop which sold bread. She saw some bread in the shop. She walked into the shop and took the bread to eat but eating into the shop and took the bread to eat but eating food need to pay money! The people who worked in the shop saw the mermaid was eating bread. She stopped eating. The people who worked in the shop needed the mermaid to pay the money, otherwise she'll call the police but she has no money, at the moment. A handsome man walked past the shop, he saw the pretty mermaid was scared so he tired to her. He paid the money after the mermaid told him what's the matter. After they went out the shop. The mermaid asked the handsome man out the shop. The mermaid asked the handsome man for a place to sleep. Therefore, the prince took her back to the castle.

After she went to the castle, she knew that the handsome man is a prince, she felt surprised. The prince let the mermaid to eat the delicious food. She was very grateful to the prince. For a long day, the mermaid loved the prince. The prince loved her too. One day, while the mermaid was walking on the street, a foreteller told her that if she doesn't leave the prince, the prince will be killed. The mermaid didn't want the prince be killed so she left a letter in the castle, then she left the castle.

The prince knew that the mermaid left her after he read the left so he walked on the street and find out the mermaid. After one an hour, he saw a lady was working in a bread shop, it's the mermaid! The prince ran into the bread shop and decided to take the mermaid away. The prince asked the mermaid to marry him. The mermaid agreed, then the prince brought her away, and they had a lovely life.

Zhang Wen Tian – A Legendary Person of Old Shanghai

A.D.& F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Watanabe, Takeshi – 11

Big nose" Zhang was one of the most important and key characters in Shanghai life from the late 1910s through to communist take–over in 1949. More than anyone, he represented the out rageour, lawless, violence, thrusting world that was Old Shanghai.

He was a triad king who had his base in the French Concession where he bought houses and police chiefs with equal ease. He lived for many years in the mansion which is now the famous Shanghai Hotel on Central Shanghai. He had a number of wives and many concubines and links into the highest levels of Chinese Politics, particularly the nationalists led by Generalissimo Wen Tian.

But now was his childhood? He was born in a poor village in Pudong, across the river from the city of Shanghai, in 1881. As young and hungry boy, he joined the red gang, one of the main under world societies of old Shanghai and rose to become its leader. One of his favourite Phrases was "You had my warning".

He was a strong patriot and threw his considerable resources and power into fighting against the Japanese. He was a passionate gambler and loved the grand, showy gesture, be it a couple of sing song girls on his arms or a coffin delivered to the home of someone who has slighted him. But this doesn't meant he was the forever king of Shanghai, in 1949, the communists take–over and he was force to Hong Kong, shortly after in 1950, he passed away.

New Tales of old Shanghai

Alliance Primary School Kowloon Tong, Leung, Tsz Wun Andrew – 12

I woke up, my vision blurry, my bones aching as I regain consciousness.

I forgot why I was here. I looked around and found myself lying on some bamboo baskets in a dark alley. I tried to recall what happened, but nothing came to mind. Then it occurred to me: did I lose my memory? Fortunately, I still know that my name is Zhang. I remember that I'm a 14 years old Chinese boy, so I guessed I was fine. I figured that I couldn't stay here for that long, and I should have got going. I tried to push myself up, but immediately pain shot up from my wrist to my shoulders. I screamed and tears rolled down from my eyes. I took a look at my arms and was surprised to see them covered in bruises. So I tried another tactic: I leaned against the wall and limped towards the main street ahead.

As soon as I got out of the dark alley, the bright sun light shone and stung my eyes. My arms still hurt, and my legs were weak and heavy, so I dragged myself towards the front of a westerner clinic. On the floor, there was a wooden walking stick. I kicked it up with my leg and carefully put my arm and my weight on it. It was easier to walk again, so I walked along the pedestrian lane. Luckily, I was able to remember where I lived at. I walked on the usual route to home and started to think. Why did I wake up in the dark alley with no memory of what happened? Why was I hurt that badly? And most important: Who did this to me?

Just when I was about to get lost in thought, someone bumped into me and once again, pain flared in my shoulder. I pinched it and look up with a face full of agony. Suddenly, I realized who bumped into me. She was my friend, Ling. She was also 14 years old. She have been my best friend since I was 8. Ling's expression changed from concern to joy when she saw me. "Where have you been for the last two days?" She exclaimed. Then, she realized what was wrong with me (as if the walking stick was not obvious enough) and offered to help me back to my home.

My home was in the "Old City" of Shanghai where lots of Chinese people lived in. As much as I knew, Shanghai was meant for foreigners, but the "Old City" functioned like a sort of ghetto. Anyway, the moment I walked in the door, my brother ran to my aid and helped me to my bed. Our parents died when I was 8, and we lived with each other ever since. There wasn't much he could do, since we were poor and we couldn't afford any medicine. So instead, he rested me in my bed, made some porridge for me and started to asked questions. He kept on asking different questions like "Who did this to you?" "Are you feeling better?" "Where is you left shoe?" and I kept on saying "I don't know." Eventually, my brother let me rest.

A few days after, as soon as my bones didn't ache and my legs didn't feel like jelly, Ling and I went to a restaurant to work. When I meant restaurant, I didn't mean a small little shop which served dim sum for a living. I meant a 5–story tall, "each level different theme" kind of restaurant. Ling was a dish washer, and I was a servant who the swept floors and cleaned the tables. We happened to work on the second floor, and during our breaks, we always talked and rested together.

One day, I was taking a break while Ling was dealing with the extra dishes that urgently needed to get washed. I was sitting on a bench when the boss of the restaurant, Mr.Galtato walked by. I realized that Mr.Galtato was mumbling to himself quietly, "…four...take…Shanghai…" I was tempted to jump out of the bench and ask Mr.Galtato what on Chinese Sea did he meant, but I suspected that something was not right. So I didn't tell anyone, not even Ling, what I eavesdropped.

A few days after, I finally couldn't hold it .When we were having a break at work, I looked around to make sure there were no people around and told Ling what I have eavesdropped before. Ling didn't have time to react, since then, a dark shadow loomed above me and Ling. Then it grabbed two handkerchiefs from his pocket. The moment I smelled the handkerchief, my vision turn black and I rolled onto the floor.

When I woke up, I found out that I was chained to a wall with four chains, each one attached to one different limb of mine, I looked around and saw Ling in her chain lock. I tried to figure out where were we, but I could see was that we were in a long room in the forests. I struggled and tried to free myself, but I ended up swinging around. At this moment, the same dark figure that put Ling and I in a coma walked in the room. He said," Ha−ha! You young children, always getting involved in things you shouldn't." It was Mr.Galtato. Of course it was. He told us the 'marvelous' plan about taking over Shanghai by gaining trusts and buying shops and stuff. Suddenly, a new surge of energy filled my body. This guy was about to take over my home, and I couldn't allow it. I pulled my arms and a part of the wall came out with me. Just then, Mr.Galtato pulled his gun and shot. I flung my loose piece of concrete and it hit him. Mr.Galtato's bullet hit me and we both drop with a thud. "I did it," I thought as I closed my eyed and breathed my last breathe.

New Tales of old Shanghai

Alliance Primary School Kowloon Tong, Liu Ka Wing – 11

It was a bright sunny afternoon, I was flipping through a photo album of my grandfather, who lived in Shanghai when he was young. The album is full of black and white photos about the time during war between China and Japan. It showed how life hard was back then.

Then, I saw a photo which was very foggy, so I leaned forward to look closer. All of a sudden, the photo began to expand, turning into an endless black hole, sucking me inside its depths.

After a few terrifying moments. I crashed onto a sack of hay, which was very fortunate for me caused it cushioned my fall. I slowly got up and surveyed the surrounding, I was in a farm looked exactly like the scene in grandfather's photo. I asked a pedestrian about the date and time and found that it was the time when the war between China and Japan was about to start. I had gone back to time!

I thought, "Everything must have a purpose. I wonder what is the purpose of this be?" When I was buried in deep thought, I noticed a young boy who looked like my grandfather, I suddenly understood my mission. I remembered grandfather did tell me that long time ago, a girl wearing strange clothes rescued his village from the Japanese soldiers' attack. The girl took them to a secret underground passage which was near his house. Just when I was celebrating to myself for my intelligence, I heard a war cry in Japanese soldiers from a far distance. I quickly jumped off from the hay stack, ran around the village to warn them and told them about my plan. I told them to bring all their families and food and gather around my grandfather's house. As expected, they found a door in the basement and turned out to be an underground passage which was big enough to hold up all the people from the village. Just when everyone was in the passage, they heard the Japanese soldiers entered the village. The Japanese soldiers destroyed all of their houses, crops, animals, but not one villager was hurt. The whole village managed to stay alive for a whole week for they brought their food with them, but slowly, the food barrel began to starve. Just when the villagers began to give up, the war ended. The Japanese soldiers moved on for they started to feel bored that there was no people in this village to kill. People began to emerge from the underground passage to the bright sunlight which they haven't seen in days. Everyone was celebrating for their good luck, but I realized a problem. How can I went back to the future? I don't want to die in seventy years ago. I started pacing around in frustration, when I tripped over something. I picked it up and found that it was grandfather's photo album. I flipped through the pages and found a strange sentence written in, strangely, my own handwriting! The sentence said, "To go back to the future, say the destination, date and time, good luck!" The frustration inside me a moment before disappeared, replaced by eagerness. But just when I finished saying my sentence aloud, my younger grandfather caught me by the arm and asked, "Dear stranger, what is your name?" I replied, "Ashley", I wanted to say more to him, but all went black and the last thing I remembered was clutching the photo album tightly on my right hand and looking at the circle of blue sky above becoming smaller, smaller and smaller……

When I came back to sense, I found myself back at home again, everything was exactly the same before my whole adventure. I quickly flicked through the pages of the album and found the foggy photo, no, not foggy photo, now it is a clear black and white photo of the villagers and me inside the underground passage. Just then, grandfather came in and saw me looking at the photo. I seized the chance and asked him, "Grandfather, do you remember the girl who wars strange clothes in this picture?" My grandfather said, "Oh! I remember, she save the whole village and her name is …….. Ashely? Oh yes, I name you after her as an honour."

Life is really unexpected, right? I decided to keep this photo album. May be one day, you would find it and have an unexpected trip to old Shanghai too.

New Tales of old Shanghai

Alliance Primary School Kowloon Tong, Mo Yung, Chee Ching Jocelyn – 11

I still remembered the times when I made daily visits to my grandmother, where she would tell me all about her life in Shanghai when she was young. "I lived in a poor village then," she had said wistfully, as though she still missed the life there. "I had a lot of siblings too……" the more she kept telling me, the more I became fascinated in the history of Shanghai. Who knew something like this would be so exciting? I thought of all the things about Shanghai that were remained unknown. I even thought about it when I lay in my bed, half asleep. Then, I would drift into a dream of new tales of old Shanghai……

Once upon a time, a little baby girl was born in the land of Shanghai. Ever since she was young, she had a liking for flowers and plants. Every day, she would go far and wide just to see all the amazing flowers, growing as beautiful as ever. If you had to make her smile on a gloomy day, all you had to do was place a bouquet of flowers in her face. She'd definitely show a smile on her face.

As she grew older, her liking of flowers only grew stronger. Sometimes she would leave her home for days just to look at flowers. Of course, her family grew very worried, and they were afraid that their daughter would never come back. They tried to call in doctors to get rid of her addiction, but the doctors only made her adore flowers even more. Fortunately, the girl was smart. She understood how worried her family was, and so she promised her family that she would never leave her home for more than two days. Her family was relieved. At least they wouldn't have to go looking for her when she was gone for a long time. However, there was a time when she broke her promise, but at least she had a logical explanation.

Once, when the young girl was having another walk in the fields, she gasped. Right in front of her eyes, she saw some men stepping on some beautiful flowers! To us, it wouldn't be a big deal, but imagine what it's like when you lose your best friend. That's how the flower–loving girl felt at that time. She almost fainted when she saw them doing such a horrible thing. She would have stopped them herself, but she was too shy and scared to do anything except whimpering quietly. So she did the only thing she could think of: she prayed to her god. "Dear God," she prayed. "Please do something about this. Anything that will stop this from happening!"

To her surprise, her god reacted. His voice boomed, "*YOU SHALL HAVE ONE WISH, BUT CHOOSE WISELY."* The girl tensed, afraid that the men would hear her. But it seemed like she was the only one who heard him. She thought about it for quite a while. "*well?*' God questioned. Finally the girl replied, "Can I have two wishes to be granted upon me?" she asked. God thought about this. "*okay,"* he said. "*you may have two wishes."* The girl wished for something extraordinary: the power to heal flowers. However, God didn't even blink an eye when she said that. He just ushered her to carry on with her other wish. Her last wish was to make a special exhibition just for flowers, where different kinds of flowers were put in a park, where people would enjoy the beauty of flowers and learn how to respect them. God sighed. "*your wishes are granted."*

Of course, the girl had been away longer than she thought. When she came back home, her whole family embraced her. Everyone had tears in their eyes. "we all thought you were dead!" the girl's mother told her. "Tell us what happened." So she did. After she told them her story, they were all amazed. Then they announced the first ever flower exhibition would be here soon. Of course, the girl didn't keep her promise. She went around Shanghai, healing flowers until they shine beautifully, each one more beautiful than the last one.

I jolted awake, a faint smile on my face. So that was how the Flower Exhibition was created. Now I'm going back to grandma's to know even more about Shanghai.

The New Tales of old Shanghai

Alliance Primary School Kowloon Tong, Mok, Sum Kiu – 10

Swirl and swirl and swirl, thick and grey smog swirled thickly around all the places in Shanghai again. Do you know what causes this horrible disaster?

Hundred years ago, a boy named "Guang" who was lived on the biggest piece of cloud which was called Merry Blue. And Merry Blue was just in the sky above Shanghai. Guang was so naughty that he always bounced up and down on the clouds with his hips and let out sound like "Thud" or "Bong". He had a small brown dog called Momo. She always played with Guang, but after a long time, they had made a very huge mistake while they were playing on one day. It happened like this.

That day morning, Guang's mother was washing clothes with clouds because there was no water up there. It was always Guang's happy moment since it was his free time. Guang had already played all the games he knew and he could on the clouds. He felt bored and hungry. Although his mother had warned that he must not do this, Guang and Momo still decided to eat clouds as a special and big challenge.

When Guang and Momo bit and swallowed a small piece of cloud, they choked and then sneezed. "Achu", sneezed silly Guang and Momo again and again. Something liked clouds came out from their noses and flew down from the edge of Merry Blue. Once they started to sneeze, they could not stop it. In a short period of time, Shanghai was covered with fog and mist. Suddenly, Momo made a big sneeze. Unfortunately, he flew off the edge of Merry Blue and disappeared. Guang was horrified and asked his mother and the God of Cloud for help.

When Cloudy, the God of Cloud, knew what happened, she was very angry with Guang because he didn't listen to his mother. Cloudy enchanted a spell on Guang and his sneezing problem was fixed at once. Cloudy punished Guang that he was not allowed to stay in Merry Blue until he found Momo.

Besides, Cloudy told Guang that Momo must be found as soonest as possible because his sneezing problem would get serious day by day. In order to find Momo, Guang ran through the mountains, streets, highways and buildings of Shanghai, Beijing and even the whole China.

Do you know why the smog problem is so serious in China nowadays? Of course, it is because Guang still cannot find Momo!

The New Tales of old Shanghai

Alliance Primary School Kowloon Tong, Wong, Ka Yuet – 11

Sam, come to see what have I brought you." Samuel's father said to Samuel who was playing his tablet computer in his bedroom. Samuel came out and check the souvenir without much expectation. "Dad always brings back some old stuffs that he found in antique shop every time he returns from a business trip." murmured Samuel.

"It is a music box with a mini gramophone outlook," Samuel's father said with excitement, "you have never seen a gramophone before, have you? People used it to play music in the old days."
"Really? How does it work?" asked Samuel with interest. "This is awesome." Samuel said to his mother. "But it is not as attractive as a new computer game." Samuel thought.

Samuel took the music box back to his room. "Stop playing your tablet," Samuel's mother said, "Go to take a shower and dinner will be ready very soon." "Yes mum, but a few minutes later." Samuel said reluctantly. Samuel wound up the music box, listened to the songs it played and felt sleepy.

Out in a sudden Samuel found himself wandered around somewhere in a city he had never been to. "Where am I? How do I come here?" Samuel asked himself in puzzle. "Who are you? Why are you in our backyard?" a lad spoke out loudly from an opened window of a big house. "I am Samuel, I have no idea where I am." Samuel replied. "I am Tim, you are walking in our garden. Would you like to come in?" said the lad, "I haven't seen anyone who wear such strange clothes as yours. You must come from a village to Shanghai." "Eh ... Okay" Samuel accepted the invitation with hesitation. "What's wrong with my clothes? What does he mean? Shanghai?" Samuel thought and looked at himself wore a hoody T–shirt, a pair of jeans and a pair of sneakers.

"Wow, your home decoration is very impressive. I feel like living in a movie." Samuel sighed. "I bet you haven't been to a big house like this." Tim said so proudly. "Let me show you around." Samuel nodded and peeked on a calendar hang on a wall. "What? Today is 5th of March, 1931!" Samuel found his voice trembled. "What is matter with you? Is it your first time visiting Shanghai?" asked Tim. "I am fine, I just can't believe I am now in Shanghai." Samuel decided not to tell Tim about his unbelievable situation. He looked around and saw a big gramophone. "I have a mini gramophone music box at home." said Samuel. "Don't be silly, this is a real one. Let me show you how to play a music record." Tim said and put a black disc onto a flat plate of the gramophone. Music started to fill in the room. "What is in your hand? A book?" Tim asked curiously. "Oh .. this is a tablet PC" Samuel replied, "you can play music, watch movies and play computer games" Samuel tried to show his device to Tim but in vain because his tablet was ran out of power. "Never mind." Tim seemed not interested in the tablet and not quite believe what Samuel said.

Samuel found a toaster–like box on top of a coffee table. "This is a radio, you can tune the machine to receive different channels and listen to news, music and storytelling through the broadcasting" Tim could tell Samuel's interest on the radio and explained its function quickly. "You don't have this as well as the real gramophone in your place, right?" Tim uttered confidently.

When they chatted, a well–dressed couple came in. "Father and mother, this is Samuel, my new friend. Samuel, they are my parents" Tim introduced Samuel to his parents. "Welcome, Samuel." said Tim's mother who wore an elegant cheongsam with a fur rounded her neck, "You boys have a good time but don't be too noisy, your father needs to work upstairs in the studying room. I am going to check with our cook what will we have for supper tonight." Tim's parents left them in the living room. "Is your father a blind man?" Samuel whispered to Tim "I noticed him carry a blind stick." Tim burst out laughing and said, "He is of course not, only educated wealthy

gentlemen will carry a stick, don't you know? He also wear a pocket watch chained to his waistcoat." Samuel was astonished and thought these were costume in old Shanghai.

"I have been told that there is a sound film showing in a big cinema. Do you want to come with me to buy some tickets?" asked Tim. "Sure, why not." answered Samuel promptly. He wanted see the life style of old shanghai people on the street. They walked along the road heading to the cinema. Samuel noticed there were slogan poster glued on walls and electricity posts amongst of some commercial advertisements. "Down with Imperialism!", "Down with Militarism!", "Japanese, get out of our country" and etc. Samuel was not good in Chinese History but he understood these slogans represented some school of thoughts of scholars and students. A few rows of protestors came from around the corner and shouted out their demands along the road. Some policemen waved their sticks and chased the protestors. "Hurry up, let's go back home," said Tim anxiously to Samuel, "There would be fights in chaos." Samuel couldn't agree more because he did not want to be hurt. The boys dashed back home and threw themselves onto the coach. "I am so tired." said Samuel when he finally calmed down and felt hungry.

"Wake up, Sam." Samuel's mother shook his shoulder softly, "Dinner is ready." "Oh, it was a dream but it was so real" Samuel whispered. He looked at the music box and decided to find out more about the old Shanghai later.

The Old Tales of Shanghai Series

Alliance Primary School Kowloon Tong, Yiu, Jayden – 10

It was the darkest time of Shanghai. The streets were never clean, followed by a strong and stinky drug smoke smell. People lay on the streets, and the rich smoked all day in bed. The society was poor, everyone just smoked, and some others were waiting for a change.

Ming rushed out to the harbor, for he was late for work. He grabbed his suit, struggling to put it on, and rushed out onto the streets with a hardly wearable hat. He met up with his friend, Chan, who is one of the many ordinary Chinese people working at the harbor. On the way, there were British soldiers everywhere, spitting on the sidewalks and kicked market stalls down. It was a terrible mess. But they, ignoring that, kept on rushing to the harbor to do their dirty work by helping British to transport drugs. Ming thought, "Life's not easy. I have to do the wrong things for the right reasons."

Actually Ming had a family to care about, even though he is harming China right now, he still had to help his wife and his three year old son for a living. Every day, he declined his righteous thought, and continued to work hard, carrying goods from the ships onto the trucks, just like the usual Ming.

Until one day after work, he went back to his house and discussed a very serious question with his family. They packed up into the tiny living room, and everyone was silent.

Ming was first to speak, " Shall I join the Rebellion to fight and live for China?" "No, you can't ," said his wife, Man. " It's too dangerous! How would you take the risk? We don't want to lose you!"

It was silent for a while. Ming's mind was battling between family and country. "I have to! I can't bear that I am working for money against my country, "exclaimed Ming. "I'm sorry. I have to go!" he cried out from his heart.

He went upstairs to his room and packed his bags. He took also a gold medallion with the picture of their whole family, and wore it on his neck. He grabbed his luggage and headed for the door. It was still midnight. Everyone was in their dreams. How could someone ever thought that a man would go out and stand up for his country? Ming silently tred on the grave path, took one last glimpse of their house, then left his son and wife crying behind. He picked up his courage, then headed to the Rebellion centre.

Sometimes later, he started his life as a rebel, training with others in a small and hidden courtyard. He learnt how to sword–fight, how to use a gun, and how to aim with a cross–bow. Days passed, and Ming was ready to go out to war, and fight for their freedom from the British.

The night before the war, he sat on the barrack's rooftop. Looking at the moon, thinking that if he would be able to see his family again after war. He missed them so much however, he believed he was doing the right thing with no regret.

The big day came. He tidied his battle suit, grabbed his gun and boarded the Rebellion truck, ready to ambush the British campsite in the area. The machine–gunners stepped up front, followed by the heavy–gunners and archers. They crept through bushes and saw in the daylight, British soldiers cooking and patrolling around the site.

Ming waited for the signal and "BOOM!!!" A huge thundering sound rang through the air. It was the grenade signal. They charged, firing at everything that was British. Oil cans exploded, grenades thrown,

guns fired. It was chaos. "Bang them down!!!" Shouted General Lee. Ming took cover to reload his gun, then charged in front of others to take the British down.

He suddenly saw a rebel companion coming his way, not aware how dangerous it was at that moment. A British bullet rushed through the air, which was aimed for that man, Ming shouted, " Nooooo!!!" He ran up and jumped to block the shot.

With a sound "Owww..", he lay still on the ground, shot in pain. His vision became blurry, but managed to realize that that man was his good friend. He was so glad that he was able to block the shot. "Take care……" he tried to say more words but sadly used up his last breath at earth.

"Nooo!!! Please don't GO…. " screamed his crying friend. He couldn't accept the fact that his brave friend had died for him. It is such a sad moment during the war time however it happened and happened……..

Ming was definitely a memorable hero. Not only he gave his life for China, but also died for his companion. Rest in peace, Ming!

Skylar and the Stone

American International School, Hung, Wai-Kit – 12

It was one silent night, an unusually silent night. Skylar was sitting on a banana tree relaxing his body when he saw a shine from the mountain side. As you see Skylar is an adventurous boy, born to be roaming in the forests and deserts. So of course he was going to go towards the light. He jumpt down the tree swiftly without making any noise and ran towards the light as if it was a magnet luring him there. "Almost there," huffed Skylar tiredly. The light was closer and closer until it almost blinded Skylar's eyes with the bright light, as bright as star light. He quickly jumped and shielded his eyes from the light. The light magically evaporated as if it was a star that would light out if you touch it. "Wow, it's… a stone?" Skylar cocked his head in confusion. Then he looked up at what kept the stone. Skylar gasped. It was the remains of the wall in the Old City Of Shanghai. The wall has once kept Old City Of Shanghai defended from intruders and invasions and has survived until now. "What?! I think my Grandpa has talked about a magic stone that has been carved in the wall of The Old City Of Shanghai. But it disappeared once it defended Old City Of Shanghai from the most vicious enemies.. And the legend says who ever has the stone will be granted any wish…" Skylar said as his voice seemed to trail off.

"Hand it over little boy" someone said, unknown.

"Who is it? Show yourself!" Skylar snapped.

"I won't need to, just hand the stone over, throw it in front of you." said the shadow. "Come get it yourself," retorted Skylar then broke in a full speed run.

Surprisingly the shadow did not bother to follow but said one last sentence "I don't know why the stone chose *you* to be its heir after Syrus but you will not be any longer." Skylar shivered but kept running "Yeah sure, I can just wish for the shadow to disappear, and who's Syrus? His cat?" he snorted. Then it struck him, Syrus, it was his own Grandpa. "Whaa..?? Syrus? "That's m-m-my grandpa!" He stammered. "That's why he knows about the legends, he was the heir of the stone!" he exclaimed, dazed with confusion. He trotted back home, straight for his Grandpa.

His grandpa greeted him home

"Hey Skylee how ya doing? Did you put your face on cow poop? What's wrong with your mood?"

"Grandpa, are you the heir of the legendary stone?" Skylar said so suddenly that it shocked grandpa.

"Uh.. well, how do you know?" Grandpa stammered. Skylar blurted his whole story out, about the unusual silent night and the glowing stone and the shadow.

"Well, then I guess you're the heir after me," he shrugged. "I knew my age was old so I needed an apprentice. I never knew it was my own grandson." he trailed off.

"So I'm.. your apprentice and you're gonna teach me how to summon wishes?" Skylar asked curiously. "Quick learning," Grandpa commented.

"Am I gonna be rich and all that?" Skylar asked. "I take back the part when I said quick learning" Grandpa said rolling his eye.

"Yeah, Thanks A Lot," Skylar retorted sarcastically. "You're Welcome" Syrus rolled his eyes.

"Hey Grandpa?" asked Skylar quietly.

"What dumbo?" Syrus retorted.

"Ummm...can I borrow your books for a while? I want to read comics." Skylar lied. "Sure, go at them! Never thought you would read another book, now leave me in peace," mumbled Syrus.

Skylar slipped quiety into his Grandpa's bedroom and slid out a drawer that was surprisingly not seen before and found a book called ***"Making Wishes and Casting Spells By: Syrus Diamond"*** which, is his Grandpa. He quickly flipped through the pages and read through the words quick until he reached a notice sign, he quickly read through that, it said ***"SPELLS ONLY PERFORMED IN BEHALF OF OLD CITY OF SHANGHAI"*** and quickly noticed that this stone was for protecting The Old City Of Shanghai. He gazed through the first wish saying "IMMUNITY, spell for defense. Cast this spell upon the wall of Old Shanghai IN ORDER to protect it

from the intruders. You must say : *Immunitius,* ***You have to require the stone*** *hold the stone while enchanting the spell.* "Ooooooohhh, that's… awesome," breathed Skylar, speechless.

Then he slipped the page and saw another spell, this one for attack. It read (again) "***SPELLS ONLY PERFORMED IN BEHALF OF OLD CITY OF SHANGHAI"*** *and knew at once it was for attacking intruders and driving them out of Old Shanghai or actually attacking another place. He kept reading, fast, knowing that his grandpa might come in at any second.* He read out loudly "ATTACURSE, spell for attack. Cast this spell on anything and it will explode it to dust. ***HUMANS ARE IMMUNE TO IT"*** He took a big breath and continued "You must say "Nortacktius" to cast the spell among an item that has no life in order to turn it to dust. Must have stone to cast spell." "W–Wow!" Skylar mumbled and heard a loud bang and saw his Grandpa.

Syrus stormed in shouting

"Knew it! You sneaked in to read the spell books! Not Comics!"

"N–N–No, I saw it in the shelf where the comics are supposed to be," Skylar stammered, looking for his way out of this conversation.

"Yeah Sure! Give me the stone and I will put it back on the wall!" Syrus snapped.

"Wha? I thought I was the successor!" Skylar said confused.

"NO! The stone has to be rested 5 years before the successor gets to use it! I had to wait 5 years until the stone worked!" Syrus shouted.

"O–O–Okay, fine" Skylar replied grudgingly. He handed over the stone and while Syrus went out to put the stone back to The Old City Of Shanghai Wall, he said

"I guess I'll have to wait 5 years before my adventure unfolds!"

The Old City of Shanghai Rebuilt

American International School, Tse, Ki-Chun – 12

It was a horrific day. Cyclones were roaring, tempests were occurring, it was absolute chaos. Every person in The Old City of Shanghai was curled up in their bed, hoping that the storm would stop. The tempest still carried on throughout the whole night. The whole city couldn't even get a blink! It finally stopped the next morning. They all went outside their dwelling and some of them fainted. Most of the buildings were destroyed! It was the core of Shanghai and now it's just piles of cement and bricks! Some searched around to check if anyone got squashed last night. 10-15 people were injured and a few were killed. They all needed to go to the hospital to heal and to recover.

A boy around 11 years old called Clay asked his parents, "What are we gonna do?"

His parents replied,

"We don't know. We're not strong and fast enough to fix this city."

Clay thought for a moment. Then an idea popped into his head. He shouted,

"HMMM...Oh! You know how there's a story about the ancient Jewel of Creation, the almighty gem that can create anything? The one over the wall?"

His parents; still confused, answered, "Yeah, but no-one has ever survived the climb over the wall of Old Shanghai before," said his father.

Clay bravely replied, "Not anymore. I'm gonna make it over that wall no matter what!"

"Are you sure?" asked his mother. "Well, I'm gonna pack lunch for you."

"I'm gonna pack your bag", pronounced his father. "Stay safe."

"Ok, Mom and Dad."

Fifteen minutes later, he walked through the collapsed city, walking towards the wall of Old Shanghai. He received climbing equipment from shops that were still standing. He received a small, blue gem that the person who gave him the gem said,"Keep it in your pocket. In desperate times, rub your hands on that gem."

He didn't believe it but he still kept it. Clay said his thank-yous and good-bye and then continue walking towards the mountainous wall. A few minutes later, he stood face-to-face with the gigantic wall. He gripped the wall with his hands and feet and started climbing over what looked like a hedge from a porcupine's perspective. He felt his palms and legs scraping against the wall. Clay wondered how in the world he was going to get over this mountain-like-structure. For a moment, he regretted volunteering to save the Old City of Shanghai...***as a kid***. So he decided to climb down, buy more some mountain climbing gear, and tried to climb again. By the time he bought all his equipment, he was famished! Clay decided to eat his lunch before climbing.

This time, it was much easier for Clay, since he has a suit protecting his skin. He wore mittens to protect his hands and mountain boots to protect his feet. He prefered boots over sneakers. Finally, all of that baseball he played finally paid off. He somehow threw his mountain rope (it had a huge rock attached to one end of the rope) on the very summit of the wall and since the stone could hold his weight, he could get up the wall safely! Soon, he clutched the rope, put his feet against the wall, and started walking on the wall. For a beginner, he was pretty good at wall climbing. Considering it's his first time wall climbing, he was pretty skilled. However, that doesn't mean that he's a professional though.

Clay's parents were at their broken-down house, terrified and hopeful that Clay will make it back. They marked down the days that he had been gone with concern for their son. (even though they saw him this morning) They spent the whole morning looking at photos of Clay just to calm themselves down. They tried to relax by shopping at the mall. They went to the mall to look through some clothes, purchase a few pair of shoes, maybe buy some extra pairs of underwear. Unfortunately, after all that shopping, it didn't ease the fact that Clay was gone. They just went back home and took a nap. They just tried to ignore the fact that their son's gone.

Clay almost passed out. He was close to the top of the wall with only a little bit of energy left. Then he saw something in the corner of the eye. To the right of him was a small ledge, but big enough for Clay to rest. He swung the rope left to right so that he could make it to the ledge. He placed his feet on the ledge and sat down on it, facing

a spectacular peach sunset. He shed his tears, thinking about his parents. Somehow, he fell asleep. Later, he kind of...fell down.

Clay suddenly woke up, panicking. He was so confused why he was falling down the wall, away from the rope. He struggled searching his bag and pockets. Then he found a blue pebble. It's the gem he received from the shopkeeper. He remembered his words. So he rubbed his hands on the gem. The earth shook. Clay magically floated to the ground. A dome of dust surrounded Old Shanghai. The earth shaking and the dust dome went away. Clay faced the city. There was absolutely no signs of destruction! It was if the storm never occurred! Clay's mind was blown like a atomic bomb.

"All that work and I could just rub that tiny blue stone! ", Clay wondered.

Unless..that gem was the Jewel of Creation...

So different…so same

Beacon Hill School, Hirawat, Ria – 10 years 9 months

On the busy street of West Nanjing Road happily walked Alice and her best friend Gina. The air smelt heavy and strong as they were off to Jing'an temple, the Great Temple of Buddha. The temple stood there for centuries and is still one of the most honored places in the city. It was built in 247 AD which gave it a unique importance.

The girls were visiting the temple like they always did on a Saturday. From generations, their family have been visiting the temple weekly. Alice and Gina were best friends since childhood and always stayed together no matter what. They were the best of friends the little village had ever known. Alice was a pretty and brave girl with long red wavy hair which was always braided into a neat pony tail. She wore a long red dress with pink flowers. Alice loved getting dressed nicely whenever they went to a temple. However, the other friend had short brown hair, straight, smooth and silky as a pillow. Gina couldn't tie her hair. Instead, she wore a pink hairband which pulled her hair back. Gina was the most admired village girl. In other words, Alice and Gina were just the definitions of an outstanding Princess. They never hurt anybody with their words or body, they believed in God and stayed happy with what they had, even though they were very poor. The walk to the temple was very long but the besties were very religious just like their Grandfathers. They both had unfortunately lost their Grandfathers when they were 6. Ever so since Alice and Gina never left each other's side.

It was a hot and sunny day. The sun was burning the girls' skin. They walked quickly so they could go into the cool and blissful air of the Temple. When they finally reached the grand golden gates of the temple, they both stopped for a moment to admire the amazing beauty. The Temple had seven pointed hut roofs, topped up with jewels and golden carvings. " Even though we come here every week, the beauty is still breathtaking" exclaimed Gina. Alice nodded approvingly. They both took off their shoes and headed inside, gracefully clutching their dresses as they walked up the stairs, making sure they don't trip over.

The Temple was large from inside with an enormous statue of Buddha made out of pure silver, with the outline made of metal. The Temple's ceiling had carvings from the ancient times of Shanghai and a 1,000 year old timeline. The atmosphere was quiet as everybody was deep in their praying. The girls knelt down and started praying. Unknowingly , they both prayed for each other but never shared their wishes. When they were both done, they gave each other a silent nod which meant "let's go". They got up carefully, making sure they didn't disturb anyone. They made their way out through the golden gates and put on their shoes. On their way home, Gina decided to have ice-cream. They had just enough pocket money for an ice-cream each. " Alice, let's go get some ice-cream to cool ourselves down a bit." suggested Gina.
" Sure, I know of an ice-cream stand just down the road. We can get ice-creams there and make our way back home" Alice said excitedly. Gina was so happy that she went running down the street not even turning back to check whether Alice was catching up. Alice started running and calling out "Wait Gina, wait for me!" Gina seemed not to hear and continued running until she reached the ice-cream stand. Shortly after, Alice caught up, giving Gina a "dirty" but happy look. Gina took chocolate flavored ice-cream with Choco-chips and Alice took strawberry with marshmallows. They both sat under a banyan tree shade, a revered tree, eating their ice-cream. They were enjoying the ice-cream so much that they didn't even look at each other. They enjoyed every bit of the milky substance as it churned in their mouth. They had rare opportunities to have ice-cream or candy and today was one of those rare days. Gina's grandma was visiting and they were both very excited. Alice's grandma had died before she was born so she liked being with Gina's grandma. Being with her kept Alice away from thinking that she had never seen her Grandma. Just then, Alice broke the silence by remembering " Gina, Grandma must be waiting for us at home. She should have come by now. Let's hurry!" " Oh Yes! I totally forgot!

Come on, let's go before Grandma gets angry at us. I really don't want to get in trouble with Grandma." Gina replied.

They both got up and ran as fast as they could, making sure their dresses didn't get spoilt and that their ice−cream didn't fall. They finished their ice−cream on the go and gave the cups to an old−man collecting recycled trash. The man appreciated the fact that the children didn't litter. Besides, it was easier for him than to bend and collect the cups from the ground.

Shortly after , the besties reached Gina's home. They were out of breath but luckily Grandma had arrived a few seconds before them.
" Alice , because of you today we got saved from Grandma's scolding." thanked Gina with a smile.
" No problem, after all what are best friends for!" said Alice quickly, eager to go in and meet Grandma.
" Ahhh!" started Grandma " You both have grown a foot tall since the last time I saw you!" The girls sat on the carpet right away, ready for one of Grandma's stories.
" Ok!" said Grandma enthusiastically. " Let's begin. So today's story is very real and the main characters are Alice , Gina and Grandma."
" Really Grandma! Tell us the story!" Gina said craving for the story to come out of Grandma's mouth.
" The story is called "So Different, so Same".

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Beacon Hill School, Law, Valerie – 10 years

It was the 10th June. It was my 12th birthday *and* the most 'life – changing' day of my life. Because that day, Ma, Pa, my little sister (Anna) and I would be migrating from England to Shanghai! I actually haven't been outside Europe even once so I was completely elated but nervous to finally go to Shanghai! We woke up at 4:20 am that morning to catch a boat to Shanghai which was leaving in 2 hours. We were in such a rush that our house was chaotic, since we were rushing around trying to find what we needed. Ma was the quickest and most organized in the family so she kept shouting for me, Anna, and Pa to get going. At last we were all set to go. As my family walked out the door, I took a long, last look around the house, and then stepped out onto the streets.

The pier was incredibly crowded. Anna nearly got lost since she was so little and immature. She got attracted by a person selling colourful balloons and went towards the man by herself. Luckily I spotted her just as she nearly vanished into the crowd. I told Anna off afterwards,
"Why did you go running off like that?" I asked. Anna burst into tears,
"Sorry Mary, I'll never do it ever again." After a lot of confusion, hustle, rush and walking, our family *finally* got to go on the ship to Shanghai! Everyone was so excited except that some people (like Ma) didn't show it as much. When the ship prepared to sail away from England, I whispered to myself,
"Goodbye England, hope I'd see you soon…"and with that, the ship sailed away.

6 months later…

My family spent quite a few months on a uncomfortably swaying ship. We arrived at Shanghai on 21st December. As I stepped out of the ship that I have been cooped up in so long, add on the fact that I was in Shanghai, everything just seemed so different and weird! Most of the stuff and people working in the station didn't know how to speak English at all. When it was me and Pa's turn for inspection, we couldn't communicate with the officer because we did not know how to speak Chinese. Then an English–speaking officer came to help us. After everything was sorted out, we stepped out of the pier and into the amazing Shanghai.

Ma and Pa first ordered a horse drawn carriage to take us to our new house while Anna and I gaped at our new surroundings. Everything was so different to England. The people, architecture, language, and lots more were just so Chinese! Anna asked,
"Are we going to be living here forever?" I didn't know what to say since I also secretly wondered about that. So I said,
"I… I… I really don't know! "
Then the carriage arrived and we were driven to our new house.

When we arrived at our new house, I thought it was quite 'up to standard' for a house (even though Anna didn't and started wailing and complaining!) compared to the ones I saw just now and down the street. It wasn't beautiful or glamorous or anything, but I thought it looked cozy and *waaaay* better quality than the ones that were down the street. (Which barely even *looked* like a house.) Ma and Pa started planning what amazing sites were waiting for us to go to…

1 month later…

After Pa and Ma had done everything that was needed to sort out (like buying some furniture, cleaning the house, and finding a job for themselves plus babysitter for us) they decided to go on a family trip around Shanghai. Our first

destination was an ancient Chinese temple. We went there by a 'rickshaw'. I didn't know what that was until we got on one. A rickshaw is a carriage where a person gets paid to pull the passengers in the carriage, instead of horses!

At the temple, I saw a huge grand main temple with lots of statues nearby. Everything looked majestic and powerful. Each statue was surrounded by people kneeling to it. I thought it looked awkward. I simply couldn't imagine myself doing that in front of a statue!? The people kneeling were also giving food to the statue, muttering and murmuring to it. I found it simply weird. I asked Pa what they were doing and Pa said,
"Those people are worshipping those statues. They believe it brings them good luck and fortune. They offer food and pray to the statues. We might find it a bit awkward but it is their religion, so we MUST accept it." Suddenly Anna spotted a bunch of bananas that people had offered to the statues and ran to get it. Unfortunately, she was spotted by a man there who looked so thin and serious. "Hey" the man shouted at her in Chinese, and we could not understand even a word.
Ma shouted at Anna to come back. Pa tried to explain to the man that Anna didn't mean to take it and that she didn't know anything about it. After Anna *eventually* returned the bananas to the man, my family and I went back to our house and slept. I thought, 'Phew! What a day!' I didn't mind living in Shanghai but deep down inside me, I wished to just go back to England. Maybe!

A Tale from Old Shanghai

Bradbury School, Blyth, Charlotte – 10

Lily was a straight A student in modern Shanghai who enjoyed school as much as a kid enjoys ice–cream. She had recently been assigned a task on Old Shanghai but was finding it hard to research. Her brother Ming was the football hero at school. He could score goals in his sleep and save a goal just as well. They both lived an ordinary life. Little did they know that this was all about to change….

Lily and Ming had been dragged for ages from shop to shop to find the perfect gift for their grandma's birthday. They were in an antique shop when it all happened.

Lily peered down the street outside the shop . She could see rickshaws carrying a beautiful lady covered in make–up. She could see elderly men playing mahjong and elderly women doing Tai Chi. She could see a stampede of the Japanese Army getting closer and closer!

Without thinking she grabbed Ming by the arm and pulled him into the nearest shop. They both sat down trembling with fear and out of sight.
"Hang on a minute" said Lily realising something. "What's the date today?"
"January 28th" replied Ming confused. "We have to get out of here!" said Lily with a worried look on her face, "..and fast!"

Lily remembered the lesson about when the bomb dropped in Shanghai. She remembered that it was dropped at midnight…. On January 28th, 1932...the time they had magically travelled back to. They had to escape! But how?

"If we don't get out of here soon we will die" said Lily turning as pale as the moon.
"Apparently they will drop a bomb at midnight, so if we can stay out of sight and get back before then we will, fingers crossed, be fine."

"But how?" says Ming miserably. " We have no idea how we got here so how will we get back?" he says looking as if he's about to burst into tears.

"The vase!" shrieks Lily, "the last thing I was holding was that blue and white vase. Maybe the vase is kind of like a magic lamp and granted my wish of seeing old Shanghai. Now all we need to do is find that vase!" said Lily with triumph.

Luckily they were in a furniture shop which was filled to the brim with blue and white vases.
"We couldn't be more lucky!" says Lily with a smile from ear to ear.

Lily and Ming hadn't noticed the commands being shouted at the soldiers, but this one they noticed. Through the window they could see fingers pointing inside the shop. Suddenly the door swung open and a soldier marched in, his gun under his arm. The shopkeeper was an old man who, up till now, had been fast asleep in his rocking chair. He was now wide awake and frozen with fear.
"You!" shouted the soldier, "bow to me".
The shopkeeper immediately rose from his chair and knelt on the floor, while Lily and Ming hid behind a large pot trembling with fear.

"You die" said the soldier with a grin "or you give best pot to me".

Without thinking the shopkeeper limped over to the vase Lily and Ming were hiding behind. They quickly crawled over to the next vase to hide. "What was that?" said the soldier hearing them crawling. "Oh gosh" muttered Lily. "A rat" replied the shopkeeper, still in shock at what was happening.

"Kill it" said the soldier.

"What?" said the startled shopkeeper.

"I said kill it. Don't disobey me or I will kill you!" said the soldier, red with fury.
Lily began to shiver with fear as she stopped Ming from crying. Just at that moment a tiny rat squeezed through the floorboard. He was dead as a doormat in seconds! It was sad for the rat and lucky for Ming and Lily. The shopkeeper gave the vase to the soldier and walked out the door.

"Phew" sighed the shopkeeper as he went back to his chair to continue his interrupted nap.

Lily gave a signal to Ming to get up and look for the right vase. Lily began to make a move. "Ah hem" Lily cleared her throat "excuse me sir, would it be okay if me and my brother Ming bought a vase?" said Lily summoning him from behind the large vase. The shopkeeper was grumpy about being woken again but allowed them to choose a vase.

Lily and Ming gazed around the shop in awe. The shop was filled with endless rows of blue and white vases covered with intricate designs of dragons, flowers and words meaning double happiness and longevity. Lily and Ming were only allowed one vase so they had to choose wisely.

"How about this one?" asked Ming pointing to a vase which had a picture of a dragon and clouds. "Good idea, that looks like the one I was holding when we got into this mess, let's have a go". "Okay!" said Ming pleased with himself.

Lily began to look worried but she still tried,

" I wish we were in modern Shanghai," said Lily peering around the room, hoping that it had worked.

Suddenly Lily and Ming's memories flashed before their eyes. Lily remembered the time she got her first A in class and Ming remembered when he joined his school football team. This reminded them how much they wanted to be back where they came from.

Ming noticed that they weren't in the same shop as they were in before.
"Lily," shouted Ming "It worked, it really did!"

"Oh there you are, my sweet kids, I've been looking for you for the past hour, never leave my side again!" said their Mum, who looked like she had been crying for the last hour.

"I'm glad we found you," said Lily giving her Mum a big hug.

"At Least I will get an A on my school report," muttered Lily to Ming as they both began to laugh.

Living Tradition

Bradbury School, Bracovic , Yelana – 8

I was in the park.

I saw a river surrounded with trees, and the trees were surrounded with tall, shiny, rectangular buildings. I would just take a walk and take pictures, but today I saw something strange.

A young American man was walking around. He was blond with blue eyes and looking at the ground with a Coke in his hand. He was wearing ripped jeans and a t–shirt. He was mumbling something.
I walked up to him and said, "Hi, my name is Sheng. Who are you?"

"Ah my name is Dan. I'm an opera singer." said the man.

"What were you mumbling?"

He sighed.

"I don't feel like I want to tell you."

"Please?"

He sighed again.

"Fine! I was just mumbling about my next performance. I'm in a traditional Chinese opera group, and just like in the olden days we have male actors playing female roles. I'm nervous because the director told me to play a girl. Now all my friends will laugh at me. It's so embarrassing!"

I said "It's okay. You are still keeping our tradition alive."

He stomped on the stone floor.

"I have a girlfriend called Jing." said Dan. "She is the girl of my dreams and she is going to the opera. Why would I want to act like a girl in front of Jing?"

Dan brought me to watch him practice, but his director told me to sit down and keep my mouth shut. Dan had to do some graceful things for his practice, like curtsey and twirl but he did it you know... like a man! Next Dan started singing. He had to sing in falsetto. But he did it really low and gruff.

At the end of the practice Dan slumped in a chair, but he sprang to his feet when Jing came in. She had long black hair and brown eyes and an expensive diamond ring. She had red fingernails, a red dress and red high heels

"Hello," cooed Jing "My name is Jing. I live in Old Shanghai."

Dan told her "I don't think I'm good at Chinese opera and I want to quit."

Jing said "Do not be ashamed of yourself. Come with me to Old–Shanghai. I have something to show you."

We took the train. We took a seat and looked out the window. We saw buildings which looked like giant silver cylinders beaming with sunlight. One of the buildings was spiky, and looked like a toenail clipper. Another building was like the Eiffel Tower, only more colourful. Shanghai looked like an alien city with spider's legs pointing to the sky.

Dan saw a big difference when we arrived in Old–Shanghai with its handwritten Chinese signs. The sky was now very foggy and the walls were clean white; a mix of traditional and new. The roofs were curling like the petals of a flower.

Jing took us to the museum. She asked 'What role are you playing?'

Dan said "I am playing Yang Guifei."

Jing took us to the Yang Guifei section and asked, "Do you like Yang Guifei?"

"Of course not."

"It is most romantic story ever!"

"Beats me. She's just a stupid fat princess."

Jing was very disappointed.

She said. "Don't ever think about saying that to me. If you say that to me, me I'm breaking up with you!"

Dan still thought that Yang Guifei was a stupid, fat princess, but now he was scared that Jing would break up with him.

He said to her, "Don't break up with me. Just tell me the story and I will have a different feeling. I promise."

Jing said, "OK. I will tell you. It is about how the beauty of one woman threatened an entire empire. It is a story known by millions of Chinese people. And you are the only one who doesn't know it! What a dumb head! Anyway let's get on. It is about an emperor and a princess. The princess was so beautiful (like me) that it distracted the emperor from doing his job, which was feeding the country. Instead, he gave all the food to Yang Guifei which left the people starving. Finally the emperor's men demanded the emperor to order Yangs execution by strangling her. The emperor, now sad, and lonely, goes to a mystic to talk the spirit of Yang and to tell her 'in the next life we will be as two birds flying wingtip to wingtip."

Dan saw a tear in Jing's eye, and realised it was a beautiful tragedy.

He hugged her and said, "Don't cry my cherry blossom. Now I have to go to rehearsal!"

He kissed her goodbye.

When he came back from Old–Shanghai, he practised and practised. He finally got it perfect.

Months flew by and finally it was the day of the performance. Dan hurried to the make–up room. One kind lady said, "Sit down." She put a tight black cap on Dan. He screamed "aaaahhh!" She put chalk–like make–up on his face. Then his cheeks were painted rosy pink. She pulled back his eyes with tape and painted them black. Dan said "Oyyy!!" Finally she put a hair–piece on him. She decorated his whole head with jewels.

Dan said, "Let me look in the mirror."

And in the mirror he saw a beautiful–faced woman with jewels on her head.

He said, "Aaaaaahhh!! Yang Guifei is staring back at me!"

He soon realised that he was Yang Guifei. He felt more confident. The performance was beautiful. There was an old woman in the front row with tears in her eyes. I caught Dan when he walked out of the theatre. He saw me. I told him "Great job, you are awesome! You kept our tradition alive!"

"And since you have done a good job," I added "I want to show you someone special."

Jing popped out and gave Dan a kiss.

He felt happy.

THE END

I Promise

Bradbury School, Cao, Shuhan – 10

We heard the first echo of gunshot at dawn. For a second, the horizon lit up in a brilliant orange, before dying into a smoky colour, the same as the surrounding sky. I transferred my gaze onto mama, just in time to see a single tear roll down her cheek. She's probably dreaming of papa, she's been like that ever since he left two years ago, when I was 6, to join the army.

"Jade! Get under cover! There's a Japanese bomber up there, get under cover, quick!" Mama shouted.
"Whaa?" I mumbled, still half asleep
"GET UNDER COVER!"

I woke up after what seemed like days under a mountainous heap of rubble, my head throbbing, my body aching, and with no memory of what happened before. A thought flashed into my mind, where's mama? I shoved at the thing pinning me. It didn't move an inch. But I didn't give up; I knew that in order to find mama, I need to get it off. I pushed for ten minutes, nothing happened. Seeing that, I pushed some more.

When I finally succeeded, I examined my arms and legs; there were a few scratches and scrapes, but surprisingly, no serious injury. A ray of light shone through a nearby opening, as my eyes adjusted to the light, I was able to see my surroundings. Then, the strangest thing happened. The thing that was pinning me groaned. Unable to contain my curiosity, I crawled toward it, as I brushed away the dust, I gave a strangled gasp. I was looking at a face; I was looking at the deathly pale face of mama.

I got mama out the opening with no problem, which is good news, but I knew that was not enough. I had to get her to hospital. Now that I could see clearly again, I saw a wound at her side, blood gushing out. She's pale, yet I can see the rise and fall of her chest. Rickshaws circled around, hauling people to hospital. One of them came over to me. "Hospital, right?" He asked, "We'd better get her there quick."
"Wait!" I told him, "I don't have any money!"
"Money, money, money. That's what everyone's worrying about. But that's not the main thing, is it? We need to get her to hospital."
I nodded and clambered on.

Mama's in hospital, so far, one problem solved, but other thoughts kept whirling into my mind. "Fees," Said a thought, "10 silver dollars." But that's not important. "Papa," said another thought, "look after me." Now that's important. Then, an idea snapped in place. "I'll go to Long Ting! Soldiers eat there, maybe I can find out more about papa!" I decided.

I arrived just as some waiters lead a group of armed men, soldiers, into a room. I couldn't catch up with them then, so I decided to wait until they'd finished eating. I saw waitresses close both the door of the room and the corridor door. Being shut outside, I paced around and watched, deciding to ask them about papa when the soldiers came out.

I couldn't resist myself, but I peeked through the keyhole. There is someone in the corridor, a waiter, judging by the look, who hasn't left, who is pressing his ears to the door, listening. I rubbed my eyes, wondering if I was hallucinating. When I looked again, he was still there, but this time, he had took out a notebook and was jotting down notes. "He's a spy!" That was the first thing that came in my mind.

Anger overwhelmed me. How dare he listen to the secret plans of soldiers without permission! Without thinking, I opened the door and tackled him, grabbing his notebook, screaming. His reflexes are extremely fast, almost immediately he produced a knife, wickedly sharp and curved at the edges, spare hand grabbing my arm. The soldiers inside must have heard me scream, but why are they not coming out? Do they even care about me, about anyone?

That few seconds of distraction made me pay dearly. The man raised his knife and brought it down in a flash, making a deep cut on my arm. Blood oozed out. But that also made my senses go on high alert. Once more, I wondered if soldiers even care about a child getting slaughtered, if they don't, that left me no choice but to fight. I screamed some more, only to be cut short when he clamped a hand around my mouth. Seeing no choice, I bit him. I felt satisfied as my teeth cut through his flesh. Sweet revenge! His face grimaced and his grip on my arm loosened, I struggled free and raced for the corridor door, but I barely went a few steps before he caught up with me again, pulling me back.

I had almost given up hope when the door flew open. Approximately twenty soldiers rushed out, some disarming the man, some pinning him on the wall, and a few rushed to me. When they asked me what happened, I told them everything, how I survived the explosion, how mama was wounded, how I came here to ask about papa who's a soldier and how I hated wars because that was the reason why my family is ripped apart. The Captain asked me for papa's name. I told him.

The Captain then contacted papa and said that he could come back and visit mama. After that, he negotiated with the Major to see if papa could stay home. Thankfully, the Major said yes. Soon, papa and I went to see mama. The doctors said that she couldn't survive much longer, that she's been holding her last breath to see us, that she has lost too much blood.

As we watched her, helpless, she opened her eyes with a struggle and fixed them on me. "Jade," mama said, "Promise me that you'll live a good life, a meaningful life. "

I bit back a sob, "I promise."

Life in Old Shanghai

Bradbury School, Chan, Airiana – 9

How Life Is Like In Old Shanghai

Life of a lady in Old Shanghai was like the life of a butterfly. Most of their lives were short and some were poor. Many people sacrificed their life to defend China. Nobody was always happy, nobody was always sad, sometimes life was unfair.

I look like normal teenager, aged sixteen and born in Shanghai. But if you look deeper into me, you will see that I am a spy gathering information for the Chinese government.

At that time, the Eight–Nation Alliance was fighting to take over parts of China but spies like me try our best to protect our homeland. We gather information about the rival's plots and come up with our own plans to protect one of China's most popular city, Shanghai. While spying, I found some really interesting stories, and now I am going to tell you one of my favourites.

The Story Of The Poor Maiden

One day, upon the Bund, a fair maiden was sitting on a rock weaving a thin, delicate piece of cloth. She wove and wove till night fell. The poor maiden didn't have a home to live in, so she went to some nearby trees where an owl was living. She sat under a tree and stared at the shimmering stars in the sky.

"Oh how I wish a man will just find me here and take me to his warm, lovely home to live in. I would tidy and polish his whole house and I would make sure he has clean, dry clothes each day if I have to." sighed the maiden. What she didn't know was that there was an owl above her head, resting on a tree branch. It heard every word she said.

The next day, when she woke up, there was a loud "CRASH!" then an even stronger "BANG!" A whole army was coming! People with blonde hair bursted in, it was the British Army! They were armed with all sorts of terrifying weapons like spike balls and machine guns! It was clear they were trying to invade Shanghai! The horses and chariots ran past her as quick as lightning. The poor maiden was petrified. About ten minutes later, the army was gone, well, almost all of the army. A young soldier stopped by and found the maiden crouching down with her hands over her head.

He helped the maiden get on her feet then said, "Good day my fair maiden, my name is Latemen John, I mean John Latemen. I am part of the British army. You look dirty, maybe I could help you, is there anything you need?"

The maiden replied, "Thank you for stopping by to help me, the only thing I want is a warm house I can live in and take care of. But I know you need to stay in your army so I hope I am not a disturbance."

"Actually I might have what you want, to be honest, I don't know where the army has gone and I do not want to risk my life invading and stealing other people's country. I will take you back to Scotland where I live but there is a problem. We do not have any resources apart from my gun and your weaving things. We will need wood and food because it is a long way to Scotland from here."

Of course the owl worked her magic and all of the sudden in the water there was a boat filled with supplies of wood, juicy little dumplings (which were commonly eaten at my times), two fishing rods and some bait appeared in the water.

"Oh, what a surprise! It means we can leave! So here's our plan," John said, "Tomorrow at dawn we will leave and in about a week we should arrive at Scotland."
The next day, John helped the maiden aboard and as it was by magic, the boat moving. Day and night the boat moved as they fished, John actually caught a baby shark and it took about an hour to deal with it. There was also a giant storm but luckily the boat had a shelter that could sustain through the storm. During clear nights, the two would sit under the shimmering stars and stare at them. The pair had food to eat and things to entertain themselves during the trip.

On the fifth night, while star gazing John suddenly said "No star is as bright or as beautiful as you darling. I made a poem you might like.

You mean everything to me,
As pretty as a blossom tree.
Will you be my wife?
Together we'll be for life.
But before that there's something I don't know,
Your name."

The maiden didn't know her name so she thought for a moment. Then she said," Alice, call me Alice."
Finally, eight days later they arrived at Scotland where John took Alice to his home to live and introduced her to his family. They stayed together for about two years and soon they were married. They moved to their own home and lived in peace and harmony. But hey, how did I know about what happened in their journey? It was because I was the owl and I hovered over their boat to get to Scotland, when there was a storm, I hid in the cellar and used my bright wings as a light. I am a spy with the power to turn into a magical owl that can grant wishes behind people. You know, I might still be around the world secretly helping people today.

The Murder Mystery of the Old Depths of Shanghai

Bradbury School, Lee, Charlotte – 10

Honey, we have a case!" Charlotte bellowed across the office to Shaun, her partner.

"I've got it. Where?" Shaun replied, dropping his cigarette into a trash can.

"Um…" Charlotte rummaged through her papers. "Shanghai, dear!" she yelled. Shaun took off his sunglasses and snatched her papers.

"Shanghai?" He asked with a cocked eyebrow. "Hmmn. Let's get going, then." He stood up with a grunt, and down they went from the FBI office to Appleseed Avenue Airport. As they were boarding, they got a call from their boss, Mr. Alleycon. Shaun flicked open the cover of his mobile and pressed the 'answer' button.

"Sup, boss." Shaun murmured casually into the phone.

"Hi Shaun, could you do with another pair? I'm sending Mr. Lamosa and Ms. Reines."

"Timothy and Sue? Oh, great!" Shaun thought. He shrugged and hung up. Soon after, Charlotte and Shaun met Timothy and Sue at Shanghai Pudong International Airport. They were driven to the crime scene and there was a man with a colossal hole in the side of his ribs, sprawled on the floor. Sue knelt down and drew a dagger out of his bloody stomach.

"He's been stabbed." Sue grimaced and shuddered at the thought. Timothy nervously paced around and saw an old man running towards them, wailing for help.

"What seems to be the matter, sir?" Charlotte calmly questioned.

"Evidence...Sheshan Basilica...blood...glass...help, oh help!!" he gasped.

"Sheshan *what?*" Timothy oddly pronounced.

"The Sheshan Basilica, officially the National Shrine and Minor Basilica of Our Lady of Sheshan is a prominent Roman Catholic church in Shanghai, China." Sue blabbed.

"Allll right then! We'll be there before you can say 'Total And Absolutely Useless Nerd'."
Shaun sighed. Sue gave Shaun an icy glare and looked away when Shaun turned around to roll his eyes.

"Guys! Stop squabbling! We have absolutely no time to waste. Let's go!" Charlotte exclaimed and dashed off to the Shanghai Metro and in a while they slid off the train and made their way to the evidence. And as soon as they cast their eyes on the bloody mess, they realized it was just as the man had explained. Glass was all over the floor and each shard was smothered in thick red blood.

"Gather the glass shards, they are guaranteed to have fingerprints. And Timothy, come with me to grab the body and the dagger to bring to the autopsy lab." Shaun ordered, pointing to each of them. They all nodded while Charlotte and Sue knelt down and fingered at the shards, picking them up two by two while Timothy and Shaun took the train back to the case scenario. While they sat in the crowded train, Timothy had a very deep question.

"Shaun?" Timothy shyly questioned to Shaun, who raised his eyebrows but didn't look up from his magazine.

"You know how there are two evidence areas?"

"Yeah..."

"Why so far away from each other?"

Shaun seemed intrigued by his question and looked up. He thought about it for a long time. He bit his lip. He clicked his tongue. Then he finally blinked, rubbed his head and said,

"The culprit must have moved the body around." Shaun sighed. "How hard does this get?" He paced around nervously as they got off the train and walked back towards the scenario. Timothy examined the area and the body. No glass shards were around from the other place and no signs, either.

"It looks pretty untouched to me..." He said as he picked up the body. He was stuffing it in a bag when he saw Shaun looking at something. He went over and saw a post-it that read: 使用这个笔记找到我：j i t l h a 靜安寺。

"Find me using this note: j i t l h a Jing'an Temple." Timothy translated quizzically.
"What does j i t l h a mean?" Shaun said with a cocked eyebrow. Timothy shrugged and played with his coat button.

"Let's take it back to the girls." Timothy said as he stood up. Shaun nodded and stuffed the note in his pocket. When they got back, the girls were waiting with the glass shards. When the note was read by everyone, they had a million possibilities.

"It looks like the start of every word." Sue mumbled to them and everyone agreed with her.

"We should go to Jing'an Temple to see what this means." Charlotte suggested. So they took a cab to Jing'an Temple and found a small hole in the center of the temple.

"Jump. Into. The. Little. Hole. At. Jing'an Temple." Charlotte whispered to herself. Her eyebrows perked up as she ran over to the little hole and sat down with her legs inside. Everyone in the temple gasped and started whispering to each other in Chinese.

"What is she doing?"

"I don't know..."

"Who is she?!"

Timothy, Sue and Shaun were shocked.

"CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?! YOU COULD DIE!" Shaun screamed at her and ran over to grab her hand. Charlotte shook him off and looked at the others.

"There's a room in there, guys. And the note means Jump. Into. The. Little. Hole. At. Jing'an Temple. I'll go first." She explained and dove into a soft mattress at the bottom while everyone else followed. When they all landed, a man was sitting in a chair and as soon as he saw them, he burst into tears.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." He begged, trembling.

"Sorry isn't enough, sir. You're in jail now." Sue replied, and the cops came in a flash. He was moved swiftly into the back of a police car and the victim's family members came to thank them and they were paid heaps of money.

"I guess we didn't need evidence after all." They said. Everyone chuckled and headed to the airport to go back home for a rest after a day of hard work.

THE END

Discover The Secrets of Old Shanghai

Bradbury School, Leung, Melody – 10

In a town called old Shanghai, inside a tiny village, there lived a clever family which loved calculations and languages. Their daughter Emma Alaska was 8 years old, but had the brain of a twent−year−old!. She knew over 80 languages. Their son Jacob Alaska was 10 years old and was really good at calculations. When he was four he knew his times table up to twenty and understood algebra. Madam Alaska was a language teacher and understood over 190 languages, even the really unpopular ones. Sir Alaska was a scientist and had made over 100 types of successful merchandise items. They were a kind hearted family. More than half of the money that they earned was given to charities. They had just enough for daily use, no more, no less.

Unfortunately, in 1981, December, a war started. News quickly spread. In the morning when the children were getting ready for school, their parents warned them to be careful and handed a heavy book to Emma and Jacob. They told them before they headed out "If you both ever struggle, read the book. You will find information and stories to help you. This book was passed on from your great grandma Ching and there are only 2 books in the world, so we hope you both can keep it safe and pass it onto the next generation."

When the children went to school the parents were kidnapped by a bunch of soldiers. They said "You'd better hand the book over! Or you will get your head chopped off!"
"Never!" said Madam Alaska. The soldiers pointed their gun at her.
Sir Alaska raised his fist and launched towards the soldiers. The leader of the soldiers fought him and got him under control. Madam Alaska quickly scribbled down a message for Emma and Joe.
"You've had your chance!" Shouted the soldiers and took them both away without anyone noticing.

The children came back from school. The house was a mess. "W−w−w−whoa!" said Jacob. "What has happened!"
"Where's Mama and Papa," asked Emma. While discovering what has happened, the cold and scary feeling of worried has come to her.
Jacob saw the note that Madam Alaska wrote, "Come Emma," said Jacob, "Look."
They read the note together. It was quite crooked since Madam Alaska wrote it in a hurry.
It said, 'The soldiers came, the house is a mess, don't worry, we are safe. Help the town, it's in danger, get the book, page 41."

"Let's find page 41!" said Jacob

"Hurry!" said Emma

To her disappointment it wasn't anything special at all, it said 'Find Leo, Gabrielle, and Amelia (Smith) then go to page 23"

"There's so many Leos, Gabrielles and Amelias in town, this is nearly impossible!" barked Jacob.

" Come on, let's get moving." said Emma

They walked for days and days in search of the three brothers and sisters, Leo, Amelia and Gabrielle Smith. They came across a tall old man who recommended Emma and Jacob finding them in the old street.
They went to the old street, and indeed there were a lot of people. They came across three children who seemed special and were quite sure that it was them.

"Hi," said Emma.

"Hi," The oldest girl answered.

"You must be Gabrielle Smith," said Emma.

"And you must be Emma Alaska," said the girl.

After lots of meet and greet, they began to know each other and became fast friends. Leo was good at reading maps and has a good sense of direction. He is nine years old. Gabrielle can remember stuff for a long time and has a good memory. She is ten years old. Amelia can run really fast and is brave. She is eight years old. Their parents were kidnapped too. Jacob and Leo remembered what it said on the book and found page 23.

It read , "To stop and end the war you all will have to find a dove, which is located near one of the Chinese, Buddhist temples.(Long Hua) Without your parents, all by yourselves. Then let the dove free in the middle of Yu Garden."

"Long...Hua?" said Emma

" Wait...I remembered!" There is a temple called Longhua!" said Gabrielle in excitement.

"But…. I don't know where it is, I have never been there," mumbled Gabrielle, her voice suddenly down.

" Really?" said Jacob annoyed

"I've got a map of old shanghai," said Leo

" We could use that," said Amelia.

"Wait… I think it is in somewhere near Xuhui Qu" said Gabrielle.

" Ok, so it seems we have to turn left then l right then straight for 5.6 kilometres then…?" said Leo as he was telling the others the route.

Before they went in they had to explore a dark cave and of course Amelia was first. On the front it showed; 17354+ 28654=?

Before anyone calculated the answer Jacob shouted out "46008!"
The doors opened and everyone cheered, then another door came out and it said, "fortunate!"

" Lucky in Italian !" said Emma before anyone else. The doors opened.

"I believe this is it!" said Amelia as 100% of her excitement boiled up.

" Finally!" screamed Emma

"How are we going to find the dove?" asked Leo

" The dove must be special," said Gabrielle

" Look there's a dove right there around the corner but I think it hurt it's wing," said Amelia as she held it in her soft hands.

The dove looked up and seemed to smile at them, there was something special about the dove which makes the dove different.
" This has to be it," said Emma

"Let's go to the Yu Garden," said Gabrielle.

The children arrived at the Yu Garden.

"We are almost there," said Jacob.

" Ready?" said Amelia.

" 3,2,1" counted Emma as she let go of the dove.

Everything instantly stopped and their parents came back magically. They talked and talked about the journey as the two families walked back home.

What a great adventure!

Dave's Trip To Shanghai

Bradbury School, Seth, Reiya – 10

I'm telling you boss, this will be the next greatest thing!" said Dave running after his boss, Mr Hardstone.
Dave Melvin was the son of a famous archaeologist, Dr Ted Melvin. At least he used to be famous. Ted went to Darkest Peru. a place none of the archaeologists would not dare to go, at the time which made it a very big deal. Unfortunately he failed to bring any evidence that could help the museum with animal studies.

Dave was in a meeting with his boss. His boss Mr Hardstone said that he was not finding important information for the museum , so he was going to send Dave to Shanghai and to find some ancient artefacts for the museum.
So Dave ran as fast as he could back to his home and packed his things. Then he started writing in his journal:

"Today is the best day ever!!!!! I am so happy! My boss Mr Hardstone has chosen me to go to Shanghai and find some old artefacts . It's going to be so much fun! Maybe I'll find an abandoned castle full of hidden treasures. I might even find something so amazing that I will open a completely different way people see history! I am just super duper excited that I'm going to Shanghai baby. So I guess I should stop writing know. Ooh! I just got a text, it's from Mr. Hardstone! He says that he has booked a flight and a first class hotel! I'm leaving tomorrow, I'd better get some sleep!"

The next day Dave woke up early and got dressed into his most comfortable travelling clothes, got a taxi and headed to the airport. When he go his ticket he realised that Mr. Hardstone did not get a regular seat, no, he got Dave a first class seat! "YIPPPEEEEE!!!" shouted Dave.

After the plane landed, Dave grabbed his luggage and headed for the hotel. "What?" Dave said to himself, He was in the middle of the *Guangfu Road* . Dave was not very good at reading maps. The lines would always confuse him. "Come on!
This is so confusing!" said Dave trying to figure out the map. He finally gave up. Then he saw some people come out of a big building called *Guangfu Preforming Arts Centre*.

He saw a man with a blue shirt also holding a map, so he walked up to him, "Excuse me sir, but do you know the way to the Marriott Hotel? I'm staying there for a few days and I can't seem to find it!" said Dave

"No way!" Said the man in the blue shirt "I am going to the Marriott Hotel too!" So they introduced themselves and started talking to each other and worked together to find their way to the Hotel.

On the way there the man in the blue shirt(His name is 张伟– Zhang Wei) said that he was studying to become an actor because he really enjoyed it and all his ancestors were actors. Dave asked Zhang Wei why people in his family were actors and he said that performing arts was a big part of Shanghai history and that's why his ancestors were actors. When they got to the hotel Dave told Zhang Wei why he came to Shanghai. Then Zhang Wei said that while cleaning his grandfather's attic, he found something that might be a big part of Shanghai history. So Dave told him to meet by his hotel room at eight and they could study it

The next morning Dave and Zhang Wei were in the Starbucks coffee shop. They were talking about an old letter that Zhang Wei found in his grandfather's attic:

"Dear Son,

Ever since the war broke out, I have hidden all my valuable treasures in a secret temple that I have found. I hope if we still survive we will be able to retrieve our belongings. If not I hope someone in the future finds it. I have attached the map with this letter.

Papa"

"What do you think it means!" said Dave scanning the letter.
"I don't know!" said Zhang Wei "And I don't know how my grandfather never noticed this before?!"
"Maybe, we should ask your grandfather!" said Dave "I'm sure he can answer a few questions!"
"You're right!" said Zhang Wei. They caught a taxi and went to his grandpa's house.

"I don't know what it's talking about!" said Zhang's grandpa. Zhang Wei and Dave were at Zhang's grandpa's house. They had just shown the letter to grandpa.

"This letter was written during world war two!" said grandpa. "Lots of people hid their treasures in secret hideouts!"
"Cool!" said Zhang Wei "Hey! Maybe we can look for the treasure using the map!"

They decided to find the gold and give it to the museum. Zhang Wei and Dave spent the next few weeks looking for the temple. And one fateful day they found it! There they were standing in front of an amazing underground temple.

"This is amazing!" said Dave still staring at the temple.
"I still can't believe that someone this rich lived in a house just like mine! Come on! Let's find the treasure!" So they began to search around the temple. Ten hours later they were still looking for the gold but they couldn't find it.

"Uuughh!" said Dave " This is so hard!!!"
"Why couldn't that guy tell us where he hid the money!" said Zhang Wei. A he leant on a statue, the statue opened, and it lead to another room with loads of treasures.
"Zhang Wei! You found it!" shouted Dave
"Yeah! I guess I did!" Said Zhang Wei still trying to take it all in.

The next few days, Dave was busy answering questions to the press and opening the new Old Shanghai museum. Zhang Wei got the leading role in an explorer movie. so I guess they lived happily, ever, after!

A New Tale Of Old Shanghai: The Antique Brass Telescope

Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Zhu, Amelia – 10

Jacob wandered through the Jade Buddha Temple flea market, observing attentively, a small bronze Buddha statue among many other artifacts. He sighed. In a few weeks, he'd travel to Beijing for work, but he loved Shanghai, "Paris of the Orient". A diligent visitor to old city markets, he had not yet found what he was looking for after living in Shanghai for a long while. He longed to recline in a chair in Yu Garden as the grinning Mile–Buddha, but, he remembered his promise to his father.

Shanghai was in his blood: Jacob's great–grandfather, John Colston, a great merchant and a famed "Shanghailander", made his fortune, got married and lived in the French Concession till his death. After the Pacific War, Jacob's grandfather went back to London, carrying with him a beautiful wooden box, carved with the Greek god Chronos solemnly turning a Zodiac Wheel.

The box was tailor–made for a telescope, handcrafted by John, who was said to have spent his time reading and watching stars. The telescope mysteriously disappeared years ago. But Jacob kept the box, inherited when his father passed away.

"Find the telescope", wheezed his father.

Suddenly, his eyes lighted up.

"May I take a look?" Jacob asked, in his harsh mandarin, pointing towards an object wrapped in old oil papers.

The old woman looked up, nodding. Jacob opened the weighty parcel. An old antique brass telescope laid there, and on the brass were engraved initials: 'J.C.', the same as engraved in John's old aviator helmet.

Jacob turned the telescope around, it looked similar to many old telescopes he saw. Then, he noticed that on one side, there were two buttons next to a small dial with nine digits, with small headings above the dial: year, month and day.

"Let me check if this is it", Jacob reached for the wooden box in his backpack, opened it, and placed the telescope that fitted like a glove.

Jacob knelt down at his great–grandfather's tombstone in the Shanghai Concession Cemetery, "I have the telescope", he murmured. Just then, he heard a scuffle at the gate nearby.

"You there! You pay the entrance fee!" the Cemetery guard growled at a confused man looking like he jumped out of the 1920s.

"Ngû xin Fāng!" the man cried in Shanghai dialect, "My name Fāng! Sir!" His english was garbled as he yelled at Jacob.

Jacob was perplexed The man came for him! "Young Master? Is that you?" Fāng asked, eyes on Jacob's telescope.

"Uh... who? I'm Jacob."

"Someone stole this telescope from me!" Fāng exclaimed. The Cemetery guard ran at Fāng. Jacob pushed a twenty–yuan note into the guard's hands.

"I'll pay." He turned to Fāng, who picked up the telescope with a mysterious look in his eyes.

"Put that down!" Jacob took the telescope back.

"We need to talk, Master. Shanghai Teahouse?" He inquired.

"Sure. I have questions for you." He placed the telescope into the box.

Fāng and Jacob chose a small table at the Teahouse next to Yu Garden.

"So... Where do you come from?"

"Master Colston's mansion. I work for him. He sent me to future for you!"

"What!? My great–grandfather? He died a long time ago!" There were wild stories of time machines, but that was crazy–talk. Fāng seemed to have read Jacob thoughts.

"Master Colston smart, he invent machine. He said family in danger, he taught me to use machine, and schwa! I'm here!" Fāng pointed to the wooden box.

"The telescope?" Jacob pulled the telescope out and looked at it again. It sounded unrealistic.

Jacob took out his tablet. Click. He took a picture of Fāng gulping his tea while staring at Jacob with his dark eyes.

"What you doing?" Fāng was perplexed.

"Taking a photo." Jacob showed his tablet to Fāng.

"What's that?" Fāng cried out; this was fancier than all that Master Colston ever invented!

"It's, a modern gadget we use to type, read, and watch things. Here, wanna read today's newspaper?"

Fāng took it enthusiastically. He tried to read it as a book, but frowned at his inability to do so. Jacob laughed.

"Fāng! That's not how to read it!" Jacob reached over and turned the tablet the right way around. He changed the topic.

"So, you're saying, you came from 1915, and somehow you ended up in 2015? And you were looking for your young master in 1937?" Jacob frowned. "I can't believe it."

"I go back to 1937. I warn young master of Shanghai battle, the Japanese invasion, he needs take his family to London. I go back now, I need telescope. You need helmet."

Jacob suddenly realised, his grandfather Edward was stranded in the French Concession when Shanghai fell.

"Wait! I have to help. Where do we go?"

A few hours later, Jacob and Fāng were ambling through the majestic Bridge of Nine Turnings of Yu Garden. It was beautiful.

They needed to wait until the tourists left, and try the telescope at the Pavilion, where Master Colston chose for time travel.

The hours ticked by, they grew anxious. Finally, the sun set and the guards left. Jacob and Fāng sneaked to the Pavilion in the dark. Once there, Fāng emptied Jacob's backpack and started to prepare for his long journey.

"Master, wear helmet, it keeps you here!" Jacob sighed and nodded. Fāng adjusted the telescope to February 12th, 1937, he turned around and nodded at Jacob, "I go, Master."

Jacob was unable to mutter a word. He gave Fāng a big hug. Fāng placed the telescope to his right eye. He pushed two buttons alternately, carefully timing each pause.

Beaming, blue light leaked out of the telescope and grew ginormous, wrapping Fāng in a shining cocoon. In a sudden flash, the light disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

Jacob woke up. He had a feeling he should have been rooting for someone, but whom? 'It started with someone who travelled in time... Jacob closed his eyes.

The Crossing

Chinese International School, Monick, Eliot – 9

It was another busy day in old Shanghai. Chin woke up to the crickety–clacks of the trams screeching past. Chin went over to his dad's cardboard bed, took out a bag of sunflower seeds, and gulped them down. Chin looked out from the ally where he slept to see ratty old rickshaws zipping past. Sweat rolled down Chin's head as the sun beat down on him.

Someday, I will go to the other side of the river, he thought. He had heard many stories about the French Concession, of beautiful homes with pools, ballroom dancing and big banquets full of lip–lickingly scrumptious food.

When Chin got to the gate, he saw a boy about the same age on the other side. He sat down and they got to talking.

"Do you listen to the radio?" the boy, Zach, asked.

Chin raised an eyebrow. "What's that?"

Zach took out a little black box and turned it on. Chin jumped. "There's a…a person in that talking box!"

Zach chuckled.

"No, no. It's just a radio reporter in a building who sends messages through the radio."

Chin was relieved that a person was not stuck in the small box.

The next day, Zach met Chin at the gate again. Zach had a wild idea. He wanted to show Chin his house. Chin's eyes popped open when he heard that he was finally going to cross over to the other side!

When Zach opened the door to his house, Chin's jaw dropped. A jade chandelier hung over them like the roof of a temple. In the bedroom, a floor of marble cooled his toes. In the living room, there was a huge chair made of red fur. The arm rests were made of solid rubies and an algae green gem sat on the top. A thousand questions ran through Chin's head, questions like, "Why does Zach have such a nice home and I don't?" and "I bet if my dad worked for 10 years straight, he will still not be able to afford even one tiny jade chopstick."

Jealousy bubbled inside him.

At lunch, Chin sat besides Zach. A stick with three blades at the top was handed to him. Chin didn't know what it was. "Oh that's a fork," Zach explained. At first, Chin struggled. The fork slipped out of his hands like a sled on a hill of ice. But then, Chin learned how to use the fork and had honey BBQ pork. It was so delicious Chin had to pinch himself to make sure it was not a dream.

When it was time for Chin to go home, his heart sank. He slipped out the gate and walked home.

That night, when Zach's mom came home, Zach told her all about Chin's visit. His mother's face tensed up.

"I don't think it's a good idea to hang out with that kid!" his mother said.

"Why not?"

His mother wouldn't say. Instead, she went into her room and started looking around for her jewels and watches. When she couldn't find her watch, Zach's mom turned to Zach. Smoke poured out of her ears.

"It's that dirty rat you brought in today! He must have stolen it while you weren't looking!" she yelled. Angrily, she pointed her finger at Zach. "You better not let that moldy boy in here again! Stay away from him!"

"But he's—" Zach started to say.

"No! It's not allowed!" Zach's mom interrupted.

A river of tears poured down his face.

"He's my only friend," Zach said.

The next day, Zach looked out of his window at the gate. Suddenly, he saw Chin. Chin saw him too. Zach immediately jumped back and rammed the curtains closed. Chin wondered what was wrong. He had seen Zach and Zach had seen him crystal clear with his eyes. Over the next three days, anger and guilt erupted inside Zach like a volcano. His eyes shot powerful lasers at his parents.

"Stop it," Zach's father boomed. His voice shook the ground.

Zach stomped like a dinosaur down the stairs and into the garden. The spicy scent of hot pepper filled the air. The smell was so powerful, it seemed to wash away the anger, sadness, and guilt he had been storing. A new joy moved in. He thought of his new friend and how to get him back. As his grandmother used to say, "Whoever finds a friend finds a treasure." *There has to be a way*, thought Zach. Suddenly, something shiny on the ground caught his eye. It was his mother's gold watch! There it sat glittering in the sun! She must have left it on the window sill and it fell out.

Fireworks went off inside Zach.

I knew he was innocent!, Zach thought. He ran all the way upstairs to find his mother.

"I found it!" he yelled. "I found it!"

"Found what?" his mother asked.

"Your gold watch!" he said, tossing it at her. "It was in the garden. I told you Chin didn't steal it!"

Guilt flooded inside Zach's mother.

"I'm so sorry," she admitted. "I was wrong to blame him. I just had a long day and got a temper. Now go on and tell that boy you are sorry."

Zach was overjoyed. He raced out the door and over to the gate. But Chin was not there. He waited and waited by the big steel gate. An hour passed. Then another hour.

Zach's face fell into his hands.

Just when he thought all hope was lost, Chin ran up to him.

Zach's eyes lit up when he saw Chin.

"I was worried you weren't going to come back," Zach said.

"Me too. I was also worried," Chin's voice trailed off. Then he looked up at Zach and he smiled. "But I knew you were going to come back!"

Carefully, Zach reached through the gate and the two boys shook hands.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Chinese International School, Zheng, Olivia – 9

Xiao Long dragged his tired legs out of the old rickety restaurant. He had been washing vegetables and cutting dough for the whole afternoon. The deadly hot sun shone on his face while he stumbled on the stony paths. Suddenly, a gust of wind blew a yellow parchment paper onto his face. He quickly grabbed it and read it.

"All citizens, I am launching a competition to see who is the best dumpling maker in Old Shanghai. The winner will have a statue of their honour. (Points will be higher if you create a new flavour). The competition will be held at the town square, on January 28. Signed Qianlong Huangdi."

"This is a real chance for me to prove I will make the best dumplings in the world! Then I don't need to keep on washing vegetables and cutting dough!" Xiao Long thought to himself. He ran happily back home to tell his family the good news.

Xiao long's mother was making some Chinese snacks when Xiao Long rushed into the kitchen.

"Ma! I have some good news to tell you!" Xiao Long yelled in excitement.

"Don't be such in a hurry, boy!" Xiao Long's mother said.

"The emperor has launched a dumpling competition!" Xiao Long bellowed.

"That's a wonderful opportunity for you to prove you don't have to be in the kitchen cutting dough and washing vegetables!" Xiao Long's mother stood and clapped her hands together delightfully.

"That was what I was thinking about!" Xiao long agreed. Dumpling(his little brother) came and hugged his leg.

"When is the day of the competition?"

"January 28!"

"Fantastic, just right on Chinese New Year! I should bring some snacks!"

"The other two good things are, your brother knows a lot about good herbs that can be used in cooking, and your sister just came back from dim sum culinary school. Maybe they can help you." Xiao Long's mother added.

His sister, who was making fortune cookies,winked at him.

Under his siblings help, Xiao Long finally grasped the complicated steps for making a thin pastry and inventing a new dumpling. The night before the competition, Xiao Long was so excited that he couldn't fall asleep. He tossed and turned around on his bed, until he was breathless. Finally he fell asleep.

The big day arrived. Xiao Long's father had arrived from the far away Jia Xing and the rest of his family was coming to cheer for him. When they arrived at the town square, it was full of excitement. There were people singing and dancing, putting up lanterns and having picnics. It looked like a carnival.

The competition started. Qianlong Huangdi sat comfortably watching on his red throne.

"First we have Zhuang Xiao Long!" Qianlong Huangdi yelled. The crowd went quiet. Xiao Long's family started cheering, his grandmother was waving her cane. Xiao Long held up his steamer carefully. Even though he acted calm and confident, his heart was thumping quickly, his hands were shaking crazily, and sweat rolled down his red cheeks. He couldn't believe that he was the first contestant.

"So what do you have here, young man?" Qianlong Huangdi whispered.

"Here I have a ginseng flavoured Xiao long bao." Xiao Long answered back, a drip of sweat dropped on his baggy pants.

"Named after you?"

"Yes sir!"

"I see…" The emperor slowly took out his golden chopsticks. He held the dumpling up slowly and bit into the delicate green skin of the Xiao long bao. Soup gushed into his mouth and he slurped it all up. As he chewed the ginseng flavoured pork, his face twitched in thought.

Xiao Long gave a nervous look.

"Excellent! What a way to start my day. I like your new dumpling, and the soup is just amazing!"

Xiao Long smiled proudly. The crowd cheered. He could see his mother crying happy tears, his father clapping and laughing, his siblings also laughing while eating pig ears and his grandmother waving her cane (again).

After the emperor tasted many more dumplings, it was time to announce the winner, Xiao Long's father hugged him tightly, which made Xiao Long sweat even more.
The emperor whispered to his servant.

"The winner will be…… " started the emperor's servant. The emperor's drummers started beating on their drums to add suspense.

"The winner is Ko Xiao Mei! Her original flavoured Shui Jiao was fantastic, and she will have a magnificent statue."

"What?" Xiao Long thought. He had seen the emperor's face frowning uncomfortably while eating her dish.

Ko Xiao Mei's chubby face smiled up at the emperor's servant.
"Thank you father," she murmured quietly.
The emperor shuffled nervously on his throne.
"I thought Zhuang Xiao Long was the winner?" The emperor frowned as he asked.
"No….my majesty! It was Ko Xiao Mei." The servant smiled at the tall throne with a guilty face.

"Ko Lo Yang! You must have wanted to make your daughter a winner right? Make your family proud? I don't want to upset you, but her food was … different. Yet you dare to favour your daughter?! Wave your last wave to your family. Guards,take him away!"
The servant's daughter's smile turn into a sob, and her mother's happy face turn as sour as a lemon.

Still, Ko Xiao Mei did go and work in the palace kitchen, but her job was to sweep up the food that fell on the floor and take it her father in the dungeon.

The Mysterious Magical Crystal Ball

Clearwater Bay School, Butani, Khrish – 8

In the 16th century, deep down in the fascinating walled city of Shanghai there lived an amazing, good looking man. He wore a lot of jewels and was very chubby . His name was Han Wang Wei. He ruled the walled city. The walled city was covered in jewels. The walls were covered with jewels. Even the floor was covered in jewels. He was clever, a risk taker and bossy. His breath smelled like perfume. When he talked to people he shouted. It seemed like the whole of Shanghai could hear him. People next to him felt like they were going deaf. The problem is that he is a bit of a show off. He felt like he was the most important person ever. He payed people to work as workers and would pay them very little. The workers even had to brush his teeth for him! Meanwhile, Japanese Pirates were attacking Beijing. Ripping walls and robbing houses. The workers had a mysterious magical crystal ball they stole from a palace. The crystal ball does everything you tell it to do. One night the workers had a plan. They sent a message about Han Wang Wei to the Japanese pirates through a crystal ball. Then when Han Wang Wei was sleeping they hid the crystal ball in his cellar. The cellar had tons of gold in it. It also had magical wands. They told the crystal ball to tell Han Wang Wei he has to start giving more salary and tell him to stop being bossy. If he refuses, tell him that Japanese Pirates will come and destroy his kingdom. Then the workers started laughing.

"Ha ha ha ha ha!" Laughed the workers. " That will teach Sir Han Wang Wei a lesson." Then as quiet as mice, they exited the room. At dawn Han Wang Wei came to the cellar to check if his gold was still in his cellar, but he saw something else, it was a mysterious crystal ball.
" Huh," he grunted. "Yet again something that does not belong to me, well if it its here it must be mine!" Suddenly the eyes of the crystal ball opened. "Aaaaaaaahhhhhh!" he screamed. The workers watched Han Wang Wei scream through a crack in the door, they all giggled Then the crystal ball opened its mouth and said
"You have to stop being bossy and you also have to increase your salary!" Han Wang Wei refused. Then the crystal ball said "If you don't Japanese pirates will come and destroy your city."
"I think you are a liar," snorted Han Wang Wei and went to have breakfast. Then the crystal ball grinned and shut down.

That evening, Japanese Pirates surrounded the walled city. Li wei the leader of the workers was directing his army of workers to creep out of the walled city, they got weapons from the pirates, some got ready to shoot cannons and they were one big team. When they were all ready a cannon was blasted and broke the the front entrance of Han Wang Wei. Han Wang Wei peeked out of a window and saw a broken hole in the ground. Then he remembered what the crystal ball said. If you don't stop being bossy or increase your salary then Japanese Pirates will come and destroy his kingdom. Then he was so angry he shouted. This time nearly the whole walled city could hear him. Then he stomped to his cellar and got a magic wand and turned on his monster army and woke the most powerful beast ever, The Likutra. (Pronounced Lik–u–t–ra) Suddenly, the earth shook and The Likutra rose up from the ground, made a screeching sound and then all the robots appeared. They took their guns and got ready to fire.

Then a pirate called Akiko (Pronounced A–ki–ko) took the first shot. He fired an arrow at The Likutra. The arrow hit it's back. The Likutra roared, turned around and slipped. He slipped because Li wei poured a bucket of water where The Likutra was standing. Everyone giggled at The Likutra. Even the people walking up and down the streets were laughing . Then cannons started being fired. Holes started appearing in the ground. The robots of Han Wang Wei were kicking and shooting arrows at everybody. Then a cannon struck The Likutra. It fell to the ground with a thud. Then soldiers started shooting arrows at the robots. One by one robots started to shut down. Then Han Wang Wei was shot by an arrow. He managed to get up. Suddenly Li wei walked to him and then Han Wang Wei saw his whole slave army come towards him. Then they told Han Wang Wei to tell them what the mysterious crystal ball said. Han Wang Wei whispered "You have to stop being bossy and increase your salary. If you don't Japanese Pirates will come and demolish my kingdom. Now, I will stop being bossy and increase my salary." Meanwhile the last cannon was shot at The Likutra at his head and he fainted. Then the Japanese Pirates ripped the jewels off the walls, robbed the houses and destroyed the kingdom. They were shooting cannons at the walls to knock down jewels. The jewels fell onto the ground and shattered into millions of tiny pieces. It was like raining jewels. They ripped the jewels of the floor. It was like they were digging a hole at the beach. They gave the leftover jewels to the poor to poor people. Now, nothing was covered in jewels, the only jeweled thing was Han Wang Wei ring. At that moment, Han Wang Wei slowly fainted in peace.

The Travelling Pot

Clearwater Bay School, Damodaran, Mohini – 8

Long long ago, in a old shanghainese city a rich lady wearing a beautiful flowery dress walked down the alleyway desperately searching for someone selling a small junk boat. Eu−meh was the rich lady's name and in english that means especially beautiful. Soon enough Eu−meh had found another lady selling her old junk. The lady's name was Mei which means plum in english. Mei was happy enough to sell it, so Eu−meh and Mei set of to fetch the junk. "Can you take me for a ride in your junk Mei?" asked Eu−meh. "Okay" replied Mei as they boarded the junk. Once the were sailing Mei called "Hey look over there Eu−meh! Look at that pot!" "O my gosh, that pot is amazing." Eu−meh replied. She grabbed the pot out of the water and stuck her hand inside. Suddenly an invisible wind started pulling her into the pot! "AHHHHHHHHHHH!" she screamed as she was hauled into the pot. Mei grabbed onto Eu−meh and found herself being hauled into the pot as well! After Mei and Eu−meh had fallen for what felt like hours, they finally fell onto what felt like a cold stone floor. Eu−meh was scared and asked where they were but Mei did not know either."According to that sign," Mei said, "we are in, huh, THE FRENCH AREAS!" they both screamed "HELP!" they shouted "HELP!" they screamed but no help came. "Mei look! look!" Eu−meh said as she suddenly got very excited. " Mei in your dress! There is a piece of paper, maybe it came from the pot!" Mei pulled out the piece of paper and read it. It said, "to get back to where you found this pot there is a flower jar. If you get that jar in time you will return by 7'O9. We will give you one fine clue it's hidden in a corner of the longhua temple." "So let's get going!" Mei cried out "There's also a map in here!" She continued. Eu−meh followed by saying, "I know very well how to read maps, so should I do the map reading?" "Okay, I'm quite bad," Mei replied. They had walked about 1 mile they met some french police arguing with some shanghainese locals. "I don't think these 'foreigners' should live here or even be here," said one of the police officers. The ladies both gasped at the thought they might be transported out of the city before they could even find the vase! Luckily they managed to tiptoe past the police officers and into a small fishing village. They looked at the map and saw that at the other end of the fishing village was the temple they were looking for. They ran through the village but were stopped by some shanghainese guards. They managed to explain that they were going to pray and put down offerings and the guards let them through. "Phew, that was a close one" said Mei. They ran the rest of the way to the temple and sprinted up the steps. They stepped with their right foot over the step into the temple. They both looked in the first room but they couldn't see the vase easily. They each started searching in every corner. Eu−meh said "We should creep quietly into the next room I think I hear someone, quick they might see". They hurried into the next room and Mei said " Look at all these offerings. Fruit, cups of water and candles. Suddenly Eu−meh shouted "I give up we've searched so long there is almost no chance of us finding that vase. We should just stay here and make a home." "don't give up Eu−meh" said Mei in a soft voice "we can do it." Suddenly Eu−meh screamed in delight. "I see it, I see the pot!" Then Eu−meh started running towards the pot. "Hey wait for me!" Mei cried. Eu−meh stopped then Mei caught up with her. Once they reached the pot, Mei stuck her hand inside. Then Eu−meh stuck her hand in the same way when Mei had completely disappeared. After traveling for a long time they finally hit the wooden floor of the junk. They continued a relaxing journey on the boat discussing what they had just done.

After a lot of chatting, near the end of the trip the boat broke down! "Don't worry." explained Mei and they rowed their junk back to shore. Eu−meh bought the boat and her and Mei agreed to meet again maybe to have another adventure. They then said goodbye Eu−meh sailed away and Mei went home.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Clearwater Bay School, Jiang, Isabella – 10

I am a girl, just an ordinary girl. My name is Lily. I come from California. My father got a promotion but unfortunately not in California, so I guess I have to move to Old Shanghai. I read books about Shanghai and people wear these weird clothes. I have been worried for weeks, but my father was so excited to move and said there are these Yulan Magnolia trees and they like rich, moist soil and should be planted where it is protected from elemental extremes, but I don't understand what he means. By the way, my father is a landscape designer.

Finally it was the day I was going to Shanghai. I had to leave all my friends I made in California. After a 16-hour long trip we landed, exhausted! We had an insane amount of baggages. I counted 18. All people in Shanghai speak a language called Chinese? I didn't understand what they were saying so I just ignored them. The food there was weird too. There were stuffs like hairy crabs, pork bellies and dumplings.

The house we stayed in Shanghai is much smaller than our house in California and I have to share rooms with my mischievous little brother, his name is Jordan. My new school is terrible. My teacher, Ms. Kennedy, is super strict, and I didn't even understand what she was saying in the first couple of weeks of school. Today she gave me 11 pieces of homework, which were due tomorrow!!!

When I was doing my lousy homework, my pencil was too dent, so I went to my room to get a sharpener. When I was searching, at the bottom of the desk drawer I found a diary, an old, rusty diary, and it said that our house apparently belonged to a little girl called Liang Liang! Did Liang Liang leave it intentionally so that someone would discover it later? Or did she just want people to know she lived here? What is going to happen…

At night, I read her diary and one day she wrote about spring hiking in Pudong in 1982. She wrote about rice fields, vegetable gardens, free-range chicken, wishing wells and fish ponds. It immediately caught my attention. On Sunday, I asked my mum and dad if we could go to that same place to explore. When we got there, we were first a bit disappointed because we didn't see any things like wishing wells and fish ponds as Liang Liang described in her diary. Instead we saw things like highrises and expressways. When I was grumpy, Dad suggested that we go to the top of the highest building to take a bird's-eye view. It turned out to be a fantastic idea. I enjoyed the beautiful scenery! The view was breathtaking. The cars on the road looked like match boxes, the Huangpu River ran in front of us like a velvet belt, and blobs of houses just laid around. We even saw the place where we were living. When I arrived home, I started my own little diary about Shanghai. I compared Shanghai now and then. I went on field trips and researched in the library and online. It started to make my Shanghai stay much more engaging.

Another day I read about Liang Liang's 10th birthday. Her parents gave her a bicycle as a gift. So ever since she went to school on bike and always took relaxing rides with parents in the neighborhood. It is a lot of fun since I always wanted a bike because it is very relaxing and a very easy way to get to school and I begged my parents to get one for me. My dad said there is something more interesting. He grabbed his cellphone and took me to a mysterious place. I was really puzzled. I saw in front of me a flashy orange bicycle. He winked at me and said "GPS". Then he scanned the QR code on the bike and the bike was unlocked. I didn't even see a lock and a key at all. Dad said "Go for a ride. The trendiest way to get around!" We biked to the park, we biked to the library and we biked to the riverside. At last, I asked my dad where we will park these cool bikes and he answered "we just leave them on the sidewalk and someone else will ride it when he needs" I thought it was cool and amazing!!! Dad said this is what the internet brings us.

Old Shanghai is not as bad as I thought it was. I actually had a great time!!! I got to meet new friends, try new food, walk the spring hiking path in Pudong, read a little girl called Liang Liang's amazing diary and learn how to use a cool GPS bike. Hmm… I wonder which country we are going to move to next?

Mei

Clearwater Bay School, Li, Adele – 9

Mei woke up to the smell of her favorite dish cooking on the fire. The sound of Chen the rickshaw man wheeling his rickshaw on the bumpy road. Scrape scrape scrape. Bump bump bump. She could see BaBa painting on a piece of canvas to trade at the market .

She felt the same. But different.

She walked out of her room and into the kitchen to see MaMa standing there, in her new Qi Pao, feathers in her hair. She looked different too.

The same. But different.

Even when she sat down at their bamboo table she felt different .

The same. But different.

She scooped up the piquant delightment of meat and sighed. Mei, for the first time in a long time felt sad . She did not know why, but she did.

Then all what had happened last night washed up to her like a series of waves washing ashore. The vaporous streak of lightning, the object she hated so much she would sleep for a thousand years to get rid of it, to travel back in time so the lighting had hit someone else. The way her sister was gone. The way Shen Shen was gone. The way mama, baba and her cried. Immense unstoppable tears. The way Shen Shen had abandoned them. The way she would never be happy again.

She missed everything about Shen Shen. She missed the way Shen Shen's feathery scent comforted her. The way the would go out onto the streets watching boats come in and out with goods for trade. She even missed the way all of Shen Shen's Qi Paos would overlap the family room like petals on the grass. She missed the way Shen Shen always wore a sparkle in her eye even when something bad happened. Like when a thief robbed Mama's jewelry store. She wondered if Shen Shen's ghost still wore that spark. The spark she wished she had.

She looked up to see MaMa's delicate face raining with tears. Big, languishing tears. Mei had never seen her mother in tears. Tears like rainstorms. Tears as touching and forlorn as dying fairies. Big grief stricken tears. Tears so emotional she might as well be laughing. Tears that caped mamas face with anguish. She looked left at her handsome broad baba. His virile face streaming with dampness, strucken with tears. Soaking in agony. Drenched with glum. She looked beside her. An empty seat stared back at her. She never knew how much somebody could hate a chair.

Never until then.

Even the chair looked sad without her beautiful, radiant sister. Her soul mate for life.''Mama,'' she cried in a mellifluous voice, hoarse with sadness. She opened her mouth to say more but a pang of regret hit her. Mama and papa scooped up Mei and hugged. A hug that shen shen would never have again. Mei had her parents. But she would never have her soulmate. Her wonderful Sister. Her other half. She would never be happy again. Never again.

Friendship

Clearwater Bay School, Shi, Angela – 8

In 1848, six years after the Opium War, a ship was sailing across the pacific ocean from London to Shanghai. It carried a seven years' old boy named Ethan. He was traveling with his father who went to Shanghai to trade gems and tea with Chinese. His mother was dead so Ethan could not stay in London alone. Ethan's heart pumped up and down as he didn't know what will happen to him in the new strange land. He wished he was still in London, with his friends, and his parents.

When they arrived at Old Shanghai, Ethan's father immediately got to work trading and Ethan was left with a few servants. Unfortunately the servants were old and could not play with him. Ethan felt really lonely and desperate to find some friends of his age, although he knew it would almost be impossible. One day he followed some Chinese children to an open area. It seemed to be a playground since lots of children were playing there. They stared at Ethan, who looked completely different from them, from hair and eye color to clothing, and whispered to each other frantically, some snorted and made rude noises. Although Ethan could not understand he could feel that they were sneering at him. His lip quivered and he burst into tears.

A girl who was playing with a wood toy looked up and saw Ethan crying. She walked up and asked him "Are you okay?" Her clothes did not look as expensive as other girls, but she had a very kind face and a gentle voice. Ethan was shocked that she could speak English. "How did you learn English?" he blurted out.

The girl smiled and replied "My father could speak English, he taught me how to read, speak and write. Do you want to try playing this? " She held out a seven small pieces of wood (tangram) and taught him how to play it. Ethan found this amazing. He had found a friend. The girl's name happened to be Chi−Yuen. She was eight years' old. Her father died two years ago and she live with her mother. They were poor but happy. When they had finished with their game it was dinnertime. The two friends promised they would meet again at the same place tomorrow. They played merrily for several days until one morning he found a letter on his doorstep.

Dear Ethan
I'm sorry to say, but I told my mother about you. My mother does not allow me to play with foreigners like you. Although I cannot talk to you face by face, I'll promise to write to you everyday. I will sorely miss you and I hope you will think fondly of me.
Best wishes
Chi−Yuen

Ethan was really sad after reading this note, but the fact that Chi−yuen would write to him everyday brightened him up. Life was just as boring as before, no, even more boring than before, when he could not play with Chi−Yuen. After a long lonely day Ethan just had dinner and went to bed as usual. Several days continued like this, but the highlight of each day was Chi−Yuen's letter.

But after 10 days Chi−Yuen's letters stopped coming. Ethan was really worried and decided to walk to Chi−Yuen's house. When he arrived he knocked on the door. Chi−Yuen's head peeked out. Her face was icy white and her eyes glittered with tears. "Hello Ethan, I'm sorry I haven't been able to write. My mother has got a serious sickness and we cannot afford the medicine. I am trying everything. I promise I'll write to you when she is feeling better." And with that she closed the door leaving him alone. Ethan slowly walked home feeling miserable. He hoped he could help. Suddenly, he got an idea. He could call a doctor and pay for the medicine. When he came home he banged open his piggy bank, only a few dimes rolled out from the hole. "Will this be enough to get a doctor?" he asked his servant. "We don't use that in China." replied the servant.

"Then I have to ask for father's help" thought Ethan. When his father came back from work Ethan explained why he needed the money. His father was a strict man but had a big heart. "Why do you want to help a stranger?" His father asked incredulously. "She is my only friend here, not a stranger." He told him about the amazing time they had when they were playing. "But her mom does not want her to play with you anymore." His father frowned. "I

do not care, I just want to help my friend. I do not want her to lose her mommy and became an orphan. " The boy insisted. Touched by his insistence, his father touched his head. "Give me a hug." His father sighed. "I know that I have been busy these days. But remember I love you and I am happy that you care for your friend." Taking out some silver coins from his pocket, he called in his servant and told him something.

The next morning Ethan was relieved since his father told him the doctor had checked on Chi−Yuen's mother and she is recovering. One evening at dusk a servant appeared carrying an envelope with a sheet inside. It was from Chi−Yuen. Ethan ripped it open and read enthusiastically.

Dear Ethan and his father

Thank you so much for sending the doctor and paying for the medicine. My mom is feeling much better. You have shown a lot of kindness towards us. Mom says I can play with you and when she gets better she will invite you to our home for meals.

Yours sincerely

Chi−Yuen

The next day Ethan woke up bright and early and ran to the place where he had first met Chi−Yuen. With her beaming smile, Chi−Yuen greeted him. They chatted and laughed as all friends do.

The Yulan Flower Story

Clearwater Bay School, Wan, Kyra – 9

Long, long ago before the City God Temple was built and the City Wall itself was made, a beautiful young woman named Yulan was walking along the Huangpu River, among the cherry trees that already blossomed, then a mandarin duck caught her eye …..

Yulan knew that ducks were a symbol for happiness; they could also walk on earth, swim in the crystal clear water and fly in the cloudless sky. She knew that mandarin ducks were the gods' favorite and were awarded their colour for their bravery from the gods. She crouched down and looked carefully, looking at the duck at every angle, wondering what brave deed the male duck did to be awarded his wonderful colors and why the female duck is just plain old brown.

Just then the ducks started quaking very loudly and splashing water at Yulan many times. Yulan was slightly surprised and took a step back so the duck waddled out of the water still quacking, flapping its wings and ruffling its feathers. Then it started pecking at Yulan's feet. Her toes felt so painful that she fell down. Suddenly she heard soft breathing around her, turned her head slightly, then to her amazement, she saw a gigantic tiger towering over her.

Yulan was still thinking about the duck that now was flapping to the other side of the river. The tiger followed the mandarin into the river, growling loudly and not taking his eyes off the duck. Knowing that it was eyed, the duck splashed the water to tell Yulan that he was going, and started to fly toward the sky. Angry that he had lost his first prey, the tiger turned his head to face Yulan. Knowing that she was going to be the tiger's next meal, Yulan screamed and turned to run. As she ran, she looked behind her and saw that the tiger was running after her.

Soon she came to a cliff with nothing around it, only trees. Panicking, Yulan began to climb, wishing that she could turn into something to save herself from the tiger.

Up in the sky, the Goddess of Mercy was listening to Yulan's cries. Knowing that Yulan was a good person and never lied, cheated or did anything wrong, she decided to help Yulan, so she sprinkled some magic water down to earth. Instantly Yulan began to transform into a beautiful flower. Her arms and legs became white petals, and her face became the center of the flower where bees could come and kiss her as a thank you gift and collect honey and nectar. Her soul went up to the clouds where the gods welcomed her warmly. From that day on, Yulan was known as the Goddess of Manjushri meaning beautiful. The Yulan Magnolia tree flower, the white Yulan became the city flower of old Shanghai and new Shanghai.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Clearwater Bay School, Yan, Terese – 10

Rustle, goes the leaves on the branches. Whoosh, blows the swift wind. Rumble, storms the thunder…" Mikayla put down her pen and lay back onto her chair. Eeesh! Grammar homework was so boring, here in California. Only if her dad was here to help her with it. Her dad had died 3 years ago, when he was saving a child from a fire. Her mom had to work extremely hard at her jobs and was barely ever at home. Mikayla heard the door creak open from downstairs. She rushed down to see who it was. A man with a long beard and white hair stepped in. Mikayla knew for sure that this was the headmaster of the village. "Nihao," the old man replied in a thick accent. "Wh–what?" mumbled Mikayla, wondering what type of foreign language he was speaking. " Oh sorry, I didn't know you don't understand Chinese," he apologized quickly. "Here's a letter from your aunt. She wants you to visit the Shanghai city!" he told Mikayla all about the Shanghai city, the food, the clothes, the tradition. Mikayla listened thoughtfully to him. She dreamt of the wonderful things of Shanghai. She couldn't wait to tell her friends and her mother. She ran upstairs to grab her luggage, then dashed back down. "Your mother will meet you in Shanghai, where the wonderful things will await you," the old headmaster replied as he glanced at his watch. "Oops! We're running out of time! You must catch the plane to Shanghai!" the headmaster replied as he dragged Mikayla across the street to the airport. " Bu–but who will go with me?" wondered Mikayla as the headmaster pulled out his suitcase and took Mikayla across the street. " I am coming with you, until you are safe in your aunt's house."

After Mikayla got off the plane, she stepped onto a tiny cart thing being pulled by a person! " *Transportation in Shanghai is so weird!"* She thought as the old man explained: "This is a rickshaw, a type of transport in Shanghai," When Mikayla arrived at her aunt's house she met her aunt waving at the door: "Nihao!" called her aunt. Mikayla turned around to say bye to the headmaster, then charged inside the house. She couldn't believe what she was seeing: The luxurious furniture and the gigantic rooms. Her aunt took Mikayla to her room, where her mother was sitting in. "Mum!" cried Mikayla and then gave her a big hug. " Listen, sweetie. Tomorrow you are going to start a chinese school in Shanghai to help you speak Chinese better. I hope you don't mind!" her mom explained. Mikayla thought for a second and said: " Ummm, sure! I would love to!" Mikayla replied, unsure of what her mom meant. " Sweetie, It's late. Why don't you go to bed now?" her mom closed the light. "You've got a big day ahead of you tomorrow," her mom shut the door and crept quietly downstairs. Mikayla hopped out of bed and stared at the stars. "Someday, I'll be as high and shiny as you stars, twinkling above the sky," Mikayla repeated, and drifted off to sleep.

At the crack of dawn, Mikayla woke up, and rushed downstairs. Not a single person was there. *Hisssss!* There was a strange sound coming from outside. Mikayla felt curious, but tried not to open the door. But before she knew it, she was creeping quietly outside the front door. There stood a girl, with a lantern and a flower in her hand. The only part of her thin body that stood out was her glistening hair, and the lantern in her hand. "What are you doing here?" she retorted hastily at Mikayla. Mikayla stepped back not knowing what to say, and a little frightened. "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. My name is Kailan," she reached out her hand for Mikayla to shake. Mikayla took her hand and shook it. Kailan stood there for a bit and then whispered as quiet as a mouse: "Come, you're just the person I'm looking for," Kailan dragged Mikayla across all the city streets. Mikayla had forgotten about the importance of chinese in Shanghai, and her mom and her aunt. She followed Kailan into a huge restaurant. The fantastic smell of dumplings and pork chop danced out of the restaurant, and invaded her nose. "Wanna eat?" asked Kailan, as she took out plates of dumplings off the dining tray and handed them to Mikayla, who put them in a bag. Kailan stood up, and motioned for Mikayla to follow her. As they walked, Kailan told her: " If you lose me, just find a flower, make a wish, and toss it high into the air ,"

Kailan and Mikayla arrived in a tea house by the side of the river. They sat down, and drank tea while they chomped down their delicious dumplings. Mikayla had never tasted such wonderful food before. While Mikayla was still busy eating her dumplings, Kailan stood by the river and rested her feet in the soothing water. But then all of a sudden, Kailan's bottom slipped and fell into the water. Mikayla jumped up immediately and stood next to the river, but there was no sign of Kailan. Mikayla did as Kailan had told her before. She grabbed a petal, threw it into her throat and gulped it down. She closed her eyes and wondered what wish she would make. She scanned all the thoughtful memories in her brain. She wished: "I wish I was home…"

When Mikayla opened her eves she met her dad, standing in front of her. " Dad? Is that really you?" Tears of happiness filled her eyes as she ran up to the open arms of her dad and hugged him all she could. Just then, another shadow stepped in. It was her mom! She hugged both of them as hard as she could, and quickly pledged to herself: " I promise, I will never leave my family, again."

The Tales of Old Shanghai

Clearwater Bay School, Zhao, Rou – 9

The sun beat down hard on the dry, cracked ground. No one was out in the sweltering day, except for one person. She was a girl with a long, scruffy braid trailing down her back. Her almond eyes were fixed on a ragged piece of paper stuck crookedly on one of the only trees in her village. The girl had her eyes slanted and had a purposeful look on her dirt–plastered face. She was staring intently at the torn sheet of paper as if her life depended on it.

"Ja–Japa–Japanese bandits com… coming. Lo–lock dur….door. Ja–Japanese kiy–killer. Y–y–You maybe d–die. We...we try stop... Japanese. Soldier Xian and army fit–fight Japanese. Bui–Builder build wall...try prote–protect us. Be...safe." The girl's eyes widened. She stumbled through the warning again hoping against hope that she was hallucinating. Even though there was a tiny pinprick of chance that this was all a joke, the girl knew that the Japanese bandits really would come. She sunk to her knees ignoring the heat shooting up her legs. She closed her eyes then threw back her head and let out a long, single note of despair. At that, a lopsided wooden door burst open and a woman came running out. She spotted the girl and raced over to her, kneeling down next to her.

"Lian!" she shouted, shaking the girl––Lian–– in a upset manner. "Wake up Lian!" Slowly, Lian's eyes opened. She fixed her eyes on her mother, and a groan escaped her. "Lian! Oh…Lian…" Lian's mother threw her arms around her and hugged her tight to her chest. "What is it, my love?"

Tears welled up in Lian's eyes. "The Japanese bandits, mother. They're coming." Silently, Lian pointed at the poster on the tree.

Lian's mother tensed. Lian could sense her mother quivering, but when she looked up at her mother, an unreadable expression was on her face. She just helped her daughter up and called out: "Meeting! Yangtze people, meeting!" Immediately, doors swung open and adults, children and toddlers came running out. Although they were all different, a similar expression was etched on their faces. Apprehension, anxiety and wary fear. The people crowded around Lian's mother, looking up at her with hands shielded over their squinted eyes.

"What is the reason of this meeting, Leader Yang?" a bearded poet called out, bowing low.

Lian's mother let go of Lian's hand and climbed effortlessly onto a towering haystack. She soon reached the top and straightened up gazing carefully at the people below her. "My daughter Lian has found some terrible news." Leader Yang shouted. All eyes swiveled to Lian as Leader Yang paused. A moment later, she continued, " My daughter has found out that…" Leader Yang paused. "That....Japanese bandits are coming to... raid and kill the people here in Shanghai."

Silence fell, broken when a little boy shouted. "What are we going to do, Leader Yang?"

Leader Yang looked down at Lian and nodded.

Trembling, Lian climbed onto the second layer of the haystack and stood looking at her audience. She opened her mouth and called out, "People of Yangtze, builders are building us a great wall to act as a shield for us. Soldier Xian and his army will attack the Japanese bandits. We certainly have protection, yes. But still, that won't be enough." A hoarse murmuring broke through the crowd at that. Lian waited, then when silence awaited her again, Lian continued speaking. "What we need is protection for ourselves. So, people of Yangtze, what we have to do is lock ourselves in our house. Pull down the shutters. Blow out all the oil lamps and and not make a single sound. Can you do this?"

"YES!" the crowd shouted in unision.

"Good. We have to start our action now!" Lian jumped off from her stand, stumbled, and was caught by her mother. Pride was glinting in her eyes as she bowed to her daughter. "Well done, Lian." There was silence, then Leader Yang murmured, "Close your eyes." Silently, Lian obeyed, she felt something warm touch her chest before her eyes flitted open, she felt her chest, and instead of bare skin, she touched a stone. A wide, bare stone as blue as the summer sky. Leader Yang smiled touching her neck where the amulet had been. "It is yours now, my daughter. For good luck."

"But the amulet's from the first queen of Shanghai, passed all the way to you!"

"And now, I pass it to you," Leader Yang whispered. She smiled and walked away. Lian stared after her mother as she registered what had just happened, she had no time to think anything else except for gratitude before a hand grasped her shoulder. Dread forced it's way into Lian's stomach, overtaking her pride. She slowly turned around and came face to face with a man dressed all in black. "Where the others, kid?" The man growled, shaking Lian roughly. "Where the others?"

All Lian could do was squeak and give an hasty shrug.

"I know you know where they are, kid. Tell me, else die you." The man drew out a sword and pressed it to Lian's throat. A fat drop of blood rolled down from the wound, collecting on Lian's lap.

"I'm telling you! I don't know where they are. I… came to find this place deserted!" Lian yelped

The man turned around to glance at a another man behind him. They talked to each other in a language Lian did not understand, when finally the first man turned around. "You lie? You die." With that, the sword reared into the air and came slashing down, accompanied by a terrified scream. The sword stabbed Lian viciously in the chest and silence came, footsteps faded and doors opened. Wary eyes glinted and suddenly someone shouted, "The Japanese soldiers are gone! The army saved us!"

"No," someone answered back, "*Lian* saved us."

A cracked amulet shifted into sight and the hero twitched…

Travel to Shanghai 1940

Clearwater Bay School, Zhu, Edward – 10

Swiveling towards the control panel, Mack pushed the on button. The time machine groaned, and the once dark room was suddenly illuminated by a purple light. ***"Welcome Tony Chang and Mack Mosic. Where would you like to go today?"*** The time machine spoke in a calm voice.

"Let's go to Old Shanghai in 1940" Mack yawned. Tony replied "What interesting things are there?" "Well, I heard Shanghai has a lot of great food. There's something called dumplings, it is juicy meat inside a dough ball. And I heard there are many fun things to do there, like watching cool operas! " Mack grinned at Tony. "Sounds nice!" He pressed the button saying "Shanghai 1940" and then……

"To Old Shanghai 1940! Hold on tight, Tony Chang and Mack Mosic! Zaaaaaap!"

The machine roared and groaned, then in a flash of light, the machine roared again. The door of the machine fell open. The boys stared outside.

Brown buildings with curved roofs were scattered across the street. Large posters and advertisements covered walls of temples. People were walking slowly up and down, wearing dark expressions. A snake charmer was surrounded by crowds of rowdy children. Rickshaws carrying people were being pulled by exhausted and fatigued men. The stench of rotting food invaded everyone's nostrils.

On a tall storeyed building waved a white flag with a red dot in the middle. "What flag is that?" asked Tony. Mack replied, "This is a Japanese flag. The Japanese is now controlling Shanghai."

Seeing the look of horror on Tony's face, Mack changed the subject. "Hey, look, there's an opera going on there!" he pointed at a building covered with advertisements bearing words like, "Kunqu Opera Theatre!" and "Restaurant!" "Cool!" Tony grinned. Tony and Mack ran into the building.

They found a seat on the second floor. Out of the blue, two women walked slowly onto the stage, their faces had been sprayed with white powder. One wore a long, pale green and pink dress with extremely long sleeves, the other wore a bright red dress, holding a circular fan. Calm, soft music rang through the hall, the women started singing loudly, and they spun around, did some light dance moves, then one shook her fan.

All of a sudden, a loud bang was heard at the door. Everyone turned around and stared at it. The women stopped singing immediately. A murmur of worried talking was heard. Another bang was heard, even louder this time. The murmur stopped, you could cut the air with a knife. There was another bang, then the door smashed down. Twenty Japanese soldiers armed with rifles longer than meter rulers charged inside. "Don't move! We are here to capture the undercover agent from Chongqing!" bellowed the captain. One actress tried to hide backstage, but the Japanese soldiers saw her and raised their rifles and shot her in the chest.

"Let's get out of here!" whispered Tony to Mack. He opened a window and looked downwards. There was a pile of garbage and hay lying on the ground. "Jump!" hissed Mack and shoved Tony through the window. He landed safely and softly on the garbage.

A Japanese soldier cried, "Check the second floor! I saw someone jump out of the window!" Three soldiers dashed upstairs. Since it was dark inside, the soldiers thought Mack was the undercover agent! "Got you!" Two large hands grabbed Mack by the shoulders, then the soldier carried him down the stairs and threw him into a truck. Mack found

another man was already inside with his hands cuffed. The soldiers jumped into the truck. The captain ordered "Let's go to the Food Court to find the third secret agent!" The truck started to move and moved faster and faster.

Tony was shocked! His stomach was growling, it was now evening. Heart beating against his throat, he dashed to the truck and got hold of the ladder on the back of the truck.

Within an hour's time, they arrived at the Food Court, all the soldiers jumped out of the truck and ran to arrest another agent.

Tony climbed in the truck. "I knew you would not leave me! You're my best friend" Mack said to Tony while he unlocked the handcuffs. Tony asked the man "Do you work for Chongqing?" The man nodded. Mack said, "We are from the future. We are your friends" The man looked puzzled. Tony hissed, "We don't have time to explain. Let's drive to our machine. Quick!" The truck started moving, but the Japanese soldiers had sprinted out of the Food Court. The captain bellowed, "Come on, fire at them!" The soldiers pursued the truck while shooting it.

When the truck arrived at the machine, there were no soldiers in sight. Tony and Mack led the man into the machine. "We will take you to Year 1945." Mack explained. With a click of a button, the machine slowly faded into the surroundings. When the machine arrived at the victory day, 1945, Shanghai citizens were celebrating the victory in the old city.

There were banners everywhere, everyone was cheering happily, and on every person's face was a contented smile as if the joy had been rationed and saved up for the eight years of doom. "Am I in a dream? So China really won against Japan? Wow!" The agent's eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

Two days after their visit to Shanghai, Mack sighed to Tony, "Ah, now I just finished my report on Old Shanghai!" "Wait, you brought me there just so you could do your report?" Tony asked angrily. "Umm, well, in the enrichment history class the teacher expects you to have a real experience and I thought you would like to go with me even if you are in the intermediate class still, so I chose Old Shanghai because I knew you would like it." Mack grinned evilly. "Well, I forgive you. I had a terrific time in Shanghai" Tony shrugged.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Creative Primary School, De' eb, Chiara Bridget – 11

In a damp street of old Shanghai, a girl walked out of a dark building. She was wearing a ragged dress, which could have been beautiful long ago. She had come from an errand to buy more silk for the dresses she was busy making. Mei Ling had a very hard life as a seamstress under the evil hand of her Mistress Ms Huang. Tonight she was especially tired. She stumbled, and as she fell down she banged the building's wall. Some plaster came loose and when she looked at the wall more closely, she saw a little piece of black cloth sticking out. Mei Ling looked around but luckily the street was deserted. She carefully took the cloth out of the wall and when she opened it she saw a piece of golden jewellery. It was probably worth a fortune. She quickly hid it, as this was her ticket to freedom and hopefully she could use the money to find her grandmother down in the South.

Mei Ling knew she would have trouble selling it, so she waited patiently. And finally, her chance came when a French customer came to Ms Huang's workshop with her daughter who looked about her age and demanded a beautiful gown in the colour of cherry red to be sewn. Ms Huang appointed Mei Ling to measure the daughter, but when Mei Ling was acting a bit clumsy, the daughter hissed at her. Mei Ling apologised many times, but the girl didn't even smile at her or acknowledge her apology. Only when Mei Ling measured her belly and looked up at the girl, did she get a glance back. Mei Ling kept quiet.

Weeks later, when at last the dress was finished and Ms Huang was away, Mei Ling washed herself and put on that dress. It was slightly loose, but nobody would notice. She rushed towards another part of the city to sell the piece of jewellery, keeping in mind to make herself look and behave like a rich person, copying the manner of that girl whose dress she was wearing, so they would not question her. It worked!

Now she could leave this town, far away from her horrid Mistress. Her next step was to get to the wharf, to get on the river. She was enjoying her newfound freedom when she suddenly heard somebody shout her name. "Mei Ling! What are you doing here, in that dress? Does Ms Huang know you are here? You must be a thief!" Mei Ling was so afraid. She could already imagine Ms Huang's punishment when this person would take her back to her Mistress. Just then she heard another voice. A girl spoke in French, "Silence! She is my friend. You have mistaken her for somebody else. How dare you accuse her?" Mei Ling turned around and was trying not to show her surprise at recognising the girl from the shop. It was the exact same girl whose cherry red dress she was wearing, on the arm of a handsome young lad. The girl extended her hand, and Mei Ling grabbed it, as if indeed they were two old friends and together they walked off to the ticket stand. They bought a ticket for the first ferry to depart just to get Mei Ling to safety first.

Once they were on the boat, the French girl introduced herself as Fleur. Mei Ling didn't understand why Fleur had helped her, but Fleur didn't seem to want to explain herself. Mei Ling took off the red dress to give it back to Fleur, underneath which she wore her ragged clothes. She was afraid that she would otherwise attract too much attention and she wanted to travel far far away. Fleur had to get off the boat to go home. Mei Ling waved goodbye to her from the boat, when she saw a group of men suddenly appear and take Fleur. Mei Ling saw how one man held her down and dragged her away. "They are kidnapping her!" Mei Ling thought and she was just in time to get off the boat and run after them. The men didn't notice her as Fleur put up quite a good struggle and Mei Ling managed to follow them all the way to a little building. She saw them enter the building, but she didn't dare to follow them further.

What should she do? She could just leave and find her grandmother or she could find help for Fleur. What would happen to Fleur if she didn't help? And suddenly she remembered Fleur's belly! She could not let another child

experience the same life as her! So she went back to the pier where she got off with Fleur. The next ferry arrived and it couldn't have been more of a lucky coincidence when she saw the same handsome lad come off. She ran toward him and explained everything she had seen. He took her to his other friends and together they went to the building where Fleur was kept. Obviously they knew how to fight and it wasn't long before Fleur was free.

Fleur was really shaken and asked to be taken to her home. In front of an enormous mansion, Fleur said to the lad, "I think it is time I introduce you," and to Mei Ling she said, "Please come in so my parents can thank you."

Fleur's parents were very shocked but grateful. As the story goes, the handsome lad was a Chinese gangster. However, in this time in Old Shanghai, it was very useful to have protection of the gangsters. And when they heard the other news, they welcomed him into the family. And Mei Ling? She went South and found her grandmother.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Creative Primary School, Lee, Argus Jay – 11

The Old Shanghai was a beautiful city. It was called the Paris of the East and the New York of the West. There were magnificent mansions, posh cafes and grand ballrooms. But you could only find them in the International Settlement or the French Concession zones. All around the castle walls of the Old City were rows and rows of small, shabby houses. I was born in one of those houses and it was where my story began.

I am Nano but in 1925, my name was Nan. I was 11 years old then. I had 7 brothers and 2 sisters. I only went to school for 2 years because my family couldn't afford the school fees. So I took up a job as an errand boy for a rich but very mean Chinese merchant, Master Chu. I worked very hard for him but he only paid me one small bag of rice per week. My family was very poor and never had enough food to feed all of us. Being the second–eldest child in the family, I often had to skip lunch or dinner.

Life was hard. The poor people were exploited by the rich merchants. We hated them but we dared not to offend them. Some of the younger men in my village especially hated the foreign merchants. Scar, the most daring man in my village, formed a gang to attack and steal from the rich foreign merchants.

One day, while I was walking along River Yangtze, I heard someone calling for help. I rushed to see what happened. A boy about the same age as me had fallen into the river. The boy was a Japanese and he was sinking fast. I took a deep breath and dove into the river. I grabbed him under my arms and kicked hard to the surface. The boy thanked me profusely. "Doumo arigatou, thank you, thank you very much!" He cried and held my hands tightly. "I'm Haruto Matsuda. Thank you for saving my life!"

The next day was a big surprise for me. Haruto came to my house with his parents to thank me! They gave me ten gold coins! The news quickly spread to the whole village but I could only smell trouble.

Master Chu became jealous of me and whipped me whenever I did something wrong. One day, while I was accompanying Master Chu to his friend's dinner party, I accidentally stepped on his foot. Master Chu was furious and he slapped me in my face. "Stop!" said Haruto. Haruto and his parents were standing behind Master Chu. "Why did you hurt a child?" asked Haruto's father. Master Chu dared not to displease the powerful Matsuda family and he went off in a huff.

Haruto's father then said to me, "Would you like to work for us? We could pay more than Master Chu."

Since then, I had worked for the Matsuda family. The Matsuda family treated me kindly and gave me five bags of rice per week. I was never hungry nor felt cold for Haruto always made sure that I had enough to eat and wear. I felt very lucky.

Haruto and I became good friends. He taught me what he learnt from school and the board game "GO". I spent all my free time with Haruto and his family was like my second family.
One evening, Scar stopped me while I was on my way home. "Nan, I now make you a great offer. You can join my gang now. Since you are so close to the Matsuda family, we can kidnap his boy and ask for a big ransom." I was very surprised to hear that but I said no. Scar was angry, "You traitor! You want to help those wicked foreigners and betray our country?" I was very scared but I said, "No, I won't do it. Haruto is my friend. I won't betray my country and I won't betray my friend. Leave me alone!" Then, I left quickly.

That night, I was very worried about Haruto. I couldn't sleep. I went to his house very early in the morning and told Haruto to be very careful. "Someone may try to hurt you. Do not go out alone and always bring a dagger with you." But I never told him the plan of Scar.

My worst nightmare came true one day. One night, Haruto's parents came to my house. They said that Haruto had left the house in the afternoon and hadn't been seen by anyone then. I knew that something was wrong. Then, a policeman came. He said that Haruto was seriously hurt and was now in a hospital. Haruto suffered a blow on the back of the head. Luckily, he had a dagger with him and was able to fend for himself. "Thank you, Nan," Haruto whispered to me, "If it wasn't for your warning, I would never have carried a dagger with me all the time." "Oh, it's you again, Nan. You have saved our son twice. I don't know how to thank you!" Haruto's mother cried.

Haruto's parents decided to go back to Japan. They thought that China was no longer safe. "Nan, you are like the second son to me. Would you like to come with us to live in Japan?" Haruto's father asked me.

I didn't know what to do. I might have a better future if I went to Japan with Haruto but I didn't want to leave my family behind. I asked my mother about it and she said, "Go to Japan, Nan. You will have a better future. You don't have to worry about us. Remember us and live well!" Mother cried.

The next month, I boarded a ship with Haruto and his family. We were going to Japan. I waved goodbye to my parents and my brothers and sisters. My eyes were filled with tears as I sailed into the night.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Creative Primary School, Leung, Gabriel – 11

Good morning class! Today, we have a special task. We will finally visit the Shanghai Museum!" Miss Lily announced cheerfully once she had entered the classroom. "We will see a lot of historical items in the period of Old Shanghai there!" Miss Lily continued.

It was November. My mom had sent me to this boarding school in Shanghai. She wanted me to learn more about the Chinese culture and language. She thought that would be good for me in the future. *Whatever!* I did not really care about what would be good for me in the future. *How many kids really care about that?* All I knew was that I had to live on school campus. I was not used to this boarding school business at first, but after two months, I thought this school was great! The teachers there often organized school trips to places and I love school trips, especially to museums! Those trips let me be free, away from the old boring school campus. You can imagine how excited I was when I heard we were going to visit the Shanghai Museum.

Recently, Miss Lily taught us about the Old Shanghai. It was definitely NOT a good place to live! The Chinese people then lived a harsh life, as the westerners at that time often discriminated against them. Even worse, inside the French Concession, everything was controlled by the French government – the Chinese law simply wouldn't work! As a result, there were many illegal activities – the French Government wouldn't care about Chinese robbers, provided that they didn't affect the French living there.

"Beep, beep…" This sound, which came from the playground, indicated that the bus had arrived. We all lined up in front of Miss Lily. *It has to be an interesting trip*, I thought, *I can't wait to get there!*

We finally arrived at the Shanghai Museum two hours later. It was a pretty boring ride. *Never mind!* I told myself. *It will not be so boring inside!*

When we entered the museum, Miss Lily started talking, but I wasn't listening. My attention was all on one of the pictures. I recognized the place as the Bund. There were lots of Western-styled buildings, but some of them still had a Chinese-styled banner sticking out. On the left-hand side of the photo was a river! *Hmm… It looks like the Huangpu River*, I recalled. A surge of enthusiasm ran inside me, as I figured that it would be a great adventure if I were standing right on the street. As I was thinking, I drifted into unconsciousness.

The photo stirred into view. I was standing right on the street! I looked around, trying to identify more of this strange place. I walked towards the French Concession…

Wow! It is so crowded! That was the first thought as I walked into the French Concession. Suddenly, I heard a distance yowl and an evil laugh. I pictured a big, strong man who wore black clothes grab a small kid and run out of sight. A woman was shouting.

I ran towards the direction of the shout, even though I was exhausted. *I can help!* I desperately tried to assure myself, *I can help!*

I saw a woman suddenly fall down. She was running out of breath and was panicking. "A big strong man had taken my son, Ah Fook!" She sobbed when I asked her what was going on. She went on explaining how Ah Fook had just been kidnapped. "Ah Fook was playing alone while I was washing those dishes in the alley." She pointed towards a dark, narrow passage behind the French restaurant. She continued, "Then suddenly, I heard my baby shouted 'Help! Ma!' I dropped the dishes off my hands and rushed to see what was happening, but it was too late.

All I saw was that big man carrying my kid." Just then, a French teenager passed by. "*Bonjour! Qu'est−ce qu'elle a dit?*" I translated what I heard from the woman. "*On doit l'aider!*" he said suddenly when I had finished.

Luckily, I brought my phone here. "Hi, policeman. A man took a little boy named Ah Fook. He is heading towards the fake dental clinic." "Solve it yourself!" the policeman said in his booming voice. "I am too busy looking for lost Chinese kids." Oh! I remembered! French policemen don't help the Chinese! So, we set off, trying to catch the kidnapper by ourselves, half hoping that the man would go back to where the Chinese government ruled.

As I was running with the French teenager, whose name turned out to be François, someone shouted behind us. It was that woman! She was crazy about getting Ah Fook home. She told us she just saw Ah Fook and that big strong man. She ran so quickly that we could not even keep up with her. After chasing around four long blocks, we finally caught up with her. We saw her leapt towards the big strong man. He bellowed, "Get off, lady!" but couldn't get himself free. In the struggle, François held the man's arms, while I pulled his hair and took Ah Fook out of his hands. I was sure that man was in pain. *Who cares?* The cunning man, who gave up the fight, ran off along the street. "You saved Ah Fook's life! How can I repay you?" the woman said in a grateful voice. "Never mind!" I told the woman, "I was expecting an adventure!"

The sun was setting. I felt like I needed to go home. "Goodbye, friends!" I waved at them as I went back to the Bund. The world turned black once more.

"Okay! That's all for today! We will go back to school and you all can finish off the museum worksheets." Most of the class moaned, but I smiled and stepped off into the beautiful sunset.

I have learned a lot today. And it was not at all boring!

Trudeau Traveling Through Time

Creative Primary School, Leung, Theodore – 9

Many people knew of Justin Trudeau as Canada's prime minister. And many people also knew that he was a French, Social Studies and Math teacher before he was interested in running for public office. But many people did not know that he had wanted to be an inventor ever since he was a kid. So whenever he was free, he would use his spare time to construct a time machine. His plan was to travel back in time to learn about history. He thought learning about the past would make him a better prime minister.

Trudeau spent a lot of time building the time machine. His big idea was to travel to France to learn about the French Revolution. He wanted to practice his French and to experience one of the most important periods in history. So one day, he sat in front of the time machine and pressed "France" and "1789." But because he did not study engineering when he was in school, his time machine was a bit wacky. His time machine did not take him back to France, instead it took him to the French Concession in Shanghai. It did not take him back to the year 1789 but 1920. Being an adventurous politician, he had no problems with this destination.

Trudeau walked around the French Concession and saw a few policemen chatting near the police station. Being a friendly prime minister, Trudeau gave them two thumbs up and then strolled down the street. Trudeau was not sure where he was heading. But the view was quite nice. He saw some tea houses, some villas, and many shops. He then walked toward the iron railing and the scenery suddenly was very different. The streets were very narrow and filled with many Chinese people. Suddenly, he saw two Chinese men running out from a grocery shop nervously. The shopkeeper was yelling and shouting. Trudeau did not understand what the Chinese man was saying but he was sure that the runaways were robbers. Being a courageous man, Trudeau chased after them.

The robbers climbed over the North Gate and then quickly disappeared from the crowd. Trudeau decided to report to the police in the French Concession. To his surprise, the officers told him that they could not do anything because the robbers committed their crimes in the Old City, not in the French Concession. They also told him that he should be glad that he was not killed while chasing them. But Trudeau was not dismayed nor afraid. He was determined to catch those robbers by himself. After all, he was Canadian's bravest prime minister.

Trudeau thought of a way to attract and capture the robbers. He had to first make the robbers go back to the Old City. He put up posters everywhere in the French Concession the next day and suggested there was going to be a golden egg hunt in the City God Temple before noon. Trudeau then went to the Old City police station and told the police that the robbers were coming. He then bought some eggs from the street market and painted them gold. He put the eggs around the Temple and within an hour, a lot of people arrived.

Unfortunately, Trudeau could not recognize the robbers from the crowd. He was anxious and angry. He realized that he had to think of another method to catch the robbers. But time was running out. If he could not catch the robbers by dusk, he might not be able to get back in time to make that Canada Day speech the next day. He thought and thought but he still could not think of a solution. He then went into the temple to avoid the angry crowd and decided to ask the City Gods for help. Unfortunately, the gods did not give him any hints.

Trudeau felt disappointed. He decided to walk back to the French Concession. As he was walking, he thought if the City Gods the Chinese believe in could not help him, maybe the Catholic God the French believed in could help. So Trudeau went into the Saint Ignatus Cathedral and prayed. Unfortunately, God did not inspire him either.

Trudeau began to feel helpless but he did not feel hopeless. He headed back to the Old City to try his luck. As he passed the gate, he saw two men running really fast. He could not believe his eyes. They were the robbers he was looking for. He immediately signaled the police officers who were napping behind the fortune-tellers. The police officers then took the two men straight to court. They also invited the grocery shop owner to come as well.

The judge asked the robbers what they had stolen from the grocery store. The two said that they got nothing. Then the judge asked the grocery shop owner the same question. The grocery owner shook his head. The judge was mad! He shouted, "Where is Trudeau?" Trudeau burst into the court. The judge asked Trudeau, "Why did you report a fake crime?" "I didn't. I saw the two men escaping and the shopkeeper was yelling," Trudeau explained. The grocery shop owner sighed. "Aiya, I was just screaming for more business. This 'gweilo' just didn't know anything." Trudeau was puzzled. He asked, "Then why were the two guys running away so quickly?" The two men laughed, "We needed to hurry to get back to our jobs. We stole nothing!" The judge rolled his eyes. Everyone left the court. Trudeau felt disappointed and he wanted to return home. He figured he had plenty of things to do besides making that Canada Day speech when he got home, such as fixing that time machine.

The Pearl Necklace

Creative Primary School, Ma, Lotta – 9

What is on the TV, honey?" Mom asked. "It's an episode about the old Shanghai," I replied, "A French lady is in an elegant cheongsam, with a big feather fan and very beautiful long pearl necklace. Can you buy me a similar pearl necklace as a souvenir for our holiday trip?" "We will see. Stay there and wait for a while. I will have to tidy up the …" Mom answered.

My family and I were in a trip in Shanghai. We were lucky to have the chance to stay in a classic old hotel located in a historical building. I was watching an episode, showing a banquet in a gorgeous ballroom, with Chinese and Western faces. They were all in formal elegant dressing, durashape top hat, tuxedo, traditional Chinese long gown, lace sleeveless long dress, cheongsam. The ladies were so charming, with the beautiful feather hats, big feather fans and the long pearl necklaces. How lovely they were! They were dancing with glamourous music. I was indulged in the lovely music and the beauty of their dancing. I could almost imagine the people coming out to dance with me! Suddenly, the French lady with the feather fan turned to me and … I could not believe it … she walked out of the television and stood in front of me! I was so terrified that I almost fell flat on the floor! But something caught my eyes … something was missing ... where was the lady's pearl necklace?!

" Hello … hi … nice to meet you. You look familiar, if I am not wrong, you must have lost your pearl necklace, right?" I was frightened, but I was curious.

"Yes, you are right. I left it somewhere in the changing room or the balcony in the French Club." The charming lady looked around and paused for thought. "Um … well, actually, if you don't mind, can you help me find my pearl necklace?"

"What … what can I do for you?" I wondered.

"You see, there are Indian guards all around and they would not allow me to walk around the French Club to look for it."

"Walk around the French Club?" I didn't get it.

"The pearl necklace is an heirloom of a Shanghai's family. They gave it to me as a gift. I can't afford to lose it! You are just a little kid and the Indian guards might allow you to hang around. I need you to sneak in for me."

I was excited because it would be very adventurous. To go into the French Club! What an attractive idea. But … how could I go there? I was confused. My mind got stuck and I could hardly say anything.

"But … how …" I murmured.

The lady knew why I was hesitating. "Don't' worry, come with me." And what more attractive was her promise. "If you help me, I would give you my little French pearl earrings in exchange!"

The lady took my hand and led me into the television.

"Oh, my! I was walking in!"

She was right. There were Indian guards at every corner. I was in a grand ballroom, a fantastic venue with artistic deco, stained glass elliptical ceiling and sunken dance floor.

"Awesome!" Am I dreaming?

Suddenly something shiny caught my eyes… it was the pearl necklace! As I was about to take it, a guard spotted me and shouted something that I didn't understand, but I bet it wasn't something good! I immediately took the necklace and ran as fast as I could. I ran to the backdoor stairs and ran up to the rooftop. Wow! How beautiful the view was on top of the French club! I could see the Huangpu River, though far away. Looked down from my feet, there were the crowded streets with old-fashioned rickshaws running on them. If I wasn't being chased by a guard now I would love to enjoy the view for a while.

"Hey, stop!" the Indian guard yelled behind me.

"Run!" I told myself, panting and almost lost my breath!

Suddenly I found a little latch! I opened the gate and found a staircase that led to the kitchen of the French club. Thanked goodness the guard wasn't chasing me anymore. Maybe the entrance of the latch was too small for him to go through. What a horrifying experience! The lady was very pleased to see me again. She was so grateful with me that she took me out of the French Club for wonderful Shanghai food, Shanghai dumplings, noodles, xiao lung bao and pancakes. They tasted a bit different from the modern ones but were exceptionally delicious!

"So … the earrings?" I reminded the charming lady.

"Come to my house and I will show you my collections!"

"You have a fantastically big house!" After a five minutes' walk and we were in her house. I was amazed by how big it was.

"Well, in China, I am relatively very rich," she said frankly.

The lady let me pick one pair of the pearl earrings by myself. They glittered in my eyes!

"You got a television as well?" I saw an old style television set with the antenna, and what popped up in my mind was, I got to return to see my mom!

I immediately took the pearl earrings and wanted to say goodbye. Suddenly everything in front of me turned misty and a great force sucked me into the television!

"Oh … what … help!"

Not until I opened my eyes, I heard my mom calling me.

"Oh … hi, mom …"

"I've been asking you whether you want to have a walk near the Huangpu River …"

"I'm sorry I was away for so long!"

"What do you mean? It took me just five minutes to tidy up the bedroom!" said my mom.

I was very confused, with the pair of earrings still in my hand.

But I'm glad that I'm back!

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Creative Primary School, Tse, Zhena – 9

In the Land of Magical Spells and Wands, the sorceress Grace was trying out her new spell, the-send-you-to-places-you-wish spell, and she was thinking about where to go on vacation. Grace thought, "I have been to all the places in the world except Shanghai, and I've heard that their pork buns and fried dumplings are very delightful! Well, it's decided, I'm going to Shanghai for my vacation!" However, there was a teeny tiny detail she didn't know – for she doesn't watch the news very often – that the Chinese people were at war with the Japanese people.

When Grace finished packing her suitcase, she picked up her wand and flipped to page 721 in her spell book, and then Grace started to chant the words in the spell book.

"Magic good and Magic bad,

Shanghai it is, don't make me sad,

Take me to where I desire,

ABRACADABRA, ABRACADABRA!

ABRACADABRA, ABRACADABRA!"

Suddenly, a golden flash lit up the room, then the light faded and there was no sign of Grace…

Grace landed lightly on the ground. The faces, the clothing, the buildings… all in the Shanghainese style. Grace magicked herself up an inn to sleep for the night. When Grace settled down and was ready to go out for a walk, there was a deafening BOOM! It was The Bund! The Japanese were raising a sudden attack by bombing it from the air. There was chaos everywhere, children running in all directions, adults screaming their heads off, guns were firing loudly, soldiers ready with basic weapons. Grace looked on sadly, "How can the Japanese be so cruel?" she thought, "I can't let them destroy this beautiful country."

Suddenly, a girl ran right into her arms. "What's the matter, my dear?" asked Grace. The girl started to say, "My name is Xiao Tong and just now the bomb killed my family, so…" Xiao Tong had burst into tears. Grace was stunned into silence. "No family? No way! I'm going to train you as my apprentice!" Grace dragged Xiao Tong to her inn and gave her magical gadgets, a new dress with hearts embroidered, a fabulous silver wand with a sparkling tip, a magical bag, a spell book and violet slippers. "Go try it on," said Grace. After changing, Xiao Tong came out and asked, "Grace, does your bag have everything you need?" "Of course, dear, it will magically shrink," came Grace's reply.

"Tell me what you saw at the time the bomb killed your parents." "I saw lots of smoke and a man in a black tracksuit," Xiao Tong said. "Black Shadow!" Grace whispered. "Who is Black Shadow?" Xiao Tong asked. "He is the most terrifying shadow of all. He is also known as the Master of Evil, the Mysterious One. But we sorcerers' are trying to catch him when we could, alas, he is too hard to be captured. Our wisest tried to capture him with different traps and magic. He slipped away unnoticed and we are frustrated," Grace said. Xiao Tong shivered. She could feel goose bumps growing all over her arms, and a horrible feeling washed over her, making herself shiver all over again. Bad thoughts started to swirl around her mind, and she felt faint. Grace looked at Xiao Tong and took out some pills for her and said, "Eat these get-well pills. They'll help get the faint feeling

out of you." "What happened to me?" asked Xiao Tong worriedly. "Well," said Grace, "Every sorcerer has feelings that show how strong their enemies are. You are my apprentice, that means you're going to feel it too. Black Shadow feeds on fear, fear makes him stronger and courage makes him weaker, so the get−well pills can help take fear away and replace it with courage. We have to help the people in Shanghai to rebuild their courage, a village shall do." "Oh, my village has lots of people, I can take you there!" said Xiao Tong. "Oh, okay," Grace replied.

"We must have courage in this desperate time!" shouted Grace to the villagers. Xiao Tong and Grace had gathered the scared villagers together and were shouting words of encouragement to them. "She's right!" shouted Xiao Tong, "We can't hide in our homes every day!" "They're right!" murmured the villagers, "We can do nothing but sit on our beds and chairs every day!" We're with you!" chanted the villagers.

After the villagers had renewed courage, Grace and Xiao Tong walked away from the village. Grace said, "Black Shadow should appear now and then, cause courage lures Black Shadow out." "Why?" asked Xiao Tong. "I don't know," Grace replied. "Oh, I see," said Xiao Tong.

Suddenly, an evil cackle rang through the air. It was Black Shadow! He had arrived! "It is time for my duel with him. Do not try to help no matter what," Grace instructed. "But……" Xiao Tong was too shocked to say anything. Grace called out, "Black Shadow, where are you? I'll capture you this time!" "Capture me? Try!" hissed a voice. Xiao Tong spun around and saw Grace facing a 3D shadow! Grace acted fast. She sent thousands of balls of fire toward him, but he was fast as well. Black Shadow dodged every one of them. Then Black Shadow sent his pets – which included 100 poisonous snakes, 80 scorpions, 20 rats – at Grace, but Grace simply turned them back against him. The duel lasted for hours and hours. Finally, Grace took out her magic gourd. She called Black Shadow's name in it. Black Shadow started to feel an invisible force sucking him into the gourd. He yelled and he screamed but he was eventually sucked into it. Grace put the cork into place and sealed it with superglue. " Black Shadow is finally captured!" Grace cried out loud.

A messenger came. He said happily, "The Japanese has surrendered!" " Hurray!" Grace and Xiao Tong cried. Xiao Tong lived with Grace after that. They had put history back on the right track. All was well.

The Dark Side of War

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chan, Charmaine – 11

Yung stood silently on the ground where her front porch used to be. It was now scattered with glass and bits of broken bricks. She was glad that she was one of the few in her village that survived the war, and yet she knew she had nothing left but her life. Memories of the war flashed about in her head.

It was a peaceful evening in 1937 when the Japanese soldiers arrived. Yung was playing with her dog, Ming, and her mother was knitting a scarf for Yung and her brother, Chun. Her father was a soldier and he had to stay on guard outside. It was late already, yet Chun had not arrived home. Yung's mother was starting to get worried.

"Yung, stay here. I will go out to find Chun," Mother finally said.

"But Mother, it's late at night already!" Yung had this inexplicable sense of foreboding.

"I know, but your brother is missing. I must go find him!" Mother insisted.

Yung nodded and sat on the front porch, watching her mother head towards the empty road. After about fifteen minutes, she heard a large commotion. People were screaming and running along. Immediately, Yung went indoors and peeked through the window, only to find soldiers firing guns at people. She could hear her neighbours yelling, telling each other to run away. Quickly, she packed some of her belongings and, pulling Ming with her, ran away. She ran as fast as her little legs could bring her. After a while, she felt a strong grip from the back of her shirt. Turning, she realized she had been caught by a Japanese soldier. She gasped as the soldier snickered and pulled her and Ming towards a tower. That was where the malevolent soldiers ruled, and where the innocent people were incarcerated.

Yung was pulled into a filthy, small, dark room where lots of people were crammed together. She could recognize some of her neighbours' voices. Then, she turned around and saw a horrifying sight — her father was kneeling on a platform, and a Japanese soldier was pointing a gun towards him! Yung knelt on the ground and cried, her face buried deep in her hands. Soon, many Shanghai soldiers were killed, including Yung's father.

Suddenly, she realized her mother and Chun were here. Chun was caught by a Japanese soldier on the street when he was hanging out with his friends, and Mother was caught while she was looking for Chun. That night, they had to sleep on the cold, hard ground with other badly injured and sick people.

The following day was even more terrible. The adults were taken to work for the Japanese. Those who refused to work were immediately killed. Since Chun was a teenager, he had to work as well. The children prisoners, including Yung, were beaten. The soldiers used hard ropes, slapping them harder and harder onto the children's backs each time. Yung dared not to cry, she knew that if she did, she would be beaten even harder. The Japanese soldiers also arched their backs backwards and roared with laughter, while the children whimpered, trying to hold back their tears. Soon, the children's backs were full of scars and fresh flowing blood.

One whole week passed just like this, and yet to the prisoners, it seemed like one whole year. On the eighth day, Yung caught a glimpse of her mother, Chun and Ming in the working area. Their faces were pale and they limped as they pulled heavy boulders from place to place. Yung's mind went blank and her face went pale when she saw her mother falling over a pile of sand. Walking slowly towards her mother, she was more frightened when her mother didn't get up. Chun went over and knelt beside their mother. He felt her pulse on her wrist, then went totally pale and shook his head. Even Ming lowered his head as if he understood everything.

Yung's eyes swelled with tears. "No, no, please don't, Mother! No!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. Chun covered his sister's mouth with his hand to stop her from getting the Japanese soldiers' attention. They both knelt beside their dead mother, each in absolute silence. A Japanese soldier came over and beat Chun on the back. Chun obediently stood up, and holding back his tears, started heaving up a large bag of sand, and with tears and sweat flowing down his cheeks, carried the bag to the end of the working area and flung anther bag of sand over his weak shoulders. A few days later, the working area was filled with dead bodies and sobbing workers, who were grieving over the death of their friends and families.

One day, Yung couldn't see her brother or her dog in the working area. "Chun? Ming? No, no, please Chun, don't abandon me in this misery! Chun! Ming! Please don't go!" Yung muttered, tears flowing down her little cheeks. She wished everything was just a horrible nightmare, but she knew very clearly, that her beloved brother and dog had gone to join her mother.

One miserable afternoon, the Japanese soldiers seemed to be mumbling about something serious. Soon, they lowered their Japanese flag and held their arms halfway up. Yung thought that was some sort of ceremony at first, but then, the adults told her that it was surrender. Surrender to the Japanese, which meant the Chinese were free! On that memorable day, the remaining prisoners were set free. However, the city was in terrible shape. The city had been bombarded and damaged badly by the Japanese.

Yung, still deep in her thoughts, knew that the scars on her body would soon heal and go away, but the scars the war left in her heart would remain. Then, tears started to flow down her cheeks. She wished her family a good afterlife and slowly headed towards some Shanghai soldiers who came to provide food and shelter.

My Bittersweet Days in Shanghai

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chan, Chun Yi – 10

Shanghai, late 1930's.

My name is Mist. I had had an extraordinary life in my salad days before I strayed out in the treacherous world not knowing the dangers hidden.

I was born to a tabby she–cat. My sister Magpie and I lived in a cramped, decrepit three–story tenement block with our housefolk. We loved to frolic in the yard with their daughter Melissa. We had a lot of fun together.

My adventure started one winter morning when I squeezed into Melissa's room and found that she was missing. With a sunken heart, I padded into the kitchen and prodded my sister awake. She was dismayed at the news. I suggested venturing out to find Melissa but Magpie thought it was too risky. I urged relentlessly as life without Melissa would be such a bore. At last, she agreed, though grudgingly. We then started planning our escapade.

Suddenly, a gust of icy wind blew in. The room turned freezing cold at its touch. I signaled to Magpie with my tail and hissed, "Follow me!" I jumped onto different pieces of furniture and squeezed through the narrow gap between the broken wooden frame and the window, Magpie at my heels.

Once we were outside, we gripped the rusty water pipe and looked down. This cosmopolitan city opened up to us. A commotion of people, rickshaws and trams were hustling and bustling in the streets below, creating a huge racket. The stench of diesel oil hung in the air. I smelt trouble. Changing my mind, I clawed my way up to the rooftop and waited for Magpie to catch up as she scrambled awkwardly. We leapt from building to building until reaching a border with sandbags stacked up to prevent people from trespassing. It was the French Concession. It looked calm there. Without hesitation, we slid down the pipe and dropped cautiously onto the ground.

It had been a month since we took refuge in the French Concession. We made friends with a loner named Millie. We enjoyed fishing yellow croakers in the Huangpu River by the Bund where merchants all around the world gathered to trade, haggling over terms and prices on all sorts of junk. Coolies sweltered under the scorching sun, dragging goods to boats heading to various ports. My life was easy in comparison, I thought, until that day…

The three of us were marking borders when a slender woman in stilettos, body–tight *changsam* and oversell makeup stepped daintily into the alleyway. Two snarling Alsatians on short leads stared defiantly at us. A massive one with slobbering jowls growled menacingly, "This is our territory. Don't you dare mess with us or you'll be sorry!"

Suddenly, he struggled free from his master's grip and knocked me aside with a hefty blow. Courageously, Magpie leapt onto his back, digging her claws into his pelt until he writhed, whimpering in pain. As blood dripped down, the other dog came for assistance.

I flattened my ears, hissing as we went into battle. I darted under his belly, accidentally giving him a chance to hold me down. Pain ripped my belly as the dog raked it with his paws, knocking all the breath out of me. Just then, I glimpsed Millie coming to my aid. She clung to the dog with her claws to distract him. I crawled out from beneath and secretly beckoned to Magpie and Millie. We made a mad dash out of the alleyway, running for our lives. The boundary of the French Concession, though meters away, all of a sudden seemed endlessly far…

Magpie and I cleared the sandbags with agile bounds but Millie was hanging on for her life, hind legs cycling non–stop while she groped for a foothold. I grabbed her scruff and flung her over the sandbags. We landed steadily on the ground and ran with blood pounding in our ears. We were gaining ground, but the dogs had no intention of giving up!

We sprinted with all our might, the dogs in close pursuit. Our paws sprayed up soil as we zig–zagged around the pedestrians. In the distance, the Big Ben of the Custom House was chiming. Then, paw steps behind us slowed down. Still, we were too frightened to stop. We heaved ourselves up a tree, catching our breath. Then, we caught an amusing sight— the dogs had given up the chase and were slurping up the remnants of Xiao Long Baos that were littered on the pavement. What a narrow escape! A signature dish saved the day!

After that incident, I realized how lucky I was to have a family who treasured us. I came to comprehend how silly I was to leave home. I rushed back home with a bewildered Magpie and Millie right behind me. Magpie was

hesitant about the welcoming of our housefolk but Millie was bouncing around joyfully. Suddenly, Millie stopped and said, "Do you think they'll want to keep me too?" Her eyes were brimming with tears. "I was an orphan yearning for love but no one ever spared me any sympathy. Can I come with you?" she pleaded." You are most welcome!" Magpie and I meowed enthusiastically. We climbed hopefully across the fence into backyard, through an open window and landed in the living room. The popular song ' Ye Lai Xiang ' filled the air, "*Tuberose, I think about you…*" The lyrics were forever that sweet and warm.

Melissa, who had never left, spotted us. "They're back!" she exclaimed with joy. "And with a new friend!" her Mom said airily. "These three little poor things looked so pathetic, how matted and filthy! I must give them a good wash. I suppose we could look after one more… " Millie purred happily and we nuzzled the affectionate lady in thanks, feeling truly blessed.

Just then, warplanes glided overhead and released bombs onto the city. We all huddled close to our dear Melissa fearfully as we heard the sounds of red−brick buildings collapsing around us. The war had begun.

A Cup of Water and A Bowl of Congee

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Deng, Shirley – 11

Knock knock!" The wooden door shivered weakly. Wu dashed to the window and peered out. A foreign girl with chestnut brown hair was standing on the doorsteps in tattered rags. The girl raised her little fist and knocked again, this time more desperately. Wu opened the door and gasped at the very sight of the girl. Months of malnutrition had reduced the girl to a bag of bones. "Food… Wa… Water…" the girl breathed. As Wu reached out to her, she staggered and fell forward into Wu's open arms. Wu shook the lifeless figure but was in vain. Setting the girl down, Wu sprinted to the kitchen and grabbed a cup of water and a bowl of congee leftover from lunch and hurried back to the door. Wu lifted the girl's head and cautiously poured the congee into her gaping mouth. Soon, the little body warmed up and her long eyelashes fluttered open. Excited and anxious, Wu exclaimed, "Are you feeling better?" The girl's mouth curled into a weak smile and nodded gratefully.

Gradually, the little girl regained her strength and sat up. Wu invited her in. The two girls curled up beside the fire and chatted heartily. The girl introduced herself as Daniella and began on her tragic past.

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Daniella's mind flashed back to the time when she stepped off the ship from Germany to Shanghai, arriving at the Huang Pu River Ferry Wharf. Ignoring her mother's nudges, she looked up and saw magnificent buildings lined in neat rows. Roads were packed with trams, carriages and people wearing eccentric clothing… She admired in awe. She had never seen anything so incredible in her life. When she turned, the crowd had swallowed her mother up. The wharf was disordered and jammed with people: they were having animated discussions, enthusiastic about escaping from the grave war and starting a new life in Shanghai. Daniella looked through the vast ocean of people, desperate to find her mother. She pushed her way through the crowd calling for her mother. Her flame of hope was burning out. Maybe, Mother had left the wharf. Daniella's spirit lit up and squeezed out of the wharf. She elbowed her way, tripping and running, hoping to see her mother's figure around each corner. "Careful, girl!" "Look where you are going!" She was too troubled to notice the scornful remarks. "Mother! Mother!" she sobbed and felt as if her heart had been stabbed by a million needles. Her vision blurred as tears began to shine in her eyes. "I will never see my mother again." At this thought, Daniella collapsed onto the floor.

Daniella wandered around Shanghai, not knowing what to do. Having starved for almost a month, she was so hungry that she could gobble a huge tub of fruits in a second. Her stomach growled, demanding for food and water.

Daniella took a deep breath and knocked on a wooden door. The door creaked open. "Yes?" a tiny voice squeaked. "Err… I'm homeless and starving. Ca...Can you please…" Daniella stammered fearfully. "IGNORE THAT TRAMP!" someone thundered suddenly. She sped away to the next door, traumatised…

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"Wow, how terrible", Wu whispered.

Daniella continued, "And now my life is a mess, the Nazi trapped my grandparents in a concentration camp and shot my father and I lost my mother at the Huang Pu River Ferry Wharf…" Daniella sighed in despair.

"Oh! You poor soul. I wish you the best in future," Wu gave Daniella a comforting hug. She thanked Wu again and left.

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Much had happened in two years. Wu's family had a hard and poor life. They often struggled with school fees and many other difficulties. Her father died of a deadly and contagious disease: tuberculosis. So, they lost their

breadwinner and became penniless. Wu's mother was unable to care for her children as she had to work in a sewing factory day and night in order to support their living. Hunger was no stranger to Wu's family.

Ten years later, Wu was the last one to survive in the family. One day, Wu received a letter from the bank complaining about the loans and interests her family had owed in the past years, and they were insisting on returning the money within a year! The bank also threatened to sell her house if she failed to do so. Wu gasped and covered her mouth immediately. $20,000! Impossible! Her monthly salary was only $20! Wu surely couldn't! This house was her only inheritance from her father and ancestors! And now, all she could do was to sell the house and spend her life living on the streets instead. She sank to the floor and cried into her knees.

What could happen next was unthinkable.

One month later, Wu received another letter from the bank and learnt of the shocking news: Her loans were paid by a Jewish lady! Wu scanned the receipt, but the remarks made her slow down. Her mind raced and an image from twelve years ago resurfaced: a girl with chestnut brown hair and in tattered rags. She pressed the receipt to her chest. Tears streaked down her cheeks. Her heart was overwhelmed with gratitude. Slowly, Wu raised the receipt to the light and mouthed, "Paid by a cup of water and a bowl of congee."

Brothers of the Night Pearl

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Fung, Ashleigh – 12

Shanghai, 1930s. The surrealistic and hedonistic 'Manhattan of China' is still a smoothly running engine, but only superficially. The colonial neoclassical buildings lining the Bund continue glittering like palaces under the starry sky. The hugs, kisses and laughters of drunken people from around the world ceaselessly fill the boardwalk along Huangpu River. Yet looking beyond this prosperity, even casual observers can detect a mood of panic lurking beneath. The Japanese imperial army has taken Manchuria for years. Their aggression would not stop there. The day they invade Shanghai is imminent. The Chinese government is striving to expose all the undercover agents hiding among us.

Tonight, in front of the City God Temple, Old Shanghai City, the Chinese are unusually elated. The police have arrested a group of Japanese Secret Service agents, and chained them to parade as a show of triumph. The crowds are yelling obscenities. Officers draw bloodred marks on the captured Japanese undercovers' backs. Some of them are actually Chinese. They are being burnt on the chest with words like 'traitor', and 'guilty of treason'. While the public is furious, my heart pumps with excitement as I scan each of these chained criminals. This will be my last chance to find my long lost brother before my family moves to Hong Kong.

For years, my mother has been telling me that my brother, having studied military knowledge in Japan, joined the Japanese Secret Service, abandoned us and betrayed his country. But I distinctly remember that on one particular day, when I was a toddler, my brother's cries of agony, his night pearl necklace that was hurled towards me, and the Japanese' evil cackles. He was abducted and forced to be a spy, I believe. Because of this memory I have been painstakingly searching for his whereabouts. I earnestly hope to see him again to clear his name.

In my eagerness to get a closer look, I trip over something like a foot and fall among excited people. Scrambling back to my feet, I look up and see a lanky man in chains with jet–black hair – exactly like my brother in my memories. My eyes widen and my heart skips a beat. I attempt to get to him, but a gruff voice behind orders me back into the crowd. I lose sight of that man finally. "Never mind," I convince myself. "I'll go to the prison if that's what it takes."

Two days later I arrive at Tilanqiao Prison, 'Alcatraz of the Orient', a heavily guarded, formidable hell for rascals. In this fallen city where money rules, one can easily bribe the guard. He gives me a nonchalant look. Grateful, I immediately rush past the cells, searching for my brother. And… he's there, at the very end of the gloomy corridor – I still recognize him, although he looks much skinnier, with cheekbones and ribs protruding from flesh like fossil of a baby dinosaur. He is staring at a ray of light sneaking through a tiny crack of the wall. I sit down hesitantly, and begin telling him everything about my family. At last, I let the bomb drop. "I think you're my brother!" Hearing these words he jerks his head up, startled, and then smirks, his eyes dismissive. Maybe he cannot accept this shocking fact for the moment. So I continue telling him everything that might trigger his emotions toward his family and me.

I've been talking for an hour now, and my brother hasn't even looked up at me. He keeps his eyes downcast, perhaps too ashamed to admit that he abandoned his family when we wanted him most. I decide to show him the most precious thing to me – my night pearl necklace, the one he threw to me before he was captured. Once I take it out from my pocket, his eyes flash, filling with greed. "Wow, my night pearl necklace. Thanks for taking care of it for me," he utters. I am blank and yet confused – my brother didn't ask me to take care of it for him. He gave it to me and asked me to remember him. "Now that I am here, why don't you return it to me?" he continues, a tint of threat creeping into his voice. A wave of reluctance suddenly washes over me – and also washes my mind clear. I am afraid. Foreseeing my refusal, he rasps, "Give it to me, or you'll die like you stupid brother!" These appalling words shoot through me like a lightning bolt. Before I can calm down, his gnarly hands reach out trying to grab the necklace. I quickly stuff my night pearl necklace back into my pocket. I glance at 'my brother' – his eyes are wild and feral, so intoxicated by the thought of getting the night

pearl to buy him freedom, like a rabid dog. Horrified, I race out of the prison into the broad daylight, never to return…

Gazing out of the train window, I see hordes of desperate and frightened people hurling luggage into already overthrown vehicles, trying to flee the city before the Japanese comes. These people are just like my brother, trying all means to survive this doomsday world. The Bund washed off its dazzling glitters and transforms into a solemn fortress. My thoughts float back to my brother. Perhaps my brother was really killed. Perhaps he is still in captivity, and being forced to spy on us. Or perhaps that man in the prison really is my brother, but what he has suffered has driven him crazy. I even doubt my memory and start to wonder if my mother is telling the truth. But whatever the truth is, I will never see my brother. Lying ahead of me are numerous uncertainties, but one thing is for sure – I cannot waste the rest of my life searching for him anymore. He wouldn't want me to either. After all, I've got my own life to struggle with.

Curly Noodles and the Curious Dragons

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Ho, Evelyn – 11

The ever–increasing drops of sweat dove off Qi's face and splashed into his noodle soup, creating a ripple like raindrops on a pond. "Lee Tang, I love your noodles, but it's as hot as a sauna in here!" "Exactly!" chorused all the other customers. Lee Tang, a chubby little man with a bushy black beard and thick hair, groaned. This happened every day. He muttered, "I've won the Dragon Award for ten consecutive years, and all everyone mentions is the state of my shop! I know it's too hot because of the steam, but I can't move to a different place! My family has been here for generations, but I can't lose my customers!" His heart sank to his boots as he looked around the steam–filled room.

Lee Tang's cherished prizes, the Dragon Awards, were based on the myth that two dragons guarded the best restaurant. People thought that it was only a story, but hidden deep inside the icy snow–capped mountains were two shivering dragons yearning for heat.

One steamy day, Lee Tang was drenched in sweat and his hair and beard made him even hotter. He went to the barber's. He yanked open the salon door and barged in like an angry bull. "Good morning, sir," said the barber nervously. "My hair is dripping with sweat! Do something!" Lee Tang snapped grumpily. The barber reached for his curlers. "I could curl your hair for you," he suggested. Lee Tang jumped to his feet. "Eureka! That's it!" he shouted. He gave the barber a giant bear hug and without explaining, rushed out of the salon. The barber stared. He obviously thought that Lee Tang had lost his mind. "He's bananas," he muttered.

Lee Tang ran – or rather, waddled – as fast as his chubby little legs would take him to his friend Yang Zi's home. It was funny indeed, watching the obese man tear down the street. By the time he arrived, he was puffing and panting like the Wolf trying to blow down the three little pigs' houses. Yang Zi was surprised to see him. "Lee Tang! What brings you here? Come in and have a cup of tea!" "Thanks, but no thanks. Yang Zi, you're a builder, right? You must come and help me curl up my roof!" "What…" "Come on, grab what you need and let's go!" "Cripes. He's mad," muttered Yang Zi.

By the time Yang Zi had finished, it was sunset. The two beautiful fire–blowing dragons had decided to search for warmth. They launched themselves into the air, and with a flap of their powerful wings, shot across the horizon, looking like two rays from the sun. They circled over the city of Shanghai, watching for the tiniest whiff of smoke. Then they saw Lee Tang's shop with the steam coming out in ringlets. Joyfully they swooped down. Just as Yang Zi wearily got off his ladder and looked up at his handiwork, the two dragons had stationed themselves on either side of the roof in that split second, perfectly aligned with the curve in the roof. Yang Zi gasped. "But…but they weren't here a minute ago!" he sputtered. Lee Tang came out of his shop. "What did you say? You're done?" He looked up at the roof. "Oh, my," he breathed. The roof was a beautiful jade green, nicely curled up at the end, and at the edge were two magnificent gold dragons. The whole thing was perfectly outlined against the purple sky with the setting sun. "It's absolutely wonderful! How on earth did you manage to make those marvellous dragon statues? Fantastic, Yang Zi my pal! Here, take this hundred Yuan, and come inside for some noodles!" Yang Zi smiled weakly. He hadn't the foggiest idea where the dragons had come from, but just shrugged his shoulders and accepted the money and the noodles.

The next morning, up on the roof at dawn, the dragons shivered. They had spent a cold night without any warmth as the steam had drifted away. Just then, the heavenly scent of Lee Tang's noodles wafted up to their nostrils and they felt the warm steam rising up to the ceiling. The dragons were beside themselves with delight. Swinging their tails over the edge, they absorbed all the steam blowing out of the window and proceeded to blow it out of their mouths.

It was morning now, and the people were starting to pour into the streets. They stopped and stared in astonishment. Was that really Curly Noodles with that fabulous roof? Everyone rushed to the shop to stare and gawp. The business that day was twice as busy as usual, and Lee Tang was in the seventh heaven of delight. The word soon spread, and people all over the country came to get a glimpse of the legendary roof. The noodle shop was full day and night, and soon Lee Tang had earned more in a week than he usually did in a month. He was now obviously in the eighth, ninth –or perhaps tenth? –heaven of delight. His shop was cool and fog–free, and was doing better than ever. People were hurling question after question to him about his amazing roof, and though he didn't know how the dragons came to blow out steam or even how the roof was made, he gave such detailed made–up explanations that everyone thought he had watched Yang Zi build it. He lavished praise on his friend, and soon everyone was going to Yang Zi's to beg him to do a curled roof for them. Poor Yang Zi wasn't quite so happy, as he had to really make some dragon sculptures this time. But he did a fine job, and no one suspected a thing. As for the barber, he strutted about proud as a peacock, boasting that he was the one who had inspired Lee Tang.

Up on the roof, the two dragons exchanged a knowing glance and smiled.

The Great Shanghai Battle

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Hui, Sarina – 9

Wow!" Stephanie exclaimed. Her mother had just been telling Stephanie and her brother Lawrence about their family history. "Do you mean that we are actually descended from the great commander Zhang Yang from Old Shanghai?"

"Yes. Don't lean too close, Stephanie. You're spitting all over my face!" Her mother, Laura, replied. "As for the commander Zhang Yang," Laura went on, "he was a famous commander from the Qing Dynasty who devised some good battle tactics for the Great Battle of Shanghai, although the battle was lost. He fought bravely in the battle and was killed by General Takagi of the Japanese army."

"There is an ancient scroll written by him long ago in the cabinet I always tell you two to keep away from. Don't you *dare* touch it," she added, noticing Stephanie and Lawrence's mischievous faces. "They are greatly treasured and not written for *certain* pesky children to tear up. Behave now. I am going to work." She whisked away, leaving Stephanie and Lawrence alone in the room.

By late afternoon, Stephanie's mother had still not returned. Suddenly, her brother Lawrence burst into her room. "Why don't we take a look at that scroll?" he queried. "I'm bored sick in here." Stephanie was afraid her mum would find out, but curiosity soon overcame her and she agreed with her brother. The children opened the cabinet. A mixture of dust and beetles sprayed out of the cabinet. "Achoo!" Stephanie sneezed. Eyes streaming, she looked inside the cabinet. She found a scroll of tattered, yellowish paper deep in a corner. The children unrolled the parchment. On it were words written with very faded ink. Stephanie squinted her eyes, "The Diary of Commander Zhang Yang—The Great Shanghai Battle." She read out loud. "Shh!" Lawrence hushed. "Dad will find out!" But Stephanie was too excited to hear him. "The diary of the great commander Zhang Yang!" She said in awe. "I must read it!"

Suddenly, there was a blinding flash of light in front of Stephanie's eyes. When she could see again, she discovered that the room had vanished! She heard cracking noises like fireworks all around her. The strong smell of gun powder drifted around her, making her more fatigued than ever. All she saw was a piece of muddy, bloodstained grassland. She looked down at her body and saw a muscular, battle–dressed body below her head instead. They were being transported back to the Great Shanghai battle as soldiers! All around, they saw men grappling with each other. A cannon sounded, breaking into the heart of a military building. It crumbled into pieces, taking lots of men's lives as the bricks fell onto them. Men rushed around her, fleeing for their lives. Some wounded soldiers lay motionless on the bloodstained turf. Tanks were everywhere, firing bullets at every soldier in sight. I must help! Stephanie thought as she scrambled to her feet. Lawrence joined her.

They stared ahead into the distance and saw two muscular men dueling with each other. As they looked more closely, the children saw that the men were Commander Zhang Yang from China and General Takagi from Japan! The children approached them warily. Just then, Commander Zhang Yang slipped on a pool of blood and landed awkwardly onto his side. Looming over his opponent, General Takagi raised his sword above his head and brought it down, striking Commander Zhang Yang's chest. The commander's blood immediately spurted out of his wound. As the children stared, horrified, Commander Zhang Yang convulsed. Spotting Stephanie and Lawrence, he whispered "Avenge my death…" He drew in a last rattling breath, then died.

Stephanie said hoarsely "He told us to avenge his death!" The children understood now. As Commander Zhang Yang's descendants, the scroll had brought them back to the time of the Shanghai battle to right an ancient wrong. Suddenly they were aware of General Takagi advancing towards them, snarling viciously. Together, they picked up

two swords from the ground and jabbed and swiped at General Takagi. Determination to avenge their ancestor raged from within their hearts, giving them inhuman strength to fight harder than any man on the battlefield. However, General Takagi was properly trained, unlike the children, who had only play−dueled with each other with Lawrence's plastic swords. Slowly, the children began to weaken. Just as they were about to collapse with exhaustion, a sword came flying out from nowhere and knocked General Takagi to the ground. Taking their chance, the children pounced on him and pinned him down. With a strong swipe of his sword, Lawrence struck down onto General Tagaki's throat. At once scarlet blood gushed out in floods. General Takagi emitted a half−strangled gurgling noise and died, but not before the children saw the malicious glint of hatred in his rat−like eyes. Unfortunately, that sight will haunt their nightmares for many years to come.

At the sight of their dead general, the Japanese army weakened and soon began to retreat. Stephanie let out a long breath. They had changed the course of the battle tide and avenged Commander Zhang Yang, as he had requested before his death. In their ears, they thought they heard a very faint voice. "Thank you…"The children felt very relieved. Exhausted, the children closed their eyes.

When Stephanie opened her eyes again, she could just make out the blurry shape of her mother. "Hi!" Laura said cheerfully. "What are you guys doing here on the floor?" The children looked around and saw that they were back in their home once more. "Um, just… playing." Lawrence stuttered. To their relief, their mother didn't question them any further. "Well, go take a bath!" she ordered, fetching them clean towels. "You two are covered with dust and sweat!" When their mother wasn't looking, Stephanie gave Lawrence a wink. No one could even imagine what they had experienced just then in the Great Battle of Shanghai.

A Memorable Trip to the Past

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Miu, Astrid – 10

It was a fabulous day in Shanghai. I was strolling along the sunlit pavement when I saw an ancient combination lock tangled in some fern bushes. I picked it up, and a blast of wind blew on my face, as if a dozen daggers were simultaneously plunging into my soul, exploiting all my darkest thoughts. I became unaware of the fact that I was being lifted off my feet, due to the extreme pain eventually causing me to fall unconscious.

When I finally regained consciousness, I realize that my hands and feet had been replaced by four paws. My ears drooped floppily, my nose had somehow turned into a snout and I had a short, slim tail at the end of my body. My hearing and olfactory senses were extremely acute as well. I tried speaking, but all I heard was a high-pitched bark. I realized with a jolt that I had become a Chinese Chongqing Dog. Looking around, I noticed the beauty and intricacy of the peculiar garments that the people were wearing, and their magnificence rendered me speechless. The women wore qipaos that had flowery patterns reaching their ankles, and the men wore old-fashioned suits. Also, looming in front of me in all its glory was the Yu Garden. I could hear sharp voices of foreigners yelling. Finally, the pieces of the puzzle clicked and I realized that I had travelled back in time to old Shanghai, around the period of the French invasion.

I padded along the streets of old Shanghai clumsily, marveling at the monuments.

The French had transformed Shanghai into a place where all outlanders could come and sell their precious goods, and it became a famous place for businessmen to advertise their products, making it quite a crowded trading point.

Meanwhile, I kept barking when I noticed that some of the Chinese were caged in dungeons, while others were in trapped on the mainland, wearing rags and working as slaves for the despicable foreigners.

Suddenly, a French soldier who had a repulsive scar trickling down from his left eye to his chin approached me. 'I'm Sir Henry. I can help you.' At my bewildered expression, he explained, 'Once when I was a young boy, I got transformed into a Labradoodle and was sent to another country that had been in war. That was what got me inspired to become a doctor in the war, actually. When I saw so many people getting killed and badly injured, I wanted to help save lives. I can notice the signs—your coat is shimmering slightly—which gives away the fact that you aren't any typical dog. You're human, and was sent here to free all the enslaved prisoners. When I was that Labradoodle, an old man had passed me a book that could save me—and all the people.'

He flourished a beautiful book with gold rimmed edges that had a paw print on it that changed color. I gazed at it in awe and was just going to put my paw in it when Sir Henry hissed, 'Not now! Only when you're alone!' He then left. Hmm, how could this book help? I quickly placed the book between my jaws, ran to the mouth of a cave and placed the book on the floor. Hesitantly, I inserted my paw into the print.

After I put my paw in the paw print, the book opened up and flipped to a page. The page said that if I wanted to free someone from slavery, all I had to do was utter the words 'free the people' over and over again. It sounded simple, but I was a dog! How was I supposed to speak? I continued turning the pages, and briefly glimpsed one particular page that said 'How to travel back in time', making a mental note to check that page again later. I finally reached a page that read: 'How to turn things into humans'. The chapter told me that all I needed to do was make an animal noise, run around in exactly five circles then touch what I wanted to turn into a human, so I did. To my surprise, it worked effectively and efficiently, which gave me hope that perhaps it would assist me in saving the Chinese. Eagerly, I flipped back to the first page that I had read and chanted out the phrase.

Just as I finished, an orb of dark pink aura began to shoot upwards, then exploded into thousands of sparks in the sky miraculously, like a firework. The globes of light swirled towards the captives and spiraled around the lead balls and chains, making them disappear, freeing them from their bindings and causing all of them to cheer. Then, the aura began to flow to me, enveloping me in the blinding, scorching energy, like a cocoon and carrying me back home. By the time I was brought back to my humble abode, I was fighting my heavy eyelids, trying to force them to stay open, though making a pig fly would've been easier than achieving such a feat. Slowly, I drifted off into a dreamless slumber.

When I opened my eyes the next morning, I prayed that the previous night's events weren't just a dream. However, the minute I sat up and saw the magical book with the combination lock lying next to me, I knew the answer. To this day, I still use the book to travel back to old Shanghai to visit Sir Henry occasionally.
When I explained that I was from the future and that I wasn't a dog, Sir Henry just grinned and added breezily in a joking tone, 'I knew it; I'm a genius.'

The trip back in time was the most memorable day of my entire life, and I treasure the memories I have of those days. In fact, I hope there are more to come! Those experiences inspired me to better others' lives, to make the world a more harmonious, peaceful place.

The Jade Rock

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Pak, Chloe – 10

The crooked bridge lay motionlessly on the still water, glistening under the bright rays of sunshine. The goldfish churned around the jade surface of the shallow pond, flopping their fins merrily. The ripples spread out, reaching rough and bold rocks that towered above it. The luxurious petals of the Magnolia perfumed the chilly air with its floral fragrance. Thick-thorned pines bristled out of huge rocks that dangled in the sky under fluffy clouds.

I strolled along the tranquil garden, hand in hand with my best friend, Laura, as we listened to the birds chirping, nesting on branches neatly-piled on leafy trees. We then spotted a jade rock near the pond. Laura stood still for a moment and exclaimed, "Let's have a look!" The jade rock looked like a coral which was as tall as high towers guarding the pond, standing as still as a stone statue. There were holes inside as if some animals had scooped them out. "This must be an old one," Laura whispered and examined it. "Indeed," a voice boomed out from behind. We turned around and saw an old man dressed in a loose-fitting shirt carrying a small duster. "Do you know about it?" I asked curiously. He replied, "I'm the one who cleans it every day." I continued to study the rock but kept moving my eyes to keep track of the man. "Weird, maybe he's the gardener?" Laura said as we went home. I nodded.

The next morning, we went to Yu Garden and approached the jade rock again. A strange shape caught my eyes. I rummaged through my pockets for a magnifying glass. "There!" I placed it on top of one of the holes. There were incomplete symbols that looked like animals: pig, cow, turtle. Just then, the old man noticed us and came over. "You're here again for research?" we nodded. He stood beside the rock, observing the symbols carved on it. He sighed and continued to sweep the leaves. "We found strange symbols here." Laura told the man. At that very moment, a smile touched the corners of his mouth. "Come here," he said, leading us to a nearby bench. After we settled down, the man pulled out a piece of rock from his sleeve and gently placed it in my sweaty palms. "Keep it. Please help look for my daughter and give this to her. She'll recognize it." He got up and continued to work. I walked home with heavy footsteps, deep in thought about how we could find the man's daughter. That night, I couldn't sleep. I gazed up into the starry sky, listening to the wild waves of water and chirping of crickets.

On the next day, I slid the broken piece of rock into my purse and went to the market with Laura. The streets were shabby and dusty, floor-boards creaked. There were street vendors and shop vendors, barbers and bakers, calligraphy artists and con artists, fortune tellers and flower sellers. There were also Curio shops and antique shops, newspaper kiosks and native bazaars. We wandered around and were astonished by the hectic scene. We then went into an old bookshop. A strong smell of mould covered my nose. We found a stained book under a pile of pristine novels strewned over a bookshelf. Laura held up a book, flipping the ripped pages. It was musty but smelled of sweet memories. It was written by a lady who was now teaching in Fudan University. She told a story about a girl and her dad who had lost contact with each other. Out of amazement, I spotted some familiar peculiar symbols in the book that were the same as the animal pattern which I had seen on the jade rock: pig, cow, turtle. It was a secret language between the girl and the father in the story. Laura quickly pulled me away and hopped onto a rickshaw.

After a while, the rickshaw stopped in front of a dormitory of Fudan University. We jumped off and looked for the author. A lady who wore a set of cheongsam was heading to the canteen. She had small curly finger waves in her brown hair. I recognized that she was the author of the book whom I would like to ask more about the rock. We ran over. "Excuse me, Madam," handing her the rock. She paused and stared at it. She then pulled out something from her pocket cautiously. It was another piece of rock! The two pieces of rock were

like jigsaw pieces forming a complete oval rock. "Papa? Where is he?" She nearly dropped her mouth wide open. I said, "You are his daughter, aren't you? He longs to meet you!" With complicated feelings beyond words, we led the lady to Yu Garden.

On the way, the lady told us her story, "It has already been thirty years…because of political unrest, my dad had no choice but to bring me to a child care centre. Later, I was adopted by a rich couple".

Not long after, we arrived at Yu Garden. We immediately led the lady to the bushes. Behind them the old man was looking for us anxiously. We giggled and got out. "Hey, we found her!" I said. "Really?" he answered. "And that's not all..." Laura said, pushing the lady to move forward. "Papa," she held her breath and stammered. The old man closed his eyes and uttered, "Katie cat, I missed you terribly". Katie gasped and whispered, "I haven't heard you call me that for so long." Tears streamed down both of their faces. They hugged each other tightly. "Remember that time when your buggy rolled off the hill into the village? "How could I forget the moment when I was wailing and you chased me in your silly long pant ! " They chatted happily.

Laura and I walked away under the colourful sky at sunset, feeling proud of what we had done.

An Adventure to Old Shanghai

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Wong, Yanka – 10

It was already midnight. Thick purplish clouds flitted across the raven black sky, splitting the slender crescent moon into halves. The chilly night breeze howled softly and everything was motionless until a lady picked up her pace and sneaked into the scientist's laboratory.

Cautiously looking around, the lady reached out her pointy hand, slipping two pills into her pocket. Silently she crept out of the laboratory, sighing in relief. Her biggest dream would finally come true...

The lady was a librarian called Shelly, who was so obsessed with the stories about Old Shanghai that she longed to travel into one of the books and experience the lifestyle of the people living in that time. But little did she know how dangerous this adventure could be…

Shelly prepared herself with everything she needed: a torch, a map, a compass and old currencies of course. She then opened a book which had the words "Old Shanghai" written on it. Swallowing one of the magic pills, she was shocked to see a bright beam of light shooting out of the book. Taking a deep breath, Shelly jumped head–first into the book, her legs dangling in the air. "Aah!" her piercing shriek rang through the whole town as she landed in the sand with a thud. Shelly rubbed her swollen head when she slowly stood up and looked around in astonishment.

She had landed right on the Bund. Buildings in different architectural styles came into her view. Experts and westerners called Shanghai "Adventurers' Paradise", so Shelly hurried into the central districts of the city with a heart full of hope.

Curiosity led Shelly straight into the Paramount, the largest ballroom in Shanghai. As she peeked in, she saw a few women wearing gorgeously attractive *qipaos* and dancing gracefully on a large dance floor. The wealthy elite of Shanghai society sat downstage, appreciating the wonderful dancing.

Then something caught Shelly's attention —a large feather fan on the table. The goose feathers were dyed with tons of colour; Shelly's eyes glowed with excitement. While no one was noticing, she slipped it into her bag and crept out without making any noise.

"Xiaotou, Tingzhe!" All of a sudden, a man screamed, pointing at Shelly. Though she didn't understand Shanghainese, Shelly could tell the man was infuriated by his expression. Without losing a beat, Shelly tightly grabbed her bag and bolted out of the door.

Sprinting like a bat out of hell, Shelly spared no effort to avoid obstacles in front, sweating and panting like a pig. The man who saw her steal the fan was dashing as fast as his legs could carry him, followed by a trail of people helping him catch her. Shelly peeled down the road with lightning speed, the soles of her shoes barely kissing the rough surface.

"Better use some of my tricks! This is going to be fun!" Shelly abruptly turned right and started running into an alley. Some of the people weren't able to stop just in time and crashed into the wall, moaning in pain. "Gotcha!" she cried. With excellent agility, she leaped over heaps of rubbish ahead, while the others began tripping and tumbling over. Soon, Shelly and two fat men were the only remaining ones on the run.

"Quick, Shelly! Quick, Shelly!" Shelly muttered under her breath as she ran. Lifting her head up, suddenly, she froze and stopped dead in her track. Her eyes bulged. It was a dead end!

"No…please don't…" Shelly stammered as beads of sweats rolled down her rosy cheeks. Malicious smiles appeared on two men's faces—they were going to catch the thief.

Just as she was about to be captured, a gap between the walls that could possibly fit a slim person caught Shelly's eyes. Struck by a brainwave, she slipped into the gap and squeezed her body through just a second before the two men grabbed her. "Serves you right!" Shelly called back playfully. The men had no way out but to clench their fists with anger.

The laborious run knocked the breath out of Shelly, leaving her heaving and puffing. At this moment, she heard someone with a voice that had the ring of exasperation arguing with another person. Curiously, Shelly peeked behind a wall to eavesdrop their conversations.

"I want to watch this one! It's the latest Hollywood movie and I bet you'll like it." Two women were arguing with indignation about which film to watch.

Almost instantly, Shelly ran out and realized that she was at Cathay Theatre—a cinema with rich art deco architecture and designs. Exuberance bubbled in her when she noticed a movie poster under her feet. It wrote "Shanghai Express is now playing in the theatre! Come buy tickets!" Shelly broke into a wide smile and cried, "Marlene Dietrich was the famous idol! This poster could be one of the magnificent collections I have." Shelly rapidly put it into her bag.

After that, Shelly was skipping merrily along the streets when she spotted a hand−pulled rickshaw. She wanted to gain a valuable experience by taking a ride before going home. Shelly was relaxed while the rickshaw puller trotted along, seemingly effortlessly pulling his load behind him,

By the time Shelly arrived at the Bund, it was already sunset.

She was delighted to bring home such wonderful souvenirs. But what she didn't realize was that people couldn't bring anything from the past back to the real world. Once Shelly swallowed the magic pill, something peculiar happened. Her legs started to transform into stone which made her glued to the spot.

"What? No…no… NO!!" Her scream tore from the throat as she convulsed in horror. Her stomach knotted in a tight fist, clenching her intestines as fear swamped her. Her life flashed before her very eyes as Shelly looked helplessly at her stone body.

"Save me …someone…save me…" was all she managed to say.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Diocesan Preparatory School, Cheung, Chun Yee – 9

There was a girl named Abigail, who loved Chinese history and culture. She spent hours after hours reading Chinese books during her free time. She ate Chinese food, read Chinese books, sang old Chinese songs, and even wore the old-fashioned cheongsams, too.

Late one night, Abigail suddenly woke up from a deep sleep. She found herself in old Shanghai. She stood there and couldn't speak a word until a girl came forward and said, "Would you like to come in to dress in cheongsams?"

Abigail nodded. Then she invited Abigail into a room filled with the largest collection of cheongsams she had ever seen. Abigail was wide-eyed and speechless. Then the girl said, "Pick an outfit and you can sing a Chinese song later".

Abigail nodded and said yes. After the girl had left the room, Abigail thought, "Why did I say yes? I am not good at singing at all."

She chose a red cheongsam and later she sang, "Ye Shanghai" (that means night in Shanghai). Her voice was crystal clear.

She suddenly appeared in a food court. In front of her were some dumplings and a cup of soya milk. She was delighted with her childhood treats. She quickly finished them and was whisked away again.

She was taken to the Jade Buddha Temple, which was divided into three halls and two courtyards. Abigail visited some other places and then --- Ring!! Abigail's alarm clock chimed. Abigail thought, "I hope to visit old Shanghai again!"

Sometimes we need to experience history itself, not just read about it in books!

A Legendary Shanghai Girl

Diocesan Preparatory School, Lee, Kwun Yee – 10

A short while ago in Shanghai, an old woman was taking her grandson, Aidan, to school. "Today is my first day of primary school!" he said excitedly to his grandma. She smiled and told him to sit on the curb while waiting for the famous Little Flower Primary School (Shanghai branch) to open its gates and welcome its students inside. Aidan absent–mindedly sat down on a huge bronze statue of a little girl holding a basket of beautiful flowers tied in bunches in front of the school gates.

"Don't sit on the bronze statue!" the old woman whispered. "It is a statue of someone very important to this school. It is improper to do that!"

"Why?" Aidan asked. "What is the story of this little girl? Can you tell me?"

The old woman nodded her head and began her story. "The girl from the statue was a poor little orphan called Irene. She spent her whole childhood selling bunches of flowers she'd picked from different gardens and from the sides of the pavement. Money came from people who pitied her or careless children dropping their pocket money from their little hands in the rush to buy candy and toys from the stores. Every day, she went to the golden gates of the Paramount Hotel and said to each passerby, 'Beautiful roses here! Get your violets here! Only 50 cents a bunch of flowers!' But still, no one bought any of her flowers. One sunny day, Irene picked up flowers from the sides of the pavement as usual and walked towards the train station. She saw posh and rich people sitting inside red rickshaws, long queues of impatient people waiting to get their haircut, and schoolboys getting their black shoes scrubbed and polished by a group of skinny old men. She walked down a few streets and saw that all the stores had many customers buying their goods. 'Sigh,' she thought to herself. 'Why am I the only person here not having customers? Why am I so useless here? Am I a failure?' She felt extremely desperate and started to weep.

Irene walked miserably back to the Paramount Hotel and suddenly she heard some lively music coming from the Grand Hall.

Flowers are my life.
I made friends with them since five.
Roses are red.
I put some beside my bed.
Lilies are white.
I've loved them first sight.
…..

'Oh!' she relaxed and exclaimed happily after hearing a few notes of the song. She loved this song so much because it described her life. This song soothed her troubled mind and kept all her worries away. Every day, she secretly went to the exit of the Paramount Hotel and waited patiently for the song. She remembered the lyrics and rhythm of the song deeply in heart.

One day, while she was selling the flowers, she sang the song softly. Her beautiful voice apparently caught the passerby's attention. People stopped and gathered around her, marveling at 'the poor vagrant who sold flowers picked up in the gardens' (this was what people in Shanghai called her). Chloe Lee, a well–known Shanghai singer, passed by and heard Irene sing. She was amazed by Irene's beautiful voice and she knew this little girl could be polished to become a future star. 'Hey! Little girl, come and learn to sing from me.'

Irene was surprised and thought in her mind, 'I must seize this chance. This could be the start of my new life.'

As what Chloe expected, Irene had the singing potential and quickly mastered the necessary singing skills and techniques. Soon after, Irene performed on stage and got the media's attention. Everyone came to the Paramount Hotel and enjoyed Irene's singing. Irene and Chloe performed together at the hotel every night. People from all over the world invited them to sing at their parties and even while they were traveling on luxurious cruises. Irene traveled everywhere first class with Chloe by her side, entertaining people with their original compositions. Not only did she made her own life better, but she also made everyone happier.

As she had been born poor, she knew how important education was, so she carefully saved her money and donated money to the poor at the same time. She even founded many schools around the world offering free education to the poor and homeless children. She believed that everyone's life can be better if he/she receives a proper education. Sometimes, Irene visited the schools and taught the students how to sing too! And one of these schools, my boy, is this school that you are going to study in. To honour her, people have decided to put bronze statues in front of the gates of every school she founded. The statue is there to remind children to be brave and carry on, to never give up, and to overcome difficulties by themselves."

As the old woman finished her story, Aidan looked at her and asked, "Who is that girl you were talking about in your story?" She smiled and said, "Try to guess."

"Mother?"

"No."

"My friend Lily's grandmother?"

"No."

"How about the greatest and kindest grandmother of mine that I love the most?"

The old woman smiled and looked at the bright, cloudless blue sky above them.

~The end~

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Feng, Phoenix – 11

I arrived in Shanghai with nothing: no money, no food, and no outstanding talents. My only companion was my mother, a poor widow. Dizzy, we stumbled off the ship and onto the busy dock. The smell of freshly baked bread transported me back to the very moment when our long journey started.

Mum and I had been walking home from my German school and we stopped at the bakery, as we often went there to buy bread. Charlotte, the woman who owned the bakery, motioned for us to join her at the back of the store. She spoke in a soft whisper, "We Jews are not safe. I have heard that terrible things are happening. There's still time to flee, but not for long. Most of the countries are already refusing our entry. I have also heard the only way is Shanghai."
"But, but that's such a long way!" Mother exclaimed. "I can't imagine leaving our little town of Rothenburg and trying to survive in a big city like Shanghai, I just can't take it."
"It will be fine, Mother, at least we'll be together," I said, trying to be positive.

Mother interrupted my thoughts.
"Hold my hand, Ester, I don't want to lose you in the crowd." Clutching her hand, I gaped at the wonderful sight. Shanghai was such a busy, bustling city! Instead of tiny cottages, there were beautiful churches and brick houses. Sweet smells from the bakeries wafted in the air. People of all shapes and sizes walked along the wide streets, chatting and laughing. I was too busy admiring the buildings that I let go of mother's hand and wandered off.
"Mum, this place is great!" Nobody answered. A chill went down my spine. She wasn't there!

I started to panic. It was the first time this had ever happened! I had never thought about what to do if I was alone in a big city like this one! If I were still in Rothenburg, I would have walked home myself, but this is Shanghai. I was new to the city. Desperate, I spent the rest of the day searching for my mother. I looked everywhere: the nearby stores, restaurants and streets. I also tried to ask for help. There was no sign of Mum at all so I feared I would never see her ever again. I had to find a place to stay. I needed money. I had to find a job! Where? I walked into a wide street with brick houses on either side. I decided to start there.

Frantic, I started knocking on the doors of the houses, trying to ask if they needed someone to work for them. No one could understand what I was saying, so they shooed me out and slammed their doors shut. I finally found a family that could understand some of my German but they still refused like all the others. As I walked down the long road, I peered through a few glass windows and saw children my age with their fathers. It wasn't fair at all. I never spent time with my dad. It was because my father died when I was born; I never saw him. It's not that bad because I never knew my dad, although I wish I did. I felt so alone, missing my mother and now my father too.

At one point, I stopped at a magnificent house near the end of the street, knocked on the wooden door and hoped that I could find a job there. A fat woman carrying a very large rolling pin opened the door. She was obviously the cook. "Who are you and what do you want?" her voice boomed down at me, making me very nervous but also very relieved because she spoke English, which I had learnt in my school.
" My name is Ester, are there any job offers here, Miss?" I asked very politely. The woman shot me an icy glare.
"You are wasting my time! Do you have any talents, Ester? Because we don't use untalented people in this house!"
"Well… I can cook and clean."
"Well, I'm the cook and there are three maids in the house! What else can you do? Don't tell me that is all you can do!"
"I can read just a little bit."

"You can read just a little bit? Ha! That doesn't count as a talent at all! I have to go and finish up my beef stew. Oh my, I can't believe you wasted my precious time! What a shame!"
And with that, she slammed the door shut.

With my eyes overflowed with tears, I sat on the cold stone steps and started to sob; there was nothing else left to do. Big, fat tears rolled down my cheek, before landing onto the ground with a mighty splash. All I wanted was to reunite with mother. I also knew that it was impossible. Mum must also be searching for me too, I couldn't believe it was the first day here, and I had already lost my only companion. All of a sudden, the sky began to darken and ominous grey clouds loomed over me. It started to rain and I got soaked to the skin, but I didn't even care. A few people rushed past me carrying their umbrellas and their necks wrapped tightly with scarves. They all failed to notice a girl, a girl who lost her mother.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Gu, Anthony – 11

Firstly, let me introduce you to the narrator(which is me, of course). I am the guy who controls your birth, death, extinction,and how things go onwards. I am time.

Let me tell you two short stories. As I walked towards my workspace room, which was full of advanced machines, my skin tingled slightly. Something was wrong. Quickly, I dashed into my office. My fingers flew around the key board of my "stranger finder" machine as I frantically tried to search this presense in the world. Finally! A person came on the screen. I suppose it was in Old Shanghai, early 1912.

The camera zoomed in on dark, graffitti decorated alleyway. Probably where the criminals and gangsters hang out. Snow covered the rusty dumpsters and the ground. Wind whistled in and out.Then, the camera pointed at a tiny, dusty door. On top of it, written in english letters, were THE RED BULLDOG. Boom! Now I was seeing a inside view of the old pub. Lights blazed. Glasses clinked. Men shouted. The inside was totally different from outside. Then, I saw him. The person I was here for. An old man in his sixties sat with a few other people on a creaky table.He had wrinkled skin and rather large teeth. His eyes showed worry and was desperate.

"–It's true! It felt so real! I never had a vision so real!" cried the old man.
"Bleh!" countered a younger man, who had hair that fell down to his eyes, waving his hand. "There is no way a weird horde of warriors are going to invade Shanghai 2167!"
"No! It's true! Plus, the defensive walls are going to be demolished by the new leader of Shanghai! That'll make things worse!" replied the old man.
"No way!"
"Yes! And only those defensive walls can repel the warriors!"
"No!"
"Yes!"
And it went on for a few minutes. At that point, I went out to take a break, maybe also get a cup of water. On the way, I passed Death and Diesese, who were twin brothers.
"Hi!" said Diesese, who was probably happy contaminating the earth with loads of dieseses. But Death, who was a big, burly man with a moustache, just grunted. He was probably not having a nice day like Diesese…

When I came back, I bumped into Technology, who was a little man with horn–rimmed glassses and a shock of bright red hair. He had various machine parts strapped to his limbs. I bought some Rovex® Hammers from him and saw something horrible on the screen. It was labled: SHANGHAI 2167.
It showed a glowing, swirling vortex that was actually spitting things out rather than sucking in. Mysterious warriors dressed in strange–looking armour climbed out of the portal, attacking the city with hi–tech blaster cannons and sonic disruptors and ícluvêe Mœchuucäs.I don't know what that means but I know it was a weapon. That's because I am time.
"You okay?" asked Technology. "You look like you've seen a ghost."
"Y–Yes, I'm okay."
He left. Suddenly, my skin tingled again.What now? I groaned. On the screen, a live video showed. It was about 2019.Maybe still in Shanghai.

A young girl, about six or seven, with large, shining eyes and long, dark hair, stands with her tall father in a vast living room. He had messy, unkempt hair and squarish face. Tiny but expensive–looking glasses were perched on his small nose. The massive house also seemed expensive. Priceless plates decorated the walls, vases stood proudly

on stands and tables, a gigantic crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling. The gangsters of 1912 would like this house.

"Please don't go, daddy." Pleads the girl. She looked frightened. Her body was quivering with fear.

"You"ll die! The ship will vanish!"

"There there." Her dad pats her on the head.

"It's just a dream."

"But—" complains the girl but her father is already on his way to the door.

"Bye! See you in one week!"

But he won't. I know that because the screen now shows the front page of a newspaper, with the title being SHIP MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHES WITHOUT A TRACE.

The list of people who went on the ship is shown below, and it also includes the dad.

You see, there are some people who can see through me and even manipulate me. And those people are my greatest fears.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Halter, Viktoria – 11

Quickly! Let's get off this boat before anyone else does," urged my dad as we scrambled off carefully trying not to get into anyone's way. We had travelled on the "Horizon" for nearly three weeks coming to Shanghai to open my dad's trading company here and I was exhausted. The sea air was rushing through the crowded streets and as we got closer into the crowd I heard the shouting's of people trading big things with small things and valuable things with non−valuable things. "Get a book for a necklace!" or "Get a pearl for a diamond!" Suddenly, something weird hit my eye. I saw that a lot of the houses had English writing on it. Chinese ladies, with umbrellas, to protect them from the sun, wore beautiful silk qipaos but the short haircut, I noticed was the latest fashion from Paris.

Slowly, but excitedly, we continued walking into the horde. Only a few cars were to be seen, but I caught a glimpse of bikes cycling through the streets. Rickshaw drivers were pulling rich people around the city. They were very thin and their faces didn't look as if they enjoyed doing this job. We kept on walking and soon we were in a place that didn't look really welcoming. It was the entrance to the one of the many hutongs that were scattered all over Shanghai. Everywhere shadows danced around on the bare brick walls. I noticed that my hand was shivering. "It is OK." My mom said, but even still, I realized that she also had a nervous look on her face.
"Stay close to us, Vicky." My dad took hold of my bony hand and led me in front of him. My heart was thumping as loud as giant feet crashing to the ground. I tightened my grip on his hands.

There were very few people in the next few streets and I began to get suspicious. There was no sound at all, except for the quiet thuds of our feet touching the ground. In the far distance, I saw two old ladies coming our way. As they grew closer, I noticed that they were one of these street vendors you could see everywhere who sold holding fans. In a few moments, they were standing right in front of us. One of the women began to talk. "Would you like a fan?" Her voice was a hoarse whisper and my parents had to lean forwards to hear what she was saying.
"Yes please." Answered my mom. It was very hot on that day and the sun shone merciless on the shade less street.
"That will be 20 Fen please."
While all the commotion with money and paying went on, I wandered around behind my parents backs.
Suddenly, The second woman appeared in front of me. I held my breath. Why was she looking at me in that way?
"I have some really delicious chocolates and sweets at home." She paused and stared at me. Then she continued," Come home with me and I will give you four packs of each." I stopped to think. I didn't really trust this lady, mainly because it was already curious that she was selling roses, but also of the way she looked at me. It made me feel very uncomfortable. But then another thought came to my head. Four packs of chocolates and sweets! I started nervously," Um, sure."
Follow me then, follow me." We started walking. My parents were finally done paying and turned around to get me. "Vicky, lets…"
" Vicky, where are you?"
It was too late though. I was already around the corner

I didn't know what was happening to me until I came to a house with a tiny wooden shed next to it, where I thought the chocolate was being kept. So, I strolled into it to look for it. It was musty and dark inside. All of a sudden, the door banged shut and a key turned in the lock. I was trapped. I heard the lady walk away still laughing. I don't know how long I had been sitting in here but while I was sobbing away I didn't hear a soft gentle whisper coming from outside the shed. After it had been saying" I will help you get out" for a dozen times already I finally heard the voice.) Then a key turned in the lock and the door slowly opened. I saw an old, skinny man dressed in shaggy clothes. His face was all wrinkles. "I have come to help you. I know where your parents are. I saw everything happen." He smiled. I trusted this old man. He looked friendly and I had a good feeling that he would

take me to my parents." Ok" I said relieved.
Outside the shed, I saw a rickshaw that looked as if it had been used for a very long time already. "Get on please." The man asked.
" Don't I have to pay?"
" It is ok. You don't have to"

We set off into the road where the lady took me and then thankfully we were back out of the hutong in the main street. I noticed that is was beginning to get dark. Suddenly the man said," There are your parents," he pointed to a man and a woman sitting on a wooden bench. My body jumped and I looked up. I stared at the people and saw that they were not my parents. My mom had long brown hair and my dad had a long beard. Neither of the people had any of this. "They are not my parents," I stuttered. My heart felt as if a heavy stone had fallen on to it.
"They're not?" The man asked carefully." Well then, I am sorry. I thought they were your mom and dad."
I didn't answer. How would I ever find my parents again?

The Dragon and the Hai Crystal

Dulwich College Beijing, Hood–Nguyen, Alfie – 10

The Hai Crystal, which was key to Shangit life, was made by ancient Shangits at the start of the world. They first built a temple to hold the dazzling beauty, but suddenly noticed that it was too exposed so they finally decided to build a vault to contain the Hai Crystal...
However, this vault was discovered by the menacingly vile Opium Dragon, who had the power of destruction. Being the most feared creature in the land, his horrifically poisonous breath had the distinct smell of opium. As he stalked through the narrow streets of Shanghai, lanterns bobbed around and vegetable markets were making money rapidly. The terror of beasts was invisible. He got to the well–hidden vault, smashed the metal and seized the crystal. Running at a super speed, he passed opium dens filled with drug smokers. He was the only one who liked the sight of these things.

Because he held the precious Hai Crystal, he banished nearly all Shangits out of Old Shanghai. Where they were sent was a mystery. But there was hope. A speck of stone sheltering in the misty mountains. A Shangit named Henry immediately realised this looming end that could destroy his home. He had to react, to save his life, to save Shangit life. As he set off, he knew how much time he had; a week.
The journey wasn't pleasant. The Paektu Mountains spewed out fire and crackled with a malicious tone. Next, the hard journey to The Islands of Hainan led to devastating creepers that wrapped around him and followed him like a slitheringly slick snake. Following that, he had to cross over flooding rivers and through terrible tornadoes. The arid Gobi Desert was next and it seemed like it would go on endlessly. But finally, just when Henry's legs would give in, mountains shot into view.

"There…it…is," he panted, "The Himalayas." Henry had travelled all around China to find these enchanting mountain ranges. So without a break, he broke into a sprint that flew him further towards the magnificent spikes and cliffs that towered over the young quester. The boy immediately arrived at the range and then came the hard part. Finding the exact spot where he would somehow drop into the mountain and penetrate it would be hard. Legend had it that a riddle was made to find the path.

You might find the hidden path,
but you will have to be good at math,
count how many things are below ground,
and then think, do you hear a sound?
If so, step around,
then you will meet your destination,
UNDERGROUND...

A pause silenced everything as Henry hesitated for a moment… Suddenly, his brain popped with a brilliant idea. He instantly removed the snow from the mountain edge, found rock and heard a faint sound. A creak. Short but clear. A creak. He stepped around and it was like an elevator. Plummeting down each step resulted in him ending up inside the mountain.
Math *was* a strength, he *had* heard a sound and stepped around and he had plummeted below the ground – but this was the extreme part. Finding the legendary Opium Dragon would be somewhat difficult, so would destroying it and seizing the crystal back. Time flew like an arrow spinning towards him. If that arrow hit him, the whole of Old Shanghai would end as the Opium Dragon demolished Shangits using his unbearable opium death breath.

Trembling as he tiptoed towards a bright glimmering light, he immediately thought that he needed a strong weapon. An arsenal of weapons if possible. A wizard's enchanting staff or a knightly, excruciatingly painful blade of honor.

But the shine clouded his mind. He trudged towards the shimmering radiance and there in front of him lay a sword with a mix of piercing light and pain. He scrambled towards the blade and picked it up with ease. Instantly, a rumble shook the mountains. Rocks fell down blocking one route. But there were more ways out. A quivering fear crept upon Henry. Silence. And suddenly... Roar! The legendary, magnificent Opium Dragon appeared out of nowhere.

The battle had only begun. A swipe of his claw or blazing breath would be the end of Henry. But if he got a strike to the neck, it would be the end of the Opium Dragon and opium dens. The Dragon leapt into action with a slash aiming for his opponent's back, but an agile dodge denied death. Henry spotted a pouch on the dragon's back. Shining light flooded the inside of the pouch. There it was, the Hai Crystal! But with little time remaining, Henry knew that there was no time to lose, so he had to react quickly and efficiently. "Stop thinking," he thought to himself, "and fight!" The dragon lunged a claw at him but Henry stood his ground and sliced the dragon's claw off like hot butter.
The dragon's roaring scream eerily echoed around the mountain. He was not giving up though. The beast grabbed Henry in his devastating jaws but just as the dragon was about to have dinner, Henry gathered all his strength and threw the dragons massive claw spinning toward the neck. The open gash spilled blood. The dragon let out a final screech before tumbling to its gruesome death. Henry quickly took the pouch and set off towards home.

The birds' song sounded like an orchestra playing. It was beautiful as the small streets of Old Shanghai shot into view. The market place was full of crowds again and the lanterns bobbed with pride. But suspiciously, no opium or awful drug smokers could be seen… And only Henry knew why.
As Henry returned to the Shangit town, he was crowned a saint and king of Shangits. After returning to its old home, the Hai Crystal was never touched ever again. As Henry got older, he became the most famous Shangit ruler of all because he made the empire opium−free forever.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Hunter, Maggie – 8

Blah blah blah," the priest blabbered on and on and on about how the dragon fights all the innocent people of Old Shanghai. "When are we going to be finished?", moaned Xie Ning. Her brother, Xie Qing, who was quietly praying, also disliked sitting and listening to the boring things the priest said.

Bong! Bong! The gong rang. Finally, home time! The streets were full of clattering bicycles and squeaky tuk-tuks that were full of women who were wearing short and tight dresses with patterns of dragons, and men wearing bow ties and pants. Food cart owners were bellowing, "Dumplings! Come get your freshly made dumplings!" Xie Qing kept quickly bouncing ahead of everyone, and urging them to move quicker. "Xie Ning, Mum and Dad! You guys are sloths!", panted Xie Qing.

At last, they approached their tiny flat, which smelt like cheese (they ate cheese all the time) and unlocked the door. Neatly set up, golden plates and transparent goblets were placed on the table. Xie Qing hustled everyone to the table, and they ate.

"Good night, Mother!", called Xie Ning from her beautiful room that was filled with ancient pottery. Soon she was sound asleep.

"Noooooooooo!", screamed Xie Ning. She had just woken from a nightmare. She dreamt her mother and father were gone. "Mum! Dad!", she yelled. No answer. "Mum! Dad!", she yelled even louder. Still, no answer. Worried and frightened, she went to find her brother. Xie Qing, who was still half asleep, was listening to every word his sister said. "Where could they be?", questioned Xie Qing. "I don't know…", replied Xie Ning, "They're not here, let's go find them." They scrambled down the stairs, and ran out of the door.

The lights were all off, but the street markets were still there, and just a few people were strolling, mainly because it was three in the morning. Xie Ning was shivering, so her brother wrapped her in a small blanket. Finally, they arrived at the temple, and as soon as they stepped in Xie Ning's jaw dropped. There they were, lying on the ground. Their hearts not pumping, but they still seemed to be breathing...

Xie Qing was looking in his pockets for a resource that would cure the case. He came to a pen. This was no ordinary pen, it was a magic pen. "Stand back", he warned Xie Ning. He pointed his pen into the sky, and a jet of sparks fell out and landed on his pen. Instantly, it transformed into a black wand. Hurriedly, he pointed it at his mum and dad, and a white string emerged, which was so bright that it almost blinded him. At last, he stopped and they sat up. "Oh my!", they screamed. It was a wonderful sight.

They got home and their parents said, "You two better get to bed! Good night!"

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Jiang, Eddy – 11

Shouting and howling woke me from a sound sleep. I bolted up, expecting the worst, but all I could see was the vast ocean and my mum sitting beside me.
"Honey!" mum yelped, "You nearly gave me a heart attack! What's the problem?"
"Just a bad dream," I replied. We looked far ahead into the deep blue sea. Then a wooden dock came into sight with many people standing on it, both locals and foreigners. On it was a sign, which read: 'SHANGHAI'. As the port got closer and closer, I realized that we approached our new home!

As soon as we arrived, we joined the group of other migrants who were also escaping the war. Everything seemed so different, but at the same time, so similar. There was familiar writing everywhere, and many western activities were happening near and far. As we were pushed into the sea of people, something caught my eye. A clock tower! I stared at it, watching the hands of the clock spinning around. My vision blurred and I felt drowsy. But before I even knew it, I blacked out.

I woke up to the sound of the clock chiming. Gradually, everything became clear again. I looked around and a thought sprang into my mind – my mother! I called for her. No answer. I yelled for her. No reply. I howled for her. No response. Then I lost it. I began to cry.

My cheeks were damp and my clothes were ruined when a voice asked, "What's the matter?"
I looked up and saw a British–looking man with brown hair talking to me. He wore a black tuxedo and had a tie around his neck.
"I– I've lost my mother!" I managed before I burst into tears again.
"Everything will be all right," he said when his warm hands held my arms, "Follow me, I know a good place to look for her."

As we walked, we passed the police station, and then the hospital.
"What is your name?" I asked.
"Edward." he replied, "What does your mother look like?" I described my mother and he nodded. I followed him to a building made of bricks. It had a sloping roof and was bigger than the other structures. Its entrance was supported by many carved pillars and had numerous amounts of blue windows.
When we were in, he led me up to the front desk and started asking if the man there had seen my mother.
"You haven't? Oh, thanks anyway."
I felt hopeless.
"We'd better keep looking," he said as we walked out.

All of a sudden, a masked man rushed out of nowhere and grabbed Edward. I didn't know what to do! I tried to run, but my legs wouldn't budge. I tried to yell but my mouth wouldn't open. All I could do was stand there and watch Edward get dragged away. Then I knew what to do before the man came back for me. I ran over to the police station as fast as I could.

The officer was eating when I burst into the station. Before he even reacted, I told him the whole story, barely taking a breath.
"We know some foreigners are being kidnapped for money recently" he said, "Where was the place you last saw Edward?"
"Come, I'll show you!" I replied. He followed me to where Edward was kidnapped. The crook was gone.

The officer began searching for the crook instantly, and I began wandering about. Suddenly, I heard muffled voices! They led me to a drainpipe. The voices sounded louder here!
"Officer! Come here!" He ran over.
He tried lifting up the drainpipe cover with all his might. It came off with a shriek and a creak.
"Let's go!" he said as he began climbing down the ladder that lead down into the depths of the city.

The sewer smelt of many unrecognizable stenches. The officer whipped out a flashlight from his pocket and shone it forwards. The muffled sounds were getting louder and louder. We kept walking. Suddenly, we saw Edward! He was tied up on a chair. We didn't hesitate to untie him as fast as we could. Not long after we finished, the crook was back.
"Hey!" he yelled. We began to run. As soon as we were out, the officer closed the drainpipe cover and locked it. The crook was trapped inside.
More policemen came. The officer instructed two of his staff to send Edward to the hospital immediately and others to go back to the drainpipe to catch the crook.
"Come with me to the port; I will reward you," he said. I followed him and he held an announcement. I blushed at how many people arrived. Then it started. The Officer began to talk about how I saved Edward and how I was a good role model. I looked into the crowd. Many familiar faces popped up: the other migrants!
"We are all very thankful for this child who have saved Edward!" the officer announced. Suddenly, I saw someone pushing forwards from the back of the crowd. Could it be? When her sweetest voice shouted my name, I knew I found her again! I dashed down the stairs and we ended up in each other's arms.

All of a sudden there was a blinding flash and the "Click!" of a camera. Then I fell down, unconscious.

I sat in front of my MacBook doing my writing homework. As I reached for my library book: 'Tales Of Old Shanghai', a folded sheet of ripped, yellowed newspaper fell out. I picked it up and saw a black and white photo with two familiar faces. It was my mum and I, holding each other's arms and crying with joy. "Little Hero Rescues Edward Jones!" was the title of the news and the date of the newspaper was September 19th 1937.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Jiang, Tiger – 11

Slowly, I tiptoed quietly inside the synagogue without making a sound. It was the dead of night with only the grandfather clock ticking eerily. I'm not supposed to be here, I thought, but the urge to retrieve my Jade necklace kept me going. It all began like this: I had a Jewish family and we lived in Germany, every went well. However, we lived in peace but not for long. When anti−Semitism started, the Nazis captured my parents and took them to the concentration camps. Before they came, my mother gave me that Jade necklace and told me with a determined voice, "You have got to live on!". I've got to find it!

Everything around me was blurry dark, like a mist had grown around me. Remembering the word the priest said gave be a shudder. The words burned deep into my brain: something has escaped from hell…it's hiding in a dungeon underneath us…it will come and haunt this synagogue...A chill sprinted down my spine. I paused. Could it be possibly be real? Snap out of it Victor, its not real…Creeeeaaak. I stopped dead. Fear flooded my body, I almost felt a gush of gelid air excruciating my heart.

I spun around. Nothing. Then I heard it again: Creeeeaaak. But this time the sound felt as though it had had came from beside me. The silence was pierced by a deafening shriek. My body was paralyzed with fear; I wanted to scream but fear clogged my throat. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I Olympian souring towards the finish line. Suddenly, the marble floor underneath me vanished. Totally unprepared, I fell into a deep hole…

I woke up, my legs feeling severe pain. It's going to be a long way up, I thought, with my head throbbing. I've had it! All I want was to find my Jade necklace, and what did I get? The thought made me terribly mad; I kicked the wall aggressively.

Simultaneously, the granite stone wall, that just had a brick that got kicked in, opened up into a huge dungeon. Stunned, I stared at it foolishly. Oh how I wanted to end this but curiosity got the better of me. Fascinated but apprehensive about my my surroundings, I moved forward, my eyes scanning for my Jade necklace. So, this was the dungeon the priest talked about, I thought suspiciously. After hours and hours of walking, I saw a long spiral staircase leading deep into the dungeon. Instantaneously, I heard a thundering roar coming underneath me. Alarmed, I fell back with fright; my hands trembling uncontrollably. The first thing that came into my mind was: run.

I darted away as cold hands closed around my heart. I could still hear footsteps behind me, getting louder and louder. However, right in front of me was my Jade necklace, the reason I was here. With all of the danger forgotten, I grabbed necklace and looked back. The last thing I heard was a cackle of evil laughter…

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Zhang, Henry – 11

Dad, how much longer do we have to wait?" I asked impatiently.

"Just a little longer, it's almost our turn."

My family and I were in Shanghai, standing on Wukang Road, a historical road that dated back to 1897. According to a plaque hanging above me, it used to be called Route Ferguson, after an American man who built the road. But I didn't care about its history, my legs were tired. We had been standing in line for almost two hours just to get a scoop of famous Shanghai ice-cream.

Wanting to relieve some pressure off my feet, I leaned against the old brick wall. To my surprise, I felt one of the bricks wobble under the weight of my shoulders. I turned around and pulled out a loose, tarnished brick. Inside the cavity it left behind, there was a piece of yellow paper. A few words scrawled on it in barely legible ink. It read: *Hello, my name is Henry. What's yours?*

"Honey," my dad yelled, "it is our turn."

I shoved the paper back into the hole and crammed the brick in its place. Now I faced the challenge of picking the two flavors I wanted with my cone. The creamy, rich, vanilla and chocolate combo made me forget how tired I was, and it gave me renewed energy for the rest of the day.

While I was enjoying the ice cream on the way back to our hotel, I suddenly recalled the old note that I found. All day, I wondered about the strange and secretly hidden message. After everyone had gone to sleep, my curiosity kept me awake. I went back to the ice cream shop to find the paper, making sure to pocket the hotel keycard on my way out. When I arrived, I found the loose brick where the note was hidden. Roughly folding the paper, I stuffed it in my pocket and fled back to my room without a backward glance. Once I got back to my room, I grabbed a pen and wrote: *My name is Henry too.*

I woke up to find that I had fallen asleep in the clothes I wore last night. By pulling out the piece of paper from my pocket, I saw the word *OK* on it. How extraordinary! Two days later, the mysterious person wrote again: *Soon, you will travel back in time and explore Old Shanghai with me.* Just as I finished reading it, a purple portal appeared and I got sucked in.

When I opened my eyes, I noticed that the streets and the style of clothing were completely different. All of a sudden, a tanned, tall man walked towards me, and introduced himself as Henry. He must be the stranger who wrote to me through the yellow paper!

For some reason, I felt a magical attachment to him, so I followed him through the crowds. In the heart of the city, I saw bustling streets, passing rickshaws and packed markets. Almost all the buildings were European style: there were towers, buildings, neon lights… It looked like Paris, only in the East.

During the walk, we passed Route Ferguson (Wukang Road). The ice-cream shop there was barely noticeable, it was small, quiet and shabby. That was when I noticed that Henry had similar features as mine, curved eyebrows, skinny body, tan… I couldn't help but wonder if we were related.
"Are you my relative?" I asked.
"What makes you think that?" queried Henry.

“Because you look similar to me," I replied.
“Yes, I suppose it’s obvious.”
“How can I go back to the future?”
“By experiencing Old Shanghai.”
“What does that mean?”
“You must find out for yourself.”

All of a sudden, Henry disappeared into thin air, leaving nothing except a stack of notes. I bent my back and grabbed the money off the ground, thinking about how to get back to the future.

In the following days, I tried many ways to experience Shanghai, including exploring its very edges, going shopping, eating its local food… but nothing worked. How could I go back?

Until one day, I met a young beggar with scruffy–looking black hair, an unbelievably skinny body and cracked lips. Suddenly, several wealthy kids came and laughed hard at the beggar.
“Hey, orphan!” a youngster shouted.
“Begging for money again?”
“Too bad! We are not giving you our money.”
“Stay where you belong, in the trash.”
The platoon of kids laughed.
I could not help but to stop them. “Leave him alone, jerks!” Pushing them aside and threatening to call the police, they ran away.

To relieve him of his thirst, I bought the orphan a cup of water and gave him coins to supply his needs. As he recovered, we started to talk by trading stories of our lives. He was shocked after learning I was from the future. As I heard his stomach grumble, I ran towards the corner shop and bought him a bag of juicy meat buns. This was his first taste of the meat buns here. When he laid eyes on the food, he grabbed and gobbled it like he hadn’t eaten in years.
“Thank you,” he whispered.
“No problem,” I smiled.

As I turned around, a purple portal appeared out of nowhere, and in a flash, I landed back near the wall which started this compulsive adventure. I felt the brick wall with my right hand and reached for the loose brick with the paper inside. Expecting the edge of the brick to pop off, I tried to pry the brick apart and felt the rough paper that took me back in time. However, the brick wall seemed like any other. Where did it go? I looked around and double checked for the ice cream shop and the wall. It was the right spot, but my adventure to Old Shanghai was over.

The brick wall was waiting for someone else to unlock its secrets.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Beijing, Zhu, Selena – 11

Crashing onto the dock, the waves mercilessly splashed onto the boats. Even as a child, my dreams were farfetched and never ending. Just a minute ago, I was still caught in my daydreams, lying on the shore peacefully. As I awoke, my eyes widened. The horse riding race in Wujiaochang … My heart was pumping out of my chest. After a second, a frustrated groan escaped my lips. I had missed it again. Abruptly, my sister bolted towards me. Her eyes met mine and she glared at me fiercely.

"You missed it again, didn't you?" She muttered, "and I even got you a ticket!" She ran her fingers through her hair, and stormed away.

Trudging towards the Huangpu Bookstore, a beaten down temple caught my eyes. Being the daring girl I was, I crept into the dim, murky remains of a grand palace. Through the hallway, it seemed to get more mysterious and eerie. I shuddered.

"This is not good." I stuttered. But, as I ventured further, a gateway creaked open, as if to signal me that I had to go on. I attempted to peek inside, yet tripped into the room. Sweat trickled down my spine. So, right there, my life turned into an adventure.

Rolled up in front of me was a musty ancient parchment that looked like it had been sitting there for years. I grabbed it instantly. Clutching the parchment, I began to recite the words:

The door has opened to tomorrow.
It shall break time
And Destroy
Only history saves us
From chaos
And the apocalypse.
Find the Solution, young warrior
Protect us from the havoc
Of time

"The door? Apocalypse?" Thoughts swirled through my head like leaves in the autumn wind. Shoving the parchment into my pocket, I scrambled into the window and leapt out of the abandoned building.

With so much urgency, I rushed into the bookstore, seeking an answer. "Only history saves us" History? What about History? Flipping through the countless books, I snatch a crumbling, almost not visible book that I had hid for safekeeping and mysteries.

"Use it!" I thought.

After the book had been opened, I scanned through the writing. On one page, it had the same messy writing as on the parchment:

Enjoy for now
And maybe find another
Helping Hand
In your past
Through the door
Of tomorrow
But use it well, young warrior
For you may be the cause
Of destruction
The door, is located
Somewhere we dare not speak of
Ourselves

The Forbidden Building.
The Clock.

Speechlessly, I scurried out of the bookstore towards my secret passageway: to the Bund clock tower.
"Maybe these people are trying to expose all the secrets I have." Sighing as I scuttled past the crowd of everyday people as I slipped into the passageway.
When I had made my way to the tower, all of a sudden I was sucked into a blinding light.

As the light faded, I had been forced back into my passageway, facing a glinting door. So it was the door. I had found it. Still astonished, I tiptoed out of the passageway, and had almost been trampled over by the crowd of screeching people. But my attention had been drawn to an old lady on the street, below the lamp, begging for just a single coin. Guilty, I fished out a few pennies and plopped it into her hand generously. She smiled gratefully, and handed me another parchment:

Good Job, warrior
You are now ready
For the solution.
We have only to say
That your dreams
Were correct
They are
In the
Infinite
Endless Sea

The sea?!? I stomped my heels. How could I breathe? I pushed aside those questions and thought again, pacing around the street. I huffed, "You have to." I tell myself. Darting towards the dock I paused and took a deep breath then shut my eyes tight. This is it.
With a pumping heart and much hesitation, I dived into the water.
It felt like rock bottom, but it was only a few meters deep. Where could it be? My dreams… My eyes widened. I know where it is now. Hurling myself forwards, I sank. Perfect. All of a sudden, a blinding light flashed. The solution. Strangely, I had no urge to come up for air. I proceeded. A time capsule!
Was this the solution? I pondered. But there's no time to think, it's now or never. Not aware of the possibilities, I jerked my hand forwards, taking the capsule and eyeing it suspiciously.
"You know what to do." A voice in my head chimes. It was that easy. I ascended. But failed to and sank further down. The capsule opened and emitted a glow like the sun. I realized that it's a gem!
Only for a few seconds, I set my attention on the gem.

It glimmered in the water, and circled around me. I succeeded in catching it, but then, my knees felt weak and I blacked out….
Coughing up water, I found myself in a dark tunnel: I still had the gem, and I had to save time. Navigating my way towards the door, I gasped in shock; the door was gone. Failure wrapped around me and I winced in pain as I fell into an endless pit….
I woke up. It was all but dream. I was still under water, but I could breathe. I gasped. THE DOOR IS... OPEN?? And the gem was in sight. DO IT NOW, YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT! I didn't think and stared at the shimmering emerald in the dim light. I hurled the gem at the door aimlessly and a bright light engulfed me....

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Dulwich College Shanghai, Lin, Jingkai – 10

The sun baked down on my bare dry skin. My sandals scraped against the hard stone pathways of Old Shanghai. Sweat trickled down my neck, and I let it run down my spine. The sound of construction reached my ears: the clinging of metal against metal, the shouting of workers, and the faint rustling of leaves in the distance. The handles of the rickshaw were rough against the skin of my palms. The baby was whimpering. I peered back at my passengers: a woman clinging on to her baby, her left hand lifting to brush off the loose hairs wandering into her sight. I limped on, the rhythm of the wheels a steady beat in my ears. A bird flew overhead, and I waded into the river of people in the bustling market.

I stopped at our destination, and at that moment caught a glimpse of a dark figure at a modest, brightly–lit stall. He muscled his way to the front of the queue, shouting "Give me a job!" People shot him dirty looks, filthy looks. The shopkeeper reeled from the horrid smell.

He was scrawny and undernourished, most likely a street–dog, orphaned from birth.
"You want a job?" The shopkeeper asked.
"I work hard," the boy replied.
"I suppose you could take some of my sweet potatoes, and sell them on the corner there."
The shopkeeper handed him sweet potatoes in a sack. The boy swung them behind his back, and with a quiet word of thanks, went in the corner, calling out his sales.

Suddenly, something stirred at the back of my mind, a mere memory: another young orphan, standing on the streets without a job, struggling to find food. It was hard for that boy to make it in the world, and that little boy, was—me, Don. This adolescent was a mirror image of my younger self.

Everyday as I carried passengers past him, I watched him call out his sales: "Sweet potatoes for sale, sweet potatoes for sale!" The sweet potatoes flew from his hands like dusty ravens, to everyone: to small toddlers just growing their teeth, to old grandmas with teeth about to fall out. But one day, that familiar voice was missing. In the corner of the marketplace, I saw him conversing with two vaguely familiar men. Then it hit me: they were the leaders of the Green Gang: Huang Jinrong and Zhang XiaoLin.

Summoning all my courage, I took a deep breath and a few steps forward. *Join*, *Green Gang*, *You're in*, were the fragments I heard, and they were enough to make me shiver. Becoming a sweet potato vendor clearly didn't sate this young adolescent's thirst. I shuffled forward until I was facing the two gang members.
"I want to join, too", I muttered. I was going to make sure this adolescent wasn't harmed.
"Rickshaw drivers are always useful," they replied. "We need to beat the White Russians in the opium trade, and you can gather information about the Shanghai ports where they are shipping it in."

That night, I lay down on the hard mattress of my bed, my back aching, my hands numb from work. I lay awake though, tossing and turning with anxiety for the boy–and for myself. What would become of us? As the sun rose, I drifted into a dream.

I woke up in my dream to find the sun glaring through the small square window in my room. The hands of the clock swivelled to 9. I quickly changed and left for my new job – carrying passengers and listening into their conversations.

I gathered little information, just some news about more opium at the ports. I headed to the Paramount, where I met Du outside and told him about the incoming shipment. Du regarded the information with a nod of his head.

"Wait here," he said, as he pushed open the doors. Bright jazz music and the clinking sounds of glasses slipped out onto the street. I peered in and saw some white Russians, doubling over with laughter, pointing at Du. He stood up, glaring, and walked back out, his head held high.
"Don," he said, approaching me, "I want you to take those mangy, filthy brats to their homes tonight. I have a plan."

When the White Russians strolled out, I walked up to them, my rickshaw behind me. They daintily stepped in. As I pulled them home, many eyes followed the queer sight: a plain, old rickshaw driver, pulling two beautifully dressed former aristocrats.

Suddenly, there was a yell, and men began to run at us from all directions, out from bushes and dropping from trees. They stalked us, creating a ring around us. There was nowhere to run. We were cornered. I dropped the rickshaw and the Russians tumbled to the ground. But in my heart, something stirred – was it pity, again? The men rushed forward.

"Stop!" A voice rang through the commotion.
Shopkeepers walked out of their shops. Waiters walked out of restaurants. All of them stared at the commotion. I stood there, defiant.
"Will you show no mercy, will you stand there and watch your fellow human beings beaten by merciless cruel men?" I cried to everyone around me.
Members of the Green Gang dropped their clubs. Their gazes were filled with understanding, and some walked away. Tears of relief and remorse formed in my eyes and rolled down my cheeks.

Why had I ever joined the Green Gang? *You did it for him*, the soft tender voice replied inside my head, *to care for a young boy*. But then, the angry voice inside me said: *the Green Gang poisoned the soul of an innocent youth*.

At that moment, however, I heard footsteps behind me. I turned.
"Thank you," his voice was trembling. "You're right after all. I, Du Yuesheng, will devote the rest of my life to bringing peace to Shanghai."

And that is when I woke from my dream, the tears still rolling down my face.

A Strange Visit to Shanghai

French International School, Clot, Juliette – 10

Kate, Charlie, time to go!" yelled their mother, Scarlet.
"Just a minute!" replied the two children in unison.

Kate, aged ten, had bushy brown hair, green eyes, and sometimes a small smile on her lips. Her brother, Charlie, who was twelve, had reddish–black hair, and eyes as brown as bark. The children and their mom were about to go to Chicago's airport to fly to Shanghai, where their great–grandfather's house had recently become a hotel. Their great–grandfather, Dai Li, used to be the chief of secret services in Shanghai, back in the thirties. The house had been confiscated by the Chinese government and was not open to the public until recently. They would visit there for a week.

"Hurry up!" cried the stressed mother. "We're gonna miss the flight!"
"Mom, we've got two hours before the plane leaves!" Charlie exclaimed.
"Which is not a lot!" replied their mother.

The hotel, situated in the west of Shanghai, had a huge garden with loads of old trees.
"Woah, this place is huge!" noted Kate.
"Dad never told us that his grandfather was so rich!" said Charlie with just a bit of longing in his voice.

They slept soundly that night, and woke up the next morning full of energy.
"What are we doing today?" asked Kate.
"I thought that you would be tired, so today is yours," replied Scarlet.
"Then let's go explore the garden!" cried Kate.
"Yeah, if you want to," answered Charlie.

The two children changed then went out to explore the garden. What immediately caught the two children's attention was three camphor trees with trunks linked together in the middle of the garden.
"Bet ya can't climb up that middle tree," challenged Kate.
"Oh yeah?" retorted Charlie. "I'll show you who can't climb a tree as easy as that one."
With that, he started climbing. Kate laughed and followed. As they reached one of the highest branches, Kate saw a giant swimming pool, trees with osmanthus flowers whose scent perfumed the air, and fake mountains.
Charlie abruptly stopped, a clouded expression showed in his eyes.
"Charlie?" asked Kate anxiously. "Are you okay?"
"I… I'm fine. Let's go down." his voice didn't have its usual gentle tone.
Kate did not argue. She went down the trunk, her brother following behind. At the bottom, Charlie yelled a quick "Gotta go!" before disappearing round the corner.
Kate looked at that corner and murmured: "It must be the jet lag." She spent the rest of the day looking for Charlie, in vain. That night though, she saw him coming into the entrance gate, making big gestures and seemingly talking to himself.
Kate thought this was extremely strange. "Since when do you talk to yourself? Or maybe you have an imaginary friend?"
Charlie blinked twice before answering.
"I wasn't talking to anyone," replied Charlie innocently.
"I certainly wasn't hallucinating, so you better explain yourself," Kate advised.
"I wasn't talking to myself or whoever else!" he howled.
He went up the stairs and to their room where he slumped in a corner.

The next few days, they visited museums, famous monuments, absolutely everything that they could visit in one week. On the last day, they were standing in front of a huge marble statue of Soong Ching Ling.
"Woah, she must've been really famous to have such a beautiful garden," sighed Kate.
"Yes," replied their mother. "She was even the vice president of the People's Republic of China."
As they went past the statue, a shiver went down Kate's spine. A consciousness grazed hers.
"Who is it?" she asked a bit too loudly.
"It is me, the ghost of Soong Ching Ling," replied the mysterious voice.
"And what are you doing in my head?" demanded Kate.
"I am here to stop many innocent people – including you – from dying."
"I don't understand," she cried.
"You will soon."
She then told Kate how the ghost of Dai Li had taken control of Charlie's body, and how his enemies were planning to put a bomb on the plane that would take their family back to America.
"Are ghosts even allowed to possess people?" asked Kate.
"They aren't, except if the one they want to possess is their kin or if they have permission. About that, I would like to have permission to go in your body, though I wouldn't be in full control."
"If it's for the good of people, then, yes, I give you permission to enter my body."

Her mother was peering at her strangely, and Charlie said triumphantly: "Now you're the one talking to yourself!"
How do we stop the enemies from bombing our plane? asked Kate in her head.
"I talk to them, and they will stop when they hear of all the innocent people they would kill."
How do we get Dai Li's ghost out of Charlie's body? questioned Kate again.
"That is up to you. I do not know him well enough. You alone can make the decision."
Kate thought of what Dai Li would hate the most. Being arrested. If they could just pretend to put him in prison, the ghost might get out of him.

While Soong Ching Ling talked to the ghosts of Dai Li's enemies that only she could see, Kate ran to the police office where she told the sergeant that her brother was mad, and convinced him that putting Charlie in a prison cell for just a while would do him some good.
She ran back to the Soong Ching Ling Memorial Residence, then huffed: "Can I just borrow Charlie for a while? There's something I need to do with him."
When her mother agreed, she pulled her brother to the police station, put him in the cell, and after a while, the clouded expression left his eyes. Life went back to normal.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

German Swiss International School, Cheng, Edgar – 11

Ah, Shanghai. Where else in the world could you possibly find such splendour?

An elated smile crept across my foster mother's fatigued face, an expression she rarely used nowadays. It mirrored my building excitement, and I gazed out the taxi window, fighting the jet–lag for the sake of seeing a familiar landmark.

It was one of those periods of silence. My stepfather was a… gambling man. He'd gambled away the fortune that he'd won in the lottery a few years back, and now he was in debt. It is strange for a child to describe their own parent as a 'screaming, drunk pig' but that's what Du Yue–Sheng does. Me.

That's why we travel here so often.

The taxi screeched to a stop. "Ma'am, your hotel," the driver announced in Shanghainese, a language that I was familiar with. "Thank you."

The cold polluted air washed over me, a signature feature in China. Many people detested it, but to me, it smelled of belonging.

***

I had always been a drifting sailor.

It's a hard life. My sister was sold into slavery, back when my parents were alive––my mother died of sorrow and my father soon followed, of sickness. And then… the incident. After the accident, I lost my memory and I was passed around the foster web, for countless years. I didn't even know my own age.

I stared nonchalantly out the restaurant window, ignoring the steaming bowl of noodles. Funny how in Mainland China, it's so foggy that when you can't see the sky, it could be afternoon and midnight? But the paper lanterns hung up on *xiao long bao* stands were enough to convince that it was dark out.

In Shanghai, it is never quiet. The streets are always blaring streams of movement, pedestrians are bustling, running, arguing. It's… a cacophony.

A raven's squawk, an exchanging of hands. Fingers sneaking the gadget to each other, subtly passing it to the other side.

"Finally… I can escape this prison."

"Du! Your noodles are getting cold." Foster–Mom tells me, nodding to the untouched bowl. I snap from the daydream. I call her that because it's true, that's all she is. Another young parent in a long line of young parents who believes that they'll love me forever but will eventually abandon on the streets.

But no matter. I dig into the soupy, spicy goodness, shovelling thick morsels of noodles into my mouth. I pick up a piece of broiled beef and add it to my mouthful. *Yum.*

Plus the best part; *zhen zhu nai cha,* or bubble tea. The milky goodness merges so well with the chewy tapioca pearls. It's mouthwatering.

I see Foster–Mom giving me a quizzical look.

"Excuse my manners," my face turns red. "I just love Chinese food."

That seems to satisfy her. "Let's go outside and take a walk."

"In the dark? If you say so."

We pay the bill and stroll outside. The cool air caresses my skin and I close my eyes for a second. For a second I get deja–vu, and I remember my old self again––

A press of a button, one final goodbye.

The rewinding of age, the shifting of minds.

"Death himself has been cheated––of me." I snicker to my comrades, fading rapidly from view.

"Du! Are you alright?"

"Yeah––just a little woozy––" I mutter under my breath and I pick myself up and dust myself off.

"You just suddenly collapsed! I–I––I can't breathe––omigosh I was so worried about you–"

Foster–Mom actually cares about me.

That brings a direct pang to my heart. I haven't let anyone love me as their family member since my parents died. And it hurts me even more to betray her.

"Listen… Mom."

Calling her Mom gets her attention.

"Can I go use the bathroom?"

Her face falls, and she answers, "Of course, honey. Don't get lost. It's just past the restaurant, then left into an alleyway––"

"I know… Mom,"

I dart off, footsteps quick like a fox. I glance at my watch and mentally curse myself. *I'm going to be late!*

I shove past ladies with bags in arms, baby carriages, and men with newspapers. Dirty looks shoot my way as I scuffle past the droves of people.

I catch a glimpse of the restaurant and with agility, lunge into the alleyway without anyone noticing.
"Where are they?" I murmur aloud.

"Here we are," a deep voice booms behind me.

Three built men wearing the same green clover on their hats spread their arms, blocking my exit. "The Green Gang. Founded in 1922. You faked your shut–down in 1934 but secretly continued, hoping that your master would come back." I recited monotonously.

The left guy frowns. "How the heck did you know that?!"

"Maybe he's royalty," the right guy says. "Quick, all your valuables and we won't hurt you,"

"Oh, trust me, you don't want to hurt Du Yue–Sheng. Heard of me?"

The central guy's face brightens, but the left guy shrugs. "Whatever. Loot him!"

"*Not so fast!*" I roar. They all slowly, menacingly, creep toward me.

"Your middle guy knows who I am." I nod. "You're Huang Jing–Rong. You were a Chinese detective but you are an opium enforcer. It's me."

The middle guy stands up straight. He takes off his helmet and crosses his arms. His grey hairs droop and his frail figure reveals. "Du! It's been so long!"

"92 years, to be exact."

"The time machine works, I take it?"

"Not just that––it aged me backwards. I'm seventeen again!"

"That's why I didn't recognise you," Huang chuckles.

"Ooh, we are going to make a billion fortunes selling these! I can gamble my life away and have hundreds in my back pocket!" I cackle.

My previous life as notorious gangster Du Yue–Sheng wasn't the most conventional. It was only practical that I fake my death and escape––to here––and continue my business. My legacy of power.

My comrades and I chuckled gleefully as we wandered, drifting sailors, into the night.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

German Swiss International School, Dujari, Payaas – 8

Old Shanghai, China a wonderfully calm and peaceful city, with walls all around and where people were happy and joyfully lived their lives.

Once long ago, there was a man named Tang Bao. He was a kind person who worked for the Emperor of Old Shanghai in the early 1800s. He lived in a small village next to the palace and he worked hard for many years. Sadly nobody noticed his efforts. Eventually he got sick of working very hard for the Emperor. So he built a huge wall between the Emperor's palace his village so that the Emperor couldn't ask the villagers for money for when he had a building project. The construction of the huge wall took a year but with the help of wonderful carvers, the wall was a beautiful sight. People could hardly believe their eyes at the structure.

On the other hand the Emperor liked the looks of the wall but didn't like the placement. He had to make a decision between breaking the wall or keeping it. He decided to break the wall.

After the wall was broken, Tang Bao got extremely angry and couldn't see the Emperor live. He started plotting to kill the Emperor by a sword fight. He would poison his blade if the emperor touched it even by the smallest amount he would die.

The next day Tang Bao challenged the Emperor to a duel. He held the poisoned sword in his right hand and the sword that the Emperor was going to fight with, in his left. He handed the sword to the Emperor and said sharply "I Challenge you to a duel!". The Emperor took the sword and accepted the challenge. They went to the fighting ring and then Tang Bao said "It is a custom in the village that a challenger's sword must touch the opponent before the battle starts."

First the Emperor's blade touched Tang Bao on the shoulder. Then Tang Bao made a cut in the Emperor's skin. A few minutes later the battle started.

Both the competitors fought ferociously. Soon the Emperor started feeling tired because the poison had started taking effect. The next moment he staggered around. Then with a powerful "EN GARDE" Tang Bao stabbed the Emperor. The Emperor cried in pain and fell to the ground.

There was a loud applause for Tang Bao and he was declared Emperor in honour of defeating their greedy dead Emperor. Nobody in the world wanted to kill the Emperor because he was a mighty leader and had many secrets. These secrets were shared between Tang Bao and his followers.

From then on Tang Bao ruled wisely and cunningly ever after.

Until he died that is.

THE END

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

German Swiss International School, Jayaraman, Neytra – 11

Jing watched enviously as a flock of Frigatebirds flew into the tranquil sky and over the wall separating her from Old Shanghai. Directly below them, the farmers sowed the earth. Sticky sweat ran down their foreheads as the bright orange fireball emitted burning rays. The farmers wore large straw hats to shield their eyes from the sun.

Inspired by the freedom of the birds, Jing cautiously unlocked the gate to her own home. She started to jog and a light breeze rippled through her hair. Her claustrophobia dispersed momentarily before a powerful hand grabbed her sleeve.

"Let me see the outside world!" Jing whined. She was confined to the house, her father told her. Jing hated this caged existence. Most children her age had the chance to explore exotic new places but she was only allowed to go as far as the weeds in her back-garden.

"Danger will come!" cried her father as usual. Jing rolled her eyes. The outskirts of Shanghai would be interesting to her if she could actually see past the fields, or maybe even past the boundary walls into the Old City. She cursed the paper-thin walls of their modest hut which was like an wrought-iron prison to her.

Darkness fell, covering the fields in a velvet blanket. Jing tiptoed to the window and stared longingly at the lights twinkling in the middle of the city. Another unexpected light, however, diverted her attention. A little flicker shone from a bag of straw. Inside was a tiny golden ball, small enough to fit in the palm of her hand. She carefully extracted it. The tiny rays shone on the ceiling, creating an image of people building a wall. A figure stole a piece of the wall and hid it in a temple. The ball glinted for a second, then faded. Jing needed to find the missing piece of the boundary wall. She excitedly placed the precious ball in its bag, ran through the creaking door and clip-clopped down the wooden porch stairs. The Old City was not far and Jing stepped through the waterlogged fields towards it.

Before long, Jing had reached the dark brick wall, which ominously loomed above her. A sharp breeze whipped around her head and she thought she could hear the voice of her father warning of danger. Jing peered about surreptitiously, but it was just an old fortune-teller slumped beside a hole in the wall, who repeatedly hissed the word as if in a trance.

Old Shanghai was an ancient warren of tunnels and narrow, twisting alleys. People bustled around the maze of markets and Jing watched children and adults emerging from their huts to partake in the evening's activity. People crowded around an enormous red and white temple with a towering peaked roof, draped in glittering lights. Nervously, she looked about her before producing the ball, which again flashed an image of the thief sneaking into the temple. As Jing made her way inside the City God Temple, she bumped shoulders with hundreds of late-night worshippers.

Jing's stomach sank. How she was going to find the brick? As if the ball had heard her thoughts, a vivid purple burst from the bag. Peeking inside, she could see a painting of a door that was identical to the one beside her. The crowd surged forward but Jing raced over to the door, ramming her whole body against the frame.

Jing tumbled inside and landed heavily in a pile of scrolls. The room was filled to the brim with rusted metals and gold-encrusted artefacts that had a lustrous surface. Jing's sight was blurry from the impact of the fall and the mesmerising glitter of the room's contents. She felt exhausted and far from her warm hut on the outskirts of the Old City. Nearby, she thought she could hear the monotone chanting of the fortune-teller, uttering "Danger". The room faded from eye sight as she began to nod off.

Jing came to as her head hit the stone floor. She rubbed her eyes and squinted suspiciously at the heavy cuboid that was now mysteriously placed in her hands. The magic ball brightly flashed several times, before dispersing into tiny specs of light. She realised then that she was holding the missing brick. She felt ecstatic.

A scrap of ancient parchment floated into Jing's quivering hands. However, her excitement dwindled and fear took over when she saw the blank paper. She rolled her eyes. Even the magic ball had disappointed her. She stared hard at the peculiar paper, willing it to impart a clue.

“The corners have been cut off ", she noted, and folded the parchment into a rectangle like a brick. Words began to form: *Danger Danger*. She was terrified. She looked about her in a panic for any imminent sense of danger. Nothing moved. All she could hear was the howl of the wind outside, battering the walls. Then she realised what to do with the brick. The words were a clue. The paper glowed purple and spun into a vortex, which lifted Jing into the air and swallowed her whole.

Jing found herself once again in front of the boundary wall. The fortune–teller gestured to the hole with his bamboo cane and Jing lifted the brick, slamming it into place, concealing the gap between the old city and the countryside. The fortune–teller smiled mysteriously.

"You have served the Old City of Shanghai and protected it from the Japanese pirates who seek to loot our city of its ancient artefacts. In preserving the ancient temple, I will preserve your freedom.” The sun’s rays burst over the boundary wall and the Frigatebirds danced above. Jing found herself transported by a purple spark emitted from the fortune–teller’s cane. As she soared over the wall, she could see the farmers toiling over the paddy fields and her own hut on the horizon. Everything looked exactly the same, except around her home, there was no wall in sight.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

German Swiss International School, Khoo, Arianne – 10

It was a pitch black, piercingly biting night and no one dared to venture out. On the corner of Avenue Edward VII, leading towards The Great World, the city's hub for gambling and opium smoking, a figure dressed in a hooded black cape suddenly appeared.

Constantly peering left and right, he scurried up the road. He stopped for a moment hitching his hood up to hide the eagle tattoo behind his left ear, then disappeared into a small garage. Minutes later, he emerged, riding a Matchless Silver Hawk and soon arrived at the Governor's mansion. A Phoenix vehicle pulled up silently alongside. An evil maniacal grin spread across his face while he whispered, "No one can stop me now!"

The next morning, the Governor's family was in pandemonium. Renmei and Yuliang burst into their parents' room screeching, "Father, Mother, the twins, Chunhua and Changchang, are missing! There's a ransom note!"

The Governor was confused. A whirlwind of accusations swirled around his head. He snatched the ransom note from Renmei.

Governor Yau,

I have your two eldest and will return them only if you follow my demands. I want 4,000,000 Renminbi in French Francs delivered to the Great World at 7 am on Friday, October 13th. Slip the money underneath the back door and leave immediately.

Do not tell anyone about this or you'll never see your two eldest again!

The Pockmark Master

His wife Songmei's pinching pressure on his forearm snapped the Governor out of his trance. He quickly barked, "What should we do?"

As white as a sheet, Songmei whispered ominously, "Do not trust the trustworthy."

"What?" the Governor questioned, pondering his wife's remark.

Meanwhile, near the border across Old Shanghai on Chongming Island stood a tawny colored stone building – outside a warehouse, but inside secretly something else...

Inside, in an oubliette, three levels underground, a scientist held open a little girl's mouth, while a military officer dripped a cloudy silver concoction from a thin dropper into her mouth, and then repeated dosing the other victims.

A little while later, Chunhua woke up feeling groggy. A bitter flavor swarmed her mouth as she muttered, "Are you there, Changchang?"

No response.

Chunhua opened her eyes and twisted her head. A rope rubbed against her neck, leaving a large red mark. She gasped as she saw Changchang strapped to an adjacent table.

"Changchang!" she yelled.

Changchang snuggled back into her bed, imagining that she was floating on fluffy marshmallows. As she slid her ankle up, intense pain shot up her calves. Her eyes zapped open.

"Chunhua… Where are we? " she whispered.

Chunhua choked, then spat out, "I don't know."

Bang! Bang! Bang! A swarthy police officer in a khaki shirt shuffled in accompanied by a young lackey whose eyes darted around the room.

"Who are you? Where are we?" Chang Chang demanded.

The military officer barked, "I am Huang Jinrong. You may recognize me from when I investigated opium smuggling at the French Concession for your father. I need you guinea pigs to assist me."

"We'll think about it," Changchang firmly stated to buy time.

"No, you will do it! " Huang's voice suddenly became icy.

He started to chant, "Calagu..."over and over in a hypnotizing manner as he released them from their straps.

Mesmerized, Chunhua and Changchang followed Huang into a small alcove with stairs ascending to a rusted boat shed behind the warehouse. Under the setting sun, fading into an array of yellow and orange, the girls sailed the concealed dinghy back to Shanghai Island.

Having lived in the Governor's house for many years, Chunhua and Changchang knew all the hidden trapdoors and passages. Hoping to sneak in unnoticed, they headed through a hidden door from the herb garden. Unluckily, the Governor spotted them creeping through the kitchen, where he was having a midnight snack with his wife.

Chunhua disclosed their story, " Daddy! Huang Jingrong is evil! He is using us to register the Great World as a licensed business!"

Changchang blurted out, "Because the business is a front to sell an opium drug which controls the people who take it! He attempted it on us, but our special twin genes neutralized the poison!"

Hearing this, Songmei asserted, "Master Huang is an honorable French Police Concession officer. This can't be true!"

The Governor's eyebrows twitched as he pondered. He then beckoned his Aide, Tingan, into his private study.

After five long minutes, the Governor announced, "Chunhua, Changchang, Tingan and I have discussed a plan. Tingan can pass as Chunhua; the only difference is that she doesn't wear glasses, but she can use a dummy pair. Tingan will claim that Changchang betrayed her, so she can pretend to be on Huang's side while gathering evidence."

Four days later, Tingan arrived at the small island where Huang had kept the twins captive. She pushed the creaky door open.

As Huang emerged from the trapdoor, Tingan frantically fired, "Master, Changchang was caught!"

Huang's eyes narrowed, while replying in a cold voice, "Never mind, Chunhua. We don't need her."

That night, Tingan lay in bed, waiting for Master Huang to sleep. When she concluded it to be safe, she crept out to record some pictures of the laboratory and the victims. Abruptly, Master Huang stumbled out of his room and administered additional doses to the test subjects. Tingan quietly gasped but continued photographing with her spy camera. She forwarded the damning evidence back to the Governor.

Governor Yau rang the police and asked them to meet him at Chongming Island.

Loud beeping emitted from the police car sirens and Huang sprinted out. However, the waiting police tackled Mr. Huang, while he wrenched and weepingly pointed at Songmei, "Daughter, our plans. Do something!"

"Don't trust the trustworthy!" Songmei pressed.

Governor Yau turned to see Songmei emerge from the shadows and spouted out in surprise, "You?"

Songmei solemnly nodded and turned around. At first, the Governor couldn't see anything in particular. Then he spied the symbol on Songmei's left ear. It was an eagle—the exact replica as Huang Jingrong's.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

German Swiss International School, Kwok, Megan – 10

The best way to learn is to experience," said the boy in a black hoodie and jeans.
"Eric, you should pay attention in class,' said Collins.
"Why are you trying to fit into that box, Collins? You know you'll end up like a dog's dinner," asked Eric
"This is a time machine. It can take you to the past, and you can go anywhere, anytime in the past! Want to try it?
Eric hesitated. What if he got trapped in the past and could not come back? What if he got killed? What if …
"Eric, if you were in danger, you could get back to the portal box as soon as possible. I can easily get you back once you are in it.!" Smiled Collins crookedly. He had read Eric's mind.
Challenged, Eric pulled Collins out of the box and jumped into it.
"Ok, send me to Shanghai during the war. 1943. I need to finish my school report on the French Concession."
Eric prepared himself for a wartime Shanghai, full of excitement and Indiana Jones' style of adventures.

In the blink of an eye, he was taken through a series of lights and ended up in front of a wall. Not only could he hear French accents, but also American, British, Russian and Chinese.

"I read that Shanghai's Concession Zones were romantic and grand. But if they could see this, they would be amazed. Hollywood got it all wrong," Eric muttered under his breath. All around him, he saw wide boulevards lined with plane trees. It was rather an impressionist's view of the French Concession.

"Vouz perdez! Vous etes en danger! Vous ne regnez pas!" shouted a man carrying a metal blade to the people on the street.
Eric's French lessons came back to him as he translated in his brain.
"You lose! You are in danger! You will not reign!" Eric murmured. "It must be targeted to the Chinese. The Chinese are in danger. The Japanese are coming!"
Eric looked around. He was in front of the St Nicholas' Church, built by Russian refugees from their 1917 revolution. He thought that the church would be a great hiding place from the Japanese.

"我々は支配する！我々は征服する." This time a Japanese man was shouting out.
Eric was pleased he had paid attention in his Japanese classes as well.
"We will dominate! We will conquer!"
"I have to get out of here!" he whispered to himself surveying the scene. "I must get over to the waterfront of the Huangpu River to the Shanghai International Settlement for the British and Americans. I need to let them know!"
Eric ran through towards the waterfront through the French Park which resembled Monet's Japanese Pond. There he saw people relaxing and chatting. He was puzzled.
The park was big and he walked around for a long time but he did not see any sign of wartime tension.

"Vous perdez. Vous etes en danger! Vous ne regnez pas." The same man he had seen in a soldier's uniform wea now standing in front of Eric, repeating the words over and over. Further away, Eric could see a tent with people dressed in world War II dress. Next to the tent was a big sign which read "Prochain spectacle a 14h."
"Next show at 2:00 pm," Eric translated.
And now here came the Japanese man again who shouted, "我々は支配する！我々は征服する!" but he was playing Japanese chess with another man, still holding the sword.

Eric, knew something was wrong. He rushed back to the portal and clicked the necessary buttons to recall him back through the box to the present.

"What happened to you, Eric? Why are you back so soon?" asked a surprised Collins.

"I was at the wrong place. I wanted to go to the Old Shanghai French Concession District …" started Eric.

"Yes, I did put that information into the time machine," answered Collins. So, what did you see?"

"I saw Russians, British, Americans, Japanese and French … but the area was very peaceful."

"That is correct. Were you expecting a war zone? Didn't you know? There was no hard fighting in the French Concession. In 1943, during World War II, the government of France announced that it would give up its concessions in Tianjin, Hankou and Guangzhou. These were handed over to the Wang Jingwei Government on June 5, 1943 but the Shanghai Concession didn't follow until July 30," explained Collins.

"I think I should have had a Shanghai history lesson instead of going back in time!" cried Eric.

The Chase

German Swiss International School, Li, Mohan – 10

Shanghai 1901

Thomas Jameson had deserted the army and had been a fugitive on the run for quite a few years, now he was nearly in his destination, Shanghai. He remembered back in the 1890s when the hammer of fear had hit him during the Boer War and he just ran, leaving behind him the Ndebele Tribesmen and his own comrades. He had been pursued on land and sea but he hoped it would nearly be impossible for the British to find him in a bustling trade port in the Far East. He had seen a few wanted posters so he disguised himself, with a long patterned black robe covering his lanky build, silk pants and a wide straw hat covering his cropped fair hair.

All he had to do now was to cross the city's great walls then he would be in Shanghai. He took a long moment to breathe and observed his surroundings. The buildings were an incredible mix of European and Asian, from cathedrals jutting out into the air like trees in a jungle to traditional Chinese buildings with curved roofs and shining characters. No wonder Shanghai was called The Pearl of the Orient. As he gazed in awe, somebody bumped into him and knocked his hat off. Thomas had no time to think before two men in masks raced towards him, waving flintlock pistols.

Thomas dashed off, knocking into vegetable carts and narrowly avoiding noodle stands as he left angry people shouting behind him. Bullets whizzed past him as he suddenly realised the path stopped at a dead end. Just as the men were closing in, Thomas was smacked across the forehead with an idea as he saw the water gate. He sucked in a huge gulp of air and dived in the water, swimming across the moat, surprising fishermen and Wall Guards alike as he was pulled under the bridge by the rolling tide. He blacked out as his head smashed into something hard.

Thomas woke up in a small village and felt a hard, wooden bed under him. He still had a tremendous headache from his daring escape, and it felt as if a blacksmith was hammering on his scalp. He stood up drowsily, careful not to break anything and then walked out of the room, eager to discover where he was but only to find another room. In there Thomas was greeted by a small rotund Asian man with a thin mustache and a small sharp nose.

"Hello, my name is Ke Jin and I found you half drowned near the water storage." He said in perfect English.

"Err … thank you. My name is Thomas," he replied, not knowing how to express his gratitude.

"You can stay at my house until I find you a hotel. I need to go to the market. You can stay here but try not to touch the steaming "Xiao Long Baos" in the bamboo containers on the table because they could burn your hands," and with that he left.

Thomas sat down on a bamboo chair to rest, only to be interrupted by the scraping sound of steel. Thomas leapt out of the chair, only to be confronted by two men with daggers.
He realised he probably was still being hunted by the British.

"Leave me alone," replied an enraged Thomas. He had only arrived in Shanghai and was being hassled by assassins. He searched for a weapon but could see none. Then he remembered what Ke told him. He gripped the steaming Xiao Long Baos in his hand ignoring the excruciating pain and threw them one by one at his attackers. The boiling soup burst from their pastry sacks and scalded their eyes. They fell to the floor screaming in agony and clutching their eyes. Just then, Ke arrived.

"What happened?" he asked, curious but also a little angry.

"It's a long story," Thomas replied wearily as he told Ke who tied the men up and gagged them with towels.

"We will be visiting the recently built Russo–Chinese Bank to get you some local currency," remarked Ke as he hailed an open–topped rickshaw. They were similar to horse pulled carriages in London but were pulled by men instead. Ke then paid off the fee in silver coins. The Russo–Chinese bank was a monster of a building with shining gold letters and a flag poking out towards the sky, like the connection between Earth and heaven.

"Wait here," Ke told Thomas, on the steps of the bank. "I need to retrieve some money."
Thomas waited until suddenly he heard shouts of alarm.
Officers dashed out the bank, muskets drawn and long braided hair fluttering out behind them, clearly pursuing someone plump in a long robe with a thin mustache. Thomas didn't catch a good look at the criminal but he had seen enough.
Thomas didn't know what Ke was up to but he dashed after him. Ke weaved through the streets like a spider as he arrived at a small shop and dashed in without thought. The officers, having lost their target, decided to fall back.
Thomas entered the shop only to see Ke talking to gangsters. Among them, he recognised the ones who had tried to capture him.
He recognised some of the Chinese words he had heard from locals and his name Thomas and realised they were bounty hunters for the British.

"He's not getting away so quickly" muttered Thomas. Although he was reluctant to get caught himself, he still called the police. A few minutes later the gang had been rounded up and captured. Ke Jin was actually the famed opium dealer Wei Yun and the shop had been a secret Opium den.

"You have been pardoned for helping the police catch these criminals. They stole money to bribe officials," said the Police Officer, who was English.

"Thank you," Thomas replied in relief. Finally cleared of desertion charges, Thomas decided to make Shanghai his new home.

The End

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

German Swiss International School, Ven, Mia – 11

The water was murky and the sky blanketed by a thick layer of fog. This was nothing like the clear, fresh water of past years. And the taste of fresh prey, still lingered in the minds of the older, once famous Shanghai Yangcheng Lake Mitten Crabs who were proud to be served on a silver plate. Now, the luxury of having something sensational to eat was a distant dream, a bright rainbow which had lost all its colour.

The scooped water dripping through the holes of the net was fetid and all that could be seen in the water of the lake these days were the things floating just beneath the surface. What was once a beautiful, serene lakeside had now been turned into a bustling city, churning with noise and pollution. The oil of boats that housed the Mitten Crab farmers seeped out from the tanks and into the water. This had taken its toll on the health of the Mitten Crabs whose lungs had become infected causing them difficulty in breathing beneath the water.

"Come on you lazy brute! Move over! You are so fat that you are blocking the way!" cried Jackson. He was the alpha mitten crab and had watched over the cast of crabs for more than fifty years.

"What are you talking about? I'm not that fat! Am I? How could I get fat when I don't get nothing fresh to eat? " retorted Glinda.

Life had become chaotic in the lake ever since food had become scarce. Soon they would have nothing fresh left to eat, Jackson was sure of it. Still there were the strange looking pellets of artificial food, the size of a fingernail, which were liberally cast over the water on a daily basis by the crab farmers, but the adults did not like them at all because of their disgusting odour, and refused to eat them, preferring to continue to roam and hunt for real food. They worried for the future of the little ones. There was also an increase in the little pieces of plastic and metal which would float in occasionally, and the little ones often got stuck in them.

Some of the baby crabs, who had been starving to death, had gobbled up all the foul smelling pellets, and in just a few days the teensy–weensy crabs had grown to the size of Jackson.

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"Do you know what is happening above the water?" Jackson asked nobody in particular. Those humans are killing all of our families and friends. They will cause us all to have cancer with those disgusting pellets! "Jackson explained. "They are vandals! Murderers!"

"Yes sir!" Charlotte, one of the younger adult crabs, responded. "All of us are gaining a tremendous weight! And although the pellets taste disgusting, I don't know why we keep eating them, but we cannot help ourselves. I have heard the farmers say that there are antibiotics in them to keep us from being sick. Once, I heard, we were the world's most delicious delicacy but I cannot imagine what we must taste of now!"

Everyone nodded their big furry heads in agreement.

"Well, I don't mind growing faster and stronger by the minute!" said Harry, the youngest crab in the meeting. It makes me feel powerful! And invincible!"

"If you keep eating this disgusting grub, we might be the world's greatest fear," Jackson bellowed. "Sooner or later we will all be taken from the lake and thrown into the trash can." He folded his two front claws and looked at the Harry sternly.

"We got to do something about this…this human mess! Those humans are inhuman, forcing poisons and toxin into our bodies!" Eva declared. "Put on your thinking caps everyone! We need to do something about this."

The brains of the Shanghai Yangcheng Lake Mitten Crabs churned and spun but before long there was complete silence.

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While the oldest crabs were thinking of an idea to save their fellow crabs, the little ones gathered at the surface, gazing at the looming shadows above them.

"Yea! Food!" they cheered. At once the pellets rained down on them, and they opened their ravenous mouths wide. Soon their stomachs were full and they sang in imperceptibly high-pitched voices;

"We are going to be on a silver plate!"
"We are going to be on a silver plate! "
"We are going to taste delicious!"
"We are going to be delicious!""

Jackson shook his head at them in despair. "They would never taste delicious. And soon, everyone would stop eating them, and the lake would become a cesspool, and the Mitten Crabs would no longer be a delicacy," he anguished.

The farmer reached down into the lake and picked up a dozen of the biggest and fattest baby crabs, as the adult crabs looked on in dismay. They could hear them still singing the song over and over.

Jackson looked on in disappointment. He could not believe that his descendants could be so naive. He sighed and muttered dejectedly to himself, "Don't they know that there are a whole lot of chemicals and toxins in their bodies? People all over the world will suffer from the farmer's deeds and we the once famous Shanghai Yangcheng Lake Mitten Crabs shall be remembered for instilling a sickness everywhere."

And the spoiled waters of the Shanghai Yangcheng Lake rippled timidly along its shores.

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The Threatening Future

Glenealy School, Huang, Vincent – 10

It was a brisk, busy morning in Old Shanghai in the fall of 1837. Old Shanghai had just opened a new trading port. People from foreign countries were trading in this port. The harbour was filled with American, British and French ships being unloaded with "Fragile" and mysterious cargo. Carriage drivers shouted loudly, food stalls crammed the streets, and people begged for money.

A twelve year old child called Yong Moon Peace got out of bed, got changed, and ran downstairs. For some reason, even though Yong was Chinese, he had blue eyes. Everyone laughed at him because of the strange color in his eyes. Everyday, he had to get water from the well. Yong always loathed this daily chore. Yong grabbed a bucket, ran down the steps and crossed the road, heading towards the well. Along the way, he would always see hundreds of people being punished, and even more begging for food. Even when the sun was scorching hot, Yong would always shiver when he saw them. Arriving at the well, Yong tied the bucket on the hook and gradually brought it down, filling it with water. Yong was about to pull the bucket up, when he thought he heard someone saying his name. His eyes darted around suspiciously. Yong sensed something strange yet familiar, but could not quite put a finger on where he had felt it before. Yong pulled the bucket up, turned around, and dashed back to his master. Yong did not want to be in this mysterious place any longer.

When Yong got back, his master ordered, "Go to the market and fetch me some food."
Sprinting towards the market he heard a familiar, female voice whisper in his head. "Hello Yong Moon Peace. Come to me." Yong felt his legs being controlled by the same, familiar tension that allowed him to hear the woman.

Yong thought, "Who are you? How can you control me?"

The voice in his mind laughed, "You are nearly here. Most of your questions will be answered when you arrive." Suddenly, Yong's controlled legs skidded to an abrupt stop.

"Hello," said the same voice he had heard in his head, "Yong Moon Peace. I have been waiting such a long time to see you again."

"Who are you?" Yong asked.

"Well, my maiden name is Jay Mimi Moon, but my name now is Jay Mimi Peace." A woman with blue eyes replied.

"Why did you call me here?"

"I need your help. I'm a fortune teller. When I activated my power, I suddenly saw the future. War, ruins, smoke, with old Shanghai in mortal danger. I controlled you with my power. Anyway, my information isn't always accurate. Sometimes I jumble up my visions and put the pieces together wrong. I hope I put it together wrong, for the future's sake. She led him down steep stairs. "This is where my predictions come from." Jay led him to a miniature globe, half blue and half red. "This is Old Shanghai's globe. I see it containing betrayal."

"I don't see what the problem is." Yong squinted at the tiny globe, scratching his head.

"At first, the globe was as tiny as an ant. Ever since my vision occurred, it has been growing, which means this future I see is becoming more likely to happen. We are running out of time. We must act quickly before Old Shanghai is ruined." Jay explained. "You have any friends who would believe what I told you?"

"Two. " Yong answered.

"I need you to go to go there and get your friends." Jay said.

"Okay," Yong ran off.

Circling around, Jay stared at the globes, trying to decipher the deeper meaning which the globe held

"Jay, I'm back! I brought my friends Niao and a foreigner named Jim!" Yong dashed down the stairs to the basement, only to find Jay gone.
"Hey, what's that on her desk?" Niao asked. On her desk there was a scribbled message. A couple of the words were too smudged to read. This is what they could make out "I needed…go. There…no…other choice…I had to go stop the deadly future. I studied…found …going…happen near the…boat…go…find out where."

"The main boat port is," Niao declared.

"Near the harbour," Jim continued. "When I was a castaway on the boat, I heard the crew talking about a drug that would be sold and make them wealthy. The boat I got off stopped at the Harbour with the trading port. I say that is our best chance." Yong and Niao nodded. Before departing, Niao asked, "Wait, is it just me, or has that globe grown bigger since we arrived?"

Yong explained, "The bigger the globe gets, the higher the chance that the future the globe holds will happen. We need to go to the harbour… Now."

When the boys arrived, they saw a sight unlike anything they had ever seen. Boats were crowding the harbour, foreigners were unloading the deliveries and bringing them to the new trading port. Suddenly, Niao pointed at Jay, "That looks like Jay. It matches your description perfectly." Yong nodded.

"Opium?" Jay asked.

"Jay!" Niao and Jim screamed. Jay walked towards them.

"Go," Jay uttered.

When they arrived at the basement, Jay said, "We need to warn the Government about this upcoming..."

Suddenly, a loud knocking surprised them. Jay, Niao and Jm ran up the stairs and opened the door. Standing in front of her, were two government authorities. "We were informed that you may have some critical information about what you know about the boats and the drug spreading around in China."

Jay, Niao, Jim and Yong told the authorities everything they knew. The authorities then investigated the cargo on all the ships, and then lead to the confiscating of the cargo. Jay and the others were heroes and Jay and Yong were happily reunited as mother and son.

The Shanghai Cat

Glenealy School, Khaimson, Aleen – 10

I don't know why I did it. Running away is a very normal situation for kids especially when it's from an orphanage. I guess I did have a few friends there, but the headmistress was pure evil. You wouldn't believe what she did to us. If anyone of us were to talk after bedtime we would get slapped with a belt and have to go one whole day without breakfast, lunch or dinner. We all hated her, and I guess that's partly why I ran away. Lost in my thoughts I heard "Margo! Margo!" I turned around to see my headmistress behind me.

"Oh great, she found me" I thought to myself. I ran as quickly as my feet could take me through a crowd of people. As I got nearer and nearer to a high wall I tried to make up a plan. Ahead of me I saw the guards checking everyone's purses. I hid behind the women in front of me. I suddenly felt firm hands grab my shoulder. "Where do you think you're going?" said the guard "Where are your parents?"
"My mom just walked past you. She's right there." I pointed to a random woman I saw walking ahead.
"Okay run along little girl. Make sure to always stay with your mom."

I walked along the streets of Shanghai, trying to figure out where to go next. It's not like I had any family members to go to. But I still needed a place to sleep. At that moment I felt a bump on my head and everything went black.

When I woke up, I was in a freezing cold alley where I had been strapped onto a chair. "The kid's awake boss." I heard someone say behind me. I sat up and realized that there were two very strong and dangerous looking men staring straight at me. "What's going on?" I finally managed to say.
"You're Margo Stans, right?" The first man asked.
"Um... yeah."
"And your parents are Mark and Lola Stans?" The second man added
"Uh...yes." I answered hesitating. For about a minute or so we just stared at each other, until a voice broke the silence.
"Uh… are you the guys that ordered dumplings?" said a man with a bag.
"Don't move." They spat at me. As they walked up to the delivery man, I quickly but carefully ripped off the tape and slipped out of the chair. Then I made a run for it.

Dumpling scented smoke leaked out of the restaurants and filled the crowded streets as I pushed past everyone. I ran through dark alleys hoping that soon they would give up, and they did. I could hear their furious voices shouting from the streets. I wound up leaning against a trash can. As I looked up at the sky I saw beautiful shining stars staring straight back at me. I always wondered if my parents were up there in a place called heaven watching over me. While I was sitting there I finally understood something. Those people that were after me wouldn't just randomly chase an ordinary girl like me, there had to be a reason for it. I started thinking about how they knew my name and my parents' names. All of this was making me dizzy. Why would they be after me? While I was thinking about that, the trash can began to shake like crazy. With my eyes bulging, I started to back away. There was definitely something in there. Suddenly, a cat jumped out of the garbage. His fur was pitch black, his eyes glowed in the dark as if there were huge suns inside them. He walked slowly towards me, as I sat there frozen not knowing what to do. Then suddenly he sat down reached his paw out to me and said "Hello I am Mark, very nice to meet you on such a fine night." I didn't know how to respond. Still in shock so I shook his paw. "You are Margo Stans, right?"
"How did you know?" I answered.
"I'd better tell you in the house." He murmured

"What house?" I said. The next thing I knew I was running along streets following the cat called Mark. As I watched mothers and children stand on their porch waiting for the husbands and fathers to come home.

At last we came to what looked like an abandoned house. The cat pushed open the door and I followed him into the house. We sat down in a dusty room and he began to speak. "Okay first of all I would just like to say sorry for everything you have been through. Your parents were great people and had a great business too." At first I just stared with my eyes wide open, and when I finally understood what he was trying to tell me I answered.
"How did you know my parents, and what do you mean they had a great business because what I was told was that they ran a coffee shop."
"Oh wow, we definitely have a lot to catch up on." he laughed and so I sat there for an hour or so as Mark told me about my parents and that those bad guys that kidnapped me earlier only wanted me because of my parents work. Apparently they ran a TOP SECRET agency where they earned millions of dollars. They only wanted me because they thought they could get money out of me.
"How do you know all of this?" I asked.
Mark sighed and said, "I actually belonged to your family, I was your family pet."
"You mean you knew my parents!" I shrieked.
"Very well actually." He answered. We sat for hours as he told me about my parents. I haven't found a home yet but I feel as though I have found a family, and that's even better.

The Hidden Shanghai Dumpling Recipe

Glenealy School, Lamont, Milla – 9

Honk! Honk!" went the loud horn of the boat pulling into Shanghai. The boat was from Japan and the Japanese on board wanted to control Shanghai because it was an important city of trade. But little did they know that a criminal from Tokyo had stowed away on their boat. This guy was called Kaito. Kaito had black hair and a brown coat like a detective. He had black shoes that were thin and long. Kaito crept out as quickly and as silently as he could off the ship.

He made his way from the docks to Shanghai. He saw a humongous wall surrounding the city. The wall was used to keep out criminals and to keep the people in Shanghai City safe. He tilted his head and saw the Japanese army digging a tunnel. He was a clever and patient man so he decided to wait until they had finished. They used an enormous long shovel and they used their hands, which were quite messy afterwards. Minute passed minute. Hour passed hour. "It's been 5 whole hours. When are they going to be done' he thought impatiently. "It's taking a long time to be done".

Finally he saw they had finished. Kaito walked innocently around the wall, and when he was in front of the tunnel and the Japanese soldiers weren't looking, he dove in as quick as lightning. He crept slowly through the tunnel. It was all wet and muddy. "This is going to be hard since there's a country invading" he whispered to himself . He was on a secret mission to find the famous hidden Shanghai dumpling recipe, so it would make him rich. The emperor had given him a map to find it and if he did, both his country and he would be rich . But he had to creep through the streets of Shanghai without being discovered.

Kaito held the map up. "This is nonsense I can't even read this" he muttered, not knowing it was upside down until he turned it around and it began to make sense. Feeling embarrassed, he looked around at Shanghai city. He saw quaint shops and ladies dressed in cheongsam dresses.

He wandered around the streets for a bit. Then the map told him to go to Yu Gardens, a famous place in Shanghai. He asked people in the street how to get there. But they only pointed. It didn't help at all. He read the map and it told him to take a tram, that said "Yu Garden" on it . "ohhh" Kaito groaned "I have to find the tram now." So he strolled along the streets for a bit. He passed some dim sum restaurants and more quaint shops. Kaito felt exhausted looking so he asked someone in the shops if they could help him find the "Yu Garden" tram. With a little help he found it.

A girl was wandering around the streets in a beautiful cheongsam. Her dad was in the army but was very sick. He had a very bad cold and fever, he was coughing very hard. He got sick because he drank dirty water. This girl's name was Rosie. She saw Kaito and thought he was acting strange and guilty. "Ah ha" Rosie said quietly to herself "I will get my dad's army suit. I'll pretend I'm a boy and follow him." She tied her long black hair in a bun and put on her dad's army suit.

She thought to herself about a boy's name in case someone asked her. Lucky for her she had a brother called Cameron so it was easy to use his. She saw Kaito waiting for the tram that said "Yu Garden" in big bold letters. She sprinted back to her house and got her father's suit. She ran to Yu Garden and she got there just in time. The tram pulled up next to Yu Garden. She waited until Kaito got off. Yu Garden was magnificent. It had some trees growing around it and there were some temples too. She saw Kaito running as fast as his legs could take him. She did the exact same. Then Kaito stopped in a temple.

"Why is he there?" She thought to herself. "He is not even paying his respects or praying he's just sitting there." Suddenly he zoomed down the stairs stopping to look at a tree and another tree and then another. The sun was going down. The sky looked so beautiful. Then under a tree he lay down to sleep. This gave Rosie time for her plan.

She went to find someone who could help like the army. She decided to go to the police. "What is your name?" asked the Chief of Police.
"Cameron" she exclaimed in a manly voice.
"I've never seen you here before" the Chief said calmly.
"That's because I normally stay at home" she said quietly. She sounded like she didn't know what she was talking about.

She took a deep breath anyway and told them what she had seen. The Chief called all the police in Shanghai . The police came in a crowd. They crept back to where he was sleeping. They waited until he woke up and then they took his hands and hand cuffed them. The police put him in jail. He was so mad that his face was as red as a tomato.

Kaito told them about the Japanese trying to invade. The police gave everyone a pair of handcuffs to put on the Japanese army. Then they handcuffed them when they came out of their tunnel. "What?" they shouted when the saw the Shanghai Police. Just like Kaito they were taken to jail too!

Rosie became a great hero in Shanghai. She admitted she was a girl but no one minded because she saved Shanghai. As for the famous Shanghai dumpling recipe it remained a secret. No one ever knew it …

A Tale of Old Shanghai

Glenealy School, Leung, Charlie – 10

Takashi sighed angrily as he tugged at his rough army uniform. He had joined the army to distract him from his father's death and to take revenge on those responsible if he could. Instead of distracting him, it only made him think about his father more. His father had been a soldier in the Japanese army who died when they had invaded China. He was the nimblest, fastest, and smartest soldier they had. They decided he would now be a spy for Japan and he would use his father's most prized and secret possessions, magic potions, to get into China.

"Thinking about how to murder the Chinese?" asked a burly, heavily muscled boy named Hiroshi. Takashi didn't reply.
"Takashi! Don't you want world domination and freedom?" roared Hiroshi.
"No, I don't." rasped Takashi. Hiroshi noticed the steel in his voice and realised he wanted to be alone. So he left, gently closing the door on his way out. Takashi felt heartbroken about his father's death, and realised that he still wanted revenge.

Early the next day, Takashi and the Colonels discussed how he could get into Shanghai without being seen by the security guards outside the defensive wall. First, he would use his father's potions to transform into an eagle to fly into the city, then swallow an invisibility potion and sneak into the Chinese army headquarters. After that he would steal their war plans so they could be defeated! That's if Takashi ever got that far.

That night, Takashi tossed and turned, tomorrow's adventure frightened him deeply. He couldn't sleep. When he heard the ring of a bell, he sat upright as if jolted from a nightmare. He quickly got dressed and rushed down to breakfast. After a filling meal of egg rolls and pork, Takashi felt more refreshed and took off his uniform to put on comfortable black clothes to help him blend in with the shadows. He was ready.

He ran to the front yard of the army training facility and he sipped three drops of the bittersweet shapeshifting potion, imagining what he wanted to be. An eagle! He flew with force and determination, and soared over the defensive wall, ready to see a city full of bandits. But there wasn't any there. Instead with his sharp eyesight he could see a busy and beautiful city, the streets filled with rich and pretty women dashing around. The smell of spices was thick in the air, and Takashi had never seen anything as stunning as this before. Tears sprang in his eyes, and he realised he didn't have to do this even with the whole of Japan's hopes resting on his shoulders. Whoosh! A sudden gust of wind knocked him spiralling into the city as he lost control and as he started spinning towards the ground he lost consciousness.

When he finally woke up, he found himself in a dark, dim alley. He tried to fly to the army headquarters but he was still woozy from his fall. A few minutes later, Takashi felt stronger. So he lifted his wings and flew up. Soon, he arrived in the Chinese army headquarters. Suddenly, heavy net traps were flung at him, and he was forced to change back knocking his head and passing out. Takashi woke to the sound of someone laughing.

"Well, well, well. Who do we have here? sneered a rugged Chinese sergeant "Another arrogant Japanese boy hoping to save Japan? I'm quite impressed though, none have ever made it this far before."
Takashi knew his mission was over and was just about to surrender when he realised it didn't have to end this way. He spoke in a calm and clear voice about how they could finally come to peace.

Takashi's words softened the sergeant's twisted and ice cold heart and soon enough, the sergeant began to see that Takashi's plan could work.

"Alright!" He said in a gruff voice. We'll come to Japan and see if we can finally make peace." All was well, but as they opened the defensive wall to meet with the Colonels the Japanese Colonels roared "ATTACK!"
The Japanese army flooded Shanghai and showed no mercy, chaining every single Chinese person in sight. Takashi eyes were filled with tears as he tried to stop the Japanese army. But he just got thrown in prison for betraying the Japanese.

When Takashi got brought to the prison, Takashi did an air split, kicking the two prison guards and knocking both of them out cold. A few minutes later, when the guards finally woke up and looked around, Takashi was gone.

Takashi had an idea. First, he would get one of Shanghai's most traditional and delicious dishes, the crispy and tender roast duck. Then he would chug the last of the potion since he needed that much to fly to Japan and back to Shanghai, then bring one of Japan's most traditional and delicious dishes, the crunchy and juicy tempura.

When he finally got back to Shanghai, he quickly wrote a note to the Japanese and Chinese colonels, saying that they should meet together at a restaurant because they wanted to say sorry. That gave Takashi an hour and a half to evacuate all the staff in the restaurant, dress in a waiter's uniform, and prepare the dishes. So one and a half hours later, when they were seated at the grandest dinner table, they glared at each other as they shovelled food in their mouths.

Suddenly, they both choked in surprise and said in unison: "This is heavenly!"
The Chinese sergeant exclaimed: "Is this Japanese food?"
"Yes it is, and is this Chinese food?" asked the Japanese colonel.
"Yes, it is!" replied the Chinese colonel.
"Well, if you send me this food every week, I will call off the war!" Both of them chorused.

Finally, the Japanese and Chinese agreed to a truce, and that's how a simple love of traditional food ended a war. Anything is possible.

Adventure in Old Shanghai

Glenealy School, Lim, Julian – 8

In the year of 2016, there lived a family of three, the beautiful mom was called Rebecca, the wise dad was called Tommy and the son was called Jack. They all lived in an apartment in Hong Kong. They decided to go on a holiday to Shanghai in summer, but, something went wrong. On the plane everything was fine and they arrived safely, but when they arrived at the hotel, it was the right hotel, but them they went to the wrong floor and the elevator took then back in time!

They knew they were back all the way to 1930 because when they went out of the lift they wondered what time it was because everything looked different so they saw a calendar on the check−in counter and they it said 23 August 1930! Then they had and to figure out how to get back to the year of 2016.

Then they thought about the elevator and how they went back in time so they went back into the elevator again and this time they thought they pressed the correct button but they didn't! Instead, they pressed the button above the correct floor and that button took them all the way to 6012! The exact opposite of what they wanted! They knew that by looking at the calendar on the check−in counter again, and so they went into the lift and pressed the wrong button again! So this time it took them to 2016, but on BC! There was no calendar but they knew what year it was because on their watches, it told them the year was 2016 BC! It was now the the third time they had to go into the time machine and press the wrong button!

Then this time they checked the key card carefully and they pressed the correct button know and it took them back to 1930! It was night now so they slept on the sofa of the hotel because that lift didn't take them to the correct time or floor they wanted.

They thought that they would just stay in Shanghai 1930 until it was 2016. They bought a proper house. But before they bought a house they slept on the street and everyday they went around shops and markets looking at valuable and precious accessories, stationery and lots of other ancient and strange looking things. The son got educated and The mom and dad got a job. The mom got a job of a waitress in a restaurant and when the boy saw his mom for the first time in the cheongsam he laughed so hard that he vomited after he laughed! The dad got a job of carrying a rickshaw. When to son first saw him he wondered what the big umbrella thing on his head was. Then the dad told him that it was a sun hat. He said he needed to wear that hat because if he didn't wear that hat he would be so hot that he would have heatstroke. The mom and dad worked well so they got paid extra money.

★★★

12:00 the 31st December 1999 it was the most exciting day in their lives because there was a big party being held at their at their apartment! They were invited to come and there were lots of games and food there and they had fun for the celebration of the 20th century!

They were very happy since it was just sixteen years until it was when they went to Shanghai. Each closer year they became even more excited on getting back home. They calculated that sixteen years was 192 months, which was 5840 days. Year by then they were growing old. It was 2010 now and they were so different from before. Very different! The son was already in his 80s, the mum passed away when she was 93 and the dad passed away when he was 96. He had lived a long and adventurous life and died when he was 99. He was lucky to have many good and exciting experiences in his life.

Escape

Glenealy School, Tang, Sheri – 9

I froze as pounding footsteps echoed in the hallway. Matron was heading in my direction. My legs carried me faster than the speed of light as I rushed back into the orphan's dormitory, desperate not to be caught. It was too late. Rough, hefty hands grabbed me by the collar of the horrid orphanage pyjamas and hauled me down the oak wood stairs, down to the Matron's office.
"What were you trying to do? Escape?" Matron hollered,
"No." I whispered, my head down. I could feel my cheeks burn red with embarrassment as her shouts woke the rest of the girls in the orphanage.
"You, Miss Emma Janes, deserve a good old fashioned whipping." Smiled Matron
"No!" I pleaded, "Please Matron! Not a whipping! I promise I'll never sneak out again!"
My pleading and shouts were no use. The air was filled with teases and calls, and as the whip made contact with my dress, I screamed. It felt like being dipped into a pot of lava, and have my whole extinguished but my poor bottom. Tears streamed down my face, creating an ocean of salty water as the pain gradually started to dissolve.

The following night, I lay on the stiff mattress, as tears slowly trickled down my face. How was I going to escape the orphanage? I was doomed! Being a servant girl, really? I thought, racking my brain for ideas, I cautiously packed all my valuables, hoping that no one would hear me. Just as the clock struck midnight, I had an idea. I would leave when the Matron was asleep, and I would use the thick piece of rope that I sewed from sewing class, and climb out a window.

The fragile floorboards creaked as I tiptoed over them, trying to make as little noise as possible. Swinging the rope into the big wide world, my heart pounded like a drum, and with trembling hands, I heaved myself onto the rope, and inched a little out into the world. The cool autumn breeze ran through my hair, refreshing me. With one hand clutching the rope, and another gripping my bag of belongings, my feet reached solid ground, and I let out a sigh of relief before tugging the rope down with me.

I wandered aimlessly around the street taking in Shanghai. Buildings and shops were built in every corner of the street, and every now and then, a gigantic, looming temple would stare down at me. After about fifteen minutes of walking, I found a nice, quiet place to sleep, I laid down some pieces of newspaper, took my cover out of my backpack, and lay my head on a rock hard pillow. I woke the next morning to a growling stomach, and set out to find some food. I was craving for a nice warm bowl of porridge, or a few pieces of buttered toast covered in thick layers of strawberry jam. Soon, my legs were numb with exhaustion, and my stomach was aching with hunger. So I settled for busking, as I had been told many times over that I had an angelic voice. My voice cracked as I started the song, but soon enough, I had attracted a whole crowd, and had coins rattling in my pocket. After many songs, I found I had enough money to buy two bottles of cranberry juice, and a sizzling hot sausage bun, a plate of freshly fried dumplings, and a big bowl of instant noodles and ham. As I sat down in a restaurant, a bunch of rich and friendly looking Chinese women strolled over to me, smiling. The corners of my mouth raised into a smile. I quickly slurped up my instant noodles, and signalled for my dumplings to be packed. Then, I moved over so that the rich Chinese women could take a seat.

"Hello!" The first one exclaimed, "I heard you out in the street, you're a very good singer!"
I nearly burst with pride, and my cheeks glowed bright red, before boldly replying,
" Thank you! I'm pretty good at sewing too! Do you possibly need an assistant? I'm not too young, already 15!"
The second and third lady glanced at each other smiling,
"Yes," The second one said, " I happen to work in a fashion shop! Would you like to come and work for me? Your salary would be 150 dollars a week!"

I gasped "Oh… okay, I'm actually an orphan that escaped from an orphanage. Though it would be nice to be adopted." I commented hopefully, blushing continuously.
My first day of work went tremendously well, the lady, Ms. Lee, was shocked by how well I could sew, and sold my first dress for 240 dollars! I was surprised it sold so well, as it was only a crimson red dress, adorned with miniature, glistening rubies, and festooned with eye−catching golden dragons!

A year later, I was working in the same store, the only different thing was my home and family. I had been adopted by the lovely Ms. Lee, and was living the life that I could never have dreamed of, a friendly school, with tender teachers, and never having to worry about getting whipped ever again. Though on Saturday's I still tended to go over and help my mother in the sewing store. The past was behind me, I could finally enjoy a well−deserved future.

An Adventure on Four Paws

Glenealy School, Thakker, Tvisha – 10

This adventure all started one sunny day. Annchi lazed on a stack of hay bales. After a while, she got up eager for food. She had to eat to gather the strength to carry those kittens in her tummy. It was tough, but Annchi was a determined Siamese cat. Just then the door to the dusty barn opened and a little girl came in giggling. She was about 6 years old. She stroked the soft fur of the Siamese cat. She was excited about the expected arrival of the kittens. Annchi let out a soft purr which made the little girl giggle again. The farmer's wife came in with a fresh bowl of water and the little girl put out some fresh food with the help of her mom.

Annchi helped herself. Soon Puyi, the dog was sent to the fields for the afternoon. The farmer's wife came back with the little girl to let the triplets, (Annchi and her two sisters) out to stretch their legs and play. She usually ran around the crops like a cheetah chasing her sisters and pouncing on them. But she knew she was carrying kittens and she was a sensible cat, so she sat on a bench near a corner of the farm and watched the farmer gathering the crops. The farmer, his family and their pets all thought that life in Shensi village on Shengshan island was wonderful. The village was on the other side of the river from Hangzhou bay in Shanghai, China.

Suddenly Puyi jumped up and down barking, he was jealous of the attention Annchi was getting. He somehow jumped over the fence and headed straight for the cats. Mei−yin was the first of the triplets to react. She was always alert. Her ears were so sensitive that she could hear the farmer coming to watch the sunrise. Mayleen was the second of them to react. Knowing how alert her sister was she followed Mei−yen and ran alongside her. Although Annchi stayed calm on the bench for she knew if anything happened the farmer would be there.

Meanwhile the little girl and her mom were busy trying to stop Puyi from chasing the cats. Suddenly Puyi made a sharp turn and headed straight for Annchi. Annchi knew she had to escape and she leaped off the bench and ran through the crops. It was a bad decision. Instead of running to the barn she ended up at the main entrance of the farm. She had no choice but to leap over the gate. Annchi heard the little girl crying behind her. While she was sad, Annchi knew that she could find her way back home again. Somehow Puyi also found his way out of the gate and Annchi knew she had to run further away than she would have liked to. She had made it to a river. She spotted a trader's boat sailing in the river and jumped in it. She slipped under a sack so the trader couldn't see her. Puyi couldn't spot Annchi so like a clever, jealous dog he found his way back home.

A little while later, Annchi wriggled out from underneath the sack. The boat was docked at Hangzhou bay in a place that looked simply marvellous. She didn't know where she was, so she carefully got out of the boat and looked around. Soon, she realised how hungry she was and looking for food, she wandered into Shanghai city. Happily she stumbled upon a local fish market. The smell of fish made her even more hungry and she knew that kittens in her tummy were dependant on her to survive. Annchi knew that the shopkeepers would not just give her a fish meal, so she was forced to steal one. She crept up to one of the stalls and nipped at a salmon. Quickly, she grabbed it and fled to a nearby shadowy lane to eat her prize. With her hunger satisfied, Annchi noticed that the sun was just going down. She had to find a place to settle down for the night. The shadowy lane had quite a few cozy corners and Annich made herself comfortable in one of those and fell sound asleep.

The following morning she woke up surprised at where she was. The memories from the previous evening flashed back and she realised that she had to survive for now and eventually find her way back home. Over the next week she got used to surviving in the city. Then one day she began to limp with a tummy ache. Soon the magic happened…. Annchi's kittens were born! The only difficulty now was to survive in the city with them as well. But

she managed. She was a very clever cat indeed. Annchi taught the kittens to survive the harsh city life. She would often tell them stories of her farm life and the kittens longed to go there someday.

Then one spring afternoon some ally dogs came. The kittens were old enough to run, so Annchi signalled them to follow her. They ran through the city with the dogs at their tails and found their way back to Hangzhou bay. Luckily, there was a trader's boat docked. Annchi and her kittens jumped in and hid under some sacking as she had done before. She checked that all her kittens were safely aboard and the boat set sail. When it finally docked, Annchi and her kittens waited till the trader and his men moved away. When they stepped out of the boat, Annchi realised they had landed in a familiar place, at least to Annchi. She walked her kittens along a path she knew well which lead them to the farm. Oh! And how happy were the farmer's family and her sisters were to see her and her kittens. Annchi felt a burst of joy in her heart as she heard the little girl giggle. The family was together again.

My Adventure In Old Shanghai

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Bee, Kylie – 10

My grandfather was born in Shanghai. He migrated to Hong Kong in his 30s with his family. He is very fond of his good memories in old Shanghai and keeps telling me stories about it – "The Paris of the East". I always listen to these stories with amazement and wonder what did old Shanghai actually look like when my grandfather was young.

One morning, when I woke up from my bed, I was puzzled. The room looked a bit different with the calendar hanging on the wall saying it was "1st January,1940". Then I realised that the bed was softer than usual and I could hear someone chanting Shanghainese songs and chatting in Shanghainese loudly outside the room. I got up from the bed and saw a copy of Chinese newspaper on the table with the date being "1st January 1940". I peeked through the window and saw people riding in rickshaws and tricycles, and women wearing qipaos on the street.

While I was thinking what had happened, a boy suddenly rushed into my room. He looked at me with his mouth wide–opened and asked, "What are you doing in my room?" I was frightened and said, "Who are you? Why are you here?" The boy answered impatiently, "You are in my house!" I continued to confront him, "Where is this place?" The boy getting annoyed and said, "This is San Ma Lu (now known as Hankou Lu), Shanghai. Today is the first day of 1940 and everyone is celebrating. What are you doing here?"

I was very confused and asked, "Do you mean today is 1st January, 1940?" The boy nodded. I tried to stay calm but I was too shocked. I told the boy that I came from 2017 and I was having a trip in Shanghai but was separated from my parents accidentally. I urged him to help me to find my parents and send me back to 2017. The boy thought that I was kidding and said if I were from 2017, he would be from Mars!

While I was puzzling how I could convince him, I realised I had a mobile phone in my bag. I immediately took it out and showed it to him. I told thim that I could use the mobile phone to call my friends and take pictures. As my parents did not subscribe roaming service for my mobile phone in Shanghai, I could not use the phone to call my parents and I could only send message to them when wireless connection was available. The boy had no idea of what I was talking about but he remained very excited about my phone and started to use it to take pictures. He wanted to know about things in the future and said he had to help me to find my parents so that he could travel to 2017 as well. He said he should send me back to the Park Hotel first.

The boy hurried down to the street and hired a rickshaw to send me to the Park Hotel. He told me that the Park Hotel was the tallest and one of the most luxurious hotel in China, and also one of his favourite hotels in Shanghai. He started to talk about the delicious desserts that the hotel would offer. I told him that was exactly the same as what my grandfather had told me.

On the way to the Park Hotel, we passed by a lot of magnificent buildings along the Bund including the HSBC Building, the Customs House, etc. We also passed by the Great World, an entertainment house which had cinemas, shows, acrobats and children's rides inside. The image of old Shanghai started to piece together with the stories that I heard from my grandfather.

Finally, we arrived the Park Hotel at Nanjing Lu West. After I got off from the rickshaw, the boy asked me to wait at the café so that he could check the whereabouts of my parents. After I was seated in the café, I started to check the pictures on my phone taken by the boy. I realised the boy had similar facial feature as my grandfather. When I was puzzling about this, I took a sip of the hot chocolate that I ordered and suddenly, I became unconscious.

"Bling, bling, bling...!" My alarm clock started to ring and I opened my eyes. I found myself lying on my bed in my own room. Everything was just the same. Then I rushed to my bag and checked my phone. I saw the pictures that the boy took. I quickly showed that to my mum, and asked if she would recognise the boy in those pictures. My mum took a quick glance of those pictures and asked, "How come you had the pictures of your grandfather when he was a kid? Did he send them to you through whatsapp?"

At that very moment, I became speechless and I had no idea if my adventure in Shanghai was a dream or it was indeed real.

The Virtuous Phoenix Gate

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Chan, Hoi Tung Daphne – 11

The foreigners came from faraway, a place called Fa Guo, or France, as the teachers told us. They marched right into the core of our defenceless Shanghai while all our forces slacked, their navy velvet hats taller than the sky. People whispered that they came from a concession not far away from Shanghai, and that they'd come to get our homeland. Girls my age drooled over their golden breeches and fine blue eyes, but only I knew that they were poising a threat to us. One day, after having finished my chores, I ran to Father and Mother.

"Dad, Mum, the Frenchmen are going to be a threat. We have to keep them out." I told my parents sincerely. Mother laughed.

"Mei, you're thinking out of the barrel again. They're just here to make peace." Her sweet smile didn't sway me, and I kept this suspicion deep inside my heart.

Months passed and the Frenchmen aimed their long-barrelled rifles at us normal citizens. Red painted the wall of buildings and my family complained about the violence.

When a bullet killed my aunt Yu, we were outraged.

"We have to do something." I said, looking out a bullet puncture in the wall. People were running for their lives. Gunshots echoed through the city and I felt the air dampen with blood. I repeated my words. "We need to protect our city from the Frenchmen."

My parents shook my idea off like falling leaves. "Mei, we can't help the city. We don't have the strength and resources." My father said, gesturing at the wreckage and the ruins of our house. "What are we going to do? Build a wall?"

"Build a wall."

The words resounded in my mind, and I set off to work secretly. The last night of a dark December on, I shuffled my feet in Father's odorous leather boots off to meet with my band of friends. They shared the same opinion with me: we should build a wall and protect ourselves from the incoming soldiers. The wall would, if successful, scare away the remaining Frenchmen back to France.

Night by night, we set off to work, our hands growing callouses. Once Mother questioned me accusingly over why my hands were rougher as time passed, and why Father's boots were muddy every morning. I never could answer her. Soldiers came to demolish our wall, their shiny metal-tipped boots aiming sharp blows at our rubble shield, and I bawled my eyes out while watching the force destroy the thing. Father and Mother patted my shoulders with confusion but that didn't stop my tears.

Our gang rebuilt the wall quickly, but there was one corner left that had to be fixed. None of my team were available that night so I set off alone. My parents and brother were tucked into their broken beds, and I slipped out into the darkness in my brother's work clothes. The rough homespun robe felt bulky on me, and I felt glass shards in his shoes, but I couldn't stop. Blood stained the earth under me and it yielded a spring of flowers. I called my partner-in-crime's name. "Feng! Feng!" Soon Feng appeared from behind the trunk of a tree, his face grubby and pale under the faint moonlight.

"Mei, stay away from the wall. The commanders are coming."

Oh, of course, the Frenchmen. The foreigner ghettos in the other part of town wasn't far away from where we decided to start our construction.

"I don't care," I retorted intensely. "As long as Shanghai can thrive." Feng gave me a sad look and slipped away. I continued beating the rubble so that they'd stay in place, and when the sun rose, I was finished. "The wall is done." I said, looking around for applause. The only thing I saw was the flash of a gold sword, and then I lost my consciousness.

When I awoke, I saw that I was tied to a log with tinder under it. A blazing torch was grasped tightly by a person with a tailcoat... "Oh, brother." I whispered fearfully. I was going to be cooked alive like a Peking duck!

"What's your name?" The commander asked me. I shut my mouth in defiance. He hit his rifle against the column in the room and snarled. "What's your name?"

I sniffed and tried to stop the tears of fright. "Mei." I stuttered. He roared in laughter, slicing a gold rapier over his palm and drawing blood.

"A girl wasted on politics. Aha, no woman in my homeland would ever do such thing. Women cannot protect a country." He reached for the torch and I stiffened, thinking of my family and Feng.

"You're such a virtuous girl." He laughed insanely. "No matter how my soldiers destroy your wall and your heart, you repair it and regrow it. Just like a Phoenix." The flame of the torch hit the wooden ground and it spread towards us. The tinder burst into fire, but I wasn't harmed. In fact, I witnessed my skin melting into my flesh, turning into scarlet feathers, and my limbs becoming talons of fire and power.

It was said that the commander was burnt to death and the fire spread to the houses and roads of Shanghai. The wall enveloped Old Shanghai and there was no way to get out until the Phoenix smashed through a portion of the wall, making a gate, and letting the people run.

Later, people named the gate the Virtuous Phoenix Gate, or Yi Fung Gate. Throughout the perils that Shanghai has been involved in, the wall has shifted from driftwood to hard steel, but the gate remains and the Virtuous Phoenix still watches over her city. No matter how Shanghai has become, metal or wood, modern or old–fashioned, the Virtuous Phoenix will surely guard her homeland from danger.

–The End–

The Case of the Missing Coins

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Cheung , Hiu Ching – 10

One sunny afternoon, Sherlock Holmes and Watson were sitting in the office, chatting. Just then, the phone rang. The phone call was come from Shanghai. It was the Shanghai Mint. Shanghai Mint minted circulation coins in China at that time.

"The coins in Shanghai Mint were stolen! Come to Shanghai right away!" Shanghai Mint's supervisor, Mr Chen said anxiously. Mr Chen and Sherlock Holmes were good old friends. Holmes and Watson bought themselves two air tickets, packed their luggage and flew off.

When Holmes and Watson arrived at Shanghai Mint, a huge building came into sight. There were security guards all around patrolling. Mr Chen greeted Holmes and told him how the coins were missing.

"We have about 100 security guards on duty a day. Doors and windows are locked but the coins were still stolen," Mr Chen was puzzled.

"Some VIP guests came and visited Shanghai Mint on Wednesday. I showed them the coins. Then I locked the coins back in the safe after the guests had left. The coins were still there at that time!" said Mr Chen nervously.

"Yesterday morning when I was checking the locks, I found that one of them was open and the coins were missing!" Mr Chen handed Holmes an empty address book.

"This is the only thing that the thief left," he said.

"It's such a complicated case!" Watson frowned.

"It's a challenging case!" Holmes laughed.

Holmes closed his eyes, thought for a while and smiled. Every time when Holmes did that, he found a clue.

"Bingo! Holmes has found a clue!" Watson was excited.

"If the address book is blank, that means the thief doesn't know anyone here and he is a stranger. Let's go to the hotel and check it out," Holmes said.

At the hotel, Holmes asked the receptionist.

"Have you come across a stranger lately?"

"Yes, there was a stranger with squinty eyes checked in yesterday but he headed away a while later," the receptionist said.

Holmes closed his eyes, thought for a while and smiled.

"The thief is wearing glasses!" Watson guessed. "Very close! The thief has squinty eyes. That means he has misplaced his glasses. We must go to the glasses store immediately!" Holmes said.

Within minutes they were at the glasses store. Holmes asked the shopkeeper if he had seen anyone with squinty eyes.

"There was only a customer yesterday. And yes, he has a pair of squinty eyes and also a very expensive silk tie," the shopkeeper said.

Holmes closed his eyes, thought for a while and smiled.

"The thief likes wearing ties," Watson said.

"Not only that. If the thief can afford so much money for a silk tie, he must be very well off. We need to go to Shanghai City Nightclub where there are lots of rich people," said Holmes.

Soon they were at the Nightclub, asking the bartender.

"There were a few men sitting at the bar drinking and eating. Oh yes, one of them had squinty eyes and he had a very nice tie. He was eating an apple. Before he finished, he left in a hurry," replied the bartender.

"Can I have a look at the leftover apple?" Holmes asked.

"Hmmm, there are some big teeth marks and blood on it," Holmes grinned after seeing the apple.

"The thief must like eating apples. Shall we go to the fruit store?" asked Watson.

Holmes closed his eyes, thought for a while and smiled.

"No, don't forget the teeth marks with blood. The man has big teeth and there are some problems with his teeth," said Holmes. Before Watson could understand, Holmes had already been heading for the dentist.

The trip to the clinic took longer than Holmes and Watson thought. They spoke to the dentist when they got there.

"I had several patients this morning. One of them had squinty eyes and big teeth. He was wearing a silk tie. He had a parcel with him but there were no stamps on it," the dentist told them.

Holmes closed his eyes, thought for a while and smiled.

"The coins must be in the parcel, and the thief is planning to buy some stamps and send the parcel away. We must go to the post office now!" said Holmes.

Soon they were at the post office, talking to the staff.

"A strange man with squinty eyes and a silk tie came up with a parcel. He was buying some stamps but suddenly he turned away and left without saying anything," said the staff.

Holmes closed his eyes, thought for a while and smiled.

"Holmes has found another clue!" exclaimed Watson.

"Better than that, I have found the thief. The thief must have changed his mind. Instead of sending the coins away, the thief wants to leave the coins with himself. Now call Mr Chen to meet us at the airport. The thief is going to leave the country," said Holmes.

They rushed to the airport and saw Mr Chen. They hid and made sure no one escaped their eyes.

"That's the thief, the one holding the parcel!" cried Holmes, pointing at a fat man with a silk tie. Mr Chen recognized the thief. Out of expectation, he was one of the VIP guests who visited Shanghai Mint! Mr Chen bounded towards the thief who was too surprised to run. In no time, Mr Chen put the handcuffs on the thief. He thanked Holmes and Watson and took the thief to the police station.

Back in London's office, Holmes and Watson relaxed with cups of tea.

"If the thief had sent the coins away by mail, would he have escaped?" Watson wondered.

"No, he wouldn't do that. He thought that the safest way was to take the coins with him. That's why we caught him red–handed," said Holmes.

Watson nodded as he sipped his tea slowly. "It is so great to have a long vacation after solving such a big case."

The Time Lift

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Cheung, Si Ya Elinor – 10

Like an Art Deco rocket ship arising from the impassioned waters of the Huangpu River, the Cathay Hotel of the 1930s was a powerful symbol of thrusting Shanghai society.'[(1)] I was flipping through a book about Fairmont Peace Hotel, which was called the Cathay Hotel in the 1930s. I was very fascinated by the old Shanghai, a style showing East meets West, modern and ancient. After weeks of persuades and reasoning, I finally got my parents to take me to Shanghai. On Lunar New Year's Eve, we set off to Shanghai.

While my parents were checking in at the reception, I looked around the glamorous and mysterious Peace Hotel. I was very excited to see how the Ballroom restored as it was Shanghai's most famous ballroom back in the old days. I went straight into the lift and pressed the eighth floor where the Ballroom was.

To my horror, the lift went up very fast. It was like going through a vacuum cleaner. I heard the air whooshing past my ears.

'Oh no! I got stuck in the lift!', I thought. I raised my hand to press the lift door open. To my utter astonishment, I saw that I had a different sleeve on. I looked down and found that I was wearing a nice costume in Qing Dynasty. How strange! Finally, the lift stopped moving and the door opened. I stepped out from the lift and I found myself stepping out from a traditional Chinese arch entrance. I looked back… the lift had vanished.

'Am I dreaming? Where am I now?' I thought I'd better get back to mum and dad.

The lane I was walking was so dark and dingy.

BANG!!!

A boy was running like a rocket. Behind him was a gang of youths chasing him. I wasn't sure why but I grabbed him into the lane I was standing. The gang ran straight. He was avoided being caught.

'Thank you so much for saving me!' he exclaimed.

'Who are the people that chased you just now? Why did they chase you?' I asked him.

'They are one of the many gangsters. They chase children and snatch their money.' he said. Then, he looked at me closely. 'Wait… don't you live in Shanghai? Surely you know all about these already?'

I quickly changed the subject to avoid him getting suspicious of me, asking him what his name was. He said he was Ching. I told him I was called Si Ya.

'Why is this lane so dark and dingy?' I asked him. 'Why are your questions so weird? Anyway, this lane is built in shhh...' he lowered his voice, 'Ming Dynasty ... We can't talk about it now. The city was built 500 years from now.' I did a quick calculation in my mind and I suspected I must be in the 1600th century! My curiosity drove me eagerly to look around this ancient Shanghai.

'Um...' I quickly thought of a story. 'I just sneaked out of home, and my parents don't allow me to go outside. Besides, I rarely came this side of the city, so can you please take me to a famous landmark nearby?' I requested. 'Sure!' he answered.

He led me to a temple. Looking up, I saw 'Cheng Huang Miao' in Chinese written on the signage. 'This is the City of God Temple.' I couldn't' believe it. The temple was built in the traditional Chinese style. When we stepped in, I saw quite a number of statues of gods and spirits who brought good luck to people. I breathed in a lungful of choking incense and realized as this was a place to pray, the floors and walls were much cleaner than the narrow and dirty streets outside.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

I heard loud noises coming from outside. 'Where does the noise come from?' I asked Ching.

Ching frowned at me. 'Did you forget that today is the birth of City God too? Today is the ceremony! Those are the performers coming, do you see?' I looked up on the stage. There were a lot of people wearing special costumes dancing. 'These are theatrical performances.' Ching said, pointing to the performers.

We stayed to watch the ceremony for a while. Then I remembered my parents, who must have finished checking in and wondering where I'd gone to.

'I must go now.' I said.

'What's that on your wrist? It looks so weird, but quite nice.' Ching was pointing to my wrist.

I took my bracelet off and gave it to him with a smile. 'It's pretty. Keep it well. I gotta go.'

A minute later, I was walking through the dark and dingy lane again and saw the traditional Chinese arch entrance. 'How am I supposed to go back?' I looked around for something like a lift, but there was no sign of such thing. I was stressed and worried, and then an idea struck me. The pillars next to the arch looked just like the buttons next to the lift! I touched that part, pushing down a little bit. BINGO! The arch entrance transformed into a lift with a whizzing sound. I smiled and stepped into it. It took me to the floor which the reception area was.

My parents were still checking in at the reception area. Time must have stopped while I was in ancient Shanghai. I went back to the lift again and press 8. This time the lift ran normally.

Finally, I reached the ballroom I was hoping to have a look. An exhibition was held inside called 'Resurrected History of Shanghai'.

I was absolutely astounded, when I saw the bracelet that I gave Ching in a glass case. Beside the case, there was a passage – 'The archeologists found that the silver crossed pendant looked so modern. They were now in a detailed investigation on this subject.'

'How could the bracelet be kept for about 400 years?', I thought. 'Does that mean I am not dreaming?'

–End–

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Cheung, Ka Ching – 10

Thunder roared, the sky howled. In the safe village's temple, The God was simply outraged. "Why haven't anyone in this village prayed and obeyed me these days?" roared the god. But no one heard. "I will give revenge. You will all regret this!" The God snarled. And with that, the sky once again poured rain.

I am Jiangnu and I once had a blessed and a happy family. There were Mama, Papa, Lihua and me. We all thought we were lucky, but we were very wrong…

"Class dismissed!" my teacher announced. My friend Meiling and I raced back home. I can't wait to tell Mama about my great news, I got very good results on my report card indeed! Suddenly, we saw our neighbour Long running toward us. "The Pirates…they have arrived! Help me warn the villagers!" he panted. His face was pale and it looked like all the blood was drained out of him. Meiling and I yelled, "Pirate invasion! Pirate invasion!" After that, I ran back home and saw Mama packing up things.

"Quick! Hide! Under the bed! Lihua's there already!" Mama shouted. I crawled underneath the bed and I heard Lihua crying. "It's going to be alright, Lihua." I said gently. I hugged her and we both remained silent. Mama and Papa hid inside the wardrobe and threw the key to me just in time. A pirate stepped in the door and was a bit surprised to find that no one was inside. He was about to leave when Lihua spotted the pirate stepping on her beloved teddy bear, Teddy. "Teddy!" she screamed. The pirate snarled and said, "Show yourself!" When no one came out, he shoved his hand under the bed and pulled Lihua out. Lihua screamed and I heard Papa forced open the wardrobe door. He shouted "Put her down!" The pirate took out a revolver and pointed it directly at Papa and shot. Mama and I gasped. This was no lie, Papa was shot dead.

We were kept prisoners on the pirate ship. A strong rope was tied around us and we were tied around the pole. We all wept and morned for Papa. Lihua was very guilty indeed about it. Soon after, the pirates started having supper which was a huge and enormous feast and we licked our lips even though we knew we couldn't eat the food. We heard them talking about living in the village, and by doing that, they would kill all the villagers in the village. We were terrified.

At night, the pirates tucked in bed and Mama whispered "We must flee!" We sighed, we knew it couldn't happen!

Around midnight, a pirate woke up and took out a piece of bread, some butter and a butter knife. While he ate, he said cruelly, "We'll have three of you hanged by morning." "We know." I said politely. Then he went back to sleep. What he didn't know is that he dropped the butter knife on the floor. When I was sure all of the pirates were asleep, I took the butter knife and freed us.

We each took a wooden plank and used it to swim to a nearby island. It was harder than I thought to swim across the almost frozen sea. Lihua was non-stop shivering and I was non-stop sneezing. My heart was pounding so fast and loud that I was sure the pirates could hear me back on the deck. Only Mama remained calm while Lihua and I were simply shivering with coldness and fear. When the sun rose, we finally arrived at an island.

We lived on the island for a few days eating nuts and berries to survive.

One day, we heard joyful sounds coming from the village. We swam back there and we were very surprised to find all the villagers happily dancing. When they saw us, they ran towards us and hugged. I was happy to see Meiling and her family were safe. They explained that they took the chance of the element of surprise and killed all the pirates. We were much overjoyed.

And so, we lived happily ever after, though the memory of the pirate who killed Papa remains in our hearts forever.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Cheung, Mo Kiu Monique – 11

This is the year of 2061 and I was doing a research paper at school about the history of China. I was deciding whether I should do the project about Old Shanghai or the Qin Dynasty. I finally decided on the Old Shanghai so I programmed my time–travel phone to bring me to 1930's in Shanghai, China.

I saw a glimmer of light and the next thing I knew, I was in Shanghai. I saw some well–furnished houses on the northern part of Shanghai while some shabbier houses stood on the southern part. They were all made of bricks and stone. I was dumbfounded! It was like two separate cities. Another thing I noticed was that some foreign people wore wigs and a lot of jewellery whereas other Chinese people wore rags and looked thin and frail. I went to ask a friendly pedestrian and found out that it was the first of June in 1931. I explored the city for a while but suddenly, I felt extremely hungry. To my knowledge, the westerners discriminated the Chinese people so I decided to ask a kind–faced Chinese couple for help. It turned out my judgement was correct and I was treated warmly. Unfortunately, they couldn't accommodate me for the night. I was forced to sleep on the doorstep of a house. At midnight, I woke to shrill cry. The house belonged to a wealthy foreign woman and she was enraged that I was sleeping on her doorstep. She kicked me out and I trudged miserably on the street, looking for a place to sleep.

I still haven't settled down the next day. Suddenly, I remembered the some of the research I had done for my paper. The Shanghai Stock Exchange would be stormed by mobster to gain control over it. I think it was a pity for the Exchange market so I decided to defend the Shanghai Stock Exchange! I quickly asked some people for directions. I realized I had a problem – The Stock Exchange was very far away but I didn't have enough money to hire a rickshaw! Just as I was panicking, I spotted a coin on the floor. I didn't hesitate and grabbed the money. I took a rickshaw and suddenly I was feeling desperate as I realized an important thing. I cannot fight against an angry mob by myself. I had to persuade some people to fight alongside me. I got off the rickshaw and started recruiting in a hurry. Luckily, I saw a bunch of students who were very kind hearted. They volunteered to help me. But that wasn't enough. Fortunately, the bunch of students I recruited had some friends who were at the athletics team. Some of them even had some Kung Fu training. Having gathered enough recruits, we rushed to the Stock Exchange. We arrived in the nick of time. We saw the angry mob barge into the building. We were hot on their heels. Although everyone else was too scared to interfere, including the police, we continued our mission and tried to defend the building. Luckily, the mob was not heavily armed. They only hurled rocks to the building which didn't cost too much damage. We were able to block their attacks. In the end, justice won the mob.

Being home, just out of curiosity, I got a history book and started reading it. I saw that the history has changed. Some heroic volunteers defended the Shanghai Stock Exchange and the building didn't suffer any attacks until World War II. I actually got a pretty decent grade on my research paper.

Friendship and Family

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Leung, Junyi Stephanie – 11

What is friendship? Is it just having a friend, that's all?

Actually, friends are important in our lives. They help us when we are in need. If we don't have a friend, then there will be no extra help and support for us.

According to my experience, there was a student who needed help in her homework but nobody came to help her, as the teacher was too busy. I thought that everyone needs help, so I came to help. As a matter of fact, we became friends together. I know what it feels like to help others, therefore, I will do my best to help anyone in need.

We have to understand the feelings of your friends and think about how they feel. We shouldn't say anything that would hurt your friends and others' feelings. It is because if we do that to them, they will also do it back on us.

When a person is shy, try to talk to her or him, to understand them. When a person is shy, he or she feels nervous, and he or she expresses a bit of his or her emotion, but don't mind it. We all feel shy before, but when a friend comes to help, things will get better soon.

If we have something that is bad or make you sad, try to find a friend to talk to them, maybe they can help you solve the problem or let you feel better.

If you have a friend, please don't be mad at them. It is worth to treasure your friends as well as your family. Don't laugh at them because it may hurt their feelings and not become friends with you. Most of the people might think that friends are easy to find, but when it comes to be real friends, they must last long enough of your friendship.

Let's share our kindness to every friend. We can play with friends, communicate with friends, share your ideas to your friends, travel together, do projects together, hang out with friends together and have a wonderful time. We can do lots of things together with friends. We must cherish our friends as treasures.

We should treasure our friends, help our friends, care our friends, play with our friends. Nothing is unstoppable when there is friendship, share love with each other.

We should accept others' strengths and weaknesses, try to improve ourselves by observing their strengths and try to help friends improve themselves by observing their weaknesses.

What is a family?

Family is important in our lives. It is as important as friendship.

We need a family to support us, just as friends do to support each other. We all have a family. A family is a shelter for us to give us warmth, love and caring.

In our family, we have our father, mother, brothers and sisters and so on.

What do our parents do?

On our birthday, our parents will celebrate it with a party and they will invite lots of friends to come to celebrate. Whenever they are busy or tired, they will always do something or prepare something to make us happy.

On Christmas day, we will receive lots and lots of presents from our parents. You will never know what gifts you are going to receive but you know that the presents you receive is something you like or the things that you have wished for a long time. When you open your presents, it will surprise you. These make us happy!

When you have good examination results, your parents will buy something for you as an encouragement gift. Parents will buy lots of gifts for their child or children, to make them think that learning isn't that difficult.

Our family members always help us as friends when we have difficulties in homework, the skills of learning new knowledge. They let us go to extra classes to learn more extra knowledge and combine it with the school knowledge that their child or children learn every day.

When we don't know the answer or the meaning of the sentence, we feel nervous and a bit scared sometimes. Our parents help us to explain or help us to look up in the dictionary. If we don't know the answer of that question, they help to explain the meaning of the question and tell the steps of doing it and also the answer of the question.

When there is an examination, our parents are worried about us. They stay at home and help us review our textbooks, important notes and passages. They hope that we can have a better result. If the result is not really good, they will encourage us to read more books or do more exercises for improvement.

When we did something wrong, our parents would forgive us and tell us not to do something wrong next time. We should also remember what we did wrong and shall do it right next time.

When it is in danger, our parents protect us from danger. They protect us from harm or injury. They provide a safe place for us, they do not let us live in fear.

We should do something that is good and right, do not let our parents worry about us.

When it is Chinese New Year, our parents and relatives give us red packets, that means that we are lucky and blessing us with good fortune.

No matter if we are adults or teenagers, everyone needs friends to support themselves, everyone needs an extra hand, support and care to each others. Friends help us to solve problems, help us to feel better, play with us to make us happy together. Cherish your friends as good as a family, as important as treasures!

We all need a family and we have one, family's support is utmost important as same as friend's support. We have to cherish our family and friends as treasures. We must not forget our friends' friendship, we must not also forget our precious family. No matter what comes across our friendship and family, we should always remember our friends and family!

The New Tales of Old Shanghai – the pirate raid

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Lui, Sum Yuet – 10

Lin! Hide our stocks!" Mum's voice rang through my ears. "There's a pirate invasion!"

My ears pricked up when I heard the word 'invasion'. Grandpa told me stories of pirate invasions when he was a little kid. It was happening to me now! I was more excited than afraid. I shoved my homework away, hoping the pirates would steal the neat pile of papers. I quickly hid the stocks of mum's shop into small cracks and big cracks on our stone wall. Mum was mumbling to herself, "How could've the pirates gotten in? There were… these security walls! And… the moat!"

After hiding our stocks, mum did her best to seal the cracks using soft clay. Then, we heard some men shouting with triumph. I looked through the window. They were scaring away the villagers. Mum tried to escape, but they were heading towards our small house. Mum shoved me under the bed and hung a blanket over it. Then, she gave me a key and locked herself in our drawer. "Keep it!" she hissed before she closed the door with a small creak. The next thing I knew, the pirates were here!

They spoke in a very weird language of gabble gabble. I tried to hold still. Suddenly, my nose started to itch. Oh no, I thought. Not now! I gave a light sneeze, a very light one, but the stupid men heard. They searched the house. I manage to see them through a small hole. Unfortunately, a man in a green torn shirt stiffened and looked towards my direction. I tried my best to shrink into a small ball and hid in a corner. He uncovered the draping blanket and looked left and right. Thank goodness I was wearing my black shirt, so he couldn't see me with my ash black hair. They managed to find a couple of gold and cloth and also my homework, so they stole them away along with some food like fruit and vegetables. They finally left the house.

I climbed out slowly from my hiding place and took my key. I unlocked the closet door and mum stepped out. "They took my best dress!" She grunted but I see in her eyes she was very much more relieved that we weren't hurt. We were too relieved to remember they were still outside when we stepped out of our door. A pirate saw us and hollered like crazy. A dozen of pirates turned and started chasing us. We shrieked and tried to run away, but we had an obstacle. We had no place to go when we arrived the protecting moat surrounding our gates. Ah. The pirates swam here! But how? I thought too much I forgot to run. Mum pulled my arm and tried to splash into the cold icy slimy yucky moat water, but I had a fear of dirty water so I just whimpered on the spot.

Mum grunted as the pirates captured us and cackled their evil… disgusting little laugh. "Oh why didn't I visit the gods last week?" Mum wailed. The Japanese people just continued laughing. Just then, an extra bulky looking man shouted at us in bad Chinese. "Tell your village of cowardly people we will kill your mother if they don't each bring 100 Chinese dollars tomorrow by dawn here! And we know the brief number of your people! Ha!" They released me and shooed me away, but they locked mum up! Admiring the jewellery they stole, they chatted like nothing happened and kept laughing. Mum let out a piercing scream. My heart ached for her but I knew I had to go to save her. I swallowed down big fat tears as I rushed around, trying to find my fellow villagers. "Yan? It's your best friend, Lin!" "Uncle Gao! It's me, Lin!" I screamed as I circled the humungous village. Suddenly, I saw a hand. It was waving. I cautiously tip toed towards the person.

It was Yan! "Oh, Yan!" I cried as I felt hot, baby tears run down my red cheeks. Yan shushed me, smiled at me warmly and led me to a cave. Three dozens of people were huddled there. They all cheered when they saw me. "We heard you!" Said my teacher, Mrs. Kahn, patting my head. "Where's your mother?" Hua, my friend, asked, looking puzzled. She have always admired me having this wonderful mother.

I gulped. "The pirates took her… and we each need to give them 100 Chinese dollars before they let her go," I muttered, going red. The whole cave was filled with shocked gasps. The richer families rummaged through their pockets. "Oh, thank you!" I cried. Soon, everybody was tossing cents and dollars and bills out to the center of the cave. Guan, a merchant, counted the money. "We have one thousand and two hundred sixty−nine here. With some cents." "Twelve of us should go," a man said firmly. "The others hide."

The next dawn, me, some friends and some adults were carefully approaching before the City God Temple, where the pirates met me yesterday. They bounced out and eyed us. They snatched away our money and laughed horribly. We were shivering with fear by then! They handed over mum and sailed away. "Thank god! Thank you so much!" She kissed us one by one and we went to the cave to announce the good news. The people were thrilled to go home although some had incredible losses. We managed to take out the clay and get back our stuff. Mum kissed every item as if it was holy. Next time, when there are pirates, I am definitely not going to be excited.

We worked hard to further improve our securities and built two more gates. We are also planning to catch some crocodiles and throw them in the moat. Next time when the pirates come to invade our land, at first, they'll get eaten alive!

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Yeung, Yik Lam – 10

Long long ago, there was a little girl who was lost in the street in the old village. An old woman called Shania saw the little girl and she built up empathy immediately. Shania brought the little girl back home and named her Chinie. The villagers and Shania brought up little Chinie with love and care. On the Chinie's twelve–year–old birthday, Chinie shed some fairy dust from her forearm unintentionally. Those wise old people in the village held a special gathering to discuss the issue and they had come to amazing conclusion that Chinie was a fairy. At Chinie was the first and the only fairy in the country, people were excited and they gave Shania money. They wanted to send Chinie to fairy academy to learn magic skills. As Shania was too old and too weak to go with Chinie. Chinie had to go by her own. Twenty years later, Chinie had learned many magic skills and she returned to village and looking for Shania. But, Shania had passed away because old age. Chinie had to lived in her own castle on the sky alone, like other furies. Chinie remembered with gratitude those people who help her, especially Shania. She made up her mind for helping the development of the old village. She built a big town just next to the village and named it "Shanghai" (Shania – Hi) to remember her foster mother. With the help of the power fairy, the whole country was being stronger and stronger. People renamed the country "China" because of Chinie.

Nowadays, there are many people questioning the existence of Chinie. But, there were reports discovering Chinie is real. The first person reported his discovery is a little boy called Peter. He saw Chinie while he was playing his paper airplane with his friends, Sam and Emily. "I saw a lovely fairy in an old Chinese traditional dress flied across in the sky. She helped me to bring my paper airplane back from a tree top. She told me her name is Chinie." Peter said to the reporter. "Sam and Emily saw her too!" He stressed. Another report was made about six months later. A teenager, named Lucy, found Chinie during her hot air balloon ride with her parents. "She is very lovely. She gave me sweets" Lucy said.

In order to prove the existence of Chinie, some reporters started "a fairy hunt". They divided themselves into three groups, searching Chinie on the sky, in the ocean and on the land. After several years of searching, a group of reporters found Chinie's castle on the sky and had an interview with her. They finally knew the story of Shania and Chinie.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Green Oasis School, Bu, Lilien – 11

I went to Shanghai with my mum and a tourist groups , and then some unbelievable thing happened …
It was the second day we go to Shanghai , today we are going to Expo Park ,when it was the time we need to go, I just stay at the Expo Park. Nobody knows that there is someone disappeared ! Even thaw my mum didn't knows about it! And then a purple vortex appeared, it getting closer and closer , it looks like goanna phagocytosis me! But I like comics so that I know that it is a time tunnel, maybe I will be a time traveler to the future or the past! With a strange light I'm disappear from the earth ...

I don't know where am I, but it looks like the past of the Shanghai , a lot of building which stele for now is a little bit to old, many people walking and talking and no one thought that there is something strange with me .Maybe they are to busy to work, a lot of kids playing and giggling and didn't know that today is Monday, which was the time for school, because the reason that I can go to shanghai is now is Christmas holiday! But it looks like it was summer now, I look at my watch it says that it was Sunday ,16th November 1996!What a 'kind' time tunnel it was ,make Let my mum and I separated ,bring me back to the past ,changing the time on my watch. Which can let me know what time is now in the world I used to be ,if I didn't know what is the time, I will get lost with my mum, maybe I also can't go back to the world I used to be.

And then I heard a sound came from my mind ,it says: you are the only person who travel to back ,now I will teach you something about the old Shanghai,if you learn everything I teach you ,you can go back to the world you used to be.

But what if the voice didn't do the thing it said? I thought to myself, what if the voice didn't let me go?

I know what are you thinking about, I am the denominate of this world ,there is nothing you can do without I know ,I know everything in this world I can tell you all the information about this world. Now is time to learn! the voice said.

A old man who in the residential area walk to me and says: A new people, great. Now let me tell you the only thing you need to remember. Why we like to live in this type of house. First, it's a easy way to make friends if the door is opened, we can go to other's house and play, we can help others, there is no thief, no one will steal our things. We are happy in here. Did you remember all of the things?

Yes, I said.

Seconde, inside your world, the environment isn't very good right? But we can have a lot of old trees in here, even thaw you bought a new house, put more rare trees, the age of the trees isn't very old, but we have old trees, we are healthy in here! He said.

He wait for five minutes to let me remember it.

Third, is the systematic advantage. whatever the future of the city, the main thing is always around the old house. Education of the city is also near the old house, why? Because of the old house always near the old house, for a long time, school can be old because it is a old house. The main road of the city always near the old house, because it is a old road! The bid shopping malls always near the old house because they are already build. And that also means old house has the best education, traffic, and it was also convenience. We live in here because it

is convenience. He said. Now it's time to remember it, go to the noodle shop and find me for eating lunch, but if you remember it, then you can go back to the world you like.

And then he walk to the only noodle shop in this area.

I just find a place and recite the three things he told. After five minutes, I go and find the old man.

Are you ready? he asked.

Yes I'm ready. I said.

Then tell me what I've said. he said.

These are all the good thing I've learned, first it's a easy way to make friends…I said. the best education ,traffic, and it was also convenience. I finished.

Great, now you can go back to the world you want, the old man said, goodbye! But you need to use it, maybe it was a good thing for you.

Yes, but only maybe. I thought.

Within a blue vortex, I'm back to Expo Park .

Are you okay? my mum asked me, is there nothing wrong?

No, I said, I've just have a sleep.

I look at my watch, the time was correct, it look like nothing happened.

Houyi and the Fierce Dragon

Green Oasis School, Chong, Kim – 10

Many years ago, birds were singing above the beautiful old Shanghai, there lived a hero named Houyi. Houyi went to many quest and f ought many terrifying beast that no one dare to fight. He has long white hair and wore golden, shiny armor. His weapon is a powerful golden bow that shoot infinity arrows. He also have a pair of silver sword that is unbreakable. All of these weapon was given by the gods.
On a nice quiet day, when Houyi is hunting for some food. When he was walking back to Shanghai, a dark figure was flying above the city. He heard people screaming in fear, so he ran as fast as he could back to the city. When he got there, he saw a gigantic dragon terrifying the villagers, then the dragon flew back to the Mountain Of Death. Mountain Of Death is upon a hill, there is a pillar that hold a mountain that is upside down. One day later, everyone is talking only one topic, the dragon. It's all over the news, everyone was terrified.

On the next day, the dragon returned to Old Shanghai. But this time the dragon destroyed houses, killed many people. It only used one strong powerful leg to break down the city wall. Houyi ran out of his house with his weapons and shoot non−stop at the fiece dragon, it just kept on destroying houses and killed people. Houyi even tried set arrow on fire then shoot at it, then he realized, nothing can cut through the dragon's scales.
"Youuuu willllllll DIIIIIIIIIEE!!" Yelled the beast. Houyi frozed in fear. How can a dragon even talk? He thought. He picked up one sword from his back, then he put it on the bow.
"DIIIIIIIIIIE!!" Shouted the dragon. Then the dragon charged, his fire ball at Houyi. A moment later Houyi shoot the magical sword at the dragon, the dragon fire the fire ball at Houyi. The fire ball hit a building because Houyi hide from it. The magical sword went straight through the dragon's wing.
"NOOOOOO!"Shouted the dragon while it fall down from the sky.
"Haha, you lose." said Houyi, calmly. The building the dragon fell on fly up and landed in front of Houyi. Then he realized something is breathing hardly behind him. He turned around slowly. Then, he saw a bright red eye is staring at him. The dragon roared in anger, Houyi ran away in fear.

Houyi charged towards the temple of the gods, the dragon chased him. When he reached the gate, he found out is locked, on top of the gate, it wrote " Closed on Monday to Friday." But it's Friday now! Houyi thought. The dragon shoot a fireball at Houyi, he hide from it. The ball destroy the gate. Houyi went in. He prayed for god to help him slay the beast.
"Help me god," Houyi said.
" We will grand you the powers that you can slay the dragon in one blow," said the gods. The dragon ripped open the roof and jumped down.
"You are stuck now, aren't you? Human." said the dragon in a low voice. Houyi shoots out a Phoenix at the dragon. "NOOOOOOOO!" yelled the dragon, then it just turn to a pile of dust. Then the dusts fly back to the Mountain Of Death. Then Houyi heard a voice.
"This is not over, Human, I will come back!" Houyi knew it was the dragon's voice.The dragon will come back. Thought Houyi.
"I will have my revenge!" said the voice again.

The Dragon and Wang Wei

Green Oasis School, Huang, Minnie – 9

Many years ago, in the burning old Shang Hai, there lived a young boy name Wang Wei. He is kind and everyone in the village like him.

One day ,a women said there was a dragon and he always still the food and the water from our village .And it make them don't have food to eat and water to drink. The king said, 'if someone can kill the dragon, who can marry my daughter.' So Wang Wei want to try, Wang Wei took the sword and ready to find the huge dragon. But he afraid the dragon was too strong and he will eat him. When Wang Wei arrived to the forest , there was a god, who name Yu Huang Da Di .Yu Huang Da Di asked, 'why you pull a long face?' Wang Wei answered, 'I need to kill the huge dragon, because he still our food and water. Our king said if someone can kill the dragon, who can marry his daughter. But I am afraid the dragon was too strong and will eat me.' 'Don't worry, I will give you a cloth. If you wear it, you can suddenly disappear.' Said Yu Huang Da Di. When Yu Huang Da Di passed the cloth to Wang Wei, Wang Wei got it, Yu Huang Da Di disappear immediately. Wang Wei finally rest assured. When Wang Wei arrive to the bridge, because the dragon lived there, he walked down and found the dragon. The dragon was sleeping, Wang Wei waked him up. The dragon open his eyes and asked, 'Why are you in my house?' Wang Wi said, 'I am Wang Wei, I need to kill you, because you still our food and water, it make us don't have enough food and water, our king said if someone kill you, can marry his daughter. But I don't want to kill you, but, you must first promise never still our food and water, then I will don't kill you.' 'Ok then, said the dragon, I promise never and ever still the food and water from you village. But your king said if someone can kill you, can marry my daughter, the, it must me, what should I do.' said the dragon. 'I will give you a magic cloth, if you wear it, you can suddenly disappearing.' Said Wang Wei. 'Thank you!' said the dragon happily. So, Wang Wei go home and feel rest assured.

The next day, the king said, 'Today morning I saw a dragon, and I decided to kill him.' Wang Wei thought, why the dragon comes out of his home and wear no cloth? So, he with doubt and went to the dragon's home. 'Why you go out off your house and don't wear the cloth?' asked Wang Wei. 'Today, I went outside to found food, but I forgot to wear the magical cloth. When I saw the king is looked at me, I run to my house immediately, but it was too late, the king saw me and I need to found a new house for me to live and I will never let anyone know where did I am living.' answered the dragon. 'I will tell the king you are nice and let him don't kill you, don't move to another place!' yelled Wang Wei. 'But you must success, if you failure, the king will kill you too! Ok, bye,' said Wang Wei. And Wang Wei run as fast as he could to the king's palace and find the king sir, please don't kill the dragon, he promise never don't still our water and food. Please, don't kill him!' said Wang Wei. 'But he already still our food and water.' The king shaken. 'He promise never do it again, please, he will do something good.' Said Wang Wei 'I will think about it. But if he didn't change his bad habits, then, I will kill you too.' 'Goodbye!.' Said Wang Wei. Wang Wei ran to the dragon's house and tell him. The king said if you promise, then he will don't kill you. But you need to do something good to let everybody trust you. Let go to the village to see if something we could do. So, they walked to the village.

At first, people don't believed the dragon and was scared of him. But slowly, people start to like him and found out he was kind and helpful, they stop ran away and listen to what the dragon are saying helpful. Everyone was happy, the king was happy, too. The king's daughter begaining to love Wang Wei and they get marryed. The dragon disappearing for ever, when anybody who need help for any moment, the dragon will appear and help him.

Lishangying and Sunwukong

Green Oasis School, Jia, Kevin – 9

A long time ago, during the summer of old Shanghai there lived a handsome young man who called Lishangyin , he can run as fast as the wind, he can beat a tiger by himself, he was very brave, everyone knows him, but he has no children.

His wife was very sad because of it so she went out to see other child from the window. One day she has left, she ran into the forest , Sunwukong just come down from the sky, because he just been amended, he saw she and flew toward her and just killed her and changed himself to her and followed her footstep and walked to the village.

When Sunwukong was in the village no one has figured out him has changed to Lishangyin's wife, so Sunwukong will woke up at night and kill random people in the village to calm himself down, after he killed a person he'll burn the body and turn a leaf into the person that he just killed, and he usually will pull the crops ,steal weapons, ate the food in other people's home, and kill the animals, but always acted like that never happened before, after weeks Lishangyin has found out that she is acting very weird, so he called his friends and waited for Sunwukong to appear at night, they've waited for the whole long night, but no one has came. The next morning, Lishangyin and his friends were all tired and cold, now no one belived in Lishangyin anymore , everyone just thought that he is crazy.

But Lishangyin hasn't give up,he bought the sharpest axe from the Blacksmith and hide in the secret room in his home,and waited for Sunwukong, in midnight Sunwukong did appear, then Lishangyin smashed though the window and killed Sunwukong in one hit! Next day Lishangyin brought Sunwukong's body to the village, than everyone belived him and thanked Lishangyin.

After that Lishangyin buried his wife and people call him hero.

HouLu's Revenge

Green Oasis School, Vaskin, Aleksandr – 10

Many centuries ago, in Old Shanghai, lived a young boy named HuoLu. He lived in a small village with his parents. In that village was a long wide river, with very clean water. You could see the little plants and the tiny cute fish. There were also a lot of plants growing around. Open your door and you could already see a beautiful, bright–coloured rose growing in the garden. Walk further, and you could see a tall apple tree with flowers, which will turn into apples in autumn. HuoLu had a happy life until this happened…

It was a sunny, warm day and HuoLu was learning to walk. Suddenly, there was a loud bang, and the sky got full of smoke. The river suddenly started to dry up, so quickly that you could see how the water is vanishing. Someone screamed. Then everyone saw what had happened. It was the HuoShong dragon! Everyone started to panic. The dragon was coming nearer and nearer. HuoLu's family started running, but the father was too late. The dragon took him, and flew away completely destroying the city.

Ten years have passed since that disaster, but the city was still destroyed and the water in the river did not come back. Most of the villagers were sick, and some were even dying because of the existing smoke. HuoLu had already grown, but he still didn't forget that time. He had read lots of books about the HuoShong dragon and here was what he had found out: the dragon could easily burn a piece of wood by simply breathing on it. It lived on a high mountain with a very sharp top, called "The Mountain of Death". Another two years have passed, HuoLu have learned all types of fighting without weapons. HuoLu also had a shiny unbreakable sword, which he had made himself. He learnt to fight all by himself, because there was no one to teach him. After he had learnt to fight, he wanted to start looking for the dragon. He hadn't told anybody that he was going on a long journey, and didn't want anyone to know.

The night before his journey, HuoLu secretly got all his things ready, and put them in his room. He was changing into his pajamas, when he saw something pale white.

"Wha– who are you?"asked HuoLu with shaking voice.

"Don't be scared, my boy," answered the thing, "I am the ghost of your father."

"Oh," HuoLu answered.

"I will help you during your journey," said Ghost in deep voice.

"Um…Okay Ghost…But now I am going to sleep" said HuoLu nervously.

"Very well, boy, very well" said Ghost disappearing into the air.

The next morning, HuoLu woke up very early, and again he saw something pale white.

"Ghost!" HuoLu exclaimed.

"Yes, my boy," Ghost said, laughing quietly "It's me."

HuoLu quickly made breakfast, packed his things and went outside. HuoLu ran as fast as a flash. Suddenly he stopped.

"Er…Where do we have to go?" asked HuoLu.

"Forward, my boy, forward," said Ghost.

So HuoLu went forward. After an hour, they reached a forest. HuoLu walked in, and saw an insignificant snake on the ground. *What a small, harmless snake,* he thought. He wanted to pass it, but suddenly, the snake on the ground started to grow bigger, until it became twice bigger than the boy. HuoLu watched this in horror. Then, that vast snake leaped in to the air, and attacked HuoLu. Before HuoLu could do anything, the snake had already wrapped itself around HuoLu. Awful pain shot his body. He fainted. No one knew for how long HuoLu slept, but when he woke up, he saw that he was lying on the wet grass, under a tree. He sat up. He saw Ghost flying near him.

"So, you woke up, my boy," it said.

"Where is the snake?" HuoLu asked quickly.

"Dead," Ghost answered.

"Dead?" asked HuoLu surprisingly.

"It was killed" Ghost answered.
"How?" asked HuoLu again.
"Let me tell you the story," Ghost said, "When you were held by the snake, your sword flew into the air, and cut the snake into pieces"
"My sword? How can it be?" asked HuoLu.
"I don't know. Anyway, let's continue our journey," Ghost replied.
So they continued their journey. After a few hours, they came to a river. Luckily the river was safe, and HuoLu swam across it quickly. They walked through mountains, swam through seas, walked through valleys and cities. Their journey continued a few years, but finally they approached to the Mountain of Death.
"Sorry, boy, but now you have to do everything by yourself," said Ghost sadly when they arrived, "I can't help you anymore."
"But wait, stop!" shrieked HuoLu, but he was too late. Ghost has vanished.
A day and a half HuoLu was climbing this mountain, and finally he has reached the top. When he got to the top, he saw the dragon. It was gigantic. It was bloodcurdling. He never saw anything like this in his life.
"RRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAARRRRRRRR!" roared the dragon.
HuoLu made a step back. He wanted to run. He wanted to scream. He was horrified. *Bye–bye, world,* he thought, *here I am, standing in front of the HuoShong dragon. I can be squashed any second.* Right at that moment, his hands rose up, he took out his sword and started to run at the dragon in an incredible speed. The dragon let out another terrifying cry. It was the last thing the dragon did. He was dead. The dragon's body started to fall. It fell right on top of HuoLu and squashed the boy, like an ant.
At that moment, in the village, the water came back into the river, all of the sick people suddenly became healthy and strong. All of damage the HuoShong dragon has made to the village repaired itself. Now, the village is beautiful as never before, and is guarded by the ghost of the brave hero HuoLu, and his father: HuoLi.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Green Oasis School, Xie, Lucy – 10

Night was cold and dark. I finish my school so late that night; it was 11`o clock now. I walk slowly on the slippery floor. In a dark corner, I walk into a narrow path, and then the whole building appears. Rusty stains on the surface of buildings, the short building looks old——that was my home. I ran up the stairs, take out a rusty key. I open the door slowly; throw my bags on the floor. Then I heard a painfully sound: "ouch!" I breathe hardly, "who is there? Who are you?" I ask loudly, a young girl's sound appear, "Someone finally find me." "Who?"I was very nervous right now. "Right under your feet." the voice giggled. "Under my feet?" I`m the building." Answer the building. "You can talk? " Of course I can. We all can." said the building with a bit sadness. " I`ve a young building if you count all the building here. I was only 147 years old. I have friend before, they stay here and live with me before……" I try to say something to recover the sob, but it was noisier ever, I murmured softly: "Be quiet……" Then I fall in a deep dream.

The next morning, I wake up since it was all a dream. I stand up, stretching myself, my eye attracted by something on the table. It was a kind of leaf. I was totally shock. It was a leaf, on it, were a little black note:

Dear Lisa, please came home earlier this night, I have a special present for you. Hope you have good luck.

PS: you can call me Tited (Tit for short).

——Tit

I went back earlier as Tit wish. I told myself to come down. When I open the door, I was totally shock. The whole room was cover by a strange light, it seems like a mirror is cutting the room in half. I called Tit in a great shock:"What have you done?!"

Tit cheerfully said: "Just a little trick help you to adapt the past." I was pretty surprised, "What does the 'past' have anything do with me?" "You will know……" That was the last word I heart before I have slept deep.

……

When I awake, I found out that I was laying down beside the most famous park in the bund .It was the Public Park suddenly remember that time, the public park 'not allowed Chinese and dogs in'. Oh, such a shame! I try to run toward it, trying to ignored the shame history. "Not allowed to change history." A cold sound appears. Then, I saw my body slowly float up, I really did 'saw' it. My sight was high above my eyes! Then I saw the garden bridge of shanghai. A note appear in my mind: 2008 April. Then I saw plenty of people carrying stuff went in and out busily. Then I saw the large bridge was only half of it left there. Suddenly, I remember that the garden bridge of Shanghai was rebuild. They don`t really protect well it before, since it was just a normal bridge instead of the history of Shanghai. I suddenly felt sorry for Tit and her neighbour, friends. As soon as I thought about it, I went straight back. I called Tit again and again that night, but it was no help……

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Green Oasis School, Zou, Eric – 10

Last summer, I went to Shanghai. When I was shopping in the humongous Shanghai Centre with my mom, a strange thing happened.

The mall and everything else changed, standing in front of me was an old man with long, white beard. His dark, weary eyes were looking weakly but firmly at me. He whispered like he was too weak even to speak. "Do not question and listen, my dear friend. You had just came to the time when there is still a lot of old buildings in Shanghai, people still live in little houses with no air conditioners, no TV's and everything was old but peaceful. However, after a few years, the old buildings were replaced by brand new buildings. People think the old buildings were not as good as new buildings and tall buildings such as skyscrapers. They were wrong, old buildings have their value too. They can remind us the history of Shanghai." I was about to cry when I heard those words because I had the same feelings too. That is the main reason I came to Shanghai, I am looking forward to go to the Bund, the French Concession and of course the buildings in Shanghai.

Then suddenly everything was back to now in the mall. But the words of the old man will stay in my heart forever.

A New Plan For The New Shanghai

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hon, Chryso – 9

Maya moaned. Why did her family always have to move? At least the last times she moved, she went to places in the U.S.A. Now, they were moving to Shanghai.

Maya was from Los Angeles in California. She had royal blue eyes and an extremely pointy nose. Wavy blond hair covered her beautiful eyes and reached her toned tummy. Maya was incredibly short for her age and longed to be taller.

"Oh, come on Maya! At least Melbe is ready!" Mom shouted impatiently.
Maya let out an annoyed groan. Oh, how she hated being compared to her younger sister.

"I'm coming!" she yelled back and grabbed her heavy suitcase as she trudged down stairs. Maya sprinted towards the car and realised that everyone was waiting for her.
"Hurry up!" Melbe pouted.
"Okay, l just need to fit my suitcase in the trunk!" Maya replied.
Once she had finished, Maya jumped into the car, just in time, before it sped off.

Unpleasant silence filled the air in the ride. Only Melbe fidgeting with her skirt could be heard. No one spoke a single word until they arrived and Dad cried, "Yay! We're here!"

Maya dragged her heavy legs and her suitcase towards her new house.

"Why do we always have to move?" Maya protested loudly.
"Well, we will settle in and get used to this place. I'm sure you'll love it here!" Dad smiled warmly.

"I certainly don't ," Maya muttered to herself. Luckily, no one heard for they had already moved on to explore their new home.

"Are you kidding me?" Maya cried, when they entered the house. "This place is trash. Seriously, it looks like it was for people to dump trash in!" She wailed, picking dust from the ground in disgust and making a hideous face.

"It will look fine once we renovate this house, so calm down, Maya. Even your sister is extremely pleased with this place. L bet she understands more than you!" Dad joked. Maya knew that Dad saying Melbe understood more than her was a joke, but she still blew a raspberry at him.

Dad handed her a musty and dirty book, with the words: OLD SHANGHAI printed on with swirly letters.
" Maybe this will help you find the wonders of Shanghai," Dad suggested.

"Not even possible!" Maya muttered. She clambered slowly upstairs and found her bedroom, which was unexpectedly neat.

"Whoa, l guess my room isn't trash," she joked out loud as she dumped her backpack on the ground, climbed in the covers of the bed, and began to read.

" OLD SHANGAI WAS AMAZING" it read.

"Okay," Maya shrugged and continued to read.
"IT WAS A VERY BUSY CITY, FILLED WITH PEOPLE SHOPPING AND WANDERING ABOUT."
Suddenly, the words began to change.
"What is going on?" Maya cried.
She stared at the words again, but she still noticed them changing.
"Okay, I'm going to get Dad. I know he won't believe me, but I'll show him this," Maya shook her head in disbelief and sprinted to get Dad.
"Dad, can't you see?" Maya pleaded desperately, when she'd fetched Dad. "The words are changing, see?" She pointed to the word "DEVIL" which had once been "ANGEL".

"Nope, I can't see it" he shrugged and walked back to his chair, smirking in amusement.

Out of the blue, Maya started to feel drowsy. Maya cried out, but her cries could not be heard because the wind was too strong. She was pulled away from her family.

Maya found herself in a busy street. "Where am l?" She wondered. "Oh," She nodded, gazing at the surroundings around her, " I'm in another place in Shanghai!"

Maya spotted a pretty lady dressed in black walking towards a bakery.
Amazingly, she followed the lady.

"May l ask why you are following me?" the pretty lady asked Maya suspiciously.
" I just wanted to know if you could help me find my parents?" Maya blushed beetroot red.

"Of course!" the lady grinned brightly. " But could you help me first?" the lady asked.
"Sure!" Maya's heart leapt.
The lady instructed her to think of what the future might be in Shanghai.
" That's a piece of cake!" Maya exclaimed.
"In the new Shanghai, we would have streets running west from the Bund called: CANTON, FOOCHOW, HANKOW, KIUKANG, NANKING, PEKING, and SOOCHOW ROAD." Maya explained dreamily.

"Oh, and they will be in alphabetical order." She added. " Shanghai will provide various kinds of clubs. They shall be named: MASONIC CLUB, JUNIOR CLUB…erm..oh yes! GERMAN CLUB, AMERICAN CLUB, FRENCH CLUB, ITALIAN CLUB, PORTUGUESE CLUB and COUNTRY CLUB!" She cried eagerly.
Maya continued, rambling on about a man called Frederick Townshed Ward and how he was remembered by his bravery of fighting the Taiping Rebellion. British residents being spoilt children in the Empire because they paid no taxes, and dog poisoning invented.
As for rules, Maya made rules that included DON'T's: DON'T throw stones at dogs, DON'T go about in noisy parties and DON'T carry firearms of any sort. All those activities were asking for trouble….

"Maya, wake up!" Mom cried.
" What? I thought l was planning for the new Shanghai!" Maya protested, rubbing her eyes.
" Nice dream! Come on, dinner time!" Dad chuckled.
"I guess l do fancy being here!" said Maya and she skipped downstairs joyfully.

That was how the Bund was invented, along with the Taiping Rebellion and many others.

The Diary of Haruti Sugiyama, Pirate, on the Third Day of the Fifth Moon

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Jamison, Philippa – 10

Tonight, after 10 days at sea, we finally reached the Chinese city of Shanghai, which lies a half day's sailing up a wide river. We came in under cover of darkness. From the ship, we could see the massive walls of the town, casting a shadow over the many junks anchored in the wide channel.

Our first thought was how we could manage to enter the city through such impressive defences. Ten of our best men and I quietly rowed ashore in our small boat. The quayside was in total darkness, except for a few torches burning by the massive granite gate which was the entry from the riverside to the city. We cautiously approached the gate, we saw it was shut for the night, and a night guard was sitting on a barrel beside it eating a dish of dumplings. We were wondering how we would get past him. One of our crew, conveniently, can speak Chinese and he started a conversation with the guard. The guard was a fat, sleepy man and his head was shaved, so that there was a pigtail of black hair. Luckily, he looked very bored and was only too keen to accept our present of opium. After some minutes he was looking extremely dazed and drowsy. We were able to help ourselves to the man's heavy iron keys. The keys turned and unlocked the gate with a satisfying clunk. We were in!

Beyond the gate lay a warren of narrow lanes, barely wide enough for 2 men to pass. The city is a wealthy one, with well–built houses made of stone, roofed in green tiles. There was no light but for the occasional oil lamp in a window. We crept down the deserted lane, which was evidently a street of carpenters, for there were stalls selling lacquer chests and camphor boxes. We were making for the City God Temple at the heart of the city, for there we knew we would find silver and gold, and other plunder to sell in Japan. We passed other streets now, of shoe makers and butchers, until we turned a corner and saw the beautifully decorated Temple in front of us. It is a 5–storied pagoda, with handsome curved tiled roofs.

We crept slowly inside the temple, just in case someone was expecting us. Nobody was there. It was silent. There was gold and silver, shimmering in the dimly lit building and we gathered all the treasure we could find. As we were raiding the building, we were very cautious, as the City God Temple was a very important place and who knows what would have happened if we were caught raiding it. When we had gathered all we could carry, we slipped quietly out of the building, back down the narrow street towards the river.

The sky showed the first sign of light, and we realised that the morning was not far off. The streets were waking up now. Tradesmen were opening up their stalls for the day. Men carried water in wooden pots hung on a pole, others wheeled barrows of of things to sell noisily over the granite cobbles. People looked at us strangely, because our clothes are different from the Chinese people, but I think they could tell it was not wise to challenge us, and we passed without problems. We walked down a narrow alleyway which seemed to lead to the poorer part of the town. Deciding that there was nothing valuable to take, we wandered back to the gate. We wondered if the guard might try to stop us, but luckily he was still drowsy from the opium. He was lying on a bed, and seemed to be swearing and criticising his daughter who was cleaning the steps outside the guard house. We walked over and for the first time, saw the guard's daughter. She was extremely pretty, although her clothes were poor. Her hair was in a high plait and was pinned down so there was a loop in it. It was obvious that the other pirates found her attractive as well. She was not only beautiful, but very persuasive. I decided on impulse that we would take her with us. I grabbed her by the hand and we ran through the gate and onto the quayside. In a moment we were back on the water. On the quayside we could see a crowd of men gathering, looking angrily at our ship, but they did not dare to follow.

We pulled up our anchor, and the strong current of the river pushed our ship away from the quay, and towards the sea. Within a few minutes the grey walls of the old city disappeared from view, and we hoisted our sails for the open sea and Japan. The elders of our village will be pleased with the treasure we have taken tonight. The girl turned out to be a great asset. She married our captain, Ching Yi and became a famous pirate in her own right. Her name is

Ching Shih. Sadly, Ching Yi died a few years ago, in 1807. Ching Shih has taken over the fleet and is an extremely successful leader. Perhaps even better than Ching Yi ever was.

Cruelty and Kindness – Tales from Old Shanghai

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Joseph-Hui, Lexi – 10

Many moons ago, in the bustling city of Shanghai, a 12-year old girl named Lin Lin Yang was stacking boxes in a small, dusty room. The room was in of one of the city's famous tailoring shops, and stored some of Shanghai's most expensive silk.

Carefully, Lin folded the silk into boxes, each labelled by a card describing their vivid colour. Her back ached. Not only did she work there, she also slept on the stone cold floor with only one blanket. Lin had lived in this shop for five years, ever since her parents sold her to master tailor, Kuat, for 88 dollars.

"Get back to work!" yelled Mr Kuat . Suddenly, she snapped back into reality. She had to labour for Mr Kuat, probably the cruellest and most selfish man China had ever met. Lin squeezed her eyes shut and tried not to cry.

Ding! Ding!

A middle aged man with a cotton suit and a beautiful chestnut coloured briefcase strode into the room. He had creamy white skin and a moustache the same colour as his briefcase. His eyes were blue. She stared.

"He looks so elegant," Lin murmured. She sat quietly in the corner and watched the mantle about how he wanted a magnificent silk dress for his beloved wife.

"You see," the man said, "My wife and I will be attending the royal ball."

By now Mr Kuat was purring with delight.

"Lin! Fetch a cup of golden blossom tea for our fine gentleman. And use our best porcelain."

Lin came out of the room, gently balancing a cup on a delicate plate. She looked up at the man, noticing his twinkling eyes. Surely, he thought, a girl this age would not be working.

"Is this little girl your daughter?" he asked Mr.Kuat. He was shocked and saddened to see that she had dark purple shadows under her eyes and she was so thin you could see her ribs sticking out.

"Here," he said to Lin, "Drink this tea."

"No!" barked Mr Kwat.

"Why not?" asked the man.

Mr Kuat snarled. He was acting polite and sweet, but his true colours were showing.

"She's not my daughter, she's merely a servant!" he growled. He said the word daughter as if someone would say the word manure.

"I see," said the Englishman. He went straight on to discuss his ideas for the dress, building his vision for a lavender gown.

Mr Kuat nodded at every suggestion, sending Lin to and from the store room to fetch materials. Soon, the dress was designed and the business deal was settled.

Mr Kuat disappeared into his office to prepare the bill.

The Englishman walked up to Lin, who was silently dusting the shelves.

"My name is Charles," he said. "Please take this business card and this small gift. If you ever come to England, know that you will have a home with me."

He gave Lin a small bar wrapped in gold foil and a card with delicately scripted words. Later that night, Lin unwrapped the bar and bit into the milky, crunchy, sweet substance. She took a nibble every night and promised herself she would find the Englishman one day again. Except, she had no idea how.

One morning, when Mr Kuat failed to return from a night out gambling, Lin knew what she had to do. She took a little bit of money and slipped away into the early dawn. It was dark, but the streets were still illuminated by red lanterns above her. She ran through musty alleyways and streets where the traffic gathered into a storm as the day started.

At every street she saw crowded shops. Her stomach would growl every time she walked by restaurants with big steamed buns, the smell spilling out into the alley.

As she roamed the streets, droplets started to fall from the sky. Not long after, Lin's clothes were nearly soaking. The best thing to do , Lin thought, is to find shelter for tonight and continue tomorrow. She closed her eyes and almost immediately fell into the world of dreams.

Lin woke to an old woman's voice, "Ni Hao? Hello!"

She blinked. It was morning!

"Come inside my house!" the woman beckoned. Lin couldn't resist. The woman's gentle voice drew her in, like a fresh patch of carrots to a bunny. Obediently, she followed her. Her long dark hair swished behind her as she opened a rusty wooden door. Lin gasped in amazement. At first she thought her vision was damaged because of fatigue, but no matter how many times she pinched herself, she saw the same.

All shades green: emerald, bright green, leaf green and dark green covered her house. Glimmering stones perched on the shelf.

"Please sit down!" the woman exclaimed. "My name is Kylie. I own this jade shop. Who are you?"

Lin explained all about her emotional past. Kylie saw her sad, anxious eyes. Why should a little girl be going through all this?

Through many shivering winters and hot humid summers, Lin had a warm, safe shelter. Kylie raised her like a daughter as she had no children of her own.

One day, in the company of all her green treasures, and holding Lin's steady hand, Kylie took her last breaths. She had had a great life, and now it was time to move on.

She left everything she owned to Lin, including a boat passage to England. Kylie knew it was best for Lin to go and find her lost friend.

The day came, and Lin waved goodbye to the crazy streets of Shanghai. She stepped onto the rusty, tattered ramp ready to face her future in a brand new country.

As Lin looked into the distance, she took something out of her pocket. It was the thin, delicate business card Charles gave her and she held it up to the moonlight.

Escape From The Tanks

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Li, Jaimee – 9

Meila and her family had a normal ordinary life until the Japanese took over her home– town , Shanghai. Everyday, she woke up at the crack of dawn and did her chores: milking the cows and feeding the hens. Meila's father and mother were farmers and her older brothers were helping out in the farm. She was happy and content with her farm life. Like every poor family, Meila did not go to school or have fun. She spent her days in the farm helping out and trying to make money for her family.

The jobs were hard, but everything has a reward, Meila learned. She spent each day working hard and at the end of the day, she could play dress–up with her mother's clothes and jewelry, which was not much. The only one thing she did learn was art, and that was inspired her love fashion. Everyday, her mother taught her some skills and Meila got better each day. Meila's mother was a tiny and frail woman but had a huge heart, she always reserved some time for Meila as she was the apple of her eye.

Things began to turn chaotic. Rumors had it, that the Japanese were going to attack soon, and it was true. The next day, Japanese admirals came to their cozy and humble hut. They dragged Meila's father and brothers out. They were about to shoot them but, in the nick of time, Meila jumped between them and cried out, "Stop! Don't' kill them." Take them to camp Torture if you want!" The admirals stopped, clearly they felt sorry for her. "Who do you think you are? We are telling you, they will be tortured mercilessly." Meila nodded. She was petrified. She ran back into the hut and told her mother everything that had happened. On hearing that, her mother fell onto the ground. Soon Meila and her mother were crying.

As the days passed, Meila's mother got weaker and weaker. Finally, she died with a broken heart. Meila was devastated. Her first thought was "Leave, you still have time." So, she packed her mother's jewels, some food and off she went. She got as far as the Bund, and stopped, the Bund was packed with army tanks and thousands of soldiers. There was no earthly chance of survival. Meila had no choice but to agree to go to Camp Torture, known for its inhumane ways of torturing prisoners.

An enormous, hulk–like official flung her to the ground said in a nasty voice, "Ha! Let's get you packed ready to go to Camp Torture, trust me, this is the last time you will be outdoors." When they arrived at Camp Torture, the burly guards wore the same cruel and harsh expressions. The camp itself was barren and desolate, Even the rooms were enough to spoil eyesight.

Meila was given a small clingy room which she shared with two pregnant women. Meila wondered if her father and brothers were at this camp.but, there was no time for thinking.

Everyday was a drag like the day before. Meila's daily routine was torture. First, she would get beaten even if she moved and second, the food she was given was just a dry piece of potato and a piece of stale bread. Everyday she did laundry and the only fund at camp was "Let out". "Let out" was a day when she could leave Camp Torture to do buy food for the Japenese soldiers. There was always a group of guards surrounding the prisoners, allowing them no freedom nor privacy. Life at Camp Torture was hard and sorrowful. Everyday a batch of prisoners would get shot or starved.

Meila suddenly got a bright idea! She secretly recruited every single one of the prisoners and together they came up with a plan to save themselves.(Escape from Camp Torture.) They saved up every single meal and soon they

were able to gather up ten whole truckfulls of potatoes. One night ,they put their plan into action. A hundred prisoners fought the guards off while the other hundred climbed out of the cells in Camp Torture. The plan went on for months !

Every single one of the prisoners managed to escape. They began their journey out of the ugly scene of battle. They narrowly escaped hundreds of bombs and, in the end, Meila found her brothersand father. Together, they all settled in a village far away from Shanghai. It had been a long and hard journey. A journey of trial and tribulations. A journey of self–determination to survive, and to overcome all the odds. A journey that Meila and her family would never forget.

The Quest for Freedom

Harrow International School Hong Kong, O'Connor, Angus – 11

It is a dark and dingy night as I walk in between houses which are shadowing down on me. The night is gloomy and I have nowhere to go. I am on the run from the authorities and, if they catch me, I will be in deep trouble. I suppose you are wondering why I am on the run. Well, it's rather simple actually. All I have done is steal four–thousand–yuan worth of silk. That's all, nothing big, right?

I weave in and out of old, damp, narrow alleyways looking for a place to find some char siu bao. I eventually find a place where I can get dumplings for a reasonable price (8 yuan). I have about a hundred yuan so I still have some money left over. I have to make it last though until I get to Hong Kong to find a new job and make a fresh start. Right now I'm worried I'll never reach there and instead end up in prison rotting away for the rest of my life.

A few hours later I reach the small water village of Zhujiajiao, around one hour from the centre of Shanghai. I wander around in awe at this incredible little village. It may not be big but it is very, very beautiful. After exploring a little I take a boat to the town outskirts.

It is then I finally realize that the police are following my boat on both sides of the river. I am trapped. Out of nowhere the river splashes up the sides of the riverbank and drenches the police. It's pretty hilarious to see their faces when they were splashed but the distraction is just time enough for me to get away.

I figure the best way to find Hong Kong is to just walk along the coast. The coast, however, is rugged and indirect, making it very hard to follow. So I resort to another way of transport, train. The only problem is money. As I am a child on the run I have no money. Well I mean, I have the change from the dumplings but I am going to have to use that to buy more food on the journey.

It is only then that I have an idea of how to make money. The reason I am on the run is because of stealing. Maybe I could earn some money by stealing for other people or even just steal the money myself. I know I'm so clever. I'll think about it during the night.

Now it is a beautiful Sunday morning in the middle of nowhere. During the night I thought again about how I am going to get money. I think I might just steal the money for myself. The only problem is, no one rich lives here, so I think I may have to walk back to Shanghai! Great, another day of walking! I decide to use the rest of this day to explore the town some more and I'll walk back to Shanghai tomorrow.

Walking around, I over hear someone talking about a typhoon heading towards this area of China. I think to myself, maybe the splashing further back up the river wasn't a miracle out of nowhere. It was maybe the wind of the typhoon. This also means I have to work quickly to get to Hong Kong before the typhoon hits in roughly a week. Perhaps I should start to walk back to Shanghai today to maximize my chances of getting to Hong Kong before the typhoon. Around midnight, I'd say, I will be back in Shanghai.

Once there, I have to begin work immediately to ensure maximum stealing time. I decide to start at the big posh houses, when the children are on their way to school. I make my way to the eastern central district, the most expensive and elegant neighborhood in Shanghai. When I arrive, I figure I'd best start at the empty houses. Number six. This has no–one home and, yes, there's an open window. Perfect! I make my way up the tree outside the house towards the window. The window is a little way from the tree. I need to lean on the branch so it sways over. It works like a dream.

Entering the house, it looks like I've picked the perfect house to rob. I descend quietly to the lower floor. There is a cabinet filled with money! Just money. I have no idea why any one would just leave it lying there, but there it is. I decide to take just enough to feed me and get me to Hong Kong. I slip out of the front door and head for the train station. This is the part I worry about. If anyone finds out who I am, I am dead. Dead as can be. I arrive at the station around an hour later. I head for the ticket booth and buy a ticket on the express to Hong Kong. It should get me there by tomorrow night. So I hand over the money and look for platform three and there it is…….my train to freedom.

Adventures Through the Streets of Shanghai

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Pang, Bonnie – 10

Hi, my name is Wei Wei and as you know the saying that your lives have up and downs, but mine have twists and turns. Let me take you through my adventure through Old Shanghai which is just nowaday's Shanghai.

Have you ever been to Shanghai? I have and it surely is a wonderful city, the view is unbelievable, the food is cheap but exquisite, the whole city is just extremely prestigious.

My journey starts in Hong Kong where I was studying for a test, as I went to DGS and every two weeks we would have a test. This week's test was on Shanghai and we needed to remember the whole landscape of Shanghai, ridiculous. It was impossible, how was I to remember what Shanghai looked like without actually visiting the city. Then, as I was asleep that night, something was happening before my very eyes... I was transported to Shanghai somehow. "Why am I here?" I questioned, "Who took me here?". Still no answers. I tried to remember the scene for my test, but for some reason, something, somewhere was calling to me. I was exploring the busy city of Shanghai when I found it. By "it" I mean the time stone, I've read all about it in our library slots. It was a great honour to find such a grand stone that would take me back in time to any time I wanted. The only exception with this time stone was that it had deformed because everyone was stepping on it. I quickly sneaked away and tried it out. I placed my feet on it and said the year I wanted to go back to. At that time I didn't know that the time stone was deformed so I trusted it to bring me to the age of the Romans as I was fascinated by them and how they conquered the world. I was largely dejected but as I realised that I was in Old Shanghai, I understood how privileged I was to even be standing here. I started mindlessly drifting around the city. It felt so weird seeing the city in colour since all the pictures on Google Images are black and white. I walked down the Main Road and felt like I was walking down High Street like an officer in a stiff navy suit. I approached a red phone booth, my heart fell. Someone was nearing me. I hopped into the booth and remembered code from a new movie called "Secrets behind Shanghai", the code was 12340987, so I dialled that in the phone booth…

I entered a secret hangar under Shanghai and found the spy gear from "Secrets behind Shanghai". I was not safe. I geared up and got into an automatic car, well I hoped it was one because I was only 11! I enter reality again and started driving like a professional. I have never felt so refreshed in my life. I checked my side mirrors and saw a yellow Corvette trailing behind, I did 4 right turns (A trick I learnt from movies) and sure enough, it was behind again. The buildings seemed to turn into a bunch of blurred villains like I was trapped in a Avengers movie. I finally reached the bund and saw all the English Parliament buildings and the view of rich businessmen riding ferries across Huangpu river. I needed to get to the other side, but, how? I dared myself to dive into the river and hope for my life that the car would turn into a submarine. It did! The restaurant soared over me as I parked my supercar and entered for a lunch break. Note: Shanghai dumplings are delish. It turns out that my nemesis also followed me to the restaurant and when she had finished her meal, she cornered me. Luckily, there was a vent hole behind me, I opened it and crawled inside. Size definitely counted as my enemy couldn't fit in the hole. I exited the restaurant and once again, it loomed over me like a giant.

I was chased to the Shanghai museum of History, there I hid in a model of a very busy street and my enemy passed without even noticing me. There I found another time stone hidden among artefacts. I wanted to stay, but, this was way too much for me to handle. What if my enemy found me? I was about to step on the time stone when my enemy appeared out of thin air. She removed her mask and… She was my mum! She had followed me all the way here and had followed me all the way to this Shanghai museum. Turns out, she had chased me all the way here to remind me that I had a test tomorrow and needed to revise. I whisked myself back to present

Shanghai and found a wish stone. I wished my mum and I back to Hong Kong to find that the test was already over and I had gotten an "A" on it. I wonder how that happened?

The night after the 'Incident', I asked my mum why Shanghai is so busy, even in the olden days. She told me it was that Shanghai is China's largest city and the 8th largest city in the world. She then told me another astonishing fact. She told me that Shanghai is slowly sinking, and since 1921, Shanghai has lost 6 feet in height. Mostly because of the skyscrapers' weight. Lastly, we both agreed that Shanghai has the world's most delicious dumplings. The next day, I researched why and found this unusual fact. The fact was that Shanghai consumes more sugar than any other part of China. Well, that must be the reason why the dumplings taste so sweet. I hope that more adventures like this could happen more often.

A Street Urchin's Adventure in Old Shanghai

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Perring, Jamie – 11

Shanghai was big. Shanghai was dirty. It was my home. Before I start describing my home in all its glamour, let me introduce myself. Billy Chang, that's the name. I'm just a street urchin but I'm your guide for this action packed adventure. Let's start!

As I rambled down the street, my eyes tautly scanning for danger my nose was suddenly wafted with the succumbing smells from the baker on 195 Anfu Rd. I passed the blacksmith and it was there I saw her, perched like she owned the street on a wooden stool. I stood there mesmerised by the sheer beauty that she exuded from every pore. Suddenly a flying punch came from the alleyway behind me. I crumpled to the ground like a doll with nothing to hold it up. In quick succession two identically rendering kicks left me wriggling on the ground then darkness!

Blurry images, it is clearer now. As my eyelids flutter forcing my eyes open my intuition warns me to stay stock still. My head swivels around the encamped space and takes in my surroundings. I am in a kind of animal cage with nothing to hand. I am trapped. I reflect on what left me unguarded. It was that woman, that one person in the hundreds of thousands that reside in Shanghai. Maybe it was her, maybe it wasn't, I will never know. But I do know one thing, I need to get out!

As the time ticked away my fingernails went from nine to three cm. My nerves were on edge. Suddenly light beams overhead were switched on. I was caught like a rabbit in street lights. A metal door swung open five meters along the room. A man strode into the room. His features were distinct but I couldn't tell whether he was English or American.

"Come with me", he said unlocking my cage and leading me out. This was the moment I was waiting for. I slid under the door, my back scraping the floor badly but there was no time to think about it. I caught him by surprise or he was unfit, because I then slammed my knee up to his head and I was out the room like a lightning bolt. My heart was like Usain Bolt, beating at superhuman records. I knew I didn't have much time before they were after me. Every door was locked, I could now hear cries behind me growing more ominous. Then an idea came to my head. I ripped open a ventilation shaft and sprung up, deftly closing it behind me. I was still in motion until all noises had faded away, then as quietly as a monk meditating I crawled desperately through the ventilation shafts looking for a tremendously needed escape. Then I heard voices. Intrigued I cautiously moved myself closer to the voices until they were right below me.

"A boy has escaped," one was exclaiming.Then a towering figure from the back bellowed, " Find him before he finds out about us, he must not know about the illegal trading!" and with that they all scurried out the room. All except one who sat down at the desk. "Come down", he said, "I know you're there." My heart stopped beating, my face had gone pale.I had no choice left but to follow his orders. Pushing a shaft down I clambered down holding onto a wooden cupboard Then it was like an instant change, his face converted from a stern adult to an adult with his whole life on the edge."Please help me get out of here," he pleaded. I was shocked but in what seemed a firm voice I uttered, "Let's make a plan."

Half an hour later, we had and idea. We were going to sneak out through a back door. From my ally I had learned we were in a disguised typical residence of the Chinese. It was time to GO!

We were as quiet as if the finger of God's will had bade the human mechanism be still. As we crept through the corridors my heart was beating like it wanted to run away from the drama and that's what we were aiming to do.

Finally after many moments of sweating fingers we were at the door, the door to freedom. We looked at each other, I pushed open the door, then there was a cry. Immediately the run started. We weaved through blankets on the street, past men selling freshly made pancakes, past the clothes up for drying but blocking our way significantly. We were causing a massive disturbance in the community but we could not care, we just ran and oh did we run.

Our legs were burning with sheer exhaustion, but my companion and I were driven on by the endless torture that would lie ahead if we failed to outpace our tail. Up ahead was a marsh, a dead end surely but I powered on in case it provided a refuge for hiding. Our pursuers were tailing behind now growing more distant. Then I heard the fatal crack and my companion who I never knew the name of, sank to the ground like a balloon just deflated. I bent down, anxiously glancing at the incoming pursuers as I did so. His face was deathly white like a star in the orange sky hanging over us. "Run and avenge me," he rasped. "Find the *descrabble*!" and with that he turned stone cold and the life drained out of him like a sand timer. I was suddenly thrust back into reality and the ever resounding footsteps urged me on. I was out of there like lightening with the strange request ever on my mind.

Half an hour later under the glare of the floodlights I was back at my humble "home", but I could not get the thought of the dying man's wish out of my head. That was the beginning of my adventure.

Old City of Shanghai

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Stevenson, Emily – 11

This is a story about my adventure. My name is Scarlet Jane Stevenson. I am fifteen years old now but my amazing adventure started when I had just turned a teenager.

I was with my mum when it happened – we were on a rusty old aeroplane and we were on our way to Shanghai. A few hours had passed in that old plane.Then all of a sudden, we felt a bump. Then we were plummeting. Fast. The last thing that I can remember in the plane is my wonderful mum shouting desperately, "Find it, return it!". That was the last time I ever saw her.

The next thing I remember is waking up in a small, dusty house. It was pitch black outside but I could make out curving, pointed roofs with lots of shouting street sellers mingling beneath them. But nothing at that moment made any sense, I was confused. I had so many questions but before I could find any answers, the dusty door slowly opened and a tall man came in with a huge piece of cloth on his head, dragging a little old lady roughly behind him. He glanced threateningly at me and threw the poor lady to the ground and bellowed to her loudly, "You will stay there!".Then he left with his cloth on his head and with his big boots stomping down the steps, locking the door behind him.

A few seconds later, the old lady spotted me and struggled to speak and I only just managed to hear her whisper to me, "Find the Phoenix of Hope then all evil will disappear.". The old lady took one more shallow breath and closed her eyes. She died right in front of me.

An hour later and I was still thinking about what the old lady had said to me. In a desperate attempt to make sense of what had happened, I started to look around. The books on the wooden bookshelf were very dusty and ancient. Imagine my surprise when I pulled out one of the books and, almost instantly, a door appeared in the wall in front of me! But then everything else so far had been very strange.

So I slowly opened the door to find a big street in front of me. There were very few people outside and there were lots of small street stalls. I started to walk hesitantly, not knowing where I was going and missing my mum. I got to the corner of the street when I saw a bright neon sign that said "Old Shanghai Museum".

The museum was open so I walked inside to find a shattered and empty glass display case with a sign saying "Phoenix of Hope". It was gone. Then I remembered what the old lady had said to me earlier in the day.

I was shellshocked. Did she really mean for me to find the Phoenix and what evil did she say would go away? Then I heard a voice almost as if the wall was talking to me and it uttered, "Go back to the forbidden house, take the Phoenix from the Evil One's head. Be careful, you have been warned!". Numb and paralysed with fear I stood there.

Before I could move, a voice chilled me to the bone. It was the same man who had killed the little old lady and the one who had locked me up. He had entered the museum and was talking to some other people so I ran as quickly and as quietly as I could and hid behind a beautiful porcelain vase. I heard him order, "Clear up the glass and put a replica in. In twenty four hours I will be the master of evil. Keep an eye out for the girl, she escaped through the secret door. I fear that she knows too much.".

I cowered behind the vase until I was sure the Evil One and his men had left the museum. I desperately wanted to feel the comfort of my mum's arms but I knew I had a very important job to complete. Was I up to the task?

The once bustling streets of Shanghai were now empty and eerily quiet as I stuck to the shadows and crept away from the Museum, back to the house of my imprisonment. I peeped in a window to see the Evil One sleeping and snoring on a chair inside, still with the cloth on his head, concealing as I knew now the Phoenix of Hope. Now was my only chance. I knew what I had to do.I silently crawled on the rock hard floor until i reached the mahogany door.But it was locked. So I took out the pin out of my hair.Shaking I put the pin in the lock and fiddled around until the door had opened. I peeped my head out off the door to find the evil master still sleeping on the chair so I went on my tiptoe and silently and cautiously ran to towards the chair. On the way I could see many paintings of old people. When I got to the chair my hand was trembling with anxiety. I reach out and one of his eyes opened. My heart was in my mouth.

Behind the Garden of Happiness

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Suen, Gwyneth – 9

The engine roared and our plane took off. I was buzzing with excitement. It was my school's Culture Trip to Shanghai.

Mr. Hancock handed out booklets about Shanghai. I read with fascination– there were lots of skyscrapers! It seemed like another Hong Kong.

Then, I read about the Old City, which began as a walled ancient town, now a tourist spot. I was marveling at the beauty of the Yu Garden when I heard a cracked voice rattled somewhere near my ear.

"Come hear us!"
"Come help us!"

Followed by a spine–chilling scream of a child that ripped through the air.

I sat corpse–like, frozen.

I managed to gather my senses. Looking around, everyone seemed normal. Jess, who sat next to me, was singing as usual.

I was suddenly more afraid than I had ever been in my life.

On the coach, Mr. Hancock explained that we'd stop at Shanghai Gucheng. We disembarked at Remin Road. Jess held my hand as we entered the Old City. It was bustling with tourists, packed with restaurants and stalls, filling the air with an exciting mix of smells and sounds from around the world.

Navigating through the narrow alleyways, a pair of small Chinese lions caught my attention. They stared at me with mud–brown eyes– dangerous but sad. I felt a sudden shiver. Expressionlessly, the lady screamed, "Twenty yuan each!"

Only then did I realize Jess was not there with me. The class had vanished into the colourful, twisting alleyways.

Something urged me on. All my instincts screamed at me to get away, but my legs seemed to move of their own accord into the Yu Garden.

It was a beautiful wilderness of trees, rockeries, flowers, and ponds. From the distance, I saw two moss–covered Imperial Guardian stone lions, with cloudy, saucer–like eyes filled with grief. Intrigued, I walked closer. As they came into focus, a gust of ferocious wind blew hardly at me. The leaves and flowers fluttered. The rocks rolled towards the lions. My mind was also a whirlwind– a pulsing, surging tornado of fear and disbelief.

Suddenly, the lions leapt to life.

"Nihao! We're Shishi and Xiaoxiao. We've been guarding the Yu Garden for years!" The pair said with bitter pride.

My heart clenched behind my ribs. I must be deathly pale.

"Come with us!" Shishi exclaimed with a wave of her paws.

Shishi and Xiaoxiao led me through numerous walkways until we stopped at a pavilion. Xiaoxiao touched a heavy oak door with his paws and miraculously, it opened. Alert, I was also filled with curiosity.

It was dark. The room was filled with antique furniture. As my eyes adjusted to the gloom, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I whirled around but found myself face to face with a white shadowy figure, with a pale face and hollow eyes. They filled my chest not with fear, but sadness.

The figure said, "I'm Xiaoqing. I've lived here in Gucheng all my life." Pausing, she tried to catch her breath. Tears streamed down her eyes.

"Everyone here seems so melancholic. What's wrong?" I asked. My eyebrows furrowed in confusion. Too many questions popped into my mind.

"A long time ago," Xiaoqing explained in a shivering voice, "here was a peaceful town. But the war broke out, and my husband left in the army. I struggled to provide for our daughter, Shen Yan." Her voice sank to a murmur.

I gave Xiaoqing a look of concern, encouraging her to carry on.

"Soon after," Xiaoqing continued with shuddering sobs, "the Government decided that our weary town seemed an unlikely place for business. They called for redevelopment and turned the Old City area into a tourist attraction. Our house was pulled down to build multi-storey buildings, restaurants and apartments."

"Shen Yan and I lost our shelter. We ran out of food. Soon winter came and we caught a fatal disease. We failed to survive. Shen Yan was only four when she died." Her voice trailed off and a heart-wrenching silence shook the air.

"That's so unfair! Why was the Government so merciless?" I cried, unable to stop myself. I felt a wild grief building inside me, mixed with anger.

Xiaoqing sighed, "Every society has to progress. As population grows, people need more space. Old houses become unsafe and costly to maintain. In the end, the town needs to modernize, but houses become more expensive and only those rich enough can afford to stay."

"Still, the Government shouldn't leave the poor without shelter... and old buildings could be a legacy of Chinese culture and history!"

"Maybe there's no right and wrong in life, my dear...." Xiaoqing replied. She gazed at me and continued, "Have you ever wondered why you're able to see us?"

Xiaoqing explained, "You're a child who's willing to connect. You can feel all these because you CARE. You'd do something to make the world a better place, by understanding and sharing the stories of the poor, and the voice unheard."

Xiaoxiao asked, "Can you please help us? We need you to spread the message: is the world really becoming a better place, when people are suffering in the name of progress and development? Not only in Shanghai, but in Hong Kong, and around the world! We should all open up. We should all care. We should all think!"

Suddenly, the wind came back, howling loudly. The pebbles rolled. With one last piercing moan, the wind stopped. The air froze into silence. The lions rested like statutes, as if they had never come alive.

"Where have you been?" I heard Mr. Hancock screaming, partly angry and partly relieved, "Always stay in groups please!" I tried to apologize, but my expression faltered as I was trembling. I felt as if I had just walked in a blizzard of bewilderment. But I am grateful to be who I am.

Don't worry, Xiaoqing, I will share your story. Behind the Garden of Happiness, there are always pain and sacrifices.

Yuyuan's Garden: A Koi's Tail

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Western, Seraphina – 9

Kipper! Kipper!"

"What Barney?"

"Well I don't think it's a good idea to sleep there, I mean that's the easiest place for herons to get you."

"I've been here almost 80 years, and I haven't been eaten yet!" replied Kipper grumpily.

"Suit yourself." Grunted Barney as he drifted off into deeper water.

Kipper lay on the shallow rocks dozing in the warm spring sunlight. After about half an hour the stubborn koi was awoken by a "squark" that sounded alarmingly close. Startled, he flopped round and stared right into the cold eyes of a heron…

Before Kipper could call out for help the heron grabbed him by the tail and yanked him out the water and took to the sky.

Kipper was barely alive and losing what little life was left in him. The worst thing was that he could see endless amounts of water through the gap in the heron's bill, but could only feel the small amount in the heron's mouth. After a while, Kipper felt a large jerk, the heron had seen a bustling garden filled with humans, suddenly Kipper was

FALLING AND
FALLING AND
FALLING until "SPLASH" Kipper had landed in a pond.

After a couple of minutes, which Kipper used to gasp for breath, the first thing he noticed about this new pond was the smell – the aroma of fried dumplings, whereas Kipper's old pond smelled like potato crisps and beer. Then he noticed the taste of the water – it was like nothing he had ever experienced before –the flavor of jasmine flowers, delicate and pleasant on his tongue.

He soon became aware that he was surrounded by lots of other fish, koi in fact. He heard them talking in an unfamiliar language. Some seemed to be speaking to him but he was unsure as their words were muffled by the ripples of so many fish. Kipper swam out of the crowd so as to see where he was.

He saw some trees which were covered in small delicate looking pink flowers, tiny cherry blossoms. He spied an old but elegant pavilion and running by the side of it was a path paved with little stones.

He swam under a bridge to the second part of the pond – towards the end he saw an amazing jade rock, studded with holes through which wisps of smoke blew.

RING,RING, RING!

Every fish knows what a loud bell means…food.

As fast as he could Kipper swam back to the main pond. When he arrived he listened closely to what the other fish were saying – and then he realised that he recognised the words – the words his mum used to teach him… slowly it occurred to him that he must be in China where his mum was born and raised. Many years ago she had been given as a gift to a Duke and delivered to England to live in his ornamental pond, the place where Kipper had called home.

Kipper took in the beautiful pond and gardens surrounding him – he felt content knowing he was in his mother's homeland and thought it would be a tranquil place to spend his old age .However , as he gazed around, he caught sight of a willow tree to one side of the pond that reminded him of home and he felt a pang of sorrow for his lost friends. But just as he began to weep, a delicious morsel of steamed bun drifted past him and he thought joyfully that maybe it wouldn't be too bad here after all.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Heep Yunn Primary School, Au Yeung, Ingrid – 11

It was the year of 1932, in the old streets of Shanghai, stood an old 'tent' made of rags. A young girl of 16 was weeping. Big fat tears ran down her cheeks. All because of this wicked war, she began to think; I have lost my mother, father, and even my baby brother! The girl was called Mei Ling.

Her mind flew back to a few days ago… She was going the forest to find something for dinner when the soldiers of Japan came into her home and took her mother to be a comfort woman, killed her father and took all their food! And now her brother did not have enough milk so he passed away…

Sitting in the shabby hut, Mei Ling's eyes glowed with anger. She promised herself that the men of Japan would not win.

Now, I would like to inform all readers that Mei Ling was a very stubborn person. Once she had made up her mind about something, she would certainly not change her decision. Now, she was as determined as ever.

Suddenly, 'click' went her brain, she had thought of something! 'Call me a genius,' she muttered as a big grin stretched across her face. All she needed was a good night's sleep and a good brain to persuade.

Meanwhile, two girls were walking in the forest near Mei Ling's home. Ming and Yi had travelled from Hong Kong to seek help from the people of Shanghai. Suddenly, two soldiers from Japan appeared to stroll in the woods. The two girls quietly made way to Mei Ling's tent went inside and patted Mei Ling awake. 'Who are you?' said Mei Ling surprised. 'We are Ming and Yi, nice to meet you.' Mei Ling was very tired so she let the two girls sleep beside her.

The next morning, the girls introduced themselves properly. Mei Ling found out that Ming and Yi were orphaned sisters. They had come to Shanghai to find adoptive parents, but then realised that Shanghai was at war. So, they decided to help. Also, the girls were especially good with a sword because they had learnt Kendo from an early age.

At noon, after lunch, they set out. Travelling by little donkeys, they made their way into town. When they reached a door of any family, they would knock and ask if any of the occupants knew any kind of martial arts. If there were, they would ask if they were willing to join the army they were recruiting. By the end of the afternoon, they had an army of 600 men. They arranged to meet at the town plaza the following morning, armed with weapons and then wait for a signal to tell the mayor about their plan. They all went home to have some peaceful sleep.

The following morning, the girls arrived at the town plaza early. It was because the mayor of Shanghai, Mr. Tong was about to have a speech with the remaining soldiers of Shanghai, which were only a few thousand, as had died in the battles before.

The speech began, 'Dear soldiers, the Japanese army have arrived in our beautiful country. Although we are out–numbered by a few hundred soldiers, let's give them a taste of their own medicine!' The soldiers cheered at the mayor's words although they knew there was not much hope.

Suddenly, a small sized bomb blew up and the mayor was blasted off the stage. The Japanese soldiers formed a tight circle around the Chinese soldiers but failed to see the recruited citizens in hiding.

Mei Ling quietly made a signal to her army. They were going to help. Mei Ling quietly made her way behind a few Japanese soldiers; she jerked her head at her army's direction and signalled others to follow her lead. When all the citizens took her places, she took the dagger out of her belt and waited for the others to take out their weapons. Mei Ling smiled to Ming and Yi, with a confident smirk on her face; she stabbed the dagger into the Japanese soldier's back and then retracted the knife quickly to stab another approaching soldier. While the citizens were fighting, a Japanese general called Akio slipped away. He was a very cowardly general and he wanted to escape. After dodging around, he found that he had no hiding place.

The general made his way back to the battlefield. When he reached it, a horrible sight greeted his eyes, the Chinese were winning.

At last, there were no more Japanese soldiers left on the battlefield except him. Mei Ling captured him. She noticed the pin that the general wore, so she said, 'General, the war is over, you are defeated.' The general snorted, 'The great Japanese army never surrendered!' Ming was furious; she went forward and grabbed the general by his shirt, 'Any final words?' she hollered to the general. 'No!' he said and suddenly pulled out a revolver and shot Ming. Mei Ling felt like she had been hit in the gut suddenly, and her anger boiled and surfaced. She took her dagger out and without any hesitation; she stabbed it into the general's heart.

The next day, a celebration was held at the town plaza after it was already cleaned of all bodies and debris. Special statues of Ming were built everywhere. The citizens celebrated until the next day's dusk. Although there may be dangers ahead, Shanghai had 'lived' to see another day.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Heep Yunn Primary School, Chan, Michelle – 11

Clarisse is a typical child. What I mean is, that she lives in a well–off family, and lets her housemaid do all the housework. She is a pretty spoilt girl, but is also unsatisfied all the time. This story happened on a regular school day, when she was daydreaming at school and making the teachers furious. It wasn't a regular day, after all.

'Please turn to page thirty. Let's talk about Shanghai history. You see, this place had a city called the Old City of Shanghai. It...' Clarisse stiffled a yawn. She tapped her fingers on her table impatiently. She hated these lessons. She quietly slipped off her chair, and while the teacher was facing the blackboard, she raced out of the classroom, proud that she had escaped from this lesson. Skipping classes was her talent. She took out her mobile phone.

Suddenly, behind the stairs moved a shadow, and she heard someone. She crept towards the shadow, and found herself face–to–face with a girl identical to herself; it was like looking into a mirror, but she was in old–styled clothes. She was about to open her mouth when the girl faded into mist and entered her body. She felt her body shudder, and her vision blurred. Then, she saw nothing.

When she was finally conscious, she found herself sitting next to a boy with curly blond hair and blue eyes, saying, 'I can't believe it!' She frowned.

'What is it "you don't believe?" ' she asked, finding her voice strange. It was softer and higher.

The boy muttered and said, 'You just said you wanted to go to the Chinese City – I mean the Old City of Shanghai. The only reason I'm here is that the people here know about this place! It has borders and high walls which mostly blocks everything from view. And now you say you want me to go with you to an only–Chinese territory?! '

Clarisse breathed deeply. She asked, 'Who am I?' The boy's eyes bulged and nearly crashed down onto the floor.

'Seriously? Okay,' the boy sat up straight. 'Hi! I'm Steve Lucas. You are Cheng Mei, I call you Natasha. Well, everyone does. We're best friends, and you just technically suggested an impossible plan. Hallo? Remember now?'

Clarisse's expression was blank. She shook her head.

'No?' Steve sighed. 'You're being seriously weird but you don't seem to be lying. Whatever you remember or not, let's go to that bloody place. If we don't, someone in our village will, too.'

The next day, the two teenagers left and headed towards the Old City of Shanghai. It was a long journey. When they reached the enormous walls, it was already afternoon. Guards were armed with spears and armour, and whenever someone wanted to go inside, they would check their identity carefully. Suddenly some armour–clad people, with blood and bruises over their bodies, walked out of the city with defeated faces. They were talking to the guards. Clarisse slowly took out her phone and leaned closer to them, and started recording, and at the same time, running into the city, with Steve following behind.

'What's happened there? Who do you think they were?' Steve hissed.

'Shh… Listen,' Clarisse replied. She started to listen to her phone's recorder. 'Guards! We are the jail guards. Reporting to team one, no.60–70 jailers have broken out from the city. The prisoners are those known to control the power of evil. The general has ordered all troops to warn the citizens to leave, otherwise they will be in danger! We…' Clarisse tapped her phone, and shrugged. 'That's it.'

'The power of evil… What do you think that could be?' Steven shivered.

'I don't know, but it must be bad. Let's warn the citizens first.' Clarisse casually slipped her phone into her pocket.

'If I were one of the citizens, I would certainly NOT believe you. Maybe we can find those people with the evil power,' Steven argued.

'Perhaps you're right…yes! Look! Just over there, the jail, the metal building… Wow. Have you ever seen anything like this in Hong Kong before?' Clarisse's jaws dropped. The streets were peaceful, with Chinese–styled buildings and temples erected on them. Some cyclists rode past, and the green hills and clear skies matched the quiet city.

'What is Hong – Hey…do you see that?' Steven pulled her sleeve. Black and gray storm clouds thundered, and a tornado swirled just blocks away from the jail. Clouds darkened and lightning flashed. They exchanged glances; it must be the people with evil powers. They quickly ran over.

'Intruder!' A man in black shouted. 'Clarisse,' a voice in her ear whispered. Clarisse tried to say something in her mind.

'Hello? Are you supposed to be Cheng Mei?' she asked.

'Yes, call me Natasha,' Natasha / Cheng Mei continued. 'You see, I brought you to this time because I am your great–great–great–great grandma, your ancestor. I am one of those people who have evil power, but I am not evil. Every one of us has different abilities, and I am the Witch. I will give you my power. Farewell…'

'Hey! Wait!' Clarisse cried out loud. Everyone looked at her.

'Well, well, well. Look at who we have here,' the man in black cackled. He held up his hands; they each held a lightning bolt. Clarisse suddenly gasped. Her whole body surged with energy, and she tried to hold onto it in her palm. However, the energy blasted out of her hands, dancing through the air, and swirled between the evil–powered people. The water–blue energy entered their bodies. On the other side, Clarisse closed her eyes, floating in the air with the energy surrounding her. The energy inside their bodies were fighting with the evil power in their hearts, digging up their deepest fears and destroying them, while letting them remember their happier and joyful memories. The evil–powered people wept in tears of joy and left, leaving the stormy area sunny again.

Clarisse smiled. Sunlight seeped into her body filling her with warmth. Happiness always defeats sadness. Always.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Heep Yunn Primary School, Ip, Ruby – 11

It is the year 2006. The place is Old City of Shanghai, China, a part of Shanghai's urban core. The Old City was then a rich metropolis. Life there was luxurious, stylish and full of excitement. The oldest residential area (Tianzifang) is hidden from the neighbouring streets deep inside a cozy little lane district (Jinjiafang) of the Old City.

David, a British architect was sent to the overseas office in Shanghai for one year in order to explore the redevelopment potential of Tianzifang of the Old City. His wife, Susan and his 3−year−old son, Mike went together. David rented a villa in Tianzifang so to facilitate his research. The villa shows signs of a long history and is ghostly and spooky.

It has been three weeks since David family moved into the rented Tianzifang villa. "Mike, do not climb up again to the attic, the storeroom is locked, there's no fun there," Susan shouted. "Honey, I am back, have you managed to unpack all the stuff?" asked David. "Almost, but can you spare some time to break the lock of the storeroom door in the attic? Some bulky stuff needs to be moved up there," replied Susan. "Alright, I will try but I have to do some research on Tianzifang and prepare a report for main office first," murmured David. Susan did not give a reply but took a deep breath and sighed.

Another week had past, David managed to have time for a late dinner with Susan. Mike was fast asleep at that time. "Isn't it very strange, Mike keeps climbing up the stairs to the attic and peeks through the gap in the door of the storeroom. He even laughs and screams," whispered Susan. "Silly Mike," David replied indifferently. "I heard from a neighbour here that some of the villas were used as sites of interrogation and torture during the Japanese invasion of the Old City. Do you think any Chinese murdered people in that storeroom? Very spooky indeed," Susan further said. "Don't be so silly and superstitious!" David replied impatiently. "Anyway, I will break the lock before going to bed tonight", David continued. "Hope so! I can really use the storeroom tomorrow then," Susan replied in her sarcastic tone.

That midnight, David finished his report. He then headed towards the storeroom in the attic. As he was about to break the lock and push the door open, "What's that flashing around the door?" David murmured nervously. He hesitated for a while but pushed the door open anyway. A strong flashing light made David dizzy and he passed out.

David came back into consciousness and felt puzzled by the view in front of him. The streets were very old and some nightclubs, dens and brothels lined on both sides. Women wore in cheongsams, men were with hats in suits. "Where am I?" David asked himself. "What?" he screamed when he saw the date of a newspaper underneath his shoe was 11 September 1939. With no time to think, a Chinese young man was suddenly running towards David and some Japanese soldiers chased after him. "Get the assassinator…," the soldiers shouted loudly. "Run… they will get you as well," the young man urged David to escape. David started running after the young man. The young man and David rushed into Jinjiafang of the Old City and managed to hide in a Tianzifang. "I am a journalist. I did not assassinate their Captain," the young man spoke softly to David. "There is no point in you running then, you just need to tell them you are innocent," David replied with very low voice. "They are crazy and will not investigate in a fair and just way. They will just torture me. A few of my partners were tortured to death by them. "Oh! Horrible, nonsense…," David said angrily.

David parted with that young man later. He realized he might have been brought back to the Old City of Shanghai in the year 1939 through the door of the storeroom in the attic. He then searched through the Tianzifang area hoping to find the same villa that he rented in 2006. "I may go back to 2006 through the same door in the attic," David explained to himself. Not far from David's sight, he saw a villa that looked very similar to the one he rented in 2006. He was overjoyed and started running towards the villa. However, he was suddenly stopped by a Japanese soldier who shone a torch over him. "Are you British, French or what?" the Japanese spoke in English to David. David was terrified and replied, "I…I am British". "e des nei," the soldier said in Japanese. He then signalled David to come with him. David then followed him and thought he would be taken to the

interrogation room of a Tianzifang. He arrived at a grand house and was met by a man who was in fact the Chief Commander of Japanese Troop. "You cannot leave until you read all these story books to my son and teach him some English," said the Chief Commander. Following his orders, David read the storybook one by one to his son who is about the same age as Mike. The boy was very lovely and David taught him quite a lot of simple English. David was released after three days. He was treated kindly with nice food and drink.

David ran back to Jinjiafang of the Old City and found the same villa he rented in 2006. "Susan must be worried sick since my sudden disappearance for three days, I must go back as soon as possible," David thought nervously. David pushed open the same door and the similar flashing lights happened and he fainted again.

David woke and found himself standing in front of the door of the attic. He looked at his watch, it was dark and three o'clock. "Oh! These days passed in 1939 has only been three hours in 2006," David contemplated. Susan and Mike were still sleeping at that moment. "I can experience the nightlife of the clubs in the prosperous Old City of Shanghai in 1939 next time Susan is away or sleeping soundly," giggled David.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Heep Yunn Primary School, Lau, Gigi – 11

In the Old City of Shanghai, which was known as the Chinese City, lived an old man called Shang. Although Shang was old, he was still very strong. He had helped to build the defensive wall of Shanghai's boundary.

The Emperor of Old Shanghai was very pleased with the hard work that Shang and the other workers did to build the defensive wall. He said, 'Good work everyone. Now, I am going to give you each a bag of gold as a reward for all the hard work you all did.' Shang was very delighted. 'I will have enough money to buy food and clothes for my family,' he thought. 'How happy they will be if they see this bag of gold.' Shang smiled and skipped home.

However, the Emperor was as cunning as a fox. 'Hmm, it is very wasteful to give all of the gold I've earned from the crops of Old Shanghai to these useless men. Ah ha! I can give the men rocks instead of gold. Now, I will be very rich! Ha!!! ' he thought in his mind. 'Rocks are easy to find near my palace. It wouldn't be hard to find a large amount of rocks. Let's get my eunuchs for help,' he talked to himself. 'Eunuchs! Eunuchs! WHERE ARE YOU ALLLLLLLL???' the Emperor screamed. 'Here are we, Emperor.' the eunuchs came to their emperor. 'You all stupid eunuchs! What took you so long to come here?' the frustrated emperor demanded. 'Well, Emperor, we are in our room…' some eunuchs started to reply but the emperor interrupted him. 'Shut up fools! Listen and be spoken to!' Their Emperor was getting very impatient. 'Everyone, take a bag from this box here, right next to me, and go… DO NOT GET THE CLEAR BAGS!!!!!! Get the grey ones. Then, go out of the palace and collect some rocks, the more the better. Are you all clear about my orders?' he said. 'Yes, Emperor,' the eunuchs answered. 'Good! Off you go now. Remember, the more the better but don't carry them in your hands!' the Emperor shouted after the eunuchs. He smiled. 'Let's see what they can get for me this time.'

'Here you go, Emperor,' a eunuch expressed. The eunuchs were lined up in front of their Emperor. 'I can see you have listened to my instructions pretty well this time.' The Emperor was very happy that the first step of his plan had worked: getting rocks. He was very confident that the next step would also work.

Next, the Emperor called for a eunuch. 'Eunuch, come here.' he called. 'Yes, Emperor,' the eunuch replied. 'Go up to the attic and get me a scale,' he ordered. 'Yes, Emperor,' he answered and hurried off to fulfill his order.

The eunuch came back a few minutes later with a gigantic scale in his arms. The Emperor took the scale from him and took a bag of gold from his pocket. He put the bag of gold on the scale and wrote down the weight, lifted it up and put it aside. Then, he took a bag of rocks and weighed it. To his surprise, the weight of the bag of rocks and the bag of gold matched. He was very merry that his next step of his plan worked: the weight.

The Emperor's last step of his plan also worked: tricking the men. He never thought that they wouldn't check the bag before they left his palace.

When Shang arrived home, he was shocked and angry to see a bag of worthless rocks in front of his eyes. He immediately went out of his house to his friend, Hai's home. Hai has also helped to build the wall. He found a large group of people behind Hai in the village park. Shang was filled with curiosity about what they was going on. He went to his friend and asked him about the people behind him. Hai said, 'Those men also helped to build the wall. They all found rocks in their bags. I also found rocks in my bag. What about you?' he asked Shang. 'I also found rocks in my bag and that's the reason I am here to see you. ' he replied. 'The men are very furious. Can we make the Emperor give us back our just reward?' Hai asked everybody. 'Yes!' everybody shouted. 'Now, to the palace.' Shang was very glad that he had a very good friend to help him and the other workers to get the gold that they deserved.

The group made their way to the palace. Shang and Hai led the men into the palace with them. 'Emperor!' the men shouted. 'Give us the gold that we deserve!' Shang yelled. 'Give us the gold that we deserve!' the men rallied. 'Very well,' the Emperor moaned.

In the end, the Emperor apologized for his selfish behaviour and he lost his job as the Emperor of Shanghai.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Heep Yunn Primary School, Lee, Shania – 11

In early 1940, there was a girl named Xiao Qing who went to find a job in Shanghai for her poor family. She had no special skills so she could only be a showgirl in a big night club. The Paramount was a major entertainment thoroughfare and a meeting place for the wealthy elite of Shanghai society. It was the largest ballroom in Shanghai before 1949. Soon, Xiao Qing became the most popular dancer there and she was famous for her beauty.

On a dull, grey–clouded morning, Xiao Qing dragged her tired body home. On her way back, she had a car accident.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a handsome young man looking at her worriedly. He was called Hung and apologized for his careless driving right away. Xiao Qing was deeply mesmerized by Hung's charming face. She stayed in hospital for one month and Hung came every day to visit her. Both of them were bewitched with each other's looks.

Xiao Qing started to work in the night club again after she had recovered. Hung did not know that she was a nightclub showgirl. She couldn't bring herself to tell Hung the truth, so she had decided to keep this secret until one night Hung arrived at the night club. There was a charity party in Paramount when Hung came with his father who worked for the Chamber of Commerce.

'You know the mask of night is on my face; or you would see me blush for that which you have heard me say. I would deny everything, but cannot. You must be troubled in your mind and think my behavior light,' said Xiao Qing. With a dishonourable calm, Hung left her behind without any words.

Two years later, they met with each other in a theatre. Xiao Qing had already quit her job at the night club and Hung regretted his impulsive behaviour. They had missed each other profusely and they swore that they would not keep secrets from each other ever again.

One night, Hung brought Xiao Qing home to have dinner and decided to introduce her to his father. However, his father remembered that Xiao Qing was the showgirl at the Paramount night club and forbade Hung in meeting Xiao Qing again.

One year later, Hung's dad went bankrupt. At this moment, Xiao Qing offered a helping hand in offering money to help Hung's family. Hung's father was really touched by Xiao Qing's offer and sincerity so agreed to Xiao Qing and Hung's marriage. At last, they all lived happily ever after.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Heep Yunn Primary School, Ng, Coco – 11

Many years ago, my grandfather came from Shanghai. He talked about the old Shanghai story and Second World War history several times. He said that for centuries, Shanghai was only a small fishing village. During the Southern Song Dynasty (1260–1274), Shanghai played an increasingly important role as a port and commercial centre, attracting many merchants to go to Shanghai to work. After the foundation of the People's Republic of China in 1949, Shanghai began to write a new chapter in the history of its development. Today, Shanghai has already become an international metropolis and has the largest economic and transportation centre (eg: Ship, Rail and Airport and so on) in China.

In my mind, Shanghai is an old and traditional city in China. In Chinese, Shanghai means "Upon–the–Sea". This name began in the 11th–century Song Dynasty at which time there was already a river confluence and a town with this name in the area. Shanghai is now a main travel hub with many shopping centres, supermarkets, convenience stores and museums

Recently, my classmate went to Shanghai with his parents. When he came back, he told me that the museums are brilliant with a mix of Chinese–Western Culture. I didn't believe him because in my mind, I imagine that Shanghai is not a modern city.

My parents took me to Shanghai during the summer holiday. I felt bored because Shanghai was old and a traditional city. My mum said that museum was good place to understand Shanghai culture. When I got on Shanghai metro and then arrived at the Shanghai Science and Technology Museum entrance, I saw the biggest science technology education of museum ever! It had robot show, space rocket and 4D motion Theatre (MX4D) etc... I felt quite excited. It was an eye–opener. After that, we continued to visit another three museums including the Shanghai Museum, Shanghai Natural History Museum, Shanghai Urban Planning Exhibition over the next few days. At these museums, I learned more about Chinese culture and the new developments in Shanghai city. The best of Shanghai museum I visited was on the 'People's Square' in the Huangpu District of Shanghai. The Shanghai Museum housed ancient Chinese art. The museum had a collection of over 120,000 pieces, including bronze, ceramics, calligraphy, furniture, jades, ancient coins, paintings, seals, sculptures, minority art and foreign art. The Shanghai Science and Technology Museum which is in Pudong, close to Century Park, had 13 main permanent exhibitions and 4 science theatres. The theatres were the largest science education cinemas in Asia with 10,000 annual films shown. I was genuinely interested in China's exhibitions in art and technology and science because the museums were truly an amazing experience.

Once, my mum and I walked along the main street and I saw many orange bikes parked along it. I was very weird. I asked my mum why. She showed me how to rent bike. She picked up her mobile phone, opened a software app and said to me, "Shanghai government promotes a low carbon living and green life program which is called 'Mobike'." She explained that people who wished to ride a bike somewhere in Shanghai, you could use this app to locate the nearest bike from them, so then they could walk the shortest distance to get the bike. This system is created by a former Uber employee. To hire a bicycle once, is just 1 RMB per half hour. The beauty of renting this bike, you can drop it anywhere in Shanghai. Shanghai is using innovative technology via the Internet. Moreover, the most outstanding part is, it uses QR code to make payment. This program can make the environment more fresh air, encourage people to do more exercise and then they will be more healthy.

Another of Shanghai's latest technology is called Alipay. It is an escrow service provided by Alibaba, a Hangzhou–based e–commerce business. Alipay can be used to pay for anything and you can use Alipay everywhere. Alipay makes it possible not to carry cash in your pocket, so it is very convenient and more efficient to use e–banking through the Internet.

The food culture is deeply rooted in Chinese history so my mum told me Shanghainese cuisine, at Shanghai's restaurants are among the finest in the city. Shanghai also has other city's dishes, such as: Beijing, Sichuan and Hunan. We went to a famous restaurant to enjoy authentic Shanghainese cuisine in NanJing Road. The waiter recommended us to order Steamed Crab, Smoked Fish Slices, Nanxiang Steamed Buns, and Soup

Buns. The delicious food makes my mouth water even today.

After dinner, we took taxi to the Bund. The Bund or Waitan is a waterfront area in central Shanghai. The area centers on a section of ZhongShan Road. It has beautiful views of Shanghai and runs along the western bank of the Huangpu River in the eastern part of Huangpu District. The view made me feel happy. The Shanghai Bund has dozens of historical buildings lining the Huangpu River, and once housed numerous banks and trading houses from the United Kingdom, France, the United States, Italy, Russia, Germany, Japan, the Netherlands, and Belgium. I gasp at the beauty of it. The view from the Bund is a merit to Shanghai and a major attraction. I swear it won't disappoint you.

At night, the light from the skyscrapers and old British-styled buildings combined with the old iron-steel bridge and avenues form a unique visual angle revealing a vivid city. This Shanghai journey allowed me to learn more about the blending of the Western culture with the Chinese culture. I love Shanghai so much.

Troubling Spirits of Cathay Theatre

Heep Yunn Primary School, Tan, Shi Le Charlotte – 10

Tom! WAKE UP! It's already seven thirty! YOU 'RE EXTREMELY, UTTERLY, AWFULLY LATE!!!" screeched Mum.

"What?" I rolled out of my bed, dashed into the shower, pulled on my uniform, grabbed my backpack and ran straight out of the door. I got ready for school in two minutes and nineteen seconds! Which is probably a new late–for–school world record.

Erind was waiting for me impatiently, he rolled his eyes at me and said, "If it wasn't for "Mr Sleeping Bug" I wouldn't be late." He glared at me with icy blue eyes. I shrugged and just kept on walking.

We were walking pass the great Cathay Theatre when Erind sighed, "It's a pity we are not able to enter the theatre anymore as it has been cordoned off for demolition". all of a sudden, a scraping sound came behind us. I immediately turned around and found myself face to face with a strange looking wrinkled old man. He beckoned for us to come with him. There was something tempting about him that we tagged along unknowingly. We were led into the theatre's secret room where there was a large sign on the front door stating – 'Off–limits for outsiders except for staff'. Strange at first sight and flabbergasted when the old man opened the door to ten or twelve pair of bulging eyes staring at us. The old man responded quickly, "Don't be afraid! These are ghost spirits dwelling here. They were once famous actors here but have since left the human world. They won't do you any harm. All they need is your help." Erind and I continued to stare at the old wrinkled man in awe. "These ghost spirits know that Erind's dad is the Mayor of Shanghai, so they asked me to look for both of you and lead you here. As you can see, the theatre will soon be demolished which means it will no longer exist. There will be no more dwelling place for these poor old ghost spirits," the old man said in sorrow.

"Yes, yes, there will be no more home … for us," the ghosts all wailed in despair.

"Do you think you can help us young man?"

"I…I…I…will certainly do what I can to help," replied Erind.

Erind and I immediately ran out of the theatre, grabbed a public phone and called his dad to explain about the happenings that just took place and persuaded him to quash the idea of demolishing the theatre. As Erind's dad was astonished by our encounter, he agreed to reconsider and halted the demolishing plan until further notice.

When we got back to school, it was already lunch time. Our class teacher, Ms Hung demanded an explanation from us. After hearing our explanation, the teacher smiled. "It's good to know they are reconsidering the demolition of the Cathay Theatre because I have got a lot of good memories in there as well," said Ms Hung. Erind and I smiled, we were proud to have saved the great, Old Cathay Theatre of Shanghai.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Heep Yunn Primary School, Wong, Jenna – 11

LingYi was wandering the streets of Shanghai Disneyland, and playing till she dropped. Holding her newly-bought Star-Wars wand, she was on top of the world. Although she was enjoying herself so much, she felt the atmosphere today was a bit weird. All of a sudden, her Samsing Galaxy Note7 phone rang, but LingYi couldn't recognize the voice speaking to her. The name showed up on the screen as someone called Jinshan. 'Maybe it is my old kindergarten old friend,'she thought puzzled. The raspy voice began to speak, 'Hi LingYi, you may not know me or believe who I am, but come, come to my place, take the TRON Lightcycle Power Run ride. Go, go now, then you will see me. See ya.' Perplexed, LingYi went on the most thrilling ride of her life — the time ride.

Strong sunlight shone into LingYi's eyelids. She woke up shocked. Around her were many western-style-built houses, western people wearing business suits were bustling along the streets. LingYi saw a huge wall surrounding a small area. 'Is this the Great Wall? Or the Old City of Shanghai? No way, the Old City of Shanghai was perish by a bomb years ago.' murmured LingYi, whose worse subject was General Studies. She walked near the 'Great Wall', then saw a girl, younger than her, with blond hair, but black eyes like us. She was wailing. LingYi was busy thinking about how to get back the present, but she was a kind girl, so she knelt down and asked the little girl what was making her so miserable. 'I…I missed my mother,' began the little girl, not waiting for the little girl to finish her sentence, LingYi grabbed her Samsing Galaxy Note7 to call 999. Unexpectedly, the little girl's interest in the phone made her snatched it and carefully she studied the phone. LingYi was baffled, it's 2017 now, what's so special about my phone? Why should she NOT know what a smart phone is? LingYi took the phone back and did what she usually did — checked WhatsApp. There was one message from the 'Jinshan' guy again 'Go 2 CGT n u can go back 2 your future time.' LingYi's mind was blank like a white sheet of paper. Wait! The message registered as sent on 12/5/1772! 'Oh dear,' LingYi exclaimed, 'I am in trouble! I've travelled back in time and this wall is the defensive wall of the Old City of Shanghai.'

The little girl LingYi just met was called Katelyn. Katelyn told LingYi her situation. 'My mother is Chinese and my father is British. My mother lives in the Chinese City and western people, like me, are not allowed in that place. I…I want to find my mum and bring her out.' LingYi was not sure she could help Katelyn, but anyway, she would give it a try. First, she needed to figure out what CGT on the message meant. With Katelyn's help, she succeed in getting the meaning of the mysterious message. It was 'Go to City God Temple and you can go back to your future time.' LingYi, determined to help Katelyn find her parents, and figure most importantly — how to travel back to 2017, set off.

First, they needed to get into the city. People going in there must be Chinese-looking. Katelyn followed LingYi and luckily, they went into the town without a hitch. The scenery in the town was very different from the scenery out of the town. Markets, Chinese teahouses were here, there, and everywhwere. The people were dressed up in Chinese traditional clothing. After a whole day, they were exhausted and found a place to rest beside a teahouse. An old man beside them was whispering to a young woman and the conversation captured the two girls. LingYi looked away and stealthily listened to what they said, 'Manda, listen to me, leave this city now, please. Do not fear, but the cruel business man, Mr Brown, is going to destroy this city with a bomb!' The woman covered her face with both hands, tears dripped out between of her fingers. LingYi was totally stunned.

Katelyn and LingYi continued their way to the City God Temple. In front of them were many soldiers, some holding bows and arrows and some holding spears. One of them grabbed LingYi's shirt and pushed her and Katelyn out of their way. Looking at Katelyn, the soldiers discovered Katelyn was western and should not be in this city! The leader of the army commanded the soldiers to tell the Governor of the city.

The soldiers interrogated Katelyn forcing her to tell them how she entered the city and what they had discovered. After listening to the whole incident, the Governor flew off his handle because he was the one who was planning to destroy the Chinese City and he ordered the soldiers to chop both LingYi and Katelyn's heads off.

Suddenly, LingYi felt heat coming from inside her pocket. 'Oh no, my phone!' and she threw her Samsing Galaxy Note7 on the floor, telling Katelyn to run as fast as she could out of the place. She, too, quickly ran and escaped the scene. 'BANG!' the Samsing Galaxy Note7 exploded, and there the Governor and the soldiers lay dead. All the people in the city cheered for them. Their evil dictator and enemy was finally dead!

LingYi and Katelyn hurried to the City God Temple, which was behind the government building. Surprisingly, Katelyn saw her mother and ran into her arms. The Jinshan god became alive. He praised LingYi for her courageousness and rewarded her by letting her go back to her time IF she had the 'Key of Time'. LingYi gave the only thing she had to the Jinshan god (actually she used to have two things, but her phone had exploded). To her surprise, it was the 'Key of Time'! LingYi closed her eyes and when she opened them, she was back in Disneyland!

The next day, she went to the Shanghai Museum, and she saw her broken Samsing Galaxy Note7 in the glass shelf!

My Dream of Shanghai

Holy Angels Canossian School, Li, Wai Sum Serena – 11

Living life, it's up to you,

Whether to live it boring or cool.

But remember to thank your family members,

For being there from January to December.

Mow smile and enjoy every moment,

And every word you spoken.

Thud. Crash. My eyes flew open. Elaine, my younger sister was banging every furniture she could see. The irritating noise stopped when she saw that I woke up. 'Elaine?' I huffed. She hid in the closet. 'Elaine. I have big dreams for our city. Dreams that do not involve annoying sisters. Shanghai will no longer be unimportant. It will be big. Rich. Prosperous. A golden age.' Elaine emerged. 'Even bigger than your ego?' she asked, giggling as my cheeks burned.

We both went down to the 'dining parlour', which was basically a crumbling room littered with debris with a fancy name. I grudgingly sat on the ground, wincing whenever there were bugs. Elaine was counting ants.

Mum and Dad were eating peas and gravy.

'Want some?' Dad asked.

'Thanks, but no thanks,' I answered.

'What were you both doing?' Mum questioned.

Elaine jumped up and down. 'Brother was lecturing me 'bout his dreams for Shanghai. I think he wants to go to the city.'

Mum drew a sharp breath. 'You are not to go a step away from this village. You have inherited my agility and your dad's strong build. You are to be a farmer. Your future is bleak if you start acting like a teenager. Remember: *Mother knows best.*'

'What?' I spluttered. 'You want me to be as poor and uneducated as this family? Thank goodness I didn't inherit your intelligence.'

Dad looked as if I punched him on the gut.

Mum went red.

Mum advanced on me. 'How dare you. Bringing shame and disgrace to this family. I…I…wish you were never born!' Mum screamed, cheeks blotched, tears spilling on her torn blouse.

'Fine!' I ran to my room and slammed the door and made a solemn oath to myself. I would escape this place and go to the city when I was eighteen. To build a brighter future.

For a new world. *For a new world.*

I was eleven at that time.

Seven years later…..

Seven years passed so slowly. The days slipped by my fingers every day as I tore the calendar. I never spoke a word to Mum, Dad or even to dear Elaine. Shards of ice formed when we were together. But no one attempted to shatter it.

I spoke to a man who once lived in the city and was spending his late years in the village. I now knew the route to the city and the route to success, money and fame.

I escaped with the crescent moon shining on me on my eighteenth birthday that nobody celebrated.

I did ask myself countless times if it was the right thing to do. My family needed me to do the fishing. Dad was getting old. Elaine could do the housework. Mum could continue bossing us around. That was the future Mum outlined and expected to happen. Instead, I dashed her dreams.

But she nearly dashed mine.

I arrived at the city. The sight that welcomed me was etched into my head forever. Throngs of people walked briskly here to there in the city. People in the village strolled luxuriously as if time was of no essence. I fished out my money bag, consisting of a few pennies and booked a temporary shelter with living environment nearly as bad as my home.

I was hoping to see a poster for a businessman for hire. Scanning the job advertisements, I started to feel down. Unwillingly, I applied as a builder in a land development company. It was the early 1880s.

My dream was not diminished. By a curious irony of fate, I started to become friends with the son of the head controller of the company, Aaron, who taught me language, manners and how to write and calculate. He told his dad about me.

Then his dad arranged a meeting with me. I was eager to make an impression.

I showed him my plan to make his company big. I was starting to win his friendship and a business opportunity.

Aaron's dad died from cancer. His will stated that he will leave his company to his son

Aaron, who was weak in mind and body, passed away. He suffered from pneumonia. From that day, the company was ruled by my iron fist.

Day by day, I could see Shanghai beginning to develop. Whether music, art, trading or finance, Shanghai had it.

Bit by bit, I was starting to achieve my own dream. To make myself content.

But the truth is, I was never happy. I sent a brief letter to my family but it was never replied. In my spare time, I found myself thinking about Elaine, mother and father.

All had fallen.

The Japanese bombed Shanghai, along with my mansion. I was hungry, homeless and poor. Yet now, I found myself wishing that I never left my family, along with the peaceful life full of love.

Sorry, Mum. Sorry, Dad. Sorry, Elaine. Sorry, Shanghai.

I never completed our dreams.

The Jade Hotel

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Au, Ryan – 9

In the city of Old Shanghai, Zhang Wen woke up to discover a mysterious thing. Mysterious monsters were popping out of the… ground! He was not the only one to find out. Neighbors screamed in terror and a man wearing jaguar skin yelped, "Save me!" Zhang Wen had no choice but to dive in front of him and shield him from the blow. The monster (actually evil spirit, called Mogwai) pounced at him. Zhang Wen took out a weird looking thing which sucked things up from his father ("use it well!") and aimed it at the Mogwai. VOOM! The spirit got vacuumed inside .Still, the Mogwai managed to slash him, and−−−he died heroically.

He landed in a fabulous place decorated with jewels. Wait. Did he just see a ghost pushing a baggage cart? This was no ordinary "place", it was a hotel! A ghostly lady asked, "How may I help you?" "Yeah," Zhang Wen said. "Where am I?" The lady said, "In the Hotel of Jade. Men who sacrifice their lives to help people end up here."

The hotel was quite fancy. Walls made out of jade, carts made out of jade, and the lamp? Jade. A ghost led him to his room. There was a TV, a bed, and a shower. That was pretty normal to him. He was about to sit down and grab the remote, but all of a sudden a giant horn sounded. Someone yelled, "The Mogwai are here!" Zhang Wen groaned. He went to the lift. Ding! It immediately went down. Zhang Wen heard a noise coming from behind. A Mogwai was on the lift! Instinctively, Zhang Wen grabbed a hand bar and whacked it on its head. The Mogwai yelped and dissolved. Zhang Wen also sneaked a fire extinguisher into his backpack. He found out that was also effective. In the main room, it looked like a disaster. The Mogwai ripped almost everything to shreds. Few people were left. The others−−− Zhang Wen tried not to think about them.

He sighed, telling the others, "We need a new game plan." His old friend, Deng Bai, who died in a gas explosion while leading someone out of the area, said, "It's time for my secret weapon," as he pulled out a gigantic ring. Zhang Wen asked, "What on earth is that thing?" "Uhh… It's a ring when activated will create a dimensional portal which sucks anything close to it and traps that creature in that dimension."

Zhang Wen declared, "Let's split it, one for each of us. That way we can defend ourselves easily!" The team also included Yang Kao, who used to be a neurosurgeon, Kai Tan, a guard, and a new person, Chen Sung.

They all split up, each carrying a part of the giant ring. Chen Sung looked shy. He immediately went away. Zhang Wen gasped, "There has to be a spy! How could the Mogwai even know where to find the hotel? Everyone here? Let's go find the culprit!" Deng Bai gasped. "I know! It has to be Chen Sung! He ran away while all of us were talking!" "Let's go and find him!" Yang Kao yelled. A Mogwai appeared. He snarled, "Don't be too hard on Chen Sung, I was the spy." "All this time you've been using his body?" Then, a wave of Mogwai charged. This time, they were ready. They turned on the weapons. Very quickly, the Mogwai got trapped. The one who tricked them got surrounded. Zhang Wen took out his fire extinguisher and −−−whoosh! "Ooow! Ow!" he screamed. "Make it stop! Make it stop!" "Only if you tell us where is Chen Sung!" "I tied him to a cliff." Later, they found Chen Sung and saved the hotel. Everyone was delighted.

"I can't believe it!" Zhang Wen said, "We're official Mogwai hunters now!"

The Story of the Twins

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Ho, Bethany – 11

Once upon a time, there was a twins named Phoebe and Claire. Their task was to rescue their mum and dad named Mimi, Timothy in a place that most of as wouldn't know.

The twins screamed loudly, suddenly, because a secret door was in front of them, they thought their mum and dad was there, so they didn't think anything before and walked towards the secret door.

When they walked into the secret door, they saw something that was not the same as their world. A fairy introduced herself to Phoebe and Claire that she was Fion.Fion introduced what she had it here like many big big mushrooms, candy houses, etc…….and here was named Fairy candy.

”let's play!”, said Fion.The twins said that “Although we loved to play, but our mum and dad were caught by a villain, we played after we found our mum!” “Oh? Ok, said Fiona.

Ding–Dong! The bell rings,it was the postman. The postman gave Fion and the twins a letter, this was what someone was wrote:

Dear twins,
I would like to tell you that I caught your mum and dad, if you don't go to the secret island tomorrow noon, I would kill your mum and dad, and please bought some foods and drinks to me before you came If not, your mum and dad will be killed by me!

Ming Cambod the villain

After the twins looked at the letter, the twins cried out, ”oh my gosh, we don't have any foods and drinks. How could we save our mum and dad? Where to find foods and drinks? Fion comforted them that “I'll help you to save your mum and dad, you may get some foods and drinks in my home (fairyland).”The twins was so proud of Fion because she told them that got some food in her house instead to find some foods and drinks in the city!

The next day at noon, Fion bought the twins to her car travel to Secret Island to save their mum and dad. Before they came, they had bought some foods and drinks there. When they arrived there, Fion and the twins told Ming that “we had bought foods and drinks to you already, released their mum and dad as you promised! Ming said “gave me to see the foods and drinks first! Then the twins gave Ming to see the foods and drinks that they had bought, Ming said “Ok…..I would release your mum and dad!”

After Ming had released Claire and Phoebe's mum and dad, Claire and Phoebe told their mum and dad that “follow me”! They quickly followed the twins as the twins followed Fion, ran away to Fairy candy, when they arrived fairy candy, they asked Fion that “Can we ate some things? Fion said yes and their mum and dad ate a lot of foods and drinks because they didn't eat for a few days.

Suddenly, a secret door was here and told them that “came back to your world! “So, they came back to the world with foods and drinks that Fion gave them, before their family went away, they said “bye, Fion, thank you very much!

Claire and Phoebe's family lived happily ever after!

The Brave Soul

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Lee, Aaron – 10

Cristiano! Cristiano! Wake up!" bellowed Gilbert, the big brother. "Mmmm?" muttered Cristiano sleepily. Their parents had gone to a holiday, so they had to do everything by themselves, and they were really tired last night. Gilbert only woke up at noon.

Cristiano tip–toed down the marble staircase. Their parents bought a very luxurious house, and a few days after that they had only had a small amount of money left. Now, even Cristiano had to help the family's business without going to school. Their parents were spoiled and only care about money.

"What's going on?" asked Cristiano. "I dunno……" muttered Gilbert. "Well, I was going to have a shower, when the water turned purple…… CRISTIANO!!" Cristiano had tripped and fell in the purple water. He disappeared in a big puff of smoke. Gilbert dived in there without hesitation, then darkness took them both.

"What are these slugs doing here?" a man said. "Well, you're here, so I better keep you sloks here." Both Cristiano and Gilbert were wide awake. "What are sloks?" they asked. "You guys surprised me. This is Old Shanghai. I'm Lui, known as the head of this inn. Few years before, this had been a peaceful village with no criminals. Now, the world famous gangster gathered his powerful team, super powerful indeed, and broke out of jail. Schools and buildings are closed now, everyone is afraid of him."

"I need to kill the gangster! He was the one who killed my mother's parents and left her uneducated! My father told me about it, is his name Chiu?" Cristiano asked earnestly. "Yes," said Lui, waiting for good news. "Quick! Gather an army, Lui. Every muscle monster in this town. Quick, quick, it's time for revenge!" screamed Gilbert.

Two days later, a group of armed, strong men gathered in a secret alley next to Lui's inn. "So what's the plan, little boy?" one of them said. "Anyone know where Chiu is hiding?" asked Cristiano. "Of course," sighed the men. "Everyone know. In Li Sang Han Street, boy." "Well, tomorrow night, we will attack!" cried Gilbert with many hope.

Meanwhile, Chiu and his followers were celebrating about another successful secret attack on the cops. Their hopes were rising to rule the world. Cristiano must upgrade their weapons to win.

Cristiano and his army went to their hiding places on Li Hang Street. They had knives, spears and a few pistols. Suddenly, a deep voice traveled through the darkness and into the men's ears. "Drop your weapons." said the voice. Cristiano and his army saw a figure coming with smaller dots behind the figure. Cristiano signaled to the men and they attacked. The best person in the army was Dan Sai. He killed enemies by his amazing pistol aiming.

While Dan Sai was busy with his pistol shooting, Chiu was getting weaker. Lui had tried to stab him with his knife but he dodged. Then, he killed Lui in a powerful punch in the head. Cristiano sank to his knees. Dan Sai went berserk after he saw Chiu killed Lui. He shit Chiu with his pistol. *Bang!* The first bullet found its place in Chiu's head. Chiu collapsed. It was the end of the villain king.

Gilbert was looking at the river. "Cristiano, its purple water." said Gilbert. After a short and quick good–bye to the army, they jumped into the river.

They arrived in their house shortly. "Well, I must admit that we will be in big trouble." said Cristiano, looking at the computer, knowing that their parents had arrived.

Shadows of China

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Leung, Lucas – 11

My name is Connor Shade, and this is how I saved China with my sister, Vandrel.

One day, we were walking home from school. By the way, we live in Alaska. Anyway, I saw some sort of red thing, glistening in the snow. Vandrel picked it up and brushed the snow off it, inspecting it.

"It's a scale," she said.

That was confusing. No reptiles this big had ever lived in Alaska for the last 100000 years. Unless it was a fossil from the Mesozoic Era, there was no known way this could be a scale.

We looked at it for a while, inspecting it to see if it was really a scale, but that was when some reddish–orange thing appeared in front of us. Right after that, we lost consciousness. The last thing I saw before I passed out was a swirling rainbow–colored vortex.

We woke up after who knows how long. We were laying on some grass. That was strange. We lived in the northern part of Alaska, so snow was supposed to be everywhere. Instead of snow, however, I saw grass everywhere around us, and a wall in front of us. It didn't look anything like I've ever seen though.

"Where are we?" Vandrel asked.

"Why would I know?" I replied.

Suddenly, two people charged into the opening in the wall

"Well, we could follow them, I guess," I said.

We got up, and we saw a chest lying in the grass. We opened it, and in it were two swords and two strange mechanical things. A note taped to one of them said:

"Put one of these in one of your ears, and you will be able to understand and speak Chinese."

So, we were in China, judging by the note and the designs of the wall. We put on the mechanical things, and walked through the opening, and saw a bustling city. There were what looked like market stalls scattered everywhere. Imperial Chinese houses were just as common as the stalls.

"Wow…" Vandrel gasped.

That was when, suddenly, a person dressed in robes saw us. His eyes widened

"It's them! The prophecy was true! We will be saved! Please, you two, get to the palace!"

"Uh, why?" I asked.

"There's no time to explain!"

Reluctantly, we walked to the palace. Well, I and Vandrel did. The guy in robes ran there like his pants were on fire.

"What took you so long? Never mind, just get in!"

"Alright…"

We all entered the palace, where the king awaited us.

"Ah, hello! I'm afraid there's no time for formalities. You two must retrieve the dragon egg!"

"Wait, why, er, Your Majesty?" I asked.

"Well, there was this prophecy about two kids dressed in weird clothes. We're guessing that's you two. It's quite simple, anyway. We just need you to get to the lair of the person that stole the egg!"

"Wait, that sounds quite…." I started.

"Sounds like fun to me!" Vandrel interrupted.

"Good! Anyways, we have found Yvon Calvet's hideout. He's in a cave just south of here. Remember, the dragon egg is very important to us, so try your best to get it back, or else Yvon will have a powerful pawn! Good luck!"

We were just about to leave, but someone tapped my shoulder.

"Hey, I overheard your conversation with the king. Do you think I can come?" asked a guard with a bow slung on his back.

"I'm not sure, but I guess it's fine. The more the merrier, after all!" Vandrel replied.

"Great! By the way, my name is Lin Zhidong." said the archer.

We headed south, where Yvon's lair was supposedly located. Not long after, we saw a big cave on the horizon. Suddenly, I felt a presence behind us. When I turned around, I saw two people that looked French holding a multitude of weapons, including swords and spears.

"Guys, we're…" I started, but it was too late. The French people knocked us out.

Sometime later, we all woke up in a prison of some sort.

"Well, we're in the cave, but not in the way we wanted," Lin said, looking very exhausted.

"Psst… I can get you three out of here…" a voice approximately northwest of us said.

"Great!" I said. "Wait, who are you, and how do we know you aren't tricking us?"

The voice showed itself. It was a bald female person.

"My name is Ru Shinyi. I'm a monk. Anyways, when Yvon first stole the egg a month ago, his thugs came to our village and captured some of us. I tricked them and said I wanted to join them, so they brought me back here. I'm been planning to steal back the egg for ages, but now I have more people to help me. Wait. You three will help me, right?"

"Yeah, actually, the king sent us to get the egg." I said.

"Alright."

Ru did something, and the metal bars opened.

"Now, follow me."

We stealthily walked, hugging the walls. Eventually, we reached a big chamber where a large egg stood on a rock. A French person was sitting down, writing something. We crept up to the egg, but just when we were about to get it, the French guy noticed us.

"INTRUDERS!" he cried.

We picked up the egg and ran.

"That's Yvon, I presume?" Vandrel said as we were running.

"Yup," Ru said.

We attacked some guards who were chasing us. After that, we ran out of the cave, and Lin punched the rock. I was about to tell him to continue running, but then the cave shook. A cave-in.

We slowed down a bit, and quickly walked back to the palace.

"Ah! Very good! The egg! Thank you!" the king said.

He gave us 10 golden cubes, which I guess were valuable here.

Suddenly, a vortex appeared, and we were back in Alaska.

I'm glad we were back, and that we survived that adventure.

The Quest from the Past

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Li, Hung Yee – 11

In a cold winter day, Luna and Jenny were just treasure hunting down at Grandpa William's garage. "This is a box that we never found!" Exclaimed Jenny. "Great, put it in the big box over there."
Luna replied. After Jenny putting her box in the bigger box, Luna found something more mysterious than Jenny's old box, it is a …….key.

"Look Jenny! It's a key! It's a key! I wonder where the keyhole of this key is. And it said that save the wizard from the past." Luna said. "Let's find out!" Jenny replied. After that, they back inside to search for the mysterious keyhole

Another one hour pass away, Jenny and Luna still couldn't find the keyhole until they go up to Luna's bedroom. "Hey Jenny look over here, I found something very special and weird." Luna said. After Luna ask Jenny to come she was shocked. "Is this the keyhole that what we are looking for? Maybe we can try it and see if it's belongs with the key." Luna replied "Yes! Maybe there's some treasure inside the mirror!" So they open it……

The mirror look very old and there's a little keyhole at the bottom left corner. The mirror start shaking moving and the mirror opened, Luna and Jenny walked in. The passage that Luna and Jenny go become darker and darker…Until they've arrived at the OLD CITY OF SHANG HAI.

Luna and Jenny are standing in the middle of the street. Some of them were carrying stuff such as rice wheat and much more .When the girls went in the corridor, a mysterious man took their key.

"Hey! Don't stole our key!" shouted Luna. They Luna rush out of the corridor, then Jenny followed Luna. When Jenny chase up to Luna, she find that Luna have get back the key and she is holding something. It is mysterious man that took our key. When he took off his cape, he looks very upset. Luna ask the boy "What is your name? And why did you want to steal our key?" The boy replied "My name is Li Shang, I am one of the slaves queen Juliette, she command that we must find the key that leads her to the future, after that she see you in her crystal ball and ask me to get the key. But actually I don't really want to help her."

After Luna and Jenny heard that they comfort Li Shang and said "Don't worry let us help you plus let me tell you a secret but don't tell anyone." Li Shang nodded his head. Then Jenny whispered "Actually we are here to defeat the queen and safe the wizard."Li Shang was shocked and replied to Jenny "It's alright I will go with you' I know where is the castle, but first you must defeat two of her monster first. She summoned it, I saw the book is call The Wizard Craft." After Luna and Jenny heard it, they asked him where to go first. And Li Shang pointed the north way so the two girls follow him.

After they went to the castle, Li Shang whispered to the girls "stay back let me go in first." Li Shang shouted" Password: French!" The main gate opened, when Li Shang go inside the girls followed.

Inside is a big castle, with fancy wall painting, chandelier, dining table …....
Suddenly a these beautiful furniture became a big black dragon, to a dragon roaring at us. "Lucky that I've bring my spell book, I stole it from the queen." The two dragons try to catch us and Jenny shouted "Quick shout the spell out!" Li Shang quickly flip the book and say out the spell "I command you dragons, please stay away or else

you will be vanish forever!" But the dragons look at each other and chase back the girls. All of the sudden the dragon started to disappear and gone.

The two girls was amazed of the spell book. Then Li Shang said "Come we still have to defeat the queen or else the queen will let other dragons in here!" The girls was too scared to talk so they followed Li Shang.

When they going to the hallway that is leading to the queen's room. Li Shang said "In other to defeat the queen we must say the magic words that is over the front, but you can't say it yet or else the spell will be gone. The girls nodded, and followed him.

When Li Shang and the girls stepped in the room. A loud sound came out from the room "Ha! Ha! Ha! I saw everything you done child! But you can't defeat me. "HA! But you can't defeat us we've got your spell book." shouted Li Shang. "But how?" said Queen Juliette. And they say out the spell "Queen Juliette we command we've got the power that can defeat you but you can't ran away. Now we will shout that you will vanished forever!"

"No don't I will come back some days!" and the queen vanished. When we get out of the castle, a wizard was in the front and said "Thank you, but you two must go now or else……"

The girls came back to luna's house and they felt a little weird……

The Adventure in Old Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Li, Mischa – 9

It was a wonderful day in Hong Kong, well, not for Shing Lai Hei! She was walking home, with her backpack overloaded. Today, there was a million homework stuffed in her backpack. Suddenly, she was in an unknown place, for she wasn't looking where she was walking. She was in a hidden cave and as she was exploring, she slipped and fell into a hole! That's when the story starts……

At the bottom was a purplish–black portal. "SAVE ME!!!" shouted Lai Hei but no she already fell in. All around her were pictures of the past, like Napoleon, Li Bai, Jesus……suddenly, a picture of an old town appeared and she was SUCKED into it!

"Oof!" she muttered as she fell on to the hard stone cold floor. She expected someone to help her up but no one came. In fact, no one was even in the town! She began exploring this desolated place. Soon, she entered a bar. Inside was a little girl sitting in front of a fire. She was looking gloomy, but when she saw Lai Hei, her face lit up with hope. The little girl happily exclaimed, "Yay! The prophecy was true!" It wasn't even a second when Lau Hei asked, "What do you mean 'prophecy'? Also, where am I?" "Well," answered the girl, "you're in Shang Hai and the prophecy is saying like a hidden hero will come. Everyone except me was kidnapped and helped something called the 'Mineral Minions' mine precious jade and jewels. I was hiding so no one found me. By the way, here is the prophecy: *When the night forgets light, 3 heroes will stop the fight, when they come one shall hold, the powers of fire, water and stone. Combine these and save them all, and return to the normal state from the fall.* As she listened on how to track the heroes, she went off soon after.

She took out a map from her backpack and started scanning it with her eyes. She went north and moments later, she arrived at a place called 'Volcanoeix Dyraniom'
. It was so hot, that when she took off her jacket, it was still no use at all! Lava was flowing everywhere and mini jumps and traps everywhere. This hero seems like business. After trying so hard not to die, she finally made it to the lair of the first hero. Instead of a human, it was a gigantic tiger, bigger than you thought it was. . It was quite scared for he hadn't seen a human that survived its traps before. After finally making friends with the tiger, she took out the map again and headed east to 'Watervern Tidius.' to find the next hero.

There was a complete difference. It was nice and cool, and even Tiger enjoyed it. In the middle of the town, was a pond and underneath was a castle. "The next hero lives in there, and boy, I haven't seen him for so long!" As she dived in the water, she realized that she could breathe. At the castle was a huge dragon sitting on a chair. It was reading a book called '*Shanghai Facts'.*
"Are you the 2nd hero?" asked Lai Hei. "Yes, why are you here?" replied the almighty dragon. "Well," Lai Hei said, "Mineral Minions are taking over–– "And at that moment, the dragon almost toppled over his chair. "NO WAY! THERE BACK?! NO TIME TO LOSE! HERE, TAKE THIS CRYSTAL SWORD!" screeched the dragon.

With Lai Hei then heading south to the deep mines, she heard rasping voices of the Minions shouting, "HURRY UP YOU SNOT FACED HUMAN! THE KING DOESN'T HAVE THE WHOLE DAY!" Both 3 heroes felt extremely mad. Tiger was absolutely FURIOUS. He lunged towards the minion and sunk its deadly teeth into the minion. It howled in pain, as it dropped to the floor, shocking the other minions everywhere. Then pandemonium broke out. "INTRUDERS! GET THEM! SAVE THE KING!" some ordered while others, "RUN! GO HOME! GET OUT OF HERE!" and the whole place was like chaos––or war. The humans watched without moving a muscle, as the 3 heroes charged forward, trying to save the whole population. Lai Hei took out her sword, and swung it with so much force at the minion and suddenly, a giant rock came out of

nowhere, and crushed the minion behind her that was thinking of a sneak attack. Lai Hei represented the element stone. Dragon fought too, in fact, he had a different style. He waited until the minions came close, and then unleashed a water tornado invisible to naked eye, making the minions drop to the ground, unconscious. No one knows what happened, because the tornado travels like light and has no sound at all. Dragon is water. Tiger fought like a jackal combined with a lion, bear and eagle. He swiped his claws around, causing flame to alight from his paws. He bit hard on the minion who was coming close to him, and the minion was set alight. Tiger is fire. After all those fighting, they went deeper into the mines, covered with bruises and scratches and some stains of blood. At the very end was the king. He was as tall as a 10 story building, and had aquamarine skin and his wings were dark purple. He shoved them a paper and told them to do it. He sat there, watching like a hawk. The paper was a test, and the questions ranged from: *When did Shanghai stop?* to *What are the foods in Shanghai?* It was a piece of cake, and she wrote this: 1. about 1945. 2. During the 1920s and 1930s Shanghai became known as "The Paris of the East, the New York of the West. 3. The women wore things called Qi Pao. Men wore clothes like what we wear in Chinese New Year. Poor people just wear ragged clothes, but still okay…… until finally went home by finishing it. And saved the people. She then went back home.

Shanghai Adventure

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Ngan, Pak Yiu – 11

Once upon a time, two teenager named Ben and Tompson were playing in the field beside their house. It was a sunny day, the blazing sun came out early. Both of them were kicking football and felt enjoyable in it.

Suddenly, the storage room glowed. Ben and Thompson was surprised about it. They opened the dusty door and stepped into it. However, there was no ground and they fell into a mysterious place.

Didn't know how much the time passed, they found that they were lying in a house with design in Chinese style. Ben opened a door and it as a tremendous street with people wearing old fashioned clothes. Thompson seem that he realized something and shouted "Old Shanghai! "Old Shanghai "asked Ben."Yes, it is one of the place in China, I read this from a history book! "They walked in the wide street and everyone looked at them as a stranger.

Suddenly, they heard some sound,"Bang! Bang "Everyone ran away quickly and the street became a mess. People were pushing each other, Thompson and Ben stand beside. They sigh with relief and saw a wealthy man holding a gun and shooting some villagers. Theo Amard! They both screamed. He is a ruthless and greedy businessman. He killed Shanghai citizens that didn't follow by his rules or argued with him.

A man came out from a back street and scout them "Hey! You two, grease monkeys! Don't you guys want to survive? Came here!"" Who are you" asked both Ben and Thompson "My name is Fan Lang!" Said the men. They went into a tiny wooden house, Fan Lang poured a cup of tea of them. They were deciding how to gather the villagers and kill Theo Amard for revenge. After a while of discussion, they went to tell their plan to all villager. They would went to Theo Amard's house at night time and burnt it.

At night time, the group of villager went to Amard's home. They first distorted the gate and rushed into it. They burnt the tremendous house quickly. But suddenly, a voice came out "haha! I know your plan!" it was Theo Amard, there was hundreds of lifeguard around him. "It is time to revenge!" shouted one of the villager. Both side grabbed their weapon and started a war. At last Ben thorn the sword into Theo Amanda, he was die.

The wooden house they first went was glowing, Thompson and Ben was send back to their home. The history book fall off form the book shelf and they saw their face and things they do in Old Shanghai." Is this true?" both of them shouted.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Pang, Jamie – 11

Oh! Ok I will come as fast as I can" Cherry was shock after the call from Hazel. Jack was sick, he always sick and this is the fourth time of this month. Cherry was very worried and wanted to visit him. But mum told her to take care of Ethan the baby, so she can't go out. She found out a method suddenly," I can bring Ethan to Jack house too. I am so smart." Cherry whispered to Ethan baby.

When she arrived to Jack's house, Jack was watching a movie called "Old Shanghai" Cherry said "Oh! Poor Jack, why you always sick." "The doctor said we need to use something to frighten his brain to let him not to be sick so often." Hazel said "I will help him ……" "What sound is that? It sound so mysterious, I think …… "What is happening? Help!

"OH MY GOD! "Cherry said "We are in Old Shanghai "Jack said excitedly "Wait, what is happening and where Ethan is?" Hazel asked "I think Ethan is still in Jack's room." A poster was stuck on the wall, they read it and decided to do the mission wrote on the poster, in order to go back to UK their home. They start their adventure by eating foods around to take clues about Romaine Clabo.Romain Clabo was a navigator , he was the only one who knew where Kate Man the woman who brought them there. Romain Clabo was a French person, so none of a Shanghai people knew about him "If we don't know where Kate Man is, we can't go back to UK." "I believe that someone would know where Romain Clabo is." Hazel said

"Hey guys, I saw some clue on the poster! See, the back of the poster has a group of number '' "This number is the password of Jack's iPad." Hazel said "Let's look around if we see this group of number." "I saw it already" Cherry said "It is on the drainage, maybe Romain Clabo is inside the drainage" "But how can we go in?" Jack ask "this is the problem" In a sudden, the drainage opened, everyone are shocked but Jack, Cherry and Hazel jump in as quick as a flash. "Is anyone here "Cherry asked with fear. "BANG!" Romain Clabo appeared in front of them. Three children were shocked and frightened. "Don't be scared, I am Romain Clabo." We want to ask where Kate Man. ""Oh! Is you guys want to find Kate Man to go back to UK, right? ''How do you know?'' Jack asked '' "Because I am a genius, Kate Man is in an evil castle in French now. I have some magic weapon now, one is ''the water '' after Kate Man drinks it, all of her magic power will be lost. Second is '' Water sword "you can use this weapon to kill Kate Man. Good Luck and bye "Romain Clabo disappear," What should we do now? "Hazel asked "Let's pray! Maybe we can go to French in a sudden." "Dear god, please let us go to French, please please." everyone begged "Ok ……" " What sound is that? It sound so mysterious, I think …… " What is happening ? Help

"We are in French now ! Thanks god."Jack said

"Remember what Romain Clabo said. Kate Man is in an evil tower now. "Cherry said "Where is the evil tower? "Hazel asked "Romain Clabo gave us two magic weapons, maybe some clue is in there. "Cherry said three of the children took out the weapons out quickly.They found two groups of number. One group of number is 5324, the second group of number is 5325. Cherry said "the group of number that we found the back of poster is 5326 that means Jack's iPad number."

"Every number are very similar, what is the meaning?" Hazel asked with all question in her head

"I think I know, this few group of number is the tall building's number .See, every building has its own number .But, the blue tall building include all the number, what's up?" "Let's go to the blue tall building to have a look. "Hazel said. They went to the blue building, and they found that the blue tall building is separate. On the weapon, 5325 is circle up, so three of the children went to 5325 building. "Wow, Kate Man's house is so

big ! "Jack exclaimed "Who called my name? "They found that Kate Man was at their back. Hazel whispered to Cherry "Take the weapons out."

Kate Man is very beautiful. She have brown golden hair, red pinky lips and she was wearing a unique dress. If I don't know she is the bad guy who bought us here, I will think that she is a princess.

"Why did you guys come here?" Kate Mam asked "We want to go back to our home .Why did you bring us here? "Cherry asked "If you want to go back to your home, leave the little boy here?" Kate Man said "We won't leave Jack here."Hazel said Three of the children discuss for a while .Jack said "Just leave me here, you can give me the weapons and I can kill Kate Man" Hazel looked at Cherry and Cherry looked at Hazel, they decided to leave Jack here and give the weapons to him. "We will leave Jack here"

They told Kate Man."Ok ! "Kate Man replied

''What is happening? Help!''

Hazel and Cherry found that they were in Jack's bedroom. Hazel asked "Did we take the wrong decision?" After Hazel asked this question, someone said "No you don't" Romain Clabo suddenly appeared in front of Hazel. "Jack will come back in a second." Romain Clabo said

"Bang" Jack came back ! Hazel and Cherry were shock. "Romain Clabo how do you know Jack will come back " Hazel asked Jack said "Because I let her to drink the magic water that Romain Clabo gave me, then Kate Man fainted and I came back here." "This is a chemical reaction, when a people drink my magic water, the people will faint and every marvelous thing will become normal." "Jack, after every journey, you will be sick, why didn't you fall sick this time. 'Because this journey is for Jack, before we went to Old Shanghai, a mysterious said I will help him" God want to use thief journey to frighten Jack's brain so he won't be easy to be sick again. " Hazel said "Thanks god. "Jack said with a thanksgiving heart. After this unforgettable journey, Jack didn't sick anymore and the three children believe in god.

END

Battle for the Galactic Empire and the First Order

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Yip, Wai Hin – 10

Kylo Ren, leader of the first order received that the troops that he sent back in time was in trouble. Using by the sense of the force, he also knew that his old enemy, Luke Skywalker leading a squad of rebel held the 501 legion (special force with advanced weapons) and want to kill them. He decided to gather all his troops and give his enemy an end once and for all.

He read a book about the old Shang Hai city (where the enemy's fortress is), but suddenly, all of his army was sucked in the book and got stuck for 3 weeks! Then, they finally got out of the portal. But when they exit, they had a great fall because the portal is in the sky!

After they got in the city, Kylo Ren and his troops found a place that could be their hideout. They immediately discus the attack strategy, what they didn't know is that the rebellion is already alert by the arrival of the Galactic empire and THE FIRST ORDER!

When one of the rebel spies found that the army from the other world is about to attack their base , he knew that he had to alert Luke , The king of the rebel , because that means his own empire is in trouble ! And just as he expected, he found that three legion of elite shadow trooper are heading straight for one of the base in old Shanghai city!

At the reel base, the empire already started their attack. The rebel forces was no match for those mighty AT−AT and those laser rifles. They were soon defeat, and for the survivors, they were killed and got dumped into the ocean. WHEN Luke Skywalker heard about the news of their base, he told all the soldier to be alert, because he could heard that TIE fighters' engine roared a miles away.

Just as the few hours later, the whole army arrived to defeat their enemies. All blaster rifles clocked and the first order was ready to attack! The rebellion made their defenses
As the empire charged. It was a bloody war, blood washed the ground just like water. And when everyone people shoot down or kill an enemies of his own, another man falls. The war lasted for an hour, and there were over thousands of bodies lying on the floor−−−dead. The first order and the empire attack the base for 3 times, all failed. Kylo Ren was now kept saying and split out cursing words. Such as ''#$ %@#!@#&^⋆()(<>:{} &^⋆%!!!'' and I can tell you that he is as angry as a mighty chicken −−−who is about to punch someone in the face.

But then, a guy name Wong said that he could help the army to get in to the rebel base in no time. Kylo Ren was pleased, he said that the signal to attack will be a signal bomb. when Wong walk in to the rebel base, he told the leader of the rebel to Kate a dinner together, so the army have more time . When Wong fired the signal bomb, the army attack. The guards panicked but they were killed immediately. Wong's plan worked. And the army went back to the present

The Old Shanghai King's Secret

Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School, Yiu, Courtney – 11

Chapter 1: Mysterious map

It was a sunny and warm day at America. Fando and Don just woke up from bed, later were at Aphmau's Cafe enjoying their breakfast, Don said,"Hey sis, so I found this piece of paper and it's like a map."
Fando replied,"really? Let me see."
Fando takes a look at the map and said,"where did you found this at?"
"I found this on the floor while we're walking here." Don said.
"Well, if you found a map then why not we go when it's afternoon?" Fando said.
"Sure!!! ADVENTURE!" Don said.

Chapter 2: Adventure gone wrong

It was a sunny afternoon Don and Fando packed up their bags and gone out, "hey sis," said Don, "so which way do we go?"
Fando said, "I think we go right?"
"Then why don't we check it out if it is the right way?" Don said very excited.
"Sure." Fando said

When they kept walking then they got on the mountain top, Fando asked, "is this where we are suppose to go?"
Don replied, "hmm maybe because I saw an X on the ground."
"An X? a red X?" Fando shouted.
"Yeah!" Don shouted also.
Then they stand on the red X for 2 second "BOOM" they falls inside the mountain and they got teleported to an strange side of the world It's THE OLD SHANGHAI!

Chapter 3: The Bite

"Ahhhh where are we?! How did we come here?!" Fando shouted.
"Oh my sis calm down! We're going to just fine just remember our surviving tricks from camping." Don said.

"Alright." Fando said, so the two siblings was walking on the path and saw the old Shanghai's train station but when they stop the to take a look the old Shanghai train station a rattlesnake that escape from his cage suddenly jumped out and bite Don's leg.
Don said,"Ow! That hurted, ugh now what I am poisoned."
Fando said,"hmmm I think I has a pain remover medicine in my bag." Fando searches her bag and found the medicine and gave Don to eat it,
"Yall feeling better?" Fando asked.
"Yeah let's find the doctor and he will know what to do." Don said.
Then they search for a doctor in the whole street for a while, after a while they found a doctor and they ran over there.
"Doctor! Doctor! excuse me! Can you please my help little bro he got bitten by a rattlesnake." Fando said frightened.
"Sure just let me see the bite." The doctor said.
He checks the bite and found no poison was spread in the area then he said,"Oh! Don't be worried young lady the snake bite did not spread the poison while he bit him." Fando and Don was relieved and then the doctor healed the bite and told Don to not run too much and take more rest than he will be fine, Fando and Don thanked the doctor and left.

Chapter 4: The Path's Riddle

After they thanked the doctor gone through a path and a stranger said, "Do not go on that path or you will disappear."
Of course the two siblings did not believe the stranger and gone on the path they walked and walked and walked but when Don blink Fando was gone, Don is nervous and tried to find Fando but he can't so he ran to the end of the path and search for help, suddenly he heard a noise of "Ok allons l'amener au roi(ok let's bring her to the king)" and then he followed the noise and found Fando was fainted and was carried to a castle
Don does not know what are they going to do with Fando so he sneak and followed the guards to the castle but as the guards walk Don made a noise by stepping on a stick the guards said,"Hey, did you guys heard that voice?"
Guard 2 reply,"Josh it's just your imagination let's continue his waiting."
Josh The Guard said,"Fine.."
Don whisper to himself,"wait "him"? who's that?"
Don kept following the guards until he reach the castle's door.

Chapter 5: The Secret

As Don got to the door the guards already got in, but as Don wants to go in it closed, then Don found out you need a code to go in and next to the code entering machine is some weird language and words that's says "Le Con Luk at Teh Tip Of Leh Castlue" and Don remembered that he learned it in class it means "Le can look at the top of the castle" and Don looked at the top of the castle and saw 1377 and Don knew it's the code and he enters the code to the machine and the door opens and in front of Don was the King Sacha and he said,"Don i have been watching you from the start."
Don said,"YOU HAVE MY SISTER!"
Sacha said,"How rude of me didn't even introduce myself at all i am Sacha."
Don said,"you know who i am and i want my sister back!"
Sacha said,"oh Don you need manners."
Don said,"JUST GIVE ME MY SISTER BACK AND I'LL LEAVE!"
Sacha said,"hah! Alright but one condition."
Don said,"i don't trust people who got my sister."
Sacha said,"well no sister for you."
Don said,"ugh FINE!"
Sacha said,"BRING HER OUT!"
Ad the guards bring Fando out Don notice Beca too
Sacha said,"here she is."
Don said,".....why is Beca here?"
Sacha said,"oh nothing she just fall like you two."
Don said,"wait what so you're the one who teleported the map to future?!
Sacha said,"Yep! Who does that in 2017?"
Don said,"Ugh how dare you!"
Fando and Beca wakes up from deep slumber and knew they were chained up
Fando shouted,"WHAT IS THIS?"
Beca said,"AHHHHHH HELP ME!!!!"
Sacha said,"so the condition is to give your sister's sapphire ore to me."
Don said,"her ore? What's that?"
Sacha said,"DO NOT ACT DUMB IN FRONT OF ME!"
Fando said,"HE DOES NOT KNOW I HAVE THIS!"
Sacha said,"ALRIGHT THEN GIVE IT OR DIE your choice."
Don said,"huh…… so you want that eh?"
Don grabs Fando's Sapphire ore and winked at her and Fando knew it was a plan

Don said,"here take it."
Sacha said,"HAHAH! YOU THOUGHT I WOULD FREE THEM BEAT IT KID!"
Don said,"NOT!"
Don kicks Sacha's face and grab the Sapphire ore then free Fando and Beca and ran, as they run the guard was chasing them, but a portal appear and they jumped in it and the portal closed.

Chapter 6:The End

They came back to the real world, they were sure that never follow maps anymore for god sake!
Don said,"..... That was AWESOME!"
Fando reply,"yeah sure like we almost KILLED!"
Beca said,"you two should not fight it's like we just got out of danger we should reflect ourselves."
Fando and Don agreed with Beca and then they said goodbye they got home and reflect what should they do if they found a map and while Fando was doing something something strange happen, and she knew it's only the beginning.

The Secret of Old Shanghai Street

International College Hong Kong (Hong Lok Yuen), Chin, Amelie – 10 years

The 10–year old twins excitedly bounced in their hotel beds, discussing where to go. It was their first time in Shanghai, and they were eager to share their suggestions.

"Let's go see the Oriental Pearl TV Tower!" one of them, a strawberry–blonde haired girl exclaimed.

A boy, with golden–brown hair crossed his arms and said: "Emily, why are you interested in such boring attractions?" he moaned. "We should go to Disneyland!" he complained.

Their father said, "We can go to the Bund now to see the Oriental Pearl Tower, and we can go to Shanghai Disneyland sometime else, Conner."

Conner wanted to argue, but he gave in after glimpsing the sharp stare from his mother.

The family set off to the Bund. When they arrived, the sky had turned dark and the Oriental Pearl TV Tower was the brightest object in sight. Everyone watched in awe at the beautiful night scenery around them. They looked forward, and saw flashing neon buildings and skyscrapers casting amazingly shiny lights over the waters. Then they turned around, and saw the old, looming towers of old Shanghai.

It was like looking at the past and present of Shanghai!

The next day, they went sightseeing at some old Shanghai streets near Cheng Huang Miao. There were old clotheslines hanging loosely between the tops of the curved rooftops, cracked and aged buildings which could have been someone's home before, dusty windows, bright Chinese lanterns and dirty litter wedged in between the cracks in the rooftops.

There were ancient houses that were smudged and dirty, and to Conner, all the old buildings looked like temples. Every building was incredibly unique. There were astonishing swirls, loops and crosses on each and every rooftop. Every roof was curved artfully, arching below, nearly touching the heads of people walking around in the crowded street.

The family took a rest in a nearby Starbucks. The barista smiled mysteriously at the twins and handed them their drinks.

The twins took a sip of their drinks in a private corner booth, while their parents stood in line, waiting for their drinks. Their throats began to become tingly and suddenly, a huge, glowing circle surrounded them and started to engulf them in its golden light. Before they knew it, the twins got sucked into it like a black hole.

As the twins woke up, Emily immediately realized where they were. "We're in the past of Shanghai! Look at this newspaper! It's 1920!" she exclaimed.

Suddenly, a man with a thick bushy mustache came over to them in a smart blue uniform pinned with badges. He held a flag with the colors of the French flag and, to their horror, a gun.

He pointed the barrel of his gun straight towards the twins. "Who are you?" the man demanded.

"We're– we're Emily and Conner Taylor," Emily replied nervously. The man lowered his gun cautiously but still kept his eye on the twins. "And you are from?" he asked sinisterly. Conner thought faster than he ever had. "We're from France," Conner replied, making a quick and thoughtful lie.

The man suddenly smiled and tucked his gun back into his belt. "Anyone who is French is a friend! Come join me for a party in the International Settlement!" he said.

"I'm Ambassador Moreau from France," he continued. "You can just call me Pierre." Pierre led Emily and Conner to a building with the word 'Paramount' on it.

The twins walked into a nightclub with fancy silverware, chandeliers and bouquets. In the heart of the room, there was a grand table surrounded by elegant, majestic chairs.

In the front of all the tables and chairs, there was a large stage with ladies wearing long, swishing dresses, with fancy feathers stuck to their backs. They each held a feathery fan, and their hair was tied up in fancy styles, adorned with elegant hairpins and flowers. They were singing and dancing to songs while everyone else drank wine and ate cheerfully.

A Chinese man was sitting in one of the tables. "Sun, let me introduce you to my friends, Emily and Conner Taylor," Pierre introduced. "Emily and Conner, this is my friend Sun."

Suddenly, everything started to snap in place. Pierre was one of the French people who had occupied land in Shanghai, and 'Sun' was *Sun Yatsen*, father of modern China!

After quite a few glasses of wine, Pierre's eyes began to droop and he started to sleep. Emily and Conner knew that Sun Yatsen was a very trustworthy person, so they began to tell Sun their situation.

After explaining what had happened, Sun's eyes opened wide and he stared at them in awe.

"I know it seems unbelievable, but it's true," Emily said. "Please believe us."

Sun looked at her pleading face. "Well, for a fact, I believe you and I know what you're saying is true. I can tell you two are not lying, and are of good heart. I shall help you." Sun answered.

Sun, Emily and Conner quietly tiptoed out of the dining room, careful not to wake Pierre.

Once they left Paramount, Sun brought the twins to Yuyuan Garden, "Have you eaten Shanghai's famous xiao long bao yet?" he asked. Emily and Conner shook their heads. "You have to!" said Sun.

Sun led them inside a nearby restaurant with traditional Chinese decorations. The twins and Sun sat at a small wooden table. A man smiled mysteriously at Emily and Conner and served their tea. Emily and Conner drank a sip. Their throats felt tingly.

Suddenly, a circle of golden light surrounded them. It began to suck them into its warm wrath. As Emily and Conner were finally sucked into it, Conner shouted, "THANKS SUN!"

Emily and Conner were back inside Starbucks. Their mother and father walked over to their table with their drinks. Emily and Conner glanced at the clock. Barely any time had passed!

Conner whispered to Emily, "I'm happy we could visit the old Shanghai streets. It's so much better than Disneyland!"

That Afternoon in the French Concession

International College Hong Kong (Hong Lok Yuen), Seneratne, Sera – 10 years

The late afternoon light slowly streaked into my room, past the wooden shutters and onto my inky hair and midnight eyes. Refreshed after my afternoon nap, I stretched contentedly. There was a deep hush around me like a comforting blanket wrapping me in familiar routine. Our old house was still and quiet as it usually was, with just the two of us here. I knew Father would be scribbling busily in his notebooks, working on his latest story for the Shanghai Times newspaper at the large battered desk in his study downstairs.

Father and I lived here in the French Concession in the unique atmosphere that was so special about this area. In Father's opinion, the buildings around us were much more interesting and full of character compared to the Chinese huitongs in other areas of Shanghai. We loved the sight of the warm earthy bricks that gave the houses their unique European flavour. Father and Mother had met when they were both studying in Paris, France and when they returned to Shanghai, they chose to make their new home in the Eastern French Concession. They said that there, they felt as if they were back in France, yet, they could still see the Huangpu River, the Bund and the famous landmarks of the hometown that they loved too.

My classmates used to tease me, "Oh, you live with those European people, don't you", "Hey, you must be really rich and too good for us!", "Why don't you go to a school with the Europeans!"

But we were not rich. We had a medium-sized house in the eastern area which had this amazing view. All I knew was that this was the place that my Mother and Father loved. It was our home.

Leaning on my windowsill, I gazed over the ancient wall which surrounded the Concession, part of which bordered our garden full of yulan trees, which you could see in many gardens here in the French area. Their branches were bare now but soon, in early spring, the white yulan flowers would bloom like bursts of hope for the springtime. When I sat in the garden in the Spring, the scent of the yulan flowers would make me feel all new and refreshed me. They would comfort me, too. The sight and fragrance bringing reminders of my mother and how she loved to tend the yulan trees before she went away.

My gaze tracked over the ancient wall and followed the shimmering, snaking Huangpu River in the near distance. I could just make out the bustling crowds strolling down the Bund. I imagined laughing families enjoying afternoon tea in the luxurious, glamorous Peace Hotel to the sounds of the string quartet, whilst dancing couples waltzed past.

It was so special when Father took me there for tea on my tenth birthday. The only dark cloud that marred my memorable occasion was when Father spotted some signs outside the hotel. They said that dancing was "foreign" and "decadent" and would be forbidden by the new Communist regime in Shanghai. I had never seen my light-hearted Father be as serious as when he bent down to me and said, "Lily, since you were little, your Mother and I have tried to teach you to be free and believe only what you want to believe. Don't let anyone or anything change your beliefs. You must follow your heart and not others" I didn't really know what "decadent" meant back then, so I didn't really know what all this meant or how to make sense of it all. Now, I understand what he was trying to tell me.

My nostalgic memory was suddenly interrupted by the sound of voices outside our garden. That was followed by the sound of an automobile engine and slamming doors. I looked outside towards the noise and glimpsed the back of a man being dragged by two hefty men, one on each side gripping the man's arms in a menacing lock. One of

the men briefly glanced back, I recognised the red star on his cap. It looked like the Communist Party sign that I had seen on all those posters outside the Peace Hotel that time I had tea with Father.

"Wait...that man...he somehow looks familiar…"

I jumped to my feet and rushed to the door, my heart nearly hammering out of my chest with growing fear and dread. I nearly flew down the stairs, sliding frantically in my stockinged feet. I scrambled to the study door and flung it open, afraid to look up but knowing I must.

Father's chair was spinning around slowly behind his desk – empty.

Like an executioner's knife, a fear slashed through my heart. I surged towards the front door, the hall feeling like an endless tunnel that I couldn't get to the end of. I managed to get outside, stumbling on the uneven well–worn pavement. I looked up, gasping for breath. That was when I saw my greatest fear becoming real. The strange car started to pull away with my Father inside – its forced passenger.

Desperately, I chased after the car, shouting "Father, Father!", but the car had already disappeared around the corner, and my cries had been carried away by the wind.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kau Yan School, Wong, Min Wai – 10

In the middle of the night in Old Shanghai, a young girl called Ying woke up. She found a shadow reflecting on the wooden floor. The figure pushed open the creaky bedroom door and Ying saw that the mysterious figure was Grandma. Grandma gently walked inside and huddled next to her bed. She told Ying softly, "Ying, please keep this necklace safe by your side. Remember that it's very important." As Grandma said that, she used a tiny delicate glass key to open an ancient chest glimmering with different valuable jewels. On a silk cushion lined with gold, there sat a jade necklace which was half moon shaped with Chinese words written on it. Grandma carefully took it out and passed it to Ying. Ying's eyes widened and her mouth sahped like an "O", but she still wore the beautiful necklace safely as she was told.

One year later, it was a public holiday and everyone was preparing for the celebration of the Mid Autumn Festival, also the same day which Grandma disappeared. Ying's family was busy preparing for the festival. Ying called out, "Ching! I've brought you some colorful papers for decoration!" Ching was Ying's big brother. Mei, Ying's sister took some scraps of silk from the factory which she was working in to make new dresses. On the other side, Ying's dad was preparing festival food. A little boy delivered the Evening Shanghai Daily. Ying got the newspaper and read aloud, "Two houses near the City God Temple were robbed. The police believed that the Flying Dragons, a famous gang in Shanghai did it. They were looking for anyone who saw the gang sneaking around." Ying murmured, "Huh? The Flying Dragons gang appeared in our neighborhood?"

That night, when others were asleep, Ying was still awake because she felt sorry for those who were robbed. Ying held the necklace tightly, staring at the night sky. It was as dark as raven's feathers with some clouds as soft as cotton candy floating around and glowed brightly. Ying sighed, "I wish that the Flying Dragons couldn't steal anything and all gold coins could go back to their owners." Suddenly, a dragon symbol flickered in the sky. Meanwhile, the Flying Dragons gang was counting the gold coins that they had robbed. In a flash, every gold coin vanished! Most of them were frightened and furious. But one of the members noticed the dragon symbol on the sky and followed it.

The Flying Dragons immediately reported to Black Dragon, their leader. Black Dragon remembered that when he was the Emperor's left hand, he heard that there was a necklace which was very powerful. Anyone who got it could make three wishes and a dragon symbol would appear when someone used a wish. After searching for years, he finally traced it. The next day, all members of the Flying Dragons went to the Old City of Shanghai where Ying lived in and disguised into ordinary residents so that they could spy on them. However, they could not find the right person who had the necklace. Black Dragon planned to send his spies to destroy all the decorations for the festival that night and asked them to see who would use the necklace to fix it up. The next day everyone found that everything was ruined and felt upset. Then, Ying decided to make another wish to fix it. In a blink of an eye, the decorations were magically fixed and they looked even nicer! A spy saw the dragon symbol again and found Ying clasping her hands. She had a necklace hanging down from her neck with a smooth jade attached to it. A dim, green light shone out between her fingers in her bedroom. The spy marked down the location secretly and told Black Dragon.

In the late night, Black Dragon secretly kidnapped Ying's family and tied them up with a heavy chain, but separated Ying from them. Black Dragon brought Ying to the top of the protective city wall and took the legendary necklace from her. He sneered evilly, showing one of his golden teeth flash once just before he closed his smelly mouth and pushed Ying off the wall! Suddenly, a shimmering moon-ray net caught Ying just in time and she floated slowly back up. Then, a gigantic black vortex sucked Black Dragon and the Flying Dragons in it. The only person standing there was a lady. She wore a black mask and dark clothes. Ying squinted her eyes to try to see if she knows her. When the lady took off her mask, Ying yelled loudly, "Grandma! You're back!" Grandma muttered a few words under her breath. Poof! With a click and a clack, the chain that tied Ying's family up was shredded into pieces. Hooray! They were saved and reunited. Grandma smiled and told Ying that she was a royal princess of a tribe and moved to live in Old City of Shanghai. Her ancestor passed a full moon shaped jade necklaces to her. Previously she lost half of it and had to leave home to search. Before she left, she asked Ying to keep the other half. Grandma saved Ying just in time using the found necklace. Ying was amazed by the truth. Grandma said that the necklaces only worked if the wishes were kind and helpful. At last, the family celebrated the Mid Autumn Festival together. Ying used her last wish to make the celebration incredibly nice. Now the two necklaces joined together to make a full moon again.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kellett Senior School, Preston, Hana – 10

The man jogged hurriedly along the desolate road. It was strange – knowing who you were but not why – or how. The ministers had instructed him to clear his mind of any burdening thoughts, but each day they grew. Sprouted new, ungodly images like an irritating vine. His robe was stained with mud and mold, his beard streaked with twigs and old leaves. The sun glinted off of his bristly head, and his robes trailed along the grimy road. Anxiously glancing behind him, he had a worrying thought. What if they came after him? No. The monks would understand his desperation for freedom. It felt good though – despite the guilt that hung around him like a storm cloud, to have more than a meal a day, to be able to speak to women, to be able to read something that was not sutras or Sanskrit translations. For the first time, the monk felt… free.

Over time though, he slowed down. He had time. Besides. What was freedom if you were not to make the most of it? Now at a leisurely pace, the monk sauntered through town. As he neared the market, fresh smells began to waft up his large nostrils. Fruits, spices, even sugars were displayed throughout the stalls. Vibrant red banners and lanterns had begun to indicate the coming of the New Year celebration; the annual theme a secret until the day. Rich merchants strolled through town, staring down at the rich fabrics and glistening jewels for sale in the market. Imposing stone warriors stood guard at the doors of ancient shrines; tall and proud – yet frozen forever in time.

Suddenly, the monk heard cries. Shouts. Behind him, flashes of black and gold signified the Chinese Army. He instinctively bowed down to see figures of such importance. Wait. These men were no Chinese Army. These were the ministers of Jing'an Temple…

The monk broke into a sprint. His robes tore on nails, and bruises and cuts protruded into his skin. The sun in the sky had disappeared, but the novices had not. "Stop!" they cried, clamouring to catch hold of the runaway monk. All of a sudden, a novice grabbed hold of his trailing robe. The monk felt the sharp tug and, with agility surprising to even himself, veered left down an alleyway. Behind him, yelps of agony echoed down the passage – glancing back, the monk saw a squirming mass of red–faced men. He did not stop. Still powering forward at full speed, he launched himself high up onto a towering brick wall. The monk dropped down from the tall structure and then, only then, did he slump down, onto the mud–stained floor.
One day, he thought, *I will be discovered, and punished for leaving the monastery.* And then he straightened up; almost smiling – *but that day will not be today*.

Each day, the monk became burdened with more and more disheartening thoughts. Him, in his stained orange robes, rattling the bars that kept him captive in Shanghai Prison. Him, sobbing, screaming, as he was dragged away towards an infinite oblivion. Him, brown bruises and bleeding gashes eroded into his skin. Him, a lifeless body strewn on the floor of the dungeons, his dead body nothing amongst the sea of still figures that lay around him.

The scream echoed through the dim chamber. Beads of sweat trickled down the monk's forehead, joining together and dampening his muddy undershirt. His vision still blurred with sleep, the monk got up and gingerly made his way down the passage. Reaching forward to the huge oak doors, he cautiously prised them open, his eyes darting inquisitively around to try and catch a glimpse of any guards waiting, poised for arrest. Ducking behind tables and chairs, the monk headed towards the market. Once he had been enveloped by the bustling crowds, the monk slowly stood up – still stooping low, and out of sight. He reached deep into his pockets and groped around for any Renminbi, however, he found none. The monk gasped as he realised what he would have to do.

Slowly, the monk walked innocently up to the fruits store. He took a bag from the store owner and began filling it with delicious goods. Many stared at this man, buying so much – more than 500 Renminbi worth of fruits. And they had even more reason to stare when he started to run.

Anguished cries echoed through the street as the man sprinted away, stuffing the precious food into his bag. He ran forward, the harsh calls of 'STOP THIEF!' following him, disheartening ever more the tired monk. And then he heard calls he recognised. He glanced backwards over his shoulder. Behind him, the same flashes of black and gold. Before they could realise who he was, the monk darted behind an alley, leaping over rusted pipes and dusty bricks. Finally, he stopped, entering once more the abandoned house that the monk realised he would have to get used to calling home. He bit into a lychee. Savouring the burst of flavour, the monk slid down to the floor. He was alone – not controlled, no. Just not free, either.

After a week, the monk finished off the fruits and realised that he would have to go back for more. He stepped out of the front door and had almost no time to scream as he was tackled viciously to the ground.

As he woke, the monk heard voices. In the dim lighting, he made out two figures arguing. Finally, one of the men smiled triumphantly and strutted towards the monk. *Chang!* The monk realised that the winner of the debate was no other than his old friend.
"You not be punished. That gives bad karma. Instead, you work. Clean at end of day." The man's broken English made all the sense it needed. The monk knew he would never be a novice again. But in his mind – his tired, old mind – he realised. Free was not alone. Free was happy.

Happy was free.

A Matter of Time

Kennedy School, Bharwani, Dia – 10

Me: a lonely child without many friends, except for Lian, but she too bailed on me. I had no idea where she went before recess. While looking for her at school, I spotted a **NO ENTRY** sign. As curious as I am, I barged in.

Inside stood a bizarre machine that was bulky and bright. It was mysterious and nothing like I had ever seen. As I got closer, I found a note: "For Meili". 'It's for me!' I thought, as I leapt inside...

There were switches and an curvy slot in the center. I couldn't understand what the slot was for. It finally dawned on me, the slot was a keyhole, in which my half of a sun–shaped amulet would fit in. Lian gifted me half an amulet and she kept the other half. As soon as I inserted my amulet, the machine came alive! I fell back and was locked in by a metal belt. I heard the engine ***ROAR*** to life! My seat spun uncontrollably and the dashboard lit up. I suddenly felt dizzy and slipped into unconsciousness.

I didn't know how long I was out for, but when I woke up the machine was silent. I could now see my amulet ejected from the keyhole. I grabbed it, wondering what had happened...

As I stepped out, I found myself in a field. I saw a troop of soldiers in the distance aiming guns in my direction! I froze and didn't know what to do. Suddenly someone jumped on me and pulled me down to the floor. I looked up... It was Lian!

"Stay down, don't let them see you!" She gasped.

"What is that?" I asked when I heard whizzing sounds.

"Those are bullets, be careful! What are you doing in the middle of the field? Are you crazy?" Lian said in a state of panic.

How did I get here and what is Lian doing here? I thought to myself.

"Why did you leave school so early?" I asked her.

"I got here the same way you did. I built the time machine that transported you. I used the amulets as a key. Half the amulet takes you to the past and joining the amulets takes you to the present. I travelled without both amulets and got stuck here in 1949, and boy, am I glad to see you! I need your help. With your half of the amulet, we can go back home" Lian concluded.

I listened to her story in disbelief.

"Do you have your half of the amulet with you?" Lian asked

"Yes, what about you?" I replied.

Lian said she was transported to Jing'an Temple, where she dropped her half of the amulet in all the chaos.
/
"We have to go to the temple to find the other half" Lian said anxiously.

"Hang on, where are we?" I asked.

"We're in Shanghai in midst of the Chinese Revolution, its the 2nd of October 1949, and we need to go home!" Lian exclaimed.

" WHAAAAAT??!!" I screamed

We set out to Jing'An Temple. On our way, I saw soldiers dining in a quaint cafe. They were everywhere. All seemed unreal to me, like an old Chinese movie. We passed beggars on the street. I saw fear in their eyes. There was tension all around as people were afraid for their lives. As we passed a newspaper vendor, I read the headlines that screamed out **"THE BIRTH OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA!"** The date read *October 02, 1949.* Lian was right, my worst fears came true!

We finally arrived. The temple was magnificent and stood tall with a majestic gold exterior. The wooden doors were enormous and devotees crowded at the entrance, flocking around an awesome sight: a towering jade statue of Buddha. It was the largest statue I had ever seen. We saw locals praying anxiously. I noticed long corridors crowned with arches, adorned in intricate carvings. The echoing of the copper bell would ring through.
We searched high and low for the amulet, in vain. We were getting desperate and Lian broke down. Just then, someone heard us. It was best not to tell her our version of the story as she would think we were delusional.

"I've dropped my mother's precious amulet. She will be heartbroken if she knew I lost it" I explained.
Luckily, the lady believed me and offered to help. Her name was Ming. We spent the next few hours searching every inch of the temple. Lian and I were now losing hope…

Ming was a caregiver who provided wholesome meals to the monks. She was graceful and saintly. She considered her devotional work as a calling from heaven. Ming asked for help in lighting candles and serving food. I was willing to help for a while to ease my stress. Lian was now extremely distraught. After I served meals of rice and soup, I proceeded to the candles. As I came to the last candle, I saw a glow but it was not a flame. I went closer and looked inside. I gasped with excitement! It was the amulet shining brighter than ever! Lian was ecstatic! We thanked Ming for her kindness and ran to the machine.

We joined the amulets, inserted them into the machine, buckled up and were set to go home! The engine came alive and our seats spun uncontrollably, and as before, we lost consciousness….

I woke up to the deafening sound of a bell. Where on earth was I now? Are the soldiers coming? I looked around with beads of sweat pouring down my forehead… and realised I was back in class!
"PHEW, I'm home!" I said to myself, as my heart stopped racing. I looked over to Lian who smiled at me, but I couldn't help wonder, had we really travelled back in time to Old Shanghai, or was it just a dream?

The Path that Lay Ahead

Kennedy School, Gunning Garcia, Eva – 10

I stood there shaking. The planes overhead dropping an unknown object. Getting a glimpse of the white flag in the distance. I remembered learning that white was a peaceful color but this white had a red circle in the middle. Maybe running away from the orphanage had been a bad idea. I trembled at the memory of the whip and the ruler that very morning; we had been treated unfairly and inhumanely in that forsaken place. The war had been going on for a number of years now and to most people it felt like it was never going to stop.

I could feel the bombs getting closer. It was raining heavily and I was getting wet and cold as I had been walking for a while now so I thought I could maybe take a break. I inched away from my hiding spot in the corner of the local restaurant, well it used to be a local restaurant until a bomb had hit it, square in the center, where people used to get proposed to on a chilly Valentine's day evening. Just thinking about it makes my heart shatter into a million pieces.

Scanning the land like a radar I found possible areas to hide. I finally detected some debris high enough to shelter me from the rain. I did not want the bombers to see or target me. I sprinted as fast as I could to get under the shelter. Out of breath,I felt around in the hole in my coat looking for the locket that my mother had given me before she died during the horrid wars of Shanghai. I felt terrified, and the picture made me feel strong again.

I tore my eyes away from the image and started looking longingly at all the families running away from the small village we lived in; they all had parents. I quickly snapped out of my sudden daydream and, coming back to my senses, out of the blue I realized that I was not getting hit by the rain. I looked around astonished: I was in a temple. The temple that my mother was buried in. I could feel the tears welling up.

How had I ended up here? In my mind this temple had been so far away from the orphanage: a short rickshaw ride with one of the supervisors. In this flattened, other−worldly place, now in pieces− that journey had been halved. Exploring, I spotted a cracked mirror taking a glimpse of my reflection and thinking to myself that I was no longer the little sweet boy in the orphanage's annual photo. I made a beeline straight for my mother's gravestone. In that one place, and one moment I knew I was safe. Safe from the bombs, the war and the soldiers and that's when I knew I was going to make it out alive, for my mother and for me.

Just then out of the blue, a shadowy figure jumped out from under the rubble ." What do you want? I don't have anything" I stutterd. A woman's figure came out of the shadows at a leisurely pace dodging all the bits of stone and debris on the ground. She was walking haltingly, and you could see the blood oozing out from her fleshy skin. "Hello? Who's there?" The seemingly young women croaked.

" It's just me I...I won't do anything" I said reproachfully. The woman just looked at me with her unspoken eyes. It felt like they were tearing into my skin. Just as she inched closer to me and my mother's grave there was a big crash and a bomb hit the smooth temple floor flattening the women and my mother's grave.

I just watched as all of this unfolded, like the oragami paper we used to do back home. The tears were spilling uncontrollably like a waterfall. " Why?" I cried, questioning my sanity. I lifted my frail legs and slowly started dragging my body towards the exit. I finally reached the exit to the temple raised my head hoping to feel the fresh breeze of Shanghai but instead breathing in the smoke and the fog of the once beautiful city.

Shaking, I lifted my body and started limping, not knowing where I was going, but determined to go somewhere. As I was going, well hell knows where I was going, I had a faint deja vu. I looked around and yes, there it was… the orphanage. I was shocked. I did not perceive that I was going to end up in the orphanage. I looked back at the journey I had made. Not recognizing a single landmark. Then I thought to myself, how about if this was my fate?I stepped inside the orphanage, just to find out that it was deserted. No one was there. I looked around and found one of these leaflets, probably a propaganda poster. But to be sure I went ahead and stepped closer to read it. And to my surprise I read it and it stated: *The war is over. We are saved!.* And I just grinned.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kennedy School, Roberts, Poppy – 8

Once in Old Shanghai there lived a boy called Xu. He loved solving mysteries, and there were a lot of dangerous things to solve in Shanghai.

One day Xu snuck away from his house to try to find dangerous things in the world but he always remembered his Mum's warning. She said

"Never go away from this house as there are many dangerous things out there like dragons and kidnappers."

But Xu really really liked solving mysteries. So he went out on his own. Do you know what happened to him? When he was out, all alone, he saw a… Dragon. It was really scary! Its whole body was red with anger. His eyes had dark blue scars. His teeth were really white and really really long and sharp. Xu slowly began to move backwards hoping to escape before the dragon caught him. But he was too late. The dragon's long arms reached out to grab Xu. The dragon picked him up and began to twitch and turn. Back at his house his mother was busy and she didn't even notice that her son had totally disappeared.

Xu was struggling to breathe because the dragons arms had caught his neck tightly. Suddenly, the Dragon got distracted. His mouth dropped open and his hands unclenched and Xu slid out of the Dragon's hand and ran all the the way home.

When he reached his house he burst in.

"Mum, Mum, you will never believe this. I went out into the world at night to try to find some dangerous things and I found a Dragon. He didn't see me 'till I screamed, then he grabbed me. I thought I'd never escape, then he accidently opened his hand. I slid out and I ran all the way home so here I am. Then Mum said "Hang on. Did you say you actually went out into the world despite me saying it is really dangerous?

"Yes" Xu replied. "I was wrong. It really is dangerous. I didn't believe you. I'm sorry."

Then Xu's mother shouted "GO TO BED THIS INSTANT."

"But why?" Xu asked.

"Because you nearly got killed and you did not listen to me."

"Ok" Xu said, and he went upstairs. At his desk, he got out his notepad and started writing a sorry letter to his mother. This is what the letter said.

Dear Mother

I am sorry I went out into the world without telling you. I would do anything to make you forget. Even if it means I have to miss dessert which you know I love so much.

So Xu went downstairs and gave her the note. She read it and as soon as she had finished she said,

"You know you scared me to death."

"No, I didn't know" Xu said. "But I am sorry. It won't happen again I promise because I hate the outside world. I am never going out there again. I am always going to stay in this house" Xu said.

And they lived happily ever after.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kennedy School, Sit, Hilary – 9

One early morning, there was an old man who was searching for remains of old Shanghai because he wanted to learn more about his roots. While in an antique shop he found a red hand painted wardrobe which captivated his eyes. The wardrobe was about his height, and the old man's curiosity drew him to open its two sided doors.

As he opened the wardrobe he saw sparks flying inside as if from a distance. Feeling adventurous, he walked inside when nobody was looking. As he entered the wardrobe, there was a puff of smoke. Then suddenly, another golden door magically appeared in front of him with a breeze. Shivering and getting excited, he approached the door and noticed a small sign:

"Enter if you're ready for an adventure. Return in 24 hours or else you'll stay there forever!"

As he walked through the golden door, he noticed the wrinkles on his skin fade away while he felt his body regaining its strength as if he was 20 years old. With a blink of his eyes, he now found himself inside the revolving door of the famous Cathay Hotel which we know today as the Peace Hotel. Stepping outside the revolving door, he saw a sign across the road saying "Welcome to Shanghai – Happy New Year 1922!". He thought "This is rather strange. Why am I in 1922? ...and everyone is dressed in 1920's costumes…?"

Making it even stranger, there was a stunning Lancia Lambda waiting for him at the door.

The driver came to greet him saying: "Good afternoon, Mr. James Murad!" and told him that he would drive him around Shanghai during his stay. He thought to himself "It's very strange that the driver already knows my name without asking me" and so he replied "Good afternoon." Although James preferred to explore the city on his own, he was too polite to reject such an offer. He said to the driver that he wanted to tour the Bund. So the driver drove him along the Bund and James took dozens of photos with his smartphone which he noticed no longer had a signal.

Looking for some fresh air, James asked the driver to stop at the park on the corner. James sat on a bench observing the people of old Shanghai. A little boy passed him a postcard with an advertisement on the back, and James put it in his pocket. He was fascinated by how beautifully women were dressed in traditional qipaos while men were dressed in full three piece suits. Unlike postcards of today, the Bund that he now saw was a muddy narrow lane with tall reeds growing beside it leading the way to the Astor House Hotel across the Wusong River. Although intrigued by the scene, he continued watching the beautiful sunset then asked the driver to bring him back to the Cathay Hotel.

Just as James was about to board the Lancia Lambda, he noticed flames rising from the Astor House Hotel. As the flames licked the sky he heard someone shouting: "Albert Einstein is in the Astor House Hotel. Please hurry…. save him." Strangely, a sudden gust of wind blew a newspaper from November 14, 1922 (tomorrow's date) onto James' lap. The headline read:

"Tragedy! Nobel prize winner Albert Einstein dies in Shanghai fire 4 days after receiving award"

James felt a strange urge to run into the hotel shouting "Fire! Fire!" No one seemed to hear him so he dashed into the hotel lobby and ran upstairs to the 2nd floor and then to the 3rd floor, banging on doors along the way and screaming "Fire! Fire!"

James hurried down the hallway to tell others to wake up to flee the big fire which was becoming warmer and warmer. Doors popped open on the left and right.

But James noticed the beautifully patterned door for Room 304 remained shut with a "Do Not Disturb" sign hanging on the door knob. James pounded on the door but still the door remained closed. James gathered his strength and kicked the door in like a karate champion, and found a middle aged man lying on the floor gasping for air.

James tugged the man to the door, down the hall and down the stairs until they reached the street where they both collapsed. After a few minutes James sat up and pulled up the man who was still gasping for air. The man was mouthing the words "Thank you (gasp)! Thank you!" but no words came out. Finally, the man reached into his front pocket and passed him a business card:

Albert Einstein
Kaiser Wilhelm Institute
Berlin, Germany

As James reached across to accept the business card he saw his watch was about to turn 7:15AM. James needed to be back at the magical revolving door in the Cathay Hotel before 7:30AM or else he would be stuck in old Shanghai forever. Before the old man had even finished, James took his card and started running towards the bridge over the Wusong River.

Dodging the early morning traffic and tourists he sprinted along the Bund towards the Cathay Hotel. He jumped over a young man taking photos of the river and narrowly avoided crashing into a vendor selling dumplings and sweet steamed buns.

Breathlessly, he ran into the magical revolving doors of the Cathay Hotel at 7:29AM. James looked behind him and he saw a puff of smoke and the magical revolving doors of the Cathay Hotel disappearing… and the walls of the wardrobe reappearing.

As James stumbled out of the wardrobe he couldn't help but to notice the skin on his hand had become wrinkled once again. Just then, the owner of the antique shop approached and James said he would buy it. As James reached into his trouser pocket for his wallet he felt the sharp edges of two small cards. Out from his pocket James pulled a strange old business card, and a postcard of 1920's Shanghai.

*** The End ***

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kennedy School, Von Hausswolf, Alicia – 9

Once there were 2 children called Ava and Sara. They were sisters. Their family was going from Australia to Shanghai for a holiday. Once they had arrived, they checked into the famous Peace Hotel. The Peace Hotel is one of the historical buildings located along the Bund area. It was built in the 1920s. After checking in, they went to the Shanghai Museum to explore and learn about Shanghai. But, they didn't know that they would soon be going somewhere different.

When they got to the museum, Mum said, "How about we go look at some ancient Chinese paintings!" They all agreed, and went to look at the paintings. A lot of them were about nature. There were some paintings that were painted with ink. While Mum was busy appreciating the paintings, something caught Ava's eye. When she looked at it closely, she saw the words "TIME MACHINE" written on it. She quietly whispered to Sara, "Look Sara, it's a time machine!" When Sara saw it, she immediately went inside the time machine. "Hey, wait for me!" cried Ava as she ran in to join Sara. But, when Ava ran inside, she accidentally pressed a button, and the 2 sisters started spinning faster and faster, until they were no longer in the museum.

Ava and Sara fell on the ground. Everything looked so different. They must have gone back in time! Behind them, the time machine was disappearing. "No, wait! Come back!" cried the 2 girls. But it was too late. They were stuck in the past.

Ava quickly went to the security guard. "Excuse me, what year is it?" The security guard gave her a funny look before answering. "It's 1946, of course. The war has just ended. You should know that! The Japanese are finally retreating back to Japan!" Ava was in shock, but she quickly walked back to Sara. Sara had heard the conversation, so Ava didn't need to tell her anything. "Let's get a map," said Sara. "I read somewhere that there are time machines all over Shanghai. We just need to find the closest one." Ava walked over to the information desk and took a map from the table. She supposed that was how you obtained information, since the lady at the desk hadn't looked up when Ava introduced herself. For some reason, all the time machines were marked with little red dots on the map. "The closest time machine is in the Peace hotel, which is where we're staying!" said Ava. "So all we need to do is go to the hotel, get in the time machine, and get out of here!" cried Sara. Ava nodded, and the girls quickly ran outside to get a taxi.

Ava saw a taxi driving by, and quickly flagged it. The taxi stopped for the girls to get in. "Please take us to the Peace hotel, Mr. Taxi man," said Sara. The driver drove off. "You know, 2 little girls shouldn't be walking around the city on their own," said the driver. They nodded, but didn't speak. They were both worried about how they would get to the time machine.

When they arrived at the hotel, the girls used the small amount of money their parents had given them to pay the fare. "What are you giving me?" the driver asked. "This is Chinese money! You know, RMB!" replied Ava. "No, we don't use RMB. What is RMB anyway? Oh well, I'll let you girls off this time. You're just little girls," said the taxi driver, and the girls quickly got out. They walked inside, but were stopped by the security guard. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked angrily. "Just up to our room. We're guests, you know," replied Ava coolly. His expression softened, and he led them inside. "Well, enjoy your stay ladies," he bowed. They nodded, and quickly walked inside. "That was close," whispered Sara. Ava nodded, and the 2 girls headed towards the elevator. "You 2 girls better be able to prove that you're guests, otherwise I'm calling the cops!" shouted a voice behind them. The girls turned around to see the lady from the check–in desk they had seen back in 2016, except she looked about 20 now, while in 2016 she looked about 90. Ava took out her room key. "This is our room key! We are guests, but if you keep treating us like that, we won't be guests anymore!" she threatened. The lady hung

her head. “So sorry ladies. I’ll leave you alone now.” The lady scurried back to her desk. “That was close,” whispered Sara. Ava simply walked off as a reply. She had spotted the jazz band. Ava beckoned for Sara to join her. When Sara did, she saw the jazz band as well. The girls smiled at each other, then sat down to listen to the beautiful jazz music. Suddenly, something caught Sara’s eye. She didn’t know what it was, but it looked like something she wanted to see.

It was the time machine! Ava saw it too, and she quickly followed Sara. When Ava reached the time machine, Sara was already inside and was about to press the button. Ava just had time to scramble inside the time machine and sit down, before it started spinning. It went faster, and faster, until they were back in 2016.

“Ava, Sara, what are you doing on the ground?” asked a familiar voice. It was Dad. The girls got up, and instead of being sarcastic like they would have been in this situation, they simply gave their father a hug. Dad didn’t really understand this sudden passion, since just 2 minutes ago they were complaining about how boring the paintings were. In fact, the girls were really tired after their big adventure, but it didn’t matter. They were back where they belonged – in 2016, with their parents. Everything was right in the end!

The Shanghai Incident

Kiangsu Chekiang Primary School – International Section, Flett , Braden – 10

CHAPTER 1
MY MOM TAKES ME BUNGEE JUMPING

It all started when my mom took me bungee jumping. My name is Holly Kindle and I am 14 years old i am an elf and a female and I come from New Zealand (now back to the story). She thought it would be fun but I felt like my guts were doing flips when something happened. My whole world seemed as if it stopped all together everything was a mix of greens and blues and over hues. I was flipping out of control I heard a voice calling me "*Holly Holly," the voice called and then it stopped and* the spinning stopped. I was eventually aware that I was free falling and then I fell unconscious.

CHAPTER 2
AN ACCIDENTAL TRIP TO SHANGHAI

When I regained consciousness I was vaguely aware that I was in the middle of the Shanghai French Concession and I remembered that I still had £100 in my pocket so I went to the money exchange store and swapped it for 12907.20¥ and thanked him in mandarin(all elf's can speak basic of every language including animal). Then I went to a store and had to stop for a while (elf's can't enter a building uninvited without side effects).When I recovered I bought a hat (to cover my ears)and motion sickness tablets(to suppress the side effects of entering a building uninvited). Then I explored my surroundings.

CHAPTER 3
I CREATE A PLAN

I had seen pictures of shanghai in the academy but I have never actually been there now that I was actually there I was a whole new thing. Bustling streets filled with people yelling in foreign a foreign language then a thought hit me (not literally you overzealous readers) that when I jumped off the plane I was thinking of Shanghai French Concession so I need to jump off pearl tower and think of home i thought looking up.

CHAPTER 4

I jump of a skyscraper……literally

I bought a ticket to pearl tower, a packet of lettuce (meat is toxic to fairy's if consumed), a mobile, a book and a watch. Now phase 2 wait in line; while waiting I checked the mud men news read my book and ate 2 lettuce leaves whole that took 1 hour and the line hardly moved so I bought some games on the mobile, 4 hours later I finally made it inside. Free space at last! I could move freely again. I felt something in my pocket. I took it out, it was a parcel with a neutrino blaster, an acorn, a multipurpose vest and a note reading **"***My name is Alex Kindle I am your brother turn the corner run and jump I will follow you .You are in grave danger you are being chased by madras they will stop you no matter wat*

Signed: Alex Kindle".

I turned a corner and ran, when I reached the window I jumped momentum carried me forwards and the glass shattered and I looked right someone else also jumped knees and elbows bent and we both hit the portal.

CHAPTER 5

What just happened?

Traveling through a portal has side effects those are :knocked unconscious, loss of fine motor skills when you land and dizziness. So I needed to rest a while before I could move around my company was pacing while waiting he was wearing a long hoodie to cover his face but a blue light shone out of his hood and I saw that he was also wearing an OCP uniform he was holding a smart pistol.

CHAPTER 6

I follow my big brother

I followed Alex to the museum of science and history. He chanted a few words and a portal appeared leading home I went through and as if nothing happened I was back where it all began.

New tales from old Shanghai

Kiangsu Chekiang Primary School – International Section, Tsang , Achilles – 10

No, we don't have enough money to go to Shanghai, my dear' 'But I want to because many people had went there and they said it was good' 'No, now go back to bed,' 'But……' Dora's mom cut in the sentence 'Now!' Without listening, Dora ran back to her room and cried. 'Seems like you guys argued again!' Dad went in the house. 'Dora likes to go to Shanghai so let her' dad continued, 'I am sure that she will go to Shanghai, and one day stop asking for it' mom answered, 'Really' dad replied, they both looked at the window.

'Dora, Dora, wake up!' a voice came out of a shadow. Dora slowly sat up and saw a large dragon above her blanket, she shouted' Mom, dad, a large dragon appeared on my blanket!' 'Sh……' whispered the dragon' I will take you to Shanghai for a tour' Dora was so happy, she shouted' REALLY!' 'Sh……' the water dragon saw Dora felt sad again, 'I will never get there,, mom do not let me to go there, it is too expensive for the air ticket and it is very far…..' 'We will not go there by plane, but flying at my back!' This sentence made Dora happy again, and she ride on the water dragon's back.

'Wow……' through the clouds that was shined by the sun, the Oriental Pearl Tower point through, 'What is that?' asked Dora curiously, 'It is the Oriental Pearl Tower, there are shops there inside, but most of the parts are the radio and TV product offices. 'Cool!' said Dora, 'At night, the light on the building will light up, it will be very nice!'

'Look,look, there is a car that sells sweets and candy that are blow up by a man?' Dora looked happy and confused at the same time. 'It is called the Blown sugar, it is blown to make any shape, you can be creative at it!' answered the water dragon, 'Can we go down and by one?' Dora seems to like the candy, the water dragon have no excuse, and replied 'OK, we will go down and buy one.' The water dragon zoomed down to the ground and bought one for her.

They traveled around Shanghai for a long time, they had went to see the old streets in Shanghai, temples such as the temple of heaven, old buildings that were built a long time ago and the emperor's house……

'Dora, come and see.' Said the dragon, they went up the hill, Dora was surprised about the night view of Shanghai 'Wow, it is so nice, especially the street there.' 'It is called the Nanjing road, there are many things you can buy, eat, do, and even listen!' replied the dragon. 'Ha.....' Dora felt tired, 'It is time to go back, Dora.'
The water dragon flew up, he flew towards the Huang Pu River, 'Water dragon, what is your name?' Dora shouted, but then dragon didn't hear her.

'Wake up Dora, wake up!' Dora sat up, it was only a dream, after breakfast, Dora looked at the window, and said to herself 'Water dragon, what is your name?'

To Be Continued.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kingston International School, Chan, Sofie – 8

I can see the Bund! I can see Disneyland!" I whooped in the cabin.

"Sofie, stay calm and fasten your safety belt. We are going to land" mum said.

"Mum, I am so excited with this family trip."

In Pudong International Airport, a man in his turquoise Zhongshan suit was waiting for us. He was a tourist guide called Bo.

"Welcome to Shanghai!" he said in his deep voice.

His face was pale and senescent. He tilted his head and smiled at me mysteriously. I shuddered and stared at him suspiciously.

"You guys must have an unforgettable trip with me! Follow me! I will escort you a wonderful place to eat" said Bo.

Bo sent us to a Chinese garden. Crooked bridges, rounded gates, exquisite rockeries, red lanterns…were all around.

"This is Yu Yuan.", introduced Bo.

Yu Yuan Garden was stunning. The lake was green like a precious piece of jade. I heard frogs singing their national croak song and turtles splashing down the lake for a swim. Orange and yellow goldfish swam peacefully in the pond. The smell of the fresh plants filled the air. Golden sunlight shone in the pond, making everything sparkle. Bo led us to a mid-lake pavilion and finally we reached an antique teahouse.

When we reached the teahouse, a smartly dressed waiter marched out and welcomed us. He led to an agalwood table, covered in a lilac tablecloth.

"Xiaolongbao is the most famous dish here. You must try!", suggested Bo.

In a minute, the steaming Xiaolongbao was ready in a bamboo container.

"Wow!! The buns smell fabulous! My tummy is rumbling now so dig in!" My brother, Aiden urged, picking up his chopsticks.

We all fetched the buns and started munching. Suddenly, my sights started blurred. I squeezed my eyes shut but still, saw stars and clouds spinning.

"What happened?" asked myself with fears.

I tried to take a deep breath but couldn't control my body. I heard Bo's deep voice, "Don't you like Shanghai? Don't you like?"

In a bit of haze, I fell through a dark hurricane.

***

"Ouch!" I yelled. I opened my eyes and shuddered.

"PHEW! MOM! DAD! AIDEN!" I screamed.

"We are here!"

Luckily my family was with me. We started to look around. We heard birds squawking, and saw sunlight poking through trees. WHUMP! A magnificent stag leaped by and hopped away. We were in a forest!

Suddenly, an ambush of tigers and a sleuth of bears jumped out from the bushes. We screamed and ran as fast as wind.

"RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! GO!" I shouted my lungs out.

We ran until the tigers and bears were out of sight. "Oh, my goodness! They come out of nowhere!" We then wandered around the forest to find the way out.

"Hey, here is a stone wall! It looks like a city" Aiden said.

"Let's climb over the wall. Perhaps someone can help us!" Dad said.

Behind the wall, there was a shower of fiery sparkles. The glare led us purblind.

"Mum! Where are you?" I yelled with fears.

"I am here! Hold my hands!", mum replied.

"Something just swooped past me!" I gasped. Our sights gradually resumed. To our surprise, a gorgeous *dragon was right in front of us*!

The dragon had a strong tail with small, sharp spikes and a golden yellow body. It had hazel eyes and sharp claws.

Amazingly, it could talk!

"Hi! Welcome to Dragon Alley! I am Mao." the golden yellow dragon said.

"We are in danger! Tigers and bears are chasing us." Aiden said.

"What are those maniacs?" I asked curiously.

"They are invaders! They hope to take over my land. For years, they force me and my brother to abort the land and now we can only stay in this wall–bounded area." Yellow Dragon, Mao said sorrowfully.

Suddenly, a blue streak hurried forward.

"Guys, find a cover! He is my brother, Blue water dragon, Chiang. He is mad again." Mao shouted, being knocked over by the water ball from Chiang.

We immediately hid behind a bush.

"Stop beating me!" Mao roared with anger.

Mao's body began to glow and a yellow orb hit Chiang. Chiang opened its mouth and squirted water on Mao. Then Mao flapped his wings and red lights flew out. The lights hypnotized Chiang and Mao. Chiang and Mao made growly eyes at each other.

The forest turned into silence.

"Stop fighting!", I sprang up and said. "You are brothers. If you two don't work together, those invaders will easily take over the whole forest! Use your powers, work together and you will have a great chance of winning!"

"Bomb! Bomb!Bomb!", everyone was frightened. The tigers and bears were trying to knock down the wall and come in.

"Mao, let's stop quarrelling. We work together to fight against them."

"Chiang, off we go!"

With their greatest power, the tigers and bears were defeated.

"Hooray!" Aiden and I cheered. Mao and Chiang thanked us for supporting them. They gave us a wish.

"Can you send us back?" Aiden and I exclaimed.

Chiang and Mao waved goodbye, and on a count of three, they raised their heads and shot out some fireworks. After, each of them shot out an orb.

In a flash, we were in the teahouse.

"Would you like more Xiaolongbao?" Bo asked.

Aiden and I looked each other and sighed. "No thanks. Xiaolongbao is too exotic for us. We'd rather have hamburgers!"

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kingston International School, Looi, Isabella – 9

The teacher gave us an assignment to research on the development of cities in China, and to make a nice poster of the city of our choice at the end of this writing project. Shanghai was assigned to my project, but my problem is this, I have never been there, and I have no idea about Shanghai. This assignment annoyed me because it is frustrating to write about something that I have no experience before. I wished I could have an easier place like Hong Kong. I knew this will never happen to me.

On the night of my task, I went online to search for information on Shanghai. My Goodness!!! There were so much information and I didn't know where to start and how to organised the information. This caused my head to became heavy like my school bag. This made me drowsy and sleepy, which triggered a scolding from my mom who thought I was being lazy. Silently, I responded to my mom, "this is not my fault. My head is making me drowsy and sleepy". Luckily, my mom cannot read my mind or she will scold me more for talking back or punish me for that. Woof!

Just when I was being disconnected by my mind, I saw a shining thing that appeared out of nowhere. It was much bigger than my father's car. It looked like a spacecraft from the movies. I was very curious and scared. I entered the spacecraft door and I was so nervous. There was a loud "Di Di Di" sound coming out from the inside of the spacecraft. Suddenly, the door behind me slammed shut with a BANG!!!! And then it started to fly by itself. Where am I going? Help!!!!

After 40 minutes of bumpy flying, the spacecraft finally landed,.The door opened automatically. I look outside to see where am I. There was nothing familiar that i could recognise. I panicked!!! Where is this place? How can I go back home?

Suddenly I heard a warm voice from outside. "Hello little pretty girl, my name is Lily. You don't need to be scared. This place is called Shanghai. Please come out. I want to show you around.

I took a peek outside. Lily have a beautiful face that was topped by a bunch of wild yellow coloured hair (that reminded me of a dyed monster in a cartoon movie), and wearing a pretty pink dress (which is my favourite colour).

The first place that Lily brought me to was the famous Shanghai bund. There were so many people buzzing around the place, and the buildings were so interesting and pretty although they looked very old. I learnt later that the various architectural styles are called gothic, baroque, and neoclassical. Please don't ask me to tell you the differences of the various styles because i still don't know. All i know is they just look so spectacular and pretty.

In total, I counted 52 ones. It was like a "museum of buildings". The buildings there was wonderful, there is so much style that I can't look them all in 5 minutes.

And then Lily and I went to Duolun Road, Lily said that there were a lot famous writers such as Lu Xun, Guo Moruo, Mao Dun and other peoples. I felt tired and thirsty, and so did Lily, so we went to a old style Chinese tea house , and we drank some tea. The tea house's decorations and the costumes of the workers let me feel like I am in 1900's old shanghai. It was very quiet and peaceful inside there, and some relax music was playing in the background. I felt relaxed and very comfortable.

After that, we say goodbye to Duolun Road, and went to Si Nan Road. I saw more old buildings here. Lily told me that Sun Yat Sen,and Zhou En Lai lived here before, I was a bit surprised about that. I know who is Sun Yat Sen and Zhou En Lai, there are all Chinese history 's famous persons. I am a bit interested in there, cause there are famous people that helps China a lot.

Then we went to Zhujiajiao water town, the view there is absolutely different of what we see just now at Si Nan Road. There are 36 ancient bridges and a lot of traditional Chinese style residences.
This place is beautiful, I like it very much, it just looks like a picture. Lily bring me back on the spacecraft, I even don't want to leave this nice place!

When I just want to ask where are we going, I heard my mom's voice" Wake up, wake up, my sweetheart. You have to go to school today, it is not Saturday!" I opened my eyes, I saw my mum stand in−front of my bed calling me. Then I found out I am on my bed and not my desk, it must be my mum who carried me back on my bed. Maybe it is just a dream, maybe it is not real, maybe I did not went to Shanghai and the beautiful places. But when I go online again, I found out all the places and information is real! I went to school and write down the information, and add some lovely pictures, then I finish the poster. My poster is the best of my class, I am so happy and surprised, I never think it is so good! I wanted to thank you to the lady Lily who helped me to collect information for my project, and I will never ever forget this amazing and exited journey with Lily and that shiny spacecraft.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Kingston International School, Yan, Pely – 11

It was a pleasant day in the city of Old Shanghai, 1948. The whole world was the colour of black and white and the trains and cars were very unusual. Best friends Mary and Helen were walking down the uneven streets to the market. "What's on the shopping list?" asked Mary. "Lettuce, eggs and strawberries." answered Helen, licking her lips hungrily. They walked to the very short–looking market and started heading into directions to look for food. While Helen was looking at the Sweets Aisle, she bumped into an old woman.

"Oops! Sorry mam!" apologized Helen. "Oh don't worry, my dear! Actually, I am looking for a place called Hong Kong. Do you know where it is, by any chance?" explained the old woman. "Oh! By the way, the name's Judy, and who might you be, my dear?" "I'm Helen, and this is my friend Mary!" said Helen, pointing to her friend, who was walking towards Helen and Judy. "Hi! Who is she, Helen?" asked Mary. "Mary, this is Judy. She wants to find Hong Kong!" said Helen. "Hong Kong! But that's in the other side of Shanghai, mam!" exclaimed Mary. "Yeah! You'll never make it! It's at least about 3 days to get there!" said Helen. "Oh don't worry, kittens! I'm sure I'll make it." said Judy, mostly sure but not really. "Well, okay. Be careful, though." said Helen, worried that the poor woman might be in trouble along the way.

Suddenly, Helen thought Mary might have seen her face expression because she asked Judy if she and Helen can come with her. Judy thought for a moment and then agreed. "Of course you girls can come! I could use a little help." she said, smiling. Then the three of them started their journey to the mysterious Hong Kong...

While they're riding on a fish boat, Helen was kind of nervous. What if they never come back to Shanghai? It's their home. "Wait, stop!" she cried alarmingly. The boat stopped. "What is it?" asked Mary. "I was just thinking, will we ever come back to Shanghai again? Because if we don't…" Helen's voice trailed off wondering what would happen if they really can't go home. "Don't be ridiculous, Helen! That'll never happen, unless we're lost or something, right?" said Mary. Helen gritted her teeth because she wasn't so sure about it.

Finally, after a few days of drifting in the ocean, they finally came to Hong Kong, which was mostly like Shanghai but a little bit changed. The cars were like cars, policemen's stood on a stand where you act like a red, yellow and green light. *Wow! This is just like home, except just a bit…..different!* Thought Helen. Mary looked a little weird because she saw a wire with light. "We're here! Hong Kong, also known as HK!" chirped Judy. "This is a very nice place!" commented Helen. Mary nodded with agreement but then she got worried because when she glanced around, she could see their fish boat floating away. *Uh oh, trouble…* Helen and Judy were just enjoying the view when Mary tapped Helen on the shoulder. "Um, Helen? Our boat just floated away so how are we supposed to get home?" Helen turned around "What! We didn't tie it up, did we?!" she cried. "What is it, girls?" asked Judy, interested in the conversation. "Judy, Mary thinks our boat floated away! We were supposed to get home with that! What are we going to do?" said Helen, worried. But Judy wasn't listening, she was saying something…

"Mwahahaha! I didn't think you pathetic girls were so foolish!" said Judy evilly. "Wh–what do you mean?!" asked Mary, a bit scared. She then started magically transforming! Blue, black and purple light began swirling around her. "What's happening to her?!" asked Mary loudly. "I don't know! But it's definitely NOT something good!" answered Helen. When they turned back, before their eyes stood a mean and nasty looking, WITCH!!!

The girls gasped very loud as if they were about the get the hiccups. “Judy?! Is that you?!” “Surprised to see me! I am Grizela, Witch of the Dark Tower and disguise of Judy!” Then she chanted a spell to make a vine cage to trap Helen and Mary. “You TRICKED US?! How dare you!” screamed Helen furiously. “Now that I have you girls, I can finally make the potion I wanted to make for years! And Master will be so proud of me, he’ll hand me the throne of the Dark Tower! Mwahaha” “Oh no! We’re going to be ingredients! Heeeelp!” yelled Mary. Helen knew she had to come up with a plan, but what?

Suddenly, Helen had a lightbulb in her head. “Mary! I’ve got an idea!” She started whispering to her when Grizela wasn’t looking. “Hm...great idea, Helen! That’ll totally work!” “But first,” said Helen. “You have to pretend you’ve got the stomach cramps!” “But why?” asked Mary curiously. Helen winked at her friend “You’ll see.”

Helen gave the signal to Mary and then she started “Oww...it hurts, Helen! My tummy hurts! Ow!” “Do you need to go to the bathroom? Uh, okay. I’ll tell Grizela. Grizela! GRIZELA?!” “The crabby witch spun around “What is it you fools? I don’t have all day!” “Mary’s got the stomach cramps and she’s about the throw up! Can you bring her to the bathroom please?” said Helen. “No! I’m no babysitter and I DON’T take people to bathrooms. Go by yourself!” Helen got discouraged. If Grizela doesn’t bring Mary out then she couldn’t get out too. Relieved, Grizela then looked at Mary. *She seemed pretty unwell, though, I don’t want to see her tossing her cookies.* “Oh all right toad girl! I’ll take you to the bathroom! Grr….” *Yes!* thought Helen. She cut open the vine cage and took Mary out.

While she was doing that, Helen slipped out of the cage and hid behind a wall. When Mary and Grizela came back, Grizela was shocked. “WHAT?! Where’s the other pathetic fool? You better tell me or else…” “Or else what you horrid witch?” With that, she ran away with Helen and as soon they spotted a boat, like, any boat, they jumped on it and rode away.

“Phew! We made it!” said Mary, relieved. “Yeah, at least we’re not witch ingredients.” said Helen shivering about them getting cooked by Grizela. “Should we tell our moms about this? That we met a real live witch in Shanghai?” “Shh, it’s our little secret!” said Helen quietly. “You’re right!” replied Mary. Then they happily rode the boat back home.

As for the witch, she was stomping back to the Dark Tower. “Master, I can’t fool those phoney fools they're too smart! Ugh!” “Grizela, you can beat them. You just need a secret weapon…” “What’s that?” she asked. “I think you’ll find out…..”

Cheung and the Old Man

Korean International School, Chan, Cyrus Karlson – 9

In the old times in Shanghai, "the Paris of Asia", was full of rich and noble people. However, many Chinese were living in poverty. There was one poor rickshaw puller named Mr. Chau Cheung. He was very hardworking and he tried hard to earn a living in the beautiful city.

One night, Cheung received an order that asked him to go to the General Post Office to pick up a customer. When he arrived, an old gentleman wearing a western black suit was waiting for him. Cheung cleaned up the back seat carefully and asked him to be seated. After a short ride, the old man started to scream painfully. Cheung stopped his rickshaw on the side of the road and checked on him.

"Are you alright, sir?"

"My heart feels very painful, please bring me to the hospital now!"

Cheung quickly ran to Zhongshan Hospital in Fenglin Road. Luckily, Cheung was fast and saved the old man's life. The old man was later found to have a heart attack but after treatment, he survived. Many men in black arrived at the hospital to visit the old man. All this time, Cheung was in the hospital and when he overheard from the nurses that the old man was a gangster leader, he was shocked. He then tried to leave the hospital but a few of the men in black stopped his way.

"Go inside the room, our big boss wants to see you!" one of the men in black said. Cheung had to follow him and went into the room.

"Please take a seat," the old man said to Cheung when he saw him. The old man continued, "You saved my life and I would like to thank you! I see your kind heart and I think you are reliable. I would like you work in my gambling den. You cannot refuse my offer or else I will……"

Cheung knew that he did not have any choice but to accept the old man's offer.

A few years later, Cheung took over the gambling dens because he worked hard and put a lot of effort to learn how run a business.

One day, there was a fat man who cheated in the card game and caught by the gangsters. He was beaten up badly and he died in a back alley. Cheung did not know what had happened until his men told him. Cheung was angry with his men for killing an innocent man to solve a problem. On the same night when Cheung finished working, he came out of the gambling den. He saw a little girl sitting on the street crying. He asked the girl why she was crying and who she was waiting for. The little girl told him that she was waiting for his father who went to gamble in the den.

Cheung realized that the fat man who was killed by his men was the little girl's father. Cheung felt sad and guilty that the little girl lost her father.

Cheung thought of changing the gambling dens into another type of business that could still make money for the gangsters. He told the old man, "Sir, please let me change the gambling dens into a rickshaw company. I don't want to destroy people's families anymore. We can employ the poor people to be the coolies and they can earn a decent living by pulling rickshaws."

The old man agreed with Cheung's idea. A few months later, they started the rickshaw business and started making money out of it. At last, Cheung and the old man were happy with the change and they helped many poor people in Shanghai.

Shanghai Dreams

Korean International School, Nair, Anjitha – 9

The Earth is a large and special planet, the only one with life. It is my home and it is your home. Everyone wants to see the entire world. But I have been longing to see Shanghai. I can only see it from my window and I have never set foot outside the apartment. My parents say that it is not safe for me outside. I live in a nice apartment facing the Bund because my father is rich. He is one of the sons of the Emperor and I am Princess Kim. I am 10 years old and I do not have any siblings or friends.

One day my aunt came to visit. Whenever my aunt came, she tutored me on how to be a "proper princess". I liked her but she is quite strict. That day she told me to put a few books on my head and walk around with a straight back. Suddenly one of the books fell off my head. Then, she started yelling at me. At night, I could not sleep because my back was aching.

The next two weeks dragged on with all work and no play. When I looked out of my window before bed, I would see the children playing outside and I would ask myself – Why should I be tutored? Why can't I stay up late? Why don't I have any friends? Why should I be lonely? I could not take it anymore. I decided that I would sneak out of the apartment that night. But I could not leave immediately because my father stayed up late to do his work. I went the next night.

I woke up before anyone else did to pack my clothes. You see, I wanted to see the world, not just take a small walk around Shanghai. That night, I waited till everyone slept. Then, I got out of my room and sneaked past the guards and out of the door. I kept walking and I saw Huangpu park. It was full of Western children. They told me I was not allowed in the park but they let me play with them anyway. The children did not recognize me as Princess Kim.

When I got tired, I walked out of the park and dozed off on one of the benches by the road. All of a sudden, a lady came to wake me up.
"Why are you sleeping here? Come with me! "

She led me to a nearby dock at Huangpu River where there was a small boat. There were three other people on the boat. When I got on the boat, I immediately fell asleep again. The next morning I found myself in a room and there were four people staring at me.

"Where am I?" I asked

"You are on Huangpu River, near the Bund." The lady replied.

"What's your name?" a little boy asked.

I did not want to tell them that I was a Princess because I was afraid that they would start treating me differently and I did not like that.

"My name is Kim." I answered.

"You have the same name as the princess!" a little girl said.

"You must be hungry, I'll get breakfast." the lady said.

The food was even better than what I got in the apartment.

"Maybe we could show her around, mama", the girl said.

"That's a good idea!" said the lady and started rowing the boat.

I saw tall buildings along the Bund. I also saw men pulling something that looked like small wagons. The man on the boat told me that they were rickshaws. After that, we played on board the boat. I enjoyed playing with children who were close to my own age.

The day ended very quickly.

At night, I dreamt of my palace apartment and family. I knew it was wrong for me to sneak out of the apartment, I knew my parents would worry. But I liked playing, I liked the attention and I liked the company. The family was very nice.

Two months later the family were talking about something. When I approached them, the little girl held up a newspaper, the Shanghai Xinmin Evening News.

"Did you know that Princess Kim is missing?"
"Really?" I said.

"And the guards are all over Shanghai looking for her!"

All of a sudden, the boy pointed out a picture of me on the newspaper.

"Look! The Princess looks exactly like Kim! " he said.
They stared at me in amazement.

Before they could say anything, I jumped from the boat unto the dock and walked away. I sneaked back home. The next morning, I woke up to see my parents standing by my bed. They looked relieved and happy. My mother hugged me.

"We were worried about you Kim."

"I am very sorry!" I said, tears rolling down my cheeks.

"Why did you sneak out?" my father asked.

As I explained everything to my parents, I felt miserable for sneaking out. I had only wanted to see Shanghai but it caused my parents much pain and misery. Perhaps, I shall see Shanghai again, but only in my dreams.

THE END

Reunited in Old Shanghai

Korean International School, Tong, Leia Chi Lok – 9

It was just an ordinary day in Shanghai in the 1920's. During this time Shanghai seemed to be run by the "Green Gang", a secret society. The leader of the Green Gang was a man called Qiang Shang, a notorious gangster, who was well–known by the local police.

Qiang Shang was a very busy man but he loved going to the movies. At the moment, his favourite movie star was Jing Tien. She was a young actress and the daughter of Jing Fung, an official in the Shanghai government. Her latest movie was called, "Tales of Lost Love", and it was about a soldier who fell in love with the daughter of the Emperor. Qiang Shang watched that movie at least 20 times.

Meanwhile, Jing Tien was busy filming her new movie and was collected everyday by a rickshaw driver who would pick her up in the morning, take her to her studio for rehearsals, and drop her home in the evening. The rickshaw driver was called Jiao Ring and he had been pulling rickshaws since he was 14 years old. He had always worked very hard and now, at the age of 42, had bought his own rickshaw and managed to pay for his 2 children to go to school.

One morning, Jing Tien received a letter, she opened it to find out it was from Qiang Shang. She had never met him before but there were often rumours about him in the newspaper and whisperings from her father. Imagine her surprise when she found out that it was actually a love letter with a marriage proposal. She did not know what to do so, she did the next best thing and told her parents. Her father was even more shocked than Jing Tien.

The very next day, Jing Fung went to see Qiang Shang to ask him about the letter. He demanded to know why Qiang Shang wanted to marry his daughter when he had never met her before. Unexpectedly, Qiang Shang began to cry and explained that he had always wanted to be an actor but his father, who had started the Green Gang, had pushed him into the family business. After his father died, he felt that he had no choice but to carry on with whatever he did before. He told Jing Fung that he wanted to leave the Green Gang and set up his own movie studio. He wanted it to be the "Hollywood of the East", and he wanted Jing Tien to be in all his movies as he had fallen in love with her while he watched her movies on screen. Jing Fung was speechless. He told Qiang Shang that he would need time to think about everything and talk to his daughter.

After he left, he went straight to the studio where his daughter was making her latest movie. He got into a rickshaw that was parked close by and gave the driver directions
As the driver turned around, Jing Fung was shocked for a second time that day. The driver looked just like Qiang Shang, but it was Jiao Ring. The hair was certainly different, as were the clothes but he had the same eyes and nose! Jing Fung asked Jiao Ring if he knew Qiang Shang but the rickshaw puller said that he had never heard of the Green Gang boss. When asked for more details about his family, the driver told him he did not remember his mother as she had died after he was born and that he grew up in an orphanage.

Jing Fung couldn't believe what he was hearing, was this rickshaw driver really the long lost brother of one of the richest man in Shanghai, was this possible? The rickshaw driver took Jing Fung to the movie studio and told him he knew this place well because he drove the famous actress, Jing Tien, here every day, "That's my daughter!" he said.

There were just so many coincidences on that day.

Jing Fung spent an hour telling his daughter the whole story and she was as shocked and surprised as he had been. Jing Tien wanted to reunite Jiao Ring and his brother, Qiang Shang, because she liked him and had heard his story about how hard he had worked in life so that his children could go to school and have the opportunities he never had. Jing Fung naturally agreed with everything except allowing Qiang Shang to marry his daughter. Jing Tien laughed and said that she could think of another way for the gangster's dream to come true.

A few days later, Jing Tien and her father got a lift from Jiao Ring and asked to be taken to Qiang Shang's house so that they could put their plans into action. When the father and daughter arrived, they asked Qiang Shang to come downstairs as they wanted him to come to the studio for an audition. They said that one of the actors was sick and they had told the director of the movie that they knew somebody who was perfect for the role. Qiang Shang was already very excited to see Jing Tien and believed her when she told him it was a very last minute decision.

Qiang Shang followed the pair to where the rickshaw was parked and when he saw Jiao Ring, he stopped and stared at him. Jiao Ring stared back, when they were together they looked even more alike. Jing Fung spoke first, "This is our driver,he is a good man and does not know his real family."
The brothers hugged and spent an hour in the rickshaw telling each other about their lives. "I feel like I have known you my whole life, "said Qiang Shang.

Jing Fung and his daughter were happy for the brothers, she said to Qiang Shang, "there is still one thing left to do, we must get married today, I'm afraid it's only in the movie though!" Everyone laughed and they drove to the studio to say, "I do ".

Shanghai– The Wonderful City

Korean International School, Yau, Ambrose Long Wai – 10

The Chinese city looked nothing like the rest of Shanghai. Different laws, different habits, different jobs, different customs, a different atmosphere … a completely different world. Rickshaw pullers, flower sellers, traders ... what she couldn't see in the foreign areas.

'Don't forget we are here to help the coolies and beggars,' her father said. But she was too interested in the amazing view – the shop signs, the busy streets and the atmosphere of the bustling city. Then she heard Dad putting money into a box. He donated to a beggar. She saw a whole line of beggars in the street. They looked quite poor. But she was still thinking about the busy streets. Rickshaws were running past, people were working, and there were stalls in the market and ships coming in and out. Goods were being loaded and unloaded. Stall owners were calling people to their stalls. She wondered where else she could find a place like that. She couldn't believe why there are so many beggars in such place.

'Hi,' someone said. She was Ms. Tang, her dad's friend. She asked, 'Having a good time here?'

'We're here to donate to beggars and coolies,' Dad told her.

'How about you, Mary?' She asked.

'Yes,' Mary replied, 'I have never seen such a city in my life. I just don't believe why there are so many beggars here.'

'Well, it just happens to be,' she answered.

'See you,' Dad said.

'See you.'

She now felt like the odd one out of the street. Everyone's wearing Chinese clothing and they were the only Westerners on the street.

Walking along the street, she could still feel the city. The unique customs she was interested in. Then she saw the coolies. They seemed to be exhausted, carrying loads of goods. She could imagine how hard that was.

'Thief!' All of a sudden, everyone tried to keep away from a person. She was trying to see the thief. He was one of the beggars just now! Then, the thief went across the street and picked up things people left. People waited until he left. They hoped it would be fine. The police came and tried to surround him. Eventually, he was caught. Then, people started their work again. Now she saw Ms. Tang again. She told her that the thief, Mr. Chan, was a gambler who ran out of money. 'Hopefully the foreign laws would protect me,' she said.

As the city went back to a bustling one, the atmosphere came back again. She was so interested that she forgot everything about the thief. After helping the beggars, she and her dad went to the riverside. As she looked back, she saw the last view of the busy streets of her trip. She was going back to the foreign concessions now. She would never forget this trip. 'Hopefully we could come here again.'

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Cao, Jenny – 9

In the year of 3017, all the people on earth are united together. They speak the same language–Earthish. They live in peace and never fight against each other. No one is really rich or really poor. No one has any memory about the past. They all live happily every day.

In a big city named Shanghai, the King and the Queen live with their lovely son, Prince Jamie. Jamie is a super smart boy who is really into science. In fact, he is so obsessed with all sorts of high technologies. At the age of 10, Jamie even built his very first time machine!

"Mom! Dad! I'm going out!" shouted Jamie in Earthish one sunny afternoon. No need to ask, the King and Queen knew that he is going to play with his best friend–robot Leo. However, that is not what Jamie planned to do. After a long preparation, he is finally ready to test his time machine! How exciting!

In a secret room at the back yard of the King's palace, an oval shaped shiny vehicle is hidden. This is the time machine that Jamie spent the whole year to build. Now he almost couldn't wait to ride on it! He hopped in and pressed the BACKWARD button, which will take him back to the past. Old Shanghai, a place Jamie always wanted to visit, is waiting for him ahead!

In just a few minutes, Jamie arrived in the middle of an old street. When the time machine stopped automatically, Jamie knew that he already travelled back to the Old Shanghai. Immediately, he is surrounded by a group of children who speak a strange language that Jamie doesn't understand. However, Jamie is well prepared for this. He took out his smartphone and clicked on a App called "Universal Translator", which allows him to speak any kind of foreign language. "Hi!", said Jamie to the kids, "My name is Jamie. I just want to know more about you and your life in Old Shanghai." Most of the kids were so frightened about the strange machine and ran away. Only two brave girls stayed behind. "Hey stranger, my name is Mia. This is my sister Lia. Welcome to Shanghai!" Jamie gave the girls a big smile and he said, "Nice to meet you. May I visit your home?"

Mia and Lia took Jamie to their house. Jamie looked around the room, "Where is your TV?" The girls looked confused, "What is a TV?" This time Jamie was confused, "You don't know what's TV?" Later, Jamie wanted to use the bathroom. Mia took him to a small room that really stinks! Jamie looked everywhere to find the flush button but he couldn't find it! How awful is that!

They decided to play a game together. Jamie said, "Let's play video games, or play with your robot." Again, the girls know nothing about those too. They suggested to play hide and seek with other kids. Jamie loves to play hide and seek. However, in his game, the hiders need to put on a uniform that make them invisible and the seeker needs to feel the hiders using his super detector. As expected, Jamie had to play the game in the most ancient way and he actually enjoyed it.

Time flies fast and it is dinner time. Mia and Lia need to help their mom with cooking. Jamie followed them because he really wanted to know how people cook in Old Shanghai. Instead of using super energy and electricity, they set fires using logs and coals. No electric cooker or microwaves are used. Jamie even learned how to set the fire in the stove from Mia! What an interesting experience!

A few hours later, the kids were back to play tag and skipping rubber bands while the grown–ups were cooling down and chatting under the trees. Suddenly, Jamie realized it's already too late and he needs to go back to his home. "May I call a Tram to take me to my time machine?" asked Jamie. "We don't have that, but we have horse carriage that can take you there." It is the first time that Jamie ride a carriage like this. Although it is much slower than his super tram, he gets to see all the beautiful views along the way. He took lots of photos of Old Shanghai and he is ready to surprise his parents when he gets home.

Later that night, Jamie is lying on his comfy bed. He couldn't go to sleep as he is still thinking about all he has experienced during the day in the Old Shanghai. Suddenly he got an idea. "Cool! Now I know so much about the past of Shanghai. Why don't I write a book and tell everyone else about all these?".

He got up and started typing the title on his computer: "The New Tale of Old Shanghai……"

The Emperor, the genie and the kidnapper

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chan, Elvin Ching Ki – 9

Once upon a time, in the old city of Shanghai, lived a civilized official named Xi Shang, who was superlatively rich. There were no worries about money, housing, unemployment, for he had a pulchritudinous wife and a marvelous genie which granted stupendous wishes until one day. . . . . .

Xi Shang was walking through a narrow street to meet the emperor. He was about to reach the emperor's sensational palace, when a prepossessing man appeared in front of him. Suddenly, the man punched Xi with all his strength and he fainted. He kidnapped Xi and put him in a rough old box.

As Xi awoke, he felt atrociously doubtful as he found himself in a super colossal cave surrounded with pirates. Moreover, standing behind him was a paunchy man. He said, "I am Leung, a horrendous Japanese pirate. The reason I brought you here is that I know you will be constructive with my secret plan." All of a sudden, he snatched a golden teapot from Xi's pocket. "Ah! The genie, in my hands at last!" Xi was terribly shocked and screamed in terror when he saw his bewitching genie in the pirate's hands. After all, everyone knows about his genie though he never told anyone about it. "The genie will be mine and you should be killed if you don't help me to exterminate the emperor of Shanghai" In a second, Xi obeyed him without questioning.

After that, Leung gathered all the pirates and they headed to Shanghai by a boat that is as huge as a cruise ship. In the boat, Xi was tangled by ropes as Leung told his plan. However, Xi wasn't looking at him, he was staring at the pirates. They're more monstrous than the ones in the stories. Besides, they have stilton cheese in their bristles and cornflakes which have probably been there for months and months.

When they arrived in the city of Old Shanghai, people were celebrating Chinese New Year gleefully while the king was having a great feast with his royal family. In the jollification, some of the residents of the city were preparing for the magnificent fireworks which would begin in a few minutes later.

At the moment, Xi and Leung raced through the emperor's palace. Consequently, the plan was working super-excellently. Indeed Xi had special feeling, a feeling which is totally devastating, as Xi saw pirates dressed in a particular way entering the great wall surrounded with venturesome soldiers. In the palace, two of them bowed to the emperor simultaneously and Xi spoke, "Your highness, sorry for disturbing you in this moment. I am Xi the official; may we have dinner together with my new friend Leung?" "May we? Of course it's certainly a yes. Now, join us and make yourself comfortable" The emperor answered as he picked his nose with his toes.

Meanwhile, in the city, people were freaking out like mad incomprehensibly. Without noticing, Xi caught sight of an astronomic object flowing in the ultramarine sky. As he rubbernecked even closer, he saw the unidentified object wearing a moustache on his rectangular face and the size of his body is almost a zillion times than a lanky person. In surprise, it was Xi's genie who was flying in the sky like an angel. "What's my darling sugar doing? Why are the people affrighting in this wondrous festival? He thought.

"Bang!" The door of the humongous living room opened. Behind it was a nervous Nellie who couldn't calm down. The emperor questioned, what's the problem? You're screaming out like you saw a monster."He replied immediately, "You're right, I did see a monster. Now, there're elephantine babies drooling everywhere and meatballs rolling in the city while spine-chilling vampires were eating the citizen's intestine. The emperor said, "Impossible."

After a while, the emperor and I hid in a place and I told him the truth frantically. He listened and commanded his stouthearted soldiers to arrest Leung. With no reason, there's still a wicked grin on his face.

Seconds later, the wall of the palace broke down and everyone fell simultaneously while Leung escaped from jail. "After the city vanished into thin air and I'll become emperor!" He cackled. Horribly, Xi sat on the emperor's seat as he looked into the king's treasure chest. In the moment Xi thought, "I'm the one who started the disaster and I'm going to fix it." Instantly, he shot his genie with an arrow and it fell onto a soft homey pillow. As the arrow fell down, it bounced onto the genie's round chunky tummy and was about to reach the palace. "And you slaves shall obey……" In the middle of the conversation, he was shot by an arrow and he died sadly. At the moment, the king and all of us looked at the magnificent fireworks celebrating the victory between the pirates.

I expect you are wondering what happened to the other pirates. Well, they had escaped successfully escaped from the soldiers. On the other hand, they're trapped in a island and are still waiting for someone to rescue them at the moment

So my young readers, today we learnt that we must be light and make intelligent choices. If you don't, you will be ended like the pirates in a more atrocious way.

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Cheung, Hei Yat – 9

I am an inventor. I am a person from the 24th century. I invented the time machine in the end of 23rd century.

A week ago, I drove it to "Shanghai in 1910". I brought my pet dragon and went along with my four friends too. There were Jane, John and Dan. There were no bus or cars. There were a lot of carriage there. We walked through the streets to the countryside. We saw a cave. We were curious so we went into the cave. It was very dark. We turned on our "eyeslight". In the 24th century, everyone's eyes had a lot of functions. We had night vision and we could analyses things, magnify things and browse information.

We kept on walking deep inside the cave. There were some sound that we did not know where it come from. It was frightening. We walk through the cave. And went to a secret interesting forest. There were lots of strange plants that we even had not seen before in our 24th century world. My friend and I got our sword to protect ourselves. I could hear some lion roaring. We were scared so we hide. After a while, we started creeping slowly. Jane is a wizard. She fired the lion with her hand power. Lions were frightened and scattered. Then we kept on moving and walk ahead. We saw a big wall with a lot of Chinese calligraphy words written on it. Most of us did not know what it meant, except our friend John. He was attracted by all those words and stories behind. He kept studying over it. When we continue walking, we saw a door. We tried to push it, touch it, pull it, hear it but it didn't work. The door still stayed as it was. Suddenly, the door opened. We did not know why but we walked inside. It was a palace. No one was inside. There was a chair. The chair was of golden colour. I thought that was a Emperor's chair. We continued walking through the palace. We saw some skeletons. John is an archaeologist. He kept studying the calligraphy on the wall and discovered that some members from royal family of Sung Dynasty had escaped from wars and shifted to live here and built their own palace. They lived here for a long time. He knew that that the royal family was from Sung Dynasty because he was familiar with the culture, paintings, clothing, decorations and architecture of different dynasties.

Jane said that she had brought a resurrection potion that could make people alive for a week. After she put the potion on the skeleton's bodies, the royal family all wake up. Some children saw us. They asked who we were. We said we were the people from the future. They were frightened by our outlook, eye functions, wizard's magic and stories. Dan, who is a scientist, had let them have a flash on "memories update light" so that they would know all the key events of the past history and future in a second. After that, they understood and welcomed us.

The children lighted the candles. They brought us to their play room. In their time, they only drew, played chess, did the writing and painting or read during their leisure time. I asked "Are you bored playing these things only?" They said they were not. I told them that I wanted to see their family. They brought us to them. They asked who we were. I said that we are people from the future. They were shocked. The children asked us whether we could help them to solve their problem. 'What's the problem?" I asked. "We are being attacked by Mongolia's army." said one of the children. They decided to go to Shanghai and settled there because they thought that Shanghai would be safer as it was far from the north where Mongolia was situated. They knew that if they went to Beijing, the Mongolia Army would catch them because Mongolian people thought that the Emperor lives in the capital city.

Therefore, we helped them and use the time machine to go back to their times in Song Dynasty and engaged in one of their wars. We were in a war with the Mongolian Army. The Chinese army's weapon was simple. They

were using only common swords and spurs. They had some axes too. Ours were lasers and fire swords. In the 24th century, we also got wars. We used robots in our fight to minimize causalities. In the battlefield, I saw some Mongolian soldiers fought hard with the Chinese army. The Mongolia soldiers were all tall and strong while the army from the Song Dynasty were relatively short and weak. Seeing lots of soldiers killed, I wanted to help. However, my friends told me to calm down. They suggested that I should use the dragons to breathe fire on the Mongolian Army. I listened to my friends. The dragons killed a lot of Mongolian soldiers and their horses. We finally saved the Song's Dynasty's army and defeated the Mongolian soldiers.

We use the time machine again to go back to the cave and told the kids on what we had done in their era in Song Dynasty. They were happy to know what we had done. I gave one of my robot to the kids to play with. After a week, the resurrection potion was failed to work. The royal family all died again. They all turned back to skeletons. The fire of the candles the kids brought to the play room went out. I knew it was the time. The tears from my eyes came out quickly. We stayed there, in the complete darkness, with tears filled up all our eyes because we were all very sad and missed the kids so much. Our sadness had overwhelmed the fear of darkness. Then we walked slowly through the cave back to the town.

The town of Shanghai got a lot of shops and people. Seeing all the happy faces of old Shanghai people, we started getting better again. People in 24th century usually played with robots instead of real people. We met robots more often than real people. With trying all the delicious food on the street, chatting with all the real people and kids in old Shanghai town, all of us became very happy and relax. We went to the time machine happily. Before we went, I brought one of my invention "Crystal Ball" to record all the happenings of this precious experience and good memories of the journey. My friend Jane, the wizard, put the experience into the Crystal Ball. I drove the time machine back to the 24th century. On our way home, we were excited and kept chatting on our next trip – Old Paris……

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Cheung, Wing Ning – 9

Boom!" A shot of lightning struck." Boom! A sound of thunder crashed loudly. Originally the dark sea was calm and dark, a block of white light shined.

Two mischievous children woke up; they were Harry and Tomah. They are sneaky murderers who killed a lady from the past in 1924.

One day, a detective called Dreamy dropped her "The book of mysteries unsolved (New Tales)" on the new fragile glass floor.

"I am so clumsy. I must be more careful the next time." She picks up the book and put it on her office desk. She did not know that she is the tenth person to find this book.

She wore a pastel yellow dress with a row of cobalt hearts around the hem and a pretty pink sash around her waist. She had black polka−dotted Wellington boots on her feet, and her long, wavy blonde hair, held back by a crimson Alice band. She was on an important mission, so she is going to start her journey." Oh, this is the book that I was considering so hard. It was here all the time. I am as stubborn as a donkey." she said.

"Woah! So many unsolved cases. Let me see, oh I will start with this one. The dancing lady of old Shanghai."

Suddenly, her hand is going into the book. "What is happening?" Dreamy said. Five seconds later, her body went into the book. And she fell in the book! Just like Alice!

"Wow! Where am I?" She said in a high pitch voice. "Why is my voice so high? Okay, okay relax."
She saw people selling delicious buns and carrying veggies to their place to sell it. Many men were carrying water to give to their family. People were mostly friendly to each other. It was peaceful there. There was a lovely song playing in the street; it was called "Ye Shanghai" Dreamy thought "Seems nothing big is happening. Book get me back to 2016!"

But there was a tiny voice that only Dreamy could hear. He said "This is your first task, to find the lady. Remember, the thing you will figure it out, and it will come to you. The most important aspect is to keep…….". As the thing cut down "Keep what?" Dreamy said I got to figure out the mystery by myself.

When she saw a beautiful grand place, she said to herself "This is maybe the place I have been looking for." She went into the place to seek answers.
She saw a beautiful stage and a lot of gorgeous dancing ladies. "Maybe the woman who is wearing an emerald green dress and wearing some sparkling jewelry is who the book said, "Dreamy said.
There came back the sneaky children Harry and Tomah. Tomah grabbed some weapons. Dreamy saw it with her own eyes, but she did not know anything about the case. She started at the boys with anger and shook her head. She ran to see the performance.

She saw people eating Shanghai dumplings and singing old songs. When the show was finished, a lot of people clapped loudly at the dancers. But suddenly the lady who Dreamy saw fainted. She was in a coma, and everyone thought that the woman did not die. They were frightened to death but not Dreamy.
Everyone left except Dreamy; Dreamy found some evidence to try to support the case. Beep! Beep! Beep! Her phone rang. She took her phone and shut off the power button. Dreamy wondered who can be so evil. She looked carefully at the lady.

Surprisingly she is dead! Everybody has mistaken the case!

She found a gunshot at the back of her body. She only had a piece of old bubble gum. In this case, the weapon was taken by the murderer.

She had also found a glittery notebook; it said: "Harry and Tomah kill the." The rest of the parts is fired a colossal evidence to step forward a large step. But Dreamy had mistaken the person's name is Tom. That means Harry and Tomah killed the lady! It was a terrible loss to advance ahead.
Dreamy also saw a yucky bubbly green paste on the back of her body. She said in confused "What is this thing, rat poison or it is just jelly? Book, tell me!"
The book said "It is a kind of beer, it is 100 years old already. So, it is all mushy and gooey.
Remember you had finished the first task. Now the second task, find Ether Judy. Beware the kids, or you might die too!"

"Eew, gross, "Dreamy screamed. After that, she went back to the street that she walked through earlier.
Later on, she saw a suspicious woman that walked like a cool guy. Dreamy asked her "What is your name? "She answered in a cool voice that made people shudder." My name is Ether Judy and what do want to do? "She wore an ivory black coat and with fluffy shoes.

Then, the book said in little voice "Because she can save the woman's life. Everyone who went into this book before you failed this task. You need to ask Ether Judy to help you to save the woman who died. She can make medicine to heal dead people; she can also tell the god to give her everything she wanted or ask the god question. Even giving her a billion dollars! But you need to trade her some mango pudding and some sweets."

"Ah! I have some mango pudding and a lot of candy! Do you want any? "Dreamy asked. "Yes please!!!" She said in a happy voice.

Dreamy said, "But there is a deal with it." "I will do anything for those scrumptious treats, what is the deal?" She said in happiness and joy.

"Help me to heal the dead woman with your medicine and tell the god you are going to give the woman her memory back. Pretty please!" said Dreamy in hope.

"Okay! My pleasure to help you. Now where is the lady?" she said

"I will lead you to her. No time to wait, or it is too late. Let's go now!" Dreamy said in a hurry. Then Ether Judy visited the lady. She remembered she had the medicine, but she did not have the magic mirror. Ether said, "I need to go back to the future to get back my precious magic mirror to activate the poor dead woman to live." The tiny book voice spoke again. "Do not let her go back to future, and her magic mirror is in her pockets, but she is not tricking you. Trust her."

Then Dreamy said, "Have you looked for your magic mirror in your pockets?"
"Oh! There it is! Thanks!" said Ether. Later on, they went to the dancing hall, and Ether gave the medicine to the dead lady and called the god to give her all her memory back.

At last, she was saved by Ether and the woman told them that was Tomah and Harry used a plunger to get her. Then the beer was too sticky, so she skipped the moves that were turning and twisting. They saw the way to shoot her and pulled the gun at the lady, after that, the woman
died.

At last, they dialed 911 as quickly as they could. Harry and Tomah were regretful.
Dreamy went back home and succeeded in her first task with some tips. It is almost 2017, and she is preparing for her new adventure.

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Chong, Ka Wun – 10

Long long time ago, when Shanghai was not even called Shanghai, there was a girl called 'The Sea God'. She controlled the sea, and old Shanghai was her home. Her home was covered in water. However, she used her magic to bring the water on land instead of going into the water herself.

The first person was made by the Birth God, who creates people was called Chiu Lau San. The Birth God gave her an English name, Lily. Lily was claimed 'born' in Shanghai. She walked around old Shanghai and asked, 'Why are there no people?' 'You're not alone.' said a mysterious voice. It was the Sea God!

'I'm Lily.' said the little girl.

'They usually call me the Sea God. But you can call me Salina.' answered the Sea God.

Salina gave Lily the power to breathe underwater. They played together happily. They met a lot of sea creatures. While they were having the time of their lives, the Birth God continued to make more people. Some of the people had a bad heart. They met Salina and fought her so that they could take lots of water from the sea. Lily was unable to help. Salina told her to run as far as possible, but Lily could not bear seeing her only best friend fight those people. With her diligence and determination, she somehow managed to make a huge wave! The group of people ran away and never came back to fight Salina again.

One day, a powerful man was made. He had all sorts of weapons. He tried to kill Salina and he found her. Unfortunately, Lily went back home. Salina was on her own. She tried different kinds of water attacks, but he was not afraid. With a single bullet, it took away Salina's life and that man became the ruler of the sea.

When Lily found out, tears rolled down her cheeks and she could not forgive herself. In front of her door there was a tiger, a white one. On its collar it said 'Salina' on it. Lily guessed, 'That might be Salina watching me!' There was a cup under its tail. Magically, there was white liquid falling from it. It poured into the cup. Lily picked it up and smelled it. Suddenly, she remembered the scene when Salina and her were drinking what Salina called 'Tiger Milk'. 'It's from white tigers.' Salina said. 'It's healthy for your body.' Lily drank the cup of tiger milk, and she started crying. Then, the tiger started to fade away.

Lily decided to find that man who killed Salina. She went into a little cottage with no one in it. She went inside. Inside there was a little yellow box. It had a piece of paper with some lines. It said, 'Today, I killed the guardian of the sea. David Gunman, 42.' Lily was curious. 'What does 42 mean? His age? His weight?' she said as she was scratching her head. Suddenly, someone busted through the door. It was David Gunman! Lily ran out through the back door quickly into the woods. David chased after her with his angry look. Luckily, Lily could escape by hiding into the bushes. But she was lost in the woods. She walked and walked and still could not find her way out. It was just like a maze. Then, she saw a girl writing on a tree. It said, 'Today, I saw a tiger. Honey Chan. 62.' Lily asked the little girl why she wrote 62. She answered, 'They say it's a cooler way to not add a slash between the numbers, but I always add it.' Suddenly, Lily realized something. 42 means the fourth of February! That day, Mrs Lee's shop, which was located next to the sea opened for 24 hours. Lily asked the girl she just met for directions. Then she ran to Mrs Lee's shop. She asked her about that night. Mrs Lee replied that she saw a man carrying a big bag. On his body, he was carrying guns. Mrs Lee was scared. Later that night, she saw Salina making a big wave. Then she heard a gunshot sound and Salina died.

Lily was curious. 'Why didn't you tell anyone?' she asked. Mrs Lee answered that she did not know who to tell. Lily ran straight to the police and told them about it. Later, the police tracked down David and asked him about Salina. Lily could recognize him. Soon, he was arrested in old Shanghai.

A few years later, Lily started to think the name of her home. 'Our place hasn't had a name for decades.' she said to the public. All of a sudden, she thought of a name, Shanghai. Shanghai is a word for sea on land in Chinese. To honour Salina, the mother of the sea, Lily made this name for old Shanghai. The majority agreed and this name was the name for Shanghai.

Also, Lily sold Tiger milk to the public. Scientists renamed it as soya milk. They said it contained many healthy nutrients.

From that day on, Shanghai was named and people still remember the mother of the ocean, Salina.

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Hung, Yat Hei Hugo – 9

Long time ago, a boy called Max lived in a small town. His family was not rich, and they earned a living by selling wood.

One day, Max played alone beside the pond as usual. Suddenly, his attention was caught by a sparkling object. There was an enormous egg inside the grass! Max was stupefied and shocked. "This is incredible!" Max became excited and held the egg carefully. When he was staring at the egg without blinking his eyes, the egg started to crack.

The egg shell was broken and a little baby dragon was moving inside the egg. The baby dragon open its eyes and look at Max. It had soft dark blue body with a pair of red dreamy eyes.

"I should tell my dad and mom about this!" said Max excitedly. The little dragon suddenly roared, seemed it was shouting at Max. "Okay, I won't tell them. This is our secret. But you need to stay in this pond quietly." The dragon nodded. Max smiled happily and said "Nice to meet you. I'm Max. I should give you a name. Hmm… How about Trico?" The little dragon waved its wings happily. A story between them started.

The next day, Max woke up early and took some meat and milk from kitchen and went to the pond. Max looked around to ensure nobody around. "Trico, come out. Time to eat." A little head showed up from the grass. Trico jumped toward Max and ate all the food. Since then, Max went to pond frequently. However, his parents didn't know as they were busy for making money.

Time flies, Trico had grown into a strong, healthy and handsome dragon. One day, Max had an idea. To prevent others from knowing the existence of Trico, Max never let Trico to fly. "Trico, let's have a flight." Max brought Trico to some grassland in the midnight, when everyone fell asleep. "Go ahead, my friend," said Max. Trico carefully waved its wings with hesitate. Max encouraged Trico, "Don't worry. You can do it." Trico waved its wings vigorously, and flew to the sky. Max was happy to see that Trico flew so well. They had a fascinating night. They didn't know a big danger was coming.

Trico was big enough that the pond cannot to hide its giant body. The existence of Trico cannot be concealed anymore because some children saw Trico's tail accidentally. The news spread quickly and everyone knew. Max was terrified as he knew they would come to catch it. "Trico, we have to leave now. Everyone knows you're here. They will catch you and send you to the king!" Max told Trico in a great rush.

"They're here!" Some people found Max and Trico, stopped them from escaping. Max rode on Trico's back, Trico flew to the sky. The wind whizzed past Max's face. It was the most thrilling experience he had got. Trico landed in a forest. Although they escaped successfully, they didn't know what to do next. "It's really a tough day. Let's sleep. Everything will be fine." said Max as he caressed its face.

The next day morning, Max suddenly woke up and shouted, "Trico! I've got an idea! Let's go find the King and ask him not to catch you." But the greedy King wanted to expropriate the dragon. "Bring them to me!" A gloomy smile appeared on the King's face.

Max didn't know the conspiracy of the King. And they came to the castle in the middle of the night. "Here's my plan. Firstly, I deal with the King. If we cannot reach an agreement, you shoot fires in his palace then we escape. Remember not to harm anyone." Trico nodded its head. Max was so nervous. After all, he was still a child. Max

entered the bedroom of the King secretly through the balcony and asked Trico to stay outside. Max saw the King was sleeping on the bed. He walked near the bed and said, "King, please wake up." The King was awaking once Max entered. He wanted to see what the little boy wanted to do. So, he pretended to be very surprised and said, "Who are you? Why are you here? I should call the guard." Max stopped him immediately and said, "No, please don't. Sorry for my…my offense but I have no malice. I…I'm here to beg you not to harm Trico. He's my friend."

"Kid, you're so kind. I appreciate you. Okay, but can you let me see your dragon?" Max was so happy. "It's my pleasure." Trico walked in from the balcony. Once the King saw Trico, his eyes were shining with a greedy light. "Wow, what a beautiful dragon…Guards!" Max was shocked and shouted, "What? You've said not to harm Trico!" "Yes. I promised you, but I didn't say not to catch it." The King laughed loudly.

The guards surrounded them. Max was panic and afraid. "Kid, here's a lesson for you. But it's also the last lesson you can have. Guards, kill him." An arrow penetrates Max left shoulder. The blood gushed out and Max fell onto the ground. Trico became very angry. He started to shoot the fire to everywhere.

After it defeated the army, it came near Max and looked at him. A tear dropped. "Hold on, Max. You'll be fine." Max looked at Trico unbelievably. "Is that you, Trico?" Trico nodded its head. "You can talk…It's awesome." Max smiled and said weakly. Soon, he burst into tear and apologized, "I'm so sorry about this. I can't protect you." "No. You did your best. Thank you so much." Trico bite his wings and dropped some blood on the wound of Max. Unimaginable thing happened, the wound was healing quickly. "Let's go back home." Trico put Max onto its back, flew out the castle and disappeared in the darkness. When the King returned, there was nothing left but only crumbling fences and dilapidated walls.

A few months later, Trico told Max, "Max, it's time to say goodbye. I must find my family. I'm a dragon." Since the accident, they lived inside a forest. No one could find them. After a while, Max looked at the ground and said, "I will always miss you." Trico sent Max back to his family. Max stood in front of the door. Trico turned around and flew away.

That night, Max dreamed that he was living with Trico again. Trico gave him a feather from its wings. When Max woke up, the pillow was wet. Besides, there was a feather on it.

It was a sunny day.

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Lai, Yu Kiu – 10

Once upon a time, there was a poor girl who was called Lily. Her mother abandoned her when she was five because of a divorce. Her father was kind to her. Ever after, her father took care of her.

Lily's father was the owner of The Paramount. However, he gambled a lot, he lost a lot of money and became bankrupt, so he sold The Paramount to someone else, soon after, he became ill because of his addiction to opium.

Lily's dad had no money to treat his illness and he passed–away not long after. Before he died, he whispered to Lily "Your mother is Sandy, she is a very famous singer, go and find her in The Paramount!" Lily was very surprised after hearing that because she may see her mother. She instantly rushed to The Paramount. When she was ready to walk inside The Paramount after she arrived there, a guard rejected her and forced her out. "Only people who wear beautiful and gorgeous clothes can go inside. Look at you! You are wearing torn and filthy clothes, I won't let you go inside." The guard said. "I just want to meet my mother, my mother is inside there, can you just let me see my mother, Sandy, the famous singer! Please!" She muttered with a very wretched voice. "Who is she, there is no one named Sandy here! Don't play with me little girl, get out my way!" the guard exclaimed. Lily was depressed and furious. "Why can't I meet my mother!" Now, I need to think a solution to go inside The Paramount without being caught!" she said. She thought and thought. Finally, she came up with a very good solution to help her get into The Paramount, it is to become a singer or servant. The owner of The Paramount hired her to be a servant after Lily asked the owner for permission.

The next day, she stood outside The Paramount waiting for visitors. Finally, a car arrived in front of the entrance. Lily said "Hi Mr., I am Lily, I'll bring you inside, please mind the steps!" "Get away dirty girl, you will make my gorgeous clothes become dirty!" the rich British man pushed Lily and exclaimed. Lily was a little bit sad but she did not give up. But the Americans and Japanese who got out of the car and saw Lily, also said "Get away from me dirty girl, I don't want you to make my clothes become dirty!" But Lily still would not give up!

After a month, there was a performance in The Paramount, but Lily was still standing in front of the entrance, getting scolded by the rich people. Unfortunately, the singer for the performance was seriously ill. The owner was troubled about this. Then he said "There is no one in The Paramount, just guards and servants and helpers, one singer is ill and one is on a vacation!" Suddenly, he thought, "Wait a minute, there is a girl who always sing some wretched songs in front of the entrance, she has a beautiful voice!" Then, he went out from The Paramount and asked Lily "Hey little girl, our singer for this performance is ill, and I want to invite you to sing for this performance, do you want to?" "Yes, sure!" Lily agreed and promised with the owner without a second thought, because she wanted to see her mother. She practiced singing very hard in order to see her mother, she never gave up practicing and always practiced even when she was home.

When the day of the performance arrived, Lily went on the stage and sang beautifully. All the audience clapped their hands loudly. Even Lily's mum was here watching Lily's performance, but certainly, Lily's mum didn't know she was Lily, she couldn't recognize her! Lily focused on singing a lot and all the audience were all ears, the owner was really happy about that too! After Lily finished the whole performance, all the audience clapped their hands as loud as thunderstorms. Lily said "Thanks a lot! Thanks a lot!" After the performance, the rich British man went to the stage and said "Sorry! I thought you are just a poor and dirty girl and I didn't know you have this talent! Can you just forgive me once?" "Why not!" said Lily. Then, a lot of people queued for Lily's autograph too!

Then, Sandy went in front of Lily and said "Such a great girl, you have this talent, that you never found, just give yourself some courage, with diligence and determination and with faith and confident in yourself, I hope you can be a great singer, girl! I am Sandy, do you want to practice singing with me?" Lily was shocked and overjoyed that her mother was there and was in front of her. She exclaimed "Mum!" she hugged her mother and cried. Her mum didn't know what was happening and said "Are you... Lily?" "Yes!" Lily replied. After that, her mother quickly hugged her dearest daughter and cried like a fountain too! Lily said "Can you just come back home and lived together with me?" Lily cried and muttered "Sure!" Her mum said. They both laughed and cried together at the same time and hugged each other tightly.

Lily had great relationship with her mum. Her mum took good care of Lily after they met each other again, and they lived happily together ever after!

Back In Time

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Lam, Long Hei – 11

Sitting in front of the computer in Kevin's home, Crystal, Kevin and I were desperately browsing various websites on the Internet to look for information about the old Shanghai for a history project. All websites were not very specific, and every time we thought we found what we wanted, we were left disappointed by the superficial and overly general descriptions. This project had become a major headache for the trio of us.

'We are wasting too much time on this Internet. We are swamped!' Kevin said. Crystal then suggested going to the museum. I snapped, frustrated, "It is in Shanghai! How do you think we go there? By bus?" Crystal was borne of my anger, so I thought she wasn't hurt by my sarcastic.

Suddenly, Kevin's eyes widened, and slowly said, "You can use your……" eyeing the necklace hanging from my neck. Crystal nodded enthusiastically, obviously agreeing with that crazy idea.

"No, no, no! We are not going to use it for a project! What if we all get hurt, or worse, get stuck in there…" Kevin shot me an annoyed look, silencing my objection. I sighed, knowing that I was defeated and took out my pendant, and stared at it. It was shaped as a black cat, with its emerald eye glittering in the light, the tail flicking from side to side as if it was inviting me to clasp my fingers around it and make a wish. It had a mysterious aura of powerful magic waiting for me to discover.

It all started one midnight, when a stray cat was standing outside my bedroom window, pawing at the glass. I let it in, and it sat there with no intention of moving, purring contently. The next day, there was a necklace hanging on the cupboard door, which I was wearing now. I discovered that it could take in any shape of the cat family, and it could grant me many powers, and time traveling was one of its magical abilities. When traveling back in time, time in the modern world would stop, so that we wouldn't risk being found missing. We already time traveled together for a few times, and met a lot of geniuses in our wondrous trips, and also nearly got killed too.

Not wasting any more precious time, Kevin dragged us to his room and slammed the door loudly. Unwillingly, I clasped hands with my friends and chanted the spell to take us deep into the past "Come together, rays of light; comfort me in the deadly night. Weave a wall of thickest mist; through the dangers we resist. It made the strangest sensations – like as if we were melting, like cheese in the oven, except there wasn't any heat. The world around us blurred. I didn't feel like we were moving at all. Instead, everything outside our circle was moving as we somersaulted through time.

The journey ended as abruptly as it started. There were people dressed in bizarre and old-fashioned clothes walking past as if we were not there. A hand slapped on my back. Startled, I turned around and put on a menacing face, fearing for the worst to come. A hearty voice said, "Welcome back to the Paris of the Orient, my friends!" I looked up and saw the General's weather-beaten face staring back at me, with a big smile that never seemed to stop growing.

Kevin's wary eyes never left the General while whispering "Who is he?" I replied casually, "General Zhang was a high-ranking military officer in the People's Liberation Army. He lost both his parents and hometown to the foreign invasion of Western forces, so he dedicated his life to protect and liberate the country. He helped us through a lot, such as escaping from being held hostage." Before Kevin could reply, the General interrupted and asked if we would like a tour around. Seeing this could help with the project, we nodded and quickly set off.

For the first time, we time traveled to old Shanghai, it was at war. So there were babies crying, war cries and rubble everywhere. But now, the city was glamorous but torn apart by many foreign forces, Japan, Great Britain, American…… Many steam boats and cargo ships were moving along the Yangzi River slowly, throwing up sprays of water, and loud blasts of sirens could be occasionally heard. Myriads of neon−lights twinkled and glimmered on the pubs and nightclubs that were frequented by foreign officials and expats dressed in expensive suits.

Inside these establishments, the music of decadence was playing all night long, and when mixed with the intoxicating smell of alcohol and cigar, an ethereal and extravagant atmosphere was created for those indulgent clients.

"So beautiful here, yet so colorless." I thought in awe. While the General rambled about the history of Shanghai, I took notes while Crystal snapped pictures of almost everywhere with her camera. Just when we were starting to enjoy ourselves, a bomb erupted behind us and gunshots lashed out at us. Crystal was the first to react. She lay down immediately and pulled us down too. Luckily, no one was hurt after the sudden attack was over. Screams filled the air as everyone fled for their lives. Even the General looked frantic, as he grimly told us that he was needed in the army.

Then he fled the scene, leaving us behind. "Wait……" I called out. I wanted to help them fight, but Crystal tapped on my shoulder and gently said, "Let's go, we have a project to do." As much as I wanted to protest, I knew deep down in my heart she was right. Our project was much more important that going off to war.

I closed my eyes and pictured the place we came from, safe and sound. Melting through time, I thought to myself, smiling "Where will I go next time? Ancient Spain, where bloody bull fighting was seen, or to the time where the Trojans fought?"

The teleporting adventure

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Lau, Sze Tung – 12

Whazammmm!" Jessica's teleporting machine stopped abruptly. She opened her eyes and saw nothing but bright light. She didn't know where she was teleported to, but her teleporting adventures all brought her to the past and she was inquisitive to know which adventure she would be going on today. Her adventures usually taught her some valuable lessons. They also gave her some insight on core values. Before stepping out of the teleporting machine, as like every adventure, she had a little guidebook for where she was going. She found a guidebook that said "Old Shanghai".

She heard firm and heavy footsteps clinking towards her. She saw arrows shooting across the sky and there were numerous people lying on the floor, already dead. For a moment she thought the arrows were not targeting her but when they neared her, she gasped in horror and shut her eyes. She was frozen on the spot, unable to move her feet or arms. She was prepared for death when she felt something loom before her. Then, there was complete silence. She gently opened her eyes and saw a man with his hand bleeding. The man was weak but he asked Jessica "Are you fine? You seem to be the only one still alive." the man counted the arrows on his arm before completing his question, "twelve arrows!" Jessica saw two warriors approaching the man and their eyes were about to pop out of their sockets when they saw the man in this condition. They cried "Sire! Oh no! Call the doctor!" Jessica was terrified with tears rolling down her cheeks. The man plucked out the arrows one by one. The blood was all over his arm and simultaneously dripping on the floor. Jessica naturally took out the disinfectant wet tissue from her pocket and offered to help tend his wounds. The man's instant response, "What is it? Wet!" Oh, Jessica had forgotten she was from the future and wet tissue was a grotesque item in Qing Dynasty without doubt. Before Jessica could respond, the man had passed out. Jessica got to know the man later. He was actually Emperor Daoguang's son. His name was Yiji, Prince Hui. Yiji snapped to consciousness when the doctor has done the treatment. Luckily all went well. Jessica realized that she had to be honest to the man who just saved her life. When Jessica revealed that she was teleported here, Yiji was completely shocked. But as he looked more detailed in her face, dress, behavior, the language she used, the way she talked, and in particular that "wet tissue", Yiji told himself that if anything could happen in the century of war, then why not believe in a tool of teleporting! Yiji was a kind soul and he let Jessica stay in his palace until she had to leave. Jessica and Yiji became fast friends as they talked about what was happening in the society. Jessica asked about the Opium War. The Opium War was fought between the United Kingdom and the Qing dynasty over their conflicting viewpoints on diplomatic relations, trade and the administration of justice for foreign nationals in China. British merchants sold opium, a very dangerous drug, illegally in China. Lots of people from China bought opium and it harmed their lives. The Emperor knew about it and decided to break up all the relationships with Britain. It was then when Britain declared war. Yiji told Jessica in a desperate voice, "We are in an unfavorable position and about to lose the battle. Based on the message from a secret agent, Britain plans to bomb Hong Kong next and wipe out the city completely." Hearing this, Jessica's face turned as blank as a sheet. There must be something she could do to save her home town. Yiji brought Jessica to his father, the Emperor. The Emperor and Jessica talked until midnight and it was a terribly difficult conservation to Jessica as she had to convince the Emperor of some mysterious "facts" – Great Britain acquired Hong Kong Island in 1842, Kowloon Peninsula in 1860, and leased the New Territories in 1898. Hong Kong would be returned to China in the year of 1997 and by then, this city has become a strong financial backbone to the whole China.

The next morning, Jessica went to the British army and told them not to bomb Hong Kong. The commander of course snorted and smirked "who are you? Why should we listen to you?" Jessica continued, "Our Emperor offers to rent you the city of Hong Kong and its islands around for a lease of 99 years. As the city Hong Kong has a deep harbor and is in the middle of Asia, it would make the best trading port in the world. That can be a great

advantage to your country, better than the benefit you got out of selling opium." The commander was wowed by Jessica's statement and made it high priority to report the offer back to the King of Britain.

Jessica skipped convivially back to the palace. The Emperor wanted to know the fate of his dynasty and himself while Jessica's watch was beeping endlessly. Jessica knew that she had to move on or she would be trapped in this particular timespan. Before leaving, she leaned over to Yiji and whispered "Thanks for saving my life. So long." Then she disappeared in a flash.

Back home, Jessica had a field trip to Beijing to visit the National Palace Museum where she flipped through the history books and one photo caught her eyes. She saw Yiji. Yiji looked energetic, jubilant and charming in the photo. As Jessica continued reading the article, her heart sank to the bottom of the sea. Yiji died in a war two years after Jessica left. How people would know that Yiji once saved her life and Jessica, a lady in different timespan wrote the history of Hong Kong!!

Old Shanghai – The time travelers

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Li, Sing Yin – 11

Oh no, where is it? We've just hide into a shelf inside the Museum didn't we?" shouted Sammy. I don't know how to explain the strange situation right now. But I am certain to say, we are now in 1890, the old Shanghai!

My name is Queenie. I have two best friends, they are Savanna and Sammy. We met each other in primary one and we are best friends. Recently, we joined the History Society, an interest club aim at investigating different Chinese culture and explore student's interest in history. Our teacher asked us to do a project about old China. Me and Savanna loved Chinese culture and especially Shanghai. The mysteries that happened in old Shanghai is so fascinating, we both looking forward to the project.

The next day, we went to the History Museum for the research. Me and Savanna were very excited, we wrote down a lot of notes about the street name, places and even created a map for the places we felt interested! But Sammy didn't. She didn't have much interest in old Shanghai nor the Chinese history. She joined the club only to accompany me and Savanna. So, she felt really bored while wandering around the museum with us. Suddenly, she found a strange wardrobe beside the exhibits. She called me and Savanna came to take a look, curiously, we opened the dusty door of the wardrobe. A strong power grabbed three of us into it, we tried to escape but we failed, we fell into the wardrobe and fainted.

"Oh no, where is it? We've just hide into a shelf inside the Museum didn't we?" shouted Sammy. I don't know how to explain the strange situation right now. But I am certain to say, we are now in 1890, the old Shanghai. Without any time to figure out what had happened, a fat and furious lady shouted at us "Who are you three little girls? Why are you hiding inside my goods! Come out, come out!" Before, we were inside the wardrobe of a Shanghai boutique. The dusty wardrobe also became a new and elegant one. We immediately climbed out from the wardrobe and ran out from the boutique.

We calmed ourselves down and tried to figure out the situation. Without the electronics, we can't contact our teachers and friends in Hong Kong. "We have to get into that same wardrobe at the same time tomorrow, which must be the time travelling spot." said Savanna. "Yes, I agree. But the most important thing right now is that we should find something to eat." said Sammy. "Anyway, we've arrived here and let's enjoy the time first; I really want to walk around here!" I said, I thought we needed encouragement at that time. Me and Savanna took out the notes and map that we wrote in the Museum before and followed the route.

On the way, people kept looking at us strangely, because we looked differently from them! For ladies, they wore Qipaos ; for men they wore long gowns. "We don't have enough money to buy such luxury clothes, let get some food first!" said Sammy. Following the map, we walked along the Zhonghua Road and the Minguo Road. We tried many traditional Shanghai foods included the steamed buns, soup buns, Yangchun noodles, mashed beans and the Shanghai niangao.

We enjoyed the food a lot and the time passed. It was already dark. But the street became crowded again! "It's the dance hall!" said Savanna. "Don't you remember one of the special cultures of old Shanghai is the popular dance hall? Ladies sing and there were dancing performances, they all dressed beautifully, I really want to take a look…" "Isn't the dance halls only for adults?" asked Sammy. "We are getting back to Hong Kong sooner or later, no worries let's take a look!" I replied excitedly. Three of us got into the dance hall from the back door stealthily and quietly.

"Oh! It's that wardrobe!" Sammy shouted suddenly. We found the same wardrobe which we came from! "Is there somebody inside?!" "Oh no, the security guard found us! Let's get into the wardrobe first!" Me, Savanna and Sammy quickly got into the wardrobe… Yes, you're right. When we got out from the wardrobe, we were back to the museum again. More amazingly, the time we spent was only 5 minutes! So, we got back to our teacher and finished the museum visit.

We smoothly finished the old Shanghai project and got the highest mark. "Your project was very detailed and real! It seems like you three travel back to the old Shanghai, well done!" our teacher said. I looked the Sammy and Savanna, and we all smiled.

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Ng, Chit Ning – 11

On the last day of school, the teacher gave Class 5B their summer homework – a project about old Shanghai. When the last bell finally rang, Nathan boarded a ship to Cheung Chau where his grandmother lived. During dinner, Nathan told his grandma about his homework. He knew that old Shanghai is a place with Eastern and Western cultures. However, his grandma said that old Shanghai was once a Western place since it was taken by some foreign people called the Jews. Someone defeated them and took back the land. That was how Shanghai became a place with mixed cultures. She suggested Nathan to look in his grandpa's secret boxes.

In the attic, Nathan found a box that belonged to grandpa. It had many funny things like a watch, a pocket, some coins and a capsule machine with a note written "*Put a coin inside.*" Nathan did accordingly and out popped a capsule. He opened it and found ……a flowing white blob! It was Whisper, a monster. He told Nathan to put on the watch.

All of a sudden, the pocket Whisper was holding glowed. Whisper told Nathan that if he did special things like finishing quests or defeating monsters, he could get some special items from the pocket. Whisper said, "Long time ago, your grandpa Nathanial lived in Shanghai when the Jews conquered there. Your grandpa fought them. That was the Battle of the Jews. He could seek help from monster friends but he decided to fight on his own. Finally he won. I want you to go back 60 years ago, when the Battle of the Jews started, and help us make friends with him, OK?" Suddenly, he pulled out a flat thing like an iPad and said, "This is the YoPad. It can see your quests items and different medals, a symbol of a monster friend. Now, we need two monsters named *Mirapo*, the place travelling monster and *Miradox*, the time travelling monster. They like looking at the views on the hill near the Sacred Tree."

Nathan and Whisper found the Sacred Tree but there were no monsters nearby. Whisper said, "Long press the watch's button on the right until you see a light. Move the light around until you see some dark figures. Hold the light there." Nathan did as told and found the two monsters. After telling them Whisper's story, they promised to take them to Shanghai. Just as Miradox was going to transport them back to 60 years ago, they heard *Jibanyan*, the fighting and cute monster, said, "Wait! I want to come too, meow!" Miradox sucked them in its mirrors and they travelled back in time to old Shanghai.

Nathan, Whisper and Jibanyan started looking for Nathanial at Shanghai. On the way, they found a monster *Hoveryan*, the floating monster. It said, "I know your grandpa but you have to catch me a fish called Carp." Later, they found some Carp and a fishing rod. A monster called *Walkappa* came nearby and became friends with Nathan. They went back to the place where they met Hoveryan and gave it the Carp he caught. Hoveryan said, "Delicious! Now, follow me, we are going to find your grandpa. Here's my medal." The pocket shone and Nathan got a pepper from it.

They walked on the street of Shanghai. Hoveryan took them to the steam train station. After getting off the train, Hoveryan took them to a secret base in the forest. Nobody was there. There were comic books, drawings and notes of the watch scattered around. Suddenly a boy came in with the same watch on the drawing. He was Nathanial, Nathan's grandpa who was 11 years old. He was surprised to see Nathan who looked like him.

Nathanial said that he need the pepper in Nathan's pocket to defeat the evil Jews. He turned the pepper into juice and painted it on a stick. He told Nathan no one dare fight the Jews so he wanted to fight on his own. Nathan said, "You have monster friends, why not ask them to fight together?" Nathanial replied, "I don't need friends, I can fight alone." Then he ran out of the base.

"He's always like that," said a strange voice. Nathan used the watch and found *Master Nyada*, the master monster. "I sense that he is going to defeat the boss of the Jews." They raced out and saw Nathanial, battling the guards of Jews. Nathan, Master Nyada, Hoveryan and Jibanyan helped. They tackled the guards and defeated them. Finally, they arrived at the boss' room. The boss said, "You can't defeat me!" Nathanial said, "Take this!" swinging his stick at the evil boss. Laughing, the boss dodged and grew bigger and bigger. It was now the monster boss Dame Dedtime!

Nathan called Walkappa and he attacked. Dame Dedtime punched Walkappa and it fainted. Jibanyan, Hoveryan and Nathanial fought back. Master Nyada joined and gave Nathan a note and a hose. The note said "Just in case". Dame Dedtime dodged all the attacks and used Draco Meteor that let all monsters faint but not Hoveryan. Hoveryan shouted, "Nathanial! Call your friends!" At a time like this, Nathanial agreed. He summoned all the monster friends he had and they battled together. Despite all the strong attacks, the boss was not defeated. Nathan suddenly ran out and plugged the hose into a water tap, turned it on and splashed the water on Dame Dedtime. She shouted, "Don't get water on me!" While Dame Dedtime was distracted, all the monsters defeated the boss. The magic pocket shone and Nathan pulled a sealing note out. He put it on the defeated boss and Dame Dedtime was gone forever.

Finally, Nathan had to go home. Nathanial thanked his monster friends for letting him know the importance of friendship. Nathan asked, "Do you know about the hole under the Sacred Tree in Cheung Chau?" Nathanial said "Yes, a capsule machine was there two years ago. That was where I met Hoveryan and got my watch.." Miradox sucked them in his mirrors to get them back to 60 years later.

Back in Cheung Chau, Nathan found one of his grandpa's photos with him in the attic. Nathan thought that maybe someday grandpa would come here and he could ask him more questions about the watch. Suddenly, there was a flash of light and what he saw next made his wish come true……

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Wong, Suet Wing – 11

Now, everybody, this is a photo of old Shanghai in World War II. Shanghai was bombed by the Japanese Navy, and……' Isabella, an 11–year–old girl was on her first visit to the History Museum. After talking about the history of Shanghai, Isabella's history teacher let the class have some free time to look around in the museum. Isabella strolled around excitedly, examining some artefacts carefully. Suddenly, something caught her eye: gold with a warm sparkly glow, there lying on a silky pillow was a key with lovely patterns on it. Isabella was dazzled. All of a sudden, she heard voices calling for her to touch the key! 'Isabella, Isabella! Come and touch me!' As if she was hypnotized, she grabbed it. A huge whirlpool of light appeared out of nowhere and Isabella disappeared into thin air.

Isabella blinked once. Twice. 'Where am I?' she wondered as she looked around. Hmm…… She did not recall seeing a temple in the museum, and where was the key? It should be in her hand! When she looked at herself, she realized that she was wearing a cheongsam! 'What? What happened?' she screamed. A child at Isabella's age peered of her. 'Nice *qipao*,' she said.

'A "what"?' 'A *qipao*!' 'Do you mean a cheongsam?' 'What is a cheongsam?'
Isabella ended the awkward conversation with a 'whatever'. The child introduced herself as Willow and noticed Isabella's blond curls. 'You must be one of the many new foreigners here. Do you need help to find a place to live? You can stay in my place! My family would be happy to host you.' Isabella agreed although she had just met Willow.

When Isabella stepped into Willow's house, Willow introduced her to her parents. Great hospitality was shown! Willow's parents served her tea and 'fried mantou' right away and she immediately felt at home. She sat down on a wooden stool and looked around. 'Excuse me, where is the TV?' I'd like to watch the news, please.' Willow stared at her. 'What is a TV? We are one of the wealthiest families here in Shanghai, yet we haven't even heard of a TV! Do you have one? You must be very rich! Here, just read the local newspaper.' Isabella was shocked. Shanghai? She glanced at the newspaper. Year 1932? The incident at the museum flashed in Isabella's mind. 'Have I time–travelled here when I grabbed the key?' Willow, who was having tea immediately turned around to face Isabella. 'YOU WHAT!' Oops, thought Isabella. Having no other choice, she told Willow about how she came here. Willow understood why Isabella was acting so weirdly about *qipaos* and TVs then. 'Isabella, I will help you get back home.' Isabella felt relieved as she did not want to be stuck in the past forever. They had a huge feast for the New Year, and Isabella loved the 'niangao'! Afterwards, everyone went to bed.

Days passed and Isabella started to get used to the traditional ways of old Shanghai. She also became a very good friend of Willow's. On the 26th of January, when the two girls were travelling by rickshaw to the beach, they saw a fighter aircraft fly pass their heads. 'What is the aircraft doing there?' asked Isabella. 'I've seen quite a lot of fighter aircrafts in Shanghai starting from the previous month,' replied Willow. Fighter aircrafts…… Fighter aircrafts…… Oh no! What her teacher told the class in the museum popped into Isabella's mind. The Japanese bombed Shanghai on the 28th January, 1932! She grabbed Willow's hand. 'We have to spread some important news to everyone in Shanghai.' She got off the rickshaw and started running towards the town, dragging Willow along. 'Why?' 'There is no time to explain, or everybody's lives will be in danger!' After getting Willow's parents, they spread the word to evacuate everyone in Shanghai. Unfortunately, nobody believed her except for Willow and her family. Willow and her family fled to Beijing but Isabella stayed, trying to get more people to leave.

On the 28th of January, the Japanese really came to bomb Shanghai! When the first bomb was dropped, an ear–piercing sound of explosion was heard and Isabella ducked in fear. Suddenly, in a glamorous white flash, she

found herself in the museum standing in front of a glass-framed news article about a girl who looked so similar to…… Willow! Isabella kept on reading the article with the report that almost nobody in the bombed area in Shanghai survived, except for Willow and her family, who were in Beijing! '……A girl named Isabella told me what was about to happen and we escaped! Thank you so much, Isabella, and I hope you survived. I won't forget you!' 'This is such a miracle ……' Isabella whispered as her eyes filled with tears of happiness and was so relieved that Willow was alright!

The next day, Isabella wrote a letter to Willow.

Dear Willow,

I cannot believe that our adventure just ended yesterday. It feels like I haven't seen you for ages already. I miss you a lot! Please say hello to your family for me, and thank them for their hospitality. I know this might not happen again, but I hope to see you soon. Please never, ever forget me! I hope that there will not be any wars from now on, as they take away the lives of many people. Then everyone can live in peace without fear of losing their families and friends!

Love,
Isabella

After she wrote the last word, Isabella sighed. Willow would never get her letter as letters did not time-travel. Suddenly, a breeze blew into Isabella's room, lifting the letter into mid-air. Isabella had a vision that Willow was reading her letter! A few moments later, the vision faded. Isabella stood there, stunned, but then laughed. Who knows? Maybe letters could time-travel, and maybe everyone could too!

Laura, the King, and the Chinese Key

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Allais, Jeanne – 9

Laura was playing in her room. Suddenly a magic door appeared on the wall. Next to the door, Laura found a key: a very old Chinese key. She opened the door, went inside and disappeared!

When she opened her eyes, she was in the old Chinese city (Shanghai) in 1930. She wanted to visit Yu Yuan garden. She saw the beautiful little brooks with red and white fish, the strange trees…She was surprised to see a lot of people with strange clothes and was astounded by the little women's feet (the feet were smaller than hers).

She wanted to find someone who could help her find her way to Yu Yuan garden and understand what the key was for. The people she approached didn't understand what she was talking about, so she decided to go to the king's palace to ask him what she could do with the old key.

The king's palace was at the top of a little mountain. The king helped her to visit the city. But the king had a problem: the people that lived in this city didn't have everything they wanted. They needed some clothes, some toys for the children, some books…

Laura had an idea: they just had to build some new stores with new things that they didn't have in the city! To thank her, the king gave her a little chest with a treasure inside, and the very old Chinese key could open it! In the treasure chest she found a roll of silk and a paper with instructions to be able to make a silk dress. Then Laura and the king became the best friends in the world!

THE END

New Tales of Old Shanghai: Tian Hua

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Becker, Mahe – 10

Tian Hua was an orphan girl. She lived in an orphanage, in room 34. In this room there were four other girls. There was a guard, Jing Jie. She was ugly and really severe. She asked the children for everything– "Can you bring me a tea," or "Clean the rooms." They did not live like normal girls and they knew that. Nobody liked Jing Jie because of her character.

One day a service man came to the orphanage to make an inspection of all the rooms. The service man had a bag. When he visited room 3, all the children were there to greet the service man. When the service man started visiting a paper fell out of his bag. This paper had a Houku on all of the girls in the room 34. These girls were really lucky to have seen this paper in their room. One of the girls said to Tian Hua "Find a way to go out and I will write the information about you quickly so that the service man won't know anything''.

Oh my goodness! She was outside running to city hall. She really wanted to know more on herself, she really wanted her Houku. The mayor, Ling Wang, was walking behind her because his carriage was broken. At the same time, a carriage was arriving quickly on her. Tian Hua did not see the carriage but the mayor, yes. The mayor was really scared. We could see it in his eyes. He ran as well to carry Tian Hua out of danger. Then the mayor Ling Wang asked why she was running and she responded to get quickly to her destination. A rich passant was just behind them and took a photo of this scene. This photo was popular because it was a photo of Ling Wang saving an orphan. This photo was projected in small screen in buildings. For saving this problem the assistant of Ling Wang invited Tian Hua for a lunch to talk about this scene. Tian Hua thought that the mayor just lived in a house but no, it was like a palace.

Tian Hua of course accepted the invitation since she didn't want to stay with Jing Jie. Ling Wang and Tian Hua were eating calmly while talking about the scene. Just behind them was the assistant, Liang Ming. He was making weird signs. Tian Hua saw Liang Ming and said to the mayor, "I think he wants to tell you something." Tian Hua was thinking Liang Ming wanted to tell something to the mayor. When Liang Ming said the idea, the mayor didn't move for a while. The idea was that Tian Hua stayed a little bit in his palace. The assistant said this because Tian Hua didn't like Jing Jie so she could do a little pause in his palace. Tian Hua responded "Yes that could be an idea don't worry Ling Wang I just need to sleep and eat, that's all I need." That could be a good idea.

Finally this was not a horrible idea. They had fun together. Tian Hua discovered for the first time temples and the famous Yu Yuan garden. She discovered those monuments when she was still living in the orphanage but she didn't go out because Jing Jie would always say no. The mayor made her discover the place where his parents worked some years ago. His parents were dead. But he did not think of this at any time.

Tian Hua did not regret his invitation in the mayor palace. She was very happy with the mayor. Sometimes in the week–end if she had not a lot of homework for Monday to bring to school, then she would go back to the orphanage and said "Hello" to her friends in room 34. The other girls in the room were very happy to see Tian Hua again. Tian Hua would talk about all the rooms the mayor had in his palace and she would talk about the swimming pool, the kitchen, the roof top etc.… All the girls were quietly listening and when Tian Hua finished talking about the mayor's palace, all of the girls were so jealous.

Ling Wang and Tian Hua began to be friends, really good friends. At the beginning Ling Wang was not happy with the idea of Tian Hua in his palace but now it changed a lot. They were playing together they visited a lot of things they tasted a lot of restaurants, it was like a real family. But wait there is something missing… I forgot something Ling Wang and Tian Hua were a family. Ling Wang finally accepted to adopt Tian Hua. He did this action because Tian Hua was a good girl, she was funny and Ling Wang liked her a lot.

Shen Hou: A Dream Comes True

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Berger, Simon – 10

In Shanghai, there was a young girl named Shen Hou. She was a pretty girl with big dark eyes and long brown hair. Ever since she was a child, she dreamed to be a police officer. Each year, she pleaded with the police chief to let her work like a real cop, but the answer was always the same, "You are not strong enough to be a police officer." So she went to work as a security agent on the city wall. Shen Hou hated working on the wall. Every day was the same. She would open and close the big doors, check people's bags and she worked with smokers. The rest of the time, she sat on the wall.

Months passed but on a rainy day, she saw Han Wan, a little man with dark squinty eyes, dark hair, and same age as Shen Hou, escaping from the jewel market, with a big bag of jewels and the precious golden statue that everyone was talking about. "I think my grandmother told me the full story when I was a kid about the golden statue." said Shen Hou. "Once upon a time, in Mexico, the Inca found the statue underground and the king said that he wanted it for himself. But the people who found the statue didn't agree with this. All those who wanted the statue did a revolution to kill the king. And they succeeded, despite of all the blood. They made the statue their god. Years later, the archeologists found the statue in a temple, when they were getting away, a curse fell on them. The name of the curse was "the boutonisation" and they started to have more and more spots. Their boss said that in Beijing, a museum would like to have the statue. They left to Beijing but they couldn't reach it because of the curse. The spots were itching them everywhere. So they stopped in Shanghai and gave the golden statue to this vendor 11 years ago. The vendor shouted, "He stole my precious golden statue!" It was up to Shen Hou to take the statue back.

She ran and ran as fast as she could, she ran just beside a tofu vendor. So she remembered the smell. She immediately remembered when she was a kid. After school, with all her friends, they went to buy some tofu, played and played all the day… But that was before. Now she needed to be a little bit more concentrated because she was running to catch the thief. She now was running for glory. Sometimes, they slipped on the wet ground. She climbed over trash, swam through the canal, and jumped from the top of the building to another. At the end, she tackled him so he fell in mud. So she got the statue back to the vendor who thanked her a lot by giving her a little bit of his money. The police was fascinated by how she captured the thief. The thief would stay in jail for 15 years.

Eight years later, the day of the Spring Festival, Han Wan managed to escape from the prison. He had plotted with one of his best friends. During a visit, his accomplice passed him a tiny handmade bomb while shaking Han Wan's hand. "It will detonate in exactly 15 min" said the one with who Han Wan plotted. The police officers were all celebrating the festival and in the Spring Festival, the Chinese lit fire crackers so the police officers thought that the noise that was coming from the jail was firecrackers, but it was the bomb that detonated. The police chief said that Han Wan fled to the French Concession. So all the police officers went to look for him… The chief said that the first one who would find him, would be rewarded ¥10, 000.

The police searched for months, they didn't care of the weather, sunny day, stormy day, rainy day, and they searched as long as they could from 7:15 AM until 9:45PM. With of course lunch. They searched in people's houses, in the markets, in the restaurants… But it was impossible– only normal persons. They searched everywhere in Shanghai and the walled–city. One cold winter night when it was raining, whereas Shen Hou was just about to give up, a woman glimpsed Han Wan on Nanjing Lu. He was sitting in a lane with a group of young scum. They were playing the game of mahjong. She immediately called the police. Four minutes later, the police arrived. Shen Hou saw him by a balcony, he was running to Pudong.

She ran after him, in the ferry, on the streets… After a long high–speed pursuit, she finally captured the thief by laying him flat on the ground so he returned to prison. With more security guards to look after him in case he re–escaped.

The police officers were very fascinated by how she captured the thief, so they named her chief of the police. All became normal; she married Wan Jié a good and nice boy, an under police chief and had a son.

Beware of the Huangpu

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Creteur, Numa – 9

Long ago in the old city of Shanghai, there was a little boy called Xing. He was 14 years old and his parents worked in a little shop. The family was very poor.

One day The Huang Pu river started rising and they only had four weeks left before the Huang Pu River would flood the city.

Everyone had different ideas about how to deal with the problem. Some suggested leaving the Old City. Others suggested letting themselves die. But Xing had a better idea: to build a wall to protect the Old City. Some people left the city and some said that that Xing was right.

They built a wall to protect the city. They needed to work very fast!

When Xing's mom asked him to go out of the village to help his dad who was working to build the wall, he asked his mom if he could go buy some bread because he was hungry.

Because his dad was working hard, a rich man gave him some money. The more he worked the more money he got. Finally, they had enough to buy a bigger house. It was one of the biggest houses in the old city. But Xing said that it was a bad idea to move to the big house because if the Huang Pu river overflowed the house and the village would be gone. Luckily, three weeks later, the Huang Pu River stopped rising. THEY WERE SAVED! And the city had a new protective wall.

THE END

Shiao Shiao Hua I

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Decroix, Soren – 10

Chapter 1: The Capture

A lady in her garden saw some mint and went closer to it. Then a girl appeared. She had green hair, a green dress and green eyes. The lady became her mom and called her Shiao Shiao Hua (Tiny Flower). She had a great life until one day, a powerful man called Barebourche, captured Shiao Shiao Hua's mother with a net.

"You will never see your mom again."

"I have friends, maybe they will see you and tell me," cried Shiao Shiao Hua.

Shiao Shiao Hua was too small to fight. Shiao Shiao Hua was sad, so she went to find her friends Mei Mei Xiong Mao (Little Sister Panda) and Ma Xi (Circus). Mei Mei Xiong Mao was great and intelligent. Ma Xi was crazy. She lived in Old Shanghai with Xue (Snow).

"Why did you call us?" asked Mei Mei Xiong Mao.

"Is it urgent?" asked Ma Xi.

"Barebourche, the powerful powered man captured my mom by a net and went somewhere," cried Shiao Shiao Hua.

''My sister had seen him and his wife," said Ma Xi. "She's in Shanghai."

Chapter 2: In Old Shanghai

In Old shanghai, Ma Xi concentrated to find her hous. Mei Mei Xiong Mao and Shiao Shiao Hua were tired. When they were at Ma Xi's house, Xue (Ma Xi's Sister) was happy to see her.

"What's happening?" asked Xue.

"Ma Xi said that you saw Barebourche and Bibigre," answered Shiao Shiao Hua.

"Yes, Bibigre ate at my mom's restaurant," said Xue.

"And how about Barebourche?" asked Shiao Shiao Hua.

"Barebourche went into Yu Garden," answered Xue, "Why don't you eat here?"

Bibigre approached to capture them, but they were eating.

"Now let's go to Yu Garden," said Shiao Shiao Hua.

"Bye!" shouted Xue.

Chapter 3: In Yu Garden

In Yu garden, the girls went searching for Barebourche but they were too tired to walk.

"Can you see Barebourche's laboratory?" asked Mei Mei Xiong Mao.

"Well, I see… lakes, chairs, grass, flowers, but no laboratory," answered Shiao Shiao Hua.

The girls went near a lake.

"Maybe is in a lake, let's start with this one," said Ma Xi.

"OK!" said the two girls.

The girls dove into the lake and they saw a big laboratory!

"So this is a laboratory?" asked Ma Xi.

"Yes," answered Shiao Shiao Hua.

The girls went in and hid. They saw Barebourche but not Shiao Shiao Hua's mother.

"Where is she?" asked Shiao Shiao Hua.

"She might be in prison?" answered Mei Mei Xiong Mao.

Chapter 4: The Fight

"Mommy!" exclaimed Shiao Shiao Hua.

"Shiao Shiao Hua!" exclaimed Shiao Shiao Hua's mother. "What are you doing here?"

"Hello!" said Ma Xi to Bibigre.

“Hello!” said Bibigre to Ma Xi. “I am Bibigre.”
Shiao Shiao Hua opened the cage but Bibigre captured them and showed them to Barebourche.
“Barebourche can you give us my mom and we will leave you alone,” said Shiao Shiao Hua.
“Of course…not,” answered Barebourche.
Shiao Shiao Hua and Barebourche started to talk a lot. Mei Mei Xiong Mao, Ma Xi and Bibigre started to fight.
Mei Mei Xiong Mao and Ma Xi were amazed when Bibigre started walking on the walls.
“How can we get her?” asked Ma Xi.
“Maybe we can climb onto these machines,” said Mei Mei Xiong Mao.
The girls and the villains started to fight. During the middle of the fight, Bibigre, Barebourche and Shiao Shiao Hua disappeared forever because Shiao Shiao Hua’s mother freed her with a sword that was on a skeleton and killed Barebourche and all the magic went away. Everyone was sad. But one day, Shiao Shiao Hua’s mother ate a mint and Shiao Shiao Hua appeared with a life necklace.

Back to the Past

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Depres, Maylis – 10

Tonight, like every night, Windi and Hugo, two friends and orphans are sleeping in their room. They live in Shanghai. They are inventors and they are making a time machine to go back to the past to see their parents. This morning, on the 21st of July, Windi woke up on the floor. Hugo had punched her of her bed. Then he screamed, "We need only one more piece for our machine!

"I know, but you did not have to push me", Windi replied.

"Yes, but come, I found the piece", said Hugo.

Windi followed Hugo to the famous time machine. Hugo put the piece on the machine and opened the machine door. Him and Windi weren't clear through and didn't know which parents they wanted to go see first.

When he opened the door, he said, "We will go see my parents before yours."

"No, mine first", said Windi getting into the machine.

They did not have any idea that criminals were listening to them. When the criminals left, they had the idea to steal the time machine to change the past. We could still hear "No!" from Hugo and "Yes" from Windi.

"No"

"Yes"

"No."

During the orphans' fight of Yes or No, Windi pushed a button. This button, was sending people to old Shanghai! The machine started to move. The two friends stopped fighting. They opened the door and saw strange people. They saw some people entering a casino and Windi remembered her mistake when she pressed the button of the time machine. When they entered in the casino, they saw people playing Mahjong. Again, they looked around and saw criminals doing crime everywhere.

Windi tried to stop them, but Hugo pulled her so she couldn't. Hugo said: "don't do that, they are the two criminals from 2016, I saw them looking at us when we were fighting in our time machine." Then, they started to insult them. "Let's go see if the Peace Hotel is built, we could see if there is a room left" said Windi

"Yes" said Hugo.

Then, after they checked into a room in the Peace Hotel, they went back to Nanjing Xi Lu.

"We have to find the two criminals" said Windi

"Yes", said Hugo, "we have to find them before they go back to 2016".

"Maybe," replied Windi, "but I don't understand why we need a room in the Peace Hotel".

“We need a room in the Peace Hotel because we will need more than one afternoon to catch them” replied Hugo.

They started to search for the two criminals named Tom and Black. Then, they saw the taxis

“Let’s take a rickshaw to find them”, said Hugo, “it’s quicker.”

Once in the rickshaw, Hugo said: “we will have to go to the same casino, we will maybe see them”. “Hey! Look out Windi, Black is calling someone!”

Windi and Hugo advanced quietly and slowly. A branch cracked under the feet of Windi: “Oh no!” she said quietly, “he is going to see us!”

“No, he can’t” replied Hugo, “we are invisible.”

“Oh yes!” said Windi, “Now we can go see them but they will not see us.” They advance a bit more and heard: “… yes, you can by my time machine, but only at 100 000 RMB”. Then Windi and Hugo took a string attached to Black. Then, they stopped being invisible and asked Black: “where is Tom?”

“Tom is in the casino”, answered Black

“OK” said Hugo.

Once in the casino, they attached Black and took another string for Tom. Once the two criminals were attached, they went back in the machine and back to 2016.

The End

The "Magical" Braclet

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Dewasmes, Louise – 10

It was a very polluted and cloudy day in Shanghai, when I, Ling Shang and my brother Hao Shang heard a noise. So, we stopped our party of mahjong and went looking for the noise. When we had finally found out where the noise was coming from, my brother and I were a little scared. The noise was coming from our bedroom. We opened the door and saw nothing but our beds and our shelves. I went in and suddenly my bracelet knocked me into my old Shanghai poster, it was like the poster was a magnet. My brother entered too and at this moment his watch sucked him towards the poster. We both looked then we touched the poster and at that moment we were both transported into another room.

The room looked older and the bed was made of wood. My iPhone had disappeared and we were looking around in astonishment. But suddenly we heard two people coming. So we hid under the shelf. Two adults were in the bedroom and they were talking about the past. I took all my courage and went out of my hiding place. I said ''Hello '' and my brother followed. The adults screamed at us and then (when they were okay) they told us ''Hello, My name is Mei and this is my husband Feng. What are you doing in our house?'' we told them everything about us, the voyage…and at the end Mei said ,'' Oh, my shi bu ke neng de, I mean it's impossible! What is your last name again?'' I told her and then she started going crazy.

Mei was saying something very strange like: "it worked!, I'm so happy! , Yeah! , this is crazy!..." At last she said "Hmmm…When you arrived you were wearing a bracelet right?" "Yes! I said"" Then the bracelet you're wearing is the one that I am working on right now.'' "Really, I said." " Yes really but the thing is that I don't know yet how to make the bracelet. But maybe if I look at yours I can find a way to go back to your real time.'' "Ok, can we stay in your house during the time we are here? " I said and she said yes and then Feng brought us to dinner. We went outside their house and it was so nice, they had a view of the Bund and we could also see the Peace hotel and the Customs House Clock tower. The sky was so clear that my brother and I were enjoying being outside.

While we were outside my brother noticed a very strange guy walking around the house and looking inside the windows. My brother pointed him out to Feng. Feng told my brother, that this guy is named Hewu and he is always looking and walking around the house looking for something but he is not quite sure what. The next morning Feng woke me and my brother up with hot tea. This morning, I was determined to find out who Hewu was. I went outside with my brother to go to the park but at the front door my bracelet fell off. Hewu ran to the door and stole the bracelet! My brother and I ran after him. Hewu went to his boat but he had not noticed that we were following him. We jumped on his boat and hid in the back seats. He took the boat out on the Huangpu river; I tried to take the bracelet during the ride but I didn't get it.

When we arrived on the Bund again; He looked back and saw us so he stopped the boat on the Bund port and ran to the French Concession as we say it in 2016. We saw the old building and the owners of the houses. He ran and we ran after him. He saw a casino and he went inside. When we arrived in the casino we saw people playing poker and kissing each other … Hewu ran into a chair and fell down so my brother and I took the bracelet and ran out of the casino as fast as we could. We took the boat that brought us back to Feng and Ling's house. When we arrived Ling welcomed us and said that she had found out the way to go back to our time. She explained how to do it. "Before we leave I have a question for you,'' said my brother, " all day Ling and I were outside and I noticed that a lot of people are sick and are throwing saliva out of their mouth… Is there no medicine?'' No there is some medicine but they are expensive.'' said Mei, "But I think it's time for you to go!" I followed the explanation Mei said and found myself and my brother in our room on the bed. My brother and I were happy to be in our beds again!

The End

A Bag of Candies

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Marin, Eve – 9

Chapter 1 – Presentation

In a little home in 1930 in the Old City of Shanghai, Ling a little girl had just lost a tooth. She was very excited. She imagined she would get money for her lost tooth. When you have this idea in your head, you want to buy some candies! But in her family, there was not a lot of money. Ling was sad her mother promised she would give her money, but her mother didn't want her daughter to be sad, so she decided to get her some candies anyway.

On the way to the market a little boy was crying alone. She went to him and asked him what his name was and where he came from. He answered he was from California and his name was Theo and that while visiting Old Shanghai he had lost his parents. At the market, Mother Pang bought some candies and then she took Theo to her home…

Chapter 2 – What a Surprise

When Theo arrived at Mother Pang's home, Ling scared Theo, and Theo scared Ling…

Mother Pang introduced Ling to Theo and Theo to Ling. She cooked dinner for the two kids and herself.

At the same time at the Japanese Communication Center, Mr. Surican was getting mad. He said that all his employees were idiots and that he wanted to destroy the Old City!!!

Meanwhile Ling, Theo and Mother Pang were at the cemetery to pray for Ling's father Quei Lin. They saw a man who was praying too. He was tall and fat and he looked nice. Mother Pang asked him who he was praying for and the man answered he was praying for his wife. He said he didn't have children. Mother Pang felt sad for him.

Then Theo asked him where he lived. He answered he lived in a little house not far from the Japanese Communication Center.

They all said goodbye.

When they went home, they realized it had been destroyed and that the chief of the Japanese Communication Center had decided to destroy the entire Old City.

The man they had met at the cemetery was also without a house. Everything was destroyed. Ling was very sad and she decided to give the man her candies.

Chapter 3 – A Helping Friend

Theo told Mother Pang he wanted to go to his parents. They went to the American Embassy. They asked if someone had reported a lost kid. They said Mr. Hood had lost his little boy. Theo said Mr. Hood was his father.

Then, they arrived at Theo's house and he was finally with his parents again. They thanked Mother Pang a lot and when Mother Pang told them what had happened, Mr. Hood decided to help them. He had a Japanese friend who worked at the Japanese Communication Center.

When they got to his friend, Mr. Hood asked for his help and his friend said he would try to help them as much as he could. Mr Hood's friend told Mr. Surican that destroying the Old City was horrible. It needed to stop. Mr. Surican thought about what he had done. He understood he was wrong. He felt ashamed. He ordered to stop the destruction of the city and to start rebuilding it.

Mother Pang, Ling, Theo and his parents promised they would always try to protect the Old City of Shanghai.

THE END

The Legend of the Dragon

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Molina, Franck – 9

In 1914, a strong soldier named William Vinet was the chief of the Chinese army when Japanese soldiers came to China. One day the Japanese decided that they wanted half of China including Shanghai. But the Chinese emperor refused to give in. So, the Japanese got angry and started a war to conquer China. The war began in 1920 and ended in 1937.

When the war started, there were less Chinese soldiers than Japanese. The Chinese army had 70,000,000 soldiers while the Japanese soldiers numbered 100,025,000. So, when the Japanese attacked, the Chinese built a very big wall to protect the city from the Japanese army. And on the wall, they set up many canons and catapults to bombard the Japanese soldiers when they tried to attack.

Because the Japanese had more soldiers, they were winning the war. But one day a dragon showed up, because its cave had been disturbed by the Japanese soldiers.

The dragon was angry and wanted revenge, so it decided to help the Chinese army to fight the Japanese. It flew high in the sky and knocked the Japanese soldiers off the wall, breathing fire on the army. Slowly the Chinese army managed to turn the Japanese army away with the help of the dragon. After many years of fighting, the war was finally over.

And to thank the dragon for its help, the Chinese built a very big palace to replace the cave that was destroyed by the Japanese for the dragon to live in. They brought the dragon food as offerings. Now the Chinese use the dragon for battles and the dragon has become the favorite animal of the Chinese.

THE END

The Mystery of the Gold Gem

Lycee Francais de Shanghai, Volle, Amelie – 9

Once upon a time, there were two children named Xia and Yu. They were orphans. Then Miss Wang adopted them. And they were poor. Miss Wang was very mean to Xia and Yu. Until they were both 13 years old.

One day, the Gold Gem was missing from the Da Lai Museum. Yu wanted to help. So, at midnight, they snuck into the Dai Lai Museum. It was darker than they thought. Xia and Yu found a clue. They saw a human footprint on the floor. They knew Emperor Gong would help. So, they told Emperor Gong what they had found. Emperor Gong was surprised by that but he didn't seem to care.

They still didn't give up. Xia and Yu traveled to an Island called Meterpolis. They saw an old man. He was good at inventing things. They saw he was working on a time travel machine! His name was Xiu. Xia asked Xiu if maybe they could use his time travel machine. Xiu said yes.

Now Xia and Yu went inside it and Yu just pressed a button. ZOOM! They went to a secret place. The word on top of the cave said it was Emperor Gong's house. They went inside the house. They saw Emperor Gong with the Gold Gem! They both discovered that Emperor Gong was bad! Their hearts pounded. Suddenly, four spies snatched them and brought them to Emperor Gong.

"Well, well, well, look who has entered into my secret place!" said Emperor Gong. "Throw them in jail!" he ordered.

Xia and Yu thought of a way to get out. Yu saw an ancient pathway.

"Come here," said Yu.

They crept in the pathway. But inside, there were two tunnels. So, they decided to split up. Xia went to the first tunnel. Yu went the second tunnel. Xia saw a green long SNAKE! She was terrified! She ran away as fast as possible.

Yu also had a problem, she saw a treasure chest! She wondered if it was a trap. She ran to it and was going to open it. Suddenly, the tunnel that Xia was in moved! It moved closer to Yu's tunnel.

"Hi," said Yu, joining Xia in her own tunnel.

"Wow!" said Xia, "we must hurry to try to catch Emperor Gong!"

When they got back to the Emperor's palace, Xia and Yu put Emperor Gong in jail.

"Victory is ours!" they both said together.

So, Xia and Yu went back to their home sweet home and played pokemon cards and afterwards drank hot chocolate. And they lived happily ever after! But Emperor Gong didn't live happily ever after.

THE END

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Marymount Primary School, Berry, Natalie – 11

Lily had not wanted to come to Chinese City, but Maya got lost so easily, and had promised her that it was beautiful.

Maya had been right— Chinese City *was* beautiful. There were dwellings and markets and statues, all more ancient than Lily's great–great–grandparents—or anyone's great–great–grandparents. For some reason, Lily was strongly reminded of her childhood home, if London's architects had been devoted experts on Chinese culture. She might've felt homesick, had London ever been her home.

Lily and Maya wandered around with much difficulty. Lily would stop to draw whatever tower had interested her, and Maya insisted on photographing of every archway they encountered, not to mention how long it took to squeeze their way through the crowds. The only time they could agree on where to stop was Yuyuan Garden, with its elaborate sculptures and carvings. Every bridge and pavilion drew Lily and Maya to them like bees to honey.

Lily sketching when Maya's voice jolted her back to reality. "Lily, we've been here for ages. Chinese City has lots more to offer. Also," she added, "my camera's running out of battery."

Lily swallowed a wave of disappointment. She had been looking forward to drawing the Exquisite Jade Rock, with all its bizarre points and holes and angles.

Then she checked her watch and realised that Maya was right. They had been in Yuyuan Garden for over an hour. Her feet turned to lead.

"I'm exhausted," Lily admitted, "I hear that there are restaurants nearby."

After finding a restaurant, Lily and Maya sat down at a table, where a waitress poured them some tea. Lily watched, mesmerised, as steam billowed from her cup. The menu thrown at her snapped her out of it.

"Hurry up and order so that I can EAT," said Maya impatiently.

"*I*?" Lily asked.

Maya smacked her playfully.

Lily put her arms up in mock surrender. "Okay, okay!" Opening the menu before her, Lily barely glanced at it before deciding. "Sweet and sour pork."

Maya laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"I didn't waste any time making the same choice, either."

While they stuffed themselves full of sweet and sour pork, Lily talked with her mother over a video chat.

When the video chat was finished, Maya gave Lily a quizzical look. "Why wasn't your father with her?"

Lily blinked. She realised that though she and Maya were very close, the latter had never been told about Lily's heritage. "I never knew my father," Lily confessed, "He left my mother when she was pregnant."

Lily could feel the pity in Maya's gaze and took a sudden interest in her chopsticks. Maya hastily changed to subject to Internet memes, especially Pepe the Frog, whom Maya had a strange obsession with.

Once they finished their meal, Maya suggested that they go see the City God Temple.

Which was where they were separated by a large group of tourists before they even had time to admire the temple.

Lily attempted to make her way back to Maya, but something caught her eye. It was a necklace lying on the ground. Red string, looped through a jade rock, carved into the shape of a dragon, with a few yellow beads to hold the knots in place. An elderly woman was walking away from it—it must've been hers. She hadn't noticed her loss.

Lily glanced in the direction which she had last seen Maya. Then she retrieved the necklace and ran after the woman, who had entered an alleyway.

Lily followed her. She whirled around in surprise.

The alleyway was a dead end. The elderly woman was nowhere to be seen.

How is that possible?

Lily saw an imprint of a dragon on the wall. It was minuscule, as large as a pebble. Barely conscious of what she was doing, Lily knelt down and pressed the jade against the engraving. It fit perfectly, like a key.

For a moment, nothing happened. Lily wondered if she was going mad.

Then, the dragon moved, as if it were alive, twisting and turning, opening up to reveal a descending staircase that ended in darkness.

As Lily headed down the steps, torches lit up of their own accord, revealing tapestries on the walls which depicted people fighting in wars, committing acts of kindness, rescuing people, all so realistic that they seemed alive. There were also Chinese words written next to the tapestries on bamboo tablets and pieces of silk, likely describing the events in the tapestries, but Lily couldn't be sure, having never learnt Chinese. After a while, the texts on the walls were written on paper instead. With a chill, Lily realised that the texts and tapestries were arranged according to their age. They had been written and woven in Imperial China— even before the invention of paper.

Lily took her time, not wanting to miss anything. Eventually she saw one made her pause. It was a young woman, with a sickly father and baby brothers. She was pretending to be a man and fighting in a war. Even though D wasn't familiar with Chinese folklore, she knew who the woman was.

Hua Mulan.

The longer Lily walked for, the less ancient the paper was. There was a tapestry depicted a family living in poverty, no possessions and nothing to eat. A teenager daughter, wanting to help, selling herself. Being too ashamed to face her family. Sending the money to them. Saving them.

Something about the girl, how she held herself, the raven locks covering her face, her determined eyes…

It was Lily's mother.

Lily was so shaken that when she took her next step, she fell flat on her face. The staircase ended. There were no more tapestries.

A pair of strong hands pulled her up gently. Lily was met with a pair of eyes that shone with tears of joy. In that moment, she understood why she had been so drawn to Shanghai.

"Hello, granddaughter," said the elderly woman.

The legend of mermaids

Marymount Primary School, Cheung, Sophia – 11

I sat on the street watching the citizens pass by. I can see everything happen everywhere. I have an important role to play. I need to give out oxygen to let humans breathe.

Day by day, I sat on the street and at a particular time, I see the same thing. I see a girl riding a bike and behind, there sat her father. I have the ability to tell that her father is disabled. Well, you can ask about her mother. But I can tell you that her mother died in the Second World War as she was caught to be the food of the citizens. They adored and missed her. Her father lost his foot as he was also brought on the butcher's table and when they first cut his leg, he escaped by using a knife and killed the butchers. When she looked back at his wife, she was dead as they had taken her bones, muscles and anything else possible.

They earned a living by working hard. Her father was a scientist before, but because his wife passed away, his boss discriminated him and fired him. He thought it wasn't fair but arguing wasn't effective in the old days, so they went to being a dish washer.

Even though it was hard to earn a living like that, they still kept on going every day, I saw the little girl using all her energy on riding the bike she owned to bring her father and help him. Unfortunately one day, she was finally too tired and fell on the ground. I tried to help her but it was no use! I tried to do everything I could think of, but still not effective. She still stood up without anyone's help, she didn't even care about her bleeding foot, she just ran to her father who laid on the floor and helped him by her only tissue pack and dried his blood on his hand. Everyone around just looked at them in silent. Why are humans so inconsiderate?

A year passed, two years, the third year, on the ninth day of the March, I saw a peculiar sight, an extraordinary sight! Well, what is it? I saw the man on the wheel–chair, rolling by himself! What happened? What happened to the little girl? I was shocked! I was conscious! I was afraid! What happened to her? I really wanted to know!

The days passed really fast for me and it is now Christmas. But I'm pretty sure the days passed slowly for that poor father on the wheel chair! Still, I called my alien friends to check out Shanghai! It is fun for sure! I made a hole to let them to live in! At the same time, I will ask them to use some of their energy to check what happened to the little girl. So I typed on the keyboard in the hidden place of my roots,

'Bonjour amis extraterrestres! Je vous invite à mon pays d'origine, C'est shanghai.' They replied in a second, it said, 'Vous habitez à shanghai? Vous devriez parler la langue de Shanghai? Tu parle français' Well, they said about that because I was borned in here but my nationality is French. So that's why. I am a buttonwoodtree! It is quite obvious! So I told them that I would reply when they come. Then, they sent an ok sign.

They finally came two days later. They are actually like doraemon, but with a scarier face. So I introduced them to different places and played and goofed around! They had so much fun!

So, after two days, I told them what all the fuzz was about the days before. I begged them to help me out about what happened. They said that they needed to think about it for a while… I hoped, prayed, that they'll say yes. But because of the sudden news from their planet, they refused.

So I thought and thought and thought for a way to ask her father. The days passed slowly and the same sight came going on and on and on and on and on and on…

One day, the father on the wheelchair went up to me. He said, 'Oh, good old tree, I am so deadly bored, my wife passed away, my daughter was caught when she was washing the dishes. I have nothing! Everything was lost, I only have myself! My life is useless! No one can help me! You are the only one who can understand me!' Wait! Why does he know I can think? I thought, 'Why can you understand and know what I think? ' He answered! He said, 'Because I am a scientist and I put a sensor of the thoughts of a buttonwood tree. This is my secret invention, so don't reveal it.' I didn't say anything… I just hoped that there is a way of helping him. I said,' Tell me about the girl.' He said,' my daughter's name is Rem. Our surname is maid. So that means her full name is Rem maid. She is adorable, hard-working and considerate. She is an obedient girl.' So I told him what to do but none of them worked.

Suddenly, a weird sound came, 'ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!' We were surrounded by smoke. The voice said,' you guys wanted to find Rem, right? Go to Zhoushan, Putaoshan island and find me.' Then disappeared. I gave him a device for him, it is a future electronic map for finding the place.

I said farewell to him and off he went. Then, I waited for three whole years. On the twenty-first of December, the man was back, but the girl wasn't beside him, nor riding a bike. He walked towards me, and said, 'My daughter… she… turned in a half human half fish… it is a new thing… that was a…' he thought for a while or two, then he managed a smile and said,' Guess what, she turned into a mermaid.'

…to be continued

Goldilocks' Food Tour

Marymount Primary School, Li, Kristy – 11

Do you know the story of "The Goldilocks and the three bears"? Long long ago, in a deep, deep forest, lived a little girl with a golden hair and a red plait. As the story said Goldilocks went into the three bears' house and ate, broke, slept at the baby bear's porridge, chair and bed. When the three bears went back to their home and saw these, they were so resentful that they chased Goldilocks away. After she ran away from the three bears' house, she felt so sorry for she having offended the three bears. So she decided to apologize to them. While she was walking to the three bears' house, her footsteps were slow and heavy. She grabbed some simple, but smelt good flowers and gave out the courage to go into the three bears' house.

"But I just want to say sorry to you for me making your house so messy..."said Goldilocks shamefully. "Oh we will forgive you, my dear. Why don't you live with us because you live by yourself . It must be so lonely." Mother bear suddenly turned to a sweet voice." Hmm... Okay, that's good." thought Goldilocks and said.

Days by days, Goldilocks was tired of eating the "yummy" porridge, and one day, she decided to find some special to eat . " Ah, let me go to the forest to find something that was special to eat, this forest must have lots of special food to wait for me to eat them all !" Then she went to ask baby bear to come with her." Baby bear, can you come with me deep into the forest? I...I am so...so scared." "No problem, let's go." cried Baby bear. So they went on their " Food Tour". They walked and walked, and suddenly Baby bear stepped on something." Wow, what's that? Isn't it a book? "asked Baby bear." Yes, it is a travelling book." replied Goldilocks.

When she stepped into the house, she smelt some delicious smell. It was her favourite food– porridge ! She was determined to get the forgiveness from the bear family by wanted to eat the fragrant porridge. She almost forgot all the fearness of she need to say sorry to the three bear. When she stepped into the house, the mother bear was angry to see her," What are you doing here, naughty Goldilocks? What to broke some other things ,hmm? Go away, we don't welcome you." shouted the mother bear in a wrathful sound.

Something fell on the the ground suddenly. It was a scrap paper. Baby bear picked up the scrap paper said to Goldilocks, "Go, go, go. To the way to Shanghai." Suddenly Baby bear disappeared, Goldilocks was so scared, then she tried to shout in a loud voice, "Baby bear, where are you? Where are you?". When she realized that there was a scrap paper on the ground, she quickly read out the words on the scrap paper. Suddenly, Goldilocks felt her head was dizzy. And the next second she saw was Baby bear! "Ah Baby bear, so good to see you again." cried Goldilocks." Where are we now?" asked Baby bear. Goldilocks looked around the environment, she saw most of the people walking on the street wore a clothes called cheongsam. Cheongsam is a type of clothes which Chinese people used to wear them. "I think we are in the old Shanghai." answered Goldilocks. Suddenly, a fragrant smell stopped the conversation of Goldilocks and Baby bear. Their curiosity made them go forward and have a look of that delicious food, it was the Chinese steam dumpling." Come and eat the yummy dumplings, come and eat it." a hawker nearby shouted. When they heard that, they immediately went into the shop and asked for two steam dumplings." altogether two shells please." Goldilocks didn't know what two shells meant, so she gave the hawker two pennies. When Goldilocks handed her two pennies out, the hawker surprised and pointed to the two penny," This is not two shells. But what... are these two little round things?" "It is two pennies, what's matter?" asked Baby bear." It...it is so rare, we can't see in our country. I will sell it with a high price, so that I can get rich. Ha,ha,ha. No nee to exchange, thank you. This is your dumplings, Bye." On the way to find some special foods, they saw many shops selling cloth which were smooth." I wish I can buy one to my mother." cried Baby bear." But what is that? "said Goldilocks." It is a cloth which is made of silk, the silkworm had made it. It is so expensive and most of the emperors or the nobles will use these cloth to made a clothes." said the shopkeeper. "Well, sorry we don't have shells to pay for it. "Oh, let me give you a free silk." the shopkeeper smiled and said.

While they were walking, they saw Snow White and she let them to visit her house. "OMG, do you said that we can go to your house? I mean to go to the castle and see the handsome prince?" asked Goldilocks. "Yes!" replied Snow White. Something in the castle made Baby bear surprised.

They walked and walked and at last they swam through the Zhuhai and reached to a big mirror." Where is the castle ? Are you kidding me?" laughed Baby bear. "There it is. Bring me to the palace! " said Snow White. Suddenly when everyone opened their eyes again, they were in the castle of Snow White. Inside the palace, they saw a cute, lovely, adoptable bear." Who are you?" asked Baby bear." I am Lovely Bear, your sister." replied the cute bear." What? Anyway let us go back home and find father and mother." after Baby bear said this, they went back to their home. When Goldilocks was at this food trip, she wrote this adventurous story into a book but the book wasn't with her. If you go to Shanghai and see a book, remember to give it back to Goldilocks.

Five days at Shanghai

Marymount Primary School, Ma, Katrina – 11

Hi, I am Simon Ray. I am here as the show's guest for today."said Simon " I will talk about the well developed country – Shanghai.Shanghai , on China's central coast, is the biggest city and a global financial hub. There are many travel attractions and it is a really good place to have a vacation in." Simon remarked. Simon Ray is a traveller and has went to many places pass these years. The host, Anthony, then said "Let us begin, shall we?"

"Thanks for inviting me to the show, Anthony, I hope to share my experience of my last trip to Shanghai." He paused an then movsed on, "On my first day , I arrived at the airport, I found out that everything has changed since the last time I have been there, everything has changed,after I collected my luggage , I went out and called a taxi. The taxi drivers are so polite nowadays!" He took a sip of water from his cup and then he continued "We went pass the well–known Shanghai tower. The view was quite nice." Simon paused and hesitated for a second.

"As I arrived my hotel, I went to the check–in counter to register for a room to drop off my luggage. You can't just hold your luggage when you go sight–seeing, right?" He paused again and took a sip from his glass, then continued "After that, I took my traveller's pouch out of my baggage and took off to my first place I wanted to go – a traditional Shanghai cuisine. Although it has nothing special about that restaurant, it was packed with people when I arrived. I have to wait for half an hour before I can get a seat at the far corner. I quietly consumed my lunch then I departed, the restaurant was way too packed!"

"The second day was even better! I was getting changed then i found out something: you can order a private car to take u everywhere for fifty dollars, not that cheap but still acceptable. We went to the Oriental Pearl TV tower, it's distinctive pink shining below the sunlight, so awesome it is. I was exhausted after the whole day of traveling." said Simon. He stopped for a while and then advanced "On the third day something weird happened, I was resting on the bank of the river Huang Pu. I was quite exhausted at that moment, even though it was just eleven o'clock in the morning. The next second I knew, I dozed off." told Simon.

He continued "I dreamt about something ridiculous. I was still on the bank of the river, but I noticed a pair dead, dry hands with sharp, huge poisonous claws coming out of the river. It was coming for me. I did not have time to escape. Then I was dragged into the river bottom. In the river bottom, there were dead bodies, random hats and poop ,I think it was connected to the sewers because it has a foul odour coming out of the walls. As I was finding a way to escape, I found a stranger who was also finding a way to escape. So we teamed up to find a way."

Anthony muttered "Wow, horrifying." Simon continued "As we were finding our way, that stranger found a secret passageway that led up to land behind a closet. We crept up silently on the stairs , we heard someone bellow 'NOW WHERE ARE THOSE PRISONERS?' So we tip–toed towards the exit then we said goodbye to each other before we depart separately."

"Then I gradually woke up from my nap because someone had tapped me on my shoulder, I discovered that it was already at dusk! So i hurriedly packed my things up then I left the river bank and i went back to my hotel to have a bath and i had my dinner then I slept again." Anthony suddenly shouted "SLEEP?AGAIN?" Afterwards, Simon said "Yes , I slept again. The fourth day was kind of interesting, I was relaxing at the Sprawling Yu garden , it was so beautiful, the trees, the flowers, the lily pads and all that was wonderful. i didn't even realise it is the last day of the trip!"

Simon paused so that he could drink some water, then he , again, moved on "Sigh! As I dreaded back to my room, I packed up the rest of my stuff and went to the reception to check myself out. then I reserved a locker in the mall at Nanjing Road. Then I went to different shops and bought some stuff. Then I took a taxi to go to the Maglev train station to go to the airport and I finally boarded the aircraft to go back to Hong Kong."

"Wow, what a wonderful vacation, do you hope to go there again?" asked the host, Anthony,
"why, yes, of course, I would love to go there again!" replied Simon. "I knew that this time I didn't really go to many places, one day one place , it's really not enough for me, Shanghai is an amazing place, but it takes a long time to travel to all the attractions , i think it might take around 2 weeks, that may do, to travel and admire all the attractions. Even though I can't stay there for a long time, since I am on a tight schedule, I am very lucky to go there the second time."

Then, Anthony said "So, where are you planning to go next?" Simon hesitated, then said "I am not really sure, even I said I was on a tight schedule, I did not mean really what you call a tight schedule, because sometimes i need to go and have interviews with the TV companies so I think the next trip,
I will go to ..... the capital of Taiwan, Taipei."

"Now, this is the end of the episode of 'Traveller's Choice', hope you had enjoyed the experience of Simon Ray, goodbye!" exclaimed Anthony.

Nyroc and the Crazy Governor

Norwegian International School, Lai, Justin – 9

Nyroc looked around the museum. He had been in the history museum many times, but he had never been in an exhibition hall so dark. Nyroc looked for the name of the exhibition hall. The entrance was labelled "Old Shanghai" and it had lots of red lanterns hanging around. Nyroc went back to the other side of the hall, where his class should be waiting. When he arrived, nobody was there! He wandered around, hoping to find his class. Then, in one of the paintings hanging on the wall, something amazing was happening. The painting was showing some people wearing crude Chinese robes. They were swinging Shaolin Sticks in front of a noble Chinese man. It was a nice painting, but unlike other paintings, the people inside were moving like in real life! Nyroc stared at the picture in amazement. He looked at the information next to it. It said that this was a Kung Fu performance ordered by the Shanghai governor. Nyroc saw the governor standing outside his house, watching the people performing. Suddenly, there was a bright light shining on Nyroc…

"Ow!" Nyroc landed headfirst inside the painting. Inside. Not outside. Nyroc quickly pulled himself up and ran towards the nearest house to avoid the crowd. It was the red governor's house Nyroc had seen earlier in the painting. He could hear the wooden floor creaking when he ran in. Once Nyroc was in the house, he saw the governor of Shanghai came in.

When the governor saw Nyroc, he stared at him. "You must be a traveller from Britain! Your clothes are funny."

The governor noticed that Nyroc was confused and explained. "I have some friends living in the British Settlement, so I know how to speak English."

The governor's English wasn't very good. He looked at Nyroc's jeans and T-shirt, then at his own noble robes. He ordered the guards to give his best robes, Shaolin Sticks and jades to Nyroc. Then, he told Nyroc to give his clothes to him. Nyroc was so frightened that he obeyed immediately. He and the governor went to different rooms and changed. When Nyroc saw himself in the bronze mirror, he yelped in surprise. He looked just like the governor in the painting he had seen. Nyroc and the governor both had chubby faces, so they look alike. The only difference Nyroc could spot was that his face was much younger. The robes were also too long for him. Nyroc went slowly out of the door. When he went out, he saw the governor twirling in a circle, showing off Nyroc's clothes. The clothes were too small for him so his belly stuck out, but the governor didn't seem to care.

"How do I look?" he asked when he saw Nyroc. "Do I look like my British friends?"

Nyroc laughed. He laughed so hard that he fell on the ground.

"What is so funny?" the governor frowned at Nyroc.

"You looked ridiculous!" Nyroc was choking for breath after he laughed so hard.

"Rediculos? What is that?" the governor pronounced ridiculous as if it was hard for him. Nyroc took a dictionary out of his bag. However before he could show the governor the definition, the latter snatched the book out of Nyroc's hand and looked at it. "Ho! A new weapon!" He began using the dictionary to whack his Chinese guards and soldiers on their heads. Nyroc expected them to dodge, but they just stood there and let the governor whack them.

Suddenly, the governor shouted so loudly that the whole house rattled. "Practice with this! This is a new useful weapon that we can use to claim back our land in the International Settlement!" He shouted, waving the dictionary around.

"Do you have any more?" He asked Nyroc. The governor expected Nyroc to be as obedient as his guards and soldiers.

"Give that back to me! That belongs to the school! Not mine!" Nyroc shouted and tried to snatch the dictionary from the governor. "The school have a lot of dictionaries in the library."

"Are you talking about the Cathedral School for Girls built by the British priests?" the governor's face broke into a grin.

"What?! Are you nuts? Do I look like a girl?" Nyroc yelped.

"Yes! Nuts and berries. I love them more than anything." The governor began singing a horrible song. "I love nuts and berries, I love nuts and berries, and they are the best! They are wonderful…." All the guards covered their ears and Nyroc couldn't blame them. This was the most horrible song Nyroc had ever heard of.

"Shut up!" Nyroc screeched. He also had his hands over his ears. The governor stopped singing. Nyroc sighed with relief.

"You do not like my song?" The governor was frowning. "You still haven't explain what rediculos is. I want to know."

"Ridiculous means stupid, I think." Nyroc said, rolling his eyes.

The governor's crazy face went red with rage. The guards cowered back. "I AM THE GOVERNOR! I AM THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN SHANGHAI! YOU DARE INSULTING ME?" The governor breathed heavily. Nyroc was scared, but he did not move. "Guards, arrest this fool!" The guards surrounded Nyroc. He backed up towards the red wooden wall. Once Nyroc touched the wall, a bright light glowed. In a flash, he was back in the museum. The painting wasn't moving anymore. Had he imagined it? No, it couldn't be! He was still wearing the governor's robe!

Nyroc had some spare clothes inside his bag, so he quickly changed into his own clothes. He put the governor's robe into his bag. When he got out of the exhibition hall, he saw his teacher. "Nyroc! Where were you?" His teacher led him outside, where his classmates were waiting. "As I was saying, tomorrow will be dress up day, so remember to dress up as some kind of characters." His teacher said.

Nyroc smiled. He knew exactly what to dress up.

A Taste of Life in Old Shanghai

Norwegian International School, Lai, Karina – 11

This is so boring!" thought James as he walked behind his best friend George in the history museum. George's favorite subject was history. He knew lots of things about the past because he always went to the history museum to visit the exhibitions. But James was only interested in video games. Their class was having a field trip in the history museum as they were learning about the history of China. James found nothing interesting during this field trip.

"Free time!" their teacher said, "Go with your partner and come back after thirty minutes."

James and George decided to go to a place where nobody was heading. They went into a hall named "Life in Old Shanghai". They saw a giant map in the middle of the hall that showed foreign settlement at Shanghai in the old days. On the wall, there were many pictures and portraits. George noticed that an old rickshaw was placed at the corner of the hall. He was fascinated about everything and looked at them one by one. Suddenly, he saw one of the characters in a picture blinked! He looked at that picture again and saw two children pulling a rickshaw along the street.

"Wow! This is so interesting." said George excitedly. Meanwhile, James was looking for a dark corner to take a nap and didn't pay attention to what George said.

"I wish I could visit Old Shanghai. I want to try their food, maybe the famous dumplings," murmured George. Suddenly, the hall began to spin. George and James felt so dizzy that they shut their eyes.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!" George and James cried as the place spun. Finally, the place stopped spinning. James slowly opened his eyes.

"George! Where are you?" he cried in panic.

Luckily, George was standing beside him, rubbing his eyes.

"What's going on?" James asked George. "Where are we?"

"I think we are in the street I saw in the picture at the museum!" replied George, as he looked at his surroundings in puzzle. "All the people around us are speaking in a weird language, but somehow I know that they are speaking Shanghainese. I think we are in Old Shanghai!"

"What shall we do? How do we get back?" asked James urgently.

Before George could answer, a two wheeled cart drove by them and George looked at it with great interest.

"That must be the rickshaw we saw in the exhibition hall!" George said. James had no idea what a rickshaw was. He looked at the cart, there were two foreigners sitting on it with an old man pulling. The old man was only wearing thin clothes and looked very tired.

"The rickshaw was introduced to Shanghai people by Japanese in 1874," explained George. "Foreigners like riding on it, so it became a popular way of transport in the city."

"This old man must have worked for the whole day!" thought James. He saw George running towards the rickshaw and followed.

"Can we help you?" asked George in Shanghainese. Magically, the two boys knew how to speak Shanghainese! The old man thought that they were very helpful, so he nodded his head.

"Where do you want to go?" James asked the passengers in English.

"We want to go to the Temple of City God." replied one of the foreigners. They were amazed that James could speak English so well. George remembered the map in the exhibition hall and knew how to get to the destination. The two boys finally pulled the rickshaw to the Temple of City God where the passengers got off. They were paid very well.

"Wow! The dollar bill is very big! It looks like our exam paper!" said James. George gave all the money to the poor old man, but the old man insisted to share half of the money with them. They said goodbye to the man. For the first time, they saw that they were wearing crude Chinese clothes instead of T-shirt and trousers.

"Phew, all that pulling made me exhausted." said James, "Let's eat!" They headed towards a local restaurant at the side of the street.
"Let's try the famous Shanghai dumplings!" replied George. They saw the chef inside the kitchen making the dumplings and find them very attractive.
"The dumplings smell very good!" said James.
"They are very delicious too!" said George after they finished the whole dish.
After lunch, they walked around the streets. There were many tea-houses, money shops and small grocery shops on the streets. James decided to buy two Chinese hats. The shape of the hats was conical, and they looked like the hats that Chinese farmers used.
Soon, George and James began to wonder how they could get back to the museum.
"How did we get here? Maybe we can use the same way to get back," said James.
"While I was looking at the picture, I said that I wish to visit Old Shanghai and then we were here!" replied George.
James thought hard. Suddenly, an idea struck him.
"I wish we could go back to the history museum," James said. The place began to spin. James and George felt dizzy again and they both shut their eyes.

Everything was quiet. George immediately opened his eyes. Had he dreamed what had just happened? He stared at the two children in the picture. Suddenly, he realized that the two characters in the picture were themselves!
"Wow! We are in the picture!" said George. "Come and look, James!"
James opened his eyes too. He looked at the picture, and was surprised to see George and himself in it. They both took off their hats and put them in their bags. They noticed that they were no longer wearing Chinese clothes but T-shirts and trousers.
"I thought history was boring before this field trip but now I think it is fun! This trip to the history museum is the best field trip ever." said James.
"History is always fun!" George smiled.

The Lost Sun of Shanghai

Peak School, Li, Hugh – 10

They say, you'll know that trouble looms when the sun is lost to the beast.

9th March, 2016, partial solar eclipse – perhaps it had to do with my superstition about the astronomical event, or maybe it was the pressure to come up with the plan for one of the largest events in years – I had an unsettling feeling something out of this world was going to happen today.

My colleague, Professor Nakayama, and I were heading to Dr. Sun Yat-sen Museum to prepare for the celebration of the Dr. Sun Yat-sen's 150th birthday. Professor Nakayama was an elderly Chinese man who worked in the Museum and was a historian. We always walk together to work- he lives next door. We were busy planning in the Professor's office when a chilly draft of wind blew the windows open, which raised my alarm. I turned around, but the Professor was nowhere to be found in the museum! The professor was in his office a minute ago, and now he's disappeared!

A piece of paper on the floor drew my attention to the Professor's desk. I was flipping through a history book when all a sudden, I saw black, black everywhere! *"Help!"* I screamed. Then I fainted in fear.

When I came to, Professor Nakayama was looking down at me. "*Are you okay?*" he asked.

I mumbled yes, even though I didn't feel so. "*Where are we?*" Everything felt so old-fashioned as if we were in a film.

"*We have been transported to Shanghai in the 1920s. I'm not sure how we are to get back to the present time…*" I was dumbfounded.

As we boarded the limousine parked outside of the HSBC building on The Bund, Professor Nakayama explained that a letter in between the book 'The History of Modern China' had notified him to pick up a document from the HSBC here.

I mumbled, perplexed "*They told you to collect a document from the 1920s?*" How could this normally precise professor leave out such an important detail?

"*I have the documents with me in this box but we should lose no time to go to The Paramount.*" When he was able to catch a breath, he continued, *""I was told to look out for a moustached man who has the key to the box and I would be able to find some clues at The Paramount."*

He motioned the driver to turn onto Yanan Road. In spite of our urgency, the limousine lined up behind a long line of traffic. Trams were traveling leisurely, undisturbed by the rickshaws, horse carriages, alongside stray pedestrians and animals on the road.

When at last we arrived at The Paramount, did I realize that it was the famous dancing hall where the rich and powerful, not least the imposters, mix and mingle! Here, in the decadent world of Old Shanghai, high life was juxtaposed with lawlessness, and money was as addictive as opium.

I was blown away by the glittering chandeliers, the smell of the night – of perfume and alcohol, as well as the glamorous people who intoxicated me with their pidgin English and manners. We hung around, chatted, almost forgetting our purpose, when suddenly, "BANG!! BANG!! BANG!!"

We were caught in a gangster shootout!

We were quickly pulled out by the gangsters from the dance hall to a vehicle parked outside. As soon as we were pushed into the backseat, it took off at the speed of lightning, leaving the door swinging open!

The car drove onto Sinan Road and screeched to a stop in front of a big house on Xiangshan Road. Dr. Nakayama was quickly taken behind the heavy doors, leaving me alone in the vehicle.

When I opened my eyes again after what felt like forever, I saw sunlight coming through the overcast skies like silver lined avenues leading to heaven. To my relief, a familiar figure stood in front of the windows with his back facing myself. *"Prof. Nakayama, is that you?"*

"*I am not who you think I am,*" said Professor Nakayama soberly as he turned around. "*Call me Sun Zhi Guo, the grandson of Sun Yat-sen and Soong Ching Ling – and so I just discovered.*"

"*What?!!*" Even as an experienced historian, I never knew that Sun and Soong had offspring!

The Professor explained that Dr. Sun Yat-sen wanted to keep his son away from danger after his birth so they kept his father's identity secret, but they lost touch due to the bombing of the President's Office in Guangzhou. With his health quickly deteriorating, Dr. Sun wanted to pass his plans for the country to someone reliable, in order to finish his dream. So here we were, in Dr. Sun's residence on Xiangshan Road, where Professor Nakayama got to know his true identity and met his grandfather for the first and last time.

In Professor Nakayama's, nay, Sun Zhi-guo's hand, was the box that contained the unrealized economic plans of Dr. Sun. How his grandfather has hoped to lead his country out of chaos and misery, and how sadly it has been cut short by his untimely life. Somehow, as little pieces of information come together, it came to make sense. In fact, Nakayama is Zhongshan – Dr. Sun's alias – in Japanese!

Dr. Sun had to leave for Beijing. In his absence, we could not stay, and were brought back safely to 2016. Dr. Sun died shortly after we left on March 12, 1925.

☆☆☆

Now even though it is too late to change history, it is not too late to inspire the world with the love for a country that is greater than love for himself. Professor Nakayama was determined to present Dr. Sun's vision to the public. The economic plans will be showcased from January to June, 2017 at the Dr. Sun Yat-sen Museum in commemoration of the 150th birthday of the founding father of Modern China.

The Old Man From Rue Pere Huc

Peak School, Liu, Laura – 10

It's 1980. I am a young reporter or at least, a trainee from Beijing, the big city, as we call it. I am here in Shanghai, one of the most beautiful cities in the whole of China. I heard about the famous casinos, it was very grand. Now you are probably wondering, why I have come here. Well, I am telling you now: I am here to study the history of Shanghai. I love to wander across the ostentatious structures and the old streets, marveling at the wonders of them. That is, when I came to Route Pere Huc, which ***was*** the most beautiful street I have ever seen. However, there was an unusually mysterious, elderly man who was wearing a beige coloured T−shirt with deep blue stripes, Auburn−coloured shorts sitting in front of a building: he had kind, black eyes, frosted white hair, a 'flattened' nose, wrinkled, bronzed skin so dense that you would run out of pencil if you tried to sketch him, and with a mystical, thin smile on his face. Of course I was deeply curious, and couldn't help but ask (in the local language): " Excuse me, kind sir, may I ask you a question to fulfill my curiosity?" He answered with a surprisingly modulated and calm tone: "Of course, miss, it would be my pleasure to answer your question." "Dear sir, why are you here on this beautiful day, others seem to be at the seafront?" "Ah… miss, no one has asked me that question for a long time…" he responded in a rather lugubrious voice. "Ever since I was...9...and after my papa's (father's) death...I have never been to the…" He nodded to the seaside. "... It has been 1..., never mind" " Wha..what? I...I...am sorry to have brought up your...um...memories Mr…?" I just realised that I forgot to introduce myself, and asked the name of the elderly sir. He saw my awkward expression and he giggled like a little boy and said "Ah… I see you forgot to ask my name, remember don't be clumsy…ok, nevermind! Do call me Mr. Wang, Miss Liu!" "How did you know my name?!" I cried. " I have my own ways." replied the old man.

Mr. Wang soon spent no time telling me his tales and adventures: "Well, I was born in Shanghai." He smiled with a sparkle in his eyes. "Let me begin with my childhood: Since I was little I had been a good boy. Sometimes my friends would tease me as 'The Teacher's Pet'. But when I was nine as I told you above, my father died in a car crash… but I don't think it was an 'accident' as reported. Nevermind, as I was saying, I was nerdy, but EXTREMELY popular! I had a ton of friends, my father owned a grand casino, it was called the Casino City. Before it was the most popular place here. I used to shoot toy soldiers with my expensive toy−water−gun. I loved wandering through the squeezy markets, looking at the pharmacy and at the shops.
When my papa was alive, he banned me from going to the casinos, and dirty black businesses such as the opium dens imported from Britain. The maids in people's' houses were always beaten, for no reason. Mama said they were monsters. Soon I was sent to a boarding school, which was called the Shanghai Royal Academy. There, I spent the most horrible time of my life… Well soon I escaped to the military. Even though I almost died. After a peaceful 4 years and 5 months, war began. We hardly had any water, or food. We starved every day. The youngest soldier, Freddy, died of starvation. Also others suffered from diseases such as smallpox. It was a truly awful place! I ran away once again and escaped to Shanxi where I met my wife. We had 2 handsome fellows and 3 beautiful young ladies. But our happiness ended, when my eldest daughter died, that time she was only 9 years old. Killed by a Japanese soldier. That time I could have pulled out a sword and killed him! But my wife stopped me. But soon I took my family back to my home town Shanghai. I showed them the views and places. However, the happy time did not last, I was forced to go to the military to fight the Japanese. I was ki...killed, there." "Then how…" I didn't finish before he put up his hand and stopped me, with a nervous smile on his face " Hah… um… just joking…"

He shook his head then continued. "As for that soldier, I haunted him in his sleep and daytime too, until he died of starvation and misery. From that day on I wandered around the streets until today. I always sat on a little stool" he paused and showed me his small wooden stool that leaked with traces of history. "Ah, I had a wonderful time until I accidentally got myself to a bomb area, and got burned" he said as he showed me his wound mark on his back. "And from that day on I thought I would live a happy life. However, when I saw my smallest daughter, Wang Xiai, I felt as if I was melting. She did not recognize me anymore… I hardly recognized myself too… and from then on I visited her every day." suddenly he laughed. A sad sounding laugh. "Thank you so much! Now I am finally free!" he said as he slowly rose into the sky. "Wait! You haven't told me what your name is!" I stood up and shouted to him as he slowly disappeared. "Wang Shangyi!" a faint voice answered, as he disappeared completely. Then I took a look behind me, seeing two people staring at me. That's when I ran to them, and gasped. "Did you see that old man disappearing?" "Are you OK miss? Who are you talking about?" "Did you not see the old man?" I asked full of disbelief." His name is Wang Shangyi!" "Wang Shangyi?" The man repeated, "he was the famous war hero who died 39 years ago."

The Wooden Flute of Shanghai

Peak School, Lyden, Georgia – 10

It was 7am on a Saturday at the Peace Hotel, Shanghai and the sun was leaking through the curtains like it couldn't wait to get in. Chun's long, black hair was tied in a plait so it didn't get tangled.
Suddenly she woke up. She felt excited but she didn't know why. She opened the curtains and the light burst in.

Her grandfather knocked on the door the same way he had done all her life. "Happy birthday Chun!" he exclaimed grinning. She smiled back and sleepily clambered out of bed (7am is very early for a Saturday). He extracted a long, thin box from his jacket and gave it to Chun saying nothing, so as not to give away what it was. Still smiling Chun carefully opened the box and revealed an antique–looking bamboo flute. She gasped in delight as she saw it. This was the perfect gift for her thirteenth birthday because she had been playing the flute since she could hold one up and had longed for one of her own.

Her grandfather told her why this particular flute was special. "This flute is actually hundreds of years old", he explained, "so old that there are myths about it. Legend has it that it comes with an enchanted music book. The two were both created from the tree of peace and if united can perform magic, but only if united by the right player. This player must not only be able to play the flute but also read the music, which will only be revealed to the true owner. Of course I don't believe it, all nonsense really, but I thought I had better tell you anyway. Right then! Let's go downstairs. I have jazz to play and you have a birthday breakfast to eat!" Chun followed her grandfather and in all her excitement she did not notice her flute glowing faintly, yet mysteriously.

The next time Chun came back to her bedroom it was about an hour later and the sun seemed to have settled down. She swept her eyes around the room and they rested on the flute. She advanced forward quietly and reached for the beautiful instrument.

As soon as her fingertips touched it she felt a small sensation, an excitement, like this was the beginning of an adventure. She pulled her hand away and told herself that it was nothing. This was a normal day, she led a normal life and she would live it out without any adventures. Once again she touched the flute. Nothing. She held it in her hand. Still nothing. She the raised the flute to her lips and began to play.

Once she had played the first few bars she was swept into the music. She was so lost in her song that she did not realise everything around her was going dark and then melting into different shapes.

Chun opened her eyes.

She was standing underneath a large stone building. There was a sign above it. The sign read "Cathay Hotel". Cathay Hotel? That couldn't be right! And why was she outside? Chun was certain she had been in her bedroom located inside the *Peace* Hotel a few minutes ago! She gave herself exactly ten seconds to panic.

When she was done Chun suddenly remembered the flute that she was holding. The story her Grandfather had told her came back to her. "Magic*"* he had said. No, she thought. She then decided to clear her head by walking around. She had no idea where she was going so it was no surprise when she became lost. She tried to retrace her steps but she wasn't looking where she was going until, WHAM! She collided with someone quite painfully.

"Sorry!" she said. "It's all right," replied a boy who looked about Chun's age. He had short black hair and a kind expression. "You look lost," he said, with an air of question. "I am" replied Chun, sighing deeply. "Could you please tell me where we are, and maybe what year it is?" He smiled and said "You are in Shanghai near to the

Cathay hotel and the date is 1929." He had just confirmed her worst and probably most unbelievable suspicions: the flute was magic. "If I told you that I have a magic flute and accidentally transported myself back in time would you believe me?" Chun asked. "Well, you don't look like you would lie to me", the boy replied "and you're wearing very strange clothes, so I guess I have no choice! I'm Fang. How can I help?"

Chun told him the story of the flute and about how when the flute and the music book are reunited they can perform magic. Fang looked at her in surprise. "My grandfather owns an antique book store not far from here. I've seen something there that may be the book you're looking for!" Chun perked up. "Let's go then! Maybe we can make it there before nightfall!" So they set off. On the way Fang was strangely quiet. "Is something wrong Fang?" asked Chun. "No." he replied. They walked along the Bund until Fang stopped in front of a small, dimly lit shop.

With Fang's grandfather's help, they both searched thoroughly for a music book that might match the flute. After a few minutes Chun heard a shout of "Found it!" from Fang. She raced over to him and together they carefully opened the beautifully decorated book. They found it was indeed a music book but it also had some strange words written around the sides of the pages. They both searched through it and soon found a piece of music titled "Going Home". "I guess this is it then" said Fang sadly. "Our friendship was short−lived but I will always remember you," said Chun. And with that she started playing and the world melted around her.

In a moment Chun was back in her bedroom and her grandfather was calling her. She left her flute and new book on her bed and raced downstairs.

Shanghai Mysteries

Peak School, Papp, Dorottya (Dorika) – 9

It was a dark and gloomy afternoon in 1934 and panic was seeping into the helpless minds of the people in Shanghai. A loud cry came from the Square in the center of town.

"Come back with my lunch!" Shouted a man, looking angrily at a little boy running down the crowded streets. The little boy was dressed in an ugly, beige rag that looked like paper. He had shaggy, black hair, and bright green eyes filled with terror. He was incredibly fast considering how small he was. He found his hideaway in just over a minute. When he reached the small shack, a guard was talking to a friend.

"Apparently, there is a organization named 'RED DRAGON' who is very much ready to do whatever they want to destroy China. They are rumored to have a plot to kill the emperor and let Japan take over," said the guard.

"Ha! Yeah right. Like they'll get past us!" replied his friend. But the little boy just sat in wonder. Just because he was a petty thief didn't mean he was cruel. His thoughts wandered off to what would happen if Japan took over. Child slaves, blood on the streets. The boy shuddered at the thought of it.

"I was just joking! Don't take this seriously Liang Liang! Like there is such thing as the RED DRAGON," said the guard. They both laughed like that was the funniest thing in the world.

The boy figured this was no joke. He was not completely sure, but his gut was telling him that this is all true. The guards were walking away, but another figure could be seen in the horizon.

"General Kong." said the shocked Liang Liang. "Why is your daughter here?"

"She is going to guard the area for 20 minutes. Now, get away before I kill you!" The two guards backed away then ran into the distant village. "You be a good girl Zhang Xiu Yang. I'll be back in 20 minutes." The girl nodded and turned her head towards the young man. She didn't see him, but he could see her. She had glossy black hair in a bun with some hanging at the back of her head, a majestic flower called the 'eve' placed on the side of her pale face, a long blue purple and white ombré gown with sleeves that droop to the ground, and in her hands she held a brown stick which looked like she could kill ogres and Giants with. The young lad was shocked. The girl was so beautiful! She turned her head towards him and shouted,

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

" I..I..I'm Li Jie."

"Hero," whispered the girl, "I'm sorry I interrupted whatever you're doing right now, it's just my father, he's letting me look after the area. He's the chief of the army."

"Well all I know is that you live up to your name, since it's beautiful and brave."

"Why thank you Li Jie. No one's ever noticed that before. For 12 years in a row I've not been able to get the appreciation I deserve. They think I'm just a little prissy princess. Well let me tell you I'm not afraid to put it through your brain. If, you know, you didn't say I was brave and beautiful."

" Zhang Xiu Yang, I have something to tell you. But first, do you want to fight and battle evil gangs?"

" Uhh, isn't that what I've been talking about?'

" Okay, but with this, don't tell anyone, I mean anyone." Li Jie explained what he heard from the guards. The girl just kept nodding and nodding. She said 'uh huh' sometimes, but mostly she just listened.

"Hmmm." Thought the girl. "I did hear about mysterious gang stealing from the rich. Luckily not from me and my family. Yet. I suppose they're going to–"She couldn't finish because her father was coming towards her.

"Quickly, go. Before my father sees you!" Li Jie ran inside the small shack, out of sight of general Kong. Now that he came closer, he could see the rusty armor on the old man.

" My dear Zhang Xiu Yang, you're growing up too fast! No one even came near you."

"Thank you father…" replied Zhang Xiu Yang. The girl took general Kong's hand and they both walked into the horizon.

The next morning was dreadful. Hundreds, no THOUSANDS of people were screaming in the streets all over Shanghai. Nobody knew why though. As Li Jie was taking his daily stroll through the streets to see what he could

find to take, he could hear a cry of terror through the roads. He glanced around and was struck with horror and fear as he saw hundreds of humans lying on the ground, dead.

As he looked around some more, he found four shadows fighting in the distance. Three were big, bold and brawny. The other was short and looked like she or he had a flower in their hair. Zhang Xiu Yang! Li Jie ran to the scene of the crime. When he walked up to the men, the boy found a symbol that he recognised. A flashback appeared before his eyes.

2 year old Li Jie in the cradle. Mom and Dad outside. Dark men with symbols.

The memory stopped. Li Jie knew that he was in the hands of one of those men. That's when the fighting began. Zhang Xiu Yang karate kicked one of the men in a spot too painful to mention. Li Jie was too weak to fight with his hands, so he picked up a sword from the side of the street and started bashing it at the remaining two men. Two of them were down, but the two kids were exhausted. The last man went up and stroked the sword against Li Jie's cheek. Li Jie thrust his sword into the big guy then let go.

"Why did you do that?" asked Zhang Xiu Yang.

"Because he took my parents," he said.

The Richshaw Hero

Po Leung Kuk Camoes Tan Siu Lin Primary School, Lun, Yui Chit – 11

It was a fine Shanghai morning. Buildings with standing out balconies, wooden sampan boats along the Huangpu River and reflected sunlight from shiny black cars, were the first scene that came to the awakening Raymond Liu — the rickshaw puller who was in front of the window of his home.

"Good morning, my dear city!" muttered Raymond. Raymond was one of the most optimistic poor people who really loved the city of Shanghai.

The first thought that came to Raymond was his daily routine. "Firstly," said Raymond. "I should go to the dumpling shop to eat some steamed buns." He wore a clean but patched yellow tunic and looked in the mirror. A smart–looking face complete with a moustache looked back at him. He took his measly money out of his sock where he kept it safely and went straight through the busy streets with his old rickshaw.

Raymond arrived at the dumpling shop and found enough cash to buy some steamed buns. He quickly went to work. His rickshaw was the opposite of attractive. Therefore, many people did not choose to ride on Raymond's rickshaw. As an optimist, Raymond was sure to serve at least someone.

"Hey you!" Raymond heard. Almost at the same time, a woman climbed onto Raymond's rickshaw. Raymond looked back. Apart from the stylish black–haired lady, there was a group of people with knives following her. Before he could look closely, the lady said hastily, "Take me to the nearest police station. Fast!" Hearing the command "Fast" made Raymond seem more energetic. As fast as a telegraph signal, he zoomed across the road, avoiding the grand black cars.

Through the bays of river boats and the black and good–looking Ford cars, the racing rickshaw of Raymond's sped with the bad guys following closely. People around the city dropped their jaws to the ground as the chase continued.

The police station was very close that time. When it was just a few turns to the police station, the horrible gangsters grabbed the lady.

"Hands up, Ruan Lingyu!" threatened the leader of the gang, as Ruan Lingyu raised her hand like an obedient school student.

The leader sighed, "Both hands, or you'll feel my knife!"

Meanwhile, Raymond found out he was ignored by the mean bad guys whom he realised they were the Green Gang. He then ran to the hut–like telephone booth to dial for the police.

Chaotically, he picked a number from the emergency list on the wall.

"Hello, there is a crime at 6 Nanking Road. Could you help us?" asked Raymond.

"Crime? You mean fire, do you? We're the firemen!" replied the man at the other end.

Raymond was poor and could not afford money to learn. Therefore, he dialled accidentally to the firemen.

He thought for a while and replied, "Yup!"

"Okay, we'll be there in a minute," said the fireman on the phone.

The firemen came in just a couple of minutes and sprayed the water at the Green Gang, thinking they were deadly fire. The gangsters fled in all directions because of the freezing water. At last, Ruan Lingyu was saved.

The Green Gang planned to assassinate the mayor of Shanghai in order to show the public how powerful they were. Ruan Lingyu eavesdropped on the conversation of the gangsters and learnt about the secret plan. She risked her life to inform the police about the plan. It was a success. The mayor thanked Raymond for helping Ruan Lingyu by giving him a considerable sum of money for a better life.

Raymond was delighted and spent the money wisely. He bought some paint and brushes to give an attractive look to his rickshaw. Every morning, he could spend money on very delicious dumplings instead of plain buns. He was liked by every passenger he served and lived modestly ever after.

The Phoenix

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Chan, Winnie – 11

Thunder rumbled. The navy blue sky of Old Shanghai was covered in dull, grey clouds. Thunder can be heard from kilometres away. Everyone locked their small huts hut, in case any rain seeped through any cracks in the door. Every single living creature, including birds, stray dogs and even insects all tried to avoid the ghastly storm. But not everyone was safe.

A phoenix, blazing red and orange and yellow colours, could be seen rummaging through the howling wind and rain as it flapped her wings as steadily as possible in order to maintain balance. However, as it tried to dodge a swift motion of a lightning bolt, the magnificent creature tumbled onto the ground. As the rain kept hurting the fire bird deliberately, the phoenix cried in pain as parts of his life was gradually being drained out of it. For a split second, it closed its eyes and stopped moving. Abruptly, a shadowy figure towered over the dying phoenix and opened his damaged umbrella over her. Although there were several holes in the umbrella's fabric, the umbrella was durable enough to clock the rain from killing the phoenix. The flaming bird slowly opened its fiery eyes and looked at the man. The phoenix nodded at him, and flew away immediately.

As the phoenix fluttered away, a few of its bright orange feathers were left behind, as they slowly glided onto the ground and merged into a piece of paper. The man hesitated slightly, but eventually picked up the note. As he read it upon closer inspection, he read out the words. "I will come back many years later to grant your family good luck," he mumbled, "as I owe you a favour for helping me. However, you must have the same kind heart and act the same as you do now, or else…"the rest of the note was scribbled and rubbed out as if somebody didn't want the reader to figure out what the note had said. The man shrugged, as he didn't think much of it. He dropped the note on the floor, where he picked up it up from originally and ran back home, for the rain was starting to pour even harder.

When the sky cleared up the next morning, the phoenix flew away from the cave she was hiding in to avoid the storm and soared through the clear clouds that were forming lines to welcome the elegant creature. The phoenix towered over the fishing docks, boats, tiny houses and a few large towers of Old Shanghai proudly as if she owned the place. Men gripped tightly onto their hats while they looked away from their newspaper and glanced up at the soaring phoenix. Women closed their wooden umbrellas that were blocking the view and crossed their hips that were suited in their tight dresses as they scanned the sky to try and find a glowing, feathered creature. Some children dropped their wooden toys, some children, stopped digging tiny holes to plant seeds, and some children even got out of their small, wooden classrooms in order to witness this stunning phenomenon their parents kept gossiping about. Everybody in Old Shanghai was gathered together into groups in order to witness the phoenix's beauty.

After a long day of flying around Old Shanghai and beaming in pride for living in such an imperial place, the phoenix went back to its cave and went into a deep slumber.

100 YEARS LATER

The phoenix opened her ruby eyes and looked up onto the rocky ceiling of her cave. She slowly got up and settled her eyes on the grey sky. The phoenix tilted her head in confusion. Normally, the phoenix would wake up on a warm summer afternoon and greeted by a flock of spotted turtle doves piloting in the brilliant orange sky. However, a grey, polluted sky could be seen that day.

Confused, the phoenix looked down from her cave in the mountains, and stared in mixed feelings. Her flaming tail stopped burning for a spilt second.

The phoenix got down onto a small hill from its cave to get a closer inspection and blinked several times to see if she was hallucinating… apparently not.

Instead of normally seeing tiny houses and a few large temples with people scurrying around them, the phoenix saw towering skyscrapers with pointed poles on the top. Instead of normally seeing fishing docks with

small boats lined up against it, the phoenix saw massive cruises and buses and trams. Instead of normally seeing little farms and gardens huddled together, the phoenix saw shops and billboards covering every single patch of green or water source.

Heartbroken, the phoenix glided to a small spot where she remembered she was saved from dying by a man.

A child started running up to the phoenix. "Hey. Aren't you the birdy my ancestor helped?" the phoenix nodded wisely, and plucked out a feather of her own. It merged into a note that said, "What was your ancestor's occupation after he saved me?" The child shrugged. "I think he was a boss of some important, dumb company. I hear he was really strict. He fired people left right and centre. Because he was so focused on work, he ignored his family and thought that money could give him happiness. I think it's true. After all, I got this cool action figure from my dad! Look!" The little boy beamed arrogantly and showed off his toy. After that, the phoenix turned around and soared away without saying a word.

The phoenix sighed miserably. 'Why can't good–natured people act the same as they did in the past?' she speculated. The phoenix stayed in her cave and refused to discover the new Shanghai. Before she died, she casted a curse on the little boy that made him bring bad luck where–ever he went, and had the bad luck be passed down from generation to generation.

World War II

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Cheung, Ethan – 11

Today, the Japanese army declared war on Shanghai. They have captured many important cities and harbours across the country, including Beijing. Sooner or later, Shanghai will also be captured by the Japanese. The government is urgently searching for men who would like to be in the army to defend Shanghai…"

In desperation, Thomas turned off the radio. He was born in England, but his parents died when he was young. He moved to Shanghai to live with his grandmother. He sold rice to make a living, while his grandmother weaved. Time flew, and Thomas had turned 20. After hearing the radio, he approached his grandmother saying, "Grandma, I know it's difficult for you to take care of me, but I want to join the army. You can take care of yourself better than I can. I must go to defend my city, my country – even if it means death. Please – let me go."

"But you have no experience in combat or battles!" Grandmother replied, "The army does not have the time to train people like you to fight! After you're fully trained, Shanghai would already be captured. No, you can't go. And that's that."

For the next few days, Thomas did not eat or sleep. He thought about the war day and night. He wondered why grandmother would not let him join the army. Was she protecting him? One silent night Thomas could not stand it anymore. He packed all the things he needed, left a letter for grandmother, and quietly sneaked out of the house. He was totally unaware about what he would face before he stepped out of the doorway. First of all, he didn't know where the army was. It was midnight, so there was no one he could ask for help. He searched all of the places in the city, passing old, dusty houses and finally saw some camouflage tents in the woods. Thomas didn't dare to wake the soldiers up, so he waited until dawn arrived.

The second problem was Thomas didn't know that the general of the army was not very nice. He questioned Thomas' ability. "You have no experience in combat. You never even seen any sort of weapon, much less use it. I would rather continue selling rice if I were you." Chen had said. But Thomas did not give up. "Look, sir. I know I'm not the sharpest tool in the box, but I really want to join the army. Please – just let me try." Finally Chen was moved, allowing Thomas to join squadron E–43.

Thomas forgot all about his grandmother, but she was worried to death. She panicked, muttering to herself," I should have let him go. I could have packed all the equipment that he needed. He doesn't know a lot about the outside world, how dangerous it is. Now he is out there, all alone, not knowing what to do. My, on my…"

After making friends in the squadron, he started his first day of training. He learnt fast, unexpectedly. Soon, he was as skilled as the other soldiers in his squadron. At night, the army's base was attacked by the ferocious Japanese. Thomas got to his feet and told the other soldiers about the attack. He ran like a cheetah, racing to the weaponry to grab his weapon. But he found that the Japanese had taken all the weapons. The thief was not far away, and Thomas flew into a rage, hurling a brick at the thief, killing him. This eventually caused the defeat of the Japanese. All the soldiers cheered for him, even General Chen congratulated him. The army threw an enormous party to celebrate, but Thomas did not eat or drink anything. He was deep inside his thoughts.

Back in his cabin, Thomas whispered to himself, "I stopped a threat to my country, and I should be proud of it! But I killed someone. Even if he was someone who wanted to kill me, he was still a human. I've done something against humanity! I should've listened to grandmother and stayed at home! Oh, may god forgive me…"

During the next few days, Thomas pretended to be sick and refused to go to battle. That annoyed General Chen a lot. Finally, Chen could not stand it anymore. He stormed into Thomas' cabin yelling, "Thomas, I've had it with you! Why are you hiding from the battles? Are you scared? Well, the army does not accept cowards! "

"But, sir…" Thomas stabbered.

"I said Get out!" Chen roared.

In misery, Thomas quickly packed his belongings and fled. In the distance, he could still hear the voice of Chen, "Never come back!" Thomas wandered around the streets, clueless about what to do next. He suddenly remembered that grandmother was still at home, panicking. He rushed home as fast as he could, only to find out that grandmother's house was totally destroyed. However, he couldn't see some of grandmother's belongings, which was a good sign. Maybe his grandmother fled a long time ago! There was still hope.

Thomas searched. He searched on the streets, in the alleys, in the shops, everywhere. He met his neighbors, his childhood mates, but he had no time to stop by. He asked everyone he met about grandmother, but there were no clues, no signs. Then Thomas thought of one place – one place that grandmother might be staying at. Her friend Veronica's house! Veronica lived very far away from the city, where the Japanese had not attacked yet. Though the power had already drained away from his body, Thomas ran with all his might. Luckily someone saw him and gave him a ride. He was there in twenty minutes.

And of course, there she was, as Thomas predicted. He ran to give her a big hug and told her what had happened, from when he left till then. Then Thomas said," You are my only relative. I would never, ever leave you again."

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Honda, Kazu – 12

My name is Quantas Everstone. I have blonde hair and sea green eyes. I have a photographic memory, and am especially good with faces. I also study ancient languages. I make ends meet by building coastal defensive walls against notorious Japanese pirates. They are after a 3−inch night glowing pearl from an Edo samurai that was given to the Chinese imperial family 100 years ago. Everyone thought that Japan was a happy and healthy society, but they were actually suffering. Without the pearl, their ancient national treasure, bad luck would continue and more natural disasters would strike. Japan knew they had to get their pearl back.

It was a beautiful summer day, I was walking home from work when I noticed five strange looking people staring at the defensive wall. They were all bald, with tattoos of a small sabre−toothed tiger behind their ears. This left a strange feeling in my stomach, but I was too hungry to think, all I had in mind was Shao Long Bao.

The next day, as I went to work, I ran into the sabretooths again as I passed by the fish market. They were whispering in an ancient Japanese language. I couldn't hear anything except Ōjo and Pāru, which meant princess and pearl respectively. These sabretooths were up to no good.

"Quanster! Quanster! There you are!" said my friend Maoshae. He has an unshaven beard and a REALLY hairy nostril, like a human sized Pekingese, this furball is my best friend.

"Hi furball!" I said, as he ran towards me.

"You don't know what happened?" Maoshae asked. I shook my head.

"Someone had the guts to scratch a note onto the defensive wall."

I laughed. That person obviously has a death wish, or is he trying to threaten us? I asked Maoshae, " So what did it say?" RETURN THE PEARL OR ELSE…….

" That's it?" I asked.

" Yup."

As Maoshae and I walked to work, I was thinking hard. Ōjo? Princess? Pāru? Pearl? Of course! The sabretooths must be Japanese pirates and they were trying to take the night glowing pearl from……. the princess?? THE PRINCESS HAS THE PEARL! But how to warn her? I thought to myself.

After I finished my work, I was contemplating to tell Maoshae.

"Let's get dan dan mien, I am so hungry…by the way, I have a favour to ask you." said Maoshae.

" Sure!"

" My cousin from Beijing is looking for a friend in Shanghai, he used to be a royal goldsmith who worked in the palace. Do you think you can help her find him?"

"Do you have a painting of him for me to search in my brain databank?" I asked.

"Nope. But you can meet my cousin so she can describe his features to you in detail."

"Sure."

The next day, I was waiting with Maoshae in Ye Shanghai restaurant when suddenly a faint horrible odour getting stronger by the second. An old man by the door fainted.

"Hey, Quanster, cover your nose, my cousin is coming now, she suffers a fungal infection caused by her bound feet." Maoshae screamed.

Then, Maoshae's hairier and barefooted cousin came in. A child who was eating Shao Long Bao vomited, then fainted too. By her side was a Bankhar dog wearing a gold collar with a huge rattle. Her voice was really deep.

" Hello, my name is Dong Gu Tou. I have heard from Maoshae that you were willing to help me to locate my relative."

Dong Gu Tou continued, "This relative of mine is a one−eyed goldsmith. He has black hair with streaks of purple dye that hang over his eyes, is that enough for you?"

I processed all this information through my head. An image of the exact description came to my head. Of course! It was the local goldsmith. He wore an eyepatch and refused to tell anyone how he had lost his eye.

"I know who you are looking for. Follow me." I was exhilarated.

We hurried past the shops that lined the coast until we got to the end. There was a sign less goldsmith shop. As we went in, Ho Man in his usual oily manner, greeted us with a bow. " What may I do for you today, Mr. Everstone?" I told him that someone was looking for him. He looked up. When he saw Dong Gu Tou.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

Dong Gu Tou stepped forward, "Long time no see, Ho Man." I was really confused, but I continued to listen.

"I need you to break the rattle. Japan is in trouble and I would like to return the pearl." said Dong Gu Tou.

"Fine, but I get to keep the rattle and collar. " Ho Man replied.

Ho Man took out a pair of pliers that were made out of a turquoise 24 karat gold. He sliced open the rattle that hung around The Bankhar's neck and a gigantic shimmering ball tumbled out. Is that the night glowing pearl?

"Wow! How did you get that?" I asked. Dong Gu Tou looked at me.

"Let me introduce myself properly. Princess Pao Boombagingragra, descendent of the mighty Khan family. A Japanese samurai gave this to my ancestor. They need the pearl or they will perish." I was awestruck. That means the sabretooths were probably Japanese people trying to take back the pearl!" Just then, shadow of men flashed right behind Princess Pao, they disappeared like ninja. I ran back to the city looking everywhere for the sabretooths but couldn't find them.

Finally, at the pier, I saw them boarding a ship leaving Old Shanghai. They must have figured out that the Princess Pao was going to return the pearl back to Japan. One of them saw me, and bowed. Then they all disappeared from sight. Not long after, their ship was gone, fading away into the evening mist.

The stinky footed Princess Boombagingragra became a legend in the Old Shanghai. Some even say that's how stinky tofu got its name.

The Wall

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Huang, Kacey – 11

Mother walked into the living room one night with good news. "We're going to see the remaining section of the wall!"

"The... wall?" 12–year old Alexandra wondered aloud, tossing her brown hair to one side. She snapped the book she was reading shut, and left her room.

"There was once a wall surrounding our city," Mother explained. "It was once used to defend us from Japanese pirates."

Alexandra shuddered at the thought of pirates raiding their city, but Mother continued on.

"I think going there will enrich your knowledge about Shanghai, children."

Mother handed out their dinner, and Alexandra beamed. "My favourite *Xiaolongbao* from the Nanxiang Bun Shop! Thank you!"

Mother smiled. "No problem, darling."

Suddenly, 15–year old Axel, Alexandra's brother, sat up, and flipped a mop of his raven–black hair that hung over his eyes.

"Do we really have to go?" he moaned.

Mother nodded firmly.

"But I'm–" Axel protested.

"You must go," Mother insisted.

"Fine," Axel grumbled under his breath.

The next day, Alexandra woke up bright and early.

"Ready?" Mother smiled.

Alexandra nodded, glancing quickly at Axel, who was sitting on a chair. "Wake up from your daydream, sleepyhead!" she hissed.

"I wasn't daydreaming!" Axel shot back.

Alexandra sent a glare, but Axel sat up anyway, and the two left with Mother.

When they reached the wall, Mother spread her hands dramatically. "Behold! The 8.1 meter high wall!"

"The wall was built in 1553 and most of it was demolished in 1912, except two parts." she continued.

"It's amazing," breathed Alexandra. "But why did they demolish it?"

"Mostly because it is said to be an obstacle for trade in this city," Mother explained.

"Oh," Axel said, clearly not interested. "How long again until we get home, Mother?"

"Not long, dear. Patience is a valuable lesson that should be learned, Axel." Mother said in a regal voice. "Plus, don't you think there's a wall like this between you two siblings?"

Axel's face seemed to darken. "No there isn't. We get along fine." Axel forced out a reply, shooting Alexandra a glare.

"Very." Alexandra said. "Very fine."

Clearly noticing the conflict between the two, Mother whispered, "Axel–he's actually a good person. It could take some time, but... you'd understand, Alexandra. You'd know someday, after you break the barrier between you and your brother." Alexandra furrowed her brow, but nodded anyway.

Soon, after a visit to a nearby museum and to buy a souvenir of a carpet, Mother checked her watch. "It's getting late, and we better hurry back home."

Once they got home, Mother said, "I'm going to do some chores. Axel, do you want to help out?"

"Why me?" Axel moaned, but he obliged.

"Don't you think that Alexandra is annoying? She's adopted! She's not even your true daughter!" Axel demanded, once they were out of earshot.

"How could you say such a thing?" Mother frowned. "Although she is adopted, she should be considered as your sister, and I do treat you two equally."

Axel scowled and trudged back towards the living room.

It was silent in the house, until mother gasped. "Oh, no!" she wailed.

"What is it, mother?" both children yelled together. Axel sat up, and Alexandra ran to the kitchen.

"I've spilled all the white sugar, so I'd have to buy some. Will you come with me, Alexandra, while Axel handles the cooking?" Mother asked.

"Remember to extinguish the fire after you finish cooking!" she hissed to Axel, before leaving.

"Of course I know!" Axel snarled back.

When they got to their house, Mother screamed. A fire had started in the kitchen. Spectators had gathered around it, trying to put out the flames.

"How did this happen—Axel!" Alexandra panicked, putting two by two together. Alexandra raced to the door, and concern for Axel was all that was in her mind. "AXEL!" she yelled frantically, ignoring the surprised gasps of the people.

Without thinking, she raced inside.

Inside, it was unbearably hot. Alexandra remembered what her teacher said to do in a fire emergency: keep calm, and try not to breathe in the smoke. Luckily, the flames seemed to come from the kitchen, making it easier to find Axel without being burnt badly. A flame jumped out of nowhere, nearly hurting the girl.

"Gah!" Alexandra yelled, pressing her body to the wall and edging towards the kitchen slowly, avoiding the flames. She peeked in, and gasped. Axel was hunched on the floor, flames surrounding him. No wonder he couldn't escape!

Alexandra knocked on the wall, trying to draw his attention.

"Axel!" Alexandra hissed, then regretted it. The smoke burned down her lungs, but it worked. Axel looked up, hope in his eyes.

"Alexandra? What are you doing here? Leave now! You'll get hurt! Earlier I forgot to extinguish the fire. It's all my fault! I'm so sorry..." Axel cried.

"I'm here to save you," Alexandra said, determination in her eyes. She looked around, and her eyes were set on the souvenir carpet rolled up aside.

"Axel!" she yelled. "Soak this carpet in the tap water!"

Axel obeyed, and, using the wet carpet, Alexandra desperately flapped the carpet on the flames, hoping to extinguish the fire. The carpet was incredibly heavy, and it hurt to move it. Fortunately, the flames were soon extinguished, and Axel leaped out.

"Let's go!" Alexandra said urgently, as boy and girl ran out of the door.

When Mother saw the two safe and sound, she immediately embraced the siblings in a bone—crushing hug. "I was so scared that something happened to you!" she said, wiping a tear from her eye.

"I've learned something new, too, Mother," Axel said. "I have realized the importance of loyalty, family and sacrifice. Despite how mean I was to my sister and I thought she shouldn't be treated as well just because she's adopted, she still risked everything to save me. I guessed we did break our 'wall' between us."

Mother embraced them again. "I'm so glad you did, Axel." she said. "I'm so glad you did."

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Kok, Karina – 11

My twin brother Chang sat silently on the luscious green grass, reading a book. I ran over to him, sitting down on a stone stool. "Chang, what's the story of the girl who ventured over the wall?"

"You've asked so many times about Yang, don't you just hate hearing that story?" Chang lamented, pushing his glasses further up his nose. "You are constantly bothering me about it. You should memorise it and read it to yourself every day," Chang snickered.

I narrowed my eyes at him and pounced on him tickling his sides. "Okay, okay, I'll tell you," Chang gasped between breaths. I sat down and waited patiently for him to begin.

"In 1554 during the Ming dynasty, the city wall was constructed, mainly to keep threats away from the main city, Shanghai. Locals were not permitted to leave – they would receive death penalties, but high class nobles or traders could go safely. The story started a long, long time ago...

★★★

Yang's brother, Ying frowned. Yang was pestering him about the wall. "Yang, why do you keep asking? Are you thinking about sneaking out? Let me tell you – never attempt that – those soldiers and guards are merciless. Once you are discovered, you could be publicly hanged."

"Whatever," Yang waved him off, "I would never think about something so risky."

"You better not," Ying warned Yang for one last time before slinking away to do his chores. Really, she was thinking about running away – the thrill of these "adventures" in the middle of the night made her more and more excited.

"Ying, Yang, it's dusk, come back in," their mother hollered into the backyard. Yang raced back into the house, up the stairs and into her room. She sat on her bed, watching the sun slowly fade into the horizon as nighttime fell upon them.

As the chatter in the house slowly fell silent, she extinguished the candle in her room, pretending to be asleep. This is a risk, but it certainly should be worth trying, Yang thought to herself in the eerily silent dark.

Sticking her head out of the window, Yang checked for anyone roaming the streets at night. There were a few patrol guards here and there, but they couldn't possibly see her. Her house was a few blocks down to the wall, she would have to slip through the alleys to reach it. Yang squeezed through the window, and nimbly climbed down the slippery, grey tiles, scaling down and landing on the rock−hard pavement. As quickly as she had come down, Yang hid in a dark corner of the street, away from the sight of the guards.

She ran, panting, down the stairs of a dark alleyway towards the towering north gate. She was going to head past the tower and reach the north east part of the wall, where there were little to no guards on patrol. Just as she was about to grab a loose brick, a tug on her boyish shirt held her back.

Yang whirled around, face to face with a handsome strange boy about her age, smiling mischievously. The boy shook her gently.

"I'm Heng, and you are?" the boy asked her.

"Aren't you going to tell on me, for trying to escape?" Yang trembled, getting more scared by the second.

Heng stared at her, surprised. "Of course not, I came here to have an adventure too!" he laughed quietly at Yang.

He quietly sneaked the grappling hook out of his backpack, and Yang gasped in surprise as he swung the grapple up into the moonlight sky and hit the top of the wall with a silent "clang".

He lifted himself on the thick rope, gesturing for Yang to wait as he scurried up the wall like a professional wall climber. When he was nearing the top, he hoisted his leg over the wall. Yang was still halfway up when the guards approached, walking below the both of them. Yang shrouded her face with her raven black hair, and Heng crouched low behind the thick wall. The guards were talking in a low whisper, and soon they disappeared and the two came out of hiding.

"Well that was close, the guards were that near to discovering us." Heng breathed out.
"Yeah, we would be killed the second they see us," Yang whispered into the darkness. The duo started down the wall, light footsteps receding in the dark as they walked silently, hand in hand into the big unknown city.
The sun was rising, the boy and the girl turned around after lots of exploring and adventure in the vast city. The horizon burst full of colors as the sun slowly climbed out, shooting beams of magical light through the clouds, lighting up the sky as the small city awakened. However, the magnificent sight did not last long, and the sunrise signaled the ending of their adventure.
"Liang will kill me if she finds me missing from my bed when she comes to wake me up!" Yang exclaimed in shock as a wave of realization washed over her.
"I'll get you back in time. Let me tell you, I do this every Sunday nighttime," Heng laughed softly and tugged her by the arm, and they ran back to their houses, twisting and turning around the familiar streets and alleyways of Old Shanghai.

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"And then? And then what happened?" I interrupted impatiently, and Chang scowled, obviously annoyed at me. He made a "quiet" gesture, as he continued the story.
"Yang and Heng got home successfully and continued to have many more rendezvous. They didn't tell anyone about the secret until the wall was dismantled in 1912. Someone thought they fell in love and had a family. That's all I know."
I nodded, dreaming of the romantic meetings of when they explored the unknown together. At that moment, a photo floated down from the sky, perhaps blown by the light breeze. I picked it up, and I gulped out of surprise – a photo of a young lady in a Chinese dress from the ancient times – just what I had pictured Yang to be like. I flipped it to the back – in beautiful calligraphy, written on the back of the photo was: for my granddaughter, whom I would like to be named...

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Li, Aiden – 11

It was another morning in Old Shanghai. The lamps on the street were lit, casting a faint glow on the path. Clothing and food hung from the windows of the apartments above, dangling in the faint breeze. Horsecarts clip–clopped on the lined paths, their hooves making a "clack" sound with every step. Streets filled up with people. Some of them were haggling, some were arguing, and yet others were gossiping.

Our story begins in an apartment above a street, where a teen is waking up. "Wake up, sleepyhead; you've got jobs to do!" "Coming, Mum!" the little boy replies. He lazily stretches his arms for a while. His hair is shaved in a buzz cut. He wears patched clothing. Suddenly, his eyes fly open." I'm late!" He runs into the living room, and wants to dash out the door, when a figure stops him. It's his mother. "Hurry up, or you'll be late for work!" Teng–hui (The boy) runs out of the door.

Teng–hui biked towards the factory he works at.

Teng–hui arrived at the factory, and tried to enter using his key. The boss appears suddenly from the other side of the gate. "You're late! 100 fen off today's wages!" Teng–hui then reluctantly enters the factory.

Teng–hui and his pal Wangjin had forged 14,568 coins for the boss at work. They each received 200 fen for their labors. Their hands were blistered and burned, and they were sweating all over, they had completed their work. They returned home tired but happy. Teng–hui said "I think everything will be same tomorrow." He had no idea how wrong he was.

The next day, Teng–hui was woken up by hagglers downstairs. Teng–hui gazed out of the window and saw a crowd of people below. "What is going on!" he screamed. Downstairs, the shopkeeper replied" The coin mint is closed." "What happened?" Teng–hui asked. "It was invaded by the Japanese!" said a person. Teng–hui dashed over to Wangjin's home "Did you hear? The coin mint is closed! So what are we going to do now?" Teng–hui asked. "I don't know. Maybe… defend our hometown?" "But we're so young…" Suddenly, they both heard marching sounds come from the direction of the coin mint. They both thought only one thing: "The Japanese are invading!"

They dashed into the city and screamed "The Japanese are invading!" Then, they saw a cloud of dust charging towards the inner gates! The soldiers on guard announced "Everybody retreat!" All the civilians dashed towards their homes, Teng–hui and Wangjin included. Soon, most of the Japanese had broken through the gates, killing all citizens in their path. What could possess the Japanese to do such cruel actions, they could only guess…

The boys were hiding in Teng–hui's house. As they squeezed under the bed, Teng–hui found an old spell book. They began to read and learn the spells inside. Suddenly, they heard a voice saying" I will give you some magic tools. Use them wisely." Then, they saw a chest on the floor, filled with artefacts. They brought it with them as they left the house. Wanting to find out what had happened to the soldiers; The boys used a spell, and found out that the soldiers were controlled by an evil witch. "Why would she do this?" Teng–hui said. They had to stop her. According to the spell book, humans could only be controlled if the conjuror was nearby. They split up and began to look for the witch.

Teng–hui went into an abandoned temple. He heard a high pitched cackle, and peeked into the room it came from. He heard the witch say" I sense that somebody has learned magic. I must stop him immediately!" "She must be talking about us!" He thought. He signaled to Wangjin that he had found the witch, and they grabbed some

tools. Teng–hui had an Exorcism–sword, and Wangjin had an Eight–Diagrams–Umbrella. They slowly crept towards the witch, and prepared to attack…

The evil witch suddenly turned around, surprising the boys. Then, she hollered "Freeze!" Teng–hui and Wangjin were suddenly frozen. They saw the witch holding a staff made of amber and wearing an amulet. "Let's have a battle. " Teng–hui asked viciously. "We know you want to conquer everything. Winner takes all." The witch freed the boys from her grip. The boys fell to the ground with a thud. Then, her staff began to glow. "Bring it on, old woman!" said Teng–hui. He and Wangjin began to chant, and their weapons burned with blue flames. Wangjin entered a stance and prepared to fight. "Let the battle begin! " Wangjin immediately conjured a suit of armor, the witch imitating him. Then the witch began attacking with different spells. But Wangjin had absolutely no resistance. He was getting hit, and was dangerously close to being destroyed. Suddenly, Wangjin stood up and began to use the Umbrella to summon elementals. He used the spell Revenge to power up. But, still, Wangjin had not enough power, and a moment later, he was defeated.

"Now it's your turn!" The witch cackled. Teng–hui grasped his Sword, cried" For China!" and began to battle.

He slashed the witch's staff with his sword. As the witch began summoning skeletons to battle, Teng–hui conjured a bow and shot her amulet. It shattered into a million pieces. "No! My power source!" Her staff shattered too! "Please spare me!" the witch groveled. Teng–hui replied "I shall spare you!" What he didn't notice was that the witch had a dagger in her hand, and was planning to stab him! Suddenly, a fire spirit snatched the dagger, and burst into flames, burning the witch to death.

It was Wangjin who had summoned the elemental. He was fully healed, and standing right behind Teng–hui. "Great battle!" They walked out of the temple… and saw the Japanese soldiers in a trance, waiting for commands. Teng–hui said" Return to your homeland!" The soldiers obediently marched away from Shanghai. The boys walked away smiling, knowing that Shanghai was safe at last.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Li, Yau – 12

In the half–lit bedroom, my grandma was telling me a bedtime story.

"My dear, there was this girl, Mei, who was 8 years old, just like you. She was an orphan. It was 1935 and she worked in Majestic Hotel at the Bund of Shanghai. Her job was to polish shoes, so she met a lot of different people."

"What fascinated her was the dresses of the foreign kids. Mei would gaze into the crowds around the Bund. With their elegance, they immersed into the magical surrounds of dusk.The red sky flushed like the rosy cheeks of a newborn baby. The flame of the sun fading out and marking the end of the day. The clouds flew past as if the birds were migrating from country to country. The docking ships were bees over a blossom flower."

"Night fell and the crowds disappeared. Silence and the stars filled the Bund. It was finally time for Mei to rest."

It was way past bedtime, yet I was still wide awake and insisted to listen to the story. Grandma took a deep breath and continued. "So, the next day, Mei woke up before dawn. She was a diligent girl. As she prepared the shoe polishing materials, a cute, charming western boy in his smart outfit, carrying a pair of worn leather shoes, approached her. Mei took a deep breath as her cheeks turned red. Her heart thumped wildly. Their eyes met and somehow they felt an instant connection between them. Mei, and the boy, blushed. "

"Excuse me. Could you please help me polish these leather shoes? " The boy seemed to glow and Mei just couldn't leave her eyes off him. The boy was a beacon in a stormy sea.

"Usually, only adults will bring their shoes here, so are you helping your dad?" Mei decided to break the silence. The boy whispered in Mei's ears,"I accidentally spilled paint on my dad's shoes. He has a bad temper. I decided to polish his shoes without letting him know." That was how the boy and Mei started to talk to each other.

"What's your name?" the boy asked.

"Mei."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Peter Palmer and I'm 10. How about you?"

"I'm 8."

"Actually, my dad is a businessman and he's working at the Bund. Our house is right there."

"Oh I see. I've been working here since I was 4."

"Why don't you come and visit my home?"

"Oh, wow! Well…"

"Don't worry. You can pretend to be my classmate!"

"Okay. Anyway, here are your shoes."

As the first light of the day picked its way through the haze, the two kids reached Peter's house.

In front of Mei, stood a grand 3–storey building. It made her feel like she was a princess in a royal court. High–arched windows reflected the rising sun. Morning dew on the brown brick wall dripped like melting chocolate.

"Come in." said Peter. Mei was calm on the outside, yet she almost had her pounding heart in her mouth. They walked and were welcomed by a long red carpet and a guard you would see outside Buckingham Palace in London. This was a totally new experience for a poor girl like Mei. Famous paintings of the Bund lined the elaborately painted walls. Mei felt like a tiny ant in an immense grand room suddenly.

Soon, a tall western man with a beard walked in and was shocked, "Who is that, Peter?" "This is my friend Mei, dad." The word "friend" made Mei feel special, as if she had drunk nectar.

"I told you not to bring any strangers in here, RIGHT!??" His dad roared and made Peter stagger back. Mei was shocked and embarrassed. She quickly lowered her head and said to Peter, "I'm sorry. I'll go right now." "No, it's okay. I'll explain to him." Turning his head back to his dad, Peter calmly explained, "Dad, this girl helped to polish your leather shoes that shone like stars. Can we play in my room?" Mr. Palmer realized he overacted and scarred the little girl. "Fine, just don't bother me." Mr. Palmer replied.

Delightedly, Mei stayed in the Palmer's home for a month. She worked in the day and helped with house chores at night. The Palmers appreciated her help and allowed her to stay. She was given her favourite beige western dress. This was a 180° change in her life.

After one year of peace, Shanghai was disrupted by the Japanese invasion. It was a nightmare for all the people, including the Palmers. The Japanese bombs hit Shanghai and they took control of the whole place. The Bund was changed from heaven, to a land of misery and devastation."

One day, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were whispering in each other's ears. Workers came in and out of their house, carrying furniture. Guards and maids were packing up.

Deep at night, Mr. Palmer suddenly came into Peter's room and stopped their game of hide–and–seek. He quietly said, "Come down to the front door quickly." Peter and Mei didn't have time to react and were panicking. "What happened? Why?" They panted as they ran down to the front door. There, the whole family was waiting with anxious looks.

"Let's go." Mr. Palmer said.

"Where are we going, dad?"

"Shhh...we are leaving Shanghai to a safe place."

"Where?"

"Hong Kong."

Peter and Mei didn't know what was happening, but quietly followed.

The sky was ghost–black and the houses around stood in the ruin like wounded soldiers. It became a ghost port. All of the Palmers boarded the ship and started their journey to Hong Kong."

The journey was harsh with fierce storms and inadequate food. The story didn't end after they managed to arrive at Hong Kong after a week. When Mei was 18, she was married to Peter and they had sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters and on and on.

"This true story didn't happen to me. Mei and Peter were my great–grandparents."

"You, my dear, are her great–great–great granddaughter."

Crystal Necklaces and Letters

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lok, Katie – 11

It's so pretty!'

'Oh my god.'

' What should we do with it?'

We just had discovered an old necklace in the hotel room. It looked really ancient and old. It was the kind of thing you would expect royalty to wear back in the days. It was gold with a glistening blue crystal charm attached to it. Even though the gold chain looked a bit rusty and the some parts of the crystal had broke, it was still extremely valuable.

Savanna spoke up. ' Do you think there's still something in that drawer?' She said, nodding towards the drawer where we found the necklace. I walked over to the drawer,slowly opening and peeking inside. At the corner of the drawer it looked like there was piece of folded paper. I took it out and held it out in front of my friends. 'Open it!' They yelled in unison. I slowly opened the yellowed piece of paper while the others watched with bated breath. I cleared my throat.

' My dearest Princess Rosie, I am extremely sorry for what happened last night. Please forgive me. I want and need a second chance. If you permit me this, please come and meet me at The Bund tonight at 8:00. Love, Harry.' I read.

' Should we go to The Bund?' I ask. 'Why? I mean, yeah we might find something more but why are we even doing this?' Jade asked. ' Well it's not everyday when you an extremely valuable necklace and letter in your hotel room. We can find out who they are and stuff about the necklace,' Savannah scoffed at Jade. I shook my head, ' We're going.' I confirm.

' Okay I did some research on The Bund. Turns out that this place has been in Shanghai for a long time and it was built for Princess Rosie and the love of her life, Harry.' Savanna said. We arrived at The Bund. My eyes widened. ' That's the person who wrote the letter! Harry wrote it to Rosie!' I said. ' How are you sure?' Savanna asked. ' Well, the letter clearly says ' Princess Rosie' and I'm pretty sure we found it in Shanghai.' ' She does have a point. So that's one mystery solved. What about the necklace?' Jade asked. We stayed silent for a while, not sure what to say. It's not like we can just search for "Ancient Crystal Necklaces"'. Just then an idea dawned on me. We could ask Savanna's Grandmother! I quickly turned to the girls and told them my idea. They agreed, and we headed over to her Grandmother's apartment.

Her smile widened when she saw us, showing her silver tooth. She dressed oddly, in bright colours and a fancy hat with flower in it. Her house also smelled like soup and dumplings, I noticed, delighted. 'My beautiful girls.' She said, interrupting my train of thought. Welcome. Come in. Come in.' I gave her a warm smile before stepping in her home. 'Grandma can you please tell us how Shanghai was like back then?' Savanna asked.

Savanna's grandma told us a story of the history of Shanghai. It was detailed and interesting and colourful. From what she told us, you could tell that old Shanghai was an amazing place filled with excitement and danger and adventure. She told us about how their was a city wall built to protect the citizens from Japanese pirates; how the Japanese had invaded Shanghai, about the ceasefire that started in Shanghai; and much more.

But nothing about a princess.

'Thank you Grandma.' Savanna said. 'Bye.' Me and Jade chorused. We gave her quick smiles before we stepped out of her house. All three of us stayed silent while walking through the cold streets of Shanghai. Today the streets seemed to be feeling gloomy like us. It was dark, empty and quiet. The lamposts stood over us, as if watching our every move. An eery silence fell over us like a blanket. Jade spoke up. ' Your grandma mentioned so many things about Shanghai's past, but there was nothing about 'Princess Rosie'.' Me and Savanna looked at each other. We both knew that she was right. So was Princess Rosie real? I mean we did see it online. What was the truth?

We continued our mystery investigation. As frustrating as this was, it was also starting to get really exciting. We re–read the letter again, desperately trying to find a clue. And… we got nothing. We began to get more and more discouraged.

'*We're never going to find out who this princess Rosie is. We should just give up. This is so frustrating and hopeless,'* I thought.

Just then Savanna piped up, distracting me from my train of thought, 'Do you think anyone that works in the hotel knows what this is about?' I thought about it for a moment. Maybe Savanna was on to something. *We did find the note and the necklace there.*

We headed down to the hotel lobby, hoping to find answers. We walked over to the front desk giving a warm smile towards the woman sitting there. Savanna hands over the necklace as the woman's eyes widen and her jaw drops, 'Where did you find this?' She asks. 'The hotel room' I reply. ' This necklace is,indeed very valued and precious. Did you find anything else?' I gave her the note we found. As she reads the letter, her eyes go back and forth concentrating on reading the letter. Her jaw dropped to the floor after she finished reading the letter. 'Do you think you can tell us something about the letter and the necklace?'Jade asks hopefully, 'We've been trying to find out information about these objects.' 'I can tell you something will shock you.' The clerk said.

' Rosie and Harry had a fight one night because of their families. Rosie's father didn't approve of Harry because they thought he was a poor servant for their family. Which was true. Harry was mad because Rosie didn't say anything to defend Harry. Rosie would've said something,however,she was afraid that her father would hit her. That's what she told Harry,and for some reason it made him even madder. They started to argue, and said things that they didn't mean to say to each other. The day after, Harry was so upset and full of regret for fighting with Rosie. That was it. We didn't know anything else. Until now,when you girls showed me this letter. The night after they argued, Rosie left her house and never came back.'

All three of us stood there in stunned silence,still trying to digest the information the woman, who's name happened to be Claire, had just told us. ' She must have went to the Bund!' Savanna exclaimed. Claire nodded. ' So she's still missing?' I ask. ' I think it's safe to say that the last place she went would be The Bund.' Claire says, her lips pressed into a thin line.

A lot has happened over the past few days. The police kept searching for Rosie and Harry. They haven't found anything yet, but everyone thinks so. And reporters have been blowing up my phone requesting interviews.

It's crazy what just a crystal necklace and a letter can do.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Mak, Anson – 12

Thundering tides and crashing waves. It was the great flood. According to the myths, 4000 years ago, in ancient China, there was a flood. It wasn't any normal flood— it was one that nearly wiped out all the people of China, leaving it on the brink of ruin. It was said that the gods were punishing the evil, and whenever there was any more conflict on Earth, disaster would strike again.

4000 years later, in an ostentatious skyscraper in Shanghai, a middle aged business man, Mr. Chen, was having an important meeting in his office.

"What do you mean, no?!" He boomed louder than a rocket at takeoff. "How do you expect me to earn money like this?

A man calmly replied. "Sir, we've checked everywhere. There simply isn't any place to build another building, and—"

"No excuses!" Mr. Chen hollered. "And what do you mean by 'isn't any place'? Oh, c'mon! Are you kidding me? I need the land, presto! Deadline is tonight, and we start construction tomorrow! Or you're sacked!"

Next morning, in a rural village nearby, a loud pounding could be heard. A tremendous amount of rubble was blasted off like an exploding stick of dynamite.

"What do you think you're doing?" Liqin coughed severely through the smoke. Amongst the smoke, tractor like vehicles emerged. A horde of people stood surrounded by the half demolished hut, the ash of the roof burnt and blackened and the door scarcely conspicuous.

It seemed really unusual to the peaceful locals. The village was exquisite, with flamboyant red lanterns hung across the walls with candle flames coruscating. Everyone there grew up respecting the customs of their culture— unlike Mr. Chen. He only cared about his own needs and desire for money.

"Just doing what the boss tells me to," A large man of one of the vehicles replied, coolly nonchalant.

"Wrecking our homes? That's what your boss told you to do?" Someone in the crowds shot back.

The man just shrugged. The crowd started to go ballistic, screaming out insults and threats. It went from bad to worse when Mr. Chen the very man came through. It was chaos, and half the people merely noticed when an egg catapulted and landed directly onto his face.

"STOP!" Mr. Chen screeched like a tyre. "You lot, get out! I'm the richest, strongest, most powerful, so I get to run the place! And each and one of these people, trying to ruin my business company and the greatest man of all, deserved to be punished by god!"

They were powerless towards Mr. Chen— the rich, bossy entrepreneur.

In less than a week, Mr. Chen's building construction was starting to have progress— or at least, that was what he thought so. As he headed out the door, a gust of wind slammed into him like a rude subway passenger, and just like one, the wind didn't apologize. He looked up in antipathy in realisation that his black horn rimmed glasses were stained with dirt and dust. He was hardly able to see two feet in front of him. Then he started choking critically like a sick parrot.

As if it couldn't get any worse, the rain started trickling down from the sky, pattering onto the ground furiously. The rain brimmed from above like it wanted to turn the valley into a river and the mountain into an island. The impenetrable smog made the tallest trees imperceptible, almost like a sheet enveloping the whole city. The howling of the frustrated wind demons fought to get through the roof of every single house. That wasn't the end of it.

The ground shook on the spur of the moment, and Mr. Chen felt if a milk truck hit him. He stumbled across the street dizzily like a drunk, just blocks away from his new building development. It was completely empty. The rain rushed through as swift as a runner on a sprint, forming a deluge. Then, abruptly, just like a stacked card tower, the building collapsed and broke apart.

The whole of Shanghai was in major crisis. Buildings collapsed. The earthquake, a greedy evil monster, pulled down innocent citizens. The dark skies looked not too different to spilled black ink. It seemed exactly like the Great flood of China thousands years before…except, this time, Shanghai may never recover from their disaster. The survivors panicked to flee, and Mr. Chen wasn't an exception. But he couldn't. He felt like a hand was pulling him back.

"Look at what you have done," a voice echoed.

"What I've done— I've—done…" Mr. Chen stammered. He looked back to see Liqin— barely five foot tall, and her eyes shooting daggers at him. He unsuccessfully tried to resist looking back at the wreckage of the city. .

"What have you done? You still deny it?" Liqin shouted. " You single handedly wrecked the city! You've torn apart families, annihilated homes, sabotaged every single thing…" Mr. Chen felt a pang of guilt and immense pain in his heart. The girl was right.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Chen said. Liqin could see that he was actually sorry.

"Too late now," Liqin said, tone surprisingly calmer and softer.

"It's not! I'm gonna do anything to make this right, and I'll— " He stuttered, though he knew that it wasn't possible. He sank down to his knees, remorseful and in grief. All of a sudden, the world seemed to be shaking. The sky instantaneously turned charcoal black. Mr. Chen opened his eyes slowly, not knowing what to expect. Then he sighed with relief. A dim light peeked through the vast clouds. The rain disappeared. The deluge cleared out. But how was it possible? Mr. Chen looked back to where Liqin was standing. She was gone. How was that possible? He looked for signs of the mysterious girl.

Little did he know, behind the ruins of a fallen building, was a small figure of a female. She sighed, then smiled, and vanished into the air.

A Cold Experience

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Shing, Megan – 12

I opened my eyes. Where was I? Where was this place? Light shone through the roof that sheltered me. I heard voices... and noises outside. This was not the place where I went into slumber, not the place that I know of. I gathered myself, then looked at my surroundings. This was a wooden house. Where was I? A piece of cloth on the wall caught my eye. "Grand City of Shanghai?" I must be in Shanghai! I opened the closet, taking some stale smelling clothes out of it. I put them on, and headed outside.

The busy streets surprised me. I'm Aaron Graham, a boy from the 21st century. It should be around 1842 in Shanghai, according to my last history lesson. There were people selling all kinds of items on the street. There was a piece of worn paper on the dirt floor. I picked it up. It must be the map of the current Shanghai! It was strange, and like a circle. I spotted the different gates of the city. BOOM! I heard the sound of something exploding near me. I rushed to the spot and spotted all the commotion. One of the trader's carts had blown up, and was burning. Then, there were yells. People were pointing at me, yelling something in their own language. Two men grabbed me and put my hands together at my back. "Stop! I mean no harm!" I yelled. They must think I'm British, I am from Britain after all. I struggled desperately, like a caterpillar trying to crawl out of its cocoon. The men's grips were like vices, and I failed to escape.

The men brought me into a small cell. The walls were made from dried mud. There were huge booms and bangs I heard from outside. The Opium war must still be raging. A herd of men rushed passed like bullets, raging into the war ground below. Was this prison located near a battleground? More sounds came from outside. I looked at the map of the place still rolled up in my fist. I should be around the east gate. I reached outside my prison cell, and felt a wooden box. Rifles! I should be able to get back to where I came from, with something like a rifle hopefully to defend myself.

I shook the old rusty bars of the prison cell, and they creaked and fell down. Not the best prison to keep a person contained. I quickly slipped out, then ran as fast as I could, towards the gate. I heard the local people yelling. They must have seen me! I run like I've never ran in my life. My heart was racing. Blood was roaring in my eardrums. I couldn't feel my legs. I rushed through the gate, and turned around, looking for the people following me. Bad choice. I saw a rifle pointed my way, then for a moment, I saw a bullet headed my way.

Cold pain rushed through my head. Everything was blank.

My heart racing, I opened my eyes as a last effort and saw the blue ceiling of my room, my heart still racing.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Hong Kong Taoist Association Yuen Yuen Primary School, Leung, Maytin – 11

This happened in Shanghai in the 1900s. The city called Paris of the East, New York of the West woke up as the sun shone its first ray of light. A trickle of people quickly became a crowd, and trams and pulleys appeared on the streets like a river.

In a small room in a small apartment, a girl named Ying began her day. Ying threw her blanket away to the corner of the bed and looked at the busy street outside her window. The sun was quite high already.

Ying groaned and got out of bed. She quickly got dressed, opened the door and quickly washed. Then she went into the living room. As usual, a plate of tofu and a full cup of soya bean milk awaited her. Being the fast eater she was, Ying ate a piece of tofu in one bite and drained a quarter of the soya milk in one gulp. In a few minutes, breakfast was already finished.

Ying took her school bag and started out of the door. The busy street of Shanghai was open to her. Ying has always loved the walk to school. It let her see a lot of stories. They were better than any book.

Out in the street, three buses were going down the street. They told Ying the story of their creation, how they were put together by scraps of metal, and how they were driven day after day by hard working drivers.

Ying looked higher as she walked. Near her house, there was a big cinema, It had a curved globe for a roof. Ying could practically see The architect who designed the house bit by bit, night after night. There were more stories there than anywhere else, with its huge number of customers, each with a different tale to tell.

Walking to the school, Ying could see restaurants with delicious dishes, pedestrians walking to work, travelers who wanted to see a bigger world. And Ying loved every bit of it.

Soon, the school appeared. It wasn't very big, it had white walls, and it had students who wanted to learn inside. Ying walked through the front door and looked at the clock embedded on the wall. Seven forty–five. Fifteen minutes until the bell rang. Still early.

Ying walked into her classroom and handed in her homework. It wasn't much, just some chinese and maths worksheets. Ying went back to her seat and daydreamed about stories.

The teacher walked into the classroom. She was holding a bunch of papers. Probably more worksheets, Ying thought. But the teacher said, "This is the entry paper for an art competition. Draw a picture of Shanghai that you experience and hand it in to me next monday if you want to join."

Ying desperately wanted to join. To put the stories she saw to life… it was just tempting. She might not win, but just participating was enough. There was one problem though. She didn't know what to draw.

After school, Ying went home. Her mother was waiting for her. "We're going to the flower market tonight. It's time for our house to have a few decorations."

In the flower market, Ying and her mother walked through a huge crowd. "It's normally like this." Ying's mother said. Behind the huge crowd, Ying could see flower shops lining up nicely at her two sides.

The shops were full of all kinds of beautiful flowers. Lilies, cherry blossoms, poppies… name it, and they have it. Ying looked at the market in wonder. She could see hundreds of stories. Should she use this scene for the competition?

Ying's mother led her to one of the shops, cutting off Ying's thoughts. The shop had a red carpet with a red and orange phoenix on it. It was pretty. There were a lot of flowers on display in huge buckets near the walls.

Ying's mother looked closely at the flowers, trying to decide between cherry blossoms and lilies. Ying suddenly didn't want to use the flower market for the competition scene. There was really nothing else except for flowers and people. It was all so… boring.

Ying's mother finally decided to buy cherry blossoms. Ying agreed with her. The cherry blossoms were beautiful. The pair walked out of the shop after they bought the blossoms.

The next day, Ying woke up to see a whole bunch of cherry blossoms in the living room. They were beautiful, but were absolutely dull and boring. They worked well as decorations, but were no good whatsoever at being works of art.

Ying quickly got dressed and ate her breakfast as usual. Then she went out the door. The busy Shanghai street welcomed her once more. Watching the street, Ying suddenly realized that the street was the best place for the art competition. It was full of wonderous stories, and it was the part of Shanghai that she knew best.

Realizing this, Ying got to work straight after school.

3 months later

Ying went home after school and started doing her homework. Time had went by since Ying handed in her art competition entry paper. She had long since forgotten the competition.

Ying took out a pink scrapbook. Her homework was to do a news review. Ying went to the newspaper cupboard, and took out the newspaper for today. Thinking the task dull, Ying started reading.

Halfway through the newspaper, an article caught Ying's eye. It was a post of the results of an art competition 3 months ago. And there, under the banner of Champion, was Ying's picture, Down the Shanghai Street. Ying was surprised. She had forgotten the competition.

Excited, Ying showed the article to her mother. Her mother was overjoyed. "You could earn a living by drawing." she said.

Ying was delighted with her mother's words. Now she had a dream of her own—to be an artist.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Po Leung Kuk Hong Kong Taoist Association Yuen Yuen Primary School, Wong, Maisy – 11

Cindy stood in front of his dad's office door, her palms sweating and her pulse racing...

Cindy was your average 10–year–old, black waist–length hair and big, brown–eyed girl. She lived in a small apartment in Yuen Long, Hong Kong with her mother and 4–year–old brother, Timmy. Cindy was always cheerful and she took great care of her family. Her dad worked in Shanghai, as the job there provided him more money. They weren't happy with the arrangement, but they knew it was necessary to survive.

One day, Cindy was baking strawberry cupcakes. She was a great baker and she loved baking strawberry cupcakes, as they reminded her of Dad. When Mom and Timmy tried them, they both claimed they were scrumptious. It was so delicious, Mom decided to send her to Shanghai to see her dad. Not only could Cindy show him her great baking skills, she could show him how much she had grown since he left. At first, Cindy was nervous and didn't want to go. She hadn't seen her dad since she was three. Then, after some encouragement from her family, she reluctantly agreed to go. To prepare her for the trip, Mom gave her a red backpack with a Hello Kitty theme with some food, two bottles of water and some money inside. Cindy had to travel on her own, as she was the only person with a holiday and free to go. Timmy needed to go to school and Mom had to take care of him. Mom also wrote where Dad's company is in her notebook, while Cindy baked more cupcakes and put them in a box. Cindy put the notebook in her backpack, grabbed the box of cupcakes and waved goodbye to her family before leaving.

Since Cindy's family was poor, Mom could only afford a ticket for the cheapest train in HK. It would take longer than usual, but Cindy was more than happy to gain the opportunity to see her dad. At the train station, she managed to find train A15 after getting lost multiple times. She sat on a bench, waiting for the train to arrive. After half an hour, it finally did. She got on the train and headed for Shanghai.

On the train, people were either sitting on their assigned seats or walking around. Cindy was one of those people sitting down. She was prone to getting car sickness, so she sat on her chair eating her lunch made by her mom. The people that didn't stay in their seats were either finding their friends or getting food. The meals on the train consisted of a piece of French toast, a bowl of fried rice and a drink of the customer's choice.

Throughout the whole ride, Cindy was thinking about seeing her dad. She kept one of her hands on the box of cupcakes to keep it from spilling. After three hours, the train that carried Cindy and the other customers finally arrived in Shanghai.

Cindy's first impression of Shanghai was that it smelled salty. Then, she remembered what her mom had once said. Shanghai, like Hong Kong, relied on fishing. Fishing was a big business in Shanghai, so the air always smelled like the sea. Around her, shopkeepers screamed for people to buy their products. Man–powered carts went around the streets, looking for people that wanted a ride.

Upon arriving in her dad's work city, Cindy took her notebook out to see where Dad's company was. She took another bus, Bus A11 and headed to her dad's company, CDs For You. Inside, another worker came to greet Cindy. The worker led her to her dad's office. Cindy stood in front of his dad's office door, her palms sweaty and her pulse racing. Ironically, he was actually thinking about Cindy at that moment. He had no idea his daughter was about to enter his own office.

His dad went from shocked to astounded to happy in seconds. "Cindy? Is that you? What, b–but how?" He said, stuttering.

"Yes, Dad. It's me, Cindy." Cindy said, laughing. "I came from HK to visit you. Mom sent me so I could show her what a great baker I am."

"Really?!" Dad replied. After a few minutes of letting Cindy freshen up, Dad tasted her cupcakes.

"It– it's delicious. Cindy, you've grown so much. I'm so proud of you." He said and he meant it. Later, they met one last time before Cindy left.

"Good bye, Cindy. I'll miss you." Dad said, waving goodbye to his daughter.

"I'll miss you, Dad." Cindy replied, before heading on the train and heading back to HK.

The Old Shanghai

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Feng, Kylie – 11

I woke up suddenly. I open my eyes. Oh! I wondered where I was . It looked like Old Shanghai. I looked around at the buildings and people. They did not look like the city of Shenzhen. I thought I just had a time travel. It was exciting! While I was confused, a person touched me. I looked around and saw a person who looked very much like me, but she was not me.

She told me her name was Alice. It was 1940. I asked her where the Bund was. She told me the Bund was located by the side of Huangpu River in Shanghai. It represented the scenery of Shanghai and was a must visit tourist destination in Shanghai. In the late Nineteenth Century, many foreign banks were established in the Bund. So it was also called Finance Street or Oriental Wall Street. Therefore, the Bund had become a place to encourage financial investment.

As a result of the historic value of the Bund, a small piece of land in the Bund was not just a symbol of wealth, but also a symbol of honour. It became the first outline of the city of Shanghai, along Huangpu Road, Yangtze Road and Huangpu Beach Road. In 1945 it changed its name to Shandong.

The Bund was a barren shoal, along a narrow dirt, for the boatman when walking. At the west of the beach, there were scattered paths between the huts of tiny spots of ditches. In 1843, British imperialism in Shanghai opened up a colonial concession. On November 29, 1845, the Qing government conceded defeat to the British and seceded the land to the west of the Bund, 830 areas of land for British occupation. Since then, the colonial authorities in Lijiazhuang Calso were known as Lijiachang, this circular section of Ming Road, southwest of Beijing East Road near the Bund, built the British Consulate.

Suddenly there was a loud noise of bang! I woke up. I returned to real life . I thought it was a wonderful journey. I hope I can have another similar journey.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Lan, Polly – 9

What's this?" asked Polly.

"It is a time machine. Do you want to try it?" An old man's voice came from somewhere.

"Where are you? What can I do?" Polly was nervous.

"I am invisible, girl. But don't worry. I am not a bad man. This is my first invention. I am happy to invite you to have a try and be my first client. You can go anywhere you want and spend an hour there. When the time is over, you will be back." said the old man.

Polly smiled. "Oh, that's cool! Thank you! I would like to have a try. I want to go to Old Shanghai. I know it would be very beautiful. But please make sure that I will be safe and come back in time."

"No problem. Come here. Get on the time machine. Close your eyes. Three. Two. One. Ready, go!"

One minute passed. Polly already arrived at Old Shanghai. "Wow! Amazing! "Polly looked around and felt like she was living in paradise. No wonder Old Shanghai had gained the reputation of Paris of the East. When Polly was standing at a street of Old Shanghai, she totally immersed herself in the beauty of it.

Polly noticed that the buildings in Old Shanghai were quite different from those in modern Shanghai. They were old but full of a sense of history. They were not tall but classical. They were special. Some of them were Baroque. Some of them were Roman. But surely, not all the buildings were Western in style. Walking along the street, Polly also noticed that there were many alleyways between the Shikumen (literally "stone gate"). Inside these alleyways, groups of children gathered together. Some were playing balls. Some were singing songs. Some were sharing stories and jokes with each other. In addition, there were old men and women sitting on wooden stools, eating melon seeds and chatting about their daily life. These residents were friendly. They invited tourists into their houses to have a taste of the local desserts.

Compared with the modern day Shanghai, Polly felt a little disappointed. Neighbours today seldom talk to each other, even just say "Hello". Polly was indeed touched by the hospitality of the people of Old Shanghai. When Polly was ready to move on, she found that there were bamboo poles hanging outside each house. The locals used these poles to hang up their washing. They told Polly that only in this way could their washing dry easier. "Although it is hilarious inside the alleyways, life here is really full of vitality. I enjoy myself here." Polly murmured.

"Hi, Amy. I am here." Suddenly, Polly was attracted by a sweet voice. She turned round and noticed that an elegant young lady was walking across the road and saying hello to her friend. Her cheeks were rouged. She was wearing a Cheongsam. It was a traditional costume but it symbolised the trend of fashion at that time. It was long and straight but it fitted naturally with a lady's figures. It was tidy and pretty. There were many red roses on it. Polly found that the collar of Cheongsam was different. Also, the buttons were hidden inside the Cheongsam. Polly looked at the lady and thought, "She is so elegant. She must be a well−educated lady who was born in a rich family."

Not far away from where Polly was, she saw a cute girl sitting on a bench under a tree and reading a book. Then Polly walked to the girl and the girl introduced herself as Holly.

Holly said, "Look there, Polly. That was an auction company here in the past. It is now the Commercial Bank of China. It was designed by an Englishman. But it was the first bank built by Chinese people. It was completed in 1906. It is in Gothic style. You can see that there are five pinnacles at the top. While for the first and second layers, you can notice that their colours are different. They are related to European religions. Do you like it?" Holly was delighted because she had the chance to introduce her own city to other people.

"Yes. I do." Polly stood at the entrance of the Commercial Bank of China and saw people in and out. She noticed that the people who came to this bank were usually of three kinds – foreigners, merchants and officials.

Suddenly they were on a rickshaw. On their way to Lyceum Theatre, Polly felt sorry for the man who dragged the rickshaw. Looking around the city, Polly found that rickshaws were everywhere. Sitting on a rickshaw was indeed faster than walking, but Polly thought that it was not as comfortable as sitting in a car.

"We've arrived." Holly said happily.

"Polly! Wake up! Wake up! It's seven o'clock. Polly's mother shouted loudly.

Polly opens her eyes. "What?" She looked around her own bedroom for a few minutes. "Am I having a dream?"

"Polly! If you don't get up, I will leave you alone." Mum walked away angrily.

"Oh. I miss the Old Shanghai." Polly got up and began a new day.

Time travel– Shanghai

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Lin, Star – 9

One day, I had a whim that I had to make a time machine. Making this time machine took me nearly one hundred million dollars and 15 years . I was very proud and happy to have made this time machine a reality.

Then it was time for me to try my time machine , so I boarded the time machine.

“Uh,where is it?” I opened my eyes and said. Then, I stared at the screen.

There was no power in the time machine , but I was calm. The time machine had its power, it was fast charging . The screen showed it was 1934, Shanghai. I stood up and opened the door, wanted to look outside. While I was walking down from the time machine, I was hit heavily by the people encircling the machine. I saw some Japanese soldiers standing in front of me, they had knives with them. I didn't panic. I was carrying an electric gun with 2.4 thousand million volt. At the "di" sound , a Japanese soldier fell down .The other Japanse soldiers saw this and were scared, then they ran away immediately.

The villagers were very grateful to me . They had prepared a lot of delicious food for me , like crisp cake with fresh meat, Shanghai wonton and some other special food. After eaing , we sat under a tree. I asked, “Why did the Japanese attack you? How many are they?” A villager replied, “a few thousand soldiers. They attacked us because they wanted to capture Shanghai.”

Then the villagers came into my time machine, suddenly a war started.

As many Japanese soldiers were rushing into the village, all the villagers went to the bettlefriend, and I took a submachine gun and went with them too.

Later, I saw a Japanese soldier with a gun pointing at me, so I shot him down. Then, I wallked up to the roof of a wooden house, shooting all the time. Approximately I shot dead about two hundred Japanese soldiers. Suddenly I found a remote control in my pocket, and then I pressed the button of the remote control. I heard a loud noise, my time machine had changed into a big robot, with ten other robots, They waved their huge arms, all the Japanese soldiers were hit one by one. Next I pressed a button again. The robot fired at the Japanese at a speed of 20 rounds per second.

After a while, all the Japanese soldiers had fallen, dead. When we thought that the battle was over, approximately 30 Japanese soldiers came back with a big cannon. Barely a moment later, my time machine had blown the cannon away, and all the Japanese soldiers died as well.

So all the villagers came to thank me, they had prepared all of the world's yummy food. There was also some famous Shanghaiese food. We talked happily and enjoyed the nice food. It was the first time I felt so happy and excited.

Next day, all the villages came and said goodbye to me. They stood round the time machine and waved their hands to say goodbye. So I boarded the time machine and wrote on the keyboard: 2016 Shenzhen.Then I pressed the button.Woosh! In a short time, I arrived back home. It was an amazing journey.

A Trip to Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Chan, Brian – 10

One upon a time, there was a man called Paco. He was very rich. He was smart but got excited too easily. He had a dad who was old and had many businesses and his mum wore a lot of gems and also had a lot of money.

One day, his father was old and he wanted his son to help him to run his business. He went to find his son for help. "Son, I am old now and I need someone to help me," said Paco's dad.
Paco said, "Ok, I will help you dad." But he never knew there were something badly was waiting for him.

The next day, dad helped his son to pack the suitcase. It is because dad has some business in the residential area so he should go to Shanghai. He went to the pier by his own automobiles.

When he arrived in Shanghai, he smelled fresh air and it made him feel uncomfortable. So, he wanted to start a business and went back Hong Kong as fast as possible

When he finished the business, he had a lot of money. He was delighted and excited to go home.

Suddenly, some gangsters caught him and put him in a hemp bag. They took Paco to a street. They took all Paco's money and used sticks to hit him. When Paco was almost dead, the gangsters went to sleep because they felt asleep.
They also left three gangsters there to watch him. When it was midnight, the gangsters were playing board games. Paco saw they were playing and forgot to watch him. He used his hands to escape the trap. The gangsters looked at him and thought he wanted to escape. Suddenly a gangster saw Paco was his old classmate and Paco help him a lot at school. He was thankful for his help and he helped Paco to escape. He also said he will tell a man to help Paco in the Bund.

Then he escaped to the Bund, he missed his home. He wanted to back home but he had no money to buy tickets. Suddenly, a man saw him. He came towards to Paco and told him he would help. The man took Paco to his house to live.

When they arrived to the man's home, the man started to introduce himself. He said he name was Tom. The man had a conversation with Paco. Tom also bought new clothes for Paco and let him to live in his home.

After three days, Paco's dad saw his son was late home. He was worried about his son.

The next day, Paco's dad went to Shanghai to find his son. While his dad was finding him, he was also looking for his dad with Tom. Paco wanted to back home and meet his dad. So he had to do some jobs and earn, money. So that he will have enough money to buy the ship ticket and back to Hong Kong.

Paco did many jobs cutting hair, a cashier, and worked at the pier------but the ticket was too expensive. He didn't have enough money to buy it. He thought he would never meet his Dad again.

Every day Paco and Tom looked for his dad together. They walked to every place to find his Dad but he still couldn't find him. He went to the bund to look at the sea view to forget the unhappy things. Suddenly, he saw his Dad there. It was breath taking hardly because he could meet his Dad again. They hugged at that moment.

After that, Paco and his dad had to back to Hong Kong. He said good bye to Tom, the man who saved his life. He promised Tom he would visit Shanghai and him again. After Paco took to Tom, they went to the pier.

When they got back to Hong Kong, they both felt sorry to each other. They hugged together. They knew their feelings had been mean to each other. From that day, they always said, "Good morning," to each other. They went shopping and watched movies together. Paco promised his Dad he would do the business by himself. He was also much more careful whenever he went traveling

A Week in Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Chan, Gian – 10

Ten years ago, I went to Shanghai to travel for a week with my parents and my two years old sister, Gillian. The day I leave Hong Kong was a sunny day. I was excited when I arrived the pier.

When I arrived Shanghai, I was thrilled because there were a lot of things that I hadn't seen before. I went to the resort by tram, the name of the resort was Hello Resort. I felt relaxed when I jump on the bed because the bed was very soft.

Then, I went to have lunch in the restaurant, while I was going to there. I saw many things. Like cars and bikes. I also heard people who were selling shouted, "There's a sale today."

I had siu long boa, custard boa and dim sum for lunch. They were tasty.

After I had lunch, I went back to the resort. However, we couldn't find Gillian. Unluckily, there's raining cats and dogs and we forgot to bring our umbrellas' run and run, then I dropped on the floor. I was very wet and painful.

Two hours later, we found the police station and we asked the police were there any report about her but we couldn't find her.

The next day, we went to the restaurant that we went yesterday. The lady who worked at the there but we couldn't find any clue, we were disappointed. I hoped we could found her soon.

At the next day, we went to the street. We bought souvenirs for my friends, like Chinese knot. I thought they were beautiful. I was thrilled when I saw the souvenirs because I had never seen such wonderful things.

At the third day in Shanghai, we had some western food for lunch, like pizza and spaghetti. They were delicious. Then, we went to the park for fun. I saw a lot of children were playing the swing, they stood on the swing to play. I thought they were fearless. I played the sand and I built a large sand castle, I also played the slide and ran around the park. I was exhausted but glad.

The fourth day, we went to some famous places a, like the jade Buddha temple, The Shanghai museum and the Longhead Temple. I was surprised.

The fifth day, we went for a walk and we heard birds were singing. It was very pleasant and relaxing. We also went to a park so that we wouldn't felt boring.

The sixth day, it was the last day we stayed in Shanghai, we woke up early to pack our things. We went to a place like cinema to watch opera, it was amazing for me, I loved them a lot. We also bought umbrellas because we were afraid it would rain when we arrived Hong Kong.

We had a great time in Shanghai, I didn't want to leave but I must leave with my parents. When I went to the transport, I asked Mum to buy me a doll because the doll was very cute and I loved it. Mum gave the doll to me and I was glad. When we arrived home, I told to Grandparents what happened in Shanghai.

Old Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Chan, Joe – 10

Once upon a time in 1920 year in old Shanghai, there was a gangster with black jacket, camouflage hat, a hand gun, black boots and white clothes with a black skeleton picture, was called Jack. He was a very bad guy. He never afraid of anything, his family business was gangsters, and he talked angrily anytime. I have to tell you that Jack only thought of drugs, money, crime, blood, screaming and other evil things that gangsters would thought. He doesn't had a family because all of his family member were dead. Everyone in the old Shanghai were very scared of Jack and said he was an evil, greedy man. And so to speak, nobody like Jack and Jack had only one friend. His name was Bony. He worked in the hospital in the Shanghai hospital, and knew a lot of things and he was a good guy at all. Let's go back to Jack. He took over the Peace Hotel at The Bund and he lived at there a long time. One day, a policeman saw Jack beat a man badly. So, he caught him immediately with a pair of silver shiny hand cuffs. And then, Jack was sent to jail by a tram which was for sending criminals to the jail which was beside the Peace Hotel for three streets.

After Jack was sent into Jail, he can only eat rice, two siu long bao and one little piece of fish for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day even was Christmas, Chinese New Year and other festival. He saw many bad things too, and more and more blood. Even some police were good, most of them were evil and help the gangsters. He thought those things were terrible and he doesn't want to see them anymore. When Jack finally came out from jail and get freedom again, he walked through the streets. Suddenly, a robber rushed to Jack and want his money but Jack had already very angry that he punched him immediately. At last, the robber was caught by Jack.

After Jack defeated the robber, he still walked through the streets. He saw a lot of thieves, like: robbers, thieves, gangsters and many other thieves. However, Jack had already became a good guy like other people, so he beat those thieves one by one. He kicked their stomachs, hands, and other body parts of human. Suddenly, Jack heard some weird sound," Help! Help!" When Jack finally realized those sounds were calling for help, he hurried ran around the Bund, Peace Hotel, streets, and saw Bony, who was being robbed by a strong robber. He Hurried run to them, and kick the robber, punch him with his strength and anger and finally, the robber was beaten to jail but Jack had…….

At last, the police caught the robber to jail, at this moment people will think it is the end of story, right? However, it isn't. Let us continue our story. Suddenly, they heard someone was calling for help. They hurried ran to there, and found out that Jack was laying on the floor and was bleeding, luckily, Bony knew something that could save people that were in urgent because he worked in the Shanghai Hospital. However, Jack still need to be sent to the Shanghai Hospital to rest and recover unless he still would die.

Finally, Jack had recovered completely, he waked out the hospital, saw the beautiful sky and then he started to look for a job. Finally, he got a job which was driving a ship to other places. When he walked through the streets and halls to started the first day of his job, everyone smiled happily to him! Jack was delighted and he ran fast and toward The Bund. He picked out a small ticket of a ship and waited by sat on the benches. Finally, the ship was ready to go, he walked on the ship, and drove away from the old Shanghai.

This story is the end and you can learn that bad people can be good and good people can be bad in this story. Remember this sentence all the time everyone.

Kidnapped by a Thief in Old Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Chan, Julian – 10

One day, there was a pair of twins, the oldest sister was called Lily and the youngest sister was called Kathy. Lily was a cute, nice and friendly girl. Kathy was a clever girl, she always had many crazy ideas in her mind. They lived with their parents. Their parents were rich because their father was a boss of the bank and he did a lot business with other banker and earned a lot of money.

In a summer holiday, their parents told them to go to Shanghai and have fun. This was the first time that Lily and Kathy went to a place on their own. They booked the airplanes tickets on internet and their parents took them to the airport.

When they were on the airplane, a waitress walked towards them and asked on a soft voice "Girls, are you going to Shanghai today on our own? Your parents told us to take care of you.'' The twins felt thankful and pleased.

A few hours later, all the passengers felt that the plane was swinging around! Later, the captain told them the plane was falling into the sea. All the passengers screamed and some of the children cried loudly.

Lily and Kathy opened their eyes, "Where are we?" asked Kathy. They found that they were inside a room, Lily looked out of the windows" Oh no, L think that we are in Peace Hotel. We come back to Old Shanghai! ''Lily cried.

After they cleared their minds, they walked downstairs. Many Shanghainese looked at them because they wore strange clothes. Suddenly, two men ran out and used some big bags to catch Lily and Kathy. All the people on the street saw this and screamed loudly and all ran away. Those thieves took them to secret room and trapped them inside. The thieves needed them to give them money and asked their parents to pay a ransom too.

" Hum ...our parents were not in Shanghai….we came to Shanghai by ourselves"

" That was not true! Don't lie to me! Give me your money!" Because the twins could not pay, they were trapped.

At night, the thieves went out and Lily and Kathy tried to get out of the trap. At last, they escaped and ran back to the Peace Hotel. "Oh! That was really scared! I thought that we would die! "Kathy said.

"I wanted to go back to Hong Kong!" said Lily.

They were very tired. Soon, they slept. In early morning, they woke up and found that they were sleeping on a bed. "Home! We came back to Hong Kong!"

"What are you talking about? You stayed at home every day. Were you dreaming last night?" asked mum.

Kathy said" Oh my goodness! Is that true? We were dreaming?" At last, they knew that they were dreaming last night and they didn't want to dream this kind of dream ever again.

The Heroes of the Bund

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Chan, Rachel – 10

Once upon a time, in Shanghai, there were two twins. Both were clever, beautiful and cute. The younger sister, Anna, was naughty and she always got a lot of crazy ideas. The elder sister, Amy, was helpful. She always turned Anna's crazy ideas into practical ideas.
There was a rich man called Jack, he was the owner of "Thai Lin Company". He was the one of the richest people in Shanghai.
One day, Anna and Amy were playing at the Bund, suddenly, Anna said, "Amy, see! There is a beautiful garden!" Amy said, "Oh! I see, let's go and have a look!" They ran to the garden and felt so excited, "This garden belongs to Mr. Jack, don't play here! Let's go back to the Bund and play again!" Amy said.
Anna said, "No! These flowers are so beautiful! I want to go into this garden! If we go into this garden quietly, nobody will find us!"
Amy said, "OK, but just for a while!"

They went into Jack's garden silently and saw lots of colorful flowers. The two girls were also impressed by the smell of the fresh flowers in the garden. They felt so relaxed and walked around the garden.
Suddenly, Amy heard some sound and Anna felt so scared. Amy said, "Don't be frightened and just keep quiet!!! Let's try to listen to what those people are talking about."

An old man standing near the big tree said, "Mr. Jack told us to throw the rubbish into the Bund because our garbage room was already full. Let's throw these big bags of rubbish in!" The other young man said, "This is really an easy task! Let's take action immediately!" Then, the two men went into a big house and put some garbage bags into a lorry. Then, they drove away. Afterwards, the two girls also left the garden quickly and silently.

When the two girls went back to their home, Anna said, "Mr. Jack and those men are really bad guys! They should not make the Bund dirty!"
Amy said, "Shall we ask Mr. Jack not to do this or tell people about their wrongdoing?"
Anna said, "I don't think so! Mr. Jack will not listen to us. Maybe we should tell the police and ask them to arrest Mr. Jack and his peers!"
Amy worried, "But…. we don't have any evidence! Nobody will believe us! You know, Mr. Jack is famous and rich… Hum …. Oh! Maybe we better go to the Bund and find some hints!"
Anna said, "Good idea! I feel so excited!"

The next day, they went to the Bund and tried to search for clues to help them tell the police. They tried their very best to find clues, searching until the evening. Anna felt hungry and tired. She sat on the bench and felt exhausted. Amy cheered her up and said, "Never give up! Carry on! Nothing is impossible!"

The sky became dark. Amy said, "Let's go home!" Anna asked her why. Amy just smiled and said, "We work for nearly a whole day but we still cannot find anything. Let's refresh our minds and try to think about what we can do!"
Anna thought, "Amy is a tough girl, she will not easily give up. Although she looks so angry and sad, I'll follow her suggestion first!"
When they got home, Amy was happy again. Anna asked "Amy, why did you seem so angry and sad at the Bund?"
Amy felt disappointed and asked, "When you saw the dirty Bund, how did you feel?" Anna giggled.

Amy asked, "Anyway, let's talk about the Bund. Have you got any ideas?" Anna said, "Hum……hum…… I don't what can we do. How about you? Can you think of any ideas?"
"Hum……maybe we can ……shall we try?" Anna felt so excited, "It is a brilliant idea!" Amy laughed, "Thank you!"

The next day, on the way to Mr. Jack's house, the twins saw the old man and the young man, they heard the two men arguing, the young man did not want to throw the rubbish into the Bund anymore. He warned the old man that it was illegal. The two men felt helpless. The twins then talked to the two men, "Let us talk to Mr. Jack and see if there is any other way to solve the problem!'

When the twins went in the big house, they saw a little boy playing near the pool. All of a sudden, the little boy fell into the swimming pool. The little boy shouted loudly, "Help! Help! Help!". The old man was worried and tried to get help. Amy quickly jumped into the water and caught the boy, Anna saw a big wooden board and threw it to Amy. Amy pulled the little boy on the floating wooden board. Luckily, they saved the little boy's life.

Mr. Jack returned home and saw how Amy saved the little boy. He said thank you to the twins as they have saved his grandson's life. Mr. Jack wanted to give them a present to express his thankfulness. Amy and Anna told Mr. Jack that they did not want to have any gifts, they were just doing what they should do – helping others. They didn't expect to have any reward.

Amy then asked Mr. Jack to stop disposing of the rubbish into the Bund. They all wanted to keep the Bund clean and save the environment. Amy suggested Mr. Jack to build a factory for recycling or reprocessing of the rubbish. It was important to be environmental friendly in the modern' world. Mr. Jack felt so impressed and agreed to stop throwing rubbish into the Bund. He also asked his staff to build a rubbish recycling and reprocessing factory in Shanghai. At the same time, Amy and Anna were invited by Mr. Jack to be the 'Environmental Twins' of his company, they were known as the "Heroes of the Bund".

Friends from a Robbery

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Cheng, Helen – 11

A long time ago in Shanghai, there lived a girl named Jade with her poor father and her sick mother. They lived in a small hut near The Bund, and so does her father's shop which is her father works as a shoemaker, owned a shop and worked hard to earn money for buying some medicines for his wife. Nearby, there was a wealthy village where has many villas and lives many wealthy people in there.

One windy evening, like usual, Jade's father didn't get many job to do, so he closed his shop and went home to look after his wife. When he arrived home, he ordered Jade to cook dinner for them to eat. Jade went to the kitchen and found that there weren't any ingredients for dinner. So, she wore a pair of sandals and a jacket with some thin clothes inside and went out to buy some ingredients.

Jade walked along a street, it was great silence, but at most of this time, is when the gangsters and mobsters worked, so it is really dangerous for a little girl to walk alone. Beside this street is a street which is really crowed and there is where Jade was heading to. Although there was still a distance to that street, Jade already smelt the nice smell of the food from the famous Siu Long Bao Restaurant, she really want to eat it, but it is too expensive for her. Meanwhile, two gangsters were hiding behind Jade because they wanted to rob Jade, they were tip−toeing behind Jade. Then, Jade started to feel that someone was walking behind her. She turned around, but she didn't see anyone but a mouse on the ground. She turned back and continued walking. She thought," What a strange voice. Never mind! How do I wish to eat in that restaurant, at least one time……"

Suddenly, the two gangsters with a black mask jumped out, one held a knife and scared Jade for giving money to them, the other one was trying to use a towel to cover her mouth. Jade was terrified, she thought," I need these moneys to buy ingredients for our dinner and for buying medicines for my mother. What should I do?" She shouted for help, but the towel plugged her mouth and made the sound weaker and it was difficult to let the people at the other street hear her voice. One of the gangsters thought that she is annoying and scared her, "If you keep on shouting, I will kill you!" Jade was scared, so she immediately stopped yelling.

Meanwhile, a wealthy girl from the wealthy village who was named Judy walked by, she was shopping. She wore beautifully with a lot of thick clothes, a pretty dress on top and a famous Coach handbag. Beside her were two strong guards. She started walking towards the street where Jade was. Then, she heard some noise, when she turned her head back, she found that two gangster were robbing Jade. She quickly ordered," Guards, go and catch those gangsters!" The guards immediately chased went towards the gangsters as if they were going to heat him. The gangsters saw him coming and was feared that they can't heat over such strong guards, so each of them took out a gun from their pocket, so does Judy's guards. Then the gangster said," Give us your money and I will go." At first, the guards refused to do so because gangsters are bad guys, if they give them money, they will just use it to do something bad. However, Judy agreed and took all the money which were in her wallet and gave it to the gangsters. Then, the gangsters ran away.

Jade was out of danger, she ran towards Judy and said," Thanks so much for your rescue. I must return those money to you but……"Jade replied gently," No, you don't need to return it, it is my duty to help people who is in need. And, my name is Judy, what is your name?" Jade said," I am Jade! Just now, I was worrying about how should I return those money? My money are all for buying ingredients for my family and buying medicines for my mother……" Judy smiled and said," From now on, you don't need to get worry on this problem! We are friends now! And I will help you with your problems! Don't worry!" After this robbery, they became friends and Judy asked her father to give a bigger house for them to live in and let a better doctor to heal Jade's mother and gave money to let Jade to study in school.

From then on, they became best friends forever that made a great change for Jade and her parents' life. I've learnt that we should not look down on the poor ones, if they have any difficulties, we should help them.

−The End−

Tom's Amazing Dream in Old Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Cheng, Jessica – 10

Tom is a secondary three student, he has big shining eyes. He wears a pair of blue glasses and has a short black hair. He is tall but a bit fat because he likes to eat snacks. He likes to read books about travelling, he is cheerful.

The summer vacation had started and Tom was happy so he went shopping to buy new swimming trunk for holiday. On the way to shopping mall, Tom crossed the road unfortunately, a car bounced toward him. Tom fell down and the blood was coming out from his right knee. It was very painful and he yelled "Can someone help me, I am hurt." The people around him called the police.

A few minutes later, an ambulance came and sent him to the hospital. When Tom was in hospital he felt sad because he couldn't travel to Shanghai with his family and friends. Tom's knee needed an operation. After the operation his parent went to Shanghai and Tom stayed in hospital alone He needed to stay in hospital, he felt disappointed.

A week later, Tom received some letters and photos form his parent and friends. Tom read it again and again, he felt very interested and impressed about the old Shanghai's buildings and views. That night he dreamed he was ready to travel to Shanghai. It was amazing!

Tom was on the train to Shanghai, he was excited to hear the sound of the train. After he got off the train he couldn't believe his eyes, there was a sign showed that the date was 17th July, 1920. He saw the huge old Shanghai buildings and the beautiful views, he was in the past and heard some cars beeping, and he was thrilled.

He walked around the old city, he saw some rich European people who were wearing fancy clothes. Also, he saw some poor people who were wearing torn clothes. The people kept an eye on him as he wore the strange clothes he felt embarrassed. When he walked along the street, the smell of the fried rice and noodles made him feel very hungry.

However he didn't have any money, so he couldn't buy anything. He tried to find some jobs to earn money. When he walked pass the pier, he saw some coolie were working, he wanted to do as well. He saw the notice said 'Happy Company is hiring people for coolie work. You can earn so much money! Come and join'. Tom decided to try the coolie work; he went to the Happy Company to apply for it. He started his first day as a coolie; he needed to carry a heavy loading work. He tried his best to do the work but it was hard for him as he couldn't carry it. The others coolies were angry at him and shouted, "Hey, fat boy faster, faster…… We have to finish on time, don't delay our work!" Tom was upset and he gave up.

Tom left the pier feeling very sad. He walked and walked. Soon he saw a Dim Sum restaurant; he wanted to be a waiter here. He walked into the restaurant to apply for the job; the tall woman was the boss. Tom talked to her politely "I want to be a waiter. I'm a hardworking boy, please let me try."

The tall woman stared at him from his head to toes and thought "This fat boy must be very careless, lazy and eat a lot, we will lose a lot." She spoke with a high pitched sound and said "No, we already have enough workers not need for extra one, go away."

Tom was disappointed and he tried to beg the woman "Please give me a chance to try, I'll be very helpful." The woman shook her head and pointed him the way out.

Tom left the restaurant with a dark mood and a tired body; he went to the nearby street and sat down to take a rest. He exclaimed, "What a bad day! Let's take a rest first, tomorrow will be a good day." He slept on the cool and dirty ground for a night.

Next day, the sunshine on his face and the rooster's crow woke him up; he walked pass the street and saw some people were performing puppet show. He decided to try the performance too. He performed breakdance on the street; he used different body movements, spins, arm movements and leg movements. The people thought the performance was interesting, amazing and they never see before, it was fresh to them and they liked it very much. So they gave him a lot of money. Tom was delighted and he earned a lot of money.

He used the money to buy a new black suit for himself, a pair of shining shoes and a tall hat. He looked like a rich gentleman so he didn't feel embarrassed anymore. After shopping for the new clothes, he went to the restaurant; he ate a lot of yummy food, such as noodles, fried rice and Dumplings. He felt satisfied.

Tom was full with a big tummy, he needed a walk. So he went to the famous place The Bund. The Bund is a waterfront area in central Shanghai. It was wonderful! He sat on the long chair near the river bank to take a rest, it was relaxing. Soon Tom felt sleepy and finally he slept on the chair.

When he heard someone was calling him, he woke up quickly. He found himself was in the hospital bed, the nurse was calling him to eat the breakfast. "Oh! What a fantastic dream!" Tom said.

A few weeks later, he could walk again. He was happy and bought the ticket to Shanghai immediately to meet his family.

Two Best Friends

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Cheng, Wendy – 12

Long ago in Shanghai, there lived a wealthy and beautiful girl, Jessica. She had long golden hair and big blue eyes. She always wore expensive clothes and wear shiny jewelry. Everyone looked at her when she was walking in the street. Jessica was born in Shanghai. Her father was a French people and her mother was a Chinese. So Jessica can speak both French and Shanghainese very well. She also had a servant named Juan who was her friend. They were the best friend ever and they couldn't go live without any of them.

Juan was a girl from a poor family. She was also beautiful. She is a girl with short hair and a pink hairclip with a purple butterfly on it. A war had destroyed her house and her parents died in this war when she was six years old. She was always regretful because she couldn't repay her parents. Why was she Jessica's best friend? This was because Jessica's father found her in the orphan's house when he was finding a girl that could be a servant for Jessica. Then, they lived together for a long time and Juan always wanted to do something for Jessica.

One evening, Jessica went shopping at the Bund with Juan. It was in winter, so it was white everywhere. When they arrived at the Bund, it was crowded. Lots of people walked in the street and also some people waited outside restaurants. Everyone was holding umbrellas as it was snowing. There were lots of different colourful umbrellas. When they were shopping, they could hear people chatting loudly and smell the sweet smell from restaurant. This made Jessica starving, so they waited outside a restaurant for dinner. Jessica looked at a bench outside the restaurant and said arrogantly, "Juan, help me to clean the bench. I need to take a rest." Juan took out a napkin at once and cleared the bench.

When Juan sat down, Jessica was still looking at the window of the restaurant and whispered, "I want to try those delicious foods!" Juan said to Jessica, "Jessica, we've waited for a long time. Shall we go home now? It seems late."

"No! I want to have a dinner first! I'm hungry! I'm hungry!" shouted Jessica. "Okay, but you need to promise me. We must go home at once," Juan said unwillingly and Jessica nodded her head.

Then, Juan looked around and found a strange man. The man looked fierce and he suddenly took out a gun. He pointed the gun at Jessica and Juan knew that he was the famous mobster, 'Blue Eyes'. Juan was terrified and she held Jessica's hands tightly. When someone noticed that, he shouted, "Run! Someone is trying to kill us!" Everyone were scared and ran away immediately. Juan stood up and tried to protect Jessica. Jessica held Juan hands and they ran away at once. They ran to a dark street. The mobster chased them immediately. However, this time he only wanted money and didn't want to kill anyone but all of them seemed to be mistaken.

After a long chase, Juan and Jessica came to a street and there was no way for Juan and Jessica to leave. Jessica was frightened and didn't know what to do. Suddenly, Juan stood out. She stood in front of the mobster and looked at him angrily. She trembled with fear and shouted, "Don't hurt this girl! She is a kind girl! She is also my best friend!"

Juan made a pose and was ready to fight with him "I don't want to hurt you! After you give me your money and jewelry, I will let you go." Jessica didn't even know that Juan knew Kung Fu! After fighting for a long time, Juan beat down the mobster and she was really brave! She sat down on the ground and felt exhausted. Juan saved Jessica. Jessica was pleased and thanked Juan. Juan said angrily to Jessica, "I have just told you that we should go back home early. But you don't listen to me!" They started to argue.

At last, Juan drove Jessica home. Jessica's mother thanked Juan because she has protected Jessica from the well−known mobster, 'Blue Eyes'. Jessica hugged Juan and both of them were overjoyed. They promoted their friendship and Juan protected Jessica better than before after that.

End~~

Visitors to Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Du, Jane – 10

Polly's dream was to become a tour guide. One day, she suddenly found herself in 1920, in Shanghai, on the Bund. She was so shocked that she nearly fainted.

She saw women wearing pretty gowns. She thought they were a little bit strange but still beautiful. It was very hot and humid. It was summer that day. Oh no! There were no air-conditioners nor electric fans. Polly was feeling not so comfortable at that time. But she got used to the weather after a few minutes. She ate a lot of delicious food like Siu Long Bao , Cha Siu Bao, Nai Wong Bao and noodles there. The food were finger-licking and they were very yummy. She was surprised that the streets were so narrow and there were very few cars. Instead there were many horse-carriages. The buildings around were short. She heard horses neighing and people talking loudly.

She saw some visitors and tour guides. Polly followed them. First the visitors went shopping for clothes. The women bought a lot of beautiful dresses, they were so happy. Men bought many T-shirts. They were glad, too. Then they went to a western restaurant to have juicy steak for lunch. After the meal they went for the Huangpu river tour. The ship was very slow but they all enjoyed the very beautiful views. Coming out from the ship they went around the Bund. They saw many old buildings there, such as the General Post Office Building, the Cathy Hotel and the Peace Hotel. The visitors were astonished by the grand buildings.

After the tour, Polly asked the visitors whether they liked Shanghai or not. Some of them said yes, because the buildings were amazing and the food was very delicious. But some of them said no, because they thought the trip was very boring, they nearly fell asleep. And the streets were really really dirty. ''We will never come to this stupid place again! Never ever again!'' they shouted. Polly was quite disappointed when she heard this and stormed back into their carriage.

''Wait, wait!'', Polly cried.

''What now?'', the visitors shouted together.

She then took those people who did not like Shanghai another tour. Polly took them to eat the local food. They ate Siu Long Bao , Cha Siu Bao, Nai Wong Bao and noodles in a local restaurant. The visitors had never tasted this before. ''Can't you smell the fragrance of the flowers, you cannot smell this in a busy city!''

''You are right.'' The visitors replied.

Polly continued,'' Life is so different! You should be ashamed of yourself for saying such things. You guys are really stupid!''

''We have to admit it, that this place is really nice! Thanks for taking us on a tour again! We will visit here again soon. Bye!''

When the visitors went back to their homes, they told their friends how great Shanghai is, and their friends' friends told their friends how great Shanghai was. But the story still hasn't really ended yet up to now. More and more and more visitors came to Shanghai. The number of visitors is still increasing each year. Most of all, Polly achieved her dream, which was to become a tour guide. She often traveled to different amazing countries now. She enjoyed her job very much.

Old Shanghai (Civil War)

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Keung, Aaron – 10

In a cold winter, the friends James and Jack were freezing. You may be wondering why it was so cold and what happened to those little innocent children.

There was a civil war between Taiwan and Shanghai. Many men had been sent to fight against their own country and a lot of people had been killed .The general of the arm Officer Tim was thinking hard for a way to win the war.

James was an orphan. He was adopted by Jack's family. That made them brothers. He did not say much but he was very active. He usually climbed up tall trees when he was playing hide and seek with his good friend because he never got tired never. .James was active while his brother was quiet but very talkative he could talk over many people but not during class.

Well now the problem was that Shanghai was losing and half of Shanghai was destroyed. James and Jack lost their parents who were hiding in the valleys. James searched for food and clothes because it was snowing. The two boys nearly froze to death. Luckily, James found some silk and sewed it into his warm clothes while his brother made new friends and talked to them to get them to join them.

One day, James found some weapons and brought them back to Jack. They united into an army. "We were hiding from the Taiwanese soldiers. Soon, they will be hiding from us" Jack said.

After five days since the little army united, Tim finally thought of a solution. They had to fight.

Jack read a lot of books about cars before what we call Black Monday. We call it black Monday because it was a Monday and it was very extremely bad. James found a car and the key was inside. They drove for a long period of time until they found a good "home". James and many of them went looking for furniture and the rest stayed at the new shelter .

They made their new shelter a military camp. With many weapons, food and armor. They even adopted pets too!

Tim was Jack and James' uncle. The brothers found Tim, their uncle and military general, with the military men digging. They all dug into the Europeans' military camp and killed all of them .

The Taiwanese king sent outlaws and gangsters to sneak up on them, but they were all seen by snipers and shot on the spot. The Taiwanese army seemed to be losing.

One minister told the king, " We can buy many of America's weapons". So they did just that.

The general was drinking coffee with the boys when they suddenly heard a big bomb sound .

The Taiwanese people used the weapons to blow them up Shanghai. It was very dangerous. The king of Taiwan was laughing but when the king said , "Fire", there were no more bullets left, so they had to fight hand to hand.

The result was that Taiwan lost and surrendered to them, but suddenly, Jack jumped behind James to save him from a bullet being shot from behind him.

James cried a lot. Jack was buried and everything had turned normal. James is now happy but he still is grumpy about Jack. However, he was realized that people die and live.

A Tale of Old Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Kong, Gavin – 11

It was 1st December, 2015, I went to Peace Hotel in Singapore and ate my breakfast. I went in and called my food and I ate my food quickly.

After eating, I ran out from the Peace Hotel but I suddenly found that I was now in a …… I did not know too. I was scared because everywhere was changed.

Then, I tried to look for some places that I know. I took a map and searched where I. Oh was! I was standing next to Huang Pu River where I hope to come for a long time! The view there was gorgeous!

I cycled along the Huang Pu River for three hours and I finally arrived at the Bund. I was starving so I went to the famous Peace Hotel for lunch. I ordered quite a lot of delicious Shanghai food such as stinky tofu, roasted duck, drunken crab, hairy crab and xiao long bao. I finished almost all the food and I was very full and satisfied.

When I came out from the Peace Hotel, two gangsters suddenly caught frightened that I screamed out loudly, 'Help me! Help me!' But no one helped me. The gangsters took me to their house and locked me in a room.

Luckily, the gangsters did not know that a man saw the two gangsters took me to their house and locked me in a room. He called the police. The police came in 9 minutes. He broke in and found that the gangsters were sleeping. The police immediately caught them and saved me.

The police asked me where I came from. I told the police I lived in Hong Kong but I could not explain why I was here. The police took me to the Huang Pu River and I suddenly disappeared. Oh! I returned to my home in Hong Kong where I live! I was thanks that the police caught the two gangsters and I safely came back to Hong Kong. I thought it was a dream! It was fun.

Old Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Lam, Ethan – 10

It all started one night while I was reading a book called Tales of the Oldest Cities and I found a story about Shanghai which was truly touching. Suddenly, without warning, I felt like I was being sucked in by the book! I knew that this was 'No good' so I quickly grabbed on the desk but it was no use, I had been sucked in.

I screamed and screamed, I felt like it had been years until my feet finally touched the ground. I rubbed my feet and glanced my surroundings, I quickly realized I was in a hotel because I saw the rooms of hotels in old Shang Hai in my history book. Suddenly, a man carrying a badge came in, he looked like a police officer. He yelled, "Hey! You are not supposed to be here! A Lot of gangsters are in the area so this Peace Hotel is closed! come with me, I will escort you to get out of here."
I nodded because I know if I didn't follow his orders, I'd be in major trouble. The officer took out his gun and lead me to the exit of the hotel. Suddenly a gunshot scared me half to death! The officer who escorted me out of the hotel muttered,' Oh no, the gangsters are invading the hotel, quick, we must evacuate now! take these, son. They might be useful.' And he handed me a bulletproof vest, a rifle and a handgun. We ran together and reached a very secret spot where I saw a lot of wardens and a lot of villagers! I guess this happens almost every single day. Then, suddenly, the most horrible, terrifying thing happened. A man with an AK−47 rifle ran in, shooting crazily, a lot of villagers went down in the blood until I pulled out my gun and fired at the gangster! The gangster went down in a BANG and blood spread everywhere. I, stood exactly where I fired my gun in shock. I guess I am not used to fire a gun at gangsters. A warden patted my head and said,'Good job boy, did you know you were very brave to fire at that gangster.' I agreed, what else? I mean, this was the first time I murdered a person. Then I looked back and noticed all the wardens are wearing vests, getting armed and carrying bags full of ammo. We sneaked out of our 'shelter' which had been discovered ages ago, checked that the streets are clear and began to search if there are gangsters. Suddenly, I heard gunshots, again! It seemed like an officer found a gangster wandering around the road. I exclaimed my gun closely and fund out how to reload and how to fire thanks to a book I read last week. Suddenly, I heard a loud BBAANNGG! 'RPG!' someone yelled. I gulped, RPG is a rocket launcher which is very scary! The other wardens took out their super big walkie−talkie and radioed for backup. 1 minute later, a helicopter appeared and used a mini gun to shoot where the loud bang came from! The shooting noise was loud so I sighed a relief until the helicopter stopped shooting.

All the wardens cheered when the helicopter came close to us and we jumped on. The pilots seemed to saw me a minute later and asked, "What is this little guy doing here?' A warden quickly explained why I was here but I knew I came here by magic. A pilot nodded and he instructed us to take the machine guns hanging on the wall and continued to pilot the copter. The machine guns were extremely heavy so I carried it with every muscle in my body. After a long time, we found a large area of people gathering around. We quickly realized these were gangsters because they were wearing caps and carrying guns! My god! There were a lot of them so the wardens and I reloaded the gun's ammo and pointed our machine rifles out of our copter. The pilots piloted the copter like a pro and pointed it toward the gangsters. The wardens and I fired finally! It felt so cool controlling a heavy machine gun. Suddenly, the worst thing in my whole life happened. The warden, who rescued me from Peace Hotel, who gave me reinforcements, who guided me all the way through here was shot by a gangster. I screamed, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" His body fell off the copter and fell to the ground in a bang. I decided to avenge him so I threw a dynamite thingy down the copter and the thing exploded and men blasted into pieces. I quickly begged the pilots to land and I found the warden who saved my life still lying on the ground. A doctor in our team exclaimed his body and a few minutes later, he pronounced the man...dead.

The Bund Jail

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Lin, Chloe – 10

There was a very rich person called Jessie, she was pretty. One day, she walked to the Bund and sat on a bench. Suddenly, a stranger hit on her head with a stick and she fainted.

When Jessie woke up, she found out that she was in a house. The stupid kidnapper said "This is called the Bund jail. I will go out for four days because I need to ask your parents for the money."

After four days l, Jessie was very weak. She felt hungry and thirsty because she didn't eat anything for four days. There was a poor girl called Bela. She was very beautiful and she was Jessie friend. She was looking for Jessie's everywhere. Bela went to the Shanghai tram station, Shanghai big street… After two hours, Bela saw the Bund jail. She said`` Oh! The door is open. Let me go in and see if Jessie is inside." So she went in and had a look.

When Bela went inside, she saw Jessie. Bela said ``I'm Bela, Jessie do you remember me?"
"Oh! It is you Bela!" Jessie screamed`` Please let me out Bela! Please! Please! The kidnapper is coming back!"
Bela said "Really? I'll get you out now, okay?"
Jessie said "Okay. Let go now.'' At last, they escape safely.

Finally, they slowly walked back to the grand and famous hotel in Shanghai, The Grand Peace Hotel. Jessie wanted to thank you Bela, so she gave her nine hundred million dollar to Bela, but Bela said "I don't want it." Jessie felt little confused because everyone liked money very much. She asked why, then Bela replied "I have no family, so no one play with me at home, I hope I can live with you so that I won't be alone anymore." Jessie said "Yes!"

At last, the kidnapper surrendered and two girls became good friend.

A Tale of Old Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Ng, Paco – 10

I can help you!" said Alex.
"No! You are too young for me! I will let you help me when you are old enough!" said Dad.
"For you, huh? Why do I need to listen to you?" said Alex.
"If you want to help me, make a million dollars alone in Shanghai. Can you? Come back if you can!" said Dad.
Once upon a time, there was a rich family in France. There was Alex and Alex's dad. Alex's mum died in an accident. Alex was smart and he wanted to help his dad
So he ran to Shanghai.
Shanghai was very strange for him, because he was from France. It was lucky for him because many of the shop's products been had translated to French.
Alex found a job very quickly, the job was selling buns with Aqiang. Aqiang hired him because he wanted to sell his buns to French people, not only Shanghai people.
"BBQ pork buns! Very cheap! Only 5 cents!" They worked together happily.
One day, the oven broke suddenly. They had no money to fix it because they just bought a new set of tables and chairs to serve customers. They didn't know what to do to get money to hire someone to fix it.
Alex went do a lot of part-time job for money to fix it.
He did everything for money. He became a salesman, a driver, and more. He didn't sleep for a few days. He finally earned enough money to get it fixed.
Unfortunately, the fixer was a scammer. They lost most of their money.
They were sad. They cried on the street.
"We can make the money again! Can we?" said Alex.
"Yes! We can!" said Aqiang.
They thought why not to sell some pork? Everyone in Shanghai liked to eat pork! They bought some pork from the money that Alex earned. They put the oven and tables out. They decorated the shop like a butcher's shop so it looked professional.
They earned a lot of money and tried to sell pork and buns at the same shop. It became famous of this design, so many people including French and Shanghainese came. They hired a lot of helpers because both Aqiang and Alex were so busy and it was still not enough to handle all of the customers.
Since they earned so much money, they thought opening more shops was a good idea. This made their shop earn more money than only one shop. He bought a lot of shops and sold his buns everywhere in Shanghai. They earned a lot of money.
They did this again and again.
He built a factory using his 'pouch' of money. He helped a lot of poor people by giving them buns and cooked pork. Alex and Aqiang were famous at Shanghai. His business got bigger, bigger, and bigger. They started to do a lot more business, such as selling clothes, houses, etc.
After that, they thought only selling things in Shanghai was not enough. They went to France and look for possible shops. They met Alex's dad on the street. His dad asked him how Alex was doing in Shanghai. He was surprised at his reply. Alex reply, "I am looking pretty good, you know? I'm having a wonderful life with a bunch of money."
They saw a nice shop and bought it. It was surprising because of French were curious about the buns. They bought one and tried it. They said that it was yummy and they would bought some next time.
They did the same thing in the rest of France, but there was one thing different, that was Alex and Aqiang didn't want to sell pork in France because if the pork was transported from Shanghai, it would not be fresh and they didn't want any people to eat non-fresh pork.
They surprised Alex's dad because he did what he asked.
As the time passed, Alex and Aqiang became the best friend ever and got richer and richer.

The Gun Fight

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Shek, Michael – 11

A long time ago in the old Shanghai, there was a fight that made everyone both overjoyed and miserable. At that time, there was a horrible man named Cold–shot killer. He was a fierce man that everyone was terrified of him because he always carried a gun in his pocket and shot people that wanted to kill him.

One day, nine thousand of the local policemen came. They said to Cold–shot killer, `` You have killed a man who lived on Hong Kong Island! We will catch you!"

Cold–shot killer thought, "OH! They know who killed the man! I need to KILL ALL THE POLICEMEN, so that no one will know that I have killed man!" Therefore, he was ready to kill all the policemen and show his strength to the others.

Then, the horrible fight began. First, Cold–shot killer used his old bow and shoot the three policemen. Unfortunately, the bow was broken because it was too old to use. Then, he used his carriage to crash into the other 8997 policemen. The policemen were too slow to rush away, so they died horribly. The other policemen shouted, "Hey man! Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I don't want to die!" Then they rushed away to the police station. Cold–shot killer thought, "They are the worst policemen ever! Stupid men!"

A police officer walked slowly towards Cold–shot killer and shouted angrily, `` You the WORST man ever!"

`` Who are you? Ugly man?" Cold–shot killer laughed at the police officer.

`` I am the most excellent police officer! You should not call me UGLY MAN. I will fight you!" the police officer said angrily.

Therefore, the second fight began. They took their guns out and said, "Let's fight hand to hand! Then, they threw away their guns and fought. They fought very bravely. Their arms and feet were hurt. After they had fought for five hours, they were exhausted. They wanted to kill the other first, but they were very thirsty and hungry. When Cold–shot killer and the police officer had almost died together, the police officer took the gun and shot Cold–shot killer.

After this fight, everyone was sad and happy because Cold–shot killer had died, but the police officer had died too. They made memorial to commemorate the police officer.

Du YueSheng

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Sze, Ronald – 10

It was a horrifying day for Shanghai, since the Green Gang robbed 100 thousand dollars from the Shanghai and Banking Corporation. The police had been searching where they had hidden it but still no results. Mike the police officer who was brave, smart, handsome and clumsy came out of the police station. He angrily said," I will try my best to find those robbers!"

The next day started off calm but suddenly everyone near the police station, smelled strong smoke coming from the police station. It was on fire! Out of nowhere, a gang of people who had evil looking grins on their faces came out. Everybody was terrified. The gang leader said, "NOBODY MOVE AN INCH, I AM DU YUESHENG." He looked tough, tall and he had a scar on his face he soon told everyone to hand in every valuable thing they had. Du was very greedy; he wanted to be rich and one day RULE OVER SHANGHAI. Everyone was afraid to fight back, them because the gangsters had big steel plates that can knock you straight out! Everybody soon realized that the police station was completely burnt down! Then the gang escaped in a flash.

All of the police except Officer Mike and 4 other officers were not injured. They ran away just in time before the fire flooded the police station, the other police officers were seriously injured they needed about a month until they could leave the hospital, Mike wanted to avenge his fellow police officers. He went to the place where they last saw the Green Gang, Mike traced down the footprint of the gang, it soon leaded him to the Shanghai Railway Station, where they thought they might be able to find the gangs secret lair. The lair was very dark. It seemed that it was a good while since anybody had been there but Mike and the other 4 cops found something rather strange. Out of all the doors this one had a little light creeping Mike peeked through a gap in the door and he saw five guys discussing cheerfully about something and he also saw a bundle of money in the corner. Mike knew he had to do something. Without thinking, he opened the door and yelled, "SURRENDER thieves!" The 4 other cops came along. Du Yue Sheng ran away straight past us, abandoning his friends. The other three cops handcuffed them straight away.

Mike's friends told him to go first to catch Du. They would take care of the rest. Mike ran in top speed straight to the place where Du would most likely be: the railway station. Just as he guessed, Du was about to jump on the train but mike ran and pulled Du and he fell straight down, Du got back up and the chase was on! Du ran straight to the Bund one of the most crowded areas ever and he stole a bicycle. Mike asked to borrow a bicycle from the people on the Bund but nobody would lend it to him, it was foggy, so he couldn't see people well and the place was so crowed, it made it even harder to spot Du. He thought it was over but a miracle happened, when he was just about to go back, he saw Du was about to break into an empty house and hide, but a pebble made him fall straight head first into the door, getting his ear stuck in the door!!

Mike ran straight up and handcuffed him. He laughed cheerfully while Du was raging with anger. Mike soon brought Du to a jail with his gang members, who were very angry because Du left them.
Mike left the prison and told everybody in town that we caught the green gang!! Everyone cheered happily for Mike and his friends, soon Mike and his friends gave back all the money that had been stolen and the bicycle too!

And that is how Du got his name "Big Ear Du".

(PS that is not the real reason why he is named big ear du, at least I don't think so.)

The Revenge in Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Tsoi, Thomas – 11

One brilliant day, near the Peace Hotel in old Shanghai in the 1920s, the sun shone wonderfully over the ground. The roads of old Shanghai were crowded. Everybody was chatting happily. Some were eating steamed buns in the restaurants. Although the road was full of the choking smoke of the tram, but no one seemed to be care about it. 'Pi! Pi!' here came the train at the station. A man with thick coat came out of the train briskly. He seemed to be 26 or 27 years old.

The man's name was Dickson. He had attractive blue eyes and cool short hair. However, nobody seemed to notice him. Perhaps because he wore the dumpy coat. He sat down on the floor of the station and had his lunch – a sandwich. The reason Dickson came to Shanghai, such a long way from his home in Beijing, was because his father and mother were killed in a casino by a mobster boss, Erik, but he had no information about where or was he alive now. However, Dickson has been searching for 10 years to kill Erik and take revenge. But he still couldn't find him.

Then Dickson went towards the Peace Hotel by tram. On the way, he was curious about one thing that was why there were so many rich Europeans on the street but no local people. (Shanghai was occupied by Europeans.) Therefore, he stole nine Europeans' wallets and gave them to the beggars on the street. The beggars smiled thankfully! Then he went to the Peace Hotel to book a room and he slept for one night.

The next morning, Dickson went to a restaurant to have breakfast. Then he decided to go to the casino. He seemed to be angry. When Dickson arrived, he immediately broke a table and sat down on the ground. Everybody was puzzled. Then two mobsters came. They took their guns out and pointed them at Dickson. Dickson seemed to be pleased. Dickson suddenly stood up and gave a mobster a heavy punch. The mobster immediately passed out. Dickson quickly took his gun away. Everyone was frightened and shocked by his actions. Then Dickson gave the other mobster a light punch. This time the mobsters didn't pass out but his gun flew out of his hand and fell down onto the ground. Dickson quickly whispered to the mobster's ear, "Lead me to your master or you will die." The mobster nodded his head.

Dickson walked through the stonily road to 'THE MOB CENTER' with the mobster. It was really a secret place. When they arrived at 'THE MOB CENTER'. Everyone was surprised and scared to see their friend trapped by a teenager. Someone roared angrily, "Let go, stupid. Then maybe we will not kill you!"
Dickson replied with a cold voice, 'I am only looking for a person called Erik! Erik if you are here, it's time for a show down!'

Suddenly, a big, loud voice answered, "am Erik. Ah! If I do not guess wrong, you must be Dicky? Er... no Dickson!!! Ha! I remember! Do you want to take revenge? Ha! You must be kidding me!!! You are a young and stupid teenager!!" The big loud voice came from the back from the mobsters. Erik was a man with brown eyes, messy hair a cold, dark heart. He was the man that killed Dickson's parents. The mobsters raised their left hands beside their head. This was to salute to their master.

Dickson didn't answer Erik. He let the mobster who he met in the casino get away. He was thinking about how to kill him. This is the perfect chance to kill him. He knew that if he let Erik go carelessly, he would need another 10 years to find him because Erik was so good at escaping. Suddenly, he had an idea. He immediately gave the first mobster a punch. Then, he stole the mobster's gun and swung it round towards Erik. Erik easily moved away moved away and then he quickly tried to escape from the backdoor. But Dickson shot Erik just in time. Erik died immediately. Everyone was so shocked. The reason why the mobster didn't protect their master was because they were so surprised and had no time to looked at their master.

At this time, Dickson slipped away from the front door of 'THE MOB CENTER'. He ran as quick as the wind to the train station to buy a ticket and ran into the train. He had an excited feeling from his body coming up to his brain. He was extremely overjoyed. Perhaps he had finally finished his mission. He thought, "I hope the next time I come to Shanghai. I am just traveling, not taking revenge. It's such a brilliant place. A! Ha!" He laughed loudly.

The people were eating in the restaurants chatting happily. The train went away from Shanghai to Beijing. Oh! What a wonderful day in old Shanghai.

The Old Shanghai War

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Yeung, Mika – 10

There once was a boy called John. He was thirteen years old. He had spiky and brown hair. He was very smart and creative. He loved science very much. He always got full marks on that subject. He was curious about the past; therefore, he invented a time machine to go back to the past.

One day, his teacher told him to do research on 'the Old Shanghai's Living Habits'. After a few nights thinking, he finally decided to use the time machine to go back to 1839's Shanghai to see what was happening there.

When he arrived there, he heard gun shots, swords and explosions. Then, he looked around and saw a group of European and Shanghainese yelling and fighting with each other. John was very frightened so he wanted to find a place to hide himself but unfortunately he could not find a safe place. He had no choice and calmed himself down. He then slowly and carefully walked towards the Shanghainese. He asked them loudly about their living habits but no one cared about him. John thought "Everyone only cares about the war. No one cares about me. I must bring peace and harmony to this country. I must think some ways to help these people."

John bravely came in front of them and said "No fighting. All of you please listen. If you guys cooperate and work together... "Listen kid, WE WILL NEVER BE NICE TO EACH OTHER!" said one of the European walking towards him. Everyone yelled loudly "WE WON'T LOSE TO THEM, NEVER!" Suddenly, everyone started to fight again. John was a little bit angry. He used his highest voice to shout again "Please, just listen to me! You can be stronger together!" They continued to ignore him and keep fighting.

Suddenly, John angrily shouted "Listen up, you guys keep fighting and many people dies. If you guys just stick together, you won't die and you will be stronger!" All the people stopped fighting and looked at each other. Then, a man said" Maybe the kid is right. We could make a great team together." Everyone agreed and shake hands with each other. After that, they happily shouted "Thank you for bringing peace to this war!"

Few hours later, the whole Shanghai was back to normal. John asked a Shanghai person about the living habits of Shanghai. The person answered all the questions that he asked and gave him food to eat for saving Shanghai. After John ate the food, he had to go back to the future. Everyone said goodbye to John and he used the Time Machine to go back.

The next day in the future, John went to school with 50 pages of research about Shanghai's living habits and talked about it for the whole history lesson. His teacher was very impressed and gave him a "School's best history student" award.

He continued to use the Time Machine to do research about histories and became the world's most smartest kid in history.

A Tale of Old Shanghai

S.K.H. St. Peter's Primary School, Yip, Owen – 10

It was the first of January in 1920. It was noon in Shanghai. A lot of Americans went into Shanghai. They hit the Shanghainese without any permission of the government of Shanghai.

The Shanghainese was very angry. Lolden Yeung, A soldier, said that Shanghai must had a fight with the Americans. All the soldiers agreed. Even the General Jack Eld agreed.

At the second day, the Shanghai soldiers killed many Americans. The American soldiers rushed to fight back the Shanghai soldiers.

The "World War" did not stop for a week. At the seventh of January, the head soldier of Americans, Bady, put a bomb at the office of Jack Eld. After one minute, the bomb will exploded! Fortunately, a soldier saw this. He rushed into the office to tell Jack Ed this matter. Jack Ed said," The Beijing soldiers will come to help us soon, that time, we can take the time when they are fighting with the Americans soldiers to find the bomb and stop it."

Their thinking got success. The Shanghai soldiers were searching Jack Ed's office. Suddenly, a soldier found the bomb. It's got just ten seconds until the bomb exploded. If he called his friends, the bomb will explode. What could he do? Nine, eight, seven, what could he do? Two, one……nothing happens. What? Why did the bomb not exploded? Because the soldier use his own drinking water to let the bomb gone. What a smart man!

When the American soldiers knew that the bomb was gone. They are very angry but exhausted because their final weapon was gone. They were going to run and the Beijing soldiers fight them when they run until they were all died. Unfortunately, Bady got on a boat and went quickly back to America.

After this war, Lolden Yeung had been promoted to vise general. The soldier who tell the matter of bomb and the soldier who stopped the bomb got a medal. The general Jack Ed said that everyone should study these two nice soldiers.

OK. Now, the story ends. When you finish this story, what do you learn or think about the characters? Do you want to be the Generals and the soldiers? Do you like my story？ If you like, I can type more for you all!

Billy meets his greatest grandfather

Sai Kung Central Lee Siu Yam Memorial School, Church, Leonardo – 10

Billy was 13 and thought that nothing ever happened to him and his life was pretty boring. He and his family were very poor but could still afford to live in a cheap house. The street they lived in had a great noodle shop next door, and a steamy old laundry shop he could see from his bedroom window.
One day Billy was getting home from fetching water when he smelled smoke.
He thought it would be better to get home before anything happened, so he ran all the way, but only to find that his home had burned.

The place was covered with smoke and the floors and walls were black. Everything they owned was either melted or burned too badly to use.
Billy felt two emotions – sadness and guilt. If he had gotten back sooner with the water, maybe he could have helped put out the fire and saved the house.
He searched the house to see if his family were still there. His mum and dad and little sister were nowhere to be found. He was worried and felt butterflies in his stomach when he thought about them.

When he walked up the stairs he hoped to see some sign of his family. When he checked the burned out attic he saw something shining in the ashes. A beautiful necklace. The chain was made of shiny silver, which made it stand out in the ashes. The charm had two happy dragons wrapping around a jade stone that was green as an emerald.

He picked it up and put it on. Suddenly the burned out house became dark, and then it was light again. He was in a green forest. Billy was confused. Where was he?

He decided to start walking and try to find out. He walked out of the forest and eventually came to a big city with a big wall all the way around it. He went inside the gate to the city and found its name: "Shanghai".

The place looked very inviting. There were beautiful temples, tall houses and a big palace. The streets were narrow and made of cobblestone, and lots of shops were painted in different colours. Horses and chariots slowly trotted by. He could smell the familiar smell of dumplings cooking, just like his old noodle shop, but there were other nastier smells as well. Things weren't as clean as his home was.

Then he heard ten thousand marching footsteps getting louder and louder on the stone streets until they made him hold his hands over his ears. As the soldiers passed by he saw a tall man with a stern face at the front of the army. The general!

He sat on a big black horse dressed in colourful armour. He had a round face, with white hair and a short white beard. His eyes were brown and cold, and he looked angry. Very angry.

The general spoke with a very deep voice, almost as deep as a lion's roar.
He asked "Where did you get that necklace!"

Billy said he had found it in his home, but the old general said that it was a present to his wife and that Billy had stolen it.

Billy was angry and said no, and the two started arguing like seven–year–olds.
Then Billy blurted out: "Why can't you get your wife and see for yourself?"
But the old general yelled back: "I don't have a wife anymore! She is dead!"

Billy said in a soft whisper: “I’m sorry.”

The general’s face changed, and it seemed not so angry. He thought Billy looked familiar, and he asked the boy to talk with him.

The pair started talking about how important family is, and what would you do without them. Billy explained how his house had burned down, and that he felt guilty about not getting back in time with the water.

He also explained to the old man how this place was in a different time, and talked about electricity and cars and things from his time.

The old general seemed pretty impressed and asked lots of questions, especially about electricity. He seemed to know a lot about it. Maybe he was more than just a general?

Then he smiled at Billy and said: “Close your eyes and count to three.”
Billy did, and then there was a loud noise in his ears and he was gone.

He opened his eyes and saw that he was back on the old city streets of the Shanghai he knew, with his water bucket.

He felt sad abut leaving the old general and old Shanghai. He headed back along his neighbourhood streets and saw that somehow his house was still there, and then he heard voices inside. He ran in and saw his family!

In an instant he realized what was happening, and warned his family there was going to be a fire. They all smelled smoke, and running through the house he saw the old ironing board and an iron making a fire from a shirt.
Billy used the water to put out the fire.

His family gathered around him and thanked him for saving their home.
But he knew better. “Thanks general,” he whispered to himself.

The Promise

Sai Kung Central Lee Siu Yam Memorial School, Gabutina, Kimiko – 10

The knock on her bedroom door woke up Madison with a jolt. She checked the time –– half past eleven. She needed the sleep – the next day was the first day of her final exams.

Education came before almost anything, her father always reminded her. *'It's the one thing you can take with you anywhere you go.'*

She had been in the middle of a dream, the one she had been having the past few nights. It always began with her standing on a bridge, staring at the most unusual set of rocks beside a traditional pavilion. If only she knew where that place was.

Madison rubbed her eyes sleepily as she marched toward the door, cracking it open. "Dad?" she grumbled, peering at her father, whose hair was a tangled mess. "What is it?"

"It's N ǎ inai, she's in hospital. She had another stroke. Mum and I are going there, you should come with us."

Madison opened the door wider. "Is N ǎ inai going to be okay?" Her father looked down at his feet. "I don't know, Maddie. Aunt Lorraine said it's bad."

Madison grabbed her father's hand and squeezed it, not knowing what else to say to comfort him.

The drive to the hospital was filled with silence. Her dad was fidgeting behind the wheel while her mother quietly prayed. Madison's grandmother had been immediately sent to the Intensive Care Unit, which only heightened her father's distress. "You should go inside, Maddie," her mother urged. "Dad and I are going to talk to the doctor."

Madison nodded and trudged into the sterile room. She gasped at the sight of her grandmother. She almost didn't recognise the woman who used to bribe her with cookies in exchange for kisses. She swallowed a sob as she stared at her while trying to drown the sound of the heart monitor's constant beeping. N ǎ inai seemed so tiny and frail, with wires hooked into her body. Madison wondered how long it had been since she had paid gran a visit.

"N ǎ inai," she whispered. "It's me, Maddie. I'm here. We're all here."

She pulled the lone chair near the bed and sat. "I'm sorry I wasn't around that often. It's just that school has kept me busy and I always have a truckload of homework. Also my piano recital is coming up. And, oh, I made it to the drama club too. We're going to do *Romeo and Juliet*. I'm townsfolk number two. I have, like, two whole lines. Isn't that neat? Get well, okay? So you could watch me upstage the leads."

If gran were awake she'd be laughing. *'Oh, Maddie, you crack me up,'* she'd probably say.

She should have visited more often, told her more stories, asked her to teach her Mahjong, or listened to her talk about the days when she and Yéyé lived in China. How they sailed to the United States with only the clothes on their backs. Ever since Yéyé died two years ago, N ǎ inai had never been the same. No more spring in her step, no twinkle in her eyes.

Tears began trickling down Madison's cheeks, moistening the pillowcase. She was dabbing it with the sleeve of her coat when something under it caught her eye. She tugged at its edge and pried it free.

It was a black–and–white photograph of her grandparents when they were young. Squinting, she studied the grainy image, and saw the way they beamed at each other while holding hands. They were on a bridge over a pond, near a bed of giant rocks. It looked familiar. She clapped her hand over her chest as her heart thumped faster. "No way," she muttered.

"What's wrong, Maddie?" Her father's voice made her yelp. "Dad, look!" She held up the photo. Her father drew a finger to his lips, gesturing to keep her voice down. He bobbed his head. "Oh, that. Ma always keeps it with her. It was taken the day Yéyé asked her to marry him."

"This is the garden in my dreams. See the rock with a lot of holes? Pour water on top and it will pass through each hole. Or burn an incense stick below it and the smoke will flow through the holes too. Cool to watch."

"How did you know that?" her father asked.

"I told you, I kept dreaming about it. Sometimes I'm on the bridge, sometimes I'm swimming in the pond, sometimes I'm the one burning a joss stick under it."

Her father smiled. "You remembered. There's a reason you know all those things about that rock –– because N ǎ inai used to tell you stories about the Exquisite Jade Rock of Yuyuan Garden when you were little."

"Huh?"

"The Exquisite Jade Rock– it's one of the most famous rocks in all of South China. It's in Yu Garden in Shanghai. It's N ǎ inai and Yéyé's favourite place."

"I remember now. She told me that rock had sunk in the bottom of the river when it was being transferred. Then people had to break down a part of Shanghai's old city wall when they transported it into the Yu Garden."

Her father touched the pale, wrinkly hand of his mother. "The rock was simply magnificent, one of China's true gems. Pan Yunduan built the garden for his parents, where they could live peacefully together. Yéyé promised N ǎ inai he'd bring her back there. 'Next year,' he'd always tell her. But then he got sick and…" His voice trailed off.

Yéyé ran out of 'next years.' And now N ǎ inai seemed like she was about to.

A year later.

Madison stepped through one of the half–circle moon doors in the crowded garden.

"Over here Maddie!" her mother yelled.

"Coming!" she hollered.

She could see it now –– that hole–riddled rock in the middle of two giant stones, like guards watching over the exquisite creation atop the artificial mountain in the middle of the man–made pond.

"N ǎ inai, Yéyé, we're here," she whispered.

The Shanghainian Spotilitis

Sha Tin Junior School, Cheung, Sze Long – 9

Part I

It was a freezing January night in old Shanghai, and the people of the city was waiting excitedly for the Countdown for the celebration of the new year. I was wedged between an army official and a farmer, trying unsuccessfully to get a look at the mayor, who was looking down at his sundial. Not long after, the mayor stepped on the large podium and boomed: "Citizens of Shanghai… Let the countdown commence!"

Immediately, the people surrounding me blasted a super–noisy countdown in my ears. "10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, ZERO!" I hurried over to my friend Hui Chang's residence and barged into the front door. As I expected, he was lying on the table, drunk. I grab the pitcher of cold water next to him and I pour the contents on him. He wakes up in a flash, slashing blindly with the knife he keeps on himself at all times. When he comes to, he stares at me for a few seconds before saying (With a bit of suspicion on the edge, of course) "Oh. It's you." Surely the new year didn't mean the end of his drunk period.

"Why am I all wet?" He asks me. His eyes rest on the pitcher and then he stares at me. We both laugh, and embrace.

It was such a joyful day.

That's when I see something on Hui Chang's nose. It was a blue spot! Hui Chang was staring awkwardly at me.
"Why are you staring at my face?" He demanded of me.
"I tried to hide my knowledge. "Uh.. I was just looking at your curly hair…" I muttered. He raised his eyebrows in disbelief. "My hair isn't curly, they're dead straight!" *Oops.* "He grabbed a nearby mirror and screamed. "Holey dumplings!" He screamed, and raced out into the street. Later, screams of "A blue spot!" We're bouncing on and off the street. Just as I wanted to find out who this annoying pranker was, my forehead began to itch. Did I catch the blue spot disease? No. I was itching because I am really, really confused. I let out a sigh of relief. Then the messengers shout, "Everybody to the palace! There is a disease which is catching!"

I leap out of Hui Chang's living room and race downwards to the palace. Inside there, the room is already packed with people with blue spots, and those who were more lucky like me. I squish myself into the center of the room and see the mayor and others talking like bees in a shortage of nectar. When everyone has settled, the mayor's assistant addresses the audience and let's the mayor talk.
"Citizens of Shanghai," He begins. "I am afraid so to tell you that a catching disease which we nicknamed the blue spot disease has been spreading around Shanghai. As a result, I would like to invite scientists, herbalists and doctors to research this rare inflict. So this is my list. Lee Yui So…" Lee Yui So is the smartest herbalist around and about Shanghai. As he steps on to stage, people applaud loudly. Lee bows to show his appreciation to his fans and stands next to the mayor. The mayor's list goes on. "Hui Fai Ying, Cai Lun, Tong Tai Yon, Kai Go Hng, Cheung Se ling… But what next is a completely different thing.

Me.

The people around me start to whisper gossip like bats. *Why me?* I thought. I was just a plain old doctor. Well, maybe not plain old, as I did save some people from dying, but how do I match Lee Yui So in IQ? The mayor is searching for me now. "Kwan Gong Wai? Kwan Gong Wai?" I nervously walk out and shake the mayor's hand. He smiles encouragingly at me. "Scared?" He whispers. "You bet," I answer. I walk to my place and see a

thousand pairs of eyes on me. " Well, that's enough for today," The mayor exclaims, and turns to us. "Come on," he says."Let's have a look at where you work from now on. He led us through the resident−packed streets and showed us a log cabin. "Inside you will find old medic books, test liquids, and the one and only microscope. Well, I'll just drop off every day and check on the work, OK?" The mayor checked before striding out of the room. We enter the cabin to find a highly−polished lab room, a medic library, a test room, and a gadget room. After touring the five−star wood cabin, everything gets downright serious. Lee Yui So immediately takes charge. "Cai Lun, Hui Fai Ying, you can be the testers. Kai Go Hng, the analyzer. Tong Tai Yon, the gadget analyzer. Cheung Se ling, the conclusions manager and researcher. Kwan Gong Wai…" He stares at me intensely. "You're with me. The medic library." They all nod, and take off to their places. I follow Lee into the room labeled ***THE MEDICAL LIBRARY***. I gasp as I enter the room. Hundreds of rows of books sit before my eyes. One look at Lee and I can tell he's been mesmerized by the books also. "Let's go," says Lee, and we race off to the huge medic library.

I manage to find the section containing wart and spot medications. I sit down on a bench and begin to read a book named ***Warts through the ages***. Lee has also got himself a book from the W&S section and is flicking through it as quick as quicksand. I flip to pages 1−329 of my book until I stop at page 330. The title read: *The Shanghainian Spotilitis*. I started to read… "The Shanghainian Spotilitis is a blue spot disease originated in Shanghai. It causes the victim to be itchy all the place as it targets the ne−" Just then, a piercing scream echoed inside the cabin. What had happened?

Remember to tune in for part two!

The Old City of Shanghai

Sha Tin Junior School, Hui, Augustine – 9

In the old city of Shanghai many different kinds of tales were told. Some were funny, sad, happy and angry tales. Different tales meant different beliefs, but one of the most common and the one which most people believed in was called "Old city of Shanghai"

Old city of Shanghai

On a stormy pitch black night in Shanghai, there was an enormous storm. The storm was a disaster the lightning struck many different sized huts and tore them into flames. That tore the whole of north Shanghai into pieces. Over 5000000 people were killed in that natural disaster, the remaining 32.1 million people were either seriously injured or wounded.

The remaining people went to the mountain top to find the old sage. The old sage said nothing but "stray dog" which sent them crazy. All the villagers felt terrified and chill went down their spines as their teeth chattered the old sage said nothing useful to them. So the villagers decided to walked slowly and silently down the mountain top. As they walked down the hill they noticed a small tiny black and white striped stray dog. The villagers thought it was so cute that one of them stroked the stray dog on the back and walked it down the hill. But little did they know this was the dog which caused all the damage done to the village. As they were walking down the hill the dog started barking several times in a row. But the villagers were so imbecilic that they thought it was hungry but actually it was a sign to the lightning god Zeus to get ready to strike another huge storm sixty−seven hours later.

All the villagers went to different types of stores today to buy ingredients and equipment they need so that they can build something new. They were building a time machine to launch them into year 2169, so that they could get all the newest effects and building equipment, to create the highest technology secret base. Now that they have gone the stray dog could talk to Zeus around the clock about the surprise attack. They were planning to launch a surprise attack to the villagers. But little did Zeus and Charmaleena know that there was a device which could hear every single detail and point that they were talking about. They put it there in case that there was anything suspicious done in the village.

The next day they were ready to launch their surprise attack at 7pm, Zeus had a teeth showing smile with blinking eyes and red cheeks because he was ready to launch the surprise attack. When the villagers got back at 1am in the morning they got straight away into building their time machine.2 hours later they finally finished their teleporter or time machine to go into the new known world and dimension 2169. They went there to collect titanium, diamond, emerald, iron, potions, fancy new technology, science books, experiment chemicals, and fancy new weapons and shields. They were soon building factories and houses, but they didn't build that secret base. Instead they started creating other construction buildings. They created all the present materials and left the diamonds and emeralds in caves.

While the building was finished Zeus struck all the buildings with lightning but nothing happened and broke apart. Zeus was infuriated his intense eyes were staring at the villager's apartments and sent a lightning bolt as huge as the Burj Khalifa in Dubai (it was 2272 ft 829.8m). Still nothing got burnt down, so instead he shot lightning at a nearby standing tree, which then sent a wild fire around the whole north Shanghai. The fire started to come closer to the village and within seconds the fire had reached the village. The villagers scurried to find huge buckets of water and trash it against the fire.

Hours later, the fire did stop but instead it turned into lava, everyone dived to get materials and different floatable objects and stood on top of the objects. The lava was a cheetah it was rising a meter every second no matter what

they took it was starting to sink so instead they jumped onto metal buildings and stood there as they watched the lava rise.

The lava rose a lot since one and a half hour ago, soon it will reach the top of the structure, but now it was too late and they thought they would be swept away, then out of nowhere they found a huge water bucket and it started to tip over into the lava itself and soon the lava was going down a meter every minute, finally the village was kind of damaged but at least no one was hurt or injured.

Soon Zeus was so exasperating so Charmaleena and Zeus went to country in the world. Now they said to each other that they hope this story is going to be lead down in history. Soon they created the nowadays city and they were the first few ones to create buildings. They taught other humans alive at that moment how to create buildings and nowadays goods and mining weapons. That's why we have such fancy technology.

This is the most famous and common story often told by a lot of different families. Remember that they told us that they wanted it to be lead down in history and I think that their truthful wish is going to be true forever. This is not even ended we are just in the middle of all this fun.

And the last thing of all this is the book I have written after my famous and exciting adventure is right now in your steady hands. So keep this safe and I hope you will pass it onto your grandchildren to make this book last for as ever long it can last for.

Return of the Emperor

Sha Tin Junior School, Lee, Christopher – 9

Chapter 1

A full moon rose above the horizon, as stealth imperial warriors swiftly slid out of their hiding places, ready for their ambush on the night patrol of revolutionary soldiers.

A few soldiers were wandering around the sleek grey palisade, anticipating for an attack. The night patrols have already encountered a few ambushes by imperialists who escaped to Japan and returned. But they weren't ready for an ambush like the one they were about to encounter…

Suddenly, an imperial warrior burst from one of the bushes and pinned a patrol to the ground. Other patrolling soldiers were rushing to the attacker, unaware of the danger around them. Before they could even reach the attacker, a band of imperial warriors knocked the other patrols down and began a battle. From out of the shadows, a man in a dark robe came and looked down on the patrols. It was the old emperor Bao Tong, who was forced out of his throne because the people revolted against him and he escaped to Japan. And now, he wants his power back…

Chapter 2

The Mayor of Shanghai Do Shang was sitting in his office knitting. Suddenly, his servant came and said:"we have a vis−" but before he could finish speaking, the doors flew open and a man with a blood red cloak came in and said:"Mayor Do, I want to give you a piece of advice. You should let the old emperor Bao Tong take back his throne. Otherwise, he will take over Shanghai. When he becomes the Shanghai mayor, he will take over the whole of China and seize city by city". There was an uneasy silence. Suddenly, Do Shang said:"You're a fool, you don't know how powerful Shanghai is". The visitor then boomed: "well, in that case, prepare for your city to be destroyed". Then, the man swung his head around and left, shaking his head. After the mysterious messenger left, the mayor turned to his guards and boomed: "prepare for an attack from Japan, and beware of peasants who want Bao Tong to come back. Look out for Bao's supporters. And after that, he swung his head and went to the podium, thinking deeply of how to block Bao's attack.

Suddenly, he saw an army of imperial warriors heading towards the palisade. "This is a disgrace!" Do Shang screamed looking down at his scattered and unprepared revolutionary soldiers."Get in line! Get ready to defend the city. Bao Tong's army is about to attack!" shouted Do. But his soldiers ran around like a flock of headless chickens. Before the soldiers were prepared, there was a loud crash on the door, then another, then the door cracked like a toothpick and Bao's army rushed in. There was a loud sound of laughter, and a man in a dark robe came out of a carriage, it was Bao Tong! "So everyone has scattered," crackled Bao, "This has been easier than I thought". "Not as you think would be", said Do. "Oh , Do Shang", laughed Bao. "Fine. Armies, attack"!

It was a dangerous and daring battle. As the imperialists battled the revolutionaries. Swords were being thrown in the air, blood splattered around. Peasants who supported Bao Tong joined in the fight. From the sky, drops of rain began to pour down, and fog blocked all sight. When the fog drew away, Do's army was outnumbered. They decided to retreat, and Do had to surrender. Bao's army won the battle thanks to the support of his loyal peasants. But only one imperial warrior remains alive. Xia Wei once served in the emperor's court, and the peasants named him "the last warrior". Bao Tong was excited to become mayor. But he had to go back to Japan to share his victory with his host. As Bao returned to his ship, Xia, the last warrior appeared and asked Bao what to do. Bao thought: "this man went to Japan with me and saw what a coward I was, I should get rid of him". Bao eventually said, "I hear you've been spreading rumours about me. You are a traitor. Guards, kill him!". Before the guards could get him, Xia jumped ship and sped towards the nearest forest. Bao said:"don't worry, he's heading towards the forest, he might get eaten by a tiger". And with that, he turned around and left.

Xia Wei wandered in the forest when he heard a loud rustling sound. His heart was pounding with fear. From out of nowhere, a tiger pounced out of the trees and pinned the warrior to the ground. Xia screamed: “help!” But he couldn't be heard. Suddenly, he felt a surge of energy and he knocked the tiger back. It flew across the trees and landed on the floor, dead. The warrior now learned his full potential. Xia knew that the ceremony in which Bao is to become mayor will take place in two days time, and he wanted to kill the emperor.

Chapter 3

On the day, the warrior arrived at the palace, just in the nick of time for the ceremony. As Bao Tong stepped on the stage, the doors flew open as they were paper, the last warrior stood at the doors. “Oh, you again” bellowed Bao, “let this man step on the stage to battle with me”.

Xia Wei stepped on the stage and drew out his sword, and the fight began. It was a life and death battle. The warrior nearly got killed, but escaped. Xia accidentally drew down the curtains and no one could see the two fighting. A moment later, someone pulled the curtains open and saw Bao lying on the floor, with a sword on his neck. The warrior was in good condition and everyone was astonished. The people who supported Bao now realized what a fool he was, and decided that the last warrior should be the mayor, and so it was.

The end

The Boy Who Got Lost In Old Shanghai

Sha Tin Junior School, Lo , Kaiden – 8

Yay, we are going to the old city of Shanghai!" shouted Jim. Jim was from the Netherlands, and he was a nice and very regular kid. Then one day his parents went to old city and they would never forget about the trip.

When they arrived at the old city of Shanghai, they went to the "Old Shanghai Mall". There was a big crowd and Jim got lost.

Jim was worried and tears started coming down from his eyes, his mouth was an upside–down U, his knees were shaking and he said in a quivering voice, "Help…can you help me find my parents?" He was hoping that there were police around and would help him.

However, the only person who noticed Jim s a bad guy named Xin Shuang, who was a Chinese and always made an evil laugh whenever his plan succeeded. Xin Shuang put on a friendly smile and approached Jim.

"I'll make a deal with you. You will help me and then I will help you find your parents, ok?"

"Alright," said Jim quietly.

"Right, you see those people? They stole from me, so I want you to help me steal back my precious things."

"But they look poor," said Jim in a sad voice.

"Whatever. Do you want to find your parents or not?" hissed Xin Shuang.
"Yes," said Jim in a quiet voice.

"So do as I say, understood?"

"Yes," muttered Jim in an even lower voice.
"So start stealing tomorrow and the things better be good!" ordered Xin Shuang in a hoarsevoice. "By the way kid, what is your name?"

"My name is Jim."

"Ok, Jim, you can come and sleep in my house, I've got a spare bed."

Jim followed Xin Shuang reluctantly. The next day, Jim tried to steal and hooked onto a well–dressed man. As soon as Jim put his shaking fingers into the man's pocket however, Jim was caught!

Fortunately, Mr. Lee, the man Jim tried to steal from, was a good hearted man. Indeed, Mr. Lee taught him that Xin Shuang was a criminal and he hid Jim away from Xin Shuang. Mr. Lee also located Jim's parents and arranged to meet at the center of the mall.

Xin Shuang also located Jim's parents and made a plan which would get Jim back. Mr. Lee was almost at the center of the mall when Xin Shuang jumped out and snatched Jim. Then Jim's parents saw Jim being helped by a man and a guy who was kidnapping their son. When Xin Shuang spotted Jim's parents, he started to run away

carrying Jim. So Mr. Lee started running after Xin Shuang and so did Jim's parents. When they saw what was happening they knew which one was good, so that's why they started joining Mr. Lee. Jim's parents started to shout, "Come back here, you kidnapping guy! We'll call the police!"

Xin Shuang froze and let go of Jim, as he had never got arrested before. Xin Shuang was so scared that he ran away. Jim's parents thanked Mr. Lee for helping Jim.

"Thank you again Mr. Lee, for saving our son! If there's anything we can help you in return, just give us a word and we will do it. We promise!"

"You're welcome," replied Mr. Lee with a glint in his eyes. "Actually, there's something…"
Then the next adventure unfolded…

A Winding Tale

Sha Tin Junior School, Lo , Meagan – 10

The children were playing near the Japanese concession border in Shanghai, but little did they know they were going to go on an exciting adventure ahead of them.

There was a law made that anyone who went across the concession border would be in prison for 5 years; nobody was allowed but the traders. This had no impact on the lives of Lucy, Macy, Jack and Charlie, whose parents were missionaries working among the Chinese people in the old city of Shanghai. But one day, the children saw a few Chinese traders and Japanese traders talking in hush voices, and sneaking about. After they went, the children were curious and wanted to find out what they were up to. Normally they weren't that curious, yet after seeing the traders' expressions, they just knew they were up to something. After all they were on the same side so why couldn't they find out? The children planned that Lucy and Macy, the twin sisters who were about 10 years old, would go in sneakily inside the Japanese concession. If they didn't come back at dawn, Jack and Charlie, the two brothers – Jack was about 11 years old, and Charlie was 14 – they two would go in and see what's wrong. Everything was planned; they were going in exactly 5 minutes.

When the girls were ready, they saw a guy who was wearing all black all over his body. The girls were frightened and went to their "hiding place," which was their play area. The children thought – or rather, hoped – that he was one of the traders, so they just pretended to mind their own business and walked away, not to let him think something suspicious was going on. Finally, the girls went in hiding behind bushes and pots, quietly and steadily.

"Ouch, oops," Lucy accidentally tripped over one tiny pot of flowers.

They were doomed! Lights flashed up everywhere and men were coming. They certainly looked really angry and furious.

"Look! Look what have we got here? Two girls. You don't look like one of us, do you, strangers?" said a tall Japanese man with a sinister smile.

"Come with me," said another man. A huge laughter broke out. "Come on, you're our first ones to go into the cage."

The girls had no choice but to follow these horrid people to the cage.

"Cheer up, I bet it won't be that bad. They will soon know who's right," said Macy trying to comfort Lucy but with a quavering voice.
But she was wrong… the cage had no lights, no windows, no gaps, not even a tiny hole! They'd soon die! What should they do?

At dawn the boys were waiting impatiently, pacing around the play area. Then they saw the man attired in all black all over his body, again! He was heading towards the border between the Chinese city and the Japanese concession.

"Quick, do something, Charlie! Maybe he is one of the bad traders and wants to capture our sisters," cried Jack worriedly.

"I have a feeling, he's on our side, but let's just follow him, just in case," said Charlie calmly.

They followed the man, and of course the man knew someone was behind him. Slowly he pulled out his pistol and turned around and scared the boys right out of their hearts.

"Hands up! Who are you? Why are you following me?" said the man in a fierce and firm voice.

Quickly, Charlie spoke up, "Hi, we were just wondering if you could help us find our sisters."

The man's temper was gone in an instant.

"Sure, shall we team up? My name is Peter and I'm from the Netherlands. Nice to meet you," Peter said holding up his hand, Charlie shook it and introduced himself, and so did Jack.

"I think I know some friends that can help you. They are Japanese, they also want me in the same destination as you do if I'm right." said Peter anxiously.

"Peter? Peter? We have some news for you. We found two girls in a locked cage. They are finding it very hard to breathe now, since there has no gaps. Come here as quick as you can! The traders will soon return," a voice croaked in Peter's walkie talkie.

"Alright Kenji, there are two boys with me, and they might be the girls' brothers. We are coming as quick as we can. Thanks for letting me know," replied Peter.

"Peter, we have more information: the traders just came in and they were discussing about tricking the Shanghai government for to cede more land to the Japanese, which is illegal indeed. Wait till we arrest these folks, we sure will laugh out of our heads, ha! We're just waiting for you to arrive then to capture them all!" said Kenji.

"Thank you again. We are close now," Peter whispered back.

Slowly and quietly the boys and Peter got there. The boys were horrified, seeing thick bars in cages, while they were walking by, and even heard some men whispering. Even Peter who most of the time was strong and brave, was a bit nervous this time, because all they were inside was pitch black, so Peter couldn't see how he was able to capture the traders, he only had to guess. Mysteriously Peter leaped up and pounced on most of the traders.

"Gotcha!" shouted Peter holding traders' hands and the back. With the boys' help they held all the traders' hands behind their backs.

"We'll take it from here, Peter," said Kenji as he and others came out of their hiding places, putting handcuffs on the traders' hands. The girls were breathing properly now and were really surprised when the boys had come to rescue them.

"Lucy, Macy, this is Peter who helped us find you. Without Peter you guys will be dead meat! Peter, they are Lucy and Macy," cried Jack proudly.

"It was the mysterious man who helped you? He was helping you?" asked Lucy incredulously.

"Yep!" said Charlie.

"Thanks!" cried Lucy and Macy at the same time and gave them a big hug.

Peter's friends brought the traders to the governments and arrested them. The governments were very thankful and gave them a prize, which was a trophy of bravery.

"What an adventure! Nice meeting you Peter, but it's time for us to go back to U.S.," said Charlie.

"Yeah," they all said sadly knowing that they'd never see each other again.

"That was close because they were just one step from tricking the governments; we've stopped them from getting their hostages," said Peter and gave them each a high five.

A Mysterious Adventure in Old Shanghai

Sha Tin Junior School, Vyas, Aryan – 10

As the sun slowly set off in the horizon, Shen decided to take his dog, Bruno for a walk. Shen didn't like being in crowded areas so he decided to walk towards a garden, where it appeared to be quiet and peaceful, as no one ever used to go there. As soon as he approached the entrance to the garden, he saw a sign that said 'DO NOT TRESPASS'. It seemed that the garden had been closed and had been destroyed, looking at that he thought that it was the best place for him to walk, but as soon as he entered the wrecked garden it suddenly began to rain. Shen could feel the cold water dropping on him rapidly, he could hear the thunder and at the sound of it Bruno began to bark. Bruno was barking very loud and fast, it seemed that Bruno wanted to break free because he could either sense something wrong about the place or he was just terrified because of the thunder. Soon enough the leash had broken and Bruno had run away.

Shen made a run for it, he ran after the dog even though he didn't even know where he was going. The next thing he knew, he tasted a mouthful of dirt. The uneven floor had made Shen trip over and he felt a sharp pain on his leg and as he looked at his leg he saw a crimson streak running down his left shin. He had cut himself. When he looked up he saw Bruno's fluffy tail wagging and disappearing around the corner. He got up and limped as fast as he could after Bruno. When he reached the corner he turned, but as he did he felt a jerk run through his body and it seemed that he had reached the downtown of Shanghai, only he didn't see all the skyscrapers and highrise buildings he saw when he used to visit with his family to admire the skyline and the glittering lights. It was like he had entered a whole new world! It seemed that the place was ancient with old low rise structures. For a minute he was petrified that he was lost and had tears in his eyes when he saw an old man approaching his way. Shen softly mummered, "Where is Pudong?"
''You are in Pudong right now!'', stated the old man.
'What year is it?', Shen inquired.
''It's 1894. Don't you learn anything at school?'', asked the old man.
''Of course I do'', Shen exclaimed offendedly.
The old man huffed and walked off. Shen was so confused. 'How on earth did I get from 2017 to 1894', Shen wondered inquisitively. Shen saw extremely old buildings and there were people sitting on the streets playing Mah Jong. All of a sudden a mob of people were running behind two rich businessmen who were carrying a briefcase each which presumably was filled with gold. Shen noticed that the people were holding something small and sharp in their hands. 'Were they guns? Or were they knives?', Shen thought. He then heard some people shouting about some kind of syringe attack and then he saw that the people running after the businessmen had attacked them and drugged them and fled away with the gold. Shen then realised that he had to be aware of his surroundings as old Shanghai was full of crime. He saw assault and violence around him at every nook and corner. He was petrified and to make the situation worse he himself was stripped of his Nike jacket and shoes by some thieves and had to run around barefoot in the freezing cold. Thankfully, he saw a policeman riding a bicycle and tried to report the case to him but he turned a deaf ear towards him, this gave Shen a very bad picture of old Shanghai and knew that this was the reason Shanghai was so corrupt and had lots of crime. It seemed like his history book was opened right in front of him. Afterwards he decided to sit down on the steps of the temple and pray and pray and pray from hearing the shopkeepers shouting and the horse and carts Shen suddenly heard cars honking. Shen had experienced the past of Shanghai and he thought that he could be the best in his school at Shanghai history. All of a sudden a thought crossed Shen's mind, 'where was Bruno?'. Shen jumped up and panicked but there was no need to worry because Bruno was sitting at the bottom of the steps. Shen ran to Bruno and then they left the temple and went home. When they reached then everyone was sitting down with a worried look on their face wondering where he was. At the sight of Shen everyone jumped and ran towards him to ask where he had been. Shen told them all about it but instead of everyone believing him they all just laughed and said "haha very funny. You must be tired so go up and sleep as you have school tomorrow".

The next day at school he tried to tell everyone his amazing adventure of old Shanghai but everyone just laughed and thought that he just wanted to look cool. Shen guessed that no one would ever believe him and he and Bruno were the only witnesses but of course, no one could understand a dog and no one would believe a 12 year old. However, in his history class his teacher was discussing mysterious photographs, in which one was old Shanghai and strangely had a man walking around in what seemed to be a Nike jacket and trainers...

THE END

The Shanghai Noodle Mystery

Sha Tin Junior School, Wong, Bob – 9

In Shanghai,1914, Xin Zheng, The Master Of Chinese Noodles was born. She was a master at the divine art of making Chinese Noodle. Her Chinese noodles were as smooth as silk. Her noodles singlehandedly put Shanghai on the international map.

Shanghai, 1965
Fai Zhang was born. His parents were Lin and Ya Zheng. His parents hated Xin Zhang because she would never sell her priceless Chinese Noodle recipe for the chance to make the family rich. Fai Zheng was the star of the family. Xin Zhang would like to teach him the art of Chinese noodles. Fai Zheng would often spend hours with his aunt learning how to make Chinese noodles. But…

Shanghai, 1966
It was in the middle of a hot summer. The hot summer was burning.
On a hot, summer's day, Xin Zheng said "Fai, would you care to give me the recipe for Chinese noodles? It's just beside the fan.
Fai Zheng was panicking. He couldn't find the Chinese noodle recipe. He decided to keep quiet and search again. He saw the recipe glowing crimson.
"That's odd", Fai said. He touched it and the next thing he knew; he was being absorbed into the recipe…

Ancient Shanghai, the Ming Dynasty

Fai Zheng tumbled headfirst into the pavement. His first thought was "Where am I?"
He was standing in front of the Imperial Shanghai palace. Immediately he was in the hands of two guards muttering "Let's take him to the visiting king for questioning"

Fai found himself in a courtroom full of guards and someone who looked like royalty.
"Tell me your story", the king said.
Fai did, telling the king everything about himself and his aunt's noodle recipe.
The king nodded. He said "We have known of a man called "The Forbidden One". He steals priceless recipes to sell for a lot of money. He might be after your aunt's recipe. He often sneaks from dimension to dimension to steal recipes. The recipes he steals turn crimson then transport the person who touches it here. "You might be able to catch him in the "Warehouse of Doom". It is a dangerous place that no person has entered for 300 years. Legend says that the spirits of Chinese generals who were sent to the Cursed Realm still lurk there."

Ancient Shanghai, Ming Dynasty
In the middle of the night, Fai snuck into the warehouse under the cover of darkness.
It was simple. He just had to sneak into the main room where rumours said, you could summon the cursed spirits to take you anywhere. Fai hid behind the barrels. Soon enough, a dark figure entered the room. He checked for intruders, then begin chanting.
Fai had no idea what that did, but he knew he had to stop the dark figure. Fai jumped and kicked the book out of the dark figure's hand. He saw his aunt's noodle recipe in between page 104 and 105. He touched the recipe and went flying out of the Ming Dynasty……

Modern Shanghai, 1965
Fai found himself back at the place where Xin Zheng lived. She didn't seem to notice him. Fai whispered "What's the time?". The answer that Xin Zheng gave him was shocking. It was the exact same time he left to the Ming Dynasty. "I guess that means no more time traveling", Fai said to himself.

The End

The Shanghai Battle of Immortals

Sha Tin Junior School, Wong, Clement – 10

On a cold night in 1937, a figure walked through the snow to the Temple of Doom. "What brings you here General? I'm tired, leave before I too turn you into stone." The Demon's voice thundered through the temple. "I would like to ask you if you would be interested in joining us, the Japanese to conquer the famous city in China, The Old City. We aim to defeat the God overlooking that place." The evil Demon was intrigued. She shooed him away and got ready to help the Japanese's pending attack. The next day a swarm of soldiers came into her temple to worship her while she enchanted magical spells onto each of them. Granting protection and ever lasting endurance.

Back at the city, the Chinese General had heard the rumoured news of the upcoming attack. He sprinted down the path to the Royal Temple and begged the statue of the God whom overlooked their city for his aid. The General wore a long, blue and white robe, it was his favourite. The God had expected his visit, with that being said he was prepared, "I've already built a wall and moat around the city. I, along with my celestial guardians will be protecting and over watching every move. Inform your men to come tomorrow, I shall grant them with powerful enchantments, providing them with power and impenetrable protection."

The celestial lions, horses along with other guardians were joyfully chasing each other around the Royal Garden when they were summoned. Knowing what happened, as angry as fire, they sparked as they stampeded down towards the city to cast the protection barrier on the citizens. The spell was made to withstand the test of fifty years, however it grows weaker and weaker by the day.

"That wrecked God, helping the citizens, outrageous!" bellowed the Demon. The Japanese dropped ten or so bombs throughout the city, which to no surprise did zero damage. The celestial animals managed to finish casting the barrier just before the first bomb hit.

The Demon's temper grew as she became impatient. Flying out of her lair, she summoned her trusty friends, the warlocks. The warlocks already knew what all the fuss was about and they wanted to collect their share of the conquered land. So without the Japanese's knowledge they had infused the city with sulphur gas prior to the implementations of the barrier. "Any time now." The snide warlocks reported to the Demon.

The sulphur gas had been taking effect long before the warlocks had expected. However, the sulphur gas turned from transparent into a purplish black. God witnessed his people dying at a rapid pace, he immediately instructed everyone to the high mountains while he descended down to the lower lands to cleanse the city of the toxic gas. At last, the citizens were safe, high up touching the clouds. The exhausted God carefully defused the gas, making sure to not cause more harm.

Days passed, the Demon witnessed God becoming increasingly exhausted by applying himself harder than he ever had. Laughing at God, she had a backup plan if sulphur didn't work. It was to attack the city at dawn, she called a meeting with her old friends and the Japanese General. While the meeting was in motion, one of the God's spy, dressed like the Demon's servant overheard everything. With God sending out his warning, the Chinese General caught first wind of the news the night after.

The Old City God also held a meeting in heaven. He invited some special guests, the Sea Dragon King, the wise wizards and the celestial animals. They thought of different tactics to protect the city at night. Finally, they all agreed on one plan, "The celestial animals and the wize wizards shall use their powers to conjure a repel shield around the city. That way anything aimed at the city will be targeted back to it's origins." However they did not

know one thing; God gave life to all angels and any living being so the main power source of the shield was himself. As the Japanese dropped continuous bombs, the damage was too much for God to bare and he fell into a deep slumber.

With God fallen into slumber, the war was dependent on the celestials and Sea Dragon King's troops. While the sea dragons fought for their lives, the Demon cackled in glee as she watched her victory close in. She laughed at the God as she gave a gift to an angel who turned against heaven. The angel turned blue at first, black then purple after eating what the demon gave her. "What on earth is happening to me?!" she cried out loud.
"Congratulations, you are now reborn as a demon. Tonight, we are going to attack the city with you on guard. You will guide the Demons to heaven and I will take my army."

As the darkness fell, one of the celestials spotted a horde of demons streaming in towards the city. Everybody in the city and heaven prepared to fight immediately. Lights and torches were lit, people were shocked, fire was everywhere, spells bouncing back and forth, but there was one thing they didn't notice, a small group of demons ready to infiltrate heaven.

God was caught in a strange dream. It was the fallen Elders talking to him, guiding him to victory.
One of the celestials nursing God was shocked to see him awake and vibrant with energy. Descending down to earth God told his celestial guardians instead of conjuring a shield, channel energy into one point; this would cause an explosion of pure light.

The Old City General was about to surrender, they were outnumbered and powered by the Demons. All of a sudden boom! A shockwave of pure light shone across the city. The Demon and her allies shriecked in horror as the pure light pierced through their bodies instantly disintegrating every last ounce of demon flesh in the city.

A Tale of an Orphan in Old Shanghai

Shanghai Singapore International School, Cheung, Bowen – 11

My name is Lee Ming. My father makes fabric at home, and my mother sells them in the market. One day, foreign troops came to our village and took over. They started selling machine– made fabric which was more beautiful than ours. Those fabrics were not just beautiful, but they were also cheaper than ours. Soon enough, people in our village stopped buying our hand–made fabric, and started to buy the machine–made fabric sold by the foreigners. Since our business was stolen by the foreigners, we decided to develop in Shanghai. My father joined the Shanghai Green Gang, and my mother now works in a rich foreigner's house. A year later, my father was killed when fighting with another Green Gang member for territory. My mother then contracted lung disease because she started to smoke opium, and she passed too. That is how I became an abandoned orphan in Shanghai.

After my parents died, I had to live on the street. My life was absolutely horrible. I had nothing to eat, nothing to drink, nothing to wear in the winter, and I get kicked by the rich when I beg at their feet. I thought to myself, why not go and join the Green Gang like my father did? That way, I can survive in Shanghai and revenge my father's murder. Yes! That's the best thing to do. The next day, I went to the Green Gang's headquarters. The air at the Green Gang's headquarters filled with the smell of opium. The hallways were dark and gloomy, and there are guards everywhere in the building. At last, I finally got to the Green Gang's boss, Du Yue Sheng's room. The door of this room was decorated with the picture of a Green Gang member holding an axe. I knocked on the door. "Dong Dong Dong" When I finished knocking, I heard someone inside say "come in!" in a fierce yet mysterious voice. As I went into the room, fearful, I saw a tall, slim man sitting on a chair. He was Du Yue Sheng. "Why are you here?" His voice boomed in the room. I told him what happened to me and why I wanted to join his Green Gang. At last, he agreed for me to join. He then told me the territory I have and what is my business for surviving. After he finished, I said thank you to him and quickly ran out of his room. Whoa, that was a scary person. My business was the same as my father's, to trade things to the foreigners at the dock of Shanghai. I am very lucky not to get the business of trading opium with the foreigners. Not long after I joined the Green Gang, I learned how to do lots of bad business. It was absolutely horrible. Unfortunately, if you want to survive in the Green Gang, you need to be bad, or should we say evil.

After a few years, my workers and I already had one third of Shanghai as our territory. I also helped my father take revenge on the person who killed him. In all those battles with other Green Gang members for territory, the battle with a member called Huang Wei was the scariest. This person had one fifth of Shanghai's territories, so it was really useful to get his territories.

It was a dark, stormy night. The wind blow ferociously in the sky, and a lightning storm was striking Shanghai. I had about 700 people on my side for that battle, and that guy had like 600. When the fight started, you could see a swarm of people fighting with each other. Some holding axes, some holding knives. You can even see some holding guns. The battle lasted for hours. At dawn, you could see dead bodies all over the place. It was a disgusting and scary sight. Blood also splashed all over the place. I almost lost my arm in that battle! Well, it's a good thing we won. When you win a battle for territory, it means more power. After this battle, I still can't imagine how a teenager like me would have the power of controlling one third of Shanghai. What I can't imagine even more is that how did I manage to get to this place I am now?

At that time for me, it was just battles after battles, fights after fights for territory. I managed to stay alive for this whole time. It was a hard time for me in the Green Gang, but it was better than lying on the street and getting kicked by foreigners. I guess a lot of other people who joined this Green Gang have the same reason as me for joining. For a better chance to survive in Shanghai.

After being in the Green Gang for so many years, I finally learned something. That is if you are rich or if you have some kind of power over Shanghai at that time, you must have had contacts with some bad businesses. If you wanted to survive old Shanghai at that time, you need to be bad. Shanghai wasn't a place where everyone had equal rights, it was a place where you needed to really fight for your place.

A Whirl to Old Shanghai

Shanghai Singapore International School, Lu, Eason – 11

Qi Lin, born to a rich family, lives on the outskirts of Shanghai. It was a scorching summer day when he was walking to school and the sun felt like it's frying you like an omelet on the pavement. Finally, he arrived at school and the event was ready.

Qi Lin knew that this event is going to be another boring field trip to an old Shanghai exhibit, just great! The ride to the exhibit took forever, and finally the class reached destination. Zhao Xi, Qi Lin's best friend, reminded him that the exhibit won't be so bad. However, Qi Lin found the exhibit boring and decided to leave the class to explore things he would take interest in. Zhao Xi decided to follow and left the class. Lee Lin, Qi Lin's arch–enemy yelled, "Hey! You can't just leave the class!"

Qi Lin yelled back, "Would you want to stay at this?" Qi Lin trudged away with Zhao Xi.

Lee Lin said, "Hey, where…?" He ran after them.

"Look!" Qi Lin shouted, pointing at a display of old automobiles.

"Huh," Lee Lin said, "just old cars… and go back to class!"

"Don't you see that car? The golden one?" Qi Lin pointed to the car and indeed, it was golden. The perfect curves, the shining polished surface refracted golden light across the room.

Of course, the three children hadn't noticed the guard standing by them. Now, they just stood in awe as they saw the shinning car. "Wow!" said Qi Lin, " Let's look closer!"

"Yah!" said Lee Lin. Qi Lin leaned against the display glass.

"Stop now!" bellowed the guard. All of them leapt in surprise. The guard grabbed at Qi Lin. Qi Lin thought it would be fun and dodged. The guard grabbed again, but missed, and his hand smashed in the display glass. The display glass shattered. The guard suddenly blew a shrill whistle and ten other guards rushed to the room to help the guard. Qi Lin, Zhao Xi and Lee Lin backed away against the car. "Uh oh!" Qi Lin said. He knew the only hope is to be in the car. He opened the car door and tumbled inside. "Get in!" he shouted, and Lee Lin and Zhao Xi got in as well." What now?" Zhao Xi asked though it isn't really a question, they were surrounded. In panic, Qi Lin pressed the acceleration pedal.

Suddenly, a roar sounded. "Wow!" said Qi Li, "The oil hasn't run out yet!" A swirling sensation filled the three inhabitants of the car. The car spun faster, outside is only a blur of golden light. A town appeared outside the window, seemingly unfolding itself around the car.

"Where are we!" asked Zhao Xi, looking confused.

They got out of the car and scanned the surroundings, the tattered buildings, the cracked pavement. A poor man walked by in ragged clothes pulling a cart filled with cement. He looked old, tired and poor. Qi Lin looked at him and said, "Um…Hello, may I ask you a question?"

"Yah." murmured the old man.

" What's the date?" asked Qi Li.

"June 3rd, 1947"

Qi Lin, Zhao Xi and Lee Lin's mouths fell open and hit the ground. Qi Lin just tossed him a cent and pretended to walk away as if nothing happened. The old man looked at coin, "Wait, I don't recognize this."

"Where are you going?" yelled a voice above. Qi Lin looked up, a woman was peering out of a window. She was wearing a cheongsam and looked traditional. Qi Lin glanced at Zhao Xi, wondering what to do next.

"Coming up here, son!" said the woman. Qi Lin felt confused but reluctantly went through the door of the house.

Slowly, things started working out, the three children realized that they had travelled through time and dropped right smack into old Shanghai around 70 years ago into different families: Qi Lin had a rich family, which is similar to him being born with a silver spoon in his mouth in present day, Zhao Xi and Lee Lin had ordinary families.

A few days later, the three children met to discuss matters. Of course, Qi Lin brought a few things with him: movie tickets, "Frisbee" *(huh)* plus a buffet *(these are after their discussion).*

To the point *(and to first summarize),* their discussion brought up important and depressing matters. First, Qi Lin said that they need to get back to present day. "But how?" Lee Lin countered, "You know when we got back, the car is gone!"

"We'll have to find it!" insisted Qi Lin.

"You know my family is in Kuomintang (KMT)" said Lee Lin, "The government is after us!"

"Anyway, party first, panic and problems later." said Qi Lin.

They watched a movie, Zhao Xi and Lee Lin complained that their eyes were having problems because everything was in "black and white".

They played "Frisbee", but only to find out it was a big black disk and only played one song.

They had a buffet of expensive ice-cream *(it was extremely expensive at that time)*, Xiaolongbaos *(steamed dumpling)* and canned foods *(this is important food came from western countries, also expensive)*. They ate happily, with curiosity, but their happiness didn't last.

A gunshot sounded. Qi Lin, Lee Lin and Zhao Xi leapt, their hearts thumping like a drum. A loud, commanding voice echoed, "Hand them over!" The lights flicked and went out. The room plunged into darkness. The three scrambled for the exit only to find it bolted and locked. The thin crack of light illuminated the room, someone was entering through another door, it was a soldier.

Qi Lin grabbed a kitchen knife and threw it at the exit door, it buried itself into the wooden door, but it didn't break. The soldier was in the room.

Qi Lin, Zhao Xi, and Lee Lin plunged the knife deeper and worked through the lock. They went out into the harbor. Chaos was spreading through the port as some people were fighting, others sailing away and a few looked scared.

Lee Lin said, "Let's get away and find the car." That's when Lee Lin realized Qi Lin was gone.

Qi Lin was captured by a solider and put in a locked room. The lock was a simple keyhole. The room only contains Qi Lin. Qi Lin looked around glumly and put his hands in his pocket. He felt something hard, he pulled it out, it was his very advanced phone with hundreds of features. He opened an X-ray app and scanned the room discovering a trapdoor.

He found that behind the trapdoor lay the basement. He went in. There in the middle of the room he saw the car and he saw a gate. "Wonderful!" Qin Lin said.

He searched his friends, who were pretty anxious. Together, they got in the car and Qi Lin pressed the pedal, the car started turning faster and faster. The light swirled outside. Then, the car stopped and outside, Qi Lin knew this wasn't present day at all…

Historical Pages of Shanghai

Shanghai Singapore International School, Wong, Edith – 11

Erin! Time for dinner!"

"Yes, mum." Erin Campbell groaned as she closed the book *Ancient Shanghai*. Slowly, she dragged herself to the bathroom to wash her hands.

"What were you reading again? New book?" Erin's father asked as soon as Erin sat down at the dinner table.

"Yes, it is." Erin murmured as she started to stuff food into her mouth, trying to finish the dinner as fast as possible and continued to read the book.

After dinner, Erin went back in her room. Her twin sister, Eleanor Campbell, followed her and said, "Don't you notice something weird about your new book?" Eleanor delicately touched the book *Ancient Shanghai* with her index finger.

"Nope." Erin replied, stacking up her other books. "What's wrong with it?"

"It looks so old. Do you think the book is magical or something?" Eleanor asked again, but with a whisper this time.

"You might be right. Let's check it out!" Erin said excitedly.

"Okay, I don't think I was serious about it." Eleanor said, but Erin was already flipping the pages furiously, hoping to find something magical in the book. Suddenly, the pages started to glow. "Move back, Eleanor. I want to … !" Erin yelled. Then she somehow got sucked into the book. Eleanor immediately followed her.

"Where is this?" Erin asked herself.

"AAAAAAHHHHH!"

Eleanor fell on top of Erin.

"Eleanor, I told you not to follow me." Erin said grumpily.

"Well, what am I going to tell mom at dessert time? *Hi, mom! Erin fell into a book. By the way, what's for dessert?* Give me a break!" Eleanor replied, highly offended.

"Let's look at where we *are* before we start quarreling again," Erin instructed, picking up the book from the floor.

The place was familiar to Erin. It was a whole bunch of white brick walls, but it looks like….

There was a road signage that read "Avenue Joffre" outside the window. A quiet, leafy street outside and inside of the room was cold brick walls, the guards, and… the uniform! "A portrait above the fireplace showed the name Charles de Montigny!" Eleanor realized. "We're in 1849! He is the French Consul to Shanghai. He is the one who established The French Concession in Shanghai." Erin concluded quickly.

"I suppose so." Eleanor grunted.

"*Bonjour, sire!"* An unfamiliar voice said. Eleanor and Erin hid behind a chest full of France's treasures, but Erin accidentally dropped *Ancient Shanghai*.

"C' est?" Another voice replied. Erin could see face of the French Consul, talking to a French soldier. "We're in the book!" Eleanor whispered.

"Wait, where's the book?"

Eleanor turned around as one soldier picked the book up. The two men continued to have the conversation in French while Erin and Eleanor quietly tried to check out this French concession house while trying to find the book. But they stopped at the first room. Three soldiers were guarding the room, and one of them was holding it.

"What should we do?" Erin whisper–shouted. "The book is the only way of reaching back home!"

"I don't know, okay?" Eleanor answered in another whisper.

An idea popped up into Eleanor's head. She first scooted up closer to the soldiers and hid behind the wall. Then she whispered like an owl with a low voice. "*Hooooooooot –a – hoooot – toot."* Eleanor sang. The soldiers quickly scurried away and dropped the book *Ancient Shanghai*. Erin retrieved it as quickly as she can.

"How did you do that?" Erin asked with astonishment as soon as she got the book back. Eleanor winked at her.

"The French army use that sound as a battle alarm. That's often used when they were in China because they often have battles in here." Eleanor explained patiently. "Now, let's get going."

Erin laid the book open on the floor. Again, the book magically sucked them in.

"Where are we now?" Erin gently rubbed her eyes. Suddenly, she heard a scream.

Erin expected the scream to be Eleanor's (since she was falling), but surprisingly, Eleanor asked Erin, "Did you scream?"

Erin shook her head. "Nope, I thought it was you." She answered cautiously as she looked around.

Unexpectedly, canons and gun sounds were filling up the air everywhere.

The scene was recognizable. Terrified Chinese women were clutching their babies tightly, screaming. Chinese men were trying to fight off a bunch of Japanese soldiers with pale faces but determined spirits that they would defeat the Japanese. Little children scurried down the alleyways trying to flee from the Japanese.

Erin immediately realized this scene was an actual picture in her book *Ancient Shanghai*. "It's the Battle of Shanghai! We are in the period of Sino–Japanese War! " Erin shouted, but her voice was swallowed by shooting sounds.

Eleanor ran towards Erin and ducked cannonballs that were coming in every direction. Both of them hid behind a wall.

"Let's get out of this crazy place!" Eleanor yelled as she ducked another cannonball. "Please don't tell me you lost it again! In the middle of World War II!"

"I didn't lose it! It's over there!" Erin shouted.

The book, in fact, was stuck in the dirt.

"Good job!" Eleanor yelled sarcastically. "Now we have to risk our lives just to get a stupid little book titled *Ancient Shanghai* in the middle of a war between the Japanese and China! Thanks a lot, Erin!"

Erin grabbed a rock and threw it towards the Japanese army's direction. Ducking a few more fiery cannonballs, Erin made her getaway to grab the book missing being struck down by the tip of her hair. Erin scattered towards the rock where Eleanor was hiding. Now, it was Erin's turn to be admired.

"Wow!" Eleanor's jaws dropped. Without waiting for another minute in this war, Erin opened her book and the book sucked them in for the final time as she prayed to be out of this old city. "Please bring us back home…. Please bring us back home…."

The book brought them back home with the girls landing with a thump on their floor of their warm, cosy bedroom. Their eyes glazed in astonishment and relief, but the book shut and flew into the bookshelf.

Nothing like home, Erin thought to herself as she drifted off to sleep, the sounds of canons and children scattering in old town ….

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Chan, Shelby – 11

Humans are basically living, breathing books. They are complex, intricate, elaborate, just like books. There are an unceasing amount of them, just like books. Their lives are interesting stories, just like books. They are categorized into many genres, just like books.

One of them, your typical, regular person. Your typical, regular person sees with their eyes. Your typical, regular person hears with their ears. Your typical, regular person is probably a friendly extrovert. Your typical, regular person, well, they just live their lives.

Another, observers. Observers *watch* with their eyes. Observers *listen* with their ears. Observers are reserved introverts. Observers, well, they *observe*, and analyse, of course.

There's a immeasurable difference between them. Watching is different from seeing. Listening is different from hearing. An introvert is different from an extrovert. Living a normal life is different from observing and analysing.

I am an observer, forever observing. Even if I choose not to observe, I have absolutely nothing to do. It's not like I, an orphan whose parents abandoned her, can actually afford to go to any sort of school, be it the prim and proper type of school, or be it the cheap, rowdy and loud type of school. There's no way I, one of the lower class people, who stay hidden in the shadows and only get acknowledge by rats and cockroaches scurrying the battered alleyways, can possibly get into an actually educational school. Say, I do get into one, but I, being the introvert who lost all interest in ever trusting anyone after being left on a street to fend for herself, could never make friends. And soon I will get bullied – those relentless students will first get thrilled, and unwrap me, expose me, as if I was a gum wrapper, then they will chew me, a five cent piece of sugary gum, leading to them losing interest and regarding me as worthless, along with tossing me away.

Something just around the corner catches my eye.

I manage a quiet run to the edge of the building, and inquisitively peek over it. I observe as one of the wealthy Shanghainese standing suspiciously close to a beggar survey his surroundings carefully before dropping a sealed envelope onto the ground and striding away. I observe as the supposed "beggar" does the same, scanning the area before deeming it clear, then proceeding to crouch down and stand up again, with the envelope clutched tightly in hand, all happening in a split second you would not even notice if you were not originally paying attention. He rips apart the envelope, skims through its contents, proceeding to tuck it into his worn out pocket, and heads off towards the same direction the wealthy Shanghainese did. I, too, follow along, staying wary of my surroundings and making sure to steer clear of others, keeping my eyes darting back and forth, once again, doing what I do best – observing.

"Don't you get sick of doing that everyday?" A silvery voice says, and I swear to all the Gods in this universe you could name that I am not lying when I say I leap metres into the air. I whirl around and scowl with a face that will make even the strictest and harshest war soldiers proud, directed at, of course, the discourteous intruder.

"Sorry, currently busy, maybe later." I mindlessly say in a tone which clearly conveys a simple message that even the most idiotic of idiots will get – "By 'maybe later' I mean centuries later when we are both in heaven, so don't ever speak to me again and leave me alone." Darn, the two Shanghainese men are gone.

"No."

"Why no?"

"I have some things important things to address to you."

"I don't want to hear it. Save it." I do a complete one-eighty, ready to continue leave, but the enigmatic girl says something, which seems to have cast a spell on me, like how a witch, or wizard, does to their victim.

"Xie Er, daughter of Xie Li and Xie Xin." I freeze. My name. My parents' names. Something I haven't heard uttered from another's mouth for so long.

"I'm listening."

"Actually I don't have important things to tell you, but, I, I just want to be your friend. I've stalked you stalk-"

"I wasn't stalking."

"Fine, I've stalked you observe others, and I want to help you. You broke my heart every time I saw you. I see your true self, a girl who needs a friend."

With my parents' abandoning of me, I changed. And not in a good way. I used to be a bundle of happiness, full of energy. Now? I'm a mess. But I hid it so well, how could that, that *stranger* figure me out?

The agony and pain I went through. The doubts I had about myself. *Was I not good enough for them?* The endless nights of silently crying in dirty and grimy street corners.

I was alone. I was emotionally frozen. I was broken. And I was depressed.

But I hid it all. Under a facade. I hid it all, when all I wanted to do was to let it all out, let the frustration and heart ache out. The anger of being left alone took a big toll on me, and it slowly but surely turned to hatred. Hatred for my parents.

All I ever wanted, was a friend. And right here, right in front of me, is a girl who wants to be my friend. Maybe it is time I let go. Maybe it is time I forgive, and forget. Maybe it is time to start over. Turn over a new leaf.

"Hi, I'm Xie Er, nice to meet you, what's your name?"

"I'm Xu Wen, glad to be friends."

Maybe there's more to humans than I thought.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Cheng, Yi Shien – 11

I am lost.

It should have been easy. It should have been hard. It should have been white. And it should have been black. The way the white, seemingly empty space fills up with its elegant purity, and leads somehow the way into the darkness in my heart. Because the white defines the black, the way light defines darkness, the way rich defines poverty. It is yin and yang all over again in my mind, the way life dances and parts with death.

I am plunged in darkness, bathed in warm trickles of depression. There will be no salvation. Scars run deep down my timid figure. Scars that will never heal. Not that it will matter.

I am strongest in the bitter wind of isolation.

Once found standing under the glaring light of a spotlight. When one is a beautiful woman, they are used. Despite being rich. Intelligent. Capable of interfering in an international trade. All my life, I've been summoned to three words.

Pain is good.

I don't want pity. I don't want to beg for mercy, beg for help. To be helpless, to lay my pride on the floor.

I am weak, weaker than weak in the warmth of empathy.

Bow down to men. Show respect to people who deserve none. Receive directions from the less capable. All my life, I've been living soullessly. There is no reason to live, when I am living this life.

The life of a woman.

I let my hands reach out, as they grasp for twirling snowflakes. And the cold embraces me, a mother to its child. I am naked in this snow. I am bare, a beggar, but I dress in a mask before exposing myself to this world. I used to wear real masks, burying myself in luxuries. Now, I wear true masks on my face, the ones engraved by age into my skin. No makeup, no luxury, no trace of the past here.

This is old shanghai, my home. Though, I have forgotten what it means to have a home. I have forgotten what it means to feel free. I am trapped, trapped in the wings of freedom. I fly in my mind with thoughts, as my footsteps rise with momentum.

My feet sink into the snow, and dusk sweeps in with a gale. The fragile, graceful snowflakes are dancing in the wind. I pass by a street, streamed with a line of shops. Filled in the shops are customers, all wealthy ones. The only thing that separates them from the unrelenting hand of bitter coldness is the panel of glass.

Glass. Twelve panels. The only separation between warmth and cold. The only difference between poverty and wealth. The only thin line between dream and reality. The way I can never have any profound effect on anything, as if there were panels of glass between me and my life.

I will face myself, and find a way to break through the glass. I have to.

I decide upon the easiest way of facing myself. I take out a mirror hidden in my pocket, revealing my own reflection.

I recognise those brown eyes, black hair. But the figure is too lean to be me, too bruised. Her eyes are too old, hair too ruffled, her smile painted too unrevealing. It cannot be me. And I imagine the young girl I saw in the mirror years ago. She was bright, innocent and untainted. Her eyes held the vibe of youth, the beating pulse of energy and passion.

I warned her. I did. That she was too innocent, too unrealistic. And I want to tear up now. No, not for myself. For that young girl that once was. That she disappeared in my memory, melted into the burning memories of each of us old folks. It is lost, this old shanghai. It is lost, every young soul that once screamed away for their naive thoughts. It is lost, in the eyes of each of us teary-eyed old children of the world.

It is lost.

No.

Yes.

Replaced, by time, by newly enlightened flaming souls. Too much has changed. Too little has changed. Perhaps this is reality. Perhaps the truth is that our world is pathetic. It is a joke. We blind ourselves, that nothing has changed, and nothing will.

Wrong.

Too much has changed, and too little has changed. We don't change enough, and we change too much. War is a mere excuse for our blindness, while opposites dance their way around our lives. The way the rich and the poor, light and darkness, life and death meet in their dance. This is humanity. We are delusional, deceptional, until we ourselves see the world in clear eyes. And, when you do see the horrible in humanity, you are left helpless. Too helpless. Too late. Too lost. And the same shall be for old shanghai. It will come the same for all civilisations. It shall end the history of humanity, the Earth, our world.

This is the scar humanity must endure.

Perhaps this is good. Perhaps we have always been too arrogant about Shanghai. Maybe a revolution would help Shanghai. Sometimes we need scars to heal better.

And I, am only part of the healing process.

I mean nothing. I am nothing. Even my footprints fade too fast.

I am a blank, a burnt piece of white paper in the snow. The embers will die off, along with my disappearance. And I see my avenged brother, kneeling next to me. He rises to his feet, and begs for me to show mercy to myself. Mercy that I cannot offer.

I will die.

I was once scared of death. Only now I know, that it is a consolation, that it is what allows me to embrace myself. Death, my friend, was the snow that rocked my brother softly away, and will be taking me into its arms.

And, I allow death to take my hand, and twirl me away in my last dance.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Fok, Alicia – 11

Shanghai. That's where I live. My whole life has been here. From the day that I was born until now, 1931. I guess it's not big here, but I like it. This is my home.

Most people here speak Chinese, but I don't. I only know the basics, since my parents thought it would be useless. I'm American. I really don't know why, but I'm living here.

I'm only 13 this year, but I've experienced quite a lot. I was here when there was labour unrest. I was here when there were strikes. Though I was only about six, the memory constantly burns through my mind.

My parent are quite rich… I guess. And also a little prejudiced. They think beggars and homeless people should just die, it's not like there is any importance to them anyways. Sometimes I agree with them, sometimes I don't. Most beggars sleep in the streets, without blankets. That's really inconvenient to me, even though I'm just going for a walk, I have to step over at least 20 beggars.

I strolled through the streets with my parents, seeing countless beggars. My parents stared at them with disgust, whispering to each other with not even a blink in my direction. I slipped away, leaving my parents alone, convinced they wouldn't miss me.

I walked by myself for countless hours, without even a sign that my parents were worried. Sometimes, I just feel like they don't really care about me. Well… Having a family and a home is better than no family nor home… I guess.

I saw the many beggars, huddled up in blankets… Some had no thick clothes even though it's already winter and minus 10 degrees. I felt ashamed, with my luxurious clothes and expensive possessions, while the beggars sat on the street, wearing just a thin piece of cloth.

I walked and walked. I stopped. I saw something. At the end of the street, I saw a woman. A woman with a baby that seemed to be no more than one year old. The baby seemed in bad condition. Extremely skinny. I walked towards them since I had a feeling. And sometimes, it's just better to follow your heart.

I reached the woman and her baby. I looked at her, and she looked at me. I slowly took off my fur coat and handed it to her. She looked at me, surprised. I reached into my purse and pulled out a loaf of bread and a bottle of water. I had been carrying these two things with me all the time for my own lunch. I handed the woman both the bread and the water and she smiled at me gratefully.

"Thank you very much. I am very happy for you. I is Zi Xuan. My girl is Zi Ying," the woman said with a thick Chinese accent. Her English was not perfect, but it was already counted as excellent as we were in Shanghai.

"No problem," I replied. "I have hundreds more of these coats, and I always have bread and water," I continued. The woman, Zi Xuan, just stared at me in awe. I blushed, realising how boastful that had sounded. I mentally chided myself for talking about things so easily since to other people they could be a lifetime struggle.

I spotted my parents in the crowd and turned to Zi Xuan, waving a little good bye. I was frozen to the bone now, impressed that even the beggars were wearing only a little bit, they could still cope with it. I reappeared next to my parents and kept walking with them. They were still talking about beggars! I really couldn't believe it.

All those hours had passed, and they were still talking about *beggars*. What was their problem with beggars anyways? Why couldn't they just leave them alone? It's not like the beggars were bothering us anyways.

We were already at the doorstep when my mother finally turned to look at me. By this point, I felt like I was in Antarctica.

"Skyla! Where did you put your fur coat? You know these are expensive clothes! You can't just throw them away!"

"Sorry! I– I gave it to– to someone…" I stammered, looking at the ground and nothing else.

Mother shot me a seething glare and walked into the house, while father merely ignored me.

The same thing happened the second day. We went out for a walk and I wandered around. I met up with Zi Xuan and brought her some more food, a new jacket for Zi Ying, some water, and a blanket. Despite us being different races, we communicated well. Zi Xuan told me she was from Beijing, but came to Shanghai in hopes of finding a better life. According to her, in Beijing it was very cold, and it snowed there. I have only seen snow 2 to 3 times in my life, since it rarely snows in Shanghai. She described playing in snow and riding on pieces of wood on snow, that made me wish that it snowed more here.

I told her about my childhood. I told her pretty much everything. She just felt very safe to confide in. I even told her how I felt like I was being ignored by my parents.

This happened to be a daily routine, I would go out to find Zi Xuan –and Zi Ying. I brought them some food, and we chatted. After that, we parted ways and I went home with my parents.

"Skyla! Come down here!"

I slowly walked down to the living room. This couldn't be good.

"Skyla! Why have you been giving your clothes and food to these filthy creatures? They don't deserve it!" My mother yelled at me.

I couldn't take it anymore.

"Why are you so selfish? It isn't there fault that they have to live on the streets! Some of these people are actually nice"

Just like that, I ran out the door.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Hui, Katy Sum Wing – 10

Fire and smoke.
Embers sparking in the neighbouring building.
What was going on?
This had been happening for a few days now. The bombings. Each time one hit, it always seemed to be pinpointing a certain group of refugees.
The first one hit a Japanese café.
The second hit the Russian refugee hospital.
The third hit a loud and noisy bar where the Jews often drunk themselves into a frenzy.
And the latest fourth one.
On the public school for natives Shanghai citizens.
Why?
My guess was that whoever was doing this, they were purposely targeting the different races, maybe to simply cause destuction. But that brings in another question. What race were they?
I sighed. This was confusing. The answers were evading me.
"Honey, the building's on fire! We've got to evacuate!" mother yelled nervously, peeking over the stair railing.
I quickly grabbed my small case of important belongings and followed her. The smoke was getting dense.
I was just the slightest bit fearful, despite knowing the fire would soon die out as there was no wood to fuel the fire.
We had no furniture, just thin rugs to sleep on. I coughed a little, choking on the smoke.
Unexpectedly, another two bombs hit in various parts on my hometown right then and there, and set off another few bombs. And just like that, a chain of bombs were set off.
So far the bombs had hit on regular intervals. But now, they were doing this on a big scale. Eradicating crucial government buildings.
"Boom!" another bomb hit, sending the museum into flames.
Panic rose like a wave inside. I was starting to get scared. My neighbors. My relatives. My friends. Were they hurt?
What was happening? The previous bombs had done next to no damage. But now, they were causing so much devastation.
Smoke was all I could see, clouding my vision. I tried to dodge the burning debris, but a scrap of burning metal embedded itself into my arm. I bit back the impulse to scream. The pain! I collapsed, unable to bear the torture. I alleviated the pain by wrapping a strip of cloth I had ripped off around my arm, where the wound was. I saw people all around me, slaughtered by if not the explosion, burning debris and smoke. All around, there was destuction. No.
They were demolishing everything. Important monuments were abolished. Important symbols of people were being destroyed. But who were they? Why were they doing this?
I looked up. There was a large helicopter above it. Bearing all different colours of flags. Ah, that explained the origin of these bombers. They were multi−race.
I heard a voice. It seemed to project from all helicopters.
"Attention, all citizens of Shanghai. We have come, in need of labourers, soldiers for our countries. I am a nazi General, General Fegelein. And with me is Japanese sea admiral, Admiral Nazaoki. As you shall know, war has devastated our countries. You shall be our slaves. Submit a hundred labourers, food, and resources,or the items shall be forcefully taken."He let the words sink in.
Anger bubbled in me. We were a humble country, with barely any resources, and most of the city living in poverty. Why did they want us?
The answer came to me, seemingly naturally.
People of all raes were here.This would appear to be a very convenient place for them to get slaves.
I laughed scornfully. Important generals needing humble slaves.

After a while of seemingly peaceful silence, we heard the Admiral's voice from the speakers,"take them with force! "

Full panic broke out.

Shanghai citizens and refugees ran amok along the streets, screaming in terror and fleeing. More bombs dropped from above. Storehoused were raided, people were slaughtered, and captured by soldiers who disembarked from the helicopters. After seeing countless deaths and suffering countless horrors, I fell, my wounds stinging and my bones weary from moving. My face was streaked with dirt. At least I was alive. Same could not be said for some other poor people.

I couldn't take it anymore. I yelled, at the top of my voice,"STOP!"

I didn't expect it to work. But everyone froze. Time itself was frozen. Just as I was puzzling over it, I heard my supposedly dead father's voice, saying, " My dear child, you and I, we are peculiar. We are magical. We are special. We have the power to freeze time."

"Father? Where are you?" I asked.

"I am everywhere. If somebody dies, their soul melts into the environment. I see everything, I hear everything."

My father would help me fix this. I asked for help. And he, being a patient teacher, he helped me find the power within. To make everything just the way it was. To heal the injured, and bring back wrongly stolen lives.

I felt inside myself, and I felt the peace. I let it flow, released it from deep inside myself.

The magic came out of my extended palms, a trail of silvery light.The trail grew larger and larger, and as it touched each person, They would be renewed, healed, their memories of this event forgotten. As for the dead, they were revived, and a smile would appear on their face. The broken buildings were reconstructed, and the selfish rich were more generous to the poor and didn't treat them like nobodies, ignoring their pleas for money. The streets were cleansed, as if the magic was a flood. Then the war planes were pushed off by a stream of magic.

After all the work was done, I commanded the people to wake.

As if waking from a dream, the people woke, with no idea what they were doing. They exchanged some friendly chatter, then one by one, returned to their offices, workspaces or homes. I breated a sigh of relief. Now that it was all over, I could finally go home, and take a very long rest.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Kong, Kirsten Ashley – 11

Mei–An stretched her arms on a Sunday morning. The first rays of sunshine had begun to peek out over the horizon, sending pink and gold streaks across the flaming orange sky. She was the daughter of a poor Shanghainese couple who worked for an American family. Having spent her entire life serving them, Mei–An had not only gotten used to the hard housework, but had made friends with the four children of the family. She also spoke fluent English. Mei–An sighed and hung up a blue cardigan on the clothing rack. Even though her life was pretty decent, she sometimes wished she was not a servant.

"Hey! Mei–An!" Just then, she heard a familiar girl's call. Mei–An spun around to see Jasmine, a girl with long blond hair running towards her.

"What are you doing up so early?" inquired Mei–An.

"Finding you, of course! I can't believe my parents make you get up so early! You're only 12. You need to sleep more!"

Mei–An laughed. Out of all the four Reese children, Jasmine was her closest friend. Not only were they the same age, Jasmine best matched Mei–An's bubbly personality. Jasmine was also the prettiest girl in the family, with a mass of wavy blond hair and the greenest eyes ever.

"You know, sometimes I do feel bad for you. You're Shanghainese. Why should you grow up in the American concession? Besides, Chinese are always discriminated against here and you have to learn English too!"

"You're just saying that to make me feel bad. Really you want me to stay so you have someone to play with!" exclaimed Mei–An laughingly.

Jasmine blushed. "Okay, that's true, but I really do feel bad for you!"

Mei–An sighed. "Yeah."

As a young child, Mei–An had thought that even living in the American concession, there would be plenty of other Chinese. However, as she grew older, she realized she was in the minority. Life in the concessions was different.

The back door opened and Mei–An's mom, Lian, peeked her head out. "Girls, breakfast now come," she called in her strong Chinese accent.

"Okay!" exclaimed the girls.

A few hours later, Mei–An walked down the streets of the American concession. All around, tall, skinny, white Americans stared at her and whispered amongst themselves. Mei–An's cheeks flushed and bowing her head, she hurried off to the market. This was the reason why she hated running errands. As one of the few Chinese in the concession, she was often stared at weirdly by the rich Americans. Of course, it did not help that she was dressed in worn, faded clothes. When Mei–An reached the busy street market, she made a beeline for the butcher's shop and hurriedly got in line.

As she was queuing up, a short man with a stubby chin shoved her out of the way roughly. "Move it China gal. Ya ain't belong here," he growled in a Southern accent. Mei–An blushed and reluctantly got back in line behind the man. When it was finally her turn, Mei–An muttered, "Quarter pound of beef cheek and a pound of chicken drumsticks please."

The butcher scowled. "Talk louder yellow face, or get outta here."

Mei–An almost cried. "I said, a quarter pound of beef cheek and a pound of chicken drumsticks please," she sniffled.

The butcher rolled his eyes and stuffed the meat carelessly into a crumpled paper bag. "My money, yellow face," he snorted, slamming his hand onto the counter. Mei–An dropped the money into his hand, grabbed the horribly packed bag and ran off to the vegetable shop, hoping she would not be treated nearly as bad.

No such luck. At the vegetable and bread stalls, the shopkeepers treated her like rotten rubbish. By the time Mei–An was running home, tears were sliding down her pink cheeks. "WHY!" she finally screamed, "Why am I discriminated at so badly!"

All around, passersby whispered yet again amongst themselves. One woman in a silk white dress hissed to her bald, plump husband, "That Chink is obviously crazy. Mental, even. Best to stay away from her and Chinks in general."

Tears flooded down Mei-An's cheeks as she sprinted home in record time. She was always discriminated against in public places, but this was by far the worst ever. Chink. That was a very common and rude name for Chinese in the American and English concession.

"Mei-An! What happened? Are you okay?" was the first thing Mei-An heard when she darted through the back door into the house. It was Jasmine.

Mei-An slammed the door and burst into tears. "They...They...I'm...." She was too choked up to speak.

Just then, Mrs. Reese came hurriedly with Lian. "Are you okay, Mei-An? I heard cries," exclaimed Mrs. Reese.

"Mei-An! What's the matter!?" asked Lian in Mandarin.

"I am fine, thank you, Madam Reese; I was teased again today in the market," sobbed Mei-An in English and Mandarin, respectively.

"She say she was tease market today," Lian translated in chopped-up English.

Luckily, they had worked for the Reeses long enough so Mrs. Reese knew what Lian was talking about. "Again?" she sighed.

20 minutes later, Mei-An was sitting on the snakeskin couch sipping hot tea, accompanied by Jasmine, Mrs. Reese, and Lian. The latter dabbed at Mei-An's still-wet cheeks, hurt flashing in her own eyes. "I go give mind piece," she snapped angrily.

"I'll accompany you," declared Jasmine, scowling.

"No!" Mei-An and Mrs. Reese exclaimed sharply.

"But-"

"NO! What if you are laughed at as well? It would be a disgrace to the family. '*Lovers of Chinks*', they will call us. Best not to appear as Chink-lovers, honey. Besides, do you know who it is?" said Mrs. Reese.

"MOM!" Jasmine gasped, "How could you?"

"What?" Mrs. Reese incredulously asked.

"You do not care about the Chinese! You are just as cruel," replied Jasmine, "I thought you understood."

Mei-An smiled gratefully at Jasmine. Sure, her life was not the most fortunate, but with Jasmine as her best friend, she would be happy.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Tam, Katy Zheng Xin – 11

Why would they disapprove?" questioned Seth in his impossibly thick American accent. Even at the young age of 17, his accent was as prominent as his father's. Lee was the richest kid in Shanghai, and had everything from girls to brains.

"Seth, I'm…different. I don't come from a rich family. I'm just another beggar, as desperate as an aging belle seeking attention." Noy replied as he took out straw basket and parked himself on the curb, "I'm a nobody: your parents want you to be hanging out with important figures. Go talk with Lee or Priscilla, I'm not worth it. I may be funny, but your reputation is more important." Noy finished and slumped against a pillar, engraved with political remarks by the protesters that roamed the street occasionally.

"Noy, you're different than the rest. You're doing this for your family, and you have done nothing but suffer throughout this war. I admire you Noy, you have held on through this war while still remaining optimistic." Seth commented as Noy turned away and held out his basket, slouching as the basket remained empty. Seth simply sighed and headed back home, immediately greeted by his servants and overly dressed parents.

"Seth, where have you been?" Seth's father, Michael, asked as Seth simply shrugged and placed his hands on the gold infused handrail, then turned when his mother, Olivia, asked him something outrageous.

"Have you been seeing that tramp again? That smelly one who somehow knows information?" she asked again as Seth's eyes filled with fury. Yet he did nothing but clench his fists and slam the door that barricaded him from his parents. What did his parents have against Noy? Noy was just another refugee in their eyes, but to Seth he was the funniest, most intelligent person he had ever met. Seth's fists met the walls when he thought of the war and the discrimination that came with it. However, it was the war that brought him to Noy. Seth connected his fists with the walls again then slumped down.

"You want to meet Olivia Minter? You? My word you're silly. Back off, you strange man!" the voice of Seth's dad echoed throughout the mansion and flowed through the ears of Seth, who braced himself for what was to happen and he brought down his backpack. He then panicked down the stairs to see Noy, holding the birthday card he and Noy made together for his mother. Seth, infuriated by his dad's words, pushed him away and just hugged Noy, who hugged back. It was Seth who broke away from the hug, to scold his dad.

"How dare you speak to Noy like that? I can't believe you! Can't you tell that not all beggars silly and cruel. If anything, you have been nothing but silly in believing this kind of behaviour, Michael." Seth shrieked, to his parent's shock and horror. And with that, he slammed the door to the once glamorous mansion and let the metal gates in front of his house clang shut, dragging Noy and his backpack towards Noy's usual spot in Shanghai as the locals on the street held their noses at the pair in disgust.

"Have you tried going away from 'The Bund'? Seth asked, breaking the tension that enveloped the two. Noy simply shook his head.

"Japanese officials roam the area, I don't go there anymore because of them." Noy replied as he reluctantly followed Seth down the road that led to the infamous Bund. He helped me set up my sign and sat down next to me, clutching a basket to his chest as well.

"Seth? What are you doing? You're the poshest kid in Shanghai and you're begging on the streets! Get up now! What is this hidden objective of yours?" Noy yelled in shock as Seth simply shook his head.

"Noy, you are the reason. Since the day I met you I knew we were going to be friends, and every since then our friendship has been through so much," Seth admitted, and hid his face as Noy faced him, "I love you Noy, and I can't help it. I don't care about your clothes, I care about seeing you smile and seeing you be free." Seth continued as happy tears flowed down slowly as he simply turned to Noy, waiting for some kind of response. But before anything could happen, they were rudely interrupted by a Japanese official, who did not look happy.

"Noy Fujishima?" he asked in a gruff voice. Noy raised his hand in fear and stood there, petrified by the towering figure in the black jacket.

"Noy Fujishima, you are under arrest for being part of the Japanese resistance and you are heading to the police station with this friend of yours." The official said as Noy was separated from the ground and was dragged off to the station and thrown into jail.

"This is that resistance leader you were talking about, Riku-san" The guard said as he pointed to Noy as Seth looked on in confusion when the inspector said three words.

"Beat him up."

Seth completely lost it and threw himself in front of Noy, and he took all the punches and kicks for Noy, who stood there, crying as he watched Seth lose it when a woman in a fur coat appeared at the jail cell's entrance.

Olivia Minter.

The soldiers backed away and ran as she comforted her son, yet the only thing Seth heard was the bombs that began dropping in the background and the screams of civilians and the laughing of officers.

As Seth dropped down to his knees, he muttered over and over, "Unfair, this world is unfair" Then collapsed as the bombs rained down and the sound of explosions rang round his ears.

Goodbye, Shanghai.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Tan, Emily – 11

They whisper with closed mouths, they stare with blank eyes; their words sneer and snicker silently. I feel them judging us, labelling us as the imperfections of nature, looking down upon our plain faces, dirty clothes and slippers. Laughter comes easily for them, dressed in brown tweed jackets, elegant dresses and suede shoes. Economy is increasing dramatically, rapidly, and soon trade with nations we have never heard of is common, we are more shunted to one side, just a bronze spot in a stream of gold. Pity is shown plenty, but it will be washed away by cups of coffee, compliments and conversation.

Half a dozen metal bicycles zip pass me, my clothes swishing as they go; I grin when I see them: I've always liked speed. I watch in astonishment as they disappear into the distance– so fast! I spot them again, they're riding back this way. I smile, but then it's gone, replaced immediately by a frown of confusion. The huge oncoming horde of riders all wear identical uniforms with beige caps on their heads. Then– bang! I hear an extremely loud and deafening shot, so powerful I hear an endless ringing afterwards, and my hands instinctively clutch my painful ears. One rider has skidded to a stop, his hands clenching his blood–soaked clothes; when he collapses on the ground, his eyes and face are blank. There are screams when I hear more shots fired, bang, bang, bang, bang… Then the noise that tumbles out my mouth sounds more animal than human, it rings in my ears and I am so scared I can't move. My face is scrunched up, my hands tightly clamped onto my ears. Aghast people yell and push and pull and crowd along building walls, away from the street. And then, again, bang, bang, bang, more shrieks, and I still stand there, frozen, until a rough hand shoves me to the ground.

"GET DOWN!"

There I crouch, rocking back and forth, as the alarmed noises around me swirl like a tornado; gunshots, screams, roaring of bicycle wheels, malicious laughter of the ugly, heinous people… Then behind me, the building wall suddenly crashes and chunks of rock crumble off in different directions, the impact sending me flying out onto the sidewalk. There is a terrific scramble for shelter, foreigners and locals alike, and finally my alarmed and protesting legs drag me into an alleyway where the grass baskets lay in a pile. Panicking and completely overwhelmed, I dive into one of the bigger baskets with a lid. I pinch the lid and shut the basket, curling up with my limbs in awkward angles. It stinks of grass and sap is all over my clothes, the basket is dark and uncomfortable. I squeeze my eyes and it seems like forever as I continually hear screams and shouts, gunshots and pleas, blasting and more screams, until the streets are finally somewhat silent.

"No, please– please! Don't kill me, please! No! Please!"

I hear the man's hysterical begging; abruptly after a long, toddler–like scream, I feel the splatter of a warm liquid spray all over my face, and in the dim light I see that it is blood, but not mine. I hold my breath as I hear cruel laughter in the distance, and the sound of something dropping. The dull *thunk* draws tears down my face, and I coil into a tighter position, listening to the footsteps of men and the voices in an alien language. I choke on my silent breaths.

I hold in my breath as I open my eyes, peeked out through a crack in the lid. I see the mangled body. The chest is covered in blood, and the head is completely blown off, the skull cracked open with bits of grey matter spewed in chunks on the ground. The one eye remaining is twirled upwards, blank and unseeing, while the remains of the man's mouth and nose leaks with maroon liquid. His light blonde hair is streaked with red. Hot tears drip down my face, and I cower in the bottom of the basket as I hear the Japanese stroll, laughing at the mangled body lying near me, away from my 'lucky' basket, poking and prodding bodies along the way. The soldiers stop by my hiding

spot. I can barely take in a breath and blood is pounding through my ears, into my brain, making my face hot. I try to make myself as lifeless as possible, but my torso shakes with terror and horror at the prospect of being found. To my enormous relief, the three soldiers move on. I let out a long breath when I can no longer hear their footsteps, and quietly push the lid outward. The pale sky looks back at me, almost sad, and I shut my eyes before I crawl out of the basket, so I don't need to look at the poor man's body. My hands almost slip in the cold, thick liquid drenching the pavements. When I have the energy to stand again, I open my eyes gingerly and see what is left of my home.

The little shops and cafes along the street are full of smoke and fire; although there is silence, screams echo along the paths where wrecked cars and bicycles lie. I smell the bittersweet stench of mildew mixed with grim defeat. Dried tracks of teardrops line my face; and I barely can bring my eyes to see the other destruction. However, I feel an urge to look back. I slowly turn my head and expect those three battle–hardened soldiers holding a pistol to my head but instead I see a deserted alleyway. I don't look at the body of the English man but stare at the brown wire basket no larger than a trashcan, and manage a weak smile. The basket saved a life. Mine.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Tang, Nichole – 11

Psst! Wake up! We've arrived!" My friend, Abraham Simmons whispered, nudging me.

I blinked and sat up, rubbing my eyes groggily, still feeling drowsy. Today is May 3, 1941, a month from the day we fled from Germany. I looked around me. The setting seemed different, not at all like the last couple months, especially not like yesterday. The sky was covered in smoke and I heard commotion. People screaming, guns being fired, soldiers shouting, the sound of the babies' pitiful cries. I sighed, life now is definitely not like it used to be before World War 2. War and killing happened everywhere. At least now we have some place to stay, some place safer than Germany, where Adolph Hitler was at large, killing so many people. I balled up my fists, and gritted my teeth at the thought that he was the man who killed my parents, children and wife. He killed my loved ones just because they were Jewish! Now, all I have is my best friend, Abraham. How pathetic.

Our small raft stopped and the people on board started climbing out of the boat, bringing out their belongings. Parents were carrying younger children, young adults helping the elderly, everyone just looking out for one another like we are family. I gathered my belongings. Not much, just a small bag with a jacket and a small photo album of my family, wife and children as memories.

We reached Shanghai already, our home for the next how many years, who knows. After the war ends, life will go back to normal.

We start milling around aimlessly, murmuring and whispered amongst ourselves, looking and feeling awkward. Some Japanese soldiers started coming towards us, marching with guns at their sides. They glared at us menacingly, thinking of what to do with us. They looked at us disgustedly and talked amongst themselves in Japanese. The soldiers pointed guns at each of the Jewish refugees heads and pushed us forward, threatening to pull the trigger. We walked obediently, following where the Japanese soldiers were pushing us around. We entered this small place with a sign called "Restricted Sector for Stateless Refugees". I blanched and did a double take. We're now stateless? And this place looks so disgusting and run down, with rats scattering around everywhere and flies swarming around. People were holding their stomachs, groaning. Some laid on the floor, there were even some dead bodies lying on the floor, including dead bodies of children. What a gruesome sight! The soldiers pushed us in and grinned wickedly, took a quick glance at all of us and left.

We started to move into the place, also called a "Ghetto". This place is already packed with people, thousands and thousands of people are here!

There were some local Jewish families and some American charities who aided them with food, clothing and shelter. We tried to make ourselves home. Once we settled down, I immediately fell asleep, losing all my senses.

The next day in the morning, I started worrying.What am I going to do as a day job? My friend and I later decided that we would look for a job together. We went out and tried finding some Jewish people who would introduce us some jobs. We found a Jewish man in a restaurant.

"Excuse me, but do you know of any jobs for us?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes. There is a warehouse that desperately needs workers to move boxes." he informed us helpfully.

We thanked him and left to find the warehouse.

The boss of the warehouse is Chinese and since Abraham and I are Jewish, we have to communicate with him using hand gestures. He told us that he would give us $30 a day. But I found out that he only pays us $3 a day in the end. He must think we are that stupid to take it this way. But there is no way I can complain because I am only Jewish, not American or British. I do not have authority in Shanghai.

In Shanghai, I am always pushed around and discriminated, people whispering behind my backs when I pass them, people looking down on me. I have enough of this, but there is nothing I can do, I am Jewish and people look down on me for that. Maybe I should say I am not Jewish, maybe I should change my identity. Maybe I should just deny that I am Jewish. But again, I am Jewish, every part of me is Jewish. I cannot pretend to be

someone who I just cannot be. My parents and ancestors are Jewish, I cannot be a disgrace to them. My ancestors definitely would be rolling in their graves if I do change my identity and deny that I am Jewish.

Luckily, after a couple of months since I moved to Shanghai, there is this Polish ambassador who just came from Tokyo to Shanghai and said that he wants to help us. His name is Tadeusz Romer and he claims that he can help us find a place to take residence in Vienna. We immediately agree and decide to follow him, along with all the other willing Jewish refugees. We pack all of our belongings again. Just after a couple of months, we have to leave again. This time it is at least to a place safer than Shanghai. A place better than Shanghai, hopefully I will not be discriminated there. A place where life will be more decent. But there are many changes I still have to adapt to, so many new customs and new ways people do things in Vienna I bet. I am worried that I will not fit in.

Now we are on the boat, towards Vienna, where a new place and new life awaits me. A new personality. A new me.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Wang, Megan Ruijia – 11

I look up from my little corner in the boat, watching the storm above stir up the sea's waves. The captain's voice yells, "Hard to port!" as the ship lurches sideways. A few unlucky stragglers get thrown overboard into the maelstrom, but I couldn't care less. Here, in my small corner, I am safe.

At least for now.

We've been on sea for the past month, eating the few scraps of food that we can find aboard, hoping to survive the escape from that hellhole of a home. "We" are the Jews lucky enough to find an escape from Hitler's dangerous wrath, hoping to find a better life in the Chinese city. The rumours say that the county of Shanghai is the only place on Earth safe for us Jews to live in. No concentration camps, no Führer, a promise of peace, and we are already prepared to take the incredibly risky trip there: an overcrowded, leaky boat, terrible conditions and two months spent waiting.

Sounds very promising.

But that hasn't deterred us. We would rather die than live under Hitler's regime, and that means that anything is better than staying and accepting a life that isn't right.

The ship lurches one more time, and a young girl gets flung overboard. Her mother screams in anguish, but through the thickness of the rain, I see her lips move in a silent prayer.

My eyes tear up in a sudden burst of emotion, as my subconscious starts yelling at me. The family I left behind, however, cannot be helped. Not from where I am or am going, anyway.

They never cared for you, I scream silently. *Why should you care for them?*

I unroll a cigarette. Since fire is forbidden onboard, I chew the tobacco inside instead. The taste calms my nerves a little, and my stomach stops heaving so badly. As another person flies off deck, screaming, my head lolls to the side; I fall asleep, dreaming fitfully until morning.

Days pass without anything interesting happening. Weeks go by and I still haven't grasped a sense of time. When I finally check the calendar, I realize it's the twentieth of April. It has been nine months since Hitler's regime began, and already two since I left, which means that we should have arrived at Shanghai long ago.

I think for a while, thoughts floating around my head. And realise something.

Today, a whole nation is chanting "Heil, Hitler"; wishing him a happy birthday.

I spit into the surf.

Barely a week later, I tumble onto the ground of Shanghai. I am one of the dozen or so survivors of this trip, out of more than a hundred who began. My emotions are jumbled. I got here; what now?

I rifle through my bag. A wallet with my ID. The rest has been robbed off somehow, or used up by the trip. No cigarettes, cookies, nothing. I sigh, then line up.

Everyone in line is waiting for the inspectors to come and check our IDs to print new ones for us. After all, we *have* run from our country, and therefore we are outlaws.

Fake identities are the least they can do for new citizens.

And then I blink twice when I see the inspectors. Each of them look nothing like what I imagined: the flat noses, the black hair, none of it. For a second I think that the ship brought us back to Germany, and I panic. A thought flashes through my mind. *What if they are Hitler's soldiers?*

But the language they speak doesn't make any sense to me. It's a weird jumble of all letters imaginable, impossible to understand. Immigrants who found a better life?

Maybe.

I land in a tiny apartment hardly the size of a box, with food rations that wouldn't survive an hour. I can get more every day, but this is not what I expected from a refugee home.

I expected much worse.

I bite the food, thankful that I pulled through on the perilous journey. The biscuit tastes like sawdust, crumbling as soon as I touch it, but I manage to get the most part in my mouth. It simply refuses to get down my throat, so I struggle a bit of water into my mouth. It tastes even worse than the biscuit, the sawdust immediately dissolving into the liquid, but I swallow down the vile mixture. It satisfies the hunger gnawing at my gut, but I don't look forward to a life like this. Perhaps a concentration camp would have been better.

Don't, I silently scold myself. *Forget it.*

A quick stroll down the river, however, shocks me to my senses. Homeless beggars owning nothing more than the clothes on their backs, rich men and women who kindle money for warmth, refugees who weren't as lucky as me. At least I have a place to live, with food to eat.

I stare at the rich for a while longer, watching their buttons pop off when they bend their backs and their rhinestone belts getting duller with the lack of sparkle. Those little trinkets are always caught by some poor maggot, thrown by the rich, like an owner telling a dog to fetch. I shuffle away, hoping they don't mistake me for a beggar. Pride does mean something to me.

There is a park in the distance. The sign shows me that it is in the Old City, where the Chinese live, apparently. I make my way towards the gleaming houses and gardens bursting with fruit. People don't mind the random Jew in their midst, so I don't bother them.

Once again I compare the life of a Jew in Nazi Germany to the life of a refugee in Shanghai. Maybe this life isn't perfect, but it's a start. I'm an outlaw in Germany, and treated as an actual human being here.. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder", isn't it?

I suppose that this life is beautiful enough for me.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Singapore International School (Hong Kong), Wong, Gabrielle – 10

Run! Jimmy! Run! The Japanese are here!" Ah-Yi shrieked downstairs. As I scrambled out of my bed in terror, troops of soldiers were marching towards our house.

"The ceiling!" I climbed up my desk and hauled myself up into the small trapdoor that led to the attic which was connected to the chimney. Clinging onto the wall of fennel, I heard the Japanese soldiers bursting through the door, pushing Ah-Yi aside, searching every room. The air echoed with the thudding of the military boots as I looked up at the gloomy night sky shown through the top of the chimney. I prayed for a miracle. Below in the living room, a man was rapping out orders that I could not understand. As if fate had heard me, suddenly a head peered down from the wide opening of the chimney. Da-Bao! The chef's son! He stretched down his arm and pulled me out of the shaft.

We slid down from the water-pipes at the back of the house. Without looking back, we started to run into the woods. I ran as fast as I could, my heart pounding in my chest and veins pumping in my neck. Eventually, we slowed to a stop as every one of my muscles protested and my lungs yelled for air.

"The Japanese have been killing the Chinese but I wonder why they are after the Westerners?" I panted, still appalled.

"Japan bombed a US harbor and they are enemies of US now. They have been taking American businessmen like your father." Da-Bao explained in between breaths.

"Fortunately, Dad is in Singapore for a business trip. Mum went to the Embassy and she should be safe there." With that remark, the burden of loneliness suddenly descended on me like leaden cloud.

"We can't keep hiding here. The Japanese will soon come searching. We've got to go to the Bund and try to sneak in a ship to Singapore to look for my Uncle there."

By the second morning, the Bund was in view. It looked complacent at dawn, except with two warships carrying Japanese flags in the harbor, it now looked like an old sleeping cat with scars on its face. I had always come here to dine on the best cuisines in Peace Hotel with Daddy's chauffeured car but now I was hiding in the shades underneath the bridge, covering my face under a grungy straw hat. I felt strange. Disconnected. I felt my familiar world was gradually sliding away from me, until I saw the sign, "No Dogs and Chinese." Da-Bao's fist clenched so hard that the knuckles of his fingers turned white.

"I am sorry." I grimaced. "I never realized how it felt to be discriminated until now." Perhaps being in misfortune brought up the empathy in me?

"BEEE……" A deafening whistle approaching fast broke up my thoughts.

"Run!" Da-Bao pushed me ahead. I jumped over the short fence and dashed towards the river. To my horror, Da-Bao did not follow. I hid behind bushes and spotted that one Japanese soldier had grabbed Da-Bao's hair and hit him with a baton. He bent forward as if to keep the pain at bay. I found myself torn. On one side I wanted to run back to Da Bao, but on the other hand, reason had stopped me. I had to stay free to find opportunity to rescue him. Both hands tied, Da-Bao was pushed and chained behind a string of Chinese who were unfortunate farmers, passers-by or hawkers. All young males. This is the way they got coolies or front line soldiers in the army!

The captives were hit and forced to march ahead together along the main road on the Bund against the gleaming porch buildings and women walking into hotels in fur coats. The white marble of the buildings dazzled my eyes. All physical sensations – fear, tiredness, hunger – all faded away except a volcano of anger surged inside me, and that, surprisingly, had made my mind exceptionally clear.

I maneuvered through the crowd, keeping my eyes on the string of captives with my right hand tightly holding the knife in my pocket. We had been using the knife for cutting food, but soon it would have a different use. The prisoners were brought to the quay, close to a boat. The soldier guarding them went inside a shed, filling out a form or some sort. As quickly and quietly as I could manage, I snuck behind Da-Bao and cut the rope binding him.

Somebody was shouting behind us. My heart felt like it had moved too high in my chest, almost up to my throat. We dashed to the jetty along the wobbly wooden structure, feeling it creaking beneath our weight. We dived right into the glittering wintery water of the harbor, sending up a huge splash. As if somebody had unplugged the wire, all the noises and commotion behind us were cut off instantly. My skin tingled like it had been poked by needles and pins all over me by the piercing cold water. I felt Da–Bao beside me and we swam as fast as we could away from the jetty. Within a fraction of an inch, a bullet passed my ear. The impact was a surge of energy that pushed us further ahead quickly like two racing greyhounds in the South China Sea.

We floated for a while and noticed no one was chasing us anymore. We swam towards a small ship, grabbing the hinges at the end of the ship and drifted along, for as long as eternity.

"Good Lord! What the hell are you doing down there?" Someone yelled from above. Too weak to reply, I made a gesture, pleading for help. A rope with a buoy dropped next to us and we were pulled up by the sailors. It was an American ship sailing to Malacca. A flicker of gratitude instantly displaced all my worries, fatigue, freezing and hunger. I thanked the Lord for looking after me.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Primary Section), Choi, Nana – 9

Do you know what Old Shanghai was like? Misty Brook, a werewolf, has also asked this. Except for the first paragraph, this is her journal.

In werewolf form, Misty slunk through the forest, with her companion, Gavin Heavypaw, at her side. "We're late!" Misty hissed. "Hurry up already!" Rolling his eyes, Gavin pounced onto a boulder. "Well, then take a shortcut."

Grumbling, Misty followed. "Wonder what Old Shanghai is like?" she asked suddenly, glancing at Gavin. "Ar-" "Because," Misty interrupted, "it's our school project." "Oh," Gavin murmured, streaking at such speed his paws barely touched the ground. "Well, have you wondered why we can be in werewolf form in the daytime?" He suddenly stumbled. "Ow!" Instantly an invisible force sucked him away.

"Gavin!" Misty whipped around as a hand touched her. It was her dragon-woman tutor, Ember Goldenwillow. "The Dark. We'll go to Old Shanghai to save Heavypaw, then destroy the Dark Leader." Grabbing Misty, now a human, she flew at a tiny hole, and disappeared into nothingness.

"Wake up, Misty." The werewolf jerked awake as Ember charred her shirt with a fireball. "This is Old Shanghai?" Misty asked, gazing in wonder. "Yeah. We must hurry," Ember huffed. Changing into a werewolf, Misty dashed toward Old Shanghai, Ember flying with her.

After a while, they arrived at the now horribly black gate of the city. Disgusted, Ember shot a volley of fireballs at it. "Let's go. You coming?" she called, turning into a woman again, Misty copying, and the two stepped into Old Shanghai.

"Did you know that Old Shanghai was formerly known as Chinese city?" Ember asked Misty as they trekked along the blackened path. "It's the traditional urban core of Shanghai, Asia. Its boundary was defined by a defensive wall-" "Okay, okay," Misty muttered. "Stop being Details Dragon." Ember blasted a small fireball. "Ha-ha. Very funny."

"Wow." Misty stared at a weird human with jet-black skin. "Dark," Ember murmured, staring straight ahead. The guy passed, making funny gurgling noises. Suddenly he whipped around. "Dragon," he snarled. "Werewolf." His startling green gaze slowly darted to Ember and Misty. The light in his eyes faded, and he collapsed, rising again as a hideous black spirit. He let an earsplitting howl. "Dang," Ember cursed. "My scent is still full of fire." She transformed into a dragon again, golden scales glittering. Growling, Misty changed into a werewolf, glaring at the arriving Dark angrily.

"These are *cursed* Dark!" Ember exclaimed, blasting fireballs at the first wave of the Dark. One small one fell, and rose again, but as a baby four-winged serpent. It coiled around four Dark, squeezing them into young but ferocious three-headed hounds.

"Wave Coils! Bring the Cerberus children over!" Ember called, whipping her three tails at the Dark that summoned the rest. "You aren't cursed." She sank her teeth into its neck, and dark blue blood spat out from the wound. Shrieking, the Dark slashed Ember's chest with its claws, but Ember shoved it away with a fireball, sending it crashing on another Dark, who turned into a centaur and pressed his hooves down at the Dark's chest, drawing an iron blade.

Wave Coils slunk over, the Cerberus children at his heels. "Form a circle," Ember commanded. Misty sprang from the Dark she killed, and led a six−legged falcon and the centaur to the others. "We can attack, and as more of us come, they can get in the circle to recover, then fight with us." Misty sliced a Dark's stomach as she said those words, and a winged leopard with long canines joined the monsters. She brought two more tiny dragon−men.

"Is that… *Gavin*?" Night Howls, one of the Cerberus children, gasped, staring at an enormous Dark. Misty looked his way, and her heart dropped in despair. "Gavin's one of the Dark. What now? He's a really strong fighter." "We must work together. Kill them all!" Ember roared, shooting barrages of fireballs madly and occasionally blasting a cannonball made of fire. Rearing, Misty batted away the Dark that managed to escape Ember going insane and try to attack the monsters. Wave Coils drenched the Dark so their movements would slow, while the Cerberus children swarmed one Dark at a time, almost instantly killing them and turning into their actual selves.

Eventually, the monsters outnumbered the Dark, but these were much stronger as they weren't cursed− they were actual Dark. The Cerberus children− now with three more− sprang at a Dark that was lashing out at Ember's face, who blasted fireballs in return, but they barely singed its pelt. The Cerberus children sank their teeth into its neck, and blood instantly poured out. A vampire, Maya Bloodsong, grabbed three of the Dark and began to drink their blood greedily. They screeched, then fell, dissolving into ashes.

Howling in pain and fear, Ember collapsed, Gavin looming over her. Misty lunged at him, churning his belly. Growling, Gavin spat poison at her, but Wave Coils washed it away with a jet of water, also hitting Gavin's eye. Muttering in confusion, he lashed out at Ember, grabbing her. Jaws gaping, he prepared to take her body.

Expertly, Wave Coils shot water at Gavin's eyes, and formed a wave. Gesturing to the centaur Kasper Hoof, he shot him upward, and Kasper landed on Gavin, stabbing his eyes until blood was flooding out uncontrollably. Screeching in agony, Gavin tried desperately to grab Kasper, but he continued slashing and slicing him, galloping around his body. After a while, Gavin fell, rising again as werewolf.

The remaining Dark shrieked, and disappeared. "Wow." Gavin stared at the fading Dark. "I hope you have an idea on how to do that school project, Gavin," Maya teased. "Haha. Very funny." Gavin pounced on her. "We are the only ones that can get along," he joked. Maya smiled.

Ember whipped her three tails. "Let's go home." Together they headed home, Dark blood still on them…

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

St. Margaret's Co–Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Primary Section), Del Mundo, Guiliana – 9

Wake up Ming Ming!!! Wake up Jia Jia!!! Hide inside the cupboard!!! Wouko… Wouko are coming!!!" Their parents' were shouting as they woke them up. Ming Ming and Jia Jia woke up with shock and fear, especially when they saw their parents' uneasy and petrified faces.

Ming Ming quickly grabbed her sister's arm and hide.

"What do you want?"

"Please, NO!" SMASH!!! BOOM!!! WHOMP!!! They heard their parent's crying plea and commotion in the house. They could hear loud explosion outside the house as well. Eventually, they heard footsteps fading away.

They kept still and quiet inside the cupboard, with Ming Ming covering Jia Jia's mouth to prevent her from screaming. Ming Ming couldn't remember how long they were hiding until Jia Jia groaned and tried to take his hand from her mouth. He slowly released his hand. "I can't breathe," Jia Jia said, while gasping hard for air. "Sssshhhh," Ming Ming whispered to Jia Jia.

Ming Ming gently opened the door of the cupboard to have a glimpse around the house; nobody was there. With her sister holding his hand, they slowly got out of the cupboard and looked around. They went to the window to see what was happening outside. Smoke and fire was everywhere!! Corpses were scattered everywhere!! They couldn't hear the explosions anymore, but the eerie soft crying of people remained loud and clear.

"Let's look for Father and Mother," Jia Jia said while pulling Ming Ming's shirt. They searched everywhere, but with no luck. Ming Ming realized that they were gone. As if somebody put a heavy rock on his shoulder, he knelt down, speechless. He started to cry. He wanted revenge!

That was six years ago. After that horrendous attack, their leaders decided to build a wall around the city with a protective moat surrounding it. There were six land gates and three water gates which were heavily guarded by armies. They built it so fast that they finished it within two months. They were not raided by the Wouko since then, but they knew that they were just outside, around the river, waiting for the right moment to attack.

Ming Ming and Jia Jia lived with their Uncle and Aunt. Uncle Shu was their father's brother. He and Aunt An had no children, so they were more than happy to accept Ming Ming and Jia Jia as their own.

Ming Ming then joined the army, with vengeance in his mind and heart. He had the bloodlust to kill as many Wouko as possible. He eventually finished his training and became one of the best trainees, because of his assiduous uncle that trained him.

He walked cautiously, climbed up the wall knowing it was full of risks, and jumped down heavily with his knees almost touching the ground. Since he was one out of all the other soldiers, things got a lot harder for him. He looked in all directions, left to right…. No one, nobody, has been spotted yet. The peaceful moat in front of him was the only source of sound. He stood still, waiting to hear footsteps. He thought of Wouko attacking Shanghai again, losing his aunt and uncle… "I need to step up. I might find some Wouko nearby," he said to himself, incessantly searching for anything, or anyone.

Meanwhile, at Uncle Shu's house, Jia Jia asked them go to with her to the temple, almost begging them to do so. When they arrived, Jia Jia ran towards the dusty mat that people used to pray in. She kneeled and prayed, "give courage and strength to Ming Ming, please ….." she prayed so hard, that if Uncle Shu and Aunt An were watching, they would have had tears falling from the eyes.

Ming Ming heard constant walking between the wall and the moat. It didn't feel good, so Ming Ming kept his body lying against the wall, so he could climb safely. When he heard swords being drawn, he felt death approaching. However, he did not hesitate to continue climbing up like a cat in the night, while holding onto his sword loosely.

He descended, sprinting and leaping towards Uncle Shu's house, checked everywhere, but there was no trace of where he was. He knew the second place they could be was the Temple, so he ran there as fast as he could. Then he saw his uncle.

Uncle Shu was fairly pleased that Ming Ming was safe, whilst Jia Jia ran to him with tears of joy. Ming Ming then proceeded to him and said, "Wouko alert." That was a phrase he must say when there are Wouko preparing to attack. Uncle Shu's smile died out and it was replaced with a frown. Ming Ming heard people scream, so he darted towards the wall, and pulled out his glossy sword shimmering and gleaming in the sunlight. He saw a pirate charging towards a girl, thus he dashed to the rescue. He tried to help the girl dodge the attack, and started the fight. Forlornly, they both died, in the same spot and collapsed then… passed away. Jia Jia saw this, and burst into bitter tears. Uncle Shu walked towards her, comforting her all he could. "Why," said Auntie An, "We lost a child." She kneeled down, "Why, is this what you want?"

The atrocious war had just begun, but it was all worse without Ming Ming. His sister rolled up like a ball at the floor. She quietly said, "I'll have re…." She suddenly stopped. She looked at Ming Ming's corpse beside the pirate's corpse. She whispered, "I have to continue living, don't I? For your sake."

Three years had gone past, she now has a peaceful, bigger home. She's now married to a loving husband, has a cute pet cat that she found wandering around, and a small garden where she can relax peacefully. She learnt through the years that life isn't perfect and revenge isn't always the answer, that forgiveness is the best way to conquer anger.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Primary Section), Lam, Andreas – 9

It was a Christmas holiday when Professor Lam was working on his newest invention: the time traveller 1. In order to test that the machine works, he needed two time travellers—Andreas and Alex……

It was a peaceful day in Alex and Andreas's home when they received an incoming phone call, Alex answered the call.

"Hello," Alex greeted the caller.

"Hello, I am professor lam, I needed your help, would you like to help me to test my newest invention, and it is the time traveller 1. Are you interested in becoming a pioneer, by travelling through time?" the professor said.

"Sure, no problem, but can you tell us where is the secret laboratory is?" Alex asked.

"The secret laboratory is …… located underground! The professor exclaimed happily.

After the brothers packed up, they headed to the professor's laboratory, after the brothers came in, they saw a man wearing a lab coat, and it was professor lam. Next to him was a magnificent spherical capsule—the time traveller 1. The professor greeted the brothers. Then, the professor introduced his invention.

"This is my newest invention, the time traveller 1. The name describes everything, of course, the function is to travel in time! Here is the special watch, the traveller watch gear 1, this will report the year, the time, the date, special events of that period of time, also, this watch have a small camera on this edge, this watch can also talk and which is just recordings and finally, this will also provide facts about that part of time." The professor said.

"So…you choose a part of the history…and press the red button." The professor said.

"We want to travel back to 1124, Shanghai, because we needed to do a project about that." Andreas said.

The professor pressed a button, then the sliding door of the capsule opened slowly, the staircases of the capsule deployed. The brothers were very excited but to be scared stuck in time forever.

"To 1124 farewell!" the professor announced while pressing a button which closed the doors.

Inside the capsule, the recording said "welcome to time traveller 1, now, we are going to 1124, shanghai, fasten your seatbelts, air sickness bags and life jacket are located under your seat, during the time travel, the capsule will shake and a beam of light will shine on your face. All your money will change it into to their ancient currency, the exchange rate is 1:100. The journey starts now."

The time capsule shook, with a blink of an eye, the journey ended. The capsule was still. Absolutely still.

The broadcast announced "you are in 1124, June 14, 2pm. Thank you for travelling with time traveller 1. All time travellers, please exit from the capsule, thank you. " then, the brothers left the capsule. They realized that the capsule landed on a deserted alley, the watch displayed: you are in the deserted alley of the Lao xi men. This machine will disappear because some Shanghai citizens will travel back to 2017. If you want to come back to 2017, please press "locate" button on the watch. Thank you".

That was a cold winter day when the brothers came out from the capsule, it was their first mission to travel in time. The brothers were excited to see how people lived. Then, all of a sudden, the machine disappeared out of sight…

"Welcome to Shanghai, 1124." Alex said.

"Yeah−" Andreas said

"Who are you?" an old man said.

"We are the ambassadors of her majesty Queen Victoria." Andreas disguised in his lowest voice.

"Can you tell us, where the Lao xi men is?" Alex demanded.

"Gladly, follow this path until you see the next sign." The old man said while pointing a path.

Then, the brothers thanked the old man and followed the path. After they arrived at the door, they saw a group of people sitting next to the gate next to the Lao xi men entrance.

"Hi there, why are you here?" Alex asked.

One of the man said "we are here because the empire forces us to build the walled city day and night, working non−stop. Can you show mercy and please help us to pay the ransom and save us?"

The brothers were moved by their words, they checked their purse, and they realized that they had a lot of money. They decided to help the poor people.

Andreas said "don't worry, I will pay for the ransom."

Then, he left with his brother.

Then when the brothers went in to the walled city, they saw a tall man talking to another man,

"The poor men need to help construct the walled city!" the tall man said proudly

"You are right, Li, they will only be free when they pay their ransom!" the short man said

After the brothers heard that, they ran towards the two men furiously,

Andreas shouted "I heard everything, Li, stop being mean, I had enough already: stop taking hostages and get money, everybody needs freedom, everybody needs rests."

Li looked furious, challenged "are you going to pay all of the ransom?"

Andreas remembered he had around 100 Hong Kong dollars, the currency had changed to yuan in the 11th century that meant 10,000 yuan!

Andreas thought for a while, and shouted "okay, I accept the request!"

The man thought for a while and said "hmm… let me think: one man is worth 10 yuan, there are 10 men, so it equals to 100 yuan, money, money, money time!" he said excitedly.

"Here, 100 yuan." Andreas said while counting.

"You can free them now." Li said.

The brothers headed back to the Lao xi men, Alex said

"I have a good news for you: we paid the ransom and you are free!"

All the men were all shouting "yay! We are finally free!"

After a small celebration, Andreas whispered to Alex

"Time to do some research…"

"Yeah…" Alex said, pointing to his brother's watch.

"Time to use the special function on your watch…the camera!" Alex whispered softly.

Andreas took some pictures of the Lao xi men, old fashioned clothes, buildings, people and lifestyle when they viewed it, they realized that the photos were not in black–and white, instead, the photos were in full colour! Andreas pressed a button while whispered to Alex,

"Time to go back to 2017!"

With a blink of an eye, the time machine appeared out of nowhere and the two brothers realized that they are inside the time traveller 1! The broadcast announced

"Welcome back to time traveller 1, you are travelling back to modern day: 2017! Make sure all time travellers please buckle up."

The time capsule shook, with a blink of an eye, the journey ended. The capsule was still. Absolutely still.

The sliding door opened, the excited professor asked eagerly

"Hi, did my inventions work?

"Yes, it did work very well! It helped me to do our project!" Alex shouted

"Yay! My invention worked! So I can call this The Mighty Time Traveller 1!" the professor shouted.

After the Christmas Holiday, in the history class, the brothers presented the facts about old shanghai, Alex said

"…and this is the end of our presentation. Thank you."

The class was filled with cheers and applause, the teacher said,

"What a detailed presentation…I shall give you…an… A plus!"

"Um…because I did a lot a research." Alex said

"Very good you two." The teacher praised them.

The Rebirth of the Dragons

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Fedoruk, Zoe Mae – 11

Dragons are one of the most identifiable symbols of China. There were many stories of them being around during the reign of the emperors, they had protected China from the many dangers around the world and defended them against attackers, but after Kangxi's death, they were never to be seen again. They disappeared with no trace and have been considered a myth since then…or have they?

Andre Durant, whose parents were foreigners in China, had been living with them in Shanghai. He had been born in Paris, France, and moved to China when he was four. He lived just like any other French citizen in the French concession, and had grown familiar with the environment. Every night when he went to bed as a child, his father would always tell him an old Shanghai adventure story. Andre especially loved hearing the ones with dragons in them, though he knew they could never be real.

He did his usual stroll through the antique shops just down the street from his home. He swung his head into every shop he could find and left if he saw nothing worthy of his limited amount of money. As he took another glimpse at an old shop filled with interesting little trinkets, then something caught his eye. He stopped and scanned the shop to find the object that had caught his attention. The shop was decorated with what seemed like goat horns and beside two highly polished birch wood tables stood an old scrawny man. The man eyed Andre through lace curtains in front of the tables, smoking what smelled like bitter herbs with a hint of opium through a large pipe. The smoke filled the air as Andre walked through the shop, obscuring the view of Andre. He wrinkled his nose in disgust. Ignoring the smell of the smoke, Andre continued to scan the shelves lined along the wall of the shop. Once again a shimmer caught his eye. He anxiously searched around for it until his eyes landed on a large oval rock. As he slowly approached it, a strange feeling enveloped his lean figure and he examined it carefully. The rock was about nine inches long and oval in shape. It glimmered a brilliant ruby red with golden veins coursing through the almost transparent stone. He wondered why no one had bought such a rock. As he marveled at its beauty and elegance, a dry cracked voice broke through to his consciousness.

"So, looking at that rock are we? Well now, when I first brought it to the shop, everyone seemed to want to buy it, so I raised the price higher and higher until some man—said he was a jeweler—bought it for $200. Oh that made my day! Yet the next day, he came back! He said 'ain't good for nothin' rock, useless piece of thing. Doesn't even make a dent when I used my good ol' steel hammer on it.' With that he just demanded I give him back his money—almost went broke then—then left, and never came back. I guess somehow word got around that the rock wasn't good for anything, and no one bought it. Just to make sure that it really couldn't break—I swear I've never done anything else to my other merchandise—I pounded as hard as I could on the rock with a hammer and it really didn't leave a scratch or anything! So it's just been sitting there for decades now."

He took another pull on his pipe and blew a cloud of smoke into Andre's face. He waved his hand to get rid of the horrid smell, then opened his mouth to inquire, yet the old man seemed to predict what Andre was going to say and cut him off.

"If you want it, just take it. It's no use to me anyways. I'll give it to you for free, kiddo." The corner of his mouth lifted up until a smile was stretched upon his face.

Andre returned the smile and took the rock with gentle hands. With a flick of his wrist, the old man motioned Andre out of his shop.

With little of the time he had left outside, Andre shuffled over to the Yangtze River, hugging the rock tightly against his chest under his long furry coat.

He hunkered down at the edge of the dock over the river and placed the rock carefully beside him. It seemed already well past the time he had originally needed to get home so he thought that if he stayed a little longer it would not hurt. It was quiet as Andre silently gazed up into the sky. The moon was out and full. He stared at the dark navy–blue sky, watching the shimmer of the stars, the movement of the clouds, the silence of the night. Andre closed his eyes and quietly took in the peace.

Only a minute or two later, he heard a slight rocking sound. He ignored it, yet it continued, growing louder yet until Andre opened his eyes. The rock beside him shimmered a brilliant red in the moonlight. It swayed ever so violently until it started rolling. Andre's was stunned and could not recover quickly enough to stop the egg from dropping into the river.

He clutched the edge of the dock watching as the rock—glowing slightly—drifted down into the depths of the river until it disappeared into darkness. Andre blindly took off his coat without thinking, the cold wind piercing through his skin. He leaped into the waters with such grace he could have been just slipping into a thick blanket at night.

The moon lit up the river as he swam deeper and deeper, following the crimson glow as it grew stronger and stronger yet. Within only 10 meters his lungs were already screaming for air, eardrums almost bursting, yet his sight remained as if he were on land, seeing everything underwater with such clarity he could see even the scales on the smallest fish. As he gradually neared the crimson glow, his lungs were screaming, yet still what little air Andre had left to survive on was still lingering in his body. As his feet touched the riverbed, he looked up to see the distance he had swam which seemed around five hundred meters. He felt he was almost alien then.

What Andre saw was what no man had ever discovered before, for there, in front of his eyes, beside the ruby red rock—no, egg—was around half a dozen or so more of the same egg, yet in different colours. They nested in front of a midnight black dragon, which awoke from its slumber. It opened one of its large amber eyes and stared at Andre. A chill ran down his spine. It was as if Andre and the dragon's consciousness were bound together, as if they were one.

Andre knew his life would never be the same.

Dragons, were no longer a myth.

The Journey of Four Chinese Frogs

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Lai, Charmaine – 10

Once upon a time in old Shanghai, there were four friends – Henry (also known as the Frog Prince), Mr. Grenoille Tao, Ms. Qing Wa and Ms. Lai Ha Mou. The four friends lived in a deep well located in the French concession in old Shanghai. The well was… hum, how to describe it …… it was damp and not too exciting, but it was safe and far removed from danger. The four friends were content with their lives. Looking up from the well, they thought that the sky above was the entire universe. Occasionally they heard rumors, some funny and some disturbing. One rumor even said that the Japanese had invaded Manchuria! In the bottom of the well, days passed, followed by seasons and they were safe and for the most part happy. Then one sad day, the four friends woke up in a startle. They found that the well had dried up. Despairing for their future, each of the four friends tearfully bid the others farewell and journeyed out into their own adventures.

1. The Tale of Henry

The Frog Prince embarked on a journey of a big voyager. As he travelled through Shanghai, he discovered that Shanghai was really divided into two "boroughs". In Puxi, people led a prosperous and glamorous life, little bothered by the enraging war in the northern part of China, while in Pudong, people still lived in their farms in crushing poverty. It was very much like a tale of two cities. Over the years, the Frog Prince witnessed the drastic change of Shanghai. He also heard lots of stories, some real, some made up and some even went on to become urban legends. In particular, he always laughed when people mentioned the big sign in Huangpu Park banning "Dogs and Chinese".

Frog Prince enjoyed the fresh breeze outside the well and loved to make new friends. He had also developed a love for writing biographies and scripts based on his voyages. The news media reported that Henry had recently been invited by the new Shanghai Disneyland to write scripts for the long-awaited stage drama, the Frog Prince Show.

2. The Tale of Mr. Grenoille Tao

Grenoille Tao had always been a competitive frog.

Out of the well, Grenoille spent most of his time in the urban area of Shanghai. Grenoille chatted with sailors from all over the world who gathered at the ports of Huangpu River. He spoke with the businessmen who frequented the hotels and bars along the Bund. He was fascinated with the stories of celebrities making or losing their entire fortunes in Shanghai. From then on, Grenoille started to think with an international view and with a business mind. As Shanghai evolved, Grenoille evolved with it. When Shanghai opened up to the outside world, Grenoille seized the opportunity to build his own business empire.

Today, Mr. Grenoille Tao is the founder of Froggy Group, a conglomerate of many business areas. The newly built Shanghai Disneyland is the latest addition to the Grenoille's Froggy Group. From humble beginnings, Mr. Grenoille Tao learnt to dream, to take risk and to think big.

3. The Tale of Ms. Qing Wa

Ms. Qing Wa was the sweetest of the four friends. From a very young age, she loved to sing. Upon leaving the well, Ms. Qing Wa roamed around the entertainment areas of the old Shanghai, once called Hollywood of the East. Spending times at the Paramount Hall, she indulged in the performances of Zhou Xuan, Bai Guang, Li Xiang Lan (before she was found out to be a spy from Japan). At the Shanghai Concert Hall, she

immersed herself in the different types of the old Shanghai songs, French music, Jazz and Western operas. It was not surprising that Ms. Qing Wa is now a world renowned opera singer, and she has been invited to perform at the opening ceremony of Shanghai Disneyland.

4. The Tale of Ms. Lai Ha Mou

Lai Ha Mou's story was short and tragic. From a young age, she was always vain for caring about her appearance. After departing from her friends, she finally found out that she was a toad but not a frog. She saw her lame gait, warts and wrinkled skin in a mirror. She became so obsessed with her looks that as soon as she had the chance, she brought herself to have plastic surgery. The operation was unfortunately a failure and resulted in her tragic death. Alas, beauty is only skin deep.

Ahh, do you think it was a bit abrupt? Well, actually our story hasn't finished. In Chinese culture, the frog is a symbol of life, fertility and transformation. Shanghai, like our froggy friends, had endured, changed and grown through the years.

Today we are celebrating the opening of Shanghai Disneyland.

Look, can you see our old friends on stage? Grenoille, who is the owner of Shanghai Disneyland; Henry, who is the script writer of the story of Frog Prince and Ms. Qing Wa, who is the lead performing artist for the opening ceremony.

Our story ends when our three friends reunited for the first time in decades. They grieved for their lost friend and shared stories of their experiences, yet the essence of their success was the same.

Old Shanghai, the city that invented Chinese capitalism, once characterized by the Jazz Age skyline that dominated the Bund and the neon lights that illuminated the Broadway of the East, has slowly given way to ***New Shanghai***, answering her call of destiny to be the global gateway city and financial center.

Yet beneath the towering skyscrapers and the glittering signboards, pieces of Old Shanghai remain – in the turn of the century buildings, in the hidden street corners and in the heart of its people.

So this is Shanghai – a city which we love for being both ***OLD*** and ***NEW*** at the same time.

Great Grandmother's French Encounter

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Leung, Charlotte – 10

Ten-year old Lei Yu felt very thankful. It was 1940. She knew there was a war and many parts of Shanghai were under the Japanese concession's control. She also knew they were not kind rulers. The Chinese population were suffering. Fortunately, the Japanese had left the foreign concessions alone. As she walked along Ave Pe'tain in the French Concession part of Shanghai, there was no sign of war. Tall plane trees lined the road and behind the trees, protected by hedges and fences, were grand mansions and expensive apartment buildings. This was one of the most beautiful parts of Shanghai. Lei Yu was glad her family was rich enough to live in this area.

As she skipped along, Lei Yu had only one thing on her mind – she was going to the big park. It was surrounded by a high stone wall but Lei Yu could get a glimpse of the park through the large iron gates. She did not like the sign on the gate. Written in large Chinese characters were the words 'NO CHINESE OR DOGS ALLOWED'. Lei Yu was not sure what that meant or why the sign was there. She just knew she could not go inside. But, oh, everyone looked so happy in there. The tree leaves had turned golden and red, and they were fluttering ever so gracefully to the ground. She could even see squirrels scampering among the branches. How she wished she could run in that large park and hide among the trees!

"Hello." A voice startled her. Lei Yu looked up and saw a boy standing inside the gate, looking at her. He seemed to be about her age, maybe a couple of years older. He had the most yellow hair and the most beautiful brown eyes she had ever seen. He wore a plain blue shirt and stood there, his hands in the pockets of his grey and white trousers, with a big smile on his face. He looked friendly and very rich, but Lei Yu did not know what to do. She turned round and ran away. She could hear him calling after her, but she just ran without looking back.

The next day, Lei Yu went to the park again. She peered through the gate and the boy was standing just inside! He seemed to be waiting for her. "How are you? My name is Ames. Who are you? Why don't you come in?" he said in Mandarin!

Lei Yu was really surprised but Ames' accent was so funny that she giggled. Ames blushed. He looked down at his shoes and said, still in Mandarin, "I know I don't speak that well, but at least I hope you can understand what I'm saying."

Lei Yu was a little embarrassed. She had been rude. She looked at Ames and nodded, "I can understand what you're saying. My name is Lei Yu. I'm sorry."

It turned out that Ames was French. He and his family were staying in the big mansion just opposite to the park. He was able to speak Mandarin because his nanny and the family driver were Chinese and because he had a Mandarin tutor. When Ames found out Lei Yu's desire to visit the park, he took her to his home when his parents were away. From the big glass window on the second storey, Lei Yu was able to see into the park – the flower beds, the ponds, the bicycle tracks, and of course, the beautiful trees. She could even see children running around and adults resting on the benches under the trees.

After that day, the two youngsters would meet at the gate of the park and they would spend hours together. They would read and recite, they would run and hide in Ames' garden and they would take walks along the avenue or follow the stone walls of the park. Lei Yu helped Ames to improve his Mandarin, and he taught her French.

Then one day, Ames had bad news for Lei Yu. A new government was in France and his father had been ordered to return to France. Lei Yu did not really understand. Her eyes were filled with tears, wanting to cry, but

she did not want to upset Ames who was already very sad. The afternoon was spent in silence. When their last meeting came to an end, tears rolled down Lei Yu's cheeks. Ames took out a piece of paper and a pencil and asked Lei Yu to write down her address. He promised that he would return to see her. With trembling hands, Lei Yu did so, but she had a terrible feeling that she would never see Ames again.

Life in the French Concession did not stay unchanged for long. Lei Yu heard the adults talking about a place called Pearl Harbour, about the United States entering the war. Then, Japanese soldiers marched into the concession areas. The foreign nationals had to wear arm-bands. The Japanese soldiers were not kind to them. Some were even sent to prison. Lei Yu was aware of all the terrible things that were happening. As she saw Frenchmen being beaten on the street, she comforted herself that even if she never saw Ames again, she was grateful that he was away back at home and safe from these people.

The years that followed were not easy ones for Lei Yu and her family. Peace did not come when the Japanese were defeated. The Chinese Civil War followed. Many people left China when it was clear the Communists would win. Among them were Lei Yu's family. After that, Lei Yu never returned to Shanghai.

Two years ago, Mother took me to Shanghai. We visited the area that was the French Concession. We walked along tree-lined streets. We admired the old but grand mansions. Many had been turned into restaurants and clubs. Then Mother told me the story of Lei Yu-my great grandmother and Ames. Finally, she stopped in front of a red-brick apartment block. "This is it. This is where your great grandmother lived." We were so intent on looking at the building that we didn't notice a gentleman with blonde hair and brown eyes, he had a yellow shirt and green shorts. Then he spoke, he held out a piece of yellowing but well-kept paper, he showed it to my mother and asked in a funny accent in Mandarin, "Is this the address on this paper?"

The Tale of Miss Eileen

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Tung, Sophie – 9

Every summer, my family spends our holidays in Shanghai because it's my Mum's hometown.

There are lots of places that I have visited that I truly like, but the Shanghai Library is always my favorite.

It is an ancient building situated right in the heart of the city. This "architectural artworks" is a nice combination of spiritual past and modern present. The whole ageless building was made of red bricks. The wooden staircases are classy. The old antique grandfather clock at the doorway always welcomes you like an old friend. It is too old to ring though. But that particular afternoon, it rang. And the memories of that afternoon are still fresh in my mind…

It was a sunny day. Mum took me to the library as usual. We walked into the cool air-conditioned room. Mum took a book and settled down on a chair. The afternoon sun streamed through the windows. She smiled with satisfaction and said, "This is my favorite place to read when I was little. Feel free to walk around and find a book for yourself."

I skipped to the second floor of the library. Suddenly I saw a golden swallow flying towards one of the bookshelves. How come there's a swallow flying inside the library? Curiosity pulled me towards the shelf .To my surprise, there was a hidden door behind it. I gently pushed the door meanwhile I heard the grandfather clock rang three times "Don~~Don~~Don~~". Before I knew it, I was already inside a room.

The interior was dim and smelled of cherry wood. There was a little girl about my age sitting on a wooden chair who's absorbed in a book. She was dressed in a cheongsam with golden swallow patterns on it. The same golden swallow I saw just now!

"A-hem," I cleared my throat to call attention.

She looked up from her book, "hello…hi…" She sounded surprised.

"Is this the children's section?" I asked.

"Er…" She looked around. "I'm not sure… but definitely you will find some famous books here…"

"What book are you reading?" I asked, looking at the book sat on her lap.

"I'm reading The Dream of the Red Chamber," She answered slowly. "It is a very sophisticated story. I need inspiration from stories like this." She showed me the cover, which was very old. "I want to be an author one day," She went on.

"Oh! I read it too. I can't love it more."

"Really?" She exclaimed happily.

"Yes, "I nodded. "But it's such a sad story…"

Her eyes studied me, "I never saw you in this library before. I come here nearly every day. And you don't look like Shanghainese. Where are you from?"

"Hong Kong. I came to Shanghai with my family for my summer break."

"Hong Kong? I always want to go there." said the girl, almost singing the word.

I smiled.

"Would you mind telling me something about Hong Kong? I need lots of inspiration for my writing..." The excitement shined through her smile.

"No, not at all, "I replied and sat next to her, recalling those interesting story I knew about where I live. The girl took out a pen and some paper. While I was telling the stories, she wrote them all down. I looked down at her notes, her handwriting was neat and beautiful.

"I have lots of ideas on my mind now," She said happily.

"What's your name?" I almost forgot to ask her the most important question.

"My name is Eileen," she answered with a smile. I thought it was a beautiful name.

"What's your name?" She asked.

"Xiao Jie". I replied.

Suddenly, I heard Mum calling me. "I have to go," I said.

"It's nice meeting you Eileen. Hope those stories helps."

"Of course they do. It's nice meeting you Xiao Jie. Hope I will see you again." She bid me farewell.

I opened the door while I heard the grandfather clock ringing again. "Don~~Don~~Don~~"

I saw Mum waving to me in the distance. "Mum, did you hear that…the clock? "I asked. Mum shook her head and confused. Just as I was going to show her the door, to my surprise it was gone.

"It's quite late already, we have to leave. I want to borrow these three books, do you have anything to borrow?" I shook my head. As my mum put the books onto the scanner of the automatic book borrowing machine. My eyes fall onto one of the book. It was a book called 'Modern Dream of the Red Chamber'. And the author was Zhang Ai Ling. I took up the book and looked at the back cover, there was a photograph of the author. A lady who's dressed in a cheongsam with golden swallow patterns and her face was very familiar. "Zhang Ai Ling", "Ai Ling", "Eileen" !Suddenly I realized that it was the girl that I had just talked and shared my stories with in that 'library'! The one and only, Zhang Ai Ling.

New Tale of Old Shanghai

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Chan, Natalie – 10

Once there were two girls, Yaz and Lacy, they were best friends. One day they had to do a project about old Shanghai. Both girls were clueless and the internet wasn't really helpful. They had a week until they had to hand it in, so they decided that the next day they would call their grandparents who had lived in old Shanghai.

That night, both girls had the same dream, and in that dream they could talk and walk around together. However, they didn't recognize the place. They saw lots of big walls surrounding them and soldiers all around the place. Suddenly, Lacy remembered that old Shanghai was also like this; it was the only useful piece of information they had found. Just then, they saw a little girl walking down the street. Yaz asked, "Isn't that your grandma, but a younger version?" "I think it is," Lacy replied. They decided to follow her and hoped to find some interesting things about old Shanghai. After all, it is not everyday that you get to travel back in time. They saw her carrying a bucket full of steaming water and some money in her pocket. They thought it was really strange because the water was hot and not cold like the ones in wells. When she got home her mother asked, "Minli, did you buy some hot water at the market?" The market! Both girls thought that was strange; why would they have to buy hot water? They had faucets! What was even more peculiar was that her father suddenly said that he was going out to shower. Why would he go out to shower? Don't people shower at home? Besides it's disgusting to shower on the streets, and who would wear long robes to have a bath, or even go outside? He was a boy! However, Minli and her mum weren't surprised at all. Her mum went outside to find a rickshaw, a small vehicle pulled by men. Then Minli went to the toilet. There was a small area at the corner of the room and it was covered by a curtain. Inside, there was a small bucket, and it stunk. She just came out and walked away. "Why isn't she flushing it?" Yaz asked. "I don't know," said Lacy. Lacy pulled Yaz into a small corner near the roof and asked, "Don't you think everything here is really unusual?" "Yes, I mean everyone wears robes, they have to buy hot water at the market, men don't shower at home, they have rickshaws instead of cars, and go to the toilet in a small area. That's really weird." Yaz replied. "Yeah, I hope things go back to normal soon." However, they couldn't have been more wrong.

It was very hot in the afternoon, but some people claimed that there would be snow later that evening. Since it was really hot, Minli and her mum decided to eat watermelons. However, they didn't eat them right away, instead they dangled them down the well in a bucket. It was an odd sight. Minli came back for them a few minutes later and ate them. That night, just as some people predicted, it began to snow. Minli's family had guests for dinner that night. They prepared lots of food; six cold dishes, a few pots of vegetables, duck…… What they found strange was that there weren't any glutinous riceballs or hot pots. Instead there was a humongous crab, also there was a pot over a small fire but nothing was inside. Now Lacy and Yaz knew what the hot water was for; the faucet had frozen into ice, and the hot water was used to thaw it. Just then Minli came out to throw the garbage. The girls dived for cover but it was too late.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Minli asked. "We are Yaz and Lacy and actually um….." "We would like to ask you some questions about your daily life as we don't understand much," Lacy cut in. "Ok," Minli reluctantly agreed, "but make it fast as I need to go back inside to help my mother." They chatted for a while and they found out that men don't shower at home, but at local baths the whole town used. Women hardly showered; they just wiped themselves with wet towels. They couldn't afford to have boilers everywhere so they bought hot water at the market. There weren't flushes so they went to the toilet in a bucket and cleaners dumped everything in the drain daily. They didn't have fridges so they put watermelons down the well to cool them off since the well was underground. It was a tradition to eat crabs in winter and watermelon in summer. The small pot over the fire was for warming up food and it worked like a microwave. When guests came for dinner they had to cook lots of food.

Suddenly, they saw a big hole underneath them and they began to fall down and down. When they opened their eyes they saw that they were back in their own beds and everything was just a dream. They called their grandparents to make sure everything was true. They were relieved that they didn't have to live in old Shanghai with no electricity and a stinky toilet. Their presentation was a huge success. They were both elated and they hoped to have another dream together back in time.

All Because of the Boy

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Chan, Ryan – 9

War. Have you ever been in a war? Let me tell you a story… It all started in Russia, when an upper – middle class kid named Peter Galygin, and his wealthy parents lived in a mansion. One day, Peter's parents found out that there was a bomb near their house, placed by terrorists. They were terrified to hear the news. Then they sent Peter to Shanghai, to be safe.

After a few years in China, Peter lived with another Russian adult named Sylvester. Sylvester treated Peter like a son, loving him and looking after him. One peaceful day, a loud "boom" shook the whole city, as startled people started panicking and running around everywhere. The Japanese were invading! As the bombs fell, lives were lost, houses were broken, and it was a terrifying scene.

Peter thought," I must try to help China!"

He was determined to intrude the Japanese base, on an island near to the Bund. Even though he was nervous, he knew he could do this. The next day, Peter went on a boat to the island, with the Japanese base on it. He sneaked through the gates, then continued creeping into the doors, but some soldiers saw Peter. Then the soldiers started to chase him back to the city streets, but Peter was too fast for the soldiers to catch. Soon, the whole Japanese military was chasing Peter through the streets of busy Shanghai.

Meanwhile in the Chinese military base, the soldiers were planning a secret attack on the empty Japanese base and steal all of their food, resources, and weapons, then bombarding the base. Soon, their plan was set to attack the Japanese base. They started to drive their boats and planes to the empty Japanese base, with Chinese soldiers running in and out, stealing all the weapons, food and resources from the Japanese base. After stealing everything, the planes and boats started to destroy the base, dropping bombs and shooting bullets.

At last! The Japanese base was destroyed, and Shanghai's citizens didn't have to worry anymore! The Japanese military could not chase Peter anymore, so they decided to return to their own base shocked to see that it was destroyed! With no weapons and resources to use, the Japanese had no choice but to fight the Chinese military with their handguns stored in their pockets.

The big battle then began, with the Chinese winning most of the battle. And at last! The Chinese killed all of the Japanese. Back to Peter because he won an honor award for helping the Chinese.

Shanghai is now a peaceful and safe city, with respectful merchants trading everywhere and adorable children playing and dancing on the streets. Without war, the world could be a joyful, peaceful and fun place forever.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Chow, Teresa – 10

A long time ago, there was a legend that people never knew whether it was real or not. People believed a famous detective in the Tang Dynasty, Judge Dee, drove a time machine to the future and rescued the lost Emperor, Wu Zetain, the only female Emperor in Chinese History.

"Ding Dong!" someone hit the drum in Judge Dee's court. Judge Dee opened the door to a servant from the Royal Emperor's Palace as he rushed in with a worried look on his face. He told Judge Dee about the Emperor's disappearance. He took out a piece of paper found beside the Emperor's throne that read:

Look for the Emperor,
in the Turning Ocean.
A terrible roar will be heard,
at the midnight bell ten years later.

The deplorable word,
will kill everyone,
once it has been heard.
Find the Emperor immediately,
before the word has been said.

That's all it wrote on the piece of paper.

"You're lucky to find the correct person with the time machine, I discovered it on my previous mission." said Judge Dee suddenly.

"Great! Let's go!" They shouted together.

In ten seconds, they were already swirling around in a sparkling tunnel…

"Bong!" their feet touched the ground. They landed in a place filled with fishing boats floating on the sea and the sky was smiling at them when it was playing with the beautiful birds.

"This place is prosperous!" Judge Dee exclaimed as they looked around. "I think this place is called the Turning Ocean because the water is swirling lightly and it looks kind of mysterious. This must be the famous fishing village and I think there must be something dangerous around here!"

"I think so too. I have a weird feeling." the servant said, "Oh, no! The criminal must have smuggled the Emperor by Boat!" the servant panicked.

"I don't think he or she will because it said it is the Turning Ocean and I think it refers to the forest because it is shaped as a circle." Judge Dee deduced.

"Smart guess, we still have time. Let's go!" the servant said.

They went into the dark and scary forest. They were too anxious that they've to stare at each other in silence. Judge Dee took out the magical compass and some silver liquid ended up. The pool shimmered in the darkness…

Just then, the water rose up and a faint shadow appeared. It was a fire dragon, an angry dragon with cold, red eyes, black, rough skin and ugly purple, sharp thorns.

"Judge Dee, I have been waiting for you ten years to take my revenge, do you remember that you imprisoned me for stealing the Emperor's stamp?" the wicked dragon called fiercely with the fire coming out from its mouth.

Both Judge Dee and the servant couldn't stop moving to escape from the fire. Judge Dee suddenly performed Tai Chi and the Qi (air) came out like ice bars. After a while, the dragon froze and fell onto the floor with a loud crack and its body was broken into millions of pieces. Some silver footprints appeared, they followed the footprints until they've reach a place where a thousand directions were written in the grass. With the servant's wisdom and good memory, they followed the directions and completed the maze.

"Hurray!" they shouted happily.

They chanted as they followed the silver footprints which ended up in front of a dirty smoky cave made of whale fossils. They went inside…

"Plomp!" Judge Dee and the servant fell into a hole. They found the Emperor, Wu Zetain and the people from the fishing village hanging onto a branch on top of a witch's poisonous boiling pot. They were frightened. Judge Dee and the servant crept towards the Emperor's direction but were found by the witch.

"Blah Blah Blah…" the witch touched her hat and mumbled a magic word. A lion appeared. She sat on the lion's back crackling evilly. "I will have more food for lunch! Ha, Ha, Ha!" she sniggered. At the same time, the lion pounced towards them.

The fishermen help each other and took out their fishing nets. They threw the dead fish toward the lion while some untied their rope and was freed. Without hesitating about their fish they all gave up their hard work for their lives. The servant snatched the witch's hat, hoping she'll lose her powers like the ones in the storybooks. Just then, the midnight bell rang, the witch shrieked and yelled for her hat, but she sunk into the sea and turned into mist.

The Emperor was freed and thanked every single fisherman. They all cheered for victory! "What on earth is this placed?! Why are there fish?" asked the servant. "This was a castle built by the witch for her kidnapping plan under the fishing village. Nobody noticed it. Then I was caught and hung up above the boiling pot for being injustice to the citizens. The witch didn't like it. So, she kidnapped me. I was just allowed to write a poem but the witch snatched half of it." The Emperor explained and started to feel guilty and had a deep thought, "the witch travelled for any learnt magic to replace me." They chatted as they swan back to the shore and arrived at the palace.

"Gather all the citizens." The Emperor ordered. As the citizens were gathered in front of the palace, the Emperor thanked them for their help and declared that she would lead Tang Dynasty properly and turn it into a wealthy country. She definitely cared about the citizens and even went to visit them once a month from that day onwards.

This mysterious legend was found real and became the most amazing story ever, in Chinese History.

Life in Old Shanghai

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Kong, Catrina – 12

A long time ago, during the Song Dynasty, a poor family of Sung lived near the countryside. The parents worked as a fisherman and a farmer. The daughter, Lin, and son, Bo, didn't go to school unfortunately, because their parents were too poor to pay for the school fees.

Mr. Sung, the fisherman went fishing every day, but never caught the amount of fish he wanted to sell in the market. He always went home sadly with only a few yuan. Mrs. Sung was a young, kind farmer who worked really hard in the fields growing and picking fresh cucumbers. She didn't get the income she wanted either, so every day the Sungs went home with the leftovers plus a little yuan. Bo was very good at creating games to play with his sister Lin. Lin instead was interested in nature and always helped her dear mother to grow plants. Bo and Lin were both very obedient and helped their parents with their work.

One day, while their parents were out selling their products, Bo came up with a game called hide–and–seek. While Lin was hiding, she saw a wonderful little pile of seeds. She completely forgot to hide and ran to Bo instead, shouting, "Bo, Bo! I found a little pile of seeds on the floor! Come and look, Bo!" Her brother turned around so happily he nearly fell into the Chang Jiang river. They excitedly gathered up the pile of seeds and put them in Bo's cap. When their parents came back, they happily showed the seeds to their mother; Mrs. Sung took the seeds and planted near the fields.

Days passed by, the seeds were grown healthily and carefully by Mrs. Sung and Lin. The seeds turned into sprouts, and then grew until they were tall and mighty. The next day, Lin again went to look at the tree. Her mother was harvesting the cucumbers. Lin asked, "Do we have to harvest the tree's fluffy stuff?" For once, her mother was astonished at what Lin had asked, so she quickly told Lin to harvest the fluffy things and store them in a box. For the first time in her whole life, she got to go to the market with her mother and father. When they arrived and put up their stall, loads of people rushed up to them. In a few minutes, all their goods were gone so they could leave early. They were very happy and Lin told Bo about how the people rushed to their stall and how their products vanished in a blink of an eye. Bo was very happy to hear it too.

One day in the early morning, Mrs. Sung was growing plants and Mr. Sung was fishing nearby. Suddenly, the sound of trumpets blared and The Sung froze. Mrs. Sung and Mr. Sung thought they were in trouble. Lin and BO was scared and hid behind their own planted willow tree. At last, Mr. Sung stepped forward and addressed the emperor's guards. The guards said, "We need Miss Lin Sung and her mother please, we would like to take them to the Emperor Sung's castle." By the willow tree, Bo pushed his sister forward and whispered, "Go. Sis, go! You can do it, show them what to do!" Lin took a deep breath and climbed out and into the opening. They went in the emperor's carriage and set off to the castle. When they arrived, they bowed when their eyes met those of the powerful Emperor Song.

They chatted for a while, until Emperor Song said, "Well, Well, I believe you should be crowned Queen and be rich!" Before Mrs. Sung could say anything, Lin piped up, "We would love to, but we are used to our daily lives. So being rich or crowned Queen is not what we are supposed to take. Mr. Sung nodded. The Emperor was touched by Lin's words and promised them at least a great fortune. Mrs. Sung and Lin thanked him gratefully and walked home.

Mrs. Sung said, "My dear, you did it well, good choice."
"Thank you, but really, if we were crowned Queens, what about father and Bo? We can't make them Emperor as Emperor Sung is still alive."

"Quite right, come on, we are almost home. We will talk about it at dinner time," replied her mother.
While they ate, Mrs. Sung informed Mr. Sung and Bo about the chat. Bo said, "You should have been crowned Queen, Lin, it would be awesome!" Lin shook her head and said, "No if I was crowned Queen, what about you, mother and father?" Her father replied, "We will be fine." Lin still shook her head. She didn't like to leave her family.

The next day their neighbor's rooster crowed them awake. Lin ran out and realized lots of bags of money were on the muddy ground. She squealed in delight. Her happy squeal woke her family, "Wow! Bags labelled school, work, boat! Loads of them!" shouted Lin. Her family walked towards the bags of money. They so happy, they shared it as soon as possible. Lin generously gave some to her neighbors. They happily accepted it.

Mrs. Sung sent Bo and Lin to school. Mrs. Sung and Mr. Sung continued their jobs Mrs. Sung mended their little house so the rain wouldn't leak into the house. Lin was smarter and smarter and also tried to find more seeds too. Bo became an expert in games and became pretty popular. Mrs. Sung's cucumbers and Mr. Sung's fish plus Lin's cotton were all exported to other parts of the world and became famous. She grew up and became a botanist. Bo became those people that created games. They sometimes went to their parents' house and helped their parents with their jobs. Sometimes, Lin walked over to her great cotton tree and stared at it, and thought of how she had found the seeds.

The Great Duck Revolution

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Kraft, Elisabeth – 9

In a tiny deserted shop as dark as a dragon's belly in Old Shanghai, strangely, you could hear joyful quacks and little patters of webbed feet. Here, there lived two duck sisters named Xiaolingya and Xiaoxingya. They had a kind and loving old lady as their owner. She sold traditional painted fans for a living. Sometimes, she used the remaining pieces of fabric to sew some toys for them. They had a very happy life.

Someone suddenly knocked sharply on the tattered door. The old lady rushed to open it. In came a man who wore a dirty chef's robe. Xiaolingya stared at him, disgusted, "Go tell that dressed up monkey to get out of our door, please." Xiaoxingya giggled.

"It's just a man coming to visit us!" But the conversation soon ended there because the old lady held out some dried fish on her palm and they were attracted by the fishy scent. Seconds later, they were waddling up and down excitedly at her feet.

"So are they fat?" He asked loudly. "I will give you eighty Yuan for them?" He continued in a hopeful tone. The old lady looked at her ducks and then at the stacks of money. The old lady sniffed, tears glistening in her eyes. "I am afraid I'll have to sell you to him. I'm really sorry but I need the money. Only a few people have come to our shop these last couple of days, so there isn't enough money to buy food. I really don't want to do it, but it is better than letting you two starve to death, OK?" She took out of her pocket two miniature fans each with their names engraved on them.

They took over the fans then nodded understandingly. Suddenly, they were roughly pushed into a cage. Xiaoxingya whispered into her sister's ear. "At least she's not bad enough to sell us to some anti−duck, crazy chef who loves to cook duck." Xiaolingya grinned mischievously. The chef whispered to them, "You ducks are perfect for my "Mr. Chin's Famous Eight Treasures Steamed Stuffed Duck"!" Xiaoxingya and Xiaolingya looked at each other, and then shrieked in unison, "Holy Mackerel! We're going to be eaten! Quaaaack!"

After a bumpy ride, they were finally at the chef's home. Xiaolingya thought "How will we escape? There is no way we can escape his jaws!" Just then, the doorbell rang. It was the newspaperman! Almost instantly, an idea popped into her mind. She and Xiaoxingya used the handle of her fan to open up the lock and immediately they sprang onto the newspaperman's head. Then they used their wings to cover his eyes, making him stumble out of the doorway and fall into the goldfish pond outside. Luckily the ducks could swim, so they paddled to land safely and off they were, flyingaway in the blink of an eye. When the chef looked into the distance he sighed, "Serves me right for choosing two CLEVER ducks..."

Xiaolingya and Xiaoxingya waddled for what that felt like a million years when, almost out of the blue, they saw a shed filled with rations! Inside they could smell sardines, cucumber, carrots, mangoes... the list could go on forever! But just as they were about to come any closer, they heard the sound of hissing. Afraid that it was a snake, they huddled into a tight corner. Alas it was just a thin and bony cat. It slyly hissed. "I will scratch you if you take one more step, this is my bounty, I came here FIRST!"

Xiaoxingya giggled, "Why, you are just a cat! Don't be so selfish!"

The cat frowned, then sniggered, "Keep your nosy beaks out of my things! I can be selfish if I want to! Hee , hee, hee!" Now he got the ducks angry. They growled, nipping at him with their beaks threateningly. "Okay, Okay!" he stammered, "You can have the cucumber and the mangoes!"

As they devoured their food, they heard someone noisily stuffing their beak in a dark corner. Xiaoxingya waddled over there and saw a muscular and handsome goose. “Who are you?” she curiously asked.

“I’m Fishy, and I am trying to get back to my home in America. My best idea is to use a plane from the Japanese army. I cannot fly because my wings are broken.” the goose replied. Xiaoxingya heard the word “home” and got very excited. She immediately told Xiaolingya and they decided to join Fishy on his quest for home.

The next day, they sneaked into the Japanese military airport. As they were quietly waddling along, Xiaoxingya accidently knocked down a wooden block. The Japanese soldiers heard and started coming over to see what was going on. “SCRAM!” Fishy shouted, but Xiaolingya was busy collecting the mangoes that they had brought over. Fishy ran to a plane, and then stopped quickly so that the duck sisters could catch up. After they escaped the Japanese, Fishy painted a picture of himself, Xiaoxingya and Xiaolingya using plant pigments for paint on the side of the plane so that the Allies would not shoot it down. On the plane, they also found a map of Shanghai, letting the ducks trace their way back to the old lady.

In the end, they all went back to their homes and reunited with their owners.

The Boy and the Dragon

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Ng, Bernard – 10

There once was a boy lived in Old Shanghai. He was the son of a famous dragon rider, who had died before the boy was born. He was an extraordinary boy with amazing powers but they weren't fully developed. His dream was to become a general and see the view behind the six massive land gates of the city. The boy's name was Mijo, which was because his dad loved a drink called "mijo". Old Shanghai was often attacked by Japanese pirates. They hadn't won once since Mijo's dad had died. Their soldiers were dying day by day but China didn't give them reinforcements.

Years passed by, but Mijo didn't show any improvement in his powers. His mother was really nervous about his powers, so when he finished college, she told him about his father's secret. 'Your Dad was a really powerful dragon rider, but he died before you were born.'Mijo was shocked by the news but he remained calm. The next day, he packed his stuff and said goodbye to his mother, and went to volunteer for the army. He felt sad but he had no choice.

"Well" the general said," I was your father's best friend and it is a tragedy that he died, maybe you can help us beat the Japanese, so lad, you are accepted!" Mijo was really happy but when he saw the camp, the smile drained from his face. Their barracks were really small and there was just enough room to fit his body. The general said," When your rank is higher, your room improves. You will get better food, better clothes and more power within the army." Mijo took out his things on his bed and wrote in his diary. The first few days were just brutal training and fitness tests.

A few weeks later, the general came to the camp with a grave look. He said," The Japanese pirates are having more and more reinforcements day by day and to make things worse, they developed a new technology guns. The Chinese army was brutally killed within minutes but we outnumbered them one to three." "Maybe we could surround them, we could send troops around the hill and kill them at dawn." Another general said.

So the decision was made, the other general whose name was Cheung Fei would bring an army across the hill which included Mijo, while the general guarded their strong hold, Old Shanghai. Cheung Fei was really strong but had a really bad temper. They walked for twenty hours a day and it was tiring. A few weeks pasted and the weather was worst than ever. The wind was raging and it was raining nonstop. There even were snowstorms hurling towards them frequently. Many soldiers died because it was too cold and some starved to death.

One day, a raging storm crashed towards the army on the hill. Everyone fled but the storm was too strong. Soldiers were sucked into the wind and many were blown away. Mijo scrambled away and found a horse. While he was climbing on the saddle, Cheung Fei saw him. As he wanted to survive, he pushed Mijo off the horse and burst away. Mijo crashed onto the floor but as everyone was scrambling, Mijo was swept down the cliff.

When he woke up, he found himself in a really large cave. He wandered around and found some bones inside. Suddenly a loud shout burst out from behind him and on a dragon's back sat a man just like him. Mijo said," Who are you, and what do you want?" The man jumped down the dragon's back and said," As a matter of fact, I am just a spirit, but when I was alive, I was your dad and now, I am going to teach you how to ride a dragon." Mijo was possessed by shock, he couldn't process this and it was as though his mind had shut down. His dad said, "Chop, chop, there isn't much time." Mijo's dad told him to stare into the dragon's eyes to make a bond first, and then try to climb on his back and control him. The tips were not to shake as dragons took to that offense. Mijo leant quickly and soon started teaching the dragon (who Mijo named Spike) some very tricky skills. For example, putting armour onto its body, breathing fire controllably, sweeping enemies with his tails and in weeks, they were

entirely synced together. Mijo's dad said," Mijo, you need to go back to Old Shanghai. Your allies are suffering and the land gates are being breached. You need to help them." Mijo slept for the last night. Mijo's sense of dread was worse than ever. The next morning, Mijo left his dad with Spike. With tears in his eyes, Mijo and Spike flew back to Old Shanghai.

By the time he arrived, the Japanese pirates were already attacking. Chinese soldiers scattered as they were being shot. Mijo immediately flew down with his dragon and started fighting. The pirate's guns weren't enough to break Spike's armours and Spike blew fire at them. The Chinese cheered as the pirates were defeated, Spike and Mijo burnt the ships of pirates. The pirates retreated and at last, the stronghold was at peace. However, the general was killed and a spear stuck into his back and Cheung Fei who escaped back to Old Shanghai didn't have a spear. Mijo pointed out and the soldiers grabbed Cheung Fei. Cheung Fei confessed that he was a Japanese spy and was telling them about their armies.' 'Ha, with your general dead, you will never stand the might of the Japanese Pirates, I have fulfilled……' Cheung Fei was executed and Mijo became a general at the age of 19. Old Shanghai was safe from Japanese and they lived happily ever after.

The End of Double Life

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Peng, Sylvia – 12

More than one hundred years ago, the Old City of Shanghai was still the urban core of Shanghai. There were many bridges, one of which had a door under. This door wasn't normal. Only one person in Shanghai knew about it. He wasn't normal either. He was one of the most famous gang leader in the city. He was Mr. Du, and some people called him Sheng.

When Sheng was young, he wanted to be a successful leader. He was famous for causing trouble when he was small. At the age of eighteen, he burned down a cotton workshop.

"Come back you little…!" yelled a man who was the boss of the workshop angrily. Sheng escaped as fast as he could. He dashed through the Xin Lu Street and went under the Du Juan bridge.

It was the bridge where the secret door was. His heart beat quickly. He laid on the side of the bridge and started to enjoy the pleasure of burning down the workshop.

Suddenly, a brick went inside the bridge and a door opened.

"Hum?" said Sheng to himself.

He was surprised and a little bit scared. He wanted to go inside, but was afraid that might be dangerous. However, to be a brave gang leader, he went in at last.

"Oh, my God! Look! My machine works!" exclaimed a white-clothed weird looking lady. Sheng was amazed by all of the high-tech machinery in the place he was in.

"Where am I?" he asked the lady.

"You are in the future," she replied.

He walked around the future Shanghai. At last, he stopped on the bridge with the magic door and looked around.

"Isn't it supposed to be Xin Lu Street instead of Hong Qiao Street?" he asked a person in a big, beep-sounding monster with four round legs.

"Young man, you know what? The name of the street changed about fifty years ago and can you please move out my way? The traffic light is green now and it's a one way street. I have been waiting for you to leave for five minutes and so have the others behind me." After he said that, he pointed to a group of monsters of different colours.

"Wow, he must feel good because he has a gang of monsters," Sheng thought and went away slowly. He didn't forget to give the 'monster gang' a last look as he went away.

Sheng became friends with the white-clothed people and learnt about the future Shanghai. He found out the big monsters were called cars. When the traffic light facing the cars went green, you needed to get out of the way. People in the future thought he was quite smart because he always got to know how to use high-tech tools, such as the Iphone 7, very quickly. So they thought a doctor might be a suitable job for him. At last, he became a famous doctor in modern life and saved a lot of people.

In the year when Sheng was twenty, he was bored of being a doctor. Deep inside him, he still wanted to be a bad guy and have his own gang. So he secretly took some high-tech weapons with him and went back to the Old Shanghai. Because of the high-tech equipment he had, many people wanted to join his gang. When he was twenty three, he was considered the most famous gangster in Old Shanghai. However, he still missed the

high–tech world he had been in before and the pride whenever he saved a person's life. So he started going through the two worlds and lived a double life.

But it didn't last too long.

A person, an extremely normal person changed his life.

One day when he was walking on the bridge, under which was the secret door he could go through tp fetch more weapons from the future, he met the boss of the cotton workshop.

"Ha, it's you," said the boss. "The one who burned my precious cotton"

They hated each other. They were arguing when a carriage ran wildly down the road towards them. Sheng didn't notice but the boss did. At the moment the horse ran up the bridge, the boss quickly pushed Sheng off the bridge and the horse rushed into the boss. When Sheng got up from water, the boss was bleeding very badly.

The water washed Sheng's mind. "Why did he save someone who had hurt him? Should I believe if anyone slaps you on the right cheek, you turn to him the other also?"

Sheng was very guilty about everything bad he had done and promised himself to never do any bad things again.

Sheng went back to the future to continue his life as a doctor.

He ruined the door under the Du Juan bridge to end his chance of having double life.

Bed–time Story

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Pong, Amelia – 10

Back in the 1930s when I was a teenager, Shanghai was a very important city. I lived in a big house with my parents and many staff members. My father was always busy. He was in a business with French people and they often came to our house very often. I did not speak French and my English was very poor. I sat at the dinner table quietly. My mother was always shopping and playing mahjong . I think she was lonely. She had a lot of money and did not know where to spend it. She was not interested in things happening outside and she was mad at my father for working around the clock. I did not want to become her. I secretly asked my helpers to take me out whenever my parents were not around.

The best week happened around my 15th birthday, my parents travelled abroad. I spent each day exploring what the people were doing in town. It was so exciting and I was fascinated by all the people and things happening on the street. Snake charmers, acrobats, stilt walkers, street theater and actors, the bunk, the upperpeople in the silk qipaos, antique shops, geese vendors……it was amazing. I drank it all in with every sense.

Everyone would gather around the snake charmers and they would carry the snakes and play with them. The snakes would be dancing while the charmers played some enchanting music. One of my friends were so scared of the snakes so when the charmers were performing, she stayed behind me the whole time. One little boy loved the snakes so much he wanted to touch them! The mother was yelling at him because she was afraid the snakes were poisonous. The charmers had the snakes around their necks and I thought that was a little disgusting.

One day, I saw some street actors. They were acting on the streets because they had no money to spend. I admired them so much because I also love acting. They would dance, act out Chinese Shakespeare, romantic stories and sing. I saw one actor doing a flip on the people's heads! One actress looked so sick but she continued to act. In the middle of doing her flip, she vomited and fainted. There was a doctor in the audience and he saved her life. I heard that they got married afterwards. Shanghai is so romantic!

I remember that you, my darling Lily granddaughter, told me last week you came back from Shanghai and there were lots and lots of tall buildings. But before there weren't any tall buildings back in the old day. There were beautiful colonial buildings in the rich neighbourhood. There was a lot of action everywhere.

On my 16th birthday, I wanted an English tutor so my parents hired one for me. It was hard because not too many people I knew spoke the language so I could not practise with anyone. However, my mother bought me an alphabet poster and I continued to practice on my own. I also watched movies from Hollywood and I began to speak a little bit. For example, 'Hello, my name is Amelia! I am 16 years old. My favourite animal is a dog and I am learning how to speak English.'

The best thing about the French was their food. It was so delicious as I loved cheese and butter. My dad would come home with a lot of cheese from his business friends. I loved bread. The French made really good bread. I loved the croissants, baguettes and garlic on baguettes. Since my dad was always in France, he would bring me a few coins each time as I liked collecting them.

My mother would take me shopping every week. I always liked to buy new clothes and my mom would buy hair accessories. I got bored of shopping very quickly because there's not much meaning in buying things all the time. I'd rather go to museums with mom where she would talk about the beauty in the paintings and art pieces with me and I could bring in my canvas and draw there! When my mom was playing mahjong every Sunday, I would go to the park near the Bund to play with my friends and my dogs. The Bund was different. Now the skyline is full of skyscrapers but before we could see little boats and workers. I would also buy some bread for my little sister to feed the fish before the fishermen caught them. Every month, our entire family would go fishing and my dad would catch some crabs. My sister loved cooking and she would often be in the kitchen cooking dinner for us. She would boil it and then fry it with butter like the French. It was fun. When our mother went shopping with us and the servants, we would usually ditch shopping for clothes and go to the street market to buy ingredients to cook.

About the geese vendors, I didn't like it because geese were kind animals and they didn't deserve to be killed. The geese looked scared and sad and the sight of all that blood made me feel quite ill! Nowadays we buy chickens and fish in the supermarket that are frozen, but before, you had to buy a live chicken and kill it at home.

My dad loved horses. He would visit the horse tracks twice a week. He spent 3 to 4 hours each time in the horse races and my mom would get really made at him because he was never around and didn't spend time with his daughters and wife. He also liked to ride horses and he would only go horse riding with me and my sister.

'Dear Lily, are you enjoying my bedtime story?' I was curious.

'Yes, Grandma! I love your stories. They are so fabulous and I wish I was there with you!'

'Let's continue my story so that you can sleep early.'

'Ok, Grandma.'

When I was 17, my English improved from poor to so–so. When my father's business friends came, I would be able to talk to them and tell them about my daily life in Shanghai. It impressed everyone and my dad was proud of me so he took me and my sister to France for the first time. It was nothing like Shanghai. It was much colder and there were a lot of bad people that made me feel unsafe. However, there was good food so after we left, I decided to go to cooking school and I have since won many cooking competitions. After college, I moved to Hong Kong and I live with you now.

Shanghai is a place that nobody can forget. It's a place with many opportunities.

' Did you enjoy that story, Lily?'

' Yes, I did, Grandma.'

' I'm glad you like my childhood, Lily. You have to go to sleep now, ok?'

' Yes, Grandma. Goodnight.'

' Goodnight, Lily.'

Beyond the Wall

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Sung, Alannah – 9

Xiao Ching finished sweeping the dusty old road outside her family's store. She looked over at her two adorable young children, and stared out at the French Concession in the horizon, reminiscing about the wonderful experience that had changed her life. She wondered what her childhood friend Chantal would be doing now in faraway Paris…

Shanghai was once a small and peaceful market town, but it gradually grew larger. After the British came and opened the city as a treaty port, other foreign countries started to establish their own settlements there too, such as the Americans and the French. Merchants started trading goods in Shanghai, and the city became a vibrant and bustling place, but soon, the people decided to build a wall to separate the International Settlements from the rest of Shanghai.

The Wangs gave birth to a beautiful little girl called Xiao Ching. Although she didn't grow up in a rich and luxurious home, she still enjoyed her simple life. Xiao Ching was forbidden to enter the Settlements because her parents had told her that the people who lived there were strange–looking and dangerous, but whenever she went to the street leading to the Settlements to fetch water from the well or to sweep away the trash in front of her family's store, she would see lots of people from different countries walking up and down. They all wore elaborate hats and fancy clothes, which made Xiao Ching all the more curious about what life was like beyond the wall.

One afternoon, Xiao Ching was sent to get water from the well. She was just about to set down her bucket when she saw a girl who was different from her in every way. She had curly brown hair and was wearing a very pretty dress.

"Bonjour!" said the girl. She was walking a cute little poodle.

"Ni hao!" Xiao Ching replied, "What is your name?" she asked.

"My name is Chantal and I am from the French Concession."

The two girls started chatting as if they had known each other for years. Chantal then whispered, "I will tell you a secret. I am not allowed to leave the French Concession because my mother told me the Chinese are a peculiar nation, and it would not be safe for me to go outside, but oh! How I wish to explore the outside world, so I sneaked out while my mother was taking her nap."

"You know what?" Xiao Ching said, "My dream is also to explore the world beyond the Shanghai Wall. How about we help each other!", Xiao Ching exclaimed.

She leaned over to whisper something in Chantal's ear. After hearing Xiao Ching's ingenious plan, Chantal gave a mysterious smile. They then said goodbye and went their separate ways.

Early the next morning, Xiao Ching rushed downstairs and told her mother that she was going to play with the kids next door, but instead, she went to hide herself inside a large sack of goods that she knew her father was going to deliver to the French Concession later that day, and so, Chantal met Xiao Ching at just the place where they had planned, and the fun began.

They spent the afternoon first playing in Chantal's home while her mother was visiting her aunt, then exploring the streets of the French Concession. While they were standing outside the window display of a puppet shop and giggling away, a man's powerful voice suddenly thundered from behind them, "What are you two mademoiselles doing here by yourselves… and oh, aren't you Monsieur and Madame Rougier's daughter? Now, I

better take you back to them as you are far too young to be wandering the streets with your young Chinese friend here." Chantal then recognised the man to be General Dupont, a very highly−ranked soldier and good friend of her father's. Chantal knew she was in big trouble.

While they were walking to Chantal's home, the two girls discovered that General Dupont was actually a very kind−hearted and funny man. They couldn't help but pour out the truth to him. General Dupont was equally impressed by the girls' courage to tell the truth, and he believed that they were genuinely sorry for what they had done. Therefore, he agreed to plead with Chantal's father not to punish them. Although Chantal's parents were very angry with her at first, they decided to give her a second chance. Monsieur and Madame Rougier also thought that Xiao Ching was a lovely girl. They decided to let the two girls remain friends and even let Chantal visit Xiao Ching's home if her parents agreed, and to never trap her in the French Concession again.

Meanwhile, Xiao Ching also realised that she needed to confess to her parents about lying to them and sneaking into the French Concession, so she also told her parents everything and asked for their forgiveness. Xiao Ching's parents were touched by her honesty. Not only did they not punish her, but they welcomed Chantal to visit their home.

Both girls' parents realised that they had judged the others wrongly and were ashamed. The two families decided to meet and they became good friends in spite of their differences, and so the special friendship between the Wangs and the Rougiers has continued till this very day − a friendship not confined by the wall, and certainly not by the geographical distance that separates them even now.

Rushing Around the Clock

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Wong, Jovie – 9

"... I obtained Masters in Engineering at Fudan College, Shanghai ..." my mum called me up while I was typing my résumé.

"Hi dear! I've just bought you a plane ticket back to Hong Kong for this Wednesday, 1st August 2029." "I'll send my autonomous BMW to pick you up at the airport, okay?" Mum said.

"Thanks mum! I'm now busy typing my résumé and job application letters, talk to you later!" I replied. "Bye, love you." We both said.

While I was busy job hunting, I was very fortunate to have my sweetest housekeeping robot, Mimi, to take care of me and my housework. Suddenly, she came to me and passed me a book.

She asked in a high-pitched voice, "Master, I found this book in that big brown leather box under your bed. Do you want me to throw it away or bring it back to Hong Kong later?" "Oh! That's my memory box and the most important box ever!" I answered. "Remember, don't dump anything you find in it and keep it safely," I reminded her. "Mimi, this little book is my diary written in the year 2019, when I was in grade six." I continued.

"Wow! That's cool! Can you share one of your favourite moments?" Mimi asked.

"Of course! But please tell Chef Tim to prepare some scones and tea for us." I requested.

"Sure!" she said.

"Well, my most memorable moment in grade six was the graduation project, which was to explore the wonders of Old Shanghai in the year 1930," I told Mimi.

"That sounds interesting!" she exclaimed.

I went on, "Since I wanted to know more about Old Shanghai, I decided to look for Prof. Owltech, a calm, wise scientist, to borrow a time machine. He was very friendly and promised me one immediately. "Please tell me the year and destination." he asked.

"Back to year 1930, Shanghai." I replied "But I know nothing about Shanghai and I'm a bit scared," I said uneasily.

"Don't worry, kiddy. I've arranged a thoughtful, handsome aircraft engineer to guide you around. Ready?" he asked.

"Ready!"

The machine looked like a large golden bullet, about two-meters tall. Once everything was set, my adventurous journey began.

After I heard a "choo-choo" whistle, the bullet started to tremble and "whoosh", it rushed down into a blueish tunnel with many clocks and calendars wafting through the air. A few seconds later, I heard a "bang" sound and landed in the year 1930. I opened the sliding door and got down, then the bullet vanished. Next, I saw a man walking towards me and asked, "Are you Jovie Wong?"

"Yes. And you are ..."

"John Wong. Nice meeting you. I'm your tour guide during your stay and this is Hongqiao Airport." he explained.

"Wow! an international airport, what an advanced city!" I thought.

"Before we go for the xiaolongbao feast, can you go to the bank with me? I need to take out some cash." John requested.

"Follow you!"

He led me to a bank and I realized that it was HSBC, which is the same bank where my mum saves my red packet money. On our way to the restaurant, I asked inquisitively "Why there are lots of foreigners and western restaurants here, even the Chinese are dressed in western style?" I observed.

"Well, Shanghai is one of the largest cities in the world. It is divided into half traditional Chinese and half western. Foreigners helped transform Shanghai into a fascinating metropolis," John stated clearly.

After the delicious feast, I suggested that we take a walk around the city. "Excellent! I was just about to introduce you to a famous worldwide company, Jardine Matheson!" John exclaimed. "Jovie!"

"Huh?" "Believe it or not, you'll live in an estate which was built by this developer." "Really?" I said. "Let's go to the last stop before you leave," John suggested. "What's it? I'm really eager to know!" "You'll see!" John said with a grin.

We took a rickshaw ride to the "mysterious stop". It was an amazing experience for me. "Here we are!" John announced "our last stop, Fudan College!" "This is one of the best universities in the world! I know it 'cause I also graduated here!"

"In the future, you'll have lots of fun studying here, just like me. Work hard, my dearest great-grandchild!!"

Great-grandchild? Before I could respond to this unexpected term, John took out a red packet from his jacket, and said, "I think I won't be able to attend your graduation ceremony but please take this as a graduation gift from me, your great-grandfather." Both of us got all misty-eyed. I embraced him with all my strength and cried, "No wonder you look so familiar to me, I saw your pictures in our family photo albums." I continued. "I finally know why my grandpa and my dad are engineers, even I am an engineer-to-be, it's the genes of the Wongs!"

The golden bullet suddenly appeared behind me and a screen popped up, I saw Prof. Owltech sobbing and wiping away his tears saying, "What a touching scene! Sorry Jovie, but I'm afraid it's time for you to go back, you have to say goodbye to John!"

"Bye great-grandfather, I'll miss you so much! But before that," I took out my XPhone-9, "Let's take a selfie!"

As I walked up the bullet, my great-grandfather yelled, "Don't ever forget our '**Shanghai-Wonder**'! I'll be a star and always be with you! Forever!"

Robot Mimi, story and tea-time is over, please keep on cleaning and start packing my luggage, thank you!"

Tim's Homework

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Woo, Timothy – 10

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Tommy. He lived with his parents, a sister and a brother in Hong Kong. Tommy loved to read science books and loved writing in his science journal. He spent most of his time in his room thinking about what machine he could make or invent, that's why his parents called him the 'The Scientist'. He was also interested in old Shanghai, where Grandpa was born. He wished that he could make a teleport device to go check out the old Shanghai, where Grandpa had spent his childhood. He used to hear exciting and fascinating stories about old Shanghai and the things that Grandpa did seemed really fun, like being born there and surviving the Second World War, playing in the Yangtze River Bund and eating all the delicious Shanghainese food that made Tommy's mouth water everytime Grandpa described it. He also wanted to visit the buildings there, because all of the buildings were nice and old-fashioned.

One night he was just daydreaming and writing in his science journal when he dozed off. When Tommy woke up he was shocked to find a strange looking machine sitting right next to him. It was a donut-looking machine that was made out of metal and even smelt of doughnut. Just when he was wondering what it was, he saw a note right next to it. The note read "This machine will help you teleport back to old Shanghai, have fun!" Tommy could not believe his eyes, in fact, he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to make sure he wasn't still dreaming, and sure enough, he wasn't. He was really excited and really wanted to try the machine, but he was also scared that the machine would be fake, what if he got stuck somewhere. After staring at the machine for an hour, he decided it was worth a go. He plucked up all his courage, said a little prayer and then with shaky hands he pressed the button. After that, he fainted and he felt like he was falling into an endless pit.

When Tommy gained consciousness again, he slowly opened his eyes and looked around. He found himself sitting outdoor by some strange river, he said to himself " If the machine worked, I should be in old Shanghai, could this be the Yangtze River that Grandpa told me about?" He looked around and saw a crowd of people bullying a boy. He looked closer and found out that the boy looked exactly like Grandpa in his childhood photos. Could that be him? Anyway, Tommy could not stand bullying and he would help that boy even if he wasn't his Grandpa. He went over to the bullies and said, "Hey bullies, I called the police because of what you are doing and they are coming right now!" When the bullies heard the word 'police ', they were so scared that they fled. Now Tommy was left with the guy that looked like Grandpa. After the boy thanked Tommy, Tommy asked for his name, he said Alex, that was Grandpa's name! Alex stared at Tommy's cloths and said, "Is this dress up day? Your fashion is all weird, where do you come from?" Tommy decided to tell Alex the truth and told him that he was his Grandson teleported from the future. Alex was so shocked that he fell to the ground. When he stood up, he said, "No way!" Tommy said, "Yes way!" Alex starred at Tommy's face for a while, then said, "You do look a little like me, but I think I'm better looking! Since you saved my life, I'll try to believe you, let me show you around old Shanghai!"

Alex started showing Tommy his favourite spots around the Yangtze River banks. It looked really beautiful, like nothing Tommy has seen in Hong Kong. Next, he took Tommy to the famous Nanking Road, where there were lots of shops and it was the busiest shopping street in town. After that, he showed Tommy the horse racecourse. Alex told Tommy that he and his family would come here to watch the races and he and his siblings would go and play football next to the racecourse. Alex and Tommy played football for a while and they were both good players.

They were both hungry after playing football, so Alex took Tommy to the International Hotel for some ice-cream. Tommy thought that the ice-cream here was better than the ice-cream in Hong Kong, because it was sweeter. Alex took Tommy to his home after the ice-cream treat. Alex and his family lived in an

old–fashioned house that looked like houses in old movies with big China vases and funny flowery wallpaper. Alex introduced Tommy to his family. Tommy found it funny to see how these relatives looked compared to how they looked in the year 2016. Unfortunately, some had died before Tommy was born, which was sad, but now he got to meet them. They had lots of fun and celebrated Alex's sister Amy's birthday. They had a great party and took lots of photos with a gigantic box which they called a camera. It looked nothing like a camera to Tommy.

Tommy started missing his family, that was when he wondered how he could be teleported back without the machine with him. When he told Alex that he needed the teleport machine to go back to year 2016, Alex started to believe what Tommy told him was true. So, they went to Alex's room to discuss what to do. They were feeling quite hopeless when Tommy sat down on Alex's bed and suddenly yelled 'Ouch". He sat on something hard. What was it? He removed Alex's blanket and to his surprise, he saw a teleporting machine there. There was a note that read "Time is up, go home Tommy." Tommy and Alex hugged and said their goodbyes and with a flash, he was gone.

When Tommy opened his eyes, he was back in his room like nothing had happened. He missed his parents so much that he ran to find them. He woke up his mum and asked her, "Did you miss me and did you look for me?" His mum said, "Did you have a bad dream? Last night you went to bed early, and it is only 3a.m. now." Tommy was sure it was not a dream but he decided it would be too hard to explain teleportation to his parents right now.

The next morning, he went to Grandpa's room, and it was funny seeing him as a seventy–five year old man again. Tommy asked if he could look through some of his old photos, which were all in black and white. He took special notice of the birthday celebrations. Tommy could not believe his eyes when he saw himself in the photo standing next to the young Alex. It was at Auntie Amy's birthday party. He remembered all the people in the photo and the details of the party. Tommy was speechless. Grandpa asked Tommy what was wrong, but for now, Tommy decided to keep it as a secret. The only 'person' he told was his dearest science journal.

THE END

Solitary Island

St Stephen's College Preparatory School, Ying, Ryan – 9

Winter has arrived. Eighteen–year old Mitsuo was wandering in the streets of Hiroshima, looking for a job. He was the only child of his family, and they were really poor. He was about to give up when he saw an advertisement for a soldier. Mitsuo knew that the army would pay him well if he joined. They would also give hi a house. He made up his mind and decided to join the army. Mitsuo didn't have any military experience. However, he was very good at sports, so that might help.

Mitsuo spent two years training in the army. He learned to use guns, knives, swords and other weapons. Soon, he became the sniper of the army. He also learned how to communicate in code and undertook obstacle courses, and extreme physical training. Soon, he transformed from a short and skinny beggar to a tall and strong soldier.

Mitsuo was sent to his first war against China. He was flown to Shanghai and started firing his gun. But then he realized that lots of innocent people would die. He dropped his gun and ran away from the battlefield. He found an abandoned house far away. He decided that he would find a way to stop the war.

One day, Mitsuo overheard the General talking about the Japanese army's strategy for attack. Mitsuo immediately wrote a letter to the enemy, telling them about Japan's plans. He ran away from the army soon after, when they found out. His family was forced to leave their new house. Mitsuo was a wanted criminal, with a one million dollar reward for his capture.

The letter eventually reached the Chinese General. The General did not know whether to trust the information or not. He decided to trust him because his spy told him that it was true after he knew about Mitsuo's escape. Japan has now found out about Mitsuo's letter to the Chinese General. They were immediately forced to stop the war. Even though Mitsuo knew that his plan worked, he also knew that he had to leave Hiroshima or even Japan.

Everybody in China, especially Shanghai were very grateful. China decided to thank Mitsuo by inviting him to live in China with his family. He gave him his own house and a lot of money. Soon a Chinese spy took them to a special helicopter used for secret transportation. Mitsuo became famous all around China and Shanghai. Finally, the helicopter landed in China and Mitsuo and his family started to live a new and happy life.

Old Tales of Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Chan, Jeddy – 11

Long, long time ago, in the old days, there were some people who lived in an old village where houses were made of wooden planks and straws. They were all very poor and had no money to buy clothes or even food and life was really tough. Not only did the villagers have absolutely no money, they also got no respect from the wealthy people. In the land next to them, where the kingdom called Shanghai was built, that's where the wealthy lived. The people in Shanghai lived in peace and harmony under the protection of their wall. No wars ever broke out and part of the reason was because no one dared to cross their territory.

One of the villagers was Joe, the son of the fisherman Jay. Once, on a stormy night, the waves were crashing the shore, hurricanes blew on sea but still, Jay, Joe, and a several fisherman from the village were risking their lives to sail and catch some fish so that they and their family don't starve. Their boats were pushed back and forth by the waves so the fisherman couldn't even stand properly. While on the rough seas, the farther they went, the foggier it became, and soon all the fisherman could see was the water in front of them.

Thump. A sound came from somewhere. Thump! The sound became louder and then after a moment the sea rumbled, the waves got even bigger. Behind the fog, the fisherman saw a giant dark figure with big orange eyes heading towards them, it had a huge body, but its legs were short. Then, after only a moment, it turned around and disappeared. The fisherman could not speak, they were too shocked to say anything or even move a muscle. They then panicked and fled. 'We've got to tell King Jin about this! He has returned!' – said one of them. 'We should, but he won't believe us!' 'Let's just give it a try and see what happens.' Slowly, but safely, the fishermen returned to shore.

'HA! Ridiculous! What nonsense! You expect that I will believe what you have said? Get out of my palace at once!' The King bellowed. 'B–b–but sir–' By then, the King wasn't even listening, and his bodyguards grabbed the the fishermen and shoved them out of the palace.

'I knew that would happen' said Jay—one of the older fishermen. 'All we can do is warn the village now.' His son Joe and the others agreed. As they headed to the village, they noticed that every step they took, they felt heavier, their legs started to feel like jelly. 'Hello.' – said a voice. 'Who are you?!' – Joe exclaimed. 'Your worst nightmare!' Then, it let out a laugh so loud that several fisherman fell, and after a while, they passed out cold.

'Wake up!' – a muffled voice said. 'Come on you guys! Wake up!' The fainted fisherman woke up with a startle. 'Where am I? Who am I? What happened?' They got up and were surrounded by a confused villagers, one of them being the King's general. 'Let's just say that we barely woke you up!' – said the General. 'We have some bad news.' – said Joe. 'I don't believe it either, but… the Terror of The Depths has returned.' All the villagers gasped and started muttering. 'It cannot be!' 'Didn't King Xin manage to kill it a millennia ago?' 'I don't know, that's what the myths says…', 'Everyone, calm down. I believe the King would soon do something about it and would eventually come up with a solution!' – said the General confidently.

Of course, the King didn't come up with a solution, much less even care about it. The King believed that the myths were a bunch of rubbish made up by the ancestors of priests. So he refused to warn the villagers and prepare for an attack. Desperate, the villagers fled the village.

Exactly 13 months later, the enemies were spotted by some scouts on the ocean. 'What do I do, what do I do?!' The King said to himself nervously. He was hiding it, but honestly, he was scared out of his wits. 'The fishermen were right! I can't believe it!' Then, a messenger bursted into his throne room, 'K–king Jin, t–t–the enemies are here.' The King's legs trembled, his eyes were full of tears, and his face was as pale as a ghoul's. 'Tell the general to assemble the armies!' – he cried. Then, he turned around and yelled, 'PREPARE FOR BATTLE!'

The soldiers grabbed their weapons and charged out of the walls. And there he was, standing in the battlefield was Kang, The Terror of The Depths. None had looked upon him without getting perished, and here he was. 'Where are you, Xin? I will have my revenge!' You can already guess his reaction when he saw the one who has a crown wasn't King Xin. Without saying another word, the General gave the sign and the soldiers charged towards Kang, who was still staring at the King in disbelief, trying to grasp how much time had passed while he was plotting his revenge.

The battle was known as the fiercest battle in history. What happened to the kingdom of Shanghai and Kang is still a mystery and yet to be discovered. The only thing that was left was the kingdom's name: Shanghai, which, now instead of a kingdom, is a great busy city. For a long time, people remembered this story as it was the beginning of the old Shanghai, but no one really knows anything about it today. For decades, or even centuries, the old tale of Shanghai has been passed on as a legend.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Chu, Ariel – 11

It has been a month since I have been to the library of Unfinished Stories. I felt that I needed to visit it. I called my friends and when they arrived at my front door, I pulled them into my bedroom where the library was hidden. I pulled out a book with the title "Unfinished Stories Collection" from my bookshelf. The book shelf vanished and in front of us was the library!

I stepped in and my friends followed. I began looking through the books on the never−ending bookshelves. Then, I saw a large book with a leather cover. The silvery words formed the title "New Tales of Old Shanghai". I flipped open the cover and, surprisingly, the book wasn't even written! "Lazy writers…" − my friend Crystina muttered. I gazed at the blank pages, wondering why the writer didn't want to write the story. The writer's name wasn't labelled on the cover. I assumed that we would never find out.

"Anyway, should we finish the story for the writer?" − my friend Selina asked. I said yes and, at that very moment, a magic portal appeared right next to us. On the count of three, we hopped into the portal and travelled through a magic vortex. Within a few minutes, we were standing in front of a giant stone wall. Next to the wall was the rushing Huangpu river. "I think we are in old Shanghai." − my friend Jasmine said. Then, a farmer, pushing a vegetable cart came to us and asked, "Who are you?" I lied and said, "We are from a foreign country, we come in peace!" I decided to keep our identity a secret since I didn't know what his reaction would be if he knew we were from the future. The farmer said in return, "Hello, strangers, welcome to Shanghai, our amazing city!" My friends raised an eyebrow, apparently their idea of 'amazing' was very different! I reminded them that it's the OLD Shanghai so we had to go along with the farmer's idea. The farmer decided to give us a tour around the city. He put his vegetable cart aside and led us through a giant wooden gate. So we began our tour.

First, we visited a tea shop. The owners of the shop were a kind couple. They served us jasmine tea and the sweet scent of jasmine filled the atmosphere. Then, we went to the market square. There were many shops that sold fine china, silk, shoes and much more! I bought a pair of purple shoes with flowers sewn on them. Lastly, we visited a temple. In the middle of the room was a glass case with a gold ring inside it. "It's beautiful!" − Crystina cooed. "It was our founder's ring. He left it here on the day our city was founded."− the farmer said. We spent an hour looking around the temple. In the evening, we asked for a vacant room at an old inn in the market square near the temple. Our room had a great view of the temple. It was a moonless night and all was darkness. Although, not for long…

Moments after we'd settled down, a glimpse of light fell into our room. I saw it coming from the temple. We put on a few layers, grabbed a backpack and headed out to the temple. The chilly wind blew into our faces and we shivered. When the door creaked open, we spotted a masked person trying to lift the glass case and take the ring! Selina quickly ran forward and punched the thief right in the face! He passed out immediately. Crystina and Selina sealed the glass case with tape from my backpack while Jasmine and I made sure he couldn't escape. Just then, a man came in. I recognized him from a portrait in the temple. It was the founder himself! "I, founder of this city, thank you for stopping this thief from stealing my possessions. We shall have a celebration!" he said in a croaky voice. Together, we bounded up the thief and told a coachman to send him far away.

Next morning, when I looked out from the window, I saw the townspeople dressed in traditional Chinese outfits, setting off fire crackers and cheering. We put on the outfits that the founder gave us. Then, we headed to the festival. Everyone greeted us warmly. I noticed the founder was eyeing us, and then he went up to the farmer whom we've met before. He seemed to be interrogating him. I looked away and went to try some traditional Chinese festive food. Just then, the magic portal appeared next to the table of food. No one noticed its appearance. I whispered to my friends that it was time to leave. One by one, we walked into the portal. Before I stepped in, I

saw the founder looking straight at the portal! I needed him to think that he was imagining it, so I quickly walked inside and it disappeared along with me.

We travelled through the magical vortex again and arrived back where our adventure started. The book lay on the floor and it was filled with word and pictures. We were about to leave the library when a voice behind me said, "Thank you for writing such an exciting story for me, youngsters from the future." I turned back and saw the founder! Before I could reply, the founder disappeared into thin air.

We stood still for a while, and then I heard my mum shouting, "Girls! Open the door!" We left the library and opened my bedroom door. My mum stared at us and said, "Where did you get those outfits?" We went in front of a mirror and were horrorstricken. "We um… Selina and Crystina brought them for us, to…um play dress–up." I said timidly. We changed back into our casual wear and my friends left. I believed another adventure would come soon and I couldn't wait.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Hsieh, Anna – 10

From the palace, I could see the crowds cheering and cheering. A wave of happiness sailed through my heart. As I saw this I thought 'Will this last?' I knew a war was coming….

Once day, long ago, when I was just a young girl, I was reading a book as my father ran into my room. This was impolite, but I put down my book anyway. He said excitedly that I should join a line of girls waiting to marry a prince. My father was wealthy and well known for having the most handsome and beautiful sons and daughters in the kingdom. All of my sisters were there already and now I was the only one left. But I knew that if I went, the prince would order me to marry him, especially if it was the eldest son. The eldest son did not have a brilliant mind. He was also quite lazy. Although I liked the youngest prince, I knew that he couldn't ask for my hand because he had the least power. I decided not to go, because I was the most beautiful girl in the village and I knew that, one day, I would meet my true love.

A week later, the king decided that the first son that gets married will become the future king. The princes went through the village, searching for their brides. A loud knock came right through my door. The door opened and I saw the youngest prince. He was handsome, brave and smart. He was also hard working and obedient. When he asked me to be his bride, I, of course, agreed.

The wedding was glamorous. They dressed me in the best of wedding clothes. While I was walking down the aisle, I saw the eldest son glaring at me. It was obvious that he was very angry because, since I didn't marry him, he could not inherit the throne. I decided that I must protect my husband! While I was deep in thought, a big banging sound of the fireworks brought me back. The prince was holding my hand, the priest said 'I now pronounce you husband and wife.' Joy filled my heart. Our coronation was on the next day. I was excited.

Next morning, the maids woke me up early. I saw that they had prepared the best dress I have ever seen! It was red with a lot of detailed embroidery. It was also covered in precious gems. I wore it with pride all through the coronation. But while everyone was dancing happily, a messenger came in. 'The Tribe is attacking, Your Highness!' – he screamed. Everyone panicked and ran home at once as the palace was one of the major targets. The eldest son went into war with all his brothers. But just when we were discussing politics, the general asked for more soldiers. Both me and my husband went to war.

The battle was epic. I was one of the archers and my husband was our commander. After another long and exhausting battle, I thought of a strategy: Since the enemy is using copper swords, why don't we use what they attacked for: our bronze and iron? I quickly went back to the palace and told the king about my plan. The king thought it was reasonable, but he didn't want to use such expensive resources for this war. 'But if we use what they came for, they can't get it that easily.' – I kept convincing. So the king agreed.

Although we had stronger weapons, we were nearly beaten. My husband and the other soldiers were hiding. I was hiding too. But the king was smart. He knew that the enemy didn't know that he was going to give his throne to his youngest son. So, when the enemy captured him, he said he didn't decide about the future king yet. So they captured the eldest son, because they thought it would surely be him. The king's plan worked and the real future king was safe. As they took him away, the king left a note. Because the enemy wasn't prepared, we were able to win this war and we soon found the note and knew that the king and the eldest prince were killed. I opened the note. It said 'Go. Live a new and happy life. Help your own country.' I swore revenge. I decided to demand a one on one combat with the Tribe's emperor.

After I demanded the combat, they agreed. We had two days to prepare. My country's fate was now in my hands. I prepared an iron plate as my shield, an iron sword and bronze amour. But in the middle of the night, a beautiful girl appeared. She said that her name was Zhen. She handed me a beautiful necklace. It had a star with a ruby, an emerald, a topaz, an aquamarine and an amethyst on the tips of the star. She told me to say the word 'Eclipse!' and amazing amour, weapons and all kids of battle gear would appear on me, making me immediately ready for combat. I said I would return it to her, but she said I could keep it forever. After saying goodbye, she faded away.

The morning before the combat, I put on my amour by saying 'Eclipse!'. Although the amour looked like it was made of iron, it was actually made out of pure ruby. Bracelets appeared on my wrist and they had the ability to make ruby weapons out of thin air. When I saw the Tribe's emperor, he was suited up, but didn't have weapons and amour as strong as mine. The combat had begun.

It was a difficult fight, but after fighting for merely six hours, I had defeated him. Finally, I got revenge. The combat made me a warrior queen. Although, the troops are still controlled by the general. On several occasions I have spilled blood in order to protect my people. I still have the necklace. It will be on my neck forever.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Hui, Brian – 11

Long time ago, Shanghai was a crowded town. There was hustle and bustle on the streets where merchants were selling their products to people. Bicycles and carriages were rolling through the streets. Although the city was old and smelly, people still lived happily and in peace. A boy Leo, however, sensed something bad will happen very soon. He lived with his parents and two brothers and they were not wealthy as millionaires, but they were not as poor as beggars. Leo had many good friends and they always played together.

One day, while Leo was walking in the main street, he suddenly heard a strange sound. He scanned around but he couldn't see anything out of the ordinary, so he kept advancing through the street. Few minutes later, there was another loud sound! This time, he saw something strange. Someone was lying on the ground! He ran towards the man and crouched down to help him when, suddenly, his hand started to shake, he saw a horrible thing. The man was bleeding. He then spotted a wound that looked like it came from a gunshot! Leo was terrified, he stepped back and stood still, his eyes were full of fear.

Leo ran back home in terror, he left his friends on the main street. He sat on his wooden chair and looked outside carefully. He was afraid that the killer might find him and kill him. Few minutes later, Leo's friends came to his house and knocked on the door. Leo opened the door and asked, "What happened?" His friends answered, "Someone is lying on the ground again!" Leo's mind was blank at that moment, he didn't say anything. But, his friends started pulling him out of his house, so he followed them. They dashed quickly. Leo could not believe his eyes: another man lying on the ground, bleeding! Then, Leo saw somebody running away! They followed that person, until he reached a house...

When the person entered the wooden house, Leo and his friends hid behind a rock, peeking into the house. They saw a group of people, some of them very muscular, talking about something, but Leo couldn't hear what they were saying. While desperately trying to overhear their conversation, Leo and his friends noticed something terrible: a pile of knives and guns on the table in front of them! Leo kept observing the people and he found something they had in common: all of them had the same tattoo on their right arm. Leo and his friends came to a scary conclusion: they are the killers!

Leo and his friends ran back home quickly and discussed what to do about the killers. They had no reasonable conclusions, so they planned to talk again tomorrow. Next day, they all gathered and walked trough the main street. While they were walking, they observed things around them to see if anybody is suspicious. They walked for half an hour but they did not discover anything, and just as they were planning to go back home, a muscular man walked past them. Suddenly, Leo remembered that he had seen that man before but he forgot when. Leo thought and thought and, finally, he remembered! He was one of the people in the wooden house! Leo whispered to his friends "I think I saw one of the men from the wooden house yesterday." His friends were astonished, they walked behind Leo as he was following the muscular man. Suddenly, a woman fell on the ground pressing her stomach. Leo's friends went to help her. She was stabbed! Leo kept following the muscular man. Suddenly, Leo couldn't find him anymore! He heard someone shouting so he ran towards the noise and found another man lying on the ground. Leo frowned, he looked around but he couldn't see the muscular man. But he had a plan! He was planning to find people to help him and his friends. The next day, the city was in a panic because people kept dying in the streets from gunshot and stab wounds. Leo and his friends told their parents about what they'd found two days ago. Their parents were shocked and immediately went to the police station to seek for help. After informing the police, Leo and his friends led them to go to the wooden house.

Leo and his friends crept silently to the wooden house with the police. When they reached the house, the police peeked in. Even though they see weapons and bad guys all the time, they were shocked. Suddenly, a man stood up and the police crouched down immediately. But it was too late! A giant man opened the door and walked out of the house. Nervously, Leo sat behind an enormous rock, trying not to be seen by the killers. Then, the giant man came closer, he looked at the police and Leo's friends and the policemen stood up, took out their guns and pointed them at the man. In the meantime, Leo was observing the house. There were only two persons left

and they were both planning to go outside to help their companion. Leo noticed a back door so he entered the wooden house. He was sweating. Fortunately, the two men walked out of the house so Leo felt safer. But, to the people outside, this was bad news since they needed to fight more people. Leo looked outside from the house and felt worried and angry. He took a knife from the table and threw it towards the giant man. The knife hurt the man's arm and he fell on the ground. His companions turned their heads towards the house. Leo hid quickly. The two men ran back into the house but the police stopped them. Finally, the killers were caught!

Three days later, the president of China went to Shanghai to thank Leo and his friends for their great contribution and the police for helping them. They were all very satisfied and they smiled to each other.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Hung, Christopher – 11

Shanghai, a busy city with beautiful architecture.

Shanghai is flourished as a cosmopolitan and thriving commercial and financial center. But in the old days it was a different story. A long, long time ago, Shanghai was a city full of happiness.

My name is Christopher, my father is an inventor. One day he went to meet with his friend to discuss one of his projects, so I was home alone. I went into my father's room; it was full of books, papers, robots …And then I saw it – his time machine. I walked inside and pressed some buttons randomly. Suddenly, I was in a whole different place!

I arrived with quite a bang. It was the time machine, it had broken into peaces! "Ouch! Where am I?!" I yelled. "Well, wow! Am I dreaming?!" I shouted. Soon I found myself asking people "Where am I?" They would all say the same thing – Shanghai. I am in Shanghai! I looked at their clothes and shouted again 'Oh my! I am in Old Shanghai!'

Old Shanghai was a wonderful city! Nobody was crying, nobody was angry. Everybody was merry. The old Shanghai was a happy city. After looking around, I realized something: "How will I go back without the time machine?! Will I stay here for the rest of my life?"

Whilst I was thinking, I heard a sudden "Boom!" The sound shook me up! "What happened?' A million questions exploded in my mind "Was it a bomb?! Could there be a war in this calm little city?! Will I die?! Will I survive?! Or can I somehow save the day and be the hero of Shanghai…"

I saw a group of people surrounding someone. I walked over to find that a little girl was tied up with a ticking bomb on her body. She was very silent, but you could tell she was scared stiff. There was no time to think, my instinct said that I was there to do something! Everyone around had no clue of what to do and just looked very nervous. I had to do something and that something had to be fast. I got out my utility knife! I carried it with me everywhere and in that moment clearly remembered my father giving it to me while saying "You never know when it will become handy." At that very moment, it was very handy.

There were two wires attached to the bomb, one was blue and the other one red. I looked at the wires, then I looked at the worried faces of the people around me. "60, 59, 58, 57…" the clock was ticking and I had to make a decision and that decision was going to either save the girl or kill her and everyone around, including myself. That decision was fatal. "29, 28, 27, 26…" just before I cut the red wire assuming red usually represents positive and is often times the energy source, I noticed a very fine wire behind the two. It made me think of all those army movies I'd watched, where the red wire is a trap, so in the last seconds, "3, 2, 1…", I cut the fine wire which stopped the clock. Everyone was relieved and the girl was saved.

Although I saved the city, I couldn't be happy because I couldn't go back to my city, I could't go back to my time. Even when everyone wanted to celebrate with me, I couldn't relax and have fun, I needed and wanted to go back to my home and to my family! But it just seemed impossible!

While I thought about my home, back in the future my father just got back home and he had noticed that there was something wrong with his time machine – it was ON…

To my surprise, a bright shining circle of light appeared in front of me and I could hear my father calling me to come home. My heart filled with joy and huge relief as I immediately realized that what I was seeing was my gate home. I said goodbye to the friendly people of Shanghai and walked into the light and within a split second, I was in my father's arms. I told him everything. Luckily, he wasn't angry with me. In fact, he was very proud of me, he said I was a very clever and brave boy. If I hadn't used my intuition, the whole history of Old Shanghai would have been different.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Mak, Edwin – 11

Long time ago, Shanghai was a city crowded and big. The air was sticky and the weather was always foggy. Although the people there were wealthy, they liked to steal money from all the surrounding villages, all except Poor Village. In that village, there was a child called Edwon. He was poor. He had big black eyes, black hair and short arms and legs. He studied at a school called Won Primary School and it was old. The air there was fresh because the school put a lot of plants and colorful flowers in the school, which was near his home. His home was built with straw since straw was cheap in those times. Some of the villagers rode bicycles and some walked to work or to school. The people there wore filthy and muddy clothes.

In Shanghai lived an evil and a violent, horrible, brutal invincible serial killer. He was always followed by a dark figure. He had already killed many. Now, he came to the Poor Village. Everybody was really scared and they started looking for someone who could defeat him. The killer used a knife to kill. First he would threaten his victims, then, after taking their money, he would kill them. There were more and more victims and their parents and sons were very sad and angry. The villagers asked Edwon's father to fight with the killer. Edwon's father was a warrior. He liked fighting bad guys.

After Edwon's father heard about the bad guy, he went to find him. All of the villagers hoped that he would defeat the killer. But, before he went to fight with him, he called his best friends, Tom, Peter and Ben. Tom was brave and Peter was tall. Ben was agile but he was really short. After he had found his friends, he asked the villagers about the killer. The villagers described him as ugly and short. After gathering information from the villagers, Edwon's father and his friends went back home to discuss how to defeat him. When they were on the way home, they saw a ugly child with muddy clothes, messy hair, crippled legs and small blue eyes attacking the people in the village with a knife. They ran over with spears to fight with the child. While they were fighting him, Edwon's father realized that it was Edwon's best friend, Sam. Edwon described Sam as polite and clever, so why would he want to kill the people in the village? He stopped his friends and he asked Sam if he was Edwon's best friend. Sam didn't answer and ran away. They decided to go back home to discuss about what had happened and how to defeat the boy without hurting him. It was already about 9 o'clock at night…

While they were discussing, Edwon was listening beside them. They were all coming up with ideas but none of them seemed to be good. At 11 o'clock, they ran out of ideas and Peter, Tom and Ben were really tired so they decided to go to sleep and discuss more in the morning. Edwon's father pointed out that, if they don't come up with a good idea today, there would be more victims by tomorrow. Ben, Tom and Peter sighed and sat down for a few more minutes. Suddenly, Edwon thought of something! What if Sam was possessed by a demon?! He quickly shared his idea with his father and his father's friends.

They listened to Edwon and at that moment it all made sense. After they discussed for a while more, they came up with the perfect plan for tomorrow.

The next morning, they hid behind the rubbish bin and waited for Sam to appear. 15 minutes later, Sam finally appeared and Edwon's father jumped out and yelled "Roar!" A demon jumped out of Sam's body! Then, Tom, Peter and Ben used their spears to kill the demon. Immediately after, Sam woke up and asked "Why am I here?" Edwon's father told him that he was possessed by a demon and that his parents were really worried about him. After he heard about what happened, he ran back home to tell his parents where he was. After the villagers learned that the demon was gone, they were really happy and they celebrated with a dance.

A month later, the president of Shanghai gave a reward of ten thousand yuan to Edwon's father and his friends. They were really happy. Sam returned to school and plays with Edwon every day. The names of the victims were written on the walls and the people in the village still mourn them every year at the first of June.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Ng, Jayden – 11

Long time ago, there was an agricultural village called Xin. They were absolutely penniless. Simple straw huts were built everywhere. The village ruler was rich and buried his riches and treasure in a secret place to ensure that the village has no financial problems and left clues for the villagers to find it. He left a complicated riddle:

Town Hall is the key,
Go find wise Ron.
Elytra spirits is what you need to see.
Glide to heaven and beyond!

The villagers had not bothered to think about it—they were too ignorant and the riddle is too complex!

One day a boy was born. He was named Chang. Everyone thought it was just another ordinary boy, but little did they know: he will be the savior of the village and the future founder of the historic and glorious Shanghai...When he was three, he finally asked his beloved mother:"Are there any solutions to our poverty problems?" His mother told the story. Ever since that day, Chang had a goal to solve the riddle.

When Chang turned 18 and officially became an adult, he grouped his friends and read the riddle scroll once again with his eyes concentrating on the first line: "Town Hall Is the Key." What did that mean? Chang and his friends Xin, Wang and Fong were smart and they did not search for any help as, for them, it was not that complicated. So they sat down in a local tea shop, got drinks and started brainstorming.

Ideas were roaming trough their brains. There's a key in the town hall? The key to the treasure is there? But none of them sounded right. Xin recommended to actually understand the word 'key' as it sounded a bit different than the rest of the riddle. They finally remembered that its other definition is 'main'. So they finally figured out that they had to visit the Town Hall.

It was as busy as usual: frustrated villagers complaining, hawkers selling crops, cleaners cleaning. To speed up, they had to bump into hundreds of villagers.

They found a graveyard and not–knowingly, found a grave of an old trader named Chung Nor. And soon they understood 'Nor' is 'Ron'.

They found a passcode and typed their traditional (99) number. And inside they found horror…

They saw a bloody arena with a throne of amethysts placed in the middle and an unbelievably evil king stood there! He muttered a spell that summoned a skeleton army which he then instructed to attack Cheng and his friends. While they were standing, frozen in terror, they saw sparkling spirits, almost beetle–like creatures, emerge from the walls of the arena and destroy the skeleton army in a blink of an eye.

It was the Elytra spirits. They needed to be seen by a bare human eye to be able to free themselves from a curse that had them locked within the walls. They left the evil king to cry in despair, lifted Chang and his friends and flew to heaven and beyond until they finally reached a place where a giant chest of gold was hidden. The spirits handed Chang the key and disappeared behind the clouds.

What will they use the gold for? To build and rule the beautiful city of Shanghai.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Sek, Skyler – 10

I am a fisherman. A fisherman from Shanghai. Every morning, I wake up early and go fishing under a bridge. The famous Zhujia Bridge in Shanghai. The sunshine is strong and everybody is hot, but fishing is my job! My friend, Mr. Tsoi goes with me. We get on our boat and start catching fish. Around noon, we sell some of the fish and go home to eat lunch. Then we use our fish to exchange for other food like vegetables and rice. My wife sews clothes and sells them to make money.

One day after lunch, Mr. Tsoi carried a big bag of fish to exchange them for vegetables when we stumbled upon a man with a knife. He looked at us and smiled. Then, he grabbed Mr. Tsoi and started running with him! I saw the net breaking and all the fish fell out. I was scared and I stood still. I didn't know what to do at that moment.

I called the police and waited for days for a call, but no one was answering back. One day I finally broke down and started sobbing. My friend had been captured and I missed him! The phone rang. 'Hello?' – I asked.

'Good day, I am Mr. Chow, a famous detective here in Shanghai. I have heard that your friend, Mr. Tsoi, was taken. I've found a hair, a dirty comb and some footprints. Do not worry, young man. I'm going to find the thief.'

Few days later, Mr. Chow came and said, 'I discovered that the thief had a beard. The hair that I found was hair from a beard. He kept poor personal hygiene at the time of the robbery. Why else would he leave a dirty comb? He is also kind of an angry man. He might be around 180 cm tall and wearing short pants.'

'He was wearing short pants… Yes, I saw him waring short pants. He had a pair of eyeglasses and wearing a black hat.' – I said. 'Well, I have find enough clues to find out his name. Hm … hm … Johnson Ramsay!!!' – Mr. Chow said. 'What?' I shouted. 'Can you say it again?' Mr. Chow said, 'Johnson Ramsay, an Englishman.'

'I knew him! Johnson was a guy who always wore a black hat, short pants and eyeglasses! Not too many people were rich enough to buy eyeglasses.' – I thought.

Few days later, Mr. Chow came back. 'I couldn't phone you!'

'Yes…' my wife sighed. 'We sold the phone just a few days ago.'

'We didn't have enough money to pay for our rent, so we had to sell it.' – I added. Mr. Chow understood. 'I just found him! He does not want to release your friend.'

'Gosh!! I knew it!' – I cried. 'He is asking for ten thousand yuan to release him.' – Mr. Chow said. 'Never!' – my wife cried. She shut the door.

The next day, 'Ding dong!' – the doorbell rang. 'Oh, Mr. Jones!' – I shouted. 'Hello!'

Mr. Jones was my friend ever since primary school. 'Um… The prince has a meeting tomorrow. Since you and Mr. Tsoi are the mayors of the city, you both need to be at the castle at 7:00 am tomorrow morning.' 'What!? No!' – I screamed. 'Beware of the steps!' – Mr. Jones had warned me. But too late! 'Wow!' – I rolled down the stairs. 'Bling! Bong! Crash!' – I fell on the floor. 'Um… I … know…O…OK, Tom…o…orrow…' 'Bong!' I felt dizzy and fainted. 'Splash!' Mr. Jones used ice cold water to wake me up.

'Wife! I really need the ten thousand!' I screamed. 'Huh? Tell me why you need to have that much money.' – Mr. Jones asked. I told him my story. 'Well, OK, I only have five thousand…' 'No way, I know you have nine thousand more!' I shouted. 'That's for the rent and electricity fee!' – he said unpleasantly. 'Please…' – I begged.

We ran to find Mr. Chow. 'Um… OK! I will help you give the money to the thief.'

Few minutes later, he came. 'The thief said he is going to release your friend, but…' – Mr. Chow hesitated, but finally said, 'But he changed his mind.' I was desperate. 'They are in this room,' – Mr. Chow pointed to a building. I decided to enter.

'Freeze! Everybody freeze!' The thief shouted, pointing a gun at Mr. Tsoi, who was tied with strings. 'Macaroni cheese?' I asked. Everybody laughed. 'Let's get him and be done with this thief!' – Mr. Jones shouted.

We ran towards the thief and started a fight. Mr. Chow punched him and the thief shoot the gun at him. 'Bang!' Then I took his gun and shot at him. 'Bang!'

'Thanks!' Mr. Tsoi said, 'Well, Mr. Chow, died…' 'No!' – he suddenly yelled, 'Still breathing!'

The next morning, the meeting ended perfectly. We got the ten thousand dollars back from the thief. Mr. Jones went to visit Mr. Chow in the hospital. Mr. Tsoi and I lived as usual. Weeks passed.

'Well,' I said to all the audience, 'Mr. Chow left the world yesterday.' I ended my speech. The audience clapped and sobbed. 'Let's give him a big hand!' I shouted, 'I miss him. Mr. Jones and Mr. Tsoi miss him. Everybody misses him! A hero should be remembered by everybody!' I walked down the stage and said 'thank you' to the audience. The audience shouted and clapped. They cheered 'Mr. Chow', 'Mr Chow, the hero! Mr. Chow, the hero…'

1 am. The audience left and it's quiet in the hall. 'We should write a book about him.' said Mr. Tsoi. Let's name it "New Tales of Shanghai – The Hero, Mr. Chow".' – I agreed.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Tam, Belle – 10

My name is Zijuan and my surname is Zhu. I am the daughter of the Emperor Yong Le, the third Emperor in the Ming dynasty. I rescued a concubine from my father's Harem with my maid, Zhang Qinger and my younger sister Yuanmin because the concubine, Li Lian loved a young man whom she needed to find. We helped Lian flee from the Harem but Qinger, Yuanmin and I were ordered by my father to carry out a death sentence on the spot in the Meridian Gate, the place where the prisoners get executed. My elder brother Gaochi, the crowned prince, robbed the Meridian Gate with Hyobu Zhu's son, Ningyang and Qinger's younger brother, Xinger in order to save us. We escaped from Beijing, the capital of China and headed for Shanghai to my friend Xiaohong's restaurant. She was my only friend who was my elder, by one year.

We went to Shanghai by carriage so we needed to drive it one by one.First one to drive was Xinger. Yuanmin was next.Then Ningyang. I drove after Ningyang and Qinger was after me. Finally, it was Xinger's turn. We spent four days and four nights on the road. Each of us had to drive two shishen (four hours). When we arrived at Xiaohong's restaurant, we saw Xiaohong and Xiaowu (Xiaohong's husband) and their busy staff cooking food and greeting customers. Xiaohong and Xiaowu were thrilled to see us. They had prepared three rooms for us to sleep. I was touched and, to say thank you, decided to gather my friends and family to perform for them as a band.

There were more customers in the restaurant than seawater in Donghai during our band performance. One of the customers, a rich man named Che Wen, approached me after the show and tried to force me to become his wife. I rejected because I didn't even like him. This made Wen angry so he ordered his servants to capture me, lock me in his home and force me to become his wife. Fortunately, the servants were bad at kung–fu. Qinger, Xinger, Yuanmin, Gaochi, Ningyang and I all learned kung–fu from a master when we were little and we were very good at it. We all used our best kung–fu moves to defend ourselves against the servants. Wen escaped but l knew he would return for revenge tonight so we decided to wait for him and trick him.

At night,Wen came back. He entered my room. I got out of bed and he ordered me to make him a bath. Meanwhile, Xinger replaced the shampoo with a bottle of cream so, when Wen was about to put some shampoo on his hair, he screamed "Agh! I can't see!" He ordered Qinger to help him. When Qinger helped Wen to wipe off the cream, she put some medicine on Wen's hand. "Help! MY HAND IS BURNING!" Wen shouted and he ran out of the room without putting his clothes on. My friends and family heard the screaming and they all quickly ran to my room, but felt puzzled when they saw me laughing. I explained my tricks to them：The cream was a kind of glue that blinds people for about 3 minutes. The medicine is a chemical that causes a severe rash as soon as it touches the skin. We went to bed a little after midnight, the room was still full of laughter.

The next day, when we went for a walk, we saw a rope tied on a tree beside the lake. I said "Why don't we have a competition? Who can't get into the lake by swinging the rope and fall into the water without making a splash will lose." This idea came to my mind because I wanted to revise the Qingkung move we'd learnt in our kung-fu training. "I am coming!" shouted Yuanmin. She was the last to compete. She grabbed the rope and swung across the lake. While in mid-air, she pulled her hands back and she fell into the lake with a huge splash. "Uh-oh, you lose, Yuanmin!" I said while swimming in the lake. At that moment, Qinger swam over to me and said "Miss, have you heard? Xiaohong's restaurant is so famous that the emperor will come to visit tomorrow!" "What?!" I shouted in surprise. Suddenly, a beautiful carriage appeared out of nowhere! "Hide! It is the emperor's carriage!" shouted Ningyang and we swam quietly to the edges of the lake and hid behind a big stone. "I bet he came looking for us!" whispered Gaochi.
The next day , the emperor came and called out all of our names. He said that he won't kill us.

We decided to approach the emperor. He told us later that he did not want to return the concubine because he knew about the young man she loved. Instead, he gave her a carriage with two horses and sent her off to finally find him.

We were thrilled to go home because the emperor said we were eighteen and it was time for us to get married. Gaochi married Qinger. Xinger married Yuanmin. Ningyang became my husband. A year later, Qinger gave birth to a boy. She named him Zhanji. Yuanmin gave birth to a girl and I gave birth to a boy and a girl! The emperor was very happy.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Stewards Pooi Kei Primary School, Wong, Charis – 11

Once upon a time, in old Shanghai, there was a boy called Hin. Hin was a billionaire who owned a restaurant in Joffre Avenue. One day, he was seduced by an elegant woman who was working for an evil company. She asked Hin for money to heal her grandfather's disease, which was a complete lie. Hin gave her money with no regrets, but, on the day the woman said she was going to give back the money she borrowed from him, she didn't come. The boy was determined to get his money back, but a man, who came out of nowhere warned Hin not to go or something bad would happen. Hin didn't listen to the man so the man decided to go with Hin to save him from danger.

Hin went to where he heard the crowd say that they had seen the woman– the district of Jing'an, and the man patiently followed. They were traveling by rickshaw. It was not as far as Hin thought, just half an hour from the city. Hin looked at the man's face. The man was tall, he had a mustache and his hair was silver. "We're here!" said the rickshaw driver. Hin and the man got off from the rickshaw and looked around. They heard that the woman worked at one of the biggest and renowned dance halls so they decided to go over there. To Hin's surprise, when they arrived, they saw the woman being forced out of a room by five man dressed in black. Hin watched as the men walked away. He asked the woman to give him back his money. The woman started crying and said "I was forced to work for a gang. They would have killed my mother if I didn't reach the goal they gave me, so your money isn't with me anymore." Hin and the man with silver hair decided to find the gang and get the money back so they took the woman with them, since she knew the way to find them.

They got back on a rickshaw and roamed past the streets. Hin quickly realized that he started liking Sin, the woman.

In the evening, they decided to stop and look for a place to rest. Meanwhile, an armed man from the gang had followed them and planned to kill Sin because she knew too much. While the three of them were heading to Duolun street, the man followed. Suddenly, His heard a gunshot! The man with silver hair threw himself in front of the woman as if he knew what was going to happen. As soon as the bullet hit him, the man with silver hair disappeared into thin air without a sound. Hin shouted "Hey! Where are you?!" No one answered. After that, they realized that the man who shot the gun was tied up and in his mouth was a piece of paper. His took it from his mouth and looked at it. It was the map to the gang's hiding place. His and Sin followed the map and found the money. The gang was later caught by the police. Days later, Hin married Sin.

One day later, Hin looked into the mirror and he saw the man with the silver hair. He finally understood what happened, so he said thank you. To himself.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chan, Sophie Yik Fei – 8

I stood patiently at the baggage claim in Pudong Airport. My parents and I were going to visit our elderly grandmother, or Nai Nai, as I called her. Soon my parents appeared, with all of our luggage. The next thing I knew; we were on the way to Nai Nai's house. I gawked at the huge skyscrapers that seemed plastered to the great blue sky that we passed during our drive. I fell asleep a few minutes after admiring them. When I woke up, we were stopping in front of a house. Nai Nai was waiting at the door. As soon as we came in, Nai Nai began talking to me about school and homework, and after I replied and told her everything was fine, she started talking to my parents about some boring stuff, so I looked for some books to read. I passed a room with bookshelves lining the wall. I started searching for something interesting to read. I found a brown book with no title with a few stains on it. This must be Nai Nai's old diary I realized. She must have some interesting stories inside. I opened it and started to look at it. There was only boring entries about school. Then at the very last page, there was entries about wartime. I started to read.

August 8 1937: Everything seemed normal in the morning, but when Mother picked me up from school she seemed really uncomfortable. I asked her what's wrong, and she hesitantly told me I won't be going to school for a while. It just felt so weird, not going to school, even though I hated school. I protested "But then I'll have a huge gap in my education, and I thought you cared about my education so I can be really smart and everything!" "Listen, sweetie, nothing is going to be the same again. There is a war coming on, and the Japanese are attacking China. We need to make sure you're safe by keeping you close to us." Mother said. I started to protest again, but Mother held up a finger and that was the end of the conversation.

August 9 1937: Last night I learned Beijing was taken by the Japanese. Mother and Father were talking about it in low voices. For the first time, I heard fear and worry in their voices. it made me so scared my heart refused to beat and I was breathing too fast, until I told myself over and over we will be fine until I almost returned to normal. But I know we will not be fine. I think the war that I have told that won't happen was actually happening.

September 21 1937: On the radio we heard Nanking was bombed by the Japanese, and when I heard it I wasn't surprised, because we watched it from our window. Plumes of grey smoke rose into the sky, while bombs exploded and fires wavered beneath the smoke. Then later, Mother took me out to buy some food, but the streets were packed with refugees. As we forced our way through the crowd, I saw something I will never forget. Something dark and wet ran in the gutters. I quickly realized it was blood, and then I saw bodies, rotting away in the gutter. I recognized the body of a child and a baby with its mother. Mother pulled me away. "A bomb dropped on them" she said quietly. I only then noticed the bodies were all burned.

October 25 1937: Japan took Dachang. Father says it's because the General Chiang Kai-shek decided to abandon them. He also says that he was probably going to do the same to Shanghai. I'm not sure if I believe him. There was so much bitterness and resentment in his voice it didn't sound right. Despite all the fear I felt, a sudden surge of hatred and bitterness for ruining my life and killing so much innocent souls took over me. It was so strong it nearly

overwhelmed me. I calmed myself, but I was thinking Stupid stupid war! Why do you have to ruin our perfect life? Arggh! Why do you have to kill so much of us? Can't you see its ruining our lives? Has it ever occurred to you that you might actually be killing and murdering people who has done no harm? I clenched my fists in anger. I decided that if I ever created a world or something like that, I would ensure there were no wars.

October 26 1937: Father was right. The general is abandoning us. I watched the Chinese army march out and the Japanese army march in. I felt sad and lonely, like the army's protection was some kind of close friend. I think life is going to be VERY different from now on. I hope I will be able to bear it.

The diary ended there. I had hoped there would be some more entries telling me about her new life, but there was no more and I was disappointed. I returned the book to its shelf, after carefully `checking to make sure all the pages were blank except for the pages I read. Then I started to look for Nai Nai. She was easy to find, since I knew it was dinnertime and she would be preparing dinner. I ran to the kitchen and grabbed her arm. I pulled her to one side and asked "What happened after you saw the Japanese army march in?" Nai Nai smiled. "The Japanese took us away from our house and put us into a crummy little room. Food was hard to get, but we survived. Life was hard." I decided that was enough information. I smelled a delicious aroma coming from the kitchen. "Dinner's ready!" Nai Nai said happily. I licked my lips and went to eat dinner. It was my favorite xiao long bao and noodles. I smiled and dug in.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Cheung, Sum Ki Natalie – 10

Lily, Togan, come on! Tea is ready!" Annica Leung shouted as she sat behind her sewing machine, working on another elaborate gown. Moments later, two children burst into the living room. Annica gasped, shocked and Lily laughed and her jet–black hair swept over her filthy face, her hazel eyes lighting up with humor. Togan looked like the older, boy version of Lily, but his face was deadly serious, and he started recounting their astounding tale.

Lily and Togan were exploring on the old city wall, when they suddenly found a piece of flame colored marble. Lily curiously stroked it, and suddenly a doorway appeared. Lily stepped inside and found that she was actually inside the wall. Curiously, Lily began following the passage. Togan attempted to pull her back, but Lily dodged and tripped. She felt around and gripped a metal ring. She heaved at it, but it just wouldn't budge. Togan joined her, and they both fell into darkness.

A few hours later, Lily woke up to a blinding brightness. She found herself and Togan in a study. She saw that a light bulb was shining slightly dimmer than the others. Lily climbed up and loosened the screw; a battered leather notebook fell into her hands. She climbed back down and exclaimed, "It's a secret diary! What? A bomb! To destroy Shanghai! Only kills humans! Togan, they're planning to destroy Shanghai! I don't want it to go into history books! Imagine, 1913, a bomb destroyed Shanghai. We've got to do something!" Togan groaned, Lily turned to look at him, but then felt an iron grip on her shoulder. She turned instinctively, and gasped.
"Well, well, if it isn't the Leung children, what are you doing here?" General Ming drawled.
"Traitor!" Lily shouted.
The general smiled cruelly. "You didn't know, all this time? Do you know who I am? I am the leader of the dwarf pirates. I have come back, mightier than ever, to destroy Shanghai once and for all!" Then, he tugged Lily and Togan into a dark, musty cell. He smiled, "I think I'll just leave you in here to rot!" And with that, he slammed the door.

Lily cried, "What are we going to do?"
Togan thought, "Maybe we can make something to let us fall down to that landing safely. Something that will let us descend slowly… I've got it! We'll have to make a harness, and a bag, but upside down! The bag will fill with air so we can make our descent. But we need to make sure the general won't be able to finish the bomb…"
Lily crowed, "You're right! I can unravel these threads from our blankets to make the harness! And you can contribute by donating your trousers and coat for the project!"
Togan gaped, "No way! I came up on the idea so I get to choose!"
Lily whined, "I'll probably be doing most of the work anyway, you do it!"
"Fine!" Togan groaned, "But you owe me a pair of pants!"
So, he slowly took his pants and coat off and Lily chortled loudly. But she quickly got up and started unraveling the pieces of thread on the blanket and knotting them into sturdy brown harnesses. Togan attached some bags he made to the harnesses. And so, the object was finished. They jumped out of the window and descended slowly to the ground. Togan exclaimed, "Cool, it works! But we need to steal all of the extra ingredients!"
"But how do we know which step they are on?" Murmured Lily.
Togan smiled, "I overheard that they were on step 9, so now we need to get the last ingredients before they do!"

Lily and Togan began sprinting towards the entrance to the warehouse. They snuck in and saw shelves and shelves of ingredient. Togan began panicking, there were so many ingredients in this room, and how were they going to find the right one? Besides, they couldn't take all of the ingredients! There wasn't space in their object that they had decided to call a parachute. Lily hissed, "I think there is some sort of riddle to get to the real ingredients!

These are just ingredients for lunch!" Lily carefully scaled the shelves until she had found a spot where she saw a crack in the wall, whereas the rest of the walls here were pristine.
She stroked it and a voice hissed, "Password?"
She thought, and whispered, "Shanghai"
The wall suddenly started pelting dumplings at her. She held onto the shelf and franticly said, "Bomb" But then the wall started crumbling. Holding on for dear life, she shouted, "Dwarf Pirates" The crack suddenly grew into an entrance and Lily clambered in, spotting the right ingredient, and took all of it. Suddenly, she tensed and quickly clambered back into the warehouse.
Togan whispered, "Well?"
Lily excitedly cried, "I got it!"
Suddenly, a man burst into the room. Lily swiftly flung the bag in the man's face, but she was too late. The cry, "Prisoner escapees!" Echoed around the hall. Lily and Togan exchanged looks and started sprinting towards their parachute, the whole lot of pirates started thundering towards them. Lily ran to the parachute, harnessed herself, and lowered herself down. Togan followed her and the pirates all hung onto the long piece of thin thread and swung down including General Ming. Even the one Lily knocked unconscious got up and clambered down as well. The thread began splitting in half as many more pirates clambered onto it. Finally, as the last pirate climbed onto the string, the string split in half and all the pirates fell to their deaths.

"So that is basically what happened." Togan ended.

This was how the parachute really was invented, and how Shanghai narrowly missed being destroyed in 1913 and how two brave children saved Shanghai.

Nai–Nai after the War

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chu, Kai Hui Dabria – 10

Friday, May 12, 2006 –– In a tiny apartment on Tian Shan Road in Shanghai, on the 13th floor of a brown colored apartment building, a grandmother, Nai–Nai, is smoking a cigarette while sitting beside an old and rickety bed. In the bed, her three adored grandchildren are tucked in.

The eldest of the children, Kai Lin, is trying to sleep through the youngest child Pei Qi's humming and singing. Finally, she has enough of it. Kai Lin yells at her, "Shut up QiQi!" Pei Qi turns her big head to Kai Lin, widens her big eyes and smiles.

"I can't sleep without a story! Nai–Nai won't tell me one, so I have to hum and sing," Pei Qi whines. Smiling, she goes back to singing. Tian Hao, the middle child, also the only boy, now awake by the yelling of his sisters, looks absolutely frustrated. He grumbles something under his breath and sits up. With nothing to do, he starts reeling off his times tables.

Kai Lin then says to Nai–Nai, "Nai–Nai, will you please tell us a story? Maybe the one with the bomb? Then QiQi and Tian Hao will both be quiet." She looks at Tian Hao and then at Pei Qi. She sighs and closes her eyes.

"Oh, alright. You children don't get bored of my stories, do you?" Nai–Nai says in her smooth but old voice. She goes on, "When I was a young child, about 10 like Kai Lin, the government in China announced to all people that the roads were all landmine–free. My father, your great–grandfather, Official Lian, disagreed. He said that the government just wanted to calm down the citizens. Sadly, when your great–grandfather told the government what he thought, nobody believed him. They announced to the public that my family were liars, and they also changed his job from Main Official of Jail–Management to Jail–Management Low Status Official's Secretary's Secretary. From that day on, our neighbors always made fun of us. People called us the Lian Family Liars. Nobody in my school played with me. Your great–grandfather came home late every night. His wages were just two RMB a week. The Lian family grew poorer every day." she says.

"Ooooooooh…" Pei Qi murmurs. Kai Lin and Tian Hao silence her.

"As I was saying, three months later, after my family became the Puxi District's laughing stock, my younger brother, Lian Jun Liu was born. Your great–grandmother, still very healthy, gave birth to my younger sister Lian Yi Xin a year later. Our family, running out of money but needing to feed more, bought a small house on the side of the Puxi District by the polluted Huangpu River. I quit school to take care of Jun Liu and Yi Xin."

"One day, my mother called me and said, 'Yi Qing, please take Jun Liu and Yi Xin out. Your father has guests and does not want to be disturbed.' I nodded my head and scrambled off, taking Jun Liu and Yi Xin out to play. When we were outside singing and dancing, we heard a rumble beneath our feet. We thought something beneath us was going to explode!"

"I threw six–year–old Yi Xin as far as I could. Jun Liu ran away in time. BOOOOOOOM! A landmine exploded beneath our feet. Yi Xin was not hurt. Jun Liu tripped and broke his left arm. My left leg and my right arm were both broken! What a catastrophe! When we went back home, my father's guests were gone but when my mother saw us, she screamed, 'Husband! Help me! What happened Yi Qing? Are you okay?' I told my mother

that I was perfectly fine. When my father came out from his bedroom, he immediately fainted. When he woke up, I told him precisely what has happened. He used his last few dollars to get us a trip on the *ma-che* and sent us to the hospital."

"An hour later, he brought in twelve pipe smoking visitors. He told us they were Government Officials and he wanted me to tell them what happened by the Huangpu River about an hour ago. I told them precisely what I had told father. At first, they laughed. Then, when they had carefully inspected me and my brother's injuries, they stopped laughing and called someone named Official Ming. When that official discovered what had happened, he naturally did a thorough check for landmines on all the roads in Shanghai. Then, he gave back my father's title and renamed him Official Lian of Jail-Management. He also gave my father a salary raise to about 120 RMB. He also gave my family a huge residence on the Nan Jing Road, called the Lian Residence. We could live there as long as my father kept on working for the government."

"Sadly, the house is no longer there. It got knocked down in the early 20th century in the Cultural Revolution. Mao Zedong said it was a waste of space. About that time, I was studying in the former Shanghai University with Jun Liu. With my father passed away, my widowed mother lived with Yi Xin, who was studying in middle school. So, we didn't need that residence... The End."

"I love your story, Nai-Nai!" Pei Qi exclaims. Kai Lin and Tian Hao nod in agreement.

"Okay now, little ones... time to sleep! We'll each have a *xiao long bao* for breakfast tomorrow. Kai Lin and Tian Hao also need to go to school too." Nai-Nai says soothingly.

"Nai-Nai, when are Ba-Ba and Ma-Ma coming back?" asks Kai Lin suddenly.

"Not too long, when they earn enough money in Beijing to heal Ye-Ye's lung cancer. He is a great pipe smoking addict. Now, goodnight!"

"Goodnight Nai-Nai." The three children chorus together. As the cold wind blows by, Kai Lin switches off the bed light and grandma closes the bedroom door behind her.

The Era of Shanghai

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Picazo, Luca Kuok – 10

Flowing through the ocean off the coast of Old Shanghai was a mighty ship dominated with cannons and a large band of heinous gruesome pirates. These horrid felons were the most feared pirates in all of China back then. They were on the coast of Old Shanghai for one reason, to take over a small part of China. The group of pirates was led by the most harsh of all, simply called Ping. He and his fellow mates tried to take over this city numerous times, failing every time because of the guards at the humongous moat that surrounded it.

Ping was only a boy, but his voice and the fire inside him was that of a strong man. When he was a little baby, his parents abandoned him on the street. A woman found him and taking pity on this poor young child named him Ping, meaning peace in Chinese. Although he was named Ping, he enjoyed playing with toy guns and pirates every day. When he grew older and found out he had parents that didn't want him, he became angry. So Ping joined some pirates to cause chaos around the world, and went on to become a very bad pirate.

Old Shanghai was a small city on the coast of China, and the old town is where Shanghai stands today. The buildings were all different, some were houses that looked like they belonged in Europe, some were mud huts, and some were the styles of old Chinese buildings and temples. A big wall and moat surrounded the city on every side. The walls were up to ten meters high and all of the people who lived there always felt safe.

"Ready the cannons!" Ping shouted, "Yes, sir!" All the pirates croaked. " Don't call me sir!" Ping angrily shouted, " Call me Ping." The band of pirates had stolen ten diamonds worth of bombs and cannonballs during their past adventures, and they were the most penetrating and almighty cannonballs in the world. They were determined to take over Old Shanghai, and as the pirate band entered the clearing into Old Shanghai Bay, no one was guarding the gate. A thick mist lingered setting an eerie look over everything. " Good, no one can see us due to this thick mist, and we have many cannonballs. The wall is so big, we can't miss it!" Ping shouted in joy. " Get ready for an adventure through Old Shanghai, we leave in exactly ten minutes, fire a few bombs at the wall. I don't want to waste any precious cannonballs."

Meanwhile, in the middle of the city, everyone was sleeping soundly. It was so early in the morning that no one even bothered to keep watch at the city wall gates, not even the guards, who were lazily slouched on the streets. Old Shanghai had just celebrated its 500th birthday. The city's stores still had the smell of food and it made some people want to go back in time and live the night of their lives again. This was not usual though, because everyday the guards and shopkeepers were awake at exactly five AM in the morning. This change had started after the colonization of China, when they had to make more money to pay taxes.

Out of nowhere came a loud Bang! Bang! Bang! Noise.

Everyone in the whole city immediately woke up. People were running all around the place, some were screaming, some were dizzily running left, then right, and then left again. The pirates emerged from the mist with their razor–sharp weapons, scanning the area with their sharp ink–black eyelids. They looked as though they were the most gruesome and unmerciful pirates in the whole world. A man with muscular arms and legs staggered a little bit, maybe because of the arsenal of weapons he was carrying. He mustered all of his will and walked up to the front, carrying his giant steel ball. As soon as he got to the front, all the women, men and children screamed and ran, they didn't know where, all of them just ran with all of their might, they all just wanted to get away and tell the imperial army soldiers to protect their precious city.

The gang of pirates, led by an already tired out Ping, marched on, setting fire to all of the homes. The townspeople saw the flames and they felt stripped of something they had treasured all their lives, all of them weeping and hoping that all of this, the pirates, the fire, was all a really bad dream. The soldiers were the only calm ones, standing in the front line with all of their hope and their arsenal of weapons, preparing for the fight of their lives, and maybe their last. The men battled hard into the night, some gained hope and gained courage, some fought the painful feeling of death. Ping and the pirates used their most complicated strategy so to ensure victory over the land. This strategy was called Turtle power and included some rolling and sleeping powder. The pirates had to roll to the back of the soldiers and put some sleeping powder into their mouths.

The soldiers of Old Shanghai were powerless compared to the mighty pirates and they soon surrendered. The battle had finally ended but not in a happy way. The soldiers and people that fled settled down in a town not far from Old Shanghai. They would stay there as long as the pirates ruled the city. The city of Old Shanghai from that day on was called Pirate Ville, because it was a place where the pirates wanted to settle. But the fact that these pirates needed to live somewhere, make a living, and try to live a normal life made them change. The pirates slowly turned good and soon lost the anger inside them. They named the town Shanghai after the old town where they battled against the soldiers.

2016, America, New York

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Sze, Pak Hin – 9

Leo just couldn't sleep. He tossed and turned on the bed, counted sheep, but nothing seemed to work. After a few hours of hopelessly trying to sleep, he decided that he needed to go to the bathroom. Just when he was about to grab his trusty flashlight, a small and frail light blinked at the end of the corridor. He rushed over and tried to touch the light. With surprising speed, it darted away and reappeared closer to the basement floor. As Leo repeated this a few times, he discovered that the light was trying to lead him to a place… of course! The basement! He ran down the basement stairs and each step he took, the light grew brighter, and brighter, until...the light grew as big as the whole door! Fear and curiosity fought for domination through his mind. Not long after, curiosity overcame his fear. He slowly approached the source of light, and only for a slight second, he thought he saw something in the hazy light, but as he leaned in to examine the image closer, the light swallowed him and he was sucked in an endless tunnel of brightness. "I don't know what is going on, but I have this feeling this is going to be a long journey." He closed his eyes as he plunged into the warm and fuzzy light.

As Leo opened his eyes with a start, he found himself in a busy city overloading with people. You couldn't go to one place without hearing a voice. People were screaming on top of their lungs "Fresh meat! Only for a dollar!" "Freshly caught fish from the one and only South China Ocean!" "Good looking good–luck charms! Buy 2 get 1 free!" Within minutes, Leo was already tired of all the shouting. He tried to get some peace and quiet, but as I said earlier, every inch of that city was covered with noise. Suddenly, a hand slapped him on the back. "You're new, aren't you?" Leo spun around, only to see a Chinese boy with ash black hair, a seemingly yellow face, and a tall body. The boy also had a heavy Chinese accent. "O–Of course!" Leo managed a grin. "Do you know where this place is?" The boy asked curiously. "Uh… L.A.? Washington D.C?"
The boy's eyebrows wrinkled into a frown. "What? Never heard of those places before. Anyway, this city is Shanghai, and clearly you should know which dynasty we're in."
Leo didn't answer.
"What?! You really don't know? Do you even live on this planet?" The boy asked sarcastically. "This is the Qing dynasty, when Kang XI is now currently emperor. Sorry not to tell you earlier, my name is Tommy." They shook hands. "So, what do you play?"
"Oh, we play Chinese chess, read, play sports and– "
"You don't watch TV?"
"What is TV?"
"No video games?"
"What are video games?
"Are you serious? No video games or TV? Life must be torture without those essential items!"
Tommy was really anxious to change the subject.
What about we go eat some food? Lunch is on me." Tommy exclaimed.
"Sure! Why not? After all, I'm starving."

As they ascended through the misty entrance of the restaurant, the mist unfolded, only to see the cramped and dense room. The room was very noisy and was cramped with people. The ceiling was very low and the room had obviously not been cleaned for a very long time, so as a result the ceiling was peeling off, cobwebs were everywhere; and the room smelled of animal dung. Leo immediately wanted to throw up, but Tommy, he acted as if he were very used to this place; he whistled and strolled around. There were waiters in pitch black uniforms serving strange white things with noodles. A waiter came to Tommy's side and they muttered something. IN just about 5 minutes, that same waiter came over and offered them the same food that Leo saw earlier. "Won–Ton meen. Is very good!" The waiter smiled at me, then left. He obviously didn't learn much English. Over the few minutes, he noticed something strange. Everyone in this room was sipping some sort of element... like smoking nowadays. Leo elbowed

Tommy and asked "What on earth are they doing?"
Tommy replied sadly "Those people are eating opium, a plant that can be chemically produced into drugs, and can also be made into heroine and other types of other drugs. It is being sold by British merchants, and is tearing up families, and the whole country. You see, opium is very expensive, and all the men in families are so obsessed with eating opium, they even sell their own children just for the money to buy opium. Shocking, isn't it?"
Leo was speechless. What kind of father sells their own children? Suddenly, a blast of sound exploded outside the room. The room was torn into shreds. Squeals of terror were heard outside. "The English are attacking! Quick! Head to my father's home! "
"Wha— "
"No time to explain!"

As they breathlessly shut the door behind them, Tommy explained that they were in the middle of The Opium War. British merchants were selling opium in China. Now the problem is that we need to find a way to stop these citizens form tearing up our country and eating so much opium. Luckily, him and my father have discussed this for months. His father was Lin Zexu, and we have assigned to have a meeting with the emperor, and now they were going. Leo watched as he and his father, who would soon be a legend of China, sprinted across the afternoon sunlight.

Don't Judge a Book by its Cover

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Tang, Zachary Tianyi – 10

Wow! That ant looks so small and weak!" I said as I saw a red ant, scuttling under a log on the way home. "Can I keep it as a pet?"

"You know, Ping Le," Mother said as the ant picked up a small piece of *you tiao* 10 times its size, "you shouldn't judge a book by its cover! The ant is very strong!"

"Whatever," I muttered to myself.

Later, after I finished a good bowl of Mother's special oyster sauce–coated noodles with dumplings for dinner, Mother asked, "Can you go down to Shan's Fabrics and pick up the clothes I ordered last week?"

"Can I bring my friend Chen Le?" I asked back.

"Yes," Mother replied, "but come back soon!"

Right after she finished talking, I got on my vest, and walked to Chen Le's house to ask if he could come. After we got his parent's approval, we went past the old wall that was built to protect against Japanese pirates, and down a secret shortcut to the Fabric Market. After a long time of walking and looking around, me and my friend realized that we were lost. "Maybe we did a wrong turn?" I thought to myself.

Suddenly I heard a low, menacing voice from above us say, "What are you kids doing here so late at night?"

After hearing the voice, me and Chen Le started trembling, sweat suddenly dropped down our fingers and I started to have a very bad feeling in my stomach. This was because lately, bandits and clans have been scavenging many different neighborhoods in Shanghai like Pudong, taking all of their belongings with Gongfu and different types of guns. When we slowly looked around to see where the voice came from, suddenly, we heard a "Swoosh!" behind us, and when we turned, a man in a black suit with a western top hat appeared. Me and my friend stopped in our tracks, and slowly walked back a step. It was Long Yun, the head of the infamous Long clan, one of the strongest clans in Shanghai! I could recognize him because only their clan had top hats when they robbed. "What are you little kids doing here so late at night?" He asked, with a deep voice. Me and Chen Le stayed so quiet, you could've heard a pin drop, or a mouse squeak. "You still haven't answered my question…" Long Yun said in a less menacing, almost apologetic voice. "What are you doing so late at night?"

"We… we were," I muttered.

"Going to Shan's Fabrics to pick up our clothes for his mother!" Chen Le suddenly burst out, then put his hand over his mouth as if he suddenly regretted it. I glared at him, and made a mental note to kill him later if we got out of this situation alive.

Long Yun saw me glaring at him, and quickly said, "Thank you for telling me. Come." A split second later, 3 men in black suits dropped down behind us, and pushed us forward.

As we were walking along Huangpu River to an unknown destination, we saw a very queer sight. All the poor people living on the street said, "Hello, Long Yun!", and he waved back. Very weird indeed, I thought to myself.

After what seemed like an eternity of walking, we arrived in front of Shan's Fabrics!

"The tailor?" Chen Le exclaimed. "Is your secret base under the tailor's shop?"

"What? No, no." Long Yun said. "You said you needed to go to Shan's Fabrics, and you looked like you were lost."

"But I thought you were bad, because you steal from people!" I said, confused.

"Well," one of the 3 men in black said, "our boss only steals from the rich, and then gives money to the poor."

"However," one of the other men in black said, "we only give help the poor in secret, so we don't get a bad reputation as robbers."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "Like Mother said, never judge a book by its cover!"

"Exactly." Long Yun said, as he nodded his head. "We better go pick up your clothes, and go home before our parents get worried," Chen Le reminded me. We picked up our clothes, and were about to go home, but Long Yun said, "Can you keep this a secret? I don't want this to get out!"

"Of course!" Me and Chen Le said in unison, and ran home.

In the morning, when I woke up and went down into my living room to have some simple with fresh *you tiao* with Chen Le, my mother exclaimed as she heard the daily news. "Oh no! Long Yun has robbed another village!" After hearing that, me and my friend exchanged knowing looks, with a little smile.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

The Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Tao, Matthew Guo Hao – 10

My family and I were walking around the Shanghai Museum reading about the war between the poor and the rich throughout the history of China. I felt very sorry for the poor in those days and was curious to find out how they lived, so for the first time I decided to use my time turner which I had earlier acquired in an antiques market nearby. I twisted the screw delicately a few times because every turn was supposed to bring me back a decade in time.

After twisting the screw about ten times, I felt as if I was falling from the top of a chimney into an empty fireplace. When I opened my eyes, I found myself in the courtyard of someone's home. The decorations reminded me of a stately home from old Shanghai at the turn of the twentieth century. The ornate bricks on the walls of the house, the delicate tiles on the flower beds and the stained-glass windows were distinctively Shanghainese, and possibly characteristic of the late Qing Dynasty. My marvel at the decadent surroundings was abruptly interrupted by loud voices directed at me, saying in Chinese, "Get out or we will kill you!"

Two men wearing tattered rags and old Chinese clothes ran towards me angrily. In a flash, I remembered the heavy gold coins from my latest purchase at the antiques market in Shanghai, so I quickly reached for them in my pocket and offered them to the men.

"May I please see your master?" I requested politely. Seeing the shiny gold coins, their eyes sparkled with joy and their faces lit up as if they had not smiled for a hundred years, beaming from ear to ear. They immediately led me inside the house. It was a glamorous home fit for imperial officials if not emperors and royalties. Every corner was extravagantly adorned with fine silks and intricate embroideries. After shaking hands with the master of the house, I sat down and was served tea by the servants.

"Hello, I am Li Mao from Modern China, which means I have come from the year of 2017 in the future." The master of the house gasped in disbelief, "Nonsense! You are only a normal person."

Ignoring his stubbornness, I pressed on eagerly, "Mr. Fu, please believe me. I simply want to warn you that there will soon be a revolution because for years, you and your friends from the elite society have not treated your servants well, and you are not looking after the poor. May I advise you to start taking care of the underprivileged? Give them decent clothes that will keep them warm in this bitterly cold weather. Feed their starving children, provide them with an education and give them a chance to build a better future for themselves. Be fair to them."

Mr. Fu was not impressed. He answered sheepishly," Are you saying they are planning to fight us? They will never win the war against us! We are strong, and have the means to prepare ourselves with the latest and expensively sophisticated weapons."

"Well, who will fight for you? All the soldiers are from the poor and have been badly treated by people like you. They will not want to serve you as they loathe your class of people."

I tried to reason with him. But Mr. Fu only became more aggressive and shouted at me with an air of arrogance, "I have all the money in the world, more than you will ever earn in your lifetime. I will take care of my soldiers. Leave at once!" Provoked, I shouted back at him, "If you do not listen to me, you and your wife and all your children will be assassinated in no time." In disbelief, he barked at his servants ordering them to escort me out of his home.

As soon as his master was well out of earshot, the servant whispered to me with curiosity, "What happened in there? Why was there so much shouting from Mr. Fu?" I answered him calmly, "I simply asked him to take better care of

you and your fellow workers. Be a responsible and fair master." He nodded with resentment, "We work like slaves and are only allowed to rest for a few hours at night. We are punished for the smallest mistakes. It is completely unreasonable and so unfair!" He paused thoughtfully, then spoke again, this time with courage, "Can you assemble all your poor friends who are also stuck in this desperate situation? We need to gather and organize ourselves."

And so, by the word of mouth, subtly but with enthusiasm, impoverished peasants who were deeply unhappy gathered in secret meeting places. Unbelievably, like–minded comrades grew to tens of thousands all over China. Gradually, it dawned on them that a revolution against the rich was called for. They had miraculously equipped themselves with makeshift weapons: spears, axes, even arrows.

By now, I sensed the urgency of the situation and could not believe that history was actually unfolding before my eyes. Heroic peasant leaders had successfully gathered support. Inevitably, revolution finally broke out. Palaces as well as wealthy homes, elaborately built museums and libraries were raided and burnt down as the angry mobs gained momentum throughout the country to rebel against the elite who by now had no soldiers, as they were all fighting for the poor instead.

At that moment, I twisted my time turner and was back with my family again, walking around the museum in modern Shanghai. That night, I thought of how I had taught Mr. Fu a lesson. If we do not learn from the past, we will make the same mistakes again. My brief visit to old Shanghai gave me a glimpse of the reasons of resentment from the poor. History will unquestionably repeat itself if nothing is done to stop the huge wealth differences of today.

The Ghost of the Jade Heirloom

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Choi, Ethan – 10

Dad, but I want to go to the amusement park", complained 10–year–old Jim as the taxi brought the Turner family to a stop in front of the antique shop in Shanghai.

"Mum, antique shops are so boring! Don't tell me we travelled twelve hours on a plane just to go to a dusty old antique shop", 11–year–old Nicholas cried out in dismay.

Mum explained, "Dad needs to find some Chinese antique pieces for his customer's office. We can do something else tomorrow."

Jim sighed. "This is so boring. The shop is giving me the creeps. Hey, Nicholas, let's play tag!" Nicholas and Jim played tag in the shop and accidentally knocked a vase over. "Oops! It's probably worthless anyways. Let's just kick it under that chair."

Smoke bellowed from the broken vase and an angry ghost emerged from the vase. The ghost was tall and slim. His hair was long and he had intimidating eyes. "You disrespectful foreigners! The vase you broke belonged to the Chen family and it was a family heirloom. I'm going to teach you a lesson." Jim and Nicholas were sucked into the remains of the broken vase.

When the smoke cleared, the boys were amazed. Not only were they not in the antique shop, but they were also not in the same timeline.

Jim whispered to Nicholas "Hey, look at that! This building looks familiar! It looks like the antique shop but a lot more stylish.

Nicholas replied "What do we do now? How can we get back to our parents?"

The ghost whispered in the boys' ears "Your attitude towards Chinese history and culture were very rude. You are now in Old Shanghai in the year 1939. I am bringing you to the Chen family's house, where the jade vase you broke was made. Find a way to work for this family and redeem yourselves. If your attitude changes towards Chinese history and culture, I will bring you back to the present.." When Jim and Nicholas arrived at the Chen family's home, the ghost disappeared.

At the front door, Jim and Nicholas heard Mr and Mrs Chen talking.

"Hey! Lets create something symbolic that represents our family!" Mr Chen said to his wife.

Mrs Chen answered "That surely is a great idea! Remember that I am good at making vases? Let's make a jade vase worthy of a family heirloom."

"That sounds like an opportunity to help." Jim said excitedly.

"Let's knock on the door to offer our help!" NIcholas agreed.

Jim and Nicholas knocked on the door. Mr Chen opened the door. "May I help you kids?" He asked. "Sir, we are new in town. We heard that you want to make a vase that represents your family. Can we work for you for free room and board?" Mrs Chen appeared at the door and said "Do you have any experience in making vases?" Nicholas answered "No, but we are fast learners. And, we have no place to stay. Please help us." Mr Chen agreed and showed them to their room.

Mrs Chen led them to the garden where the jade plants were. She taught Jim and Nicholas how to turn jade plants into blocks. Afterwards, Mr Chen taught them how to carve them. The boys worked diligently for a week and made every cut as precise as possible.

"Wow! Making a vase is not as easy as I thought." said Jim.

"I agree. It takes a lot of years of practice to master the techniques." answered Nicholas.

After a busy day working on the vase, Mrs Chen brought "Do you want to know more about Shanghai? I can tour you around in my rickshaw." Mrs Chen said to Jim and Nicholas. "Firstly, I would like to talk about where we are in the history of Shanghai." said Mrs Chen. "Two years ago, there was a conflict between Shanghai and nearby cities, which was called the Shanghai War. It was a fight for land. The Japanese has just declared war with China a few months ago, and they are preparing weapons to attack China. Also, Western countries are very harsh to us. They forced us to give them our land, which we call the foreign concessions." Mrs Chen explained.

Mrs Chen pointed to a nearby wall structure. "As you can see, Shanghai is a walled city. The walls are built to block foreign countries from invading. The wall was built in 1553, and its main purpose was to defend the depredations of Japanese pirates. It's not so practical anymore because the Japanese uses fighter jets and bombers to attack us." Jim and Nicholas were very intrigued. They continued the tour and Mrs Chen brought them to eat traditional Shanghainese food and desserts for dinner.

When they reached home, Mr Chen continued making the jade vase. "We are missing something. We should make a family seal, and print it on the vase." Mr Chen said while he got some black ink to fill up the seal.

"Boys, you worked so hard on this vase, you deserve to do this last part." Mrs Chen said. The boys carefully printed it on and the vase was now complete. "Now that is a beautiful family heirloom." Mrs Chen was impressed.

In their beds that night, the boys reflected on their incredible journey. "Shanghai was much more than I expected. This was a wonderful experience!" Jim said. "I agree. We shouldn't disrespect other cultures anymore."

Smoke suddenly filled the room and the ghost reappeared. "Good job. I hope you remember this experience forever." When the smoke cleared, they were back in the antique shop. Their parents had just finished buying the antique pieces, and the jade vase was back in place.

Jim said to his dad "I have learnt so much about Old Shanghai today!" His dad asked what happened, and he told him the whole story. But most importantly, he learned a life lesson.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Victoria Shanghai Academy, HAN, Maximus – 10

In China, a long long time ago…… Lived a family of 5. A hard working dad named Zhang Qi that didn't come home till sundown, an overprotective mom named Xiao Ting that doesn't let her kids go to bed after 9pm, and all this happens because there are these creatures called Scoopers. They have spoon like hands and scoop people's toes off, they can look just like humans if they eat enough toes.

So the three sons of Zhang Qi were Lai Shing the oldest who was an average 20 year old, normal in size and intelligence. Chen Yang who is the second oldest and is 13 he looked as thin as a chopstick but man, he's darn smart. Last but not least Liao Liao the youngest who was 10 years old but certainly not tallest or the brightest but was eager to learn and asked many questions.

The person who discovered Shanghai had the

Scoopers on his tail so he built a wall around Shanghai to protect the village from Scoopers, but the Scoopers have found a way to get in.

Now it's winter which is Scooper season and people have already locked their doors shut the windows by 6pm and it was a long night for Liao Liao because he couldn't sleep he tossed and turned luckily the sun was up so Scoopers would definitely be gone by then.

The next day Liao Liao saw his mother sprinkling salt on the porch covered in snow, so Liao Liao asked, "Mum why are you sprinkling salt on the front door?" Liao Liao's Mum replied, "it creates a force field around our home so the Scoopers don't get in." After that Liao Liao had nothing to do so he went to where his brothers worked and when he saw Lai Shing dancing around then Liao Liao was puzzled but as soon as Lai Shing showed Liao Liao a notice about becoming emperor if people above 18 went out and found where the Scoopers' base was, they would become emperor! Lai Shing shouted, "I'm going to find their base."

So after another long night, Lai Shing packed up for his journey to find the Scoopers' base, so he left after breakfast and gathered some of his friends and turns out they were packed up too, so they joined Lai Shing on his journey and left. Liao Liao bursting into tears hoping his brother will come back.

The next day, Liao Liao was lonely because Chen

Yang would always be yapping about how some games he plays with Lai Shing are dangerous so what he did was grabbed his favorite portrait of Lai Shing and stuck it on the wall and wrote "World's Best Brother" by the time it was lunch time he got a letter from his big brother it said

"Dear Liao Liao, I miss you. Me and my friends have created a strong snow fort and to make sure there are no wolves around the area one of us keep watch and we take turns, so far we are okay we hope it will stay that way. PS: I will continue sending letters to let you know I'm okay

Sincerely yours, Lai Shing"

Liao Liao was so relieved to hear the good news so the time went by, and when it already has been a week since his brother left, then his dad had been executed for stealing food from a farmer multiple times. So now Liao Liao was even more sad, but atleast he still had Lai Shing sending him letters.

Finally, after two weeks they've found the base of the Scoopers and he said in the letter he would camp around there tonight, so Liao Liao was starting to worry.

The next day, the letter wasn't written by him it was someone from the Scooper base and it said,

"I have your heroic big brother, you have five days to get him back but at only at one price you have to beat me in a battle with a classic sword and armor.

Terrible Regards [?????]."

Liao Liao didn't know what to do but before his father died he told Liao Liao a prophecy about an armor and a staff. It was the monkey king's armor and staff and his father said that legend has it that the chestplate was

where the monkey king was born which was in Beijing, the helmet was where he met monk Tang and his staff was where he finished his quest.

So Liao Liao left with Chen Yang the upcoming day the only reason why he came was because he knew the way and wanted his brother back too. The First Day, they were going towards Beijing and of course Liao Liao had lots of questions about the monkey king and when they were pretty close they heard a meditating sound and turns out it was from the monkey king! Chen Yang told the monkey king what they were here for and why but of course the monkey king wanted a battle and chose Liao Liao to battle him and said if he beat him he would lend it to them. Liao Liao had a trick up his sleeve.

When the epic battle began Liao Liao ran around dodging the monkey king's attacks then after a while he had a final blow that pretty much used all of his energy and he was absorbing energy from the environment and shot this huge beam of light and it hit Liao Liao directly on the face but after all the smoke cleared it didn't do a thing to Liao Liao then the monkey king immediately gave him the chestplate the reason was that solar beam could wipeout an entire village but it only destroys people who are unworthy.

Liao Liao learnt a lot from that fighting experience
that he started to think by the time he got there he would be ready for the battle ahead of him, but reminded himself not to underestimate this guy.

To Be Continued

The Time Capsule

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Ing, Lauren – 10

I slowly opened my eyes, bleary from sleep, but could still vaguely see the same old painting hanging across from the bed. I sighed, feeling slightly fed up, and quickly averted my gaze to look at the alarm clock next to me. The date on the clock displayed 4th March – that meant it was my 18th birthday!

I sat up in my bed in a flash, excitement flooding me. I jumped out of bed, thrilled. Suddenly, I stopped as I noticed something by the door – a large... box?

I walked slowly towards it. A small piece of paper was stuck to the front...

To our beautiful Lily,

On your first birthday 17 years ago, we decided that instead of a birthday present, we would prepare a special gift for your 18th birthday – a time capsule. We knew that you were, at the time, too young to cherish or properly enjoy things in life, so that year, we decided to gather as many of your relatives and friends as we could. We asked them to write you a letter or leave a present for you that we could keep until you turned 18 years old, and we would give them to you when you would be more likely to appreciate them. Now that you have reached this milestone, we are ready to give you this special time capsule. We want you to know that you are loved by all these special people.

Love,

Mum and Dad

A strong wave of happiness mixed with curiosity swept over me. I smiled, and started slowly shuffling through the box...

Some of the letters made me laugh (especially one from my aunt!), some left me with a warm feeling of contentedness, and some even brought tears to my eyes. Finally, after flipping through the box, at the bottom was one from someone I had no recollection of – my great-grandmother, who passed away when I was very little. My interest piqued; I picked it up and started reading with wide-eyed fascination…

Dear Lily,

I am very old now, so I probably won't live until your 18th birthday. However, I would like to tell you that I will always love you and watch over you. You probably don't know much about me, so I think that you deserve to know my story.

I was born in Giverny, France in 1912. I had a happy life there, but when I was 11 years old, my father made a decision that would change our lives forever – we moved to the French Concession in Shanghai, a section of Shanghai that France had taken over in 1849. We settled in one of the areas in the French Concession called Avenue Joffre, which was outside the walled Old Shanghai City – that was still ruled by the Chinese.

It didn't take long before my mother started to take me on trips to the Old Shanghai City. We frequently visited a restaurant called the Nanxiang Bun Shop. Since the first time I went there, I fell in love with their Xiao Long Bao – delicious Chinese pork buns filled with soup. They were the most delightful and mouth-watering delicacies I had ever tasted, and after trying them once, I couldn't help going back to the city every week to have more!

On my trips there, I gradually noticed your great-grandfather. He always came to the bun shop too, and we started to become best friends. When we had free time, I liked taking him to visit my favourite churches in the

French Concession and run along the quiet tree-lined streets, just like my old home in France. Your great-grandfather also liked to show me around the Old Shanghai City. My favourite place was the Yuyuan Gardens, where I could watch the goldfish swimming freely in the clear, turquoise pond for as long as I liked. There, I would tell him all about my life in France, and he enjoyed teaching me Chinese!

Several years later, we got married. Our wedding pictures were taken in front of the City God Temple and on the Bridge of Nine Turnings (Jiu Qu Qiao), a zig-zagging bridge near the Temple. Though I had struggled to get used to living in Shanghai initially, over time, I learned to love my new life, and in the end, my family decided to stay in China, even after the concession ended in 1943 when the Japanese invaded Shanghai.

I have loved living in Shanghai, and hope that this letter has helped you know more about me. I will always love you, but most importantly, I would like to wish you a happy 18th birthday! I have left you a special painting and hope that you will cherish it as much as I have. You will find a special message behind the painting.

Love,

Your great-grandmother Claudine

I walked towards the painting that had been hanging in my bedroom for as long as I could remember. On it, there were the water lilies that I was so familiar with. It was indeed a beautiful painting – the sky blue water reflecting the golden sunlight, the pink lilies, the fish swimming happily in the pond…

I held my breath, and started to carefully remove the painting from the wall. I put it down on the ground with a gentle thud, exposing the back of the painting to me. I looked closely, and saw a message written in French:

'To my granddaughter Claudine. I hope you will enjoy your new life in Shanghai. I shall miss you and would like to give you one of my paintings that I am very proud of – "Water Lilies". May your own granddaughter be as beautiful as these lilies! From, your Grandpa Claude Monet.'

Spy Squad Shanghai Spy

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Kong, Sheung Jit – 9

Present

"Get in!" Marius hissed. "Alright!" James yelled. Marius, James, and Ming Yuan were all ushered into a red steel machine and Marius closed the door. "Time: 1860. Destination: the city of old Shanghai," instructed Ming Yuan.

Marius then pressed a button and they were all sucked into a portal. They fell out of the portal dressed in clothes of ancient China.

"Time travel accomplished. Year 1860. Arriving at the outskirts of the city of old Shanghai," Marius said. "Disguise mode," Ming Yuan's voice echoed out of the machine, "3, 2, 1, WARP!"

1860

They stepped out of the machine, which was now disguised as a cart. Nothing seemed out of place. "Whoa! Ming Yuan, tell us about the history please," James said.

"This is the city of old Shanghai, back in the 1860s," Ming Yuan started with alacrity. "The city wall was built to protect the town from raids, mainly from Japanese soldiers. The wall is 10 meters high and there are guards patrolling at all times. Now, what's the plan?" he asked as he adjusted his hat.

Marius replied, "We need to dig a tunnel from here to the museum. Just be careful not to be seen. We're going to steal the famous painting, Along the River during the Qingming Festival."

They didn't know that there was an eavesdropping device attached to James and meanwhile, the Spy Squad agents were listening to their conversations.

Present

At the Spy Squad, Lukas, Harden, Ivan, and Arson were planning to stop the trio from stealing the painting. Suddenly, Terrance burst into the room. He was not supposed to be allowed to attend this meeting and all the members around the table shot him looks.

"Uh…uh…" he stammered, "c…can I j…join the mission? I w…was listening in and uh …"

"So you were listening without our permission and now want to join us?" shouted Harden. Terrance sulked out of the room.

"Lukas and Arson, get the time machine ready. Ivan, take care of the weapons and other gear. We will meet here in 30 minutes," ordered Harden. They all dispersed from the room swiftly.

1860

"TING! BU YAO ZAI DONG!" shouted one of the Chinese guards. "Oh, bother!" Marius grumbled as the three thieves emerged from the tunnel. James then fired his gun at the guard.

"I thought the painting was in Beijing. Why is it here?" Ming Yuan whispered. "Because this is the real one!" Marius screamed at Ming Yuan.

Ming Yuan cowered behind James and asked James to take out the guards at the post while he would get the painting. They were forced to split up, but each of them was just as destructive. They used modern tools and

weapons to beat the spear−wielding guards steadfastly. They had taken out all the guards quickly and got hold of the painting.

Present

After Harden and Lukas detached the energy wheels, they were finally ready to go. The small capsule was then attached to the time machine. In about 30 minutes, the Squad team arrived at the City God Temple. "Disguise mode, WARP!" said Harden. They waited, but nothing happened. "What's wrong? What's wrong?"

"Oops," the playful voice of Terrance sounded through the capsule. He peeked from the oil area and smiled mischievously. This took everyone by surprise. Suddenly, the time machine lurched forward, and sent them all back to the designated time. They landed in the outskirts of the old city of Shanghai.

1860

"How are we going to get past this high wall without using modern technology?" Arson had a good point. There is no way anyone could go through this wall without breaking it.

"We don't have to. Look!" They saw the three thieves climbing out of a hole, looking around surreptitiously. When the thieves saw the agents, they panicked and ran. The agents chased the trio towards the gate.

The trio blasted a huge hole in the wall and kept running. They ran towards the old town. The local people were watching in awe; they had never seen anything like that before.
"TING!" some Chinese guards started to chase after the agents. So the agents not only had to run through the smoke that came from the bombs thrown by the trio, they also had to dodge the spears thrown by the local officers.

"Prototype X!" Harden and Lukas yelled and, their suits expanding into a wingsuit, they flew towards the three thieves. Below them, Ivan tapped his wrist and it glowed blue. He smiled and said, "The rest of the squad, tap your wrists and … fire!" Everyone fired at the trio.

Ming Yuan was hit and the squad caught him in a glowing blue net. They continued to chase the others towards the center of the city.

"Take this, and run!" Knowing that it would not be possible for all of them to escape, Marius shoved the painting into James' hand. He then stopped to face the agents in combat. Lukas and Harden ignited their red blade and flew towards James. Meanwhile, Marius single−handedly beat the other agents.

"Get him!" Lukas zoomed low and cut James' arm. He yelped in pain and dropped the painting. In the same instant, Harden took the painting and flew back, ready to fight Marius. But now they saw Marius already caught in a blue net, being dragged by Terrance.

Suddenly, Arson took out a lighter and shone it towards the sky. There was a flash of light, and every villager around them fainted. "Their memory is gone. All their recollection of this event has been erased."

To avoid changing the history, they left the painting in the arms of one of the Chinese officers.

Present

Getting out of the time machine, Lukas suddenly beamed, "Ah! The painting is now on display in Hong Kong. Let's all go!" They quickly drove to the jail to put the prisoners in, then rushing to Hong Kong Museum to see the painting.

The Cat and the Beans

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Sze, Hayden – 9

Thump. Thump. He heard the footsteps first. "Wake Up!". That was the phrase he had heard so many times. His eyes flickered open but for a moment he stayed completely still in his bed. Looking out the window, as usual, he saw the familiar stray cat lying around. There seemed to be a lot more stray cats nowadays with the influx of foreigners to the foreign enclaves around the Chinese City, for some reason.

Xiao Ming got up and changed. "Breakfast!" his dad yelled from downstairs. Today's breakfast was leftover beans*Argh…why beans??* Xiao Ming quickly gobbled up the beans, which he thought tasted disgusting, but Xiao Ming ignored it since he knew he wouldn't get anything better anyway. He wondered if he would get sick from the beans. His mother packed up her breakfast, gave his dad a kiss and left for work.

The stray cat wandered into their house. It looked hungry and skinny. Xiao Ming looked at the last three beans on his plate. He decided he would give them to the poor cat. He poured the last of the beans on the floor and the cat snatched them up very quickly and ran out. Xiao Ming felt glad. He really liked this cat.

As usual, Xiao Ming and his dad went to the Old City God Temple to do their daily prayers. The atmosphere of the temple seemed different today. There was police tape sealing the temple. "What happened?" Xiao Ming asked. The local police told him that there had been a robbery last night. "What was stolen?" he asked. The police said it was a jade statue of Huoguang, a famous general of the Western Han Dynasty and one of the three worshipped gods in the temple.

Xiao Ming's dad had now also left for work and Xiao Ming himself was returning home. He went through the lilongs close to the Small Eastern Gate of the Chinese City, when he heard a sound. A slight, faint meow. He looked around and saw the stray cat that he had seen everyday. The cat meowed some more and ran off. *I think it wants me to follow it!* Xiao Ming thought. He ran off after the cat into a series of lilongs, twists and turns, until finally they came to… another lilong? The cat purred and jumped around on one of the sewer drains. Xiao Ming walked over to find a beautiful carved spruce plank, about the size of his hand. *This seems useless*, he thought, but he shoved it into his pocket anyway. By the time he turned his head around, the cat was nowhere to be seen. He then continued on his way.

Then he went through the large Yuyuan Garden. Xiao Ming had always loved wandering in the garden with his mother. They loved the beautiful plants and trees and the sculptures in the garden. He was remembering the good times when, yet again, he heard the soft purring of a cat. *That must be the stray cat!* Thought Xiao Ming. He followed the sound of the purrs and found the cat, lying between some bushes and sculptures. The cat nudged its head towards the bush. *It's probably telling me to look in there!* Xiao Ming thought. He rummaged around in the bush until he felt the soft fabric of something, and pulled it out. He was looking at a nametag, completely weaved from golden silk, with the name 'Huoguang' on it. *Um…what kind of name is that?* It sounded familiar to Xiao Ming, but he just couldn't remember where he heard it from. Anyway the golden tag looked nice. He took out the spruce plank from his pocket and looked at it. *Great!* Xiao Ming thought, *two funny finds in a day. The*

items might come in useful later. He was just about to check on the cat again which seems to bring him some luck in finding useless but delightful little objects. The cat was gone! *Oh well,* Ming thought, *maybe I will see it again tomorrow morning.* He continued his way back home

When he had finally returned home, Xiao Ming was so tired from his little detours. He kicked off his sandals, ran to his room and flopped into bed for an afternoon nap. Just as Xiao Ming was about to pull up the covers, he heard some clanking and meowing in the kitchen. *Could the cat have returned?,* he thought. He went to the kitchen and saw the cat, reaching out to a can of beans and right next to the can was a statue of a little green man… No Wait… It was a little jade statue of a man. Xiao Ming took a closer look. He couldn't believe it, it was the Jade Statue of Huoguang! The cat actually brought him the statue, so it was the cat who stole the statue all along! He now realised that the spruce plank and the name tag was part of the statue decorations. *<sigh>… Now I need to return them to the temple.*

Xiao Ming made his way through the maze−like lilongs back to the Old City God Temple. The cat followed him all the way. He met the priest and returned the statue and its accessories and told the priest : "The cat did it, not me." The priest stared at him and the cat for a while with a puzzled look, but thanked him anyway. Xiao Ming was about to leave, disappointed at not getting any reward. The priest spoke: "You know, your mother came this early morning and fed some leftovers to stray cats. She fed it beans I think. Please say thanks to her for her kindness to animals."

Xiao Ming thanked the priest and left. The stray cat followed him. He decided that he will keep the cat as a pet and would name it "Bean". Thanks to Bean, Xiao Ming made a major discovery today...

His mother also hated beans.

The Master Chef

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wong, Denzel – 10

Once in a big land in China, was a fabulous city called Shanghai, it was a beautiful place. There were so many beautiful statues amongst the elegant trees and the amazing performances of the lovely dancers were world famous. One of the most famous things about Shanghai was the delicious food that people from all around the world eat now. Shanghai was the most glamorous in cultured city in the early 1900's which earned for it the reputation "the Paris of the East".

Before Phillippe was born, his parents moved to Shanghai. His father was a French chef and he taught Philippe to love French food also. Philippe loved to cook as much as his father did.
Philippe adored the taste and aroma of food and would always watch his parents and others cook. Philippe's family was not wealthy. Philippe has 2 older brothers and both of them liked to play football, they would always tease Philippe for always being in the kitchen and not playing with them. They were always ganging up on Phillipe and being mean to him but Phillipe would never fight back.

From age 6 he started to cook small dishes for his family at home. And whenever he was lucky enough to go to a restaurant, he would always be very specific of what ingredients was in the dishes he had. Whenever he had a cooking class with his dad, he would get everything right and was always be much better than the other students that Philippe's dad taught. Phillipe would spend a long time studying about different chefs in the world. Philippe studied the key ingredients of the most famous dishes. Their family's wish was to create a famous Shanghainese French dish. As he grew older he kept getting better and better and his family all adored the meals that he cooked.

Phillipe had entered many cooking competitions in the past and he was determined that he would win this one. His original dish was a deep fried dumpling pastry with steak inside and golden frites all around it. He had mastered his dish and knew what special and key ingredients that he needed.

This was the biggest competition in the whole of Asia and whoever won would get a whole bunch of money and their dish would be famous all around the world.

Philippe's family has used a lot of their time to help him and his family. Philippe wanted to be the one to help his family for all the good things that his parents have done for him and wants to make them proud.

Philippe thought,

"Everyone believes in me and I won't let them down."

All the hard work that he put into his cooking would all pay off now.

At the competition, he was really nervous, it felt like there was a bunch of butterflies in his tummy. He was really worried that he wouldn't finish cooking it in time, or if the judges wouldn't like the food that he cooked. There was a lot of other contestants and everyone looked much more confident than him and they were already at their tables and had everything set up.

Philippe walked up to his allocated table and unpacked all his ingredients that he needed. He got the oven ready and cooking pans. When the judges came out, they introduced themselves and said everyone had 40 minutes to finish cooking their dish. Phillipe was so nervous that his hands were shaking and sweating so much.

"3 2 1 go!!!"

Everyone started cooking as fast as they can. The whole kitchen had smoke everywhere like there was a fire. The room was filled with different types of delicious and scrumptious flavors.

Philippe thought to himself,
"It doesn't matter if I lose the competition but I have to try. I should always have to try my best for everything I do."

Phillipe was working as fast as he could but when he was holding a glass bottle of oil, his other hand accidentally touched the blazing hot frying pan, it shocked him and he screamed very loudly. He dropped the bottle of oil. Everything to him was like in slow motion and he didn't know what to do.

But suddenly he thought very quickly and something was echoing in his head,
" I will not let my family down. "

He reacted really quickly and he caught the glass bottle right before it fell. Phillipe would not stop and he kept going. It was down to the last 10 seconds when Philippe dished out his dumpling with the small pieces of steak inside and then dished it out on the plate nice and neatly. The frites were all around the dumplings and the ketchup on the side. He just finished in time. The room was filled with mouth watering looking food!

When the contestants were being judged everyone got a really high score. And when the judges said

" Phillipe! Come out please "

Philippe came out and introduced his dish. The judge thought it looked interesting. He gave his dish to the judge and he tasted it, he stopped for a little bit and then said

" Delicious! 很好吃！ Very delicious! "

And there was a big wide happy smile on his face. I went back to my table feeling very relieved.

The judges talked for awhile and then said

"We have had a talk and everyone of you should be proud yourself, but there can only be one winner and that is..... Philippe!!"

Phillipe was so happy to finally win. He rushed home and then told his whole family about it. They were so happy for him everyone was screaming with delight. The next morning they got sent a 1,000,000 dollar cheque! Philippe also opened a new restaurant with his father and everyone loved their dishes! From then on, their family would never be worried again.

The History of the Dragon Dumplings

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wong, Xavier – 9

It all starts in a small town in Shanghai, where dragons flew high above the sky.

Once a year the dragons feast on the humans down below on the land. They called this day the "Feastival".

One gloomy night, a baby dragon named Alex was born. He was cute and he was born a prince. His father, "King Dragon Almighty", the fierce leader of the dragons was shocked that his son was born on the day of "Feastival" – that is, the day that all the human babies were born. It's a day when the dragons feast on the humans, so for a dragon to be born on Feastival was not good.

This inauspicious birthday made Alex different from the other dragon babies because on the day of Feastival no one will be there to celebrate your birthday. All the dragons will be off eating humans and Alex's mother will miss out on Feastival, as she will stay with Alex to celebrate!

Poor Alex and his mum, they couldn't go to the Feastival. A Feastival birthday means that the birthday–dragon will be allergic to humans for 9 to 10 years. That means Alex will have to stay at home every year on Feastival – the most happiest time for the dragons.

On the day of the Feastival, the humans were bringing everyone to the protected palace where they will be safe and sound. When all the people entered, they closed all the windows and doors so that no dragons can get in. But since there were so many windows and doors they left one window open and forgot about it. So, that's how the dragons were able to sneak inside.

King Dragon Almighty flew in first, followed on by the rest of the tribe. Their first aim was the guards. They ate them one by one and then moved on to eating the fat people. After that, they were stuffed, as fat people were half of the people in the palace.

4 YEARS LATER

It was Feastival and Alex was celebrating his birthday with his mother, when the others were all out looking for humans to eat. When Alex had finished celebrating, they saw the other dragons lurking around looking for a place to enter the human palace. They saw a tribe of dragons bashing a hole through the palace wall to break in, which attracted the guards to fight them. It looked a little violent.

The Queen pulled Alex away and said to him,

"That's enough sightseeing for today, hope they manage to eat them all. I miss Feastival!"

Then the Queen tucked him into bed, and Alex fell fast asleep.

When Alex was sleeping, the dragons came back. All of them had scars on their faces and blood all over their bodies. There were so many injuries!

They threw all of their stuff down knocking down Alex's birthday cake. They were really upset!

It's important now to tell you that many many years before, the dragons and humans had signed a contract: if the dragons ever surrendered, they no longer had the power to eat the humans on Feastival.

So everyone had returned, but the Queen noticed that the king had not come back. The bad bad news was that he had been killed! No wonder they had surrendered, with no leader they were weak.

From this day on, they refused to eat humans and started to celebrate with Alex on his birthday.

A FEW YEARS LATER

Alex turned 12, and everyone was there to celebrate. They danced and had lots of fun. That night when all the dragons were fast asleep, Alex's mum the Queen of the dragons took Alex for a little fly. They flew over Mount Wutai and took a rest in an open field. She told him about how his father died, and that it was the leader of the Chinese army who sniped him from behind the Emperor's throne, killing the Almighty.

Alex then heard a sound coming from far away. He could see the army coming towards them. He tried to fly away but he got shot down. His mum managed to fly away and left him paralyzed on the ground. The guards then brought Alex back to the palace.

On the way there, a little boy asked if he could take care of him, his name was Tim. So Alex went with Tim and they became friends.

Tim went out to buy food one day at a shop called "Dragons Fly Above Us" and it said "$2 for trying" so he tried it and it was really good. When Tim asked about the food he was told,

"These are Dragon dumplings – meat of the King Dragon Almighty who died a few years ago".

Tim had no idea that the King Dragon Almighty was Alex's dad who got killed by Tim's grandpa the leader of the Chinese army. So he brought home the Dragon dumplings. Alex could smell his dad's blood and saw that Tim was eating the dragon dumplings so Alex had a vision it was Tim with his dad at the ceremony when the dragons gave them their stuff after defeat from the humans and Tim knew that it he had been eating King Almighty's flesh and didn't realize that he was the prince.

Alex's eyes went flaming red and Tim was scared for his life. Alex flew away and every villager that saw him threw rocks at him. He managed to fly to the cave. He then told his mum,

" Alright my dad's dead, I'm your new leader I am finished with allergy. And I saw someone chopping up dragon flesh, this brings back some terrible memories.

IT'S TIME TO AVENGE HIM!!!"

Feastival has changed to every day, charge! They killed Tim and tried to eat everyone else but made it worse, they had lost the second time of their lives every dragon died and made it easier for everyone to make Dragon dumplings.

R.I.P Tim, King Dragon Almighty and all dragons.

The Sacred Jade Buddah

Western Academy of Beijing, Azzopardi, Jeremy – 9

The atmospheric smell of incense filled the temple hall with spirituality. It was August 13, 1937, and six–year–old Hong Mei was praying with her family at the Jade Buddha Temple in Shanghai. As she was praying, seeing all the intense devotion around her, Hong Mei realized how important the Jade Buddha was to herself and to her family.

* * *

When they arrived home, Jian Fu, Hong Mei's dad, recounted a story whilst her mum, Hong Hua prepared breakfast. The story was about the former emperor of the Qing Dynasty, Puyi. When Jian Fu was born, everybody respected the emperor. Then in 1911, everything changed.
"There was the Xinhai Revolution! And the new Republic that we know now was born!" he exclaimed cheerfully.
Jian Fu explained that a civil war then broke out and the Communists and the Nationalists fought each other.
"But on December 22, 1936, the Communists and the Nationalists united against the Japanese! The Japanese started to invade China, that's why they united! They are still fighting right now!" exclaimed Jian Fu in a patriotic tone.
Hong Mei was fascinated by her father's story and information.
After breakfast, Hong Mei went for a stroll along the Bund to the Yu Yuan Garden. She thought about the Jade Buddha and somehow she felt a strong bonding to it.

* * *

When Hong Mei arrived in the Garden she met her seven–year–old friend named Xiu Lan.
"What do you want to play?" asked Hong Mei.
"Let's play… Ti Jian Zi" said Xiu Lan.
She tried to keep the shuttlecock of the ground using her feet but she struggled.
All of a sudden the girls heard a man shouting in alarm.
"The Japanese have invaded Shanghai!" said the man hysterically.
"What shall we do?" asked frantically Hong Mei, as she also started panicking.
"Run, run away!" said the man and he vanished.
"What shall we do?" asked Xiu Lan.
"No time for explanations! The Jade Buddha! Let's go and get the Jade Buddha!" exclaimed Hong Mei.
And they ran in a frenzy towards the temple.

* * *

When they arrived at the entrance, they saw two soldiers with a headband and a big red dot on their foreheads. They attempted to go in but the soldiers stopped them.
"What are you doing?!" asked one soldier furiously.
"We are going inside to pray," said Hong Mei, trying to hide their real intentions.
"Ha, ha!" said both soldiers laughing.
They grabbed Hong Mei and Xiu Lan and took them to a very strange building and gave them to their commander.
"What did you do?" asked the commander.
"We were going inside the Jade Buddha temple to pray," lied the frightened Hong Mei.
"Come with me" said the commander in a very stern voice.
The frightened girls followed the commander up the stairs …
"Stay here", he told them and then shouted:
"Ito! Ito, put these girls in their cell!"
The girls were trembling with fear.

* * *

After some time they realized that they would probably be there for a long time.
"How long will we be staying here?" asked Hong Mei desperately.
"I don't know, I hope not for much longer," replied Xiu Lan.
They were counting the days by using their knowledge of the sun and the moon.
"I wonder what our mums and dads are doing," wondered Xiu Lan.
The girls had only been eating some bread and drinking water every day. They were working very hard each day to sew Hachimaki headbands and making rifle bullets for the Japanese Soldiers. These were the headbands worn by kamikaze pilots. They had seen the consequences of what would happen if they didn't listen to the soldiers. They had heard that once a soldier had beheaded an innocent prisoner.
They prayed to the Jade Buddha everyday, hoping that they will be released.

* * *

It was an early morning on August 15, 1945. A soldier knocked on the door. They wondered what would happen next.
"You are released, the Japanese have surrendered," said the soldier.
"So we can go?" asked Xiu Lan excitedly not believing her ears.
"Hai," replied the soldier, which they knew meant 'yes.'
They girls quickly went downstairs and ran outside.
"What shall we do?" asked Hong Mei.
"Let's go to the Temple to see if the Jade Buddha is still there," stated Xiu Lan.
"Sure," replied Hong Mei.

* * *

As they arrived at the Jade Buddha Temple they saw no soldiers or guards this time. They walked inside eagerly.
"The Jade Buddha is not here anymore!" exclaimed disappointedly Hong Mei.
"Where could it be?" wondered Xiu Lan.
"I don't know," responded Hong Mei in a whispery sad voice.
They agreed to go home and meet each other the next day.
As Hong Mei walked home she thought about her family.
"Are they still alive?" she wondered.

* * *

When she arrived at home she knocked on the door.
The door opened. Hong Mei saw a person that looked like Jian Fu.
"Are you Hong Mei?" asked Jian Fu in a hopeful voice.
"Daddy?" replied Hong Mei crying.
"Yes!" exclaimed Jian Fu.
"Mum!" shouted Hong Mei who was in tears of joy.
"We thought you were dead! How did you survive?" replied Hong Hua bewilderingly.
Hong Mei explained her journey to her mother and father and they chatted for a while, until Hong Mei asked about the Jade Buddha.
"Oh, dear Hong Mei! We managed to sneak in the Jade Buddha Temple and took the Jade Buddha to keep it safe from the Japanese. Now, we will give it back to the Chinese government. It wasn't very heavy, that's why we managed to steal it," explained Jian Fu.
"Here, let me show you," said Jian Fu.
Jian Fu showed Hong Mei the Jade Buddha.
Hong Mei was now ecstatic. They all gathered around the Jade Buddha and joyfully thanked him for their safety.

The Mystery Of HSBC

Western Academy of Beijing, Chen, Isabel – 9

One day Chang was walking down the Bund to HSBC. When he just reached HSBC, he saw a person dressed all black that ran into HSBC, and ran out with a bag. Chang thought that guy was a robber, so he went home and told his mom and dad. Chang's mom Qing and his dad Jun thought it was impossible because there was a doorman guarding the door. But Chang's big brother Yang and his little sister Xue thought it was possible because the doorman might be the robber's friend, and they also decided to go there tomorrow.

The next day when they arrived at HSBC they all saw the guy dressed all black ran in quickly and they followed him. They followed him down the staircase, but Xue fell down and hurt herself, so they must go back home.

After a couple of days they went back to HSBC and they saw that guy again but this time he had two women dressed all black standing side by side, and they followed "The Blacks" into the bank. But this time "The Blacks" didn't go down the staircase as last time, this time "The Blacks" went to a vault full of gold! Suddenly Yang ran into the vault for a piece of gold. Just before Chang could stop him, "The Blacks" have already tied Yang to a pole. That night when "The Blacks" went away, Chang cut the rope and freed Yang.

The next day "The Blacks" didn't come, so they went in the bank without hiding, suddenly they were kidnaped to a dungeon. In the next few days, when they were almost starving to death, Chang saw a ray of sunlight. He saw hope to freedom! They climbed out of the hole, and did you know what they had seen?! They saw a place like inside a castle! On the glass it had beautiful flowers, it was like in a dream! It was huge! With a sculpture of Jesus, it would look just like a church. From that day on, every day after school they went to the "The Castle" to play.

How "The Castle" was built and when, who knows. And that was the big mystery and secret in Shanghai, 1898.

Shanghai

Western Academy of Beijing, Chen, Tiancheng – 9

1, Grandpa's story

"Minima was born in a village in shanghai, but that village got burnt down in 1937 by a group of Japanese. She had to escape but she was only 2 years old. So her mother ran through the fire with Minima in her hands. She put Minima in a bucket and let her flow down a river. Minima was in that bucket for 2 days without food or water. She screamed and screamed until someone found her and took care of her. But in one rainy night, when Minima was 5 years old, her adoptive mother got killed by a Japanese invader so Minima's adoptive father brought her here. He was too weak to walk further with her. So he knocked the door and disappeared into the darkness. And that is it for today." says grandpa.
"Minima has many stories!" said Sutu.
"That's right." said grandpa.
I said nothing but went upstairs instead. I went to bed and started dreaming.

The next morning grandma came up to my room to call me for breakfast. I went downstairs and saw Sutu, K-ge, Liu and grandpa sitting around the table. I saw that grandpa was holding a little flag saying "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LIU". And I quickly understood what was going on.
"I am **not** searching for berries this year." I said. Very irritated.
"Your job today is to go get some berries for the cake." Said grandpa to me.
"Why me?" I asked.
"Because you are the only one who has a basket that can fit over 100 berries."
"Chill, man! Oh, remember, only take those blue berries I like! Ha ha!" K-ge laughed.
"And K-ge will go with you." Grandpa continued. I smiled but K-ge didn't like it. "What?" He said "Is it because I..."
--"Yes! "

2, Prisoner number 14

And so, the trip has started. I climbed up on a mountain to see if I could find any berries but there were none.
"We have to head north to find some fruits" I said. I looked at the map again.
"So we'll have to walk across the Japanese-occupied city to get to the northern side of China!" Said K-ge.

I was thinking of another way to go, because the Japanese-occupied cities are the most dangerous places ever for Chinese people. But I couldn't find any other ways, so we'd have to risk our lives for a bucket of berries.

K-ge ran towards a bush to see if it was safe. I stayed where I was and waited for K-ge. But he didn't come back. I went to the bush to check the bush, but he wasn't there. I looked around, but couldn't fine him anywhere. I went to take a closer look at the village and saw K-ge! He was in a house and looked like he was fainted. "I have to rescue him!" I thought. So I picked up a stick to defend me. I walked closer to see if he was still there, and he was. I walked towards the village thinking about how to pass the guards by the gate.

I went to the gate and said "May I come in?"
"Who are you?" Said the guard.
"I come here to rescue my friend." I answered.
"Oh, is it that impolite guy who came into our place in clothes with holes?" He asked again.

"Yes, do you know where he is?" I said.
The guard looked up and put a stick into his mouth. I waited for his answer quietly. After about 2 minutes, he laughed and said "Is he a boy?"
"Yes" I said.
"Oh...never seen him."
"OK. " I said and walked away with heavy steps.
"I still don't know who you are after all." He said with an old and tiring voice. I thought about it. "Actually, I'm not sure either, after all of these strange things happened." I said.
"Huh?—Yes, I have been listening to stories, saving K—ge... and I am not really myself, so tell me who I am."
"I don't know who you are." Said the guard.
"I just want to go in!" I said.
"But why did you not say that straight away?" The guard said with a mumbling voice and opened the gates.

Inside, I saw lots of people who were trading with each other. The trading routine went on and on and on...
"These Japanese sure like trading." I thought for myself. Then I saw the prison where I noticed K—ge before. I knocked the door and used the toughest voice I could.
"I am the captain of the ship Long, the ruler of the seas. I am here to meet the prison's owner, the emperor's orders!" I said with the best Japanese accent I could.
"Come in!" I heard somebody said.
I opened the door and saw a man with black hair and a coat. I saw K—ge and said:" Free that man! He is going with me to meet the great emperor."
"But the rules say that this man will die in 30 days!" Said the man in coat.
"We have already paid for a ticket to the opening ceremony at the castle." Said another man coming out of the dead's room.
"No excuses!" I said with the best Japanese accent I could. "Captain of Long, the ship of ships has spoken! Lead this man, prisoner number 14 to the gate!" the guard screamed.

3, the way home

When K—ge was rescued and taken to me, I led him out of the city gate and stuck my head out of the black coat.
"Minima, is that you? " Asked K—ge.
"Do I look like someone else?" I asked irritated.
"Oh, yeah!" Said K—ge.
"I want to get done with the berries and return home before the Japanese come to look for us. They see the coat so we have to hurry up picking berries." I said. After a few days we arrived home safely.

A Day by the Window

Western Academy of Beijing, do Couto Aktay, Kaan Leonardo – 8

On a sunny day in the city of Shanghai a little boy named Tiankou was sitting by the window of his house...

Tiankou was living with his mom, dad, grandmother and grandfather in a small house with beautiful windows. On that day he was not allowed to go outside to play. On the week before, he hurt one of his fingers. His mom was worried. If he would go outside to play he might get hurt again.

Tiankou was sad. The day was beautiful. The air was very fresh. The sky was blue with no clouds. The sun was bright. He wanted to go out! He started to walk through the house.

The sun was shining against the front window. It was a beautiful and large window with red frames. It had the rectangular pattern that was traditional in old Shanghai. Tiankou could see things happening outside. So he came up with an idea. He thought it might be fun to write what he was seeing from the window.

Tiankou took some pieces of paper to write on. Near the window there was a small wood chair. He sat on it and began watching what was happening outside. In front of his house there were two houses with blue windows. One of them was opened. There were some kids. Behind the houses there were big dark green trees.

Tiankou began writing. He wrote about the kids. Some kids were playing chess. Others were letting their kites fly. They were colorful. There was wind blowing and the kites flew fast up in the air. Some kids were playing with their parents. Some other adults were making exercise and looking at the countryside.

His grandfather passed by and saw Tiankou writing. He came to him. He told Tiankou that when he was in his age and was not allowed to play outside, he also used to sit at the window of his house to write.

The sky was getting dark and people were beginning to leave the street. Some people also closed their windows. He could just hear some birds singing. Tiankou also closed his window and finished writing.

It was near bedtime and Tiankou was tired. He hoped the next day would be fun. He was wondering, what people would be doing tomorrow? What would he write? Tiankou was so excited that he could not wait until the next day to come.

Mission Impossible

Western Academy of Beijing, Exbrayat, Issari – 10

Dad, when will we arrive?; my feet are worn out!" Zheng Ming whined. She and her dad were climbing Mount Tse Yang in Shanghai hoping to find the elixir for immortal life because Zheng Ming's grandma was dying and she was full of good advice and wisdom so they didn't want to lose her; it would be a big loss.

" My dear Zheng Ming, I do not know when we will arrive; legend says that the elixir for immortal life is buried deep underground." Zheng Ming's dad replied.

Suddenly, the ground began to shake and rocks were falling of cliffs. " Quick Zheng Ming, run into the cave over there!" Zheng Ming's dad shouted to her, pointing at a cave a few metres away from them. They ran as fast as they could toward the cave and then went to the back to explore it.

A few hours later of exploring, they found a spot to set their tents and they fell asleep quickly.

" Who dares come in the cave of the mighty Khan?" Said a booming voice in the middle of the night. Zheng Ming and her father immediately woke up and found themselves in the grasp of a mountain dragon.
" We came here for the elixir for immortal life." Stuttered Zheng Ming's dad. Zheng Ming didn't say a word; she was petrified. " Aha, so you came for the elixir? To get it there will be three tasks.

The first one is a riddle; here it is. What object has keys that open no locks, space but no room and you can enter, but not go in? You have one hour to figure it out, starting now!"
Zheng Ming and her dad thought and thought while the minutes ticked by.
Suddenly, Zheng Ming interrupted the silence. " Excuse me Mr. Khan, I think I know what it is."
" Yes child? What is it?" Khan said in his booming voice.
" I'm positive that it is a keyboard!" Zheng Ming said in a confident kind of way.
" My dear child, you are right! What is your name; you are the only child that figured it out." " My name is Zheng Ming." Zheng Ming's dad stared at her in disbelief.
" How did you guess that?" He repeated this several times.

" Now, do you want to do your second task now or later?" Asked Khan in a more gentle voice than before.
"Now!" said the both of them in unison.
" Okay, now your second task is to find a hidden treasure at the bottom of the river outside of the cave," Zheng. Ming's dad told Zheng Ming that it was too dangerous for her to do it; he was going to do it instead and she would make sure no one was looking especially the great emperor Ling's guard's since they were very fierce.

Khan told them that they had as long as it would take them and that he would be waiting near their tents. Zheng Ming and her dad went outside and she watched her dad jump into the water and arrive at the bottom of the river and start digging with his hands. After what seemed like hours, he popped out of the water taking deep gulps of air and he said: " I found something at the bottom of the river but I need helping hands. Can you come down and help me?"

" Okay dad, I'm coming," replied Zheng Ming. She did a neat jump in the water. At first, Zheng Ming felt like she was drowning but then, she quickly got used to the water and she joined her dad at the bottom and started to help him to dig the half rocky
bottom.

Suddenly, she felt a box with her hands. She gestured to her dad to pull it out since he was stronger than her. Her dad pulled an pulled and then he finally managed to pull it out and they swam to the top of the river to give to Khan.

Khan looked impressed, he never saw two villagers able to do it.
"Now that you have found the treasure, you will be able to do the third task. I think it is better if you do it tomorrow at dawn, since it might take you all day." Suggested Khan.

They shook their heads in agreement to Khan's idea.
" Come on Zheng Ming, I want to get you to bed early since we will wake up early tomorrow." Said Zheng Ming's dad.
"Okay dad, goodnight Mr.Khan!"
said Zheng Ming.
" You may call me Khan." Said Khan. So Zheng Ming and her dad went to their tents, had a noodle soup and then they went in their tents to sleep.
" Come on dad, wake up; we need to meet Khan now!" Zheng Ming was gently shaking her dad to wake him up. So she and her dad walked to the back of the cave and they met Khan.

" Good, you are in time. Your last task is to find and draw the legendary griffin! A griffin is half lion and half eagle. Your clue is you can find him in the wild not too low not too high, he likes the wet but prefers the dry, come and find him before he finds you."
" Okay!" Said Zheng Ming's dad. So they went of, clutching the pen and paper that Khan
gave them. Suddenly, they spotted a flash of a giant eagle head. They followed it hoping that it wouldn't see them and they each drew a version of the griffin.

When they were done, they thought that Zheng Ming's dad had a better drawing so they went back to the cake and gave the drawing to Khan.Khan . He looked in
disbelief.
" You completed the tasks. Here is the elixir." Then they left, elixir in their hands.

Old Shanghai Life

Western Academy of Beijing, Grace–Evans, Oliver – 9

Boom! As the bombs flew through the air, I shouted "watch out Grandma!" But it was too late. Grandma lay dead on the floor. Boom! Another bomb landed close to my family. It was so frightening. I was so scared. I could feel the tears rolling down my cheeks. The Japanese soldiers surrounded our house. We surrendered. We were captured by the Japanese.

We were taken to a prison camp. We were shoved into one small cell. Other families I knew in Shanghai were already there.

Things that you should know before the story continues!

Hi, my name is Gordon. I am Oliver's Granddad. My family used to live in a nice place in Shanghai until the Japanese invaded in 1937. Then World War 2 started and we were put in prison camp. It was hard.

The story continues

"I hate being in this cell", I said. A Japanese soldier took us out of our cell and said "clean up the bathroom". We were made to work hard. We had to wash the floor, we had to eat gross food! It was horrible. That evening my family made a plan.

Our plan was to escape by climbing through the pipes. Then we would throw some rubbish to distract the guards and sneak past them. They would turn to look and we would run.

We would go at 5:30pm. It was 2:32pm now so we had almost three hours until our escape.

Three hours later

It was time to escape! I was prepared. I was excited. We were ready to go.

We found a big pipe and started crawling through it. It smelled like sewerage. I hated every bit of climbing through the pipe. Then we heard a noise. It was the sound of a siren! We turned around and realised it was just my dad fooling around! Dad!!

Our plan failed. Our distraction did not work. When we reached the end of the pipe we we were captured again. We were put in the same old cell.

2 years later

Finally the end of World War 2! We were released. We moved to Hong Kong, and when I was 15 we moved to New Zealand. My grandson Oliver was born in Taiwan in 2007 and his twin brothers were born in Shanghai in 2009 exactly 65 years after I was born there. Luckily, Shanghai is very different now.

THE END

Shanghai vs. Japan

Western Academy of Beijing, Han, Erica – 9

Once there were three girls who lived in Florida named, Sarah, Mia, and Tracy. The three girls were very curious and everyday they would go find some interesting stuff to put in their secret collection.

One day when the three girls were outside, Tracy yelled "WOW!!! Check this out guys!" Tracy had found a weird rubber band. Mia picked up the band and started pulling and stretching it. Very soon all three girls were pulling and stretching the weird thing. The weird thing got bigger and bigger and soon turned into a portal!!!

The three girls went into the portal, then the entrance disappeared. Inside the portal they saw a sign that said "to old Shanghai in the 1942." They didn't have a choice so they kept on going. When they were almost there they already heard the noise of Shanghai people talking in a strange language, but not for Sarah because that was her home language. They also heard Horses, Buses, Tuk-tuks and people selling things on the street.

When they got to the end of the portal the portal closed. Suddenly Mia said**,** "What now?" Nobody knew so they just started wondering around… until they heard a shot in the air!!! OH No!!! The time has come for the Japanese people to invade Shanghai!!! Everybody including the three girls went running down the street. After a while Mia got tired and so they went into a restaurant to rest. The restaurant was called "Japanese Style." But who knew that the Japanese army was inside, they were all very tired so the three girls went over to rest on the nearest couch. The whole army was drinking a drink called "Saki" When the army was done they were all really dizzy so when they left they left their envelope behind. The girls went over to read the envelope but it was in Japanese ! Luckily Mia always brings here phone so she translated the envelope it said,

Dear captain,

Our plan is to catch Shanghai by surprise at 2:00 am on Wednesday April 4th.
Then we will get more advantage of winning because everybody will be asleep.

From,
General Sakimotto

Tracy stood up and said "OH NO!!!" April 4th is only three days away! Sarah said "Wait. What side are we even on?" Mia said "since your from China lets help Shanghai." Ok!!! so that was decided.

But now they had to find the Shanghai army. So now they started wandering around Shanghai again. To their luck they found the Shanghai army training in a school playground. Mia said "Here I'll translate the envelope then Sarah writes it down." So that's what they did. Then Sarah went up and asked **不好意思这个信是日本人写的，您可以读一下吗？**(Excuse me this envelope was written by the Japanese General can you please read it?) The soldier read it and said "**请你等一下。**(Wait a moment please.) Soon the leader of the army came back and asked "Where did you get this note?" Sarah replied "Me and my friends saw the Japanese army and they left the envelope in a restaurant." The leader said "you guys are very smart would you like to help us?" "YES!!!" all three girls said. Here is what the Shanghai army planned:

Dear government,
We stole a letter from the Japanese army, they are going to attack us at 2:00 am on April 4th. So that night let everybody hide and well get ready for a long battle.
P.S three girls are part of our team now!"

From,
General Wang

The next day they were training real hard because they only had 2 more days left. Everyday they would do 50 pushups, pull−ups, and sit−ups. At last the day came!!! At midnight everybody did as they were told. At 2:00 am the the Japanese army arrived but to their surprise the Shanghai army was already ready to fight.
When the battle begun both team leaders said said at once "GO!!!" Both teams fought hard and nobody knew who would win, But soon the Shanghai army was getting weaker and weaker because they were all really tired and they were losing the battle!!! It was up to the three girls to help. Tracy yelled "DON'T FAIL NOW!!!" Later all of Shanghai started yelling "起来！！!(STAND UP !") The whole army got up got up and worked as a team to fight again, and THEY WON!!!

The Japanese army surrendered and flew back to Japan and Shanghai never heard of them again! The very next day when the three girls woke up they saw the portal right in front of them! They ran to the Shanghai army and said a quick good bye and thank you, they even each got a special gift! They said their last good bye and went back to Florida. Once again they went out looking for more cool stuff but who knows where there their next AWESOME adventure would be!!! Maybe another dangerous place but as long as the three girls were together nothing was impossible!!!

Jin and the Magic Clock

Western Academy of Beijing, Huh, Julia – 9

Happy Birthday to you, Jin! This is my birthday present! Happy Birthday, Jin!" Each children were giving birthday presents to Jin. Today is Jin's birthday. Jin and her mom are busy to play and cook. 5hours later moms and dads came to bring their children."Bye Cathy! Mom, they all have gone. I want to unwrap my presents!" Jin ran to her room and opened them. At last, final present was left and inside that, she saw an old clock. There was lots of dust. She swiped the dust out. She could see a picture of a building looks so beautiful.

Suddenly, there was a strong wind blowing. Hands of an old clock turned around and around. Jin closed her eyes. For a few seconds later, she opened her eyes with surprise. She didn't know where she was and what was going on. When she thought she should do something to go back, there came an old man. He said, "Hello, Jin. You are in old Shanghai. To go back to your home, you should complete the mission. The mission is to find a place called The Bund." When Jin tried to ask something, the man turned back and disappeared. Jin said out loudly. "What? Is there a building called The Bund in Shanghai? I didn't know that." Jin looked around. "First, I want to eat. Luckily, I found a coin." Jin went inside a shop called 'Famous Shanghai's Food'. There was a crab. "Wow! I didn't know that crab is famous in Shanghai!" Just then, an old man came again with a letter. Inside that, it was written: 'Great! This is a hint for you knowing that crab is famous in Shanghai. Here comes the hint! The Bund is near by the river!' So, Jin went to the river. There was a written word of 'Huangpu River' near the river. Jin noticed that the river is called 'Huangpu River' Just then, a mysterious old man came out again and said, "Good Job!"

Then the soft wind blew. Jin couldn't see anything. When she opened her eyes, she found she was in The Bund. Jin remembered the beautiful picture in the old clock. It was just the same as The Bund! Just then, the man came down from the sky. Fabulous! He said, "Happy Birthday, Jin. I'm your Fairy–father. The old clock was my present. Here is the last thing to go your home. Look at the sunset. That is a hint." Jin didn't ask any questions. She was so hard to think. She waited and waited for the sunset.

Finally, the sunset was there. She saw the sunset looking at the great view.

Suddenly, she realised something. She just shouted to the sky. "The last answer to do to go home is that The Bund is in west!" Fairy–Father said, "Good Job." He gave Jin an old clock that had bring her to this old Shanghai. She said, "I would like to go home." and then opened the clock. There was a strong wind blowing. Hands of an old clock turned around and around. "Bye!" she heard her fairy–father shouting at her. Jin closed her eyes. For a few seconds later, she opened her eyes with happiness. She was in her home! Jin ran to her mom to tell this amazing story.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Western Academy of Beijing, Layman, Yuki – 9

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to live on the streets of Shanghai? Well, young Zhang Mei knows. He was abandoned by his parents in a small cardboard box with a very thin blanket in the early 1900s, just when he was about 3 months old.. Zhang Mei is now 7 years old, and has experienced some rough times in his life. However, he is still hoping that he will eventually have a home and be happy.

One day, Zhang Mei was sitting on the side walk and he noticed an old lady cleaning the trash. Yet, it didn't look much like her job was cleaning trash. Zhang Mei had some trash behind him and nobody else helping her, so Zhang Mei decided to hand her the trash behind him.

"Thank you" she replied in a calm voice. Her name was Liu Yang

.

"What is your name?" asked Liu Yang.

"Zhang Mei" he replied. Zhang Mei and the lady soon found out a lot about each other. Liu Yang felt bad for Zhang Mei, how he had no parents to grow up with. So, she decided to let Zhang Mei stay at her house for a little while.

As Zhang Mei went into Liu Yang house he saw a blue vase and a intricately patterned couch. It was all so beautiful to him. After a few nights, his favorite part of the house was the kitchen.

During his stay, Zhang Mei would watch Liu Yang cook. So, then he asked if he could help her. Liu Yang taught Zhang Mei learned how to cook, he would make delicious food like pork dumplings, steamed buns, and much more. But Zhang Mei would change the recipes by adding spices that Zhang Mei found in the box he was abandoned in. Liu Yang's favorite dish that Zhang Mei made were his pork dumplings. One gloomy day Liu Yang said to Zhang Mei "when you aren't able to live here or I pass away you will have to find a job and be able to take care of yourself." Every night Zhang Mei would think of something he would love to do. Then, finally as he was about to fall asleep, an idea came to him like a spark – he should be a chef!

The next morning Zhang Mei quickly rushed downstairs to tell Liu Yang that he wanted to be a chef. Liu Yang exclaimed in excitement that there is a cooking school near there house and Liu Yang thought it would be a great opportunity. The next morning Liu Yang packed Zhang Mei his spices Zhang Mei rushed to the cooking school. The Cooking school was a Hutong but Zhang Mei never seen a Hutong because they were starting to get destroyed. Zhang Mei knew the school was going to be fun…..well he thought, the kitchen was actually filled with people shouting at each other and had food soaring through the air like a airplane. But Zhang Mei soon realized that his cooking class was next door. As Zhang Mei walked into the cooking class he gazed up at all the shelfs of ingredients. Fruits, veggies, meat, and bread they had all the ingredients Zhang Mei could imagine.

"Good morning class." Ms. Li said.

"Good morning Ms. Li" The students said in a monotone voice

.

Zhang Mei hadn't really heard such a monotone voice, since he had never been in a classroom. It was quite a shock to Zhang Mei's eardrums. However, he did remember his mom told him that he had sensitive ears, one of the few memories he had of her.

At the beginning of the class, Ms. Li talked about all the things that the class be doing for the week. Nothing really caught Zhang Mei's attention until the "competition" came out of her mouth. Zhang Mei thought a competition would be a great way to prove to everyone that he is a great chef. But Zhang started to drop his arms down like a falling anvil and sagged his arms down, as Ms. Li said next week.

"Next week!" Zhang Mei said in a shocked voice. Zhang Mei was bored to death because all they did in class was talk about cooking history. Zhang Mei didn't want to listen but he had to. He didn't want to disappoint Liu Yang after all the things he has done for him.

Before Zhang Mei even knew it, it was already the competition. Before the competition started there was a warm up round. Just as he took out his special spices Ms. Li noticed that one of her students Jie Mei had the exact same spices. So she decided to tell Zhang Mei. As she showed the pictures of Jie Mei he had a flash back when he was a banded by his mother. Zhang Mei started to realize that she could be his mother. He kept on asking himself the same thing, should he become a chef?

Once Zhang Mei arrived home he told Liu Yang the new's. They both agreed that he should meet his mother. So they started to ask people about his mother not many people knew about her. After nobody told any information they decided to go to the police. As he gets the address he wondered why his mother abandoned him.

Once they got to the house Zhang Mei's mother cam out. "Mother!" He said as he went running to give his mother a hug. "Hung Mei!" She said with a body full of joy. Zhang Mei was very confused, was his real name Hung Mei? Apparently Hung Mei, and his mother talked inside she asked him if they could live together. Zhang Mei was about to say yes. Until he realized that Liu Yang has treated him better than his mother. The next day they both went to the court where Liu Yang adopted Zhang Mei. For the rest of his Life she took care of him.

Hope, Faith and Trust

Western Academy of Beijing, Lee, Michelle – 9

She was eight colours of the rainbow, a real beauty, but more, she was so generous and kind with a big heart that everyone in the village knew her. She was always helping out whenever she could. Unfortunately, during a fundraising drive to help the Red Guard brigade, she was assassinated. At the time I was eighteen months old, father said. I never really knew her, only from stories and photographs that father kept.

We moved to Shanghai right after my mother's death so that I could live a new life away from what had happened.

Since we left Nanjing to our new home in the east of Shanghai, in a village called Pudong, I haven't been in school much. I have been helping father grow crops such as bokchoi and carrots, as the area around the village was mainly farmland. I also spend my time listening to stories that father tells about what happened in the old days and of my mother, the dresses she wore and her hobbies such as sewing and cooking for the family.

My father teaches me english, since he wanted me to speak a second language so he taught me vowels and consonants, such as a, e, i, o, u and sometimes a y. He learnt his English, working odd jobs for the many foreigners living across the river in Puxi. He had such wonderful stories of the way they lived and the many books that they had in their homes. He read to me a lot and it wasn't long before I started reading on my own.

One evening, I walked to my bedroom to go to sleep and I found a small book like thing sticking out of the cupboard, it was black and it had 2 words on the top left corner, "Holy Bible". I thought about what it could be, so I picked it up and flipped through the pages. There were a lot of words in that book so I looked at the first page, "10 Commandments" I wondered what that was, but I was too sleepy so I jumped into bed and and closed my eyes, the next thing I knew, it was 5:00 o'clock n the morning.

I got up, brushed my teeth, and changed into my farming cloths, quickly ate breakfast and set off to the field to work. "Dig Dig Dig" I said to myself, I will probably be doing this for the rest of my life.

"Hurry up Meilin, hurry up" I heard father calling.

"Got it!" I yelled back.

I quickly finished collecting the carrots that I dug up, and ran back to the tiny kitchen to make a simple lunch of carrots and rice soup with a few pieces of meat left over from the previous night's dinner. Somehow I found myself eating faster than normal, putting one big spoon and than another quickly in my mouth. It wasn't because I was hungry from all the digging and running around watering the plants. I just felt the urgency to finish my lunch as quickly as possible.

I ran to my room to find the Holy Bible that I found yesterday. I remembered tucking it under the cupboard where I had found it earlier. I gently picked it up and read a few pages. It felt so interesting reading about when God created heaven and earth, and it was dark, so God said, let there be light, and there was light which was the first day of creation. I found the book very interesting so I ran up to father and asked him about it, he said that he was glad that I found it. He then told me he had something special to tell me. He said that he was a Christian and that the Bible I was reading was given to him by a foreigner living in Nanjing Lu in Puxi. It seemed funny to me that we had come from Nanjing and he was given the Bible by someone living in Nanjing Lu.

A week later I went with father to the city to see what it was like. I also brought some food with me, but not much. As soon as we got into the city I saw a boy sitting in front of a sweetshop asking for food so I went up to him and started to say "Don't beg, work for somebody." but the boy replied in a sad way.

"I can't." he said.

So I said back "You can work for me, if you want. Do you want to?"

"Sure I do." the boy said.

So I gave him some food while we walked for a few more minutes, since this is my first time in the city.

When father saw us, he said was "who is this boy?" I told him that he is a beggar and is willing to work for us if we feed him, so father agreed.

The boy's name was Xiaoming. I also read the Bible to him. Sometimes father and I read together with him. He soon learnt that all that we did was written in the Bible, and he started to pray and say thanks to God, almost everyday. I enjoyed reading with Xiaoming and pretending that the was my brother. It felt good to have someone to trust and tell secrets to.

We never forgot the day when Xiaoming came into our family. Maybe the stories in the Bible made me help Xiaoming. Or maybe it was because the foreigner gave the Bible to my father in the first place.

Fighting For Freedom

Western Academy of Beijing, Leung, Tessa – 9

The gentle breeze brushed past my face as I rode my bike home from buying this diary. My little sister, Aviva, was playing with her doll, my mum was making lunch and my dad was in his office. My name is Joseph and I am 11 years old. This is my recollection of what happened in World War 2 when my family was living in Shanghai.

One day, we were sitting around the dining table having lunch, when we noticed some suspicious men ` standing in the street outside our house, whispering to each other. Mum opened the window, pretending to hang out the washing, opening it just enough to listen to the mens' conversation. They were mumbling something and we couldn't hear all of it, but we caught our names and the phrase "… tonight …". It was the Japanese! They must have found us! They captured my Jewish friend and his family last week and took them to the ghetto, an old compound where the Jewish were treated like animals. At least it wasn't as bad as death camp.

As I was thinking this, I heard mum clapping. My sister had no idea what was going on and had just completed her maths sheet for the day. She got 100%. You could call her a genius, but she wasn't at at school because school wasn't safe anymore. Just last week, the spies took a whole family away because a classmate told our teachers she hated the Japanese. Faster than a blink, I heard booms outside. Mum started clapping super loud. When Aviva asked what the sound was, Mum said it was fireworks. From the frown on her face, I'm pretty sure it wasn't… She closed the window and announced "it's getting late. To your rooms".

When I got there, I didn't put my PJs on straightaway. I was too caught up with my plan for our escape. There was only one way this would work. Aviva and I would have to split up from mum and dad. The Japanese were less likely to attack children on their own and maybe, just maybe, separately they wouldn't know we are a wanted family. I waited until mum had finished singing Aviva to sleep. When she crept out and I told her the plan, she nodded slowly, trying not to let her tears fall.

I went back to my room quietly and started packing my one spare shirt and pocket knife. Mum brought me Aviva's clothes, yesterday's baozi carefully wrapped in a handkerchief and a crumpled photograph of her and dad. Her hands were shaking. Everyone was scared, but if we didn't leave soon, who knew what would happen.

Mum tucked me up in bed and told me to sleep for a few hours. We would leave at 11. Suddenly, someone was nudging me. "Get up darling," a voice whispered "it's time to go". As we left, I hugged mum and dad one last time and as Aviva and I ran down the dusty road, tried not to look back over my shoulder.

Shanghai was our city, but after running for so long, the streets all looked the same. There were beggars everywhere, tapping their tin cans. The buildings were crumbling. Mum said to get to grandfather's place in Suzhou on the edge of town and that's where we were headed. Grandfather had one big advantage. He wasn't Jewish.

As we made our way to Suzhou, we found ourselves on a hill covered in trees. Boom. The bombing was getting closer and closer. I could feel the ground shake. An airplane whizzed above our heads, then voices started shouting, moving closer. I grabbed Aviva's hand and pulled her into the forest. She was suddenly on the ground. She'd fallen into a hole just big enough for us both! I squeezed in too and we stayed huddled for I don't know how long. Aviva whispered "I'm still tired, can I sleep?". "Sure, close your eyes Aviva, I'll wake you up". Through the distant screams and blasts, somehow we managed to sleep.

Who knows how long we slept for. I was woken up by birds but except for them, everything was suspiciously silent. I stuck my head above the hole. No soldiers! When I gave Aviva the thumbs up all clear, she sprang out like a cat and we continued our journey. Off the top of my head, I remembered the street to grandfather's house had a great big red and yellow mansion, two whole floors high! I always wondered who lived there. As we passed, I finally found out. There were bodies everywhere, lying in front of the house to be taken away with the garbage. I shielded Aviva's eyes from the terrible view.

When he saw us, grandfather lifted us from the ground, laughing and crying at the same time. He asked "where are your parents?'. They still hadn't arrived. To take our minds off things, we had some tea from grandfather's special white tea pot which had little blue flowers round the handle. It felt great to be back at grandfather's house where everything was nice and tidy. The bombing hadn't affected the outside of town like it had in the center. There was a knock at the door. Mum and dad finally arrived! They hugged us till we could barely feel our arms and they were panting hard. Later we found out they had been captured by the Japanese but had escaped when the driver of the van taking them away was hit by gunfire.

There was another knock at the door. Stronger and angrier this time. Grandfather ran to the bathroom and lifted a trapdoor where we all climbed in. Then he slowly walked to the door and opened it. He must have bowed to the Japanese. Everyone had to in those days, or they'd be taken away for punishment. I heard some more mumbles, and stomps moving closer. That was when Aviva yawned…

Mirko Land

Western Academy of Beijing, Nam, Diane – 9

Hey there! I have a really fun story I could tell you! So let's start the story.

Mirko land is heavily polluted. Right now, half of Mirko land already destroyed and there's too many people too fit in Mirko land. One day Peter and Eric sets off to space to find a new planet to live in.

On the first day they found a planet called earth. So Peter and Eric decided to go explore more about Earth. Where they landed was in Shanghai, 100 years ago.(It doesn't make sense because I forgot to tell you at the beginning Mirko Land is 100 year ahead earth.) The thing that caught their eyes was the people wearing clothing called 'Qi Pao'. (I agree. They are BEAUTIFUL.)

Next they went to see what they ate. They saw people eat round white things called 'Bao Zi' and 'Dumplings'. When they tried it they loved it! They loved the dumplings because as soon as they bit the dumpling warm soup poured into their mouth and soon they tasted meat and vegetable taste following in after.

After finish eating, They went outside and saw houses that were covered in red and some rich houses had dragons on them! When Eric was about to poo, he got shocked because the toilet was not a sitting toilet. He watched some other people and realized he got to crouch. Eric was not used to it and accidentally fell in the hole you poo in! So captain Eric went to a nearby river and washed the poo off. The poo went down the river. On the other side of the river was a man and thought the poo was soybean , and ate it! (Oh poor man)…

The next day their boss, Red–nose told them if earth is an good place to live. And they reported back it is an awesome place. The End! I hope you liked my story!

The Stolen

Western Academy of Beijing, Putic, Constantin – 10

It was a cold rainy day on a Saturday morning. The air was grey and thick.

Tenzin was one of the billion people living on earth in the 2040. His life was normal and he was an average person living in Delhi.
One month ago he turned 30. He was sitting in his armchair and thought about his life and realised it was a little boring. He wanted to relax in the sun and Hawaii was the right place to be. Tenzin grabbed all the stuff that he needed: summer cloth, hover board for surfing, tent, jet pack and a toilet bag. At that time it was normal to travel with a teleporter.

He typed the Coordinates of Hawaii and the teleporter beamed him away. Instead of the coordinates 121.4737°N , 31.2304°W; he put the coordinates 31.2304°N, 121.4737°E in. Being pretty sure he was not in Hawaii Tenzin said: ,,For goodness sake, where am I?'' He wondered where his teleporter was. So he thought that if he can't teleport back then he will explore the area. He found a sign at the start of a road. It said: "Fangbin road". There were a lot of shops and restaurants. Mostly red tiles with curls and curves and fitted with checkered windows. On another sign with red letters it said: ,,上海最佳酒店''.

He couldn't read the sign, but he had an idea to use his translator that still was in his pocket. Tenzin took a photo, the translation was ,,shanghai's best restaurant''. He finally knew where he was, he was in Shanghai, but what year was he in? He continued walking around and saw lots of posters hanging around the place. A very big posters said:

THE STOLEN DIAMONDS
1,000 YUAN
FOR THE PERSON THAT CATCHES THE ROBBER
call 12384349874
SINCERELY POLICE 1920.10.23

He thought for a while and had an amazing brainwave. Why shouldn't he catch the robber. It will be an amazing adventure.

Fast he put one of the posters in his pocket. Suddenly he felt very tired. He should find shelter for the night. After a 15 minute walk he found a garden. With gold letters it said '**Yuyuan Garden**'. He build up his tent. He fell asleep immediately.

The next day he directly went to the bank that was robbed. He tried to look for finger prints but he found more than a thousand. This didn't help. After he asked the woman that stood behind the counter. She explained the man: ,,His face was white, big nose with a small beard and two blue eyes and he threatened her with a gun." When Tenzin heard he had a gun he was a little scared.

He went back to his tent and started thinking. The robber took the chance and went on strike again. This time he robbed the second big bank. The whole city was in panic. Tenzin thought, oh so this is how he want's to play his game, all right. Tenzin was sure that the robber would go on strike today. He searched up the third big bank and located it.

He made his way to the bank and looked for a hiding place. He wants to catch him at the scene of crime. Tenzin waited and waited, but it was so boring that he fell asleep. A high pitch scream woke him up. It was dark now and he needed some seconds to really be awake. At the last second he saw the robber climbing up the roof. On his back was a big sack full of money. Without thinking Tenzin jumped on the roof and chased him.

The robber was very good at jumping from roof to roof and he was also very fast. In the chase on the roofs Tenzin slipped. In the last second he managed to grab the rainwater gutter. With his last energy he pulled himself up again. He is scanning the roofs for the robbers. Finally Tenzin saw him on a roof far away.

He had another brainwave. As fast as he could he put on his jetpack. He flew over the roofs and in no time he caught up with the robber. Tenzin thought: ,,Oh no ,how am I meant to catch him now!!!'' Suddenly he remembered he still had his hover board for surfing. While flying trying to get out his board is not easy. After a half a minute or one minute he held his board in both hands.

Trying to hit him wasn't easy, because he was very good at dodging. Finally he slammed the board wright in the face of the robber. The robber fell through the roof and directly into the arms of the buddha statue. The robber said: ,,Oh no I'm trapped in the temple of god!''

Tenzin didn't know what to do, when a paper fell out of his pocket. He opened it, then he saw what it was, it was the poster. He had forgotten all about it. At the bottom of the poster it said 'call 12384349874'.

Fast he got out his phone and called the Police. The police where there in no time and where all giggling because of the robber. The police got him out of the arms of the buddha. In the sack of the robber they found the Diamonds, money and a tinny black thing but they didn't know what it was. At that time Tenzin had climbed down the roof and said: ,,Hey, that belongs to me.''It was his teleporter with no energy.

He realised he was trapped in time. After a long while the police general asked him in which form he wants his reward as payment.

Suddenly he remembered diamonds work as battery for his teleporter. Tenzin put the diamond in the teleporter and immediately he traveled back.

Once he did, there was the story all about him in the newspapers and Tenzin became a famous and rich man.

The Only Law

Western Academy of Beijing, Rinkema, Eliza – 10

XIAO YU

Sun shone on Xiao yu's face as he walked outside. Picking up two baskets full of goods to sell, he bid goodbye to his mother as he set off for the city market. Light sparkled on the walls but darkness himself mingled in the corners. After a long stroll, Xiao yu finally reached the market. Setting down his baskets, he began to load a nearby cart. "Hello" a voice suddenly exclaimed. Xiao yu jumped, causing him to drop his baskets. "Who's there? "he asked. "I'm over here" The small voice said. Xiao yu turned to see a small girl, around age seven. The two soon began a steady stream of conversation, and Xiao yu learned that the girl's name was Lili. "Let's go to the YuYuan gardens." She said happily. Before he knew it, the pair were ambling along. "I must go home to the mountains" Lili proclaimed. Xiao yu nodded, bidding her goodbye. "Meet me at the city market in a few days" he said, an enthusiastic look on his face. Walking home, he felt as if he had just made a best friend. *This is what friendship feels like* Xiao yu thought.

LILI

Lili woke up to the sound of her mother talking. She sounded different, almost concerned. Lili rubbed her eyes and slipped on her clothes. It was a cloudy day, and Lili could feel raindrops on her palm when she walked outside. She strolled into the kitchen, and her mother stopped talking and forced a smile. "Congee?" She asked casually. "What is it?" Lili asked. "Nothing!" Her mother insisted. Later, when Lili was having her morning walk, she began to grow suspicious of her mother. She could hear people in the other small households whispering about some wall. However, she couldn't tell what they were saying. Luckily, she was about to pass the loudest person in the village, Wang Da Yue. "I hear that they're building a wall around Shanghai, so us outsiders can't come in." He practically screamed.

XIAO YU

Xiao yu had also just learned that the emperor would be building a wall around the city. He didn't care. A wall would only protect the city, not prevent people from seeing friends. And just as he was about to congratulate himself on arranging a meeting day with his new friend, his mother announced the emperor would not be allowing outsiders in the city after the wall was built. Xiao yu's face could have been compared to that of a lion when it was roaring. His jaw had just dropped. He begged his mother and father if he could visit his friend tomorrow before the bell rang announcing that the gate closure. Luckily, his mother eventually agreed, and Xiao yu rushed to pack a picnic lunch. The next day, Xiao yu set off to the mountains. He passed many workers around the wall, inspecting it. His cricket, which he had planned to show Lili, chirped nervously. He smiled. "It's okay, Xiao yi, we will soon be there", he reassured.

LILI

Lili dropped her book on to the shelf as she slumped over to her father. He looked up and smiled sadly. Lili stared out the window, her thoughts of disappointment and sadness lingering in her head. She squinted. Could that be her friend Xiao yu from that day at the market? It was! Lili was out of the door in a matter of seconds. She followed him to the edge of the wall, where he sat down with the basket. "Are you sure this is the right spot? There's so much hammering from the nearby wall construction site." Lili asked, with an uncertain face. Xiao yu just smiled as he opened the crickets cage. Lili sat down contently, anxious to see the cricket.

XIAO YU

Xiao yu was nervous but he guided his cricket up and down, up and down. With a final cricket and human bow, he was finally finished. Xiao yu looked at the sky as he chewed his pork dumpling. He felt so relaxed… Just then Xiao yu realized that the sky was fading from a light blue to a pink and orange mix. Xiao yu stood right up. He was going to have to go now, or he would be stuck on the outside of the wall forever! He ran to the wall without so much as a glance back at his friend. He didn't see Lili's sad face.

LILI

Lili frowned as Xiao yu ran away, she knew she would never see him again. With a dreary face, Lili walked home.

XIAO YU

Xiao yu was finally on the other side of the wall. "Ding, dong, ding!" the bell rang, announcing the closing of the gates. Xiao yu (who was filled with pride that he'd made it in time) ambled along home. He stopped in his tracks, and glanced back at the city gates. Realizing something, he ran home, put on his nicest clothes and set off.

LILI

Lili was like a lifeless rock as she sat on her favorite chair. Her mother was just coming in with hot soup, but Lili ran to her room.

XIAO YU

Xiao yu went to see the emperor. Bravely he asked, " please open the gates!" " I said no!" the emperor proclaimed. "But I…I need to see my friend!" Xiao yu stammered, trying his best to sound convincing. The emperor finally agreed.

LILI

Lili's head was buried in her hay pillow. She wanted to play and have fun with Xiao yu. " Lili, you might want to see this!" her mother called. With a roll of her eyes, Lili heaved herself up to the window. She gasped. Without a word, Lili put on her coat and ran outside, her face aglow.

LILI AND XIAO YU

Xiao yu ran to meet Lili, and Lili ran to meet him. They both pulled out toys and Lili said: " Let's go to the YuYuan gardens".

Pugsie's adventures in Old Shanghai

Western Academy of Beijing, Rossi, Hannah – 9

One sunny morning in Dublin Ireland in 1920, Pugsie and Lady Lidia where enjoying a lovely breakfast of pancakes with lovely maple syrup. Pugsie was a small round little figure, his fur was nicely combed back. He was wearing a nice checked suit. Lady Lidia was a fancy poodle with lovely fluffy fur, she was wearing a pretty red velvet dress with nice lace trimming.

As Pugsie was about to bite into his third pancake but then there was a knock on the door. Pugsie opened the door to see it was the small mail boy called Timmy He was a small freckled orange hair boy. Timmy said "Sir you've received a telegram." Oh, urn ..... Thank you Timmy." said Pugsie with a worried look on his face.

It said;'My dear Pugsie there has been many mysterious thefts of diamonds and silver from the Moon night Club

please come to Shanghai immeadiately as you can see in the letter best regards, Ai−ling Soong

"What is it dear?" asked Lady Lidia. "Oh it said I'm needed in shanghai at once!." said Pugsie. "Oh well, we shall go then since I am the supportive kind of girl.

The after a long journey to Shanghai, Pugsie and Lady Lidia where getting of the boat. While Pugsie was just holding his camera, e Lady Lidia had to hold all the bags and Pugsie did not pack light trust me.

After a small car trip to the Soong sisters house Pugsie enterd the big fancy decorated mansion. Just then he heard footsteps and then a voice saying "darling you made it! This is Pugsie and these are my sisters Mei−ling and Ching− ling. We've decided to take you to the Moon night club to meet Mr. Moon so we will need to go shopping for tonight" said Ai−ling happily. Ai−ling Soong was the oldest she was into making money! She had lovely black welcoming eyes and she was wearing the most pretty dress and her black silky hair was tied back with a pretty diamond clip her sister where wearing dresses with beautiful sewed in flowers they both had their hair tied back and they had nice happy eyes.

After they went shopping at the small exclusive tailors, 'The Silk Glove', they dressed in their new clothes and shoes they look as lovely as ever.

That night at the moon night club Mr .Moon was sitting at a table with a concerned look on his face Mr.Moon was an old and friendly man with wise and helpful knowledge. he was wearing a blue silk suit. "Hi there!" said Pugsie happily "Hello Pugsie is it not any way. I fear the robber is coming to take the big moon stone." said Mr.Moon sadly. Pugsie looked at the moon stone for a while and then at Mr.Moon. He then strangely ran out the door in a hurry. Later on that night he woke up then said "I know who did it!" The next day he gathered everyone at the Moonnight club. Then said, "Mr. Moon do you have something to say for yourself? Mr. Moon has been lying about the thief to get publicity for the club! I knew this when he told me about the moon stone because it is not a real moon stone. Besides, a thief that' s able to break into a club with guards around it must be well known. That's where you come in" Mr. Moon tried to run but the guard stopped him.

"Fine ... , I did it but it was for the club!! !"cried Mr.Moon "Why?" shouted the Soong sisters altogether. Mr Moon was taken to jail and had to sell the club. In the 1920's it was known as the best club in Old Shanghai.

The End.

Travel Over Shanghai

Western Academy of Beijing, Song, Justin – 9

There was a boy named Gregg who was living happily with his family in Shanghai, China. One day, when his parents went to work, Gregg heard a knock at the door and he opened it. There was a gang of ruffians who tried to get Gregg! When the ruffians saw Gregg, they pulled out the guns from their pocket. Suddenly, Gregg noticed that the men were going to get him. Even though it was too late, Gregg had the guts to kick the window and jump to the ground. He ran and ran until the ruffians couldn't see him and was out of breath.

Gregg was too exhausted. Just then, he got so hungry, so he went to a restaurant and stole some food from the restaurant. Soon, he heard a siren noise nearby and realized that the police was coming to catch and put him into jail! He ran and ran until he found the 'Jade Buddha Temple.' It was a very beautiful and relaxing place, in which it blew his mind. He had totally forgotten about why and how he ended up at this temple. While he was wondering around the place, he met a boy called Tommy from Canada, who he became very good friends with.

As their friendship grew, Gregg found out that Tommy had lost his family in Shanghai. Gregg also told him amazing places that he checked out in Shanghai, such as, 'The Bund,' which has a fantastic view when you look down from the top. They have decided to travel around Shanghai. First, they went to the 'Huangpu River' where they fell in love with.

They walked and walked and were so fascinated with the place that they didn't even realize where they were going. Finally, they came to a place called the 'Yu Yuan Garden.' Tommy was especially interested in this garden because he loved the bamboo trees that were all over the garden. Even Gregg's jaws dropped because he was so amazed by the beautiful garden. Even though Gregg was from Shanghai, he never had a chance to visit any of the places because their family couldn't afford it.

After observing all the beautiful nature from the garden, they started to walk again. They went to an entertaining street called the 'Xin Tian Di' street. All they did was walk and found all these attractive places. They also went into a lot of different small shops in that street.

Gregg and Tommy also went to a famous place in Shanghai called, 'Zhu Jia Jiao.' Suddenly, Gregg got an idea! Gregg said that it is like Venice in Shanghai! They really loved 'Zhu Jia Jiao.' Tommy said that he wanted to visit there again in the future.

They strolled along the 'Zhu Jia Jiao' to a very famous place in Shanghai called the 'Zheng An Temple.' Gregg was explaining everything that he knew about the temple because Tommy was a Christian and he didn't know anything about the temple. Tommy also noticed that this temple shows the history of Shanghai. Tommy was really thankful to Gregg who told him many fun facts about Shanghai which he already didn't know about.

They also stopped by 'The Bund.' Tommy said, "It's so amazing! I can't see these kind of things in America and I think that it's very special!" Suddenly, the ruffians appeared and they pushed Tommy and Gregg to the lake! After a long time being in the water, Gregg came across the beach called, 'The Sunny Beach.' He enjoyed swimming and realized that Tommy is not with him! He got out of the beach and tried to find Tommy as he walked all around Shanghai till he couldn't walk anymore. But, Tommy was no where to be found! He cried and cried because of Tommy. All of the sudden, he remembered that Tommy once said that he couldn't swim. The next day, Gregg was reading the newspaper, and in one column it said that one Canadian boy called Tommy was found in a lake in Shanghai. Sadly, it mentioned that Tommy drowned and died. Gregg cried for days with despair.

After the depressing news of Tommy, Gregg decided to go back home. He heard that the ruffians were caught by police due to pushing Tommy which made him drown. Furthermore, he missed his family. When he arrived home his parents were waiting for him all worried, and there were no ruffians. Gregg shared his stories about the sad adventure with Tommy day and night to his family and he lived happily ever after.

New Tales of Old Shanghai

Western Academy of Beijing, Tan, Vivi – 9

Hi my name is Andrew Tate, when I woke up this morning my older brother,Wilson is already in the back yard playing soccer with his dumb friends. My two older sisters are on the couch, the one who likes to read is called Annie, she's reading a book called countrys from the last two weeks! And the other one is called Alice,the one thats always blah blah blah−ing about the world should be a more fashionable place. Anyway, I don't like my brother the most, he's very bossy. Nobody can say Yes or No to him. I use to have a sister called Amber thats older then him, but now she's just missing and nobody knows were she is. I got out of my bed with a brain full of (Why they don't understand me?) thought.

As I walked to the mirro that mom gave me last year, I found with surprise that my mirro was broken,but the brock lines actually spells the word(Shanghai).And of course I don't know what that is, I ran in the bedroom to ask Annie, she went out and taked a closer look at the mirro and said"Shanghai is a place in China, I've been reding that page Yesterday,that's why I'm so good." I hate it when she do that so I asked":Why will it actually be there?" And Alice came and telled me that Shanghai isn't a place for us to go but if you really want to go you can ask mom and she'll take you there if your lucky. I gave her a(No thanks, I'll be alright to control myself about my curiosity to go to there if I just see a name.) look back to her and thats the moment when Wilson came in with his ball batting on the ground.": What are you doing staring at the mirro, stupid." He said , Alice and Annie started complaining, I have no time to talk with those grown−up−kids,I eyed them and started staring at the mirro,just then it magically cracked, a little hall ended up to a city," Annie, I cried,what do you think this is? "Annie walk over,I'll just check it on the book, she said,I stayed to watch her,fine,I climbed in because I'm too curious.Just then Alice found That I climb in and she climb in too,"You're not safe in there!"She cried.

Annie ran in after Alice and Wilson went in the moment it started to close, He brout his ball in. "My dress is getting dirty and it's all Andrew's fault!" Alice started complaining,fine,she did't say it's all my fault but I can see she meats it.As we walked through the hall and the hall was pretty long that it taked a long time to walk through it.On the way, Wilson started talking because he's boring, he's talking about I'm going to be fired by mom, I gave him an(Seriously?I heard that joke before and it's N−O−T not funny.)look back at him and finally we're done walking through it, we came to a big town full with people and every sign says SHANYHAI.

Were is here? asked Alice,it's not a very fashionable place!I'll check on the book.Said Annie,just then I found a man was staring at us. Annie, I said quietly,if you're interisted in reading you might want to read about what will you do when strangers are looking at you. And I hide behind Alice to make sure he's not interisted in me. Anyway I found he's quite nice, he's talking in Chinese to us and of course I know a lot of it, just kidding, I only know a little bit,the two who knows a lot is Alice and Wilson.So,when Wilson and Alice is talking to him,me and Annie read quietly, but let me tell you the truse,it was real B−O−R−I−N−G boring, several times I peeked over but Annie just pull me over.So, I don't even know what they're talking about,just then Wilson came and said he knows a bit english and he'll be very happy if he can help us and because he's a farmer he don't have any times to make any friends.So,if he can give us a ride maybe he'll meet some old friends and make some new friends.I gave him a (Thats a good idea,and thats what I always wanted to do.)Look back at him, and the adventure may begin.

Annie started to read"The Old City walls were dismantled in 1912 by General Chen Qimei, then new Governor of Shanghai,there before old shanghai don't have any cars,read Annie, their cars are hand made with wood and pulled by cows.So,are we going to be pulled by cows? I asked with a pretended(Yuck,it's so disgusting.) face but actually I'm pretty excited.mmm said Annie with a not pretended (Yuck,it's so disgusting.) face.And Alice's face turned white,So,we're seriously going to be pulled by cows?Said Alice with a S−E−R−I−O−U−S−L−Y serious (Yuck,it's so disgusting.) face.And Wilson is happy because we're not,fine,he didn't say it but he acted like it.As we placed our butts near the cow,I can smell the germs crawling over me,cried Alice.So,we ledt Alice to sit behind us,what else does the book say on the page Shanghai I ask with a curious face, Annie opened the book

meanwhile Wilson accidentally drop the ball into the ocean and splashed Alice a bottleful of water.Then Annie started to read,:"Shanghai is the most popular and famous place in China because Shanghai is the first city to event boats and cars and they solved the problem of shallow ends and big boats,also Shanghai is the most fashionable place in China.Wow,said Alice with a (Am I dreaming?)face.This is the most fashionable place in China? I beg,she's very happy about this.

Just then the cow-car stopt, it stopt right on front on a news paper store,can I buy some newspapers before we go?Asked the farmer, Of course,I said as polite as I can, the farmer lefteded and we sit there waiting,when he came back with a big bunch of newspaper one accidentally felled out from the big bunch, I picked it up and asked if I can take a read, he nodded and he put the other ones on the back seat. I took a closer look at the newspaper but Annie already started reading, "in a very dark sewer we founded a ball and a note on it.It looks like a children's handwriting , somebody must have bin lost"!
Just then,my mind opened up a picture of Amber, she must be there! I thought, then I went rushing dawn the cow car, running to the place where the newspaper said it was. When I was there,the first thing I saw is the lake we sawed before,the second thing I sawed is Wilson,Alice and Annie rushing to me. The third thing I sawed is a sewer,before they even catch me,I ran straight to the sewer,a different kind of breath already stucked up into my nose but soon I'm used to it.And the first thing I sawed under the sewer was Wilson's ball, with a sticky-note on it,I picked it up the note saids" Hi,I'm from the Tate's family,maybe you don't remember me but I'm Amber,I know you've must been somewhere, meet me at the lowest part of the sewer. Amber Tate". I'm going anyways, then started the movements, walked down the wet,dusty stairs, finally,I sawed something.

Amber!!!! I cried, with maybe the loudest voice I never had,"thanks,she said," When I first sawed the ball I know that my family must bin out here searching for me and if you want to get out of this place you need a one of your family members. So now we can go home!"How long have you ever been in here?"I asked, I want to know how long can any people survive in a sewer.Maybe a mouth, said Amber in a curious face,I stayed in this sewer because I don't rea,,y want anybody to see me, a use to go working,shopping and also I made some friends!"We better get out of this place said Alice with her fancy-dress stucked in the dusty sewer water. Yeah,lets do it!

Amber hold my hand, we and the rest of the family rushed through the dusty road, through the river, through the boats, through the restaurants and the mirro everyone came in when we're just going to close the mirro and come in I realized something,"wait! I cried,if somebody found this mirro they can come in our house! Our house is not just a house sweet,said Amber" I'm here when mom's here everyday, she told me that our house hides a long-long history."Wow, I thought, maybe our house really began with the mirro! But now it's already midnight, mom's gonna be back, we need to go to bed now.

When I woke up early this morning, my brother Wilson is already out on the yard playing soccer with his friends.Just like last time, Annie's reading a book and Alice's on her laptop, my brother is still on his soccer game out of control,he needs someone to tell hin to stop! I walked out to my mirro the crack-line is gone, just then I realized something,Amber! Wilson is out of control again! Here I come,Said Amber,she talked to Wilson and she came in.I also have a very big question so I asked Amber :"what is the big history of our house?"Thats a question let me tell you the whole big story, Most people buy this house for training someone,when I'm born we're not living in this house then Mom said she wants to have fewer more kids and I disagree.Mom brout this house for training us.When I'm gone Wilson was born but he doesn't know it,that time I'm only in second grade,I'm a very shy girl& not a very good communicator.Mom sent me here for make me brave and Mom sent you here for training your teamwork."and I thought to myself "I did feel I do better teamwork now"."Nice day"!Mom said and walking out the door for getting to work,When Mom was out of sight,I yelled to my sisters and one brother,"Want to go there again"?
"Maybe next year".They all say at the same time and we all laughed.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Western Academy of Beijing, Zhao, Chloe – 8

Go to bed now," said my dad.

"Ok."

Today I just came back from Shanghai, and I am exhausted from having played too much! My family stayed at Waldorf – Astoria Hotel located on the Bund. As I was looking at the Bund from my hotel room, I could see so many people walking on the Bund, it was so colorful at night! I visited Disney Land too, so fun! I took a lot of pictures. My grandma and grandpa cooked so many yummy stuff, and my stomach is still full.

I am going to sleep now.

"Hello!" somebody whispered.

"Who's that?" I asked as I turned around in surprise.

"Hello! I'm little Qiang," the person said, "looks like you are new to Shanghai."

"Not really, my grandparents live here." I answered.

"Haha, so you are not new?" asked little Qiang.

I ignored his question.

"Is this even Shanghai?" I said to myself, puzzled and amazed.

Everything looked so different! Majority of the buildings weren't so complex and were very low, and all the people had the same dress code, but the biggest change of all was the sky. Usually it is smoggy, and not really nice, but now, the sky was so blue with clouds that fell in irregular shapes. I have always wanted to see blue skies!

"Hey, let's play." little Qiang said to me.

"Uh, we could curl up on the sofa and play iPads?" I said.

"iPads? what's that? is it an animal? I only know cats and dogs." said little Qiang.

"Then let's go to Disney Land!" I suggested.

"Disney land?" little Qiang asked. "What's that?"

"Forget about it." I said.

So little Qiang took me to a playground.

We played lots of games I didn't know.

"I am so hungry." I cried after we had played for hours.

"Oh, let's go and eat!" said little Qiang as he sat up on the slide.

He led me into a building; he said it was called Shi Ku Men.

We bumped into so many people!

"This is my home." said little Qiang.

"Wow, your house is so big!" I said to little Qiang.

"Eh, no, thank you for the compliment, but my home is on the 3rd floor." He said blushing.

We walked up the stairs, as he opened the door, I saw that his home was so small, it only had two bunk beds, a small table, a carpet, and a small chair!

His mom and dad were sitting on the lower floor of the bunk while reading books, and his little brother was sitting on the chair and looking at some wooden car toys.

“Dad and mom, this is my friend, and we are hungry!” He said to his mom and dad.

“Welcome!” Qiang’s mom said to me. “ I’m going down to make lunch for you guys.”

I sat on the little carpet, and the wait was so long! I saw Qiang talking to his dad, “ Hey, Qiang’s friend, I know you're hungry, but there is only one kitchen for the whole building, so each family has to take turns to cook, I hope you understand.” Qiang's dad said to me.

Finally the food was here. It smelled so good and tasted so delicious!

“Can I use your restroom? I need to pee.” I said nervously.

“Our restroom? we don't have our own restroom, we only have a public restroom down the street and it smells bad.” Little Qiang continued, “ Me and my brother pee here, so you can pee into here too!” He said as he pulled out a little bucket from underneath the bunk.

“No! I would never pee into that bucket.”

“But I need to pee!!!” I screamed.

“Are you alright? sweetie?” I heard my Mom’s voice.

Then I realized it was just a dream.

“Mom, I need to pee.”

I sat on my clean and cozy toilet, I was relieved.

The Dragon Shanghai

Western Academy of Beijing (WAB), Li, David – 10

It was the last day of the rain season but there was still no rain. The people were suffering from heavy losses of crops and diseases because of dirty water. There was a deep murmur of excitement at first when the old heaven king who was really cruel had died. Now his son was the king of heaven but he was even worse. He thought that he was a clever little fellow who deserved the throne. His nose looked like something that belongs to a crooked witch, his teeth were already falling out while he was only 25 and worst of all, he thought really ugly thoughts that made him look even more ugly. Not only did this demon refuse the peoples' prayers for rain, he also sent tornadoes and earthquakes that killed millions of people. He thought it was funny to watch how the people suffered. And if that would not have been enough , he even forbade the other gods to help the people and threatened them with death which made Shanghai furious.

Shanghai was a water dragon who was very kind. Shanghai was a great friend to a city beside the river Yangtzekiang because the son of the local King had saved him when he was little. After that he always cooperated with the city. Now he wanted to help his friends, and he absolutely hated to see how the king of heaven treated them.

The meetings of the local King always included Shanghai where he could always share his feelings. When the rain problem started, they had a big meeting. This time he had a really good idea. "We could try to build up our army and fight against the King of heaven," he suggested. "It is absolutely impossible, because the King of heaven will notice it and we will need more energy to fight," replied a old official nervously. "Oh, that's not a problem at all. I can think of a way to bring water, and you can trust me."

He flew to the ocean where he thought he would get inspiration of how he could get water to the city. Then a sudden thought occurred to him, he was a water dragon so he could do anything with water. Thinking about that, he used his magic to lift the water from the ocean and gave it to the people. The people welcomed him with open arms. They drank the water greedily and a wave of hope went through them. It was almost half a year that the people did not have clean water.

When they were ready to build the army, the king of heaven had stationed guards on all parts of the earth to prevent a rebellion, which made the planned rebellion utterly impossible.

Despite the lost chance of rebellion, Shanghai continued this water bringing system. He thought that it was the least that he could do to help them. He did this for almost two months when the emperor of heaven noticed it.

Over the time, the people were getting happier and healthier. This was the opposite of how the emperor wanted it. He was really angry when he found out. He watched the city day and night trying to find out who helped the people. Finally, on the third night he saw Shanghai carrying a jet of water behind him and spreading it over the village.

The emperor quickly ordered his army to arrest Shanghai alive, and to bring Shanghai to the king of heaven. Shanghai fought with all his strength against the emperor's army but it was no use, the emperor was too strong. When Shanghai was in shackles, the emperor said to him in a evil tone "You filthy little dragon dared to withstand me? You will regret it!" and before anyone could react, he chopped off Shanghai's head with his sword without hesitating.

But what made the emperor angry the most was that the people were not dying and had water. He could not change it. He was so furious that he stabbed himself in his throat. Watching how he was soaked in blood, the other gods would always remember him as the evil one.

After the emperor had died, his son wanted to be the king of heaven. But the other gods who hated the emperor killed his son. Finally, the good gods arranged a council that has an election every 4 years to decide who will become the president of heaven.

Shanghai had helped the people in their darkest times and saved their lives. For his bravery, the city was named Shanghai after the brave hero who had saved them all from a terrible fate.

Dreams Come True

Western Academy of Beijing (WAB), Lokhande, Mishmi – 10

Mei Li, are you ready, shouted a woman in grumpy voice.

Ehhh…? Mei Li said.

No you are not, as usual, replied the woman as she burst into Mei Li's room, you better get ready quickly or else you will not attend your final test.

You call that a test, said Mei Li as she got out of her bed and started wearing her pink cheongsam, testing how to pour tea is not a test, a test is to test something that makes sense, who cares how a person pours tea in a cup?

I don't know when you are planning to bring honour to this family, grunted the woman as she combed Mei Li's long, wavy, black hair to a bun, the only thing you are thinking about is to go in the theatre and do silly stuff called act, such dishonour, when your father comes back from village he will be dumbfounded to see that you have lost your mind!

Mei Li stomped out of the room and scurried towards the dining. She sat down on her slim knees and quickly took few bites of her rice and green tea which was waiting for her at the table. Once she was done, she stood up, looked an angry look at her mother with her glistening black eyes and went towards her class living her mother mad.

The main street was very busy, carts and carriages were running on road with horses neighing loudly. People were talking out loud and birds were making high pitch noises in people's balcony to make the owners get rid of them with brooms. It was a sunny day no clouds were to be seen. There was not a single chance that it was going to rain. Mei Li took her umbrella over her head afraid she will tan her fair skin "I am afraid that my laishore will grade me for my fair skin also", she muttered to herself. She continued walking quickly without taking any rest.

Mei Li and the other girls sat down on their knees on the ground with umbrella covering their faces. In about a few seconds the laishore came out of the room and faced the girls.

"Mei Li" shouted the laishore.
But Mei Li was not paying attention instead she was looking at a bunch of actors practicing in a corner.

"I said Mei Li!" shouted the laishore.

Then at once Mei Li said without noticing that the laishore was their "What"

"No respect to the elders and not paying attention, terrible", said laishore as she noted it.

"Oops" muttered Mei Li.

"Come inside" said the laishore glaring at Mei Li.

Mei Li walked inside in the room and stood beside the laishore rather nervously. The room was painted red, on the walls there were pictures of dragons in golden colour. In the middle stood a low table with an ink bottle and a feather in it. You could have noticed a blank piece of parchment on the table.

"Pour the tea" said laishore.

"Not good at all, trembling hands are not accepted and your appearance doesn't look good," laishore said as Mei Li poured the tea, "Now go!"

Mei Li walked out of the room and angrily reached home. To her surprise her mother was standing there with a small trunk.

"What happened?" Mei Li worriedly asked.
"Your father is not well, I have to go to the village" her mother nervously said, "I will come back in about a week".

She said those words and left. Mei Li worriedly prayed "Ancestors, hear my prayer, please take care of my father and my mother."

With that she went in the theatre near her house for the first time and sat on one of the chairs. The theatre was enormous. It had a big stage in the front and large number of seats. It had two grey pillars that made a balcony facing inwards. She amazingly saw actors practicing. After a few minutes of watch, Mei Li thought that she could try it after all it was her dream and she should learn to follow her heart. She went near the stage and asked those actors, "May I try?"

"Sure" replied a kind girl.

Saying thanks, Mei Li walked up the stage and said a few lines with expression and grace. Everybody was stunned by her acting. From that day onwards Mei Li's life started anew, she joined those actors in the theatre and performed magnificently but still there was one thing left that was to tell her parents about that. Her parents had not yet returned….

The big day arrived Mei Li's mother and father were coming! Mei Li nervously walked all around the house on her tiptoes. Her parents arrived at late evening. Mei Li went outside and greeted her parents "Ba ba, ma ma, how are you?"

"We are fine, dear" replied her mother.

She took them inside and served them with noodles. She sat beside them, took a deep breath and said "Ba ba, ma ma I have joined the actors in the theatre."

"Then we would like to see your acting someday" replied her father with a smile.

Mei Li felt that she was dreaming, so she pinched herself to find out that she was not. She asked feeling amused "Don't you think that acting is dishonour for a family?"

"Mei Li, we talked about it and finally figured out that we were wrong, there is nothing wrong with acting" replied her mother.

And like a classic fairy tale ending this story ends, even if it is not a perfect ending for this story…… they lived happily ever after!

Grand−mere's Family

Western Academy of Beijing (WAB), Owee, Cheyanne – 9

Grand−mère always had an interest for Shanghai. After all, our country ruled Shanghai from 1849−1943. Also, Grand−mère turns out to be adopted. Her biological family is actually Chinese, but she was adopted by a French family. Anyways, that is why we come here every year for Chinese New Year. It is our special way of saying, "Happy New Year!" to Grand−mère's biological family.

Because of us coming here annually, we have developed some traditions that we always do. The first tradition that I will always remember is that we would always stay in the Four Seasons hotel on Weihai Road, it is definitely a must. Our whole family loves the peacefulness it evokes in there, a bit like our normal lives in France. Our second tradition would be to go to this wonton noodle stall every other day to eat breakfast. We used to go there and eat everyday, but my bratty sister Lisette would whine if we did not go and eat the salami they served at the hotel buffet. Lastly, we would go to this other little stall to drink Yakult mixed with green tea, I have to tell you it is the best! Even Mama and Papa join in to drink it.

Today I finally get to eat the wonton soup and spring onion noodles! For the past few days, Lisette got sick and the whole family had to take care of her. The result of that was to miss a few turns of eating at the wonton noodle stall and eating plain boring salami day by day until Lisette got better.

"I am so excited! I love wonton noodles, but not as much as the salami in the hotel!" Lisette said as she skipped down the Paris−like street.

"Lisette! We can get better salami in Italy! It's not like salami is Shanghai's food speciality." I said, while sighing. Why does Lisette have to love salami so much? Annoyed, I stared at the different buildings on the street. Out of all the cities I've been to, Shanghai is the city that reminds me most of Paris, where I live. I sometimes even wonder if I am still in Paris!

We reached the wonton stall in no time. Grand−mère slid on some shades because the sun was very glaring and she couldn't see. We then entered the stall, dying of hunger.

We usually sit at the big table at the corner, but today the stall was packed full. An old lady who just arrived with a black mask on came in and sat at the last vacant table, where we usually sat. Luckily, she only came alone so we still got seats. When that old lady ordered, she seemed to have the same strange preference as Grand−mère, she would have the sanxian wontons fried, except she would have noodles with soup. What's the point of frying it if you are going to wet it?

The lady, Lili, and Grand−mère talked for a bit. Lili had told Grand−mère that she had a twin sister who was adopted. Grand−mère replied by saying that she was adopted by a French couple as a kid!

The noodles came, and Lili removed her black mask to reveal her face. Simultaneously, Grand−mère took off her sun glasses. We were shocked to see that Lili looked exactly like Grand−mère! Everyone gasped in shock. Lisette started laughing, like usual.

"LOOK! NOW THERE ARE TWO Grand−mères!" Lisette screamed happily, causing everyone to stare at us.

Grand−mère looked startled, so did Lili. Everyone looked surprised, all except for the old lady behind the cashier. The old lady nodded her head and started limping towards our table. She then sat down next to me and began speaking in Chinese. Luckily, we were fluent in Chinese and could understand her perfectly. It turned out that the old lady was a friend of Lili's parents. It turned out back in the old days, Lili's mother gave birth to identical twins.

She, of course, was joyed with identical twin girls, but Grand−mère's biological father wanted a son immediately and her mother already gave birth to three girls before. She then decided to give Grand−mère away, so not to upset her husband.

Grand−mère turned to Lili and said, "WOW! I had always wanted to have a twin, I don't know about you but−"

"− I think it is really cool that there is such a mysterious story behind all that." Lili replied cheekily.

Had Lili just read Grand−mère's mind? Instead of reacting in shock, Grand−mère merely winked at Lili and said in a dreamy voice, "Old Shanghai, a mysterious but wonderful time.".

After eating, Lili brought us to see her mother at her house. In Shanghai, the houses are called shikumen, unlike Beijing's hutongs. My biological great− grandmother. My great−grandmother, Linxin, had white hair with wrinkles on her face, yet she looked welcoming. She embraced all of us, shedding tears of joy while apologising to Grand−mère that she had no choice.

I glanced at the old brown walls, and I saw a picture of newborn identical twins. It was Grand−mère and Lili!

This trip caused me to be overwhelmed in emotion, for my birthday party I have decided to have an Old Shanghai theme. As I blew the candles on my cake, I thought of the Paris−like streets, Lili and Great−Grandma. As Grand−mère said, "Old Shanghai, a mysterious but wonderful time."

New Tales of Old Shanghai: Shanghai's Amazing Places

Western Academy of Beijing (WAB), Park, Andy – 10

Hi my name is Tae Yong Park(Andy). I lived in Shanghai for 1 year from 2011 to 2012. Shanghai is a very attractive city and Shanghai is the most international city in China and lots of international people live in Shanghai. Shanghai is a fast developed city. On the other way it has a lot of China's traditional sides. When I lived in Shanghai I went to a lot of traditional places. The six places that was memorable for me was Dong Fang Ming Ju, The Bund, Yu Yuan, Nan Jing Dong Lu, Jing An Temple, and Huang Pu river. So we are going to talk about these six places.

Dong Fang Ming Ju has a Shanghai traditional museum in it. If you go there, you can see what Shanghai was like in the past and how was Shanghai's people's life in the past. You can see a lot of models telling you how Shanghai's people's life's were. Kids can learn a lot about Shanghai if they go there. It is totally different from the Shanghai today.

The bund is where international people lived in Shanghai in the past. During the opium war Shanghai lost to an international country so people from international came into Shanghai to live there and built building. International people live in the bund. Part of the bund, international people didn't let the Chinese people in the bund. But now there are restaurants and banks and a lot of different kinds of things. It is very famous because when you eat at the restaurants in The Bund you can see the Huang Pu River and you can even see the Dong Fang Ming Ju. You can see a lot of difference there. I ate food in the bund and it was beautiful because we can all of the view in one window, also we can go out and take photos, seriously the view was amazing. Especially at night the view is amazing because the lights are all on and you can see Dong Fang Ming Ju, Shanghai World Financial Center, and even Shanghai Tower. I think you really have to go to the bund to eat delicious food and also look at the beautiful view through the window.

Yu Yuan is a place where Ming Dynasty's manager made to make his father happy. In Yu Yuan there are lots of beautiful building, flowers, pond, and wood. It is very beautiful and good to take photos. And sometimes very beautiful to draw. There are beautiful view and also very delicious dumplings. I ate a lot of those. You should try it when you go to Yu Yuan.

Nanjing Dong Lu Street was the center of shopping. Shinsaegae Department store was opened on 1914. Lots of people bought things there. Now it is a mixed–up with today's shopping malls and the past's shopping mall. It is the most famous shopping street in Shanghai. Now many people living in Shanghai or other travelers come and buy things and eat delicious foods. I went there with my mom and we shopped some things and also we ate the food that was lining up the street.

Jung An Temple is made 1,700 years ago. It is a very famous Buddhist temple and a very famous part of old Shanghai. It is a very exclusive temple. Many people who believe in Buddhism come here and pray. It's very strong because it had been used by 1,700 years and still it is not broken. It is very interesting that the temple is very exclusive. When I went there it was very cool and there were lots of different kinds of things.

Huang Pu River is one of Shanghai's river between the bund and Dong Fang Ming Ju. It is a total of 113km which is very long. Old Shanghai was a fishing village before the foreign country came in. Shanghai people caught fish and sold them to live. Now Huang Pu River is very famous to ride cruise ships and it is very important for transportation and also trading of one place from another. When we ride the cruise ship we can see Dong Fang Ming Ju and Shanghai Center on one side and on the other side you can see the bund so we can feel historical and modern together.

Shanghai is the most international place in Shanghai but it is also traditional. People think Shanghai only has High Buildings and it is very international but it is wrong. Shanghai is a very traditional place with lots of history. When you come to a trip on Shanghai You must go to The Shanghai traditional museum in Dong Fang Ming Ju, The Bund, and Yu Yuan, Nan Jing Dong Lu, Jing An Temple, Huang Pu river. So if you are interested to come and visit those places you can come to Shanghai which is a city that is mixed up with international and traditional. Come to Shanghai to make experience with your family. It is a great city to take photos at night time. Great view to look around. Finally, I just want to tell you that Shanghai is an amazing place. So Come to Shanghai.

War in the City

Western Academy of Beijing (WAB), Wang, Aaliyah – 10

Shanghai. Midnight. Ding Dong the clock strikes midnight as Lin was on her way to the headquarters for the meeting. She tucked an yellow envelope tightly with her hand's and she wore black from head to toe as dark as the shadow that loomed on the path behind her. She hurried on her way when and didn't even notice when the shadow behind her accidentally stepped on an tiny branch which made a cracking sound because someone called her attention. Someone dressed all in black was hurrying on the other side of the road clutching an brown letter with French letters on it but when she took an closer look the person was Japanese! Could the Japanese and the French have united to fight us? thought Lin. But just at that moment she realised someone was following her. She turned around to late to see what happened because the shadow pushed her into a bag and hit her with an stick. While Lin fainted the shadow crossed the road to the other side of the street and met with the Japanese guy and they hurried into the bushes.

Meanwhile at the headquarters Mei, Qin, and Tang were waiting for her. One hour passed then two. When the third hour passed and Lin still didn't arrive that got them worried. "Do you think she got lost?"Mei asked. "No, she knows the way she's been doing this for the past ten years!"Qin replied. "Yeah she knows the way pretty well I'm sure it's something else" Tang suggested. "Maybe she got kidnapped by the Japanese or the French!"Mei said. "Yeah we should try to find her in our enemies army camps" agreed Qin. So after that discussion they all went home to rest and plan for tomorrow.

The nest day at lunch Tang, Mei, and Qin met at an restaurant near to the train station to discuss what to do next. Tang told them about what he found out. "I was spying on the French spy when I saw the yellow envelope he was clutching and it had Lin's handwriting on it. I think it was the envelope with information Lin found out yesterday." Tang said. "But when I was following the Japanese spy he was carrying an huge wooden box on his way to the Japanese. Later when he got there he was talking to the French Army's captain and they were talking about something that I couldn't hear clearly but it was something about dealing with something inside the box"Mei said. They decided that Lin is at the Japanese camp.

Meanwhile the rest of the group was discussing, Lin herself just woke up in an basement. She looked around and found herself tied on an armchair in an basement. She heard the two soldiers talking outside."But the Japanese has told us to deal with them" one said. "Yes but we shall send her back afterwards" the other one replied. After five minutes of this discussing a soldier came into the basement cell with the captain of the French army. The captain sat down in the chair in front of her and started asking her question's in French. "What were you doing on the street's at midnight?". The other soldier translated what the captain just said into Chinese. Lin just shut her mouth. "What were you doing on the street's at midnight?" the captain asked again but more fearfully this time. After the translation again Lin still didn't speak, but when the third time came Lin questioned hime first in French. "First tell me why I'm here". "Why would I do that" the captain replied. The translator didn't translate this time because he saw that Lin knew how o speak French. "Well why wouldn't you?"questioned Lin again. The captain became very angry that she dared to question him so he shouted at the soldier "bring her back to the Japanese and tell them we give up on questioning her". Without knowing it he has told the answer to Lin's question.

Lin got on the carriage and was on her way to the Japanese army camp. When the go there she pushed into an cell inside the basement with all the other people they captured. The butcher, butcher's wife, beggar boy down the street from where Lin lived, Lin's neighbour, and Lin's and Mei's long lost friend Camille. Camille is french and she moved here two years ago on the same street as Lin and Mei. But the first year when Camille went to work two months later she disappeared. From that day on they never saw each other again. But now when she looks at Camille again, Camille's hair is white not blonde, she has scars everywhere bot that milky skin she used to have. Suddenly she heard footsteps which disturbed her thoughts the same soldier came into the room and took the butcher into the room at the end of the hall way. After the soldier locked the door there was a scream and then silence. Suddenly the butchers wife began to cry. "Why is she crying" Lin asked Camille in french. "Because whoever goes in there will never come out" Camille replied.

Suddenly Mei, Qin, and Tang broke the doors and came inside the basement. They rescued everyone but the soldiers must of heard them because later they were surrounded by ten Japanese soldiers with guns. Qin, Mei, Lin, and Tang fought them easily and won even though in the end some people from their side died. They rescued the alive people from their side and returned them home.

Two years later that day 1945 September Second was he happiest day of the Chinese people's lives because he Japanese have decide to leave! That day Mei, Camille, Tang, Lin and Qin met together to celebrate. The Chinese government said they can take a break for five years since they've been working for the past twenty years. The friends can't wait for their next adventure!

Old Shanghai – Wanderlust

Yew Chung International School, Ahuja, Harsh – 10

Hurrah!!! The most awaited time on my calendar had arrived. I had been lately burying myself into reading a lot about Shanghai. The Electric city – Shanghai would be my next Sojourn. I decided to dedicate my Christmas holidays to exploring the lively lanes of Shanghai.

The moment I landed in "Hu"–short for Shanghai, I did not want to waste my time enjoying the comfort of the plush hotel pillows. So I set out on an expedition, to visit the archetypal tourist destinations to verify my impressions from my research. I was awestruck with the illustrious architecture of the city. The famous "bird's eye view" of the Chinese Metropolis from the World Financial Center justified my decision to visit the "Shen".

Even though Shanghai's tall and beguiling landmarks were simply stupendous, there was still a tiny voice inside me telling me to go and uncover the mysteries of Old Shanghai.

I soon caught a cab, which took me to my desired destination– Old Shanghai!!! I was excited and jumping with delight. In an hour's time, I was knocking on one of the many gates of Old Shanghai. Once inside the city gates, the cabbie dropped me off. I was flabbergasted by the beauty of the town. The weathered brick pedestrian walks, lined by old and tall trees appeared to be 100 years old. All around were little shops, bars, hair salons and provision stores.
I felt awkward thanks to the wide eyed stares of the passer–bye's, so I quickened my pace. When I heard a soft gurgle in my stomach, I decided to go to a restaurant. As soon as I stepped in, everyone whipped around to face me, as though as they were expecting me! I sat down stooping, so that I was not overly noticeable. I ordered Dimsum very quickly since I was extremely hungry. But instead of the much anticipated Dimsums, I was served a tiny fortune cookie! As soon as the plate was set in front of me, everyone rose slightly, as though they were getting ready for a certain moment. The waitress mysteriously whispered, "Don't worry it's only a game. Open the cookie and read your fortune!" As she finished her sentence, she slowly backed away, motioning for me to open it. But just after I opened the cookie, there were bright flashes of light, and... the last thing I remembered ……..

For a moment it was all darkness, but then I woke up. My eyes were blurry and I could see nothing but light. Soon my eyes adjusted to the light and I saw my surroundings which seemed ever so different. I had no idea where I was, till I saw a monument at the top of a hill. I wondered why these buildings were no different from ancient China's buildings!. It was then I realised that I was in ancient Shanghai! The fortune cookie must have had some bizarre magic in it, that it teleported me into th..this place Then I noticed my watch and to my further surprise the dates had moved back in time . The watch must also have played a role by setting the time zone. Now I finally knew what the littlest dial in the watch was for…. Time travel! .

I knew better than sitting on the grass and fretting, that I should look for a place where I could find information. I got to a small cottage and knocked on the door. After about long ten minutes, the door finally opened revealing an old man with woeful eyes. He told me to head to the information bureau which was on the third road. I walked a lot till I reached a towering building. I ran inside and got to the first counter, eager for help. The man on the counter rudely replied to look for refuge somewhere else. So I stormed out of the place, looking

for a place to stay. But just as I reached a dark lane, suddenly a shady character snatched and sprinted away with my Time travel watch!!!. My only hope to get back to the present was gone, so without a second thought I was hot on the thief's tail . The hot pursuit made me breathless and to calm myself down, I lay on the grass and regained my breath. But I unknowingly slipped into sleep and I was trying my best to sketch the thief in my dreams.

When I woke up, I vividly recalled the thief and made a pencil sketch, lest I forget . I got up and kept a sharp eye out for the thief. I roamed the streets with caution. Though many times, I mistook other people for the thief. I also asked around if they had seen the character as I showed them my sketch . After three hours I still had no luck. I suddenly fainted, and had a vision. The vision gave me the answer to what I most desired to know.

When I regained my conscious, I knew exactly where to look for the thief, or call it intuition. I sprinted towards the door I had once knocked on and kicked it open – Lo and behold ! …..who do I see with my watch… the old man with the woeful eyes !! I quickly wrestled him to the ground, bound and gagged him and then rushed to the nearest police station. When I returned to the house, the man was gone and so was my watch. What was I to do ?! , Stuck in TIME in this old town with no means to get back home. As tears began to roll down my cheek ….I woke up from my dream ….Milo! My faithful Golden retriever was licking my cheeks waking me up to take him out for his morning walk.

Thus came to an end ….my first visit to Exotic Old Shanghai .

From Present to Past

Yew Chung International School, Cai, Maggie – 10

That day, I didn't know anything would happen to me, but deep, deep down in the ground as I was minding my own business, it struck…

Hi , I'm Max , just an ordinary man who lives in Shanghai. I own a business, have a car, have a wife and children, have a house . . . . . But something extraordinary happened one day and it changed my life (literally). It all happened on that one day…

While I was walking down the streets of Shanghai, taking the same old route I take to get to work, I heard a loud cracking sound. It seemed that it was getting close to me but just as I was about to take my next step, "SWOOSH" A large crack formed only 1 cm away from my foot. I turned around to see a bright red light struck across the sky. It seemed like all that what had happened was invisible to everyone else for everyone kept their heads down staring at the screens, acting like nothing had happened.

After 5 seconds, the tiny crack turned into a gigantic hole, and still, nobody noticed it. It was like everything in the world was turning against me.

While I was trying really hard not to stare down the black hole, I felt a force pushing me down the hole and I couldn't fight against it. I lost control, tripped and fell down, down, down the hole . . . . . .

Was I dead? Was I in heaven ? What had happened to me? Where was I? So many thoughts occupied my brain.

I woke up, and found myself laying in an old, broken bed inside a rusty house.

This was all so confusing.

I found a man in front of me.

" Oh you're awake, and try not to touch your scar , it's quite bad" he told me. I turned my head around and found a huge scar right across my arm. I touched it and let out a tiny scream "ouch".

My eyes were still blurry, and I couldn't recognize where I was.

"Where am I? How did I get here?"

"What, you're asking me? well, I found you lying across the ground under a huge pit"

"A huge pit?" I was really confused.

"yeah so many people are falling down that pit nowadays , I guess they were just not careful enough, I always wonder where the people who fell down came from"

"Wow" I looked around the room, it was really, really old, broken and rusty, almost as it was old Shanghai, then something struck me *what if this was old Shanghai!*

"excuse me , um… which year is it ?" I felt embarrassed asking that question.

"Now I think that….. that fall of the pit made you lose your memory! It's 1936 dummy! 1936 in SHANGHAI!"

" damn ! I knew I was right !"

"Excuse me ?!"

" oh nothing sorry"

I quickly made my way to the door, wanting to see what the world had looked like in the 90's.

Everything was so different, so different it was hard for me to get used to.

I used to be able to see tall buildings and skyscrapers but now there were wooden short houses. There were no cars, but instead people dragging you around in a wooden chair (sort of), No electricity, how on earth would you contact people, cook ….. And calculators, I don't see any calculators, only tiny wooden balls on a wooden rack , you call those calculators? Also…… I knew living in the past was hard, but I didn't expect it to be this hard!

I thought to myself while standing by the door.

"What are you doing there?" The man shouted at me, I must have been lost in my thoughts.

"Do you happen to know where my clothes are" I asked, as I noticed I was only covered by a blanked… " oh… and … um … do you have any spare clothes?"

The man looked at me with a weird expression, and after 1 minute he came out of the closet, with something that looked like a dress to me.

"Here you go"

"Uh… do you have something like pants trousers, shorts, something not like a dress" I said. Then I remembered I was in old Shanghai which didn't have any shorts, so I tried to describe it". Shorts are like pants that go up to your knee, pants are clothes you wear on your legs , which also have a split in between them."

Then he gave me another weird look " what you talking about, that robe, not dress is all we got, deal with it"

I came out of the room with a robe on me

Awful, this is going to be the last time I'm wearing these things. It is so hard to get used to it .

I came to the huge pit the man was talking about, everyone was crowding around it, another person fell down the hole. I looked up the pit was like fifty foot tall. *There was no chance that I could get out of here. I'm going to be stuck here forever.*

The next few weeks of my "stay" in old Shanghai went out pretty good. I managed to get some money from the man, and we became friends. I bought myself a small house to live in, and I have pretty much adapted.

One day, while I was sitting in front of the desk, I decided to write book, about what I have experienced in this old city. So I picked up my pen and started writing:

That day, I didn't know anything would happen would happen to me, but deep, deep down in the ground as I was minding my own business, it struck ……

How the World was Saved

Yew Chung International School, Dufour, Stanley – 9

Wake up! We're leaving!"a voice screeched in my ear.

"What's wrong? I'm trying to sleep."

Shaking me was my cousin Enlui, who looked exited.

"Have you forgotten,"snorted Enlui, rolling her eyes, "It's time to leave. Our flight to Beijing is in exactly two hours and forty seven minutes."he yawned, and tossed me my backpack.

"But it's Midnigh−"

"I know. Not my problem. You're lucky we let you sleep one hour more. I woke at eleven.

Enlui skipped out of the room, softly singing.

The trip to Beijing! How could I forget? I grabbed all the things I needed and was about to stuff them into my backpack when I realized everything was already in the bag.

Outside, my sister, cousin, and parents were waiting. I hopped onto the car. Hengsha island rushed by, Changxing island was getting closer. We weren't very far into Changxing when the car stopped, then turned around and speeded towards Hengsha island again. Before I found out what was happening, a drop of water bopped me on the head. Outside, there was water everywhere. People were alerted and screaming, "The Yangtze river is flooding! Run! Shelter!"A huge wave crashed the bridge connecting Changxing and Hengsha.

"Great,"murmured dad, "We're done for."he sulked and squeezed out of the car. Everyone else did the same. I thought I saw a tall, buff man clutching a sword walking on the water but he disappeared before I could get a good look at him.

My sister frowned, "Did you see that man walking on the river?"

Everyone shook their heads, except for me.

"I did."I whispered to her.

She shrugged and followed everyone else, who were running around in circles, thinking of something to do. I was lagging behind. Suddenly, a wave swished between me and my family. When the wave cleared, I was on the other side of the island. There was nobody. The flood was most dangerous here than anywhere else.

"Ouch!"a small voice whimpered. My sister crawled out from behind a rock. She gazed at the water.

"I think this is Penglai. The mountain in Chinese mythology, where the nine immortals are."

Now, in the myths, there are only eight immortals. But long, long ago, there were nine. The spirit of the Yangtze, Yang Tan, used to be the god of the Yangtze river. He was responsible for all the flood from the Yantze.

I walked down the road, followed by my sister. A beautiful palace was laid out in front of us.

"Hey! Little humans! What are you doing here in the palace of immortals?"

The same man that was walking on the river marched out of the palace. It was Yang Tan, the spirit of the Yangtze.

"I don't know,"answered my sister, "We just found ourselves here for no particular reason."

"Well i'm doing something important, I am stirring up a flood. It's been forty seven years since i've made a flood."Yang Tan said firmly. It was true. The last time Shenzhen flooded it was forty seven years ago. The immortal reached into his pocket and picked up a sphere. Yang Tan then started to rub the sphere until it showed an image of the city. I saw my family running, they were cornered.

"If this crazy flood doesn't stop in one hour,"I muttered, "Our family dies."

The god put back the sphere and took out three potions. He raised up a red one,

"These are my three flooding potions. My first one, the weakest one is red. A drop of this potion drops in the sea, a flood starts."

Then he raised a purple bottle,

"Ah, and this is to stop floods."

Last came a blue potion,

"My most powerful potion. One drop of this in the sea, the floods never end. Now, the earth has been existing for a long time. The end of the world has come!"

Yang Tan poured the entire contents of the blue potion into the world below. He smashed the red bottle. He was about to smash the purple one when I grabbed it and backed off.

"This won't work once the blue potion is active."the god snickered. I let him smash the purple bottle.

Just then, my sister leapt up, "I know, the Blue-crystal sword! The only equipment that can kill an immortal!"

"Yeah,"cackled Yang Tan, "But i'm guarding it. You're about to die anyway, i'll give you a peek."

The ninth immortal drew a blue sword. Quick as a flash, my sister snatched it.

Yang Tan repeated the same words, "This won't work once the blue potion is active."but his worried face gave him away. The god was left with one choice. He stirred up a ferocious storm and sent it flying towards the children. I used the sword to slash at the storm, cracking a lightning bolt and sending electricity flying towards Yang Tan. Directly after, I slashed the god himself. The flood disappeared. The god disappeared.

"Well,"my sister smirked, throwing back her ponytail, "let's go home."then she stopped.

"How do we get home?"

As through answering her question, a wind blew. In a few seconds, we found themselves tumbling down a cloud portal, flying across Hengsha island, and crashing into a wall. There were lots of people, but none whom noticed me and my sister. Everyone were kneeling around a golden grave, their heads low.

One of the priests saw the blue-crystal sword and started pacing towards us.

"Sorry,"he said, "But the immortals must remain. This sword is too much of a risk to us and them."he blew on the sword and it disappeared.

"But what is happening?"I asked.

The priest stared at his soot covered hands, "It's the burial of Yang Tan, the ninth immortal and the god who was killed."

Memory

Yew Chung International School, Fu, Leah – 9

It was the summer holidays, Kate was at her grandma's house in Shanghai. She hated everything about this house. Everything was so old fashioned, there was no electronic gadgets. And Grandma was always teaching her something annoying like how to stitch and stuff like that. She hated it there, well, almost everything. Everything but the attic. She would often spend hours alone up there, looking through the old albums and things.

Today started as it always did. Sometime afterwards she went up to the attic. Kate went through an old comic and found a few more rusty biscuit tins, then she stopped. In the corner was something small but smooth.

It was a little wooden box. She eased her hands over its smooth wooden surface. She paused. She was not sure if she should open it. It might not be meant for her, should she open it? Finally, she opened a crack. Music soft but faraway came from within. A unique, peaceful but lonely sound, a sound of the past.

Kate felt that she was not herself anymore, but someone else, an energetic girl between ten and twelve years old. As if she had entered another persons body but she still kept her soul.

Kate was on the street with her friends, playing skipping. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of a girl in a window. She looked at her longingly but the girl did not have enough courage to come forth. She appeared afraid. That night all Kate thought about was that girl. Just for a second, when their eyes had met Kate had seen something, something that reminded her of herself.

The next day Kate went to the door of the girl in the window's house, and knocked. The girl opened it slightly. "Do you want to play?" the girl looked as if she might cry, "Yes…" she said.

Then time went past like the wind. Kate and the girl from the window became best friends. Everyday, they would go up the old bridge and watch the birds make nests.

Until one day the girl didn't come. Kate waited and waited and waited.

One day, Kate heard mournings of someone lost. She felt afraid of something. She was right.

The girl had caught a disease and after many painful days she passed away.

Kate ran onto her bed and wept. She wept. She wept. She wept. She was never the same girl again.

"Memories are powerful, aren't they…" she was startled by this sudden sound. It was Grandma.

Kate just nodded.

Kate changed. She respected the past and memories.

The Magic Necklace

Yew Chung International School, Ma, Ashlynn – 10

Arf arf !" barked Marrow excitedly.

"What is it Marrow ?" Hua Lin yawned. Marrow looked straight in Hua Lin's gorgeous brown eyes and pawed at the ground impatiently.

Hua Lin was a ten year old girl who always enjoyed adventures with her faithful dog Marrow. She lived in Shanghai, which is a polluted city. She loved animals, big or small, cute or scruffy. Hua Lin had two pets, Marrow, which you already know, and Cloppety, a chestnut brown horse. Her dream was to get rare animals to be her friend or pet, such as a dinosaur, a unicorn, or a dragon.

Marrow was a kind dog who only tried to bite people's bottoms if they tried to hurt Hua Lin. Marrow got his name when he sucked the bone marrow out of a chicken bone.

One day, Marrow was waiting for Hua Lin to dress up and come and see what he found. Hua Lin was putting on her silk dress when she heard a terrible roar! It was coming from the backyard. Hua Lin rushed outside and was astonished to find a baby dinosaur sitting in the middle of the field chomping on some *jiaozhi* (dumplings)!

The dinosaur was a light green mamenchisaurus, a Chinese species which was found in places near Shanghai. It looked up at Hua Lin sadly, gulping down the *jiaozhi* hungrily. Hua Lin carefully picked it up and carried it inside her house and named it Muo Li.

A few days later, Hua Lin was reading the news when she found a part where it said that there was a special necklace somewhere in China. It was said that the necklace had special magical powers that enabled you to talk to animals and stop their extinction! Hua Lin then decided to go on an adventure with her pets to find the magic necklace.

Hua Lin set off riding Cloppety with Marrow and Muo Li in tow, through the city of Shanghai when she found a deep cave with an eerie glow. Hua Lin hopped off the horse, and told her to stay where she was. She then asked Marrow and Muo Li to sit down near Cloppety to make sure they could not get lost. After she made sure all her pets were safe, Hua Lin slowly crept down the cave. She carefully edged her way around a pool full of scalding hot water. The glow she had seen before was now lighting up her path. All of a sudden, a bat swooped down and nearly made Hua Lin jump out of her skin! After the fright, Hua Lin cautiously crept on toward the light. She turned around the corner, and a blinding white burst of iridescent, multicolored light shone around an exquisite teardrop–shaped diamond necklace! Hua Lin gasped with extreme pleasure and excitement as she grasped the necklace in her two small hands and put it round her neck. When she put the pendant on, she felt simultaneously like an eagle soaring through the sky and like a graceful dolphin playing amongst the aquamarine waves. Hua Lin then clambered out of the cave slowly with the diamond necklace shimmering in the darkness. On her way out, she came across the bat that had startled her earlier. Hua Lin decided to test the ability to talk to animals.

"Hi!" Hua Lin called out to the bat.

"Who's talking?" replied a high pitched, squeaky voice. Hua Lin gasped with astonishment and amazement.

"Hua Lin" she replied with a shaky voice. "My name is Hua Lin." Then Hua Lin awkwardly scrambled out of the darkness and into the sunlight.

"I'm home!" Hua Lin called as she arrived home from her adventure. "Mama, have you seen all the plastic bags outside?"

"No, I haven't seen it, why?" answered Mama.

"Shanghai is so filthy and polluted, Mama," remarked Hua Lin sadly.

"Yes, you are right, it is very polluted. " agreed Mama, looking out the window. "Oh no! "

"What is it, Mama? " asked Hua Lin.

"I know you won't like the sound of this, but a baby dragon is choking on a plastic bag! " exclaimed Mama.

"Oh no! I must go and save it! " cried Hua Lin. She hurriedly rushed upstairs, fetched her necklace and got Muo Li, who was her guide to using the necklace, went back downstairs, and flew out the front door to try and save the little dragon.

Once Hua Lin reached the baby dragon, she clutched the diamond in her right hand, and touched the suffocating dragon with her left hand. She muttered a few words, and a shaft of turquoise light shot out of the baby dragon's mouth. It coughed up a plastic bag and kicked it away. Hua Lin sighed with relief as the dragon flapped its tiny wings and nuzzled Muo Li happily.

"Are you okay? "asked Hua Lin.

"Yes! I am! Thanks for saving me from that!" the little dragon squeaked.

Hua Lin looked at the little ball of excitement thoughtfully and asked, "Can I name you Aqua?"

"Okay! " smiled Aqua, proud to have his own name.

Hua Lin looked up from Aqua to see all kinds of animals choking on stuff.

"Oh no! I won't be able to cure all these animals! " sighed a discouraged Hua Lin. The animals all died, one by one, as she watched in despair.

"You can still save all animals! " Muo Li the dinosaur piped up and nodded towards the magic necklace.

"Please make animals reappear, fantasy or real, far or near! I love animals, yes I do, I want to see them at the zoo! " chanted Hua Lin desperately as she held out the necklace.

BOOM!

With that the animals magically started to awaken and revive. From that day on, Hua Lin called herself the Shanghai pet–rescue girl and used the magic necklace to save many animals from extinction. She also happily gained herself a large number of pets in the process.

Old Shanghai

Yew Chung International School, Reid, Hannah – 10

It had started raining. I ran through the streets of old Shanghai. It was late at night. No one was around. There was only one restaurant open at that time of evening. That particular restaurant, was very old. No one knows why, or how it was built. No one knows who built it either.

I entered the restaurant. People's heads turned, and everything went quiet. People were staring. The wooden floorboards underneath me creaked as I walked step by step. I sat down next to an old lady who seemed to be sleeping.

A waitress approached me and handed me a cup of warm water. I took a small sip and my toes started to tingle as they soaked in water from my wet shoes. The tingling sensation continued up my legs. Up my arms and up the rest of my body. I closed my eyes. This couldn't be happening. I started to disappear…

A few seconds later I opened my eyes. I was still sitting down. In the same chair. With the same cup in front of me…

But 50 years later.

I ran out of the doors. The once old and dark streets were now modern and populated. I couldn't help but wonder, was this still Shanghai?

It wasn't Shanghai...

I started to panic. How did I get here? Could I get back home? Why did this happen? I carried on walking and stopped. Someone was standing in the crowd of people. It wasn't just any random person. It was the old lady from the restaurant. She stared. She walked closer and closer to me. The lady looked at me. I looked back at her.

The lady grabbed my arm and we were transported into a completely different place. The old lady handed me some money and told me to use it wisely. Apparently I couldn't get back to old Shanghai just by drinking another cup of water. And there was no chance of me going back with the old lady. She just simply, disappeared.

I took a modern – day vehicle called a taxi. The old woman had instructed me to go directly to somewhere called ' the airport '. Sure enough, when I arrived, the old lady was there. She instructed me to buy a ticket for an airplane ride to Shanghai.

But the old lady was gone by the time I got on the plane. I closed my eyes.

My head hit the back of a chair and woke me up. All of a sudden, I was back in the old restaurant, back in old Shanghai. I was still sitting down. In the same chair. With the same cup in front of me.

Was it a dream? Was it real? I couldn't tell.

The Heart of the Great City

Yew Chung International School, Tai, Cheryl – 9

It was the year 1941 when disaster struck. The Japanese stormed into Shanghai and attacked the most popular place: The Bund. Serena, Ariana and Clement, the daughters and son of Victor Sassoon, sat on the steps of their father's hotel, the Cathay Hotel. There, they watched in horror as those evil barbarians took the life out of their mother. Their father too was rushed away, but the three of them? What were they to do? It was getting late into the evening and they were stuck outside of the hotel. Startled, the children begged for help by pounding on the nearby doors for anyone to let them in. All of a sudden, a dark shadow approached them. When they turned around to see what it was, it was the most ferocious sight they could have ever imagined.

It was a rainstorm, but it wasn't just any rainstorm. This was the rainstorm that happened once a century. From tales passed down, outsiders have reported that no one has ever survived this rainstorm. Some have said that this storm created hurricanes that swirl you up and trap you forever, but no one could really know.

Then, a scary–looking soldier came upon them. The soldier wore an armour that was made by the toughest iron, the finest gold and the most precious stones ever, mostly peridots and moonstones. He held a sword that was so shiny that in twinkled even in the darkest times, and it was adorned with rubies and rare diamonds. That sword was so sharp that even if you placed it on a fine piece of silk, it would directly slice through it, so the only way to place it down was by putting it down on cotton that was wrapped by the best wool ever. The tip was indeed the sharpest part.

The soldier was so scary that Serena, the youngest, screamed for 2–3 minutes. Ariana, the eldest, tried her best to calm Serena down, but with the creepy soldier there, she was terribly frightened as well. The soldier lifted up his sword as if he was ready to kill them. Clement saw what was happening, and he ran towards them to defend them. However, instead of trying to stab him, the soldier gestured them to follow him.

Feeling abnormal, the anxious children followed him with Clement in the lead. The soldier put his sword in front of him so that no one could get in his way or ask him about them. He also skillfully swung his sword around when he thought people might be looking. "He nearly scared the bolts out of me!" whispered Serena nervously. Ariana agreed, since it looked as if Serena was on fire when she screamed. Clement wasn't bold, but he obviously wasn't expecting what happened next.

Just at the look of your parents lying dead on the floor would make you heartbroken, wouldn't it? Well, that was exactly what the children saw. Their parents were lying on the floor. With their little mouths open, a wave of sadness swept the poor children. Still, they gathered up their courage and continued to follow the mysterious soldier who was waiting for them at a nearby place which looked quite familiar to them. Instead of running away, they went after him.

When they arrived there, the soldier cleared his voice and took his mask off. It looked as if the place had been abandoned for a long time. The soldier had shiny bronze hair that was gelled backwards. He had blue eyes, peach, bright skin, and pursed lips. He looked more like a knight, and Serena, Ariana and Clement's hearts were pounding. The grand soldier introduced himself. He was actually the emperor of Japan, so when he said that, the children immediately bowed down. He said that he was warned to be careful about battles from his ancestors, along with his entire army. Unfortunately, no one has ever bothered to listen to his descendants except for him, so when he saw them, he knew that they might be worthy enough for this quest to stop them. As well as that, he told them that the rainstorm was actually not the one that kills people and causes floods, but a regular rainstorm that was heavier than usual, and it was also increased by the levels of a generator made by his royal scientist, Alain, and was attached to lots of mini toy rockets donated by the children in Japan. Then, he made them into real ones that could blast off into space. However, their quest remained for a secret for the longest time ever. The only facts that were discovered was that they had to find the majestic spirits, probably something about why the soldiers weren't obeying their masters strongest and most intelligent ancestor. But what happened after that? Well, no one really knows what happened to them, but some scientists proved that they had fallen into the black hole on Mars while searching for some other mysteries of stopping the Japanese in some way, but this story shall remain as a secret forever.

As well as that, the children and their parents bodies was never to be found after they died, so myths were created about them, what happened to them and where their bodies might be.

Time Travelling with Xiao Long Bao

Yew Chung International Scool, Beijing, Chang, Wing Hang – 9

On P1 January, Sam was in Shanghai, he had gone there for vacation. Sam was in a restaurant. He was eating Xiao Long Bao, a kind of famous dumpling in Shanghai. Sam was about to put a Xiao Long Bao in his mouth when Sam heard a voice coming from the Xiao Long Bao, 'Did you talk?' asked Sam.
'Yes I did! Do you want to travel back in time?' said the Xiao Long Bao.
'I would like to!' said Sam and the Xiao Long Bao said, 'Here we go!'

Three minutes later, Sam asked the Xiao Long Bao, 'Where are we? Why are the people's clothes so different?' 'In the past, 1940, Shanghai, in the City God Temple,' said the X iao Long Bao, 'Let's go for a walk,' whispered the Xiao Long Bao. Sam and the Xiao Long Bao walked until they came into a garden. 'This is Yu Garden, it was built in 1559' said the Xiao Long Bao. They walked past a pond and the Xiao Long Bao said. 'Let's go back to the City God Temple!'

When they got to the City God Temple, they saw people running from a room. Sam heard crackling and smelled smoke. Just then, Sam saw fire. 'Fire!!' yelled Sam to the Xiao Long Bao. 'Let's call the fire station!' screamed Sam. 'Too slow!' screamed the Xiao Long Baa back. 'Follow me!' said Xiao Long Bao. 'Where are we going?' asked Sam. 'To Yu Garden!' said the Xiao Long Bao.

When they got to Yu Garden, the Xiao Long Baa began sucking water from the pond, he began to grow as big as a car and then as big as a house. He sucked up all the water from the pond and he was as big
as a castle! 'We'll go back to the City God Temple.' said the Xiao long Bao.

When they went back to the City God Temple, the Xiao Long Bao asked Sam to squeeze him with all his might and Sam obeyed. The Xiao Long Bao aimed his mouth at the tire and water gushed out like a furious wave. Everybody helped.

The fire was out, the Xiao Long Bao was back to his normal size and everybody shouted, 'Hooray!' Everybody thanked the Xiao Long Bao and Sam. Suddenly the Xiao Long Bao began to change color and he told Sam that it is time to go back to the restaurant in

Three minutes later the Xiao Long Bao took Sam back and Sam said, 'No time passed! It is still

3:30pm! It's still time for tea.' 'Yeah! Do you want to travel back in time?' asked another voice. 'Oh no!' thought Sam.

Roman Christmas

Yew Chung International School, Beijing, Lee Souryanvong, Carina – 9

As the story begins…

What will the future be like? Now we only know the modern, but think about the past. Christmas is almost here and soon Santa Clause wil be giving out presents just like last year…

One evening, in Shanghai was a girl named Christella, she was good at thinking about intereating things. Christella read a book in the morning and its about Roman holidays, she was actually really interested in that book, so she went running like crazy up the stairs (because she was so excited about writing an "I Wonder" poem) she went to her room and closed the door, turned on the desk light and started to right (write), (well of course she was not a poet or anything)

Christella tried to not get interupted by her puppy (Fluffy) which is playing wigh Christella's new fur ball that she bought from "down town" well, Christella was actually a nice girl and ried to make herself calm down then said in her mid: keep calm Christella, don't be mad, Fluffy is still a puppy that is only 2 months, he just don't know! And he wants to have fun!" But, Fluffy keeps on making those ignoring noise, finally Christella can't stand anymore and her face grew red and screeched: MOM!!! Ger Fluffy out of my room NOW!!! After half a minute her mon came in and said nicely: What is the matter darling?" Can't you see I am on my desk trying to write and Fluffy is making a noise and I still to concentrate? So just bring him out of my room and put him in his playground or in the backyard, ok?" Shouted Christella angrily then her mon said: "Ok, come Fluffy! Into your playground." Fluffy followed with her mom.

Suddenly an idea popped out of brain, she knew Chrismas is almost here and she matched the Romans holiday and Christmas plus presents all together and started writing on a piece of paper.

"On the date of December 24th, will the romans gather together? And celebrate Christmas together? Will Santa Clause give out presents to Roaman children's jut like now?

I Wonder…….

Then after is done, Christella remembered that tomorrow was actually, SQEEEE!!!!!!!!

So she puted the note on the windo sill and waited till the next night to come so maybe Santa could answer the questions all.

The New Tale Of The Old City Of Shanghai

Ying Wa Primary School, Chan, Yin Wang – 11

And I just have to add the flux capacitor to the control panel and the time traveler 2000 is completed!" said Lambart. Lambart was a twelve year–old genius. He loved to invent things, and his newest invention, the Time Traveler 2000 stood proudly in his messy laboratory. The Time Traveler 2000 was a time machine that could travel to any time and place on Earth. Lambart was learning about the old City of Shanghai, and he was very eager to see how life was like in the old city of Shanghai. He typed "The Old City of Shanghai" on the control panel and set the year dial to random. He then pressed a red button on the control panel. All of a sudden, the machine started to vibrate, humming with an eerie sound. Then the sound stopped. Both Lambart and the machine had disappeared.

The Time Traveler 2000 appeared in a dark alleyway. Lambart checked the year dial. It was the year 1853. Lambart didn't know what happened in 1853, so he used the time machine's built–in database to search about what happened. He typed, "The Old City of Shanghai in 1853". The screen said," It was the time of the Taiping rebellion. In 1853, The Old City fell into the hands of the Small Swords Society." Lambart looked around to find out that he was face to face with an old man. The old man said," What are you doing here, boy? Don't you know that the Society members will be here any moment? Run!"

As they were about to flee, they found their ways were blocked by two large and burly men. The bigger of the two men said," Mister Lau, Master – "Before he could even finish his sentence, Mister Lau had already punched him so hard that the man slumped to the ground, unconscious. The other man wheeled around, trying to attack the old man, but Mister Lau was too quick for him. Before long, both men were knocked out cold. Mister Lau said, "What are you waiting for, boy? Now we've attacked two Society members, they will be hot after our tails. Follow me!"

They both ran like rockets to Mister Lau's house. After they went to Mister Lau's house, the old man bolted the door shut. He said," It won't be long before the Society members find us. Here's the plan: I'll give you my armor and a fast horse. You must get out of this city quickly, or they will be after your blood. I'll keep them busy while you escape. Understand?" Lambart nodded his head. The old man said, "Good. Here's my helmet and armor." The old man handed Lambart a set of bronze armor. "It's as tough as a diamond and twice as precious. This shotgun is also yours. Keep yourself safe, okay?" Lambart nodded. Mister Lau then led him out to the stables and took him in front of a handsome chestnut colored horse." This is Swiftwind," the old man said, patting the horse's head," the fastest horse in the whole city. You must get back to where you came from safely, before the society members get you. Understood?" Lambart nodded. He climbed onto Swiftwind's back and started to go back to the dark alleyway where the time machine was hidden from prying eyes.

Suddenly, he could see a dust cloud, so big that only a crowd of powerful horses could create a cloud of sand of that scale. He could hear the noise of a pack of horses galloping across the land. Once the dust cloud cleared he could see a team of ten people riding on horses. Once they dismounted, two people pointed a gun at both Mister Lau and Lambart.

The leader of the pack slid from his horse's back to the ground He was a middle–aged man with a hideous scar running across his face. He said," Well, well, well. Look at what we have got here! An old man who constantly disobey my orders! Now look at him, mopey and weak–"

"Excuse me, sir," said Lambart calmly. Anger and hatred were bubbling inside his stomach: how dare this foul man call one of the bravest people he had ever known weak?

The leader of the pack glared at the boy. Apparently, he was not happy to be interrupted while he was speaking. He said," How dare you interrupt the leader of the Small Swords Society while he is talking? Do you want me to throw you into the moat?"

Lambart said, "Well, no. I just want to say that I am going away."

The leader of the Society raised his eyebrows. He said, "What makes you think that I will release you?"

Mister Lau said, "I do." Without waiting for the leader to defend himself, he punched the man in his face hard. The leader of the Society fell to the ground, unconscious. Lambart saw this as his chance to leave. With one last look at Mister Lau, who was still fighting the society, he urged Swiftwind to the alleyway where the time machine was hidden. He pressed the red button, and after a while, he was already back home.

Lambart started to think that the Time Traveler 2000 wasn't such a great invention. What if he accidentally screwed up? Would the whole world be affected? After a while, he decided on dismantling the machine. From that day on, he didn't make any time machines anymore.

The alchemist

Ying Wa Primary School, Chau, Yat – 10

In 1845, after the opium war in Shanghai enabled waves of British missionaries onto Chinese territory, a lot of Shanghai teenagers had become orphans as their parents were killed in the war. One such teenager was Bao. He had to work very hard just to have three meals each day. He was famous for being nosy about any strange things. Bao worked in the shipyard moving goods, always smelling the faint scent of tea leaves and herbs. At that time, tea was a commonly traded commodity like silk. These days, he kept seeing a frail old British man sitting alone on the deck of a wooden boat. Seeing how bad the man's condition was in, he always shared half the food he got to him.

Today, there were rumors about a man acting strangely around the neighborhood. Bao asked his friends, "Have you guys heard about the strange man who now lives near here?"

His friends, willing to answer, quickly said, "Yes! He's from England and his work is something very secret. Remember to update us with any information you find!" But Bao was not listening to their last sentence. What really made him interested was when they said the word 'secret'. He was not going to stop investigating this man until he was able to obtain some really useful data about what he was doing in Shanghai, but what he desperately wanted to know what his real job was. He quickly followed the man to his home and memorized the address. The stranger never saw Bao's face.

At night, Bao swung into action. He flung his long braid to one side and jumped from the window and landed on the ground as planned. But what he didn't know was that someone had put a pail on the ground right in the spot he jumped on. It took him a few more minutes and more noise (cursing, to be exact) to get it off his leg. Eventually, he got the pail off by smashing it on the ground continuously. After Bao got into the strange man's home, it took him a lot more time to climb into a chimney he found on the roof.

As he was dropping in like Santa, he found a pot of boiling water under him and he quickly skid to a halt using his limbs. Then he climbed down and dropped next to it, barely missing,' some sort of security system' he thought. He stood in awe as he saw the perfectly designed home, completely different from the outside which looked shabby but blended in perfectly, the inside was like a piece of artwork. He momentarily dreamed about living in this sort of house, until he got a glimpse of something silver, a tripwire of some sort in the doorway. Bao knew he must always be alert to avoid the man from waking up and discovering he had broken in. Then, he saw the pile of beautiful tools, arranged in perfect order, but it was somewhat obviously strange to have one of those at home. Bao thought to himself. There was also a mound of rocks of some sort, some like coal, some like …gold? It was shimmering like a little star. At once, Bao started to feel his sixth sense tingling, as to alert him of what that was going to happen. But he did not mind. He could already feel that this man was no ordinary guy. He must be up to something!

Then, he scolded himself for not noticing it. There was a bit of the wall on the left side of him that was slightly loose from the other parts. He gently pushed it and a part of the wall turned around to reveal a secret room, hidden between the kitchen and the living room. He thought: Aha, there must be something important hidden behind this wall! He quickly ran into this space. There was a bookshelf jammed with gigantic books and also, a diary. Bao quickly opened the diary and found only a pile of golden dust in it.

Then, the powder seemingly sprang to life and showed him the story of the man he was investigating. It showed images of alchemists, the formula to make gold, attacks and more. The man was the greatest alchemist ever, Alexander! He was the first person to discover the formula to produce gold from a pile of other stuff, which Bao realized that the pile of rocks he saw just now in the other room. The next images showed some greedy

people who wanted the formula only for themselves to make themselves rich. They wanted to kill Alexander to stop him from passing the formula to anybody else. When he got tipped off that someone was after him, he managed to get on the same transport as many other missionaries used by disguising himself as one of them. Then, he came to this house to continue his research on how to make his formula better. At that moment, all the images collapsed into the book as powder again. Bao now got the information he had come to find.

Suddenly, he heard a tremendous bang! Alexander's house was under attack! It was the first time Bao saw British–looking attackers with his own eyes. They were armed with knives, and all of them looked like body builders. Bao swiftly closed the revolving doors and when the attackers walked away, he dove for the tripwire and pulled it into shreds to trigger the alarm. Bao already felt the fists smashing into his gut, but in fact, they never came. An attacker had tripped and everybody thought that it was he who triggered the alarm system. At that time, Alexander burst out of the bedroom, and he was very angry, but Bao recognized him immediately. He was the man from the pier!

He screamed, "Who's there? How dare you break into my home?" The attackers quickly ran towards him, but before they could reach the frightened Alexander, Bao dumped a pot of boiling water straight at their faces and scorched them really badly.

Alexander asked, irritated, "who are you guys?" but they were too busy to answer. Bao and Alexander fight back the attackers that had come too close that it was like the attackers could touch them by the tools that he saw before like a hammer.

In the end, the attackers got sprayed by some powder he stirred up from a pot and flung it at them, they all slumped on the floor, snoring. Bao said giggling, "I really hoped you'd done that ten minutes ago." Then, his face went serious as he said, "Alexander, I do highly recommend you to incinerate the formula of gold and simply forget about it. As long as the formula still exists, there would be always some greedy people who would want to make gold for themselves and they would do anything to achieve this goal. When the formula does not exist anymore, they will leave you alone so you can concentrate on your normal life."

Surprisingly, Alexander replied, "Of course! This formula has made me very afraid to have new friends. Thanks for giving me some food every day! But actually, I had wanted to do that a long time ago." He incinerated the formula immediately, then asked Bao, "I am going to grant you a wish. Do you want gold?"

Bao replied, "No, what I really want is to see my mom again." Then Alexander quickly stirred up another palm full of powder and clapped it over Bao's head. Then he saw visions of his mother, and fell asleep. When he woke up, Bao first thought he had a dream as the house looked like a long vacant one, until he saw a pile of gold next to him.

Bao returned happily to give out the gold to the orphans. They could go to school finally without having to double their efforts in their jobs and they could change their destiny.

The New Tales of Old Shanghai

Ying Wa Primary School, Kwan, Chin Man – 10

In the old days, Shanghai's economy was less developed comparing with its nearby city Hong Kong. Some entrepreneurs who wanted to build up a more prosperous city invested huge amounts of money in promoting tourism. To this end, they thought of bringing in a theme park from overseas, which is called Shanghai Disneyland Park.

The person–in–charge of this important project was called Mr. Robertson. He wanted the theme park to be different to the one in Hong Kong so as to attract more tourists; therefore he made a tremendous area in the theme park called Jurassic Park with many different kinds of dinosaurs' models in it. These models were specially made to be vivid that were able to communicate and interact with people as well as perform shows.

Thomas is a cheerful and curious boy who has devoted much time to understanding traditional Chinese culture since his last visit to Beijing. And coincidentally he was chosen by his English teacher to participate in a writing competition titled "The New Tales of Old Shanghai", so he and his family took this opportunity to go there at once in the hope of exploring Shanghai. During the course of his trip, he discovered that the natural landscape of Old Shanghai was very fascinating and there were plenty of old buildings, to name a few, Tianzifang, the Xujiahui Catholic Cathedral, the Qibao Old Town, Dajing Ge and so forth. They are all very famous with beautiful scenery and have their own inside stories. Today was the third day of Thomas' trip in Shanghai, he and his family were going to the newly built modern tourist spot – Shanghai Disneyland Park. They spent most of the time in Jurassic Park to see how unique it was.

While they were watching dinosaurs performing show, all the dinosaurs suddenly came to life and went wild! All kinds of dinosaurs such as Stegosaurus, Tyrannosaurus, Apatosaurus and Triceratops were stomping and flying everywhere. Thomas was frightened terribly, but out of curiosity, he followed the dinosaurs after shrinking into micro–sized by pressing a button on his watch. He saw the enormous dinosaurs damage everything. They were kicking the Former Residence of Sun Yat–sen and its statue; holding the Old God's Temple and playing with it; stepping on the Yuyuan Garden and Old Shanghai Wall in the Old City. It's sad to witness that only two short sections of Old Shanghai Wall were stayed intact. People on the other hand were running for their lives. The city was in chaos. Thomas was shocked by the huge destruction brought by the dinosaurs. It was really horrible. He wanted to stop them from further destroying the buildings in Old Shanghai but it appeared to be impossible to do it on his own because even though the military troops could do nothing for the time being.

"Oh my goodness! The Buddhist's head in The Longhua Temple, an ancient building built in Ming Dynasty, was torn apart by a big swing of a dinosaur's tail." Thomas looked up and sighed.

While his mind was racing, he was almost stepped to death by a Tyrannosaurus. Luckily, at the very last moment, a man called Dr. Kwan spotted him and saved him from the dinosaur's foot. Dr. Kwan immediately took Thomas back to his research base hidden under the city. The reason for it being underground was to avoid Mr. Robertson from discovering it. Dr. Kwan strongly believed that Thomas was wise and brave enough to help him sort out this disaster.

When they arrived at the research base, surprisingly Thomas found that it was located inside the Fairmont Peace Hotel near The Waitan Bund, Dr. Kwan asked Thomas, "Why were you wandering around the dinosaurs?"

Thomas explained the purpose of him coming over to Shanghai and how sad he was seeing the dinosaurs wrecking the valuable old buildings. Dr. Kwan told Thomas without hesitation that he was suspicious of Mr. Robertson; hence he tracked him since the Disneyland project began. Reliable information proved that Mr. Robertson was indeed a genetic modification specialist. He has dedicated his life to scientific research. Dr. Kwan added, "It was his first time to use his newly developed medicine on dinosaurs but accidentally he injected too much into them leading to the dinosaurs coming alive." Unfortunately, Dr. Kwan got to know this too late, he did not even have any contingency plan yet! Both of them now discussed all possible ways out of the current situation in the research base.

Not long after, the cops arrested Mr. Robertson. In the presence of Dr. Kwan, one of the cops questioned him angrily, "What did you apply on the dinosaurs?"

Without waiting for his response, the other cop asked further, "Did you have any remedy?"

Mr. Robertson regretfully answered, "I am so sorry about the disaster. Due to my selfishness, I have been spending most of the time researching on a medicine aiming at making modeled animals move and speak like real ones. But it's sad to find that the dosage I applied was wrong. The remedies are available at my research centre. But they needed to be fine-tuned a bit." In view of the urgency, Mr. Robertson was temporarily released to help Dr. Kwan, but under close monitor of the police.

Meanwhile, the police and the military force were making their best attempt to minimize the dinosaurs' destruction to the city. This time, Thomas' watch was to turn the army tanks into macro-sized. This threatened the dinosaurs to run to the countryside. They were all heading to Pagoda at the Zosai Hills.

Several days later, with both Dr. Kwan and Mr. Robertson's joint effort, the "anti-motion" pills were successfully finished. It was developed as big as a cannonball which could be shot out by cannons. The dinosaurs fell down and froze one after the other with every single shot the army made. They became heroes and were well-known amongst all Shanghainese.

At last, the day came and it was time for Thomas to leave Old Shanghai.

Thomas was glad to participate in the mission which made it the most unforgettable experience in the entire trip. However, Thomas was saddened by the massive destruction inflicted on Old Shanghai by the dinosaurs. Dr. Kwan patted his shoulder and said, "Hey boy, don't be upset. I trust you should have heard of an old saying which is 'Out with the old, in the new', right?" Thomas nodded and answered, "Alright, Shanghai is going to start a new chapter after reconstruction. I hope I can come back to Shanghai to see this place again after rebuild."

An Adventure in Old Shanghai

Ying Wa Primary School, Lam, Timothy – 10

Are you listening, Jack Cheung?" Jack's history teacher asked.

"Uh…yeah!" spluttered Jack, who has been sleeping for half of the lesson.

"Fine!" the teacher snarled. "We'll have a quiz about the Shanghai Massacre tomorrow!"

"Aw…" moaned the class.

Feeling very sad and nervous, Jack went home and stormed to his bedroom (a.k.a lab). He did nothing well but inventing. He closed the door and found his sister, Anny, messing with his newest and proudest "toy", a time traveler. Frustrated and angry, he yelled, "Just what on earth do you think you are doing here?"

"Breaking it up," his sister replied.

"Why?"

"Because Mum said no time travelling as it's too dangerous. What if you tripped over a stone and accidentally blew up the whole universe?"

"Fine," Jack grumbled, "just get out of here!"

After she went out, Jack thought that there was no hope of doing well in the quiz if he did not travel back to the time of the history lesson just now. But was it worth to risk his life like that? Secondly, Jack used a lot of blueprints to make the time traveler that he used over a month to research. How could he do it again in a day? But at last, he thought to himself, "Although sis broke some of the circuits, she couldn't have broken all of them, right?" To his luck, she did not. Jack checked how much damage was made, and then started to work.

He worked for a few hours, and suddenly, the door opened. His domestic helper went in and said, "It's time for dinner!"

Jack thought, "No way! I've just started work for half an hour and now it's seven o'clock?" Reluctantly, he went out for dinner.

After dinner, Jack ran back into his room. After breaking everything in his room and making his parents really mad, he made it to the time traveler.

"Finally, it's time to test out the controls!" But as Jack stepped in, he felt something fishy, something beyond his control, but he tried it out, anyway.

Suddenly, there was a clicking sound from the time traveler. Jack pressed the "emergency" button, but it was too late. He accidentally pressed the random place and time button, and is a second, "Boom!" The time traveler disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

Suddenly, Jack was in an old city. He immediately recognized it, Shanghai. He checked his watch, the numbers were shifting quickly, and suddenly it stopped. The watch showed that he was in 1927. Worse, the date was the eleventh of April! It was just a day before the Shanghai Massacre! He had to warn the villages before they got killed! But how? His Putonghua was not good! Secondly, he thought maybe the villagers didn't speak Putonghua, because their dialect was Shanghaiese. Anyway he tried and finally one villager understood him. Jack spread the word around but most of them could not understand him. Some did but did not believe him. They called him names that he didn't understand and laughed at him, so he thought of the other plan: stop the soldiers from attacking Shanghai. He went to the KMT military camp (which the villagers referred to it as "suicide"), proclaimed a speech, and convinced them not to attack the village.

It was all hard work, but the job was done. Suddenly, he thought of the time machine. He ran back to the time traveler and found out that the time machine was perfect…perfectly charred and destroyed.

Jack sat down on the street and started to cry. He cried because that quiz made him get lost in time. He cried because he could help the villagers, yet he couldn't help himself. All in a sudden, a voice rang behind him, "Need help?" It was the villager who he successfully convinced. Jack admitted, "Now, to tell the truth, I'm from the future. I've been having this history class and it was about the massacre in your village. So that's why I ran around telling the people to get away."

"Wait…so you're telling me that you're from the future? That might be cool! I'm an engineer. What should I do to get famous?"

"You're an engineer? I could use your skills to fix the time traveler." Jack exclaimed.

"Sweet, but isn't it fiction? You guys have it in your time? How does it work?"

Jack encouraged the villager to work with him. The villager agreed. He accepted his hand and they got to work. After Jack explained how the machine worked, the villager started to work. After three hours, the machine was rebuilt. Jack said goodbye to the villager and "zap". He was gone.

The next day on his return back, Jack asked, "So, do we have the quiz about the Shanghai Massacre?"

"What Shanghai Massacre?" the teacher said and puzzled…

A Mysterious Adventure in Old City of Shanghai

Ying Wa Primary School, Leung, Cheuk Ting – 11

PRESENT

"Finally!" I said. "It is my first day here!" I said excitedly. Oh, I forgot to introduce myself, I am Tom, and I participated in an exchange programme in Shanghai. The project of the program is to study the architecture style and history of Old City of Shanghai. I had a roommate called Max. He is humorous and likes to cheer people up.

The other day, we went to visit Old Shanghai. While we were walking, I showed off my "brainy-talking skills" and introduced the buildings (I found a lot of information on the Internet at night of the first day while Max was sleeping). "Okay, now you see, this is the Shanghai Old City Wall. It was built to defend itself against Japanese pirates." I continued, "The Dajing De Pavilion is a temple on the Shanghai Old City Wall. And the Yuyuan Garden was built in 1577 by a government officer of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) named Pan Yunduan."

We took many photos and went back to our hotel to review them. We are ready for the project.

1845-PAST

The next morning, Max and I woke up very early and went out for a walk. But Max and I felt very strange. The newly-developed buildings had disappeared. The people wore old-fashioned clothes there. There were no cars on the road but rickshaws.

"Where are we?"Max asked.

"I don't know,"I replied.

I suddenly remembered some old buildings. I remembered I took some photos of them.

Oh no, we are back to the past.

We were frightened. But then, I was excited.

"Max, do you remember the purpose of this trip?"I asked.

"Yes, it is to study the architecture style and history of the Old City of Shanghai,"Max said.

"Yes, let's go to the Old City of Shanghai to take photos and prepare more materials for our project," I said.

"Then let's go!"Max exclaimed.

While we were walking, someone stopped us. We were first puzzled, but then we saw a group of workers repairing a road. We asked them who they were. They said,"Some of us are workers from the Shanghai Municipal Council. A group of Western businessmen met and formed this group to organize road repairs, refuse clearance and collect tax across the concessions.Blah blah blah..."

While the worker was explaining, the road collapsed. Max and I fell into it.

1936-"THE ORPHANS"

When we recovered, we saw guns, grenades, battle planes...

Suddenly, a soldier shouted at us, "Where did you two come from?"

Max learnt Japanese last year, so he told me that they asked where did we came from.

I whispered, "Quick, make an excuse!"

Max said, "We are Japanese orphans. We lost our Mum and Dad. We are finding them."

Then, the soldier saw us holding our cameras. He was suspicious(it may be a bomb, right?). He asked again, "What are you holding?"

Max answered, "Those are toys that we played when we were five. I enjoy it a lot so I bring it every day."

The Japanese soldier warned us, "Always be careful because now it is the Battle of Shanghai. You two may get killed by Chinese soldiers. Hey! Don't go that way! That way is the way to the remaining Shanghai City Wall. It is for the Shanghainese to defend their city. There are a lot of soldiers up there! (Note: There were not the word "old" because it was the time in 1933-1936)"

We didn't listen to the soldier. We went near the city wall and took some photos. But then, "BOOM!" a rocket missile hit the floor. We were scared. More bullets, more explosions. We hid in a shop that was abandoned. The sign wrote 'White Rabbit Creamy Candy Shop'. After a few seconds, the sound stopped. We peeked out of the window. There were Chinese soldiers arresting Chinese people. I was puzzled. Why?

1949–NEWS REPORT

In the house next to the shop, we heard the news report."This is Beijing Television. Welcome all Chinese people. Yesterday, the Communists started controlling Shanghai. Communists said Shanghai is taken by a "peaceful manner", but one of the first things they needed to do was to kill people considered to be "counter–revolutionaries". Hundreds and hundreds of people were executed. Now they are planning to turn the Canidrome from a stadium to an execution facility called 'The Shanghai Enlarged Joint Meeting of People's Representatives' Conference'.

What? I thought. A stadium into an EXECUTION FACILITY? Actually, I heard of the Canidrome when I was young. My dad went to Shanghai to work for a month when I was three, he told me that he had a chance to be a guest of a show. It was located in the Shanghai Culture Square, which is the Canidrome. He told me it was a park in 2003, but it was demolished in the year before I was born (2005).

Suddenly we heard a sound of something collapsing. Was it the shop or the one next to us? I peeked outside. It was

1912–DEMOLISHED

"We are in the year 1912!"I said to Max."By the 20th century, the city wall was an obstacle to efficient trade and impediment to transportation and commerce, damaging to a city that thrived on trade. With the exception of two short sections, the city wall was demolished completely in 1912."

Max said, "That's why we could only see a bit of it. I guess the places the walls were demolished were changed into streets."

Then, I saw something on the ground. It was a tiny fragment of the wall. I put it in my pocket. Then, I heard a ring.

PRESENT–WHAT HAPPENED?

We woke up together. We thought it was only a dream. We saw new buildings across the road. I was astonished about what happened last night.

"Max, did you sleep well? Did you have any dreams?"I asked him.

"Yawn, I didn't sleep well but I dreamt of us going back in time. I remembered the road workers..." Max said.

"I think we were just having the same dream, right?" I shouted out.

During breakfast time, we took our digital cameras to review our photos. We were both shocked. We saw the Old Shanghai Buildings and photos in our camera. I checked my pockets. There were a few tiny fragments of a wall piece. How come?

The New Tale of Old Shanghai

Ying Wa Primary School, Mui, Moses – 11

Prologue

It is 12:00am. The moon got really bright. Ming was working on his revision on his Chinese examination. As he revised, he dropped into a deep sleep. As he was sleeping, a mysterious enormous vortex sucked Ming in…

Chapter 1 — The Mysterious Place

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" The rooster crowed. Ming woke up in an old leather bed. He got up, rubbed his tired eyes and murmured to himself, "Where am I? I was in year 2017 when I slept!" Beside him was a cute little maid with butter-coloured hair. He quickly patted his 'bedmate' next to him. "Hey, what's happening now?" She woke up, startled. "Well, master, don't you know? Did you get brain-washed? You are in the Old City of Shanghai. It's almost time to work, so let's get up!" She left the room in a rush. Ming thought, "Wha…what? I was revising for my Chinese History exam last night, than at almost midnight, I slept. How did I end out HERE!? Well, I don't know."

Anyway, Ming went out the room and found myself in a typical Chinese decked room. There were congee, vegetables and dumplings for breakfast. Ming ate the whole course in no time with the maid's relatives, as he was famished the whole night. After breakfast, he asked the maid," What is your name? What are we doing?" She replied, feeling annoying," Uhhh, are you really brainwashed? My name is Cuifeng. Now, we will trade with our neighbours if we have supplies we need in daily life. Also, we will water the crops. Then, after lunch, we have to help building the wall surrounding the city. That's why the wall keeps getting taller and taller." Ming asked, "Why are you building the wall? Is there a purpose?" She furiously shrieked at me, "ARE YOU SERIOUS MASTER? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM ALZHEIMER DISEASE? WE ARE PREVENTING THE ATTACKS OF THE JAPANESE PIRATES, WHICH THEIR CAPTAIN IS NAMED PIKOTARO. THEY SHOOT CANNONBALLS AT US AT AN ANGLE OF 85° SO WE NEED TO BUILD A WALL. NOW ENOUGH TALKING AND GET ONTO WORK." She angrily left after that. Ming scratched his head in bewilderment, but as he couldn't think of anything, he followed Cuifeng in the direction she went.

Chapter 2 — Work

After a few minutes, Ming finally found Cuifeng. She was trading with a tradesman. Cuifeng told Ming to water the crops. Ming followed obediently. He didn't even know what was happening to him! Was there a secret power that controlled him to follow Cuifeng's order? It was so strange! Ming didn't want to obey it, but it turns out to be impossible.

After lunch, it was time to help with the walls. Ming followed Cuifeng unwillingly. They first fetched a clay brick, then climbed up the 16-storey ladder to put it around the building of the whole wall. Ming saw every one of the citizens of the city all helping. He thought, "Together is really the key to success!" At Cuifeng's house, he had a fabulous dinner. As he was exhausted, he plopped onto the bed without hesitation after the dinner.

Chapter 3 — The Dream

Inside Ming's dream, he was floating in 2017, when suddenly the world engulfed itself and it became a wormhole! Inside the hole was the Sui Emperor from the Sui Dynasty. He was holding a shimmering diamond sword in one of his hands, while holding a big fat juicy gourd in the other. He told Ming, "This is the Neo Sword. It is made of refined diamond and who is killed by this sword will be instantly turned into diamond statues. It will be placed on your bedside table next morning. Good luck with the Japanese pirates. They will come at any time!"

When Ming woke up, he feasted his eyes on the magnificent beast as he showed it to Cuifeng. She gasped, "Where on earth did you get this thing? I think I have mistaken it as a prophecy my parents told me before. It was like this:

To achieve the epically legendary Neo Sword,

You must dream about an old emperor holding a gourd.

This will happen only if you are in great danger,

Or else, the treasure will become a black blur.

This must be the weapon the sky gave us to complete our dream to conquer the Japanese warriors! Master, you're so lucky!"

Chapter 4 — The Battle

One winter morning a few months later, Ming woke up because he heard thunder. No, it couldn't be, right? Winters don't have thunder! It was actually the cannonballs from the Japanese pirates. Without room for hesitation, Ming quickly told Caifeng by instinct. She told Ming to battle with the Japanese pirates. Unluckily, Ming figured out quickly that the pirates had pineapple–shaped razor pens as they were streaming into the city gate. He thought, "Wow! That thing is so unique! How did the pirates get it? Did they steal it? It must be it!" Ming has stayed in the city for a long time and he has already stuck to the city's thoughts. He was determined to save the sacred city which is facing its doom.

Ming held the sword tightly. As he killed a few of the pirates, he felt more confident and courageous. However, hundreds and hundreds of pirates were rushing into the city. It seemed that it was never ending! Luckily, the citizens of the old city came to help. They threw spears, arrows, rakes, spades…everything they could find at home at the pirate army. Although the army was shrinking, Ming could see that the pirates' eyes are full of rage. Ming suddenly realized something, "Wait…those pirates look identical! That group is too! There must be a cloning machine out there!" So he ventured in to the group of pirates, thwarting the pirates to stay near him. At the entrance, he spotted a pirate with a badge, a golden scar, and a silver banner on his head. Yes! That must be Pikotaro! Ming rushed to his side, lifted his sword, and SWISH! A diamond head landed on the floor. In Pikotaro's pocket, Ming found a pocket cloning machine that Pikotaro must have stolen from others. He had a complacency feeling at that moment, but he soon realized that he was surrounded by a big group of pirates. He horridly closed his eyes and randomly slashed like a ninja. When he opened his eyes, He saw shimmering heads and bodies lying on the floor. As he went back through the main door, citizens grabbed him and kept throwing him as high as they could, chanting "Hero! Hero! Hero! Hero..."

Chapter 5 — Home

That night, when Ming slept in his bed in the old city, the mysterious vortex appeared at midnight again and sucked Ming back to real life…

Ming woke up, startled. He checked the clock—it was 12:01! Ming felt relieved, as time would not pass fast in real life. He kept on revising, hoping that he would achieve a good score in his Chinese History, or the things he experienced in the Old City of Shanghai would be a total waste.

The Old Shanghai Adventure

Ying Wa Primary School, Ng, Tin Yau – 11

Yesterday, I visited a historical museum. While I was wandering around, I saw an old picture in a dark corner. It was glimmering like a diamond in the dark. My curiosity led me closer to it. I found that it was a map of Shanghai from the old days. I touched it and felt dizzy. The room seemed to spin and I recognized I was being sucked into a time tunnel. I closed my eyes tightly and my heart pounded so hard that I couldn't breathe. I noticed that something strange was happening to me. I asked myself, "Where am I? What am I going to be?"

After a moment, I landed in a dark corner of a street. I was frightened. My feet were trembling so much that I couldn't stand straight. I crawled to the end of the street and peeked out. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was on a street in Old Shanghai as it reminded me of what I had seen in a history book about the old city wall. The leaves on the trees fluttered and the wind was whirring. A shred of paper was blowing in the wind and I caught a glimpse of it. It was a notice with the date on it. Oh no! I had gone back to the Ming Dynasty. I shivered with fear. I glanced at myself. I was dressed in Hanfu. A dark shadow suddenly skittered across the edge of the street. A girl was running towards me. She screamed, "Run for your life!" I was speechless from shock.

The girl grabbed my hand and dragged me with her. We dashed through the narrow city streets for several minutes before turning down a side–alley and stopped to catch our breath. "We will go to the safe house first!" yelled the girl. "There!" she said, pointing to a place at the end of a street.

We set off again, this time more cautiously. The city was in chaos. In the distance, I could hear men who were screeching in Japanese. I had read the history books before. I knew that they were the sea pirates, the Wokou! People were hurrying away from the invading Wokou, carrying whatever valuables they could. Occasionally, I saw groups of Chinese militia men running in the opposite direction. The roads were only a few meters wide with wooden houses on either side. The houses were only two or three floors high with clay tiled roofs. Most ground floors were small shops or tea houses.

We arrived at the safe house. The safe house was a small dark windowless hut at the back of a Ming Dynasty inn. There were several men in the room but there was one man who seemed to be in charge as he was gruffly barking orders to the others. He was short but powerfully built. He looked up and stared at me. He asked, "What are you doing here?"

"A girl brought me," I replied.

"The Wokou are attacking," he said. "We're organizing the local militia here. And any volunteers who want to help?" he added, looking me in the eyes.

"I guess I'm volunteering then!" I said, sounding braver than I felt.

"Good. Go with Xiao Qian," said the man motioning to the girl.

I went over to Xiao Qian who was busy filling a bag with supplies.

"What are we going to do?" I asked.

"Our mission is to get back our treasure map from the Wokou. The treasure map is at Wokon headquarters, just beyond the city walls."

I then set off with Xiao Qian again towards the headquarters of Wokou. Once outside the city walls we located the headquarters. It was a large one−storey farmhouse surrounded by trees. By now, it was night and the farmhouse looked dark and spooky. We crept through the trees to the edge of a small courtyard. We saw three Wokou loading gold and treasure onto a trolley at the back door. It seemed the leader of Wokou who was holding a lantern was reading something important. "It's the map!" Xiao Qian said. She crept stealthily towards the leader and tried to grab the map. The leader swung her away. The other Wokous noticed and surrounded us. I suddenly became very brave. I posed as a Kung Fu star. I applied all the Taekwondo and Chinese Kung Fu skills that I had learnt after school to fight the three Wokous. I didn't know why I had such power. I knocked them down with ease. At the same time, I heard Xiao Qian shriek loudly, "Help me!" The pirate leader put the blade of sword to Xiao Qian's neck. I felt the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

The leader laughed, "Haha! Give up or your friend dies!" There was no time to be scared. I used all my strength to run towards him and kick him down. He stumbled as he fell onto the floor. In a rage, the leader tried to fight back and rushed towards me. But, I dodged out the way, tripping him over. He jumped up and came at me again. Xiao Qian managed to dart away and escape before the Wokous could surround her. The leader hit my head with his fist and I felt giddy. As I scrambled on the ground, the leader grabbed my arm and dragged me up. He was holding a yellowish paper in his other hand and bellowed, "Is this the map you are looking for, boy?" At this moment, I lashed out with my bare fist and sent the leader flying. He lost his balance and the map flew in the air. I jumped up and I managed to grab it. All the things around me started spinning. I realized I was being sucked back into the darkness of the time tunnel again.

After a few seconds, I was back in the museum and lying on the floor in front of the map again. A security asked me," What are you doing here?" I stammered, "I…don't….know…"

Hongdu

Ying Wa Primary School, Song, Yiding – 11

A single figure stood in the glooming moonlight, fiddling in his pockets. He pulled out something black, L–shaped. He raised the thing and pointed at the empty space in front of himself. A single "click", a small move, a big jerk of the man's hand, then absolute silence. The man slowly shoved the black thing back into his pocket and walked away.

The man was holding a gun. He was called Lesley Zhang. The person he had just killed was a spy.

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The next morning, a man lay dead near the General Post Office Building in Shanghai, which was a spectacular piece of Classical style architecture four storeys high. Despite the wondrous side, one's attention would have been focused on the dead man. There was a hole in his heart left by the bullet that hit him. But there was no blood.

Meanwhile, Lesley was back at his home, enjoying the aftermath of his evil work. He found an anonymous letter on the table. Grinning slyly, he picked it up. "Kill the boy on the pavement, you'll receive your money," it read, the words had robot–like handwriting.

A boy stepped onto the stone–made pavement near the Shanghai city walls, not aware of Lesley trailing behind him, smoking. The boy walked towards the post office. He saw the dead man and stopped abruptly in his tracks. He screamed.

Just then, the dead man opened his eyes. "I'm a robot," he croaked, "I'm from the future." The boy gasped. "Look behind you, boy!" the robot pointing. "I came to Old Shanghai to teach the man behind you a lesson, he's called Lesley. He once tried to kill me with a gun, but I deflected the blow easily. Now, I'm arranging a time paradox for you two to meet."

The boy turned around, only to find Lesley pointing a gun at him. "I'll finish you first, then I'll deal with what is ever behind you," Lesley rasped.

Lesley was about to fire when the boy suddenly said, "I'm called Lesley, too. My name's Lesley Zhang. Please don't kill me."

The adult Lesley's finger froze on the trigger, something went 'click' at the back of his mind. Maybe it was the calmness of the boy that reminded him of himself, or is it the name, the face? Suddenly, time stopped.

"Go!" the robot whispered. "I can't stop time for too long." The boy Lesley took off running and disappeared into the early morn. Soon, time started to flow again, but the robot was gone. The other Lesley turned his back, a look of astonishment on his face. "Where's the boy and the thing behind him?" he muttered to himself.

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Adult Lesley entered a nightclub— 'Shanghai The Paramount', typical for old Shanghainese mobsters. He saw one of his friends and sat down beside him. "What's up?" his friend asked.

"I've got a large wad of money coming," Lesley replied. "Thirteen hand–guns and some Opium. What d'ya think?"

"Do it!"

"Yeah," Lesley sighed. He shook his head and looked up. There he saw a police detective, known to the gangsters as 'The Killer'.

A second later, Lesley fell to the floor. He was thrown backward and he landed on the ground with a loud 'boom'. His friend sprang up and kicked the detective in the stomach, but it was blocked easily with a wooden table. Using the distraction, Lesley called for help. The detective reacted by summoning more police with his whistle.

That moment, the entire Shanghai Police Unit 1 stormed in, while half of the Hongdu gang had also occupied the night club. Lesley stood up and groaned: "What d'ya want from us?"

The detective smiled, "No more drugs, or you'll be arrested. Or, how about I arrest you now?" He signaled the other police, "Move."

"Defence mode!" Lesley shouted. But Red Poison was heavily outnumbered. In less than five minutes, Lesley was captured, among nine others. "Run! Go! Retreat!" Lesley yelled desperately. The 'non-captured' Red Poisons turned their backs and ran.

Over the next afternoon, the police tried to force Lesley to tell everything he knew about Hongdu. "Tell us about it, the drugs, the weapons, everything," the police chief urged.

"No, never!" Lesley stared hard at the chief.

"Whip him until answers!" the chief ordered. With that, he turned and walked away.

But ten minutes later, Lesley still wouldn't budge. The police couldn't force anything out of him, despite the whipping. "You can't force me to say anything!" Lesley roared. "I will never betray my beliefs and friends!"

When all else failed, the police dumped Lesley into a prison cell.

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The boy Lesley came to a stop in front of a building constructed with stone. In front of him was a big wooden door with a big, heavy lock and a deep circular hole that acted as a doorknob. The boy opened the lock with an all-purpose key he had in his possession. The door swung open. He entered a long narrow corridor, his footsteps echoing against the walls. There was nobody around.

He took a flight of steps down to the basement. A single cell stood there. Boy Lesley came to a halt in front of the cell. The adult Lesley was in there, he looked through the metal bars at the child Lesley.

"Why are you here, boy?" Lesley asked.

"I've come here to make a deal. I owe you, that's why I'm going to return the favor. I'm going to free you. But promise not to be a gangster again."

Adult Lesley stared at boy Lesley, ruminating over the words he had said. "No, don't open the lock for me. I won't betray myself."

"Why?" boy Lesley whispered.

"You're too young to know," Lesley locked eyes with the boy, "but people murder and betray each other. All they want is money. So I decide to control them all, to be a gangster."

Boy Lesley nodded, "But, is your control firm? Won't people betray you, too? And can darkness win over light? You were once a good person, Lesley. You were once me."

Maybe adult Lesley didn't show it, but he felt torn. He looked back at his childhood, and yes, he was once good man, just like boy Lesley said. But after that, he was shown the evils of the world. He had tried to control them, but in the end he joined them instead. Adult Lesley heaved a heavy sigh of acceptance, "I promise I'll be a good guy."

With this, boy Lesley opened the prison door gladly. "What took you so long to decide?"

Two miles away, the robot opened his eyes once again, "My time paradox worked-- the boy met his future self the second time. First time on the street, second time in the prison. Good!" it croaked.

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A successful businessman in his forties walked across a crowded square. He went into a hand-held wagon and sat down.

He was once a gangster.

Back to the History – Old City of Shanghai

Ying Wa Primary School, Tam, Hoi Hin – 11

Broken red brick walls. Antique temples. These are the only hereditary remains of the old city of Shanghai. Everybody who once lived in the isolated area had moved out long time ago, except this thin old man, who was probably the only ancestors of the long past heritage.

The old man was called Sam. He was almost seventy years old, yet still full of energy. He decided to do something so that he could let the visitors understand the real meaning and history of the town. He hoped that he could stop the heritage of town from vanishing.

He started to host tours every day. He brought a few visitors to see the traditional culture. He showed them photos from the time of his great–grandfather. He described how the pirates attack the city and how the city wall protected them. The tour was very informative. People started to become interested in the history of the city.

Sam looked at the precious photos from the past. He was encouraged by the visitors' interests. He said to himself that he wanted to continue to introduce the city to more people. He kept hosting tours. In order to attract more visitors, he even opened a tea house which serves traditional tea and snacks.

It was a great success. The tour and the teahouse were so popular that more and people want to know the origins of the city. He has now expanded his business into a huge tour company.

"Shanghai Dim Sum ! Yum!" A boy shouted. He was selling home–made dim sum made by Sam. This little town is no longer quiet and isolated. There were all kinds of visitors here and there, taking pictures of the temple. The town was also crowded with famous restaurants. Gradually, it had turned into a tourist attraction.

People always ask Sam what he thinks about his business and the old city of Shanghai.

He always answers with a smile, "It's the new tales of old Shanghai!"

New Tales of Old Shanghai: Those Who Were Forgotten

Ying Wa Primary School, Wong, Cheuk Yin – 10

Bombers soared over the blazing Shanghai downtown. Rows and rows of bombs rained from the planes, setting more buildings ablaze. The pilots ignored all the cries of help below, it was war after all.

Below them in the city, Chinese soldiers fired at the bombers with anti–aircraft guns. There was a great "bang" as they hit a bomber. The soldiers cheered as it went down in a fiery streak. But they didn't have enough time to celebrate. A bomb landed right on their hideout with a "BOOOOOOM". Then silence followed. Only a terrified rat's screech could be heard in the thick, suffocating layers of smoke ……

"AARRRRGGGGHHHH! AAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!" a siren wailed as soldiers carrying guns rushed around. A captain shouted, "Japanese right ahead! Return fire!" Soldiers started to fire at Japanese soldiers charging at them. The air was filled with smoke, it was almost impossible to see. Cheuk Wa stood behind the lines of battling troops, helping field medics load wounded soldiers on an overcrowded ambulance." The truck's too full!" He yelled to the medic. He nodded and told the driver to drive away. The medic then walked over and said, "You seem fairly young to do a job like this." Cheuk Wa answered, "Ever since my brother was killed while he was shooting down enemy bombers I've been trying to help." Just then, someone shouted, "The Japanese are breaking through! Retreat!"

For weeks the Chinese troops retreated. Once, in the outskirts of Shanghai the Japanese ambushed their encampment and wiped out most of them. Luckily, Cheuk Wa and the medic he had made friends with, Dr Zhang, accompanied by a small band of soldiers got away and hid in an air–raid shelter. The first night they stayed there they were wary, they wandered around the shelter not knowing what lay ahead of them. If someone hadn't announced there should be a guard, they would have been still walking around aimlessly. Days past without any news of the war. Then one day, a soldier standing guard came running into the shelter and shouted, "I heard gunshots! They seemed to be coming from the faraway mountains. I think the Japanese are losing the battle!"

Other soldiers started to chat, "I thought the Chinese Army was as scattered as the four winds. That they were defeated! I heard rumors spreading through the army camp before the attack. They claimed that there's an anti–Japanese rebellion rising up, well it sure looks like a rebellion." After all the soldiers had the conversation for minutes, they agreed with the "Rebel" theory.

Dr. Zhang, who spent the whole time crouching by the entrance of the shelter suddenly stood up and said, "Men, I think this is a sign." He said very seriously. "It's the time to fight! This is the time we should rise up against the Japanese, to avenge the ones they've killed! Let's attack them. Let us have revenge!" All the soldiers roared. Cheuk Wa cheered alongside them. At last, his brother would be avenged. To him, when his brother, Cheuk Yuk was alive, nobody could replace him. And now he was dead. At least if the plan worked, they were going to avenge everyone the Japanese killed, but mostly, it'll be for his brother, his brother that he trusted and loved so much. The thought brought tears to his eyes. It was time to plan ……and strike.

All the soldiers were listening to the plan solemnly. Dr Zhang said, "Firstly, everyone, we are going to attack a Japanese food transportation unit, to cut their foods supply. You boys will distract the Japanese guards then the rest of us, we'll be hiding until the distraction team lures the guards away, then we strike. Anyway, at the end, I hope we can destroy all the targets. But all of you must be warned that no war comes without casualties. There certainly may be death. But at least that'll be an act to help the rebellion. Dr. Zhang smiled grimly, "Understood?" The soldiers all nodded. They will be in action days later.

They marched for two days, the first day, they broke into a Japanese weapon store an stole some weapons. The team arrived at Nanjing street just as the sun began to set. The Japanese transportation unit was just at the other side of the road. They hid in the ruins of the bombed Cathay hotel preparing one last time .

Cheuk Wa hid behind some bushes behind a Japanese food transportation unit. Beside him, Dr Zhang said under his breath, "Any minute now…" And then it happened. "Bang! Bang! Bang!" The distraction team lifted their guns and fired into the air. That sure got the guards' attention; they all ran toward them. As they led the guards away, further into the street. The others struck. They all ran out from their hiding places and fired at the remaining guards. They went down within seconds. "That was easy." Cheuk Wa said to the medic. Just as the sentence escaped his lips, Japanese soldiers charged out from nowhere. They fired at the hopelessly small group. They returned fire. Cheuk Wa fired with his pistol then took cover behind a truck.

Minutes after the sound of bullets pinging and men screaming, he walked out from behind the truck and saw the whole group was lying dead around him. Only Dr. Zhang wasn't dead yet, but he had received a bullet wound to the stomach. When he saw Cheuk WA, he rasped, "Leave me here, I'm dying. Finish the missi…" And the life faded from his eyes. With tears in his eyes, Cheuk Wa threw one grenade in each truck and blew them up. As he walked away, he thought: Maybe, one day, China will win, and there'll be peace.

THIS PASSAGE IS DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO SACRIFICED
THEMESELVES DURING THE DEFFECE OF SHANGHAI.