

Poetry

Group 1



A Legendary Empire

A.D. & F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Chan, Sheung Kiu - 7

I heard about terracotta warriors from an article.

After that I believed it was really a miracle.

Emperor Qin started building them when he was thirteen.

He was the first emperor in China who was mean.

Craftsmen working day by day for the emperor

Millions of forced labours died in the wonder.

Making mortuary things night by night underground

Armies with horses and chariots were found.

Soldiers were in formation holding arrows.

Cavalries riding on horses and taking bows

Generals wearing cuirass looked so brave.

All are totally different buried in the grave.

No matter Emperor Qin did something wrong

He made his Kingdom absolutely strong.

Constructing a tomb with such an enormous scale

The history of terracotta warriors was an ancient.

Tales of the Terracotta Builders

Island Christian Academy, Kan, King Lun – 7

Majestic soldiers made of clay,
I set my sights on one today.

Terracotta builders were exhausted,
I guess I was too, but I was more excited.

Kneading, carving, and scraping,
Making sure they were all so-striking.
Sculpting furrows on a general's forehead,
Countless hours before he's ready to spearhead.

It's hard to chisel, my hair turned into frizzle,
Crafting each distinctive face,
Sweat and tears were all over the place.

My hands were bleeding from the tough Terracotta clay
which cut me a lot today.
Deep down I know all the hard toil would be worth
With masterful craft, I set legends on earth.

My troop of warriors which I aimed to build,
8000 statues standing tall and still.
Each soldier had their own story,
To tell of all their successful battle glory,

Memories all captured in clay,
The ancient, magnificent days.

The Terracotta Warriors

Korean International School, Kim, Juno – 7

The Warriors are made out of stones.

The farmer found the Warriors when he was digging.

They painted the Warriors, now they are colourful!

Then the king likes the Warriors!

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Po Leung Kuk Lam Man Chan English Primary School, Chan, Rock – 7

Crazy Emperor set up army for war
Poor people join the army because of the law
Far away they have gone
Now there is no more home

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Po Leung Kuk Lam Man Chan English Primary School, Leung, Kimberly – 8

Here come the brave Warriors!
All of us bring our sharp spears!
Whenever there is a war,
We were being called,
We shouted noisily
And fought crazily
All we missed is our Qin's Dynasty.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Po Leung Kuk Lam Man Chan English Primary School, So, Adrian – 7

The Terracotta army had a spear
They have no fear at all
They were dirty, hungry and nasty.
They dare not to lie to the emperor
Or else he would be angry.
No one would give a pity

Huang's Warriors

Raimondi College Primary Section, Chow, Carlie – 8

He was the king of the Qin Dynasty
Unique facial features are amazing
A mud statue is hard to build
Nobody knew what he wanted to do
Go to discover more about the Terracotta Army in Xi'an
'Since unearthed, 8000 soldiers have been excavated

Wonder of the world ranked the eighth
Armed with real bronze weapons
Real weapons increase the statues' realism
Reveals the sophistication of ancient Chinese metallurgy
In 1974, three farmers found the Terracotta Army
Over 2000 years' of history
Really interested to visit the museum
Such a sight to behold

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

School of the Nations, Leong, Kaylum – 8

The terracotta warriors,
Standing straight and tall.
The terracotta warriors,
Standing five feet tall.

The terracotta warriors,
Not moving an inch.
The terracotta warriors,
I won't even give them a pinch.

The terracotta warriors,
Ready for war.
The terracotta warriors,
I hope they don't snore!

The terracotta warriors,
Do they each shave?
The terracotta warriors,
Built to guard a grave.

The terracotta warriors,
Do they brush their teeth?
The terracotta warriors,
I hope they each have a sheath.

The terracotta warriors,
Never dying guys,
The terracotta warriors,
Do they wear ties?

The terracotta warriors,
What exactly do they do?
The terracotta warriors,
Do they each wear one shoe?!?
The terracotta warriors,
They're really tough and strong,
The terracotta warriors,
Do they like to sing songs?

The terracotta warriors,
Do they drink wine?
The terracotta warriors,
Are they like Einstein?

The terracotta warriors,
Made of sharp steel.
The terracotta warriors,
wiggly as an eel.

THE END

The Terracotta Army

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Ng, Sung Hei Sarah - 8

Marching! Marching!
Soldiers in armor,
Follow the Emperor,
Qin Shi Huang is the ultimate Victor !

Roaring! Roaring!
Horses saddled,
Cavalry and chariots,
Leading this army is undefeatable!

Stomping! Stomping!
Thousands of troops,
Ready to charge,
Bursting out from their tomb!

Waking! Waking!
Buried for thousand years,
Passing through different eras,
The glory of the Terracotta Army lives forever!

Emperor Shi Huang and the Terracotta Warriors

The French International School, Leotta, Francesca – 7

There once was a Prince called Zheng
And China was the place he lived
259 BC was when he was born
And just 210 BC was when he died
He was obsessed to live forever you know
but he died young

He tricked his older brother to kill himself
That was a very mean thing to do

He started many wars all over China
He wanted to be China's only ruler
He became China's first emperor
Then he changed his name to Shi Huang
Which means "first emperor"
Now he was very happy, I think

He wanted everything his own way
So he burnt all the books
Because he wanted everything to be remembered as his ideas

Emperor Shi Huang invented the Terracotta Warriors
For everyone to remember him
They wore plain clothes
They wore colourful too
The warriors were made out of clay
Chariots and live horses buried there too

Crazy Crazy Crazy
He made 700,000 workers make 8,000 warriors you know

The farmers found the warriors, their bronze weapons too
Rivers made of mercury
What a terrible thing to do
What a bossy emperor he was
I wonder how he died

Poetry

Group 2



Strong Terracotta Warriors

A.D.& F.D. of Pok Oi Hospital Mrs Cheng Yam On School, Liu, Ho Nam Derek – 10

Stand on the left, stand on the right,
All steps are alright.
Face to the left, face to the right,
All faces are unique.
Step towards, stand behind,
No one turns around.
Outlook sharp, manner smart,
Every piece is an act.
Face to sky, heart to King,
They are the strong army of King Qin.

Terracotta Warriors

American International School Hong Kong, Lung, Helios – 8

Thousands, Millions, Billions, Trillions
Of Lifeless Soldiers Stand.
On the rough and rocky ground,
Of Terracotta's Land.

Behind This Ferocious Army
Lies A Lifeless King.
Who May Have Been Dead Forever,
Between The Army's Ring.

These Clay Soldiers Are Restless.
They Stand Night And Day.
They stand longer than you can imagine,
The King They Shan't Betray.

The Forgotten Tale

Australian International School Hong Kong, Breeze, Naoise – 10

The Emperor was desperate,
For immortality,
He thought someone could grant his wish,
Hardly a reality.

Then one day out of pure surprise,
His wish could be granted,
It gave him hope, out of his mope,
Like a green seed was planted.

The Emperor heard a story,
This horse has the power,
To give him immortality,
It roamed in his lofty towers.

A ghost horse came galloping by,
His mind began to tick,
If he could cage its magic touch,
He'd catch it very quick.

Then he sent the slaves to catch it,
Some heard their helpless screams,
Not knowing they had died outside,
He thought it but a dream.

When the Emperor heard the news,
The guards were sent to town,
They announced to the villagers,
Not to let their great Qin down.

There were lots of noisy screams,
Until just one was left,
Just then she heard the galloping,
It looked like a soul theft.

The Emperor sent his army,
To fight the wretched thing,
The whole army was turned to stone,
Funereal bells would ring.

Then the emperor realised,
That he was simply wrong,
He didn't need immortality,
His life was already long.

The emperor learned a lesson,
His army had no bones,
The ghost horse was left to wander,
Is your heart made of stone?

Night at the Terracotta Warriors

Australian International School Hong Kong, Dear, Toby – 10

We huddled in a circle within one room
When we heard a very deafening sound
So we went to investigate down the hall
Our footsteps stomping on the ground.

We were on a very boring school field trip
When we all needed to use a bathroom
We snuck off and when we finally returned
The gate was locked in the light of the moon.

We walked down the hall and we reached the big pit
I felt my heart jump in my throat
I nearly threw up when I saw what I saw
I wanted to hide in my coat.

Stories you heard when you were young
Were about as true as cow dung.

The warriors were moving around the pit
Walking, talking and having fun
If they saw us they would chop off our heads
So we all decided to run

Back in the room with our backs to the wood door
When we heard a deafening creak
We quickly turned around and then we saw a
Terracotta warrior. EEEK!

He seemed ordinary except for one thing
His face was as green as a grape
I screamed, "Get away from us you pile of clay"
He said, "I can help you escape!"

Stories you heard when you were young,
Were about as true as cow dung

We followed the warrior back to the pit
Because in the warriors plan
We had to steal the shiny keys to the gates
Then we saw an ugly clay man

The general was a deformed, huge creature
He was uglier than a snail
We were sneaking forwards, reaching for the key
When we heard a horrible wail

I turned back and Andy was in hysterics
I looked down, his leg was bleeding
A group of guards suddenly surrounded us
An escape route we were needing

Stories you heard when you were young
Were about as true as cow dung

The warriors jumped on us and pinned us down
We squirmed in their strong iron grip
I tried to push the warrior on me off
But off me his hands would not slip

The general lugged an axe to where we lay
I shouted, "I'm too young to die!"
Nodding towards me he said, "I'll kill you first."
That's when I started to cry

The general was standing above my head
He was lining up his next swing
I finally knocked the warrior off me
And I knocked the axe with a ding

I pushed the general over and he fell
It made him look like a dumb clown
Picking up his axe and lining up the swing
And that's when I brought the axe down

Stories you hear when you were young
Were about as true as cow dung

Terracotta Warriors

Australian International School Hong Kong, Li, Kirsten – 10

Stories of how terracotta warriors came to be,
Facts and information they tell to you and to me.
All the stories that everyone thought that they knew,
The crazy stories that they told you, simply aren't true.

A tingling sensation spreads across my hard chest
It started to feel like I was going through a long test.
Suddenly I have a feeling to run away,
But obviously it was so impossible, no way!

A familiar image appears into my dark head,
I'm already tired; I want to go to bed!
Echoing voices were screaming into my damaged mind,
"Run away! Emperor Qin Shi Huang won't be kind!"

"He wants those mercury pills inside of you!
If you had thought that you are safe, that simply isn't true.
There are two dangerous traps surrounding your tomb,
Step into one of the scary traps, then you could go boom!"

I slowly open my eyelids and continue to walk,
I was way too afraid to start to speak or talk.
Suddenly quick blurs fly across the room, all close to me,
I was terrified, but I needed to be free.

All the arrows were flying around and flinging
It felt like I was fighting someone in a boxing ring.
I knew I was going to die while doing this,
Finally getting out, arrows fly and only just miss

I continue to walk being more cautious than ever,
I looked around for more traps, trying to be clever.
All of a sudden lightning strikes and hits the ground so hard,
A shadow appears, I must have lowered my guard!

“You cannot escape! I need that mercury pill!”
It’s Emperor Qin Shi Huang! I must run, or else he’ll kill!
I run around, trying to dodge the lightning strikes,
He angrily growls, “I want your head on a pike!”

I slowly close my eyes trying to talk to my master,
“Hurry up! It’s going to be a disaster!”
You have a time limit to your life, and soon you will die!
I angrily open my eyes and scream, “But why?!”

I jump as high as I can and start to fly
I pounce onto Emperor Qin Shi Huang, and scream, “You will die!”
I look around trying to find a sharp knife,
I throw the knife and it ends Emperor Qin Shi Huang’s life!

I sprint to the tomb exit, I was running out of time!
I open the door, it was the end of daytime.
I see the sunset, and already know that I’m dying,
But this time instead of crying, I was smiling.

The Terracotta Warriors Ballad

Australian International School Hong Kong, Williamson, Anais – 8

The Emperor was desperate,
For immortality,
This craziness just started,
Hardly reality.

But endless living might fail,
And cease to just exist,
So he made another choice
His second strongest fist.

He ordered his next best choice,
His afterlife decree,
His soldiers found a weapon;
A stone carved grand army!

He'd walk around protected,
From evil ghosts and ghouls,
He'd shout this very loudly;
“Get out of here you fools!”

The soldiers were majestic,
They were like his great success,
As long as they were with him,
He felt he was the best.

Little did the soldiers know,
Medusa said in tone,
“The Warriors were once real:
I turned them into stone.”

But still the Emperor searched,
He searched both night and day,
To try to live forever,
Was his official say.

Then he found one small stranger,
Who dressed in lovely teal,
He fed him some strange product,
And said “How do you feel?”

Then he realised the great cure,
Was steely mercury,
The Emperor finally got,
His immortality.

He was very excited,
To try to live forever,
It takes enormous power,
It's something to endeavour.

Sometime later over years,
Medusa's reign was torn,
What happened to the warriors?
They aren't stone anymore!

Their laughter rang like doorbells,
Who knew what they would do?
They could pose a dreadful threat,
A threat to me and you.

They ripped apart the houses,
And spoke with foreign tones,
And if they tried to stop them,
They ended up as bones.

They'd gone against the whole world,
They'd taken the Earth in,
They'd overthrown their owner,
The great Emperor Qin.

But deep in Central Xi'an,
A heroine lived there,
She was to save the people,
Who weren't very aware.

A heroine called Raina,
Who set off on a quest,
To keep her townsfolk stable,
She really meant the best.

Along with her cat Stormy,
Aladdin was the horse,
He encouraged the battle,
And set her on her course.

So off the trio travelled,
They travelled near and far,
The fights were bad and beastly,
But they were like a star.

But when the soldiers gathered,
They stood to meet their end,
Luckily the Emperor
Was just around the bend.

The Emperor did a curse,
To turn the bad to stone,
"Remember," said Emperor,
"You never are alone."

(The Emperor knew some magic,
Because of brain power,
It started when he was born,
In his royal Tower.)

So Emperor Qin Ying Huang,
So old and yet so strong,
The Emperor of China,
His story's travelled long.

"What happened to young Raina?"
The townsfolk would then say,
"That girl is our great heroine"
"And yet she took no pay."

Look among the Warriors,
Look very hard they say,
And maybe you will see her,
The girl who took no pay.

A Thousand Miles Beneath our Feet – Terracotta Warriors

Clearwater Bay School, Brown, Annabel – 9

A thousand miles beneath our feet
A king and his army were buried deep
He lived 2000 years ago
He conquered armies wherever he would go
He was the first emperor of China
There was nobody bold, braver or finer

In case his spirit liked to wander
He built a world for the ever after
In case his spirit got a little bored
There was acrobats there to please
And musicians to make music for his ears
There were birds and horses and other animals
They filled the tomb up to the brim
Until there was no more room in the dim.

But alas the soldiers, all eight thousand of them
Were made of clay with no two faces the same
Stoney silent, not giving away the Emperor's secrets
From their faces of painted colours

Years later this is what happened
Some farmers dug for water they seeked
And out of the soil guess what peeked?
The farmer yelled oh golly by golly
There's a face staring out at me!
As soon as he found it, the colours ran away

Now steady on his friend cried
Remember the legends we heard
About human beings living beneath the soil
The legends must be true
For you have found the secret
And the world will change because of you

But how will it change?
Simple you see
For legends can be true you know
It may be creepy it can be freaky
But there you go
The story of the Terracotta Warriors
The greatest tale the world will know

The Tale of the Terracotta Warriors (a poem)

Dulwich College Beijing, Wei, Hannah – 11

Once, in 1974, an army was discovered—
Of terracotta warriors, chariots and horses.

Who knew such a thing lay there
Among the trees and gorges?

Not a single person knows for sure,
Why or how they made
A vast army like this one
On ground near Mt. Li, a mine of jade.

Most think it was for Emperor
Qin's spectacular tomb,
But I am the world's only soul
Who knows the whole, true tale.

There used to be a dragon
A great, fiery, beast.
It was the only one in the world
And it lived in the east,
Where the Emperor's nations lay.
It burnt down unique creations,
Houses, temples and all.
And destroyed the powerful nations.

And so he led a battle
Which led to his defeat,
And ignited the creature's fury
And hatred, and so the mighty beast—

Took soldiers to his cavern
The horses to his cave
The chariots to his grotto
That would soon be the emperor's grave

He turned them to terracotta—
All of them so gay.
He hardened them in the sunlight
And the colours faded away.

As for the Emperor, no one knows
Where he now does lie.
P'raps because of the things he did
He went to hell when he died?

And what about the dragon?
Does he still roam this world?
One day maybe you will find
Him, in a ball tightly curled.

This is the end of my tale
But the beginning of yours.
Remember this, children,
Until the world is no longer ours.

The Terracotta Army

German Swiss International School Primary, Chi, Joy – 10

The terracotta army is a collection of many sculptures,
Made by a few of the very best sculptors,
To protect the first emperor of China,
If he didn't wake up from his very deep coma.

In 1974 the figures were found,
By local farmers as they dug in the ground,
Into the earth the sculptures were mound,
The arena so big that words would resound.

Inside included many different troops,
Soldiers, horses plus many other groups,
In total there are three pits of this army,
Though there may be more than just three.

People are still digging to find more pits,
Thinking there are more according to their wits,
But meanwhile they're a tourist attraction,
Due to the huge amount of sculpted action.

Now considered the last and eighth wonder,
As many people have done to think and ponder,
The army is now shown in many different exhibitions,
As the proud emperor of China admires it from the heavens.

Two Thousand Two Hundred Years Ago

German Swiss International School Primary, Lau, Justin – 10

two thousand two hundred years
ago the first emperor of
told every citizen to
build his
tomb.

the builders worked
really hard
they made terra-cotta
warriors out
of hardened
clay.

the warriors were
a glowing red
an azure blue
a tender green
a happy yellow
a flaming orange
though standing still.

the emperor was
congratulated
for the beautiful
terracotta warriors.

but not the builders
they didn't
do anything
wrong but
still—
they
were
sent
to
death.

All Different

German Swiss International School Primary, Robinson, Caeli – 11

Different faces everywhere
The power of their glare
The dominance of the Terracotta Warriors.

Chariots are the fastest
of them all
RUSTY, DUSTY, FROZEN
that is what they are.

Gold and copper are the colours
of immortality and fame
a convoy of clay carriages.

Horses are the mightiest
perfect and complete
COURAGEOUS, DEVOTED, QUIET
to everything around them

They are not remembered
even if they try
committed to the end

Soldiers are the bravest
loyal to their emperor
SUPREME, TOUGH, HEROIC
thought of as the best

Their ancient past
is left behind them
always remembered as heroes

All the same, as in clay
All different, as in individuals.

The Immortalised Warrior

German Swiss International School Primary, Tin, Jocelyn – 11

Out of the kiln glowering with blazes and sparks,
Out of the workshop tense with fear and sweat,
Out of the sun's heat and glare
And into this subterranean pit we will share.

From miles under I think of my fathers' warm hands,
From plain red clay to rolls and strands
Crafted with care and painted with pride
And turned into the finest cavalier with my horse beside.

Archers, cavalry, generals, infantry alike,
We were born to protect, born to strike
For two thousand years we stayed awake,
And watched for the First Emperor's sake.

As I began to wonder,
When we would be known and feared,
A man's face stared and peered
And in came the archaeologists like thunder.

Then along with the sun
We silently rejoice as one.

How I found the Terracotta Warriors

German Swiss International School Primary, Too, Zachary – 11

I had a pet once
He was a cool, lovely dog.
He buried a bone.

I tried to find it
But, instead, I found a head.
So, I kept digging,

After time, I found...
A whole soldier, to behold!
So now what to do?

I told my father,
“We can be famous! YAY!”
But he said, sadly,

“We must not disturb,
For bad fortune may come fast.
We cannot risk it.”

So, now, I can say,
The secret remained secret
‘till ‘seventy four!

Young Emperor Ying Zheng lived a good life

German Swiss International School Primary, Watkins, Felix – 11

Young emperor Ying Zheng lived a good life.

He had slaves who served him day and night.

When he got bored of them

He killed them with a knife.

He had many wives too, a total of 100 kids

Which were mad too.

But before emperor Ying Zheng finally died,

He ordered 700,000 or more to build him a clay army.

Then he buried them alive.

A few years ago a farmer dug a hole,

And found Ying Zheng's clay army.

Called the local historian who told him who they were

And now that's the tourist attraction of Xi'an

The Afterlife of the Terracotta Warriors

German Swiss International School Primary, Wong, Hughlyn – 11

Lifeless

Selfless

Ruthless

Endless

Statues of lifeless, selfless might

Warding off the ruthless, endless fight

Swirling

Whirling

Growing

Throbbing

Spirits in a swirling, whirling bane

Suffering from growing, throbbing pain

Rusting

Rotting

Moving

Stirring

Through human eye, rusting, rotting clay

Forever not moving, stirring alone

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

German Swiss International School Primary, Wong, Michelle – 10

Terracotta warriors lie asleep
Dreaming away, in a slumber so deep

Guarding the tomb of Emperor Qin
Unopened and dangerous because of his sins

Are they alive, will they wake?
Or will they stay, for their Emperor's sake?

Have their weapons, their steeds, their spies
Ready for their first battle cries

Waiting for the day their master calls
Wars will start and enemies will fall

Beware the day the warriors rise
Away in the future the day surely lies

The Terracotta Warriors

German Swiss International School Primary, Yan, Charlotte – 11

The elixir of immortality
Emperor Qin Shi's ultimate desire,
Ready to find it at all costs,
Raving on and on, haunting his every dream.
A shudder, a feeling, death
Crawling up on him relentlessly.
Oh, how he raged on.
Terrorizing his thoughts was a fanatical notion;
Terracotta warriors! He will rule them all in life and in death
A desperate thought for a despotic man.

Workmen, dragged from their beloved
All were beaten, broken; surrender their only release.
Ragged, they shuffled forwards to do his bidding,
Ravenous with hunger; the Emperor was ruthless.
Innocent and impotent, it was inconceivable that they would be treated with kindness or care.
On and on, the slaves laboured endlessly
Realizing the emperor's cold hearted desire.
Sadistic, the Emperor certainly was to those who were frail or displeased him..

The Terracotta warriors appeared one by one; the slaves who succumbed to weakness, buried alive or burnt;
A tragic, barbaric thank you.
Life slowly seeped out of the Emperor.
Emperor Qin Shi, buried in his tomb at last.
Standing guard then, now, forever, the Terracotta Warriors.

The Silent Terracotta Army

Glencaly School, De Blank, Alana – 9

Terracotta warriors, buried in xi'an shaanxi,
Eight thousand of them, guarding emperor Qin.

Terracotta warriors, six feet tall,
and one hundred and thirty chariots, that are taller than a short wall.

Terracotta Warriors, took 30 years to make,
Plus a hundred and fifty cavalry horses, that took long to create.

Terracotta warriors, found by farmers digging a well,
In 1974, some farmers were so shocked they even fell,

Terracotta warriors, each unique they are,
Made just to be the emperor's silent army afar.

Terracotta warriors, used to be painted bright,
But lost their lustre over time and no light.

Terracotta warriors, silent tomb soldier men,
Guarding emperor Qin when he died then.

Terracotta warriors, the greatest find,
So lucky to have them as the 8th wonder of the world in kind.

Song of the Warriors

Good Hope Primary School cum Kindergarten, Chau, Hoi Tung Daphne – 10

Hi-ho! Here we march,
Among the light of flaming torch!
Faces aglow with Chinese pride,
Although we never saw the cerulean sky.

We were once just normal young men
Idly ambling through every valley and glen.
But one day Qin summoned us into the troop,
We marched and sang in a large, awe-inspiring group.

We dreamed of returning to our homes in glory,
With more to tell than a single story.
But Qin told us one day, "You are to be
My Terracotta Warriors through death serving me."

Between us and our dear ones were ten million miles,
We wished we could have sent them our smiles.
But what more were there to send, as a sienna statue?
Stoic and icy-faced was our only cue.

The Emperor's wish was our command,
So under the earth we did stand.
Terracotta bodies battered with time,
Rotting that hundred become ten, ten become five.

And under great Qin we stood vigil,
Tremblingly trying to stay still.
As the soaring stork chirped the song,
We shook and sputtered, and played the horn.

Time flew like a kestrel-feather arrow,
As if it was the melting of the Xi'an snow.
Han, Tang, Song, Ming... they trailed on
We knew our loved ones were long gone.

No one could object or say a thing,
No one knew anything about the new Qing,
No one could stand the marching of the Britons,
No one could prevent the annihilation.

We were promised to protect glorious Qin
And the treasures and wealth within.
But we didn't help in the massacre.
We were too slow, too late, and they died in a blur...

And the ominous era came upon us,
We were ruined, couldn't discuss.
The wind scraped the maroon and peach away,
From our flesh and armour, and left us to agonisingly stay.

Then sky shot from a hole one dawn,
Parched ground cracked in a field of withered corn.
All of a sudden it was 1974,
We'd missed so many chances to sparkle and roar.

And now a museum is where we live,
But we are now brown, like a mastiff.
Nevertheless, staying alive is what Terracotta Warriors are made for
But once vibrant warriors can never be restored.

New Tales of the Pearl River Delta

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Siu, Megan – 10

Have you ever heard of the Terracotta Warrior?
Do you know the tale of the first Chinese Emperor?
If you don't know, then make yourself comfortable
Because I'm about to give something knowledgeable!

The Terracotta Warrior
The emperor had known better
He asked his men to build this army
So he won't feel that lonely

The warriors were there till a farmer dug them out
Once he did that, he gave out a loud shout
"I found a clay army" the farmer exclaimed
"And there's Qin Shi Huang's grave" he then proclaimed

The army represented the emperor's glory
His grave was built in a special territory
The army was built with rock and clay
In a very special and sophisticated way

This warrior was built 2000 years ago
Before the emperor lied down low
They were all buried in a big mausoleum
But soon got put in a historical museum

Qin Shi Huang wanted to live forever
Because he realized he was so clever
But then he knew his time would end
That was when the special order was sent

He asked his men to build him an army with the slowest pace
Before the emperor lies down at his final drowsing place
The army included horses, too
So the great emperor wouldn't feel blue

The terracotta army is what the emperor will bring to his afterlife
After all, it is what he asked for in his first life
This army was built in the ancient times
Right before the first bell chimes

Each warrior has it's own exclusive aspects
That made the most unique effects
That is all I have to say about the Terracotta Warriors
These truly amazing hand-made soldiers

I have learnt a lot just writing this
How this army isn't from Swiss
Thanks for reading this Terracotta poetry
I hope I've written it wonderfully

My Life

Holy Angels Canossian School, Fung, Ching Kiu – 9

Soil gives me life, fire makes me strong.
I wear my armour and hold my sword.
Walk through the fire, in the flame of courage.
I am destined to protect the emperor in afterlife.

I line up orderly and freeze my pose.
Without sunlight the underground is cold.
My determination beats the darkness,
My bravery knocks down the fears.

Horses, acrobats and chariots,
The might army is incurious.
I am bored for day after day,
Loyalty and fealty make me stay.

Klonk Klonk, closer and closer,
A blinding sunlight shines on my shoulder.
My body shivers, my arm trembles,
My colour disappears and I faint.

My arm is healed when I awake,
My companions are here and all awake.
Now I can feel the sunlight, bright and warm,
I can smell the air, clean and fresh.

No evil enemies in front of us,
Instead, a lot of people smile to us.
Then I realize the afterlife is ended,
The emperor is safe forever after.

Enduring Strength

International College Hong Kong (Hong Lok Yuen), Chong, Arthur – 10

Noble regal faces,
Hard clay cases,
No surrender,
All with splendor,
To serve again,
As warrior men,
Archers, cavalry, soldiers on foot,
All of them with incredible output
Their faces stare blankly at ours,
Showing off their incredible fighting powers,
To protect forever the emperor's tomb,
All of their faces have a certain gloom,
They did not accept impending doom.

Soldiers of China, brothers in arms,
With their rusted swords, dusty crossbows, crusted firearms,
They used to be painted a shade of purple,
Their clay armour like the shell of a turtle,
But now faded to a dull shade of grey,
Their voices muted, what would they say:
“By foul! I’ve lost my colour!”
“And now my body is a billion times duller!”
“All that happened because I was exposed to air,”
“And now everyone can see my wear and tear!”

Many warriors now with clay heads beheaded,
Quite literally, sacrificing their arms, legs and heads.
But still valiant men that will fight to the end.
For they are the Terracotta Warriors.

Seven Hundred Thousand Men

International College Hong Kong (Hong Lok Yuen), Sharma, Ariv – 8

“Long live the King!” they sang,
Then they raised and smashed the hammer hard,
Off and on, high and low, clink-clank,
On the metals, hot and cold;
On iron and copper, silver and gold,
They drew them long and smashed them flat,
And shaped and moulded just like that,
The sharpest of the spears and swords,” said my grand dad.

“Hundreds of thousands of them worked,
From dawn to dusk, from one winter to another,
Ruthless Emperor Qin Shi Huang kept them on task,
To see that he took all the riches for the afterlife,
Some twenty-two-thousand years ago when he came to rule.
His men chiseled terracotta, and carved, back and forth;
They carved moustaches and beards,
And they gave them unique noses, eyes and ears,” he told.

“They tinkered; they cut and scraped,
All those eight thousand soldiers had to look real.
They were to protect the emperor in his afterlife.
They made weapons for the moulded bodies;
They made chariots with four horses or two,
They also made dogs, musicians, acrobats and waterfowls.
Thousands of terracotta men they made from all the army-ranks,
And carved them their special armour and warfare gears,” said he.

I asked my grand dad, “Was it a wise deed?”
“Wouldn’t the king be just bones in the tomb?
His soul will sure go away;
Even if reborn, he may not be Emperor,
Though his Terracotta Army will always be here in Xian.
My grand dad told me, “That’s right.
Emperor Qin’s tomb has riches, a mercury river even a palace,
But in a tomb, no soul can ever stay...perhaps...”

Silent Army

ISF Academy, Jiang, Sophia – 9

Terracotta warriors stand tall
Leaning against the dusty wall
Terracotta warriors remain strong
Holding swords sharp and long
All soldiers line up in perfect rows
Each with a different pose
Heads of their horses held up high
Like they are about to fly to the sky
Silent since Emperor Qin died
Yet still so many tales to confide

If you look closely
My eyes don't sparkle, my mane doesn't shine
My weary body is a sign
That I'm sick and tired of fights and wars
Of shining armors and heavy swords
No more reins and chafing saddles
No more cruel slaughtering and battles

If you look closely,
My edge is uneven and rusty
My sheath is broken and dusty
My handle is shaken and crusty
Two thousand years of history weigh on my tip
No more foes, no more gory killings
Nor blood stained swords

If you look closely
My hair lost its luster, my face is bruised
My shoulders are slumped, and my skin is not smooth.
My feet of clay is battered
My spirits have shattered
Hope dashed, innocence lost
No more peace, no more sanctuary

Only lies and illusions
But all that doesn't matter
Because I am a terracotta warrior
Bold, unblinking, unnerving
The silent army holding fort
Like the phoenix
My brazen nature
I will rise up, again
From the fire

Terracotta Warriors

ISF Academy, Wong, Magdalene – 9

Another day. Another week. Another month. Another year.
When oh when is somebody going to dig me out?
Being trapped in here forever is my darkest fear
All of this is enough to make me pout.

After what seemed like a million years
My paint started to flake off like crisps
I screamed and shouted for anyone to hear
But I guess that was just my lifelong wish.

My chamber is full of things you can't describe
Musicians, artists, soldiers, rivers of gold, acrobats
Horses without places to ride
But, despite being old, it's completely free from rats.

Centuries and centuries later
I finally breathed—in some fresh air
For the super-lucky waiter
Was on top of our pile of despair.

Our chamber turned into a museum
As curious faces walked by
On display by a famed mausoleum
All I could do was sigh.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Kau Yan School, Low, Hiu Lam Rene – 9

At the foot of the mountain,

A secret is uncovered.

The legend of an army,

True as it's discovered.

The Terracotta Warriors,

What a fantastic sight!

All soldiers standing solemnly,

Guardians of the bravest knight.

With the horses and chariots,

The king built an army,

Who would protect him in the afterlife

Against whatever enemy.

These fearless warriors

Equipped with arrows and spears,

Never once trembled

In the face of fear.

They continue guarding the tomb

With utmost loyalty,

Believing that one day their emperor

Will rise again with authority.

The Bird of Time

Kennedy School, Eyunni, Gayathri – 10

Part 1

What would she do if her day was not done,
What would she do if she was only one.
Her fear and sadness only getting worse,
So the bird had said.

Who would she meet if one never came,
Who would she meet if one would not stay.
Her fear and sadness only getting worse,
So the bird had said.

If she continues, her life be in danger,
And soon enough, what would be left.
Nobody knows, nobody will.
So the bird had said.

Part 2

What will happen when there is no news,
To the Army The King of Qin once led.
The warriors shall have a peaceful life the Great King had said.
But this is not what the warriors wished,
So the bird had said.

Is this the truth or is this a lie,
The warriors wondered with dread.
The King's words are always true,
So the bird had said.

What will they learn in the years to come,
Thinking of the tears their family would shed,
They will be happy the King assured,
So the bird had said.

Their life will be different from what it should have been,
Different in a good way the King had said,
Good for the King's ambitions, not for them,
So the bird had said.

There will be some benefit,
Something good the King had said,
Everyone will be safe and content the King promised,
So the bird had said.

Part 3

Many miles from the town of Xi'an,
Lived a very great King called Ashoka they said.
He was known as the 'Beloved of the Gods',
So the bird had said.

He was obsessed with peace after a great war,
We shouldn't fight he said.
He vowed never to use his sword again,
So the bird had said.

The people in his kingdom were always very happy,
"What a peaceful life!" they said.
Everyone was joyful from young to old,
So the bird had said.

Why must we sacrifice the warriors' lives,
Our innocent soldiers in war, Ashoka said,
He stopped war with the power of Dhamma,
So the bird had said.

Back in Xi'an the King was getting ready,
for the last battle that he would have led.
And he heard of the King who stopped war,
So the bird had said.

"Oh my fellow warriors" was heard from the sunken pits,
"We must learn from Ashoka" he said.
He thought a while in his final resting place,
So the bird had said.

But in our present avatars we still have fights,
"Will we ever have peace" the bird said.
Oh why do we shout?
Why do we doubt?
Why are we intolerant?
Why do we kill?
Why do we feel hatred?
When will we find peace in our hearts?
And so the bird had said.

Deep Beneath Your Feet

Kennedy School, Hashimoto, Mayuka – 8

I have long served in Xi'an,
as a strong fearsome warrior,
for the mighty first emperor,
Qin Shi Huangdi.
our army sculpted to show emperor Qin's might,
only thirteen when he came to power.

we all are different,
every detail down to hair,
sculpted by the finest craftsmen.
forty years to make all the one-hundred thirty chariots,
six-hundred seventy horses and eight-thousand warriors,
I have forty warriors to train on my own.
we were the best army,
just us proud warriors took up eighteen-thousand square feet.

now I am a terracotta warrior,
deep beneath your feet,
one in eight-thousand,
still thundering the ground,
and fighting against defeat,
one day you will find me still standing tall and proud for emperor Qin Shi Huangdi.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Kennedy School, Lee, Claire – 10

To search water for life,
3 peasants found the site.
It was 1974 in a small village of Yangeun—west along.

Eastern suburbs of Lintong County,
Located at Xi An, 35 kilometers away,
On the Lishan mountain, overlooking the River Wei.

From Lishan to Mount Hua is dragon-like,
The Imperial Tomb at the dragon eye,
Hoping the Dynasty to the height.

Underneath was a precious tomb site,
515 meters long, 485 meters wide,
And 100 meters in height.

Dear Emperor Qin had chosen bright,
According to the traditional Chinese geomancy.

Born in 259 BC,
Qin was the first Emperor ever.
7 states in Ancient China he united,
Systems of writing, money, weights and measurements were first time in line.

Emperor Qin needed body guards,
even after he died.
Terracotta Warriors and Horses were made in life—size.

Using local clay,
Then baked in the kiln,
After firing the figures, completed with paint.

No money to pay fines,
Violated the rules at that time,
Debtors and Prisoners were forced to build the tomb site.

Craftsmen had no choice.
The mausoleum was so huge,
Their skillful hands had contributed so much.

Now this is the world heritage site,
With technical and artistic qualities exceptional high.
A demonstration of the military organization at the time.
Conquering the other 6 states,
The meaning of uniting China as one.
Left as the largest mausoleum preserved in modern time.

Since the discovery decades back,
Many areas are still sleeping deep.
Even the Terracotta Warriors are not yet excavated fully,
Expecting us to visit the site.

Terracotta Warriors

Kennedy School, Tsang, Prosper – 10

Buried down below

Deep in the grave with Great Qin

Clay army under

Tall short of many sizes

All to protect the Great King

Terracotta warriors

Korean International School, Lai, Alpha – 11

Fierce warriors carved with clay,
Can look like a standing gray tray,
They were to serve the Emperor in the afterlife,
But too bad that he is dead and not alive

Some are holding spears and knives,
But they don't look very nice,
They look fierce and wants to kill,
But they cannot move and is very still,

Lots are placed in lots of rows,
Some are standing on their toes,
But the roof fell and took them apart,
Which also broke their heart

Poem of the Terracotta Warriors

Korean International School, Slabbert, Brendan – 9

Emperor Qin was a man known to fear.
He created a clay army of men to always keep them near.

Eight thousand soldiers and horses were made,
With weapons to protect him in an afterlife fate.

Many women and men worked on them,
Their fingers to the bone to protect him.

Filled with fear that his enemies might come,
Near he built the Great Wall of China.

Emperor Qin wanted a potion for eternal life,
But a plan was set in motion to end his life.

He drank the potion and felt no emotion, as his life slowly slipped away.
In a dark tomb he eternally lies with his jewels buried away.

All he can hear is a river that flows,
A river he knows, a river of mercury!

The Afterlife

Korean International School, Smeets, Karlijn – 10

I am happy with what I did,
now I can go in peace.
My final resting place is ready,
so now I can go to the afterlife

I made clay statues of my army,
they all had different personalities.
I put them in battle formation,
and they held some weapons too.

I gave them protection and unity,
but they had to show me their loyalty.
I thought they deserved what I gave them,
but it would take some time for them to understand.

I forced them to build the Wall,
then I buried them inside when they died.
Then China had no more invaders,
but everyone still hated me.

They build great monuments,
that people will remember forever.
Things that will last
for another generation to discover and marvel.

I am sorry that they hated me,
but this is what I did.
Now they are standing there,
each with their own souls and faces for the afterlife.

The Terracotta Warrior

Kowloon Junior School, Chow, Marissa – 10

He is a Terracotta Warrior.

A war is raging on,
Yet he barely notices
All the scuffles around him.
He only dodges once or twice
To avoid a whizzing missile.

An arrow hurtles towards him,
But he does not flinch at all.
Instead of piercing his ebony flesh,
It bounces off his thick-as-steel armour.

He snorts in sardonicism
And yanks the arrow out.
Squinting all around him,
He takes his time to find
The enemy who dared
To mess around with him.

He peers at the suspect,
And with a deadly aim –
Sends the arrow soaring.
He strains his ears to listen
And grins in satisfaction,
As soon as the weapon embeds itself
In its regretful, shrieking target.

Bodies drop around him,
Going *plop-plop-plop*.
He stands – clad in armour and equipment –
On the hectic war field;
A distant figure
Blending into the midst of chaos.

9 months later...

The war is over.
He stands – hunched up –
On the blood-soaked battlefield;
A dark silhouette
Illuminated by the eerie beams of moonlight.

Time passes.
He ages year by year,
And slowly but surely
He withers away
And dies.

5382 years later...

A weary farmer's spade clunks
Against a miniscule object.
He bends down,
And picks it up in wonder.

He stares incredulously
At the tiny figure.
The peeling clay has worn off;
Dust balls have gathered;
The colors have faded;
Yet it is perfectly preserved.
He knows what it is.
He whoops – hollers – shrieks in delight.

He has found a Terracotta Warrior.

Warrior's Heart

Kowloon Junior School, Lam, Andrea – 10

The mighty clay army, resting in Qin Shi Huang's mausoleum.
Potters working away, ping-clonk ping-clonk!
The Terracotta Warriors standing there,
Tall and fine.
Hidden away in underground chambers,
Are chariots and horses,
Gallop away, emerging into ancient stone battlefields.

Terracotta Warriors, Terracotta Warriors,

The Emperor, in robes and fine jewellery,
His mighty name remembered.

Terracotta Warriors, Terracotta Warriors,

Standing straight as six feet tall,
Crying out China's name.

Terracotta Warriors, Terracotta Warriors,

A garrison to protect our home.
The clay statues,
Some headless, some armless, a giant fierce army together.
Their massive armour, as they wear them proudly.

Terracotta Warriors, Terracotta Warriors,

A warrior's heart, frozen in stone.
Battling the last battle of sickness and agony,
THUMP!
The Emperor's last breath,
People of China mourned for him,
Oh dear, oh dear.
Oh
Dear,
Oh
Dear...

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Kuo, Hiu Yan – 10

We are the brave soldiers of the Emperor of China

We fight against the enemy

And take the victory

Fighting and defending and training ourselves

Be a courageous soldier for our country

It our motto

We always remember

We are proud of ourselves

China is our home

Keeping our home safe is our duty

We are proud to fight for China!

Not be afraid and not be nervous

Fight for China and take the victory

What should we do?

Stand up and fight!

Remember! Fight for our home!

Be an audacious soldier

Have our swords ready,

And fight against the enemy!

We are the Terracotta Army!

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Kowloon Tong School (Primary Section), Tang, Wy Lok Beatrice – 10

Awake! Awake! Awake!

Someone has awakened me from over two thousand years of sleep,
Someone keeps brushing away every speck of dust on my skin,
On and off the sparkling flashing lights shine into my eyes.

Wow! Wow! Wow!

All of us arrayed in the four main pits still,
All of us armed with long spears and swords as before,
Eight thousand of us standing shoulder to shoulder for Emperor Qin remained nearby.

Look! Look! Look!

More and more “Dai Fu” coming to examine us with their attentive hearts,
More and more strangers coming to see us with curiosity,
No one is allowed to touch or hurt us but to protect us.

Amazed! Amazed! Amazed!

Glorious stories of Emperor Qin can be heard everywhere,
Grandeur of all our warriors, horses and chariots continue to amaze visitors,
Emperor Qin unified provinces under his control, visitors marvelled at his leadership.

Wonder! Wonder! Wonder!

How come we look famous? Is that because of our secret mission for Emperor Qin?
Are we animated in our afterlife really? Is that because of Emperor Qin’s power?
We, the Terracotta Warriors all wonder about.

A Conversation with Terracotta Warrior

Marymount Primary School, Cheung, Hay-Ching Eleanor – 11

Warrior, warrior, impart to me why you are here to dwell?
To guard against a vast mausoleum that no emperors' parallel.

Warrior, warrior, how big is this mausoleum that surprised the world?
Twenty hectares is this underworld,
Thousands meters high with evergreen trees,
Four decades to build at his decrees.
Seventy thousand workers toiled day and night,
To satisfy the ambition of a man, never to mention human rights.

Warrior, warrior, unfold to me what's inside the tomb?
The China landscape microcosm here resume.
Rivers and streams made with mercury flowing,
Vales and mounts made with bronze standing.
Precious stones sparkled in the ceilings as celestials,
Extravagance palaces are the Emperor's collections.

Warrior, warrior, why I hear sweet music flowing by?
The Emperor is fond of music and glorify.
Clay dancers, musicians and acrobats amuse him to pleasure,
Fine vessels, precious stones and rarities are his treasures.
Life-after-death is as merry as life on earth,
Armies, concubines, and servants are here to serve.

Warrior, warrior, how the tomb is kept safe in the last two thousand years?
The Emperor prevented invasion by precautions.
Arrows automatically ejected to stop raiders,
Poisonous mercury and booby traps equipped to kill robbers.
Archers, chariots and horses in full flight,
Swords and spears are ready to fight.
Eight thousand soldiers devoted to protect the Emperor,
To ensure his afterlife is still in power.

Warrior, warrior, do you think the Emperor was great?
Unified China,
Established bureaucracy,
Standardized characters, coins, weights and measures,
Connected the Great Wall,
No emperors is comparable to him.
Burnt books,
Buried scholars alive,
Conscripted man to labour,
Ruthless and savage,
No civilian is bearable of him.
His impact to the world is still seen,
UNESCO named the mausoleum and the Great Wall World Heritage Site.
He is a legacy and a pride to the history.

Prophecy of the Dead

Quarry Bay School, Yueng, Selina – 10

Storm and fire,
Wind and rain.
the fall of the warriors,
yet prophecy remains.

The ancient myths,
the legends foretold.
The battle begun,
evil to be done.

What could bring the enemy down?
Where do all broken souls frown?
Just an unsure, abstract fate,
something to end the untouched hate.

The final verse,
to undo the curse.

Five spirits born to stop the fight,
Five souls called forth to do what's right.
Five to gather and choose their time,
to rise once more,
to face their lore.

The one so fair,
shall come by air.
The one despaired,
shall rise, repaired.
The one so meek,
where the warriors speak.
The one who cares,
among the ensnared.
The last one true,
the last to come through,
might disappear,
for power he hears.

Something is coming to shake the Earth,
something is coming to rake the ground.
The future shattered,
the heroes dead.
Unless the lost army of might can be found.

Remember your role,
the side where you stand,
for our lives,
and our race,
are both in your hands.

The Poor Souls

Raimondi College Primary Section, Wong, James

Two thousand so' years ago,
A great nation was full of woe.
The funeral arts were just created,
But then the act was quickly hated.

At first they thought, 'Hey! It's superb!'
But they began to feel disturbed.
A bunch of men went to the tomb,
But none went back; they met their doom.
The king jammed them in suits of clay,
Which they were left in to decay.

The poor souls were kept in there,
Lined up straight and left to wear.
As time flew by, dust piled around,
But they still stood there; made no sound.
And they're still there watching their preys,
For long they stand, for long they slay.

Terracotta Army

Regents Primary School of Shenzhen, Ren, Xubin – 9

The legend of terracotta army
Soldiers with their spirit of fighting
Buried under the thick red clay alive
Captured under the power of the king

When the clock bell rings 12 times
Spirits of the death wandering
Looking for the weak ones
Looking for people who need help

Singing them happiness in the world
Telling them glory of being alive
Teaching them knowledge of the ancient
Letting them realize what is true love

Spirits hope that they can change
People who feel sad and lonely
Hoping that the world can change
Spirits and people who start to help many others

When the clock bell rings 12 times
The world will change now
Everything will turn happy
And everything will be perfect
as what the Terracotta soldiers desire

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

School of the Nations, St. George, Noah – 9

Bit by bit,
Piece by piece,
History is history.

No matter how old,
More valued than gold,
It all seems a mystery.

The Terra Cotta Army,
Two thousand years gone,
Hidden from sight.

Who could have found,
This treasure underground,
A farmer, that's right.

From the Emperor's tomb,
Sixteen hundred meters away,
He dug his well.

Something hard he did find,
Who knew of what kind,
Only he was to tell.

There were horses,
There were Generals,
And then were the archers

There were acrobats,
There were strongmen,
And also the marchers.

Horses six hundred,
Chariots one thirty,
Soldiers eight thousand strong.

In Seventy-Four, they were uncovered,
Until then undiscovered,
To unearth them took very long.

Soldiers of ceramic,
Weapons of bronze,
All to protect, the Emperor, Qin Shi Huang.

The artist's creation,
Warriors placed in formation,
Came to life in Xi'an.

Now the soldiers of clay,
Sit on display,
For the world's delight.

By a farmer found,
This treasure underground,
Is now a World Heritage Sight.

New Tales of Terracotta Warriors

Singapore International School, Aggarwal, Himanshi – 9

Accompany the first emperor of China into his afterlife.

Built were thousands of clay soldiers with unique facial expressions.

Construction was started when Emperor Qin Shi Huang was 13.

During this time, more than 700,000 labourers to build it.

Experts estimate there are more than 8,000 soldiers, 130 chariots, and 670 horses.

Found by a group of peasants digging a well in drought-parched on 29th March 1974.

Greatest attraction, China of the 20th century.

Has covered 16,300 square meters and took 40 years to complete.

In the order of discoveries, they were tagged as pit 1, pit 2, pit 3 or pit 4.

Jammed by a large fire, which destroyed the emperor Ying Zheng's tomb also destroying the terracotta warriors.

King Qin Shi Huang di was famous for unifying the warring states into what is now China.

Located in Shaanxi, China.

Made with terracotta, a type of earthenware is a clay-based unglazed or glazed ceramic.

Necropolis complex constructed to serve as an imperial compound or palace comprises several offices, halls and other structures and is surrounded by a wall with gateway entrances.

On 210 BC, Emperor Qin was buried in his tomb with diamonds and things he would need for afterlife.

Pits of the soldiers in all are approximately 7 meters deep.

Qin Shi Huang was the first emperor of China.

Raised by his mom Queen Dowager Zhao and dad, King Zhuangxiang of Qin.

Scientists are using various techniques to preserve the paint found on the warriors.

The terracotta warriors are unique, life-size and individually modelled in clay.

Unification of china was done under Qin's rule –same system of measurement, monetary and political issues.

Valuable utensils, scenic towers and 'wonderful objects,' with 100 rivers fashioned in mercury were buried with King.

Weapons of the bronze were found in excellent condition, as coated with a thin layer of chromium.

Yester years memories teach us a lot about ancient Chinese culture.

Zheng was Emperor Qin's given name.

Terracotta Warriors

St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Primary Section), Chan, Valerie – 11

Emperor

Ruthless, Cruel.

Plotting, scheming, commanding

Sovereign ruler of China

Qin Shi Huang

Slaves

Devoted, loyal

Crafting, sculpting, unquestioning

Without power, liberty or voice

Oppressed

Army

Mighty, powerful

Marching, protecting, defending

Unique, handmade formed from the Earth

Legend

The Eternal Warrior

St. Paul's Co-educational College Primary School, Hui, Raphael – 10

Here I stand in a dark hidden tomb
For hundreds and thousands of years
I, the Emperor's warrior
His silent sentry
To guard and protect his Highness
My utmost duty

He conquered six Warring States
Unified them into one
Established the "Qin" Dynasty
His legacy had just begun

His Highness, Qin Shi Huang
Secured his empire by building the Great Wall
One of the Seven Wonders, people cried in awe
His Highness, the First Emperor of China
Determined his glory to last forever
A necropolis was built in his honor

Guarding the great emperor's tomb
The eight thousand terracotta warriors
His strong silent army
Completed in thirty-eight years
To guard and protect his Highness
Our utmost duty.

A TERRACOTTA WARRIOR HAIKU

The French International School, Garnier, Louise

HONOR, DIGNITY,
FOR THE BURIED WARRIOR
IS A DESTINY.

The Crumpled Up Poem

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Ing, Lauren – 9

It's the time of the year for the poetry competition.
I wrack my brains for ideas – this is now my mission.
I wonder who I can make fun of with glee!
My first choice are the teachers, I'm sure you'll agree!

Imagine teachers acting like school kids,
Standing in the corner having told fibs;
Waiting for students to hand out detentions,
Hoping desperately not to get mentioned.

Imagine teachers – their homework forgotten,
As it lies at home – now isn't that rotten?
A scared teacher, cowering in fear.
A fierce student, pulling their ear.

...No matter how many ideas come into my mind,
Just nothing seems good enough to rhyme!
More and more deflated I get,
I scrunch up the poem and jump into bed.

A big grey statue appears in my bedroom,
A Terracotta warrior – I know I am doomed!
It wears a thick armour suit made of stone,
Holding a crossbow (I try not to groan).

My crumpled up poem in one of his hands,
He smiles at me kindly – I'm now in a trance.
'Why did you give up?' he asks with a grin.
I whisper, 'I know it's not going to win.'

The Terracotta warrior pauses to think.
He remains so still my heart starts to sink.
He raises his head as if an idea has clicked.
He begins to speak as the clock starts to tick.

'Since farmers discovered us digging a well,
There's been an amazing story to tell.
Your unfinished poem will have the opposite fate.
It will remain unheard, no matter how great.'

'Winning or losing – they are not relevant factors.
You've done your best and nothing else matters.
Cheer up my child; you have nothing to fear.
Give it your best shot and finish my dear.'

I thank the warrior for his very wise words,
And frantically write down what I've just heard.
So here I am sharing my work with you.
I enjoyed my achievement and hope you did too!

Winning is no longer an ultimate goal.
Each one is a winner as stories unfold.
We should stop worrying if we'll win a prize,
And simply share our work with dignity and pride.

The Poem about the Terracotta Army

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wong, Austin – 10

Hear the tale of the army
Whose flesh is made of stone,
Stiff and strong, and silent and still
The emperor's splendid clones

They stand beneath the ground
Their bodies as strong as bricks
The strong sense of culture
Which makes us feel the ticks

About the skin that covers their eyes
They all have single eyelids
Or because the king has single eyelids
That is what the maker decided

Buried for many centuries
Their purpose remains a mystery
Key to China's history
The Qin Emperor's legacy

Since ancient China's union
The army lay in a hidden zone
It was 1974,
When it first became known.

Every man is unique
Every rock is different
They may all look the same
But only from a distance

8000 soldiers standing straight
waiting bravely at death's gate
They protect the emperor
And will never forfeit

In forty years
The army would not wait
It will not be late
Until they are all made

If I were a Terracotta soldier
I would fight at our best
I will never rest
Nor forget about my quest

The greatest mystery is yet to be stolen:
the emperor's tomb, which has yet to be opened
Know the tale of the army
The Emperor's splendid clones

Terracotta Warriors

Victoria Shanghai Academy, Wong, Denzel – 9

Once upon a time there was an army who stood
In a line one at a time
They would stand strong together and forever
They protected an emperor who had a bad temper

These terracotta warriors were confident and brave
They would never move on without one or another
They would never give up and always fight together
The warriors would always wait for each other
As if they were all brothers and sisters

The terracotta warriors were stone so less likely to be hurt
As they won't bleed to death with an arrow through their shirt
They were always ready for battle
They would protect the emperor together
They would always work together as a team
And always defend every battle

When a warrior makes a mistake all of them would always forgive
So that is why they always succeed
Every opponent now knew that the terracotta warriors were very strong
No one would dare challenge them to a fight never and forever

So the emperor could now have some
peaceful time underground and the warriors could now have a rest
The whole of China celebrated their victory and they would all peacefully dine
Even without the emperor there, he was still so happy

Now everyone in China was finally safe
Thanks to the warriors for the amazing save
Now you know the story of the terracotta warriors and how they saved the emperor and china
And why this story was a really important one and how famous the terracotta warriors are

Terracotta Warriors

Western Academy of Beijing, Han, Angela – 10

Warriors!
Who protect the tomb,
of an emperor
who ruled
a long time ago.

Three pits!
In which they stand,
all sculpted differently.
None two
alike.

On display!
In Xi-An
with chariots,
but no
weapons.

Architects!
Are still discovering
more history,
and many secrets
await.

Standing Silently

Yew Chung International School. HK. Primary, Alvaro, Rosemarie – 10

Long, long ago,
There was a terra cotta army.
They won all their battles,
Being praised by many.

The Qin emperor,
A tyrant as he was,
Feared by his enemies,
For his war would receive no end.

How many lives sacrificed,
To rule a nation in vain?
When the victory is celebrated
will the warriors share the fame?

Fashioned as an army,
Warriors made of clay,
To accompany the emperor,
On his final judgement day.

Statues standing silently,
Still on guard today,
In misguided loyalty,
Never to betray.

One Forgotten Hero

Yew Chung International School. HK. Primary, Lau, Erin – 10

Born from the earth, out of the dust
Came the most admirable, one of the most famous warriors
Dressed in terracotta, accompanied by chariots and horses
We stood in awe to guard the Qin necropolis as an unbreakable barrier

Two thousand years ago, I was asked to depict the armies of Qin Shi Huang,
I had no name to call myself, no friends to call my brothers
As a warrior, I was destined to protect the emperor in his afterlife
Fight for him, honour him and ready to die for him

No one knows what lies underneath the heavy, rugged armour
I used to be a scholar leading a peaceful life
Until one day the dragon came
And burnt all my books and dreams... I was drafted to fight as a warrior

The great Emperor Qin was powerful but full of fear
He was scared of being murdered in the life to come
He constructed eight thousands of us to demonstrate his rule
He built us to continue his dream of immortality

I felt so helpless, utterly despair
I was incapable. I am unable to move a finger or walk an inch
I am not made of flesh and blood, only of brown and reddish clay
I can only wait, hope and pray...

Days, months and years passed by
The army grew bigger, my faith grew stronger
We were always ready, always primed
We would live like this for a long time

But the Emperor slowly aged. We did not.
He weakened, we strengthened
The place grew passive, he did not visit much
I knew the unthinkable was about to happen... it did

After the Emperor's death, all was quiet, all was still
Dust was light at first, drizzle came
Dusty grey was our new colour, loneliness was our company
We were forgotten!

Until one day, I saw a ray of hope
I met a soldier, young but discouraged
If only I could touch his heart, regale of great wonders
See the bitterness of hostility and sorrow of people

He could then understand the insanity of war
He could help to correct history, make a new future
He could build a world of peace and hope
I could be a real hero.

Still

Yew Chung International School. HK. Primary, Lee, Hannah – 10

Armour flashing, Swords clashing.
As Generals' commands make houses rattle,
As warriors lay down their lives in hundreds of battles.
Crimson streaks leaking off their blades,
The troops attacked and began their raids.
As lifeless combatants journeyed into a stony lair,
They searched for their Emperor, They searched for their Heir.

Silence swept over them, still many years to come,
They stood still.
Their colour faded, turning into nothing but dust,
They stood still.
Their memories were swept away, along with the wind,
They stood still.
Until now, the Terracotta Warriors stand,
Still.

The Terracotta Warriors

Yew Chung International School. HK. Primary, Ting, Andrea – 9

Terracotta warriors, made of clay,
They are in position, ready to slay.
Their weapons – arrows and bows,
Can kill a thousand flying crows.

They are thousands of protectors,
Protecting the king,
They will fight till glory,
When the war-bell rings.

If they were unfrozen,
Their arrows they would fling,
They will fight till sunset,
When they hear the nightingales sing.

They beat every army,
As they're hard as stone,
And they have special talents,
They don't stand alone.

For years they have watched us as humankind,
Through our wars where our swords did grind
Through peace have they still lived on,
Now in a museum where people have watched, come and gone.

Poetry

Group 3



The Stone Awakening

British International School Shanghai, Puxi, MacKenzie, Leila – 12

Around the corners,
through the maze of mighty
the sense of evil spreads.
Mystical spirit haunts the army
awakening the terracotta from their death.

When the sun becomes the moon
and everything becomes silent
they charge through the villages destroying everything in their way.
Merciless of the lives they are taking away

As the sun ray shines over the mountains,
the warriors retreat to their tomb
leaving the villages ravaged.
Leading the last lives to starvation

The emperor will turn his army to stone once again.
They will stand stone faced
until the spirit awakens them once more,
for the need of more villages to be ruined...

The Memoir of the Terracotta Warrior

Chinese International School, Sun, Adrian – 11

I have been guarding this tomb for the past two thousand years,
No sunlight, only darkness.
Around me stand thousands of shadows just like myself.
I am the protector of Qin Shi Huang in the afterlife.

I was carefully crafted by the most skillful craftsmen,
They created me with clay, glued my body parts together
And colored me with red, green, blue, pink and lilac lacquer.
After laboring for 10 years,
They finally made me and the warriors surrounding me.
I am the protector of Qin Shi Huang in the afterlife.

I was put into a tomb which was surrounded by one hundred rivers of mercury.
Pearl, silver and gold covered the ceiling.
Traps all around were set up to fire poisonous arrows at anyone who dared to enter.
I am the protector of Qin Shi Huang in the afterlife.

Wives, concubines, workers and craftsmen all sealed up together
With my fellow terracotta warriors and me.
Cries of panic resonated through the tomb
As people wailed, but there was no way out.
I am the protector of Qin Shi Huang in the afterlife.

I have been untouched for over two thousand years,
Only silence,
Blackness at every corner,
Until one day, the tomb was opened.
And a ray of light appeared in front of me.
Curious faces looked down on me.
I am the protector of Qin Shi Huang in the afterlife.

Now I have become a tourist attraction.
People from around the world come and visit me.
It is said that I am one of the wonders of the ancient world!
How about the wives, concubines, workers and craftsmen?
Only ashes remain while I stand tall.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Diocesan Girls' School, Gunawan, Gwyneth – 13

I saw it in the mist
It was swift
I wonder what it was
As I step into the woods

There were thousands
I did not bowssen.
I quickly walked
As quiet as a mouse

I slither like a snake
And spot it
As stiff as a stone
Just standing there

It had its hair in a bun
With checkered clothes
Holding an everlasting grimace
Like a statue

But suddenly it moved
It went towards me
I ducked behind a tree
And saw it move past me

I followed him
Dodging obstacles
Trying to be quiet
And not attract attention

There were thousands with it
All trumping towards north
I trailed them all
And they suddenly bawled

The tears were piercing
Making my ears hurt
But when it has been cleared
Nothing was there

I gasped
And tried to catch them
But nothing was there

A sound was behind me
I turned around
And was face-to-face
With the 6-foot-tall men

I screamed
But my mouth was covered
By them
I fainted into oblivion

I woke up
Hands tied
In a black room
With nothing surrounding me.

“Hello?”
No one answered
My voice echoing
The black walls

A man walked in
With several Terracotta warriors
Beside him
As if to protect him from me

“Who are you?”
I asked, fearless
I do not know where I am
But I do not care

The man stared at me
Trying to see if I am dangerous
Or not
Guess he was wrong

He said in Chinese,
“You must bow to me.”
I spit at him
And replied

“In your wildest dreams, sir.”

He was beyond livid
And order the warriors
To make me bow
With force

I bow
But there was no respect
Between us
“Who are you?”
“I’m Qin Shihuang.
You are going to help me
To get the city back
With the aid of the Warriors.”

I didn't move
Just kept of staring
His eyes in a weird colour
Demanding to do what he wants

He slapped me
I woke up
In a sudden shake
And it was all just a dream

But what if
That was the
New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors?

The Terracotta Warriors

Diocesan Girls' School, Yuen, Candace – 12

A terracotta army, made out of clay,
With fraying edges, and shades of grey.
Delicately sculpted, with tough armor,
Though I'm sure they won't be a charmer.

Their thoughts have probably been dashed,
As they aren't afraid of being smashed.
They won't leave because they took a vow,
I'm uncertain when, but certainly not now.

They don't laugh and they don't cry,
Yet they sure aren't shy!
They stare at you with a stony face,
Emotions left their faces without a trace.

They don't dodge and they don't budge,
They simply stare and judge.
If you're a threat, if you're a danger,
They don't know you, as you're a stranger.

They protect their emperor, whom stands in the centre,
So they stare to see if you're worthy enough to enter.
Once you're in you're in for a surprise,
Visiting the whole army surely makes people wise.

The Eight Thousand

ELCHK Lutheran Academy, Sadie, Noah – 15

Warriors...
Always loyal to their leader.
Draped in the toughest protection.
Armed to the teeth,
Advanced to the point of looking inhuman.
Sweeping through cities,
Annihilating enemies like a plague.
Bringing death to anyone
That stands in their way.

Brought up from the ground,
Casted,
Dried,
Implanted,
Into an enclosure of fire.
Cold,
Lifeless rock.
Shaped in the image of their human creators,
Christened the Terracotta Warriors.

They survived,
Longer than any fighting force before them.
To fend off not a living enemy,
but the enemy to come.
To safeguard the Emperor after death,
From souls,
Longing for vengeance.

An army of eight thousand,
To fight and to serve.
A stone army assembled to defeat the dead,
Was no match for the living.
Raiders decimated the stone soldiers,
Shattering them into pieces.
As their comrades were reduced to rubble,
The remaining stood still,
Powerless,
Unable to end the siege.
But being made out of the Earth itself.
Allowed them to outlast even the Empire of China.

As wars and famine ravage the country,
The Terracotta Warriors wait and wait,
And waited underground,
For years and years.
Until they saw the sun again,
But in a different China,
Very different than the one they were fabricated in.

War still goes on,
Everything changes,
Man's reach is still broadening
Empires and nations are rising then falling
But the Terracotta Army will always be

The last one standing...

The Army That Waits

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Joseph-Hui, Katherine – 15

The long dark room is cold and quiet,
The warriors silently guard the emperor's grave.
Strong, still, and awake,
Their alert eyes detect every move, of every ant that creeps along the dusty floor,
Each man's armour firm and strong, their horses wait alongside them patiently,
Whilst waiting to poach and attack.

Safe and sound the emperor sleeps,
Protected from evil, his spirit lies awake.

A military force of thousands,
Each soldier ready for battle, lingering deep underneath the ground.
As they wait, ageing creeps into their solid exterior.
One soldier, then the next. Cracks emerge in their sturdy armour,
Weakening them by the years.

Gallantly, the ghostly force of men guard his tomb
Clattering music plays as singers and musicians pierce the frigid air.
Acrobats now invade. Leaping and dancing, they dust flashes of colour and a magical yet haunting,
chiming tune plays.
It feels awake for some moments, until, the last chime echoes into a long, stony, silence.

From Qin Shi Huang Di

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Law, Mei – 13

Let me paint for you a story so vivid and rich.
Let me create a mosaic so beautiful I guarantee.
Let me spin my story, intricate silk to stitch.
Let me bring words to life, legend to energy.

And here I recall my army's pride.
Their strength, courage, dignity.
their inspiring way to guide
our country: China, to victory.

Shall I gather canvas and paint to stain
the figures and soldier's infinite youth?
And stroke my brush over the words so plain
so my painting bleeds truth?

Or should I collect my colourful tiles
and design a mosaic with my army?
Can I include the patriotic smiles
and the winding river Yangtze?

Can I make the thread so thin
the fabric, silk and satin?
And tell the story of our glorious win
through detail and exquisite pattern?

But our land's unique materials I choose
to tell our story for generation next.
Raw elements sacred to China I use
for descendants pay their utmost respect.

We come from native land
my story shaped in local province
my art, my soldiers to command
formed from organic ground ever since.

I bring my tools and clay
and sculpt an army in line together.
Manipulating shapes my way.
Building each man his own character.

Retrieve the earth and mix with water.
Bake in fire and dry in air.
The mighty elements join to confer
China with an everlasting flair.

With honour and immortality they prosper
my noble terracotta warrior.

Frozen in Time

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Leong, Avellina – 13

We stood.
Our heads held high and fists clamped shut.
Our fingers curl tighter around our bronze halberds,
The air, stagnant and humid enveloped our skin,
Yet we can't complain,
Can't talk,
Can't think.

We focused.
Our thumping armor stuck to our skin like soot,
Our weary eyes seek the life that yearns for light,
The troops, discouraged and bitter,
Are tired of waiting,
Of staring,
Of hoping.

We remember.
Our armor was as bold and bright as the one's who made us,
Our eyes were vivid, unafraid, almost happy,
The creators, now erased and free,
Are finally content,
Finally peaceful,
Unlike their creations.

We now understand.
Our minds were never made to think,
Our eyes were never meant to see light,
The king, simply selfish,
Simply lonely,
Only wanted our lifeless company.

The Emperor's Warriors

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Thomassen, Isabelle – 11

Decaying faces, shattered souls,
Peering through the rows of holes.
Sun shining through the shaft of light
Contrasting with a starless night.

The Emperor's ghost shifts and roams,
Searching and searching for his lonely throne.

His life is gone. He is now just dust;
The soldier's weapons have begun to rust
Statues stand silently still,
Waiting to fulfill, the Emperors will.

The Emperor will be entombed in his dome,
And forever that will be his home.
With his Terracotta warriors, strong and bold,
They will stand through the hot and cold.
In their order, row by row
Facing forwards; their duty they know.

Made once to be the Emperor's pleasure
Now these warriors are a glorious treasure
To the people who discover
The history that is there for us to uncover.

A piece of history, now they stand
Guarding their precious land.
Days and Nights will pass us by,
But the Emperors Warriors will not die.

Flourishing faces, shining souls,
Curiously looking through the rows of holes.
Sun shining through the shaft of light
Contrasting with a moon filled night.

The Emperor smiles knowing he is home,
Since he has found his holy throne.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School
(Secondary School Section), Cheung, Yik – 12*

They are from China
They are made of terracotta
Even though they are made of sand
But they are still so grand
Some of them are broken
So none of them is stolen
Now they are not colorful
But they are still wonderful
They are now so old
So they have become gold
They are in the old history
But still they are tidy
They are all in line
So they are fine

The Terracotta Army

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School
(Secondary School Section), Lam, Pak Yin – 13*

Oh, the famous terracotta army,
Lined up orderly in columns and rows,
Apt to strike any foreign enemy,
Sneaking in to have a peek from below.

Oh, the famous terracotta warriors,
Buried in the pits of Shaanxi province,
For as long as anyone remembers,
Staying in the vast darkness in silence...

Oh, the famous terracotta horses,
Each one with its own unique appearance,
Strings tied to chariots, lying await,
All filled with courage and perseverance.

Oh, the famous terracotta army!
Endeavour to protect Emperor Qin!
Replete with power and tenacity!
Much admired for its pride that lies within!

The Terracotta Warriors

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School
(Secondary School Section), Ngai, Ting Wai – 12*

The Terracotta warriors
everyday are standing still,
ready to fight,
ready for victory;
actively anticipating,
commended and celebrating their VICTORY,
on their motherland.
They deserve a better life,
they wish for a better day,
and a brighter future for the country.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School
(Secondary School Section), Shuen, Tsz Hin – 13*

They helped China to fight the enemies,

Eventually they won the war, after

Restless fighting. They

Remained undiscovered until 1974, and represented the
Army of Qin Shi Huang, who was

China's first Emperor.

Originally, the figures were painted in different colours,

To protect the Emperor.

Tomb mound at Mount Li was an

Art of funerary.

Warriors, chariots and horses protected the

Afterlife of Qin Shi Huang.

Roles in different height

Remain buried.

Investigation were carried out by the archaeologists.

Over 120 objects were displayed at the British Museum in 2008.

Relics of the Qin dynasty.

Soldiers of the Great Emperor.

Frozen In Time

Hong Kong International School, Chan, Melanie – 13

There once was a ruthless emperor
Who concocted to rule forever
His mausoleum filled
With a fierce army stilled
Alas, who can be more cleverer?

The Terra Cotta Warriors

Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chan, Pui Pui – 12

“Left, left, left right left,
We are the best warriors,
We are the best!”

Hiding underground,
There are treasures to be found.
Dry wind blows down deep,
Revealing treasures that are asleep.

Hundreds, thousands of years in the soil,
Bugs, digging, disasters and oil,
It’s a miracle the clay didn’t spoil.
After years and years of neglect,
Good quality of terra cotta the weather didn’t affect.

Horses, warriors with their weapons,
Marching inside their emperor’s tomb.
Safeguarding their king,
Protecting the empire of Qin.
While marching they sing:
“Left, left, left right left,
We are the best warriors,
We are the best!”

The warriors that we can see,
Is an army for eternity.
They are loyal, they are strong,
History will judge them right or wrong.
Every day they sing this song:
“Left, left, left right left,
We are the best warriors,
We are the best!
We are better than the rest!”

The "Terracotta" Warriors

Independent Schools Foundation Academy, Chun, Rita – 13

I once visited the terracotta warriors during the summer
I wondered if the summer heat made them hot,
or if they didn't feel anything at all.

I once visited the clay warriors during the summer
I wondered if the summer heat reminded them of the time
they were fired inside a scorching kiln.

I once visited the terracotta warriors during the summer
I wondered if the summer heat made them revisit the time
when the emperor enclosed them in clay
and baked them in fire.

I once visited the clay warriors during the summer
I wondered if the summer heat reminded them of the time
they were charred,
bones and all,
to dust.

I wondered if they were made of earth at all.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors: Army of Clay

International College Hong Kong, Chan, Felice – 13

Wanderers wander around
The secret chamber of Xi'an
Whispers of a insistent emperor
Demanding thousands of unreal brothers

They rise in glowing confidence
Stance firm, aggressive
Built is stocky and impenetrable
A wave of fury and wrath
They watch for ones who disobey

Each face is uniquely crafted
But the soulless orbs are shared
Eyes display no fear or tears
They glare ahead in stoic silence
Loyalty is an unmoving asset

Trained under the Emperor's eyes
Assured to defeat the rest
Clomp clomp clomp...
Hooves pounding
They advance in chariots
Signalling terror across the grimy battle terrain
Stampeding over those who dare defy
The Emperor watches in unsaid admiration

Bold and brilliant
Brothers side by side
Awaiting the frequent failures of attacking foes
Is the Emperor's clay army

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors: True Sons

International College Hong Kong, Kwan, Tiff – 14

A legendary art,
Unfazed by the harsh cold,
Its color fading over centuries,
But sculptures remain
Standing with ambition
And courage.

A formidable art,
With lifeless eyes focused ahead,
Body stiff and tense.
They have a halo of strength,
Loyalty radiates from
The army.

An ancient art, created
With Yellow Earth and grit.
Thousands of hands
Molded, textured, shaped
Materials into fine, sturdy
Warriors.
The true sons of
Sweat and blood.

A funerary art,
As eight-thousand staunch
Soldiers,
With chariots and horses,
Protect His Majesty,
The almighty, powerful
Emperor Qin Shi Huang,
While he rests eternally.

The Terracotta Army

Island School, Broad, Anya – 13

Somewhere there under our feet
Frozen in motion standing still
Rages a battle in full heat
Created by the dead king's will

Stone swords ready
Archers let fly
Chariots steady
T'was all burned to the sky

Collapsing in flames tripping and falling
Yelling in silence
The stone mess is appalling
Yet some escape this violence

To protect the high emperor
Now king of the dead
Who tried to live forever
But died drinking lead

Scarecrow like horses charging to battle
The stone is rogue
In the hushed underground intensity crackles
All for one "ATTACK ON FIVE"

Silent yelling and frozen deaths
Sight is deadly yet astoundingly beautiful
All armed soldiers hold their breaths
Warriors as brave as a lion is dutiful

Clashing bashing silent battle cry
Charging like stampeding buffaloes they advance
To defeat the approaching ally
Dancing their frenzied war dance

Somewhere there under our feet
Frozen in motion standing still
Rages a battle in roaring heat
Created by the dead king's will.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Island School, Jain, Ravi – 13

The gods, draped
In the turquoise colors of the ocean and the golden flakes of the sun,
Sat in their
Elaborate thrones.
As the wide sun sets,
Swaying tunes waltzed through the wind,
As *erhu*'s,
Pluck their horse hair strings,
Amplified against
The raspy, ornate skin of
Snakes.
Standing up from the
Lavish feast, the gods,
Entranced by the soothing melodies,
Started to waltz across the golden floor, full of bliss.

The rays of the sun rose, trapping the
Rural countryside of *Xi'an* in serene warmth,
Shining onto the elaborate terracotta tiles of palaces,
And onto the cracking bricks of the great wall, like a
Decaying dragon, littering the grass with brown scales.
The farmers and the workers, slowly rose from their
Intoxicating slumber.
Swiftly, the workers,
Wearing only their loincloths,
And their interwoven bamboo hats, set off for their
Duty on the green fields of *Xi'an*.

With the foreboding clouds vanquished,
And the sly rain nowhere in sight, the day was
Like the fair of a thousand countries.
Even so, shrouded in cruel deception, the
Death, and grief showered upon this day,
Like a deadly snake,
Coiled up underneath the prettiest of flowers.

Suddenly, thunder
Rang from out of the sky, arousing those
Clad in bamboo hats from their scattered fields.
Ceasing only for minutes, the workers slowly resumed their work,
Like a factory, their backbones the routine of many.

The carnival of colors in the landscape of *Zhao*
Were dulled by the agonizing tears, and woe of China.
A river of misery
Eroding the cracking streets,
A mahogany chariot danced loudly on the cobblestone
Carrying the dead body of the emperor.
Grasping in his cold hand were pills of mercury,

The magical elixir of immortality
Concealed under a white guise of death.
Held in mourning, the people,
Glancing at the deceased emperor, wept tears of agony,
While hunched court officials, dragging behind their feet
Cried farewell to their emperor.

Full of woe, the gods stopped their dance, and all of
Heaven wept in sadness, except one, in the farthest corner.
Jammed in the middle between heaven and hell,
The lone Sculptor, loyal to his deceased Emperor,
Performed his duty as a demigod to guard the
Green fields and villages.

The highest peak overlooking the clouds, the Sculptor was bent over,
Molding a clay warrior, clad in terracotta armor.
With the carnival of anger and sorrow bellowing through their eyes,
The gods descended upon the Sculptor.
Surrounded by a wall of looming statues,
With the gods by his side, the Sculptor resumed his job, adding faces to his
Terracotta Warriors.

Erecting a mound of clay, carefully
Slicing away at the terracotta with
Needle sharp knife in hand, the Sculptor
Swept down onto the terracotta mounds with outstretched hands,
Raining down red clay onto the green lands below.
Suddenly, the sculptures were lost again in a flurry of speed, as etched Engravings appeared on still faces.
Swift, like the fastest hawk, the wind swept away the hanging statues,
Falling to the green fields like clay angels, to vanquish the venomous spirits lurking below.

Taken by surprise, the poor
People, wandered around to take a look at the angels of clay.
Workers curiously patted the statues with their rusted digging forks and
Their dirt-encrusted sickles, eroding slowly like old humans.
Wondering what the commotion was, flurries of soldiers on gallant horses
Clad with metal armor, interlocked with string,
Slowly treaded through the wide fields, only to find
Statues, covered with dirt, half buried into the green of the grass.
Demanding for the statues, the bundles of armor slowly heaved the
Terracotta Warriors from their resting place.

Dragging the red warriors on their majestic horses,
The plated soldiers trundled their way through the fields,
Not noticing the glancing eyes of the workers, still holding their sickles and tools.

The mausoleum, the foreboding and dark chamber of the dead
Silently loomed over the plated soldiers.
The horses, dead by the never ending exhaustion fell down,
The young energy flowing through them all drained out.

Then, as the pack of soldiers wandered off slowly, a dark shadow
Fell to the ground, slowly digging into the deep mausoleum,
Scattering around the Terracotta Warriors into the abyss, preparing the clay warriors for battle.

Evil spirits, entangled in revenge and anger lurked through the dark
Mausoleum of the emperor's head.
Lurking in the shadows like a snake,
Lunging out to strike with its deceitful fangs, filled with venom.
Waiting and watching for the time to strike.

Born of dark catacombs of fears,
A man appeared, wearing grey robes and holding a
Red box, dripping with velvet blood.
The man's skin slowly charred and peeled off,
Revealing underneath a stone cold demon,
Holding in his claws,
An obsidian dagger, tinged with the poison of revenge and murder.
Shrieking out loud, the demon
Lunged at the emperor, frozen in pure horror,

A war cry erupted from the statues of clay,
As a warrior, armed with
Steel sword and wooden shield,
Charged at the Demon.
Howling loud, the
Dagger and sword, enemies of each other connected,
Sending stray sparks as they fought and stabbed at each other.
The Terracotta warrior,
Ran his screaming sword through the Demon.
Dropping its soulless dagger,
The Demon shrieked and ran, leaving a trail of
Blood and poison running.

His blade now tinged with ghostly blood,
The warrior slowly returned to his set place,
Warding off the inner demons
Of Qin Shi Huan Di, the Great Emperor.

Terracotta Warriors— Again Alive

Island School, Jauhari, Aryan – 13

Strong and ancient,
hard to defeat ever,
brave but patient,
Terracotta Warriors.

China is in war,
Qin Shi Huang is in trouble,
it is time for the fast-as-sound warriors to come and brawl,
The king wished they were double.

It is time for the army to come back to life,
the first few soldiers twist their head,
they take out their bows and arrows, swords and knife,
now they shall charge ahead,

The enemy has been informed,
they are gasping in fright,
the enemy sends out a combining storm,
but Qin Shi Huang's faithful warriors won't go down without a fight.

The massive army charges down the alley strong and bold
the enemy's army take out their bow,
but, the warriors won't stop, with brave hearts of gold,
it is time for the enemy to reap what they sow.

“Clang!” go their swords,
“Slam!” go their power-packed punches,
the Terracotta Warriors are leading like lords,
while the enemy ducks and hunches,

The war is finally over,
the Terracotta Warriors have won,
proving what they wanted to, they have taken over the world,
Even, when it comes to saving their maker, it's all for one.

Now, it's time for the army to return back from life,
the last few soldiers twist their necks,
as they put away their swords and knife,
they shall rest in peace once more, laying down their heads.

Strong and ancient,
old but firm,
brave but patient,
Terracotta Warriors.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Island School, Lung, Aidan – 14

Qin Shi Huang was the first Chinese emperor,
And he rules and rages with war.
For wisdom never slithered into his mind,
The peaceful times are now far behind.
Nothing was simple about the man,
For he leaves nothing but rubble to the land.
One day the people shall slowly rise,
Snatch the throne, and cause his demise.

He ruled,
He had a fiery soul.
Men with swords and spears,
To his command.
To war he shall go,
Away with his spirit,
To heaven with the warriors.
Death was brought tonight,
Men and blade shall pierce armour.
To win the war,
for his majesty.

For the man didn't have much sight,
But even now he has to fight,
And warriors that thrive in heaven, filled with might.
The warriors shall wage on with war,
And his body will finally soar.
In the tomb,
Fire shall bloom.
And armour and weapons shall break away,
And dissolve into dust, ere break of day.

They swiped their blade,
But they'll eventually fade.
Beneath the earth,
Beneath the moon.

The flesh rots,
Off the bone.
The steel of skin,
Broken.
Bloodshed,
As deathly battle cries echo throughout the hoard.
Neither side shall lose,
Satan will come for those who fall.
The king is next,
Scar throne with blood.

Twisted heart,
Molten soul.
He shall reap,
The hope of all.
And take them to his lair he shall,
No more light.
Just blackness in hell.
The throne fades to blood today.
Lives are lost,
Faded away.

For all the patriots will fight long and hard,
And sword shall break, shard by shard.
Death will be brought upon them all,
The king shall flee to dying fall.
And as he fell, he'll drop into hell,
So peace shall roam in heaven again.
The devil shall bleed, blister and burn,
The emperor.
The fiery trident,
Penetrates the skin.
The king in the hellish throne,
Is yet to reawaken again.

Terracotta Warrior

Island School, Montinola, Victoria – 14

I stand. Caked in mud made for war,
in darkness, Stillness and silence,
thoughts swirl in my head, frustrated,
no words can be spoken, I am frozen in time.

I work. brush in one hand rasp in the other,
in the fiery heat all day, in the numbing cold all night,
raw earth at my fingertips,
longing for freedom and liberty.

I rule. Country after country, province after province,
Ruling China with my right hand,
controlling armies with my left,
with endless power and undying wealth,
I Weep for eternal life.

The Dead man rises!

Island School, Rasool, Hani – 13

As dark as death,
as black as night,
the emperor rose
from his bloody tombstone.
Gathering his army night after night,
gathering his army without a single tardy.
As soon as they rose they felt thirsty for blood,
so they went overseas and blood is what they drunk.

Asia, Europe, Africa, America he stole it all in a single day.
blood was everywhere men had fallen but in the end his head was held high. Buried alive gasping for air,
they saw a emperor, the emperor of emperors.

TERRACOTTA, TERRACOTTA, TERRACOTTA!!!

FLASH! BAM! CRASH!

the warriors had fallen, but the emperor went back to his Tombstone for he was all alone.

As light as life
As white as a knife.
The emperor fell
Back to his cell.
Trapped for eternity
For it was his destiny.

Terracotta Warriors

Island School, Yam, Larry – 13

The Terracotta Warriors guard their greatest treasure
They will defend it even in the greatest pressure
Although some of them might be fat
You might just not tell them that

Their Emperor, Qin Shi Hauangdi, was in the coffin
Surrounded by creatures, from animal to goblin
He was guarded by 80,000 stones
Which were all muscle and bone

The Terracotta Warriors were merciless and cruel
They guarded their King, because they were no fool
The Terracotta guarded day and night
That gave theives the grand fright

They might look rusty, they might look ancient
But you can't attack them because they are patient
They are mighty, they are strong
If you think you can beat them, you are wrong

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Island School, Yap, Ethan – 13

He sat there quietly on his throne,
he thought about the decomposed bones.
He was the greatest emperor,
and his works will be remembered forever.
But his red temper was a disgrace,
They people wrong to put him in place.
His simple orders could turn insane,
he did it to expand his large domain.
When finally the solution came,
it was something for the fame.
“I want an army made of clay!”
Then the court all became grey.
“It will be known as the Terracotta, it will be the greatest!”
The slaves then wanted to quit when they heard the latest.
He wanted protection for when he’s dead,
which was what he had dread.
It was a lightless, damp tomb,
this made everyone feel depressed and gloom
The slaves and workers started the tiring work,
they thought the emperor was a big, fat jerk.
The wet, muddy clay blocks had to be crafted.
And for those who rebelled, they were drafted.
Most of the workers starved had to death,
sadly everyone could see their last breath.
Day after day, night after night.
And finally things were no longer tight.
The officials were very impressed
while the emperor felt blessed.
He knew he will be greatly protected,
And of course, no one objected.
He thought he was a God,
and no one found it odd.
But he still didn’t feel the great power,
This made him very very sour.
He asked the gods to make him immortal
because didn’t want to be no mortal.
He would order something crazy
as he was very lazy.
“I want pills to make me the best”
This made everyone very stressed.
Years later, the special pills came,
The emperor had felt no shame.
He put the pills down his throat
but then he felt like a sick goat.
He walked to his room feeling faint,
he thought he was a beloved saint.

He layed down on his bed,
he knew he wouldn't be dead.
The news is out! The emperor's had died!
This was karma for his gloated pride.
People mourned his over his great works,
while the officials lost all of their perks.
He would be buried with his treasure,
for while he's gone, it'll be his pleasure.
The coffin was brought around all the towns,
as everyone had their head down.
BAM! THUMP! PING!
The tomb door has been shut tight.
Everyone was full of fright.
Meanwhile in the dark cave,
inside his magnificent grave.
"Who dares put me in a carton?!"
"I'll send them to the spartans!"
He loudly shouted and screamed
and it sounded as if he was very steamed.
But sadly no one knew,
as they were all too blue.
Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.

The Story of the Stone Soldiers

Maryknoll Convent School, Fung, Tiffany – 14

We stand in line through history,
For how long exactly we don't know.
I shall reveal our mystery,
From the underground below.

We were once living, protecting our country,
Our King, our kingdom, our rule.
To strengthen and lengthen our dynasty,
To serve a leader who's oh so cruel.

He created punishments and tortures,
We all have witnessed his merciless.
He swears to kill every living creature,
Who dares to offend his highness.

We were made to guard his body,
After his death which was so grieved.
Replicas of the original army,
We stand with those who believed.

Those who believed in the good of our king,
That he's worthy of our protection.
Battle cries in my ear they ring,
Those which we once yelled in unison.

I shall end our life story here,
But that's not all I remember.
You can ask me when you come near,
As I stand in this tomb forever.

Terracotta Warriors

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lam, Owen – 12

Bold, unerring and unmoving,
Silent sentry holding fort.
Grimness, its essence; unsmiling, uncaring,
Terrible foe, beautiful solace.
It provides with its poised grandeur
Unblinking eyes knowing and fierce.
You protect the weakness, my weakness,
You envelop me with security, your brazen nature,
Defending my softness.
Lies! Illusions!
False sanctuary.
Hopes dashed, peace violated,
You failed... I've been attacked,
Innocence lost, ignorance removed,
Bliss no longer mine. Slips out.
Your consecration shattered
As you crumble to dust.

The Return of the Terracotta Warriors

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Lee, Elise – 12

Does the army fill you with shock and dismay?
Does it hold you with marches of sluggish clay?
Yet they trail their rags through ashes and dust
As they shatter their armours to crust.

Does the army clasp you with glow and flare?
Does it grab hold of fear with a glare?
Yet they never get hurt,
As they defend with their wise alert,
And bleed with no blood in their grave.

Does the army troop fight in a violent race?
Does it stun you a pause in a pace?
Yet a lost in the thought,
They'd be dashed as they fought,
In beyond of all spirits and shots.

The army is here, the army is here,
It circles the fire of death.
In beyond beneath bullets,
In beyond the chalk bones,
In beyond of the little calcined ribcage.

Dawn of the Dead

School of the Nations, Allan, Phoebe – 16

Once cheered with lion roars
Feasted on roasted boars
Till today they hold their heads high
Never once saying goodbye

Made of clay
Hidden away
For the emperor wanted them for much longer than a day
But our men were alert and never lead astray
After their secrets were at stake
But their backs ached for sciences sake
These men persistent
And stayed consisted

Finally the warriors were erected
Eight thousand men were once more accepted

The Spell of the Terracotta Warriors

School of the Nations, Cheang, U Sam – 14

A powerful country rises by the emperor and the help of his ministers and army.

The emperor as the ruler of the whole country, had everything he wanted, he wants to live forever, he wants to live for eternity.

But he is ageing, he knows that life is not permanent, he cannot last forever.

The emperor is afraid of death, he is scared of the loneliness in his after life.

He wants every warrior to stay with him after death.

Although he had power to force the warriors to be buried with him, but he asked for any volunteers.

He could see that none of the warriors would want to be buried.

The emperor found a witch and wanted her to solve his problem.

She told the emperor to make terracotta warriors out of clay.

All of the terracotta soldiers should be made the exact same size as each of the soldiers.

The witch cast a spell on every single terracotta warrior that their souls would go back to the emperor's tomb.

The Terracotta army, stands under the ground

they fought the enemies of their countries, and protected their homelands

there is where all the memories of all the soldiers lay.

Again

School of the Nations, Fong, Chi Ioi – 13

For the Emperor,
We are chosen to serve again
For Eternity.

Called back to the mortal layer
Into bodies of the ground itself.
For the Emperor.

Donning the sword and shield
From days past, battles long lost
For Eternity.

Thousands of us, yet silence
Entering the cavern, weapons alongside
For the Emperor.

Years pass, all born and dead
Dust collecting, yet not a sound
For Eternity.

For thousands of years, left undisturbed
Covered up, soon forgotten
Until the opening, the light and the discoverers
For China.

The Story of the Terracotta Warriors

School of the Nations, Kwok, Yukie – 14

They asked if the terracotta warriors
could be sold,
The guards were furious,
And they aggressively said “No!”
This is how the story unfolds.

Emperor Qin ordered that when he died,
Buried with him were his soldiers,
His soldiers knew when they were thrown aside,
They thought their life was over.

But then one of them said,
Let’s make statues of ourselves,
So none of us will be dead!

Of all the tedious, hard work
Proved that Emperor Qin was too controlling,
On every single statue’s face, there was a gigantic smirk

We should learn to be Terracotta Warriors,
Learn to be confident, and strong hearted,
Always learn to find another way to solve a problem,
When hard work comes, don’t ever make a fuss!

Rise Again

School of the Nations, So, Katherine – 14

As the emperor was buried into the maze that he built for himself, lined with gold and pearls and precious stones, an army was buried with him—

The terracotta warriors, standing in razor straight lines,
An impenetrable wall around the emperor's legacy.
But as time went by, the emperor never left —
He couldn't leave behind the ten years of hard work,
The ten years of puzzling pieces of his great nation together,
The warring kingdoms that were pulled into one by his hand.

He commanded his Warriors to let him out, but they stood ever so still—
Eyes dull and backs stiff, their mouths sealed with dirt, they remained silent.
How were they supposed to obey if they were made with bodies now brittle as old paper
and heavy as stone?

Inside his chamber, the king started to doubt his loyal soldiers.

An eternity passed before any of them heard a reply.
The warriors felt what was left of the great empire scrape open, and light spilt onto one of the many
cracked, worn faces,
blank and exhausted after waiting battle-ready for thousands of years.

A farmer thought he had found a supply of free jars from a disused kiln.
To his surprise, the ground soon sounded with the footsteps of another army;
With shovels and brushes and pickaxes in hand, they set to meticulously unearthing the forgotten warriors
And legions were carried out of crumbling earth into sweet, cold air,
Across stretches of teeming land,
Conquering nations that they wouldn't have dreamt of stepping foot on when they were alive.

They were hoisted from metal-clad cargo ships and rumbling planes
Their bodies wrapped in thick layers of crackling gauze,
And mounted on their own thrones
Raised in the spotlight for all the world to see.

Thousands of others still stood in the solid straight lines they would be in if they were alive;
Back in the now partly uncovered tomb,
They stood guard over the king
No longer encased in a suffocating prison of dirt and sand.
And like their brothers overseas
They were surrounded by millions every day;
It was like the empire had been rebuilt.
The clay soldiers had never felt more alive.

The emperor would feel so powerful, they thought,
But all he felt was anguish.
He was too well hidden,
Trapped in the maze that he built for himself.

Terracotta Heart

School of the Nations, Tagliabue, Mattia – 14

You, Terracotta warriors armed, and ready for the fight
Never surrender
You died in agony for the first emperor and heiress
leaving nothing but emptiness,
standing on vengeance would be your fate.

You left your cognate
To fight for your country.
But now you gaze in the vanguard
armed and ready, for eternity.
You will never surrender.

You have our admiration,
You who had fought for your nation,
never terminating.
Death was what you ended up paying for
You didn't die because of sickness
but you sacrificed yourselves for China.

You, Terracotta warriors armed, and ready for the fight
You stand tall and proud
from your grave behind your sword
You stand enlisted for eternity
with your chariot, horses and secrets
A warrior will always be a warrior

Throwback – A Message from the Revived Warriors

School of the Nations, Theng, Kai Zen – 14

Throwback to the old Chinese days;
when you were always the 'best', so
you wanted everything to stay.

We rose from stones we shouted hooray,
we came to spread a warning message – you suffered because
you wanted everything to stay.

Please understand if you may,
powerful potent emperor, try to
throwback to the old Chinese days–

That time when selfishness led you astray–
it surrounded your thoughts, therefore
you wanted everything to stay.

Throwback to the old Chinese days –
when you couldn't make your greediness disappear.
Obsessed with making your end delay –

We came to make people learn from your mistakes–
don't think you can escape your misdeeds, just
throwback to the old Chinese days–
when you wanted everything to stay.

The Stone Warriors

School of the Nations, Yau, Henry – 15

The Terracotta warriors, rise from the ground,
standing side by side, always ready to battle.
The cracks on their bodies represent the memories of history,
from them we recall the orders of the Emperor.
Their colour of the armour has faded into dust,
as history had forgotten everything about them.
The serious manner on their face,
reminds them of the duty,
that forced them to leave their home.

The Terracotta warriors, they have strong wills,
nothing can destroy them, they will always stand still.
The stone warriors, made to be strong,
always following their commands, as if it shall never be wrong.
Holding their positions, always ready to fight,
they will never give up, until they make things right.

The Terracotta warriors, misses their family,
but they have to honor their king and show their loyalty.
Awaiting for their heroes to comeback is a must,
but million of hopes have all turned into dust.
Every little one of their memories,
had all became their misery.

The Terracotta warriors, their tales will last forever,
nothing can stop them, and they will never surrender.
Each great warrior, holding their weapons tight,
even if they will be buried, under the city of light.
All the strong warriors, they are prepared to sacrifice,
They will give up anything, even if their hearts will become ice.

The Terracotta warriors, their spirit never dies,
thousand of years under the light doesn't kill their will.
Time has forgotten about them,
but yet they're still standing strong.
No matter what, they will never back down,
because after all, they will always protect the Emperor's crown

We, Eternal Guards

Sha Tin College, Ghosh, Arushi – 12

Eyes on our master,
Guarding him for ever more,
We will not let go.

Giving all our souls,
He will rest in peace with us,
We act as a shield.

Centuries in there,
Many more till he may rise,
We will not give up.

This is what we please,
We were built for a reason,
We will bring him back.

Guarding death's chamber,
We have found where we belong,
In the land of Qin.

Many years will pass,
We will still be firmly fixed,
Our eyes serpent wild.

One day when he comes,
All the mayhem will dissolve,
In this great kingdom.

Where we are hidden

Sha Tin College, Hyde, Isabella – 12

Where we are hidden,
We guard our emperor with no rewards,
In our armour we await frozen,
Ready to unsheathe our swords,
To protect and fight until we depart.

Standing tall and firm as can be,
The first emperor the great Shi Huang Di,
He united the land to be one country,
From the written language to the currency,
We owe our life to the one and only.

Unblinking eyes knowing and fierce,
Holding bows that will pierce someone's heart,
Not smiling; Not caring we wait in silence,
And when we are found,
You only find us crumbling to dust.

They are the ones who told us about Ancient China

Sha Tin College, Imoto, Atsushi – 12

People say that the Terracotta Warriors are made of clay,
Builders were not paid and worked all day,
The builders gave the Emperor Mercury pills to eat for eternity,
But eventually died eternally,
Each Terracotta Warrior's face is unique,
Every Terracotta Warrior is an antique,
Two thousand years old,
Now turned into a soggy, mucky mould,
What was left behind can lead to something,
The scientists are analyzing,
To learn about China's history,
It must be a big mystery,
Many evidences were found,
While loads of other clues are somewhere underground,
Qin has fought in many wars,
He used spears and long, sharp, swords,
And treated people violently,
Now they all rest silently.

The New Tale of the Terracotta Warriors

Sha Tin College, Yip, Ryan – 11

The Terracotta Warriors
Are made of fine clay.
They protect Qin Shi Huang in the afterlife
And help him save the day.

Oh yes, they were made
Before Emperor Qin's dead.
The craftsmen discussed what should the Warriors be made of:
Clay, wool, iron or lead?

Years after years, a long time passed.
The Warriors were forgotten.
They were covered in dust for many years
(and the people assumed they must've turned rotten).

At last, they were found in 1974
By farmers in a farm.
The farmers were overjoyed
And luckily they did the Warriors no harm.

The Warriors were brought to a museum
Where they could be seen.
The Warriors (I think)
Have been happier than they had ever been.

So that's the tale of
The Terracotta Warriors.
They would have never been known so well today
If not for those farmers.

[THE END]

Forever They Will Be

Shanghai Singapore International School, Vasantharao, Meghana – 13

Serene and still have these warriors stood for 2200 years,
Guarding a tomb for eternity.
All lined up in their army positions,
Some on majestic horses, some standing on their sturdy feet.
Carved with distinct features,
Every statue unique and extraordinary,
In their own charming ways.
Days and weeks and months pass by,
Brave and tall the soldiers stand,
Without a care in the world.
Existing only to protect their master Qin,
Gallant and fearless they shall be.
Loaded with arrows, spears and swords,
They will attack anyone who dares to come closer.
Ready to defend the emperor, forever they will be.
However, these fearsome warriors have a grave secret:
They come to life at night.
As soon as the museum closes,
Crackle and crackle go their noses.
The statues start to tremble and shake,
Like in a mild earthquake.
They twist and stretch their bulky but fragile bodies,
And finally...
They can move.
They are as agile as the breeze,
And sway as
It is a mystery that is known to very few,
So please do not spread it to the news.
They would never believe you anyway.
Why waste your time all day?

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

St. Joseph's College, Cheng, Siu To – 14

About 2000 years ago
In an ancient sovereign nation,
There was a king called Qin Shi Huang
Who loved his occupation

He burned books and murdered people
To secure his throne
But he dreamed that he would never die
And no one would find his bones

He ordered the creation of
A terracotta army
Just in case he went and died
(He fed them with clay barley).

In 1974 three witless farmers
Discovered the tomb by accident
They almost broke an archer then
(Their lack of skill was evident)

They excavated the tomb
And made it an attraction
A tourist trap for rich westerners
The terracotta were distractions

The humidity and CO2
Had unprecedented effects
Some terracotta crumbled to dust
But one opened a vortex

For 760000 workers
Had died during construction
They were cursed to be security
(Cheap labourers have many functions)

Those many men rose from death
They began an attack on humanity
They blew up half of Xi'an
And drove the rest to insanity

The cries of fear spread across the land
The army was deployed
The spectres massacred the PLR
The army was destroyed

The air force tried to bomb them
They blew them to high heaven
They just respawned like nothing had happened
And resumed battle right there and then

The ancient army trekked for days
(9 and one-third to be exact)
They took the G107
Neighbouring cities were sacked

They marched right up to the Forbidden City
And tore its red walls down
On the many rooms of the ancient palace
The soldiers went to town

Damage and destruction raged across China
The country was in peril
The CCP trembled in their bunkers
Oh so white and sterile

It seemed like nothing could stop this 'plague'
The people had given up
Even nature seemed to be losing hope
Wilting every buttercup

Just then the terracotta warriors rose
And riding at the front
Was the powerful Qin Shi Huang
Going on the hunt

The armies met in battle
And while the ghosts were strong
The terracotta were even stronger
And the ghosts didn't hold for long

They freed Beijing from the ghosts
And had a tactical meeting
With what was left of the PLR
They gave the ghosts a beating

They lured the ghost army into talks
And while they were distracted
They executed the leaders and
The terracotta acted

They scattered over the country
Rooting out survivors
They even traversed into the sea
With the help of scuba divers

The people were elated
To have been freed from daily terror
But they had overlooked a fact
They made a tactical error

They had assumed that the warriors
Were completely on their side
They had forgotten what Shi Huang did
When he had been alive

But that is a story for another day
Enjoy your rest for now
Look out for the terracotta warriors
They might get you somehow...

The End

Qin— The One Who United

St. Joseph's College, Lau, Yiu Chun – 12

The famed king from the wide, far west,
But not for those who were oppressed.
Set the goal to take more space,
And found the way to a larger place.

‘The time has come!
Go and battle, so others will run!
Bring the army, march and go,
Defeat and destroy; no one can say no.’

Invaded the north and conquered the east,
Seized the south and captured the west.
Assaulted the opponents and crunched their fingers,
So that they were hungry and their food was meager.

With the country united, the people were still furious,
Yet still, the roars from the crowd, he was not curious,
He killed; he burnt; he did whatever he wanted,
And this was the situation that nobody expected.

Haunted by death,
He worked out the math,
Creating thousands of Terracotta Soldiers
To safeguard his rest.

The strong and the intelligent had started to fight;
The agile and the diligent had worked at night.
The emperor felt the time was tight,
Making the army; the choice was right.

The Qin Supremacy didn't last for long,
It ended once the Emperor had gone.
Though Qin had united all as one,
His pride was over after his reign was done. .

The Terracotta Army

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Secondary Section),
Chan, Emily – 12*

Row by row, they stand so still
Stood up strongly on their own
Placed to protect their emperor
Who conquered China alone.

Each with its own special face
Massive army, eight thousand strong
Faithfully standing in place
Beside their emperor's for so long.

Surrounding the precious tomb
Fulfilling duties to which they are bound.
Under fullness of footsteps, in the gloom
Without any complaints or sound.

Row by row, they stand so still
To fight for the future wars
Placed to protect their emperor
The Terracotta Warriors!

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Secondary Section),
Fernandes, Andrik – 12*

An army of nine thousand men,
Preparing for their master's death.

Cold as ice they stood so still,
As they awaited their call to face death's cold chill.

The potter sculpted the statues for one reason,
To protect the emperor through every season.

Once painted bright red, green and gold,
Now they stand scarred, plain and old.

Their battle was not against Death himself,
But their greatest enemy was Time herself.

As their armour turned to dust and crumbled bits of stone.
They were forgotten by men and left alone.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Secondary Section),
Ho, Sam – 12*

The Men of the Terracotta
They stand,
still as stone,
solemn like a holy temple,
watching the years go by.

It was 2200 years ago,
where the body of the earth,
given shapes of life,
looked at the crackling roar of the fire,
and sent to stand guard
for the great emperor,
for all centuries to go by.

They stand,
still as stone,
silent as the skies
watching the years go by.

They stayed underground,
with a wary eye,
until a fateful day,
6 decades ago,
they breathed their first gulp of air.

They stand,
still as stone,
Numerous as the sands of the desert
watching the years go by.

They look at the hordes of men,
from the pits of earth.
They stand guard for the tomb,
a place that never shall be found.

They stand,
still as stone,
solemn like a chapel,
watching the years go by.

The Terracotta Warriors

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Secondary Section),
Leung, Nixon – 12*

Warriors standing proud and bold,
Surrounded by jade and gold.
In a chamber, dark like the night,
Waiting forever to show their might.

Warriors of stone and clay,
Made to guide their master's way.
Armed with crossbows, spears, and swords,
Sculpted to fight the Death King's hordes.

An army of eight thousand men,
Waiting forever to fight again.
To stab, to slash, to slice, to strike,
To battle through the endless night.

Warriors standing proud and bold,
Under the ground, sun or snow.
Deep beneath the earth, behold,
The Terracotta Warriors!

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

*St. Margaret's Co-Educational English Secondary and Primary School (Secondary Section),
Li, Ernest – 13*

Warriors made of clay,
hiding beneath the day.

Standing tall and mighty,
being big and heavy.

Frozen in position,
void of operation.

Playing hide and seek,
alas they were seized.

Legacies of the emperor,
thousands of thousands.

Exposed to the sunlight,
reflecting of their rind.

Once again,
to see the sun.

As they returned,
to the modern world.

TERRA COTTA

The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, Ip, Wing Yan – 15

Touristy scenic spots

Entertaining for them

Really rare

Really surprising

Admirable soldiers

China's diverse history

Oriental cultural relic

Too grand

Too bold and powerful

Ancient testimony

A Callous Emperor

The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, Lai, Tsz Huen – 14

Abandon oneself to have a long life

Capricious person

Acquisition of authority

Love to be at the top of the world

Lose all the hope of people

Oh my goodness

Unique Terra-Cotta Warriors

Specific description of him, do you want to know?

Example

Mysterious thinking

Provide nothing good to people

Elaborate plan on how to build the Terra-Cotta Warriors

Ruthlessly killing the builders

Oh! How callous was he!

Remind you, when you have a chance to visit the Terra-Cotta Warriors,

remember who built this, how callous was he and also why did he build this?

Standing, Standing by Him for Eternity

West Island School, Lam, Winston – 12

ATTENTION! Line up to greet Him

HALT! Prepare to meet the man who reign our regime

Stomp, stomp, stomp

Hordes of troops and harras of horses

Marching in to protect Shi Huang Di, the first emperor of China, in another world, despite him being a corpse

Would he have grown old gracefully?

Would he have passed away quietly?

Holding on to his majestic power

Attaching to his glorious wonder

What he has on earth

He has prepared for the underworld of the same worth

The stone soldiers looked too real

Power, strength and courage their faces reveal

Never his empire will be diminished

As his story will never finish

Merits or demerits, life or death

Generations and generations will study them in depth

In the current capital Beijing we see his Great Wall

In his capital, there stand his terra cotta warriors who will never fall

Flesh and bones can never last long

Influence and presence in our mind will never be gone

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Ying Wa College, Cheung, Long Yin – 12

Emperor's warriors,
Protecting the emperor,
Soundlessly..
Quietly..

Standing still on the ground,
Looking straight ahead,
Fearlessly..
Strongly..

Warriors standing 2000 years,
No matter if raining heavily,
No matter if shining horribly,
Standing there silently.

Warriors fight against enemies,
Prevent tragedies.
Bringing peace to the emperor,
Bringing hope to the emperor.

The Terracotta Warriors,
Protecting every area.
The Terracotta Warriors,
Threaten enemies in any corner.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Ying Wa College, Jim, Man Yui – 12

Unsmiling, Frozen, Grave Unmoving
Zealously guarding the Emperor's tomb
Silent Servants doing what they do best
Zealously guarding the Emperor's tomb

Brave, Confident, Dignified, Triumphant
Protecting their King from all kinds of harm
Hordes and Hordes, threats of all shapes and sizes
Protecting their King from all kinds of harm

Brazen, Terrifying, Bold, Cataclysm
Envelops us with a false sense of security
Empowers us with a sense of grandeur
Envelops us with a false sense of security

Fierce, Raw, All-Powerful, Spectacular
Marching Ahead with an All-Mighty Courage
Into a new era, a Hopeful New Dawn
Marching Ahead with an All-Mighty Courage

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Ying Wa College, Li, Chun Yin – 12

Up on the hill,
Down on a barren land,
There were thousands of men.
Holding their brave with their own bare hand

Down at the sea,
Go ahead was what they saw.
Blowing their horn,
At their hostile foe

Never ever turn around,
Stay focus for they done
Die is their pressure to hunt

Up on the Great Wall,
Down at the street
There were bodies
There was blood
But there wasn't a life.
No longer thousands men

2200 Years Worth

YMCA of Hong Kong Christian College, Amani, Shafā – 12

2200 years,
The pain inside her alone,
Tears and her fears,
Though they were not her own...

A woman of decades ago,
Loving hand interlocked,
But when loneliness replaced so,
It was her world that rocked.

You must think I'm crazy!
Where or what is their link?
But, reader, can't you see?
It might be beyond what you think!

Here I stand,
To tell you a tale so bold,
Opens in a big, great land,
As we see it unfold.

Hair colored auburn,
Right in the summer sun,
Our protagonist saw a major turn,
In which nowhere she can run.

Because these emotions were lost,
They were not where they belonged!
If there was a day we face sudden sadness,
“What has really wronged?”

Those were the thoughts,
Protagonist in her own head,
Was this a sort of condition?
It was definitely not in the books she read!

Which was unfair, this she did not come across!
“I'll curse them in their rest!”
It seemed all the light was at loss.
When the blue made her clutch her chest.

Protagonist sighed,
The loneliness ran in a whirl,
For the guilt you felt when you had lied,
How much sobs did that lure?

—~—

A small sin cannot compare,
The woman clad in shabby clothing,
When the love seemed to tear,
Romance enough to have her sing...

Her man was a fine one,
Masculine, poor boy was sent for war,
Soldier was one of many sons,
In a time that is now so far...

Oh how she remembers the scene in great,
The smile she saw on his face,
As if even a sacrifice was too late,
Yet it still made her heart race.

Under the soothe of silence in right,
Delicate leaves a show in the dark sky,
Those two held each other tight,
Time still had to pass a frozen time by.

When the two held choked cries,
Tears in eyes that were so doe,
When the sun was at it's high,
The joy held low.

The woman cried till' no more,
She doubted her eyes could see!
Slumped against the plant of their core,
She stayed leaning against the tree.

—~—

Pages flipped through,
More than Protagonist could count,
Here smiles in a puddle of goo,
The sharp still inside to taunt.

Books strewn across the passenger seat,
Even the stewardess warned in a tone,
Protagonist threw an emotional fit,
That should leave her alone...

When the country came to view,
A busy place of work and work,
Xi'an, China
Is where our girl lurked.

A study trip that came in the most mad of times!
No matter what anyone say!
Her voice still as sour as limes,
Who'd visit the other side of the globe anyway?

The tour list was light in her hands,
Blue with angles of pictures scattered around,
Xi'an of many bright lands,
Gave her what needed to be found.

“The answer is never placed conveniently”,
A thing she pieced to fit,
But no matter what you believe,
Curiosity made a seat.

And so her footsteps lead,
With a transparent shove,
She forgave the words she read,
And filled with sweetening love.

—~—

If there was a time,
When the moon did not shine,
The stars mattered like a dime,
For she was “un-fine”.

When the day she wed,
All the ceremony ran,
The rain poured on the flower beds,
Hand in another man.

When the day she danced,
Her feet chained and heavy,
When her eyes yearned another,
She still loved unconditionally.

The woman from centuries ago,
Had happiness behind a locked door!
The key lost years ago,
And even longer before.

When her arms became frail and old,
She pondered the grim reminder of that day,
When the story-book comes to close,
She sees the love buried in clay.

When she was a maiden,
Young and naïve,
The hair on her neck stood,
Her lover ready to leave.

The fights lasted long,
The men shedding skin,
The voice couldn't sing a song,
Humanity lights dim.

It was the day life stood still,
It's always been since they left,
The fear and worries became real,
When the land cries over death.

The soldiers that finished their breaths,
Were summoned to lie in clay,
She hadn't seen his lifeless eyes yet,
Back in that swaying day.

8,000 faces to see,
8,000 corpses dressed in gowns,
8,000 feeling that even thee,
Could not imagine her knees crashing down.

2200 years,
The hate and sad climbing in mist,
In the present ticking,
It had swallowed the Protagonist.

—~—

Protagonist jumps back,
In confusion, oh so sudden,
The information had only lacked,
The crashes her mind ridden.

When now her tears exploded,
In the face of many buried men,
Clay encasing their souls,
The woman's emotions she'd lend.

Yet Protagonist couldn't find the answer,
One that would let her rest,
And so had passed her mourning days,
With her soul depressed.

—~—

In a white hospital bed,
When auburn hair turned gray,
Sat a woman still,
A smile as she lay.

For the curse had now reached the skies,
For the words lacked bites,
For the pain missed the tides,
For Protagonist sees to peacefully lie.

And now we see a frame.
A painting of a woman in a frown,
The woman was soft and tame,
Clad in shabby clothes of brown.

Do you know when you feel blue?
With no reason that reaches the ears?
'Twas just a passing curse,
Ready to hit one for years.

Be careful when things are all in high...
Be careful for the love you've fallen...
Maybe these days you'll sigh,
With the start of "A Grieving Woman".

2200 years of fabrication,
The victim will face,
No more jolly laughs,
No more when the heart race.

But in the brink of death,
Anywhere across the earth,
A feeling of eternal love and relief come crashing,
2200 Years Worth.

Poetry

Group 4



Living the Curse of the Terracotta Warriors

Canadian International School of Hong Kong, Chan, Nicole – 15

I sit on a nearby rock and I watch baba(1) with six other farmers dig a well,
Happy as they work in the field, singing despite the drought.
The chipping sounds of the shovel ring out as baba digs through the dry stones and soil.
Looking at the clear blue sky, I slowly fall asleep.

“Ah!” a shriek from baba, wakes me from my nap.
I see the men jump back and look down at the freshly dug hole,
A cold chill sweeping up my spine,
As my baba raises an object on his shovel,
And I stare down to see lifeless clay eyes glaring into my soul.
I spring back in horror, as baba gasps, “Xie e!”(2)

With trembling hands, the men brush off the mud to reveal a head of clay.
Hushed whispers spread through the group,
“Zu zhou! Zu zhou!(3) We have unearthed a Buddha!”
My baba covers my face, but I can still feel the eyes burning into my heart.

Within a week, we are visited by very important people.
Men dressed in dark uniforms who ask many questions about the evil object.
“A terracotta warrior head,” they say, “a very ancient one.”
Shortly after, the shocking announcement comes.
We are to move from our land, from our home in Yang village
To a far away place, to a small, concrete three-room flat.
Instead of looking out to our beautiful rippling crops,
I now see high concrete apartment blocks and grey clouds.
Everything we love has been taken away from us.
Why have they thrown us off our own land, the land of our ancestors?
But I know the answer— the curse has already started.

Now I am an old man myself with a son of my own
yet the curse is still here after 42 years.
Built on our beloved piece of land where our family once lived,
is a museum, housing row upon row of terracotta warriors.
And in the little souvenir shop tucked in behind,
a very elderly man sits signing copies of “Qin Dynasty Terra-cotta Army of Dreams.”
His face is wrinkled from suffering and old age,
his eyes are haunted with disheartening memories.
Earning only a few dollars a day, he signs from morning till night,
Mr Zhifa Yang, my baba.

(1) Father

(2) Evil

(3) Curse

Stand By Your Side

Canadian Trillium College, Pan, Vermont – 17

You lived under the dirt
Baptized for a millennium
The martial attire on you faded
Your stature was still stalwart and faithful

Severe cold arrived to the land
Brought with dirt from former ages
I walked close to you
Could hardly bear to stare at you
Time bedimmed the color in your armour
I walked close to you
Could hardly dare to touch you
Your wound seemed yet recovered

Let me just stand by your side
See you treading at the tiles
Expressions in your eyes were firm and resolute
Did your smile expect a peaceful future

HE

Canadian Trillium College, Ye, Mandy – 17

I met a man thousands years ago
We met each other in a battle
A man that I was unfamiliar with
He wore a red suit of armor, holding bronze weapons
I called him
He yelled back

I meet the man today
We meet each other in a space underground
The man I am familiar with
His suit of armor turns to black, with decayed weapons in his hand
I call him
without responses

He had stood for thousands of years
loyally and silence
Never cried when his families fall apart
Never ran when a rifle is resting on his shoulder
Never surrender when his country collapses
Never complain even if he is meant to be nameless

One of the Terracotta Warriors

Canadian Trillium College, Lin, Luna – 17

He is one of the Terracotta Warriors
He just stands there, without a word
He is silent, hiding in somber ground for thousand years
His body is fragmented, his heart is fading away,
but his soul remains
He uses his crestless and vulnerable soul to feel the world
He is famous and nameless
He is respected and ignored

He is one of the Terracotta Warriors
His duty is to protect his leader
or he just stands there as a toy, a decoration ,
a model for people to appreciate, to take photos of, to research
We want to read his history, his life, his soul
But our interests are only ours
Not his

He is one of the Terracotta Warriors
The damp and bloody ground full of his emotions
He laughed at this pedantic society,
full of fake faces, drama and performance.
He is a chessman on a huge chessboard,
control and power is in the people' s hands.
He is played, destroyed, tormented
Now is a time for him to shout out! To express his strong emotions!
He is angry, his mind is a thunderstorm, he wants revenge !
Finally he stands on the center of the theater,
he has the privilege to verbalize, to express, to burn everything

He is one of the Terracotta Warriors
The flashlight stops on his body
The music is on,
the audience is coming,
the microphone is in his hands.
He can do everything he wants now, he is the center of the world!
But what can he say?
He shakes his hand, without a word, and leaves
But people see tear drops on the ground.
Is that his tear? Maybe, or is that my tear?

Terracotta Army

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Jess – 17

When I first heard of the mysterious archaeological discovery of

The emperor's powerful legion

The marvelous after-death army to protect the first emperor

As well as a show of his glory.

Who lives in the Terracotta town?

Everyone is silent, everyone is still;

With single-edge eyelids.

No one wears a frown

No one looks the same.

Someday I will go to Xian,

To find our terracotta heroes

Who protects our country

Who gives their dedication to his duties.

The Story of the Mysterious Soldiers

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Joanne – 17

I am the soldier under the mysterious ground
Living in the hell of the terracotta town
A thousand ago, it is deeply pessimistic and lack of the righteous sound
The Qin emperor instructed the innocent weak to build up the town.

Do you know what was actually I made up of?
I was made of the immense public resentment
and the poor bloody perishment
under an unpleasant and disagreeable political environment.

The future of my friends and the army were not doomed
In time of Qing, our fate was not in the hands of ourselves
We were controlled by the terrible and ruthless court
Being noiseless and powerless in the darkness.

One day, the farmers found...
and today it becomes the tourist town
There are lots of marvelous and wonderful sounds
We are emancipated up from the ground.

The Silent Artillery

Creative Secondary School, Chan, Vanessa – 17

Tis like an escape from the dispute of history,
Like coiled dragons hidden in the ground,
That hidden under many darkness and deaths,
Under the curtains of that cruel king of Qin.
Of violets that are at home in the earth,
Oh death,
The fairest child of hell
Casket sailing up the river of Chinese history,
Filled by the sound of death which is in silence

The Unspoken

Creative Secondary School, Cho, Ellie – 16

Line by line
One by one
Built by blood, born in red
Unblinking eyes knowing and fierce
Bathing in countless treasure
Guardians in silence
Brittle but loyal
Defending the glorious past
The precious part

Pits by pits
Ash by ash
Walking on history
Entombed in dark with rusted pride
Timeless trove and treasures untold
How many wonders can one cavern hold?
Warriors
Reborn after timeless rest
Yet abandoned...

Frame of Battle

Creative Secondary School, Chong, Ariel – 16

Historical discovery, the clueless Xian farmers;
Massive life— size of terracotta clay warriors.
Placed at the eye of the dragon
Emperor Qin prepared for his afterlife
Buried under the ground to guard the royal tomb.
History hidden, layered over their cold faces,
Unblinking eyes with fierce stares and solid frames.
Grey and stiff without the color of life
Masterpieces from the first emperor in China.
A symbol of glory past and power of Cruel Emperor Qin
These warriors escaped from the past to the future.
Coming back to life
To remind us to fight.

The Terracotta Marvels

Creative Secondary School, Lee, Kristal – 17

Glory under the ground
The truth, shrouded
Filled with silence, soundless, and noiseless.

Those soldiers, slowly enduring like turtles, waiting
They dedicate themselves to the emperor.
Those soldiers, calm as doves, signaling peace
But threatened, they seethe silently.

They are speechless, how can they pray?
They have no sight, what can they see when coated with thin layers of clay?
They have no feeling, where does their pain lay?

The ancient emperor was cruel, constructing this army to protect himself
Like them, building benefit for themselves
Years passed, people change, but faults remains.

Here we come to the dark side of society, people are forbidden to speak out
We are speechless, prohibited from taking action
Heartless human beings, nowhere to express pain and emotions
Humanity seldom learns from the past, we repeat mistakes that history made

Just like the soldiers in the terracotta,
Voiceless, speechless, soundless
Yet, we are alike, not the same, we are not heartless, we feel
Painfulness, hopeless and helpless
Now, the ancient marvelous terracotta warriors;
The sign for society to wake up.

The Sorrow of the Terracotta Warriors

Creative Secondary School, Lee, Sharon – 17

Over ten years of dictatorship

They rose from the mud

They stood there

With glory and might

While

The men lay down

With sweat and blood

Situated in pits

In eternal darkness

Hufft hufft falump

A season gone

Boom bang blast

Graves built on

A hot tear rolled out of the

Cold stone eye

Souls of the innocents

Flow into the cold bodies

Turning plain mud

Into

A golden heart

Silent guardians

Looking at the past

And

Glancing towards the future

They witnessed a dynasty rise

And a dynasty fade

The army that never fought

They carried history to life

Emperor Qin

Elsa High School, Amias, Ellie – 16

Thoughts of death worm in through cracks in the porcelain, through my open pores,
a disease consuming me from the inside

I choke down another bitter capsule,
though my hands now shake too violently to hold a glass of water
Mercury pills. For immortality.
Anything to cure me of this rancid impermanence

There are millions who lie in wait for my death. Peasants, rebels, conspirators
I will not succumb to this wretched mortality, I will not succumb to this acrid affliction

What waits on the other side?
My ancestors, perhaps. Endless oblivion. A labyrinth of torture. I lie in earthly limbo, living only to
anticipate death

My single solace is a legion of my men, immortalized in stone, who stand ready to serve me even as my
soul ascends
They alone will accompany me into the abyss

My terracotta army with no mortality to fear, they will carry me triumphantly into Tian
If the gods will it, they will drag me screaming through the hellish gates of Diyu

Yet
I shall remain their eternal emperor
Though I still swallow every chalky pill, though my vision begins to cloud over, I know that if I must
succumb to this vile disease

if I do succumb...

I will not be alone.

Warrior Carved in Clay

Fanling Rhenish Church Secondary School, Law, Hiu Ning Emily – 16

5 am – a new day of war slowly dawns,
A makeshift cot, a wasted soldier's yawn.
One aching, broken warrior prepares for the blistering ranks,
The seething, dead-littered battlefield,
Another nameless, agonising day of war. A day at war.

Musty, worn tools at the ready,
Grey-flecked iron sword armed, steady,
This loyal, steady soldier prepares herself,
Awaits the final call from the close-ranked,
Deadly tension.

The first shout into this mourning,
This morning of dreaded, never-ending war.
The soldiers are all hushed
They follow the shout and then the silence.
They are searching for any sound,
But nothing can be found: no rumble, no thick drum.
And a strange wind has paved through. A cue.
These warriors were first to rise and last to fall.
China has become one.
And what did all this stand for? What did it mean?
This must be the total end, the end of all war.
This was the last day.
Maybe it is the end of what we were here...what we were here on this battlefield.
The air is slowly filled with the warriors' triumphant, congratulatory shouts:
Joy, relief, happiness! "We did it, we won!"
They are all gone. Let this be Year One!

Six long years, six long, dreadful years of savage, blind killing
Now that it is once finally over, a necropolis.
The indescribable smell of freedom and stench.

Home, such a nostalgic, inquisitive term.
Home: was time to return?
This army is stiff, and slowly turns round and marches back.
Line by line, row by row,
A ragged, slightly triumphant glow.
And at midnight on that famous night, the luminescent moon completes the starry night sky.
One woman, a true soldier, stares into the abyss.
On her face are the memories of the horrific years at war,
Upon her face, the silence, and rest,
Carved in clay.

Shao Qiang, A Craftsman

Hangzhou Chinese International School, Lai, Charlotte – 14

My chisel lay against the hardened clay.
I lifted my hammer in the air,
and struck the grey armor, worn by the clay beings.
The sound of metal clashing echoed in the empty room,
as I continued to shape the warriors.
I am Shao Qiang, a craftsman.

My general's booming voice filled the room,
“Zhe bu hao kan! Zai zuo guo!”
I pushed the clay horse into the pile of shattered clay.
As it fell, the horse crumbled and cracked,
not even a chance of being used.
I am Shao Qiang, a craftsman.

Paint splattered all over the floors,
as I glazed raw lacquer across the clay bodies.
I painted the faces pink and hands dark red,
as a symbolism of love, luck and fame,
to ensure happiness in the afterlife.
I am Shao Qiang, a craftsman.

The sound of marching echoed through the streets,
and the smell of abalone, used to conceal the smell of death, drifted through the air.
Qin Shi Emperor's cold body lay still in the carriage,
waiting to be buried and guarded by my warriors.
who stood strong and sturdy, ready to ward off evil.
I am Shao Qiang, a craftsman.

Thousands of artisans could be heard screaming and shouting,
as the fire slowly crept up their clothing.
Er Shi Emperor's laughter filled the air.
The smoke overwhelms my lungs.
and I feel the flames inching closer and closer to my body.
Soon I too will guard Qin Shi Emperor's tomb in the land of the immortals.

I am Shao Qiang, a craftsman.

Qin Shi Emperor : First Emperor in the Qin Dynasty

Emperor Er Shi : Qin Shi Emperor's first son; second emperor in the Qin Dynasty

Zhe bu hao kan : This is not good enough

Zai zuo guo : Make it again

Ascension

Heep Yunn School, Lau, Cheuk Wing – 16

The endurance

Locked away in millennial slumber,
We dreamed again of the glorious days
In golden halls of apotheosis.
The conqueror shall return the old ways,
And they shall kneel and sing the songs of praise.

All hail the first emperor
Of the great empire that would never fall!
Exalted among men, long may he reign.
We who on wintry mountains once stood tall,
'Neath the earth now, humbly await his call.

The intruder

For centuries, we stood still in silence.
Curtains of darkness were the only light,
Behind the shut gates of the mausoleum.
Sealed in the abyss, not a soul in sight –
One strange voice rides on lonesome winds at night.

Silhouette of a stranger on the wall
Brings forth a light that would perish all.
Eyes on the throne of our supreme lord,
He sees not of the shadows of his steps.
Come forward, stranger who shall meet our swords.

Lied forgotten, but we will not forget.
We are the guardians of the emperor,
On war chariots, in both life and death.
Tread lightly, trespasser, to where you enter,
For this journey you should not have ventured.

Hark now, careless wanderer, eyes greed-blinded,
Who seeks to steal the treasures of our prime,
And slither away from our anger.
Thief, you have awoken the dragon's sleep!
You have reached the point of no turning back.

You have brought corruption to the holy place.
Our master stirs, and commands us in rage.
We shall stop at nothing to cast his vengeance
Upon foul men and free him from his cage.
Witness the destruction and dawn of the new age.

The ascension

The intruder lies quietly on the ground.
From the ancient times, foes who crossed his path,
We promised to leave none of them unscathed.
He who commits this unforgiving crime,
Is bound to taste the dragon's wrath.

Do not look into the abyss,
Or may the abyss look back at you.
We once rose as a great empire of might,
Now we rest under the light.
We shall rest no more, and linger no more.

Rise, Legion of the Afterlife!
We have waited.
We have weathered.
We have endured.
We have slept.
We have dreamt.
We have awoken.

The Only One Awakened Soul

Holy Family Canossian School, Cheung, Natalie – 15

Among the eight thousand
I,
the only one awakened
have not gone to final sleep,
not in this creepy tomb of twenty–three feet deep.

I blow the dust off my armor and move on,
living a life I have once forgot.
But memories are always bitter,
I just can't forget the cruelest emperor ever.

Here he hired me,
to be a soldier of Qin.
Instead of good deeds,
I only discovered his sin.
Beginning to rule at the age of thirteen,
he grew up with anger and became mean.

The devil buried opposing men.
People only praised him then
Even the grey–hair had to build the Great Wall
unless they were too tired to crawl.

Among the eight thousand
I,
The only one awakened,
Inside my body is an immortal soul.
Here comes the chance of my revival, achieving my goal.

I thought wars have ended –
but things have only worsened.
As people fight in submarines with powerful machines,
unlike the ages when we used only bows and arrows.

People and I sing psalms –
suddenly, there throws an explosive bomb.
Blood streams. People scream.
Violence is too extreme.
Defamation behind your back.
Thousands of parodies are seen on web!

Under a palm tree
where a baby is found floating in the sea
I rush into water, save him
Not realizing I cannot swim.

Sinking into the water,
I feel myself as light as a feather
My clayey body starts melting like snow
Here comes the destination of my life, I know.

Among the eight thousand
I,
The only one awakened,
created in Qin Dynasty. Died in the 21st century.
I see. Cruelty is a part of reality.

Weathered Eternity

Islamic Kasim Tuet Memorial College, Azzahra Khairunnisa, Rosalin – 17

Being made from earth
with artisans' labour together
they came to birth
they, the Terracotta Warrior

Piles of sweat were put into work
as they sculpt and mould
this very fine artwork
which are as valued as gold

Carved in sublime details
and with details so intricate
even down to its nails
they posed as a human duplicate

However...

Their blooming red
fade like the sunset
and while the moon sets ahead
their colours sweat

Yet, through any stage
only their exterior has fade
as if time rewinded back to the first page
to the moments when they were made

Unlike a flower that withers and blooms
they stay through the cycle of humanity
preserving their youth, unvisited by dooms
living life in continuous vanity

They relive new and newer dimension
from the moon to the sun
their existence is an extension
of a journey that can't be outdone

A Lone Soldier Stands

ESF Island School, Chui, Adrian – 14

A lone soldier stands
Reincarnated from fragments of the past
Skin of clay and face of ash.

A lone soldier stands
Encased in glass panes
Held in an aura of light.

A lone soldier stands
Eyeing the wall with intent
Clutching a ghost weapon in his hand.

There is nothing here, soldier
What do you stand for?

Not I, but We
The army of the Emperor.
We stand to fulfill
The will of the imperial.
We are the conquerors of the afterlife
The slayers of the supernatural.
Skin of steel and faces of iron
We are firm,
We are strong,
We are eternal;
Witness us, for We have conquered death!

None of his comrades remain
Just the remnants of an age long forgone
Crushed by the weight of time.

Terracotta Warrior

ESF Island School, Lung, Zeckie – 14

Terracotta Warrior Poem

Standing tall, silent and alone,
Stiff destroyers as cold as stone,
The paint chaffs and crumbles away,
Until all that shows is red clay,
Unique but same, among dark rows,
Dead to life, to be put on shows,
Here they stand, prodded and poked,
Doomed to fulfill a dead man's hopes,
Till at last with no purpose to serve,
Crumbles away to heavens deserved.

Terracotta Warrior Haiku

Deep down in a well,
Warriors are slumbering,
Until their time comes.

Terracotta Warrior Story

The wind whistled through the rows of silent warriors, sifting the leaves that swirled and spiraled in the wind. I stand tall and alone. Dead and yet alive, watching the children run around my legs laughing. Oh how I wish could join them. If only my legs would move, if only my mouth would speak. But I'm doomed. Doomed to stand forever in the darkness, forever longing for the light.

I can watch myself slowly crumble away, losing my reserve to stay. I was built to live for a thousand years. I am coming to the end of my time. I make no sound, no warning. The only thing that gives me hope is the children. They don't poke or peer or flash strange, bright lights at me. They play and their laughter fills my heart with warmth. What is to become of me, I don't know. However, I know that my time is ending. I stare at the children. I know this is my last night. I smile inside as I crumble away...

My eyes snap wide as I stare around the meadows. Where am I? I hear the laughter of children and I smile. Then I realise my lips are twitching, I wriggle my fingers. Slowly and uncertainly, I move my arm. I watch in joy as it hovers at shoulder height. I can move! I stand up on shaky legs. I feel small hands tug at my own and I laugh in joy. I am free now, absolutely free and content. Free to spend the rest of my days happy and content. I have never known such joy and wonder. I have never know what it is to be free. But now, like a baby opening it's eyes for the first time. I see life, I am life. I still miss the feeling of being among many brothers and sisters, but soon they will join me. They will let go of their cruel existence and join me. In this place of wonders. This is *my* home now.

On My Deathbed I Am Living

ESF Island School, Ng, Karen – 14

Taller than I, assembly of faces;
Said greater than I – too is my vision:
Gather round me as I lift into grace;
With me, this unto there; companions
unchanged will secure my rule in bright bloom!

Bring me to dragons, I'll prowl neath gold heaths;
Fell sinners, tear 'part quick my slow virtue:
Bedded I, sore stinged prick bleat to spry sheath.
King I am. All else is transient, SAVE I.
By stone and peach I am edged off my bed.
Friend that follows, that rids, nimbly closed my eyes
with careful, frenzied, bound blade I have wed.

Earthen army aboard to uncharted
Dew, time, faceless therewith, I was yearning...
Rows of you, helms of safety, you guarded
To be shepherd and sheep not returning.
Be still, I reached mourning; by last breathing
I hushed; lucid thunder: youth, embrace me.

New Tales of the Terracotta Warriors

Maryknoll Convent School, Chan, Amelie – 15

As the night crept in
And darkness engulfed the sky
A canopy of stars gradually found their way to the night sky.

It was a peaceful and calm night.
But maybe a bit too quiet.
So quiet that it was peculiar.

Then something could be heard.

A sound of a footstep.

Then something could be seen.

A shadow of a man casted on the walls of the cave
His masked face faintly shone by the silvery moonlight.

The silence was shattered by the marching of an army.

An army of warriors deep in the cave.

They held their weapons and poised them

Towards the man.

The grave robber.

Shocked, the man stumbled

Off the cliff, far far down.

Then calmness conquered the night once more.

The emperor is safe in his tomb.

So are his treasures.

The warriors stood back against the stars,

Fearless.

And the night was clear.

Immortality

Maryknoll Convent School, Chan, Rosaline – 15

Grey carpeted the entire sky,
and the sun could not break through the thick layer.
His eyes were in the color of a raven's feather,
reflecting the song of a midnight sky,
so dark and deep, so calm and peaceful.
For the last time, I was lost in them.
My fragile hands reached out to his,
the feeling of his hands around mine was all
that I could ask for.

The strings that once kept us together
would be stretched, but still the same.
My delicate fingers touched his handsome armour,
the touch of the hard metal against my fingers
was fatal and deadly.
Our blacks found each other, they say
the goodbyes are not forever, I say
it was perhaps not the end.
But I knew, I saw it coming.
He climbed onto his horse with a small group behind
while I stood in front of our house,
seeing him walking to the gate of Death.

The sky opened up, revealing the red- orange haze,
bloody red, red like blood!
Like the flames spit from the Dragon's mouth,
oven- like and stone- cold.
I see red, my eyes were also in reflection of the sky.
It's desire for life and lives, immortality from mortals.
It stripped everything from me, until there was nothing left.
The ancient words I murmured, the spell I casted,
An honourable favour for the scared Dragon, it said
for the First Emperor.
I stood before the emptied holy chamber,
where I could imagine his corpse,
laying still, lifeless.
He will become one of them, with it.
The thought was like an arrow through my mind,
piercing into the most painful memories.

The spell sucked away their lives,
but their souls and memories remained, immortally.
As I said and swear in front of it.
The coat of red earth covered their lifeless corpses,
baked and processed like anything.
It had been done, and I could not prevent it.

He was just like the others,
soaked in the hell flames.
Horrific tears and shattering sounds.
Nothing I could do to stop its plague and reign,
of slaughtering and slaying.
And I let it be, forever. Everything flashed
in front of me, the horses, the chariots,
the soldiers, the generals, him.
His black eyes bore into me, condemning
me of my sins, the blood spilt in my hands.
Curses left my lips, hatred rolled out of my tongue.
What if I was not born who I am,
powerless and ordinary?
My vulnerable hands reached out,
my fingers wrapped around the shiny metal,
with carvings and gems.
The metal caught the last strand of sunlight,
determination reflected in my eyes.
I raised it to the place where I kept our memories,
and shoved it in.
The night came in, like the color of his eyes,
then I closed mine.

To History, From a Gravedigger

Renaissance College, Mahbubhani, Sarika – 17

I do stop to wonder
If the doors will hold strong
If the world will stop to hear
A dead emperor's victory song

I do stop to wonder
What will survive of this still
The day someone wanders over
To break the entrance I fill

I do not stop to wonder
What they will make of life in death
The sound that bounces off clay walls
Our victorious King's last breath!

Because I know the answer
I write history on these walls
There are no manuscripts to uncover
Or diaries through which to trawl

There is only one story to be told
Of a man so filled with might
That he united entire worlds
That countless guards stand ready to fight

We do not wait for justice here
We do not express vehement fury
For the books he burned and voices he killed
Your textbooks will be our jury

But only one dead body will be found
It will not be one killed or enslaved
The common man's words will not be remembered
No warriors will wait in their graves

You will have much to owe to great men of your past;
Alas, condemnation runs not with celebration—
So I seal off the door and bury the tomb
This sculpted history awaits exploration.

Then and Now

Renaissance College, Oh, Jack - 14

Piles of knowledge,
up in flames.
Innocent people,
erased in pain.
Neutral lands,
conquered,
seized.

Burned,
Erased,
conquered by a man,
full of cruelty and power
His battle,
promised with victory,
He seemed immortal.

But even he couldn't gain
victory from death.
A life of privilege,
wealth and power,
All gone.
Colorless,
senseless,
powerless,
Buried deep
under the ground.
Lying down,
everything gone.

An army.
Standing still.
Guarding the man .
An army,
A grandiose army.

Colorful,
yet colorless.
Alive,
yet motionless.
Identical,
yet different.
Gazing through the wall, Seeking
for intruders. Countless soldiers,
Awaiting his last command, Under
the ground.

Recipe for a warrior

South Island School, Daga, Padmakshi – 14

Moonbeams dances with shadows,
In the blackness of void.
Dust and clay, I gathered,
From the soil of Xi'an.
Some water from Yellow River,
I poured.

But,
Soul must be of soldier.
Which bursts like a storm,
And crackles like fire.

Moulding his face,
With shimmering dust,
Carving his eyes,
Which show through,
Murky depths of forgotten dreams.

His armour tarnished by remorse,
Standing in beautiful solace.
His lips are pursed,
But once sang the songs as gates of victory approached.

Auburn hair in tumbling waves,
As he rides his faithful horse.
Face which sparkles with glorious pride,
Like the light that explodes in coloured hues.

His hands should remind of battles,
Which were long and full of struggle.
Even if bare hands are bruised,
But still the heart roars with patriotism.

This is a warrior,
A brave soldier.
An ordinary man,
With extraordinary valour.
Standing tall with his chin high,
With a grin of pride on a solemn face.
Surrounded by the tombs of victory,
That narrate the story of his heroic deeds.
Among the 8,000 warriors,
Of terracotta.

Souls Entombed

St. Joseph's College, Li, Parco – 15

The tyrant had perished,
A funeral was held.
Workers and craftsmen
Scrutinised the mausoleum as instructed.
Little did they know
They were to stay in the tenebrosity
For ever.

They knew too much
That they could not live.
Soldiers outside flicked a switch.
Click, thud, chunk.
The inner passageway was blocked,
The outer gate was lowered.
None could escape.

They were trapped
In their own work.
Some wept, some bellowed,
But most were too shocked to react.
There were voices from far far away
Of wives calling their husbands
And children crying for fathers.

Years elapsed,
Men dissolved into dust and ashes.
Souls took refuge in the terracotta warriors.
The clay figures which were once identical
Took on the appearance of the different men.
Each face was unique,
All visages were melancholy.

Millenniums passed,
A ray of sunshine glistened from a crack.
The young curious farmer peeped into the hole,
Astonished to find lifelike clay soldiers
Painted in flamboyant colours.
The pulchritudinous paint soon flaked off
As the entombed souls fled from the jail of purgatory.

The farmer swore he saw the terracotta warriors smile.

Terracotta within the Spiritual Kingdom

St. Mary's Canossian College, Cheung, Karina – 16

Our first Emperor of China – Qin Shi Huang,
his Great Terracotta Warriors and Horses are protected,
safely and in order in his afterlife now.

During the life time of Qin Shi Huang,
having the tremendous troop of army with him,
the warring states evolved into a united country.

Until now with the spirit of Shi Huang,
his strong empire is supported by the army,
with his united mind backed by the party.

Alongside with the robust power of Shi Huang,
eight times a hundred strong soldiers stand by,
supporting their king to achieve his great thinking,
and conquer everything he desires forever and fever.

The tomb has many pits with the soldiers,
contribution of the horses should also be recognized,
the squads were loyal and obedient faithfully
and were placed in military formation precisely!

Different statues are of their particular heights in difference,
you could locate them according to their posts,
the General of the King is the tallest,
so never mistaken they are all the same.

As the greatest spiritual kingdom with this troop,
not only the huge amount of soldiers and horses,
more the overwhelming power and momentum of the army,
all pivotal supports are helping their king,
in order to execute his ideal and hopes.

Fighting so hard for the strong spiritual kingdom,
no matter they were big or small battles,
they decisively made up their mind in head,
and never hesitate to sacrifice for it,
they strive for the tenacious kingdom willingly.

Shi Huang will never be alone by himself,
brave terracotta warriors stand guard of his tomb,
swords, spears, shields and stones are with them,
to fight with the enemies for the empire,
their king deserves the most supreme status forever!

I Am Just A Terracotta Soldier

St. Mary's Canossian College, Kon, Ting Emily – 15

For thousands of years,
I have been locked inside my terracotta body.
I stand here motionless,
with my heart feeling hopeless.

I have so many wishes,
so many dreams.
But for all these in my soul,
I am just a terracotta soldier.

I wish to explore the world,
to find my dream world.
I wish to travel on the time machine,
to go back to the old scene.

Perhaps, I will treasure the time with my family.
Perhaps, I will go chase my dream.
Perhaps, I will not spend my whole life building this.
But I do not have a choice.

I cannot stand this boring life anymore;
I just want to go out to explore.
To do the things that I have not done before,
and let my soul be filled with dreams galore.

Seeing people coming and going,
some surprised and some stunned.
But I do not feel happy at all,
I just want to bawl.

For thousands of years,
I have been trapped inside my terracotta body.
I stand here lifeless,
with my heart feeling joyless.

Where Are You? Our Creators!

St. Mary's Canossian College, Kwok, Wing Yin Bonnie – 15

For thousands of years,
We lived in the Mausoleum of Qin Shi Huang.
There wasn't any sunshine,
There wasn't any plants or animals.

We have been buried deeply underground for such a long period of time,
Dreaming that we are accompanying our creators,
They are the ones who created us,
They are the ones who took so much care of us.

We could not forget our creators who had worked so hard to create hundred thousands of us,
Their great efforts in constructing the famous heritage,
And the willingness to sacrifice their time for creating us,
Make them like our moms and dads.

We miss the construction workers who created all of us,
However, we could never find them at the moment.
As they might have gone to somewhere far away from us.
Our heart is full of loneliness and helplessness.

“Where are you? Our creators!
We have been waiting for you for thousands of years.
We have dreamed of escaping from the Mausoleum.
We have tasted the tears.
Yet we cannot get near you.”

Time has passed from the Qin Dynasty to the 21st Century.
We still could not find the construction workers.

However at the same time,
We have been the highlights in different exhibitions around the globe,
Proudly showcase the power of our army,
To our admirers worldwide.
Yet, nobody remember who had worked so hard to create hundred thousands of us,
Nobody remembers how much effort and time our dads and moms spent on the construction.

Although we could not find our beloved creators,
We would never forget the efforts that our dads and moms spent on creating us.
If we have the power to take the construction workers to the 21st century,
We want to express our sincere gratitude to all of them,
For their hard work and dedication in the past.

The Soldier's Soul

St. Mary's Canossian College, Wong, Ka Yin Kylie – 16

The thundering of the drums,
the shouting of the invaders,
fade out with his weakening breath.
The blood he shed on the ground
marks the end of his life.

The scorching incandescent of the furnace,
the sweats of the craftsmen
mixed with the earthy soil,
entrap his soul
in the Tartarus pit

The absolute silence,
the eternal darkness
eat his soul away
in return for a timeless job
of guiding a soul's glory and fame.

The heart-warming sunlight,
the sonance of children inhaling in awe,
brings him back to centuries ago
to his children he played shuttlecock with,
to the smile of his lover he mesmerized in.

The cold crystal clear glass box,
the flashlight of the time trapper,
make his breakthrough
To the promised home
To the eternal peace impossible.

Gratitude of Terracotta Warriors

St. Mary's Canossian College, Wong, Yee Ting Gwendolen – 16

Under the aged soil,
Lying with me are lifeless fossils;
Over centuries did our history flow
Into the tomb now thousand years old.

Across my thoughts flow the flourishing days
When our amours shone with golden rays;
Now dust buries me like an eternal cage
Hopelessly watching my brothers around age.

Then once on a summer day bright
Replaced the soil are blinding torch lights;
Paint clothed in me fades off eventually
Antiquity now declared, we and our weaponry.

Tourists now flood our dwelling,
Flashlights illuminate the once dark neighbouring
Sight of my fellow comrades stretching over miles,
Quietly cracking the Terracotta Warriors' smile.

Now World Heritage declared,
Acknowledging our dedication to the warfare.
Yet one thing has never slipped from my memory –
The nights and days they have spent on us so perseveringly.

Archaeologists saved us from abiding darkness,
Shaping me anew from delicate fragments.
My revival of brightness today,
Thanks to the hard work they paid.

A Question To The Terra Cotta

The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, Choi, Hiu Lam – 15

Terra Cotta, Terra Cotta

Who are you?

We are warriors for Emperor Qin Shihuangdi

The villagers found our weapons

Spears, swords, scimitars

And the villagers found the Terra Cotta warriors

Terra Cotta, Terra Cotta

Where do you live?

We live in Shanxi Province of China

There are 8000 Terra Cotta brothers with me

And we have stood here

Oh God! In these pits

Terra Cotta, Terra Cotta

Why are you here?

We stayed here for 1000 years

We cannot move, cannot grove

Perhaps ask Emperor Qin Shihuangdi

He made us for at least 39 years

Why are we here?

Where do we live?

What happened before we exist?

Ask Emperor Qin Shihuangdi

We think he is alive

Tears To Anger – A Lost Legend

The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, Poon, Sze Yik – 15

In the dark forest,
There were a few witches
Living around the border,
Seemingly protecting their sister in the centre.
There was an ancient legend

But no-one knows where it comes from.
Stating that
“When a person collected all the essence of the centre,
the precious and valuable box of long life eternally
will open for him only.”

A greedy king heard about this.
His aim was to conquer the world,
And to have an immortal wonderful life.
Thought that it could help him.

He started his trip with a strong army...

The king and the army started fighting.
All the witches who lived at the border. The witches
Were completely defeated.

At last, they arrived to the centre
Where the most powerful witch's area was underground.
Because of the loss of her sisters,
The most powerful witch was sad.
She turned all tears to anger.

She turned the king and his army into stone!
Until the witch is willing to forgive their wrongs.
However, everyone knows,
It is impossible.

The Death Of An Emperor

The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, Schiewer, Nico – 17

My whole life a waste
Searching for the elixir of life
That I will never taste
So I won't survive

I've built an army of clay around me
Under its protection, I felt safe
But had my beloved ones never surrounded me.....
Is it really how an emperor should behave

Now my life will soon fade out
What will my family remember me for?
What will History books say about me?
Just another tyrant who wanted to be much more?

Nobody will ever
That in my final moment
When I already fell
And finished my last torment

I accepted,
Being mortal....

Undead Army

The Mission Covenant Church Holm Glad College, To, Chun Yu – 15

Soldiers without any motion

It seems that they are very patient

A huge army waiting for an order

Actually it is a mausoleum

They haven't been trained before

Found that their weapons were brown as mud

Swords, spears, scimitars they choose

Are the weapons no longer used

Although they are standing still

Some of them are tired

Trying to find a place to sit

However their feet were too hard

If anyone ask how they come about...

Shhhhhh. It is a mystery

They have their own faces and ears

And they will hear what you say

The Antique Conquest

Ying Wa College, Ma, Tim Lok – 15

Drenched in darkness, veiled by soil,
Hidden in the tomb of an empire's throne.
Negligence on a peasant's toil,
Never returned the young men home.

An ancient necropolis,
Revealed to the world's astonishment.
What's our metropolis,
Versus an army unleashing punishment?

They were the loyal henchmen of the emperor,
Their conquest reached far beyond nations.
They started pandemonium and terror,
Upon those who refused submission.

They say, "we need not fear!
We're better armed with bombs and guns!"
But how do you know they're inferior?
When you see them with your guns it's too late to run!

They're finally here for redemption,
To take back their once glorious empire.
They will kill without exemption,
For their bloodlust are akin vampires.

They will ride out on their chariots furiously,
Resembling on earth the greatest tyranny.
Till then our next generation will live in misery,
But that's another rebel's story!

Poetry

Group 6



The Warrior Life

Korean International Springboard Programme, Ching, Matthew – 14

Standing guard, waiting for a fight,
all through the day and through the night.
Beautiful colours fading away,
purples and pinks now turned to grey.
When will we fight for our Emperor and state?
Two thousand years is a long time to wait.

Terracotta Haiku

Korean International Springboard Programme, Hughes, Edward – 14

Digging a deep well.
A broken face in the mud.
Chinese Warriors.