



Poetry  
age 9 & under

# South China Shipwrecks

*Liam Fung, 8, Chinese International School*

Timber and bones all over the floor,  
Why? What was the reason for?  
Chances are the crew is dead,  
Unsafely resting on the ocean bed.  
Telling a story of adventure and tragedy,  
And a very last thought of a ship's glory.

# The South China Sea

*Felix Brunner, 7, Clearwater Bay School*

The South China Sea  
Is as blue as can be.  
In its waters cool and deep  
Millions of fish swim and sleep.  
There are scary sharks and floating plankton  
Which are tiny to see,  
As I stare at this wonderful sea.  
I wonder what will happen if you pollute the water,  
By throwing in your rubbish and other stuff you oughta  
Recycle.  
The water would muck up.  
The fish would chuck up.  
The sea would fill with trash and all the boats would crash.  
There would be an awful smell. The sharks would feel unwell.  
The plankton would die and we will all cry.  
Here's some news,  
Recycle! Reduce! Reuse!  
Don't pollute the South China Sea.  
Let's keep it clean for you and me.

# Where Has the Sea Gone?

*Molly Loughney, 9, French International School*

Where has the sea gone?  
Where is the dark blue water?  
Where are the colourful fish?  
Where are the great big crabs,  
That are usually served up in a dish?  
Gone covered, killed, destroyed by garbage.  
Thrown into the sea.  
By none other than us humans,  
Therefore I plea.  
Stop the garbage,  
Stop the death,  
Stop the destruction of the sea.  
That is where the sea has gone  
So I say,  
Save the sparkling blue water.  
Save the beautiful fish.  
Save the great big crabs,  
That are usually served up in a dish.  
Save them, save them, save them all!  
Save the deep blue sea.  
Save the wonderful water.  
Save it for you and me.

# Tales of the South China Sea

*Wong Tsz Chun, 7, The ISF Academy*

Hi, I am a drop of water in the South China Sea;  
I have trillions of brothers and sisters living with me.  
We are surrounded by many countries as you can see:  
Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines and the PRC.

Many countries claim that they own this space...  
Because there are a lot of oil reserves in this place.  
We can see a lot of ships on their way,  
Because this is also an important path for international trade.

Apart from oil, we also have fish...  
Something that human beings call a “seafood dish”;  
But please let me make a wish:  
Keep the water peaceful and don’t over-fish.

Sometimes when a typhoon comes, the water can be rough;  
Waves can be as tall as three floors or up.  
But even when life becomes really tough,  
We can always overcome the bad times with love!

## South China Sea Song

*Beatrice Shah Scott, 9, German Swiss International School*

In the South China Sea,  
By the Spratley Islands,  
By Scarborough Shoals.  
Where colourful coral grows,  
Where fish swim in shoals,  
Where volcanoes erupt and  
Pirates attack,  
This is where nobody goes.

You will feel the Streaked Shearwater squawking,  
The Brown Booby swooping.  
You will dream to be a milky coconut,  
A soft banana and  
A sweet white peach.

If you look back to the misty beach,  
You may see a turtle the colour of green  
Feeding on algae all slimy.  
If you are lucky you may even see  
Its babies scuttling to the sea.

This sea and land may seem a dream,  
A paradise of the Sea,  
Though maybe not though,  
Though maybe not,  
As I hope you'll see.

The typhoons that roam the land and sea  
May to you seem an adventure;  
But the creatures that live in this magical sea  
Look through their eyes differently.  
For when they find out a typhoon is on its way  
Their sobs can be heard from many a land.  
They cry because all their misty nature  
Will be hurt and some marvels fall to the ground.

Though sad this is to all your eyes,  
As you probably see,  
The nature of the sea,  
Such as the coral and the fish,  
The plants and the sleek tip sharks,  
Shall reproduce such species as theirs again.  
So you look again in the sea  
Maybe two weeks later  
And on the islands and the sea  
All beauty again is forgiven.

# Busy Hong Kong

*Christopher Howe, 9, Kellett School*

Fatigued with its many speedy trips  
the jet foil catches a breath  
at the terminal.

Boasting boldly  
through the night  
the shimmering lights  
come alive

Soaring high through the sky, IFC2  
tries to grab  
a piece of the sky.

Elegantly the junk  
walks across the  
South China Sea  
as it shows off  
its pointed sails.

# New Tales from the South China Sea

*Niall Jacob, 9, Kellett School*

Sailing slowly on the South China Sea,  
sails wave frantically as other boats pass by.  
The rocking junk  
approaches Hong Kong Harbour...

Approaching Hong Kong Harbour,  
a golden sunset lights up the sky like blazing flames.  
Thousands of boats sail over the horizon,  
on their never ending journey...  
Enormous skyscrapers fight the darkness back,  
with their fiery hot lights like warriors.

Impressively IFC2  
towers over the other buildings,  
as it touches the cold, cotton wool clouds.

Rapidly, the tram smoothly chugs,  
along the rails...  
CHUG... CHUG... CHUG!

# New Tales from the South China Sea

*Sabrina Lane, 9, Kellett School*

Sailing through the South China Sea,  
catching fish by the hundreds.

Lifting my boat up,  
the wind howls through my sails.

The lights flicker and crackle,  
protecting their buildings from the dreaded darkness...

As the waves delay the scarlet red ferry  
from getting to the other side of the South China Sea,  
it starts to groan and breathe under the weight of the relaxed people on board.

As the old Chinese junk boat passes Stanley Beach,  
its webbed, waterproof frog feet sails help it to cruise through the ocean.

In the market place,  
the fiery red lanterns float above the shopper's heads as they stare at it in awe,  
wondering whether to buy or not...

As the sun sets,  
the crimson clouds dance lazily around the smudged sun,  
as they illuminate the sky,  
with a radiant rainbow of reds and oranges.

# New Tales from the South China Sea

*Yvette Lyn Homerlein, 8, Kingston International School*

There are no more pirates  
In the South China Sea  
But there are still sailors  
Sailing wild and free

There is still treasure  
To be found  
But it may be buried  
Way underground

Admiral Cheng Ho  
Was a sailor so bold  
Carried over the sea  
Silk as valuable as gold  
Black gold we know  
Lies in oil wells so deep

Black gold below the waves  
Is so valuable to keep

Coloured fish swim  
To and fro  
They may swim  
High or Low

# Shop Till You Drop

*Summer Chiu, 7, Kingston International School*

I love shopping, but which way?  
To the Ladies' Market, they all say.  
Look left, look right, shops are everywhere!  
Bustling with shoppers, I don't care!  
Changing styles is all I wish—  
Sparkly headbands I like to wear,  
To multi-coloured scarves I dare,  
Puffy down jackets and fluorescent tights,  
Heeled leather boots suit me just right.  
Can you believe it—?  
Bargaining got me a "Two-for-one".  
Shopping in Hong Kong is lots of fun.  
What an experience to shop till you drop!

# New Tales of the South China Sea

*Samantha Khong, 9, Singapore International School*

New Tales of the South China Sea,  
Edward was the hero who loved to drink tea,  
Wisdom had helped Edward win battles in glee,

Treasure at the sea was buried deep indeed,  
April was the month people could see his bravery deed,  
Leaving his house Edward left his pigeon enough seeds,  
Emerald was to be given to Edward as mead,  
Sword was the weapon Edward used to kill when in need.

On the battle field, Edward was as brave as he could be,  
Fishes were the witnesses to Edward's spree.

The evil guardian of the treasure was Edward's greatest enemy at the sea,  
Hiding from Edward was the evil guardian's treasure key,  
Edward ended fighting the evil guardian at the South China Sea.

Secret of killing the evil guardian was hidden somewhere in a pot of peas,  
On the sunny day was the best time to find the key,  
Under the sun was where the battle with the evil guardian should be,  
The battle was as fierce as it could be,  
Hovering in the sky were the evil guardian's mighty bees.

Colour of sky suddenly turned grey,  
Hearing the painful cries from the evil guardian made Edward gay  
Inside Edward's heart he thanked God in his pray,  
Now that the evil guardian had passed away,  
At the evil guardian's house, Edward found the pot of peas at the bay.

Seeing the treasure chest Edward used to open with the key,  
Enriched with the treasure Edward used to set the poor people free,  
All the poor people remember Edward's battle at the South China Sea.

# The South China Sea

*Charmaine Yuen, 7, Sha Tin Junior School*

The South China Sea is calm,  
The South China Sea is wild,  
The South China Sea is a sweep of sapphires,  
Right in front of our eyes.

At daytime,  
The South China Sea is blue,  
As blue as the sky just right up there.

At sunset,  
The South China Sea is golden,  
As golden as a coin that has a good shine.

At night,  
The South China Sea is black,  
As black as a hole in Space.

But, as a treasured sea,  
Its beauty brings about conflicts and wars,  
Many nations want it,  
So they fight;  
Many soldiers are killed,  
So it sobs.

Once the South China Sea was happy,  
It played with the fishes with gold fins,  
And said “Hello” to all the dolphins.

Now it is sad,  
Tears run along its cheeks,  
Down its neck, tummy and feet.  
The waves of large tear-drops let ships hardly go.

If quarrels still go on,  
The South China Sea could be mad.  
Its great blue tongue will curl boats up,  
Making human beings dead.

The South China Sea is precious,  
The South China Sea is kind.  
Let’s wish the South China Sea good luck,  
As it rushes up and down,  
Along the tide.



Poetry  
age 10 to 11

# The Tale of the South China Sea

*Tobie Tse, 10, Bradbury School*

Deep in the ocean of the South China Sea,  
It's where all the wonderful creatures will be.

White dolphins glide through the waves.  
Colourful fishes dance in the caves.  
Crabs scuttle with their pointy claws,  
Sharks yawn as they snap their jaws.  
Green turtles find their way back home,  
After laying eggs on their own.

It all seems peaceful, perfect like that.  
But you wouldn't know the real fact.

A roaring boat enters the scene,  
Huge nets drape over, torpedoes zoom in,  
Turning laughter into screams.  
All of a sudden, it rains stones and rocks,  
Workers are dumping mud from the docks.  
The ocean floor shakes, the corals break.  
Things were messing up, like a gigantic earthquake.

Eat less coral fish,  
We don't want to see them on a dish.  
Turtles can't swallow plastic bags,  
Dispose waste in recycle bins, not in the sand.  
Reclamation destroys the habitat,  
Build skyscrapers and roads off the seashore.

So let's get together, you and me,  
To help us protect the South China Sea.

# This is Where I Live

*Haley Wong, 11, Chinese International School*

Tiny ripples break out on the ocean,  
like on a bolt of silk, a tiny motion.  
The grass is beginning to wilt on the fields,  
and the bark on the trees is beginning to peel.  
This is where I live.

The sea a deep blue green,  
the prettiest colour you have ever seen.  
There is nothing so curious,  
the sea, so mysterious.  
This is where I live.

The sun turns its dial from boiling to cool,  
and the wind eases off the heat which is cruel.  
The light marks a pattern on the ground,  
and a new feeling is in the air all around.  
This is where I live.

The seed pods from the trees begin falling,  
and fall life begins crawling.  
The world is still for now,  
soon it will burst with life and sound.  
This is where I live.

# Longing

*Iethan Magaling, 11, Christian Alliance International School*

She sadly awaited her companion.  
For she longs  
To feel his powerful, yet smooth hand  
Softly holding hers,  
To look into his large, yet tranquil, royal blue eyes,  
To gaze upon his tantalising smile,  
To stare at his perfectly white teeth  
Like walls of clouds,  
To hear his deep, enigmatic, hypnotising voice.  
The sound of his name evokes  
The gratifying childhood memories.  
All of his characteristics  
Would provoke her into an  
Ecstatic trance.  
During the time  
She was seated,  
On the soft, smooth, cool sand,  
She heard the waves  
Of the South China Sea  
Gradually ebb and flow.  
She was cogitating.  
Why she didn't have enough audacity  
To tell him  
That she had fallen in love with him  
Ever since  
They had been together  
Through it all?  
As she was contemplating,  
Whenever she heard a wave come closer,  
More of her thoughts were tormenting her.  
She was overwhelmed  
With her own thoughts,  
She was exorbitantly  
Filled with anxiety.  
She succumbed  
Into a timorous slumber,  
For her thoughts had fatigued her.

# Moon

*Jessie Gui, 11, Christian Alliance International School*

Slowly comes the moon at night,  
Lovely lighting up so bright,  
Like a string-less kite,  
What a wondrous dreamlike sight.

High up in the sky,  
The moon starts to die,  
As I start to sigh,  
I look up and say bye bye.

# Cam Shing Hos' Pirate Catching Adventures

*Cameron Henderson, 9, French International School*

During the 1890s, China Seas were a wild and dangerous place.  
Robbery by pirates was a peril that sailors had to face.  
The Chinese Pirate catcher, Cam Shing Hos  
Was famous for his captures of evil pirate foes.

In 1891, when he sailed into Smuggler's Cove,  
He caught a gang of pirates with their heads in a treasure trove.  
In 1892, as he dropped anchor in the Bay of Zum,  
He trapped some pirates who were drinking rum.  
In 1893, he marched into the Snake Inn  
And silenced a bunch of pirates making a terrible din.  
In 1894, whilst looking for Captain Blackheart,  
He duelled with Peg Leg Patty, and sliced him apart.  
In 1895, he sailed to Whampoa Dock  
And put the fearsome Bluebeard in an arm lock.  
In 1896, wild pirates sailed by on their Chinese junk,  
But a blast of his cannons, and they were sunk.  
In 1897, he found pirates making an admiral walk the plank  
And slaughtered them with a cutlass charge from the flank.  
In 1898, he saw Eye-patch Hainan running sails up the mast  
And he used rigging as nets to catch him fast!  
In 1899, he found pirates Shiang and Gang asleep  
And with a great big toss threw them in waters deep.

Cam Shing Hos retired in the 20th Century,  
The China Seas cleared of pirate treachery.

# Tastes of the South China Sea

*Caleb Hyde, 10, Hong Lok Yuen International School*

Living in Hong Kong,  
Surrounded by the South China Sea,  
Picking up delicious dim sum with chopsticks,  
Experiencing the crispy skin of China's famous Peking duck,  
Sampling the creamy Macau egg tarts,  
Slurping Taiwan's beef and noodle soup,  
Chewing the tender pork adobo of the Philippines,  
Partaking of the Malaysian banana leaf rice,  
Sipping the coconut milk of Brunei,  
Biting off the juicy Indonesian satay,  
Eating a spoonful of Singaporean spicy hot curry,  
Snacking on some Vietnamese spring rolls,  
Oh, the delicious tastes and flavours of the South China Sea,  
Will I ever want to go back to America?

# Pink Dolphins

*Samantha Yu, 10, Hong Lok Yuen International School*

I dive, I jump, I click, I squeak,  
I jump and swim among the seas.  
I show my skills to people and children,  
Who come by on big boats.

I hunt for fish  
And hide among the seaweed.  
I change colours as I grow and grow,  
From black to grey, and grey to pink or white.

I am very playful  
With the other dolphins.  
We swim and hunt together  
And show off our tricks to others.

I live amongst the waters  
Of the South China Sea.  
There're only around one hundred of us,  
So we are becoming extinct.

There are some things that you can do  
To help us and the other sea creatures.  
We're all alive, you know,  
But not for long if you don't take action.  
Love our seas by not littering it,  
With plastic bags and bottles.  
And since we need a home as well,  
Don't build so many of yours by ours.

We need your loving care,  
Otherwise we will die.  
If you take action now,  
We will survive for generations to come.

# On The Fishing Boat

*Flora Woodhams, 11, Kellett School*

On the fishing boat I sit all day,  
occasionally with my greatest best friend, May.  
I lean on the cold metal side of the boat,  
cuddled up in a scarf, and my warm purple coat.

If I come upstairs feeling restless at night,  
I see every one of the bright twinkling lights.

The morning mist brings lots of junks,  
all around my body I get goose bumps.

I hear the lapping of the water everywhere,  
when boats come aside, happy to share.  
Or the chug chug of sampans all around they are dotted,  
the rusty drip of the drain pipe that is always clotted.

I smell all the salty air looking at the land,  
proud to not be there on the sand.  
I do not want to leave this ragged rusty boat,  
for it was keeping my life quite nicely afloat.

The sea, to me meant quite a lot,  
since I was a little baby in a cot.  
It was a huge blue blanket wrapped around the earth,  
with people having fun being curled around the surf.  
The wind brushed through my jet black hair,  
to the boat we give a lot of care.  
The paint is coming off, and the doors all creak,  
we all find it really hard to sleep.

But we all love this boat,  
with its expanded moat.  
It keeps us all dry and full of cheer,  
it keeps all our family near...

on the fishing boat.

## New Tales of the South China Sea

*Lauren Chillington, 10, Kellett School*

Riding in a gleaming carriage  
Pulled by the galloping sea,  
We sailed toward an island floating like a cork  
When we lost control of the spinning wheel  
And headed toward the terrifying towering rocks.  
Our Sea-Horse tossed her head  
Then jumped right over spraying them with spit.  
There was the awful sound of wood splintering,  
Sails tearing,  
The wind roaring,  
Abandon Ship!

# Tales of the Pearl and the Dragon

*Anselm Au Chak Sum, 11, La Salle College*

The Pearl of the Orient ,  
The Dragon of the East,  
The Tales of the South China Sea  
Relate to you and me.

The Pearl shines in the Orient that we adore,  
A place so small but you cannot ignore.  
Full of shops and stalls for you to explore,  
The meeting place of the East and the West  
Welcomes tourists as our honoured guests.

The Dragon roams in the East where old glories stand  
Far in the past were inventions made by man  
To fulfil dreams for future plans.  
Rich in culture and famous architecture  
Blended well with the mind refreshing literature.

The Tales of the South China Sea  
Bring hopes for better lives to all those who seek.  
Filled with countless opportunities and freedom  
Take hold of all chances of development  
Placing priority on a healthy green environment.

The small Pearl we love,  
Bonded with mighty Dragon as our root,  
Mingled with the mystic Tales to be told  
Are all waiting for you to unfold!

# Standing on the Docks

*Yifan Ding, 10, Renaissance College*

Standing on the docks  
Staring far at sea;  
At Islands from South and East  
All in sight of me.

Vietnam is in the east  
A long line at the ledge;  
Malaysia's in the far off south  
Content at its own edge.

Trade ships come and trade ships go  
Bringing wealth 'n' gold;  
They are manned by a sturdy crew  
And live inside the hold.

In the Southern edge o' China  
Pirates hurt 'n' kill;  
In the far off islands of the sea  
Junks sail where they will.

But the true treasures of this water  
Ain't the gold we see;  
The true treasures o' the ocean  
Live inside the sea.

I stand on the dock-point  
Looking way down low,  
Looking past the sea's waves  
At nature's wealth below.

# The Lan Yu Islands

*Ella Fidler, 10, Kennedy School*

The ancient Lan Yu Islands  
Are in the South China Sea.  
For many many years  
Forgotten they have been.

On the biggest island  
Was a village called Da Lan Yu,  
It knew nothing of our modern world  
And all things that are new.

One morning, through the early mist  
The villagers could see  
A little motored speed boat  
Skidding across the sea.

The most surprising thing of all  
Was the passenger: a man  
Dressed in jeans and a t-shirt  
With an ipod in his hand.

The villagers were quite amazed  
Many gazed in awe.  
Great Emperor Ciao-Mei  
Held a meeting in the hall.

The great hall was quite temple-like  
With fine antiques galore.  
The strange man was most interested  
In the ancient lucky ball.

Throughout the village meeting,  
At the lucky ball he stared.  
He sometimes answered questions  
But it seemed he hardly cared.

That night the strange man tiptoed  
Slipping past low walls,  
Always thinking how to get  
The ancient lucky ball.

When he got there, wondering  
'Will I live with guilt each day?'  
But scratching that most smart idea  
He took it anyway.

The villagers, next morning  
Awoke to a rainstorm.  
They also found the strange man gone  
With the ancient lucky ball.

Meanwhile, for the strange man  
It was a calmer day,  
But then he felt a rumble  
And went over a large wave.

He watched it become a Tsunami  
And crash down on the town  
And soon his great high spirits  
Went down and down and down.

He watched them suffer earthquakes;  
This demolished all their shacks.  
So, as all the trees caught fire  
He started heading back.

He crept along their tiny beach  
And up to the crumbling hall,  
And there he placed, so carefully  
The ancient lucky ball.

He sped away quite quickly,  
He just had one more hope  
That now, with their ball back  
The Lan Yu islands would cope.

The moral of this poem:  
Leave things just as they are  
And everything will grow and thrive  
In mother nature's care.

# China Waves and My Grandmother, the South China Sea

*Diane Mak, 10, Sha Tin Junior School*

The calm cool waves are lapping the shore gently,  
Just like a pearl rolling in every possible direction.  
At the bottom of our dear old grandmother,  
Lie treasures and trash hidden deep in coral and plants.

Now, dear old grandmother who has worked so hard,  
Was bullied by many Hong Kong citizens.  
They dumped and threw everything, anything, from the bin to the sea,  
Making her as filthy as she can possibly be,  
and smelling like she soaked in oil with skunks.

She was mad and she prayed  
That this was a dream that would soon vanish.  
But when the fish and sea creatures could hardly breathe,  
She withdrew into her sad emotional body,  
Too droopy and tired to play with her son, China Waves.

Exhaustedly sleeps our dear precious grandmother,  
China Waves just very blue.  
What these selfish people didn't know,  
Was that China Waves was planning on revenge.

With his great companion Tsunami,  
He sped towards the dock hurling torrents of water,  
With increasing rage, fury and frustration,  
Obliterating thousands of lives, wicked or innocent.  
Luckily, dear old grandmother has forgiven us, and we shall learn to be green.

# The Tale of the Monster

*Nicholas Ng, 10, Sha Tin Junior School*

There's a monster in the South China Sea  
 But it is no bigger than a bee  
 Whether it's a he or a she  
 You'll never know unless you invite it in for tea  
 Some say it roars  
 Some say it has furry paws  
 Some say it can break the great wall  
 Some say it goes to underwater malls.  
 It's a secret waiting to be cracked  
 Does it have an Apple Mac?  
 What will happen when you give it a whack?  
 Does it live in a shack?  
 Does it live on a simple diet of Blu-Tack?  
 But who found out it was no bigger than a bee?  
 All I know is it's definitely not me.  
 If you find out  
 Please tell me with a shout  
 And if you find that person  
 Ask him before my curiosity worsens  
 The shape, size, is it as bright as the sun?  
 Is it actually a nun?  
 After that, run  
 And tell me, if not my son  
 Is it a relative of a Hun?  
 Does it weigh half a ton?  
 But if he made it up,  
 Don't give him the thumbs up  
 Give that person a boo  
 And tell that I will sue  
 (Also tell that person to shoo or you'll lock him up in a zoo)  
 I'll probably throw the person in the bin  
 And tell him he's done a sin,  
 For lying  
 Then do a bit of sighing  
 After that I'll ask him why he made this mess  
 Why he is such a pest  
 And you better hide in the west

# The Sea's Reverie

*Jimin Kang, 11, South Island School*

The fading red sunset  
Disappears into dust as the sharp wind blows  
There is a ship – the decks are wet  
It watches the skyline, and its sails gently flow.

The boat rocks like a baby's cradle –  
Gently, quietly, as the waves swipe it  
The clunking of a mighty cable  
Floating effortlessly in what is a dark, cloudy pit.

The stars fly and waver  
The moon represents my heart  
As to why I am telling this tale tonight  
A tale from the South China Sea.

A loud crash ripples through my mind  
As my feet feel cold  
The mist of midnight turns me blind  
I hear bubbles – oh behold!

I find myself in darkness  
When my eyes open they close again.  
My breath chokes me  
Am I in the sea, the South China Sea?

When I feel water trickling down my cheek  
The breeze biting my face  
A numb sensation turns me meek  
I feel goose bumps tracing like lace.

The stars fly and waver  
The moon represents my heart  
As to why I am telling this tale tonight  
A tale from the South China Sea.

I am in the South China Sea  
My boat is lost – where can it be?  
A lone sampan  
My only hope.

Warmth, happiness, safety  
My soul is back in the world of Hong Kong  
But I am in the South China Sea  
Searching for me.

My breath catches the smell  
My ears see the sight  
My mouth hears a sound so swell  
My nose tastes the salt of the South China Sea.

What is it I feel?  
Something different, something new.  
The cry of nature reels  
Me into everything true.

The stars fly and waver  
The moon represents my heart  
As to why I am telling this tale tonight  
A tale from the South China Sea.

Now I am here  
Back in Hong Kong  
The sea leaves me queer  
Somewhere I haven't been for long.

You might think  
I am just someone  
Who eats and drinks  
Just like you

But I am the sea  
The South China Sea  
I am the skyline, the boat, the wind.  
I am the South China Sea.

Even now, I can catch the smell  
See the sight  
Hear a sound so swell  
Taste the salt of the South China Sea.  
I know who I am  
I know that I know who I am  
I know that I know that I know who I am  
The South China Sea, it's in me.

The stars fly and waver  
The moon represents my heart  
As to why I am telling this tale tonight  
A tale from the South China Sea.

# Stars

*Ngai Kar Long, 11, W F Joseph Lee Primary School*

I am a young man,  
and I want to live to be old,  
but I don't want to outlive the stars.  
When I have my last dance,  
I want the same light stars to be dancing on.

Twinkle shiny stars,  
always shine in the beautiful sky.  
Yellow and bright,  
but never dark,  
always shine to show us the right way.  
The glittering stars reflect the light onto the ocean,  
and shine back to the sky,  
making the sky glitter.

The stars in the sky always make me feel warm and safe,  
Every time I look at these stars,  
I feel them guarding me from harm.  
I want to live long,  
But don't ever let me outlive these beautiful stars.



Poetry  
age 12 to 14

# Pirates of the South China Sea

*Michael Harries, 12, Discovery College*

Long ago along the South China Sea,  
Lived a band of vicious Pirates who were very greedy.  
From ship to ship they plundered and more,  
Until no boat dared sail from the shore.  
So the Pirates attacked towns again and again,  
Until all the villagers were starving and in pain.

With concern the Authorities gave it great thought,  
And came up with a plan that everyone bought.  
The Authorities put a ship out to sea,  
And so the Pirates attacked with glee.  
They were surprised that the ship was filled with old women,  
And had no choice but to steal and give in!

And so a year past and the Pirates found,  
They were in love with the prisoners they had caught in the sound.  
So one by one each Pirate got married,  
To enter a life where they were all nagged and harried.

After a hard days work they were in no doubt,  
That they would come home to be bossed about.  
Their wives shouted and raged at their mess,  
And demanded more gold from their deep treasure chests.

Through time the Pirates had families to look after,  
Babies ran around, voices filled with laughter.  
Some of the Pirates became traders and farmers,  
They became respectable and even wore pajamas.

Gradually the folk returned to their village,  
To join Pirate families who would no longer pillage.

And so life settled down at a place called Hong Kong,  
Which thrived on trade, banking and development of hongs.  
The Pirates were good at business you see,  
Their descendents would head companies like Jardines, Swires and CLP.

# Imagine

*Beatrice Cohen, 12, French International School*

Imagine sunrise over a village,  
Peaceful fishermen watching their lines.  
Imagine the water painted pure gold,  
White long-necked egrets ready to dine.

Imagine the villagers waking up,  
Gushing into the streets like water.  
Imagine the scene at the fish market,  
Peaceful fish amongst noise and laughter.

Now imagine a huge thriving city,  
Filled with cinemas and shopping malls.  
Imagine skyscrapers that reach the clouds,  
With glass like sunbeams and ice for walls.

Imagine people rushing everywhere,  
Always on mobiles, no time to dream.  
Imagine items that everyone buys,  
People so stressed out they want to scream.

Can you imagine that these two places  
Are one and the same; Hong Kong. Our home.

# The Many Faces of Hong Kong

*Nicole Kempis, 13, French International School*

Look out of your window,  
And promise never to forget,  
The mighty land and sea,  
Working perfectly in duet.

Landing in Hong Kong,  
Descending from the skies,  
Slipping through the clouds,  
Is not a feeling one denies.

It takes but two minutes,  
To be caught in city throng,  
Strangers swarming around you,  
Seven million strong.

Sitting in a Dai-Pai-Dong,  
Crash and clatter everywhere,  
People eating carelessly,  
Smells swarming through the air.

Velvet hills hide human grey,  
The green will always survive,  
A place for the old to practise Tai Chi,  
A place to grow strong and wise.

Shopping in markets old,  
So many streets they have walked,  
This is a place of true history,  
Completely awash with thought.

From the streets of Mong Kok to Central,  
Hong Kong has many a face,  
Each one better than the last,  
Hong Kong, an incredible place.

# New Tale of the South China Sea

*Joey Chan, 13, Heep Yunn School*

Two hundred olivines beam on three hundred aquamarines,  
Without a spit of fire, but only dew and rain.  
Deep under my flesh of infinite corals  
Are bounded wealth, inky blood and compressible brain.

But they, gemstones or tripe, belong to no one,  
And only I, the great South China Sea can treasure.  
Squids, tuna, sharks and trepangs – all my possessions  
Though counting them costs all my leisure.

One day, a red algae flows in.  
I did not notice that tiny evil thing in hell.  
Arms and legs are attacked by the virus  
And the continued decay rings a bell.

Long ago, the sail-fishes fins tore my face,  
Crushing each other, with a choking smell.  
My jewellery lost its lustre  
And the aquatics couldn't live well.

Till now, I know who made me ill  
And my invokes of storms will curse those  
Who once dishonoured my power.  
For I am the capricious South China Sea, not a fixed pose.

I am a fresh legend, a new tale  
And my wrath gathers as slow as a snail  
But as enormous as a volcano erupting,  
For I am the New Tale of the South China Sea.

# Tail of a Chinese Fish

*Oscar Olesen, 12, International College Hong Kong*

Once upon a tide,  
The fish did joyfully ride,  
Unhindered by filth or grime.

A fish was born,  
On New Year's morn,  
Like the others of her time.

She had red scales  
That made the whales  
Forget to take a breath.

Her lustrous fins,  
More precious than skins,  
From tigers, shot to death.

She grew quite quickly,  
But the sea grew sickly,  
'Til she was the only one left.

She too became weak,  
While the future looked bleak,  
Until her life was completely bereft.

She knew that her constitution  
Was the result of the pollution,  
But all too soon, she was dead.

# Fishing on the Lamma Channel

*Oliver Edmonds, 12, Kellett School*

Fishing on the Lamma Channel  
A man and his son sat.  
Thinking of their happy family  
When they came home with their huge catch.

Sitting in a sampan  
They wait and wait and wait.  
Waiting for that promising tug  
From a fish upon their bait.

Watching the world go past,  
The man and his son sat.  
Sitting there on a little boat,  
Stroking their fed-up cat.

Sitting in a sampan,  
They watched the sun go down.  
As the man's son stared in awe,  
The man's smile turned into a frown.

Waiting for that faithful catch,  
Waiting as time flew.  
Their want to go home and sleep,  
Grew and grew and grew.

The man got up and sighed,  
And started packing up.  
He looked down at his son and said,  
"I think we're out of luck."

The boy stared down at the water and replied,  
"Father, I think you're wrong."

The man looked down,  
One final time,  
At what made his son disagree.  
And he saw on his boy's rod a fish so fine.

# The Typhoon

*Henry Salmon, 12, Kellett School*

The feel of the wind whipping on your face,  
The sharp pain of the rain piercing you,  
The sting of the spray in your eyes,  
The typhoon.

The smell of the salty spray,  
The stink of the fish,  
The pungent rot of rubbish in the water,  
The typhoon.

The angular outline of the waves,  
The dark underbelly of the clouds,  
The swirling funnel of the wind and rain,  
The typhoon.

The sound of the wind swirling around,  
The dark fury of the gale,  
The tang of the salty spray,  
That is the fury  
Of the typhoon.

# Moving On

*Kismen Sneddon, 13, Singapore International School*

The sea rushes, rushes, rushes to the beach,  
Each wave racing toward the sand.

Old memories of the pirate ships, kidnappings and buried treasure,  
Old memories of battleships and wars,  
Old memories of countries being born,  
Each a wave racing to tell its story.

They reach the shore almost at once.  
They whisper loudly to try and be heard, but  
They speak to deaf ears.  
Nobody wants to remember.

The sea draws all the waves back, back, back,  
Taking with it all the memories  
That no one wanted to listen to,  
To make way for new tales that have yet to be told.

# New Tale of the South China Sea

*Anny Teng, 12, Kiangsu-Chekiang College, International Section*

Out to sea they go,  
Singing their little song,  
While playing the drums and clapping along.  
They sail to sea with speed  
Toward the South China Sea.

The ball of flame was burning with happiness.  
The waves were calm and smooth.  
Now the sun has gone,  
The sea begins to whine  
With its monstrous roar.

Crashing and bashing, the sea moans.  
Whirling and twirling, the waves groan.  
Tumbling, rolling the tides shout with anger,  
The echoes thundering  
Toward the misty sky.

With the wind screeching at their ear,  
The sky overturns,  
The fresh blue is smothered with a deathly black.  
Covering all with its mighty arms.

The joy of the crew vanishes  
Into the thick, empty, wet air.  
As the waves tumble over each other,  
The hopeless boat spins wildly.

With sheer terror on their faces.  
The men roar for help.  
Screaming, yelling howling with fear.  
Shouting and squealing out one another's names.  
Swimming violently against the waves,  
Just to try saving themselves  
From falling into darkness.  
Like a prey struggling in the claws of the predator.  
With only a tread of hope,  
They shriek weakly, using all the energy that is left.  
Just for someone to come.

The waves play with laughter,  
As they dance to their melody.  
Scowling at the crew  
With cheer in its eyes.  
Like a naughty child entertaining himself.  
With a wipe of his arm, he  
Blinds their eyes  
Blocks their noses  
Pours water into their mouths  
That burns their throats  
Then down, down, down they go.

As the monster strikes again  
Gradually pushing them down.  
Little by little.  
Drowning them with water.  
Slowly, slowly.  
As their bodies sink helplessly,  
Into the bottomless sea.

# The Mother of the Sea

*Chan Hin Ko, 13, St. Mark's School*

A ship sailed in the South China Sea –  
Struck by a storm.  
The angry sea roared,  
The brutal wind thundered.

The crew panicked,  
Alone and desperate.  
Their fear soared—  
They started to pray.

A bright light glowed in the night.  
A goddess appeared in the sky.  
With her power, with her strength,  
The sea was calmed,  
And the wind was tamed.

She is Tin Hau, the Mother of the Sea.  
She commands the wind and the waves.  
She protects every ship,  
She protects every crew.  
Because of Her, Peace is brought to the sea.

# Angel Dolphins

*Vivian Law, 14, Victoria Shanghai Academy*

Morning glow breezes in smokeless sky,  
Shimmering ripples brighten my eyes.  
Fringe of hills dot endless coast,  
Sailing ahead South China Sea I go,

Twirl and swirl, jump and dive,  
Bliss gushes, troubles fly.  
Merrily, merrily, they sing out loud.  
Joyfully, joyfully, they dance around,

Agate sky turns deadly grey,  
Lustrous sea fades away.  
Where have all these angels gone?  
Who could tell me what's gone wrong?

Stop poisoning our home,  
Save the planet we all own.  
Preach this message loud and clear,  
Healthy shall be thy globe.

# Where Have They Gone?

*To Yee Ki, 13, St. Mark's School*

In the cold sea,  
In the cold, cold wind,  
I am cold and alone.  
I am a stone on a boat.  
The fish comes to my net.  
I scorn the sun  
Voices from the market –  
No more.

Alone.

I'll tell you something I remember,  
Something in my mind, I still remember.  
It was long, long time ago, I remember.

The peaceful, beautiful, placid South China Sea, I remember,  
The serene sky and a group of fishing boats, and a mountain  
That stood, you know.

I murmured the sea,  
I whispered the sea,  
I chanted the sea,  
I breathed the sea,  
I couldn't be without the sea.

What am I without the sea?  
That is the furthest I can remember.  
It doesn't mean much to you,  
But it does to me

And now,

Where are the fishermen?  
Where are the fishing boats?  
Why is the harbour so small?  
Why do all things disappear?

Tell me,  
Why do all things disappear?

Tell me,  
Why do all things disappear?

# New tales of the South China Sea: A Tale of Two Fishermen

*Jake McCallum, 12, Victoria Shanghai Academy*

Once upon a time,  
Not too long ago,  
There was a fisherman,  
By the name of Mo.

Then another fisherman,  
He came along too  
He was fat and ugly,  
His name was Xiang Xu.

The two mirrored each other,  
And could've competed.  
Though Mo was fair and honest,  
Xiang Xu played dirty and cheated.

Xiang Xu challenged Mo  
To a fishing competition.  
Whoever won the event,  
Would get ALL the fish of the season!

While Mo played fair,  
He didn't get many fish.  
Try as hard as he might,  
He only got an empty dish.  
Xiang Xu saw Mo's problem  
And so he cheated to win.  
Electricity, fake lightning and poison,  
But for a change all he took was a shark's fin.

Now the deities of the sea  
That ruled the sea lines,  
Though half dragon, half god  
They're completely divine.

They noticed a fisherman  
Who gave the sea sickness and plight,  
“Xiang Xu is his name,”  
Said the messenger, a sea sprite.

The eastern god was angry,  
The northern one sad.  
God of the west was troubled.  
And the southern one, MAD.

The council signaled the horn,  
Calling the citizens of the sea.  
”Avoid the boat of Xiang Xu,  
For a bad man, is he.”

Over the days  
Xiang got grumpier and grumpier.  
The fish seemed to know him,  
And avoided him where he steered.

Later, Xiang went away  
Full of shame and disgrace.  
For the way in which he fished,  
Was written all over his face!