

## A Love Letter

4A Anson Tam

One day, I was walking home from school when I found a love letter.

I read the letter and I knew it was written by a girl called Kitty. She said that she had been in love with me for a very long time because she felt I was very handsome and gentle, and she liked watching me playing basketball. Reading up to that line, I felt so embarrassed. I wanted to see this girl at once. I continued to read the letter. She wrote many romantic words to me, and invited me to go to a park to meet her. I knew what she meant and I ran to the park immediately. I hope to tell her that I wanted her to be my girlfriend.

When I arrived at the park, to my disappointment, I didn't see any girls. I only saw my friend Peter. He came to me with giggles and asked if I felt excited.

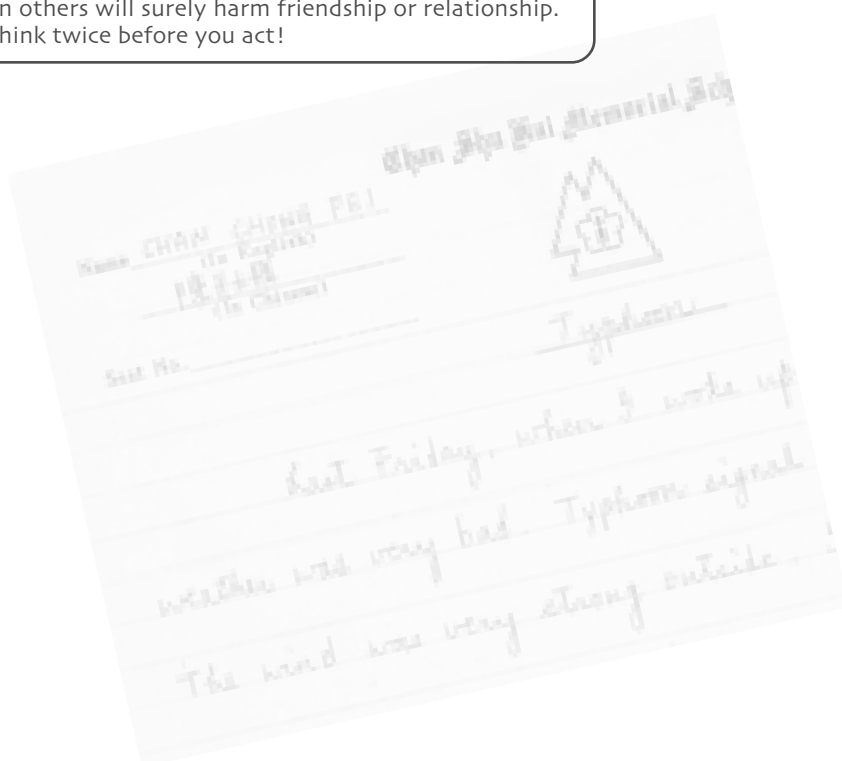
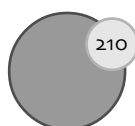
"What do you mean? Well, ...how do you know?" I asked.

At that moment, I knew he was the one who played a trick on me. I felt very angry and scolded him severely and warned him not to play tricks on me any more.

Finally, he felt very regretful and knew that his behaviour was really rude. He then apologized to me and therefore, I forgave him and warned him not to play this trick again.

**Teacher's Feedback:** The story is interesting and is presented in a fluent and accurate way. (Miss Jessica Tse)

**Food For Thought:** When you are planning to play tricks on others, have you ever considered the victim's feeling? Playing tricks on others will surely harm friendship or relationship. Think twice before you act!



## What Lifestyle Do You Like

4B Marco Kwok

Yesterday a Secondary 5 student committed suicide by plunging down from the top of a building. He left a letter on his desk. It said "I am under pressure. I feel very depressed. Tests and exams have become a part of the routine and my whole life is subordinated to the HKCEE. I want to release my spirit from the stressful life..."

After reading the article, I know that many teenagers find their lives stressful and boring. They are suffering emotional problems and finding ways to release their pressure. They love excitements, so they may take part in some criminal activities, for example, shoplifting may seem like a game to them. Gradually, they drift into the underworld. Some get caught and start life with a criminal record, some join triad gangs, and others are destroyed by drugs.

Money and drugs may make us happy. However, this is temporary. What things will make a real happy life? Actually, there are three "C"s that make a happy life – care, communication and concentration.

We should care for our families and friends. When our parents are sick or tired, we may help with their housework. When our friends encounter problems, we may help them to cope with their problems. We should also care for people in need, for example, the elderly and orphans. We can visit patients in the hospital and little gifts will make them and ourselves happy.

Moreover, we must communicate with family members and friends. We can discuss with them the problems we have. We can also discuss news with them when there is something special. If parents are out working until late, we may leave them a message or find the school counsellor to talk about our problems.

The last point is concentration. Teenagers must concentrate on studying. If we have a good result, our parents will not always ask us about our studies because they are confident in us. They will not compare us to other people. Then, we will not have too much pressure on studies.

What lifestyle do you like? I think that all of you will say that you love a happy life. How can we make our lives happy? It depends on your decision. Do make a wise one!

Teacher's Feedback: The essay is explicit and clear. The ideas given are highly relevant to the topic and are well organized. The introductory paragraph is particularly attractive. (Miss Jessica Tse)

Food For Thought: Life is always in your hands. Believe it or not! Thus, no one is born to be an unhappy person. Whether you are leading a happy life or not depends very much on yourself!



## An Unforgettable Experience 4B Tong Yan Yan

I sometimes recall my memories, which often guide me to the right direction and soothe my wounds. However, I have an unforgettable experience which upset me a lot. It happened six years ago.

I was living with my uncle's family in China when my parents had moved to Hong Kong. From then on, I knew that I would fall into hell because I could feel that my cousin didn't like me staying at his home at all.

One day, they were planning to go to the countryside called "Pun Yun" at the weekend. I was so excited that I could go because I had never been there before.

Next morning, hearing some noise, I woke up. My cousin was talking to my grandmother.

He said, "Why do you let her go with us? I don't want her to go with us!"

My grandmother was in a difficult situation.

She begged my cousin, "She wants to go...She has never been there before. So,...let her go..."

I couldn't hear anything afterwards. I was hurt and the tears came down like raindrops. I couldn't speak anything. I felt very dizzy. I felt like standing upon the edge of the abyss. I just cried and cried.

After a while, my grandmother came into my bedroom. She spoke to me, "Yan, wake up. It's time to go."

"I don't want to go now." I replied with a hoarse voice.

"Why? Please come." Said my grandmother.

"No", I made an excuse, "Today's hot. I don't want to go. Have a good time! Bye bye!"

"Er..Okay". My grandmother said.

When they had all gone, my feeling was gone too. I stopped crying. Then, I went to my aunt's home. I stayed there with her for two days.

I went back home before they came back. They were very happy. I pretended to be happy too. They still didn't know that I had overheard their conversation and had known something that I shouldn't have known.

I hadn't said it to anyone since, I buried it into my heart. This will be in my memory forever and ever.

Teacher's Feedback: I really sympathize you for this bad experience. I don't think it should be in your memory. Forget it! A piece of nicely organized work! Good! (Miss Maggie Chan)

Food For Thought: How do you relieve your stress? How to drive away your unhappiness? What would you do if you were Yan Yan?



## An Unforgettable Experience

4C Ng Sze Yin

It was a day I will never forget. It will stay in my memory forever.

The weather was nice on that day. I had to take the lift and go to school as usual. In fact, I was going to sit for the History examination.

Suddenly, the lift's door couldn't be opened when it reached the ground floor.

Oh! No! I was locked in the lift! "Why the accident happened at this moment? I need to take the exam," I thought anxiously.

I was scared too as there was no one accompanying me. Looking at my watch, it was just half past seven in the morning. I thought the security guard might not be outside the lift. Anyway, I just tried. I pressed the alarm bottom time after time. Hopelessly, nobody answered me. My heartbeat became quicker and quicker. And my hands and feet were shaking. I was afraid that I couldn't reach the examination hall on time.

After about an hour, the security opened the door and saved me finally. But I had no time to thank him as I needed to rush out of the building. Soon after that I took a taxi and started to cry. The driver was kind to me and asked me what had happened. I just told him and he gave me some consoling words, which were very nice.

About nine o'clock, I arrived at the school and was still crying.

"How come! The examination was in progress. I was late for it!"

When I went into the classroom, a person with wings, dressed in white, appeared in front of me. "That's great. It's Miss Lau!" I thought.

She was surprised when she saw that my eyes were red. I told her what had happened. Then she took me to the toilet and asked me to have a face wash. After it, we went back to the classroom and Miss Lau asked the examiner to give me extra time. Then, I just told myself to finish the paper as quickly as possible.

Luckily, I did finish the paper on time. If I hadn't seen Miss Lau, my classmates might see my ugly appearance. If I hadn't seen her, I wouldn't have got enough time to finish the paper. I was very grateful for her, the driver and the security guard. Although the accident happened to me so unfortunately, I got a good value reward: there is love in this world. There are people to help you if you need one. I will not forget this "special" experience.

**Teacher's Feedback:** A vivid description of your experience. You have the potential to be a writer! (Miss Maggie Chan)

**Food For Thought:** How do you define love? Would you be interested to rewrite the ending for Sze Yin's experience?

## An Experience In Another Country

4D Chun Sha Sha

Dear Sammy,

I'm glad that I finally have time to write to you! I have a lot of feelings and experience to tell you. First, I want to talk about my first feeling when I reached this strange country. As soon as I left my hometown, I started missing my parents. When I got here, I felt nervous and lonely, though my cousin was staying with me. You see! This is normal because it is the first trip that I am on my own.

I began to feel a little bit better after a few days. Every morning, we usually took a walk in a park near our house. In the park, there were many beautiful flowers. Sometimes we picked one when nobody was watching. After our walk, we went home to study till lunchtime. In the afternoon, we would usually go out for some sports such as playing volleyball, playing frisbee and cycling through forests. At night, we preferred sleeping to watching TV. That's because we were both too tired after a full day like that. How fast the time flies! I have already been here for two weeks.

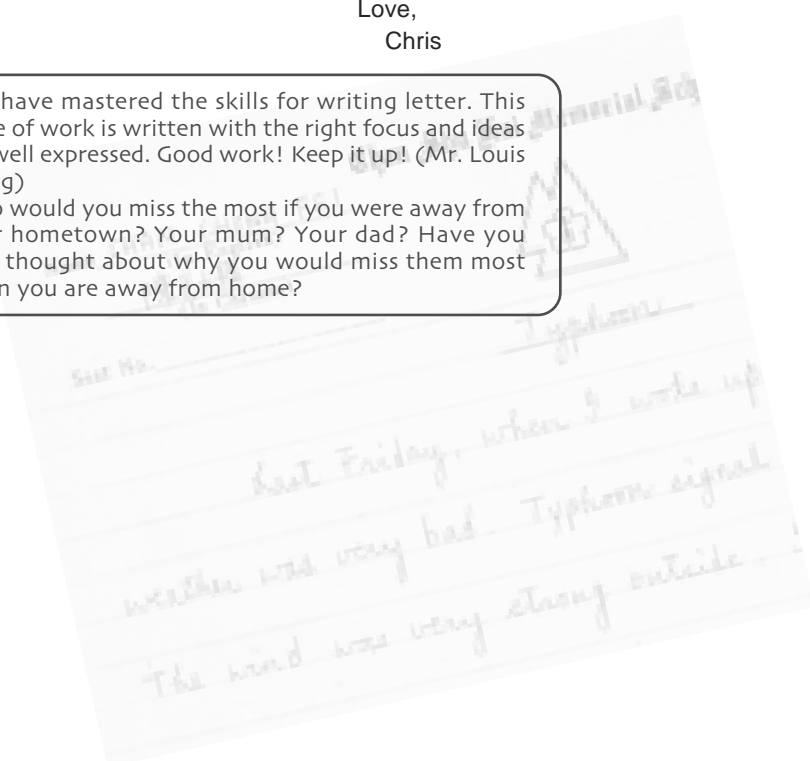
Although I was not sad and lonely any more, I still miss you and my parents! I often thought about what you people were doing then. In this journey, I have not only learnt how to handle things independently but also realized how important my parents are ! Certainly, you are included in my V.I.P. list°—my best friend! See you soon.

All the best.

Love,  
Chris

**Teacher's Feedback:** You have mastered the skills for writing letter. This piece of work is written with the right focus and ideas are well expressed. Good work! Keep it up! (Mr. Louis Tsang)

**Food For Thought:** Who would you miss the most if you were away from your hometown? Your mum? Your dad? Have you ever thought about why you would miss them most when you are away from home?



## Evil Night

5C Michael Cheung

It was a summer night. The moon was as pale as Mary's skin, and the sand on the beach reflected by the moonlight, which became a sparkling diamond. "Don't you think it's a fabulous night?" Mary asked, smiling with her widest, most honey dripping to Chuck.

"Yes—it is," Chuck sighed, "but boring." Nobody talked within couple of minutes, but suddenly Chuck broke the silence.

"Look!" he was pointing at a bottle, which was floating on the water.

While Chuck was picking up the bottle Mary noticed there was a spider on Chuck's shoulder.

"AARGH!" They both jumped back at the same moment as Chuck saw the spider. Then he tried to use all of his energy to shake it away. Luckily, it was gone!

Mary turned around; her eyes were wide opened with horror. She saw a message written in blood, it says "Help! You are the only one who can help me; someone is trying to kill me! I'm on 'Floating Island', come and save me!"

"Go to the police station right now!" Mary screamed.

At the police station, everything looked just the way it did in the movie. There was a battered gray metal desks covered with papers, even though it was so late at night. He was a uniformed officer filling out a report and talking on the phone.

"Hey officer! We need help," Chuck protested, "take a look at this message!"

"Let me see." The officer took a look and then called a detective to come.

"Hi! I'm Detective George! How can I help you?" said Detective George from the doorway. He looked a little flustered and smiled uncertainly.

Things were going to be awful, Mary knew. But in the next moment, Chuck smiled suspiciously at her, that made him look like a completely different person. She looked back nervously, wondering what to expect next.

"Well I think it's just harmless fun?" said Detective George. "Wait a second! Floating Island? Jason did we get a report that a girl has been missing for two days?" Turned his head to Officer Jason.

"Yes, what happened?" Asked Officer Jason. "You mean this message was



written by that girl?" he added. The detective was nodding his head while Jason asked this question.

"All right, let's go! We're running out of time, Jason, call for a boat to Floating Island, we will wait for you at the pier. Later you'll follow us, OK?" Detective George, pointing at Officer Jason.

When they arrived "Floating Island", they saw a police helicopter searching the ground from the air. Suddenly, Detective George's walkie-talkie alarmed. "We found two people struggling together! Hold on! The man got a gun, we need to call for back up, right now! Right now!" A man shouted from the walkie-talkie. "Detective George! Go straight up! That man is about a hundred meters away from you!" The man added. When they arrived, they saw a man trying to stab a girl with a knife!

"No!" Mary screamed.

"Bang-Bang-Bang!" There were three gunshots. It was dead silence.

Meanwhile Mary was beginning to feel uncomfortable. The blood was rushing into her head. She could feel all of the horror dwelling inside her. She suddenly felt like a balloon, which was about to burst.

While Detective George was running, the man fell down. When George came to that man's body. "AARGH!" The man awoke, and used a knife to stab at Detective George's heart, and also "Bang!" One last gunshot, shot into the man's heart.

Mary and Chuck began to walk toward the scene of horror. "Stay back!" Chuck warned Mary.

All he could see was splattered over both were bright drops of red blood, running and collecting into a dark, spreading pool on the ground, next to the man and the detective, but not the girl.

Chuck woke up Sunday mid-night. He lay in bed for a moment, confused; then everything that had happened the night before came like a nightmare. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't keep the horrifying scene out of his mind. Again and again he saw the two men and the girl lying on the ground, the knife, the gunshots—the blood.

Teacher's Feedback: I really appreciate your exploring of different styles of writing. This is another piece of excellent work. It also shows your exposure to authentic English. Well done! (Miss Wong Ming Har)

Challenge For Readers: Re-write the story after the line, "Bang-Bang-Bang!" There were three gunshots. It was dead silence."

## An Eye-Witness Report

5D Yung Pui Yu

At 11 o'clock last night, I decided to take my dog for a walk. While I was walking along the Castle Peak Road in Sham Shui Po with my dog, I passed a two-storey house. Suddenly, I heard some strange noises coming from the backyard of the house.

Out of curiosity, I tiptoed to the backyard to see what was happening there. When I almost reached the yard, I saw four men from a distance. So I hid behind a bush facing the backyard. Under the dim light from the garage, I could see four men working on a car. One of men was changing the license plate of the car. Another two men were making change of colors of the car from white to black, while the fourth man was unloading three large plastic bags from the trunk of the car. Suddenly one of the bags dropped open. Inside the bag, there were lots of bank notes. Inside the garage, many similar bags were stored as well. I believed these bags were stolen goods.

I suspected that they were doing something illegal. I sneaked out of the place and reported the incident to the police at once.

Teacher's Feedback: A piece of fluent report written with care. Excellent!  
(Mr. Louis Tsang)

Challenge For Readers: Please continue the story and think of a special ending for it.



## Mark Six

5D Ng Kin Hei

I remembered it was 15 October 2003. It was a sunny day, I was walking alone on Nathan Road and I felt very unhappy. I closed my eyes, thinking about the trouble I had recently. I tore off a little my shirt, put my hands into the trousers and walked slowly. The passers-by all gave me a weird look.

Ten minutes later, I passed by the one of the off-course betting centres run by the Hong Kong Jockey Club. It was located at the corner between Nathan Road and Waterloo Road. I went in and bought two tickets of "Mark Six". It cost \$20. I felt very happy after I bought them. It was because I had all my stress already relieved by then and I felt very relaxed. The staff in the centre smiled and told me the time of the "Mark Six" result. She even reminded me to check the numbers on my ticket.

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of October, the result of "Mark Six" lottery was released. I quickly took out the tickets that I bought two days ago. I found that I was the first prize winner! I would have \$286,641,259,379. Then I quickly dialled 1833833 to register my winning ticket so that I could collect my money afterwards.

I became a millionaire! This had long been my dream since I was a child. I was so lucky that won the first prize. I felt very happy and excited. What could I do with all this money? Although it was quite a large sum for me, I thought I would save 60% of the money for myself. For the remaining 40%, I would like to make donations to charitable organizations because there are lots of people who need our help in the world, especially in the Mainland China.

Nowadays, many people in the remote areas of the Mainland China such as those in Cheungdu and in Xian are living under poverty. They don't have enough money to buy food.

Finally, I hope that I can use the money to help them. I will be pleased and happy for doing it because I don't think I would win "Mark Six" next time.

Teacher's Feedback: Though this seems like a piece of imaginative work, it reflects the dream of many Hongkongers - the strong desire to win a fortune! Well-organised ideas! I'm glad to learn that you will use a part of the fortune to help the poor. (Mr. Louis Tsang)

Food For Thought: Winning the lottery means much to a person and it applies the same to the needy. Donating a small amount of your fortune may not mean much to you but it means a lot to the needy, particularly for those who live in poverty. It is always rewarding to give than to receive!