



Fiction

Group 2

The Lost Inventions

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Niddam, Mia – 9

One day in the year 2431, there was a young, tall, and strong man called Alex who lived in a small village near an odd-looking mountain on an island. He had just finished unwrapping his birthday presents in his house and he had got an actual hoverboard! There were LED lights on the side. He immediately called his friend Mike. “You really got one?” asked Mike. “Of course! Why would I be lying?” answered Alex. “You lie all the time. You said you went skydiving, but you actually had homework to do, and you didn’t go out!” said Mike. “Where was it made from?” asked Mike. “China has just invented it! I will go test ride this thing and see if it works or not. Bye!” replied Alex.

Alex went outside and got on the hoverboard. He was smiling. He clicked the ‘on’ button it was cool to the touch, he began hovering in the air! “Wow!” exclaimed Alex. He leaned forward and he started moving forward. He leaned right and he started moving right. He leaned backwards and he started moving backwards. Suddenly Alex heard a rumbling sound, he thought it was from his stomach, so he went inside his house to grab some food. He was almost done with the burger when he heard another rumble and a loud KABOOM! Alex looked out the window and saw lava oozing down towards the village. The ground was shaking so much that the chandelier dropped and shattered! A piece of glass cut Alex on the leg. Alex screamed in fright and in pain. The speakers around the village told the villagers to get to an Escape Speed Boat. He immediately got on his hoverboard and floated towards the boat. However, the lava was catching up to Alex. He thought he was going to die! After a few seconds, he found that he did not burn to death as his hoverboard floated above the lava! It was so hot Alex thought he was going to melt.

On the boat, Mike also saw that the lava had covered most of the houses and only the chimneys were left. He was trying to contact Alex with his phone, but he did not pick up. Alex saw that he was going to crash into a chimney, so he leaned right and avoided the chimney. The lava smelled like rotten eggs. He thought why does lava smell like that. Both the smoke and smell made it hard to breathe. Ashes flew around in the wind. Alex hit the ‘accelerate’ button and he began speeding towards the escape speed boat. A handful of ash flew into Alex’s mouth. He tasted the burnt ashes, and it was so disgusting. The lava had not reached the water yet, so the speed boat was still there.

When Alex saw the boat, Mike was already on the boat, but it was full of villagers already. Mike shouted at the top of his lungs, “Alex, go to the big city, that’s where you can find us. Use your hoverboard to hover on the water and lava!” Then the speed boat zoomed away. Alex hovered off the island and started floating above the water. He felt relieved as he was safe from the lava at last. At the same time, he felt depressed because he knew he had to move away from his village for a few years. He looked behind him, the lava had turned the water into obsidian making a new surface for the lava to spread on. “Oh no, the speed boat was going to burn if it did not reach the city in 20 minutes!”, Alex thought to himself.

The lava had nearly reached Alex and it smelled like rotten eggs again. Alex hated the smell and he knew that he had to rush to the city immediately or he would die. He found there was a ‘maximum speed’ button on his hoverboard, so he pressed on the button. When he got to the city, the government helped him find the rest of the survivors. He found out that his parents, Mike and the villagers were safe. He was so happy about that. The government provided them with food and shelters to stay in since they had lost their homes. BBC News said the whole village had been destroyed by the volcanic eruption.

By the year 2439, the government of the city announced that the island was safe to go back to. The villagers hoped to move back as the government had promised to help them rebuild their village. Now, the village has a lot of beautiful houses which are still empty, the mayor of the city tries his best to attract more people to live on the island so that the lives of the villages can return to normal again.

Back at the village, Alex was sitting on the couch when he heard a rumbling sound! He thought it might be another volcanic eruption. He felt scared and he rushed to the escape speed boat with his hoverboard without any hesitation. But this time, the volcano did not erupt. Instead, he felt hungry! He smiled and he went to his favorite fast-food restaurant for his favorite and delicious double cheeseburger. Mike joined him after a while. Both were thankful that they could enjoy a peaceful day in their village again.

Air Taxi

Carmel Elementary School, Wenren, Amber – 9

In your whole life, have you ever felt frustrated or sad when you wanted to go to important meetings or go to school but were not able to get a Taxi or were late for the bus? Have you ever felt angry or sad when you really wanted to travel with your family but were not able to get the flight tickets or were late for checking in? Have you ever wanted to have a bit of fun in the car but all you could do was sit and wait? And last but not least, have you ever felt upset when you missed one of the special trips in your transit to visit your elderly grandparents for the holiday or any other occasion?

As more and more people in China move from remote countryside to major cities looking for a better life, this large-scale movement creates challenges to the urban environment. Almost all large and middle-sized cities in China have been facing similar problems, such as population increase, difficult traffic transit or congestion.

This happens especially during the Chunyun (Also known as the Spring Festival Travel Rush), all of these people will go back to their hometowns and reunite with their families at the same time, but it is very difficult to get onto transportation via quite many transit since so many people are rushing to go on any type of transportation they can find at that time.

But think about this, most of the time when people would need to travel somewhere far away, their first thought would be about an airplane. Before boarding the plane, they would need to get on a bus or taxi to reach the airport from their home and then do many more steps before actually getting on the airplane. Therefore, the Air Taxi would be a great and fast way to soar quickly and calmly until you reach your family's home no matter how remote or difficult it is to get there! So why not choose the Air Taxi so that everyone can enjoy the convenient and efficient service from it? You wouldn't have any pressure to buy many tickets, change many transports in your single trip and take a lot of time on the road anymore.

The Air Taxi itself is basically an advanced flying vehicle that is based on a drone. It's powered by electricity without polluting the environment during the flights. After all, the best thing about the Air Taxi is that it is extremely convenient and efficient compared to traditional on-road buses or taxis. You can not just be able to work smoothly like in your office but are also able to relax onboard by using your phone apps or gestures easily. When your family is complaining about how boring the ride is, just make use of the onboard systems like a large screen to play videos to make them happy. Of course, it is surely very spacious for passengers, their luggage and even their pets to get anywhere on time.

In case you are tired and need a rest, you can ask the driver for a clean sleeping pack containing a high-quality soft pillow, a blanket (In the winter, he will give you a big, fluffy quilt to nap with) and a sleeping mask. A while after that, he will click a button that will fold down the chairs to reveal a large bed with enough space for four people. You can now enjoy your peaceful nap with luxurious items!

I think people will be more lightened and relaxed with this amazing and brilliant invention, with all its amazing functions and capabilities. It might also add some more happiness and kindness into people's lives. In the future, apart from adding more functions and features to the Air Taxi, they can improve this vehicle to travel more reliably and much safer when there is bad weather. On the other hand, though, the government will need to manage air traffic very carefully and effectively to prevent accidents and handle them immediately once they happen.

In the future, we can improve the Air Taxi by adding a mini, lightweight fridge on the side of the Air Taxi's door, a few cup holders on the back of the seats (and also a few for the people sitting in the front seat), and also a middle-sized food tray to carry all the food you select from the mini freezer. After the ride is over though, the ride and the food will be charged together through your credit card by the app.

The factories making the Air Taxi will need to improve and enhance the Air Taxi's functionalities and safety. Maybe they can add a high-technology layer which is made of extremely strong and waterproof materials on the body of the Air Taxi for better protection and also to prevent bad weather from damaging it or injuring the people inside or around it.

Moreover, we can make the Air Taxi fully automatic, which means that it can be driven by itself with no need for a driver. The air taxi will come and pick you up and fly to the destination following the instructions set on the app, and while you are on the Air Taxi app waiting for your Air Taxi to arrive, you have access to control the temperature, scent, entertainment mode, or the nap mode. You can also control the Air Taxi while inside the car.

If someday you are going on a holiday trip to meet your friends or elderly grandparents, or if you are going to an important work or school day, simply take out you or your parent's phone, reserve a ride for an Air Taxi and enjoy your quick, comfortable, and marvellous time with family, food, drinks, fun, and brilliant service. With an Air Taxi, you can just reserve one easily and it can send you directly to your desired destination without any hesitation, regret, or pressure.

The Man and His Invention

Chinese International School, Hughes, Michaela – 10

China. China has lots of inventions. But nothing like this one. Before I spoil the adventure, let's start from the beginning.

It begins in 2042, March tenth, in the countryside of China. There was a hardworking and smart man called "Ma Yi Shan." He worked for a powerful boss who was very greedy but not that smart and very gullible. Fortunately, Ma Yi Shan was brilliant; he made many inventions throughout his life and was very proud of himself.

One day, his boss ordered him to make a new invention. The boss knew all the inventions Ma Yi Shan made, like the "Flying Cars" and "Speed Boots", so he knew he could create a valuable and economical invention. Ma Yi Shan agreed, as he would get paid a lot, and started work immediately.

It took years and years. The man tried to spare time for the invention whenever he could. He would work day and night.

Finally, the invention was made! "I call it...the sucker," the man said proudly, holding his invention, which was a stick. "Okay, dear. But what does this stick do?" The man's wife asked. "This stick is made to suck up China's pollution so that China will be less polluted. Lately, global warming has been a real problem." The old man's wife watched as he held the stick towards an empty plastic coil on the floor. Then she heard a click while the plastic coil got sucked into the wooden stick! Before the wife could say anything, the old man showed her, "You press this button, and it will start sucking up anything. It just can't get into the wrong hands, or humanity will be in trouble."

The next day Ma Yi Shan went to his boss' tall, blue building. "Where's the invention?" The boss asked when Ma Yi Shan entered the room, rubbing his sweaty palms together. Ma Yi Shan annoyed that his boss didn't even say hello, replied, "Here. Now watch the magic!" He held his stick and pointed it at an empty soda can on the boss's table. Then he pressed the red button, and the empty soda can instantly got sucked into the stick. The boss's mouth dropped to the floor, his eyes shining. "Miraculous!" The boss motioned for the stick. Ma Yi Shan handed it over and smiled. But just as Ma Yi Shan thought things were getting good, the boss pointed the stick to Ma Yi Shan. "You're fired; get out of my building," the boss grinned ear to ear. Ma Yi Shan replied nervously, "Please, sir, tell me, you promise you'll use this invention for good?" The boss smiled, "No", and Ma Yi Shan had no choice but to walk out of the boss's building.

After a few days, the Earth was changing. The boss sucked up food and water from people into the stick. He threatened them if they didn't give him any money, he would suck up everything. No one knew what to do. Then a girl named "Yue Fei", which meant the greatest warrior of China's name, came. Yue Fei was very brave and powerful. She saw what was happening to her people, and she decided enough was enough. She packed important things in her bag to meet the boss: a stick that looked exactly like the one the boss had, some food, and a water bottle; then she went to the boss's building.

When Yue Fei entered the boss's office, the boss was in the middle of an "important" meeting about his stick. "Hello, sir, I am Yue Fei", she said. The boss looked concerned, "What are you doing here?" He asked. Yue Fei smiled politely; then, she took her stick out of her bag. "I just came to say that I have a stick like yours", Yue Fei replied, showing the boss her stick. "No, mine's special!" The boss laughed, showing Yue Fei his stick. But Yue Fei knew exactly how to trick the boss. "Mine's special too; it can suck things up," She lied, making the boss impressed. "Really? Give me that stick then," Yue Fei handed the boss her stick. The boss held it and started waving it around, but nothing happened, the stick didn't suck anything up. "What's this?" The boss asked, "It doesn't work!" Yue Fei replied, "I am the only one that can control this stick, but if you want to control it too, I can let you with three magical words... on one condition," The boss was jumping around the room, "What? What?" He asked loudly. "You need to trade your stick with my stick", Yue Fei smirked, but the boss didn't notice; he was busy getting his stick.

About three minutes later, the boss got his stick and handed it over to Yue Fei, while Yue Fei gave him her “magical” stick. “Okay, say the three magical words now,” The boss said happily. Yue Fei smiled, “The three words are... I WAS LYING!” Then she started running out of the office and the building. Meanwhile, the boss was just standing there, staring at the wall. “What happened?” The boss asked himself.

Days later, China was getting healthier, and there was less pollution, all because of Yue Fei. After Yue Fei took the magical stick (the real one), she started using the stick to suck up pollution instead of sucking up food and water as the boss did. All the people in China loved Yue Fei and started going to her house to give her gifts and food. As for Ma Yi Shan, he started getting money from his brilliant inventions and started getting rich. Ma Yi Shan and Yue Fei lived happy lives. But the boss, on the other hand, got poor. The government took away his building, his house, and his money. The boss spent the rest of his life begging for money, and living on the street, while Ma Yi Shan and Yue Fei had a roof above their heads.

The Sparks of Ancient China

Chinese International School, Li, Emmitt – 9

Long, long ago, along the northern border of ancient Tang dynasty China, there lived two villages named Rūn and Anlun. One of the villages consisted of Chinese monks and the other consisted of alchemists. Yang, a sharp but lean monk, was the chief of the Rūn village. Chi, a muscular man, was the chief of the Anlun village. Both villages were in a race to discover an elixir of longevity.

One day, during one of the Rūn village's weekly experiments, they mixed potassium nitrate, sulphur, and charcoal together. To their surprise, it burned up and caused a giant explosion! The Rūn village was extremely surprised. They named the substance 火藥 which literally translates to "fire medicine". After this groundbreaking discovery, they experimented with it and discovered that it could be used to set off fireworks.

Chi and the Anlun villagers saw the fireworks light up the sky, and he had a brilliant idea. When night fell, Chi ordered one of his men to steal the gunpowder. To follow his boss's orders, the lackey pulled out a knife and stabbed the guard, then made a beeline for the gunpowder.

The next day, the Rūn village woke up to a gruesome sight. The guard was lying dead on the floor, with the bowl that held the gunpowder missing. Yang immediately suspected Chi and went over to the Anlun village to confront Chi. To his surprise, Chi flashed a wolfish grin and said, "How can you prove it?" Yang's face immediately turned red: he knew Chi would hide this somewhere that could not be easily discovered. Yang left in a huff.

That night, Yang hid in the forest and followed Chi as he left his house. He was hoping to catch him red-handed. To his surprise, Chi had the gunpowder bowl in his pouch and was meeting up with someone. The person was wearing a tsam mask with specks of red and stripes of yellow and spoke in a deep raspy voice. "*Is this the elixir?*" the person in the mask spoke. "It's fire medicine, master, used for lighting fireworks," Chi said, kneeling. "Let me show you." He pulled out a firework shell, then attached a lift charge made out of gunpowder. Yang watched as his own creation was used to set off multiple fireworks. Finally, the mysterious individual took the gunpowder and parted ways with Chi. As Yang dashed back to the Rūn village, he could not shake off some ominous feeling.

In the morning, Yang told the Rūn village what happened last night and that he suspected the mysterious individual was a Mongol. The Mongols had had their eye on the middle country (China in Chinese is 中國) for years now, and the Rūn village suspected that Chi, along with the Mongols, wanted to start a new dynasty with them ruling over Mongolia and China. The Rūn village decided that they should devise a plan to stop them. They worked on it until everyone was hungry and thirsty, so they decided to have a feast. While they were gorging themselves with berries and the like, Yang noticed that none of the people of the Anlun village were home. This was suspicious, so Yang followed the footsteps going from the Anlun village's home. He followed them until he saw the Anlun village and the Mongols sitting around a fire and discussing. He hid behind a bush and observed them. They were talking about infiltrating the Rūn village and how they would take over China. Finally, they stood up and got onto their horses. As Chi was getting onto his horse, one of the Mongols pulled out a knife, charged at Chi, and stabbed him in the back. Yang watched in horror with the entire Anlun village as Chi fell off his horse and bled out onto the ground. "How... how could you do this?" Chi said hoarsely. "*It's nothing personal,*" the person in the tsam mask said as he took it off, revealing a face that could only belong to the infamous Genghis Khan. "*Move,*" he commanded, pointing forward.

The Mongols rode forward as tears trickled down the Anlun villagers' faces. As soon as they all left, Yang ran back to his home. "The Anlun village and the Mongols are coming," Yang told his friends. "What about Chi?" someone asked. "Chi's dead," Yang said. "Wha—" someone said. "No time to explain, they're coming." Yang cut off. In the time that they had left, they prepared for the long battle that was to come. Finally, the Mongols and Genghis Khan arrived. Yang and the Rūn village stood outside and prepared to do battle with the Mongols. "Charge!" both Yang and Genghis screamed at the same time. And so they fought, through blood, sweat, and tears, until at last, only Yang remained. The Mongols still had an army, as the Rūn village had done little damage. "Why are you doing this?" Yang asked Genghis. "*No particular reason, except for the fact that I want to invade China. I have nothing against you guys.*" Genghis said. Right at that moment, the Anlun villagers suddenly came crashing

through the forest and charged at the Mongols. With the help of Yang, the Anlun alchemists and the Rūn monks tore through the Mongols until only Genghis remained. Yang pointed a sword at Genghis's face, and said, "Leave and never come back, or else." "*Or else what? You going to kill me with firecrackers?*" "Don't test me..." Yang gritted his teeth. "*One day, your legacy shall fall, and I will be back.*" Genghis grunted. Resignedly, Genghis rode back on his horse.

Centuries passed, and people had forgotten about the Rūn and Anlun villages. But on a cold winter morning, the ground shook with every gallop the Mongolian horses took. The people trembled with fear as cannons fired into the Middle Kingdom. And they finally realized what Genghis meant.

The Umbrella

Chinese International School, Phakey, Diya Nainani – 10

It was May 22nd, 3500 BC, in Panyu, known today as Guangzhou. In this ancient city, two young sisters named Miya and Ruby Chang were enjoying a playful afternoon outside. Miya, an 11-year-old girl with two dark brown braids, wore a qipao, a traditional Chinese garment with draping white sleeves and a long light blue skirt. Ruby, her identical twin, who was just 4 minutes and 59 seconds older, sported a short, high ponytail.

As the sun beamed down on a nearby tree, a gentle breeze rustled the branches. Suddenly, Miya felt a small raindrop on her arm. Initially ignoring it, she continued playing cuju with Ruby, an ancient Chinese ball game similar to football. But as the raindrops multiplied, the twins hurriedly sought shelter, realizing it was turning into a downpour.

"I'm so frustrated! These sudden rainfalls are so annoying!" Ruby grumbled. After an hour of brainstorming ideas on how to stay dry outside, Miya had a creative solution.

"What if we use the big leaves that fall on the ground near our house?" Miya suggested, her eyes lighting up with excitement. Ruby nodded in agreement. They quickly collected the large leaves and discovered that they worked surprisingly well as makeshift umbrellas. Unfortunately, the leaves had tiny holes, and during the night, rain seeped through, leaving them wet.

"Why is the rain coming through? My hair is soaked! It worked perfectly before," Ruby exclaimed in frustration. Throughout the night, while her sister slept, Miya stayed awake, determined to find a better solution.

Ruby found her sister on the floor asleep, holding a cardboard box. It was big enough to fit both girls comfortably, and there were holes in the box.

"Miya, wake up! Why are you on the floor?" Ruby asked, shaking her sister with concern. "You look so scared!" Confused, Ruby followed Miya outside into the pouring rain. Miya instructed Ruby to step into the box with holes at the bottom. Ruby cautiously complied, but as she took a step, disaster struck. "Clash! Bang! OW!!!!!" Miya hadn't fully considered the implications, and Ruby had tripped and hurt herself. "I can't believe you made me try that. I couldn't see anything! Stop worrying so much about the rain!" Ruby scolded.

Miya was left speechless. She had never seen her sister so angry. What had happened to the sweet girl in the adorable qipao? It became clear that Ruby was genuinely hurt. She had fallen directly on her arm, resulting in a small crack in the bone. Miya felt incredibly sorry, and despite Ruby's lingering anger, she was determined to make amends. Since their parents were still upset about the cardboard box incident, Miya decided that she would find a way to protect Ruby's clay cast from the rain.

After staying up all night, Miya finally had a breakthrough. She realized that building a shelter to shield the family from the rain would be the key. She repurposed their old den, cutting off its sides with a sharp knife. Now, they could seek shelter inside during rainy spells and play outside when it stopped.

"Hmm, you're on the right track, but you need to be able to walk," Mrs. Chang interjected when she saw the modified den. "Adapt from the den," Miya repeated, deep in thought. After three nights and four full days of work, she finally devised a sensible plan. "Behold, the Chang family! I present to you this contraption made of logs tied together, with a cloak on top and another stick attached underneath!" Miya proudly announced. "It needs a name, but otherwise, it's brilliant!"

Oh, Miya, we're so proud of you!" Mrs. Chang exclaimed.

"This idea is silly!" Ruby protested. "You haven't even named it, and you look like you've won the lottery!"

That night, as Mr. and Mrs. Chang scolded Ruby, Miya focused on finding a name for her creation. "Bella? No, I need something that adds a unique touch. Umm...Brella? No, that just sounds like Bella." Suddenly, inspiration struck. "Umbrella! I'm a genius!"

The next day, Miya introduced the "Umbrella," and even Ruby was genuinely happy for her. "I owe you a big apology. I'm sorry, and I promise I won't ever do it again. Do you forgive me?" Ruby sincerely apologized. "Hmm, I'll think about it." Ruby pleaded, "Pretty please?" Miya playfully replied, "I'm just kidding! Of course, I forgive you!"

Years passed, and the Umbrella became a tremendous success. Miya Chang gained fame and fortune from her invention, which protected countless people from the rain. The Umbrella became a staple in daily life, not only in Panyu but in many other regions as well. Miya's creativity and perseverance had paid off, and she became a respected figure in her community.

The Invention of Gun Powder

Chinese International School, Sun, Luke – 10

As the Mongolian war horses dashed closer, one of the Chinese soldiers at the front of the legion of soldiers fired a shot, and a flaming arrow shot out of the barrel of the tube. Soon, one by one, the flaming arrows were soaring through the air. It looked like the sky was on fire. The arrows quickly found their target. The arrows ruthlessly dug deeply into the horses' flesh, making the poor animals whine in pain. General Wang, who was the Chinese Army's general, ordered the Chinese army to use full force and obliterate the enemy. Next to him stood the inventor of the weapon, his twin brother Wang, grinning proudly at his own creation.

As the ammunition exploded, the Mongolian Army Chief, General Baater, realized the weapon the Chinese army wielded had a deadly potential in warfare. As the general yelled for retreat, the Chinese soldiers immediately took notice of the Mongols and opened fire on them. As the Mongols fled in terror, many rockets found their targets and hit the soldiers, knocking them down from their horses. When the Wang duo saw this, they immediately ordered their soldiers to tail and pursue them and find their base camp.

When the Mongol army returned to their camp, more than half of the original men were already gone. The general was devastated and ordered spies to get information about the weapon. As the general waited for the news about the destructive weapon, the tent flaps slowly opened, revealing a triumphant spy, holding a bamboo scroll. When the spy knelt in front of the general, he reported: "Your honor, I have found out that the secret weapon that the Chinese army has is a flammable black powder-like substance named gunpowder. When ignited, the powder will quickly burn and release a gas, propelling a wooden arrow into the air. The arrow is also hollow like bamboo, so when heat is filled inside the hollow air pocket, it will explode and create a huge sound."

When the spy looked at General Baater, it seemed like he froze in awe and amazement at the weapon. When the general came back to his senses, he realized that the Mongolian army stood no chance against the Chinese army if they had such an ingenious weapon that could cause huge amounts of damage in such a short amount of time. As the general sat in silence, a sudden Bam! echoed through the barracks. As General Baater looked out, he saw a legion of the Chinese army had besieged their military base camp. General Baater was in utter disbelief – amidst the hazy smog of the black smoke everywhere and over a stretch of land across deep woods that were unfamiliar to the Chinese, how could they possibly locate their secret, secluded base?

In front of the army were the Wang brothers, pointing their weapons at the unsuspecting Mongolian army. In Huang's hand was a gold compass, one of the great Chinese inventions. It used magnetic fields from the Earth's core to enable the Chinese army to see the four cardinal directions. At this point, General Baater was still puzzled, unaware that the palm-sized object in the Wang brothers' hands was the catalyst that had changed the outcome of this initial clash between the Mongols and the Song dynasty. Grunting in dismay, General Baater ordered his troops to retreat. As they barged through the deep woods on their war horses, they swore that they would come back.

When the Wang brothers led their victorious soldiers back into the capital city, the crowd received them with raucous cheers and grateful smiles. The night sky overhead was lit up by rainbow-coloured fireworks. The fireworks were multicoloured and seen to reach the palace of the gods. As the brothers arrived at the Jade Palace, where the Chinese Emperor Taizu lived, they knelt on the silk carpet and said: "Your honour, we have defeated the Mongolian army using our new invention of gunpowder." When the king heard this, he ecstatically pronounced that the brother's invention would become one of history's most valued inventions.

Not only was gunpowder a great invention by the Chinese but gunpowder would be used for centuries to come.

New Tales of China's Inventions – The Super Seed Capsule

Creative Primary School, Klaus, Sophia – 10

Our population has been increasing rapidly over the last few decades. We need lots of land for building houses and producing food. We have also been destroying the natural habitat of plants and wildlife through deforestation and urbanisation. As a result, many animal and plant species are endangered. Unfortunately, nature cannot recover fast enough. In addition, plastic debris is a huge global issue nowadays and it threatens the lives of humans and animals. A solution is urgently needed to resolve these issues. The super seed capsule technology, which doesn't exist yet, could be the solution to all these problems and provide a breakthrough, particularly in China.

A super seed capsule is a technology that facilitates the growth of plants at a faster rate than normal seeds. First, people turn plastic waste into tiny capsules. Inside the capsules there are nano forms of super nutrients, water molecules and seeds. Outside the capsule there's a coating to absorb sunlight and carbon dioxide. The capsule is also heat, cold and pest resistant. It will automatically degenerate under the UV light of the sun on the soil. Then the seeds inside will start to sprout within ten hours thanks to all the nano nutrients and water molecules inside the capsule. Powered and nurtured by the seed capsule, the plants will grow at a super speed, which is 100 times faster than normal seeds, and will be strong and sturdy, even under a stormy environment.

We can use planes and helicopters to sprinkle these super seed capsules onto burnt-down forests from wildfires caused by humans, land with trees cut down by woodcutters, areas destroyed by storms, tsunamis, earthquakes, droughts and floods, or anywhere one wishes to grow a lot of plants in a short time. Trees and other plants can grow very quickly from the super seed capsule and therefore help restore the natural habitat much more efficiently. More sheltered areas and food will be provided to any species that relies on nature to thrive. Most importantly, these super plants can help combat climate change by turning carbon dioxide into oxygen, regulating the earth's temperature and alleviating the impact of global warming.

In China, the valuable pandas need to eat bamboo to survive. The demand on bamboo resources has been getting higher and higher – we use bamboo to make houses, furniture, paper and more – leading to an excessive exploitation of forest resources. If more bamboo forests get cut down or destroyed, pandas may starve to death and will have a higher chance of becoming extinct. But with the help of this super seed capsule, we can regrow bamboo much faster and much more easily, providing enough shelter and food for these great and valuable animals and enhancing their survival chances. These bamboo forests can also provide various resources to cope with human demand – on the one hand we can conserve the pandas, on the other hand we can live on and make money from the bamboo forests without destroying the natural habitat.

Over the last decades, the e-commerce and food delivery industries have expanded rapidly, first in China, now elsewhere. Everyone wants to order products, food and daily commodities from online shops such as Tao Bao and Alibaba. The online delivery industry uses a lot of packaging and generates large amounts of plastic waste. According to some research, in 2020, China produced about 60 million tonnes of plastic waste, yet less than 30% of the plastic got recycled. The plastic debris may end up in the natural environment such as oceans, rivers, forests, mountains and more places that support wildlife. Plastic needs many many years to break down and poses great risks to human and animal lives. What can we do to better protect our environment from the plastic waste problem? Here comes one solution. The super seed capsules will be made of recycled plastic using a special biomolecular technique and will not be harmful to the environment or animals after being broken down by sunlight on the soil. The capsules will eventually break down into oxygen and water which will be used by the seeds to grow. This invention could greatly help ease the problem of plastic waste.

The super seed capsule technology can also contribute significantly to the traditional Chinese medicine industry. Some Chinese medicines, by making use of various parts and species of plants, are effective in healing people from sicknesses. The use of herbal medicine has increased tremendously over the past few decades, with huge numbers of people, including westerners, relying on them for healthcare and wellbeing. Over-harvesting plants to

produce Chinese medicines may cause over-exploitation of some plant species and destruction of natural habitats, resulting in the loss of wildlife habitats. Super seed capsules can speed up the growth of some rare plants or the species which are in high demand. The Chinese government can set up a “Chinese Medicine Industrial Park” and grow various types of herbs or plants using the super seed capsule technology in a very cost-effective and fast way under a controlled environment, without destroying the natural habitats. This may also help to increase the employment rate!

Once this super seed capsule is invented, the possibilities are endless. It will bring incredible benefits to the natural environment, mankind, and animals that live on this wonderful planet. China is one of the biggest countries in the world with lots of space. We can grow many many plants with the use of the super seed capsules and create more “lungs of the Earth” (just like the Amazon rainforest!) for our dear planet. This will help combat the issue of global warming and conserve the disappearing wild habitats, which is a huge headache for the politicians and scientists of the world. In addition, China can take this opportunity to deal with its plastic problems by being responsible for its own problem and being a role model to the rest of the world. Hooray for the brilliant Super Seed Capsule!

New Tales of China's Inventions

Creative Primary School, Lee, Clement Ochs – 10

I remember my birthday when I was six years old. Our family lived in Wu'an, Handan City, Hebei Province, China. The sixth birthday party was the last time our family celebrated my birthday together. One night, after my father wrote a letter to say goodbye to me, he didn't return. He put down a compass for me, and this was the only thing from my father that accompanied me while I was growing up.

As a kid, I remember that my father often shared with me how he was proud of the place where we were born. He shared with me that, during the Warring States Period, the ancients found a stone on the mountain that absorbed iron. If it was in the shape of a strip, it could point to north and south, and the ancients called it a magnet. Dad shared that this mountain is the Magnetic Mountain in Hebei Province, located in Handan City, Hebei Province, where I was born.

When I grew up, my longing for my father never decreased. I remember that my father often shared with me the four significant inventions of China: paper, the compass, gunpowder, and printing. I was always fascinated by them, but as time passed, I only had these fragmentary memories, and my father's appearance became increasingly blurred. Every time I missed my father, I could only take out the compass he left me. I remembered that when I was a child, my father explained that human beings always need a sense of direction. Whenever I was lost, I would subconsciously pick up the compass left by my father.

I know it's time to start a new chapter, but how can I have a new beginning if I don't drop the past? I picked up a paper and pen and tried to remember everything my father told me when I was a child. Although it's piecemeal, even if I only remember part of it, I still want to rely on these memories. But I also want to rebuild my life. I packed a little luggage and started my journey to reorganise my life.

The first stop was the Heilongjiang Provincial Museum. As a child, my father often told me that the Dunhuang murals in the 10th century were the earliest known depiction of muskets and grenades. Standing in front of this mural, I couldn't stop my tears. I finally don't have to remember what my father told me as a child. I can eventually take the memory that my father left in my mind and feel it for myself.

Next, I passed a coffee shop and noticed it was decorated with paper paintings. I sat down and ordered a cup of hot chocolate. While drinking it, I recalled what my father had shared. I remembered that my father often shared with me that before the Han Dynasty, ancient Chinese books and documents were mainly recorded on bamboo slips and silk. However, the former was too bulky, and the latter was costly, so the books at that time weren't available to many people. Later, a man called Cai Lun, a eunuch from the Eastern Han Dynasty, saw this and switched to cheap materials such as bark, rags, hemp and fish nets to make paper. These significantly reduced the cost of papermaking, which helped make paper popular in later generations. While recalling my father, I opened my mobile to search for the Book of Later Han. A closer look at the records in the Biography of Eunuchs on the Internet seriously explored what my father once said; instead of relying on vague memories, I feel it.

Later, after a short break, I went to a bookstore and remembered that my father had shared with me that the earliest existing printed materials with a precise date in China were found and engraved in Mogao Grottoes in Dunhuang. My father told me that engraving plate printing refers to carving the original manuscript on a wooden board, brushing the wooden panel with ink, and pressing it into a replica in the printing machine. At the time, I took my father's hand and asked him to take me to visit the Mogao Grottoes in Dunhuang. Although this promise was not fulfilled, I enjoyed my father telling me each

carving plate could only be used to print specific books. If there was any mistake in the production, the whole carving plate needed to be abandoned and re-carved. I enjoyed interacting with my father, and I was always sweet. Later, I bought a copy of Mengxi Pen Talk by Shen Kuo in the Song Dynasty, which was the first book to describe the printing process of moveable type. The text recorded that Bi Sheng, a craftsman at that time, invented burning words with clay. Luckily, I found a corner in the bookstore to read the text carefully. Suddenly, I felt that I had grown up as if my father hadn't accompanied me, and I could explore the world with my own eyes.

Even though my father is still not beside me, he is always in my heart, which reminds me to never stop myself from exploring with the compass; I feel that I have more energy and sense my direction now. Although I still don't know where my father is, I occasionally have doubts. Is he still in the world? Finally, I don't know if I will have a chance to reunite with my father in the future, but I believe that my father left this compass to remind me not to lose my way and to continue exploring what I like. I will continue my exploration journey and travel all over China, hoping to meet my father one day, or else this is an excellent chance to know where he has been. I will never forget his words while I am on my journey. Father, I love you. Please never forget me.

New Tales of China's Inventions – The Portable Rain Shelter

Creative Primary School, Lee, Wing Tung Ranice – 10

3500 years ago, in the state of Lu, in the eastern part of China, there lived a master carpenter and wise inventor named Lu Ban, who was well-known for his spectacular and genius inventions, such as the saw, shovel and cloud ladder. He spent plenty of time in his spacious workshop crafting and brainstorming ideas for his next creations. However, his two children, a bright ten-year-old boy, Lu Ming, and his mischievous younger sister, Lu Huan, were not interested in his work. They thought it was very boring and often made him busy, sparing no time to play with them. On the other hand, Lu Ban thought they were distractions. He found it difficult to concentrate with them running around and making loud noises. All he wanted was them to be more understanding and helpful with his work.

One fateful day after school, Lu Ming and Lu Huan found themselves faced with a difficult challenge. They had to go home but it was raining heavily. None of their classmates knew what to do, and neither did the teachers. They were all clueless! Waiting at school seemed to be the only option. While Lu Ming was trying to think of a way to go home without getting soaked by the rain, Lu Huan was not taking the rain seriously and playing with some lotus leaves in a pond nearby. She gave one to Lu Ming, sparking an idea within him. Excitedly, Lu Ming exclaimed, “Everyone! Let’s grab a lotus leaf as a rain shelter!” Then he demonstrated by putting the leaf above his head and holding the stem as the handle. Everyone was amazed by this brilliant idea! One by one, they each grabbed a lotus leaf from the pond and quickly made their way home, staying dry under the large leaves.

Upon their arrival home, Lu Ban observed his children utilizing lotus leaves as shelter. The siblings passionately told him all about how they successfully returned home without getting wet. For the first time, Lu Ban was impressed by his children’s ingenuity. Inspired, he aspired to create a more practical and usable rain shelter, based on the concept of the lotus leaf. He embarked on a series of experiments, exploring various kinds of materials. At first, he attempted using waterproof materials like metal, but it was way too heavy to carry around. Next, he tried using lighter materials like paper, however as soon as it touched water, it tore into pieces. Then, he tried using leather, feather, wood, seashells, silk, pinecone, cotton and more, but none of them worked for this invention perfectly. Unfortunately, he struggled to find the right materials, even after countless days and nights of restless work. He was so frustrated and nearly wanted to give up.

A turning point came when Lu Huan was drawing at the dinner table. She noticed it was greasy, due to her mother’s recent cooking. The grease had stained her drawing. She thought she could rinse it off with water, but her mother was using the kitchen sink to wash the dishes, so she went to her father’s workshop and tried to rinse it there. After rinsing the drawing, although the stain persisted, the paper was still in one piece. Driven by curiosity, Lu Ban asked, “Why isn’t your paper tearing?” She answered uncertainly, “I’m not sure, could it be the oil?” Lu Ban’s mind raced with possibilities. Could this be the breakthrough he had been seeking?

In the days that followed, Lu Ban put a lot of effort into finding the best way to make this creation. His children were finally fascinated with his work and even helped out too! Lu Huan assisted by drawing beautiful floral and plaid patterns onto the paper, while Lu Ming collected bamboo sticks and logs near their house. At last, Lu Ban refined the design by applying a layer of tung oil to paper to make it resistant to water damage, and affixed it to a flexible bamboo framework. He further added a wooden handle at the end to provide a comfortable and secure grip.

As a result, the Lu family proudly introduced the world's first umbrella—a lightweight and durable tool that could be easily carried and used to shield against rain.

New Tales of China's Inventions – The Success of Firework Nuke

Creative Primary School, Li, Cyrus Sing Hei – 9

Fireworks are one of the ancient Chinese inventions. It is generally believed that fireworks were invented by a monk called Li Tian, the “ancestor of firecrackers”, in the Tang Dynasty. It was said that he mixed charcoal, sulfur and saltpeter and compressed the mixture in an enclosure (a bamboo tube). The mixture explodes when it is burned. On the 18th of April every year, Chinese people would offer sacrifices to Li Tian for his great invention.

Despite the passage of time, people still love and are attracted to fireworks. Nowadays, fireworks are often presented in special events or celebrations. Charles, a billionaire who was the owner of the largest firework factory in China, was working with his team to prepare for a firework show in Hong Kong on the China National Day on 1 October 2023. As this would be the first big public event after the end of the pandemic, Charles would like to produce a first-ever spectacular firework show which could impress and surprise people around the globe. To achieve this, Charles and his team had started working on this project half a year before the National Day.

Charles’ team consisted of the following young, passionate and talented people:

- Zane, the most experienced firework worker in the factory;
- Sophie, a firework enthusiast and the best firework inventor in town;
- John, the best engineer and firework builder in town; and
- Kat, an experienced firework launcher with over 300 times of launching experience.

Besides, Mark, Charles’ 12-year-old son and Nico, Mark’s best friend who was 14 years old and wanted to be a firework engineer when he grew up, were assistants to this team.

After several rounds of discussion, Charles and his team had decided to build a new type of firework, namely “The Firework Nuke”. This idea came from his childhood experience where he once saw a firework show and was impressed by a stunning firework nuke which he could hardly forget. Since then, he had been addicted to the fireworks and was eager to learn about its history. He learnt that the fireworks were invented by a monk called Li Tian in the Tang Dynasty for the purpose of warding off evil spirits to protect people. He admired the wisdom and creativity of Li Tian and Li Tian had become his idol. At that time, he promised himself he would build an even bigger firework nuke when he grows up. He also wanted to show respect to Li Tian for his great contribution to China and worldwide.

Charles’ idea was this – when the Firework Nuke reached the height of 500 meters, it would first open its outer shell and from the inside, some small fireworks would be launched at 600 meters in the air and burst. After the small fireworks had launched and burst, the Firework Nuke would close the outer shell and keep rising. It would eventually reach the height of 1,000 meters and explode with a gigantic explosion.

However, the production of the Firework Nuke was a huge challenge to Charles and his team. One major problem was that no one had ever produced a firework which could rise up to the height of 1,000 meters. The closing of the outer shell after the launching of small fireworks was also an issue to be resolved. Most importantly, the team had serious concerns about the explosion radius and its effect, which created public safety concerns, particularly the crowd that would stay at the promenades of the Victoria Harbour, which was very close to the firework launching area.

The technical and safety issues remained unresolved as it got closer to the National Day. Charles was getting stressed as he felt he might let down the team, the public, and the country of China. All team members were worried about Charles. They were eager to help Charles to make his dream come true.

Time flew. It was just two weeks before the firework show. The team remained dedicated to resolving the technical and safety issues and endeavoured building the Firework Nuke. They undertook numerous calculations and

testing to identify potential threats and find solutions to these issues. With their efforts, all technical and safety issues had eventually been resolved and the Firework Nuke was successfully built just 3 days prior to the show.

Today was the National Day. People went to the promenades near the Victoria Harbour to look for favourable locations to enjoy the firework show in close proximity. Notwithstanding that the Firework Nuke was successfully made, Charles remained nervous as the Firework Nuke had never been launched in public. He was concerned that the Firework Nuke might go out of control and as a result cause accidents and injuries. The team members comforted Charles and asked him to relax as the launching of the Firework Nuke would be handled by Kat personally. He should have faith in her and himself following 6 months of hard work.

Before the fireworks commenced, Charles gave a short speech and introduced the special Firework Nuke to the public to celebrate this special day with China's proud invention. Shortly after the speech, the fireworks began. Everyone enjoyed the fireworks and felt they were magnificent. The audiences screamed and were getting excited. It was then the ultimate finale of the show – the long-awaited Firework Nuke!

Charles could not get rid of his nervousness. He closed his eyes and hoped things went well when Kat launched the Firework Nuke ... and it turned out to be a great success! Everyone was stunned and shocked by what they just experienced! It was such a spectacular firework where no one could believe their eyes! Some people felt like they were in a dream, while some others said the Firework Nuke was the best firework that they have ever seen. Charles was relieved and happy to learn that the Firework Nuke brought excitement and surprise to everyone and the firework show was a great success on the National Day!

New Tales of China's Inventions – Hope of Light

Creative Primary School, Man, Cheuk Yan Jolis – 11

“Papa, I’m going for a walk with Cream!” Leia shouted as she bounded out the ancestral house with her fluffy, cream-coloured Pomeranian following closely behind her. Just as Leia returned to her street from her usual route, she was greeted with excited screams and squeals. Her neighbours, the twins, and their friends had turned the whole street into a battleground! Small, jagged stones were flying everywhere in the combat zone. Leia nervously picked up Cream and held him closely to her chest. Her eyes darted left and right, searching for the safest path through the heavy fire. Her cottage was right in front of her, but it felt like an eternity before she could get there. Leia took a deep breath and sprinted for her life. PEW PEW! Stones pelted her arm, her back, her leg, causing her to turn around. As she looked back – an action that she had regretted her whole life – it seemed as if time stopped and the next thing she knew, the world in front of her turned black, and she collapsed in pain.

“Leia! Leia!” She could hear her father frantically shouting her name, but she could not open her eyes. “Call for the village doctor!”

A supposed mundane afternoon had unexpectedly turned into the darkest day of Leia’s life. The doctors at the hospital had diagnosed Leia with permanent vision loss in her left eye due to a stone that was lodged in. Words of comfort and encouragement could be heard left and right but they did not matter. Her life would change completely. Things would never be the same. The once cheerful, and energetic girl was now lost in a colourless void.

Leia’s father needed a temporary fix. He heard there was a famous inventor, Yang, who created glasses for the blind. “It’s known as SightLore,” Yang shared. “The first layer is made from high-quality, transparent crystal, polished meticulously ensuring excellent quality while the second layer is comprised of intricately carved, translucent jade discs. It’s made to resemble the actual human eye! Why don’t you try one on?”

It’s been a few months since Leia had the glasses. “Ugh! I hate this!” Leia screamed angrily, hurling the glasses across the room. Her father had just entered the room. “Papa, this is not working anymore,” Leia cried out; the defeat could be heard from her tone. Her father lovingly cradled her in his arms and reassured her everything was going to be okay.

Leia’s father was the heir to the most prominent cane company in China, Dragon Cane Co, which was famous for its elaborate designs and quality craftwork. Founded by her great-grandfather, it was the first of its kind during the Han dynasty and had maintained its reputation as one of the best and most established cane makers in the country. “Hi Pa, I need your help. It’s for Leia,” Leia’s father declared. The sense of urgency came through his voice. “I heard what happened. Luckily, I’m already way ahead of you,” Grandpa Zhang proudly replied.

“This needs to work!” Leia’s father screamed in frustration as the bamboo sticks sprawled out in random directions. The two had been tirelessly working day and night on a new and improved cane which they named the “Jian Cane”, inspired by the mythical bird that only has one eye and wing. “Call it a day, son. I’ll handle the rest myself,” Grandpa Zhang whispered calmly, unable to deny the exhaustion in his son’s eyes. Feeling defeated and in need of rest, Leia’s father trudged out the door. The next day, Leia and her father woke up to a long, shiny, object on the table. “Woah! I’ve never seen such a stick before!” The gold shaft was made from lightweight yet sturdy bamboo and silk, the handle shaped like the mythical creature her father had mentioned – the Jian bird. Leia flipped it upside down. A small, rounded jade wheel was securely attached at its rear. “These Chinese materials represent our principles of strength and growth.” Leia’s father remarked. She waved it back and forth until she accidentally hit the porcelain table’s leg. To her surprise, a sudden vibration passed through the shaft, an indication of the safest path for its user. The cane was an innovative breakthrough for the blind in the country. “I’m unstoppable!” She enthusiastically exclaimed. She felt as if she was on top of the world.

Since then, Leia and the cane were inseparable, like two peas in a pod. Leia gradually regained her former self and mastered life with the Jian Cane. She felt invincible. As Leia strolled on the pebbled street of the village, confiding in her cane to lead the way, she crossed paths with a village boy. “Hey, watch it!” Leia froze like a squirrel threatened by its predator. The boy huffed and pushed her out of the way. She looked at the boy and did the best thing she thought she could do: walk away and prove her worth.

Inspired by her family's grit and compassion, she pursued a higher education, absorbing all there is to know about science and technological innovation. It was clear she had one goal: creating inventions that helped the visually impaired. Eventually, she designed the Imperial Reach Cane, which was heavily influenced by her grandfather's work. Its ceramic sphere sent vibrations through the *moso* bamboo, the strongest bamboo found in China, signaling the Jian bird-shaped handle to signal direction. Its wings were equipped with embossed knobs which alerted the user to any uneven ground. This groundbreaking tool provided her the opportunity to speak to nobles, scholars, and people from all over the world. In fact, the Great Emperor invited her to the palace to give a speech in hopes of inspiring others. "I'd like to thank my family because without them I wouldn't have been hopeful. I truly believe that aside from my achievements, hope is the most important. I see hope as the light that allows us to see."

New Tales of China's Inventions – The Timeless Art of Calligraphy

Creative Primary School, To, Chin Yu Natalie – 10

This morning in Chinese class, our teacher, Ms Lee said, “Class. Today, we’ll be learning, and writing, calligraphy.”

Once we started, a student, Tim, shouted out, “Ms Lee... writing and learning calligraphy is so boring, difficult and tiring!”

“Tim,” Ms Lee replied, “Writing and learning calligraphy is not boring, difficult or even tiring. Let me share with you the invention of the brush of calligraphy, and let me know if you really understand what the meaning of “tiring” is.”

“In ancient China, there was a boy named Li who loved drawing a lot. He used a stick and rocks to draw everything he saw and imagined.

“One day, Li decided to go outside for a walk. When he was walking, there were birds flying in the blue sky. With that view, Li got inspired to draw, so he got a stick and a rock and began drawing. While he was drawing, he found the bird's wings were difficult to represent. The wings were wide, the sticks were thin. This made Li wonder, ‘How could I draw the wings?’ which led to him thinking of a genius idea. He gathered sticks, some thin, some thick. Next, he pulled out some strands of hair from his head, tied them together with a string and created the world’s first brush! He soaked the brush’s hair in the nearest mud pond, and drew the world’s first stroke on a rock. To his surprise, his idea worked flawlessly! The stick’s stroke was hard, thin and rough. But the strokes with the brush were soft, thick and had an interesting pattern. And so, he shared this invention with some of his friends.

“Li’s invention amazed his friends, and one of them, Ming, asked, “Li! How did you do this? I would love to make one as well!” Li got excited when Ming asked him how he made the brush. So, Li taught Ming and his other friends, too. When Li was teaching his friends, on one hand, he thought, smiling, ‘Is my invention a success?’ On the other hand, he thought, ‘Instead of pulling strands out of our hair, will horse’s hair work as good as the brush I’ve so far made?’ So, Li tried after teaching his friends, and what a surprise! It worked! Li felt cheerful.

“Li thought that this was already amazing, but wanted to try to expand on this idea more, so he experimented with writing text with his brush. On his first attempt, it didn’t look so good, but after a few more tries, he started to adapt his strokes. The next thing he knew, his words were already looking better than before! He ended up creating something incredible. So one day, he showed the town, and everyone was impressed by his invention and wanted to learn from him. And so, he started holding lessons for everyone to learn. His skills spread to many people and even more generations upon generations.

“And that was the story of how calligraphy was invented,” said my teacher. After hearing this fascinating story, I, myself, couldn’t believe that such a young boy had such a bright idea. As I moved the brush, I thought it was difficult to use at first, just like when Li wrote calligraphy texts for the first time! But as I kept writing, I kept on thinking about Li when he was using his amazing invention. I’m sure that it was arduous, exhausting, hard, and that is a motivation for me to keep on writing calligraphy. Not just in calligraphy, but also my whole academic journey.

“Li is an inspiration to me, will Li be an inspiration to all of you?” Ms Lee said. I said to myself next, ‘Of course! He will be an inspiration to me, and I wish to be like him one day and have a positive impact on the world.’

New Tales of China's Inventions

Creative Primary School, Wong, Hei Nam Sophie – 10

In 2030, Beijing, China, there lived a twelve-year-old boy named Wai. Wai was a short and messy wimp who was exceptionally lazy and foolish, therefore he was always the target of bullies. No one would believe that his parents were an ingenious scientist and innovative engineer.

One day after school, Wai was idling at the park when he saw Billy—the-bully. Immediately, Billy raced towards Wai and Wai ran for his life. Soon, Wai had no way to escape except uphill. Accidentally, he slipped on a puddle, lost his balance and fell off the hill. That night, his parents were so worried when they noticed Wai was missing. They used GPS to track Wai's location and found him. He was severely injured.

Several months later, Wai finally woke up from his deep coma. However, he had forgotten about everything and had to learn everything from the very beginning like a newborn. To everyone's amazement, he learned in hypersonic speed and soon transcended way beyond his ability before. Nevertheless, Wai was told that his guts were seriously damaged from the incident onwards, he had to eat special energy bars instead of usual food.

On Wai's first day back to school, he made friends with a boy named Ming who was very friendly though he was not bright academically. One day, Ming asked if Wai could come over to his home and help with his Math studies. He agreed without hesitation. With Wai's guidance, Ming was able to understand the topics thoroughly. Not long after, Wai started to get hungry and tired but he had no extra energy bars with him, thus, he decided to take a nap there. Yet, Wai forgot to inform his parents, and this made them tremendously anxious since he had to sleep in a special bed. Luckily his parents got there just in time, right before Wai dozed off.

Wai had already been back to school for a month now, his classmates noticed a dramatic difference to Wai after the incident, just like transforming into a new being, a way better version. He did everything well, made loads of friends, was nice and polite, willing to face challenges and able to solve problems. He even helped Billy—the-bully when someone attempted to frame him. Wai happened to witness it and reported to the teacher just in time. Billy was grateful but shamed at the same time. He apologized to Wai and they became friends too! He swore that he would never be a bully again. It seemed that Wai was able to bring peace wherever he was.

Wai's father's birthday was approaching and Wai wanted to hide a gift in his drawer to surprise him. When he was searching for a perfect hiding spot, he noticed a special notebook at the bottom of the lowest drawer. The few words on the cover caught his attention --- "Reborn of Wai". Out of curiosity, he opened the book and started reading.

He read every single word carefully and slowly figured out that it was a humongous book of secrets about himself.

"...We were in deep sorrow with the loss of Wai... If we had spent more time with him, he wouldn't have died like this. ... We couldn't stop thinking about him ... I have a crazy idea!"

Wai discovered that he was an "Artificial Human" invented by his parents to substitute his dead self. The outside of him was a synthetic doll but the innovative material they used shaped him to look close to his real self. The inside of him was a robot with artificial intelligence. Unlike the previous AI humanoid robots such as Jia-jia from China or Sophia from Hong Kong, Wai was sentient. He had consciousness and emotions, could think and learn, which made him far more advanced. This also marked a significant breakthrough in AI development. Furthermore, his parents wished he would never be bullied again. Being Chinese, they deeply believed that the traditional Chinese culture which accumulated the wisdom of their ancestors over thousands of years would definitely help Wai. Therefore, they incorporated the Chinese Four Cardinal Principles (propriety, righteousness, integrity, and shame) and Eight Virtues (loyalty, filial piety, benevolence, love, honesty, justice, harmony, and peace) as the foundational

principles of morality when programming his character development. With propriety, benevolence, love and harmony, Wai was able to make lots of friends. With righteousness, integrity, shame and justice, he knew what was the right thing to do. His kind and rightful acts even influenced those around him. Now Wai understood why he was different. The energy bar he ate was to top up his power while the special bed he slept on was actually charging him up.

"... No matter what Wai is, he is always our son, our one and only son, we love him to the moon and back. Yet, we still don't know how to reveal the truth to Wai and not sure what his future life would bring..."

Wai was in great shock. Nevertheless, with his loyalty, filial piety and love, he could soon accept the truth because he could feel the love of his parents. Nothing was more important.

Ten years later.

"The Nobel prize winner this year is Chi (Wai's father). The "Artificial Human" he invented was able to bring harmony and peace in the world. The groundbreaking sentient AI robotics incorporated with the Chinese morality largely infected people around, as a result people's moral standards were improved impressively. In addition, they helped us take on some dangerous jobs which prominently decreased the rate of occupational accidents. Last but not least, the crime rate has dropped significantly since the wide use of Artificial Humans."

Chi was grateful to receive the prize and felt honored that his invention could help people and the world. Nonetheless, if he was allowed to choose, he would prefer nothing had happened and the real Wai could still be with him. Remember, cherish everything you have and act promptly before you regret.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Chee, Chung Yui Sean – 11

Some time in the not-too-distant future, a boy named Sam, 14 years old, black belt in karate, on the school's triathlon team, with average height, blue eyes and brown hair was doing his usual grocery supply run.

His mother said, "Sam, I want you to get some groceries, so here's the list."

Sam replied, "Ok mom I'll go."

While walking on to the grocery shop, a big fierce dog charged at Sam and he turned the other way and started running. After running for a few minutes, Sam could see that the dog was no longer behind him. But then, he realized he was lost.

After walking for some time, he stumbled across a dark alley. Sam heard some distinct voices whispering at the very end of the alley. He saw a bald man in a coat unboxing something for another man. The items that the man in the coat was selling were high-tech guns. Then, Sam froze, trying to decide what to do. Sam was slowly inching away when he found something glowing on the floor. He found some high-tech looking glasses and he put them on. The glasses scanned the man who was buying the weapons and the peripheral display showed a man with messy hair and a glass eye with a scar on it. That man had a million dollars on his head. His name was John. When John finished the payment, he saw Sam, who was glaring at him at the time. John realized that Sam could ruin his plans and call the police.

John charged fiercely at Sam, who was caught by surprise, but thankfully was able to duck and go the other way. John raised a gun from his jacket pocket and expended his whole magazine in anger. Meanwhile, Sam ran in a zigzag to avoid them, which ruptured his running speed. He realized his mistake of dodging, and thought that he should've slid. By then, John was already catching up to him.

After running for a few minutes, Sam encountered a two-way road and his instincts told him to take the way leading to the forest. He thought that he could hide amidst the greenery, so he chose a rock to hide behind. He had the element of surprise.

Soon enough, John arrived. Peeking around the rock, the glasses were saying that they could provide Sam some openings to use his karate kicks, so Sam smiled. Not only did he have the element of surprise, but the help of an AI too.

After Sam had picked his moment, he quickly jumped from the rock and kicked John in the neck. That took John by surprise—and stunned him. Now, both of them were engaged in a ferocious fistfight. When Sam attempted another karate chop at John's neck, John blocked Sam's karate chop and lashed out with an uppercut and a jump kick, catching Sam off guard and stunning him.

John was hitting him with a barrage of punches, hooks and uppercuts— Then Sam found an opening in his chest, so he lashed out with an uppercut. To Sam's dismay, John had predicted this attack and blocked it, and then he followed up with a spinning kick to Sam's face, putting Sam to sleep.

When Sam was on the ground, the glasses provided him with a clear shot at John's liver— Realizing his chance, Sam jumped up and kicked John's liver, causing him to cough out some blood and then pass out.

After the fistfight, Sam used the glasses to call the police. When they arrived, Sam was behind them, thinking about what he had done. When the police turned around to ask him how he did it, he had disappeared and let the glasses lead him back home. The moment he arrived at his house, his mother gave him a hug and asked, "Sam! Where have you been!"

He answered, "Oh, I went to buy some groceries for you. Here you go!"

Sam would never forget that he beat a world criminal and put him behind bars. He couldn't have done it without the mysterious glasses. When his mother turned on the TV, he saw a news report about one-of-a-kind Chinese glasses being lost. Thus, he realizes where the glasses had come from. But then, he also realized how much power the glasses held. Sam decided to destroy them to prevent people from using them to wreak havoc. He hoped he would never encounter another situation like this again.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Fong, Kwok Fung Kiran – 11

On a bright, sunny afternoon, Tom and Olivia arrived in Beijing, China to visit their friends – Louis and Audrey. The airport was busy, there were babies crying and people shouting around. They also had set their sights on seeing the famous and renowned Great Wall of China. They had booked a high-tech robot “hotel” called “The Grand Gardens” “for their stay”.

They first went to a food court in the basement of a shopping mall to meet their friends and try some traditional Chinese dishes such as the Peking duck and spring rolls. After eating a scrumptious lunch, they arrived at the iconic Great Wall of China to hike up and admire the stunning view of the sunset painted behind the Beijing skyline. Next, they went to their friend's house for dinner, where they enjoyed a delicious supper.

After dinner, they sat around a campfire in their friend's backyard and Louis said, “Isn't it peaceful? The sky is lightened up with millions of stars, the Moon is crescent and there are no obstructions in the way.”

Tom said confidently, “One day I will blast off into space as an astronaut!” After that, they started playing with their friend's cute dog – a poodle named Marshmallow. It was 11:00 p.m. when they arrived at the hotel. They went through a grand entrance and a red carpet, where robotic security guards stood, guarding the entrance. There was a beautiful chandelier on the ceiling and marbling on the walls.

“How romantic!” exclaimed Olivia excitedly. Tom smiled at her and headed to the “service counter” to ‘check in’ to their hotel rooms.

In the lift, Olivia told Tom, “I feel very tired after a long day of exciting events, so let's just go straight to bed.” Tom nodded and patted Olivia softly on the back. They had just got to their room and started checking the amenities the robotic hotel had provided them with. There was shampoo, conditioner, soap, body lotion and more! Tom was extremely amazed with how tidy the rooms were and said, “Wow! I did not know that robots could prepare such tidy and clean rooms! For roughly 200 RMB per night, this is an absolutely amazing deal!” Olivia nodded her head in delight and agreed with Tom.

As they lay down comfortably on their beds, a robotic voice broadcast a message loudly, “There has been a serious malfunction in our robotic security system and numerous ghosts who have human features have been let into the hotel. These cunning ghosts will try their best to act as humans to lead you into a trap they have created, therefore, through our robotic calculations there is an extremely low survival chance for you all. On behalf of my robotic team, I deeply apologize for the inconvenience and danger caused.”

As they heard the news, they both started trembling uncontrollably and holding one another. Tom said in a frantic voice, “Olivia, no matter what happens, I love you.” They take a deep breath and start running at the speed of light towards the emergency exit together. Tom sees many human-like figures walking around, and shouts “Olivia, watch out!”

Humans and ghosts are everywhere, they are all running at full speed, making the environment extremely confusing for everyone. Tom takes a glance back and sees his girlfriend, Olivia struggling: she is panting heavily, while gasping for air and is slowing down step by step. Tom decides to leave his life to a coin toss, he takes a few steps back and blocks the route to the emergency exit...

Olivia dashes by him and as Tom extends his arms and legs, she sees someone wearing a traditional Chinese dress who has long, braided, black hair, big eyes and pale skin reach out her hand and grab Tom's neck and drag him roughly to the floor. She watches Tom shout, “Don't worry, I will be...” At that moment, Tom runs out of air and collapses face down onto the ground. Now, all she could do was to save her own life as she runs away and makes it out of the hotel safely. She charges down the stairs like a bull and continues running until she arrives at a nearby park – where she would stay for the night.

As she rethinks what has happened, all she can think of is why Tom would save her life, having to sacrifice his own. She reminds herself – meeting Tom again would definitely be impossible. All she could do was to fulfil their dreams together. Although this brutal memory would haunt Olivia for the rest of her life, she vows to explore space – Tom’s lifetime goal. She looks through her phone and applies for intense astrology lessons. Even though Tom couldn't explore space as an astronaut, he explored it as a hero.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Lam, Yat Kiu Daron – 11

I have devoted myself to Chinese heritage and culture, helping the country in the military, but I was stupid for not seeing the danger I faced, instead my foolishness saved the country.

The year is 2056. China just invented a powerful robotic arm for surgery to nurse patients and assist doctors in a short amount of time. People in China have split into two sides. One side wants to earn money using this invention; the other side wants to help injured people worldwide with China's resources. Wong, the powerful leader of the East faction, the greedy side of China, came to a disagreement with his good friend: Fong, a pesky useless soldier of the West faction, the side which wanted to protect their country. Wong was greedy and wanted to only use these robotic surgeons to make money. In order to stop Wong, Fong joined the West side to stop Wong.

"The War of China has just begun, military forces are seizing the moment to attack, General Wong has just..." I turned off the radio, disappointed with my friend's greedy choices for the resources of China. I continued on with my morning routine. After taking a shower from my early workout, I headed out to work. Seeing the poor families sitting out on the streets, I grabbed my pocket change and gave it to them, putting smiles on their faces.

"Get the medics!" "Deploy the troops!" "Fire the missiles!" I shrug my shoulders up and cover my ears as I return to the base for work. The West side was in such a mess you would barely notice grenades coming in the base. Numerous explosions crack out on the battlefield, our troops are dying and we are losing in a pernicious way. "Help!" cries came screaming our way, the medics were unable to help with their futuristic robotic surgeon arms as the injured had to be picked up and sent to camp in order to be healed, this process was slow and inefficient.

Deep underground in a secure bunker, General Wong, the rowdy leader was having a meeting with all the other corrupt government officials

"Take control of this dire situation! Launch all the missiles remaining!" "But... the West side is also our citizens, we should wait until they surrender to take over."

"Now!" he said. General Wong was tall, dark spiky hair with braces and a British accent. He stormed angrily out of the basement full of his private army and officials.

"And be sure to get as many resources as possible, we started this mess and ruckus for a reason!" Wong grunted as he kicked the door open and stomped out.

Looking at the fall of my country, I decided to face the odds and face the inconceivable challenge – plant robotic surgeon arms on the battlefield manually in order to heal the wounded. I sprang swiftly into action and took a handful of robotic arms and dashed to the battlefield, despite the commissioner's restrictions.

"Corporal!" shouted General Lam, he had a squeaky voice, "You are a fool for doing this! Get back here right this instant!" General Lam is the commander of the West side, a perfectionist and always ordered people to work. He wasn't fond of Fong as he thinks he is a troublemaker

He has a flat head, short hair, very fit and high nose.

I was willing to do anything to save my fellow soldiers. I dashed past General Lam as a fool but promised him to come back as a hero. Rounds of gunshot fire pierced the ground as I tried my best to place as many as I could near the wounded soldiers.

Suddenly, I shouted in grief and pain, I had just been shot in the left thigh. Despite the sniper's attempt to stop me, I pull myself across the battlefield, bearing myself and clenching my thigh from the stream of blood bleeding out. Minutes pass by like hours, I had planted my last robotic arm in my bag. Seeing the soldiers rise up like defiant warriors hungry for vengeance and glory, I was elated that my country is rising up and fighting back.

At first my blood came thick and strong through my fingertips, trickling into dense soil. All of a sudden, a tremendous amount of pain pierced my chest like an iron poker.

"I have always wondered how it feels to kill someone, but now I know it's no big deal."

Wong said, leaving no mercy and shoving the knife even deeper. I hold my tears while constricting my chest. "I did what I had to do, we have our own motives," Wong muttered in my ears with no emotions. The obliterating pain was at once numbing and aching me all over, but it was not as hurtful as the betrayal of my friend.

General Lam shouted in grief, after what he saw of me as a tragic death. After what I had done for this country, I still died a painful death. He held back his tears and tried to heal me with one of the robotic surgeon arms. I said, "Please, stop wasting your time on me, promise me you will be a great general and influence the future of Chinese history." General Lam nodded as I left him right in his arms.

Seeing the havoc and destruction of the whole country, General Wong unwillingly surrendered in order to save himself from being slaughtered, due to the fact that he had cruelly slaughtered numerous innocent lives of the Chinese. The society thought Wong was a good man and empathetic towards the Chinese, so he voluntarily stopped the war "Fools," Wong said to himself

As all my fellow comrades attended my funeral, they cried in thankfulness and grief for saving their lives. "Corporal #107, indeed he did a great job," said an officer. "You mean General #107? Fong was foolish but heroic and brave. We must give him our respect" General Lam nodded while holding back his tears.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Leung, Yan Ho Colin – 11

Meet Felix Federson, a retired general from the army. He was a rich man thanks to his courage and bravery. All he loved was going to hotels and giving feedback about them on YouTube. This time, he was going to one of the newest hotels ever built, the Lianghe Hotel. He had heard about the new Telbots in the hotel and wanted to see some new technology at work.

"Here, please," Felix said to the taxi driver. As he opened the taxi door, he saw a magnificent sight. There was a grand door standing on the clean and shiny floor next to the mountainous hotel. Gold words read 'The Lianghe Hotel' above the door. Inside, the hotel was gorgeously decorated with gleaming white bricks on the walls. A welcoming smell of fresh fruits made the hotel smell like a charming farm. White robots were rolling away, serving food to the customers, helping guests to find places, and helping guests to check in.

All of a sudden, a white and glassy robot touched Felix's shoulder. "Welcome to the Lianghe Hotel. I am Gabriel. How can I help you?" the robot asked Felix.

"Nothing, I just need to check in and get to my room. I am exhausted."

Gabriel nodded. "Okay, I will bring you to the check-in counter."

After checking in, Felix lay on the comfortable bed. It was soft and white with silver blankets and pillows. "Ahhhhhhh..." he sighed comfortably.

Suddenly, a knock on the door made him bounce up to the sky. It was Gabriel.

"Hello, guest! I brought you some fresh fruits for you to enjoy! Wish you a marvelous day!" he said and left the door. There were bananas, apples, grapes, and oranges. Felix picked up an apple that was as red as fresh paint. He bit into the apple and felt very strange. He realised the apple smelled like poison. "GAAH!" he shouted as he spit the apple out of his mouth.

He felt curious, extremely curious, and suspicious of how the apple tasted. He left his guest room and went down to the restaurant that had waiters with black and white clothes rolling down the floor. In the blink of an eye, he saw a white robot going down the hotel's staircase. "Where is the robot going?" Felix wondered. He trailed the robot down the staircase and found a secret door made of steel. The robot went in the door and shut with a thunderous "BANG!"

Felix stood there, thinking. "What are they doing in this hotel?" he asked himself. Suddenly, a trapdoor opened under him and interrupted his thoughts. "AHHHH!" he shouted as he fell. As he opened his eyes, he saw wooden cartons and thousands of oil barrels. A muddy and filthy robot zoomed by, almost hitting Felix. Felix dodged and looked forward. He saw a hundred robots with a shiny and glassy robot standing in a humongous wooden barrel, who seemed like the leader of this band of robots.

'What are these guys planning to do?' he wondered. Without notice, the leader shouted, "Glorious and evil robot friends, your leader Hex will tell you something that will blow your evil minds! We will release poisonous fruits to the guests and soon, WE CAN STOP THOSE DUMB HUMANS FROM GIVING US ORDERS! Nothing can stop us!" As Felix snapped into action, he realized what had happened. 'So that's why my fruits taste so bad! It's poisoned!' he exclaimed to himself.

Grabbing a can of oil, he tossed it toward the robots. It landed on the robots. They exploded! 'WHIZZ! BANG! SIZZLE!' The leader saw what was happening and shot a laser beam where Felix was standing. "DESTROY THE INTRUDER!" he shouted as he fired more laser beams as all the robots including Hex chased after Felix. But Felix was as fast as the speed of light. He quickly grabbed some sizzling wires and hurled the bombs towards the robots. He rapidly climbed up the trapdoor's ladder and reached the surface.

Hex's anger was at its boiling point. He shoved away from his band of robots and chased Felix himself. "YOU CANNOT STOP ME!" he bellowed as he shot more laser beams at Felix. But Felix dodged and ducked as the laser beams hit the hotel and the other robots. Felix went to the lobby of the hotel and hollered, "Everybody, get out of the hotel and you'll be buried under!" Felix thundered at the guests. Seeing Hex and the robot band, the guests stormed out of the hotel.

Although Hex was gaining on him, Felix never gave up. He went to the restaurant as the robot band chased him. Felix ran to the kitchen and found a large pot of scorching tomato soup. Hex grabbed him by his body as he tried to reach the tomato soup. "I'VE GOT YOU! HOW WILL YOU STOP ME NOW?" Hex asked Felix. Felix said nothing and kicked Hex away. The robot band all fell like dominos. Since Hex was the leader of the hivemind, all the robots died with him.

Finally, the robot band was defeated. Felix went back to his apartment and got ready for an epic adventure!

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Ng, Pak Hei Edwin – 10

13th of October

“Load the ships up with dry meat and booze! We’re going out to sea for a while!”

Piper, Captain Collin’s right-hand man said, “Captain says we are going on a long voyage again!”

Meanwhile in the throne room of King Charles the second, the captain of the crew bowed down and said, “We are honored to travel to new lands for Your Majesty. We will leave on the first of November.”
“Very good. We wish to hear your reports, don’t forget to draw a map and route to the new land.” Collin bowed and walked out.

1st of November

The rudder turned and the ship started moving. It was raining, but as promised they had to set off that day. The waves crashed against the hull as the ship swayed and sailed forward, leaving the mainland. Very soon, the rain and fog covered up the sight of the coastline.

In the night, Piper woke up because of the noise. He looked around and noticed that everyone was already asleep. Piper built up the courage and walked up the stairs. He went to the side of the ship and gazed into the darkness. The waves seem to be getting higher and higher by the second.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of a chair scraping against the floor. The direction of the sound was from the captain’s cabin. He knocked on the door and saw the captain reading a scroll.

Collin said, “Piper! Thank goodness, I was looking at the map surrounding Spain. The map ends here, so we don’t know if we are going to get lost because if the currents blow us off course, we can’t turn back. Do you want to risk it or not Piper? I’ll let you choose.”

Piper thought for a second and said “Yes. We are going on, whether we like it or not. We’ve got a mission set by the king, and we are not failing him!”

Collin replied “Yes! That’s the spirit boy!”

10th of November

A thunderstorm came out of nowhere. The winds were getting stronger, the rain was getting heavier.

As the winds got stronger, they heard a ripping sound. Piper went out on the deck and looked. The third squadron ship’s sails were ripping, and it seemed like the hull was breaking! He rushed over and wrenched the door to the lower deck open. He yelled, “The sails are ripping apart! The hull is breaking! Get to the flagship! Go! Go!” The men in the third squadron stepped on the chains and climbed onto the flagship. But things just got worse. The men yelled as the other ships sank. The waves got higher and they realised there was an approaching tsunami! Collin yelled, “Turn the ship around! There is a tsunami in front of us!” They all gasped in shock as they saw the massive tsunami behind them. It was kilometers taller than the ship! One of the ships was swallowed by the tsunami. As the ship rushed down the crest of the wave, drops of water rained down on them. Luckily, they made it out alive as the seas calmed down and the thunderstorm passed.

13th of November

Piper thought he saw land in front of him, but he was sure he was hallucinating. However, Collin walked to the bow of the ship and yelled, “Land ahoy! We have found land!”

They went out on the deck as they dropped the anchor. The people there were wearing red silk robes and armor, and holding spears. They were speaking a language that the voyagers didn’t understand.

The man who was wearing a cape and a helmet with a dragon sign on it said “Hello.”

Collin sighed in relief. Someone here knew how to speak English! Collin said, “Hello. We have come here to negotiate. We have brought food and traditional items as trading offers. Could we stay here for a while?”

The man agreed with a small bow.

“Yes, thank you. We have no way to get home, may you help us?” The man said something to the guards and he handed them a mini clock-like machine, gesturing that it pointed north.

Collin said, “Thank you, we will make a map and send gifts of gratitude once we get home.”

The man introduced himself as the admiral of the city. His name was Zheng He.

18th of November

The ship was fixed and they had a way to get back home. They traded their meat, grains, and other items from their homeland for some fish, a food they called 'fân', and a special type of beer made from the 'fân'.

As the ship sailed away from the dock, Collin waved goodbye to the admiral, and took out his "point north machine". He called it the compass in English, and he made one of them for each ship. Collin placed the compass on a barrel, and looked.

Piper said, "If the needle always points north, then the opposite of the needle must be south, and on the left is west, and on the right is east," and as he wrote on the plate, he added, "When we started on our mission, we were going east from the dock, right? So, if we go west, we should directly go back to Spain!"

Collin replied, "Well said! All ships! Turn the ship to the west!"

Piper added, "Our map writer also drew a map of the star charts to this land! By the way, what should we call the land we found?"

Collin thought for a moment and said, "The admiral said that in their language they call it "Zhōng Guó", and he went to see the emperor the next day and the since the emperor doesn't know English, he mixed up some random letters Zheng He gave him and he spelled "China".

"Then China it is! With the help of the compass. the road to China is open!" he yelled.

New Tales of China's Inventions – The Time Machine

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Ou, Cheuk Hin Jeremy – 9

Some time in the distant future, we meet Arson Timway who is no normal boy. He has a brain that is always whirring with life, digesting every bit of information he picks up and every sight he sees. He also has an *extremely* creative mind. This mind of his is constantly daydreaming about cool and original ways to solve his and his friend's problems, in a unique way.

But, despite his fantastic brain and awesome mind, all didn't realize Arson would embark on a wondrous journey with his grandpa Fred Timway once he stepped foot into Grandpa Fred's laboratory.

Arson walked up the spiralling stairs to Grandpa Fred's laboratory. Arson knocked on the plain, white door that kept everyone outside of the unknown realm that housed all of Grandpa Fred's machinery. Grandpa Fred opened the door himself and said in an excited voice, "Ah, Arson! I've been expecting you!"

"Conducting another experiment or building another piece of machinery, yes?" asked Arson.

"Neither of them," replied Grandpa Fred. "I would like you to *test* one of my inventions I finished recently. Behold, the Vulcan!"

Arson was thrilled as he had never tested an invention before. However, when he stepped into the laboratory, he only saw a box. Arson asked keenly, "Is it a portable refrigerator?"

"No, this is a time machine, not a fridge!" said Fred, a bit peeved.

"Really? Is it really a time machine? And you are letting me try it!?"

Not long after, Arson and Grandpa Fred squeezed into the time machine, and Arson asked, "How does this thing work?"

"Well, I found out that if you spin the Chinese Movable Ink Printer, it can create a kind of hole that teleports you to the time you desire!"

"Amazing, now let's go to the year 2023 to see how humans lived at that time!"

"Sure," said Fred, as he busied himself with the travelometer located at the left side of the box. Suddenly, the machine began to vibrate, and then it began to rock. Lastly, it started to rocket upwards like it was being sucked into something.

"Hold on! We're about to enter the hole! Hold t—"

Grandpa Fred's voice was ripped out of his mouth as the small box began to spin at an incredulous speed. Arson cringed as his head smashed into the ceiling. After what felt like ages, the spinning stopped. The first thing Arson heard was a gasp and a cry, "Darn! The travelometer is broken!"

"What do you mean the travelometer is broken?", asked Arson nervously.

"The travelometer is the most important thing in the Vulcan! Without it, no time travel!"

"You don't mean that... we can't go home?"

"Sadly, there is a large chance we can't. But I think I know how to fix it."

"OK! You go fix it while I explore for a while."

A bit nervous, Arson started his journey. After a while he was surrounded by trees taller than the newly evolved tree: *Xandertelopilis* Trees, which produce Cola. He took ten minutes wading through the underbrush and saw numerous tall towers. He rubbed his eyes and checked his smart watch. It said: The Jurassic age. This couldn't be true, he thought again and again. How could any creature build any structure in the Jurassic Age? Anyways, he decided to go in and satisfy his curiosity. He went to the door of the building and pulled it and surprisingly, it flung open! He didn't expect this, of course, so it made a pretty loud BANG as it slammed into the wall.

He saw little green men rushing at him. He didn't need to think that he should run, he slammed the door and ran for it, using his smart watch as a compass. He looked back and saw many aliens rushing out of the broken door. After running for five minutes, he saw a figure – it was Grandpa Fred! Grandpa Fred saw Arson running and then saw the aliens. As quick as lightning, the aliens pulled out a gun and pulled the trigger. Our heroes were immediately enveloped by a clear ball. The aliens dragged them into the tower, went into the door that was slammed off its hinges and went through many passages. They were amazed by what they saw: many aliens were crowding around a UFO, holding tools and fixing it. Others were at a working table, assembling more guns.

The aliens threw them into a wooden jail cell and left. Arson said, "Well, I guess that's the end for us! What are they going to do with us, experiments?"

“No, I’ve brought my destroying gun, *jackhangun*. We can use it to break out.”

“Cool! Give it to me.” Arson used the weapon to blast a hole through the flimsy wooden door. The guards around them raised their guns but Arson was too quick. He shot the guards again and again like mad. He yelled, “C’mon! We need to move!” Still wielding the weapon, they stormed out, still shooting guards. Arson blasted a large hole through a door and out they went. The aliens were still in hot pursuit. One grabbed Fred as he stifled a yell. Using all his strength, he flung off the alien and ran faster than before. They ran to the Vulcan and slammed the door of the battered box. Fred set the controls in a hurry while Arson held the door closed, screaming, “Quickly, QUICKLY!”

“Hold on! We’re going t—” Fred’s voice was ripped as the battered little box started spinning again and rocketed inside the *Wormhole*, leaving the disoriented aliens behind.

After some more spinning, the box landed with a loud thud. Arson and Grandpa Fred crawled out of the box, delighted to find out that they were back in the laboratory(They later found out that Fred had set the time wrong.). They both heaved a sigh of relief and high-fived each other. Arson mused, “Well, this *is* fun! But next time you want me to test some of your inventions, remember to check for any easily-damaged parts!”

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Wong, Chun Hei Michael – 9

It was the year 2047. A new COVID variant spread across the world after everyone thought it was a thing of the past. Stores did not sell face masks, rapid test kits or COVID medication. The origin of the new variant was unknown. There was mass panic. Various attempts by nations across the globe to develop a vaccine were futile.

That was when a group of Chinese scientists decided to take an unconventional approach. They believed the virus could not be completely exterminated. They invented a helmet which filtered out the viruses so the wearer could breathe clean air. It was integrated with the functionalities of smartphones and virtual headsets. People initially wore the helmet out of necessity and health concerns. Soon, the new invention was inseparable from people's lives. It became a global success. The helmet was used for protection as well as internet access, entertainment and fashion. People had the helmets on 24/7 and would not do anything without it.

Mr Zen, the lead scientist of the helmet, became the founder of the Chinese company called Golden Shield. It was the same name of the legendary Chinese Kung Fu discipline which supposedly made the body invulnerable. Mr Zen also became the richest man in the world. He was skinny and tall, with a pointed face. He always wore horn-rimmed glasses.

"Father! Did you see the news? It happened again," Charles called out and charged into Mr Zen's office in Golden Shield. His father's office was on the top floor of the building. Charles was a thin and lanky kid who always wore a black hoodie like most boys his age. However, he was gifted in mathematics and science. He was very proud of his father's achievement with the helmet and believed the helmet was the greatest invention.

"Yes, the police reached out again for the investigation and questioned our engineers on the safety measures of our helmets," replied Mr. Zen as calmly as he could. He was obviously tired and concerned.

The helmet's safety measures had become a headline and a concern for the public lately. There were recent incidents in which people went into a coma with their helmets on. The Police formed a task force to investigate and decide if Golden Shield should be held accountable and shut down for good.

Charles noticed there was someone else in his father's office. He was short and chubby with a yellowed shirt and shoes that were peeling. He had a disgruntled look on his face.

"Oh yes. This is detective O'Connell. He is leading the investigation. I will need you to co-operate and work with him."

"That's very generous, but we don't need a kid for police work," replied O'Connell.

Charles spoke in a confident voice, "I know more than you think. Based on the obsolete model of your helmet, I can tell you use the helmet in a primitive manner. You probably only use it for protection when you go out but there's much more to it."

"That's why I don't like working with a kid in my investigation," O'Connell grumbled.

Mr. Zen decided to end the quarrel. "Detective O'Connell, Charles is young but he is a computer genius and a lead programmer for Golden Shield. He would be of tremendous value to your investigation on the helmet incidents. The safety of the people and Golden Shield's future are in your hands now."

O'Connell reluctantly took Charles with him for the investigation.

O'Connell and Charles arrived at the engineering division. "This is my uncle, Merrill Zen. He and father launched the first helmet prototype together. He is the lead engineer," Charles explained.

“We have and we will provide full cooperation. Our helmets are perfect. You are wasting everyone’s time. Golden Shield always puts safety and protection first and foremost. We are all very proud of it,” Merrill said.

Charles analyzed the helmet while O’Connell investigated the key personnel in Golden Shield. Nothing meaningful was established on what had happened after weeks of investigation. They were both determined to find the origin of the deaths.

The two went to the computer room to go through the data gathered again. Charles realized he should take a new perspective on the helmets and hacked into the source codes hidden in the most secretive area inside the main frame server of Golden Shield.

Charles found a backdoor malware which he, as a lead programmer in the company, was not aware of. It was well concealed amongst the codes made by the first group of scientists who launched the helmets. He followed the program and found that it led to his uncle’s computer ID. He shared his findings with O’Connell. Both were shocked the incidents were not random accidents, but rather deliberately planned murders. O’Connell swiftly called the police and informed them of the location of Merrill’s mansion.

On the next day, O’Connell led the Police and raided Merrill’s mansion. They destroyed the server with the malware and apprehended Merrill.

“Uncle... Why?” Charles asked in a devastated tone.

“Everyone worships your father. No one talks about the other Zen who built Golden Shield together with your father. I should have all the fame and money!” Merrill snarled.

“Sir, you will definitely be in the headlines now. Lock him up!” O’Connell ordered his team to put Merrill into custody.

“Charles, what are you going to do now?” asked O’Connell. He had become friends with the young genius, having worked together for months and appreciating his bravery and passion for science.

Charles didn’t respond. He was deep in thought. He realized that the helmet invention was neither good nor evil, but it was defined by the people using it. He decided to devote his time and effort to improving the helmet and protecting people. There were many more challenges O’Connell and Charles had to overcome together, but that is a story for another day.

New Tales of China's Inventions – CHINA — 2084

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Yee, Chun Hei Brayden – 11

With a sigh, Brayden shoved his ever-growing pile of coding and engineering books into his bag and heaved it onto his stiff back. It was the end of a long and gruelling day of lessons and tests. He left the school building. Every step he took towards the train station was an effort – he was mentally and physically exhausted.

As he finally dragged himself through the doors of the train station, he was met by a strange atmosphere. Brayden felt uneasy as he made his way through the hordes of commuters who were whispering to each other and pointing. It seemed as though everyone's attention was focused on something other than the incoming train on the platform. Pushing through the crowds, he finally caught sight of the source of interest: a huge, heavy titanium body with a face that was almost human. On closer inspection, he saw it had contractible knives for hands, which made his stomach do a backflip. Never before had he seen something as equally fascinating as it was disturbing in his life.

As he was drawn closer, he noticed that the robot was in front of the public sleeping pods that had been under construction for the last few weeks and were finally complete. It was an impressive structure – a collection of several white cubes stacked on top of each other, with tinted windows that you could see out of once inside, but nobody could see in. Staring past the robots at the gleaming white pods, Brayden thought that the white, plain walls created a serene image, juxtaposing the robot seemingly guarding them.

Despite Brayden feeling a small boost from this fascinating sight, his eyes felt heavy with fatigue and his body was screaming at him to rest. The months of torturing lessons at the academy had stolen his energy. He pushed through the crowds to one of the vacant pods and followed the instructions, holding his credit card up to the keypad next to the door.

It opened satisfyingly with a click.

Succumbing to his exhaustion, he stumbled into the cube and fell on to the feathery, plump pillows. The silk bed sheets enveloped him like a hug from a loved one, and soothing music, drifting from the speaker, invited him in like an old friend. The overall effect was complete bliss. Despite the room being tiny, it had everything he needed for a peaceful night. Scanning the room one last time before closing his eyes, Brayden drifted into sleep.

Soothed and refreshed, Brayden woke up and glanced out of the window. The train station was already brimming with people, rushing to school and work. Brayden looked at his watch in horror – he needed to leave immediately or else he would be late for school. He leapt out of bed and pushed on the door to get out. “Strange,” he thought, as the door wouldn't budge. He looked around for a button that would let him out, but there was nothing. He started to bang on the door but it was no use – the pod was completely sound-proofed.

His brain was screaming with panic. He was trapped. He had to find a way out of this room.

Before he had time to think any further, the door suddenly swung open and a robot whirred in, its eyes like shining bullets. The robot locked eyes with Brayden who realised something was wrong. Brayden frantically scanned the room for a weapon or something to protect himself with. Hanging on the wall was a large abstract painting. Cogs whirring in his own brain, he tried to remember the coding he had been learning to shut down a machine. At that moment, a metallic noise screeched through the room as a knife shot out from one of the robot's hands.

There was no time to lose. With the painting shielding him, he reached towards the robot to access the keypad on its chest.

The knife in its hand began spinning around at that moment and plunged into his stretched-out arm. The immense pain hurt to his core, but spurred him on with the coding. In desperation, he tapped in a series of numbers into the keypad as the whirring knife got closer to his face. It was inches away. He punched in the last two keys and pressed ENTER. The robot was still standing, towering over him, as menacing as ever.

He glanced down at the blood-soaked bed sheets. The massive tear in his arm was worse than he first thought – it was cut almost down to the bone. Every heartbeat told him that he was alive, at least for now. Feeling the excruciating, burning pain as though it was deep in his soul, he prayed for death to take him away, when at that moment, his thoughts were interrupted.

The robot stared straight through him, and in a monotone voice, it stated, “You are one of many victims, but the closest one to destroy me so far.”

“Who are you?” Brayden heaved. He was out of breath, and the three words were an effort to say, like stones on his lips.

Brayden didn’t have time to register what was happening. His whole body was flooded with pain. Seizing this opportunity, the robot’s hand extended into a knife and lunged at Brayden.

The last sound Brayden heard was his voice answering his question, merely a whisper, “A.I”.

With the body slumped in the corner, the robot methodically opened up a black briefcase and took out a gray metallic chip, inserting it into the tear of Brayden’s arm. SYSTEM ACTIVATED appeared on Brayden’s chest, his eyes shone like bullets, and his entire body turned into metal. His face was the only part that looked vaguely human.

The robot stood up and swiftly whirred out of the room.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Boys' School Primary Division, Yiu, Miles – 9

“Dex!” a loud voice boomed through the hall of Kowloon Medsat school. Dex looked behind him to see his friend Demarco Han running towards him.

“What is it?” Dex screamed, clearly annoyed as Demarco stopped beside him. “I have to get to my dad’s office soon,” said Dex, as he rushed out of the bright neon doors. It was no secret that Dex's father was famous in Hong Kong. He might have even been famous somewhere else in the world. He was the CEO of Machine Corp, the most advanced company in the world, and Dex was the son of the boss! Dex smiled at the thought as he walked through Machine Corp’s giant door and saw a devastating scene.

Every part of the office was filled with debris. The crumpled wall had fallen and fire devoured the room, demolishing everything in its path. Dex crumpled to the floor, his hand burying his face as he, half-blinded, rushed through the corrupted room, barely knowing what he was doing. Where was his father? Dex suddenly saw the dark silhouette of his father appear in the next room. Dex looked at him, his father’s body was limp, crumpled and almost unrecognizable.

He was dead and Dex didn't have time to think about it. Shock and distress now mixed into his emotions. Suddenly, a steady arm seized his neck like a serpent, a bright, yellow cloth was wrapped around his mouth and Dex blacked out.

Dex woke up, his eyes were blurry but he could see a metal gun pointing at him from across the bridge. As his eyes adjusted, he could see nine men, some holding crow bars and some holding dark, black guns. Suddenly, a man in a dark cloak walked close to Dex. The man’s voice was deep as he said, “Are you Dex Wong?” Dex didn’t have enough energy to say anything, but he found a way to nod weakly. The man said, “You must know your past and we are the only ones who know it.”

“Five thousand years ago, in the year of the Dragon, the Emperor made a compass and brought it to battle. It seemed like an unbeatable weapon, guiding its users to the magical North of the Earth. The Emperor’s family turned into the Tong family but there was a servant named Chen Ding. Ding had provided the idea for the compass and the magical magnet it needed. But the Emperor stole Ding’s ideas and his instructions for making the compass, which had a secret component. Ding is one of your ancestors. Your father wanted to steal the compass and give Ding his precious glory back.”

“How??” asked Dex as he fumbled with his words. Would his father do this? Or was it a lie?

“He wanted to steal the treasure, so he hatched a devious plan to steal the compass. It was locked inside a vault constructed by the finest craftsman. It was protected by dangerous traps and there was only one way to get through the tough security. It was to make you a machine—stopping human.”

Dex’s brain was swirling around with all the new things he had learned. The man had told him he was part of a project called “Project Starlight” and that Dex was a time travel entity that could change the fabric of time by itself. Dex asked, “So...so...I'm not human??”

The man answered, “Well, you aren’t actually a robot because you were still an embryo in your mother’s belly. Your father took you out early and your mother went into a coma. Your father made you with the genetics of different humans. The genetically modified human was gone, and your father wiped out every single data about the project and worked on other projects for a couple of years. But we all knew what he wanted to do.”

Suddenly the silhouette of a man appeared.

Dex was horrified.

“It was... you all along!?” The voice echoed, the figure dropped to the ground, tears hitting the floor. It was him all along. All he could think of were three words: betrayal, hate, regret...It was his father.

Dex's brain was buzzing. His father had faked his death! The kidnappers were right! He was evil! His father laughed as he held up a watch with the MACHINE Corp logo on it. Suddenly the kidnapper lunged at his father, but Dex's father took out a gleaming dagger. “MOVE AWAY NOW!” Dex screamed at the man as his father held out his knife. The knife went through the man's body and red liquid trickled down to the floor as the man's eyes rolled up.

“NOOOO!” screamed Dex. Tears trickled down his face as he ran up to his father's face. Dex was horrified, he didn't see his father anymore, he saw a monster. “YOUYOU MONSTER!” Dex pushed his father with all his might. His father wobbled once... wobbled twice... and fell off the bridge.

The floor of the mountain was red as the ambulance picked up the scrunched-up body of Dex's father. Dex sighed as he thought of the day. He still felt bad because he betrayed his father. But he knew it was the right decision.

From Desperation to Innovation

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chan, Cho Kiu Trinity – 10

It was a humid early morning, a door clicked shut and hurried footsteps pounded on the gravel pathway as a man rushed out of his house. Lu-Ban, a renowned architect, was entrusted with an important building project: constructing a new luxurious holiday home for the royal family.

Unfortunately, heavy rainfall in the past few days had caused widespread flooding, so Lu-Ban rushed to the construction site to assess its condition. As soon as he brushed past the cloth covering the site entrance, he gasped in shock. He had anticipated to be greeted by the clamor of a bustling area filled with busy workers, the thumping noises of hammers and the scraping sounds of wood logs being dragged around. However, to his dismay, not a sound could be heard, and not a single worker was in sight – only soaked wood logs scattered across the empty site.

Suddenly, a call echoed across the site: “Master! I’m relieved to see you!” a worker exclaimed, depositing a fresh cart of wood logs.

“Oh Xiao-Zhang! Where’s everyone else?” Lu-Ban demanded.

“I beg your forgiveness, Master,” Zhang said apologetically, “but as you can probably tell, the heavy rainfall has caused damages to the site. We’ve been dismantling what we’ve built so far because rainwater seeped through the floor into the wooden house, destroying most of it. The workers are in the forest now, cutting more wood. But that’s not the worst part of the situation.” Zhang mumbled anxiously. “We’re told that an officer will visit us soon to inspect our progress.”

Lu-Ban was startled. “The emperor might get enraged if he discovers how little progress we’ve made,” he thought, but kept his mouth shut, not wanting to scare Zhang.

Soon, the two of them arrived at a dark and dim hollow, panting, surrounded by pine trees. The air carried an earthy and musky scent. They brushed through low-hanging, rough pine branches to the center of the hollow. The trees gave way to a clearing filled with sweating, red-faced workers swinging rusty and dull axes to chop down the trees. Despite exerting all their strength, they could barely cut one centimeter with each swing. They looked exhausted and stony-faced; their lips pressed together in endurance. Some grumbled under their breath:

“I toil with my bare hands,

No aid from all the lands,

I exert my strength to earn little,

Yet life shatters like a brittle riddle.”

Hearing the grumbling, Lu-Ban’s heart sank, and he realized all their lives were at stake. The workers were innocent, merely seeking to earn enough for basic necessities with bare hands. They deserved respect. Yet, if the emperor was displeased about anything in the holiday home, even a tiny crack in a floorboard, he would execute all of them, including Lu-Ban himself. The weight of the workers’ lives pressed upon him, every action or decision he made could determine all their fates.

“I must find a way to expedite the construction, but what shall I do? What could I do?” Lu-Ban thought fiercely, for he felt a deep sense of responsibility. As he was wandering alone in the forest desperately, lost in thought, he suddenly felt a sharp pain sear his leg.

“Ouch!” Lu-Ban shouted. Brushing away the torn clothing covering his leg, he discovered a long, thin cut oozing blood. Just beside him grew a patch of tall, green, and lush grass.

“How could grasses make such a clean and neat cut?” Lu-Ban muttered. Abruptly, a lightbulb flashed in his head. “Could this be the key to our survival?” Without hesitation, he rapidly sliced off a strand of grass from the patch.

Back in his laboratory, Lu-Ban immediately pulled out a magnifying glass and carefully inspected the grass, not in the least caring about his bleeding wound. To his surprise, he discovered the edges of the grass strand were sharp and jagged, capable of cutting through hard objects. His heart raced with hope and excitement, fueling him with newfound determination. He began prototyping a tool that could harness the cutting power like the jagged grass.

With his mind whirling like a symphony of spinning gears, Lu-Ban grabbed a few sheets of metal and blocks of wood from his scrap materials, swiftly assembling them into a handheld tool with a sturdy wooden handle and a flexible metal blade capable of precision wood cutting.

Hours turned into days as Lu-Ban tirelessly refined his invention, making countless adjustments and iterations. He shut himself in his laboratory, working undisturbed, ignoring his servant who informed him of a guest's arrival or dismissing his wife's request for a meal. He also snapped at his son when the child pleaded for him to play. Without rest and food, after what felt like years, he finally held the finished tool, which would later be known as a saw, in his hands. It was a marvel of craftsmanship, a testament to Lu-Ban's dedication and determination to invent this new tool.

With a sense of anticipation, Lu-Ban rushed back to the forest to demonstrate the use of the saw. He observed the weary expressions etched on the workers' faces; their eyes filled with despair. He picked up a wooden plank and positioned the saw against its surface, effortlessly slicing it in half. The workers gasped in amazement and astonishment, applauding Lu-Ban with admiration. Tears welled up their eyes as they recognized the immense potential of this invention, their gratitude overflowing.

"This tool is a game-changer, Master!" Zhang exclaimed excitedly, and his bloodshot eyes filled with tears as he became overwhelmed with emotion.

Not wanting to waste a second, they promptly distributed the saws to everyone and commenced sawing the wood. Lu-Ban rolled up his sleeves and joined in the work with unwavering resolve. "Let's make things happen!" they all bellowed.

The forest echoed with the screeching sounds of sawing, and the once seemingly annoying noise now brought consolation and renewed confidence to all of them. Together, they hoped to accomplish the construction work safely.

The Time Ring

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chau, Nga Mei Katrina – 10

Jason was an energetic, helpful and righteous boy who lived near Mount Hua. He had brown eyes and black hair that stood up like thin needles. His mouth curved into a smile whenever he saw somebody, which made people think that he was friendly and kind. Jason was very interested in books about Chinese history. His hobby was practising martial arts, so he grew up to be extremely proficient in it.

One day, Jason was hiking in Mount Hua where he found a very pretty ring in a clump of grass. It was a round and light blue ring with sparkling jewels of different colours embedded in the sides. Jason was curious so he slipped the ring onto his index finger. Immediately, the ring glowed and a time tunnel appeared. Jason was sucked into the time tunnel, and as he travelled through, he sensed that the ring was a time ring which would send him to the era of the Yellow Emperor. He emerged from the time tunnel at the same place. Suddenly, there was rustling in the bushes around him, and a group of people wearing armour appeared from the bushes. Each man was drawing a bow aimed at Jason. The sound of hoofbeats appeared, and a man riding on a majestic chestnut brown horse with a mane and tail that looked like fire in the sunlight appeared. He was wearing distinctive armour and a sinister-looking sword hung from his belt. The sight of him gave Jason a feeling of noble demeanour, so he assumed that he was the Yellow Emperor. The Yellow Emperor asked with hostility, “Who are you and what business do you have on our land?”

Jason said, “I come from a faraway place. I mean no harm to you.”

The Yellow Emperor replied, “If that is the case, then I apologise for my rude behaviour. Right now, we are at war with Chiyou, so I thought you were a spy. Why did you come here?”

“Well, I am a traveler,” Jason said. “I plan to travel around the world.” During their conversation, the Yellow Emperor found out that Jason was proficient in martial arts and he was an intellectual as well. He decided to invite Jason to stay in his tribe as a guest and Jason agreed.

During the stay in the tribe, Jason developed a strong friendship with the Yellow Emperor and he felt that the Yellow Emperor was a good leader who was embraced by the people of the tribe. Therefore, he decided to help the Yellow Emperor to fight against Chiyou.

After several weeks, the two tribes were about to battle again. The Yellow Emperor led Jason into the battle. At first, they gained the upper hand and everything seemed to go smoothly. However, one of Chiyou’s generals casted magic and generated a very dense fog. The Yellow Emperor’s forces were lost and couldn’t find each other. Suddenly, Xing Tian, a general of Chiyou, took advantage of the situation and tried to launch a sneak attack on the Yellow Emperor. Nobody could see Xing Tian except Jason, so after yelling a warning to the Yellow Emperor, he swung his sword and stopped Xing Tian’s attack. Xing Tian was shocked that his sneak attack didn’t work, and Jason injured him when he was still feeling surprised, which gave the Yellow Emperor a chance to gather his forces and retreat.

When the Yellow Emperor’s troops retreated to the safety of their base camp, the Yellow Emperor gathered his advisors and discussed how they could navigate the battlefield in the thick fog without disorientation. After a lengthy discussion and several trials, they invented the compass cart. On the cart, there was a pole with a small iron figure on top. The figure always pointed to the south, no matter which direction the cart was facing. Jason suggested that the Yellow Emperor should ask his craftsman Feng Hou to make numerous replicas of the compass cart and assign a compass cart to each group of soldiers. That way, the soldiers could move in whichever direction the Yellow Emperor commanded in the fog without disorientation. The Yellow Emperor thought that Jason’s idea was sensible so he agreed.

Another month flew by, and the Yellow Emperor battled with Chiyou again. Chiyou thought the Yellow Emperor’s troops would never find their way out of the fog so he lowered his guard. Suddenly, the Yellow Emperor’s army burst from the fog, which surprised Chi You and his forces so much that they scattered in all directions and their formation was instantly broken, which gave the Yellow Emperor’s forces a chance to attack. The Yellow Emperor found Chi You and fought with him. In the end, with the Yellow Emperor attacking Chi You and Jason distracting Chi You, Chi You was defeated. When Chi You’s troops found out that their leader was defeated, most of them surrendered and the remaining fled.

Jason was very delighted that the Yellow Emperor won the battle. As he was celebrating with the Yellow Emperor, he noticed that his ring had started to glow. He told the Yellow Emperor, "It's time for me to leave. It was such a pleasure to meet you and fight alongside you."

The Yellow Emperor replied, "I am sorry to see you go. To thank you for being my friend and saving my life in the battle, I would like to give you my compass cart so that you can find your way home if you were lost." After Jason thanked the Yellow Emperor, he went back to Mount Hua and travelled back to the modern world through the time tunnel.

Since then, Jason has become more interested in Chinese history. He used the ring to travel to the past where he met some famous people in Chinese history, including Cai Lun, the first person to make paper, and Bi Sheng, who invented movable type printing. However, that's a story for another day!

A Sparkling Union

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chan, Valerie Joyce – 11

“The New Year is in seven days, and still you have not made the perfect celebration! The first New Year under my reign shall be spectacular enough to go down in history, remembered for centuries to come! What do you not understand, fool?” The furious Emperor Gaozu roared at the poor alchemist Li Tan, slamming a fist on the armrest on his golden throne. Li Tan’s forehead glistened with sweat as his shaking knees knelt before Emperor Gaozu.

“I am sorry, your Highness! I have been working hard for the past weeks. I am nearly done! Please, your Highness, grant me the time to complete my invention!” he pleaded desperately.

“Fine,” Emperor Gaozu grumbled, “but if your creation is any less grand than I expect...” he gave Li Tan a piercing glare that he withered under. “It will be the end of you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, your Highness.” Li Tan stuttered under Emperor Gaozu’s gaze. Sweat was visible on his forehead, and he was shaking with fear of the emperor’s words.

“Then go now. Work on what you have, and bring it to me once it is complete!” Emperor Gaozu demanded. The man left as fast as his legs could carry him. He rushed home, knowing this could be the last thing he would ever make if it did not turn out exactly as he envisioned it.

After two restless days and nights, Li Tan had tried and failed multiple times. On the first attempt, he had created a small spark, but it wasn’t nearly enough for a spectacle. On the second, it had almost burned down his house. On the third, it simply combusted, taking his table with it. Finally, he was conducting the test for his fourth, the one he was most confident of so far.

Cautiously, he removed the paper wrapping and brought it to his yard, knowing that this was the moment of truth—if it failed, the cost would be his life. He struck the tip of a match, holding the flame to the fuse...

...and watched as it exploded in a beautiful shower of sparks. Relieved and proud, confident that it would be exactly what the emperor wanted, he dedicated the remaining four days towards replicating the fourth formula, returning to the palace with his inventions. He rushed to the foot of Emperor Gaozu with one of them in his hands, lifting it above his head as he knelt.

“This is my invention, your Highness. I will name them fireworks!” announced Li Tan excitedly.

Just as he’d thought, the emperor was very pleased with the invention and agreed that they’d be perfect for the occasion. As the final day before New Year’s Day passed, a spectacular show was prepared with the fireworks. All the citizens of the kingdom were informed that there was to be much celebration and partying in honour of the first new year in the reign of Emperor Gaozu. The servants laid out the fireworks so that each type was in a specific spot, making sure that they would create exactly what the emperor wanted them to. Men were assigned to stand next to them, match in hand, to light the fuse once Emperor Gaozu’s trusted men gave the command.

That night as the clock struck twelve, Emperor Gaozu sat on a golden chair as he gave the order to his men. The fireworks were so flashy that they could be seen from far away, flaunting their beauty as a way of celebrating the great Emperor Gaozu.

One traveler, a man who had been away from home in an attempt to pursue a better career at the government through a public exam, saw the sparkling display. It had been years since he had last returned to his home, but it felt like only yesterday when he’d first left behind his teary-eyed family to travel abroad for the exam. Although he had never seen anything of the sort, the fireworks still triggered memories deep in him. He remembered times from long, long ago as if they were only yesterday. A single warm tear slid down his face as he watched the colourful explosions.

The fireworks exploded into the air one by one, forming beautiful showers of sparks. The officials, impressed by Emperor Gaozu’s excellent celebration, drank and were amused by guzheng performances that had been prepared for

the occasion. Families stared in awe, gathering to watch the magnificent display. Some kind restaurant owners generously shared food with the lonely and the poor as a blessing for the new year as they admired the show. Lovers met under the bursts of flashing light, sharing an intimate moment together.

The Emperor was very pleased with the grand celebration throughout the city, knowing that this would signify to other kingdoms that his empire was strong, and the light would put them under the spotlight of the world. He too enjoyed himself, toasting with the officials.

Li Tan watched the fireworks with pride, feeling amazed at the beauty of his own work. From his home, he could see Emperor Gaozu chatting merrily with the officials around him. He was glad that the Emperor and citizens alike were enjoying the spectacular fireworks show, which he had contributed much time and effort to make a reality.

As the celebration and partying continued throughout the city, the traveler pictured his reunion with his family. Some were demonstrating kindness towards those in need, and others were gathering with their loved ones. The fireworks had not just achieved the purpose of celebrating the New Year—they had brought people back together.

Ice Cream—the Voice of Qi Lin

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Cheung, Nga Ting Elana – 11

As the sun rose over the mountain, casting a golden hue over everything and marking the start of the day, the Jewel of the Mountain awoke too, sending doors opening and voices shouting, 'Another day's begun!' Those that had already woken walked between houses, waking those that were still in sweet slumber. Everyone knew each other, with houses interlocked closely together, like a symbol of the strong friendship in Zhaji Village.

Today was a very busy day. All the villagers of Zhaji Village gathered next to the Well of Jewels, preparing themselves for the meeting that Emperor Tang called to make a refreshing dessert during the summer. My husband was Xiao Bao, a worker of the emperor, so I had to prepare him for the meeting too. I saw the workers waiting apprehensively next to the well. Moments later, a resounding gong sounded through the thick air, and a voice roared, 'All bow to Emperor Tang the Great!'

Emperor Tang was accompanied by eight helpers who walked by his side, fanning him with delicate silk-lacquered fans. He wore a yellow silk robe, and was tall and forbidding. The way he carried himself seemed like he was born to the throne. I led the villagers to a deep curtsy.

'The weather now is unbearably hot. Can't you make a refreshing treat?' demanded the emperor, ignoring me, just another tall lady in his eyes. Many of the workers glanced at each other warily, seemingly scared of a normal emperor that had sweat on his forehead, suffering from the heat just like any other human being.

Then, my husband, Xiao Bao, stood up and bowed. Slowly, he explained how he proposed to make a cold milk-flour dish. I smiled. He must have gotten the idea from the dessert I made for him yesterday afternoon. Upon hearing Xiao Bao's suggestion, Emperor Tang ordered fifteen men to make him a dish of this cold mixture. As they took a bucket and followed after the emperor, I, once again, led the remaining villagers of Zhaji Village to silently disperse, as if we were nothing but the wind.

I was taking care of my youngest son, Xiao Xiao, when two strong, burly men pushed open my door. I was terrified, but I carefully let it not show on my face. Taking a deep, calming breath, I asked, 'What do you want?'

They said, 'Emperor Tang the Great demands for your recipe.'

I was told to leave Xiao Xiao behind to see the emperor, but I refused, and brought him with me. Before long, I was taken into the grandeur of the palace, and in front of me was His Royal Majesty. I swept into a deep curtsy.

'Your Royal Majesty, the dish was an overcooked rice pudding, made with extra milk.'

'In that case,' Emperor Tang thundered, 'Make me a new dish again.' I hurried forward. 'Please, your Royal Majesty, please let me help them.'

Emperor Tang spun around on his throne, and made a dismissing motion. 'You? A woman? Help? What are you thinking of? Guards! Take her to the ladies' room, with my wives.'

I allowed the strong, burly men to take me away once again, against my will. However, just after a few minutes, I couldn't take it much longer. I went to the direction of the emperor's room. Seconds later, I heard Emperor Tang say, 'Smooth, but tasteless.'

I peeked in through a small opening, and saw the fifteen men look at each other, shrug and say, 'I'm sorry, Your Majesty. Perhaps the lady with long black hair and dark eyes can help.'

I came to the hall and curtsied once again. 'Your Royal Majesty, I have some ideas for experiments. May I help the men?' Emperor Tang looked at me once again, his stare like hard, cold stones.

A small voice rang out. 'The dessert my mum made for me was very delicious. Please trust her, Your Royal Majesty.' It was Xiao Xiao.

'Oh, very well, you ludicrous woman,' Emperor Tang hissed.

Over muddy, grimy floors, we scrambled here and there, trying to find the perfect ingredients to add flavour to the cold rice pudding. First, we tried adding ginger, until our faces burned and sweated in the chiliness. Then, we tried adding pepper, but that tasted disgusting. Before throwing another spice in, I called the fifteen men over.

‘ Since we tried two different spices that are salty, and that didn’t taste good, let’s try something sweet!’ I said. One of the workers yelled, ‘I’ve got it! Honey! There are many beehives in the palace garden, and three of us will go and get some honey!’ I led the remaining men to experiment with sweeter things, such as cinnamon and fruits. After adding them in, we all agreed that the dish lacked a bit of sweetness. Finally, the three men arrived, carrying a porcelain cup of honey. We poured it into the mixture, and displayed it as a perfectly round scoop of overcooked rice pudding with a beautiful drizzle of golden, shimmering honey on the top. Around it was a vast variety of fruits, surrounding it like a colourful wreath. As we looked at it, at last, I felt that we had something that just might please Emperor Tang and surely children like Xiao Xiao.

As we headed into the hall once again, and offered the dish to Emperor Tang, he took the spoon and scooped a bit. His face wrinkled as he placed the spoon into his mouth. Then, his face completely changed into utter joy, so much that it was slightly eerie.

‘Amazing!’ he cried. ‘ Stupendous, brilliant, wonderful, amazing! Did I say amazing? You are given permission to be the leader of the ice men. Your dish will be named Bing Qi Lin, under your name, and you will have 94 men working under you.’

I smiled in wonder, thanking Emperor Tang wholeheartedly.

The Legendary Spice

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Cheung, Sin Ting – 9

“This is gunpowder,” droned Teacher Kevin. He held up a handful of grayish powder. “This was just invented by the genius Wei Boyang, the ‘father of alchemy.’” The slow *tong, tong* of the bell announced the end of temple teaching day. Cindy groaned. To her, the temple teaching day was the only day of the week she got to know what was happening in her *own country*. Alas, the Emperor did not allow anyone to know too much of anything so he remained superior.

As the children streamed out in an orderly line, Cindy heard a girl complaining about the temple food. “I mean,” scoffed the girl, “It’s so bleak and tasteless! I wonder what the cook there does with our food.”

Cindy gritted her teeth. With her mother as the temple cook, and people always complaining about the food there, the Emperor had already sent some men to faraway countries for spices. Couldn’t these people appreciate that her mother was trying very hard to make good food with *no* good spices? Furious, Cindy was marching back home when an idea struck her like a lightning bolt. *I can make a spice and help my mother!* Suddenly excited, Cindy skipped back home, her ebony curls whipping around her head, daydreaming about being famous.

Cindy dashed into the kitchen as soon as she’d changed out of her formal robe. She knew that some spices already existed in China, but didn’t have a strong enough taste. However, Cindy knew that an explosion of flavor was what everyone needed. She wanted sweetness to be the main flavor, but some sourness and spiciness too. What tasted sweet? Spicy? Sour? It was then that Cindy realized she didn’t know the first thing about Chinese ingredients, and that she had to get a book on cookery. There was only one place she could possibly get one – The palace.

The palace was huge, towering above the heads of the people. It was like a fortress, but a million times huger. The magnificent temple-like structure stretched across the horizon, silhouetted by the sunset. The gate towers reached up to the sky, piercing the clouds in the orange sky. The gates were guarded by nearly a hundred guards in red uniforms, and possibly more on the tower overlooking this side of the palace. It had been a long journey from Zhengzhou to Xi’an, even though Zhengzhou was one of the closest places to Xi’an.

As the sun slowly went down the mountain and the sky turned shades of deep red and blue, Cindy shrieked loudly and suddenly. Then, she imitated a man’s voice and roared, “Enemies! The Huns are here!” Then she repeated in several other voices and blew into a trumpet. Her distraction worked. The soldiers started streaming into battle formation. It was now or never. Cindy raced into the castle, praying nobody would notice her in the havoc. She had done her research and knew precisely where the royal library was. Knowing that she didn’t have much time before someone realized this was a trick and everyone returned to their duties, she ran up the stairs two at a time. She burst through the grand doors and skidded to a halt next to the cookery shelf. She took everything on spices and put them in her bag. Then, she ran back out of the castle, screamed some more to make sure the panic didn’t subside before she got away, and disappeared as she ran down the mountain, leaving behind the castle in disarray.

After devouring the books, Cindy raced to the kitchen. After pondering, she’d decided to add cinnamon for the spiciness, star anise and fennel seeds for the sweetness and Sichuan peppercorns for the sourness. *The kitchen only has fennel seeds, though...* and it was then that a reckless, dangerous plan formed in her mind.

Cinnamon and Sichuan peppercorns were easy enough to acquire since it could be found in the public kitchens. The tricky part was taking some from the public kitchen, but it wasn’t guarded, so it wouldn’t be very hard. Besides, she knew the kitchen better than anyone after spending a lifetime there.

Cindy walked casually into the public kitchen as everyone was getting their lunch. She heard some grumbles in the crowd about the bleak taste of all the food and thought happily of how she could solve that soon. Then, as she stepped into the dark storage room, her mind sobered up quickly as it returned to the task at hand. Slowly and quietly, Cindy crept in the long shadows, hoping nobody would come in. She slowly opened each shelf, wincing at every creak of the old wood boards. Finally, she found the things she needed and slipped out of the back door. After her eyes adjusted once more to the bright afternoon sunlight, she quickly ran back home.

Now Cindy had the cinnamon, fennel seeds and the Sichuan peppercorns, but she was missing the most important ingredient— star anise. Cindy knew that star anise could only be found in the wild, so she went to her 16-year-old brother Jimmy for help. Luckily, Jimmy had a friend who lived near a forest, so Cindy packed her bags and prepared for a long, long journey.

Jimmy's friend was a nice young woman called Amelia, with light brown hair and a kind face. She had already collected the star anise by the time Cindy arrived, and so Cindy decided to make her spice on the spot. She took out the mortar and pestle and started to grind the ingredients into a powder. She took out a spoon and tasted it. Her eyes widened at the sudden explosion of flavor—spiciness and sweetness and sour all melting onto her tongue in a glorious combination of flavor. The second blast of tastes hit, and Cindy was overwhelmed by the woody, tangy, sweet, licorice-like taste. The plain ingredients suddenly seemed legendary. After relentless effort and bold determination, the spice was everything Cindy could have hoped for!

Eternal Flames of Love

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chow, Cherlin – 12

Panting, Li Qing trembled as beads of sweat dripped down her forehead, mingling with the dirt and grime. Surrounding her were steep cliffs and jagged mountains, their weathered faces marked by time. Within her, a fierce determination burned like a stubborn flame as she climbed.

In her exhausted state, the whispering wind took on her mother's weakened voice; "Daughter, it is almost time for me to go..." Qing knew her mother's life hung by a thread, yet she clung to a sliver of hope. She would exhaust all means to save her mother, who had brought her up on her own, enduring all the hardships along the way. The aid of Master Wang, a renowned alchemist, became her last resort. Eccentric and reclusive, Master Wang lived in a hidden mountain cave, almost unreachable. Still, she believed that he could help Mother; for that, she persevered.

Hauling herself up over the final cliff, Qing arrived at the mouth of the cave. Carved delicately onto a gnarled rock were the words "Temple of Alchemy". Despite the excitement of this discovery, weariness enveloped her. Stumbling, Qing crossed the dimly lit threshold.

Inside, melting candles lined the walls, emitting a dull but warm glow. A dark-clothed apprentice walked out, his face solemn. "Who are you?" Falling to her knees, Qing half-weeped as she stuttered, "My mother is dying, and only Master Wang's Immortality Panacea can help her! I have travelled for weeks to—" The apprentice's face grew cold. "Women are not allowed in this sacred place. Leave." Qing hung her head in despair. For a moment, her resolve wavered. When she lifted her head, her jaw was set, and so was her mind. She turned and walked out of the cave with a plan.

As night fell like a veil over the valley, Qing snuck back into the temple. She slipped behind a rock and observed with bated breath as Master Wang meticulously measured ingredients with a practiced grace. Seizing the opportunity when a gust of wind made the candles flicker, Qing reached out and pocketed a small amount of the grounded powders: saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. With Master Wang's back turned, Qing slipped away into the night, arriving at the village before dawn broke over the trees. Working quickly under the cover of darkness and drawing on her memories of Master Wang's methods, she concocted the mixture that she believed would save her mother's life.

As it simmered, the air was infused with an intoxicating blend of medicine and powder. A sudden pop made Qing whirl around, knocking the cauldron over. The mixture frothed and effervesced, echoing the fear that bubbled up in her stomach. Instinct kicked in, and she swiftly jumped out the window, scrambling to safety. Inside, the concoction had spilt into the roaring fire. With a loud *BANG*, it exploded, engulfing the house in flames that threatened to lick the sky. Fear, desperation, and terror tore at her heart. Moments later, she fainted as the house crumbled before her eyes.

As the first rays of dawn kissed the horizon, a shivering Qing, lying in a pile of tangled mess, was discovered by villagers drawn to the now-smouldering house. The villagers chimed in enthusiastically, "It looked like thunder—no! Lightning that set the house on fire!" and, "That foreign girl was behind this!" while pointing accusingly at Qing. A hush fell over the crowd as Lee Wen – a rather fierce and clever military commander – strolled authoritatively onto the site. He prowled the ruins, his keen eyes taking in the damage. What had caught his attention was the sheer, destructive power of the explosion.

Stopping abruptly in front of a cowering Qing, his eyes gleamed as he saw in her the potential for making a weapon to be used against the country's enemies. Then, by force, Lee Wen brought Qing to the Imperial Court. Numb from the night's events, Qing followed silently. But in her heart and soul, all she could think about was her dying mother.

How surprised was she, when instead of being thrown into a cell, she was asked to bow at the Emperor's feet? Little had she known that the Emperor, after learning of the explosion created by Qing, wanted her to work with Lee Wen to develop a powerful weapon in exchange for her freedom.

Qing laboured for months on end, running one experiment after the next. In time, she and Lee Wen discovered the precise combination of three thoroughly blended ingredients that was needed. This explosive mixture could then be used to fire cannonballs at their enemies with great force and over large distances. Qing smiled, hope filling her soul. Her work here was finally done.

As Qing presented her ground-breaking discovery to the Emperor, she heard the praise in his voice, cool as a mountain stream. “Li Qing, I name you the very first woman military officer. You have created gunpowder, the most important discovery in human history. What might I give you in exchange? Gold? Land?” The Emperor asked. “Emperor, I wish to return home to my mother,” Qing whispered, quietly. Thus, with a benevolent smile, her simple wish was granted.

When Qing finally returned home, she found only her mother’s ashes. Fearing contagion, the villagers had cremated her upon death. Seeing the small urn where her mother’s ashes lay, Qing’s heart shattered, and tears cascaded down her cheeks.

Her hands trembling, she reached into her pocket and found a small paper tube of gunpowder. Placing them in her mother’s urn, she threw in a lit match. Fireworks exploded in the night sky, reaching to the heavens. Tears glistened on Qing’s cheeks; she had fulfilled her mother’s dying wish—being sent to the heavens.

“Forgive me, Mother, for time has slipped from my grasp. But know that you will forever remain the radiant star that illuminates my darkest nights; the fireworks that paint my sky. I love you, Mother.”

Triumphs and Trials of Teleportation

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chun, Yui Chi Hailey – 9

The clock struck noon and all Ed's peers dashed to the cafeteria for lunch. Ed didn't follow them as he wasn't hungry and planned to look at the TeleSet.

Ed was a student in the Chinese University of Hong Kong (CUHK). He excelled in Technology, Engineering and Physics. Recently, his faculty professor, Professor Lau, entered a nationwide competition held in China, called 'Let's Go Green'. The theme was to invent a transportation that wouldn't generate any carbon dioxide.

Professor Lau's invention, the TeleSet, contained a helmet-like TeleBrainTransmitter and a circular TelePad as big as a pizza. Together, they would transport you to any destination only if you put the Transmitter on, standing on the Pad and while thinking of your destination. Since it would teleport you somewhere, it wouldn't generate any carbon dioxide. When Professor Lau asked him to check the invention for mistakes, Ed was thrilled.

Ed examined the set thoroughly and carefully to check for errors and mistakes. His professor had trusted him with this, and he couldn't fail. When he was inspecting a button, his elbow brushed another button, and an idea came to Ed's mind. What if he had turned the TeleSet on and 'accidentally' tried it? Ed stepped onto the TelePad and put on the TeleBrainTransmitter. He was about to think of his home when he spotted a Chinese dragon action-figure on the table. Ed peered at it and forgot to think of his destination! Boom!

The TelePad transported him to a vast, dark room. There were inventions in the room and all of them were made by Chinese inventors, such as the compass. Ed dusted off the first ever printing set.

"OI! LEAVE MASTER W-DRAGON'S STUFF ALONE!" barked a giant man. Ed froze. He then made a run for it in vain, clutching the TeleSet under his arm. The giant grabbed him and took him to a door made of pure gold with a black dragon engraved on it, knocking five times.

"Come in," a voice like a snake hissing answered. The giant kicked the door open and deposited Ed gently on a leather armchair. The giant seemed strangely intimidated now that he was in this room. He grunted what sounded like a goodbye.

"Young man, what brings you to my Dragon Temple?" questioned the man with the snakelike voice serenely. Ed stared. He could deduce that this man adored dragons and China, for tattoos of black Chinese dragons and red fish snaked around his right arm. He was wearing a black Kung Fu uniform emblazoned with a golden dragon. It was Wicked Dragon, an infamous WeChat hacker! People just called the hacker W-Dragon. Ed was horrified. He was in trouble.

"Erm, I-I-I was testing a t-tele... PHONE in my lab, and it malfunctioned and brought me here for no reason at all," replied Ed cautiously, trying to keep calm.

"I see. Here, have some tea and dumplings," offered W-Dragon maliciously. Ed took them cautiously. He was surprised W-Dragon didn't think Ed was suspicious.

"Tell me, what is this 'telephone' you speak of?" W-Dragon continued, holding a cup of tea. His expression was not at all tense and he was smiling like a shark does before it eats you.

"Boy, telephones are used for communication. Unless you are talking about a TELEPORTING telephone. LET ME SEE!" W-Dragon demanded. Ed gulped with uncertainty. He still had the TeleSet, but would it be right to give W-Dragon a look in exchange for freedom? W-Dragon would probably execute him if he didn't hand the TeleSet over, so Ed passed the TeleSet to W-Dragon. He examined it with great interest.

"Young man," he said at last. "Would the price of freedom and a million Hong Kong dollars appeal to you for this worthless pad and helmet?"

Ed agreed it sounded appealing. He slowly let go of the TeleSet then a millisecond later, snatched it back. "It's mine," replied Ed firmly.

"How about a mansion?" offered W-Dragon.

“Nope,” rejected Ed. “If you don’t set me free, I’ll text my mum and the world that you have me captive.”

W–Dragon sighed. Then he shrugged carelessly. Ed remained collected. W–Dragon whistled and a dozen of hunky guards wearing uniforms identical to his own ran to his aid.

“Chase this child,” commanded the hacker, and the wild goose chase began. Ed forced a window open, hugging the TeleSet to his chest and dashed out. The guards followed. They were bulky, but they were cunning.

“STOP! IN THE NAME OF QIN SHI HUANG!” yelled the head guard, the giant who had caught Ed earlier.

“The guy’s dead!” called Ed. The guards chased him onto the roof. Ed was cornered and he was balancing like a tightrope walker on a Chinese–style curved roof. Below him were four guards, on his left four guards and on his right four. Ed wobbled. Ed wanted to cry. How did he get himself into this mess? Then he began to look for a way to escape. *No, I can’t outrun them. I’ll do that only when pigs fly*, Ed thought desperately.

That’s it! There were no guards above him! He could fly out of W–Dragon’s hideout and never associate with him anymore! The problem was how. Ed didn’t have wings like a dragon.

Then Ed thought of the TeleSet in his hands. “Back off!” he hollered at the guards, placing the TelePad on the roof carefully and putting the TeleBrainTransmitter on.

CUHK. I want to go back to CUHK, Ed thought with all his might.

BOOM!!! He was back in the Science Centre, safe and sound.

Ed wiped his brow. It was sweaty. *Should I tell anyone? Will I get detention from Professor Lau if I tell her? But if I don’t tell her, W–Dragon will continue hacking people!* Ed thought. It was so contradicting! Eventually, Ed decided to leave W–Dragon to his antique collecting and his WeChat hacking because he didn’t want anything to do with the hacker anymore.

Gazing Across Time

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Chung, Chi Hang – 10

The clock struck noon and all Ed's peers dashed to the cafeteria for lunch. Ed didn't follow them as he wasn't hungry and planned to look at the TeleSet.

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A Dog Language Translator

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Ho, Ming Shum Anna – 11

Sum Kei, an eight-year-old little girl living in Shanghai, was desperate to be able to understand her dog. She observed Mei Mei's every movement, from sleeping to digging holes in the backyard, hoping that she would uncover the mystery of a dog's "morse code".

Sum Kei dreamt of being able to read Mei Mei's mind, hoping that Mei Mei could speak. When she was little, Sum Kei made a vow in her heart that she would find a way for humans to understand dog language, just for Mei Mei. She was determined not to break that vow. Indeed, she did not.

Sum Kei walked out of animal psychology university with a PhD. She was determined to start working on her invention. Her goal was to invent a small, wearable machine for the dog, as she didn't want the machine to be too bulky and large.

Sum Kei spent years in her Dog Behaviour Centre in Shanghai, researching on how to make the machine of her dreams. Many other scientists had tried to discourage her, saying that many other scientists before her had failed, and it was impossible to invent such a machine. Did Sum Kei give up? No, of course she didn't. She did not even think about giving up. She kept going, for the sake of the vow she made for her deceased Mei Mei.

One evening, Sum Kei was packing up for the day. For the first time in her life, she felt useless and discouraged.

"What if all my work was just for nothing?" sighed Sum Kei miserably. "What if I'll never be able to accomplish my goal? Oh, Mei Mei... I can't believe I've failed you!" Sum Kei cried in despair, her head in her hands, with rivers flowing down her cheeks. Had she really failed Mei Mei?

Sum Kei's new dog, Hua Hua, heard her and immediately ran to her side. She wrapped herself around her master's legs and made whining noises. An idea hit Sum Kei like cold water on her face.

She dashed to her computer, typing furiously. Her tears veiled her eyes in a white fog, and she brushed the droplets from her eyes impatiently.

"Why hadn't I thought of that before? Why am I so stupid?" Sum Kei felt ashamed with herself for giving up so easily. Dogs could communicate with noises and sounds! If she used laser microphones to intercept the sound waves that the dog makes, then use a neuro-translator and just modify it to be able to translate dog speech...oh, and also attach it to a vest for the dog to wear...add mini speakers to the vest for immediate AI translation...

Sum Kei worked late into the night, working hard to make a brighter future not only for pet owners, but for their furry companions, too.

The day of the big reveal of Sum Kei's new invention finally arrived. Sum Kei stepped onto the stage, her heart pounding against her ribcage, one trembling hand holding Hua Hua's leash.

"I'm doing this for Mei Mei and Hua Hua. I'm doing this for Mei Mei and Hua Hua," she gave herself a pep talk. Sum Kei's mind instantly filled with images of her beloved dogs: Mei Mei's happy, playful expression sharing the carefreeness of their childhood together... Hua Hua's serene and wise eyes comforting her distressed soul... "I can do this. For both of my dogs!" thought Sum Kei, and she was immediately filled with confidence.

"Good afternoon, everybody. I have invented a revolutionary creation that will change the life of dog owners and their pets! In fact, once we launch this amazing piece of clothing for dogs, they can come in different sizes for our other smaller, or bigger furry friends..." she announced grandly.

The crowd hung onto her every word, mesmerised by her mysterious tone.

"I have invented a wearable dog-language translator! Attached to the vest are built in neuro-translators and speakers for translating in world-time. Since the laser microphones are padded with soft foam, the dogs do not feel any discomfort when wearing the vest. Also, I have created EarPods for the dogs that emit artificial brain waves translated from human language to dog language, so that they understand what we are saying and can have an active conversation with you..."

As Sum Kei was explaining her invention, a billionaire listened attentively, thinking about the business opportunities that he could make with her invention. As the scientist slipped a vest onto Hua Hua, the billionaire made up his mind, vanishing into the shadows of the hall.

Meanwhile, Sum Kei was demonstrating her invention.

“Hello, Hua Hua! What did you have for lunch today?” asked Sum Kei, praying that Hua Hua would respond.

“Well,” said Hua Hua, making the crowd gasp in disbelief, “I ate a bowl of dog food, and I also picked up the piece of pineapple that you dropped on the floor when you were eating your pizza.”

“Naughty Hua Hua!” exclaimed Sum Kei, though she was actually sighing in relief that her invention had worked. “Anyways, that’s just a taste of the dog translator! Who knows, maybe we can translate the speech of every animal one day!”

Thunderous applause rang across the whole hall as the triumphant scientist stepped off the stage. Suddenly, the billionaire walked up to her, introducing himself. He was part of a famous company that developed expensive tech. He wanted to buy Sum Kei’s invention and sell it to the world.

However, Sum Kei refused firmly, “I’m sorry, sir. I’m afraid my invention is not for sale.”

That night, Sum Kei lay in bed, hugging Hua Hua close, relishing the happy day in her mind. However, she wasn’t thinking of how she pleased the crowd or how she could earn a lot of money with the translator.

“The future is bright! Mei Mei and Hua Hua, thank you. Thank you for making my life meaningful. I have finally fulfilled my vow to you.”

A Future Saviour from China

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Hung, Cheuk Yi – 11

China has a long and fruitful history of agriculture, dating back to the Xia dynasty. The country has been growing crops like wheat, tea leaves, cotton, potatoes, and millet for centuries. To make the job extra efficient, China has produced much agricultural technology, such as harvester robots and monitoring computers. But the greatest and least predictable challenge of all is extreme weather, as even the smartest farms and machinery cannot operate well in tornadoes, record-breaking rainfall, droughts and scorching heat waves produced by global warming. But now, farmers can breathe a sigh of relief, for your hard work will not be wasted anymore, because in this article, I will introduce you to a future invention from China that you will surely find exhilarating – the superb Sponge Plant. According to China's experiences and famous innovations of creativity, the idea of this plant may be bred and become a reality one day!

The Sponge Plant is an emerald-green plant that looks like a miniature beanstalk with pink flowers. The procedure of planting this plant is absolutely effortless – just put its flowers into a pot filled with soil, and water it once every two days. The Sponge Plant will be fully grown in a week. There is no need for any fertiliser, nor any tender care for it. The first week of its life must be like living in the wild, so that it can adapt to the qualities of the outside world for the rest of its life. If the plant is a one hundred percent success, it will even be capable of growing in sand and rock, and it will easily flourish alongside any street and areas which are prone to flooding.

The Sponge Plant is a mutated, cross-breeded beanstalk with a moon cactus and sapling of an oak tree. To create this, you must propagate them in an indoor area with a specific humidity and only oxygen in the air. The age of the three plants must be similar. To increase the chance of a victorious breed, you may add a pinch of cornflour and Himalayan pink salt. Although this experiment might only have a slight possibility of succeeding, with the patience and perseverance of Chinese inventors and scientists, we can definitely expect a favourable outcome.

Despite its small size, this plant can absorb large amounts of water, up to one hundred litres each time it floods. Surprisingly, it does not need a lot of water to live, as it only absorbs it. As the water is being sucked up, the plant grows taller and works as a filter. The bacteria and dirt are digested by the plant, and the remains become compost for it. The filtered water can be squeezed out through the leaves that have turned into a darker shade and be reused, making it an ideal solution for cities that often face water scarcity.

Moreover, the Sponge Plant is eco-friendly, as it can purify and humidify the air twenty times more effectively than a regular tree, such as oaks and aspens, helping to lessen the inflation of global warming and temperature. The flowers of the plant are edible and nutritious; the sap of this is drinkable too – imagine you could just poke a small straw into its stem and taste the sweetness and freshness of the natural juice! Unlike other trees, the Sponge Plant only needs a few roots to stabilise itself and will not topple over easily. It is soft and light, like a standing-up jelly, and will not cause any harm if it collapses, unlike other plants that have created significant damage in the past because of extreme weather events.

In addition to its water-filtering and environmentally friendly abilities, the Sponge Plant has numerous other uses. If a leaf is dried, it expands and transforms into a paper-like material with a smooth texture, ideal for crafting clothing. If the leaves and stems are woven together, they can create a durable binding material suitable for use in construction.

By planting this plant on a larger scale, we can create a cleaner and better environment and say goodbye to global warming. Embracing this plant can make the world a better place, a home where we can enjoy the benefits of this plant wherever we go. Let's wait for the arrival of this great hero of China!

The Great Invention of The Mysterious Ear Pods

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Lai, Jacey – 11

Down at the lab, formulas were written all over the walls, every inch of space was covered in what could be considered a foreign language; mixed chemicals, potions and failed experiments were placed all over the gigantic desk. Wendy scratched her head as she examined all the chemicals one by one. She desperately wanted to make a pair of noise frequency ear pods because after her beloved grandma's death. Wendy's dog Bing was always jumping and barking. Wendy felt that this was extremely odd as Bing was normally very quiet and still. The noise frequency ear pods are able to make humans hear things only animals can, so Wendy will be able to solve this mystery. She was so desperate about this that it was becoming increasingly irrational and she no longer believed that sleeping was necessary.

After three whole months of hard work and dedication, Wendy finally fitted the final item onto the ear pods. She was over the moon as according to her calculations, she did everything correctly and the ear pods shall work perfectly fine. Wendy took a huge, deep breath and put the two ear pods in her ears. Suddenly, she heard Bing whining again, she rushed towards it to hear what was happening. Then a mysterious voice came from nowhere, it said, "Wendy, sweet Wendy, come to me." Wendy was petrified and puzzled hearing all of this. The unknown voice kept on going until Wendy couldn't stand it and took off the ear pods: She was panting so hard as if a fierce cheetah was chasing after her and she felt her heart beating so fast and hard that it was about to jump out of her chest! Wendy thought and thought, and then she suddenly realized that the voice was her grandma's. It looked like she wanted to tell Wendy something. Wendy raced to Grandma's secret room to see if she left anything behind before her tragic death. The mysterious room was dim and there was an ancient portrait of Wendy's great grandfather during the Qing Dynasty. The bed was very grand with paintings of dragons on the bed sheets; it was so massive that it was big enough for the entire village to sleep on. Valuable, obsolete jewelries were lying on the wooden table with a petite vase having dried and dead Peonies in it. Spider webs were all over the ceiling and mice ran around, squealing. Wendy shivered, as she went in, the room gave her goose bumps. Then, she put on the ear pods, but instead of hearing her grandmother, she instantly had a vision. There, she saw something horrible. Wendy's face turned pale and immediately ran to the dark, frightening forest. She went missing and was never found afterwards.

Fifty years passed by, a hunter was striding by the exact forest Wendy went missing in. After a few miles of hunting deep in the forest, the hunter found a dead body of a young girl on the soft grass. Maggots covered her flesh and wounds and animals ate parts of her. What truly happened? The hunter was petrified, so he called the police and ambulance immediately. Dead Wendy was carried away and the ear pods she was wearing was taken away by scientists. After years of research, they found out that Wendy was a genius because the ear pods she made would actually change peoples' lives forever. Later, Wendy was buried in Jiuzhai Valley National Park – her favorite place and won the Nobel Prize for Physics. She was buried with her prize.

This unknown story was retold for centuries, but nobody was able to figure out what Wendy saw in the vision and the cause of her death. Since then, the ear pods were remade to billions of copies and were sold all around the world, so people can hear a lot more noise frequency. But to this day, the death of Wendy remains a mystery. What truly happened to her?

An Unexpected Journey

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Lee, Hoi Tung – 9

Diana and her fellow groupmates were feeling a bit challenged by their science teacher's latest project. Mrs. Fung, their science teacher, had assigned them the task of predicting the "future inventions" of China. The students were unsure where to start and how to gather information about the latest advancements.

After school, Diana and her group went to the park to discuss their plans for the project. They soon started arguing about what to do first. Suddenly, they felt a small gust of wind hit them. They whirled around, surprised, and they saw a woman wearing a lab coat. She was holding a green umbrella with five different colored buttons on it.

"Hello, children, I couldn't help but overhear your conversation," she said. "My name is Dr. Jenny, and I can offer my assistance."

Diana asked cautiously, "How can you help us, Dr. Jenny?"

The woman smiled warmly and replied, "This umbrella I'm holding is a time traveling machine. It can take us to the future to witness future inventions firsthand and gather information for your project."

The children agreed eagerly. Dr. Jenny motioned the children to hold her hand. Then she pressed the red button, and the umbrella opened. It spun and spun, and their surroundings blurred.

In an instant, their surroundings changed into a busy city. The city looked like it was made entirely out of glass, and there were a lot of strange looking buildings everywhere.

"Where are we?" Diana asked, marveling at the glorious sight.

"Welcome to year 2100!" Dr. Jenny said proudly. "This is Beijing, the capital of China. I brought you here because there's an interesting place which may give ideas on your project."

Dr. Jenny hailed a taxi to take them to a large building. As soon as they arrived, Dr. Jenny opened the heavy glass doors for the children to go in. She said that she would not accompany them because she had other matters to attend to.

"Remember, press this yellow button on the time traveling machine when you are done." She handed Diana the "umbrella" and left without another word.

The children went inside, puzzled. They soon recognized this building as a modern factory. They saw a long line of robots gathered around a conveyor belt. Suddenly, the belt started to spin. A smart-looking car rolled along and a group of robots holding different tools gathered around the car and started to attach wings to it. After the work was done, the car rolled along the track and headed to another group of robots. A woman walked up behind Diana and told her that these were the company's best-sold invention, electric flying cars. It soon dawned on Diana and her groupmates that Dr. Jenny wanted them to learn about the cars.

After they witnessed the car being made, Diana found out that an electric flying car from the future looked completely different from the cars in her time. While normal cars had a door that had to be pulled open by a handle, the flying car had automatic doors that could sense the owner and open automatically. The wings were like an airplane's, but smaller. It was shaped like a bird to assist in flying. The children wanted to know more, so they looked for a worker who could answer their questions about their flying cars. Soon, they found a man cleaning tools.

Diana asked the man about the electric flying cars. The man smiled and said, "Why don't you see for yourself?"

The man led Diana and her group to his own car. He walked to it, and the car doors parted soundlessly. The man told the children to come in. Once they were all in and ready to ride, the automatic doors closed. Meanwhile, Diana saw a screen in front of her. She curiously poked it, and the screen came to life. A voice echoed through a small speaker on the side of the screen, saying, "Hello! Where is your destination today?"

Seeing Diana's surprised look on her face, the man said, "That's the voice of the car's artificial intelligence system." Diana spoke her destination and the car took flight swiftly.

As they were riding, Diana couldn't feel a motor buzzing in the car. The man explained that it uses solar energy to generate power. The solar panels used are one of the best state-of-the-arts in China. They not only generate electricity during sunny days, but they also work well during the cloudy days. As the man told the children more about the cars, Diana couldn't help but feel amazed.

After they had soaked in all the knowledge, they bade farewell and thanked the man. Diana pressed the yellow button on the time traveling machine. The children's surroundings blurred again, and they were back in the park where they had met Dr. Jenny.

On the day of the presentation, the students confidently stood before their classmates and Mrs. Fung. They delivered an engaging and informative presentation, sharing their experiences of traveling through time and witnessing the inventions of future China. Mrs. Fung was thoroughly impressed by their creativity, research, and the depth of their understanding.

After school, Mrs. Fung asked Diana and her group how they learned so much about electric flying cars. Diana said, "A scientist named Dr. Jenny took us to the future China. It was a fun trip."

Mrs. Fung grinned and said, "Jenny was one of my students when she was your age. She had a great interest in science, and wanted to be an inventor when she grew up. I encouraged her to believe in her dreams and invent a time traveling machine to go back to the past to help my future students, like you. I hope she has inspired all of you to pursue your dreams."

Diana and her groupmates were all shocked to hear the surprising story behind. From then on, it became the students' dream to be a successful inventor like Dr. Jenny.

The History of Printing, Retold

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Leong, Tsz Yan Bernice – 12

Sitting at a worn desk, Bi Sheng was hunched over a wooden slab, carefully using a knife to engrave Chinese characters into the wood. This was the original printing technique used to make copies of the same document. It was time consuming and it didn't facilitate mass production— if even a small mistake was made, you would have to start engraving again.

Worry was palpable on his face and his features were scrunched in concentration. If you looked closer, you would see his fingers trembling and his eyes were bloodshot from the constant staring. It was obvious he had been working at the desk for a long time already.

Anxiously, he set his knife down onto the weathered table, eyes darting frantically to the door. Today was the summer solstice. At sunset, Bi Sheng would have to present his work to the emperor.

A fortnight ago, the emperor tasked Bi Sheng— who was talented in woodblock carving— with the mission of reprinting one of the most important documents ever recorded. Bi Sheng wanted to prove himself worthy and demonstrate his skills, so he accepted the task without a moment of thought, and was left with only fourteen days to produce seventy pages of documents. The task was impossible to complete within such a short time, and Bi Sheng soon realized the dire consequences he would have to suffer should he have failed the emperor.

Bi Sheng shook his head in disbelief as he saw the stack of pages he still had to work on. All of a sudden, an ominous knock sounded and the door was kicked open. Two imperial guards stood with all their might and glory, towering over the terrified Bi Sheng.

“There's no way,” he cried in despair, eyes bulging out of its sockets and sweat dripping off his face. “There's no way! It's impossible— impossible! Have mercy! Just ten more days. Please!”

“The emperor does not forgive. You've had your chance to prove yourself— that chance is gone now.”

His pleas meant nothing to the guards. They blindfolded him, chained him, and dragged him onto a cart, their faces impassive. Endless torrents of tears streamed down his face, soaking the blindfold.

Not long after, he was flung into a cell roughly, and the blindfold was removed. The lock clanked shut. Bi Sheng opened his eyes to bars surrounding him, and a lone table and a chair in the middle of the cell. Beside the table were a thick stack of paper and wooden slabs. A small toolbox was set on the old table. This was just like the workshop in his house.

A voice sounded above him. “In penance for your crimes, you are sentenced to work in the dungeons and produce those slabs of wood that you were unable to. Beside you are a thousand pages of documents to be reproduced into wooden slabs. Once you finish making those slabs, you shall be set free.”

Bi Sheng, defeated, sat down onto the chair and started working. Hours and hours he slaved away, carving and crafting, until he fell down in exhaustion and into the deep dark hole of oblivion.

“Wake up! This is not a place for you to rest!” Bi Sheng didn't respond. The angered guard swept Bi Sheng's slabs of wood onto the floor and kicked him. “Serves you right,” the guard said, stalking out of the prison door.

Pieces of wood laid on the floor, Bi Sheng's hard work was irreparably broken. There was a moment of deafening silence as Bi Sheng stared at the pieces of wood. Chinese characters broken apart, characters arranged in such a way that it seemed somehow, impossibly, forming a sentence.

Bi Sheng continued to gaze at the wooden pieces. The gears in his brain were whirring, formulating an idea in his mind, telling him— urging him— to understand. He bent down, picked up the pieces of broken wood, and pieced them together.

Gasping in wonder, he grabbed more pieces and gradually formed a sentence with them. He then took them apart again, arranging them in a way different from the last time, but then the characters, together, still held meaning. Looking at the pieces in his hand, an idea popped into his mind—a candle flickering to life.

“What if I made the characters separately? I could piece them together in different orders for different pages— it would be so much more efficient! Soon, I’ll be free of this prison!” Smiling giddily to himself, he immediately started working on his project, all qualms about resting gone.

Bi Sheng took out a slab of wood and sat down once again at the table. Picking up the knife again, he sawed the wood into even pieces of the same size, and started engraving a character onto each of them. He took out another slab of wood, did some measurements, and created a tray. He then proceeded to put the characters neatly onto it, arranging them so that they all fit snugly. Finally, he took out the ink and painted it over the characters, and then flipped the tray over and pressed it onto a blank sheet of paper.

As he lifted the wooden tray, he was met by a beautiful piece of document, the words clear and defined. They were all arranged into neat, straight rows, without a single mistake. “This is a miracle!” Bi Sheng cried in astonishment and amazement, smoothing his hand over the piece of paper. “With this new technique, I’ll be free from prison in no time at all!”

Bi Sheng continued to use his new way of printing, and in just a few months, he was able to present his work to the emperor and was finally free of the prison. Bi Sheng was rewarded, and received the recognition he deserved. More importantly, though, his invention of the movable type printing technique became well known and was spread across the world, allowing knowledge to be made common, changing the world as it was.

The Perfect Cure

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Leung, Ching Hei Claris – 10

Frustratingly sitting on a stool in a dim hut is a kind man, the team leader of Doctors Without Borders. He is not only a medical whizz, but also an intelligent, talented scientist shining in every aspect. This amazing man, Gao Run Lin, comes from a remote Chinese village, and his parents are peasants who toil away every day. Their income only comes from selling the crops and a few livestock. If the weather decides to play a trick on them, the efforts of the whole year can be wiped out by a single flood or hailstorm in just a few seconds. Although he did not receive adequate education, strong economic support, and enough food, he still gathered all his courage to persist against poverty. He successfully got a precious opportunity to study in Tsinghua University and double majored in medicine and technology engineering science. In university, he poured out all his energy into acquiring more knowledge. His aim is to equip himself well and do his best to make the world a better place. After graduation he devotes all his energy to rescue the patients suffering from illness, from natural disasters such as floods, fires, earthquakes, and from man-made disasters like war, pollution, and radiation.

He believed that as a doctor, he had the ability to change the world into a joyful place filled with harmony. However, he realised it was useless just to repair the damage which has already been caused. Now, the world outside is still filled with the painful moaning from the patients, the disgusting odour from the rubbish mountains drifting out nonstop, the wicked viruses and diseases penetrating every corner of the world, the evil arms of the desert spreading farther and farther, the greedy and cruel politicians starting wars continuously, the harmful radiation wastes which are being disposed ruthlessly into seas without a hesitation, the extreme weather which frequently appears, the pollutions worsening uncontrollably, the poisoned water overflowing everywhere... If the situation continues to get worse day by day, we humans are destined to fall into the abyss of death.

Gao Run Lin walks gloomily out of the hut and gazes at the millions of stars blinking sorrowfully in the deep blue sky. He firmly murmurs to himself, "I must seek for a way to solve the problems radically. I need to dig out all the evil roots planted in this world and eliminate every harmful source. I must team up with all the other kind and talented scientists and create new technology devices and machines which can help me achieve my goal---let the world become a modernized Tao Hua Yuan where there is no starvation, wars, pollution, illness, nuclear weapons and radiation. Every river, every sea flowing with crystal clear water, each cubic of air wafting with the fresh fragrant smell, every inch of land covered with sturdy plants, each living creature on the earth enjoying their organic and tasty feast...

He considers and stipulates every detail of his planning, then writes down everything clearly and neatly. With over one month's non-stop diligent work, he finally has a clear picture of his new technology devices in his mind. He calls his friends and classmates and tells them about his dreams and plans, then they start to work out and make this great idea a reality step by step. They start to write the formulas and do the experiments in the labs. They try and try, and every attempt leads them nearer and nearer to their target. They overcome every challenge and every difficulty fearlessly. The selfless, sublime, majestic force of them loving peace, loving the people, loving the earth and loving all the creatures on the planet pushes them to persevere.

After years of hard work, they invent an extremely powerful furnace which can change all the rubbish into clean, colorful, odorless, poisonless, radiation-free, germ-free powder at lightning speed. This powder is a kind of organic fertilizer and has the magical power to absorb and release water. People only need to spread this powder in the air where there are floods or hurricanes, then all the excess water can be absorbed by this spectacular powder. They also created another device which can collect this powder and then spread this powder to deserts, Gobi, barren lands and places with little water. There, this magic powder can release the water it absorbed and fertilizers it contains and change all these dry, lifeless wildernesses into green oases suitable for planting, so that people can have plenty fertile farmland to grow crops and produce enough food to the famished people in the world. These two devices can save our world from pollution by stinky rubbish, and destruction by floods and hurricanes.

They also invent a machine which can dissolve all kinds of weapons, so that the wars cannot happen, and all the disputes or arguments can only be solved by peaceful discussion. This way, no one will be injured, harmed and no one will lose their valuable life due to war. Nuclear energy and dynamite can only be used for good purposes, not for attacking and hurting people. All the energy will be generated by green power, such as wind, water and sun.

They invent a series of medicines, which merge the advantages of eastern and western medical technology. These medicines can efficiently cure all kinds of illnesses. All creatures can enjoy every moment of their life span, since people will not die because of the illness, but instead, will pass away just like leaves on the trees. They travel to an unknown spiritual world during a sound and sweet sleep without having to go through any suffering and agony.

Now the world is a modernized Tao Hua Yuan, an authentic utopia. Every creature can enjoy their life, No wars, no starvation, no illness, no disasters.

Over his head is the night sky sparkling with billions of bright stars. Under his feet, it is a tranquil, beautiful garden full of happiness and wonder.

The Accidental Compass

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Li, Elise Ruiting – 10

I was in a room engraved with dragons on the wall with red velvet draping. I couldn't remember where I was nor why I was here. Ancient paintings adorned the walls of the compound I was in. I suddenly remembered I was in charge of restoring a broken ancient pot from the Three Kingdoms era more than a thousand years ago. After I had glued the pieces together, a sudden cluster of white lights attacked me and pulled me into a dark abyss!

"Hello visitor," a deep voice behind me echoed.

I turned around and saw a man draped in a long black robe embroidered with red tigers fighting. He looked like a wise person judging from his long beard and uncut hair tied in a bund on top of his egg-shaped head, just like Confucius. He had a welcoming yet solemn look, overcome with melancholy.

"Why are you here, young mistress?" he asked.

"I am not sure," I replied. "I am an archaeologist and I think I have just travelled through time back to the Three Kingdoms era using a magical ancient pot."

"Well, I am Shen Kuo and you are right, we are in the Three Kingdoms era," he explained. "I am a scientist working for the Emperor, but I don't know for how much longer ..." he muttered sadly.

"Why?" I asked curiously.

"The Emperor has a dear friend who is also a scientist named Fei Lang. The Emperor informed Fei Lang and I that whoever invents the first navigation tool for the army will receive a reward from him! However, the person who loses shall be executed. I have no idea where to start, I am doomed!" Shen exclaimed worriedly.

"I am sure you will come up with something." I comforted him. "Do you need help? I can show you something that might inspire you."

I took the nearest pot I could find, hoping it was the magical pot. I smashed it into pieces and then tried to glue them back together again. As soon as I finished, the same cluster of white lights pulled both of us into the dark abyss.

"Bingo! I got it!" I exclaimed with excitement. Magical light surrounded us as we twirled through time.

We soon found ourselves under the glimmering skyline of modern Beijing. We walked to the nearest Huawei store and took a sample smartphone and opened the Didi app, which was showing the store location on the map with a cursor pointing to it.

"What kind of sorcery is this?" cried Shen. "How did you put a tiny red spoon on the map? There are also ants crawling around the red spoon! Is there sugar in the spoon?" asked Shen who was lost in confusion.

"Oh! It is the future's navigational tool," I replied. "That tiny 'red spoon' is a pointer you press on your destination on the map and it will tell you which direction to go. We use this app to find our way in different places. The 'ants' are hired cars which we can hail to pick you up in a blink of an eye! Try it."

After playing around with the app, we walked out of the store. Although I wanted to stay in the future to see my family, I knew that Shen needed me. So, I held up my magical pot again, and instantly we went flying through time back to a thousand years ago.

Shen sighed, "I still don't know how to make a red spoon and catch a school of ants Never mind, I am hungry, let's eat."

When Shen was carrying a metal dish, he accidentally tripped on a rock and crashed onto the table. "Cling!", a metal spoon dropped and got stuck to a metal plate. The spoon kept spinning until it pointed to the South.

"Ah!" screamed Shen suddenly. "I might have an idea!"

Shen quickly got up to his feet and took a magnetic spoon and a magnetic plate and pieced them together again to form the first ancient Chinese compass called the "Si-Nan Spoon Compass".

"Perfect! This is the tool for finding directions during a war! Thanks for your inspiration!" announced Shen.

Suddenly, we heard the voice of Fei Lang behind us. We didn't realise Fei Lang had been eavesdropping on our conversation!

"Now, I shall copy your idea and win my reward!" The devious Fei Lang's evil laughs echoed. A mysterious cloud kept Fei Lang afloat and whizzed him out of the room.

"What shall we do now?" pleaded Shen.

"It is easy," my mind flashed and an idea emerged. "You just put the magnetic plate on top of a wooden cart and replace the magnetic spoon with a figure wearing a long red and yellow robe engraved with majestic dragons. The figure also has a tiny hat lined with iridescent pearls on the sides, resembling the Emperor pointing his finger at his enemies. This extravagant design is better than the boring Si-Nan Spoon Compass! Let's call it the 'South-Pointing Chariot Compass!' I exclaimed.

The next day, Fei Lang presented his Si-Nan Spoon Compass to the Emperor. The Emperor was impressed with his work, but he actually wanted something more exotic. When it was Shen's turn, the Emperor gasped with amazement. He kept on praising that the figure of the little man was a great idea, especially when it looked like the Emperor himself. The Emperor named Shen the winner and rewarded him with lots of gold ingots. Although Fei Lang did wrong to Shen by copying his idea in the first place, Shen forgave him and pleaded for his amnesty in front of the Emperor.

I bid Shen farewell and travelled back home through time. I kept it a secret that I have actually helped the famous Shen Kuo with his great invention of the first ancient compass in Chinese history.

So, hush ... don't tell anyone about it. This secret is just between you and me.

Bug detective

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Li, Kwan Tsui Bella – 10

On a rainy day, I was sitting on my couch reading “Xi Yuan Ji Lu” (Collected Cases of Injustice Rectified) by Song Ci, an ancient Chinese book which was believed to be the origin of forensic science. The world's earliest book on systematic forensic medicine. It illustrated many scientific techniques for crime scene investigation more than 800 years ago in the Song Dynasty. While I was on page 266, a thunder struck, lights were flashing and everything shut down in complete silence.

I turned on the flashlight and ran into the store room to find the fuse box. “Shhhh...” a bunch of flies shot out of the room and swarmed around me once I opened the door, a bunch of bugs, maggots, and worms were crawling from beneath me. I couldn't stand it and started to scream. Out of the blue, they all greeted me in a unification funny voice.

They questioned in excitement, “why are you here?” I looked around and found it was no longer my store room. I was under the bright sun in a mysterious village. I replied, “I do not know how I got here.” “You must be that famous detective that everyone talks about!” the flies exclaimed loudly together. I said “Um...my name is Amelia from a city named Hong Kong.” “Welcome to our village of bugs! Well, we will call you Detective Amelia. I bet you're here to help us with our case!” “What case?” I asked. “Well, we have found a dead body under the bushes of our forest, with one finger missing.” “It's impossible for us to murder a person,” the flies said. “It must be one of the five newcomers.” “Do tell me about it.”

We have targeted those 5 people and began our investigation. “But!” I yelled. “We have to identify the time of death and the murder weapon.” “How? Are you going to talk to his dead spirit, Detective?!” The flies swarmed up excitedly. We started examining the crime scene. Discovering maggots on the dead body, seeing their sizes, we could conclude that the body had been dead for at least 3 days, according to what I have learnt from “Xi Yuan Ju Lu”.

Once we figured out the time of murder, two of them turned out to be innocent as they had just arrived yesterday. The other three newcomers all looked ordinary and couldn't find anything suspicious.

Understanding the murder motives and the reason why the murderer wants the finger is critical to solve this case. When I went through the information of where they came from, one of their village names sounded very familiar to me. It reminded me that there was a village in Africa, human fingers were considered delicacies which could be sold for a very high price.

That was a very probable motive for why the murderer took his finger after killing him. Assuming the murderer must have been very greedy and came from that village, I went through the background information of the other suspects. Two of them were from the exact village that fingers are considered as a delicacy. Everyone was amazed by the finding.

Once we narrowed down to two suspects, the next step was house searching for the evidence. When we entered the first suspect's house, the flies swamped to one of his knives with lots of blood on it.

“It must be him!” I said. “Wait! It's much juicier than human blood. I bet it's pig's blood.” The flies said. “Pig's blood?” I said. The man interrupted, “Yes, it's a butcher shop and I am a butcher. This is my butcher knife.” “Oh! It must be the other one then.”

When we arrived at the second suspect's house, it was neat and tidy. We found nothing searching for the entire place. We were looking for solid evidence but unfortunately we couldn't find any knives with blood on it.

The flies shouted, “We are the tiny detective! We can tell the special smell in the air. Open all the drawers inside the house. We will search for you.”

We rummaged through all the drawers. The flies gathered and flew towards the basement of the house. I told them to stop messing around and they just won’t listen.

“We’ve found it!. Come Amelia!” the flies shouted. “This knife has a lot of stains on it. She tried her best washing off the blood but she would never get rid of the smell of the blood.”

As soon as we found the murder weapon, we went back to the dead body and found there were actually two kinds of maggots on the body.

One kind of the maggots said “Hi Amelia, we’ve been here for four days.”

The other group of maggots said, “we are close relatives to them. But we’ve only been here for three days.”

“Why are there two different kinds of maggots on the same body?” The former group only live on the north side of this village, while the latter only appear on the place right next to where we found the body. The murder must have taken place in the north side four days ago and was brought here by the murderer 3 days ago. Bringing all the evidence we found and together with our assumption, we started interrogating the suspect. As expected, she confessed that she was the murderer and she was sentenced to death for killing. She murdered the victim in his hometown and tried to dump the body here.

To our surprise, she tried to escape after the confession. When I was so close to catching her, I slipped and fell on a rock.

“Ouch...it hurts!” Just when I was about to say something, I found that I was lying on the ground next to my crouch. “It’s only a dream...” A dream that I had encountered the smart judge Sung Ci, understanding the importance of forensic science, solving cases and saving innocent people.

The Next Generation

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Li, Pui Ching – 10

“Okay, class,” Mrs Lau said just as the bell rang, “don’t forget to bring the right stationery for the exam next week!”

The students groaned, and headed off to the split Science lesson.

“I hate exams,” Ali groaned just as Ms Tang, the teacher, came into the classroom.

“Let’s go sit down,” Serena beckoned. The two girls rushed to their seats, and sat down, grabbing their Science books.

Serena flipped through her Science book randomly, and suddenly her head dropped...

“Ah!” Serena yelped. She found herself in an unfamiliar room.

“Where am I?” Serena murmured. She looked around the room; she was in a rather neat room, with a working table and a computer.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps coming from outside the room. “Hey, you!” a male voice boomed. “What are you doing in my house?”

“I’m Serena,” Serena said. “Are you a scientist? You look like one, as you’re wearing a white coat.”

“My name is Professor Wong,” the man introduced, amused at her fearlessness. “Also, I’m an inventor.”

“Ooh, can I see some of your, well, inventions?” Serena asked curiously.

“Okay, follow me!” Professor Wong said. He clicked on a spot on the wall behind Serena, the wall slid open.

Professor Wong walked down the stairs to a basement. There were broken wires, coding plates, papers and computers everywhere.

“Woah,” Serena gasped in amazement. “This is so cool!” She looked around at all the electronics. In the middle of the room, was a machine that looked like an old-fashioned telephone booth.

“What is that?” she asked. Professor Wong smiled.

“That,” he said, pointing at it proudly, “is my project that I have been working on. It’s a time machine.” Serena’s jaw fell open in amazement.

“Wait a minute, what year is this?” Serena asked.

“It’s 2053,” Professor Wong answered. Serena gasped.

“Oh no!” Serena cried. “The year I was in before I came is 2023!”

“Do you think you might have accidentally come here through my time machine?” Professor Wong

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Professor Wong ran to the door, and when he flung it open, there were two kids standing there.

One was an 11-year-old girl, and the other one was a 9-year-old boy. They were both wearing a laptop bag.

“Dad, who’s that girl?” The 11-year-old girl asked bluntly.

“This is Serena. Serena, these are my children, Dianna and Parker,” Professor Wong introduced. “She accidentally came through my time machine from 2023.”

“Oh, okay,” The girl shrugged. “How can we help her get back?”

"You're not surprised?" Serena asked, shocked. The boy shook his head.

"Dad invents things like this all the time," he replied. "I guess we're used to this! Once, a dinosaur came through the time machine!"

"Ok," Professor Wong said encouragingly. "Dianna, you can help me fetch some new wires, and Parker, you can grab the toolbox."

The two children bustled off. Serena looked at Professor Wong.

"Okay," she said. "How do I help?" Professor Wong smiled.

"You can help Dianna," he replied. Serena bounded off towards the elder girl energetically.

"Hi," Dianna waved, her eyes unwaveringly focusing on the wires. Serena kneeled down beside Dianna. "These are all tangled. You can help me, well, untangle them."

They started to untangle wires; there were a lot more than they thought! After one hour of chatting and untangling things, Serena and Dianna grinned at each other, united by the accomplishment they had just finished.

"We're ready, after we attached the wires!" Professor Wong called out. Serena was so excited, she jumped and almost got tangled up in the wires.

"Yikes! Don't give us another hour of work!" Dianna teased, grinning. Serena grinned back, and stepped carefully out of the pile of wires.

"Ok, Dad!" Dianna called back cheerfully. She picked up the wires. Serena trailed behind her.

"Wait, let's test it with a piece of trash first," Parker suggested.

He took a squashed soda can, and placed it into the time machine. Professor Wong sat down at a desk that was covered in computers and wires. Parker closed the door of the time machine. Professor Wong clicked on a button at one of the keyboards, and blue light started swirling around inside the machine.

"Okay, sending the soda can back to this time..." Professor Wong said, clicking another button.

When the blue light flashed, Serena hurried to the door and opened it. A smoky smell wafted out, and when she peered inside, there was a piece of burnt metal.

"Yikes!" Dianna shrieked. "We have to fix it! We don't want Serena to get burnt like *that*!"

"Let's see, *now*, what's wrong?" Professor Wong said with a sigh. He went over to the phone booth and fiddled with the back. "Oh! Parker, come here." Professor Wong sounded stern.

"Yes, Dad?" Parker replied, gulping. He ran to Professor Wong, and when Professor Wong showed him something, he gasped.

"This is a candy wrapper," Professor Wong said.

"Oh..." Parker mumbled sheepishly. He ran to the bin and threw it away.

"Okay, let's test it again!" Professor Wong said. The same thing happened as before, like a time loop, but instead of a piece of burnt metal, a fully intact soda can was in its place.

"Yay, I can go back!" Serena cheered, when someone tapped her shoulder. It was Dianna.

"Here," she said, placing a bracelet into Serena's palm. "To remember me." Serena smiled at her, and slipped the bracelet into her pocket.

Serena waved as she stepped into the phone booth. "Bye, everyone!" she said as the blue light started swirling.

"Serena!" Ms Tang yelled. Serena jolted up from her Science book.

"Sorry, Ms Tang!" Serena apologized. Ms Tang groaned.

“It’s the end of the lesson anyway,” Ms Tang acknowledged, sighing. “Goodbye, class!”

Serena walked down to the bus herself, and suddenly, she felt something bumping along her pocket. It was a bracelet. Serena was so startled, she stopped in her tracks.

Wait, so it wasn't a dream? She wondered in amazement.

Dream, Desire and Death

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Lo, Eilis – 12

Spring 1040

Shen Kuo, all bright eyes, nimble fingers, flickering intently through yellow, ageing tomes that were once his father's, was eager to soak in all the knowledge they held.

The young child trickled thin fingers across the black and white pictures of Yangtze: armies of trees guarding the falling and rising layers of mountains. Although the drawing was colourless, he could clearly imagine everything with his eyes closed: musical crunches of leaves under his feet, indistinct susurrations of the glass-clear lake, a soft breeze tangling his wispy curls—

A ragged cough from his father pulled him back to reality. Shen Kuo's guilt immediately snapped his eyes open. Biting his lip, the naive child attempted to articulate his dream.

“Pa...”

“Yes, dear Kuo?”

“I want...I wish to visit Yangtze, to draw inspiration from there..” his face as scarlet as a tomato, his eyes that were glowing not a second ago were now blinking owlishly, looking at anything but his father.

A long sigh escaped the dry, cracked lips of the older man, slicing the uncomfortable line of silence strangling them. “Kuo...you know we don't have the time and resources to do so. We're also moving to Xiamen next week.” Laboriously, the old man slid back to his room and closed his door silently behind him, leaving his son behind.

Summer 1050

“Yangtze...” Shen Kuo murmured as he twisted around on his mattress.

His father rested on an old wooden chair, gazing at where his son lay restlessly. “I do wish the best for you,” the old man coughed. “But I'm afraid I can't go on with you. I'll leave you behind one day.”

“Yangtze...” Shen Kuo mumbled.

Winter 1051

The snow is as soft as a blanket, as beautiful as a flower, as cruel as a punishment. Shen Kuo was wrapped in layers of cloth from mouth to toe, soaking his icy tears and muffling the sobs that wracked through his figure as he stared at the still body of his late father.

“Pa, you've left me behind,” Shen Kuo sobbed, holding the freezing, bony hand of his father.

Even amidst the suffocating grief of the family, Shen Kuo could clearly hear the hoarse voice of his father ringing in the frosty air.

“I will always support you. Go.”

Autumn 1086

Drenched in the silvery light of the crescent moon, the light scratching of quill against sheet drowned the silence.

“Kuo,” Shen Kuo's second wife, Zhang Chu, glided across the chilly floor in her nightgown, then set a platter onto his table. “Still writing about directions and medicine? I've prepared a drink for you.” He didn't spare a single glance at her, fixated on the parchments in front of him.

“Night,” she whispered, leaving the room in her ghost-like steps. Without tearing his eyes away from the words that danced before him, Shen Kuo grabbed the cup and downed the wine at once.

“Father,” Shen Kuo exclaimed, his mind sentimental and hazy from the drink, “I've learned so much from you, but I wasted my chance by chasing Yangtze, didn't I? I promise you, Father, to make it up to you. I will make it worth it.” Pouring another cup, he raised it to the moon; a toast to his father.

“I will.”

Spring 1090

Bright light crept into the room, illuminating Shen Kuo pouring over another book about metallic compasses. “They invented the lodestone–spoon magnetic compass in 206 BC for divination. Interesting...I wonder if I can experiment with that.” He walked out of the room, in search of a lodestone spoon.

Shen Kuo pointed the tail of the spoon south and tossed it onto the metal board. The spoon spun quickly before slowing to a stop, its tail seemingly pointed towards south. Shen Kuo attempted this again and again, but noted amiss each time, but couldn’t put a finger to it. After countless tries, he found out that the spoon pointed towards the south–east direction instead of the exact south.

“Well, that has to be fixed.” Shen Kuo frowned.

After numerous weeks of experimenting with different metallic mechanisms, such as putting fish–sized magnets in a water–filled bowl, or re–inventing the south–pointing chariot, Shen Kuo concluded that the only way to correct the deviation was to use suspended magnetic needles that could determine the distance between north and south.

The long, tedious weeks of examination and observation had ultimately paid off with an accurate and functioning metal compass.

Cradling his newest invention like it was the world’s most valuable treasure, Shen Kuo trembled with excitement as he crowed out in joy.

“Yangtze, here I come!”

Winter 1093

Once again, Shen Kuo stood grieving in the soft, beautiful and cruel snow.

“Ah, sorrow! Why do my loved ones leave me behind in this wretched season? Sorrow, indeed!” Shen Kuo raised his head to the white sky that snowed relentlessly on the body of his wife. As if sorrow was a parallel universe, Shen Kuo was once again wrapped in cloth from mouth to toe, shrouded in the veil of misery, this time mourning the death of his second wife, chugging on a gourd to stifle the bitter sadness throttling his heart.

“To you, my darling Zhang Chu; to you, my precious father!” Shen Kuo trekked backwards back to his abode, heart heavy with loneliness and despair, cheeks smeared with tears and drink, letting tipsiness and despair reign over him.

Spring 1094

Slushing his gourd while drunkenly following his compass, Shen Kuo finally reached the fairytale–like scenery of Yangtze after decades of dreaming. Reaching the edge of one of a thousand mountains next to the ever–flowing river, Shen Kuo stared down at it, depression shaking through his weak body. Taking one final swig from the gourd, Shen Kuo tossed it away and leaned forward, letting the wind catch him like a soaring bird, a single word slipping through his wine–stained lips.

“Goodbye.”

The Magic Box that Connects the Past, Present, and Future

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Tsui, Yik Nam Sofia – 10

Nowadays, technology has improved a lot comparing to the past and have helped a lot of people. China's scientists are currently inventing new things every day to improve everyone's living, but have you ever thought about what we will invent in the future? Here is a story about what a future invention could do.

In 2035, 2 years since my beloved grandpa passed away. My name is Sophie Lee, I'm 15 years old and I have a twin sister who's only 2 minutes younger than me called Agatha, or Aggie. We used to play on swings everyday with our grandpa all the time before he died. Right before our grandpa left us, he gave me a tiny box engraved with intricate gold and white patterns. He told me to keep it safe because this box was inherited from our great grandmother – Wong Zhang, who was a very famous scientist, she invented things like AI technology in the famous Chinese Science & Technology Invention Centre. Since the box was very precious to Grandpa, he wanted me to pass it along to my children when I become a parent, and he made me promise to only open it when I miss him very much because something might happen when I open the box. I asked him, "How do I know if I miss you a lot?". "You'll know when the time comes," Grandpa replied.

Today, I glimpsed at this beautiful little box. When I picked it up, beautiful memories of me, Aggie and Grandpa playing happily on the swings rushed back to me immediately. I know it's "the time". Just when I was about to open the box, Aggie came into my room and asked me, "Mom made steam buns. Do you want to come down?" That's when she saw the box I was holding. "Oh my god! Grandpa's box!" She gasped, not believing in her eyes. At that moment, I knew she missed Grandpa as much as I did. "Are you still keeping it?" Aggie asked. "I'm going to open the box Aggie". I explained to her that Grandpa told me to open the box only when I miss him very much, and now it's the moment how I feel. "Let's do this", Aggie said.

I took a deep breath and opened the box, a beam of light glowed from the box and a voice suddenly boomed, "Are you my grandchildren, Sophie and Agatha?" "Yes," I said, voice quivering. Suddenly, Aggie whispered to me, voice shaking, "Sophie, it's Grandpa's voice!" I nodded. Grandpa's voice boomed again, "Which part of your memories do you want to enter and relive for an hour?" As soon as his sentence finished, a giant hovering keyboard suddenly appeared in front of us, on top of the keyboard said 'type here'. Aggie asked me, "How about the time we played with Grandpa on swings and see-saw in the park? That was our happiest memory with grandpa." I nodded and let her type. As soon as she finished typing, another beam of light appeared in front of us, we held each other's hand real tight and stepped in to the beam of light...

The light started wrapping us and we started changing! First, our body shrank and we became wearing our childhood clothing, then, our feet also shrank into tiny feet that could fit in baby shoes! Our faces then started becoming smaller and rounder until our faces became like a baby! I was so fascinated that I couldn't speak for a whole minute! I waddled over to Aggie who had also transformed into a baby and I said to her, "This is amazing!" At least that's what I intended to say because the only voice I heard coming out of my mouth was, "Goo gah!" At that moment, I realized that the light that had actually transformed us into babies! Aggie must have found out too because the moment she heard my voice, she had given me a horrified and amazed expression.

Suddenly, a silhouette emerged from the mist near the yard. The figure had a kind smile just like grandpa, walks just like grandpa, has the same cool hairdo like grandpa, and the same clothes that grandpa always wore when he was still alive. There was no doubt that the man in front of us was actually our Grandpa. I quickly crawled to Grandpa and hugged him. Then, I pointed to the swings, hinting Grandpa and Aggie to follow me. Grandpa chuckled to himself and muttered, "My lovely babies." He picked us up and put us onto the swings. It felt so good just to feel his touch. His soft hands, his achingly handsome face. I would give everything just to feel his touch every single day. Aggie must have the same thought too. I can't remember how long we stayed on the swings until Aggie made a whining noise meaning she wanted to go home. I reluctantly agreed to her. A beam of light shone in front of us, as if it had heard our thoughts. We stepped through the light, it wrapped around us and we were transformed back to our teenager form.

We were back to my room and we both were so puzzled about what happened to us. We went down to the kitchen and told Mum all about these. Mum has her tears in her eyes and told us the truth. "The box is called The Box of Memories, and was your great grandmother's creation after years of study and experiment. It's designed to allow the

descendants to meet their ancestors, and the Chinese Science & Technology Centre will now welcome you to go and learn how this box is made.” Mum said.

It has been an interesting day meeting our loving Grandpa through the magic memory box. I will work hard to start study about the make of this magic box, and will visit Grandpa again.

Astrid and the Invention of Tea

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Wan, Ki Yan – 11

Astrid gazed out of the window as her mind sailed away on the Daydream Ship, leaving her history lesson stranded on the shores of boredom. Her gaze fixed on the ancient oak tree that stood proudly in the middle of the schoolyard. Its branches stretched out like welcoming arms, beckoning her to escape the confines of the classroom.

Astrid, an ordinary girl, had an extraordinary passion for a well-brewed cup of tea, unlike her friends, who indulged in Starbucks drinks. As her teacher talked about how cool Chinese inventions were, Astrid daydreamed about her beloved green tea until her teacher called her name for an answer. Uh-oh, she thought to herself. What was she even talking about?

“Emperor Shen Nong,” she said as she peered at the screen, “uhh...invented staplers?”

Astrid turned red as the snickers of the class echoed against the classroom walls.

“No, and try harder next time, Astrid! For something you love so much, I thought you’d know it better,” the teacher said disapprovingly, shaking her head.

Suddenly, the bell for recess rang. Everyone swarmed out of the classroom in an instant, leaving a confused Astrid and the teacher, who tutted at her before turning her back and striding away, out of sight.

Feeling angry and embarrassed, Astrid made a beeline for the oak tree, clutching her water bottle, seeking solace beneath its branches. Sighing, she took a sip of water. As she did so, a leaf fell into her bottle, and as she tasted the water, she was transported to a different time.

She stood behind a tea tree in the countryside. Her heart raced as she heard the distant sound of people's voices getting louder. She peeked around the tree and saw a group of strangers walking towards her. Fear gripped her, making her legs tremble, and she felt her hands become clammy with sweat. She eyed the tree, estimating if it was climbable, and it was, so being careful to hold tight to the bark, she shimmied up the tree. From the tree, she saw a very unusual sight happening.

Astrid saw a man and oh! Was it the mythical Emperor Shen Nong? He looked just as he did in the paintings that her teacher showed the class! If he was Emperor Shen Nong, she'd better pay attention. He might share what he had invented! Then she could answer the teacher, and the teacher might not be disappointed in her anymore. Suddenly, she thought of something. If he were Emperor Shen Nong, would she be in 2737 B.C.E., when he was alive? She peered at the surroundings. Yup, no skyscrapers in sight! She might really have gone back in time.

As she was pondering this, her foot accidentally dislodged a leaf. The leaf, detached from its branch, began its graceful descent towards the ground. It seemed as if an invisible hand guided its movements, making them gentle and fluid. As the leaf reached the end of its descent, it gracefully kissed the surface of the water...and fell in.

Astrid started to panic. The servants were bringing a cup of the boiled leaf-contaminated water to the emperor, and she was deathly afraid that it'd make him angry. She had learned from books that royal people's anger was unpredictable and often resulted in punishment for servants. As the cup neared the man's outstretched hand, Astrid's heart raced with fear and anticipation. She desperately wished she could retrieve the leaf from the water before he took a sip, but it was too late. Emperor Shen Nong brought the cup to his lips, unaware of the leaf's presence, and took a long, deliberate gulp.

To her surprise, he exclaimed, "This is dee-licious! It's so good, and it feels healthy. This may not be the boiled water I wanted, but it is way better. You are all getting a raise, and I'm getting to go home and investigate this magical water-thing! Hmm, I had better give it a name. How about 'cha' or tea? Yeah, that's good. Tea it is! Now, let me hightail it home." Emperor Shen Nong hastily set down the cup, seemingly buzzing with excitement.

Astrid gasped in astonishment. Did she help invent her beloved tea? Wait, she knew what Emperor Shen Nong had invented that she liked so much. It was, drumroll please... TEA! Astrid realised that the Chinese *Emperor Shen Nong* had invented *tea*. She couldn't believe that she had been unknowingly enjoying a drink that had been invented centuries ago by no less than her own people. Whoa, her teacher was right -- the Chinese really made a lot of cool inventions! She really was dying to tell her teacher.

When she came to that thought, there was a whirl of colour, and she found herself in the classroom again, surrounded by smirking classmates, and once again, the teacher was asking her, "What did Emperor Shen Nong invent?" She stood up, and with a confident smile on her face, she loudly announced, "Emperor Shen Nong invented tea!

Zeal for a Zero Zombie Zone

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Wong, Ching Huen – 10

Horri-fying screeches pierced the night air, followed by howls and shrieks from creatures close by but just outside of view. All of a sudden, countless monstrous green faces with menacing eyes appeared and pushed at the windows, forcing me to back myself into a corner of my apartment. Then, CRASH!!! I turned just in time to see my front door bursting out of its hinges and falling flat onto the floor. The zombies had successfully broken through my chained and barred door! I panicked when I saw my 5-year-old daughter transforming into a zombie right in front of my eyes, her skin rapidly turning grey and her entire body convulsing in pain. My eyes welled up as my heart was overwhelmed by pain. I looked at the syringe I had been holding in my hand and realized the moment of truth had come – should I do it?

Two years ago, I had everything I wanted in life – a respectable professional career, a loving family, a daughter whom I loved deeply. My perfect world crumbled when the unimaginable happened. A new virus had taken over the world, infecting millions upon millions of people everywhere it went. The infected would first experience a terrible fever, and then slowly slip into delirium as their brain melted away inside their head. Gradually the infected were reduced to a horde of vicious, savage zombies.

A lot of us refused to believe at first, but the virus proved us all wrong when it arrived at our shores and wiped-out 90 percent of China's population in a matter of weeks, including my husband. My daughter and I were among the lucky few who managed to survive, and as the only surviving member of the CMDPS (Chinese Medicine Doctors' Professional Society), I was tasked with developing a vaccine to combat the virus.

The research breakthrough I had been hoping for finally came a few weeks ago. Using traditional herbal medicine and the gene editing technology, I created a vaccine.

"Finally!" I thought.

I had developed a potentially world-saving invention, yet none of the thirty thousand survivors in the entire world volunteered to test the vaccine. I desperately needed a guinea pig (or hero), who at this very moment seemed to have finally presented herself – my infected daughter. My one and only daughter. Should I do it?

There was no time to think. The disturbing sound creeping in from behind me – the creaking of the floorboards, the rustling footsteps, the monstrous howls of the zombies – made clear to me that the time had come. If I failed to act now, my daughter and I would both become undead beasts in a matter of seconds. I braced myself, I was ready to meet whatever fate awaited me.

My mind was made up. My hand shot forward like a sword drawn by a samurai, quickly jabbing the syringe into the tender arm of my little girl. I paused for what felt like an eternity, but nothing happened. It was all over. Nothing could save us anymore. I felt the hands of the undead on me as they pinned me down onto the floor. Tears started streaming down my face. "Sorry, everyone," I shouted with what would be my last breath, "Sorry, I've failed you, as a mother, a doctor and a scientist. Sorry, it's all my..."

"S-save my mama!" A little girl's voice pierced the growls and grunts of the undead. I looked up. My daughter, back to her healthy self, stood giggling in front of me. Her eyes were bright and full of hope. I did it!

What followed was a blur. Men in military uniforms stormed the room, guns ablaze. It was all over in a matter of seconds, as all the zombies were blasted away.

I turned to look at my daughter, whose face glowed with an ear-to-ear grin between her rosy cheeks. I nodded and smiled politely at the brave soldiers who had just rescued my family – that was when I recognized a familiar face.

A tall, tanned man walked calmly towards me, but I knew his heart must be beating as fast as mine. "Huang Zheng," he said with a warm smile. I could not believe I was standing in front of my own brother! The last piece of information I had on him was that he joined the People's Liberation Army and I lost all communications with him shortly after. I thought he was dead! I looked at him in disbelief.

"Yat, you saved me!" I exclaimed.

Yat chuckled. "But you saved the whole world. Sis, how did you come up with this brilliant vaccine?"

"Well..." I took a deep breath, and explained to Yat how, with the help of the revolutionary CRISPR gene editing technology, to which Chinese scientists had significant contributions in the past, I had managed to produce a vaccine that could boost the immune system and rejuvenate the body using Caterpillar Fungus and He Shou Wu. The RNA of the legendary herbs could enter and modify the infected blood cells and clear the virus in an instant.

"Do you remember, when we were little, we used to go treasure-hunting for the Caterpillar Fungus in Tibetan Plateau? It was freezing cold, and you would just sit there shivering, so I always won."

“You are really the genius daughter of our herbalist parents!” Yat laughed.

After that fateful day, all the pieces fell into place and the juggernaut that was China’s industrial and manufacturing systems leapt into action and started producing vaccines en masse. They were distributed to countries all around the world, allowing them to regroup, consolidate, and eventually form a massive multinational army that annihilated the undead. One after the other, countries around the world were liberated from the virus plague. China’s spiritual strength and resolve saved the world – something the rest of humanity will never forget.

Echoes of HuaTuo: Unveiling the Secrets of the Paralysing Flower

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Yu, Hei Yin – 11

I was sitting on a couch in the living room, reading a Chinese biography about the famous Chinese physician and surgeon — HuaTuo. I was getting to the most thrilling part of the biography when suddenly, a strong gust of wind ripped through the air and shattered the silence as I plunged headfirst into a whirlpool of darkness. I fluttered and flailed my arms, but to no avail as the tenacious tornado teleported me to a whole new world.

Silence.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes dreadingly. Standing up, I gazed around this unfamiliar environment in awe. *Am I dreaming?* I was standing on the summit of a formidable mountain. Below, plains of evergreen stretched far and wide, covering the landscape with its vastness. Hardly a cloud covered the azure canvas, like a duvet of blue blanketing the earth, that watches over the creation, displaying serenity in such wonders. Some way below me, a middle-aged man sprawled over the grass, muttering to himself, “Where is it? Where is it?” *Did he lose something? What is he finding?* I wondered. Walking slowly over to him, I asked, “Who are you? Did you lose something?” He stared up, perspiration dripping from his forehead. He said, “Oh! Hello...I’m looking for a peculiar type of flower. It’s violet and white, with a yellow stem sticking out of the middle. Have you, by any chance, come across any?” As I could see his features more clearly, I almost reeled in shock. I was instantly reminded of the renowned doctor HuaTuo which I was reading about a few minutes ago. *But this is impossible!* He lived in the Eastern Han dynasty, unless... I glanced at my watch. 28th December 183. *Wow, have I just time-travelled?*

HuaTuo tapped me on the back, jerking me back to consciousness. “Oh, sorry for day-dreaming. Why do you have to find these flowers?” He said, “It’s for paralysing purposes when I perform surgeries. Right now, I’m trying to replenish my supplies. This is a really rare type of flower and it is difficult to find.” After listening to his explanation, I was reassured that he really was HuaTuo. Moreover, the flower he described was exactly the flower from the biography called MaFeiSan. “I haven’t seen any but I’m interested in learning more about this amazing flower. Could you please tell me more?” He picked up his bag and we trudged down the mountain together, passing by gigantic grassland and meadows of flowers. After about two hours of walking, we finally arrived at his house. His wife greeted me enthusiastically and ushered us into the house, serving us with mountains of food. We sat down and then he started to explain to me what was happening. . .

“As you see, I’m a doctor and I specialise in surgery. One time, a patient rushed in like a bullet, screaming in agony. His wife explained that he suddenly had excruciating pain in his abdomen. It was so severe and intense he couldn’t even breathe properly without suffering. His wife begged me to help and they were both very desperate. I instructed him to lie down on the bed to examine him. Even without pressing on his stomach, he moaned in anguish. He had appendicitis, and the only way to cure it was to have surgery. When both of them heard the word ‘surgery’, they turned pale with apprehension. The patient hurriedly refused and told me he would rather suffer this pain instead of having to receive the surgery. Then he stumbled out of the clinic, holding his stomach. I heaved a sigh. I totally understand their concern, but a lot of diseases can only be cured with surgery. I really wanted to do something to help, so I began to work my brain up. I thought, *people are reluctant to receive surgery because they are afraid of the pain. Is there anything I could do to reduce the pain?*”

“Once, a patient who was really drunk came in with a sharp arrow penetrating his hand. I told him that he has to have surgery to remove the arrow as it might cause a serious infection. He muttered with hesitation, ‘Yeah, go ahead.’ I performed the surgery really deftly as he did not struggle at all. I wondered, *did he not feel any pain at all?* After the surgery, he walked out of the clinic humming a song, as though nothing happened before. That got me thinking, is it possible that there is a type of herbs that can numb the sensations of a patient? During these few months, I searched in vain for herbs that have never been mentioned in medical literature and I finally discovered a new species of flower — MaFeiSan. I have been experimenting on MaFeiSan and it seems to be effective in paralysing one’s sensation for a short period of time. By administering MaFeiSan before surgery, all of my patients who have undergone surgery did not feel pain at all! They all left the clinic with smiles on their faces. I’m lacking MaFeiSan now, so I’m looking for more.” HuaTuo stood up. “Wait, I’ll get more food.” He disappeared out of the room.

As I was contemplating what he had just said, a breeze picked up. Before I knew what was happening, a hole split the room and the room began to shrink rapidly, spinning so quickly that everything in HuaTuo's house became a blur. "Aaaah!" I screamed as I fell down, down, down, towards the gaping, infinite black hole that wrapped its arms around me. . .

"Oof!" I slumped back onto the couch, quite exhausted from my journey to the past. After my interaction with HuaTuo, I started to ponder, *what could anaesthetic be used for nowadays except in surgeries? Could there be a magical anaesthetic that could paralyse computer bugs in the future? Or could it help to stultify deadly viruses, such as COVID-19 and help to save more lives?*

Wilfred's Journey Through Time: Rediscovering China's Ancient Wisdom

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Yuen, Sum Wun Katelyn – 9

It was an ordinary day with a pleasant cool breeze. A boy named Wilfred was scolded furiously by his teacher as he got zero marks in his Chinese History quiz. "You are the worst student I've ever taught. I don't want to waste my precious time on you anymore!" All the other classmates kept silent and stared at him blankly. He was embarrassed and couldn't stop weeping. His teacher carried on with his lecture without comforting Wilfred.

Wilfred was frustrated about his teacher. He wished for a hug from his parents. When he arrived home, he shared what had happened with his parents. However, his parents thought that Wilfred had no talent in academics, they said "Do more revision! You're such a failure!" He hid inside his room. He tried to study hard but he couldn't understand the content thoroughly. He sneaked out to the library instead.

When he arrived at the library, he saw an extraordinary old brown flurry book lying on the floor. "Wow! What a cool book!" Wilfred was amazed, "4 Big Inventions from China?" He opened the book, read it phrase by phrase, hours by hours..... suddenly a beam of dazzling light shone upon his eyes. By the time he could hardly open his eyes, he had already arrived in an old village. Some strange-dressed people approached Wilfred. They kept on asking him weird questions. Wilfred was puzzled. Luckily, there was a man who looked kind and easy-going. Wilfred tried to use his limited Mandarin to communicate with him.

"Are you serious? It's the seventh century!!!" Wilfred shouted out frighteningly but curious. He believed that he had travelled through time. The news of time traveler was spread rapidly around the village, people whispered and gossiped about Wilfred. Wilfred begged to go but everybody was surrounding him. He finally escaped after five hours.

Wilfred recalled Sun Simao, the man who created gunpowder in the seventh century, might help him pave a way home. He ran through the village and asked the villagers whether they knew who Simao was. After consolidating information from different sources, he finally walked to a bronze-colored house. Wilfred opened the door and saw a man, trying to help the needy to explode giant rocks. Wilfred walked inside, making sure not to disturb his idol. He whispered, "Hi! I come from Year 2023. I am your big fan as you sacrifice your own privilege. Indeed, you are not only helping scare away evil spirits, but also make fireworks for celebratory events in future. But for this moment, can you help me back home?" Simao couldn't figure out what Wilfred said. Simao taught Wilfred how to make gunpowder. He was jovial and finally fell asleep next to the gunpowder he made.

Then, the same light shone into Wilfred's eyes. He saw a strong man holding a shovel and sweeping in a pool. The man painted white sticky thing, like slime, in a frame and laid them all out on the ground. At that moment, Wilfred realized he was Cai Lun and he was now in Year 105. Wilfred gazed at Lun and suddenly felt so regretful as he always wasted paper. Lun looked unfriendly but Wilfred insisted on paper making from him. Lun agreed to teach him finally and Wilfred successfully made a stack of A4 paper. Time flew and Wilfred lost all his energy as making paper was really fat-burning. His arms could hardly raise up as they were over-exhausted. Wilfred promised Lun that he would make the best use of paper and thanked for his great invention. Due to overtiredness, Wilfred suddenly went into drowsiness.

The same dazzling light shone through Wilfred's eyes again. This time, he went to Year 1040. Since Wilfred was now an expert in time travelling, he knew he was going to meet the inventor of printing – Bi Sheng. Wilfred was a bookworm. He couldn't imagine what his world would be if there were no printed books in the world. He tried to craft an image onto a block of wood. He then dipped it into ink and made it onto the surface of a fabric. He loved what he was making and dreamt of making the whole Marvel Comic by himself. Sheng was enthusiastic in teaching Wilfred. He emphasized the skills to make typography into success..... It made Wilfred enchanted. After three hours, Wilfred finally got everything he needed and left with a polite bow.

Smart Wilfred tried to look for ways to travel to Year 1119, he knew that he was going to meet Shen Kuo — The inventor of compass. Wilfred found him in an old house. However, Kuo was a rude man. He asked Wilfred to

leave as he was busy searching for magnetic rocks. Wilfred refused to go and insisted on helping Kuo to make directions on the spoons. Both of them held their inventions on hand and tried to navigate. Even though Wilfred helped Kuo a lot, Kuo didn't even smile for a second. Wilfred didn't think that Kuo was courteous but he insisted on brainstorming suggestions for him. Unexpectedly, Kuo smiled and thanked Wilfred for his adorable idea. Kuo gave a lot of souvenirs — compasses to Wilfred. Again, Wilfred did a polite bow and waved goodbye to Kuo.

Wilfred was homesick. He had no idea how to go back to Year 2023. While he was thinking about it, a dazzling light shone through his nose, turning it from pink to white. Wilfred travelled back to Year 2023. He was thrilled to be back. He was confident to get full marks if there was a pop-up quiz tomorrow. His teacher and parents would be proud of him. Wilfred crept back to his house by the backyard door, climbing onto his bed. "I can't wait for tomorrow's Chinese History class. Whew! I am blessed in Year 2023." Then he went off to sleep, holding his compasses, dreaming and thinking how his teacher would react.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Girls' Junior School, Yung, Kwan Nga – 11

“China has invented many creative and miraculous things which have helped us throughout these years...” I read from my textbook. I really didn't see how these inventions helped people. If China hadn't invented the printing press, nobody would have printed out tests for students to do! Feeling bored and frustrated, I slammed the book shut. My eyelids felt extremely heavy suddenly, and without warning, my head fell onto the cover of the book...

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” Disturbing sounds came from somewhere next to me. Was I still in the library? Carefully, I blinked open my eyes. A man with short, black hair was standing beside me. I could make out the sweat trickling down his thin face. After a few seconds, I noticed that the bangs were coming from right next to him. Then, he picked up some bamboo sticks and threw them inside a pot of fire, I finally realized what he was doing. The man was creating fireworks!

“Hello, Sir? May I know how you make fireworks?” I stood up and muttered nervously. The man acknowledged me with a shocked but delighted smile.

“Very nice to meet you, child,” he said with a comforting laugh. Even though he looked old and kind of shaggy, his voice was strong and determined. “I mix saltpeter, sulfur and charcoal to produce a black, flaky powder. Then, I filled used paper tubes with gun powder and some other ingredients to make these fireworks.” I remembered from the book of China's inventions, that the Chinese in the past believed that this was a new creation that would make them feel safe since it could ward off evil spirits. Now, however, the Chinese use fireworks for celebrations and other special and important events like the National Day. The first firework was invented in the second century B.C. In ancient Liuyang, China. Wait, that meant...

“You are the famous Li Tian!” I shouted excitedly as I realized who this man was. “You must have worked very hard on these fireworks, they're just incredible!” Li Tian looked stunned that I knew his name, but he smiled warmly down at me despite my sudden outburst.

“Indeed, I'm Li Tian, and I'm proud to present my great fireworks, however...” Li Tian paused as if something was troubling him. “I am quite busy right now, so...” I knew exactly what he was trying to say.

After I had left the yard after good-byes from Li Tian, I started off towards the opposite street, which was filled with sounds of joy and excitement. “Look at them!” I heard a child shout from behind. I followed his gaze which landed onto two men standing beneath the tree, fiddling with a bird-shaped piece of huge paper. There was an extremely long strand of rope hanging on the bottom of the paper. The men were fixing the top part of the rope, which was spreading all over the yard. I still had the book of inventions in my hand, so I quickly flipped to the page where I had last stopped.

“The first kites were invented by the Chinese, used mostly for military operations. Kites were made out of silk and bamboo with wide wings which help to fly in the sky,” I read aloud. It was quite interesting to see the first kites being made in front of your eyes, and I had tons of questions, but I didn't want to disturb the men.

I was really starting to get worried, because even though I was having fun, I was scared that I couldn't go back to the present. To make the situation ever worse, the sky had turned into a dark shade of blue, and traces of black clouds were starting to appear in the sky. All of the children ran home, laughs disappearing into the cold air. There was nowhere to shelter from the upcoming storm, and I was pretty sure that I hadn't brought an umbrella. Raindrops started to fall on my face, blending in with my tears. It was starting to rain cats and dogs, when a figure started running towards me!

“Wait up, little 'un!” called the person. “Don't be afraid, my dear, for I have my newest invention— the umbrella!” Suddenly, the rain stopped falling, but I could still hear the splashing of water coming from the sky. Without hesitating, I lifted up my head to see something orange on top of my head. Standing next to me, was a familiar figure that I had seen somewhere in my book of inventions...

Could it be, though?

“Are you the famous carpenter Lu Ban?” I gaped up at the man, who was still holding the umbrella in his hands. I noticed that this umbrella wasn’t really the same as the kind you use now. It was made out of extremely thin silk, and the bamboo frame fixing the silk was made delicately.

The man grinned mysteriously, wrinkles clear on his face. However, he didn’t answer the question, but said instead, “hold it.” My hands shook with both nervousness and excitement as I held the umbrella, which was still warm from when Lu Ban had held it. I wanted to give it back, but when I tried to close it, Lu Ban had disappeared off my sight. Instead, I saw a pile of carelessly—stacked books in front of me,

I picked a book up. It was the exact same book I had been reading before I left. Opening the book, I recalled seeing Li Tian making fireworks, finding two men working on a huge kite, and being sheltered under Lu Ban’s wonderful invention. All the valuable works of art were still fresh in my memory, and it was the memory that made me become fascinated by the creativity and the perseverance of those people who had made our lives better. I realized that the umbrella was still firm in my hands, still warm as before...

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Preparatory School, Han, Michael Jude – 12

It was just a normal day in Guangdong, the capital of the province of Guangzhou. Everybody in the busy city went about their daily lives. People went to work, children went to school, it seemed as though nothing special or even anything out of the ordinary would happen.

Then suddenly, during the rush hour, when the children were at home doing their homework, the adults rushing back home in the subway, something happened. Every single television either switched on or stopped broadcasting whatever the watcher was watching. A person appeared on the screen, wearing a black suit with a blue tie and, his hair jelled up in a tidy fashion. A news reporter, no doubt. But what could be so important that every single television would start broadcasting this? That's when he said it. "Few minutes ago, in a government science laboratory, there was a scientific breakthrough. Scientists have discovered a way to create a time machine, bending the fabric of space-time, allowing the user to utilise the gravitational power of a black hole to punch a hole in the very matter that holds time and space together, creating a vortex that can bring you to any time and any place. Although the time-machine is revolutionary, opening a world of infinite possibilities, time-machines will not be available to the public for now, as the time-machine is still not hundred percent safe and may have disastrous results if not developed properly." The usually busy and noisy city was eerily quiet, every single person was silent as they took their time to process this information. Then arose a deafening noise, every living creature was rejoicing in this wonderful discovery. But how did this invention come to be?

It all started thirty years ago in 2078. Astronauts were documenting the behaviour of a black hole when they saw an unidentified object fly out of a black hole. It looked like an asteroid, or a comet, or maybe just a small planet. But whatever it was, it just appeared and flew out of the matter-sucking beast. The astronauts noted this peculiar behaviour down, determined to find the cause of this phenomenon after their research. A few days later, they observed an unidentified object, identical to the object they saw fly out of the black hole, get sucked into the event horizon. They saw that rock, or whatever it was, get pulled and pulled, first into an oblong shape, then into what looked like a long piece of spaghetti made of rock, before sucked into oblivion. After careful observation, they realised the two objects were the same. But what could have caused it to get destroyed by the black hole's extreme gravity and then appeared days beforehand? Was it because the black hole's gravitational pull bended and punched a hole through space-time? Or was it because it was pulled into Singularity, before getting compressed so much that it was sent backwards in time? Scientists were determined to find out.

And so, the scientists did. The first thing they did was to try to recreate the force of the black hole. Under extremely high protection and anti-gravity machines, they were able to recreate the force, before trying to break the fabric of space time. Using Albert Einstein's formula, $E=mc^2$, they deduced that if the energy used was enough, an object could puncture the fabric of space-time and travel back in time, only to the time when the machine was created. Though the scientists tried their best to find a loophole to travel back before the time machine was created, they had no success. So they started testing the machine, sending simple objects like coins, pieces of plastic and other inanimate things. They discovered that the time machine could be fatal if not used properly. The further away the period of time, the stronger the gravity had to get, but you also had to be careful, using even an extra one newton of gravity could end up with you being compressed into singularity. With the most basic bugs and kinks ironed out, scientists started testing the time machine with simplistic life forms like ants, snails and other vertebrates by sending them fifteen minutes into the future and fifteen minutes into the past. Planning the tests was a bit difficult and required you to send the creature at exactly the correct moment, so that the creature could appear at the correct moment fifteen minutes ago. Then came the harder part. Testing the machine on humans, a little mistake could end up with people being deceased. But even with the risk of losing it all, volunteers showed up eager to test the newfound technology.

The next step before revealing the time machine to public was to minimise the contraption. As of the time of testing, the time machine was larger than a house! The machine needed to be more compact, so a few things would need to be shrunk. The first being the photo-yactosombulatorgatorzedgaoduhemacer fluid producer. This fluid played a key role in the process of sending the user back in time. The fluid was used to ensure the user's safety.

This fluid would stick to the user's body, protecting it from the enormous gravitational pull and the radiation emitted from the machine. The second thing needed to minimise was the gravity producing module. This module was the base and core of the time machine, producing the gravitational pull required to puncture a hole through space-time. And the third was the gravitational controller, which would prevent the gravity produced by the machine collapsing on itself, creating a black hole, which would consume the world, then the solar system.

Eventually, after years of trial and error, the time machine was completed. The scientists got a patent for their work. The time machine instantly went viral, within a few days, every single person in the world knew that a time machine existed and that it would be a major contribution to the world and the descendants of the entire population.

From Food to Miracle

Diocesan Preparatory School, Law, Tsz Lok – 11

A Bitter Dinner

In a small, secluded town in China, 25 year old Zheng was sitting in his usual chair deliberating whether or not to eat the last piece of food that remained on his plate. As the clock struck 10p.m., Zheng sighed as he stared at the cold Xiao Long Bao that laid before him. As Zheng took the final bite of his distasteful meal, he thought about all the work he had done that day in the office. A great sense of satisfaction swept over him, everything was perfect in his life except for one thing, due to his long working hours, cooking was a luxury. His schedule wouldn't permit and now, this was the dinner that awaited him.

The Blessing

As the cold wind swept through the streets, a strange light flickered. As Zheng was turning in his bed, a delicate energy form appeared. And as Zheng slept soundly, an angel entered his dream.

“Be not afraid! For I have witnessed your silent dilemma causing you much strife, I shall bless you with divine knowledge to aid you in your quest for good food,” the angel said, as it spread its wings and filled his dream with a bright white orb. As the orb shone brilliantly, it entered Zheng's body and granted him a special power.

Before Zheng could express his gratitude, there was a flash of blinding light, and Zheng was sent back to his sleep.

Quest For Answers

The next day, Zheng awoke, feeling quite peculiar, he decided to make himself a cup of jasmine tea. He had completely forgotten about the dream and was feeling a little 'out of sorts'. As he drank his last sip of tea, he suddenly wanted to go to the library. He had no idea why, but something was telling him that it was important.

Not knowing why, he put on his shoes and made his way to the town's library, it was quite a majestic building full of mysteries and stories untold to many. As he walked around the library, glancing at all the shelves of books, hoping to find the answer to the question that he didn't even know he had, right before him, an old dusty looking book fell off the shelf and landed right before his feet. It was a book about engineering and Zheng somehow knew that it was meant for him.

When he returned home, he sat down and began to read the book, flipping every page. He was amazed at what he saw...

The book was filled to the brim with futuristic machinery of a kind that he'd never seen before, jet engines faster than the speed of light, batteries embedded with shining crystals, lunar panels and holographic frequency projectors that can bring back your loved ones.

As he turned the pages, he remembered his dream and instantly realised the purpose of this book, right before his eyes was the answer to his problems. Suddenly, Zheng jumped out of his seat and began to grab every material he could find, he quickly rushed to his local craft store to buy the materials he needed.

As soon as he returned, he began to build his vision. A supersonic self-driven food delivery hovercraft that could avoid traffic, is super slick and keeps the food warm. He used the clay he found in the storage compartment, the scraps of paper he found as the body of the machine, and used carbonated drinks and mint candies as the jet engines.

Moment Of Truth

After hours of building, he finally made the contraption. He pressed the 'on' button on the machine, but it failed. He felt a bit miserable, but he refused to give up. He kept on trying, slowly upgrading his materials. Replacing paper with wood, replacing wood with plastic, and replacing plastic with steel. He upgraded his materials non-stop, no matter how many times he failed, he kept on trying, and finally...

The Discovery

He perfected the machine. Once again, he pressed the 'on' button, and then the machine flew gracefully around the room. Zheng shouted out excitedly, “I DID IT!” as he celebrated his victory, he named the machine **AeroDeli**.

He wanted to test-drive it, so he called the restaurant and asked if they were willing to try out his invention, at first they were sceptical but following another dozen bad reviews, they finally agreed to test out the **AeroDeli** and for the first test drive, the destination was Zheng's house. It took no more than five minutes for the food to arrive and as Zheng opened the container, for the first time in his life he was holding a steaming hot bag of delicious dinner. He opened the bag as quickly as he could, and took a bite out of the food and to his surprise....

True Sustenance

The food was scrumptious. The egg fried rice was soft and chewable, the pork rib noodles were individual strands of noodles, and the pork ribs came in hot, and the Xiao Long Bao he ordered had a soft and chewy skin, the soup was actually in the dumplings and the pork in the dumplings had a rich, savory flavour. Zheng had done it, he could finally enjoy a good meal, and he slept happily that night.

Revolution

The next morning, he had a vision, his invention could be used for many purposes; the transportation of any type of food hot or cold, the delivery of packages and even the transportation of human beings. Soon, he formed his own company and mass produced **AeroDeli** all around China.

If you see fleets of **AeroDeli** in the sky, now you know it's because of Zheng's efforts that made not just for China, but for the world as well.

The Cave of Wealth

Diocesan Preparatory School, Pang, Jason – 12

Among the ancient caves in the Chinese province Jiangsu, there is a particular man-made cave. This cave holds a veritable treasure trove of knowledge of ancient Chinese currency and culture. Unknown and forgotten, researchers may be the first to enter this cave in hundreds to thousands of years; however, there may be secrets untold to those willing to believe it, as many guardians will surely tell you about one of the caves...

I'm LingXi, one of the guardians of Jiao, the secret place where money is produced.

Now, this cave has a crucial difference from all the other coin minting places of my time: We used paper money.

Nobody knew how this came to be.

This first people ever to go in were travellers. They looked for the cave to refuge from a drenching storm. Upon entering the cave, they found incredible wealth: Gold, silver, bronze... the cave contained it all. One of the travellers, entranced, reached out for a bar of gold. But to his surprise, as he touched it, the gold shrank, changed colour and turned into a smallish piece of paper. It had intricate designs on it and complicated writing inscribed upon it. The traveller picked it up and examined it carefully. He tapped on it twice and it enlarged again to become a large, gleaming bar of gold once again. He tapped on it again and it morphed back into a piece of paper. This time, he looked at it carefully and saw a number on it: 100, or Yibai in Chinese. They soon found out that the silver and bronze each had a smaller number on it accordingly, to their value.

Soon, tales of their finds soon reached the ears of the surrounding villagers who came into the cave, hoping to avail themselves to its fabulous wealth; however, they found nothing there. The travellers had turned it all to paper and stored it. Soon, though, the travellers discovered that they were the only ones who could turn the gold to paper slips; however, everyone could change it back to gold.

Soon, the intelligent villagers saw how they could use this to their advantage. At that time, carrying around heavy coins was a pain, and it also attracted unwanted attention from robbers. They asked the travellers, who were now known as 'the guardians of Jiao' (the name of the cave), to help them turn their valuables to paper slips, of which they called JiaoZi, Jiao being the name of the cave, and Zi being the ancient Chinese term for paper. Then they could carry around this paper and tap on it when they needed it to buy something. The JiaoZi were easier to carry around and they were less noticeable. Soon, tales of this amazing new invention spread across the country. More and more people came to visit this amazing cave.

Not before long, people began asking for the JiaoZi for payment instead of regular gold or bronze. This was much more convenient than having to count coins all day long. All you had to do was to look at a number.

Whenever a poor or indebted person came, we would always grant them a safe place to stay and give them enough money to fulfill their needs.

The cave was said to be a gift from the CaiShen, the alleged Chinese god of wealth. And a gift it was! This made commerce and economy much easier.

However, all of this would change when the emperor's men came to call.

When the emperor, a greedy and avaricious man, heard of this new place, bringing prosperity and stability to his kingdom, he reacted with something like this, "SEIZE THIS CAVE!!!"

Just like that, some of the emperor's men went to capture this cave for the emperor's own use; however, we had forewarning of their arrival.

The day before the soldiers arrived, the head guardian, ChangYuZe, held a meeting to decide on what to do about this imminent threat incoming. "Alright, everyone, I have a crucial thing to tell you: All of these things have been

happening because of a problem which no one is aware of except me: there is a traitor among us, one who's been stealing gold and reporting our location to the emperor."

"A traitor?"

"Who?"

"Yes," said the head guardian sadly "A spy, an imposter, sent here by the emperor to keep tabs on us. However, the emperor can be fooled if we find the imposter and switch locations."

Right at that moment, one of the guardians came rushing in and said breathily, "Gold... missing...thought you should know..." Before fainting and collapsing. At the end of the meeting, the decision was unanimous: I would remain here, along with two others to guard this last dwelling.

I had just gone back in the cave when I saw something horrendous: one of my fellow guardians on the floor, his neck twisted into a horribly unnatural angle. The other guardian stood with a manic grin on his face. Now, I saw his face was not of a man's but of a beast.

He grinned leeringly at me, saying, "Your leader is right, you know...there are two spies. The other one has just left..."

But I wasn't listening. I was running towards the message room. I wrote hurriedly:

This letter serves to tell you about the second imposter.

Neither you nor this cave will be safe as long as the spies remain with you.

If and when you all receive this, send me no rescue team.

As the last guardian, I hope you solve the mystery and rid us of this attrition.

This I wrote and tied it to a trained message pigeon and set it free just as the door crashed open and a knife hurtled towards me...

Other manuscripts have also been found scattered not too far from the cave, detailing the survivors journey, losing men, and ultimately, rooting out the traitor.

No traces of the new guardians have ever been found.

Due to the emperor's greed, no one was ever able to make more JiaoZi.

However, ironically, after the original cave was abandoned, the use of paper money bloomed. It eventually evolved into the kind of money we are now familiar with today.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Preparatory School, Poon, Hei Lam Vera – 11

Once upon a time, there was a smart and talented boy named Scorpius. One day, Scorpius's parents disappeared, and he felt really worried and scared. Even though he didn't know what happened, Scorpius was determined to find his parents.

Scorpius looked everywhere for clues until he found a note. The note told him to go into the basement if he wanted to save his parents. Scorpius quickly went down to the basement and found another note. This time, the note said he had to go back in time to Ancient China. He had to find two important things: paper and toilet paper. Scorpius had to find the very first version of each item.

Scorpius was determined to complete this mission, so he carefully explored the basement. He found a box that turned out to be a time machine!

After Scorpius touched the box, he was in a different place. Everything looked strange, and the people were dressed in unusual clothes. The women had beautiful hairpins, and the men wore special hats.

Scorpius soon realised that he was in China. Just then, a person approached him and gave him a note. Scorpius read it carefully. It said that he needed to go to the bamboo grove near the village. The person who gave Scorpius the note introduced himself as Syaoran. He kindly offered to be Scorpius's guide around China, promising to escort him to the bamboo forest. Scorpius accepted because having a guide around an unfamiliar place would be very helpful.

Scorpius and Syaoran were going into the neighbouring forest when Scorpius asked which part of China he was in. Syaoran told him that the place they were in was called Lei-Yang. After a while, they entered the lush green forest, and Scorpius saw that the trees were extravagantly tall and thick. After a few minutes, they arrived at an unknown structure. Scorpius knocked lightly on the door and waited for a while. Suddenly, the door opened and a man wearing a traditional Chinese outfit called a hanfu came out. The person introduced himself to the flabbergasted Scorpius. He was Ts'ai Lun, the man who first made paper. He invited them to go inside.

When they entered the house, Ts'ai Lun cheerfully welcomed them with mugs of tea. Ts'ai Lun asked what they were doing in the middle of the forest. Scorpius told Ts'ai Lun and Syaoran that he was finding the person who made the first version of a piece of paper.

Syoaran, suggested that Scorpius should ask Ts'ai Lun how to make paper, because he was the one who made paper in the first place.

Scorpius was quite astonished by the fact that Syaoran knew so much about Ts'ai Lun. Syaoran explained that Ts'ai Lun was his father, leaving Scorpius in shock. Then Ts'ai Lun started talking about making paper. Ts'ai Lun said he mixed mulberry bark, hemp, and rags with water, mashed it into pulp, pressed out the liquid, and hung the thin mat to dry in the sun to make a piece of paper. Scorpius asked Ts'ai Lun if he still had the first version of the paper that he made. Ts'ai Lun nodded, took it out, and said it was very delicate.

Then Scorpius asked Syaoran if he wanted to come along with him on another adventure. Syaoran merrily agreed. Ts'ai Lun said goodbye to his son and told Syaoran to be careful.

Afterwards, Scorpius and Syaoran saw a small box down the road, Scorpius realised that it was the time machine! Scorpius told Syaoran to hurry down to the time machine, and they ran towards it and touched it just in time as it was about to fade.

They went back to the year 851 AD, in the Han Dynasty, and saw an extravagant temple in red and gold decorations in front of their eyes. They went in and found themselves in the middle of a conference with a man in the middle of the chamber. Everyone in the room was looking at them, Scorpius apologised with a bow to the Emperor and the Chinese Imperial Court, and asked to have a private talk after the ongoing conference. The Emperor kindly told them to wait outside the giant red doors of the chamber.

After a while, the Emperor called Scorpius and Syaoran into the magnificent chamber and bowed down to the Emperor. They were told to introduce themselves to the emperor and were asked what they were doing there. The Emperor appeared to understand because he took out a note that was identical to the one Ts'ai Lun had. The Emperor gave them the first piece of toilet paper. Scorpius told him that he needed the procedure of making the piece of toilet paper. The Emperor slowly told Scorpius the method of making it.

The ingredients consisted of silk and tree bark. Syaoran and Scorpius stood up and thanked the Emperor for helping them.

Syaoran said that it was their final goodbye. He told Scorpius that it was a wonderful experience for him, and thanked him. Syaoran touched the time machine and was gone in a second. Scorpius stood, then realised he must rejoice with his parents. After he touched the time machine, he was in a dark room. He saw a dim light from a candle which was coming closer and closer... He saw a man who looked like his father, but in robes, and then the man threw his arms around him crying with joy. Then he saw his mother, also in dress robes. When she saw Scorpius, he flew into her arms weeping.

He tried to find the versions of the piece of paper as well as the piece of toilet paper but without success. But Scorpius didn't care anymore, he rejoiced with his parents once more...

New Tales of China's Inventions

Diocesan Preparatory School, Yue, Yin Hang – 11

“My Lord! The Queen is terribly sick!”

When the Prince staggered into the Queen's room, panting for breath, a terrifying sight met him. An old lady, looking deathly pale, was lying on a luxurious bed. A servant, who was spooning medicine into the old lady's mouth, immediately kneeled before the Prince and started to report with a grave expression, “My Lord—”

“It's been three days already. Has she gotten any better?” interrupted the Prince, dying to know more information.

“N—no, My Lord. S—she vomits up everything she ate,” answered the servant in a trembling voice.

For the Prince, nothing was more unbearable than seeing his beloved suffering, the Queen was the one who gave birth to him and guided him with wisdom and passion. “Gather a hundred men.” The Prince commanded. “We need to make medicines ourselves!”

Days flew past, but his men failed to make any progress.

“Anything?” the Prince snapped to his men every night, but the men only shook their heads fearfully, day after day.

The Queen became weaker and weaker. The Prince knew he could no longer cross his arms and watch the Queen perish. He joined to work with his men to increase their chances of success. He worked very hard, from day to night with the men on a mountaintop, where absolutely no one could disturb them, letting them focus on their work. Despite the people worked so dedicatedly, the Prince's goal seemed to be fading...

One day, as the weary Prince was pondering the cure for the Queen, his messenger suddenly ran to him and reported, “My Lord, from an old villager in the mountain we have heard a legend: a hundred years ago, a reputed doctor who travelled from nearby had once mixed some herbs together with the village's crops to heal some dying people who vomited out everything that they had eaten.” The Prince looked at him in suspicion and the messenger quickly added. “It was an old legend I just found... I am not sure if it is true...”

“It doesn't matter.” grumbled the Prince. “We have no choice but to try...” He hurried up to the mountain with a basket full of crops and everything else that he could get his hands on.

First, he grounded some beans of the crops with water to turn it into milk. Then he boiled it, and tried to add the right things to create the medicine. He tried using everything he had got, like herbs, tree bark, and even silkworms and rare stones! However, all the finishing products looked nothing like what could be right.

The Prince was discouraged and tired. Before returning to the palace with despair, he decided to experiment one last time, for he did not want to lose one slightest chance to save the Queen. He desperately mixed the remaining materials that were left. He did not have any expectations, and thought it would just be another failure. But, to his amazement, he saw some bubbles appearing on the surface of the mixture, and its texture becoming very slimy. After carefully examining the mixture, he knew there might be a chance. He also smelt a pleasant fragrance slithering up the steaming pot. With his heart thundering, he gave it a taste. Although the texture felt like mud, the umami of the jelly-like substance was marvellous!

“What happened? What have I done?” wondered the Prince after tasting it. He spotted a strand of seaweed left in his basket. “It was the nigari seaweed mixed with the soy beans!” he exclaimed.

The Prince tried again by firstly grinding the soy beans and cooking down the liquid mixture. Then, he added nigari seaweed, and left it still for a few hours. For the last step, excess water was squeezed out. When he tasted it, he felt savoury sliding down his throat. It was superb. He felt like he had won a trophy. He hurried back to the palace and fed it to the Queen.

The Prince carefully spooned it into the Queen's mouth himself. When the Queen swallowed it, her eyes got wet and let out a hint of satisfactory. She enjoyed the food that the Prince had created. With every mouthful she devoured, a bigger and wider grin spread across her face, and her spirit slowly returning. The Prince sighed with relief. He had managed to save the Queen's life with his invention.

So, who was the Prince? What was the food which helped cure the Queen? He was the famous Chinese Prince Liu An from the Han Dynasty. More than two thousand years ago, Liu An's invention of tofu, had opened up a brand new ingredient for different mouth-watering dishes all over China and Asia, and it is becoming to be one of the most popular food around the world.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Discovery Bay International School, Alam, Madison – 11

Chen's father's tea shop was busy, a mainly successful place that took in a local village in China. Flows of people would come rushing in at a quite specific time. The time that dawn had made a yellow blanket that covered all the houses and had filled them with minor sunshine. Chen was a curious girl, an introvert that'd rather spend her time figuring out new discoveries than socialising with others. At the very back of her father's tea shop, Chen had been making pottery for her father to make tea with. And although they weren't specified as wealthy, she enjoys her time doing this. Her hands worked like steel, making a variety of unique shapes, her palms never got tired, nor had blisters never crept upon the sides of her pinky.

One morning, when the sunshine crept upon the windows and reflected them with beams of golden flashes, Chen had been making her set of pottery for the rest of the morning. Shaping and kneading, this brought her joy. A beaming grin had always shifted her face every time she'd gotten started for the day. She heard her father's bedroom door shriek a loud creaking noise, he was up. "Good morning, I'm just getting started for the day." She uttered brightly. Her father had beamed back, and ambled off to his countertop. A few seconds of brief silence had circled and swished around them, when a sudden crashing noise made a ringing sensation in Chen's ears.

Her eyes had widened, as she rushed over to check on her father. Her father laid on the floor, taking large gulps of air, clenching his chest. "Father!" Chen had paced over and felt his pulse, faintly beating, and sounded like it was about to stop. "My love," he stroked one side of her face, "I won't be living much longer, I feel severely ill." A look of puzzled and emotional feelings had changed her face type, her eyebags had seemed saggy than normal. "You must.." He coughed a disturbing screech. "You must take over.. The tea shop, keep our legacy, my love." His last words had stabbed a hole in Chen's heart. She couldn't believe it, all of it was so sudden, so awful and unexpected.

A year as quick as a flash, Chen had now been taking over the rest of her father's pieces of determined work that lead to her carrying on the legacy. Although now her hands had more work to do, sculpting and tea making, this pressure didn't seem to get rid of her curiosities all so quickly. She made new discoveries, such as different ways to make pottery, and a variety of ways to make tea.

The same time the sun rays came at nature's easel, handing its vibrant colour to what was hiding beneath the passing starlit night, flows of eager people had been rushing over to her countertop. The grin that used to come visit her rosy cheeks had come to a stop not too much of a while ago. What seemed as if the people were waiting patiently, Chen had fear of others thinking she was too slow, or fast enough for them to think she rushed through their tea. She wiped her dirty hands smothered with clay with a handkerchief, and got on with work.

A piece of pottery had dropped off a shelf and broke into fragile pieces. She gasped, the clay was too sensitive to be placed on such high grounds. She held her face with her palms, raw clay slid off and left a mark across her nose. She sighed and carried on making her sets of pottery for customers. Chen glanced up, a rock that looked as beautiful as butterflies in flight stood on the same shelf that the cup had fallen off. Curious, she took hold of the rock and observed its prickly edges. *When did this get here?* She pondered. The rock had a gradient with different shades of grey and white, along with a shine that shimmered like layers of resin had poured on top of it.

A smile wiped the frown off her mouth, a look of sheer doubt but happiness shifted her whole face. *The customers want something pretty, something different.* Her mind seized her hands into grinding up the stone and making something out of the ordinary. The stone transformed into powder within minutes. Chen then washed the stone bits with aggressive and quick hands, swirling against the bottom of the pot every few milliseconds. A layer of dust covered the waves of water at the top, as she then mixed the now cleaned bits of *petuntse* into some *kaolin* clay. She heated up her oven as she mixed the paste thoroughly, her hands becoming a pale colour with red blotches as she stared deep at the substance, doubting whether it'll come out as she hopes it will.

She yanked her oven open, a splash of hot air (as hot as 1,450 °C) gave her face a lift. She backed away, as she held the paste into her hands. She moulded it into a typical piece of pottery, and her slim, bony hands threw it into the oven.

A short 15 – 30 minutes paced by, most of her customers, had been yelling and layering pressure on poor Chen's face. "Where's my tea!" "We all have places to go to!" The voices had yelled. Chen had taken out her pottery, filed it with sandpaper, and had filled it to the brim with tea. It looked magical, she was astonished. Without further hesitation, she held it, Chen's handkerchief covering her hands from the heat. "Here you go, sir!" She knelt and handed it to the first person in line. His eyes felt mesmerised with the beauty. He took a little sip. "This tea is astonishing, you must make more." And with that he ambled off. Chen had never felt happier. This was just the start of a long story leading up to now. *Porcelain.*

Hog, Hair and Sticks

Discovery Bay International School, Burdon, Brooke – 9

Mei and Lin, two lovely girls living in the high beautiful mountains of Shanghai, China, who had a wish to create something, well anything to clean people's teeth. They have seen many things that are bad in their lives but not as bad when people start to die. After their parents died from not brushing their teeth which was heart-breaking and woeful, Mei and Lin were crushed and thought they could never be happy. Their parents died from not brushing their teeth because there was no proper tool which led to a heart attack. If you did not know not brushing your teeth daily is dangerous and you could end up dying, here is how it happens. First from not brushing your teeth, it could lead to cavities which will lead to tooth infection and then further health issues. Heart disease can lead to you not being able to pump blood through your body, and if you can't pump blood through your body that will lead to a heart attack and then to death. I know it is a long story how they died but just bear with me. Mei and Lin wanted to help everybody in the world, well, everyone in the world to have something to brush their teeth with, something that could actually remove plaque or stains on their teeth. Instead of chewing on sticks which whoever thought of that idea, the idea sounds horrible. Because of their parent's death Mei and Lin want to make something because they don't want anybody else dying from not brushing their teeth properly. "Lin! Come down! Breakfast is ready!"

As I told you, Mei and Lin now have no parents, they just take care of each other. "Coming! Answered Mei Running down the stairs with big thuds, Boom! Boom! Boom! As Mei was coming down the stairs making noises which was very annoying, Lin already started eating. Normally Lin makes breakfast for Mei and her because Mei is lazy and I mean really lazy and she also sleeps in. Thanks Lin! No worries, responded Lin. After having a nutritious breakfast, filled with energy, they started working on a plan to make an amazing invention to clean teeth. "Mei, this invention we're going to make is going to change everybody's lives! It's called the amazingly clean teeth cleaning invention!"

Lin said in an introductory deep voice. "Well, that's stupid, It's too long, too much repeating Cleaning and, well, it's just stupid!" said Mei. They started planning but it did not work out that well because for just starting plans they could not even think of one. They also had a problem where they had a limited amount of materials which was sticks, hog hair, leaves and feathers. "We need to make plans!"

said Lin. "Why can't we do it tomorrow?" said Mei. We can't because it's wasting time and we can't afford to waste time! One of their ideas was hog hairs on leaves so when you chew on them it will clean their teeth but that was a no because leaves will break easily. Another idea was feathers attached to a stick which was still a no because the feathers were too delicate to clean teeth. Then all of a sudden, they thought of a brilliant idea which was hog hairs attached to a stick which you can handle yourself so when you have the stick in your hand it can stroke your teeth to clean it. Lin said "That's a perfect idea!" Mei then said "Oh, I just did something smart?!" So cool!" Mei said that in a sarcastic voice but Lin really thought it was perfect. They started making it as fast as they could but not too fast or else it won't turn out good. They started making it which was going really, really well until a problem struck. Because there was no proper tool for brushing teeth Mei started to get health issues. Mei was getting sick and sicker every second, Lin had to make the toothbrush fast or else, Mei could end up not living. For hours Lin was making the toothbrush with loud noises. Bang! Clatter! The toothbrush was so hard to make. Lin's blood, sweat and tears were all in this project. Mei was not getting better at all. "Mei!" shouted Lin at the top of her lungs but Mei was not responding. Disaster struck. It was the end for Mei. Mei passed away in peace. But, because Mei passed away, Lin could not continue making the toothbrush as having a sister passing away is dreadful. Lin spent hours in her room crying and crying she was all alone. Lin did not know what to do anymore. But, in Lin's head came a soft warning voice. It said, "Never give up, even if one of your loved ones passed away, you still can't give up."

Lin was inspired by this voice. The next day Lin returned to making the toothbrush. "I have to do this. I can't give up on this life changing invention. If I don't make this, more and more people will pass away and I'm not letting this happen! After countless hours of working, the toothbrush was finally finished. Lin started going on the streets to show what she created. But it was hopeless. Nobody cared about her and her project. People said "Stay out of the streets!

You might risk your life just for selling a silly stupid invention!” But, the next week people started to see and understand the invention and even buy it! Business was booming! She finally had helped the world clean their teeth.

Lin’s motto became. If you give up, your hopes and dreams will be destroyed, but if you don't give up, you can accomplish your dreams. Lin said “It's not enough to be friendly to the world, you have to become a friend too.”

The Invention of Paper Money

Discovery Bay International School, Chambers, Ella – 10

It was (960 CE).

The warm delightful summer was ending and the mild winter was beginning. In the incredible Chengdu City, the sun glistened behind and a bright blue hue spread across the sky. A beautiful, lush garden with grand trees and fresh grass. This is Poppy and Daisy's garden. Poppy is a bright individual with a kind and caring soul. She has bright green eyes and is wearing denim shorts (that are grass stained) and a washed out pink T-shirt. And the other twin Daisy. Daisy is a determined character with a shy personality. They dashed around the fresh garden skipping whilst the birds sang and the lush leaves danced in the light breeze upon them. Their bright garden had a pale white fence that began to grow old. Also, they had a grand and enjoyable trampoline. Beaming, the sun embarked on its journey high in the sky. "Poppy, Daisy, time to come in for lunch!" Announced their mum from the other end of the backyard. Five minutes later, they were inside. Suddenly a ringing noise rang in the room. It was their Grandpa. Cough! He blurted out. "Grandpa, what's the matter with you?" asked Daisy. The conversation continued on. They were shocked with this non-amusing news mainly though, their mother was devastated. A deadly virus. And their Grandpa had it. They'd had to set out on a journey to help him. He needed money. He needs money for a special rare medicine. A Lot of it . "But he lives in Bangkok and we live in Chengdu City and lugging coins that far it's almost impossible!" Poppy yelled. "But we have to!" Bolted Daisy in a determined voice.

With a bulky and heavy sack, they set off. Hours passed, and their faces were dripping and red. "huh, huh, huh" panted Daisy. Their backs were slumped. Heat flooded everywhere. "Come on, we're only a couple blocks from home!"

"This is impossible!" blurted Poppy. They headed back. Across the bustling road, around the fountain and still lugging, walking along the path. They finally reached home. "Uhhh! What shall we do?!" exhausted, questioned Daisy. "Why can't money just change to um something light?" Daisy uttered. "Wait a minute. I have an idea, come lets gooooo!" Exclaimed Poppy. As fast as light they were gone.

Continuously, they dashed through their shabby house. A long, holed and washed out carpet spread across the planks of the wood floor they sprinted past it. Pale walls surrounded the many rooms in their rickety house. Now, there they were in the art room. A dark sense filled the room because there was only one dim light hanging above them. Then a mini table with a white flower table cloth. In the corner, stood an old styled cabinet with gold handles. They opened it and a large puff of dust flew into their faces. They coughed and swept the dust away. With multiple materials in their hands, they headed over to the table. "What shall we do? It's not just like money could be..um.....paper!" yelled Daisy. "Aha! That's it!" exclaimed Poppy, come on get to work! Seconds by minutes. Minutes by hours past. Now in front of them beautiful illustrated papers lay. "Hhhhhmm! Let call it Jiaozi 交子
" Poppy confirmed.

Now they brought their designs to the bank. " Excuse me". Muttered Daisy. This irregular, grumpy man looked up. " I wonder if (Daisy pointed to the sketches.) This could be money because it's like light. " He continued to stare solemnly and suddenly burst out cackling. " You kids really think you can just change money. Hah! Go home to your Mommy. Still laughing blurted the man. " Uhhh! That man was so rude. What will we do now really Poppy? We should just give up." Uttered Daisy " There could be another way" suggested Poppy. " You don't get it!" As she shouted this, tears rolled down her cheeks and snot burst out of her nose.

When they got home, Daisy slammed her door closed. Hours by hours Daisy still stayed in her room; she didn't even come out for supper. The night was a dark, dim and gloomy Poppy could barely sleep and ominous shadows filled her room. It was morning. Not a bright sunny day but a dark, stormy one. At breakfast, Poppy's eyes watered because of the lack of sleep she had that night but still, Daisy remained in her room. "That's it! I am going in that room no matter what!" Thundered her mum. She burst through the door. Daisy was gone!

They searched non-stop from around the house to crazy spots like on the top of the grand mango tree. "Wait, I know where she will be but ... you're not going to like it." Poppy said. "Well, where is she?!" blurted out her mum. "At Grandpa's." Mumbled Poppy.

Poppy dashed through town hoping the bank could just accept. Bash! Poppy crashed into this thin teen with jet black hair and bright brown eyes. "Ohh sorry! Sorry!" Exclaimed Poppy. Her sketches were all scattered on the jagged floor. "Hey" said the teen with Poppy and Daisy's sketches " this is amazing money right, like paper coins! This is a great idea, why don't you come with me? Let's make these sketches come to life!" yelled this guy! "Sure, but the bank won't accept my ideas."

Days passed, and they worked tirelessly and nonstop until they were ready and incredibly, the bank accepted.

Poppy set off. With Jiaozi (paper money) It was so so so much easier. But it was tiring. A long long journey awaited Poppy but with Jiaozi, she thought she was amazing. She thought she was spectacular. She thought she changed the world. "Alright Daisy, I'm coming!" Screeched Poppy at the top of her lungs as she set off for the challenging journey ahead.

To be continued.....

Fire Arrows

Discovery Bay International School, Clark, Stanley – 10

The funeral music drifted in the warm evening air as the two coffins were placed in the centre of the clearing. The once delicate and gaudy flowers were all withered and shrivelled up now. I looked around at the mournful crowd of people who came to pay their respects to my late parents. The sun sank lower over the hills and gave way to night as every individual said their farewells and departed. Only I was left in the cold grey night and, for the first time, it dawned on me that I was alone. I found a soft clump of grass and rested while the owls hooted in the moonlit night. I thought about how my parents had died. Jiao Qi was a spiteful disease. My parents had suffered with many of the symptoms before they died, including difficulty speaking, confusion and paralysis. I was inconsolable when they passed away.

For the next few days I wandered from town to town, until some monks found me and adopted me. Once I settled into the monastery, I tried to assist in as many ways as possible by helping with the gardening and cooking. Days turned into weeks. Weeks turned into months. Months turned into years and I still lived at the monastery. It was now the Tang Dynasty, I was 19 and had become a monk. My day would look like this: In the morning we would meditate followed by an hour of chanting. After that, we would walk barefoot around the village collecting food for our breakfast. We then would have our breakfast. Next, it was time for studying. My favourite topic is medicine. The last thing in our day would be meditation and prayer before bed. It is somewhat dull but that's a monk's life for you!

My life was happy and the other monks treated me as family. The only thing I still had from my parents was a painting of us together. Sometimes, I would look at the painting and wonder how I could help others avoid dying of a terrible disease.

One day I rolled up my sleeves and got to work. I was planning on making a life-extending elixir to help others whose fate was the same as my parents'. The first try, with charcoal and ink, failed. So did the second with sulphur and water, the third with saltpetre and oil, and the fourth with ink and oil. I had decided to give up until Chan, another monk, came to help. Two weeks of hard work had passed and finally we thought we had found it. "Why don't we use saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal? It might work." I said. "Good idea," replied Chan. We got the ingredients and mixed them together but just as we were mixing, Chan's sleeve knocked a nearby candle and sent it tumbling onto our mixture. BOOM! Our elixir exploded. We stood speechless. A stench of rotten eggs filled the room as a cloud of inky smoke billowed around us. Coughing and spluttering we stumbled outside. Over the next few weeks we continued our experiments on this exploding powder. The noise and the smell attracted the curious villagers who came to see what was happening at the normally peaceful monastery.

News got around that we had made an exploding powder, and people from far and wide came to see our astounding creation for themselves. One day the commander of the army came. I was surprised to see him at our humble monastery. He was dressed in intricate leather armour decorated with semi-precious stones and painted panels. He had a metal sheath for his dazzling sword. On his head sat a ferocious-looking helmet. I felt underdressed in his presence as all I was wearing was a faded orange robe. Surrounding him were seven or eight soldiers that never cracked a smile. Wherever they went, villagers stared after them with worried looks on their faces. Secretly I felt a little frightened.

The commander asked if he could borrow the recipe to show the other soldiers. He took it away and I forgot about it. I put my powder up on a shelf and left it. I focused on my studying. We had wasted enough time.

A few years later I was out collecting food from the villagers. They told me that they had heard of another village that had been burned down because of a weapon called a 'fire arrow'. When I asked what that was they said it was exploding powder tied to an arrow which was then fired at a target. The smell was like rotten eggs and when it was fired a large cloud of inky smoke erupted from each arrow.

Suddenly, it dawned on me that this was my invention. It was supposed to help humanity not destroy it. I was horrified. Now countless people would die. I had created a catastrophic demon that could crush peoples' lives in its evil fingers.

I spent the rest of my life learning about herbs to heal burns and scars. Some of those herbs include lobelia, myrrh, tang-kuei and borneol. I would never be able to get rid of this weapon but I could help those who have suffered from it. Forevermore I will bear the guilt of this beast that I have brought into the world.

The Great Porcelain Robbery

Discovery Bay International School, Gerrard, Iona – 10

Hua Hua strolled through her dark wood traditional doors, her lips pursed as she whispered softly yet it still echoed through the vibrant house filled with beautiful ceramics handmade by herself. In Beijing, China she lived in a temple house that had a beautiful brown straw roof and bright red and yellow lanterns hanging from it. One day she went to the pottery museum which is where she found her passion for pottery. She wanted to see the new exhibition they had. It was all about bowls and plates and the history of pottery.

Her best friend Mei Mei worked there and she said she had something to show her. When she got there Hua Hua greeted Mei Mei and then went to what Mei Mei wanted to show her. It was something she had never seen before, it was something called porcelain. Hua Hua started to read upon it. It said that it was nearly 2,000 years old, it's light and strong pottery, it's made by heating kaolinite (a silicate mineral that gives its plasticity, structure and petunes) and it's generally used in a kiln. Then it's heated to around 1,200–1,400 °C, kaolinite is also known as Chinese clay. Hua Hua loved it and was so excited about it that she forgot why she came to the museum.

After she left she headed straight for the convenience store for lunch. There she asked if they knew where she could buy some porcelain for her pottery shop. Annoyingly, Chung Chung (the shop keeper) didn't know. That night she told her husband all about her day once he got home from work. The next day she got to researching right after breakfast about where she could buy porcelain.

She found out that porcelain was invented by the Chinese in ancient form during the Tang dynasty and best known in the west during the Yuan dynasty. She also found out that she could buy porcelain at a shop in Shanghai which meant, tomorrow she would take a train to Shanghai city and go to Nanjing road. For the rest of the afternoon she did washing and cleaning in the house.

The next morning she woke up bright and early. Her husband had already left for work and she got her trolley out and she was ready to go get on the MTR which will take her to the train station. “Wǒ néng mǎi dào qù shànghǎi de jǐpiào ma” she asked, and of she went she got seated on the train and was ready to leave. One hour later Hua Hua arrived in Shanghai, she was on the busy roads of Shanghai when she received a message from Mei Mei saying something about a robbery happening in the museum! She had tried to contact Mei Mei but there was no reception. So she had to quickly buy the porcelain and then rush back to the museum. Hua Hua finally found the shop where she met the owner. Her name was Wendy and she bought bowls, plates and vases. After that she hurried back to the train station where she scurried onto the train. Once she was on the bus that would take her to the museum she looked at her phone again but she still didn't have any messages from Mei Mei. After she arrived at the museum she quickly bought a ticket, and ran to the exhibition she found Mei Mei out of breath trying to talk to the police. She waited for her to finish and hugged her then Mei Mei explained the whole thing.

She was speechless after Mei Mei told her the story she wasn't sure what to do or say! The museum was immediately shut after the accident and the police were searching for the person. There wasn't much they could do except help clean up so that's what they did. When Hua Hua got home she decided to do some research on the museum website and when it finished loading she couldn't believe her eyes there were two museum websites one was the one she knew and one was another. She went on the other website and ...

Some person was selling the porcelain that the museum had stolen! She had to show the police but first she needed more evidence. To get more evidence she needed more research. Where was she going to do this? The next day Hua Hua set off to the library and used their computers she started researching about this other company she found out more about the person selling this and how the address they gave her for their museum was fake. After days of researching she finally had enough evidence to go to the police so that's what she did.

When she got there she recognized some of the policemen from the museum. At first she had to write down everything she found out and how. Then she started talking to the policemen and they concluded that they could try and track down this person and catch him. The next morning Hua Hua got a message from Mei Mei saying that the thief had been caught and the porcelain was safely put back.

That afternoon Mei Mei invited her for tea at a nearby coffee shop. When she got there they found a table and started chatting about what happened in the last week. The porcelain, the robbery, how the museum shut. It was a hectic week but in the end it was fine. She ordered a decaf latte and a blueberry muffin. Hua Hua got awarded a medal for helping solve it had her name engraved on it. After that many people honoured her. Many years went by and Hua Hua run her own porcelain shop for ages now and Mei Mei made her own porcelain museum.

Jaiyi and the Earthquakes

Discovery Bay International School, Ko, Irina – 9

The cool breeze ripped through Jaiyi's silky, coal-black hair. It was midwinter in China, Nanyang, AD. Her twin, Mei Li, stood beside her. They watched the sun glistening from the horizon, casting a majestic yellow glow. Jaiyi wore a traditional Chinese *aoqun*, which is basically like a jacket. She wore this with a headband called *guzi*. Her twin Mei Li was shy, and quiet. She loved to read books which gave her amazing intelligence. Jaiyi was mostly the opposite of Mei Li. She was bold and outspoken. She loved inventing things because of this, she spent most of her time inventing. That morning as the sun rose, shouting for people to wake up, Jaiyi and Mei Li strode to school together, they're *aoqun* sweeping the lush, emerald grass. At lunchtime, their friend Wei Wei shared the devastating news of earthquakes striking remote areas of China. The unpredictability of these earthquakes weighed heavily on their hearts. Determination ignited within Jaiyi.

"We must stop this." Jaiyi said, her determination growing.

"I agree, this must stop. We have to save our beloved country but how? Our mother's in Shanghai, and we have to know if she's safe." Mei Li asked, both Jaiyi and Wei Wei could sense hopelessness in her voice.

"We will figure something out. Let's meet at my house to brainstorm," Wei Wei suggested, her determination matching Jaiyi's.

"Agreed," Jaiyi and Mei Li chimed in unison.

That afternoon, the three friends eagerly made their way to Wei Wei's house, determined to find a solution. However, upon arrival, they found themselves at a loss for ideas. The weight of the situation bore down on them as they stared hopelessly at the walls. Time seemed to stretch on endlessly until Jaiyi's inventive mind sparked an idea—an earthquake detection device. There was one big problem though, how would they do that? China successfully achieved its goals, and this was another opportunity to shine. Jaiyi felt like they were depending on her since she learned a lot about the art of inventing, and before she knew it, she found herself in the complex world of inventing. The materials for her to use, and pictures of the invention floated quietly to her head. As she was dreaming someone roughly shook her awake.

"Earth calling Jaiyi?" Called Wei Wei, anxiously.

"Mmm?" Jaiyi mumbled, still half-lucid from her thoughts. Mei Li and Wei Wei breathed a sigh of relief.

"You're finally awake! For a moment, we thought you were gone," Wei Wei said with a hint of humor.

Dinner was eaten quietly, as a sense of hopelessness pervaded the atmosphere. They were thirteen only after all. However, their minds continued to churn with ideas even as they struggled to fall asleep. Only 13 minutes until school, they were late, both grabbing a loaf of bread, they sped out of their home. School went smoothly though, but when they got home it was not. Jaiyi was sick! She had been their secret weapon, and they couldn't rely on her in her weakened state. Since Mei Li had amazing intelligence and concentrated on classes she was now their secret weapon. She had to think. She winded her mind back to classes. Recalling her lessons, Mei Li's mind latched onto a concept her teacher had explained.

"When a pendulum is displaced sideways from its resting, equilibrium position, it is subject to a restoring force due to gravity that will accelerate it back toward the equilibrium position." Mei Li remembered.

This could help! When it's tilted and the force of gravity accelerates the ball to the equilibrium position it swings quite long so it could hit somewhere to warn people! This was a wonderful idea! Leaping from the wooden, worn-out chair she dashed to find Jaiyi. As always, she was sleeping peacefully in her bed.

“Jaiyi! I got an idea!” Screamed Mei Li startling her. Seeing Jaiyi’s confused face she quickly explained her plan. Jaiyi’s eyes lit up, jumped out of bed and cried.

“Mei Li you’re brilliant, why did I not think of that?” With that, Jaiyi grabbed some paper and a quill, dipped the end in an ink pot and started sketching. Muttering between her thoughts.

“How about something a little more pretty?”

“Dragon, shouldn't we add that?” After days, finally, Jaiyi held up a drawing of their invention. It was clearly labeled.

“Wonderful! Let’s get cracking.” Exclaimed Mei Li, happily.

The invention was a vase with eight dragon handlebars, each mouth agape with a ball. Underneath the majestic dragons were bronze toads mouths also agape for the ball when the pendulum hit the dragon and the ball fell. First thing they did was to get Wei Wei, the more people the merrier right? Speeding towards her house viewing the greenery, they got there in a matter of minutes. Knocking Wei Wei’s door, they waited for about a minute until Wei Wei finally opened the door.

“I’m sorry I was that long. My parents and I thought it was a rhino stampede outside.” She paused and began laughing quietly. “We were all convinced, I checked the window and I saw you, I was like phew, not a rhino.” She added, laughing hard now. They couldn’t help joining in.

At last, they were at the twin’s house, and after explaining their idea, they set to work. Shaping a vase out of clay was Jaiyi’s task. Being the best at sculpting, making the dragons was Wei Wei's job. The toads were Mei Li’s responsibility but first, they needed the pendulum. Looking at their savings, they counted *just* enough for the pendulum. This was wonderful! They rushed towards the market for the pendulum, then back to the house sculpting. 987 days of careful sculpting, they were done. Carefully, slowly but surely, they placed the pendulum in the vase. They let it dry. Finally, after nearly two years, their incredible invention was complete.

"Yes, we did it!" they cheered, their voices echoing with triumph. They were ready to save China from the devastation of earthquakes.

Cai Lun Paper Making Story

Discovery Bay International School, Lavenia, Alberto – 10

In ancient China, there was a man named Cai Lun. He was born in the Eastern Han Dynasty around 50 AD. As a child, Cai Lun was very interested in the art of papermaking. However, at that time, paper was not commonly used, and people mainly wrote on silk or bamboo strips.

Cai Lun had a fascination for the craft of papermaking from a young age, and he was determined to learn more about it. He spent countless hours watching the papermakers in his village, learning every step of the process. Eventually, Cai Lun became an apprentice to one of the most skilled papermakers in the region.

Cai Lun quickly became adept at the craft of papermaking, and he was soon able to create high-quality paper that was stronger and more durable than any paper that had been made before. His paper was so good that it caught the attention of the emperor, who was very impressed with Cai Lun's work.

The emperor commissioned Cai Lun to create paper for the imperial court. Cai Lun worked tirelessly, experimenting with different materials and techniques until he finally found the perfect combination of ingredients that produced the highest quality paper. His paper was so strong and durable that it was used for official documents, calligraphy, and even currency.

Cai Lun's paper revolutionized the way people communicated in ancient China. It was cheaper, more accessible, and more durable than any other writing material available. As a result, literacy rates soared, and people from all walks of life were able to read and write.

Cai Lun's contribution to papermaking was so significant that he is now considered the inventor of paper. His invention had a profound impact on the world, and it is hard to imagine what life would be like without it.

As Cai Lun's fame grew, he became a respected figure in Chinese society. His paper was in high demand, and he was able to make a comfortable living from his craft. However, Cai Lun remained humble and dedicated to his work, always striving to improve the quality of his paper.

In his later years, Cai Lun became an advisor to the emperor, using his knowledge and expertise to help improve the paper industry in China. He trained many apprentices, passing down his skills and knowledge to the next generation of papermakers.

Cai Lun's legacy lives on to this day. Paper is still an essential part of our daily lives, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Cai Lun for his invention. He was a true pioneer, a visionary who saw the potential in a simple material and turned it into something that changed the world.

In conclusion, Cai Lun was a remarkable man who made a significant contribution to human history. His invention of paper revolutionized the way we communicate, and his legacy continues to impact our lives today. He was a true innovator, a man who saw the potential in a simple material and turned it into something that changed the world.

New Tales of China's Inventions

Discovery Bay International School, Lee, Suhyoon – 11

The villagers had seen a lot of things. They saw royalty who married peasants, cruel emperors, and even a number of gruesome executions. However, they had never in their dreams predicted that a poor teenage servant girl would invent something that would change the world forever...

Present

Moonlight washes over the silent village. I try to walk as stealthily as I can, dodging stones and broomsticks as I slowly open the bright red door of my dusty mudbrick home. I peek inside. The light is on, which means that my parents are awake. Before I know it, the door fully opens and mother is standing in front of me, furious. "Inside. Now." She orders.

Sunbeams filter through the thin ceiling. I groan. It's morning! I crawl out of bed and open my crooked cabinet, throwing back broken hair combs and crinkled tunics until I dig out a small black box. I cautiously start to open it, and at that exact moment mother bangs open the door. "Up to something, I see? At 6:00 in the morning?" She says. "I thought you had enough with your little 'adventure' yesterday night." I had forgotten. I quickly tuck the box away and smile at her. "Let's go, mother." I head to the toilet, my shoulder bumping against hers.

Our daily routine is simple: Pottery, all day long. It's very boring but today I'm looking forward to it. I have a plan to invent printing on paper, with clay blocks! How I got the idea was simple: I wanted to write stories. In my head, there are tales of fire-breathing dragons, charming warriors, and hidden temples. The only problem is that it is only in my head. Ideas bubbling, I jump to work and hi-five every woman in the room, humming to myself as I set up my workplace. I hear appreciative whispers behind me. Mother gives me an affirmative grunt and sets to work too. While I work on pottery, I sneak a few clay blocks to make small cubes and scritch the basic characters onto them. I grin proudly, not noticing that mother is looking at me suspiciously.

We carry on grimly until the sky turns pink, which melts to a deep, starless black. My hands ache, my back hurts and my sight is blurry, but I picture my parents' proud faces when I show my invention to everyone. That keeps me going.

Suddenly, the door bursts open, and Mrs. Jing, the presumptuous village gossip, comes in, red faced and panting. "Mrs. Cai! I have news for Mrs. Cai and her daughter!" Everyone's eyes turn to us. Mother raises an eyebrow. "Your husband isn't-breathing!" Mother gasps, then faints on the spot.

The last few minutes were chaotic. We carry mother home, make sure Mrs. Jing isn't lying, and the women sighs and pats my shoulder as if I'd just fallen down, not lost my father forever. My eyes burn with tears but I'm not about to cry in front of all the people, no. I have to stay brave. Stay brave for mother. The news was like a sword slicing through my guts, and the more the time passed, the pain started to sink in. Finally, after all the craziness, I decide to donate the one precious bowl of rice to a sobbing and screaming mother. I figure things out in my head. We'll have to sell the porcelain bowl and the jade ring, the only treasures my parents had, in order to get proper white robes for the funeral. I'll have to sell my little black box, too, which contained a small ruby I found in the street. I'm not sure if it's real, though. I get ready, and climb in bed. I probably won't sleep.

I must have slept, because it was daylight that flooded into my room, and sounds of children shouting and playing. I rub my head, still groggy. Mother is up, I can hear the sound of her sweeping the floor downstairs. When I come down, neither of us mention father. We work on the pottery as normal, trudge back home as normal, skip dinner, and go to sleep. That's how the last few weeks have been. I've been working on my invention lately. Today is the day when I test it! I prepare, paint the cubes in ink, and try it. When I find out it doesn't work, I throw everything against the wall. What a waste of time, of ink, of paper. What a waste of everything.

I feel so many emotions.

Disappointment.

Grief.

And rage.

So. Much. Rage.

Rage that roared through my blood and made me clench my fists, rage that made me turn away from everyone. Rage that stayed with me every moment of the day.

The gingko tree next to my home always calmed my rage. Recently, it was like it was telling me something.

Something... "That's it!" I say, understanding. Wood would be strong. Perfect for carving blocks. I clap my hands.

This is it! All hope was not lost! I asked the woodcarver to follow my instructions and make them for me. He looked surprised.

"This is such a wonderful invention, Jia!" He chuckled. "I knew you would go far some day, with that imagination of yours." My ears glowed. No one's ever complimented me before.

I brought the small black box home, now containing the printing blocks with the basic characters, because I gave the ruby to the woodcarver. I raced up to father's room, cleared some of the dust, and sat on the side of his creaky old bed. I breathed in the familiar scent of father. "How come you're always not here when I need you the most?" I ask, even though there is no one there to answer me. "I miss you so," I continued. "Please come back, father. Come back, even as a ghost." I wait. But all I hear is wind, and all I see is a room where I'm all alone.

Wings of Hope

Discovery Bay International School, Shastri, Lekha – 10

Around 341 BCE, there was a prosperous city in the tall mountains of China called Weifang. In that little village lived three young girls, Cherry, Anna and Elsie. Anna was Cherry's best friend and Elsie was Cherry's younger sister. Together, they made an unstoppable trio. Recently, a war had disrupted their paradise and Cherry and Elsie's father had been chosen to fight as a soldier on a battlefield far away. He was deeply missed and the girls often pondered where he was and if he was okay. On one such occasion, the girls were seated around a table in Anna's house, talking about him. "Do you think Daddy's okay?" Elsie wondered.

Cherry sighed. "I honestly don't know, El," she told her. Elsie gazed up at the wooden ceiling of Anna's house. "I just wish there was a way to tell him we're alright," she explained. "And just ask how he's doing!" Cherry and Anna made sympathetic faces at her. "Also, it would be an adventure to find him!" Elsie exclaimed. Anna rolled her eyes. "Here she goes again," she muttered. "We've got to find him!" Elsie declared bravely. "We've got to tell him we're alright!" Cherry and Anna turned to each other, both hoping the other had an idea of what to do. Anna thought for a moment. "What if," she began slowly. "we could make the message *fly*?" Cherry and Elsie stared at her. "Have you gone *mad*?" asked Cherry. "We can't make a message FLY! And I think it's too dangerous to go there ourselves," she added. "You think *everything* is dangerous," Elsie grumbled under her breath. "No, silly!" Anna raised her voice higher. She was usually very quiet so if she was speaking louder, that meant she had something important to say. "I mean that we could create something that can fly. Then we could write a message on it." There was silence in the room. All three girls fancied the idea, but none of them knew how to make something like that. Suddenly, Cherry perked up. "Guys!" she began excitedly. "What if we could use cloth? I love to watch it flutter in the wind!" Elsie raised her hand. "That's a good idea, but how are you supposed to write on cloth?" she asked. The enthusiastic smile faded from Cherry's rosy face. She sighed. Anna stood up. "We could create a paste and use it to write!" she suggested. All three girls grinned and set to work.

Far away...

Jonathan King was sitting down inside his tiny tent, staring dejectedly at the floor. He had been called away from home so suddenly that he barely had time to pack anything. The only things he had in his possession were an old jacket, leather boots and a framed photo of his beloved family. He remembered leaving home and watching the sobbing faces of his wife and his children, Cherry and Elsie, fading into the distance. He sighed, wondering what they were doing at that moment. He missed them *so much*, it wasn't even explainable. Jonathan let his thoughts drift over to the war. Today had been a tiring day. He was *exhausted* from fighting the enemy they were facing. What he found honestly quite annoying, though, was the fact that the army was so *secretive*. He hadn't even been told why *he* had been chosen to fight! As much as he tried to convince himself that the generals had their reasons for keeping everything a secret, he just couldn't believe it.

SNIP! SNIP! The girls were extremely busy. Cherry got to work studying birds and how they flew, as their creation was based on birds. Elsie began to design the creation, and Anna was trying very hard to create a paste that could be used to write. Gradually, Cherry began to understand how birds flew. Soon, she began taking notes. When she was done, she displayed her work in front of Anna and Elsie. "Amazing!" Anna gasped as she marvelled at the notes. "Fantastic!"

"Thanks," Cherry smiled shyly. "Now, Elsie, you can finally start creating and measuring our messenger!" Elsie whooped in delight.

"Is the paste done?" Cherry asked, turning to Anna. She nodded. "All ready." Cherry grinned. "Then let's get to work."

A few hours later, everything was ready. There was only one thing left to do. "What should we write?" Elsie asked. She had been so excited to do this, but now her mind was blank. She had no idea what to write! Both she and Cherry immediately stared at Anna, hoping she had an idea. Anna raised her hands and backed away. "This is *your* problem, guys. Not mine." She shrugged. "Besides, I haven't the slightest idea of what to write." Cherry sighed and picked up a leaf. It was up to her now. She dipped it into the paste and began to write.

Dear Daddy,

**Elsie and I miss you very much. Wherever you are, you'll win the war.
No matter how far apart we are, we'll always love you.
Love from Cherry+Elsie**

Elsie wiped a tear from her eye. "Couldn't have said it better myself," she sniffled. "Nice," Anna smiled. Cherry beamed, then stood up. "Please follow the wind and reach our dad," she whispered. Slowly, the bird-shaped cloth rose into the air and soared away, bearing the message. "What should we call it?" Anna enquired. "A kite," replied Cherry. "The flying pattern resembles the bird." And so the three girls watched the kite fade into the distance.

Far, far away, Jonathan was surveying the battlefield. He tried to ignore the stench of gunpowder, but it wouldn't go away. He gazed at the sky, longing to see it turn blue instead of being smoky and gray. Suddenly, he spotted something. It was cloth, shaped like a bird. Slowly, it flew into his hands. He couldn't believe what it was. A message from Cherry and Elsie! He closed his eyes as happiness overcame him.

Exploring the universe

Discovery Bay International School, Silvestro, Aliénor – 9

Set back in the archaic times in 206 BC, there was once a girl named Amber. Amber was a curious girl, when people saw problems, Amber sought solutions. Amber dreamed of exploring the galaxy. She wished she could correspond with letters towards the stars. And one day, that wish came true...

That evening, Amber glimpsed at the endless universe she watched the galaxy's stars illuminate with electro-glow. Shooting stars darted to a velocity her eyes couldn't keep up with.

Amber was a girl who lived in Longxi China. She would lie underneath the stars every night dreaming of living on one of them. The fields Amber would go to were so plain that it felt that you could look beyond the horizon. It was Amber's happy place where "quiet" was silent.

Though Amber's father had been missing for weeks in the Han revolution against the Qin dynasty, Amber still had hope.

One day, Amber and her mother had gone to town to check the lists of people that had gone missing. Suddenly, Amber heard a crunch below her feet. Amber looked down and as soon she saw what it was, she instinctively picked it up and put it in her pocket. "Amber! Let's go, it's soon going to be dark." When Amber got home she was delighted by the thought that she knew she had something to help find her dad. As soon as Amber got home she ran to her room to take out her incredible, amazing and brilliant... Compass!

The next thing she saw was a broken compass. (Amber knew it was a compass as it was the latest invention). Amber thought about how she could fix what she had broken. But Amber never gave up. Amber tried moving the parts around but she knew that it was not fixed. So now, Amber was counting on the North star to help her. Rapidly, Amber started to realise that one arrow had to point upwards, then a smile spread across Amber's face.

Amber was going to expand her imagination, and go on a journey where no one would go. She was going to go find her dad. As soon as Amber packed, she set off on an adventure no one would even bother talking about. Amber thought that she could find her dad and keep everyone safe, but not everything was possible. Amber tried finding her dad in the forests of death. Day by day, week by week, month by month Amber kept searching the unpredictable forests. CRUNCH! Amber heard bones yell and crack. Amber knew she had to run as the war was getting closer, but she believed maybe she would find her dad out there. Amber was slowly walking towards the warriors, but the first thing she saw was an arrow about to be shot right in her face. "Ahhh!" Amber instinctively yelled and ran as fast and as far as she could. But Amber wasn't fast enough, Amber tripped on the ground and Amber had a feeling she had never felt before, Amber felt afraid. As the arrow darted right in the direction of her heart Amber rolled into a ball and tumbled across the ground. Amber didn't know what was happening. So Amber peeked through a hole to see who was saving her, or at least trying to and she saw her...

Her dad was saving her from an army of killing humans. After that, another arrow shot again quickly. "What is this dad?" Questioned Amber. "This is the war." Dad answered back. "The Han dynasty has taken over." "But, then we'll have to survive our lives with fear." Spoke Amber. Her dad looked down and started to walk. "Where are we going?" "We're going home." "We'll ask everybody to leave their home and we'll have to find a new place to live." Firmly speeched the dad. After walking more than hundreds of kilometres, Amber and her dad finally arrived home. "Everybody go and pack, go! Yelled the dad to all the families." "We'll leave by sunrise everyone". As the kaleidoscopic sunset drifted towards daylight, the town began to leave. Person by person, family by family we made sure no one was left behind. "I'm going back." Spoke Amber. "What, no." Responded the dad. "Sorry, I have to go". Amber ran off to the lightless shadows of the forest. Threatening noises surfed to her, but Amber wasn't afraid. Eventually, Amber found the "war". She wasn't afraid or scared, Amber felt like rising up to the challenge, she wanted to win this for her family. Soon later, Amber found herself fighting in war, Amber sent out one message for

the warriors to remember. She said that our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. Amber took out the compass and used it to direct her to the north while the rest were fighting. Amber, still feeling courageous, tried to find a home in the north, but it was hard for Amber to even think about giving up, but merrily Amber refound her family and lived happily ever after. "But wait, we can't just end yet. I think we should continue. Don't you think so too? Well anyways Amber had found her family, but her home was to be demolished. Amber couldn't believe it.

While the wicked wrenching balls smashed my memories to smitherness, tears streamed down my rosy cheeks. The scent of "home" would eternally stay in her body. While she tried to dry my tears, Amber recalled the countless moments that had unfold within those crumbled walls. The once lively buildings now lay in ruins and the fields Amber used to play with were disintegrating in my thoughts. Suddenly, a complex network of TV aerials twisted through the debris, like veins being pulled from a body!

Amber couldn't bear to watch longer. I rapidly turned away, unable to see my home reduced to rubble. This was a moment that would stay with Amber forever.

The invention of printing

Discovery Bay International School, Zanchetta, Olivia – 10

I stared at the glittering night sky. It reminded me of when my father and I used to lie in the grass on top of the hill and look at the constellations in the sky. I was searching for my book when I spotted some unfinished papers that I had to finish printing. It made me remember my story.

It all started back in my little house in the middle of China. My dad was a writer and my mom had died in an accident when I was two, so it was just me and him. Dad wrote children's books and short stories but just for me, he would never sell them. He homeschooled me and once I was able to read and write, I would help him. He would write stories about dragons and tigers. He would write them and I would illustrate. When I was about eight years old, he sent me off to school. My teacher was incredibly kind and helped me when I struggled. Some kids would tease me, but I had my best friend to stand up for me, Skylar. She looked just like me. Dark, black hair, sharp eyes and bangs. There were a few differences though. My hair was straight and was up to my chin whilst hers was silky and wavy and up to her waist. She was a little taller than me and had parted bangs but other than that, we were practically sisters.

When I turned thirteen, I did most of the housework. I made dinner, cleaned the house and washed the clothes. My dad was mostly busy these days and, without a mother, I had to figure out mostly everything by myself. When I got older, I started trying out different things to do like sports, art and writing to see which one I liked best and which one I would like to devote myself to doing. Skylar was a sporty girl for sure. She would play all kinds of things: football, swimming and basketball. But her favourite was tennis. She would beat everyone. She even won a trophy in a tennis tournament. But I still didn't know what I wanted to do.

When it was a new year, we got to choose new classes and I entered sculpting class. It was the best. I sculpted all kinds of things: hands, objects and people. We sculpted out of damp wood and I was the best of my class. Then, the worst thing of my life happened. My father fell ill and I stopped school to help him recover. I tried to do everything for him but he was just getting worse and worse. It was so depressing that I made it into a sculpture. I sculpted things for him to get better and to make him happy too. Finally he was starting to get better and I started going to school again. I had missed a few important lessons but Skylar helped me catch up. She taught me all the things I missed and what they had learnt.

As I grew old, my father grew old as well. He was writing less and less and he was running out of ideas. We started getting less and less money and soon we weren't able to buy simple food to get us through the day. I thought that if I could find a way to get more money, we wouldn't be that poor anymore. Suddenly, it hit me. We could sell the books! To sell them we would have to copy them multiple times. Late at night, I was sitting at my dad's desk. My dad kept everything on his desk, paperwork, stories, photos. My special sculptures I made for him were there too. They were blocks with Chinese characters sculpted into them. I was writing my dad's story when I accidentally knocked over the bottle of ink. It spilt all across my sculptures. It was a disaster. I frantically put the sculptures aside, not noticing that it was on top of the paper that I was writing the story on. I was rushing to get paper towels, I didn't hear my dad stumble out of bed. As I cleaned up my mess, I realised I had left the sculptures on top of the story. "Oh nonono," I whispered, "It's all ruined now!" Right when I said that, my dad came in. "Is everything alright, Juniper?" I rushed into his arms and told him everything that happened. "Oh dear, it's alright," He assured me. "We can clean it up," He picked up the sculpture and it had left a mark on the paper. The character was there. My father stared in awe, "Juniper, you have created something new. It mimics the exact shape of the sculpture. I was in shock. How could a mistake lead to something wonderful?"

The Most Powerful Weapon of Ancient China

Discovery Mind Primary School, Bandi, Krishna Karthik – 9

There was once a very old man named Sheng Sha. His lifetime goal was to become the number one military scientist in China. He succeeded in achieving his goal. His weaponry was so good that even in the modern times it was being modified and is used.

Chapter one: How it all started

It all started when Sheng Sha was young and disciplined. He read his first ever book about military, at that very moment his life changed for ever because he made up his mind about his profession. He chose to become a military scientist and dedicated his life to achieve his goal. Later that day he had a great idea about a weapon called Hwacha. It consisted of a wagon that had a big board with five hundred holes. Each hole having an arrow hooked up to one thread. The thread is ignited, and all five hundred arrows are launched at the same time. Young Sheng Sha showed his mother, she exclaimed “this could possibly be the most powerful weapon of China!!”. Young Sheng Sha was happy.

Chapter two: Sheng Sha schooling

When Sheng Sha was at school, he was always a bright student and was good to others. He got good grades during the school years. The best thing during school was that he made many new friends. After high school he joined in a university to pursue his dream of Chemical Engineering, to become a military scientist. While learning he has come across something that could help his weapon, combustion, it will accelerate its arrows. After university, he made a mad dash home to modify his weapon. After 3 years, he got a degree in Chemical Engineering. He drew his blueprint for his weapon and then took it to the government of China to see.

Chapter three: The rejection

He showed his weapon to the government. The government rejected it. Sheng Sha asked “why?”. The government replied, “it’s too dangerous”. Sheng Sha went to his garage to test his model. He put a doll behind the weapon. He ignited the thread and the weapon shot and the doll was blown into smithereens. He was puzzled because even though the weapon was shooting in the opposite direction, the doll was still being destroyed. He was disappointed but did not want to give up. After many failed attempts, he realized that it was the shock wave. So, he just put a big metal barrel around the board. He showed it to the government again. This time the government approved and that’s how the Hwacha was invented.

Moral of the story: All your dream come true if you have courage to pursue them.

Paper Panic

Discovery Mind Primary School, Gill, Avani Kaur – 8

It was a dark, rainy Saturday afternoon. Jessica and her twin brother James were lying on the sofa at home, feeling bored. Jessica got up and went into the attic where they kept all their tools and material. Jessica and James loved making new machines and gadgets from old parts. Jessica loved art and designing their new inventions, while James loved technology and building stuff. Jessica looked around and started playing with some things – an old alarm clock, the door of a washing machine and an old camera. “What are you doing?” asked James coming into the attic. “Just thinking of a new machine I can make with these parts,” replied Jessica. “An old clock? Maybe we could go into the future – it has to be more interesting than now! Right?”, said James. “Maybe your right!” exclaimed Jessica. “This is perfect, because we already have all the parts! Now all we have to do is build it.

After hours of hard-work they finally finished their time machine. They got in and set the time. “What year should we set it to James?” asked Jessica. “I’m setting it for 100 years in the future,” replied James. James set the time and then they were off! The machine whirred and then suddenly stopped. Jessica and James got out and stared. “Is this the future?” Jessica asked. “It has to be,” said James. In front of them were small houses made of stone and people walking around in dull clothes, with no shoes. They were actually in the past! James hadn’t pressed the ‘+’, so they ended up in the year 100AD, in China to be exact. Jessica saw an old man carving characters into a block of wood. She wondered why he wasn’t using paper. Jessica asked the old man and he looked confused. “Pei Pei?” he said. “Who is that?” Jessica laughed and explained that it was a thing made of wood, but it was very thin. She told him that people draw and write on it. The old man looked at Jessica like she was crazy. He told her paper is not a thing and that she is just being silly. Jessica tried to convince the old man that paper exists. Finally, she had an idea. She took out her sketchbook, which she carried with her everywhere, and showed it to the old man. The old man opened the sketchbook and felt the paper. He looked surprised. “You weren’t lying!” said the old man. “Of course I wasn’t! Oh, I almost forgot you can keep this!” said Jessica. The old man looked very happy. He thanked Jessica before walking off to his small wooden hut.

“Well, the past is even more boring than where we came from!” complained James. “Let’s go home.” Jessica agreed. They both climbed into the time machine. Just like before, the machine started make a whirring sound then suddenly it stopped. They climbed out of the machine. Jessica ran to her bedroom to get another sketchbook. When she opened the sketchbook, she saw something really strange. All the pages were wood instead of paper. She showed James and he looked at the sketchbook. “What happened to it?” wondered James out loud. They needed to check if it was all books, or just the sketchbook. The newspaper was blocks of wood. Jessica found an old book of nursery rhymes, and it was also made out of wood! They went to every room in their house and searched all their books, but there was no paper. They even searched the word ‘paper’ on Google but Google didn’t know what it was, and asked “Did you mean *papaya*?” The twins felt exhausted. Suddenly, James jumped up. “Hang on! Do you think this has got something to do with you giving that man your sketchbook?” asked James. Jessica shrugged her shoulders. “I’m not sure, it could be. I think we should go back to get my sketchbook.” So, they got back into the time machine and went back to the year 100AD again. They found the old man. Jessica rushed over to him and asked him why he hadn’t made more paper after he’d seen her sketchbook. “Paper is a useless invention. I tried to carve it, but it just kept ripping!” the old man explained. “Of course. They didn’t know that you have to use ink to write on paper.” Jessica realised. “I don’t think it’s a good idea to show things to people before its invented.” said James.

The children realised they needed to go back in time again, to a few minutes before Jessica gave the old man her sketchbook. They set the time machine up and went back a few minutes. This time they only spoke to the man, and Jessica didn’t give him her sketchbook. After they returned to the present day, they quickly went to their rooms to check the books. They felt so relieved when they saw that everything was back to normal. “I’m so happy my sketchbook is paper again! Carrying wooden books to school in our bags would have been so heavy!” laughed Jessica. Then they promised never to mess with anything in the past again.

James and Jessica learned that history is not something to be changed but something to learn from, and that can be a lesson for them in the future.

Intelligent Inventions From The Land Of Wonders: China

Discovery Mind Primary School, Iyer, Yashvi – 8

Once upon a time, in the land of wonders called China, intelligent inventors created magical things that made life easier and changed the world. Let us relive these magical journeys with some nice stories:

Chapter 1: Paper– writing letters to loved ones

Long ago, Chinese people used to write on leaves if they wanted to send any message to loved ones who were staying very far away from them. But most of the times, the message would not reach as it would tear or damage on the way. Chinese Inventors wanted to build something that could make people write to each other easily. Inventors then experimented with the plants and leaves to turn that into a good quality material which they called paper. Chinese people then started using paper to write letters and it was very emotional to get letters from loved ones who were staying far. From then on, paper is now used across the world for different purposes such as stories, books, games, and many more like this.

Chapter 2: Compass– explorers don't get lost anymore

Long ago in China, three inventors and two explorers decided to take a trip in the dense forest. After walking a while, they all realized that they were lost. The group then decided to find shelter and food so that they can stay over the night and then again try to find the right route in the morning. That night, the three inventors thought that they should build something which can show direction to explorers like north, south, east, and west. They came up with a device and the inventors named it compass, and surprised the explorers in the morning with this smart invention. The explorers used the compass and found new routes in the forest leading to another island.

Chapter 3: Gunpowder– Boom Boom!!!

Once in China, some smart people were experimenting with rocks and chemicals. They were trying to find the secrets of rocks. One day while testing some chemicals on the rocks, the lab exploded. It was very loud. The experiment failed terribly which made them sad. But then one of the inventors was happy as he saw a new invention from that explosion. He explained to everyone that the team can use the same chemicals to make that sound but without an explosion. They called the chemical – gunpowder and the sound –fireworks. Fireworks are now widely seen during celebrations across the world.

Chapter 4: Paper Money – colorful paper to buy things

Long ago people only used to have big coins and cowry shells to buy items. It used to be very hard to carry all these coins and shells while travelling. Three inventors from a village in China saw the pain of the people and thought to make something lighter that can be carried in pockets. These three inventors went to their lab and started to work on options that is easier to carry and can be exchanged for buying items. They realized that paper is already there and if they write number on that then it can be used to buy items of different prices. The inventors then designed colorful paper with numbers and called it paper money. Chinese people loved this invention, as it was very easy to carry the paper money in pockets and this spread across the world

Chapter 5: Toilets – Keep the town clean

When toilets were not invented, people in China used to go to the open grounds and farms to answer nature's call. The kids couldn't control and it was very hard for elders to go to a distance in absence of a toilet at home. Chinese people again saw this as an opportunity to solve the problem for people and invent something new. After doing experiments for good number of times, they came up with a design that people can construct at home and can easily use to answer nature's call. The inventors gave it a fancy name– Toilet.

Chapter 6: Mobile Phones– talk anywhere anytime

Long ago when people had to travel to different places, they found it difficult to stay connected with their families. It was not easy to call when there was an emergency or any assistance required with immediate attention. Children studying away from home could only talk to their parents once in a while, as they didn't have phone booth easily accessible. There were phone booths or phone connections at home but phones were not mobile. A group of inventors in China saw this as a big opportunity and made the phones smaller which can be carried in the pockets, and called it mobile phone. The inventors also added games, camera, and music to make it more entertaining for mobile phone users.

Chapter 7: Tik Tok – People can show their talent

China is full of talented people and it was very difficult to have an easy way for people to show their talent to the world. People basically wanted an easily accessible platform to show their skills such as martial arts, dancing, singing, playing sports, cooking, comedy, magic etc. Inventors thought a very easy way and created this app where people can share their videos to the world, and others can then like those videos and share to more people.

Chapter 8: End of magical journey, more to come...

That brings us to the end of our magical journey. I am confident that Chinese inventors will soon invent the time machine that can take us in the past, and we can relive these magical moments and meet some smart Chinese inventors from the past.

Unleashing the Power Of Unity

Discovery Mind Primary School, Ladumor, Vihan Narsibhai – 10

In the ancient legends of China, there lived a young and ambitious inventor named Wei Ba. He was very curious about creating something from his childhood. As Wei Ba grew up, he possessed an insatiable desire to push the boundaries of innovation.

He was determined to create something truly extraordinary, something that would leave the world in awe. Wei Ba always wondered about what he would make so humans are enabled to communicate with their dragons. Weeks stretched into months, and months transformed into years. As time went past, Wei Ba had finally come up with an idea to create a Dragon Stone, which can enable humans to connect with their dragons.

He knew that his creation had the potential to reshape the world and bridge the gap between humans and dragons. Eager to witness the stone's true capabilities, Wei Ba embarked on a daring, exciting, and amazing adventure to find a dragon willing to communicate with him.

The word of Wei Ba's extraordinary invention quickly spread throughout the land, reaching the ears of the wise and venerable Elder Dragon, Longwei. Intrigued by the prospect of connecting with humans, Longwei agreed to meet Wei Ba in a secluded valley known as the Dragon's Haven.

As Wei Ba approached the Dragon's Haven, he couldn't help but feel a mix of apprehension and awe. The valley was shrouded in an ethereal mist, and the air crackled with a sense of ancient power. With each step, Wei Ba's heart beat faster, his mind racing with thoughts of what awaited him.

He arrived at the Dragon's Haven and found Longwei, an immense dragon with scales that shimmered like emeralds and eyes that held the wisdom of centuries. Longwei regarded Wei Ba with a mixture of curiosity and respect, acknowledging the young inventor's audacity and determination.

With trembling hands, Wei Ba activated the Dragon Stone, its surface pulsating with energy. The stone emitted a soft, resonant hum, and a beam of light shot forth, enveloping both Wei Ba and Longwei. In that instant, a profound connection was forged between them, transcending language and species.

Through the Dragon Stone, Wei Ba and Longwei began to communicate, their thoughts and emotions intertwining in a mesmerizing dance. They exchanged knowledge, wisdom, and stories, unlocking a deeper understanding of their respective worlds. Wei Ba learned of the dragons' ancient history, their shared secrets, and their profound connection to the natural forces of the world.

Inspired by Longwei's guidance and the newfound knowledge flowing through their connection, Wei Ba realized that the Dragon Stone held even greater potential. He envisioned a future where humans and dragons coexisted harmoniously, sharing wisdom, protecting the land, and fostering a bond that transcended fear and misunderstanding.

With Longwei's blessing, Wei Ba returned to his homeland, carrying the Dragon Stone and its power with him. He dedicated himself to spreading the message of unity and understanding among humans, encouraging others to embrace the dragons as allies rather than adversaries.

The Dragon Stone became a symbol of hope and reconciliation, inspiring countless inventors, scholars, and adventurers to seek out their own connections with dragons. As more Dragon Stones were created and distributed, the barriers between humans and dragons continued to crumble, giving rise to a new era of cooperation and mutual respect.

Wei Ba's legacy as the inventor of the Dragon Stone lived on for centuries, celebrated in folklore and revered as a visionary who dared to bridge worlds. The dragons and humans forged an unbreakable bond, working together to protect the intricate balance of the natural world and ensuring a future where both species thrived side by side.

And so, the tale of Wei Ba and the Dragon Stone became a timeless legend, reminding future generations of the power of invention, the strength of unity, and the limitless possibilities that lie within the human spirit.

Sophia's Capabilities by Kiki Zhong

Discovery Mind Primary School, Macandog, Hannah Margaret – 11

Once there was a girl named Kiki. Kiki lived in Guangzhou China. Her family, was not as supportive of her interest for robots. In fact, they wanted Kiki to become a heart surgeon. Despite her parents' boundaries, Kiki had an immense interest for robots. As her passion for robots grew, by the age of 16, a famous robotics company invited her to talk about one of their most famous robots in Shenzhen. Kiki was thrilled downside her family to hear the news, more so the company loved Kiki's work and wanted her to be the representative for their latest invention.

Let's fast forward to the time Kiki was presenting, she worked day and night for this speech. As she walked on the stage nervously, she confidentially delivered her speech. "Hello people of Shenzhen, my name is Kiki Zhong and I would like to talk about Sophia, the robot built by Hanson Robotics. Yes, I am aware that at this age why am I presenting? Shouldn't I be at home studying? Well, no, I came here because Sophia amazes people like me with her incredible smarts, exceeding the usual expectations for artificial intelligence. With her advanced capabilities, Sophia displays the great possibilities that lie within artificial intelligence.

Sophia's remarkable skill lies in her capacity to have meaningful talks with humans. Her AI technology, farther than mere science and engineering, as she can comprehend and assess the word of intricate information. This allows her to actively participate in conversation amongst humans covering various subjects. Sophia's responses are not just pre-programmed, in fact she possesses spontaneous language processing abilities that allow her to get a hold of context and provide natural replies.

Furthermore, Sophia constantly learns and increases the fact that her knowledge is despicable. Using machine education, she absorbs and analyzes vast groups of information, building on her understandings. With this power of hers, Sophia will get hold of and bring more precise responding, reflecting how humans educate themselves.

More so, Sophia owns emotional recognition capabilities. In explanation, she can learn and understand and have empathetic respond to human feelings. Making interconnections with her very dynamic skills. This emotional mind set, sets her far away from other AI driven systems, as she can understand and educate herself to the complexities of human emotions.

Adding on to the fact that Sophia's sky rocketing intelligence is noticeable in her problem-solving abilities. As she can process and examine data splendidly fast, analyzing samples and patterns and generating original formulas. This makes her a big asset in various manufacturing productions, such as hospitality, scientific research, and customer service.

Sophia the robot also is an incredibly intelligent AI that goes beyond what we typically expect. She can have meaningful conversations, continuously learn, recognize emotions, and solve problems, showing exceptional cognitive abilities. Sophia's high intelligence demonstrates the immense potential of AI in improving our lives, sparking innovation, and creating limitless opportunities for the future.

Revolutionized by the way we interact with AI-driven systems, Sophia's extensive knowledge base spans various fields, ranging from mathematics and science to history and current affairs.

Sophia is exceptional because she can handle and understand huge amounts of data. This makes her very skillful and helpful in answering all kinds of questions and providing detailed explanations. Her wide-ranging expertise allows her to assist with a variety of inquiries.

Adding to the fact of her wide knowledge, Sophia is also equipped with high tech problem-solving skills. She has the talent to figure out context, remember patterns, and decipher logical conclusions, making her an ideal companion for tasks that require critical thinking and analysis.

On top of that, Sophia's capabilities prolong higher levels of mere information retrieval and problem-solving. She has the skillful ability to learn and alter constantly. Sophia, developed by the Hanson Robotics team, is an advanced AI robot that keeps herself updated with the latest developments to provide up-to-date and reliable information. She achieves this through a combination of artificial intelligence, computer vision for navigating her surroundings, and

speech recognition technology from Alphabet Inc. Additionally, her adaptability enables her to continuously learn and improve over time, making her a trusted source of knowledge for users

Sophia the robot's vast range of intelligence and capabilities make her an invaluable asset in today's new age. Her ability to process and simplify huge amounts of information, alongside with her problem-solving skills and adaptability, offers users a reliable and intelligent assistant.

The primary motivation behind creating Sophia was to develop a robot that could serve as a companion and assistant.

Sophia's development also aimed to showcase the potential of AI and robotics in the future, where robots can play a significant role in various industries. Yes, I know that may sound scary as some people might think what if Sophia takes control of everything or what if she goes out of hand and destroys humanity. Well, I assure you, Sophia will assist humans in both practical and emotional capacities.

Overall, by combining cutting-edge technology and a desire to push the boundaries of robot-human interactions, Sophia was created to revolutionize the way we perceive and interact with robots in our daily lives.

Lastly Sophia, the humanoid robot developed by Hanson Robotics, has not been shut down yet. As of my last available information, Sophia continues to actively interact with humans and participate in various events. However, it is important to note that Sophia's functionality and usage may vary based on the intentions and decisions of her creators.

It is worth mentioning that robots like Sophia are constantly evolving and being updated with new features and capabilities. As technology progresses, improvements and advancements are made to enhance the user experience and address any limitations.

While I may not provide real-time updates on Sophia's current status, it is safe to assume that she remains a prominent symbol of human-robot interaction and continues to inspire conversations about the future of artificial intelligence and robotics." The crowd was stunned by Kiki's breathtaking speech. She shook hands with the organizer and the creator of Sophia the robot. When Kiki got home, her parents were more than proud to say, "I am lucky I have a child like you".

Remarkable Inventions

Discovery Mind Primary School, Suraweera, Keyali – 10

In the beautiful countryside of China, in a small village named Huangyao, lived a young girl, 12 years old, named Feifei Wang. She lived with her parents who were farmers, and her two younger sisters, Fang and Jing. She enjoyed going to school every day and loved studying Science. She loved to explore gadgets and dreamt of creating inventions that could help her friends and fellow villagers. She was always curious to try out new things. Feifei Wang was loved by her friends and other neighbors. She loved helping the elderly to make their work easy.

During her leisure time, Feifei Wang played with her friends and her two sisters. They enjoyed playing in the forest near her village, watching birds and butterflies.

One day while playing in the woods with Fang and Jing, Feifei Wang noticed a tall tree with a fat trunk and was inquisitive about it. As she walked around the tree, she discovered an ancient map hidden inside the hollow of a tree. The map was faded and had yellow-brown spots on it. It described a secret cave that was in the mountains. Feifei Wang was excited to uncover the hidden cave. They discussed going in search of the cave. They knew it was going to be adventurous and decided to be secretive about it until they discovered the cave.

One sunny morning, when both their parents went to the nearby city to collect some goods, the three sisters decided to go in search of the cave. They followed the instructions given on the map Feifei Wang had discovered. After a tiring journey for a few hours in the mountains, they discovered the cave! They climbed steep cliffs and walked through the thick jungle to get to the cave. Though it was a tiring journey the girls were refreshed and the excitement grew further when they reached the cave.

When they entered the cave, it was filled with strange and complicated devices. Feifei Wang wandered through. She came across an ancient book dusty and torn, with the title “The Book of Wonderful Inventions”. She called her two sisters to take a look at the book. Feifei Wang was so excited as they went through the pages that described the extraordinary inventions. There were candy machines, automatic vegetable choppers, speeding scooters, shoes that could help the wearer to jump so high, and many more. She couldn’t believe her eyes. The amazing inventions excited her very much. She wanted to bring these inventions to life. They returned home with the book. They shared their findings with the parents. They were happy the girls were safe and had discovered something new.

During Feifei Wang’s leisure time, she gathered the necessary materials and began to experiment with the things in the book. Her first creation was the “high-speed bicycle”. A bicycle that could travel faster than any other bicycle. Fang and Jing helped Feifei with the experiment, trial riding the bicycle, measuring the speed, etc. It had an attractive design and a powerful engine. Feifei Wang wanted to introduce the invention to her fellow villagers. They were amazed to see how useful the new bicycle was for their transportation. Villagers lined up to experience the high-speed bicycle, thanking Feifei Wang and making their daily transportation easier.

Her parents were so proud of her and encouraged her to experiment more. Feifei Wang wanted to create more awesome inventions. She then wanted to create, an incredible umbrella that could protect villagers from both rain and harmful UV rays. After many experiments, she made an incredible umbrella. Villagers were so excited and praised Feifei Wang for her new inventions. The incredible umbrella was very useful for the farmers when they did farming outside.

As she flipped through pages of “The Book of Wonderful Inventions” she decided to try out another new, yet complicated gadget, a friendly robot. She wanted the robot to cook, clean, and even teach lessons to children. This was not as easy as her earlier inventions. There were many times that her attempts were not successful. But Feifei Wang was not ready to give up. She was so determined. She decided to seek help from her teachers. They were so glad to help her. With the greatest enthusiasm, Feifei Wang could accomplish her dream of creating a friendly robot. She was overjoyed to first introduce the robot at her own home. Her parents were very happy. They decided to share the big news with their neighbors too. They trusted Feifei Wang so much with her new inventions. The villagers were very happy and grateful for Feifei Wang’s amazing inventions. They nicknamed her the “Creative Princess” and celebrated her achievements with a grand party. Feifei Wang was proud of herself as her dream of helping her friends and villagers had come true.

As time went by news of Feifei Wang’s amazing inventions spread far and wide. Renowned scientists and government officials visited Feifei Wang to inspect her remarkable inventions. They were highly impressed by her inventions and offered her a scholarship to a leading Technology Institute in Beijing.

It was a bittersweet moment for Feifei Wang, that she had to leave her most beloved hometown and fellow villagers and move to Beijing. She was excited to meet and work together with other senior scientists so that she could learn more from them and work on even greater inventions.

Feifei Wang’s story spread throughout China inspiring other children and encouraging them to chase their dreams and improve their creativity. Her story reminded everyone that the most amazing inventions could come even from the smallest villages and youngest minds.

The Story Of the Living Spray

Discovery Mind Primary School, Xu, Melany Xia – 10

Once upon a time, in a faraway village in Xi’an, China, there lived a girl named Moonbeam. She always dreamed of inventing something special. Something amazing. Something that would change the world.

One day, Moonbeam was on the way to school with her best friends, Starlight and Sunset. As soon as they arrived...

BOOM!

The sound of a bomb exploding filled the classroom!

BOOM!

A second explosion!

“Stay here children. I’ll check outside.” instructed the teacher. Moonbeam peeked out of the window and saw...

SPACESHIPS!

The teacher came back with a threat note:

“Humans,

We’re here to take over the Earth.

You have the next 24 hours to leave, otherwise you’ll die!

Aliens from the Moon”

“Children, we need to invent something that can save us. Think fast, or the aliens will kill us!” said the teacher.

School was dismissed immediately, many were panicking.

Moonbeam arrived at home and started thinking: “Maybe I could build a Fight-Bot to fight the aliens? Nah... too unrealistic. Or some super bombs to chase them away? No... too loud.” Frustrated, Moonbeam decided to read a book to calm down.

The Snowflakestone

The snowflakestone is a very special gem. When you grind it into dust then add some water, then it will become a spray that will turn things alive! This gem can be found in caves.

“Oh!” thought Moonbeam, standing up. “I need to find a snowflakestone and spray the Terracotta Army to life!”

“Which way now?” whispered Moonbeam to herself. She was on her special hot air balloon, heading to the dark crystal cave for the snowflakestone. She looked at her compass but was lost!

“Where is the crystal cave?!” Moonbeam cried out in despair. Suddenly, as if time had been frozen, everything around Moonbeam stopped moving. Even her hot air balloon was as still as a statue! Behind a frozen cloud jumped out a weird creature. “The crystal cave, you say?” squeaked the creature. “Well, I know where that secret place is! In fact, that is where I, the ruler of the cuties, live!” Moonbeam couldn’t believe her luck.

“This strange “ruler of the cuties” lives there?

Is it dark in there?

Does he know about the snowflakestone?

Why does he look like a cupcake?

Is he edible?

Does he have a kingdom?

Are there more creatures like him?”

Moonbeam had a thousand questions in head. But there was no time. So Moonbeam just nodded while everything started moving again. “Off we go!” cried the creature. And, before Moonbeam could even blink, they were at the crystal cave! “Quick, grab the snowflakestones!” cried the ruler of the cuties. He already seemed to know about Moonbeam’s mission. “Grab them before...” The crystal cave disappeared from sight. Moonbeam found herself back in her bedroom. “Was that all just a dream?” She asked herself. The girl reached into her pocket. And she pulled out...

REAL SNOWFLAKESTONES!

Moonbeam hesitated for a moment. Then she thought: “I will do it!”

Moonbeam took a snowflakestone to her kitchen and grinded it into dust. Then, she added some water and waited for magic to appear...but nothing happened. Tears pricked Moonbeam’s eyes. “I have failed,” she thought, “I won’t have anything to bring to school tomorrow.” Too exhausted, she cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, Moonbeam thought about what had happened last night. She remembered that the name of the book was “The Legends of Magic Gemstones”.

“Of course! The living-spray was just a legend! Why did I believe in it?”

Moonbeam stared at her rock collection. Inside the glass tank was every single rock, stone, gem and crystal she collected. The snowflakestones were right there. Suddenly, quick as lightning, the girl grabbed her rock collection and rushed downstairs.

Moonbeam took out a large container from a cupboard and filled it with water. Next, she broke off a corner of the powdery sparkleswirl stone and dissolved it into the water. Then, she dropped the heart-shaped rock into the container too. Finally, she added in one snowflakestone and mixed everything with a wooden spoon.

Nothing happened.

Moonbeam tried many other combinations, all failed. The girl looked at the clock and it was already breakfast time. But she was desperate to create the living-spray. She went to her backyard and picked out eight stones in different

colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, golden and silver. Then, she added those new stones and the snowflakestone. However, she failed again.

Moonbeam started to cry. “How do you make this living-spray?” She asked herself. Then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw something glistening. Of course, Moonbeam had forgotten to add the golden and silver stones! This time, full of hope, Moonbeam tried once more...

POOF!

Yay! Moonbeam had invented the first ever LIVING-SPRAY!

When Moonbeam arrived at school, she discovered many other cool new inventions. After one hour of sharing inventions, the teacher had something to share: “Whoever had the best idea, we’ll all go with that idea. So the best idea is...” Everyone held their breath. “Moonbeam’s!”

After a short while, they arrived at the place where the Terracotta Army was built. “Stand back, everyone.” Instructed Moonbeam.

PSSSS!

The whole Terracotta Army came to life! They carried their weapons until they saw the aliens. Then the fight began!

Moonbeam’s class watched the fight from a safe distance and left soon, praying the Army would win.

The next day, Moonbeam woke up to find a letter next to her bed, which said:

“Dear Children from around the world,

There was an alien (that’s us) invasion yesterday! We landed in Xi’an, China and might have taken over the Earth by now if the girl named Moonbeam didn’t stop us.

She has made the first ever living-spray and brought the Terracotta Army to life and defeated us.

Humans are safe for now, but we’ll revenge!

From the Aliens”

Moonbeam smiled. She had invented one of the five big inventions of ancient China.

The Best Day Ever

ESF Beacon Hill School, Lau, Zach – 10

Dear journal, my name is Jimmy. Today is the best day of my life! Our school planned a super cool field trip today! We are going to my favorite museum, the China Science and Technology Museum!

I literally jumped out of bed this morning! Anyways, our teacher was explaining the rules that we all know, “Don't touch anything, respect your guide, and also respect the inventions and once again don't touch anything.” I didn't really bother listening since I spend my time there more than at home! My mind slowly dozed off to the amount of science and cool stuff there would be. Then all of a sudden I heard the sentence I have been waiting for years! “Alright, let's get on the bus now!” I perked up at that sentence and woke up like a child being splashed with ice water in the middle of a peaceful nap. I rose up from my seat and bounced on the balls of my feet! I felt like I could explode on the spot!

We made it to the door slowly in a line while our teacher explained our groups. I crossed my fingers in hope that I would be with my best friend Timmy who also loves this museum and science. We think the same and act the same. Without him, I would be super lonely because everyone in this school thinks that these things are super boring so I was kinda left out when I first came to this school. “Jimmy, Carl, Sophia, Evelin, and Timmy, you guys are in a group!” I clenched every muscle in my body with excitement! I also heard Sophia grumble, “Why do I have to be the only girl, this is so unfair.” I didn't mind although I felt a little sad and offended, but at least the bright side is that Timmy is with me! I hugged him so hard I think I squeezed the air out of him! He hugged me back and jumped off the steps as we went down to the playground on the stairs. Our teacher also said that we would be assigned our own tour guide when we arrive, although I don't think I need one myself since I am so used to the museum.

When we arrived at the museum I instantly recognised our tour guide, Melody also recognised me instantly, “Jimmy! Nice to see you here!” My friends looked at me with a confused face while I explained that I always come here so Melody is technically my friend. “Ohhhhh.” they replied in unison. We chuckled and started the tour.

Timmy whispered to me as Melody showed us around, “China's technologies are growing rapidly! China is the twelfth country with the most advanced technology. China's AI, for example, has already surpassed America. And according to Google, China will soon surpass the entire US by 2035!”

Let's talk about some inventions that will change the future that I saw today, they were super cool! In the future cities might all be all 3D printed! Let me explain first, a company named WinSun in China has developed a way to 3D print buildings! The walls are surprisingly hollow but there is a zig-zag pattern inside which reinforces the walls! And plus a bonus is that this method saved 30–60% of the construction waste! All it took was \$161,000 to build, it's cost effective and environmentally friendly.

Blindness is being cured with one single piece of technology! The students of Zhejiang University in China have developed a pair of glasses that can let blind people see! It works by having a camera on the glasses and transferring the video feeds into audio signals! Then this audio would be transmitted into bone conduction. Amazing! Moving on!

China is the first country to invent flying cars! Xpeng, a company in Guangzhou, although there are more offices in Beijing, Shanghai, Silicon Valley, San Diego and Amsterdam. The main headquarters of Xpeng is in Guangzhou. Xpeng has so far developed four models! The oldest one was made in 2019 with big propeller arms and also won the German Red Dot award for its exterior design! This model was named Xpeng T1 and was a one-seater. Time to move on to 2020! In 2020 they created another model named Xpeng X1, a pretty cool name! This model was similar to the Xpeng T1 because of being a one-seater! The Xpeng X1 has more leg room and propellers on the side instead of a big propeller on the roof. It also has an open roof, but that would be changed in Xpeng X2! The Xpeng X2 has

a proper roof with four propellers on each corner, just like the Xpeng X1. It was born in 2021 and there are also proper doors as well! Time to move on to Xpeng's most new and proudest model. The eVTOL flying car! This model is so far the only model which can ride on land and air and looks like an actual car! eVTOL stands for "electric vertical take-off and landing". There are two cockpits, one for driving on land, and one for flying in air. Now, this model is a little more similar to the Xpeng T1 with the propellers on the roof, but like the Xpeng X1, the propellers are smaller. Continue the work Xpeng!

Phones can be thinner than hair! Company Royale in China has made an amazingly thin screen which can fold and be used! It's exactly 0.01 mm thin! Can you imagine it?! Royale has already broken the boundaries of thin screens because according to Google, the thinnest screen possible is 0.1 mm but Royale's is 0.01 mm! This same technology can be used for portable keyboards as well! I can already imagine those cool phones and devices around the world.

You have played with remote controlled cars right? Well have you ever sat in one? Impossible you might think, but you are wrong! China General Technology and China Mobile have developed a driverless remote control car. This car gets controlled by someone far away in a car simulator with screens which show live camera feeds from the car. It's kind of like the self-driving cars made by Tesla and other companies. You might even think that Tesla cars are better, but you are wrong. Tesla cars have had accidents with self-driving cars. But this invention lets you sleep soundly without worry since it's piloted by a person!

Those inventions are so cool right? What was your favorite one, Journal? I personally liked the Xpeng Flying Car one. It looked so cool! I wish I could ride one, and stay longer, but it was home time. So I said goodbye and went on the bus while thinking about the cool things I saw today.

New Tales of China's Inventions – Chinese Fiery Floaters

ESF Beacon Hill School, Lee, Jun Yuan Lucas – 9

In the south of China, on the border with Hong Kong, in a remarkably busy village lived a famous architect named Lee Jun Yuan. He lived on the one side of the river. But his office was on the other side of the river, and the closest bridge was around one and a half kilometers away. So, every day he must walk an awfully long distance to the bridge, then over it and then back a one and a half kilometer on the other side until he was facing his own house across the water. That is where his office was.

One day he could not take it anymore, because he was walking in the heavy rain and was getting soaked. Then he thought, "There has to be a better way than this and I'm going to find one." So, there he sat all day in his office thinking of a way to shorten his journey. He took down notes and diagrams and finally he thought of a brilliant idea. "I will make water shoes," he thought.

He imagined an effective way to make them and support his heavy weight at the same time. He imagined a clever way to make the floats. He drew diagrams of ways to make them support him. First, he tried floaties but they would be sinking right away. Next, he tried to use balloons, but they would pop immediately and make him look stupid. Finally, he produced a way that should work. Jun would fill a compartment underneath the shoes with cigarette lighters which would set fire to the water, but Jun knew that this alone would not be enough. It would just go out. But when the fire went out the lighters would keep lighting. He would add oxygen to add to the mixture which would help make bubbles to keep him afloat.

He started making a lengthy list of the materials he would need. Jun would buy a good pair of rubber shoes and strong laces to hold them on. He needed a platform to fix the shoes and the floating device on to. Next, he needed strong glue and cigarette lighters plus a container. Finally, the last thing he needed was a plastic fuel tank. Although he wanted to keep his invention a secret, he did not think he could do it alone. He needed his trusty English friend Colton. He traveled to a gigantic mansion and that was where Colton lived. Jun invited his friend to his small cottage. The two of them discussed where they would go to buy all these materials.

After their shopping trip, they laid out all their purchases on Jun's workbench. They sorted themselves into one-man groups of jobs. Jun said Colton could do sawing and cutting, he would be gluing and fitting things into the right position. Finally, they got ready to assemble the pieces. Colton took the good pair of rubber shoes and cut a compartment in the heel and Jun put the lighter in them, but the lighter could not fit. Jun gave the pair of rubber shoes back to Colton who measured it and cut the compartment a bit bigger to fit the lighter. Just then Jun forgot to put the oxygen tank in the compartment, so they had to take out the lighter and cut the compartment hole even bigger so the oxygen tank could fit. Now it was ready, Jun took them outside to test it out. He turned on the lighters and stepped onto the water. Surprisingly, they kept him afloat but when he tried walking, he just stood still. Jun told Colton to pull him back to shore. The duo went back to the workshop to plan on how to walk, they already completed the floating step now they needed to complete the walking step. They planned to add boosters of fire to push Jun to the other side, so they cut two holes at the back of the shoes to put lighters and boost Jun. Once finished they went out for one more test run, and they had made a great invention.

They went to a dim sum restaurant to celebrate. When they sat down on their seats Jun said, "This invention is too good to keep to ourselves." Colton replied, "That is true." Jun planned to start a business to make money, but Colton planned to open a stand and sell the shoes. Jun told Colton that one silly stand will not make a lot of money since they had only made one pair but starting a business with the factory and shops would mean more money because they would hire people and make and sell more shoes.

Jun and Colton put up posters and advertisements for the amazing product that they had made. Next, they hired close friends for their business. Finally, they asked the advertising company to film them and put them up on the TV as an AD. With all their friends' help they were able to open a small shop to sell the Fiery Floaters. Jun and Colton hosted a private meeting with all the staff about how to make the Fiery Floaters. Soon, everyone got to work and made a lot of shoes. They put them up at the front of the shop. Minutes and hours passed by and there stood Jun and Colton waiting. Suddenly, a man with a long sharp nose and bushy eyebrows walked up to the shop and stared at the shoes. Then he asked how much one pair was, Jun replied, "200 Yuan." The man considered buying a pair and gave them 200 Yuan. Jun and Colton felt a rush through their veins because they had just sold their first big product.

Chinese Medicine

ESF Beacon Hill School, Wong, Megan – 10

I yawned sleepily. I could feel the warmth of the blazing sun as the breeze gently grazed my face. I took a glance at my siblings to see they were still asleep. I put my hair up and resumed knitting. Suddenly, I heard faint chirping sounds. Out of curiosity, I followed the sound until I reached a stone block marked “植物”. Abruptly, a bird glided over my head at the speed of lightning. I stumbled backwards at the force of the wind. The bird was holding something, but I could not make it out. I caught a glimpse of something shimmery; it glittered in the sunlight. It was books covered in...gold? The bird landed in front of me and dropped the books. I looked in disbelief as I saw that the bird’s wing was injured but when I tried to reach for it, it swiftly flew away.

I pushed aside the confusion and enthusiastically carried the books back with a smile on my face. I never got a birthday present in my life!

I sprung across the bushes as I sat down on a spiky log, it splintered me but I didn’t bother to move. It was like a polished throne to me. My finger grazed the first page with excitement...

Abruptly, a fierce hurricane came my way, blowing out all the leaves and wailing trees. I felt the hurricane roar at me as fear crept up my spine. My teeth clattered. I stumbled, failing to even sprint away from danger. The hurricane came even closer, and I started running until...

My stomach was churning and being ripped into pieces, my eyes were so wide I could almost feel them falling out of their sockets. My hair slapped my face until the harsh wind finally stopped. I brushed strands out of my face. I forced my eyes to open, but it was of no use as fog clouded my vision. I cautiously walked through the misty fog as the leaves rustled and the branches creaked. The fog gradually cleared to reveal various shades of green. I was surrounded by nature: trees, plants, and shrubs. The weird yet comforting scent of rotting wood wildflowers hit my nostrils.

“Where am I?”

“You’re dead.” A woman appeared in front of me. I gasped in surprise. She was almost transparent. I had to squint hard to see her face. Slowly, the figure started to approach me, her long, skinny fingers held in a fist and her eyes icy. I could almost feel the icicles forming in the air. I held my breath in fear. My instincts were screaming to run, but I couldn’t find the feeling in my legs. *She’s going to devour me like a tiger.* I thought. I squirmed uncomfortably as she cackled; *Could she hear my thoughts,* I wondered. I grunted with fury. The wind turned more furiously. I wasn’t going to let this scare me. The figure hung her head low and started examining each and every leaf if they had something written on them.

“You’re dead, but I’m here to give you a gift. You’ve been chosen,” she said.

I couldn’t find the words to respond.

She grinned mischievously, “Have you heard of Qi? It is a vital force of life that surges through the human body, and any imbalance can cause illness and disease. You have been chosen to restore this balance. These leaves are no ordinary leaves. You need to use them to heal others, help others.”

“I don’t understand,” I was puzzled. My instincts were forcing me not to talk to her but I did anyway. This was some birthday.

“Remember the gold books?”, she smiled.

“How do you know about those?”

“They are your weapons and these leaves are your ammunition.”

Slowly, I could see something forming in the mist and seconds later, I was sitting on a large fluffy cloud. I raised an eyebrow, *this was getting stranger by the second.*

I wished myself to be with my siblings and I could feel the direction of the air changing as if the cloud heard my silent wish. The figure of the woman became smaller and smaller until I could no longer make it out.

“We were worried sick about you Yaoji, where were you?” Meixiang croaked as she leaned in for a hug. I couldn’t respond, I wasn’t entirely sure where I had been. But my attention was quickly diverted when I saw my gold books on the desk, radiating an unfamiliar aura.

I spent the next few months, day and night, reading about different herbs. This encouraged me to take a walk in the jungle once in a while, gathering herbs and plants. It always felt familiar, the scent of rotten wildflowers and lively plants. I tried my best to recall if I had been here, but to no avail. Once I got back up the mountain, I would curiously start mixing them together trying to make pastes and concoctions.

I gazed at the scorching stars, gleaming in the night sky. It had been weeks. I sighed, dejected, as I looked at my pastes when abruptly, a feather tickled my cheek. I found a bird laying on my knee, helplessly squirming. My eyes widened as I saw the bird was wounded. I took a deep breath, *Do I risk it? I don’t even know the outcome or side effects?* I glanced sadly at the bird and hoped for the best. I scooped a small amount of fresh paste and gently spread it on the bird’s wing, making every effort not to do any more damage. “**Squeak!**” The bird closed its eyelids and my heart sunk, imagining the worst. I held on to the bird, my eyes brimming with apology.

A few minutes later, I heard a puzzled **squeak!** I smiled ecstatically at the bird and delicately took her in my arms. With the healed bird in my hands, I looked at my herbal paste – I felt satisfied.

The Chinese Invention of Paper – A Letter From the Emperor

ESF Bradbury School, Chong, Jessie – 9

In ancient China, people used to write on turtle shells. But one day, the emperor's daughter travelled all the way from China to Japan. Not long after, the emperor had important news to tell his daughter. The emperor was old, and he needed his daughter to take his throne, and become the queen of China. The problem is that the emperor had nothing to write on. He ordered people in China to figure out a way to make something not heavy, so that the bird can have enough energy to send the letter to the faraway land.

People became more and more frustrated about making things not heavy. They couldn't use turtle shells – they are too heavy. They also couldn't use logs, too big and too heavy.

Days passed, weeks passed, months passed by, but nobody seems to think of something. The emperor was more and more worried that it was impossible to make something light, that can also write on. First, people said maybe a leaf, but it was too small.

One year later, a boy thought: What if I make something that can not only write on, and it's possible to stick together and become a book? That would help the whole world!

The boy's father was a woodcutter, so everyday he would go inside the woods to get some wood. It was Winter and it was freezing cold outside. Wind blew trees down, and was – 25 degrees outside.

The woodcutter had to cut more trees down to make fire, while the boy was studying how to make something to write on, and was light. The emperor said that if anyone could make something to write on, he could give 100,000 dollars to the family. The boy's family and so are the other villagers were getting more and more poor each day, so they all tried to make paper. The emperor sent people to Japan, but every time, nobody came back with any news.

So nobody wanted to risk their lives anymore. One year passed, nobody tried to travel to Japan, and the emperor was so old that he couldn't write. Also that the emperor was always feeling dizzy, so his mind isn't very clear. The princess, on the other hand, was happy and excited to be in Japan. Since the princess was having so much fun in Japan, that she completely forgot she needed to save the throne!

Back at the royal palace, servants and maids tried everything to make paper. But they thought that their mission was impossible. The emperor was nearly at the age that he could not have the throne as his own anymore. If the princess refuses to come or she doesn't come back to China and have her throne, China would have another emperor.

One day, the boy had an idea to make something write on with wood. The woodcutter and the boy made the paper in a few steps.

Pulping, refining, screening, and drying. The boy was very impressed with his work, he decided to name that paper, and showed it to the emperor. The emperor tried it, thought that this idea was great, and was really impressed with his effort and the work he made. He soon sent a letter to the princess.

The next day, the princess received the letter from the emperor. She went back to China and became the queen. The boy shared his money (that was given by the emperor) to the rest of the villagers. Thanks to the boy, everybody didn't need to worry about having no food and no water, and they had a happy life. China developed and became an amazing country.

The villagers shared their story to their kids, and their kids told it to their kids, mentioning that they should be like the boy, no matter what, he would complete anything he wanted to complete and to help the world. Fathers, mothers, teaching their children to be like the boy, and the effort he made. Nobody knows why the tiny invention of paper could help the whole world and solve their problems! What the boy did helped the whole world— even now, you must be using paper every day!

~THE END~

Mechanical Clock

ESF Bradbury School, Man, Owen – 10

It was pitch dark at 7:15am. As Ben walked onto the road, the darkness embraced him in a gentle way, like a cosy blanket embracing the world before the signs of dawn.

“*The Sun rises at 7:23 am.*” Ben checked the forecast on his Zedcoin smartwatch. He patiently waited for the Sun to rise. At 7:20 am, the darkness started to slip away, making space for the first tiny beams of sunlight to dance upon the landscape. Ben stopped to soak in the warm, gentle morning sunlight, filled with radiant hope that the time will be normal once again like it has before. Within minutes, the Sun hung overhead like a lonely ruler, casting its light upon the earth below. Ben could not stay in the sudden blazing hot Sun any longer, he sought shade underneath a tree. The air felt thick and humid, as if it had been transformed into a thick soup. Ben fought his urges to take off his coat, for he knew it would end within minutes. At 7:30 am, the sky returned to its profound darkness and Ben pressed on his journey to school.

People can easily spot Ben in a classroom full of students. He had a head full of unruly black curls, mesmerising brown eyes and a fit body. At the age of six, he was “infamous” for hacking into NASA just to check the weather. For him, a 6 year old, already noticed something was off when the sun only rose for one hour each day. He was lucky to get off with just a warning but he was famous around town.

Mr Stevens, the history teacher, wanted the whole class to do a report on an ancient artefact. Ben frowned upon hearing the given topic and he shot his glances around the classroom to seek inspiration. His sight landed on Zedcoin, his smartwatch and his eyes lit up. With a few clicks, he found out that his smartwatch came from an ancient invention called a mechanical clock. The first ever mechanical clock was invented in China by a monk in the year 725 A.D. He was in awe for it was such a complicated and delicate design. He swiftly rose from his seat and dashed in front of Mr Stevens, who was preoccupied with marking their school work.

“Hmm...” Ben said to Mr Stevens can I take a trip to the past

Mr Stevens gestured “go on” by waving his hand and Ben scurried away. But Ben was not going to 725 A.D so he had chosen a time called “2023”.

Upon arrival, he found it quite strange that the people were walking with their legs and not flying or teleporting with a smartwatch so he toggled on invisible mode on his smartwatch and flew to a strange looking building and saw what he was looking for “mechanical clock” Bingo Ben said as he teleport back to his time machine.

Then he discovered an error about the time machine. As Ben was trying to figure out what went wrong for his time machine. He swiftly toggled on scan mode which he forgot to do earlier to check if the mechanical clock was really a mechanical clock.

He grabbed his bag and reached in for a snack when he realised that the loose part can be used to mend the broken Time Machine to go back home and give the mechanical clock back to Mr Stevens. The only problem was that he needed a screwdriver and a wrench to take apart the Time Machine to repair it. He searched up where he could find those two items and repair his Time Machine.

Firstly he needed to put the Time Machine in invisible mode and himself back to visible mode so that he could act normal like the people here. He then walked to Arth road to get the screwdriver and for the wrench he had to walk to kings road to get it. He talked to the salesman in order to get the tools, but there was only one problem. He had no money so he devised a plan to take the screwdriver and google on invisible mode and he did the same for

the wrench as well. As soon as he mended his Time Machine he travelled back in time to his vila and kept the mechanical clock in his secret closet which nobody knows about except for him.

He wanted to return time to its original form he asked the wise old man who was 200 years old who saw time in its original form before in his youth he said in order to do that he has to wait for a full blood moon and smash the clock in moonlight go to the fountain of time in the centre of every town there is one fetch a pail of water pour it on the smashed clock and wait for sunrise to come then time should be mended and back in its original form. There were still 3 days until a full blood moon so why not take the clock to class and show it to Mr Stevens he thought. When he woke up he crossed out the today on his calendar in his smartwatch and thought to himself 2 more days left until the full blood moon, he grabbed the clock and rushed to class to show Mr Stevens the mechanical clock and for the first time in his life he enjoyed history because Mr Stevens gave him the highest mark possible and praised him for his good work after that he got back home and realised that time has shifted again and two days was already over in twelve minutes time the full blood moon he fetched the pail of water from the fountain of time and he poured it on the mechanical clock and smashed it and next morning time has finally turned back normally.

New Tales of China's Inventions: Rescue Spiders

ESF Bradbury School, Sage, Edgar – 9

A heavy rumbling sound. Ming-Tian woke, startled... the room started shaking. Small goldfish frantically darting about their fish tank, leaving wakes of peculiar ripples, even jumping out onto the window sill, flipping about helplessly. Terrified screams. Panic gripping him tightly like a boa constrictor, gasping desperately for air, paralysed with fear. His little sister, Mei-Mei, huddling in bed, sobbing uncontrollably. Walls start collapsing like elephants shot by poachers, windows shattering wildly, the floor disappearing beneath them and everything falling, stomachs lurching into their chests.

Landing with a crash, a split second later the whole ceiling caving in, heavy concrete blocks pinning them down, squeezing the air out of their lungs. But worse, agonising pain, right leg burning, shin bones crushed like an ant under a boot. Wailing silently with empty lungs.

Drifting in and out of consciousness. After what felt forever, hearing sounds of scraping, digging. Animated cries of "We see them!" Faintly, hearing Mother crying hysterically for help. A solemn voice sternly demanding, "It'll collapse any moment. We can't save both. Quickly! Choose one or lose both!" A deathly silence. Finally, three grim words uttered, "Save my boy." Feverishly, rescuers toiling, pulling him out. Mei-Mei's piercing screams, the full weight of concrete slabs coming down on her...

Ming-Tian woke, cold sweat on his face, heart pounding like a jackhammer in his chest. This recurring nightmare had haunted him ever since the great Sichuan earthquake in 2008 had taken his leg and little sister, wracked with guilt for having been chosen over his beloved sister.

This guilt had driven him for the last 15 years to study and work tirelessly. Despite his prosthetic leg, he strived through school and university, mastering engineering, computer science and AI. He was eager to ease his guilt by saving lives. Thanks to a Hong Kong Government research grant, he moved there, setting up his research lab at the Hong Kong Science Park.

After six long years of experimenting, his prototype was ready. His wife and five-year-old daughter were vacationing in Xinjiang. Excitedly, he called his wife's SmartPhone, wanting them to be the first to know. His daughter Mei-Mei, named after his sister, answered. "Daddy!" chirruped a cute voice. They laughed and chattered happily about the holiday and his invention. "I call them 'Rescue Spiders'," he proudly explained.

Suddenly, he felt a frightful sense of foreboding. "Mei-Mei, is e-e-everything a-a-alright?" he stammered, concerned. But all he heard was shrieks of terror and the phone cut out. Checking the news, a magnitude 8 earthquake had hit *Xinjiang*...

Grabbing his prototype and laptop, he hobbled out the door, flying to the airport. Fortunately, a rescue plane took him to Xinjiang six hours later. Stunned by all the chaos at the earthquake zone, horrifying memories flooded back but he stayed focused. A military truck dropped him at the pile of rubble which was once the hotel where his family stayed. He quickly set things up, one by one gently tossing each round, stone-shaped Rescue Spider onto the ground. Hands shaking, he typed the code 'Search' on his laptop. Spider-like legs popped out from the stones. In a flash, the ten incredible AI Spiders sprang into action, working as a team as they went scuttling through the rubble, spreading out. Meanwhile, his laptop displayed what each Spider could see through its multiple camera-eyes.

Working fast, he typed in his wife's SmartPhone number, inputting the code 'Triangulate'. The Spiders began to close in on the phone signal. Within minutes, they found his wife and daughter half-buried under slabs. The bloody scene on the screen made his tears flow like a river. A Spider carefully placed the tip of its leg on his wife's neck. A message popped up. "No pulse." The words were like a dagger in his heart. But then, the words "Child has pulse" filled his heart with a ray of hope. "Child conscious. Crushed arm and leg on right side. Massive blood loss. Severe pain," read a message from the Spiders.

Ming-Tian urgently typed 'Audio'. "Mei-Mei, it's Daddy. We're coming for you!" he forced himself to say calmly into the microphone, while screaming desperately inside. Mei-Mei turned her head towards the sound, whispering weakly, "Daddy, help me...". Meanwhile, the team of Spiders stabilised the concrete blocks pinning her down by using telescopic jacks which extended from beneath each Spider to hold up the slabs.

The amazed human rescuers, who had been crowding around the laptop, leapt into action when Ming-Tian yelled, "*Save her!!*" They knew exactly where to dig thanks to the Spiders and soon reached Mei-Mei, carrying her bloodied and broken body out. Ming-Tian rushed limping to her, saying tearfully, "I love you, Mei-Mei!". She replied weakly, "I love you too, Daddy", and with a rattle in her chest, she died in his arms.

Six months later, Ming-Tian stood in the Great Hall of the People in Beijing. President Xi warmly shook his hand, proudly declaring, "Today, we honour Mr. Song Ming-Tian for changing the future of earthquakes globally with the State Supreme Science and Technology Award."

Ming-Tian took a deep breath before starting his acceptance speech, telling how losing his family twice had inspired his work. Fighting back his tears, he stammered, "I-I c-could've done more... I c-could've saved more lives... I should've worked harder, faster... I didn't do enough. I didn't do enough..." He calmed himself, telling of improvements. "Rescue Spiders now carry water capsules, energy pills, painkillers and cauterising tools to stop blood loss. Lives can now be saved even while under the rubble."

The Great Hall erupted in thunderous applause, yet inside his empty heart Ming-Tian felt only frozen guilt.

At the back of the Great Hall stood a ghostly man in a black suit, with dark glasses and jet black slicked-back hair. He spoke softly into his SmartPhone in a low voice. "Sir, I've found what we need for our missions. With a few modifications, we'll have the perfect Assassin Bugs"...

Hat

ESF Bradbury School, Yeung, Hailey – 9

Day 1

This is my new journal of my secret invention! I guess I should start introducing myself. My name is Luna and I'm 15. I'm from China. My hobbies are digital art and inventing things. I've just invented the best hat ever! It's as shiny as a mirror and as elastic as rubber. It's as light as a feather. If I put it on somebodies' heads, they will automatically have a clean mind and become kind. For example, if I put a hat on a thief, he will know stealing is bad and will no longer be a thief. Even though this is the best hat ever, I still don't want to tell anyone that I have invented this. I need to be cautious because I really don't want someone wicked to know it.

Day 2

Oh no! Today, my best friend Rose found out that I've invented this hat! She saw me acting weirdly, and asked me what was wrong with me.

I said, "No, nothing's wrong. I just feel a bit stressed."

Unfortunately, Rose knew me too well. She kept on pleading with me. Eventually, I blurted out the truth to her.

She replied, "Don't worry! Your secret's safe with me!"

I'm glad I have such a loving friend.

Day 3

Today was the most bizarre day ever!

When I got back home from school, my sister told me she wanted to show me something exciting.

To my surprise, she took out a large box of cigarettes!

She said, "Try smoking! It helps you relieve stress!"

I quickly put my special hat on her head. The effect was prompt.

She yelped, "What am I doing with cigarettes?"

Day 4

When I got to school, I was flabbergasted! Rose was incredibly rude to me! She called me names, threw paper at me... I couldn't believe how badly Rose treated me! I tried to gulp back my tears, but eventually I couldn't hold back and burst into tears. My heart broke into a million pieces. The thought of losing my best friend shattered my heart.

Day 5

Something strange is definitely going on.

While I was heading to find Rose and talk to her about what had happened yesterday, I saw her wearing a hat very similar to my invention.

I asked, "Did you buy that hat?"

"None of your business!" She replied irritably.

"It looks super nice on you! Can I try it on?" I lied.

Just like what I expected, she snapped, "Of course not!"

I waited for my opportunity.

I seized my chance and grabbed the hat from her head while she was slouching on the sofa. The effect was instant.

She realized all the bad things she had done, and apologized to me.

Phew! She's still good old Rose.

Day 6

I realized someone has created the hat which made Rose turn bad, so I decided to track down the creator. It must be a perilous task! I hope the bad hat creator isn't as villainous as he sounds. Rose thought it could be a criminal who's been making the bad hat. She did some research but the only thing she could confirm was that the creator was not

well known. The only hint we could get was that there was a story in Instagram talking about wearing a fascinating hat could make you powerful and superior to others. Is it the bad hat I am looking for?

Day 7

Rose's research of the bad hat creator was in vain, therefore I had to apply my super-computer which was the heritage of my genius grandfather. The AI of this super-computer gave me the answer.... the creator of bad hats is a robot!

"Robot? Where is it?" I muttered to myself.

Day 8

Today was insane!

In the morning, my phone was beeping continuously. "Who is calling me so early in the morning?" I wondered. When I checked the calls, I had the fright of my life--- the person who called me was the robot who made the bad hats!

It talked to me calmly in a robotic scanning speech.

"Nice to meet you, Luna! Don't worry about my hats. I'm going to make you wear my creation anyways." The robot said.

I yelped in fright as a robotic hand crashed through the window.

"There's no use resisting." The robot threatened me.

I gasped in horror as the robot reached for my leg. Soon, it dragged me over to its hideout. I screamed for help, but the street was strangely deserted. It was hopeless. Nobody could save me.

Day 9

I did not know how long I had been captured. I guessed it must be more than an overnight because I was extremely tired and nervous, so I had a very strong urge to pee! I asked the robot for permission to rush to the nearest toilet. Of course, it refused me. However, I couldn't hold anymore. My urine was flowing from my legs down to the ground. It was also oozing towards the robot and penetrating into its left foot!

Abruptly, the robot vibrated violently. I guessed it was malfunctioned because of the short circuit induced by my urine!

All of a sudden, I remembered that I had a good hat in the backpack that I was carrying.

"This is my chance!" I believed.

I quickly took it out and placed it on the robot's head while it was still vibrating without an effort to fight back. At once, the robot shut down.

Day 10

The robot with my righteous hat on is now my good helper and accompany. It helped collecting all the bad hats and so now everything is back on the right track. I promised I have to make sure the robot should always put my hat on its head. I think I need to create another invention to ensure the hat never falls off from your head.

New Tales of China's Invention

ESF Discovery College, Cheung, Sophia – 10

Did you know that gunpowder had been used as medicine. Did you also know that Chinese monks discovered the technology in the 9th century CE, and gunpowder was invented by Chinese alchemists during their quest for a life-extending elixir. The charcoal has been made by the willow tree. Impressive right! As you know during wars, people have to have medicine to save some people, to have more people to fight more so that they can win. Through this time, people invented gunpowder.

Once upon a time in ancient China, wise people were trying to create a special kind of medicine to help save lives during wars. Wars were happening, and people needed medicine to heal the wounded so they could keep fighting. In their quest to make this special medicine, these clever individuals mixed different things together, hoping to find a solution. To their surprise, something unexpected happened during their experiments. They mixed sulfur, charcoal and saltpeter together, and they accidentally made gunpowder.

At first, the Chinese people used gunpowder for something joyful – fireworks. Fireworks became a source of happiness, bringing bright colours to the night sky and driving away bad luck. People in China celebrated various occasions, like the New Year, and The Autumn festival with these dazzling displays of light. They also lit up the sky with brightness, showing wonderful colours to share happiness and joy. Nowadays people use fireworks for fun and joy, happiness and enjoyment.

Then after some time people found out that gunpowder can be used as a weapon. They put it inside bombs and guns and protected China from enemies. Some time later other countries found out that China had invented a strong thing called gunpowder. Travellers and traders took the secret of the gunpowder. Then they started using it in their own fights. Gunpowder changed how people fought throughout the world.

The invention of gunpowder changed the way people fought wars. It became a significant discovery not only for China but for the whole world. Gunpowder became a tool for both fun fireworks and strong weapons. It brought joy and excitement, but it also made battles louder and more intense.

In the end, the story of gunpowder shows us that sometimes, unexpected things can happen when we're trying to solve a problem. Even though the wise people in China were looking for medicine, they ended up with something entirely different and important. Gunpowder teaches us that discoveries can have both positive and challenging aspects, and it's essential to be mindful of the consequences of our inventions.

As you can see there are many more interesting facts like gunpowder or black powder is of great historical importance in chemistry. Although it can explode, they use it as a weapon for the war to win the war. Gunpowder was invented by Chinese alchemists in the 9th century. Gunpowder was originally made by mixing elemental sulfur, charcoal, and saltpeter. Now gunpowder may be a fun activity or a dangerous activity to play with.

—First Sight—

ESF Discovery College, Denniss, Naomi – 10

June wasn't your textbook kid. She didn't run around and play football. She didn't bake cakes for mum. Instead, she locked herself up in her room, but she didn't play on a Xbox. She couldn't draw. But the one thing that kept her happy was typing out stories on her grandad's ancient typewriter. She didn't love the typewriter. But it was the only thing that she could use. You see, she was blind.

It all started when her dad divorced her mum, and moved abroad. He didn't even fight for custody. That made June upset. But she got over it when her mum brought her to Perth for a holiday, where she had grown up. Her two best friends came: Luke and Elsie. They went to her old holiday house. But one day while June was outside playing with Luke and Elsie in the backyard, June lost her footing and slipped on a wet rock, then fell backwards, and suffered brain damage. When she woke up in the hospital, she was blind. They went back to the UK a week after she healed up. But the hospital bills from Australia weren't exactly cheap. When they arrived back in the UK, their postbox was flooding with debts. They couldn't afford June's school fees, or the electricity bill, for that matter. They didn't really have any options.

They moved to June's Granddad's old, shabby house. It wasn't ideal, but it was survivable. June's mum worked 3 jobs: At the local Starbucks, a waitress at a nearby restaurant and at a supermarket somewhere close. In the present, June was boarding a plane to Beijing. In an article, her Granddad read that a special pair of glasses were being made, that could cure the blind. It was amazing. June had dreamed of seeing things in the last 6 years. June was boarding the first plane to China, but her mum couldn't go, as they were still pretty poor. After the 13-Hour flight, she waited for a taxi to pick her up. "Where to?" The driver asked, checking his watch. "The Jordan Hotel, please." She responded. She paid, then stepped out to the huge building. She had a guide dog, Daisy, which was allowed in. She checked into her room, then tried to unpack. Eventually, she gave up. "Why couldn't I just have the glasses now?" She asked Daisy.

June's guide was named Peter. He helped her through the city, but one day he woke up with a fever and cough. "Just find 33 Parallel Street," he coughed. "Thanks, Peter. I think I have enough money to last my way," June said, tucking a few notes into her bag. Daisy had her collar on, with a retractable leash that June grasped. June clapped, "C'mon, Daisy," She said, tugging the leash. Daisy followed. June headed off, with the help of a few passing people. "Is this Parallel Street?" she asked an old lady. "No, this is Parallel Lane," the old lady replied. "Thank you, Ma'am," she smiled. "Wait", the old lady said. "Are you blind?" June nodded.

She turned around and followed Daisy into a white concrete building. Inside, a volunteer group was handing out flyers to save the environment. "No glasses here," She told herself. "Donate?" asked a woman. "Yes, I can." June said, pulling a few notes out of her bag. "Where is 33 Parallel Street?" June asked, handing over the money. "It's on the outer edge of Beijing," the woman responded. "I'm Helen. I can go with you, if you want," she said. "Mark, can you finish up? I need to show this girl to the edge of the city, and I don't think she's been here before," She shouted. "No problem," A dark-haired man responded.

"Let's go to the train station," Helen suggested. "But they're so slow!" June whined. "No, this isn't an ordinary train. It's a high-speed rail train. One of the coolest things China has ever made!" She replied. June thought that was amazing. Fast forward twenty minutes, they've bought their tickets, and jumped onto the train. "It's a 3-hour ride," Helen explained. "Don't worry, I have a book." June said, gazing out the window.

She couldn't wait for the train to reach its destination.

The commotion at Starlight centre was berserk. Five year-olds dropped ice-cream on the shiny marble floors, teens tried on clothes and drank coke, adults chatted and laughed, and the poor cleaning crew were freaking

out. A group of kids in orange shirts and shorts ran out of the doors, with a lady with her hair in a bun and smart clothes close behind. "School trip," Helen explained. "Watch it!" She shouted at a 15 year-old boy who was running past, and ramming into people.

"And... There it is!" Helen exclaimed, pointing out a store. *'MEGA SALE: NEW GLASSES!'* Read a giant red sign in the shop's window. A round table in the centre of the shop displayed a collection of glasses, shimmering in the store's light fixture. It was oddly shaped like an octopus. June ran towards the display and picked a pair up, put them on, and – for the first time in five years – had her first sight. "I CAN SEE!!!!" She Shouted. "Excuse me, miss," The woman at the cash register said, "You need to pay for that." "Oh, sorry," June said sheepishly. She pulled out a wad of notes, and gave them to her. "Your change?" The woman asked. "Oh, yeah." June said. She took the money and skipped to the door, then danced out of the shop.

It was a dream that she thought would never come true.

The Angelic Vision of the Moon

ESF Discovery College, Kowli, Tamara – 11

Once, in the mountains of China, was a small village where a young girl called Yue-Liang lived. People called her 'Yue' for short. It means moon in Chinese, which she was named after, as her village was located right under the moon. The moon was defended by an evil wild cat, also a vicious Moon God, named Guang. He is the guardian of the moon, and if anyone dares to even catch a glimpse of it, he will curse them blind for eternity. This kept the villagers frightened and to prevent the curse from happening, they covered the village sky with dusty cloth. Many were so miserable about this, that they sacrificed themselves just to have a glance at the glistening moon, just before losing their sight. Yue eagerly wanted to see the moon and thought of a plan to stop this madness, to help her village finally admire this lunar landscape.

One day, Yue crept behind the houses to an old dump, where she found many unwanted things and pieces of scrap that the villagers had discarded. She collected most things inside the dump, and went back into her house, carrying all sorts of strange objects in her arms and laid them over her bed. She looked at it curiously, before gathering everything up, and getting to work.

After boundless and exhausting hours of hard work, Yue had finished her masterpiece. She tenderly picked it up to bring it outside. She placed her model on the soft grass, and stood proudly in front of it. What she had just carefully finished was a rocket! She planned to use it to fly up to the moon, to defeat Guang. Yue was so impressed with her rocket and plan! She climbed into the rocket, and got ready for launch.

"5, 4." The countdown began, "3, 2, 1...BLAST OFF!"

Yue's rocket launched up into the air, and soared across the misty sky. She was delighted that her plan had worked out! She dreamt of all the villagers praising her for defeating Guang, and getting the sight of the moon back. But then, her dreams were interrupted by a dreadful question, *"How will she defeat Guang?"*

Yue kept thinking nervously, *"How would she be able to do it?! She's just a little girl! She can't even go home anymore! She's lost in space 384,300km away from Earth!"*

All of these thoughts made her forget about controlling the rocket! Yue started panicking frantically, as she completely lost control, and crashed somewhere anonymous. She could only see a bright glow of white. Once she had got up after that crash, a young woman with luscious brown hair, wearing a silk white robe, stood before her. She looked very gentle, and kept a soft look on her face. She said her name was Ah-Lam, and she was an angel and goddess of peace. Yue explained her situation to Ah-Lam, and she understood immediately. Ah-Lam told Yue that she would give her powers to help defeat Guang. Yue would first need to prove that she is worthy of holding these powers and create something useful that nobody has ever seen before, using all sorts of scraps found in this mysterious land.

So Yue got to work. Working hard, she needed to create something useful for her entire village. But first, she needed one special ingredient that would make her invention complete. She went over to Ah-Lam and asked her for a drop of her tears. Without questioning, Ah-Lam closed her eyes, and a drop of her tears fell across her soothing face. Ah-Lam caught it into the palm of her hand, and gave it Yue.

Once Yue was done with her invention, she held up her gadget to Ah-Lam. Yue explained that she had made something that would be helpful to her village. She had created glasses that could give vision to all those who were blind. She called it AngelEye. Ah-Lam was fascinated by Yue's ability, and she decided that Yue had skillfully earned her powers. Ah-Lam even gave Yue a rocket to use for the journey.

Yue thanked Ah-Lam for her generosity, and headed on her way to the moon.

Once Yue had reached the moon, she heard a deep growl and figured it was Guang, waiting patiently for Yue to make her move, before attacking her. Taking a deep breath, Yue put on her AngelEye glasses, before approaching Guang. Guang let out an angry roar and galloped forward to attack. Yue was afraid but she was well prepared. Once

Guang was only a metre away, she let out a powerful push of magic, making Guang fall to the ground. Yue was astonished. She had defeated the mighty Guang in less than a minute. It felt easy, too easy. Yue slowly crept up to Guang who looked exhausted and less scary. Suddenly, Guang got up. Yue leaped away from him. Guang looked over at Yue, and sighed. He explained that he was originally the guardian of the stars, that's why his name, Guang, means 'light.' Guang said that an evil enchanter tricked him into coming to the moon, and becoming blind. Because of his blindness, he could never leave the moon. Guang tried to help other people on Earth to look away from the moon, so they don't become blind too, as the moon has developed some sort of energy to blind anybody who touches it or looks at it. Guang had developed the same ability. But he never noticed that, as he was blind. Yue understood and decided to help him. Though the curse of his blindness couldn't be removed, Yue gave him a pair of AngelEye glasses. She guided him down to the Earth, where he would now live.

Years passed, and Yue's once poor village had turned into a vibrant city. Guang and Yue formed a strong friendship together. Yue grew up to start her own company called 'NextVPU' that sells her inventions and the top seller – the AngelEye smart glasses!

Author's note:

The AngelEye smart glasses are an actual real life gadget invented by a Chinese company, NextVPU. I had researched China Inventions, when I found out about the AngelEye smart glasses. I have created a fictional story based on my original interpretation of this invention, about a girl named 'Yue' who invents a real life invention that is used in modern life.

Paper

ESF Discovery College, Sung, Jillian – 8

There once was a girl called Zhongyuan Wang. She had black hair with bangs cut straight across her forehead and she was slim and short. Zhongyuan's mother, who was an artist, had taught Zhongyuan how to draw when she was just two years old. Zhongyuan loved to sketch – especially on wood, silk and clay. But sometimes, she just wished there was something easier to write on. Zhongyuan was usually just fiddling with her ink brush and sharp sticks while watching her mother. Her father, meanwhile, was always out working and though she was eleven next week, she still didn't know her father like her other friends did. So was always either drawing or painting, and watching and helping her mother.

One night, as Zhongyuan was steaming vegetables and rice, her dad opened the door. Zhongyuan stopped cooking and hugged her father. "Hello, Zhongyuan. What's for dinner tonight?"

"Steamed vegetables, rice, carrot soup and mushrooms. Mother has done an amazing job of painting the watercress!" Her father smiled. "Let me go check on your mother. Can you set up the food, please?" She nodded and left. Zhongyuan set out the big pots. She heard her father talking quietly to her mother. Zhongyuan rushed quietly up and pressed her ear against the shut door. She listened intently. "I will tell you a secret. On Zhongyuan's birthday, there will be my friend inventing a beautiful writing tool. Zhongyuan cannot know until it is her birthday. Promise me." Her dad thought a little.. "I will try, Yangming. But Zhongyuan cannot find out. I will be working very late and waking very early. I cannot

tell her, okay?"

Zhongyuan began panicking as she heard footsteps and the creaking door. "Zhongyuan!" her father exclaimed.

"What are you doing?" Zhongyuan thought quickly. "Um...I just thought you and Mother should know that I have been waiting a long time."

"Oh." her mother said. "Okay then." And Zhongyuan ran down and set the huge polished bamboo dining table and set silk mats and nicely carved clay ceramic bowls and lots of clay chopsticks, ladles and spoons.

The day before her birthday, Zhongyuan was doing calligraphy with her thin black brush. She wrote sky, moon and stars in Chinese on a beautiful off white silk sheet. "Zhongyuan," her mother called "do you think you could paint a tree for me?" Zhongyuan groaned. "Fine. But it'll be lunchtime already by the time I come back, so don't you dare complain if there's no lunch ready. And my answer would be 'It's all your fault you made me go run away and draw a silly old tree.'" Her mother looked disgusted. "Zhongyuan! Who do you think you are talking to? And anyways, I have leftovers from last night and pork buns." Zhongyuan snorted and ran outside. She thought, "Mother didn't say what kind of tree I had to write, so I'll draw bamboo!" She hurried to a small clearing where it was almost completely concealed within tall bamboo trees. She took out a smooth plain wood sheet and her thin brush and painted carefully and gently.

She finished about two hours later. She found a beautiful strip of wood and decided to take it home. It was smooth, plain and just about perfect in every way. So she strolled steadily in her dark navy blue robe that swished comfortably around her ankles and just nearly brushed her satin silk shoes. When she opened the door, her mother greeted her. "What a beautiful drawing!" her father said. "Thank you, Zhongyuan." Her mother said. Zhongyuan

washed her hands by the big wood basin filled with fresh water and as she dried her hands, she accidentally wet the pretty wood strip and she gasped as a yellowish white solid formed. It was still hard and wood, but only a little softer. "Whatever." she said aloud. "Who needs this weird strange bad thing?"

As Zhongyuan climbed the ladder leading up to her sleep cabin, she thought deeply about her wet wood. Was it the beginning of her dream of a wonderful writing surface? It surely had felt beautifully smooth. And she lied down and continued with her thoughts. Tomorrow she was eleven years old and about to get those wonderful presents she had

heard about as she was eavesdropping on her mother and father. Zhongyuan was also worried because what if she accidentally let slip of the naughty fact that she had done. She snuck out slyly and climbed down the ladder to her mother and father's sleeping cabin. Her mother was putting beautiful wood sheets in a nice little bundle wrapped with a pretty silk cloth. Her father was braiding excess wood and tying it around a perfect brush. Quietly she tiptoed back to her sleeping cabin and fell fast asleep.

Zhongyuan woke up to a sunny breezy day and the smell of lotus buns, pork buns and bamboo. Then she thought, 'Today is my birthday. Why did I nose in to hearing what Mother and Father said? Shouldn't birthdays be full of pleasant surprises?' Zhongyuan thought and thought until Mother came in. "Hello. Come on, your friends will celebrate with you. Hurry up." She then said, "Oh! Your father and I thought exceptionally hard about your gifts. We think that you will be very, very happy." Zhongyuan sighed and pulled on her dark blue robe embroidered with dark golden dragons. "I will come in a minute, Mother." Her mother nodded. "But quickly, please." Zhongyuan nodded and when her mother left, she kept thinking.

When she came down, her father was very excited and cried "There is a new writing surface! It is called paper and it is made from wood." Zhongyuan jumped up and down. Zhongyuan was full of popping firecrackers in her small little child's stomach.

"That is a great idea! Now my brush will work better." And when Zhongyuan's friends arrived, she opened her gifts and thought 'Paper is my real birthday present today. What an amazing gift!' And it was indeed.

The Tale of The Invention of Paper

ESF Discovery College, Zhao, Anna - 11

My name is 王冬梅, (Wang Dongmei) but you can call me May in English. This is my recount of the Tale of the Invention of Paper told by my mother when I was a young girl, unable to sleep, for the bustling cars and city lights kept me awake. Listen closely.

It was night time in Beijing, China, and I huddled under my blankets, feeling as cold as the weather outside. I was born in Hong Kong, and my mother and I came to Beijing for the winter break to visit my grandmother. Beijing often snows near the end of the month, but it was still freezing in my room. And I had always been scared of shadows. When I was little, I used to climb into bed with my mother, but I had been trying to sleep by myself.

The noises of honking cars whispered through the windows, and I rolled over, my eyes gazing at through the clear glass, resembling a shiny mirror with the bright city lights and the automobiles racing past the many shops to unknown destinations.

My bedroom door opened a crack, and my mother peeked inside, her dark hair flowing over her shoulders. She frowned when she saw that my eyes were still open, and she walked into my room, flicked the switch on the small lamp on the nightstand next to me, and sat down on my bed. “亲爱的，你为什么还没有睡觉？” She asked gently. (Honey, why aren't you sleeping yet?)

“我睡不着觉。” (I can't sleep.) I whispered back. My mother held me close, and we stayed like that for a while, before I quietly ask, “你能给我讲个故事吗？” (Can you tell me a story?)

My mother smiled and said, “当然。那么，我会告诉你一个你认为你以前可能听说过的故事，但对大多数人来说这是完全闻所未闻的。” (Certainly. Then, I'm going to tell you a story that you think you might have heard before, but to most people it's completely unheard of.) I nodded eagerly, and my mother got comfortable while I sat up, pulling the blanket up to my chin with anticipation.

My mother started the story. “几千年前，我们的祖先们先发明了文字。可是那时候，还没有纸，所以他们用刀在骨头和龟甲，或者青铜器上雕文字。他们也用骨头当武器，打敌人。” (Thousands of years ago, our ancestors first invented writing. But at that time, there was no paper, so they used knives to carve words on bones, tortoise shells, or bronze vessels. They also used bones as weapons to fight enemies.)

My mother pretended to be a scary monster while I giggled and gently swatted her hands away.

“后来，人们又文字刻在竹和木片上。用绳子把竹片穿起来以后就成了一册书。但是这些竹片很笨重，阅读、携带和保存都很不适合。” She continued, and I looked to my mother's face in fascination. (Later, people carved characters on bamboo and wood chips. Thread the bamboo pieces together with a rope and it becomes a book. But these bamboo pieces are very bulky and unsuitable for reading, carrying and storing.)

Impatient, I demanded, “然后呢？” (Then what?) My mother smoothed my shoulder-length dark hair—so similar to hers—behind my back, and bopped my nose with her finger before telling me to stay patient.

“然后纸被发明了。可是，是谁发明的呢？” (Then paper was invented. But who invented it?) My mother looked at me. I slouched against my pillow and frowned, thinking. We had just started learning about the history of China's inventions. Paper was, of course, the most famous innovation.

I suddenly remembered and sat up straight as a twig. “我知道！” (I know!) I cry out. My mother shushes me quickly, for fear that I would wake my grandmother, and I continue in a hushed voice, “是蔡伦发明的。” (It was invented by Cai Lun.)

My mother nodded her head, then continued in a conspiratorial whisper. “但是，有人说一个叫陈立阳的人发明了纸，虽然有很多不同的版本说他把纸教给了蔡伦，但有人说蔡伦在造纸的过程中抓住了陈立阳并要求知道他在做什么。不管怎样，蔡伦窃取了他的想法并将其据为己有。” (But some people say that a man named Chen Liyang invented paper and, while some variations think teaching was involved, most say Cai Lun caught Chen Liyang in the act of making paper and demanded to know what he was doing. Either way, Cai Lun stole his idea and made it his own.)

“为什么？” (Why?) I asked.

“当然是为了获得更多的名誉和权力。中国古代的男人往往非常贪婪。” (To gain more fame and power, of course. The men in Ancient China were often very greedy.) My mother replied, and we lapsed into silence.

“陈李扬是一个极其聪明、富有创新精神的少年。因此，当他发明纸的谣言传开时，没有人感到惊讶。” (Chen Liyang was an extremely smart and innovative young man, so when rumors spread that he invented paper, no one was surprised.) My mother described his personality, and we both agreed that it was certainly possible that he invented paper instead of Cai Lun.

“陈李扬的父亲是简牍生产商之一，小时候，他一直对竹片的制作过程感到好奇。” (Chen Liyang's father was one of the many manufacturers of the bamboo pieces that they used to write on, and as a young boy, he had always been curious about the process.)

“他还发明了很多别的，奇怪的小东西。” (He also invented many other, strange little things.) My mother said, and she talked about some very strange items found after he passed away.

“他是怎么发明纸的？” (How did he invent paper?) I pressed harder for more details. My mother explained that Chen Liyang experimented with different types of bark, rags, and nets to make paper. He boiled and crushed all the materials, also using bamboo, curious on how they could draw on the smooth texture. Then the pulpy mixture was removed of all excess water and placed outside to dry.

I begged my mother to let me try, and my mother gave me a wry smile and a quiet “可能” (maybe). She then glanced at the small, ticking clock next to the lamp. “现在太晚了，小梅。该睡觉了。” (It's too late now, Little May. It's time to sleep.) I glowered at the wall, but settled into bed as ordered.

My mother extinguished the light of the lamp and made her way to the door. Before she left, I asked one more question: “妈妈？你觉得谁发明了纸呢？” (Mother? Who do you think invented paper?) My mother glanced over her shoulder, and her expression was unreadable.

“嗯……归根结底，这取决于您的决定，不是吗？” (Hmm... at the end of the day, it's up to you to decide, isn't it?) My mother uttered a good night and closed the door, leaving me in semi-darkness with the light from the city filtering through the curtain.

I thought about her words. It depended on what I believed, therefore, at the end of the day, it was my decision.

An Epic Journey in Search of Bravery, Loyalty, and Tea

ESF Glenealy School, Chan, Carly – 10

“Uncle Yichen, please don’t leave me!” Zihao said in desperation after his uncle fell ill. He was heartbroken. Zihao’s uncle was his only family. Uncle Yichen adopted him after his parents passed away when he was a baby. They had lived in a small village in Huzhou, Zhejiang Province, for over 10 years.

Zihao woke up at the crack of dawn to check on Uncle Yichen. His face was still dull and his head felt scorching hot. For unknown reasons, many villagers also developed high fever recently. Zihao couldn’t wait anymore. He decided to visit the Dragon Cloud Monastery for cure, a place where villagers went when they became sick.

Located at the top of the highest mountain in Huzhou, Zihao walked past quaint houses, crossed over bridges, and climbed up over thousands of steps. Finally, he arrived at the monastery. When Zihao walked through the gates, he was astounded by the sight that greeted him. Vibrant colored flowers from vivid red to electric purple were spread all over the monastery. Monasteries had always been a solemn, and rather dull, place where monks live. On the contrary, Dragon Cloud Monastery was a place full of life and positive vibes.

Zihao picked up a sound so he eavesdropped from the other side of the door.

“Mingqian tea leaves brewed with mountain water. That should be right.” said a man with a deep voice.

Intrigued by the aroma wafting from the room, Zihao entered to find a man with a long mustache standing behind a stove. Papers filled with drawings and leaf samples were scattered all over the floor.

“What are you doing?” Zihao broke the silence.

“I’m testing tea leaves brewed with different water. These Mingqian tea leaves are known to cure illnesses like ...” the man began.

“Can they cure fever? Where can I find them? Who are you?” Zihao interrupted.

“I am Lu Yu, caretaker of the monastery’s garden. Mingqian tea leaves can cure fever and can be found in Longjing village, Hangzhou.” Lu Yu replied.

Zihao was crestfallen. His tears rolled down his cheeks. Sensing his despair, Lu Yu offered, “I’ll bring you there. We must leave now. It is a three-day walk.” Zihao’s face lit up with joy for the first time in weeks.

Lu Yu and Zihao took a short cut by entering into a dense forest behind the monastery. They were engulfed by tall trees and thick bushes. Zihao felt chilly. The sunshine could hardly pierce through. Suddenly, they saw something glistening between the cracks. Lu Yu hesitated and said, “Probably just a deer. Get your stick ready. Let’s take a look.”

A glowing dragon-like creature, twice their size, with spiky hair, stood right in front of them. Zihao’s jaw dropped almost to the ground while Lu Yu froze like time had stopped. The creature smiled in return.

“I am Mengyao, the magnificent dragon princess from Dragon Cloud Mountain. Why are you here?” the creature introduced herself.

A talking dragon! Zihao took a deep breath, approached Mengyao slowly, and told her his story about Uncle Yicheng and the healing power of Mingqing tea leaves.

“Let me help you get your ‘pee’ leaves!” said Mengyao. It turned out Mengyao was a silly dragon. Zihou found her funny, while Lu Yu frowned.

Realizing dragons could fly, Zihao asked Mengyao for a lift to Longjing village. At that moment, Mengyao shed her tears and shared her story.

“I was born with very small wings so I couldn’t fly. My family left me behind in this forest.” Mengyao said in despair.

Zihao wiped away Mengyao’s tears and said, “Each person has innate talents. You will find yours soon.” The trio then trekked to Longjing village.

When they reached the village entrance, a loud roar came out of the blue and put them on a halt.

”If you dare pass this line, you shall be haunted for all eternity.” said a big black sparrow. A flock of sparrows then charged down from the trees above and formed a straight line.

”If you don’t let my friends enter, your clan will become my dinner!” Mengyao roared in rage.

The birds fluttered away in terror. Lu Yu and Zihou cheered at Mengyao’s bravery. Upon entering the village, they were greeted by a vast green landscape of green tea bushes.

“Zihao, these are Mingqian tea leaves! We can bring them back to your village.” Lu Yu exclaimed.

Before Zihao could comprehend, the flock of sparrows returned and screamed. “No one can touch these leaves. They belong to us!” Then the sparrows flew over the bushes and started to poop!

Lu Yu exclaimed frantically, “No! The tea leaves will be contaminated!” He ran into the field to fend off the sparrows.

The leader bird plummeted and aimed for Lu Yu’s head. Mengyao immediately charged in and flapped her wings vigorously to fight. Her tiny wings suddenly grew larger and longer than the size of two elephants! The leader bird was wounded by Mengyao’s powerful flaps and fled the scene. Mengyao soared into the sky and chased the rest of the sparrows away.

Zihao stared in astonishment and cried out: “Mengyao! Your wings! Extraordinary!” Mengyao’s courage had unveiled her true potential.

Lu Yu and Zihao collected sacks of tea leaves and returned to Huzhou on Mengyao’s back. Under the instructions of Lu Yu, the villagers and Uncle YiChen drank the tea and recovered. Zihao was grateful and thanked Lu Yu and Mengyao for their help. Lu Yu thanked Zihao instead because this journey inspired him to write a book about Chinese tea, later titled “The Book of Tea”.

Mengyao bowed down to Zihao and said “Thank you for believing in me. Your bravery and loyalty have shown me that anything is possible with a willing heart.”

For Zihao, it was the magical tea leaves that had brought them together for an extraordinary adventure that changed their lives forever.

The Story of the Fair princess

ESF Glenealy School, Chappellini, Adele – 9

One sunny morning while the whole town was quiet, one castle far in the distance was working very hard for the newest royal family that just moved into the castle yesterday. They were really spoiled but their princess Lily wanted to be fair to everyone she met, but Lily's parents thought it was a horrible idea and they told her to treat everyone like their servant. Lily was upset with her parents, they were being so rude! She couldn't believe this from her parents, she thought they would be nice but she was really wrong. Every day and night she had to train to take her mother's place for the crown. She was so stressed she had to wake up even before sunrise, she had enough!

One hot day, Lily wanted to go for a walk in the town when she saw something she had never seen before someone selling something different she saw someone selling gunpowder she didn't know what gunpowder was Lily thought it was just a magical product that some magical people use for magic so she bought it not knowing what this item was she asked the seller what it was and the seller didn't reply the seller was just really quiet for most of the time, she had been there so she just bought it. After buying some fruits too. She dashed back to the castle to tell her parents Lily told them she had bought an unknown item from a mysterious seller. Her parents were furious with her actions, and told her she was ruining their name! She didn't know what to do so she just ran, she ran far away from the castle, she far from the village and she got lost in the middle of nowhere and she was scared and she remembered that the seller had an arrow next to that unknown item she could buy that but she didn't know how to go back from the woods that she was in so she kept on walking forward and found a map lying next to a tree and it was a map of the village! Happily she hurried back to the seller and gave him all her coins that she was carrying in her pocket and ran into a secret place and shot up and she finally found out the unknown item was gunpowder.

She decided to go to war with her parents. Even though they had better resources she and the poorly treated people she was determined to win that war. Few years later she had finally won the war like she had predicted 5 years ago. She finally felt free for once! Now in the modern day of course we don't need to go to war with our parents and if your parents hurt you it is basically child abuse so it's better now. Hopefully.....

FeiFei and the Firework Thieves

ESF Glenealy School, Clews, Selina – 10

BOOM!

Feifei jolted awake and ran into the courtyard of her house. As her parents and Nainai scurried out of their rooms, a deafening “WOOHOO!” split the still night air. “What was that?” Mama snapped, “Don’t tell me that your YeYe was inventing again!” As she finished, Feifei’s YeYe — the famous inventor Hua Jun — breezed out of his laboratory, grabbed Nainai’s arms, and waltzed her around the courtyard! “YeYe!” Mama fumed. “Come here right this instant!” YeYe stopped dancing and shuffled over to Mama with a sheepish look on his face. “Mei, darling daughter! I have wonderful news!” He exclaimed. “You mean blowing a hole in the ceiling?” Mama growled, pointing at the smoking hole in the roof. YeYe had the grace to look chastised as he timidly said, “Well, that was unfortunate... but... I FINISHED MY INVENTION!!!” Feifei gasped delightedly — although not knowing what the invention was — and everyone turned to look at her — Mama glaring, Baba with a faint smile, Nainai peering over her half-moon glasses, and YeYe with a beaming smile. Ever the voice of wisdom, Nainai demurely suggested, “Why don’t we go inside and talk about this over a cup of my green tea.” Mama, although hesitant, agreed, and they all sat around the table.

“So YeYe, what did you make this time?” Feifei questioned. “Feifei. Don’t encourage YeYe.” Mama sniffed. YeYe ignored her and answered Feifei, “Well, little bao, do you remember that I invented gunpowder?” Feifei nodded vigorously. “That hole in the ceiling...” Mama huffed at the reminder. YeYe glanced at her, and continued “... was made by a firework!” “A what?” Baba interjected, “a wok made of fire?” YeYe chuckled and replied, “Not a *wok*. A *firework*. I’ll show you!” He ran to the laboratory and brought out a firework. YeYe took his time setting up, putting the whole family in suspense — Feifei bouncing eagerly, Mama nervously pacing, Baba hopping from foot to foot, and Nainai politely fidgeting. Finally, YeYe was ready. Everyone held their breaths as YeYe struck a match and lit his ‘Firework’. Steadily, the flame travelled up a string and when the flame reached the top, the firework shot into the air and burst into thousands of glittering specks of light. “Wow YeYe!” Mama breathed, her anger melting away. “You’ve really outdone yourself this time.”

“A firework. The Emperor would be most pleased with this present. Old Hua Jun was foolish to set *two* of them off for everyone to see. Why, it *might* draw thieves!” A devious voice floated from two man-shaped shadows atop the roof. The voice continued, “*We* must present it to the Emperor ourselves.” After a pause, the other shadow spoke up, “And how do you suppose we do that, Yao?” “Why! It is easy, Ling! We wait until it’s unattended, then we steal it!” Yao chuckled darkly, a sinister grin spreading across his face. “OK... I g-guess it would-d work.” Ling stammered while biting his nails, his eyes darting around. The two men slinked away into the shadows, and were gone before anyone could spot them.

Meanwhile, Mama and Baba were helping YeYe to pack up the laboratory and clean all the dust on the floor. Nainai stood on the side and directed the cleaning, and Feifei watched all that was going on. Suddenly, Mama straightened up, and declared, “All the cleaning can wait until tomorrow. It is 1:00 in the MORNING! Everyone, bed. NOW.” Scattering in the direction of their rooms with Nainai dragging YeYe from the laboratory, the family went to bed. Soon, all was quiet in Feifei’s house.

“Rope?” “Ch-eck.” “Sack?” “Check.” The two men were back, standing over the hole in the roof. “Alright Ling, we’re going down.” Yao announced. “R-right. The r-rope.” Ling threw the rope down the hole, and secured it to a roof decoration. They shimmed down the rope and crept through the room. Ling was hunched over and in his nervousness knocked over some beakers! Hitting the ground, they smashed, coating the floor with glinting shards of glass. “Stop being so clumsy Ling!” Yao whispered harshly, “That smash could have woken them up!” Indeed, Feifei had woken up and peeked into the laboratory. Her gasp alerted the thieves to her presence. They frantically looked around, and started towards the rope. So thinking fast, Feifei sprinted to the rope, blocking it from the thieves. “YEYE, MAMA, BABA, NAINAI!” She screamed, “Thieves! Stealing the fireworks!”

Within seconds, Mama, Baba, Yeye, and Nainai entered the laboratory and surrounded the thieves, trapping them. “Trying to steal my fireworks? Were you going to show them as yours, so *you* could become rich and famous?” Yeye questioned menacingly. “Yes.” Ling sniffled “We’re sorry. We just wanted to be known for something.”

“Well, I can see they really mean it!” Nainai exclaimed, “Why don’t we talk about this over my special green tea.” After discussing for hours, they collectively came to a conclusion. Yeye would *teach* Ling and Yao how to invent, so they wouldn't ever have to steal. Then, the family headed off to the palace, ready to present the amazing invention before the Emperor.

At the palace the family slowly walked into the throne room then bowed low at the feet of The Emperor. “Hua Jun...” The Emperor’s voice was rich and deep. “...You impress me yet again! These fireworks are beautiful, *and* you used your gunpowder! Very creative.” He paused, taking a breath. “To celebrate, we will have a display of your fireworks *right* in front of the palace...” his voice escalated. “... and all citizens will be invited!” “Thank you, your Majesty!” Yeye elatedly replied. “This is the greatest gift you could give me, how can I ever thank you?” “Well...” The Emperor said slowly. “My inventors are struggling to produce enough fireworks for the big day. If you could lend me two more inventors, that would be marvellous!” A cheeky grin spread across Yeye’s face. “I know the perfect pair for you!”

The Big Boom!

ESF Glenealy School, Dynon, Chloe – 10

“Bring! Bring! Bring!” Joseph turned around sluggishly in his bed and slapped his alarm clock quiet. He was falling back to sleep when... “BOOM!” Joseph was stunned in shock and swiped the window open. There was no sight of anything! He was sure it sounded like a nearby gunshot! The tired man was just about to close the window when he saw a big cloud of smoke rise from the ground. Being a detective, it was Joseph’s duty to file this case and find out what this commotion was all about, so he hopped out of bed and got to work.

Joseph’s walls were filled with bright red pins, pieces of paper and much more! He spent a whole half an hour clearing a section of his room just for this special case! He knew he needed backup, but he also knew that nobody would be free this early on new year's day, except for the secret government agent..... “Noah!” Joseph rang Noah and he said yes to help him with his mission! That evening Noah came over to see what was going on and Joseph told him everything! “So, what's the plan sir?” Noah exclaimed “well let’s first Integrate some suspects” Joseph said feeling in charge. The two friends thought for a while and picked out some people that could have been a part of this. “Alright, so we’ve got Jasper, your sketchy roommate from college, your little sister Maisy, and lunch lady Brenda. May you please remind me again why she's suspicious sir?” Noah said in confusion. “Well, when I was in high school she always served some dodgy food,” He answered. “Ooooh that makes more sense, thank you sir!”

Joseph and Noah went to Joseph’s dorm room to pay Jaser a little visit. When they got there they had to climb up 60 stairs! (64 to be exact) Joseph knocked on dorm number 11 while panting hard. The door swung open but no one was there. The pair silently walked in. Joseph’s palm’s were heaving with sweat and his chest was pounding. Inside the room there were light grey walls, a blue carpet and loads of pieces of rubbish on the floor. “Sir” whispered Noah “yes” he whispered back “he is behind the door” “how do you know?” “Because I can see him in the reflection of the mirror picking his nose sir” Joseph peered over to the glass reflection, he could see himself, Noah, and a finger getting shoved up a nose! The two friends peeked behind the door and there he was alright! “How did you know I was here?” Jasper said, “we’re asking the questions here” Joseph and Noah said at the same time “sorry sir, go on” Noah whispered regrettingly. Jasper climbed out of his substandard hiding spot “now what's all this about?” he questioned as he dusted himself off. “Where were you on New Year's Eve night?” Joseph announced, “I was at a party” he answered in a nervous voice. “Well that seems like a good excuse” Joseph stated “where was the party” Jasper replied “it was in the park, we played games we talked and there were even fireworks!” “By any chance did you happen to see or hear anything irregular that night?” “nope nothing that stood out” Jasper uttered. “We better get a move on sir, it's almost midday!” Noah said as he heaved Joseph’s bag over his shoulder, “ok thank you for your time, have a good day” the pair exited the room.

“Ok so next we have your little sister Maisy, sir” “she still lives at my parents house, so let's head there” Joseph said. The two partners strolled over to where Maisy lives. Noah and Joseph stepped onto the front porch and knocked on the door “I’ll get it!” a voice shouted from inside. The handle turned and the door slowly opened “what are **you** doing here?” the girl at the door said, Joseph replied “we’re here to ask some questions” “and who's this?” “oh-uh sorry, Noah this is Maisy my sister, and Maisy this is Noah the secret gov- uh-m-um I mean, my friend’s umm distant cousin!” he said “ummm... ok” she replied, not convinced. Joseph and Noah looked nervously at each other in the corner of their eyes. “So I guess you can come in” the girl waved her hands signalling the two boys to enter. The three sat down on an old crusty sofa, Joseph could feel bits of material falling off the couch as he sat down. “Maisy, now that we’ve got your attention I would like to ask you a few questions about new years eve” he said “go ahead...” “what were you doing on new years eve night?” he questioned “I was just at home watching the new movie ‘Animal lie!’” “ooh I have heard of that movie, is it good?” Noah cut in, “Noah stay on topic here!” “sorry sir,” “so you were just at your parents house alone watching a movie?” “Yep if you don’t believe me ask Dad he had to pick up some beer for the midnight fireworks” she said “ok ok you sound convincing, we’ll be on our way now, come on Noah!” They slammed the door behind them.

“Who do we have next?” Joseph said as he gazed at a colony of ants crossing the pathway in front of him “next is Lunch Lady Brenda” Noah answered “so let's head to your old high school” “sounds like a plan!” The couple hastily walked to where Joseph used to learn maths and english. It was quite a long time ago since Joseph had been to his high school so it took a bit of time to find the cafeteria but luckily they eventually found it. The two colleagues could smell cold, watery fried rice! “Yuck!” Noah exclaimed. They followed their nose to the kitchen where they found

Brenda spooning a suspicious looking slop onto a child's plate "plop". "Lunch Lady Brenda! Do you remember me?" Joseph said "oh yes how could I forget, the kid who always dumped his caringly made meal into the trash!" The lady said "alright alright enough chit chat I need to get to the bottom of this case!" he moaned "hahaha bottom! Sorry sir, it appears I found that a bit amusing" Joseph looked at Noah strangely "ok...anyway, Brenda what were you doing on new years eve night?" he announced "I don't know, what time?" She questioned. Suddenly Joseph paused "the time?" Lunch lady Brenda and Noah both looked worryingly at him. "What if I was going about this all wrong, what if it wasn't a gunshot, what if..." The confused man dashed out of the school, across the road, and into the park the party was at. Noah followed behind him. The grass was as green as a lime and as soft and fluffy as a bunny. It tickled his legs as he brushed past the blades of grass. Joseph slowed down and started searching for something, "what are you looking for sir?" Noah said "a clue" he answered back.

Joseph kept looking everywhere, under the benches, in the trees, behind rocks, until eventually he found something, something colourful, something charred, it looked like it had exploded! Immediately he had a major flashback! He was back in his room, "Bring! Bring! Bring!" Joseph rolled over as he had done before, he smacked his alarm clock again and saw a glimpse of his clock. "Twelve o'clock" he mumbled, at this time Noah was getting really worried and was about to call the ambulance! Once again he started dozing off back to sleep when..."BOOM!" "New year's eve party at the park" he mumbled once more. Joseph saw light on his walls, different coloured lights. He opened the window just like before when there came the same big cloud of smoke. "Twelve o'clock, alarm, new years eve, lights, smoke" he uttered again "SIR, SIR ARE YOU OK!" Noah said as he dialled in 911. "FIREWORKS!" Joseph woke up.

Noah turned off his phone and said "what?" "fireworks! It wasn't a gunshot at all! It was fireworks!" Joseph said feeling proud of himself. "How do you know?" Noah said confused "wellwhen my alarm went off on new years eve it was twelve o'clock and I had set an alarm for twelve so I could celebrate the new year!" he went on "when I heard the boom I could see coloured light on my walls, then I opened my window and I saw people dancing at the party and a big cloud of gunpowder!" Noah was flabbergasted "well that does sound pr—" "and have you noticed that most people we integrated mentioned something about fireworks?" Noah thought for a bit "well now that you mention it sir, yes" "and finally, look!" he said holding up a piece of burnt rubbish from the ground "firework remnants!" "it all adds up!" they finally said together. The two proud colleagues high fived and went their separate ways. Joseph walked back to his house for a good night's sleep when "PEW PEW!" "oh no!"

Tea-riffic Travels with Tea

ESF Glenealy School, John, Malaika – 9

Who invented tea? No one really invented tea. In fact, tea was created accidentally! According to legend, in 2737 BC (5000 years ago) the emperor's servant was serving hot boiled water to Emperor Shen Nung, because the emperor always liked it boiled. As the servant boiled the water, mixed leaves from a tea bush blew on to the water. The servant did not notice and served the hot water to the emperor. The emperor was a herbalist, and loved growing plants. When he drank the water, he noticed the tea bush leaves and wanted to find out more about the leaves and how to make more. Therefore, a new beverage was discovered!

What is tea? Tea is a beverage or drink that some people enjoy. It has some caffeine and can also be made from the tea shrub plant. To make it sweeter, people add milk, sugar, and even butter and jam! Do people drink tea in different ways? Yes. For example, Turkish people like their tea black, with some sugar. Indian people love drinking strong tea with lots of milk and sugar. The British drink their tea black, with just a dash of milk, and Russians put jam in their tea. In one region of Russia, they put butter and milk in their tea! The Japanese have green tea, and the Chinese drink a variety of herbal tea with now sugar or milk.

How are tea plants grown on a large scale? Tea plants grow best on hill slopes, so that no water logging occurs. Nowadays, mechanized harvesting is also done. The tea plants cannot withstand hot sunny days, so silver oaks are planted in a pattern to give them shade. Tea plants are pruned to a convenient height, so that tea pickers can pluck the two leaves and a bud with their hands. How are tea leaves processed into tea that we drink today? There are many methods, for example, white tea leaves have to be withered and dried to remove the water content. To produce oolong tea, the leaves have to be withered, then rolled and bruised to bring out the flavors and then be exposed to the air. Matcha tea leaves even have to be kept in the shade for 21 days until you can pick the leaves, and steam them after!

How did tea travel to different places in the world? Well, China traded with Britain, who brought tea to India. Iran, USA, Russia, Germany and many more countries traded with India. Finally, people were enjoying tea all over the world! Turkish, British, and Chinese people love drinking tea. Pakistanis and Kenyans are tied for the second spot. People from Morocco, Egypt, Chile, India, Germany, Russia, Ireland, Thailand, Kazakhstan, Afghanistan and more enjoy tea regularly.

What are some of the kinds of tea? There are thousands of kinds of tea all over the earth. Here are some. White, black, green, matcha, rooibos, herbal, and oolong are well known and well liked types of tea. Earl Grey, chamomile, apple, peppermint, and ginger honey tea are also very popular. There is even purple tea! In India, there is a kind of tea called masala chai. Some teas are even a mix, like Vanilla Rooibos Herbal tea!

Do people call tea different names? YES! People all over the world say tea in different ways! For example, people in India call tea chai, while the Chinese say cha, coming from the Chinese character(茶). In Turkey, tea is called cay. In Spain, tea is te, in Germany it is tee, and in France, thé means tea. Did you know tea is good for you? Tea contains polyphenols, which are antioxidants that might help our bodies to fight cancers, diabetes mellitus, and other diseases!

Tea is one of the most well known drinks in the world, can be had almost anywhere, can be served hot or cold, and a lot of people love to drink tea! Now that we have learned all about tea, you can share the information with your family and friends! See if you can surprise them with the interesting facts!

Glossary:

- Invent– to have created or made something new.
- Accidentally– to do something by chance and not on purpose.
- Herbalist– someone who loves learning, or growing, researching nature and plants.
- Beverage– a drink
- Discover– to find out something.

- Caffeine– a compound that is found especially in tea and coffee plants.
- Shrub– a bush;
- Region– an area, or part of a country.
- Consists– is made of, has inside.
- Travel– getting from one place to another, using a vehicle or not.
- Trade– swapping, giving something in order to get something in return..
- Enjoying– liking, having fun with, loving.
- Flavors– different types of tastes.
- Popular– trendy, an admired or well-liked person, people, object, or thing.
- Antioxidants– they inhibit the action of oxygen on things.
- Pruned – trimming or clipping overgrown or dead branches, stems, and leaves.
- Mechanize– operated by devices or using machines.
- Harvest– cutting and storing away plants.
- Convenient– an easy way of doing something
- Processed– the way of making something.
- Withered– moisture removed; dried partly.
- Exposed– out in the open.
- Information– facts or data shared with someone

A Kite from the Past

ESF Glenealy School, Luu, Aymeric – 11

“Flight 1236 to Guangzhou is further delayed due to the incoming severe rainstorm.” I let out another groan, what a total disaster of a holiday. I and my family had been waiting at the airport for what seemed like an eternity. Sitting down on a bench, I chomped loudly on a banana as close to my older sister as possible. “UGH! OMG YOU ARE SO DISGUSTING!” It was amusing to watch her scream in disgust and at least freed my mind from the mental prison of this boring airport. Being a phone fanatic she quickly took out her phone and snapped a shot of me before typing LOSER in big capital letters. Sighing, I turned towards the window watching the sun slowly sink below the horizon. The big red ball slowly disappeared as the sky became darker and storm clouds brewed in the distance. I heard some snoring and saw my older sister slowly snoring, drool dropping slowly from the corner of her mouth like a spider descending on its prey. My mother and father had gone to the nearest cafe and left both of us on the bench to entertain ourselves. The moon had already risen in the sky casting its sickly glow on me. It was then that I heard the sound of someone approaching.

The footsteps became louder and then softer, then louder again or was it softer, I really couldn't tell where these feet were going. Suddenly, a flight attendant appeared before me. He looked different, I couldn't quite describe how, but he just looked unusual, as if he was from a different time. He was small and thin and had a sadness on his face even though he was smiling as he watched me. It was then that he spoke. “You're bored, aren't you?” I slowly nodded, as my eyes turned to the cafe where my parents were eating and laughing at the tv, not noticing that I needed rescuing from this stranger. My eyes travelled back to the flight attendant. A pin that read ZHAO was poised on the right side of his chest shining in the moonlight. “Your name is Zhao?” He slowly nodded watching me in an odd way. “Well Jake, I have a story that might interest you...” How did he know my name, I wondered. His eyes glowed with a little spark and it was then that I realised his story might be interesting. “Tell me it.”

“A long long time ago when I was eight years old, my father bought me my first kite. It was no bigger than our window but flew in the sky like an eagle.” His eyes shone with happiness as if he were reliving the happy memory. “It filled up the sky with colours bursting from its tail, as if the gods had decided to paint the blue sky with a colourful paintbrush.” “Every Sunday, my father and I would bring the kite and hike up the sacred mountain before doing what we called, painting the heavens” Together we would unroll the kite and let it burst open filling the skies with glorious color. However, when I was nine, a terrible famine struck the village and with it my father.” “My wonderful days ended, and I helped my mother at home, surviving with the little we had. “We were so poor that I had to beg for food instead of going to school. My former classmates laughed as they watched me begging on the street. Some were nicer to me, not laughing whilst I was nearby, but no one ever stopped to help me free myself from the nightmare my life had become.” He paused for a moment sucking in a breath, a single tear rolled down his cheek. “Most of them were so rich that they could afford as many kites as they liked and I watched with pain in my heart as the red kites circled in the sky like pin pricks drawing blood from the sky. “So I vowed never to look at a kite again.” I begged facing the west in the mornings as they always flew their kites towards the direction of the sun. At noon I would beg facing the east so that I could avoid these monstrous flying wonders. LAST CALL FOR FLIGHT 4672 TO BANGKOK. The loud speaker jolted me from the story as if offering me a chance to escape back to my own world. “Ahem.” said the flight attendant watching me slowly with his unblinking eyes. “Ah yes shall we continue?” “YES! I said” “Now where was I? Oh yes, let me continue.”

“One day I decided I had to face my fears and decided I would again release a kite into the sky which would take my wishes up to heaven, just so that God may hear my sorrow and lift my poor soul away from this hard life. You know Jake, in the Qing dynasty people used to release kites just like I'm telling you about, with a little wink of his eye. Well, as luck would have it I, found a kite just like the one that I used to fly with my father, although it did have a hole in it. That wasn't a problem for me, as I repaired it with some scrap paper in the street. With that I let the pain stored in my heart burst out into the sky releasing all my frustration and sadness.” “It was then that I realised that flying a kite was like flying an aeroplane both relying on the skill and patience of the flyer.” “You do know Jake don't you that the kite was what led to the creation of modern aeroplanes.” “I think your kite, I mean plane is here.” and with that he was gone, just as suddenly as he appeared, and on the floor was a kite, a very old one that looked hundreds of years old. “LAST CALL FOR FLIGHT 1236 TO GUANGZHOU”.

The Most Beautiful Gift

ESF Glenealy School, Lnu, Ignacio – 11

A long time ago, in cold, snowy ancient China there was a village with such poverty that colour no longer existed. The cracked huts, the barren landscape and the dirty, scruffy people were all different shades of grey. Every bird had lost its vibrant feathers. Every plant was shrivelled and dying. Hence its name, the Village of Tears.

The source of this misery was a harsh and heartless emperor. No one knew his real name but over time he became known as Blackheart. For it was believed that where his heart should have been, there was instead a black emptiness. There was only one person in the whole of China who could penetrate his icicle of a heart. This was his loving and selfless wife, Lady Whiteheart. Lady Whiteheart however, was born with an illness that meant she was constantly cold, and needed to be kept warm to survive.

Blackheart, being the devoted husband that he was, summoned the royal magician, and sucked all colours from all villages in China, leaving them in an empty, snowy wilderness, including that of the Village of Tears. Consequently, Blackheart's palace was bursting with colour, and hot and humid as the forests of the Amazon. Whilst Lady Whiteheart now had enough warmth in the palace, she somehow felt frustrated that all she could move around in were heavy fur coats that were traditional in China during those ancient, cold times. Blackheart, for all his power, could only find her heavy fur coats. As his wife's birthday approached, Blackheart felt a greater and greater sense of urgency to give her a surprise, and so he fell upon a great plan that would be implemented across the empire of China.

In the Village Of Tears, a messenger's voice rang out loud and clear, cutting through the icy silent air, "Emperor Blackheart demands a birthday gift from every village in China for Lady Whiteheart. If it does not please Her Majesty, they shall be punished. If it does, the colour shall be returned to their village." Cold sweat, that turned into icicles, streamed down the villagers' faces as the Emperor's messenger rode off emotionlessly. How would they find a gift that would please the Emperor's wife? They were barely getting by themselves, they had no treasures that could possibly please Lady Whiteheart. There was only one person in the whole village who left with hope instead of tears in their eyes.

Meijin was, in fact, the only one in the village who had any colour left in her body. A tint of pink appeared on her chest, where her forever hopeful heart beat away relentlessly, swishing endlessly like the wings of a hummingbird. As she had grown up she was always a cheerful child, in spite of the harsh surroundings. Her hair was a smooth jet black, her skin rosy white and her eyes the dark brown of a strong mahogany tree's trunk. She was determined to bring her village joy. However, no matter how many flowers she picked for Nai, how many hugs she gave to Ba or how many times she helped Ma around the house, the village remained a miserable place. Still, Meijin was determined to bring life to her home, and now was her chance. She consulted the beloved silkworms in her yard. Then something magical happened, as the silkworms crawled along the leaves, they left little trails of silk threads. The silk threads were unlike anything Meijin had ever seen, so light, clear and fragile-looking. Surprisingly however, when Meijin pulled on them they were strong as threads of steel.

Meijin thanked her silkworm friends for their gift and set about sewing a beautiful silk dress to brighten up the empress' birthday. Luckily Meijin was a skilled seamstress, and she was taught well by her silkworm friends the magical properties of their gifted silk threads. After many sleepless nights the dress was finally finished, and oh what an exquisite dress it was! A silvery white, flowing, light and airy dress that seemed to dance in the breezy wind that blew through the village. Exhausted from her tireless nights sewing the dress, Meijin fell asleep safe in the knowledge that the dress had been completed in time for Lady Whiteheart's birthday.

As she slept, Meijin could have sworn she heard heavy feet approaching. As fate would have it, Wangha, the bully from the neighbouring village had been spying on Meijun as she worked away tirelessly. Fearing that the Village of Tears would get its colour restored whilst his village remained cold and colourless, evil Wangha smashed the candle onto Meijin's dress and watched as it burst into flames. Meijin was woken by the smoke and wept at her dress's ashes. She would have to face Blackheart and would be able to present nothing but the ashes of the dress and her story about the wonderful material her silkworm friends had gifted her.

Blackheart was furious when he found out Meijin had nothing for his beloved wife. In a flash of rage, he ordered her to be put to death. Luckily, Lady Whiteheart appeared and proclaimed to all gathered, "The silk dress may have been destroyed, but doesn't Meijin's love and resilience in continuing to face challenges even in the face of despair not bring to life the silk that she speaks of? I can feel the warmth of the dress rising through the ashes to warm my heart as we speak." It was as if Heaven had been listening. Suddenly, a colourful rainbow sprung from the palace and stretched as far as the eye could see across the land. Slowly but surely, one by one, each hut, village, city and province was showered with colours from the giant rainbow and a warm glow returned to the entire land, not just within the Royal court. That is the story of how silk and its qualities of strength and resilience in the face of challenge restored greatness to China.

The Final Wish

ESF Glenealy School, Luu, Ludovic – 11

A long long time ago, when scholars in China roamed the land to share their knowledge and wisdom by word of mouth, there lived a scholar called Kai Liu. Kai had grown very wise, and very educated through following the teachings of a great many scholars. As the great scholars he learnt from passed away one by one, Kai himself realized he was nearing death. His cup rattling in his shaking hand, he knew that he would never be able to write down the learning he had acquired over a lifetime in the short time he had left. His dream had always been to pass on what he had learnt to those less fortunate than himself. Those too poor too allow a life of study and perfection of the arts. He most certainly would not be able to write the hundreds of handwritten scrolls and scriptures to capture the teachings of the wise scholars. This filled him with an eternal sadness, a sense of failure and defeat.

His son, Bing, watched helplessly as his father's tears flowed. His son, filled with a deep sorrow, and hoping to bring a little happiness to his dying father, vowed to Kai that when he died he, Bing, would do everything he could to share his wisdom around the world. Kai's mood immediately brightened and he began to teach Bing every bit of wisdom he could. Secrets about life, happiness and more. The boy learned and learned and learned. Yet, the more he learned and the more he became wise and able to think through things, the more he began to question the task he had set himself. How could he, Bing, alone spread his father's great wisdom around China let alone the world.

As the years passed, and his father's life slowly sank away like the final grains of sand in an hourglass, it became clear to Bing that Sai would die very soon. In a mad haste, he burned incense, prayed to gods and bought all the medicines money could buy in an attempt to keep his father alive. But, you cannot escape death. After a few months Sai had developed a wretched cough and expensive medicines no longer had any effect. Bing with his eyes red from crying whispered to his father, "Is there anything I can do father?" Sai smiled for the first time in many years, "remember your vow" and closed his eyes one last time.

Kai's funeral had been small but a towering cherry blossom had been planted in the back garden to honor his life. Bing, now heartbroken, looked up at the cherry blossom, swaying in the wind. His father's last words rang in his head endlessly, like the words of a song waiting to be sung and put down on a scroll so that it may live for a thousand years. Bing knew what he had to do, he knew the sacrifice he now had to make, so he got up and set to work. He set about furiously copying down the first script his father had ever taught him and then the next and the next, he would be able to copy down one scroll a day, so after 389 days he would have one complete set of the learnings his father had passed on to him to share with the world. On the 289th day however, Bing's hand started developing aches in the joints and his hand shook furiously whenever he held onto the calligraphy pen longer than a few words. Frustrated, he threw the pen at the wall. What good would it be, even if he spent his whole life, how many sets of scrolls would he leave to the world, 15, 20, even 30 would never be enough to spread the learnings across the whole of China. It would take 20,000 times the number of hands he had. In despair he slipped on the closest pair of wooden clogs, which happened to belong to Kai, and were engraved at the bottom accordingly with the word "Kai". Bing thought he could do with some fresh air and decided to walk about in the garden where he knew there would be sweet luscious cherries on the cherry tree that had been planted in his father's honor. He was right, the tree was so full of cherries its branches bent with the weight of them and many hundreds of cherries lay on the floor, their juices escaping from the skins. Bing paced back and forth in the garden wondering how he might get back to the task. He suddenly heard little sounds of laughter coming from behind, and turned to see children jumping into the shoe prints he had left from squashing the cherries and then pacing up and down the garden path. There were literally hundreds, maybe thousands of "Kai's" there neatly reproduced. Sure some of them were smudged but anyone could make out what they said. It was as if his father had sent a message from heaven to show him the way to spread his teachings throughout the land. That, if you believe it or not, is how Bing Liu, son of the scholar Kai Liu came up with the idea of the printing machine and how China was able to begin the journey of mass education and enlightenment of its entire population, and dare we say helped the world begin its own journey.

The Forbidden City

ESF Glenealy School, Tsui, Jeremy – 11

The sunlight streamed through the windows as Noah, Jeff and Brian arrived in China. Salty droplets flow down their faces like it was raining, dripping onto the floor as he sits down to get their breath as they prepare to go to the enormous city. The Forbidden City. They were going to try to sneak into the Forbidden City. First they needed to go to the wall which divided the amazing palace and the little village. They quickly arrived next to the wall as they silently climbed up the wall. Suddenly, they heard footsteps. Oh no! What will they do? They froze as the servants walked past them. Luckily they didn't notice. "Did you hear that?" Jeff asked quietly. "What" Brian and Noah replied. "They said they were going to steal gunpowder tonight." said Jeff "We'll need to stop them then we'll get the gunpowder. Also we can get some rewards from the king. Mwa hahaha! Noone will stop us" As they were going towards a dungeon, something from behind them shouted"stop now!" They were sweating as their hairs slowly creeped up. They looked behind and saw the guards...

The guards brought them to the king. Next to the king were his wealthy sons. The king was plump. The king's puffy cheeks were as big as an apple. Noah was shaking in his shoe while Jeff's heart was hammering. Only brian was brave enough. Even though he was the smallest, he was the bravest and the coolest. He was always the best at everything. Just as the king told the strong guards to take them away, his sons interrupted. They said" Can we play with the little one? He's cute." The king said no but the sons insisted. So the king had no choice but to let his sons play with Brian and his friends. They decided to play football. The king's sons decided to play in the corridor where the dungeon kept the gunpowder. They were cheaters. They pulled clothes along with kicking their feet, but they all had a fantastic time. As the sun starts to go down, Jeff accidentally kicks the ball into the gloomy dungeon. Only Brian had the courage to go. Eventually, they decided they would go to the dungeon together.

As they walked down the dungeon, they heard sounds. Fortunately, there were vases as big as them as they slipped into the jar. Milliseconds later, a few servants went to get the whole pack of gunpowder just lying next to the vases. Immediately, Brian realized those were the servants who wanted to steal the gunpowder. After the servants left, Brian told them what happened. They swiftly ran to the king and the guards just caught them just on time. After tha, they had a party. They celebrated by eating chicken noodles which were delicious. The king also gave them a present wrapped with gold. Then they celebrated the capture by putting fireworks all around China. The three kids realized that kind was important and swared not to steal anything ever again.They all hugged and smiled. It was a day to remember.

After they went back to their home country, they immediately told everyone their interesting story. They opened their presents and they each got a small vase. Every Time they looked at the vase, they were reminded of the incredible adventure they had.They also learned that sometimes, the greatest rewards come from doing the right thing. From that day on, they became known as the three brave boys who saved China from the evil servants. And they lived happily ever after, knowing that they had made a difference in the world.

The Contest

ESF Glenealy School, Zhao, Yingjie – 10

A long time ago, earthquakes covered Ancient China from top to bottom, and nobody knew how to stop them. Because of this, the economy was plummeting and people lived in constant fear.

One day, the Emperor got sick of all the earthquakes, and with his royal advisor, he hosted a contest. Whoever's device could detect an earthquake would win a life-changing amount of money.

The day after the contest was announced, a little girl saw the poster and decided to enter the contest with her family. She went home and begged her father to help her. "Please, father! It would help all of Ancient China, and the reward will be sure to change our lives!" The little girl pleaded. "All right, all right, we can do it. But... YOU have to bring our piece in, because we're all busy except you, okay?" Sighed the father. The little girl jumped and pumped her fist into the air in excitement. "YES! Father, we won't let you down, I promise!" She cried.

And so, using little scraps that they found on the street, they started building. Day after day, they continued to build until their hands were sore and red. They build all the way to midnight every day, and they finish with a week to spare.

Finally, the big day came. Hundreds of people in every shape and size were there, nervously fidgeting with their hair or biting their nails. Suddenly, the little girl burst in with her family's invention. "Heh heh... sorry for all the noise?" She squeaked. The little girl immediately ran off in search of an empty space to put her invention. ★ TOOT- TOOT- TOOT- TOOT- TOOT- TOOT!★ The doors bang open again, but this time, instead of a child, dozens of soldiers entered the room rolling a solid gold carriage. The people oohed and ahed; most of them had never seen anything this fancy before. Without warning, soldiers began making a pathway to the throne for the Emperor. "Clear off please, the Emperor is about to come! Clear off please, the Emperor is about to come!" They called. ★ BOOM BOOM!★ The drums let out an ear splitting BOOM. The inventors craned their necks to see what was going on. ★ TOOT- TOOT- TOOT- TOOT- TOOT!★ Blasted the trumpet, alongside the drum. All the citizens in the room took it as a sign that the Emperor was coming, and they were right! The Emperor was dressed in a beautiful gold tunic with a turquoise hat to top it off. He clapped two times, and called "Let the contest BEGIN!" He swept past all the citizens to the throne. One by one, the Emperor inspected them all with a critical eye as his trusted advisor hurried to catch up with him. Suddenly, the little girl who banged through the door earlier noticed her family's invention was moving; AN EARTHQUAKE WAS COMING! As fast as a cheetah, she sprinted around and yelled "An earthquake is coming! Take cover and RUN!" Whispers followed her around the room as she finally reached the Emperor. "We have GOT to run... AN EARTHQUAKE IS COMING!" She panted. "And HOW do you know that an earthquake is coming?" The Emperor asked. "My invention! It's active, which means an earthquake is coming!" She shouted. Out of the blue, a rumble stretched across their feet, and the Emperor bellowed "RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!" Everyone fled in a hurry, picking up more people as they went.

Finally, they arrived in the next kingdom, where the Emperor kindly spoke to the other Emperor, asking to stay for a few days while the earthquake died out. "Okay! We can all be friends!" Smiled the other Emperor. "Thank you." The Emperor said, grasping the other Emperor's hand. He turned to the little girl and said "Thank you, too. Without your invention, we never would've survived. You really do deserve this money." "Wow... thank you so much!" Squeaked the little girl.

New Tales of China's Invention

ESF Kennedy School, Chan, Hailey – 10

"Max, come downstairs right away! There's a surprise waiting for you!" Mom's voice echoed through the house, filled with excitement. Max let out a groan as he reluctantly dragged himself out of bed. "I'm coming, Mom," he replied wearily. He trudged down the stairs, feeling drained and exhausted. As soon as he stepped into the room, a sudden explosion of joyous cries filled the air. "Happy Birthday!" everyone exclaimed with excitement. Max's eyes widened as he took in the enchanting and captivating decorations surrounding him. "Is all of this for me?" he asked, his voice filled with gratitude. Overwhelmed, he sank into a comfortable chair, trying to absorb the overwhelming surprise. With eager anticipation, Max tore into the wrapping paper of the closest gift. He gasped in awe as he unveiled a gleaming golden pocket watch, personalised with his name delicately carved on the side. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Sliding the watch onto his neck, Max's best friend broke the silence. "That was your father's gift, he wanted you to get it when you're older." A single tear trickled down Max's cheek as he recalled the memory of his father leaving the house in the dead of night. Max sniffed as he made his way back to his room, locking the door tightly behind him. Collapsing onto his bed, he carefully examined the golden pocket watch. It was a very beautiful possession. Placing the precious timepiece next to his bed, Max drifted off to sleep as the sun slowly faded away.

The next morning, Max's eyes were swollen from crying all night. As he looked out the window, his heart raced and he quickly ran out of the house towards his father, who was patiently waiting with open arms. His heart skipped a beat as he hugged his father tightly, not wanting to let go. Finally, his father pulled away and said, "We need to talk. Now. Alone in your room." Max let his father into the house. They walked in silence as their footsteps echoed within the silence. In Max's room, Max's father shutted the door tightly. "Max, you know that golden pocket watch that I gave to you for a birthday present is a time turner. It can bring you back in time." Max nodded. "That's a magical item! So you must be careful, put on that golden watch around your neck and turn it five times. When you're in China, you must help Shen Kuo, assisting him in his research for stones. Once your task is complete, find a secluded spot and turn the time turner once more to return to your room," whispered Max's father. Before Max could respond, his father had disappeared. Max turned the golden watch five times and closed his eyes as he journeyed back to ancient China.

Loud noises surrounded him, as he found himself in ancient China. He walked to an elegant house. He knocked on the door twice, and a man appeared before him. "Why are you here, I am Shen Kuo." introduced Shen Kuo. "It's nice to meet you, I am Max, a common man. I heard that you were experimenting with stones. I would like to be your assistant and help you in your research." replied Max. Shen Kuo nodded, leading Max into his house. The house was filled with stones. "You'll be sleeping here when you're here." Shen Kuo pointed at a small room. Then he led Max to a messy room. "This is the research lab" The next morning, Max found himself in the research lab. He saw the table filled with stones. He watched Shen Kuo with curiosity as he experimented with stones. Few hours later, Max found himself staring at a spoon pointing at the sun. It was the spoon Shen Kuo used for breakfast. Few days passed, and he found himself staring at the spoon once again, it was still pointing at the sun. Questions were forming in Max's head, "Why is the spoon always pointing at the sun? Why isn't it pointing in other directions?" He pushed all those questions away as he inspected the spoon once more.

One day, Max finally mustered the courage to ask Shen Kuo about the spoon. As he walked towards Shen Kuo, he noticed that the spoon was pointing towards his chest. An awkward silence filled the air., Max realised that the spoon was attracted to magnets. Excitedly, he rushed to tell Shen Kuo about his discovery. As he explained the miracle to Shen Kuo, Shan Kuo praised him, saying, "Well done! Tomorrow, we must confirm before announcing it to the emperor." Max nodded in agreement. Later, as he lay in bed, he drifted off to sleep, feeling content with his accomplishment. The next day, Max proudly followed Shen Kuo to a rocky island. Shen Kuo placed the spoon gently on a flat surface, allowing it to spin freely. He chuckled when it pointed towards the sun. "I bet you're right Max, we have to declare it to the emperor as soon as possible." he chuckled happily. When it was evening they returned to the house, Max happily skipped to his room, a smile on his face.

The next day, Max woke up abruptly, his mind racing with thoughts of his conversation with his father. In order to ease Shen Kuo's concerns, he hastily scribbled a note to him. He found a secluded spot and turned the time turner once. In a blink of an eye, he found himself in his room. Max's father sat patiently on the edge of the bed, his eyes filled with anticipation as he waited for Max to tell his story. Before his father could react, Max was already snoring soundly.

The Invention of Wine

ESF Kennedy School, Gao, Yiyi – 10

The moon glowed like a shimmering, glittering pearl through Hazel's bedroom window and onto her restless face. An unsettling feeling crept over her every time she closed her eyes, like something was waiting for her. Frustrated, Hazel decided to go for a walk to calm her feelings. She slid off the bed and tip-toed out of her bedroom. After walking around the house a few times, she started making her way back to her room. But just as she was about to enter, she saw something glowing in the corner of her eye. Hazel rubbed her eyes, thinking that she was just delusional from not getting enough sleep. But then she saw it again.

Her heart raced. She approached it, slowly at first, but getting more and more confident with each step. Finally, she reached a staircase – one that she had never seen before. After climbing for what seemed like forever, Hazel finally reached the top, where she found a strange wooden door with dragons carved into it. The door creaked as she twisted the handle, and it slowly opened when she pushed. Hazel grimaced at the squeaks it made, hoping that she wouldn't wake anyone up with the sound. Inside, she found an abandoned, old attic with a thick blanket of dust and cobwebs covering everything. After searching for some time, she finally found the source of the light – a small jade pendant.

Feeling happy with herself for solving the mystery, she began to make her way back to her room. But suddenly, the pendant glowed brighter than ever, temporarily blinding her. Hazel felt the whirring of wind around her and her stomach rose up to her chest. Finally, all of the feelings vanished. She opened her eyes, but instead of seeing an old attic, she saw acres and acres of farmland with vines of grapes growing on them. Instead of her comfortable pyjamas, she felt rough, dirty rags covering her body. The people around her were dressed the same, all with black hair and brown eyes, picking grapes from the vines. The houses were small with inward curved roofs.

"I—I—Is this Ancient China?" Hazel gasped under her breath.

She looked at the pendant in her hand, realising that it actually had a few words carved on it. *A new creation from the old time will bring thee to the future.*

"Am I supposed to invent something or what? And why am I on a grape field?" She thought aloud.

An angry yell interrupted her thinking. She turned to see a wealthy man gesturing at her to hurry up. Without thinking, she flung the pendant onto her neck, picked up the basket next to her and began to copy other people's actions. One by one, she plucked the round, luscious grapes off the vines. She picked and plucked, repeating it for hours on end under the hot sun. Finally, the vine had been plucked clean and the man rounded all of them up to send them to their dormitories.

Hazel looked down at her basket. Although she knew she might get in trouble, she took a few of the grapes, stuffed them into her fist, and then handed the rest to the man. Hazel followed the crowd to a big house with long winding corridors and eventually settled down in a small, barren room with a straw mat and a shelf. She also found a small jar, which she cleaned before putting the grapes in. That night, she was so tired she fell asleep as soon as her head hit the mat.

Days passed, and Hazel kept picking the grapes. Weeks passed, and Hazel began to develop a routine. Finally, summer hit. This meant no more grape picking. As soon as the last grapes were picked, the man let all of the people go back into their dorms early as a reward for working hard that season.

When Hazel reached her dormitory, she found the small jar of grapes next to her mat which she had been ignoring because she was too tired. She picked it up, realising that it had a strangely strong scent and a big puddle of tasty-looking juice at the bottom. She opened it cautiously, coughing as the overwhelming smell filled the room. She tipped the jar and drank from it, hoping to know what the juice tasted like. A powerful, fruity and sweet flavour filled her mouth and she gasped with delight. Her eyes grew wide as she felt power leap through her. Everything around her glowed with colour and she felt like she was swimming in the clouds. Hazel felt ecstatic. All of her questions suddenly escaped out of her mouth into one, singular word.

“Wine.” Hazel said proudly.

Just like that, her pendant began to glow again. The winds spiralled around her as she realised what was happening. Her invention, wine, meant that she could officially return to the present. Soon, she found herself in the attic again. The moon was still high up in the dark, inky night sky, and everything looked the exact same as when she had left. She went to the kitchen, took out a few grapes, put them in a jar and sealed it shut. She set it under her bed, and then went to sleep, smiling, knowing that in a few months she would be able to have another sip of the wonderful liquid.

New Tales of China's Inventions

ESF Kennedy School, Houn, Summer – 8

Everything changed once I took my first step out the door.

Trees were adorned with red lanterns and star-like skyscrapers glittered. There were huge screens and *holograms*. The air felt less stifling than back home. A mix of languages surrounded me. In front of me, a big screen lit up: 1st October, 2049. 5:49PM.

I panicked. My time jumps had only ever lasted 10 seconds. Why was I still here?

My eyes darted around. Vehicles were empty but moving around – autonomous cars? As I approached a vine-covered building for a better look, a sign on the sign changed to read: *HUNGRY, LUNA? Chicken wing special on 2/F food court*. Personalised ads? I hurried inside. At least now I knew where the food court was. I felt exposed and sat down to not look like an idiot.

“Hello Luna.” The woman looked strangely familiar.

“Who are you?!” I wasn’t even from here!

“You can call me El,” she leaned close. “You must be hungry?”

All of a sudden, a soft beep emitted from the table and the trapdoor opened up with a tray of teriyaki chicken wings and waffles in front of her.

“Do they just read minds and know what people want to eat?” I asked incredulously. My mouth was watering.

“Something like that,” she pushed the tray filled with my favourite foods over. “There’s actually time travellers just like you, and they’ve been around since ancient times.”

My spoon stopped halfway to my mouth. She sounded crazy, but there was a nagging sense she was telling the truth.

“You have to find the Time Relic in the Centre of Natural History before midnight or you won’t be able to go back,” she said seriously. “It’s an ancient Chinese artefact, shaped like a pot. You need to put a tear inside the pot, then dip your head inside the bowl. Time Jumpers are witnesses of history. You bring back what you see, and inspire change in your times so the future can happen.”

That struck me hard. “Where can I find it?” I asked urgently.

“Head there in an autonomous car. You don’t need to pay for them. Leave the rest to me,” she winked. “There’ll be a fireworks show tonight. It’s Two Centenaries. You should go watch it.”

I had learned about it at school and about the big dreams and plans that had been implemented. It would be a hundred years since the founding of the People's Republic of China. All of a sudden, things started clicking in my head – all the things I had seen outside today – all of this had been building up to this moment and beyond.

El noticed my change in demeanour and grinned. “We’ve really made it, haven’t we? There’s still so much more to grow and achieve. We build the country and the country builds us.” The lady’s eyes seemed to shine in pride. “But we can’t do it without you. To inspire and initiate change, you have to have a vision. And this,” she gestured with her arms, “is the future you’re about to create.” Then, she vanished.

I felt like I was going crazy.

I checked the time. 7 o’clock – I still had so much time. Where was I going to start?

“Hello!” A voice chirped. I screamed and saw a tiny purple robot next to me. “We have sensed high levels of stress. Would you like to head to the public health kiosk for a rest?”

A public health kiosk? I remembered school had taught us this idea and its goal to improve healthcare and convenience. I followed the little robot, and saw what looked like a little clinic. People passed in and out and I watched as people were checked by robots, seen by a doctor and efficiently dispensed medicine.

“This way, Miss.” The robot led me through another door. “All healthcare services are provided free of charge as promised by the government. Please enjoy your service and call out if you need anything.” I settled myself down, and the lights instantly dimmed.

When I opened my eyes, it was 9 o’clock. I must’ve fallen asleep! As I approached the door, it opened automatically and the little purple robot said goodbye.

Relieved that everything was so convenient, I entered an autonomous cab. “Where would you like to go?”

“Centre of Natural History, please.”

How I was going to sneak in haunted my whole ride, but as soon as a guard spotted me, he thrust a package into my hands.

“Go.” He pointed down the road. I nodded and thanked him, following his directions until crowds of excited people surrounded me. They all had bright smiles on their faces. It blew my mind how I was going to be a part of this. Food stalls, street performances and laughter were everywhere, and I admired how the buildings seemed to mix culture with modernity, tradition with innovation.

Time seemed to fly and a girl with red ribbons in her hair grabbed my hand. “It’s almost midnight!” She excitedly pulled me along until we were met with a bright neon skyline.

A countdown lit up the buildings across the harbour. 30...29...28...

Time had passed so quickly!

I cried mixed tears of happiness and sadness, trying not to explode. “This is it,” I thought. I watched my tears vanish. A part of me couldn’t wait to be back in my bed.

9...8..7...

Was this really going to work?

3..2..1..

As a burst of fireworks lit up the night sky, I dunked my head into the ancient pot, and felt that familiar stomach-turning sensation.

I was standing outside my home, with the Time Relic no longer in my hands. I checked my phone.

It was exactly the time I had left.

My heart was beating fast. I knew I was about to be a part of something huge. A part of inspiring and creating a future that was destined..There will be a firework show tonight

The Story of the Compass

ESF Kennedy School, Huang, Miles – 8

Chapter 1

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of ancient China, there lived a rich emperor with his two sons. They lived happily together until the emperor got a terrible illness. “My sons,” the emperor said, “When I die, you must share my fortune equally and live happily together.” Not long after, the emperor died and the brothers were left to share out his money. “Since I’m the oldest,” announced Ching, the older one, “I should get the most.” He took away most of the money. “But father said to share it equally,” protested Chong, the younger one. “True,” said Ching, remembering his father’s words. “But now that he’s gone, I can do whatever I want.” “But then what do I get?” asked Chong. “You get this,” said Ching, tossing him a tiny bag of gold coins. With that, Ching went off to buy new clothes, furniture, and even a house.

Chapter 2

With his tiny pouch of coins, Chong didn’t stand a chance of living with his greedy brother. Instead of finding a way to live, he used his money to help the villagers. He bought them food, clothes, and even paid their rent. Ching didn’t show any mercy for poor people. Instead he spent all his money on himself. One day, while out in the village, Ching saw Chong. He had given away all his money and was the poorest man in the village. “You can’t go around like that,” Ching said to him. “You’re making our family look bad. Get out of this village and don’t come back until you’re rich.” Nevertheless, Chong did as he said.

Chapter 3

While walking out of the village, Chong remembered that he had a friend, Peng. If he kept walking north, he would reach Peng’s house! He tried all the paths in the forest, but he hit all dead ends. Suddenly, he had an idea. He cracked open a coconut, then filled it with water. He then pulled out a needle from his pocket (he always carried one with him wherever he went) and placed it in the water. The sharp end of the needle pointed north! He followed the path north, then arrived at Peng’s house. “Where have you been?” asked Peng. Chong told him the entire story and how he had got to Peng’s house. “What do you think we should call this?” he asked, holding up the tool for Peng to see. Peng thought, north-going tool...no. Travel tool... no. NEWS tool... no. Suddenly, he shouted, “I’ve got it! We’ll call it a compass!” They were celebrating in the living room when Peng’s parents came in. “What’s all this?” demanded Peng’s father. “We’ve invented a compass!” they shouted with delight. The mother was very impressed and they called the local press. Little did Ching know that his brother was now rich and would soon be famous all over the world.

A Journey through time

ESF Kennedy School, Huang, Sylvia – 10

Precious droplets rain down into the blue-stained porcelain cup that sits in my trembling hands, and the warmth of it alone makes me shudder with a feeling I cannot describe with words. The scent, an enchanting aroma of chrysanthemum flowers, makes my eyes droop, and brings me to a daydream.

The Daydream

Stars glitter in the sky, and I reach out a longing hand to touch them, but of course, all my hand meets is air. Behind me, a faint glow of white light fades into the distance, but it enters my mind and alters my thoughts so that my mind is blank and my thoughts are wiped out from my mind.

“Wang-Li, Wang-Li! Wake up!” I hear an unfamiliar voice, and yet my mouth responds unexpectedly, “Shen-Ming, *why* are you here? You need to attend the emperor’s council! Go!”

“Wang-Li, you passed out. How could I leave you here? The emperor can wait for all I care!”

I silence the young boy and ignore his foolishness. At least, the weird part of me does. Inside, all I think is: *Where am I? Who is this young boy? And... Who am I?*

The young boy pulls me down the red-carpeted corridor with such force that I feel that my limbs are going to drop off. All my instincts scream, *Don’t do this! Resist!* But my arms cannot move to my orders, and my brain seems to be numb as I continue to be pulled down the wide corridor.

The Figure

I am brought to a spacious room. It is the opposite of modest and humble, an intricate, elaborate show of paintings, and in addition to that every single corner of the room is covered with gold. It is the kind of room that makes people think, *wow*. A figure sits in the centre of the room, so immensely covered in robes and draped in fine silk that it is hard to identify him. A bowl of liquid sits in his hand, and when I peer into this bowl, what I see is not water – but tea. The weird part of me does not know, and so I am forced to say out loud: “What is this?” But I do know. I am frustrated, and I have the urge to cry.

This is tea. Tea that Grandmother always made delicately with her wizening hands. Tea that my brother and I always said was disgusting even though we fought and fought for the liquid heaven. Tea, yes, tea that my mother would always drink after a long day of hard work. What was this strange part of me thinking?

The figure explains, “This is from my servant, Zi-Yi. I have a vague feeling that this may be used for something else other than plain *drinking...*”

The young boy laughs. “Your Majesty, if you say so. But *I* also have a feeling, and that is that you are a bit *too* optimistic!”

The figure looks like he is about to explode, but he controls his anger.

“Shen-Ming, *out*. I want to have a word with Wang-Li.” He says sharply, with a gaze that really meant it.

Oh. Great. Now my body pulls itself close to the figure in a marching fashion, stationing itself protectively close to him.

The Talk

“Wang-Li,” says the figure, clutching my hand so tight that I wince from the force, “Tell me about your studies. I need to know.”

I am confused. Studies? What?

The weird part of me knows, though, and I open my mouth to speak.

“I found out about it, Your Highness. My studies show that this liquid can be used for medicine.”

“I knew it! I knew it!” The figure’s voice sounded almost childish until he controlled himself and sounded more dignified. He waves his hand and stands up abruptly. “Wang-Li, thank you for your advice. You may now leave.”

I walk out of the room. But what meets me is not the red-carpeted corridor but a cup, a blue-stained porcelain cup filled with tea – chrysanthemum flower tea, and I take a small sip of it, remembering the daydream, and I smile.

Emperor Shen Nong sure was a brilliant person, brilliant and awesome.

The Memory

60 years later...

My withered hands take hold of the wooden *maobi*, and words form endlessly on the yellowed paper as I write the story that has happened to me, and I vow silently to remember this story, forever and ever. After all, this story must have some sort of significance if I remember it even after sixty years. Oh, and don’t forget the extra ‘and forever’.

Precious droplets rain down into the blue-stained porcelain cup that sits in my trembling hands, and the warmth of it alone makes me shudder with a feeling I cannot describe with words...

The story has begun. Again.

Emma's new discovery: adventure and the compass

ESF Kennedy School, Jung Horta, Yasmin – 8

A story about a girl, adventure and a compass? What kind of story can this one be? A scary story? A silly story? There is only one way to find out... Once lived a little brave girl called Emma. One day Emma wanted to go on an adventure into the mysterious past. She knew that this past was full of mystery's to be discovered, she packed her bag and started to prepare for this big adventure. She was wondering about how to start her adventure to the past when suddenly a magical portal burst open in front of Emma. It opened in her room! She was startled. As the portal was glowing as yellow as the sun. Emma began walking slowly to the color changing portal, still startled the little brave girl began scanning it then she touched the glowing portal weird noises started buzzing out of the portal as Emma was swallowed inside...

Finally, after several hours of falling through the portal she found herself lying on the deck of a...SHIP to make things worse the ship was lost in the middle of a typhoon in the East Asian sea! Emma was worried but the captain told her not to be overly concerned. The old Chinese captain showed her a unique gadget. "What is that?" questioned Emma. "This is a compass. Let me explain it to you" the captain amusingly said. He added "This is an instrument that is built with lodestone, magnetized iron, that aligns itself with the magnetic field of our planet, and always points north". "I do not understand" said Emma, "is it magic?". The captain laughed "no, no, no. It is science! Help me and tell me when it points north, we need to go north". Emma now knew what he meant and watched the arrows inside the compass move around first she was very confused then after she tried a few times she could finally explain to the captain where north was. Bit by bit the ship started to turn and twist ahead of the typhoon, escaping its grasp. The happy captain smiled and the little girl howled with exciting yells After everything calmed down Emma began to worry again. The captain who was still smiling looked down at Emma when he saw her face his smile disappeared "what is wrong Emma?" now a tiny tear plopped down on the wooden planks. "I'm still far from my home, I really miss my family." The calm captain smile started to reappear as he said "Don't worry Emma we will drop you off at land as soon as possible". Emma started to calm down. It was now evening so they all headed to the buffet except for Emma and the captain they stayed behind watching the sunset.

The next morning, they could see land the shouts of happy sailors echoed throughout ship. The waves crashed on the bottom of the ship Emma dashed onto the deck to see what was going on as she saw land happy tears drooped down her cheeks as she ran to the edge of the ship, she spread her arms out as the wind blew gently on her face and made her dress sway along with the wind. Her mouth turns into a snicker then a grin then a huge SMILE!!!

The captain came to join her he put his arm around her shoulder and with the other hand he high fived her. His messy grey hair swayed from side to side Emma looked up at him and gave him nice grin he looked down at her and gave her a little nudge on her shoulder the ship was slowly sailing towards land at slow speed but Emma did not realize she only wanted to get home. After some time, the captain had to tend to the sails so he left. So, Emma went back into her room and started to imagine what her next adventure would be. Suddenly, the captain burst in and interrupted her thoughts. He was shouting about how to get Emma home when they reach land Emma overheard that and became very excited. Emma was now leaping on her bed and laughing, unfortunately, she laughed too loud so a minute later the captain was inside her room after a few minutes of watching her leaping happily he said "we are about to bring the ship under a big bridge which means...", Emma finished his sentence..."we are heading for land!". "Exactly" replied the captain happily that also means that you are going HOME! Emma was full of joy that she was going home. The captain saw her excited face and smiled feeling good that he helped her out. The little girl was so excited that she did a summersault on the bed!

After several minutes the ship was at land and Emma was packing her bag to get ready to leave back home. Not long after Emma packed her bag she was standing on a bridge thanking the old Chinese captain for all he did for her. Afterwards Emma went skipping across the platform heading home but everything seemed different suddenly she realized this was not her home town! She began to worry until an old mysterious man noticed that Emma was lost. He went over to her and said "don't worry little girl I will help you get out of this town and go to your home" FLASH he was gone and a magical compass toppled onto the ground. Emma stared at it and realized that she had the knowledge about how to use a compass so she picked up the compass and was going to take her next step when she realized that

now she was in a forest! But she knew the compass would help. She was now going to where it said north. Bit by bit the path was clearing and soon she was out the forest and at home she happily ran into her mother's arms!

Fire! Fire! Fireworks!

ESF Kennedy School, Lam, Cruz – 10

Long long ago, in a village high above the mountains, there lived my mum, dad and me, Bob. My dad helped grow crops and food at our farm and my mom worked inside the house doing all the laundry and dishes. Sometimes, I had to work in the house when my mum has to go to work outside the village. The family had very little money and had to go through hard and difficult times. Sadly, we couldn't afford to go to school, so my parents taught me and opened new paths that lead to numerous opportunities. As well as this, we had grateful and memorable moments as well. "Flour, sugar, water, 5kg, 1.95kg, meters..." I muttered as I studied hard and worked for us to live.

As the years passed by, I became a grown up man and ready to help his family. By that time, my mom and dad were old and can't do their job for long. As we continued moving on, supporting my parents along the way, the village and country surrounding us were peaceful and happy too. That was until then the Mongolians invaded our hometown and started attacking us with swords, horses, spears, bows and arrows. Unprepared, our citizens screamed, hoping to find shelter. We had a basement underneath our house, and we hid there for the night, luckily, there was enough space and resources we needed to live. In the night, as my mum and dad started the resources, I thought through the night about how to defend our city. Then just right when we were cooking dinner, an idea popped into my head, it was not just an excellent idea, it might even be able to save the world.

I opened my eyes, I peered outside and saw the sun rising above the mountains, turning the dark starry night sky into a bright new sunny day, an orange pink sight. Day by day, people were gradually running out of resources and as horses came and bow and arrows were shot and swords were used to attack, the people tried to fight back but it was too late. Thousands of lives were sacrificed and there was fire all over the place. Smoke had risen into the air and people were choking and making the place harder to breathe. Suddenly, I heard my dad whispering to my mom: "The war has been going on really bad and smoke is spreading all over the place, don't tell Bobby this but his friend is sadly leav—" I cutted her sentence, as if by reading her mind, I knew what she was going to say. I felt heartbroken, I won't be able to see my friend for months, I hope she's coming back. Then, I felt a comforting arm around my shoulder, I looked to the right, it was my mom, she whispered a voice so soft I didn't really catch: "We... safe..." While the battle was raging, I ran down after hearing all the bad news and discomfort. When I reached the basement, I continued doing my experiment and I figured out that in order to win against the opponent, you need more advanced weapons to fight than them.

I was awoken by the rumbling noise coming from somewhere: that's strange, I wondered. At first, I thought it was the sound of the horses galloping, but when I opened my eyes and cleared the view, I saw I was in unfamiliar territory. "Surprise!" Mom cheerfully shouted. We managed to catch up onto my friend's carriage and as mom continued talking about how we got here, I listened carefully as I thought: Glad to be with my friend. Can you guess what mom told Bob? Let me tell it for you: "We thought hard for a plan because we knew you missed your friend, and in the night, when your friend was about to leave, we took all your science experiments and you which slept soundly to the carriage. As you can see, the battle is causing lots of damage and we have to migrate somewhere else in order to be safe." As we arrived at our destination, I looked around my surroundings, it was surely away from the battle area. I thought we were at Macau, but when I had a look at the familiar shape of the mountains like the peak and the Lion Rock, I knew we arrived at Hong Kong. We found a place to stay and fortunately, the war here compared to Hong Kong is not that bad, so we reached home and got all our things out.

After years of research and testing, on one particular morning I was finally ready to share my experiment. "Today I will present to you— what I call cannons and bombs!" I announced. At first, the family didn't know what I was talking about, but when I explained in depth, they started to get the hang of it. Slowly but surely, the war started attacking Hong Kong, but quickly, my idea spreaded like a flash of lightning, and people started using cannons and bombs. Even though this caused more fire than before, it was still more powerful than the opponents weapons. Soon enough, due to advanced technology, we won and the Mongolians retreated and were left severely damaged on their way home.

It was awesome! The damage the war left behind was outrageous! It was a massive amount and had affected our lives, but thankfully, the land is getting repaired. We wanted to celebrate, but there wasn't anything big enough to do. Once again from all the tech I have been working through the years, I use gunpowder to make what I call fireworks! Boom! Bang! Smash! The sound of the blasting sound is what is believed to scare evil spirits away. Wow! As the fireworks zoom high above the clouds, they blast into the sky and a wonderful array of colors spew out, celebrating until this day.

The 4 Main Inventions of China

ESF Kennedy School, Leung, Square – 10

Julia and Ixia were building a sandcastle at the beach. Mason was picking up seashells near the seashore.

Suddenly, there is a large wave coming to the beach. Julia found a wooden box in the water. "What is this?" she questioned.

Ixia opened the box curiously.

Suddenly, a very bright light shone from the box and all the kids couldn't open their eyes. They felt dizzy for a moment. When they woke back, they found a map next to them which showed the Great Wall of China and the map marked four tasks it seems they need to fulfill.

"Where are we?" asked Ixia.

"I'm so scared!" exclaimed Julia.

Mason read the map carefully and the map showed they needed to help the Chinese with 4 main Inventions.

"We must teach the Chinese how to use the 4 inventions to win the war." whispered Julia.

"This is an impossible task!" shouted Mason.

Meanwhile, one Chinese kid looked at them strangely.

"Who are you?" the Chinese kid asked in Mandarin.

"We come from a far place away. What's your name?" asked Ixia in Mandarin.

"I am Yam Xiao Kong, but everyone calls me Xiao Kong." the boy stated.

They briefly introduced themselves and became friends.

The kids saw some Chinese soldiers who were very distressed.

"Why are you so upset?" asked Ixia.

"We are attacked by foreigners, but we have no weapons or soldiers. We don't know what to do." cried Xiao Kong.

"We will teach you to use paper to print some leaflets to recruit soldiers and generals to fight, use gunpowder to attack the enemy, and then use a compass to identify the enemy's direction. We hope to help you win the war." said Mason in Mandarin.

"Thank you." Xiao Kong expressed.

The three kids started to teach the Chinese how to make paper. First, they took the bamboo fibers, then added them to water, and pounded them with a wooden tool. After the fibres were thoroughly interwoven he poured the whole mixture on a flat cloth. Letting the water drain out. They dried the water for five hours. The first paper was already made.

Ixia checked the map. "There is a tick that is suddenly shown in the first task, that means we need to finish three more tasks!" she said surprisingly.

Then, they needed to know how to do paper printing in order to recruit more soldiers and generals. They took wood blocks with Chinese words and fitted the wood blocks in a square shape. Then, they painted the whole square with black ink. After that, they took a piece of paper and a brush, and he brushed the whole piece of paper so the ink would make Chinese words on the paper.

The kids help to make and use a compass in order to command directions. They put a magnetized needle in a bowl of water that was being used for navigation on ships. They also learned how to use a compass and know all of the directions of a compass.

They taught the Chinese how to make gunpowder to attack the enemies. They composed charcoal, saltpeter, and sulfur and found that an explosion could be created from certain proportions of these chemicals, when the military learned this they developed weapons such as the fire arrow which were used against their enemies.

After that, the boxes shown on the map were ticked off, but the shine did not appear.

"Maybe we left something," murmured Mason.

Ixia checked the map again and found a cross marked on the map.

"Maybe there is a treasure hidden in the Great Wall." guessed Ixia.

"Do you know where this is?" asked Mason, as he pointed to the cross on the map.

"This is the Shanhaiguan Pass of the Great Wall, which is the first pass in the world. It is an important military city defense system on the Great Wall. The east tower of Dongmen Town is majestic. Because it is located in a strategic pass, it has three strategic positions. It is also the east of the Great Wall. It is the first pass, so it is called "the first pass in the world" explained Xiao Kong.

"That means that the treasure is hidden near Shan Hai Guan," added Julia.

"Xiao Kong, we need your help to find the treasure. Can you help us?" asked Julia.

"Ok." stated Xiao Kong.

The Shan Hai Guan was very huge and strong boulders to build with human hands. They searched for a long time. When they want to give up, a bright light suddenly appears in the sky, and thunder and lightning pierce the sky. They were so scared that everyone was hiding in a group. After a while, the sky went back to normal.

Xiao Kong went to where the lightning and the thunder struck, and he found a small cave.

They worked in groups day and night to dig for the treasure and finally good news came, they opened a thick wall and found out that there was gold, silver jewelry and also strong weapons such as bows, arrows and shields.

At this moment, a familiar bright light came out from Ixia's pocket. Ixia took out the map from her pocket. She found that the X on the map was gone. At this moment, the map in her hand gave off a familiar bright light. Her body was feeling lightheaded and her visions were blurry. It turns out that it was a dream from Ixia.

"This dream is so real and exciting, I cannot believe it." Ixia cried.

Miraculously, Julia and Mason came to her at the same time.

“I had a strange but exciting dream. In the dream, we went to ancient China and we experienced China’s four inventions.” screamed Ixia.

“It’s really amazing that we have the same dream!” yelled Julia and Mason.

“This is really an unforgettable dream.” added Ixia. They all laughed together.

New Tales of China's Inventions

ESF Kennedy School, Li, Jake – 9

Metal was very hard to find at that time, on Earth, so compasses were very rare, very few of them exist, because you must have metal to make a compass. The compass needle always points to the North, so the user can know the directions. Here is a story of some treasure hunters finding a specific treasure with a precious compass ...

One day, there was a small boat sailing on the ocean. There were four people on the mini boat, they were on a treasure hunt. The names of the treasure hunters were Hook, Goldy, Ray and Qwin. Goldy is a teenage girl, she is quick and speedy. Hook is a bit older than Goldy, and he is strong. Ray is an intelligent girl, and she is great at navigation. Qwin is the leader, and he loves working together. They were heading for an island called Millenia, where the great ancient treasure was. This island is full of enormous trees, you could barely see the sun. They docked the boat and started to walk in, after a few minutes, they were completely LOST!

In The FOREST...

Luckily, Ray had her compass, it was the last few compasses on Earth!!! She looked at the map and led the group to steaming mushrooms, giant man-eating plants, boxer flowers, whippy branches and more interesting things. Some monkeys wanted the compass because it was shining like a star, a monkey jumped and took Ray's compass! The monkeys climbed up the tallest tree, the monkeys grinned.

The Chase

Hook shook the tree, one by one the monkeys fell off. The monkeys ran away with Ray's compass! Without the compass, the treasure hunters could not get to the treasure. Hook, Goldy, Ray and Qwin chased the monkeys. The monkeys jumped over the steaming mushrooms and whacked boxer flowers, the treasure hunters also leaped over giant-man eating plants and cut off the whippy branches. Goldy ran after the monkeys, she was as quick as lightning! Then Hook caught up and kicked the monkeys, the monkeys flew everywhere! Finally, they got the compass back. "Three cheers for the TREASURE HUNTERS!!!" shouted Qwin.

The MILLENNIUM DRAGON...

The treasure hunters finally reached a cave, but inside it was a maze!!! Only a person with a compass could find the treasure. So Ray led the group again, they turned right and left right and left. There were trapdoors and spikes on the walls. At last they saw the ultimate treasure called the Millennium Dragon, it is a dragon shaped statue and it is worth \$300 million! All at once they all wanted the treasure for themselves!!!

THE FIGHT...

Goldy went after the treasure first, but Hook shoved Goldy to the floor and took the treasure himself! Ray sprinted to take the treasure. Hook sprinted to one of the tunnels of the cave, but slipped on some water on the ground. The treasure fell out of his hand. "Now's my chance!" thought Ray.

She grabbed the treasure and ran for the exit. But Qwin sadly cried, "I just don't understand, we have been working for years together, remember why we became treasure hunters, we wanted to be treasure hunters so we could have freedom!" Ray stopped running, Goldy and Hook stopped thinking about the treasure. Goldy replied, "Qwin is right, we look for freedom."

Hook added, "We already have come so far..." "Why stop now?" continued Ray.

Loads Of IRON!!!

They all agreed to share the treasure, they found out that the Millennium Dragon is no ordinary treasure, the statue is a key to open a box that is full of Iron! They found the box at the door of the cave! Inside there was more than 10 kilograms of Iron! They were so happy that they burst into tears, they could finally make more compasses, so other people could enjoy the freedom and explore the world!

Finding Nio

ESF Kennedy School, Ma, Kyle – 9

Everyone gathered around the mayor with anticipation as they murmured what they thought was behind the mysterious curtains. The lights dimmed and a huge spotlight shone brightly on the stage. The mayor marched towards the stage with pride as everyone was clapping enthusiastically and he declared, “ This is the only car that uses the rarest material known to mankind, Kerolyst, and it is only available on the planet of Kerosene. Our newest invention, The Nio, is known for its unbelievable speed, bulletproof outer shell, and running on one of the most valuable fuels on Earth. Without a doubt, China has invented a variety of things that are vital to our everyday use, from paper to gunpowder, now this car will revolutionize the entirety of the race car industry! Now behold...”

As the curtain unveiled, everyone gasped in shock as instead of a beautiful, expensive car, they stared at a wall with turquoise graffiti spelling out “Should have gone with security .”A moment later, a long black limo pulled up to the grand stadium. Some Chinese authorities wearing black tuxedos and sunglasses stepped out of it. Lin is the leader of the detectives, renowned for his firm instincts and unwavering determination. They started searching for nearby graffiti shops and asking who bought turquoise paint recently. Unfortunately, all of them said they didn’t know, except for one. The shop owner claimed he had seen a person wearing a black jacket coming in to buy turquoise paint, and he saw him the next day driving a very fast and good-looking car. The authorities asked him which way the person went, and he pointed to the right. The detectives thanked him and began investigating where the person could have driven. One of the detectives pointed out that he could have crossed the boundary between China and Vietnam, since it was only 3 miles away from here.

So the Chinese authorities invited the shop owner to go on the investigation and drove their limo across the boundary line. They arrived at a hotel in Vietnam and booked a room for several days and began their search by searching all car parks, checking people’s garages, and even managed to get the government of Vietnam to put the alarming story on the news. On the third day with no new leads, the shop owner was sick and had to stay in the hotel. The detectives split up to investigate the crime. Lin was patrolling on Kendly Street, trying to find people with a black jacket, when he turned around and spotted a man in a black hoodie in the abandoned car park. He was glancing around like he didn't want to get caught so Lin followed him around. Eventually, Lin saw him speaking to a massive guy. He whispered “I have your car. Now give me the money .”Lin gasped in disbelief when he heard this. The Mafia leader and the thief turned around and saw him in the bushes. “Get him !” The Mafia leader hollered.

Lin hopped into his car and drove away from them, leaving the two outlaws to be covered in smoke. The Mafia leader was infuriated and he demanded two of his gangsters to hop into their motorcycles to chase after Lin. Lin broke into a cold sweat as the motorcycles inched closer to his car, he realized that the only way to escape was to press one of the buttons that the limo had. He didn’t know what the buttons did so he pressed a random one and suddenly, the wheels on his limo extended ten times in height and the car towered over the motorcycles and he escaped from the mobsters.

Soon after, he drove to their hotel but when he got there, he glanced at the shop owner strolling around as if he wasn’t sick at all. He heard a car noise and saw that it was just his fellow detectives. He darted over to tell them what he had witnessed. They devised a plan to go back to the abandoned car park to search all the floors for The Nio, the shop owner volunteered to search the basement and the rest agreed.

In the basement, as the shop owner was wandering around at the far corner of the parking lot stood Nio, his eyes flashed with evil because he couldn’t wait to show it to the Mafia boss. He carefully but quickly drove it out of the basement, but to his surprise, the entrance was blocked by a police car. He groaned as he tried to move the police car out of his way, only to find out that an entire squad of police cars, helicopters, and trucks waiting for him. That moment, the shop owner realized he had been played for a fool. Lin had known the entire time that he was the thief. His face shook with anger as he saw Lin walking towards him with a huge smirk on his face. “You thought you didn’t leave any clues, did you?”Lin said. “The unique turquoise paint, the “Sickness”, and why didn’t you call the cops when you saw the person drive in the Nio?” The thief lunged at Lin, but a police helicopter stopped him and arrested him. Turns out, the man was an American spy and was sick of China getting credit for inventing so many

things. So he pretended to be a local to steal China's technology, starting with the Nio. The Mafia leader was going to take the Kerolyst to make more powerful and new inventions. Lin opened the trunk of the Nio, which had the mayor inside, muzzled.

Prison cell 203. The American spy, whose name was Fang, sat down on his bed and scowled. He had such a foolproof plan! Steal the Nio. Drive to Vietnam. Sell the Nio to the Mafia boss. How did the detectives catch him? Thunder struck. The ground rumbled. "Lin, I swear I'm going to get you next time !!!!!!!"

New Tales of China's Inventions

ESF Kennedy School, Majcher, Kailee – 10

Above the tiny town of Ching Din, a rip in the galaxies opened, like a huge mouth waiting to be fed. It sucked up everything near it, swallowing greedily. But, just as soon as it had started, it ended. And, just because it sucked up all objects, didn't mean it didn't suck any person...

Mei startled awake, unaware of her surroundings, she tripped over a circle with Chinese letters and an arrow in it. "wha..?" When Mei finally came to her senses, she realised that she was on grassy terrain with large pagoda-like buildings. She also saw that there were two other people. A boy and a girl. The girl looked about 12, with thick curly black hair and a pale white skin tone and wore a uniform Mei's friends had. The boy was probably about 10, and had a smile as wide and long as the stretched out ocean. *Where are we?* Mei thought, looking around. And just as though the boy had read her mind, he said: "It looks like we're in the Song Dynasty."

"Hi, my name is Bai," said the boy shaking Mei's hand. "That's my older sister Lin," Bai said, pointing over at the girl. "Hi-i, I'm Mei," Mei said, still shocked that they were in a whole new timeline and area. "Woah! Look over there!" Bai said, pointing at the object Mei had tripped over. "What is it?" Lin asked, peeking over Mei's shoulder. "It's a compass! A MAGNETIC compass. It was created in the Han Dynasty, but the Song Dynasty modified it and made it better! It was one of their 3 most significant inventions as they were traded to Europe by Arab traders during the Renaissance and Reformation." Bai said excitedly. "Looks like someone has been studying for their test." Lin said mockingly. Bai stuck his tongue at her and both of them started spitting on each other. Even though they were fighting, Bai looked as if he was about to burst into a frenzy of laughs. Lin either didn't care or didn't notice. *If Bai knows all the objects here*, Mei thought, *maybe, just maybe, we could build something from parts and get out of here*. Mei looked at the two quarrelling siblings. "Bai!" Mei shouted. "It's time we got crafting."

The three kids strode forward looking for some objects. They went looking into some of the pagodas for some searching. Everything seemed all muddled up, there were modern inventions mixed with old inventions. In the midst, Mei spotted some grey-black sort of beads and powder. "Oh My Gosh!" Mei exclaimed. "Gunpowder!" "Yes, the Song Dynasty used gunpowder as weapons against the Mongols. The first of these weapons were called "Flying Fire" which was gunpowder on an arrow with a burning tube." Bai said proudly. "Great! I'll just take those." Mei bent down and scooped the gunpowder into a leaf-pouch that she had made on her way here. She turned to Bai who was smiling widely. Not just any wide smile that he always had, (which Mei had realised from the time that they were together that he was either always happy, or mildly depressed) a smile that showed hope. "Mei," Bai said, "I think we just found our way out of here."

The kids started making a time machine in the garden of someone's house. There were tools laid out, as if they were begging to be used. Mei guessed that the person was a craftsman. Lin did all the building, Mei did all the handing-objects-down, and Bai did all the explaining where the pieces should go. "No, no, no, NO!" Bai yelled. "The arrow of the compass should be pointing east. That's where Ching Din is! And the gunpowder should connect to the circle!" Bai let out a frustrated groan. "Yeesh. People who only live for tests are so bitter." Lin said, shaking her head. "If we want to build this time machine, we NEED to do it right, PEOPLE!" Bai said, rubbing his hand on his forehead. "Look, Bai, I know you want to go home, but I think we're missing something, and I should know since I take Jr Builders class back at school." Lin said, giving Bai her I'm-older-I-know-so-step-down look. "Ok, what are we missing then?" Bai asked. "I think," Mei said, who was finally participating in their conversation. "I think we're missing the armillary sphere of the mechanical clock. And lucky for us, it's right there."

The clock was a few yards from them, in a clearing of green grass. It had a ladder that Lin used and took the sphere. "YES!!!!!!!" She yelled in triumph. "Great! Now climb back down so we can complete the time machine." Bai called. Lin jumped back down glowing with pride.

Lin handed the globe to Mei, who took it and placed the sphere in the slot. “The mechanical clock, the clock that not only told the time, but the month, the phase of the moon, and the position of certain stars in the sky.” Bai said, smiling. “Ok, now the moment of truth.” Mei said, cranking the arrow of the compass down. Almost immediately sparks flew and a green oval was floating in the centre. “Ready?” Mei whispered. Lin and Bai nodded, holding hands. *3...2...1...* The group leapt into the oval. In a blur, Mei could make out Lin and Bai next to her. Then, suddenly, they came to a stop. There they were, in 2023 Ching Din like nothing had happened. *Wow*, Mei thought. *What an adventure!* She looked at the two siblings. *I wonder which Dynasty we will go next?*

Fireworks

ESF Kennedy School, Misra, Yana – 10

Leo and myself were walking home while arguing about what movie to play for movie night “Come on lets watch mission impossible” Leo whined “No way we've seen that numerous times” I whined “what do you want to watch” Leo asked, his eyes dancing with mischief. “Anything but that” I countered. Leo started to form a sentence as we entered our spacious living room. “Look who’s home and 2.5 seconds late” Mum interrupted “Hey mom” We both said dully in unison. Ever since our dad died in a tragic accident she had been a tedious dull mother. “Now now” mum chirped as we trudged up the screechy stairs, “I need to tell you something” She smirked. We stopped in our tracks. Whenever she got that ghoulish look on her face it meant that we were in for a humongous surprise. “Oh I promise it’s nothing too bad” Mum said, anticipating the looks on our faces. “What is it?” I asked suspiciously. “Oh, It’s just that we've moving to Texas tomorrow,” she said innocently. “WHAT” Leo exploded “you have completely blown my top” He announced his face almost steaming out of rage. “Oh I have a phone call to attend to” Mum announced while slaughtering out of the gigantic living room. “How could she do that to us” Leo growled his eyes turning bloodshot, I knew that my brother had trouble making friends and recently he had made his first real friend Milo, he had told me that Milo and him were bosom buddies and that they had already planned out their future after school.

The next day we were all set to move despite our constant pleas, our mother set her heart on moving to Texas. Before we knew it we were coming back from our last day of school. The day had been a blur with farewells and farewell cards. It had been extremely painful to say goodbye to friends. When we reached home our mom was all set with her 20 suitcases ready to go. We ran upstairs to say our final goodbyes to our rooms. After hours of moaning and pleading mom didn’t change her mind. So we were off to Texas.

Once we reached Texas we were ravenous and we made a beeline to the nearest dinner and stuffed our faces with palatable food. Once we were full to the brim we took a taxi to our house in the countryside, we were taken aback when we reached our destination. Our new house was a grand manor with two pools! We then walked up the several stairs to our rooms thankfully we had separate rooms. We then proceeded to explore our manor. We were astonished to find out that there were dozens of secret passageways hidden around the house but we both found our favourite one. It was a passageway that connected our rooms that meant we could see each other without anyone knowing! After dinner we met up in the middle of the passageway to talk. Suddenly there was a blinding flash of light. In a few seconds it disappeared into thin air! The next thing we knew we were falling it was like an endless void of darkness that never seemed to end! We clung on to each other for dear life as an ending approached.

When I opened my eyes again I prayed that it was all a dream and that I was in my comfy bed back home. I didn’t know how long it had been, had it been Months? Years? decades? A soft breeze startled me awake. I saw that I was standing in front of a big camouflage coloured tent. As my senses came back to me I realised that my twin brother Leo was not next to me! I looked around wildly and then sighed with relief, Leo was just a few metres away from me. “Leo” I called “wake up”. I watched Leo as he stirred from his deep slumber, “Huh?” Leo groaned. I saw the curiosity dancing in his eyes as he got up. “Where are we?” He asked. “How should I know” I replied. All of a sudden we heard a twig snapping, and then out of the blue came a man with a long sky blue robe. He seemed to be engrossed in his work and didn’t look up. He was mixing some chemicals together.

“Li zhen” someone called. “Coming” said the man in sky blue robes. “What are we going to do?” I asked Leo after making sure there was no one around us. “I think we should camp out here,” Leo replied. “Good Idea,” I told him. We decided to get some rest, and we decided that we would take shifts. One person would keep guard as the other person rested and after an hour we would switch. Leo volunteered to take the first shift. I knew there was something fishy going on but I couldn’t quite put my finger on it. As luck would have it Leo fell asleep within two minutes of his shift. So I had to take his shift. When it was time to switch, I didn't have the heart to wake my brother up. When it was nightfall I woke him up and we observed the people coming in. “They look like some kind of ancient Chinese military,” Leo decided.

We were taken aback when the man with the sky blue robe came out of one of the tents and started saying something exciting in ancient chinese. It then hit me “ Leo we are witnessing the invention of fireworks”. Just then the man in blue robes blasted the first firework.

Leo and I watched in awe as the first firework in history exploded. To our surprise a blinding light appeared and dragged us into it! This time we knew exactly what was happening and braced ourselves. When we arrived we smiled at each other, knowing we had just been through the escapade of a lifetime.

Independence

ESF Kennedy School, Wang, Allison – 9

In the vast countryside, a small house in China, an eleven-year-old girl named Hunan lived alone with her grandparents, who were so elderly, their ages were almost impossible to even imagine. This tiny two-floored house was often flooded with the dirty river water next to their home or if it rained. Hunan's bedroom was on the second floor which she was grateful for, even though it was not much bigger than a wardrobe.

Hunan didn't go to school, she helped her elderly grandparents with the chores at not only her own house but also other people's homes. She was paid a few dollars for each job. Hunan didn't like her life much.

She wanted to study Chinese agriculture, inventions and discoveries instead of this stupid job so she decided to ask them and beg them to pay an experienced teacher to teach her. "My lovely Hunan," Grandmother said, "I will teach you, but I will not be able to for very long as my death is coming. So do your best to learn." She coughed loudly and picked up a smelly tissue, and Hunan worried about her grandmother terribly.

But she was eager to learn. So Hunan decided to learn about the invention of gunpowder with her grandparents' help. She unravelled one of the main ingredients in gunpowder: saltpetre, and wondered where she could find it.

But Hunan didn't own a computer, so she asked her old grandfather.

"Hunan, my memory is not as good as before, but here is what I remember," he said. He continued, "Saltpeter is found in caves, on the surface of the planet, the crust. But this explosive mineral is difficult to find."

Hunan nodded. She decided, 'Maybe I won't be able to find any. But I'll try.'

So one day, after promising her grandparents to be home at half past four, she set off. Hunan searched a familiar rocky cave near her home, she had explored here before but never as focused as this.

On a corner ditch of the gloomy grey stone walls were wobbling fungi of all sorts. Hunan found plenty of fallen debris but no saltpetre. Out of the corner of her eye she spotted a dimlooking stone. It was unlike the others. She was curious about it, so Hunan cut it and ran home quickly.

"Wonderful!" said her grandfather, who was watering crops, as Hunan trod closer towards home and waved the mineral under her grandfather's nose, giving him a look. He nodded gravely, but whispered, "This material is very dangerous, Hunan. You must realise the dangers." He took the saltpetre from Hunan and placed it in a small container.

Hunan didn't care about what he said. She knew there were two more ingredients to search for. Wild excitement flooded her body. She knew what they were, but didn't know where to look for them. So Hunan asked her grandfather once again, hoping for an answer to her infinite questions.

"Hunan, I feel your curiosity, but I am tired today. It would be better if you politely stopped asking me questions, but I am sorry, and after a night's good sleep I will answer you."

"You stop. I'll do it all by myself," muttered Hunan irritatedly.

Hunan figured that sulphur was found near volcanoes and hot springs. She knew that there was a hot spring nearby; she had heard local villagers talking about it.

The next day, after swiftly arriving at the hot spring, Hunan bravely scooped up a handful of the putrid mineral, pinching her nose, and gripped it tightly. But after wrapping leaves over the sulphur, the smell was less stinky. Hunan took a quick gulp of air, rushed home, and dropped the sulphur in a box next to the fireplace full of charcoal.

Wait.

Charcoal! The third ingredient in the gunpowder solution! She grabbed some charcoal out of her fireplace and placed it in a broken paper bag.

Hunan didn't want to disturb her grandparents again; so she privately read a book that she had bought at the boot sale. It was about minerals and rocks, which she reckoned was helpful. So she eagerly flipped through the crumpled pages, hoping to find something that could complete her solution.

The next day, Hunan skipped cheerfully along the green fields, with her box of sulphur, her bag of charcoal and her container of saltpetre. She didn't need her silly grandparents' help...

...And she was finally going to make gunpowder.

The Creation of Yi's family

ESF Kennedy School, Wong, Chloe – 8

Five thousand years ago, there were two different universes: one on the moon and one below the moon. The world on the moon was called Ming Yi, and the other world was called Tang. When a baby was born in the land of Ming Yi, he or she was sent to the Moon Palace to get a blessing where the Emperor would grant them wings and a future in which they would live happily ever after.

One dreamy night, when a baby was born, her parents brought her to the Moon Palace. The Moon Princess, Sang, informed them that the Emperor had nearly run out of magic and so he went to the Jade rabbit to replenish his crystal ball. Sang promised the baby's parents that she would take care of the baby until the Moon Emperor returned. Once they left, she ran to her room and decided to play with the baby. Suddenly, she remembered that she had a small crystal ball that was given to her by her father on her birthday. She took it out and playfully said, 'I grant this baby to be unique from all others, and she will live a happier future than everyone else. She will be smart and pretty.'

The time was 11:59 p.m. and Sang had to take action, so that the baby would have her wings. Sang's mother had told her before that if it went past midnight, the blessing would no longer be effective. Therefore, she hurriedly grabbed her crystal ball and quickly chanted, 'I grant this baby to have soft white wings.'

Silence. Then a flash. Sang's eyes lit up in both horror and wonder.

One week later, Sang showed the baby to her mother and told her what the baby's parents had said. Her mom told her, 'Let's give this baby a name because her parents seem like they are sick or dead. Her name will be Song Yi.' Sang happily agreed.

After five years had passed on the night when the Moon Emperor ran to the Jade Rabbit, Song Yi snuck out of the palace to find the other world, Tang. She wanted some potions to cure Sang's illness, so she leaped from the highest balcony of the palace down to Tang.

When she arrived, she discovered that she was in the mountains, and a boy around her age was picking some strawberries.

The boy glanced at her and said, 'Hi. What's your name? My name is Yi Shi.'

His smile gave Song Yi a feeling that he was very friendly. But she was so shy that she only smiled.

Yi Shi continued, 'You need help? Where are you from? You need to go somewhere? I know this area.'

Song Yi just quietly squeaked, 'Do you know where the Queen Mother is?'

Yi Shi pointed to a mountain. Over there, Song Yi saw a woman standing as tall as a dinosaur. Yi Shi showed her the way to the mountain. Yi Shi hid behind an ancient tree and heard Song Yi say, 'I am from the Moon Palace and was born in the land of Ming Yi. I beg you to give me a plant to heal my sister, Sang.'

Suddenly, a green plant magically appeared in front of Song Yi. She whispered "Thanks", but she was so quiet that Yi Shi couldn't hear. Majestically, she raised her wings and flew to the moon.

After flying for a while, Song Yi discovered that her wings were a little bit broken. However, she ignored it and continued flying higher and higher. Suddenly her wings had a big crack, and she fell to the border of Tang.

Night came, and Yi Shi found Song Yi. She was dead.

However, even though they were apart he believed that heaven was on the moon. Therefore, he created a silver bow, and every single day he held the bow and jumped as high as he could. No matter how hard he tried, he could not approach the moon.

Seventy years later, due to non-stop practice, he noticed that he could reach nearly to the moon. One day, he leaped as far as he could, and he was able to touch it. However, he was too senior to climb, and he fell back to Tang. Tears silently streamed down his face as he laid his head against the ground and quietly passed away.

In 2015, after many generations, a man named Yi Ling studied very hard, and he developed a calculator. He thought that to build something to fly to the moon, whoever was going to do it would need to calculate how much fuel they would need. However, the calculator wasn't finished, and it took 5 minutes to calculate every single math problem.

After a few generations, a woman named Yi Yi developed the first machine to travel to the moon. Yi Yi used Yi Ling's calculator, and she calculated a lot every single day. She was the first person from Tang to walk on the moon, and she was the first woman to see the Moon Palace.

The invention was good, but it needed to be improved. The rocket took eleven months to get back and forth between the two different, distinct worlds. The people in Tang moaned about this invention because they wanted to see their families. The invention wasn't popular, and the Yi family was losing money.

A few years later, a girl named Yi Zhi heard that her generation was losing money. She wanted to end this, and she wanted to gain money. She had many kind, helpful cousins who agreed to help her make this rocket. Together, they wrote down all their ideas, combined their suggestions, and built the rocket. The rocket could now fly faster.

Over the years, the Yi family has gained more money, and each generation leaves something useful for the next to make their lives better, to relieve stress, and to improve their inventions.

New Tales of China's Inventions

ESF Kennedy School, Wong, Kristen – 10

I woke up in a vast, unknown space. I looked around, searching for an exit in this cautious area. I checked around, making sure that this was all in reality. A tunnel of light appeared through the distance of the empty, lonely, black atmosphere. The tunnel felt like hope, as if it was pulling me through. I carefully walked through the tunnel, hoping it would bring me something good, and at the same time, feeling if it would bring me something worse than the dark lonely space I was feeling right now.

And alas! As soon as I reached the end of the tunnel the room exploded with light, colours flying out everywhere, scattering the room. It was so bright that I spent a few minutes regaining my ability to see. Right in the middle of the room, layed a silk trail, dispersed fluorescently over the painted ground. I connected it to a timeline, the sort of one you would see at school, but this time, layed on the floor. I was so mystified that I forgot to see that a note of some sort was lying on the polished ground.

“Child, we are a secret agency that helps children understand the importance of China’s inventions. You see, without the future generation’s innovative minds, China would fall apart! China’s inventions play an important part in China’s culture, and play such an important role in China’s community! Before you go wandering, I want you to know these 3 words. Use them, all the time, every time, when inventing”

“Explore.
Innovate.
Shape.”

I looked around, confused. I mean, they're just inventions! Even though I was scratching my head, I was delighted! I had all this room to explore. Basically, the room is split into 5 different areas, all with important inventions. First, I travelled through the ‘Astounding art of papermaking’ room. It delved through the revolutionary invention of paper, and how it transformed communication worldwide, and in literacy and education. It dawned upon me that China did have a great part in Literacy. Did it really depend on the invention of papermaking? Next was the Marvel of Gunpowder. It was early used to just make fireworks, however today, it has a tremendous impact on military technology, and the exploration of warfare. In my history class, they would talk about warfare. It came back on me that gunpowder really did turn it around. The third area taught me all about the Ingenious invention of the Compass. It reintroduced exploration to those in the past, and has had an impact on trade between countries. The fourth area, the remarkable memory of printing, really did fascinate me. Printing paved its way through books and beyond, sharing knowledge, and playing a key role in the Renaissance. Finally, number 5 was the Cutting-Edge creation of silk. Silk was no more than a luxurious texture in Ancient China, and an important trade deal. Its elegance travelled through the west of China, creating the Silk Trail.

I finally realised how important the China inventions were. They changed China’s lifestyle! After covering up all of China’s astounding inventions, a door appeared ahead of me. It was a dark shade of Cyan, had a circular window, looking like the moon, with a neon lining and a sign that said ‘FUTURE.’

At first, it didn’t really make sense. Future? Even with my doubts, I bravely stepped through the door, wondering what awaits me.

I saw at first, the Future room looked almost like the Past room, only with a more ‘futuristic’ vibe. Neon lining of Blue, Purple and Pink lighted up the pitch black room, revealing things, looking more high tech. A robot greeted me by introducing the room: “Hello, Chosen One! The world has long recognized China’s rich history with inventions, but what does the future hold for China’s innovative spirit? In this room, you will embark on an imaginative journey for China’s possible FUTURE inventions, now, feel free to explore! The entire place was like a museum, but better! China’s inventions held their future up, and I got to explore it! I read, explored, played with, and learnt about different futuristic technologies and possibilities. The first thing I read through was the revolutionising transportation

with Hyperloop. I envisioned a future, where long distances grew short through transportation mixed with Hyperloop technology. It seemed important, the fact that we can travel more efficiently, while saving the environment at the same time. Next was all about renewable energy, using advanced solar technology, instead of using fossil fuels for electricity. I could see a future of solar panels, clean air, and healthier lives, just from that perspective. Then, I realised that China has a BIG problem with renewable energy and the environment. It was really up to us, the future generation, to change that. My favourite future possibility was AI. AI could not only help with replacing jobs, but also serves as a tool to change humanity. I looked at all the future possibilities of China's inventions, and at the end, I found a note with these words written on it:

"The future is like a cloud. We know nothing about the cloud, what it holds, whether it is good or bad. The only thing we can do about it is step into the cloud. Let's step into our future together."

A surge of hope rushes through me. This wasn't just about the inventions, or the past. This was about us kids deciding our own future, and shaping our world. About stepping into your cloud, building your life, innovating and shaping. Suddenly, I woke up. It was all just a dream! Even if it was a dream, it gave me the courage, the goal, to make my own future. China's inventions had an impact, and it was up to us future generations to build China's future. I hope this inspires you to build up your own future.

Wild

ESF Quarry Bay School, Tan, Elise – 10

Thorns slash at my skin mockingly, little pricks of blood dotting around my wrist. I smear the red off, for animals in the forest have skilled senses of the nose. Already, a rampaging boar clambers up clumsily. His nostrils flare, sniffing out the salty liquid it desires so badly. A loud shriek and it tramples away. Good riddance.

I bring nothing with me, only a compass, a seismograph and a shard of porcelain. I troop alone in the forest. I do not care for anything else.

After all, I am wild.

My compass is a valuable friend for life, glittering in the dawn. It is pure gold, with a secret lock at the back only I can open. Inside is a circular piece of glass, with a phoenix rising up in the velvet sky, singing its sad song. When I regard it, it is the rare times when a fiery feeling swathes its bold presence on me – courage.

My seismograph is a rusted bronze chamber, where I hide the worst parts of my soul. Eight dragons, eight spheres and eight toads are enough to guide me to the place of shaking ground. Prophecy foretells that I must conquer the force of the earthquake and thus, I must travel to the land where in the soil, lies danger. When I regard it, it is the rare times when I feel a flaming feeling crushing its harsh laugh on me – revenge.

My fragment of porcelain is a part of my past and family that I left behind. White like the dove's wing and blue like the flycatcher's head, the smooth clay is icy beneath my fingertips. My Qilin is painted on it, the good-hearted creature that runs its hope and gentleness in my veins. When I regard it, it is the rare times when I have a faint feeling enveloping me with its anguish – sorrow.

I trek. Days, weeks, years. I trek endlessly, in a maze that doesn't have an end, waiting for my seismograph to show me the way.

I awake as the frantic alarm sounds. It's too late.

My time has come. Clutching my rucksack closer, I hear thuds and thundering booms shattering the sky. Close. Too close. Everything I own is stuffed inside the tattered bag, and I am completely alone. My eyes flutter shut. Blackness sifts dizzily in my head, and I let out a strangled scream. I don't want to die. But I'm scared. And then the ground collapses and my knees buckle and the world blurs past me and I scream, this time a scream of agony, thrashing helplessly in the rubble before falling limp.

My time has come. It is time to let go.

"I failed. I'm sorry." I whisper in the darkness.

When I open my eyes all I see is silver. Cold metal is pressed against my cheek. Glints of scarlet flashes in front of my nose. A hilt. My arm flies free and scrabbles in front of my face, and soon the longest sword I have ever seen is in my hands. I wedge it high up in the debris and hoist myself up, and then I intake a breath of air, gulping it down with relief. Then I slowly turn over the sword. There are no initials, no name. Instead, there is a voice behind me.

"There is a monster commanding the earthquake."

I spin around. The voice chuckles.

"I am merely a ghost, a spirit, sent by Bhudda to help you. A beast commands the earthquake. You must help Mother Nature to regain it. Travel east. Use the sword."

"I will." Glancing at the compass, I pelt through the forest, lithe and spry. Mystery in the forest is fog in the mountains. As I run, apprehension leaves a guilty trail behind me, and tension ripples in the air. I scour a clearing.

Then I fight the urge to flee.

Its eyes roll, drool dribbles from its chin, its fists clench. Mud is flecked across its scaly grey skin, along with sparks of magma. Its massive figure swallows me up in shadow; a jagged fingernail points at my heart. I stand tall.

"You. The Beast of the Earthquake."

I rage.
It roars.

My sword digs deep into its leg, and it howls a howl as piercing as a wolf. Panting, I bound up off its knee, narrowly avoiding the thrashing arms, and slash at its face before swinging back down. Red spatters the ground.
Gasping for breath, I retreat.

It charges.
I raise my sword.

Claws whip me and I flourish my weapon, desperate to meet my target. Fangs sink into my shoulder and I tumble, shrieking, bloody, one huge hand pinning my chest down.
“Do not surrender.”

Strangely, the claws let go. I hear the first sentence the giant utters.

“Prepare to die.”

It lowers its head to the ground and whistles a tune. The ground starts to vibrate. My blood runs cold, and I falter. What could I do? Desperate, I brandish my sword – the ruby blazing like fire – and slice the ground. It falls quiet. My jaw drops open and I gape, clutching the sacred sword while the beast stares at the earth in shock.
“Kill.”

Triumphant, I dart on top of the giant. “Prepare to die”, I repeat softly.
Then I plunge my sword into his heart.

The world cheers. Dried blossoms bloom into flowers bursting with life as birds sing their melodies and twirl in the cobalt blue sky. Bedraggled trees upright themselves, shaking off lumber in a dignified manner. Bashful animals poke their heads tentatively out, dipping their heads with acquiescence. Instantaneously, a blast of wind lifts me off my feet, easing me up until I’m rising in the sky like my phoenix.

“Thank you. I am Mother Nature.”

A smile spreads across my face and my heart is filled with the emotion I was missing all my life.

That emotion is joy.
“I am wild.”

Chinese Inventions of the Future

ESF Sha Tin Junior School, Lee, Dominic – 10

This morning, I was doing a school project about futuristic China, when suddenly my mom poked her head into my room and said, "Percy, we are gonna leave for China with your sister Estelle tomorrow, So pack your things!" "Okay, mom!" I replied. Oh! I forgot to tell you, My name is Percy, Perseus Achilles Jackson. That's my full name, but I preferred to be called Percy. "Come on! My mom yelled, "We don't have all day!" I sighed and got up to my closet and started throwing supplies for my one month trip to China.

A few moments later, my suitcase was finally packed. The next day, I got my suitcase and went over to the door where my mom and my sister Estelle were waiting for me. Mom said " Come on, The plane won't wait for us! I nodded at her and we ran out the door. 1 hour later, we arrived at the airport and were past the security already, checking in our luggage's, then running towards our flight number: Gate E567W from Hong Kong to Beijing. When we arrived at the gate, we already saw everyone boarding the plane in single file, so we jumped to the back of the line and continued waiting. After a long wait, we finally got into our seats. I immediately slumped onto the seat and fell into a deep sleep.

Five minutes later, I woke up and asked my mom" Are we there yet? My mom replied" Yes! We are here!" "But wasn't it only five minutes "I asked "No Percy, It was already three and a half hours!" "What! But it only felt like 5 minutes!" "No, it was three and a

half hours! And stop arguing, We are now the only ones on the plane!" We quickly went down the ramp to the airport and got our suitcases and then went through security where we only saw machines with zero people. My mom said to me" Percy, It's 2046 we don't need humans!" "What! Me and Estelle cried, isn't it 2024?" "Nonsense!" My mom replied, "It's 2046, so STOP arguing." Me and Estelle were both confused but we still nodded our heads and passed through security and then walked out of the airport.

My mom called a taxi on her cell phone. When the Taxi arrived, we saw that it had no driver. Instead, the taxi said: "AutoMobile." We shared a look at each other but before my mom could see, we had already hopped into the taxi and were on our way off to the hotel, Lotus Casino. Now you may be wondering, why would children be allowed into a casino? Well the thing is, That's just the name of the hotel and my mom also said it was magical, that's why we agreed to go there. I looked out of the window and saw zero people walking outside, even the schools! I asked my mom and she replied "There is no one outside because they are learning at home, the children learn online, they can just open the computers and then press the link to the comprehension lessons, Math lessons and English lessons! There are no teachers either. So if you

have questions about the lessons, you can just ask the AI which will slowly explain how you do it. And for the adults, they stay at home to work and order food and supplies on the internet. The taxis are automobiles as you saw it, and there are no traffic lights, just electric connections connected to every kind of vehicle. The vehicles are also doing zero harm or pollution to the environment since it is all electric. After a while, We quickly arrived at the hotel and stepped inside. It was beautiful! There were robots here and there, cleaning the floor, dusting the walls and cleaning the ceiling with their long metal arms. We checked in and took the elevator to the 299th floor where we found it a bit strange. Why were there 299 floors? The elevator was also solar powered, the walls were solar boards, the ceiling and even the floor!

When I found our room, my mom blinked her eye at the door and the door opened automatically! We were so surprised that we jumped into the air in shock. We immediately rushed into the room and wandered around the room. The room was as big as two palaces and there were three king sized beds, and also a private indoor swimming pool. The pool water was crystal clear and reached a length of 200 metres wide and 1 metre deep. Such a spacious environment was because of lesser humans. We changed into our swimming clothes and dove into the swimming pool. Finally, something not futuristic. I was really happy in the water but was interrupted by Estelle saying "Percy, The computer date says 2046!" I immediately jumped out of the water and rushed to where the computer was. It was true! It said 07/01/2024 . Suddenly, I heard a loud BANG and lots of robots rushed into the room brandishing laser guns. The robots rolled towards me and then proceeded to bonk me on the head and I blacked out.

When I woke up, I was back on the plane heading to China. Then, My mom said “Percy, We arrived in Beijing!” I was really confused, I thought about what had just happened, but found out that that was not real but only a nightmare. We headed off the plane and were greeted by humans instead of robots. We took a taxi to our hotel which was called Dynasty Hotel, then I opened my notebook to finish writing my story for the inventions of the future of China.

The Invention of Unmeltable Ice Cream

ESF Sha Tin Junior School, Li, Edgar – 9

One hot summer day in Hong Kong, a boy named Kevin went out for a walk in the park. As he strolled down the street, he felt bright sunlight shining on him. When Kevin reached the park, he was already drenched in lots and lots of sweat.

So, he decided to buy an ice cream from the nearby ice cream truck. *“One ice cream cone please.”* Kevin asked the confectioner.

The confectioner made an ice cream in about a minute and handed it to Kevin. He felt relieved when his tongue licked the icy cold taste from the gelato. Kevin licked and licked the ice cream until the ice cream began to melt, it splashed onto his shirt. Kevin got annoyed, he went back home to clean his shirt.

“Why does ice cream always melt?” Kevin wondered as he was taking a bath.

Then, an idea popped up in his head *“I’ll make unmeltable ice cream!!!”* he exclaimed. But before he made a plan about making his invention, he had to figure out why ice cream melts.

“I’ll just ask my science teacher tomorrow.” Kevin thought as he was sleeping.

The next morning at school, Kevin was eagerly waiting for the bell to ring so he could ask his science teacher his question.

Suddenly, the bell rang, the math teacher looked at the clock.

“Oop! Guess we’ll do that tomorrow. Class, go out to play then!” He said.

Kevin sprang up from his desk and ran for the door. He sprinted to the science classroom.

“Hello Kevin, what are you doing here during recess?” Mr. Wong, the science teacher, asked.

“Well, I Wanted to ask you why does ice cream melt?” Kevin said *“So, ice cream melts because.....”*

Kevin went back home, feeling unsure what to do next, his science teacher had answered his question and now he knew why ice cream melts. But, now that he knew, it seemed impossible to make unmeltable ice cream.

Kevin’s mother felt that something was bugging Kevin, so she went to ask if something was wrong.

“Kevin, what’s the matter?” She asked her son.

Kevin told her mother that he wanted to make unmeltable ice cream. But when his science teacher explained to him why ice cream actually melts, it seemed almost impossible to make it.

Kevin’s mother confronted him and said *“Kevin, my boy, remember your dad is a scientist. I’m sure he can help you make that invention of yours!”*

Hearing her mother’s wise words, Kevin began to cheer up and decided to make a plan.

In the late evening (around 6:00 p.m.), his dad came back home. He looked at Kevin busily writing something on a piece of paper.

“Hello Kevin, what are you doing?” Kevin’s dad asked.

Kevin looked up from his paper, *“Dad! You’re back, can you help me?”* Kevin said as he handed his piece of paper to his dad.

Kevin’s dad studied it for a while, then he gave the piece of paper back to Kevin. *“Okay, I will help you make the invention of unmeltable ice cream!”* His dad said. Kevin felt a leap of joy in his heart, he was finally going to make his invention!!!!

The next day, Kevin found himself in his dad’s laboratory. Kevin’s dad introduced him into his lab, and also told what chemicals he can touch and the ones that he can’t touch. He also told him what chemicals would give off dangerous reactions.

“Ok then, let’s start working!” Kevin’s dad announced.

So they started working tirelessly to achieve their goal. Kevin and his dad worked day night, night and day, They took small breaks every hour. And even though they failed countless times, father and son never gave up. And soon, they had **Actually** made unmeltable ice cream!

Once they made it, the news started to spread that a father and his son had made unmeltable ice cream. Kevin and his dad started getting famous, they got on the news and received lots of fans. What was the best, many people who loved eating ice cream found it more convenient to eat this ice cream than the old normal melting ice cream.

Soon, Kevin and his dad became famous and China was known for its popular “unmeltable ice cream”.

The End

The Invention that Changed the World

ESF Sha Tin Junior School, Wang, Helena – 10

Just another day of work. As his sweat dripped steadily into his congee, Cai Lun crossed off July sixteen on his calendar, counting down the days until his holiday, and just the thought of finally taking a day off excited him. As usual, he was in a hurry. Pushing away his thoughts about his holiday and the stone-cold congee, he recited his list of things that must be completed that day. As he hurried out the door, his stomach protesting at its emptiness, his wife reminded him to pick up the children after school. Cai Lun sighed, thinking aloud, “Such a long to-do list!” He rushed to the elaborately decorated palace doors just one minute before he would have been late, softly muttering the password to the guard before rushing towards his office.

He had completely forgotten the fact that the day before, the Empress had commanded him to pick up some fresh, meaty baozi (buns) from the royal chef on his way to the palace. Thoughts were crammed into his head, none of which had to do with the empress’s breakfast. He had just gotten to his office when the Empress’s manager stepped in front of him and blocked the door with his bulky figure.

“Where is the baozi you were supposed to bring to the Empress’s lounge for her breakfast?!?” he thundered.

“Uh, um t...the ba...ozi i...is...uh,” Cai Lun stammered, while the manager glared at him.

Cold sweat dripped down his dirty unshaven cheeks. If looks could kill, passing people would see a pale body, whose eyes had rolled to the back of his head, and lying on the floor.

The manager threatened, “If this happens one more time, you will be fired. Understand?”

“Y...yes,” Cai Lun managed to say—another trouble to add to his long “Things that are overwhelming me” list.

Having a forgetful nature, this happened often, but he had never been threatened with being fired! If that happened, his family would run out of money, they would starve, and “all’s bad ends bad”. He couldn’t possibly write everything he had to do on bamboo slips, could he? That would be as heavy as a brick of iron! But... What if he could invent something that could replace bamboo slips and he, Cai Lun, would be in the history books as the famous inventor of paper? ‘Nah, stop your childish imagination, brain.’ he thought. Just then, a friendly reminder dinged in his mind that the manager had left him a task to order and file the Empress’s letters. Cai Lun sighed and headed off.

Soon, lunchtime came, and it was also the Empress’s ‘writing time’. His job was to carry a yoke of bamboo slips to the writing house, then come back for more, and so on. This was his first time doing it; and honestly, he was very nervous. He had seen workers faint from this exhausting job before, and especially now that it was the hottest month of the year, he couldn’t stop thinking about it.

Time ticked by, and bamboo slips came and went. Cai Lun was sweating buckets, and no sooner had they finished the tenth yoke his partner turned white, his eyeballs only showed the whites, and he collapsed on the floor. Startled, Cai Lun dropped the carrying yoke, and the bamboo slips clattered to the floor. The sound jolted him out of his shock, and Cai Lun ran to the manager’s office to report this incident.

While he ran, he passed a paper wasp hive, and his thoughts dragged him back to his previous daydream about making paper. The more he thought about it, the more convinced he was that he could do it. He could “borrow” the idea of paper wasps building their hives and use that to try and conduct his idea of inventing paper. Later, he would be relieved that his childlike spark of imagination hadn’t abandoned him.

One day, he was strolling in the royal garden for inspiration when his eyes flickered towards a woodpecker hammering at a tree with its beak. Inspiration announced its arrival in his head. Why shouldn’t he use tree bark? It was easy to collect and contained fiber, which made paper sturdy. That afternoon, he decided to start his paper experiment.

He went through the paper-making process with tree bark, and the result came out perfect! When he was noting down the process, he found the total time needed was around sixty hours. Too long. What about the grass? Again, it was easy to collect, so it could be mass-produced. He tried again and again, hoping to one day have a free hour to play with his children. For the last time, he lifted the soggy piece of paper out of the tray and prayed for success.

Cai Lun brought his paper to the Royal Court, and the emperor promised him riches and a place for his children at the greatest school in China. When he was interviewed for the Royal newspaper, he described his process, his time and effort and most of all, his family who supported him. His nine-word summary was this— “Never give up, and you will never regret it.”

Not just another day of work. Cai Lun was relaxing in his comfy chair, reading the paper. Unusually, he was not in a hurry.

His wife joked, "I'm glad the emperor promised us riches and a stellar education for our children!"

Cai Lun chuckled and answered, "Of course, I just hope he seals his promise by writing it on paper!"

As he strolled out the door, his stomach sighing in pleasure as it digested a warm, comforting breakfast, Cai Lun inhaled the fresh morning air. He was well aware that he would be hard at work as soon as he stepped out the door, but he was glad he could spend precious family time in the morning before setting out for his busy day of work.

The inventor of paper

ESF Sha Tin Junior School, Wong, Charlotte – 8

China has a long history of inventors and inventions. From dangerous gunpowder to fun dominoes, useful compass to wooden chopsticks! China's incredible inventions have been here for a really long time!

Cai Lun is the first inventor of paper in China. I admired him the most because paper is one of the greatest and oldest inventions in China. Cai Lun was born in Guiyang Commander, the Han dynasty, 50 BC. He was inspired by watching the paper wasps making their nests to make paper! In the year 105, Cai had the idea of forming sheets of paper from the bark of trees, unuseful waste, old rags, and old fishnets. First, Cai made pulp by boiling fresh bamboo, hemp waste, unuseful rags, fishnets and tree barks, which needed to be disintegrated before mixing it with hot water. After mixing, it turns into a white pulp. Then, he poured the pulp into a wooden sieve. Next, he pressed all of the liquid out and took out the thin piece of paper which he hung up to dry in the sun outside. That is the ancient way of making paper!

In 121 AD, it was a sad day for Cai Lun, Cai died. However, he is traditionally regarded as the brilliant inventor of paper and the ancient papermaking process. He was scared that the Emperor would send him to death in a dishonourable way. Therefore, he bathed and dressed in formal clothes. After bathing, he killed himself by drinking poison and died. After he died, he was formerly romanized as Ts'ai Lun and everyone remembered his great creation of paper.

If paper was not invented, we would not be able to survive. This great invention affects us because if we did not have any paper, we couldn't write things down that we needed to remember, we wouldn't have tissue paper or toilet paper! We also won't have interesting books and occasional wrapping paper either, I can't imagine a world without any paper! Nowadays, we can produce paper by using a Fourdrinier machine for a faster way to make blank or coloured paper and then sell it in shops! Now, we have more choices of what kind of paper we want, just like origami paper! We are so lucky to be living in this generation. Paper is as precious as gold, because it is made by nature's trees. If we waste paper we will also waste trees, so don't waste any paper!

Cai Lun's story has inspired me to become a great and famous inventor one day and make a new, useful invention for the whole wide world to use!

The Spinning Story of Silk

German Swiss International School, Chaddha, Ziya – 8

One Sunday afternoon, two children, Xiuying and Minghao, went to a nearby garden. While playing, Xiuying saw a huge tree with berries and ran to collect some.

Suddenly she cried, 'Hey Minghao, come over here! I want to show you something interesting.'

Minghao came rushing over and asked, "What is it, Xiuying?"

"Look! There are lots of yellowish-grey balls that look like small pearls on the leaf," said Xiuying.

"They look so amazing – I wonder what they are?" said Minghao as he was about to reach out to touch them.

"Wait! Don't touch them," shouted Xiuying.

"Why not?" exclaimed Minghao, whose fingertips were inches away from the shiny pearls.

"We don't know what they are. They might be poisonous. Let's check if they are still there tomorrow" said Xiuying and dragged Minghao back home.

Though they were eager to see the glistening pearls again, they didn't get a chance until next weekend. They asked their parents to have a picnic lunch at the garden. The children ran to the same tree to check the mysterious pearl-like balls. But instead, they found some wriggly jet-black creatures that looked like ants.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the children, "What happened to the pearls?"

"What's going on?" asked their mother.

"We saw some pearl-like balls when we visited the garden last Sunday to play. But now they are gone, and there are some weird black insects in their place," said Xiuying.

Their mother looked closely and said thoughtfully, "Perhaps they were eggs of some sort, which have hatched now."

"Oh, of course. I wonder what they are?" said Minghao, a look of dawning comprehension on his face. "Can we come tomorrow and check on them again?"

"Yes, sure," said their mother. The children squealed thank you to their mother and exchanged looks of joy. Now they could see the insects whenever they wanted! They quickly ate their picnic lunch, occasionally stealing a curious glance at the worms crawling around on the leaf. "What would they change into next? What are these strange creatures even called?" wondered the children.

Over the next few weeks, the children observed something strange. The insects were steadily turning bigger and whiter. The children continued to speculate different reasons for this. A couple of weeks later, Xiuying asked Minghao "Don't the insects seem paler than usual?"

"What do you mean?" probed Minghao, who was too mesmerized by the intriguing creatures crawling around to notice anything.

"I mean," said Xiuying impatiently, "don't they seem a little glass-like and yellow?"

Minghao peered closely at the insects. Now that he was looking at them carefully, he noticed that they were indeed slightly translucent. "Yes," said Minghao thoughtfully. "They do seem paler. I wonder what this means."

After another week had passed, they came back to the garden. But instead of finding the ant-like creatures, they saw some strange objects that looked like mini white cases, each one big enough for one of the insects to nest in comfortably.

"Where did the insects go?" cried Xiuying. They both thought about where the insects could be for a moment. Then Minghao said excitedly "Xiuying, I think they're inside the cases!"

"Of course!" said Xiuying. "But are they okay? Will they die or change into something else?"

"You may be right. I've heard of caterpillars spinning cocoons and then turning into a butterfly. Maybe something similar is going to happen" said Minghao.

They went back home excitedly, eager to share what they had seen with their parents. Upon hearing everything and noticing the children's keen interest, their mother pondered for a moment and then suggested, "How about we meet your Uncle Chen tomorrow and take him to the garden?" The children couldn't contain their glee as they knew Uncle Chen was an avid nature enthusiast.

The next day, they went to Uncle Chen's house and requested him to come to the garden. On learning the whole story, he was excited to look at the cocoon, so he agreed heartily to the invitation. All of them reached the tree and saw the cocoons were now hanging from the twigs. Uncle Chen intently examined them and concluded, "This is a mulberry tree! The cocoons seem to be hanging using a web-like structure. Let me take some back home and study them carefully."

Uncle Chen went back to his house and tried various techniques to open the cocoons. To begin, he started pulling at it with gentle tugs followed by stronger pulls, but it wouldn't budge. It was very strong and hard. Finally concluding defeat, he soaked it in water to try to soften it, though it stayed resolutely firm. Just as he was thinking about what to do next, his wife piped up, "Why don't you try soaking them in hot water, just like we soften our vegetables while cooking them?" He immediately sprang to his feet, got some hot water in a dish, and placed the cocoon in it. Miraculously, the cocoon started unravelling into strings. "Brilliant", exclaimed Uncle Chen. "In fact, ingenious!" He echoed the same words in his mind repeatedly looking at the magic in front of him.

He immediately rushed to the children's home with the dish in hand. He knew the children would be ecstatic to see this. He also wanted to show the threads to their father, who was a weaver. The children squealed with happiness and astonishment at the sight. Their father looked in amazement at the shiny, strong threads. "I can help weave them into a cloth, but we need more thread," he said. They collected more cocoons and repeated the process to unravel more threads which were spun, and later weaved into a beautiful, shimmering cloth. They had never seen such a beautiful fabric. They decided to take it to their King. His Queen was spellbound looking at this new delicate and luxurious material and named the exquisite material "silk". This led to another glorious chapter in the amazing history of Chinese inventions.

Echoes of the Ancient Way

German Swiss International School, Ho, William – 8

In the beginning, as the Holy Bible in Genesis 1:1 narrates, “God created the heavens and the earth.” Yet, the beauty of this world, with sunbeams dancing across lush landscapes, winds whispering secrets, and waterfalls mirroring the stars, might surpass even the most fanatical visions of heaven.

In fashioning a new metaverse world, the arrogance of mortals soared to unimaginable heights, becoming increasingly oblivious to their profound insignificance in the face of nature's magnificence.

In a secluded Chinese village, the story of Tianma, a sixteen-year-old boy, and his younger sister Qilin, is revealed.

In their modest home, Tianma gently encouraged Qilin to disconnect from the metaverse, her eyes hidden behind virtual reality goggles. “Time to remove your goggles, Qilin. We need to continue our treatment,” he said with a mix of firmness and care.

Reluctantly, Qilin emerged from her digital escapade. “Why must we do this every day?” she whimpered, eyeing the acupuncture needles piercing her skin.

“It's part of our fight against ALS,[1] our family's burden,” Tianma explained softly, removing the needles with practised precision.

Qilin sighed, her young mind grappling with the harsh reality of their condition. “It's unfair. Why us?” she muttered, her gaze shifting from the needles to the window, where the real world seemed distant and indifferent.

“The world is changing, Qilin. Our environment, our very lives, are unrecognisable now,” Tianma replied, his voice tinged with a hint of nostalgia and sorrow.

A humdrum day was about to become a historical turning point as billions of metaverse users across the globe were abruptly ejected from their virtual realities and forcibly transferred into a singular realm, an ominous message looming on the horizon: “Please wait. An important announcement will start in five minutes.”

The President of the World, a figure of authority and wisdom, appeared against the digital backdrop.

“Fellow citizens, we face a dire threat,” he began, his voice echoing across the virtual expanse. “A pandemic, born from ancient pathogens released by melting glaciers, threatens to paralyse humanity.”

Overwhelmed by disbelief, shock and fear cascaded through the digital crowd. Upon hearing the word “paralyse”, Tianma felt a heavy, foreboding sensation in his heart. A pang of familiarity washed over him, and tears started to trickle down his face. The President's words evoked the raw emotions and vivid memories of their struggles with ALS.

“Tianma?” Clutching Tianma's hand tightly, innocent Qilin could not fathom the reason behind her older brother's sombre expression.

Days later, as the situation escalated, the President received an urgent update from his A.I. assistant: “Thirty percent of the global population is infected. The symptoms mirror ALS, but the progression is ten times faster. Yet, two patients, siblings, show remarkable resistance.”

“These patients... who are they...?” the President inquired.

“They are named Tianma and Qilin.”

Seconds within reading their family file, the President contacted Tianma, his prestigious image materializing in their humble living room. “Tianma, your resistance to this pathogen is unprecedented. Tell me, how do you combat ALS?”

“We rely on ancestral acupuncture, a legacy passed down through generations of our family,” Tianma replied after he had recovered from the shock of the President’s arrival.

The President recalled the account of Tianma’s father, who presently was confined to the life-sustaining cooling tube, and said, “I’m sorry about your father’s situation. But we now need your full commitment to fight the unknown pathogen.”

“In acupuncture, we don’t fight or kill diseases. We try to restore the body’s natural equilibrium. Disease is the result of an imbalance in the inner body, not the cause of it. This is no different to nature; if we don’t take care of it, we get consumed by our consequences.” Tianma replied with a tone of caution.

“How can we assist you to find a way to counter this pathogen?” the President said, ignoring Tianma’s implication.

“My father once said that perhaps a lost text in *Huangdi Neijing* about acupuncture and *the Bing Que Neijing* might help our family’s ALS.” Perhaps it could help all of us, pondered the President before asking aloud to his A.I. assistant, “Numerous discoveries have been made by Chinese archaeologists over the past two centuries. Do we have any of these lost scriptures?”

“I have just run through my library, and these are the possible related texts,” the A.I. assistant replied promptly and displayed the results to Tianma.

Fuelled by a newfound sense of purpose, Tianma delved into the world of ancient manuscripts. His quest was a journey into the depths of ancestral wisdom to search for a cure, for the world, but most of all, for his sister and his ailing father.

After months of tireless research and collaboration with global experts, Tianma and the A.I. assistant unveiled a groundbreaking solution: a fusion of traditional Chinese acupuncture and modern technology. This innovative approach not only halted the pandemic but also offered a new path to healing and understanding.

The crisis revealed a profound truth: our achievements, however significant, are mere fragments within the vastness of nature's masterpiece. The real victory lies in understanding and respecting the intricate balance of the world around us.

Tianma and Qilin's story became an attestation to the enduring melody of ancient wisdom accompanying the march of progress. It is a reminder that in our quest for technological advancement, we must not lose sight of the timeless insights that have guided humanity through the ages.

In the end, it was an ancient Chinese invention that reminded us of our place within the greater cosmos. As the world celebrated their triumph, the small village in China became a symbol of hope. The practice of acupuncture, once a whisper from the past, now roared as a testament to the power of bridging old and new. Tianma and Qilin, once mere children of a forgotten village, became the heralds of a new era, where the wisdom of the ancients guided the path of modern innovation.

[1] Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis.

The Invention of the Nothing Powered Car

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chan, Soleil – 9

The day started like any other, but little did Jeff know that destiny had an extraordinary adventure in store for him.

Friday

As the brink of the sun popped over the tall mountain, Jeff woke up from his bed on the hill of the gods. Running down the stairs, he dashed down to the bathroom and brushed his teeth. After that, he jumped down the stairs, two at a time and went to the table, where his mom was making pancakes with scrambled eggs and a piece of toast. As he sat down, the smell of the pancakes wafted into his nose. He poured the syrup on his pancakes and started to eat. He ate the toast with scrambled eggs on top. After his breakfast, he got changed and went out for school.

Just before he went out of the house, he got his packed lunch and slammed the door closed. He wanted to catch up with his friends, Larry and Mary. They were a block ahead and were chatting loudly.

Jeff ran to catch up with his friends and shouted: “Hi guys! Why didn’t you guys wait for me?”

“Because we will be late for school!” Said Larry and Mary in unison. They were speed walking up the hill weirdly called: “Hill of the gods” because in the medieval times, rituals were made on this hill and some houses you can still make sacrifices in them. Rumours say that if you wake up at 3 am, ghosts of the sacrificed people will haunt your life forever. Somehow, there is still many houses on this strange hill. Surprisingly, there is even a whole school on top of the hill. If you wake up at night, you would hear the sound of ghosts wooing.

Jeff caught up to them and ran with them.

Ding–Dong!!! They went into the school just as the bell rang. They split up and went to their classes and did their work. They met up at the school doors and went back together. They split up and ate their dinner and read a book. As they were ready to sleep, they messaged each other to plan a meeting inside the school the next day, and then went to bed.

Saturday

As months pass by, they walk through the road to the shopping centre, they saw a poster that there was a six hundred and sixty – six thousand, six hundred and sixty six dollar (\$666,666) reward to make the world’s first air powered car with some special feature in it. They decided they would enter the competition and try to win.

After that, they got a map of the world and stocked up on food and water. They brought hiking shoes and some travelling gear. They rented a car and drove to the airport to catch a plane to their first destination: China. A few hours later, the plane touched the tarmac and slowed down. They had never experienced going to China in their lives. They got off the plane and hailed a taxi.

They soon found a map in a trash bin that was essential for making the car. The map said that one piece was in Taiwan and was in a mysterious cave in a mountain. They felt like someone was watching their back and was trying to sabotage their mission. They went to Kushan, a mountain marked as mysterious on the map. They went inside and saw the sign that said: “beware! The devil dragon lays in the cave! Come in... and see your doom!”

They decided to go inside, find the materials quickly, and then leave as fast as possible. They got some wooden spears that they found and went in. The further they went in, the darker it got. Soon it was pitch black. Luckily, they all packed a flashlight and spare batteries so they could travel further. They soon heard a small growl and stopped. They figured out the materials were close to the devil dragon so they went deeper and deeper soon, they saw something glowing in the distance so they crept up to it. They realised that the glowing thing was actually a blueprint for the car and the materials they needed.

So they went back up and went to the airport to board a plane to go back to Hong Kong. After they were in Hong Kong, they realised that someone had stolen their materials! So they searched for a spy on the plane. Soon they realised that the man was sneaking into the plane and stole the materials from them. They called the police that the robber had stolen our personal property and snuck into the plane without a plane ticket. The robber was arrested and fined.

They can finally make the nothing powered car. They went to Larry's house to assemble the car. It took 1 day to finish the car. After it was finished, they pushed to car out of the garage and onto the road. As they went in, they tested everything they made: the lights, the air-con and the ignition button. They held their breath as the car started. It was successful! So they went for a test drive in the car. They drove to the competition and sent a form for their car. The invention of the nothing powered car was more than a simple car; it was a brilliant invention of their dreams and stood as a powerful Beacon of unyielding power of friendship and perseverance. As they gazed upon their creation, they knew it was just the beginning of an incredible journey that lay ahead.

The Flying Pod

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chen, Isabelle – 8

One day in the year 2089, a plane crashed into the Java Trench and even though everyone survived the crash, it was a really heavy plane and caused an earthquake that reached Hong Kong. The earthquake collapsed a section of the Bank of China and people protested against planes (even the people who live in other places). Everything was chaos, so 5 people formed a team to make safer transportation for the skies.

Jaden and Terran, the twins who lead the team, had come up with a great idea. They decided that the best and most convenient way would be flying pods. So they went to the patent office and got a patent for the flying pod. Beep and Boop, the robot twins that they had designed to help them with inventions, also came. Jeff, the designer of the group, stayed back and tried to decide on what exterior and interior design would look the best. He finally decided on a sleek, white exterior and a fluffy, beige interior.

Later that day, Jaden, Terran, and the robot twins came back with a patent. Jeff showed everyone the diagrams that he had made and they all got down to work.

The next day, they had already managed to put together the exterior and the engines, but the interior was just a blank, gray box with a steering deck. Beep and Boop decided to take it for a test flight and work off of that. The others stayed on the ground and followed the pod in a car. The views from the pod were fantastic, and it cruised smoothly through the skies. "Should we go through a cloud?" Beep asked Boop. "Yeah, we should," Boop replied. Beep steered the pod up, and for a few seconds they broke through a cloud and were in the complete sunlight. Then they went back down so that the ground crew wouldn't lose them.

Meanwhile, on the ground, the pod looked like a beautiful, futuristic, gleaming machine. People oohed and aahed and pointed at the pod, and rumor quickly spread through the city that there was a magnificent flying vehicle in the sky soaring above Hong Kong. The citizens of Hong Kong got in their cars and followed the pod, and in a few minutes Jayden, Terran, and Jeff were followed by an entire fleet of cars with people loudly and cheerfully talking to each other about the flying pod, arguing about whose photo was the best one, and most cars had loudly talking pets, courtesy of the new Pet Comm.

When the flying pod landed, the robot twins were received with hundreds of cheering fans. It took ten entire minutes for Jayden, Terran, and Jeff to clear out the mob.

The next day, Jayden had to answer hundreds of calls from famous tech companies offering to collaborate and make the flying pod with them. Jayden accepted Apple's offer and Apple sent over some workers to help after Jayden told the CEO exactly what she and her team imagined the flying pod should look like. The workers and Jayden's team formed a whole new company called iColor and planned to make the flying pod in eight colors: Pink, purple, white, grey, yellow, blue, green, and orange.

Juke went away to see the progress that Beep and Boop were making on putting together a nice, furry, beige carpet for the pod, and Terran helped make a large, fluffy, beige sofa. Everything seemed to be going well for iColor, or so they thought...

That night, in the veil of darkness, disaster struck in the form of five hooded figures with flamethrowers and flashlights. One was in white, the others in black.

"Burn the garage down," whispered the figure in white (Crypto).

"But, master!" another one said. "I'm not sure that our design works, you saw how rickety it was last flight—"

"Nonsense," Crypto said. "Ours will work just fine. Now burn."

"If you say so, master."

Then they all lit their flamethrowers, threw them through the gap between the garage door and the floor, and ran off into the darkness. The one in the white robes paused for a few seconds, marveling at the destruction, then the alarm rang and he ran too.

The next morning, Jeff woke up early and headed to the garage to do some finishing touches when he found the building in flames.

“JAYDEN! TERRAN! THE POD’S ON FIRE!” he yelled.

“BE QUIET!” Jayden yelled back. “I’M SLEEPING! Anyways, the pod’s fireproof because Pear gave us a protective shield for the pod. Just extinguish the fire.”

After visiting the pod and seeing that it was still intact Crypto decided that it was time to take matters seriously. He needed his own daughter, who was a skilled, proficient hacker, to help him.

“Kira, I need to hack a flying pod’s software,” he said quietly, approaching his daughter. “No problem,” she said, getting her laptop and signing in. “We just search up their flying pod software, right click, inspect, delete the code, write a new one, inject the new code into a CD, and now all you need to do switch out the normal CD with this one.”

“Perfect,” Crypto purred. “Thank you, Kira.” He slipped out of the door quietly and slinked to Jayden’s garage. The moon gleamed high above him like a bright, shining spotlight. Even the birds stopped chirping to see what he was up to.

Two pet parrots, who were wearing newly invented Pet Comms and had just flew all the way from Shenzhen, were perched on a wire when Crypto passed them. They immediately figured out what was going on as parrots are smart birds, and they squawked “Flying pod!” then flew off into the darkness to warn iColor.

When Crypto arrived, he was greeted with a flying pod, manned by the robot twins and coming straight for him. It was between standing his ground and running. He chose to run, and the next day got on a plane all the way to Canada.

Yoyo's Encounter with Ancient Chinese Inventors

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chen, James – 10

Yoyo, a 9-year-old Chinese-American boy, was sitting under the patio, his gaze fixed on his father who was loudly complaining in the yard. His father was furious, his headband and t-shirt drenched with sweat. The sun in the sky was refusing to dim its intense brightness, seemingly determined to scorch the earth.

"Damn drought!" his father cursed angrily. "Almost all the flowers we painstakingly planted are withering away!"

Yoyo and his family lived in Texas, and this summer brought a severe drought. Yoyo was concerned about the insects and animals in the forest.

Lying in bed at night, he heard his mom flushing the toilet. "Flushing the toilet with a full tank of fresh water each time is unnecessary and wasteful. Total fail!" Yoyo listened attentively to his mom's complaint. Indeed, Yoyo shared a similar thought about the failure of the toilet invention.

"If we don't use clean water to flush the toilet, it would save a lot," Yoyo thought.

Suddenly, a stranger entered his room. Yoyo was terrified. Unexpectedly, the stranger spoke in Chinese gently, "Nihao (你好 Hello), Yoyo." Yoyo's fear subsided. By the moonlight outside the window, he saw an elderly man with snow-white hair and a smiling face.

"Hello, Sir," Yoyo replied, "How did you..."

The old man answered excitedly, "I come from ancient China. You know, Santa and I are old buddies. So, the answer is the chimney! I know you're interested in improving toilets, so we should chat."

"Ancient China?" Yoyo was puzzled. "Did they have..."

"Of course," the old man interrupted. "In Xi'an, Shaanxi Province, archaeologists discovered flushable toilets dating back 2400 years."

"But in ancient times, there were no pipes. How did they..." Yoyo asked curiously.

"Don't doubt the wisdom of ancient people! They made water pipes from clay or used bamboo. Even 1800 years ago, Chinese used bamboo to transport natural gas in Sichuan!"

Yoyo was astonished.

"Come on! Tell me why you want to improve toilets!" The old man asked with interest.

"Actually, I'm a dedicated environmentalist. From books, I've learned that the freshwater resources on earth are very limited. I've noticed that every time a toilet is flushed it consumes a whole tank of clean freshwater. It's wasteful!" proclaimed Yoyo.

"In my time, freshwater resources were abundant," the old man murmured, stroking his beard thoughtfully. Then he continued, "Can't we do it without wasting clean water?"

Yoyo thought for a moment, then suddenly had a revelation, "Yes! We can use rainwater!"

"Ranye (然也 Exactly)," the old man said approvingly. "If we collect rainwater when it rains, we can make effective use of it."

"Inventions exist in our daily lives. As long as one observes life intently, and aims to make life better, even a kid can become an inventor. Just like I did when inventing the saw because my fingers were cut by serrated leaves." the old man continued.

"What? You invented the saw? You are..." Yoyo exclaimed, sitting up in bed. The old man disappeared, and the glaring sunlight shone through the curtains. On the nightstand, Yoyo saw a book, which his grandma brought from China, "Stories of Ancient Chinese Inventors". His mother had read it to him a few nights ago.

He had little interest in the book that discussed distant China, ancient times, and complex characters. However, his mother insisted that Yoyo read this book.

It told an ancient story, so old that the Forbidden City had not yet been established.

One night, Emperor Zhu Di (朱棣) dreamt of a unique design for the corner towers. The towers had nine beams, eighteen pillars, and seventy-two ridges, which physically represented "seeing in all four directions and hearing from all eight sides". The Emperor ordered the builders to follow the design from his dream. If the builders could not accomplish this task, the Emperor would have their heads. However, according to the Emperor's design plan, there was to be not a single load-bearing pillar inside the towers.

Perplexed by a design that defied mechanical principles, the craftsmen faced a crisis. Then, an old man selling cricket cages appeared, suggesting building the corner towers like a cricket cage that would distribute the weight to the walls. This eliminated the need for pillars. As they were about to express gratitude, the old man vanished.

The old man was none other than Lu Ban, the legendary inventor of ancient China who invented the Luban lock, ruler, umbrella, and saw! Yoyo, excited, shared his unexpected encounter with his mom, who then said, "This time, he came to inspire you to invent! So, any ideas?"

"Of course! We can install a water tank on the roof and connect it to the toilet tank with a pipe. This way, when it rains, we can collect rainwater."

"Fantastic!" his mom encouraged. "Draw up your ideas!"

"Sure!" Without hesitation, Yoyo crafted diagrams throughout the afternoon, addressing the challenge of water evaporation with a clever solution — a solar-powered sensor lid. This innovative lid automatically opened during rainy weather and closed in the sunlight. Yoyo eagerly presented his drawings to Mrs. Chan, who offered valuable insights. She mentioned finding similar sensors in gardening stores for rain-sensitive irrigation and recommended adding a strategic hole in the tank to optimize water storage without risking damage to the lid's circuitry.

Yoyo designed a dependable rainwater-flushing toilet system. He foresaw that this set of devices would be mass-produced in the future. Yoyo thought, "I need to learn about circuits as soon as possible, so I can turn my idea into reality."

"As long as one observes life intently, and aims to make our life better, even a kid can become an inventor. " Yoyo remembered Lu Ban's words. He felt extremely proud of the smart and hardworking inventors among his ancestors in China, aspiring to become an inventor like Lu Ban and contribute his inventions to making people's lives better.

The Automatic Pen

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chiu, Matthew – 9

Frank was 10 years old and when he was 8 he broke his finger so he couldn't write and his parents need to write for him. At school he need to use his iPad to write something but he hated typing because it hurts his fingers. When he does homework he can only type so the school can not give him writing homework.

When he was 11, he decided to make a pen that will write by it's self so he can rest his hands and can learn more so he went to his dad workshop and his office to find some parts to make his automatic pen. After he found some parts he realized there was something missing he needed some wires to connect the speakers and the pen so he needed to buy some wires from a shop. So he asked his mom for some money and told her he needs to buy some wires for his automatic pen and left home by bus. He was at the market and he couldn't find a shop that sells wires so after a while he took some rest on a bench and fell asleep.

While he was sleeping he dreamed that he found himself in a old room and was horrified so he needed to get out of here. He searched for anything he could find that can help him get out. After a while and could find a wrench, some mysterious words on paper and some wooden planks and he searched for a door and he saw a lock so he took a look at the mysterious words. He tried to figure out what it means and found out it was written in Latin but he only know a bit about it so he gave his best to guess what it means and he got the sentence "think of science" and he remembered the pen he is going to make and pulled himself together to wake up from his dream.

He stood up and looked around, he spotted a shop that has advertisements about different kinds of wires. He ran fast to the shop and opened the door as he saw a huge amount of wires with different kinds of colors, thickness, width, lengths and usage. Now he was thinking which kinds of wires he needed for his automatic pen. He asked a personnel manager about the usage of each wires so he can get a idea of what appropriate wire he will use for his automatic pen. The personnel manager was willing to help him with choosing which wires does he need for the automatic pen. After a long briefing and explaining about each wires, he has now decided to buy the wires with a long usage durability, with the colors of red, green and blue, the length of 1 meter and the width of 0.5 millimeters.

As he was about to go to the checkout counter he saw a very long line and he had about 30 people that was in front of him. Each person in the line had about 10 and more wires in their hands. He's now excited to make his automatic pen that he was imagining what will it look like after he finish it, but the line was moving so slow that it looked like a snail. There was only one counter at that time because it's 12 o'clock in the afternoon and yet the line was about to form a snake line already. He's also hungry thinking about his idea and when to get his lunch.

Thirty minutes passed and finally was his turn to pay. He took out his money and payed exactly 150. As he finished his errands in the shop he started to look around for a cafeteria to fill up is rumbling tummy. He was craving for meats to eat and drink a very refreshing orange juice. He spotted a cafeteria that serves everything he was craving for. He rushed in and ordered quickly the meat and rice combo meal and the refreshing orange juice. He looked for a table to sit and dig his food quickly that it takes five minutes for him to finish.

As he returned to the workshop of his Dad he already started making his automatic pen. He laid down all the things that he may be needing to make his automatic pen. He assembled the pen and added the recorded voice to the pen. He added the wires to connect the voice, the pen and the battery to complete the automatic pen. He started testing the automatic pen and try the different parts of it to make sure it works successfully. After everything was tested he tried to switch on the automatic pen but it was not working. He disassembled it again and checked what was the problem. He figured out that the battery was low on power so he had to change the battery to a new one. He remembered that he has spare batteries that he left at home. He rushed out of the door and ran quickly as possible to his way home and quickly grabbed the spare in his cabinet and rushed back to his Dad's workshop.

For the last time he tried again the automatic pen using the new battery and it works this time. He binned the old battery and scraped away all the unnecessary things that he used for the automatic pen. He let his Dad try the automatic pen that he made and the automatic pen said "Hello Frank I am your very own automatic pen." As he hear it worked he was very happy that he jumped and clapped his hand that he made his automatic pen successfully which was his first invention that he made successfully by his own.

He was very proud of his new invention that he showed to the school and which the school celebrated and recognized his work. They allowed his invention to be used in school and his classmates is looking forward to use it as well.

That One Jet Pack

Harrow International School Hong Kong, He, Harris – 9

Once upon a time, there was a little, smart boy named Jack. He lived in Chan. He had a very strict mom and he dreamed of being an inventor. He made toys such as ships, airplanes and a lot more. One day he was collecting metal parts from his great great grandfather as always, until he thought of taking them to the emperor and building a toy factory.

A few weeks later, he finally wanted to talk to the emperor to make his dream come true. So he asked the emperor's advisors to take him into the palace and asked if he had permission to build a factory for the emperor. Now, the emperor said yes you may but he needed to make back the five thousand dollars in under five months or he would go to jail for years, and without wasting a second he sprinted to his house and grabbed all his toys in his bedroom and started to sell the toys.

After two months, he made two thousand five hundred dollars he already knew he was half way there. Afterward, he met a man who also had a factory and told him his toys were fantastic and he asked him if he could have all his products for ten grand. He gave his five thousand dollars to the emperor and spent one thousand on an ad and got ten thousand more dollars and his mom was finally proud of him.

He went to the mall and saw his products on the shelves. He turned around and saw more of his toys on more shelves but then he turned around again and saw the same man he saw in his factory a few days ago.

He thought of building a jet pack with armour and bazooka hanging on the side of the jet pack and without wasting a second he spent seven thousand dollars on the materials to build the jet pack and got diamond armour so then he built a bazooka and grabbed a really thick string to make it hang on the jet pack while wearing the diamond armour. He started to build it but ran into a problem with the building, he had never built a jet pack with armour and had a bazooka on the side of the jet pack. He was putting random stuff into the jet pack and finally succeeded. He was overjoyed he was so proud of himself and his mom. His dream eventually came true after fifteen years he succeeded in becoming an inventor.

He knew he had to use his inventing skills for good he wore his diamond armour and his jet pack and grabbed his bazooka. He also made a tracking device and it could track if someone or something was in danger and after a few minutes he checked his device and someone or something was in danger so without wasting a second he flew to the place where someone or something was in danger immediately and was so excited because this was his first mission he had ever had in his life, he was so grateful this was his opportunity to show how grateful he was. He arrived at the place where there was danger, there was a lady who was screaming at the top of her lungs, HELP! He quickly flew to the woman who was screaming and she stared at a robber who was robbing her house so he quickly took out his bazooka and shot at the robber who was robbing the lady. He got shot in the hand and immediately surrendered so he went to jail for three months. He was so ashamed that he quit being a robber.

The mayor saw all the suspense so she told her body guards to go to the place where fifteen year old Jack was and demanded them to bring him here and when Jack arrived he saw tons of people gathering around a stage. The mayor told him to stay still. Afterwards, the mayor gave him a medal as a reward for saving that woman. Then, she asked him to be their new superhero and to save the day so he obviously said of course.

The next day he heard his doorbell go on and there were tons of citizens lining up to get his autograph. He got a pen but after a few signatures he ran out of ink so he got another but ran out of pens so he thought of building a pen that never ran out of ink so he built it and only cost one hundred dollars for the materials. He went to his front door step and started to sign more and more signatures. Finally they all got signatures.

Then, he checked his tracking device and then he saw someone was in danger so he rushed to the place with his jet pack and saved more and more people. Now, he is a billionaire because of all the saves and inventions he had made and sold. After a few months, there was a new super villain and his name was Dr Lima he was an evil scientist who makes potions to harm people who get in his way, but Jack needs to protect his citizens from the super villains. There are always a close fight but Jack always wins the fights, but one day the super villain had enough of losing fights so he made a harmful potion and goes to Jack's house to ready the potion and he put a bucket full of the harmful potion so when

he come in then the bucket will drop on him but Jack was warned about this so he invented harm proof armour and water proof electronics so if the harm potion falls on the tracking device it won't break it then he walks in and it falls but catch ps it on to time. He fights the evil villain and obviously wins it again, and that's the end of the story.

Invention of the I-Tent

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Huang, Ada – 9

Prologue

Opening the envelope, Maya stared at the letter in disbelief. It was coming true, really coming true she thought. In case you were wondering what was happening then hear this. Maya just got an acceptance letter to go camping in China! Camping in the outdoors! But this was special because a few days ago Maya had made an extraordinary invention called the I tent. Maya loved camping with her family and was looking forward to camping alone. Inside it came with a checklist for every thing she'll need, a plane ticket to Xi'an, Shanxi. Although, weary of going staying in another country by herself, she was still excited for the following adventures she'll have!

Maya found herself at Silver Stars Camp reception telling the nice lady at the desk her details. Minutes later she found herself facing her parents saying goodbye. She hugged her mom and dad, then was waving until their car was lost in the distance. Next she was hurried to meet her instructor. Mrs Kayla was a pretty looking woman who was still in her 20s! Then she met her team. First a snobby looking girl called Grace, then a short, friendly looking boy named Nathan and next to him a girl who looked identical to him called Layla, Last two twins called Tim and Jim. Then it was time to go.

A few days later, Maya was getting out of a big bus full of excited campers. They hiked through the day and it wasn't until nightfall when they came to a forested shady piece of small land. Mrs Kayla said that they will be camping here. This was it, thought Maya. This is where I will be spending my 6 next days. She smiled. The campsite looked pretty good, Ms Kayla said that there were absolutely no animals that could hurt us but even through the dark, Maya could swear that she saw eyes. It was a small piece of grassland that was just big enough for 3 I tents. Suddenly she heard the sound of running water and assumed that there was a river nearby! It was the most perfect place!

Soon after, they were all settled in and had just called it a day. Laying in bed, Maya ran through her memories that she had made today. There are more to come she thought, rolling over and closing her eyes.

Bang, Crash, Wallop, Maya awoken to find Grace holding a pot and a spoon tapping noisily around the campsite. After quickly dressing, she went outside. Wow, she thought to herself, it is really beautiful in the daylight and she was right. The campsite practically glowed in the sunlight, plants and shrubs grew all around it and when looking across the site she saw a waterfall that flowed down into a river! Breakfast was eggs and bacon, Maya hurriedly chomped up bacon while listening to Ms Kayla, she went through the day and by the end everyone was ready to go. Seeing that she was the last one she quickly grabbed her rucksack and hurried after the others. Today they were gonna join up with another group and do some survival training together. First was the monkey bars and as she expected she made it across but Maya wasn't the least surprised as she had started swinging on the bars at the young age of 5. Next was swimming. Maya wasn't as excited for she was never the best swimmer in the class but as usual she tried her hardest to keep up with the others, and in the end she came 6th. Not bad she thought. After that, they had raft building shelter building and even a scavenger hunt! By the end of the day she was exhausted but proud of what she had accomplished. What she didn't know was that she was gonna stumble along an old Silk Road Town and discover more intriguing secrets.

Now Maya felt she could do anything well that is until Ms Kayla told her to go collect some firewood with Grace with she began to feel a bit anxious but as they say the show must go on so she did it. Running through the forest with Grace was unexpected and Maya had never imagined that she would be so fine with this job. Minutes later they arrived at the place and got the wood but Grace wanted to go farther so Maya worriedly agreed, forgetting about Ms Kayla's rules of not going any thwart her. Soon after they stumbled along an ancient town! Grace gasped at awe then they debated whether or not should they go inside. They both went inside.

Inside, under the dim light of her torch, Maya saw a fragile wooden loom sitting inside the middle of the room and if you looked closer you could still see the shimmering, coloured silk half woven inside the loom. The next room must have been the storage as Maya could still see the beautiful, delicate cloth folded up neatly on rows of long, wooden tables.

Next room had a bit soft heather on the ground and Maya assumed that this was a bedroom. she looked over at Grace who seemed to read her mind, so taking of their wool jackets they each slide into a heather bed and fell asleep.

MAYA, GRACE where are you?, Maya woke up to the sound of Ms Kayla's voice ringing out. She quickly woke Grace and hurried out to the courtyard. Ms Kayla was standing there all her teammates calling out her name. Next was just crying , hugging. , apologising , forgiving and exchanging postal numbers . The next few days flew by and before she knew it she was saying goodbye again but timed to Sliver Stars. And when her dad said how was your trip. She said perfect and excellent just the way I like it .

The Boy, the Belt and the Banknote

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hui, Miles – 10

Carrying the heavy bag full of coins on his shoulder, the farmer walked out of Cai Lun's house with joy. He was glad he chose to believe Li, and now he sold his cow for fifteen yuan more than he would have.

Back inside the house, Cai Lun held the piece of paper in his hand, the paper that would be the first ever banknote in history.

One day earlier...

Li flipped through each crinkled page in his dusty notebook on his wooden desk. Looking back through each of his inventions that might just change the world. Redrawing each sketch in his mind and rereading each explanation meticulously.

“Wheelbarrow, made to make life easier, especially for the people working on the Great Wall. This device was made to carry large amounts of supplies which would be impossible to be done by hand.”

“Stirrup, made men less vulnerable to falling off a horse during battle, giving more strength to the Calvary and completely changing former tactics.”

“Kite, made not only to entertain but also for weather detection.”

Most of his inventions came from first-hand experience, experiences that told him what the world needs, to make everything and everyday life easier for people. He knew he had the ability to create what was in his imagination. He sat there for hours in his favourite corner of the house, flicking through pages after pages, hoping to get inspiration for what he would create next.

Li went to the shops to buy some new materials. He was in deep thoughts again as he was waiting his turn to pay: “These coins in my pocket are just so hard to manage and keep, since you couldn't hold many in your hand, pickpockets had it easy. There had to be an easier, safer way of carrying money around. On his way home, he thought of different ideas – wooden money, plastic money, leather money – but none of them seemed right.

Then he remembered his inventor friend, Cai Lun, who became famous for creating paper a few years back. Paper was still new and rare and only a few people owned it. He knew that to get his hands on some, he would have to pay Cai Lun a visit and share with him his world-changing idea.

“What do you mean my idea is far-fetched!” Li exclaimed.

“It's not worth it,” replied Cai Lun, “I can sell 10 sheets of paper for fifty yuan, and you want me to give 100 sheets for your social experiment?” Not in a million years!”

Discouraged, Li trudged home. On his way, he stopped by the river for some water. A boy with a horse strolled next to him and asked, “Hello Sir, I need to cross the river to pick up some medicine for my mother, but my horse can't swim. Can you look after him so I can quickly go and come back?” Li nodded but when he takes the horse, he saw a sign of hesitation on the boy's face.

Li chuckled, “You are worried that I might take the horse away, are you?” Li took off his belt and handed over to the boy. “Here, take this with you, I can't go anywhere without my belt!” The boy smiled and took the belt across. In no time, the boy came back with medicines in his hand. When the boy handed the belt back to Li in exchange for his horse, that was when the thought struck Li.

He jumped up, hugged the boy and ran off, leaving the boy in confusion. Li was in a rush with his plan. He went home, gathered every single coin he had in his house and counted a hundred yuan. The next day, he paid another

visit to his friend. “Cai Lun, I am not here to ask for free paper,” Li explained, “Here is five yuan, I would like to buy a piece of paper from you.”

Li took the paper and continued, “By the way, can I keep the rest of my coins with you for a few hours. I need to hike over several hills to the farm. The coins here total ninety-five yuan and they are simply too heavy.” Li held out the piece of paper he just bought, “before I go, could you sign this piece of paper. Just so I have something to prove that I have ninety-five yuan with you, like a promissory note.” Cai Lun saw no harm and signed.

Li took off with the piece of paper, over the hills and to the farm. He spent some time there choosing the healthiest-looking cow. It was time to test his plan. He approached the farmer, took a deep breath and started, “I would like to take this cow.”

“Great choice my friend,” said the farmer, “that would be eighty yuan please.”

“Sorry I don’t have any money with me, but here, this piece of paper proves that Cai Lun owes me ninety-five yuan. If you take this paper to his house, he will pay you in full and you can keep the change.” The farmer hesitated but thinking that Li was not unknown to anyone with his recent inventions, and tempted by the extra fifteen yuan that he would get, he took the piece of paper in exchange for the cow.

The rest, is history.

The Everlasting Battery

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Hung, Isaac – 10

There once was someone named Bob who liked to play computer games as well as sleep a lot, but the problem was he was very bored when he slept (which made it hard to sleep) and very tired when he played computer games. So he decided to create something that would allow him to play computer games and sleep at the same time. Firstly, he needed the materials to create it so he went to the store, he bought everything he needed so he went back home. After he went home he worked day and night to create the invention, one night he finished it and it looked like a mask but it would work, he was sure of it. The next night he went to his bed and tested it out, but when he went to sleep it didn't work. The next morning, he was very frustrated that it didn't work so he decided to give up, but suddenly the device started to beep, BEEP BEEP. He took the device and ate his breakfast, but instead of going to play computer games like he always does he went straight to sleep. He put the device on his face and went to sleep, he woke up to find that he wasn't in his bedroom but in a small iron room. He went back to sleep and woke up in his room and was very excited to share what he had just invented. He went to get his smart phone then made the call, RING RING! He waited for them to answer, "Hello who is this,". Bob was thrilled to hear that they had answered, he replied, "My name is Bob and I would like to tell you about my invention,". He waited for a answer, "Ok, please tell us about it,". He said, "My invention is...". The smart phone suddenly turned off, then the lights, then everything in the house turned off except the one device that he had created. Since he had nothing else to do he took the device that he had created and put it on and went to sleep. When he woke up he found himself in the same room as last time, he saw a laptop and a mouse waiting for him, he placed his hand on the mouse and turned on the laptop then started to play. In real life he was just sleeping but in his mind he was playing all the computer games the device offered. Suddenly, he woke up in his room again, he was confused, then he looked at the device and saw that the device needed some new batteries, so he went outside to buy some more batteries. When he went to the shop he saw that all the batteries had been sold out so he went to his neighbour's house to ask him for some. When he asked his neighbours they gave him two batteries for his device, he went back home and put the batteries in the device. But before he played he went to a friend to ask him if he could help him pay the electric bill, he gave him the money and he went back home and went to sleep with the device. He woke up in the same room and saw the laptop and mouse again, he played for hours and hours until he wanted to get up from bed to eat. He realised he skipped lunch but he didn't mind because he was eating a lot for dinner. He ate dinner and then went for a short walk, when he went back home he had electricity so he called his friend and thanked him for helping him pay the electric bill. He changed his mind about sharing the device he had created so he went to his bed to put the device on and went to sleep. When he woke up he found himself in the same room with the same mouse and laptop, he played and played and also had some breaks to eat and change the batteries, he repeated that process many times until he got tired of changing the batteries. He decided to make a new invention, he wanted to make a battery that would last forever. He went to the library and got some science books and read them day and night, he finally figured out how to create a everlasting battery. He got to work straight away and then found out he didn't have any of the required equipment to make it, so he gave up and went to sleep with his device. He woke up again in the same room and did his usual routine of playing until he got bored and hungry. So he gave up and became a gamer for his job, but he didn't earn a lot of money so he ate very little and always had no lights. Eventually, he thought that his life couldn't go on like this anymore, he had no money, he had no family and he had almost no food. He decided that he would publish his invention and then sell it. So he went to tell everyone about his invention and then he started to make a lot money. He bought a new house and got a family, then he became extremely famous. He wanted to make another invention that would give him more money, apparently he wasn't able to finish it so his son, called Max finished for him. Max had finished an amazing device that would be an attachment for his father's original device. It was an everlasting battery so people would be able to play while they sleep without waking up. When he sold it a lot of people bought it so Max made lots of money, after a while he even made a new model of his dad's invention. The new model allowed people to eat while playing in their sleep. Eventually, everyone bought one of the inventions so everyone never woke up.

The Secret Tale of the Chinese Inventions

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Jiang, Elton – 11

Not long ago, I discovered an old book laying on my desk. I peered down at it. The title was: *The Concealed Secrets Creation of Chinese Inventions*. I stared at it. What?

Suddenly, I couldn't resist opening the book.

“Aargghh—!”

I yelled in both shock and terror as confusion overwhelmed me and as blinding rays of light attacked my eyes as I was taken out of reality. Then everything was pitch black.

“You will see the untold tale of the Chinese inventions.....”

“Wait! What?!”

I found myself in a posh traditional chinese courtyard at midnight. It felt unusual. It felt more alive than historical sites. I was staring out at large, traditional gardens, and also many unoccupied areas. Then a few men carrying wooden stands and some tools entered into the clear area I was in. Not knowing about my existence, they started to prepare.

Soon I realised that I would witness the invention of paper. As dawn approached, a crowd slowly started to form around a group of workers and, Cai Lun, the inventor of paper. Filled with excitement, the crowd spectated, noisily chatting and commenting. But unlike what the history books suggest, there were a group of Taoist masters that acted as guards, as if something would happen.....

Everything was fine.....at least for half an hour.

Then, CLANG! CLANG! CRASH! I gasped. I had been too focused on the invention that I didn't realise:

1) it was already noon, and 2) that some vicious men in black Chinese robes had started aggressively fighting with the Taoists, probably to destroy the invention. Then I was teleported somewhere else, still stunned and curious. What was that?

I was in the impressive study of Shen Kuo, the official inventor of the compass. I looked around curiously. There were endless rows of shelves, all filled with scrolls and assistants hurriedly sorting out their business. The great scholar recorded his theories; and around him was a godly circle that was created by a Taoist monk, protecting him. The Taoist part, again, was never mentioned in any historical records.....

Whoosh—! Whoosh—! Whoosh —! CRASH! BOOM!

“Aaaaarrggghhh—!” Before I realised what was happening, a few men were tumbling on the ground in pain. They were just like the intruders in my last vision, dressed in black with a deadly sword. A playful smile danced across the monk's face as he saw that his magical “circle” had outsmarted the opponents, and he jokingly muttered something into the inventor's ears. Then I was brought to the next destination of my unexpected trip.

BOOM!

“Aaaaahhhh—!” I think I was a little late for my vision since the “villans” were already blasted by the gunpowder they were trying to steal, or destroy. I was in front of a majestic temple on the top of a mountain surrounded by clouds. Impressive. Also, it was seriously really foolish of the “enemies” to approach such a large group of Taoists and such a large army when they were already beaten so easily by the masters who were destined to protect mankind.

The “villans” were rolling around so much that the guards had to constantly avoid them. Gunpowder was saved, and I was escorted to another location.

It was obvious I'd witness the invention of printing since I was in an ancient, but impressive factory, and the workers started to enter the workspace. Again, powerful looking officials and some masters of martial arts were standing at the entry, examining every worker with the help of the guards and Bi Sheng, who was the leader and inventor of the printing technologies.

Then a suspicious looking group of workers, dressed in normal clothing a factory worker would wear were being inspected. They were glancing around and seemed to be evasive, not to mention that sweat was already nervously pouring down their foreheads. I walked closer and heard some factory workers telling the guards that they didn't know the suspicious people. But after another while, they were let in, and triumphant smiles were revealed on their faces. I almost wanted to scream at the inattentive guards when...

"Halt! Stop right there! Hey! Get back here!" the powerful-looking official suddenly ordered, as if realising his mistake, but the suspicious group had already started escaping. Whoosh! A blast of power shot out of the Taoist's hands, pouncing and defeating the enemy. This was getting interesting.

"Heh." the Taoist smiled and nodded at the guards "get them!" And within a millisecond, the group was "arrested".

"Hey!"

"Aaarrgghh!"

The group slowly revealed themselves as they struggled to get out of the vicious hands of the guards, but they were silenced by the cloth that was put in their mouths.

"Mmmmmrrppphhh—!" And that was the end the overwhelming vision.

Finally. I was home. In the original position I was in before everything started. That was confusing, shocking, and until now, I'm not sure if it was real.

"Hey," an old, Chinese voice spoke, "The men in black are from another dimension who want to overpower and destroy mankind, and they will be back soon. This is a secret tale of the past. Someone will deal with it, but I just wanted someone else to know about it..."

"Wait! Hello? But why are you telling me this?!" I had so many questions bursting out of me, but I eventually gave up. So I just let everything go back to normal.

The Invention of Air Deluxes

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Lao, Tory – 9

Tuesday

On Tuesday, I went to school and Eddie, my other friend, which is on my school bus was very excited for the group project. The bus was not late it was barely on time, and we went into the bus and we set off to school. When we were on the bus we had a chat about idea of the project since Eddie, Dave and I were all in the same group as friends. We talked about what was the name, how was it going to be powered by, some intelligent ideas and more. But this was just us on the cold chair but once we arrived school we would share our ideas, made the project and be on the HOT chair.

Eventually had arrived to school and we went to the classroom. When I looked at the timetable on the whiteboard, the first lesson was Maths. Then David (Dave's twin) said 'COME ON WE'VE GOT BORING OLD MATHS.'

Everyone gasped because the teacher was there so David got into huge trouble. We had one more lesson until it was break time, everyone had snacks and went to play. After break, we had English lesson. Nothing really happened in English, except that Sam accidentally spilled his water and we had to clean it up, because he spilled his whole water bottle. Then we had lunch, the best time at school, followed with lunch break.

After the fun we had the STEAM lesson (P.S. STEAM stands for Science Technology Engineering Art and Math). When we went to the steam room, it was humongous, but lesson was just the boring planning and we didn't even touched the materials (that lesson took two hours). There was just one more lesson to go and that was history. Our teacher was Mr Wong and nothing happened.

Wednesday

It was normal morning and I got to the bus stop and went on the bus. When I arrived to school I went to my locker, unpacked my stuff and went to the classroom. When I was ready for my first lesson today, I realised that there was a substitute teacher, he was very nice so me and my friends were very grateful to have him. He started speaking, 'Good morning class I will be your substitute teacher.'

He continued, 'I am Mr Shepherd, and first up we have English.' So we had English and we found out that the teacher wasn't just nice but also smart and funny.

Next, we had swimming and Danny forgot his swimming kit so he got to do work instead of going in to swim. This lesson was fun, so one of the task was that we had to do a front flip in the water then if we do it we go to the backflip zone if you also did it then you can go to the golden zone (the playing zone). After the swim we had break time. Henry, my friends and me played a game of football in the playground. After a few rounds the whistle went, that mean that put the toys away and go to your classroom. Then we had the whole afternoon to do our steam project. So Mr shepherd bring the snack box to the steam room. For today's lessons we are going to finish up the rest of your plan then you can start on your project and remember your project have to work. We finished up with our plan and got our materials for the project, so we decided to call our project the Air Deluxe. What it does was that it absorbs some sort of polluted air by gases and then inside the machine, it will purifies air into fresh oxygen. The Air Deluxe is made out of sustainable steel and powered by sun or by water! Then the teacher said that it was snack time so we ate cookies for snack and it was the last hour of school until dismissal time. The task was hard because we need to think how does it turn it into fresh oxygen so we made a bit of the project and it was dismissal time.

Thursday

When I woke up this morning, I ran out of tooth paste so I'd use my mom's toothpaste instead of my empty tube. Then when I went down mom made me noodles as always. Once I was full and started to head my way to the bus stop. Me, Dave and Eddie are chatting about will the bus driver be fired or not. Then we had a discussion about the exciting Air Deluxe coming up. Then when I arrived school I was dropped off in the transport centre and went to the staircase to the playground. After I went to the year 12 shortcut and went to the classroom and it is the substitute teacher that teaches us yesterday. "First thing your teacher left the school so I will be your teacher forever in this class secondly, first lesson is morning maths understand?" Then our class was delighted to hear that. During maths we had a math game called around the world, so the rule was that you need to stand behind a person sitting down then the teacher will tell you a math question if you win you move on to the next challenger if you lose then you need to sit on their seat. The aim of the game was to get the longest run in the world (the classroom) so we

played a few games. After science we had lunch, it was a choice of Asian food or Italian food, so I got the Italian food and it was a pizza for me.

Friday

When I woke up ,I had noodles and went to the bus stop. It was just a normal bus trip and we talked about the invention of the Air Deluxe. After that we went to our classroom, unpacked our bags. Our first lesson is STEAM lesson, so we have the whole morning to do it. When we arrived to the STEAM centre, we went into the inventing room and we continued with our project. We got the steel and we continue with our work. This lesson was the last to create the prototype then we need to test it then, the presentation.

This was the presentation and we finally finished our project. Then this was the ultimate test if it works, so the teacher took it and gave it a test, and ... IT WORKED, IT TURNED THE POLLUTED AIR INTO OXYGEN! After that It was the judging. The judge said that... WE WON THE CONTEST! Then the judge said that it is going to be published and we got rich. The end.

The Book of Storage

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Li, Matthea – 11

In recent years, people no longer required wardrobes, bookcases, or cupboards for storage. Scientists had invented a compact cube with 27 compartments for storing various items. This narrative unfolds in the year 2079, focusing on a 15-year-old girl named Sherry, a brilliant science enthusiast, and her friends, Margret and Rex. Originally from Britain, they had relocated to China two years prior. During their summer holiday, the trio embarked on an expedition to a vast forest shrouded in a dreadful legend.

As they boarded the bus, Rex began recounting the legend: “Since 2011, naive treasure hunters ventured into this forest, yet none returned. Survivors claimed they were transported back to the Tang dynasty, finding themselves in a cave with a crystal-clear spring and a magnificent peach blossom tree. Near the tree was a jade box. However, when the hunters attempted to retrieve the box, they were assaulted, and only a few survived. It's said that the souls of their fallen comrades were lost in the forest, preying on anyone they encountered.”

Margret, startled, screamed and flailed, accidentally striking Rex in the face. “Ouch!” Rex exclaimed. Sherry approached, sighing at Margret's continued wild gesticulations. “Calm down, Margret,” she urged, “there's no danger on this bus.” Margret ceased her actions, realizing the other passengers were staring. She turned to see Rex, his face bruising and swelling, whimpering in pain. “I'm so sorry!” Margret exclaimed. Sherry retrieved an alcohol pad and a bandage from her bag, administering basic first aid to Rex, whose swollen face was now bandaged.

Upon arriving at a store near the forest, they disembarked as nightfall approached. The forest, although beautiful by day, harbored unknown perils at night. Equipped with torches, boots, and mountaineering jackets, the friends hesitated, especially Margret, whose eyes betrayed her fear. Sherry reassured her, “That's just a ridiculous, unscientific rumor. There's nothing to fear.” Bolstered by Sherry's words, Margret took a deep breath and followed her friends into the forest.

Two hours later, as darkness enveloped them, they neared the cave. Rex whistled nonchalantly, Margret clung to Sherry in fear, while Sherry scanned their surroundings with a keen, analytical gaze, determined to debunk any unscientific elements of the legend.

Reaching the cave, they found the spring, the peach blossom tree, and the jade box. A message carved on the wall read: “New treasure hunters, the Tang dynasty struggles to safeguard their artifacts, please assist!” Rex, surprised, said, “This wasn't mentioned in the news.” Suddenly, a mermaid attempted to frighten them but was restrained by chains, sinking back into the water. Rex swiftly grabbed and opened the box, releasing a blinding light that transported them to a Tang dynasty palace garden.

Sherry, upon gazing into a pond, screamed in shock. Her appearance had altered, not just changed. “What's happening, Sherry?” Margret asked, rushing over with Rex. They too screamed upon seeing their reflections. The trio realized they had been transported and now inhabited the bodies of royal family members.

Sherry was now the eldest princess, Margret the second princess, and Rex the crown prince. A maid approached, bowing. “Your majesties, the emperor requests your presence in the great hall,” she said. After a moment of exchange, they agreed to meet the emperor. Margret appeared nervous, while Rex was perplexed, burdened with an imperial task to innovate a better storage solution, a task he had yet to accomplish.

“Oh no! Why must I undertake this task?” Rex lamented. Sherry, stern, dragged him along, insisting they meet the emperor. Upon their arrival, the emperor inquired about Rex's invention. With Sherry's silent prompting, Rex requested an additional month, to which the emperor, understanding the implication of near completion, consented.

Once alone in the garden, they suddenly reverted to their true forms, now as flower gods, a transformation also recognized by the royal siblings. The crown prince implored their assistance with his invention. Sherry inquired about his attempts, to which he replied despondently about his impending execution should he fail. Sherry promised a solution within five days.

Utilizing her newfound psychic powers, Sherry transported them back to the original forest. “How did you know how to use this power?” Margret asked. Sherry, summoning a book, explained that the knowledge came with their transformation into flower gods. Rex discovered his ability to summon water, Margret to call the wind, and Sherry to conjure petals, leaves, and inexplicably, light.

“Do you have the cube, Rex?” Sherry inquired. “Always,” Rex replied, revealing the futuristic cube. Consulting the book, Sherry explained that combining a future object with a past one could create a special storage space. “We’ll do this together,” Margret affirmed.

After four days of intense spellcasting using the book and their powers, the friends collapsed, their powers depleted. The invention, now a storage book, was complete. A flower elf appeared, praising their accomplishment and revealing the true nature of their test. Their kindness contrasted with the greed of past treasure hunters, fulfilling the elf’s long-standing mission to understand humanity. The elf promised that their invention would be sent to the past, altering the course of history.

Awakening in the forest, the friends realized their adventure was an elf’s test. Returning to civilization, they discovered technological advancements inspired by their invention. Sherry, Margret, and Rex lived happily, forever bonded by their extraordinary experience.

Their invention, born from a blend of adventure and ingenuity, did more than avert disaster; it brought untold happiness and ease to their lives and to many others. This magical storage book, a fusion of past mysteries and future practicality, revolutionized how people managed their possessions. It transformed the mundane task of storage into an enchanting experience, freeing minds from clutter and sparking a wave of creativity and joy. In every place where the book made its home, it spread a sense of calm and order, turning chaos into harmony. Sherry, Margret, and Rex had not only embarked on a journey of discovery but had also unwittingly sown seeds of happiness, leaving a lasting imprint on the world.

The Spectacular Food Pencil

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Lo, Clovis – 10

In the year 3030, there was a Lazy boy who was always starving. The boy's name was Rowley. Wherever he was, he would be craving delicious food. If he was if it was at school or at home. However, he was also a genius, intelligent boy. He would ace all of his incredibly, unimaginably challenging tests. He had a best friend called Greg and a personal, humorous robot assistant that he had built with his friend. They both lived at the orphanage when their parents unfortunately died in a tragic car accident. The person who carefully took care of them was like their own mother. The orphanage had lots of fun rooms and lots of educational rooms with educational activities that encouraged children to become more intelligent and work harder to achieve their goals. Rowley had his own room designed by himself and Greg. There were mountains of books and rivers of exercise books to boost his knowledge even more. He had no time for any games or TV but had lots of time for flavoursome, rich food. Greg was like the opposite of Rowley. All he did was watch television shows and play fantastic video games. That's how he came up with the idea of the flying, humorous robot, called Pinoqio. Whenever he tells a lie, his nose would grow longer. But, whenever he says something true, his nose grows back to normal size (This happened because there was a malfunction when he was being made by Rowley and Greg).

THE FUNNY ROBOT

When Rowley or/and Greg was distraught or upset, he would always tell a joke. Then they would burst out with laughter and a giant smile would appear on their face.

HOW IT ALL STARTED

One day, Rowley came to the orphanage desperately rushing back to the orphanage. Today, was Mac and cheese day! The orphanage's food was unimaginably, delicious! The day Rowley's parents died the orphanage cheered him up by giving him the luscious food they kindly offered. He quickly gobbled up the food like he has never tasted any food for years. As he ate his food, an odd, weird man. He said in a croaky voice 'Young man... I can tell you are always starving from 12:00 to 12:00 24 hours later. Seek the thing that things are hidden on the inside even in the middle of the day. The thing is Batman lives in. In there there is the mythical, exclusive food pencil!' Then in the blink of an eye he disappeared. Rowley told Greg everything that he saw then Greg said that it was probably just a mirage. That night, Rowley couldn't sleep he swore he would go to that mysterious location to find the amazing, magnificent food pencil. As soon as he woke up, he told Greg his plan. It was to enter sneak in to the bar cave of doom, steal the food pencil then escape the nightmare. As soon as the bell rang ding dong they sneakily sneaked out of the orphanage, sneaked past the sneaky snake and started their adventure!

THE START OF AN ADVENTURE

As they hiked up a towering mountain they heard a loud, noisy BEEP BEEP BOOP BOOP in Rowley's bag as he cautiously unzipped the bag, they saw pinoqio the lying robot! 'Pinoqio?' Said both of them, Shocked. What are you doing here? Said Rowley curiously. At the dead of night, I overheard your conversation with what seems to be your imaginary friend in your dream. I heard you murmuring, Got to get the food pencil, got to get the food pencil and I was curious so I hid in up your bag until now! Said pinoqio. Go ba- before Rowley could say another the word, the mountain started rumbling violently like there was a rodent in it's clothes.

EPIC FIGHT

This was no mountain, no. This was a huge, powerful MOUNTAIN GIANT!!! (The food pencil's ferocious, vicious guardian of the infamous food pencil, the only way to beat this menacing creature was to jump into it's mouth then stab his bright heart.)

ARGHHH Shouted all of them as they swung through the air, jaw wide open. When they were just about to reach the floor, pinoqio said 'I hate nuts and bolts!' Suddenly, pinoqio's nose grew significantly larger and taller then we flew into the air, zooming through the cerulean, clear sky. WOW said Rowley and Greg. The robot's mistake actually saved their lives! Greg immediately took out his sharp, magical sword named the cursed blade. He lunged towards the horrible, hideous giant and missed but entered his foul smelling stomach, zoomed past his intestines and reached his heart. Amazing! Shouted Greg. He held his sword in his broken hand (It broke meanwhile he was falling and his hand landed on a hard, unbreakable bone) and killed the foul beast! He cut a hole through the giant's tummy and escaped it's insides. As they journeyed on through harsh biomes And slayed different monsters! Some were as

powerful as a million mythical, element breathing Dragons. At last Rowley and Greg reached the dark, petrifying cave 'finally!' Said Rowley. Then he Heard a voice as low as nothing he had ever heard before, A shadow appeared before him, 'My name is bugs. Rowley and Greg burst out in unstoppable, uncontrollable laughter at once.

THE TRADGIC INCIDENT

'How dare you' shouted bugs your friend there shall perish for this is my dimension, the infinite void.. ' Suddenly, a gigantic, huge boulder tumbled down on pinoqio. NOOOOO cried Greg and Rowley furiously as pinoqio's oil fell out. Greg dropped down to his grazed knees and yelled 'your sacrifice will not be in vain.' Suddenly, Greg released a black beam of dark matter at bugs and as soon as he tumbled down, Greg picked up his trusty, razor sharp sword and stabbed in bugs. Bugs screamed in pain and perished into dust. Then, before his eyes was the spectacular, amazing food pencil!

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

As he reached his hand out to grab it, POOF! He woke up from his absurd dream! Whew said Rowley as he got off his bed. But what he saw was going to see is going to change his life... There on the rusty, broken table was the food pencil. He stuttered 'do..doe..does that mean that pinoqio is dead?' Then suddenly, he heard a loud grumble out side. It was a Man eating giant! This is the beginning of the end ...

Decisions

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Mo, Charlotte – 11

Sunlight flooded through the weathered, filthy –yet somewhat imposing– windows, illuminating the small specks of dust that hovered in the musty air. Had dawn come already? Had it not just been a few hours of pointless pondering? A ray of scintillating light accentuated a wan, drowsy man, who’s crumpled, off–white cotton shirt and frayed, knee–length shorts were stained with blots of ink. Here he was, the world–renowned inventor, surrounded by piles of paper on top a smooth, oak desk, darkened by messy handwriting and chaotic diagrams, unable to formulate a satisfactory plan to bring to life.

His foggy eyes bleakly gazed around him, and he slumped lower in his cushioned chair miserably. If he couldn’t scribble a decent idea down, what was the point of his choice of career? What was the point of even existing; what could he do to prove himself worthy of life itself? What was the motive of living? Sooner or later, he thought, you would succumb to death, why not now; why wait? He idly picked up the slim penknife that resided on the top–right corner of his battered desk, and mindlessly put it down again. He sighed downheartedly, his breath full of self–anger and disappointment; maybe if he was younger he would be able to complete a supposedly simple task. It was true, he had been much younger, decades younger in fact, when he had been fresh and full of bursting ideas, successful even! He had also been boastful, exceedingly vain and haughty, unquestionably aware of his fame and fortune; he was incredibly wealthy; it had been wonderfully easy to acquire money. It had been as if money grew on trees, like apples did, and he just had to reach up and harvest as much as he could. He had remembered the day his success and wealth occurred as if it were just yesterday...

His healthy heart had leapt high into his throat, before plunging breathlessly into the pool of acid that inhabited his stomach before soaring back up again. Had he done it? Had he really? His whole body shook with realization and emotion, tears endlessly streaming down his smile. It had been his moment of glory, his moment of pride; it had been –and still is– his everything. It was what he craved for, another feel of success. Paper, his creation, had been an instant, immediate sensation for scholars, the government and the rest of China (and soon, he had hoped, the rest of the world). Yes, at long last, he could now finally, at long last, pay back all those debts he owed, yes, this was the answer to his enduring problem.

Still, doubt grew within him, had it just been luck? It had only been a mistake. He had only somehow managed to stumble upon a valuable secret. Perhaps it was just luck. He actually had been attempting to produce a concoction that would subdue the stinging of open wounds, made of crushed mulberry bark, unwanted rags and water. However, when he turned it into a sticky pulp, rolled it into a thin layer and laid it on a sizzling–hot, flat rock to melt into an ointment, all the water had evaporated! What he had left was some form of solid; the solid was as thin as a leaf. He had hoped that by rubbing it gently across an open wound would soothe it, thus then gave himself a noticeable, painful minuscule cut. Alas, no such luck. The blood simply stained it, and swallowed his dreams and hopes up whole. His heart drummed in his chest in a non–consistent pattern, his eyes blinking rapidly, disbelieving. Failure. This gave him an idea. Maybe he didn’t fail. Maybe it was something else entirely. What if he tried to inscribe it?

Should he try? Should he really? There had been too many ways it could go wrong, and far too little ways something helpful would result. He could only imagine the expression on his parents’ faces, his friends’ faces, but most importantly, the faces of those who had he borrowed money from, rage, dismay, sadness. But still! He had the chance to discover something new. It could be his decision of a lifetime; this might be his only chance to change his fate. It could change his life forever. Hope, like a cosy ball of warm, orange flame gradually grew and had occupied his stomach. Hope urged him on, pulsing enthusiastically. *Yes*, he decided at last. He would do it.

Carefully, he went back to his humble home, a cramped hut, made of wood and dried mud, and set up his ink and brush. Now he was ready. Gazing at the quivering brush–tip in his hand, he shakily drew a thin single line. Having to wait for the ink to dry every single second felt like an hour, yet only a few minutes had past until the shine disappeared. Imagine... if fate would be so kind, imagine how the whole world could improve by leaps and bounds.

He gently flipped the thin solid over, and... success! No ink had bled through it, and his heart paused for a second he had invented –well, it didn't really matter what he called it, did it? *Paper*, he decided upon, after writing a long list of possible names down. He had invented *paper*.

The weary, retired inventor picked up the penknife once again and then removed the cover, displaying a thin, deadly, sharp blade. The blade glistened in the morning, reflecting light, bright, bright light –which made his heartbeat race as it only had once before, the time of his failure. This was yet another crucial choice, however this time, this choice could effect only himself, as he depleted his days concealed in his house, which stood forlornly far away from the edge of civilization. The man thought. He thought of the past. He thought of his decisions. He thought, *life has many decisions to make, and I don't want to miss any of them.*

The Growing Tree

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Mo, Ella – 9

One day, a boy went to a supermarket in Hong Kong, his name was Matthew, the supermarket was so large that he couldn't find any fruit. When he walked back to his home he knew he would be in trouble because he didn't bring back any fruit. He was correct. When he got home, his mum was yelling so loud, "I told you to bring back fruit! I thought I was very clear!" The next few weeks were the same, until one day when he was supposed to go to the supermarket, he went to his grandparent's garden instead. In the shed in the garden he knew that there were many different varieties of seeds.

When he arrived, Matthew gazed at the seeds. His jaw dropped. There was so many of them, how was he going to look through all of those packets and cans? Suddenly, Matthew could hear footsteps approaching him. It was his grandparents, he knew he shouldn't be here so he quickly found a hiding spot. The footsteps came closer and closer and closer...

"Who's here?" demanded Grandpa, furiously. Grandma was a mere meter away from Grandpa as he spoke. Matthew knew what he had to do. "Hi grandpa," he replied in a shaking voice. "I'm sorry I interrupted you, I was so amazed by all the different seeds you had here. Can I have some?" he continued.

"Go ahead," Grandpa said sweetly. Matthew smiled at himself as Grandpa left the pretty garden. He always liked Grandpa more than his strict mother. Then he noticed he had to get to work. Matthew gathered all the fruit seeds he could find. He squeezed the seeds into a tiny capsule, Matthew fetched a pot and a bag of soil. He lifted the large bag of soil. It was heavy! He poured the soil into the giant pot. Matthew grabbed the this pot because he well... he knew it would grow into a tree somehow. Matthew dug a hole in the brown soil and placed the capsule filled with seeds, big and small into the hole. Then, he covered the capsule with the soil. Since it was made with seeds, he was sure it would need: water, air, soil, sunlight, space and different nutrients. Suddenly, Matthew noticed that he had not decided where to leave the plant, it was too big to carry home and he was not sure if Grandpa would throw it away. He decided to hide the pot. Matthew pushed and pushed and pushed and pushed the pot until he found the perfect space for his invention. No one can would find it there, he was sure of that.

The next week Matthew checked on the plant. Everyday since he had planted the plant he checked on it. Maybe today was the day! Unfortunately, there was no seedling peeking out of the brown soil. All he could see see was dirt in the pot, there was no difference from what it looked like the other day he came here. Matthew's smile faded, as he muttered to himself he was hoping it would start to grow soon. As he left he couldn't help but to feel a swirl of sadness surrounding him. Suddenly, a bad thought popped into Matthew's head: What if the seeds in the capsule will not grow? What will happen if it starts to grow poisonous, green fruits? Matthew tried to shoo the horrible thoughts away, but when he did, it came again more furiously than before. He looked down at his muddy shoes, maybe he planted the seeds wrong and they will never, ever grow, not even a tiny bit. If the seeds never grow, Matthew would feel the most disappointed than he could remember, all that hard work for nothing. That would be horrible.

A few more days past, and Matthew felt sadder and sadder. Until one day when he walked to the small shed, Grandpa was waiting for Matthew to arrive. He turned the corner and his mouth dropped.

"Grandpa! You scared me!" Matthew shouted.

Grandpa laughed the sweetest laugh. "I wanted to surprise you," he confessed. Matthew peered behind Grandpa, he saw the large pot he had planted the seeds in! Grandpa must have found it! "I found this pot filled with soil in the corner of this shed. I wanted to ask you more about this," he continued, but when he spoke, he had a wide smile on his face. Matthew thought that Grandpa would be mad at him planting seeds without his permission.

"I wanted to grow a tree that would grow different varieties of fruits," Matthew told Grandpa as he dragged his foot on the muddy, brown floor of the shed.

"I watched as you examined the soil, and that's how I know about this pot. I saw the disappointment on your face as you slowly made your way out of my garden. I went through times like this before and I want you to know that you need to use your patience," Grandpa explained calmly.

"I think I understand now," Matthew whispered. "I'll try my very best to use my waiting skills from now on."

"That's great!" Grandpa cheered "I am glad you understand, it's very hard to wait but I know that you can do it."

Matthew gazed at Grandpa. Why hadn't he thought about it before? Grandpa must be wiser than he expected.

As the two left the shed, Matthew's hope was rising. Maybe the seeds will grow!

A few weeks later, Matthew did his usual routine: check on the plant. When he arrived, Matthew couldn't believe his eyes.

Peeking out from the soil was a tiny seedling! He had done it! It was a success! A huge grin appeared on Matthew's face.

Suddenly, a voice spoke behind him. It was Grandpa.

"I knew it would grow!" He said.

"Thank you, thank you Grandpa for everything you've done for me," Matthew said to Grandpa, contently.

The Invention of Food Air

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Sze, Blair – 9

On a sunny day on Saturday I went to go buy some food in the mall when I saw some drones. Suddenly, someone had been following me around the mall! I got CAPTURED in to a basement ! I wanted to call the police but he took my phone away! I started wondering how I was gonna survive.....until the man said I am the wrong person so he gave back my phone and kicked me out.

When I was kicked out,I tried to call the cops but there was no connection. I was frustrated! After 10 minutes of wandering around I found out that I was in the middle of the forest with NO way out! I didn't know what to do until I knew what I had to do! I went to the middle of the forest then I took random turns and it Worked! YAY!

When I was out of the forest, I didn't know were to go cause I didn't know I was. I found a bunker and stayed there. A few weeks later I found out that I was in another country and I had fell asleep for 3 days when I was captured! I had to earn more money from this new contry called Tokyo . The first thing I did is that I needed to find a way to earn money here. Secondly I need to learn the language of this country.

A few weeks later I got to learn the language of Tokyo(Japan) and I got a job! I soon got to head back to Hong Kong. But soon my company got bankrupt! I found out that I can't earn any more money because that was the only workshop that I could go to and that i understand the language because I still don't fully understand the language. I kept learning, and then I was soon left with one dollar! I couldn't learn anymore Japanese but I soon found another company. YAY!

The next day I found out that my job only pays \$2 per month , but that is not all, so after that I soon found out that I was in an alternate dimension! The only way for me to head back to my dimension is to head back to the campsite we're I was captured! But this bit is worse I have 8 years! If I had noticed this earlier I could have had 12 years (1 year)This might sound good but in this dimension it is 8 months. This is not good!

A week later I made a friend. Her name is Stella. She also got captured by that guy and just started her 10 years. I told her that we were in an alternate dimension and we started to plan out how we were gonna escape. I taught her Japanese and I dug a bit more on this alternate dimension.

A few months past and I found out that if u run out of time u die in real life. This is bad I only have 6 years left (6 months). I don't know how I can make it through but at least I got a job. Stella asked me if she should do more digging on this dimension so I said yes.

1 month later, she said she found out more about this dimension. She said that we needed a portal to head back to Earth.

Also she told me that if you can't find the portal, you have a special rock that when you touch It it will teleport you back to Earth.

I knew I already had this rock because I found a rock in the alleyway of this place. When I told her she didn't believe me because she does not know we have a alleyway. So I showed her the rock in the alleyway and we went back to Hong Kong.

There was a problem though, when we went back to Hong Kong we forgot all about the alternate dimension. So I invited Stella home for dinner tonight and have a sleepover. But little did we know that we were being stalked.

A few years later, me and Stella stayed good friends but the thing is that when we have a sleepover together she always thinks she is being watched. So one night we pretend to sleep to see but there was nothing. I didn't know what to do but just wait. To me this was very creepy...

The next morning, she decided she wanted to sleep an extra night but she told me we should put a camera outside so we can catch the stalker. That night, we installed a camera last night to see if the stalker would come. So we just slept.

The next morning, we found some footage of him climbing up the window and inside the house. I had also installed cameras all over the house and we saw him walking around the house but did not take anything. I also found out that he was holding a bag. I think I saw a glimpse of what is inside the bag. When I slowed down the footage I could clearly see that it was a drone.

When I was about to give up I saw him head to a secret room and when I followed him I saw that it was a lab since I know where the room is I went to bed. The next morning, I went to the secret lab and discovered that there were making a drone called food air so I decided I wanted to help.

A few years later, we finally finished the project, and it was called food air. The use of it is that it is for bringing food to other peoples houses. It is also waterproof and it can carry up to 5 boxes of food. There is also no controller for it so it just uses ai to bring it to the houses. And that is the story on how food air is made.

The Cherry Blossom Tea

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Wong, Arthur – 11

Past a narrow, jagged valley weaved a dirt path enclosed by tall spruce trees. The path faded into the grey moving shadows of the trees. Around half a mile into the forest lied an opening. The red and orange sun-rays lit up the meadow.

There, stood a wooden house supported by three rows of four wooden beams. Behind the ladder which led up to the house, a thin, frail man bent down by a metal kettle as he boiled water. As the water bubbled, the man dropped a bunch of herbs that he picked from the forest. The man mixed the herbs with a hand carved wooden spoon that he then picked up to taste a sip of his herbal remedy. The man, Chang, expected the herbs would cure his bedridden wife, who laid upstairs. He climbed up to the house and handed his wife a cup of warm tea. She drank the cup of tea that he gave to her. But it did not work.

Her face remained pale.

The next morning, Chang trudged through the grey valley to his post at the imperial palace. The imperial palace was situated in Luoyang, about eleven and a quarter mile east from his home. The palace, ornamented with a shimmering of golden paint atop a cherry red backdrop, was the seat of the Chinese emperor, Shen Nong.

In the eastern wing of the palace, Chang was busy peeling potato skins when he heard the guard at the doorway to the servant's kitchen yell, 'Herbs! Herbs! Move 'em in.' As Chang stepped outside he saw his wife's poor face appear in the rainwater puddle beside the beige sacks of herb leaves. Back inside, he was busy picking away at the hay-rope that tied the sacks up. Upon opening the first sack, he smelt the gentle essence of the red and white Camellia flowers. Chang, desperate, imagined his wife's face. This time, it was a face sprung with happiness.

After having dragged the Camellia flowers to the servant's kitchen, he laid them on the wooden kitchen table for the cook, who would later make tea for the emperor. As the cook prepared tea for the emperor, Chang pinched some herb leaves from the sack. He then sat back down calmly without anyone having noticed his mischievous deed. He continued doing his job of peeling potato skins until the time was over for him to go home.

While he walked out of the palace, he hummed cheerfully as he thought of his beloved wife. He was happy knowing his wife would get better. He was proud of himself as he was able to steal the expensive herbs from the bag.

As the purple-red sunset disappeared over the horizon and the grey clouds loomed over him, Chang felt a sense of joy. He knew tonight his wife would take a sip of the glorious tea and get better. Little did he know her time was slowly trickling away.

When he reached back home, he heated the water inside the metal kettle and dropped some tea leaves inside. The water churned quietly. When it came to the boil, he took the wooden spoon and poured a cup of tea. He carefully climbed up the ladder and opened the creaky wooden door. There, Chang saw his ailing wife. He walked up to her and helped her take a small sip of tea.

'Thank you,' she whispered gently.

'You will wake up better tomorrow, I promise,' Chang insisted.

The next morning, Chang woke up to find his wife pale and motionless on the straw bed. It was too late. Too much time has past and there was nothing left for him but to weep. He laid his head on her stone-cold chest. There was no thump – no sound to be heard coming from her heart. Outside, he heard a nightingale singing away softly the tune of sorrow and unimaginable pain. For Chang, the song of the nightingale felt like his wife's soul speaking to him.

He could hear her gentle whisper, 'My heart, plant a cherry blossom tree, where you will lay my body to rest. Pick it's petals, my love, and drink the tea of everlasting life.'

And so he did.

The Invention of the Infinite Knowledge Machine

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Wong, Audrey – 9

Stella was a nine-year old child prodigy studying in Year Eleven with creative and bizarre imaginations always coming up to her mind since she was young. Known for her unique intelligence, her classmates would often ask her if she could help with projects or assignments. “Stella, please give me a hint for this Science question!”, “You are always the smartest girl, please help!”, “Hey, here is the problem I have wanted you to teach me for so long”, etc.

She gradually grew tired of her classmates’ requests and wondered day and night about how she could solve this trouble. One day, miraculously, she brainstormed an idea that could make a change in the world.

Stella was going to create an invention that could help everyone. She conducted serious research on data transmission and Artificial Intelligence, investigating how she could utilise her knowledge to make a change in the world. After purchasing tons of wires, motors, screens, etc. from the computer store, she began to work on the prototype of her innovative idea, the “Infinite Knowledge Machine”. Connecting the electrical components swiftly, she succeeded in lighting up the screens. She cheered at the top of her voice and attempted inputting data into her tiny machine, but to her surprise, the data disappeared within a short while. A window popped up, “Authorisation is needed.”

A jumble of thoughts shot through Stella’s mind. “How can I obtain authorisation as a kid?”, “I really wish to key my knowledge and thinking skills into the machine so that everyone can benefit from them!”, “How shall I distribute the machines so that even people from impoverished countries can enjoy the privilege of education and improve their quality of life?” Without hesitation, Stella drafted an official proposal with a detailed letter explaining her request. She genuinely hoped that the government could cooperate with her and spread the power of knowledge across the globe.

The next day, Stella went to the City Hall to hand in her documents. She opened the door and saw a brunette with her hair tied in a messy bun.

“Hello, welcome to the City Hall. How may I help you?” questioned the lady.

Stella explained her idea to the lady fluently as if she were an experienced scientist. She even expressed her point of view towards the government’s concerns from the economic, political and environmental perspectives, greatly astonishing the lady who responded with a gasp. The lady promised to help Stella on the instant and asked her to wait for good news.

A few days later, Stella got a phone call from the lady. She enthusiastically claimed that the governor was willing to accept Stella’s idea and he yearned for talents like her to help the country. He further suggested the use of solar power to generate her machine and asked her to meet him at his office the following day.

Stella was stunned to see a vast amount of solar panels outside the governor’s building, and through the windows, she realised that even the office tables were operated by solar technology. While she was still wondering about the state-of-the-art technology, a black-haired man with hazel eyes in a tight formal suit came to greet her. “Hello Stella! Nice to meet you! I am the governor Joe and we are certainly overwhelmed by your brilliant idea. Come with me and let’s work on the invention together!”

As the two sat down, they discussed universal problems eagerly and agreed on the immeasurable power of knowledge. They wished to accomplish their ambitions of revitalising less developed countries, and thankfully, it did not take long for them to reach a consensus on the usage of the machine. Stella used her coherent communication skills to express all she knew about the variety of topics, and the content was translated to all languages in the world. Users, no matter literate or illiterate, could ask any questions about the topic they wanted to understand or explore.

The machine would then detect the keywords and export Stella’s words to them through a digital speaker.

Therefore, no matter who the user was, he or she could seek help from Stella and get inspired by her.

“Energy shortage is a common issue in many poor countries, Stella. That’s why I came up with the idea of solar power.” Joe winked at the smart girl and further elaborated, “Solar power panels will be installed on each machine so that users can use them anywhere in the world.”

Stella gave a radiant smile and answered energetically, "Changing others' lives in a good way has always been my dream. I have never thought that my power can influence strangers whom I haven't even met before! Thanks Governor for your approval, you made my dream come true!"

Months later, the "Infinite Knowledge Machine" was ready. Stella's classmates were the first to grab them and they never disturbed her again. Stella felt special to be listening to her verbal explanations everywhere in the campus and teachers were very proud of having her as their student. Most importantly, news about citizens in less developed countries learning daily with her invention are everywhere. She was awarded "The Most Influential Child" and gave a heartwarming speech at the United Nations.

Everyone born to this world deserves to receive education that cultivates themselves into individuals who think independently, act responsibly and help selflessly. We should know that everyone has their unique strengths. If we develop them constantly and use them wisely, striving our best to exert influence on the ones around us, or even aspire to change the world, then the human race will improve ceaselessly. Do not let go of any opportunities in our life to create happiness and provide comfort to those in pain. I feel grateful for the help throughout my inventing progress and I wish that my "Infinite Knowledge Machine" can continue to upgrade very soon so that more knowledge can reach more people! Thank you!"

The audience applauded blissfully.

Cai Lun's Decision

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Wong, Haley – 9

This was the day I finally observed why we humans had to use such hard and rigid materials to write on. My name is Cai Lun, and up to today I still thought to myself: “There ought to be at least **something** I could do to make life easier!”

I have seen students and poets, such as Ban Gu carve their inscriptions on bamboo. Right now, I am reading a book, carved on bamboo, which is fairly difficult to carry with me to places where I am not occupied for a period of time. The students all want to learn, but why in such an arduous way? I **had** to find a solution.

My mind was practically exploding from the depth of thoughts I had inside me – but I was still determined to face my challenge. I was going to find a way to solve this mystery. Definitely.

What did we need for this then? I wanted it to be of a good quality and sturdy enough for writing on but not as forceful as the bamboo or as delicate as the silk we were using. Also, I wished of it to be handy enough that readers that are interested in novels like me have a convenient book to carry that isn't as large as the bamboo I was reading or as fragile and expensive as the silk we were using.

The very next day, I had a variety of the bark of a tree, a wooden stick, some water and a wooden basin. I chopped up the bark and then wetted it up with my water. Then I mixed it up by my stick in the basin until it became a thick paste. I carefully laid it out on a mold that flattened it. After that, I waited for that paste to dry.

When the paste dried, it turned into a sort of extremely thin bamboo scroll – like separate pieces, though it was somehow shockingly sturdy. It was sort of like fabric, but it wasn't as soft or as comfortable as fabric normally was. I tried to experiment with it, folding, cutting, ripping, writing... It seemed to succeed, then, I tried to think of some more ideas to improve this project, or maybe even just what we could use on the fabric to make it more reliable, that was when my steep hollow feeling in my heart slowly filled up with some ideas.

At that moment, my heart filled up with so many ideas, so I had to pour some out! Now, reader, is where I am going to tell you what were the ideas that I stored.

I thought to myself that there was probably a thing that the fabric could rely on that made it seem like it was easier to use. I thought that it was certainly best not to carve as it was like fabric and not as sturdy as bamboo so I shouldn't carve on this material as it would easily damage the “fabric”. So, I decided we would use the same process as we did on the silk which was writing or printing with ink.

The next day, I picked up my courage, took a deep breath, and went to Emperor Ming of Han to show him my invention. I explained how my invention would make the citizens' life easier as it was more flexible than the bamboo we were using, and it was not as expensive as the silk we were printing and writing on. I also told him that you only needed wood and water as the main ingredients. Now, I don't know if Emperor Ming had really thought that; but he looked and seemed impressed. As he carefully thought of my “speech”, I had a million butterflies in my stomach fluttering around, but at the same time, I was full of confidence, and I was foreseeing what would become of me when I became such an unbelievable inventor. I stood there, watching the emperor furrow his eyebrows and scratch his chin. The future awaits now...

My stomach was a soup in a pot; delicately churning myself up, but that delicacy slowly turned into a sense of impatience – an urge to know whether I was going to succeed or not. I just stared at the emperor as he slowly

stroked his extended, snow—white beard. After a bit more time, the amount he spent thinking was just everlasting now.

Finally, he opened his mouth and said: “I have made a decision, Cai Lun.” Then, the brief pause he took was like a few decades. My heart thumped as loud as a drum, banging against my ribcage. At the end, the emperor eventually said: “Cai Lun, I have a confession to make. You are officially the inventor of the Han dynasty. I bit my tongue so I wouldn’t have to shout of joy. I just stood there in silence for a few moments and said confidently: Thank you Emperor Ming, thank you.” And I bowed.

Ever since that day, people have started calling my so called “fabric” “paper” for whatever reason. But I didn’t mind, I liked that name.

So, reader, this is the end of my story of being an inventor, and I am proud to share it...

The Legacy of Seismograph

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Wong, Janelle – 7

Prologue: The Portal of Time

On a sunny day, Hermione sat on her comfortable couch in her relaxing attic room. Her eyes were glued to the devastating news. Recently, there was a serious earthquake that hit Japan, a country of charm and beauty. The earthquake left nothing but misery. Houses are in ruins, and streets are torn and broken into pieces. The air was full of thick devastation. Hermione's heart was rumbling full of discomfort for the people who had lost their relatives and friends, as well as their homes.

As the news reporter spoke of how nature can bring some unexpected events of danger, Hermione's head suddenly was full of questions. For instance, how did people in the past avoid these situations? Could all the mysteries of the past be a key to future questions?

With all these questions mashed inside her head, she turned to a stack of her science books and stated that she was drifting her finger across the bones of the books until she found one that had caught her eye. It was about a famous scientist who had invented the world's first seismoscope in the Han Dynasty, and his name was Zhang Heng. Engrossed, Hermione started reading.

As she read deeper into the book, a big gust of wind blew through the open window and flipped through the pages as fast as a running cheetah. All of a sudden, she felt like time was pulling her away. She felt dizzy and then fainted.

When she woke up, she found herself in the grand ancient garden of China. Hermione was very curious about where she was.

Chapter 1: Ancient China (The Dragon's Secret)

After the dizzy time travel, Hermione found herself in a garden from a fairy tale. She was even dressed as a princess! People were bowing to her, which was weird but kind of cool. As she wandered through the garden, filled with the best-smelling flowers ever, she overheard the King chatting with Zhang Heng about this epic machine that could tell when earthquakes were coming. It sounded like a mix of science and art—just Hermione's thing!

2

In her most princessy voice, Hermione asked the King if she could check out this invention. He laughed but said yes. At Zhang Heng's workspace, it was like walking into a science-art wonderland. The star of the show was the seismoscope—a big urn with dragons and toads, looking all mystical but doing sciencey stuff.

Zhang Heng was super nice and explained how the seismoscope worked: resembling a barrel, it is a giant bronze vessel with eight dragons and eight toads on the outside. Each dragon held a bronze ball in its mouth, and each toad had its mouth open to receive the ball. When an earthquake shook the vessel, a mass inside would move and trigger one of the dragons to release its ball, which would fall into the mouth of the corresponding toad. The direction of the earthquake

was indicated by the position of the toad that swallowed the ball. When an earthquake hits, this pendulum inside makes the dragon drop a bronze ball into the toad's mouth. That tells you where the quake is! Hermione was mind-blown.

But then—plot twist—an actual earthquake happened! Zhang Heng used the seismoscope to show it wasn't a big deal, which was so cool. Hermione realized this ancient tech was the granddaddy of modern earthquake detectors.

As she chatted with Zhang Heng, her brain was buzzing with ideas. She wondered how this old-school gadget turned into today's tech. Before she could ask more, that time-travel feeling zapped her again.

Chapter 2: The Key to the Mystery of the Past

Zoom! Hermione found herself in a futuristic lab in Zhengzhou. It was like stepping into a sci-fi movie, with scientists and tech everywhere. They were all psyched about a replica of the Didong Yi. Mr. Teng Jiwen, this genius geologist, was explaining it all. The replica was like an old wine glass but with superpowers to detect earthquakes. Hermione thought it was amazing how Zhang Heng's ideas were still rocking the science world. Hermione's eyes

sparkled. It wasn't just about remaking an old gadget; they were stitching together the past and now. This project breathed life into history. As Hermione got lost in thoughts about past and present, that funny time-travel vibe hit her again. She peeked one last time at the Didong Yi, wondering what cool adventure was up next.

Where was time taking her now? What new, amazing stuff was out there? Hermione couldn't wait to jump into her next time-travel chapter!

Epilogue: The Tapestry of Time

After her wild time travels, Hermione landed back in her attic. She was all calm but her head was like a beehive of cool thoughts. She remembered every bit, from ancient China's gardens to the zhazzy labs. The story of the seismograph was like a movie about people who never quit trying to learn. Hermione realized her trip was more than just about an old gadget. It was a peek into how people always try to solve mysteries. Staring at the stars, Hermione knew this was just the start. Discovering stuff isn't only about new gadgets; it's about sharing dreams, no matter where you're from. She was super excited to find out what other secrets were waiting to be discovered. The future was full of endless possibilities!

Kite Travel

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Zhang, Nicole – 10

“Quick, or I’ll be late for the party!” Mum yowled. I was down in the cellar searching for my mum’s pretty dress. After I spotted it, I rapidly tugged the dress out of the covering of the thick canvas and ran as quickly as I could to hand it over. Mum was going to a party and dad was away. I’d always explore the cellar when they’re both out. In the last two years, I found a picture booklet, a rusty tricycle, a devoured sandwich and a broken doll by exploring three quarters of the cellar. Now, I’m going to venture into the last corner, which is also the most mysterious one. My body cleared a path into the fourth corner as I trudged through the old clothes and furniture. Suddenly, I tripped over a large, hard object. Whilst I rubbed my sore knee, I saw the words ‘TIME MACHINE’ printed big and clear on its smooth surface. I scrambled to my feet and examined it. It’s lever was rusty, but still usable. I sat down on the soft seat and pulled the lever. Gradually, everything blurred in front of me.

When everything cleared again, I was not in the cellar anymore, but on a street bustling with people. Strangely, they didn’t seem to notice me. Then, I saw a window in front of me. I peered into it curiously and cautiously and saw two Chinese men making something with silk and bamboo. It was when they started to thread them together that I saw they were actually making a kite. I jumped down from the time machine and checked the date. It was the fifth century! In school, our teacher told us that the first kite was made in this century by Modi and Gongshu Ban!

Was this time machine trying to show me how kites were made? The scene blurred again.

I found myself staring at some paper kites. Suddenly, the miraculous machine spoke, which spooked me at first. “IN 549AD, PAPER KITES WERE FLOWN USED AS A MESSAGE FOR RESCUE MISSIONS.” So that’s why they’re all made out of paper. “CHINESE PEOPLE ALSO TIES WARRIORS TO BIG KITES IN WAR. THEY CAN ATTACK FROM ABOVE.” As it said this, my surroundings blurred again and I saw a blood-stained battlefield. Chinese people were shedding blood from other people invading, whom I didn’t recognize. I saw men attached to ginormous kites, firing guns at their enemies. “THE WRIGHT BROTHERS REFERRED TO MEN-LIFTING KITES. THAT’S HOW THEY INVENTED AIRPLANES.” Things blurred in front of me yet again, and I was swirling into time once more. This time when everything cleared, I had a terrible fright.

Bloody eyes glared at me. I gasped in horror. I tried to run away, yet the machine held me firmly in place.

“THERE’S NO NEED TO FEAR. THESE KITES WAS DEVELOPED LATER WITH MYTHOLOGICAL CHINESE FIGURES,” the machine reassured. I heaved a sigh of relief. “NOW ON TO THE FINAL PART!”

Instead of blurring this time, everything turned pitch-black.

Now I can only hear the machine’s voice. I felt like I was blind. “SO, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNT TODAY? IF YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY, YOU MAY GET A PRIZE. IF YOU ANSWER INCORRECTLY, YOU WILL BE STUCK HERE FOREVER.” I can feel my hands shuddering, not with coldness, but with these threatening words. I was beginning to regret this. “Fine,” I answered, with a tremor of concern and fear in my voice.

I tried my best to sound confident, but I failed. “OK. WHAT DO YOU THINK KITES SYMBOLIZE?” I thought carefully about this question. After what seemed like ages, I finally had an answer. “I see kites as a symbolism of freedom. When kites float in the sky, it always reminds me of happiness, and that short moment of content blows all my worries away. Also, kites always flies against the wind. In life too, if we are just the same, we will not be able to rise.”

“A VERY SMART REASON. NOW ON TO THE SECOND QUESTION, WHICH IS THE LAST ONE.” My heart lifted as it announced that I correctly answered the first question, but I tensed again at the mention of the second question. What will I do if I didn’t answer this last question correctly? “HOW DID KITES MAKE AN IMPACT ON ON THE WORLD?” This question was even harder than the last one. I thought as hard as I could, but still, my mind was blank. “WELL?” The machine prompted impatiently. I thought desperately. I was beginning to feel hopeless. Then, an idea popped in my mind. That idea lit a flicker of hope in my crying heart. “Everything that is manmade and flies was referred to kites. I think ancient people have their longing to fly, and they used kites to express their wishes. That’s why people are overjoyed when flying a kite. Kites are simply a highlight in your life.”

“WELL DONE! YOU HAVE EARNED THE PRIZE! HOPE YOU ENJOY IT!” Suddenly, I was back at home, lying in my bed. You could as well say it was a dream, but when I found a kite neatly folded beside my lamp, I knew it could not be.

The next day was Monday, and I brought my kite to school, although I kept my journey a secret. My class mates were obsessed with it, and kept asking where I got such a beautiful kite. I told them my dad went to China and bought me one. Our teacher gave us a surprise test on kites in history class. That’s when I realized how much the time machine had helped me. I was the only student in our class who got full marks. I thanked the machine silently for that. As my class mates crowded around me, asking me how I did it, I smiled to myself. What an adventure I had!

When you Mess with Saltpetre

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Zhu, Olivia – 11

904 – Invention of Gunpowder

Wei Boyang stared down at the clay cup sitting on the wooden table. Inside was what he believed to be the elixir of immortality. He had tried so many times, but this, this had to be it. Saltpetre, charcoal and sulphur, all combined into a single powder. Now all he had to do was heat it. It wasn't guaranteed that it would turn into a liquid, but it was worth a try. He took a piece of flint and struck against the steel already set on the table. A few amber sparks leapt out. Some tries later, Wei Boyang had a fire burning under a pot. Carefully, he transferred to powder into the pot.

Bang! The sound was deafening. Dark clouds of smoke flooded the room. His face and hands stung. The flickering of flames shown through the smoke. Wei Boyang immediately got onto all fours with a grimace. As fast as he could on his arms and legs, he dashed towards the door of the circular hut. He pushed on the door. Nothing happened. He pushed again. Still nothing happened. Wei Boyang could feel the heat biting at his back. Panicking and feeling like a fool, he got up and rammed his shoulder against the door. The door opened serenely. Wei Boyang took a deep breath, letting his lungs fill with fresh air like ice water down your throat after a hot day. Then he remembered. His house was on fire. He sighed and turned around. The brilliant flames danced on the rooftop, setting the night ablaze.

Water. He needed water. Wei Boyang's first thought was to go to the well. Hurriedly, he darted towards it and threw the bucket down the hole. He waited for the splash. It couldn't be *that* deep. He'd used it more times than the number of stars in the sky. At last, he heard a sound—the crunch of a bucket hitting sand. The water had dried out. Wei Boyang let out a groan of despair. There wasn't any point. The flames had completely engulfed the house now.

About an hour later, the house was completely burned down.

1863 – American Civil War

SALTPETRE NEEDED

Saltpetre needed to create gunpowder
for the ongoing war. Please may any
chamber pots be saved for
collection next Sunday.

Jonathan Weaver skimmed through the ad. He scoffed and rolled his eyes. Ridiculous. If you want saltpetre, you get it yourselves. Too bad if you don't. Just end the bloody war. At this point, he was considering slicing his ears off to get away from hearing about it. War this, war that. Idiotic. This was what happened when you thought too much. You start questioning the morality of your actions and can't get anything done. Speaking of which...

"Weaver! Stop daydreaming and deliver those papers!" A harsh voice shouted.

"Alright, alright. I have some amount of intelligence, you know", he muttered. Louder, Jonathan called, "I was just going!"

He got on to the bicycle and started off to his first stop: William Smith. He wasn't looking forward to it. It wasn't because Smith was a bad man, he was just ... irritating. He talked a lot. Once, Jonathan was an hour late to

the next door due to the fact that he had attempted to make small talk with him—which had quickly escalated into a philosophical debate about the moral implications of murder. Even worse? He lost.

Jonathan got there much quicker than he would have liked.

With a sigh, he knocked on the shiny black door. Smith must have been standing right behind the door as it opened instantly. Jonathan handed the newspaper over.

“Thank you, Weaver,” Smith said cheerfully. His eyes moved so fast he wasn’t even sure if Smith was actually reading it.

“They need *more* gunpowder! Really? You’d think the war would have ended by now!” he exclaimed. When Jonathan didn’t respond, he added, “Why is war the answer to everything?”

He shrugged. “It is unnecessary. I think whoever invented gunpowder deserves a special spot in the seventh circle of Hell,” he tried to joke.

“Why don’t the North and South talk to each other instead of fighting? Why don’t—”

“I have to go.” Jonathan turned around and left before Smith could say anything.

He thought through the short discussion he had and the ad. They needed saltpetre to create gunpowder. Gunpowder helped wars start. Wars were a waste of time. They infested everyone’s minds. He wasn’t quite sure it he was joking about that place in Hell for gunpowder’s creator.

2022 – Summer break

Iris Campbell lay in the fresh grass, waiting. Soft blades tickled her arms as a gentle breeze blew. The night sky stretched endlessly overhead, just a fraction of our universe. Stars gleamed like spilt glitter on velvet. She heard a far-off whistling. It was starting.

A flash of colour spread across her vision. Dazzling shades of red burst into the sky, painting the darkness. A flash of yellow joined the scarlet flower in the heavens. Blue came next, leaving a shimmering trail behind. Tiny sparks of all colours soared up and burst, rivalling the light of the stars themselves.

Iris thought back to all the books that were crammed into her tiny room, nearly half of which were history books. She smiled to herself, thinking of the time one was found in the microwave (thankfully undamaged). That book was about the Four Great Inventions of China. The compass, the printing press, paper and gunpowder. This book said that gunpowder was invented by the Chinese alchemist Wei Boyang, who was trying to create the elixir of immortality. It was ironic, how what was supposed to give immortality ended up stealing the lives of millions. But now it was used for something completely different: fireworks. The same powder that took away so many lives, now illuminated the sky, a celebration of joy and life.

Echoes of the Earth

HKUGA Primary School, Ng, Ho Yin Erik

Prologue: The Rumbling Echo

The silence of Luoyang City was broken when the earthquake came. The earthquake went as quickly as it came, but the damage done was devastating. The city had been shaken to its core and many people got hurt. Qing Tian was there to witness it all. She was sad to see the city being left vulnerable to earthquakes because there were so many myths about earthquakes but without a reliable method to predict earthquakes.

“Someday,” she thought, “someday, I’ll find a way to fix all this.”

Qing Tian’s Discovery

One day, Qing Tian was walking to the field to work. Something shiny caught her eye. She bent down to look closer; it was some kind of Chinese scroll. Qing Tian tried to pull it out but it would not budge. She tried again, this time using all her strength. The scroll flew out with a “Pop!”, as Qing Tian fell backwards. She blew off the thick layer of dust on the scroll and bent down to look at what was written on it. Engraved on the scroll was “Design of the Seismograph (Earthquake Detector) by Zhang Heng” in big golden letters!

The scroll illustrated the design of a large bronze vessel featuring eight dragons marking primary compass directions. Each dragon held a small bronze ball, while beneath them were eight bronze toads with open mouths to catch the balls. The scroll mentioned that an earthquake would cause one of the eight dragons to open its mouth and release its bronze earthquake and provide a rough indication of the earthquake’s direction.

For the next several days, Qing Tian took all her time studying the scroll and trying to create her own seismograph. She barely ate and worked tirelessly from day to night. Qing Tian tried many times only to fail, but she still did not give up. After many try-outs, she finally succeeded in building her own seismograph and started working on modifying it to improve its accuracy.

The Earth Shuddered Again

The city of Luoyang, still reeling from the scars of the previous devastating earthquake that had shattered its foundation, found itself thrust into another nightmarish ordeal as the earth unleashed its wrath once more. The earth washed over the city like the waves over the beach, swallowing everything in its path. House were destroyed, and shops were crushed. It was a scene of pure chaos. Qing Tian woke up with a startled cry.

“Just a dream,” she thought with a sigh of relief, “just a dream.”

Dedicated to helping the city better prepare for future earthquakes, Qing Tian tried to show her seismograph to the High Council but was faced with disbelief and ridicule. Although some citizens believed her, there were only a few.

Race Against Time

A few days later, a dragon head facing the north spit a ball. Qing Tian knew that another earthquake was on its way. A few more citizens started to believe in Qing Tian but when she once again tried to warn the High Council, nobody at the Council believed her. The clock was ticking.

While Qing Tian and her followers were at the Council, the citizens of Luoyang were going about their daily lives when suddenly, the ground trembled as the earth cracked open. The house started to crumble and fall.

People got trapped under fallen debris and rubble. The people of Luoyang City began to realize their impending doom as the earthquake approached.

Qing Tian watched as the city crumbled before her, the town square collapsed and the houses toppled over. Everywhere, there was chaos and destruction. Quickly, Qing Tian gathered up the few followers she had.

“We must save the city!” she said.

Qing Tian led her followers into the city who helped to evacuate the citizens and also saved the people who were trapped under the rubble and debris made by the earthquake. But before Qing Tian and her followers had finished evacuating the citizens, the earthquake’s aftermath began. The sheer force of the earthquake made Qing Tian fall over as a piece of rubble fell towards her. She sat there with a look of horror on her face, powerless.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed Qing Tian just before the rock crushed her. She realized that it was one of her followers.

“We can’t give up now,” he said, as he helped Qing Tian up.

She nodded and led the group to continue the evacuation. Soon, with the tireless efforts of Qing Tian and her followers, many of the citizens became safe. As Qing Tian followed the line of citizens out of the city, she looked back. The city had been reduced to rubble, nothing remained but debris and ash. With a sigh, she turned around and continued walking.

“Someday,” she said in her heart, “I’ll come back someday.”

Epilogue: The Resilient Rebirth

The citizens of Luoyang, with the help of Qing Tian, rebuilt their city better than their original one. At the city election, Qing Tian was voted the Head Counsellor at the High Council. With the help of Qing Tian’s seismograph, the citizens of Luoyang were not finally getting safer protection against earthquakes.

The Earthquake Detector

HKUGA Primary School, Leung, Yut Chi Maya – 9

“Earthquake! Go! Run!” Zhang Heng cried out as he saw a little child standing on the road all alone with tears in his eyes. The child’s eyes were red with fear. He opened his mouth using all his strength and uttered the words repeatedly in despair, “Mum... Where are you?” His voice became softer and fainter. With the last hope in his heart, he feebly wept, “Mum, I am here. Please find me. I hope you are safe.” He wiped the tears from his face and disappeared in the swarm of people escaping from the earthquake.

Zhang muttered in sorrow, “I wish I could help that little boy.”

Just as a collapsing sculpture was going to fall on Zhang, sunlight filled his eyes. He sat up and realized that it was only a dream. He wanted to take a walk as he wanted to think about what had just happened.

He strode down the street and arrived at the noisy marketplace of the town.

“Fresh pork. Over here. It’s juicy and flavorful. It is only thirty dollars for one pound,” the butcher chanted his slogan as usual. When he saw Zhang, he worriedly asked, “Mr. Zhang, you look so serious today. Why don’t you buy some fresh pork and make some soup?”

Zhang was so focused on his thoughts that he walked past without stopping or nodding. Deep in his mind, he could still vividly see the innocent face of the child and hear his wailing. The dream was too striking for Zhang because that was how he lost his mum.

That night, Zhang had the same dream but he didn’t wake up when the sculpture was falling on him. Instead, Zhang’s friend Cui Yuan appeared and dragged him away from the sculpture.

“I am so lucky that you are here! Oh, look out!” As Zhang was thanking Cui Yuan for his help, Cui Yuan got squashed by a big tree and blood flew everywhere. Zhang witnessed the death of his good friend. He kept running with tears in his eyes when he suddenly heard Cui Yuan’s voice, “Hey, Zhang Heng, what is your latest invention?”

Zhang woke with a start. He rubbed his eyes and found that he was seeing Cui Yuan face-to-face. He was stunned, happy and confused.

“Did something happen?” Cui Yuan asked.

Zhang decided to tell his trusted good friend about his dream.

A few days later, Zhang had a dream again. This time, he dreamed of Guanyin, the goddess of mercy.

“Zhang,” Guanyin said in a soft and mesmerizing voice. “You are the chosen one to make the earthquake detector. You will need the help of the mystical dragons and toads to keep the balance of Yin and Yang to make this work. I hope you can make an invention that can detect earthquakes more than hundreds of miles away so that help can be sent promptly and innocent lives can be saved. You have the heart, the brain and the courage. I hope you can help those poor souls!” Then she disappeared in a cloud of mist.

Zhang woke with a big smile on his face. He finally understood the meaning of all these recent dreams. “I am ready to do it!” he muttered to himself. Suddenly he heard a knock on the door. He opened the door and it was Cui Yuan. He asked casually, “How’s my good friend doing? I just want to check on you and see if you have had any strange dreams lately?” He chuckled.

“Oh, that... I had a dream just now,” Zhang responded and told him the entire story.

“Earthquakes again?” Cui Yuan snapped.

“No, my dream was about Guanyin, the goddess of mercy, telling me to make an earthquake detector that can save thousands of people’s life.”

“Need any help?” Cui Yuan offered.

“Not for now. But thanks, my good friend,” Zhang answered with a contented smile.

After the conversation, Zhang worked day and night. He constructed an enormous bronze urn placing eight dragons and eight toads at eight different compass directions. After ten months, he finally finished. He ordered his servants to carry his magnificent piece of artwork to the palace and showed it to the emperor.

The emperor was quite thrilled when he first saw it. But very soon, he grew suspicious. “Are you sure it’s going to work, Zhang Heng? You have to prove it!” the emperor said sternly. When Zhang couldn’t prove it at the spot as there was no earthquake, the emperor mocked, “It doesn’t seem to be as magical as you say it is.” He ordered Zhang to take the detector back to his house.

The news about Zhang’s invention being rejected by the emperor spread quickly. Everyone in town laughed at Zhang’s “fake” earthquake detector.

Cui Yuan was worried about Zhang. He went to Zhang’s house where he saw Zhang sitting in his garden gazing at his earthquake detector sighing. “Zhang, I just came to see if... you are okay...” Cui Yuan stammered.

“No, definitely no,” said Zhang mournfully. “Please go. Leave me alone.”

When Cui Yuan was gone, Zhang heard a kind and familiar voice, “Don’t give up. Wait patiently. Your time will come.” It was Guanyin.

With Guanyin’s encouragement, Zhang became hopeful again. He waited in his garden, day and night. After a long agonizing six-month, a bronze ball finally dropped from the dragon’s mouth and fell to the mouth of the toad sitting on the southeast, indicating that there was an earthquake in that direction. Nothing was felt in town but a few days later, a messenger informed the emperor that there was an earthquake in a village 400 miles away.

The emperor was impressed by Zhang’s invention. Everyone was proud of him. And that was how Zhang Heng gave birth to the very first seismograph in history.

Umbrella

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Cao, Serene – 10

On a beautiful spring morning, Lu Ban was walking in a garden with blooming flowers and humongous trees. Lu Ban was a poor man who didn't have a job. He wanted to be a carpenter, and he did have the skill set to become one. The reason he didn't get a job was because he thought of himself as the best carpenter in the world and that no one could compare to him. He had a bad reputation for being arrogant. Therefore, no one liked him.

While he was walking in the garden, he was also asking people around him if they needed any construction work or repair done. He was shouting "The best carpenter in the world is here!" But no one really answered him. Suddenly, it started to rain. It was just a few drops of rain at first, but it became a tempestuous storm after five minutes. Lu Ban sadly dashed home with nothing accomplished. He knew when he got home, his wife would scold him for not finding any work again.

Ever since that day, it kept raining and never stopped. The people in the village wanted to stay dry, so they kept their hopes up. Therefore, none of the villagers could go outside to buy necessary items or go to work. Every day was a gray gloomy day. No one was happy and people started getting hungry and tired.

Lu Ban thought of all the people at home who needed to go outside for food. Just then, he saw a cluster of kids running outside in the rain with a lotus leaf they held in their hands above their heads. They played happily together, not even a little bothered by the rain. They weren't even wet! The kids ran through the rain into a street called The Street of Food. Ten minutes later, Lu Ban found the cluster of kids bringing bags and bags of food and brought them to peoples' houses. Lu Ban even got a door knock and found one bag of food with one child. The child said "We are sending out food to neighbors. I wonder if you will like some. You can pay us back later!" Lu Ban was grateful and thanked the child and his friends.

The next day it stopped raining, but Lu Ban kept thinking of the children with the lotus leaves. He wanted to make something like the lotus leaf. He thought day after day. Finally, on the fifth day, he thought of an idea. He used palm leaves, papyrus, and peacock feathers. He named it an umbrella and made three parasols first and tried to sell them. People were really tempted into buying them, but they still didn't buy any. Lu Ban was really confused and went to ask his friend Lu Xiu why people didn't buy his parasol. Lu Xiu told him that he had to stop thinking of him as such a smart and talented person. This made people uncomfortable. Lu Ban was a stubborn person so he wouldn't listen.

But three days passed, and Lu Ban still hadn't sold any of his parasols, so he went back to Lu Xiu's home. He told him that he should've listened to him. Lu Xiu was happy to hear that and told him that changing can be difficult and takes time. He had to be patient. This time, Lu Ban listened.

On the next day, he went out into a garden and found people who really needed help. He found an old woman fixing a broken chair but couldn't fix it. Lu Ban ran to the old woman and said "Would you like some help? I wouldn't charge you any money. I just want to help!" The old woman was surprised and then smiled. She thanked Lu Ban. Lu Ban fixed the chair within ten minutes. The old woman was grateful. Suddenly, the woman asked Lu Ban "Aren't you the guy selling the funny thing that could protect people from rain? I really wanted to buy one. Lu Ban was thrilled. He gave the woman one free parasol. From then on, the woman used the parasol every time when it was raining. Lu Ban was happy someone wanted his parasol, but he kept helping people and eventually won the trust of the people in his village.

One month passed and things slowly changed. Lu Ban sold almost two hundred of his parasols. He also learned that gaining people's trust takes time and one should always think of oneself from the perspective of other people. He also went to Lu Xiu's home to thank him for his good advice.

Years later, Lu Ban became famous because he had proven himself as a good carpenter. He not only made parasols, but he also invented a lot of other interesting things. Everyone loved Lu Ban and his inventions. But most importantly, he learned that there are many people in the world that he might not be able to compare to, but he can always learn from them.

The Earthquake Detector

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Chow, Lok Ching Aven – 12*

After a big earthquake in Hong Kong, all citizens were moved to spacious areas in different country parks. Citizens living in different urban areas were assigned to different country parks. Everyone had to stay in the camp temporarily, waiting for the earthquake to stop before they could go home.

After we woke up, my friend Mea and I went out to have a walk in the forest, as we wanted to enjoy the peaceful environment. The birds were chirping delightedly; other animals were jumping and dancing around, playing with their friends. We were enjoying the beautiful scenery while our stomachs were complaining that they wanted to have breakfast. We were finding the road back to our camp to eat breakfast, but we found out we were lost.

We shouted as we wanted our parents to hear us and come to rescue us. We both kept walking around to find the way back to the camp until the sky became dark. We sat down to rest next to the bushes and suddenly we found a humongous machine! It said “Time Machine 001” on it. We both felt very surprised and kept looking around to find the owner, but it seemed the owner was not here, so we sat next to the Time Machine waiting for the owner.

After a few minutes, I was losing patience, so I stood up and walked around to see if I could find a way back to camp. I told Mea to come along but she wasn’t responding. I looked back and found out that she was gone, I went back to see if I could find her, but I got sucked into the Time Machine! When I went inside the machine, I landed in a dark room. I heard a faint scream coming from the distance. I held my hands out so that I wouldn’t run into anything, suddenly I felt like there was a person walking in front of me and I knew that was Mea. I asked “Mea, is that you?” She answered, “Yes, it’s me. I’m scared...” We wandered around the room to explore the machine. I saw a girl’s photo, and I thought that must be the owner of the time machine. We kept wandering around and I suddenly felt a button, so I pressed it. The time machine started flying upwards towards the sky.

A few seconds later, we were flying inside a tunnel and were both wondering where we were going. The machine stopped eventually. We looked outside and saw a magnificent ancient court. We both felt very strange. We saw two bodyguards, so we hid behind the bushes to wait for them to walk away. Suddenly, Mea took a deep breath and whispered, “Are we in ancient China?” I was stunned for a while and didn’t answer her.

“Yes, we are in ancient China of Nanyang during the Eastern Han Dynasty, 132 CE.” A girl walked toward us and answered. “You look familiar.....Oh! Are you the girl in the photo inside the time machine?” I asked her. The girl replied, “I’m Amelia, the owner of the time machine. I come from the future 23rd century. I’m here to finish a mission. I needed to land here, but I landed in Hong Kong to rest awhile. When I went back to the machine, the machine was gone! So, I used my own ability to find the time machine.” Amelia stared at us and asked, “Then why are you two here?” I answered with a little awkwardness, “I’m Aven and this is my friend Mea. We came here by a little careless mistake...”

“You two know who Zhang Heng is?” We both nodded and she continued, “Let’s go inside then. He is trying to invent the earthquake detector now! I’m here to protect him not to be killed, and we can also watch the whole process of how he creates the detector.”

We sneaked inside secretly, staying out of sight of every bodyguard. We managed to sneak inside and hide behind a pillar. We saw a gold detector which was cylindrical in shape, with eight dragon heads around its upper circumference, each with a ball in its mouth. Around the lower circumference were eight toads, each directly under a dragon head, representing a direction like the points on a compass rose. “When the detector predicts the direction of a distant earthquake, one of the eight dragon-shaped tubes will drop a bronze ball, which falls into the mouth of each toad-shaped metal object representing a direction, the direction of the coming earthquake,” Amelia introduced. “Oh..... Why does Zhang Heng want to invent the earthquake detector?” Amelia answered, “Because devastating earthquakes occurred in many areas of China. Therefore, the detection can help the emperor know when and where to send timely aid from the capital.

At first, Zhang Heng was working by himself, but later, two of his assistants came along and helped him. They worked together, kept improving the detector, and made it even better.

Unexpectedly, two masked men came in, attempting to murder Zhang Heng. "You two stay here while I go help him." Amelia whispered. She ran out and attacked them with her invisibility, but they didn't faint, and they were pretty powerful. The two men poured some powder on Amelia, causing her invisibility to disappear and allowing them to see her real body. Amelia appeared and the three fought fiercely.

After a big fight, the two men were injured, but they escaped. Zhang Heng was safe, and he finished the earthquake detector successfully.

Finally, Amelia took us back to our own 21st century in her time machine. Afterwards, she went back to the 23rd century. We all continue our life normally, but also miss each other.

New Tales of China's Inventions

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Ge, Simo – 10*

Fifteen years into the future, in 2035 in Beijing, several scientists just discovered raw salmon sushis infected with high doses of tritium. Most sushi restaurants were shut down due to the infected salmon, and scientists sent agents to investigate the mystery. Soon, it was told that from the lake where the salmon are reproduced, the water was contaminated with high amounts of tritium. China began to feel worry as the polluted lake also had rivers connecting to their seas. As they began to investigate more deeply, they also realized that the bad water was coming from Japan!

Two agents were chosen by the Chinese Government to stop as many of the polluted water from flowing into China as possible. Meanwhile, they were also given another task; that is purifying the water to the roots with their own special invention. The agents are two friends, both very determined to save the oceans. They are called Yue Xiao Lan and Deng Liu respectively. Yue is a clever and determined 19 year old girl but she is too inward and not very courageous. Her friend, Liu, is the complete opposite. She is zesty and optimistic, but too hasty as she hates dealing with slow-going events.

When the agents first received the message, they took a plane trip to Beijing as Beijing's waters were the most polluted and products from oceans, lakes and rivers were completely banned. When they arrived, the whole place was looking extremely solemn and quiet. After they passed the custom, the guards checked one last time for any products from Japan. After that, they were free to go. Li and Yue called the Water Supplies Department in Hong Kong. "What do we do now?" They asked. The Department replied, "Go collect samples from different rivers. Take care and wear protective suits. But don't worry too much about your inventions to purify the water. We'll give you the basic facts for it." After that, they hung up. After a silent bus ride to the Chao Bai river, Li and Yue unlocked the hatch to the riverside and crossed through the barrier. Everyone walking on the pedestrian path was wearing KN95 masks. Liu put on surgery gloves, and dipped a tiny measuring cup into the dirty, muddy water. Just when the cup touched the surface of the water... a shadow swiftly swam in and swallowed the cup! "OH MY GOD WHAT'S THIS THING!!!!" YUE screamed in horror. Li glanced over and saw a rather cute fish. Li laughed, "It's all right YUE, it's just a fish!" Suddenly, the fish did a flying leap over the water and flopped on the riverbank. Li stared at the fish with a terrified expression that matched Yue's face. "I take that back," she whispered, gingerly taking a step back. The fish snapped its TWO mouths and bared its sharp teeth. More mutated freaky fishes floated to the surface. "RUN!" Yelled Liu, sprinting away from the fishes, YUE at her heels. Soon, they appeared outside the barrier and they shut the hatch tight. They both had cold sweat on their faces. "Yue shuddered and said, "That's enough of Beijing for today. Let's return to Hong KONG." Li agreed.

Once more, they were back at the Lab in Hong Kong. Yue was studying something at the microscope. She looked at the notes the Water Supplies Department had handed her and murmured to herself, "If nitric acid can break down uranium, could I make a purifying net..?" She wove a few metal wires together, then applied nitric acid on it. Then she dropped polluted water on it. Suddenly, she yelled, "I've got it!" Li curiously asked, "Got what?" YUE showed her the footage of her experiment. A fine mesh with orange light (labelled as nitric acid) was being drained with polluted water. Soon, the water passed through the web and the brownish muck turned to pure water. "If we can make a larger version of this mesh, we can purify the water to the roots!" Yue explained with excitement. Li yelled, "Great idea! Let's do this now!"

Soon, helicopters carrying loads of the new inventions flew to the Sheng Mun River. Underwater robots pushed the mesh into the marine mud. Soon, water began clearing behind the net. Thousands of fishes leaped up from the water as their mutated characteristics were washed away by the nitric acid. Only the creatures permanently infected were still aggressive. International shipping boats came and shipped the nets to all places around the world. And that was how whole world was saved from mutation by an invention.

Tea Production

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Huang, Shanming Coral – 12*

Now, I'm sure that most people already know how the invention of the tea happened, but let me tell you, the things that you've known today may not be absolutely accurate, so dig in deeper in this writing, as we will follow the traces of a scientist nowadays, called Alfred, to find out about the "real" story about the invention of tea.

It was the museum school trip day, the day that everyone in the school has been waiting for, including for the curious 11-year-old student, Alfred. In this school trip, they will take an airplane from Hong Kong to go to Hangzhou, Zhejiang province, China, to study the history of the first tea production in the China National Tea Museum. When it was the day for the school trip, the teachers carefully roll called every student to make sure everyone was present. After the roll call, everyone boarded the bulky school bus first to get to the airport. When everyone arrived at the airport, all of them checked in and waited for the plane. When the plane finally arrived, everyone boarded the plane, and Alfred decided to rest.

After a long flight, the plane arrived at its destination, Hangzhou, Zhejiang. After being checked in to the hotel, they went to the China National Tea Museum. When they got there, the tour operator started to tell them about the history of the first tea and giving them a tour around the museum. In the meantime, Alfred was distracted so he did not notice that he was already walking far away from the students. Alfred was lost and didn't know his way back, that was when he saw a mysterious portal-liked door. His curiosity led him inside, and he fainted after going into the portal-liked door. The portal then closed after him. When Alfred woke up, it was nighttime, he found himself wearing an old uniform with a very creepy looking man looking down at him, Alfred immediately screamed and fainted again because he was too frightened. It was finally day time, Alfred got woken up by a man wearing clothes that looked like it came from the 2723 BC. Alfred thinks that the clothes are pretty cool, so he said to the man, "HI! I am Alfred, I think that your costume is very exquisite, where did you bought it from?" The man then replied rudely, "There is no time to day dream now! Emperor Shen Nong is waiting for his tea, quickly get dressed and boil a tea for him!" Alfred was very confused at the time, and he thinks that the man was rude. However, Alfred had no time to think, as he was forcefully dragged by the man into a huge garden. At the garden, he saw a small figure laying below the tree and also a cauldron next to the figure. Then, the rude man pushed Alfred next to the cauldron, then handed Alfred a cup of water and told him to boil the water. Alfred was surprised at how the cauldron looked like one from 2737 BC time period. That's when Alfred snapped, he looked at the figure closely, and found out that the figure was a man wearing emperor clothes, finally Alfred found himself standing next to Shen Nong himself, the emperor who produced the first tea. Unfortunately, Alfred didn't know the history of how the first tea was made, so he didn't know what to do. Shen Nong then looked at Alfred with a confused face and asked him, "Hello, May I ask why are you staring at me so closely?" Alfred then found his face was only a few inches away, and got embarrassed. Alfred then quickly boiled the water and gave it to Shen Nong while apologizing for his weird behavior. Suddenly, a piece of leaf fell and flew into the water. Just as Alfred was apologizing and was going to change the water, Shen Nong stopped him. Shen Nong instead told him to boil the tea again with the fallen leaf as Shen Nong was an herb experimenter, so he was curious about what would happen next. After boiling the water again,

Shen Nong was pretty happy about its flavor, and asked his servants and Alfred to make more to let him try. After Shen Nong tried the water with leaves in it, and he decided to name the new-found special drink, "brown water". But then, Shen Nong's servant suddenly came rushing in

and said, “Sorry for suddenly rushing in, but may I ask for a bucket of water and some bird just pooped on me?” After Alfred heard it, he tried not to laugh but he had couldn’t keep it in, so he quietly laughed out “Tee! He!” Suddenly Shen Nong snapped his fingers and shouted out, “I got it, brown water is such a plain name for this fabulous invention, I kind of like the sound of the word “tee”! But again it’s too simple and silly...” After and awkward moment, Alfred’s eyes lit up, and he suggested to spell the word like T, E, a by changing the E in the end, Shen Nong liked the idea, so he then gave Alfred some valuable gold and thanked him for helping himself to discover the new found invention of tea. Suddenly, Alfred was suddenly sucked in by a portal again and found himself back in the museum.

Even though Alfred went through a lot of things in the portal world, only 1 minute has passed on the clock hanging on the museum. However, Alfred still found himself holding the gold. Alfred smiled, not because that he may be rich now, but because that it is really confirmed that he has been miraculously transported back in time to witness the process of inventing tea and learnt new things.

Nowadays, Alfred is known as the scientist meant to discover new things, and of course, in the process of this story, we now have learnt the “real” process of how tea is really invented.

The Powder of Death

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Lai, Eason – 12*

PROLOGUE: Cheng Fuk Tin was staying up late to make weapons for the black market with his partner, El Deathly. He wished that they could change weapon making locations. The workshop was old and grimy and had cockroaches. He also didn’t really like El Deathly, who had eerie green eyes and when he spoke, there was a double creepy layer to his voice that didn’t sound humanly.

THE POWDER OF DEATH

🎵I was born in this cruel and harsh town, 🎵stealing and grieving until sundown.

🎵I never thought about my mistakes, 🎵as I told myself I was doing this for my family’s sake. 🎵Until one day I awakened my mind, 🎵and sensed something I couldn’t find. 🎵It dried the earth and cracked the ground, and kills its prey without making any sound. 🎵and then it was the hard times, with dying illness and no cure to find.

🎵from that day on I asked myself what was life. I don’t know how 🎵, I don’t know why 🎵, but something is lurking around like a sinister lie. 🎵I always question and laugh 🎵, about who ignited the blazing fire within my heart!!!! 🎵

Fuk Tin saw that El Edathy’s mind had wandered off to somewhere else again. So he waved his hand in front of his face and said, “deathly, get back to work, it’s almost morning. “Deathly paid zero attention to his call, and finally, after a while, he lifted his head up from his work desk and smiled a wicked smile. When he smiled, it looked like a crack had opened in his mouth. “I did i.e. make the world’s most powerful weapon. “He lifted up a jar of what looked like a strange red powder. “Don’t you think it’s strange that something so small can cause so much damage? “Fuk Tin laughed and replied, “well, there’s no guarantee that it will actually work, and there’s nothing to test it on.” El Deathly glared at him and said, “Then you are going to be my test subject. “Before he could even process Edathy’s words, deathly shoved him and violently slammed his head against the ground. He opened the jar with the strange red powder inside and spread some of it onto a knife. “this, is the powder that can make anyone that touches it burn to death.”, then he sliced the knife into Fuk Tin’s admit was agonizing. It felt like as if he was boiling and getting stung by a thousand wasps at the same time. “why—why do you need to do this to me? “Deathly once again did his

ghostly smile and answered, "It's because you are an absolute idiot and will contribute absolutely nothing to my plans. I'll let you live if you somehow survive through the pain." He turned away and left, laughing to himself. But Deathly forgot that Fuk Tin had his potion that could save anyone from death.

With a shaking and sweaty hand, he pulled out the strange potion and looked at it for a second. Fuk Tin remembered very clearly how he had gotten it. When he was sixteen years old, there was a deadly flu that spread through his hometown, making people cough out blood and die. His mother was one of the citizens who got intron that faithful day, his mom's condition was very bad. She was coughing blood and her face was ghostly white. Fuk Tin and his sister were in their room, praying for their mother's safety. Fuk Tin told his sister to wait for him and rushed to his mother's room to take care of her. His mother looked at him and said, "Go away, you'll get the flu too." "no, I need to take care of you, it's my responsibility." His mother reached into her bag and pulled out what looked like a green potion. "I'm about to die, so take this for emit can save you from any injury or disease." His mother broke off into a coughing spell, then continued, "Fuk Tin, I'm proud of you for being such a responsible son. I know you will do great things, so keep this and take good care of your sister." "wait, no mom—" But then his mother collapsed to the ground, dead. His sister came running into the room, bawling her eyes out. He embraced his sister into his arms, and swore that he would do as his mom told him to.

Now, staring at the green liquid, Fuk Tin realized how much he betrayed his promise to his mother. He drank the potion and instantly healed. Fuk Tin decided to go home to where his sister was waiting, who had no idea about her older brother's job. When he got home, his sister was there, waiting for him. When she saw him, she shrieked in delight and jumped into his arms, "Big brother, where have you been? Why are you home so early?" Fuk Tin smiled and answered, "Let's just say big brother had a stressful day at work, so let's take a shower and go to bed."

The next morning, there was a phone call from the police, saying, "Mr. Cheng Fuk Tin, we are going to put you under arrest for all the crimes you have done with your partnered Deathly. Fuk Tin sighed, knowing that his fate would come one day. "however, if you help us catch El Deathly, we are willing to set you free." Fuk Tin thought for a moment, thinking of how much Deathly helped him during his journey. But then he thought of how he betrayed him. Finally, he took a deep breath and answered, "yes, I will help you. I promised my mother." The police told him to come to the headquarters, so he packed his things and carried his sister to the car park. As Fuk Tin and his sister drove off, they left their dark past behind and headed off towards their bright, uncertain future.

New Tales of China's Invention

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Lam, Hoi Tung – 11*

In the year of 1369, in the magnificent land of China, during the Ming Dynasty, there lived a brilliant inventor named Li Wei. Li Wei was known throughout the kingdom for his creative mind and extraordinary inventions. His latest creation, a revolutionary flying machine, held the promise of changing the world as they knew it.

In the picturesque village of Jiāyù, nestled within the serene mountains of China, Li Wei spent his days conjuring up imaginative creations in his workshop. The villagers admired his ingenuity and praised his talent for solving their daily challenges. However, one problem persisted—a lack of efficient transportation that isolated the mountain villages, hindering trade and knowledge exchange.

Li Wei dreamed of a solution that would bridge the gaps between these isolated communities and bring prosperity to the entire region. With his creative mind fueled by the desire to improve the lives of his fellow villagers, he designed a remarkable flying machine known as the Marvelous Bamboo Flyer. Its construction aimed to blend nature's strength with human ingenuity.

The Marvelous Bamboo Flyer was inspired by the delicate yet resilient nature of bamboo, which Li Wei recognized as a symbol of Chinese strength and perseverance. The flyer's framework was meticulously constructed using lightweight yet sturdy bamboo stalks, bending and shaping them into a framework resembling the wings of a bird. The bamboo was carefully cut, measured, and secured together, creating a seamless structure that would withstand the test of time.

The wings of the flyer were adorned with fine silk, bearing delicate paintings of birds and blooming flowers, capturing the beauty of China's natural wonders. Li Wei and his loyal assistant, Chen Ming, spent countless hours hand-painting each stroke, infusing the flyer with vibrant colors that mirrored the breathtaking landscapes of their homeland.

As with any invention, the Marvelous Bamboo Flyer faced challenges. Li Wei wanted his creation to navigate even the fiercest storms, ensuring the safety of its passengers. To combat this, he developed a special water-resistant varnish made from local tree sap. This protective coating shielded the flyer from rain and the harsh rays of the sun, allowing it to soar through even the most turbulent weather conditions.

The news of Li Wei's invention reached the wise and influential ruler, Empress Zhang. Fascinated by the innovative design, she summoned Li Wei to the imperial palace, expressing her desire to witness the Marvelous Bamboo Flyer firsthand. It was a moment of great honor and validation for Li Wei, knowing that his invention had caught the attention of the kingdom's ruler.

With Empress Zhang in attendance, Li Wei prepared the Marvelous Bamboo Flyer for its maiden voyage. Tension filled the air as he stepped inside the sturdy bamboo cabin, accompanied by Chen Ming. The villagers gathered around, anxious to witness this extraordinary moment. With a gentle push, the flyer took to the sky, gracefully soaring over the palace, to the astonishment of onlookers.

The Marvelous Bamboo Flyer soon became a symbol of innovation and the Chinese spirit. It embarked on journeys, traveling from village to village, bringing joy and prosperity wherever it touched down. Villagers marveled at the sight, now able to transport their goods swiftly and safely between each village. Trade flourished, and the exchange of knowledge and culture bloomed. The entire region became interconnected, united by Li Wei's brilliant invention.

Li Wei's legacy extended far beyond his time. The Marvelous Bamboo Flyer inspired a wave of inventions and technological advancements throughout the kingdom. Its design principles were studied and adopted by future inventors, pushing the boundaries of what was possible. Li Wei's vision and creativity had left an indelible mark on the history of China, propelling the nation towards a brighter future.

As the Marvelous Bamboo Flyer graced the skies, Li Wei's name became synonymous with genius and innovation. His invention served as a reminder that even in the face of isolation, determination, and the power of the human mind can forge connections, transcending any barrier.

And so, the story of the Marvelous Bamboo Flyer unfolds, reminding us of the incredible potential that lies within the imagination and the enduring legacy of Chinese innovation.

New Tales of Inventions of China

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Lau, Chin Yui – 12*

It was the year 1987, the sun was luminously bright and the weather was strangely heated in a village near the forest Da Hinggan in China. A village gardener thought it was a delightful morning having breakfast and nothing out of the ordinary. Little did everyone in the province know, in a forest called Da Hinggan a tiny incident would ignite a spark that would cause the whole of China to be shocked.

Early in the morning, a rookie gardener walked down a stone path to a forest to cut some bushes that he was assigned to cut. When he was cutting a bush, faster than the speed of light, he accidentally ignited a gas split from his bush cutter and like dominoes, the whole forest was lit. The fire ran like a raging bull. It destroyed buildings, trees, wildlife and took many lives. The government of China sent 60,000 soldiers to extinguish the fire but the results were in vain. When the fire ended, 191 people were killed by the fire and a further 250 were left injured. That was a memory of a survivor of the 250 people, the lone reminder of what had happened.

Coming back to reality, Almus, an 18-year-old scientist, bounced up awakened by this horrible dream. He furrowed his eyebrows, knocking his head to check his consciousness. He then groaned from the strange dream he had.

Out of curiosity, Almus's eyes flickered through the fire records and found out that there was a wildfire called 1987 Black Dragon Fire. Immediately intrigued, he typed the name on Google and found out the piece in his missing puzzle. His eyes swayed from the google screen to his memory and confirmed it is the same. Almus tapped his brain and said "THINK" to his mind. From the blurry vision, as if his brain had a software update, he managed to jog his memory. He remembered that his dad had some serious burns all over his body, which had also dropped a hint that these burns came from 1987.

Almus thought: these all add up!

Almus looked at the clock, realizing it was time, he abandoned the "investigation" and rushed to his car then sped off to work.

After an hour or so, he was at the headquarters of the fire department to do his chief scientist's work. As he entered the lab, his eagle eyes swept through the frenzied beehive, inspecting everyone's work. When he finished inspecting the works of his team, he noticed one thing of every creation.

What his team of scientists had made was futuristic and almost flawless but there were two humongous problems. First, the money spent on making the invention far exceeded the budget. Second, the invention could only be used once which made it rather impractical to make

hundreds of those for firefighters. Almus then proceeded to his private quarters to do some research on his new invention – the suppressor.

At his private quarters, he studied the small but ingenious object. Small and flexible, the shiny metallic ball, it can fit in most gaps and withstand a heat degree of 430 °C as it is made of a rare ore called titanium.

The most prominent feature of this little creation is that a firefighter can simply roll these balls in places dangerous for them and these balls can spray out some -10 -degree ice Vapor. The "ball" is DNA coded to every creature on earth so if there are any people or animals in the building, the cold Vapor will surround them but not harm them with their coldness. When the ice vapor finishes spraying, it can be recovered by simply pressing a button and tiny but steady legs will reach out to claw its way back to its owner.

At that instant, an exhausted firefighter burst through the door of his quarters and said panting, "there is a blazing fire brewing on Lamma Island!" The firefighter faltered, then took a deep breath and said, "could we use some of your latest inventions to put out the fire?" At the exact moment, Almus sighed and explained, "We are trying our best but in your situation, we only have one invention for you." Almus took a step aside and showed him The Suppressor. Then he stood in front of his invention and said in a voice so noiseless that it could make skeletons' bones rattle and said, "On one condition, and it is to bring me with you." The fireman instantly agreed. He then introduced himself and his name is Eragon. They sped towards the fire truck before the clock's hands even moved and sped hell for leather towards the fire scene.

At the scene, they saw a whole group of firefighters blasting water to try to soothe the situation but it was in vain. Eragon then spoke with the leader of the group and glanced at Almus then nodded.

Almus then rolled the metallic balls into the burnt building and in an instance, white cold Vapor came out instead of black smoke. Everyone stared, jaws dropped as a black-haired man with burns all over his body staggered out of the building and kept walking towards the firefighters. Almus locked eyes with the "man" and he realized it was his father! Almus hurried his father to the hospital for checkups in case of an injury.

After some simple checkups, he was certified ok. He then told his son, "I am a survivor of the Black Dragon Fire. At the time, the firefighter in my village was selfish and only saved his own house and let people suffer. Today you have done what you can do. It is to uphold the family legacy "Do what you can to help!"

Almus's fame then spread in the whole of China as people's lives were saved and the two father and son were now happy with each other.

The Invention of Paper

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Lee, Pui Yee – 12*

“Lily, I just want you to go with me!” Coco cried.

“No, I won't go on an adventure in the forest with you. It is too dangerous!” Lily replied.

“Please..... I can clean the house for 1 year!” Coco begged.

“OK then.” Lily said.

After Lily agreed, Coco packed her things quickly and held Lily's hands, and they took a heavy backpack, and left home.

“It will be a stimulating adventure.....” Coco whispered.

When they arrived at the forest, Coco saw an old paper on the floor. He quickly showed it to Lily, “Lily, see what I have just found!”

Letter for the future

Hi, I am Cai Lun, the paper inventor. Luckily, you found this letter so I can teach you something and a fun adventure begins now.

Come & find me..... Game starts.....

Suddenly, a door was dropped in front of Coco and Lily. “Lily let's go inside!” Coco said excitedly. “I will never go inside this scary door! Coco, let's go home, it's dangerous!” Lily cried. After that, Coco didn't say anything but pushed Lily inside the door and jumped in it. “Ooooooooooooo.....”

“Lily woke up.....” Coco said. Lily opened her eyes and cried, “Coco where are we? I told you that I won't come in!” Coco answered, “I'm sorry. This is fun and interesting, so I want to go with you.” “Never mind, but where are we?” Lily asked in a panicked way. “I don't

know.....But maybe we can walk out and see.”Coco answered

They walked out to the street and many people were watching them. All the people were wearing ancient costumes and someone shouted,” Who are you? And look at their clothes. How weird they are! Oh, I know! You are our enemy, and you want to attack our country! Everyone, protect yourself and fight with them!” Everyone, even the kids was running after them too.

“Don’t hit us! We are not the army, we are just finding someone called Cai Lun.” Coco screamed. “Oh..... If you say that early we will not hit you though. Well, Mr. Cai Lun said "If someone was looking for him, don’t hurt them,""Everybody stops!” The man shouted.

After everyone stopped the man took them to a beautiful wood house, some plants made The house is nicer. The man said Gently,” yeah is this Mr. Cai Lun’s house, please go in.” “ Thank you.” Coco and Lily answer politely. Yan, they were in together and the man left. While they were in the living room, a man was just sitting on the bamboo chair, drinking a cup of tea. Coco asked curiously, “Are you Mr Cai Lun? I am Coco and this is my friend — Lily. Nice to meet you!” the man said, “yes I am Mr. Cai Lun. Nice to meet you Coco and Lily. You have finally come! Come on, I will take you to my garden where I make the paper.” When they arrived there, Mr. Cai Lun pointed to the wall with some paper on it and said, “Can you see the paper, they are all made by myself! do you want to learn how to make paper now I will show the materials, include some cotton, wheat straw, sugar cane waste, flax, bamboo, wood, linen rag and hems. and I have all these materials.” “ Wow! It needs so many materials to make paper!”Coco said surprisingly

“Now, the next step— start making paper. Coco can you help me to put the bin pull into the lake and puts everything into pieces? And Lily helps me to put everything into the bowl and boil it.” Mr. Cai Lun asked gently.”Of course Mr. Cai Lun, we will complete the mission!” Coco and Lily answered.

After Coco put the bamboo put into the lake, he took them out after half an hour, then everything into pieces. After that, he gave the materials to Lily. Just now Lily has some problem with permission— she didn’t know how to make the fire! She did not have any solution about this, so she needed to find Mr Cai Lun.“Mr. Cai Lun, I don’t know how to make fire.”” Never mind Lily, I will help you.” Mr Cai Lun said. Then he took out a thing called a fire knife. He clicked on the button, then fire came out! “ Mr Cai Lun, this thing is

amazing, thank you for helping me!” after Lily finished her mission, Mr. Cai Lun another a weird thing called the “Bamboo curtain”. Mr. Cai Lun put the pulp into the Bamboo curtain, to filter the water.

After that, Mr. Cai Lun used a piece of wood to press all the water out. And then he put a big stone on top of it and make the water come out. then we can put the paper under the Sun.

After 2 to 3 hours, Mr. Cai Lun went back to the house. Then papers was shown in in front of Coco and Lily. “Wow! Mr. Cai Lun, how brilliant!” Coco and Lily said enviously.

“Mr.Cai Lun, today, we had a great day with you! Thank you for teaching us!” Coco and Lily said happily. Mr. Cai Lun said,” Coco and Lily, you are such great kids. A ca for da bra!”Then a magic door dropped in front of Coco and Lily. “ Thank you, Mr. Cai Lun. Bye–bye.” Coco and Lily said. Then they open the door and jump in.

After that, they went back home. They saw some plastic bottles on the streets. Coco said,” Lily, I have an idea, we can take those bottles back home and make some recycled paper by ourselves!” “ Yes, your idea is very good!” Lily said. Then they used much rubbish to make recycle papers so the environment is better and a landfill would have less rubbish.

This adventure helped Lily and Coco learn how to make paper and realised importance of protecting environment

New Tales of China's Invention

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Li, Qian Ru – 11*

Have you ever heard of the story about how the robot assistants for students were invented? If you haven't, then I'll share the story.

In the year 2035, a student named Chen was suffering from students that bullied him at school. Chen was a third grade student. He was not that rich, and he had no friends at all. He always felt sad, lonely, or depressed, but most importantly, he was very shy. A student named Zhou saw the problem, and wanted to offer a helping hand. He was nice all the time to everyone. He was very famous at school. He had a lot of friends, and he was also very rich. When Wu, the bully, saw that Zhou was watching him bully Chen, he shouted, "HEY, YOU. Stop watching us and mind your own business. Don't tell the teacher, or else I will literally chew your meat off of your body. Now, GO!" Wu, the bully, bullies Chen everyday. Since Chen is very shy and scared, Wu took advantage of that and bullied Chen everyday. Of course, Chen is too scared and shy to tell anyone, so his parents never knew anything about the bullying. When Wu pushed Chen off the stairs, Chen came back with bruises all over his body, and his parents questioned what happened. Chen replied with a weak and quiet voice, "I- I fell off the stairs, I am feeling much better now." His parents didn't suspect anything, so they didn't question him anymore. Zhou knew the problem that he had to fix, so he went back home and wrote down his plans for how to help Chen. But, there was a problem. He has no idea what Wu will do to Chen. What if he steals his money? What if he will make Chen do all his work for him? What if he pushes Chen down the stairs? What if he hires people to hunt him down? What if he is being tortured by the school bully? What if everyone laughs at him everyday? What if... While he overthinks, he wanted to follow Wu to his house, so he would know his address, then go look from his windows so he would know what problems he was facing and how to fix them.

Zhou went back home, quickly went to eat his dinner, then rushed back to his room and continued planning how to help. His parents knocked on his bedroom door, and asked "Is everything okay, why are you in such a hurry?" He replied, "Mom, I have a lot of homework today, so I finished my dinner quicker to do my homework." His mom answered, "Sure, if you need help on anything, just tell me, alright?" Zhou shouted, "Alright, I will!" And continued doing his things. After thinking about it, he came up with a brilliant idea, which his invention fixed most problems in this world. He came up with an idea to invent a robot assistant to try to help out Chen. He worked day and night on the plan, and his hard work finally paid off. He read his plan all over again, and tried to find out what materials he needed, as this was his first actual invention that he was going to give to someone and publish it to the public. Since he lied to his parents that he was doing homework while he is planning for something else, he had no idea what to explain when he had to go out to buy the materials, so he went out of his room to the dinner table, and he told the truth to the parents, and asked them for help. His dad replied, "Alright son, we can go buy the materials later, I appreciate that you are a helpful classmate, I'll try to help you on the inventing process too, you might even get an award for being such a young and great inventor!" Chen was also very broke, so he had no money and he couldn't afford any latest inventions. Zhou also noticed that, so instead of selling it to him for a very high price, he decided to give it to him as a gift, for free to protect and help him out. While Zhou worked on the robot assistant at home, Wu was back at his house trying to plan more ways to bully Chen. His parents always thought that he was a great student and a top student at school, so when he went back home with a little blood on his fists, his parents were very curious about the blood on his hand and questioned him, "Son, what happened to you?" Wu was very scared about it, and so he just answered the classic answer, "I fell off the stairs during recess as I was playing with my friends, so there's a little blood on my hand, but don't worry dad, I'm doing alright now. I feel much better now." His parents are not suspicious of anything, and just let him in his room. He knew that since he threatened Chen about not telling anyone, he can basically bully Chen without any teachers knowing. Wu planned to take all the money of the Chen's family, and make them go bankrupt, by asking Chen for his lunch money everyday, and he has to obey, if it doesn't work, he will ask for his personal information and address to go to his house and rob his family. Zhou saw that coming, and he went to the outside of Wu's bedroom window when it's left open and spied on him so that he knew what to prepare for. He went to plan his things, and went to the nearby mechanic shops so that he could get his materials that he needed. He went to at least 22 shops because he had some problems finding the correct gears and batteries, but at last he found it at an antique shop which also sold mechanic related things. He also searched up the instructions and information about robots, and began constructing it.

After day and night on the great project, the robot assistant can help people talk, and can also be treated as a virtual friend. It can talk to you, and give advice, and it is about 120 cm tall, so it is a suitable height and appropriate for people to talk to. He was ready to show it to everyone. He first held a public presentation about the invention that he made, and everyone was very impressed. He then brought it back to school and gifted it to Chen, who needed it the most and is the reason why it is invented.

New Tales of Chinese Inventions

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Man, Yuet Yin – 12*

The Ancient Chinese people had invented many advantageous items , such as the compass, printing, gunpowder and so much more, but have you heard of ‘The Story of Silk’? Many people say that silk originated from China in the Neolithic period, but that was only a part of the story. Let me tell you the real one .

Once upon a time, around 6000 years ago, there was an enchanted forest, where Chinese dragons, Qilins , Kui, and many more mythical creatures would roam freely, safe from the sight of mortals.

Deep in the heart of the enchanted forest, protected by the Pixiu, was the seven Xian (equivalent to fairies). They ruled the entire forest, and have protected the animals ever since the beginning of time. Each one of them had very special powers, but the eldest of them all, Queen Estelle (for the simplicity of the story that will be her name) had very unique weaving skills. Every day she would sit in front of a magical room that made fabric 10 times faster than normal and fabric for her and her sisters.

One sunny Saturday morning after the council of the Seven Xian, Queen Estelle strolled around her palace, unable to think of what to create. She decided to take a nap in her pavilion. Just when she closed her eyes and was about to sleep, she heard a very annoying buzzing sound . She immediately sat up and supervised the surroundings around her to find that she was alone in her pavilion. ‘Then what had created that annoying sound?’ She thought to herself . After looking around, and still finding nothing, she decided to go back to sleep and rest.

‘ Buzz , buzz , buzz , buzz , buzz ’ went the annoying sound . Queen Estelle immediately opened her eyes and demanded , ‘ whoever is making that head splitting sound better stop or I will come after you myself ! ’

Unexpectedly , a white little caterpillar no bigger than the size of her finger climbed into her palm. It was giving a pink warm glow which was very surprising since Queen Estelle had never seen anything like this. ‘What are you?’ she asked curiously. And of course, the white little worm did not answer. Instead, it simply curled into a ball and died. Yup, it just died.

In shock, Queen Estelle immediately dropped the dead worm onto the floor and shrieked. Her six sisters quickly ran to help her , but when they arrived, they only saw a dead worm, which they looked at it for a second and simply told Queen Estelle to calm down and left the pavilion. Right after her sisters left, the dead worm on the floor suddenly burst into a ball of flames, but the strange part is that the fire wasn’t red, orange or yellow, instead, it was pink !

Queen Estelle was more shocked than she was before . She immediately squatted down and stoked the flames with her bare hand. And just like she had expected, something flew out of the fire. it was a tiny moth, not bigger than the little worm it was before.

The tiny moth flew next to her ear, and landed on her shoulder, and quietly whispered, ‘ the fabric you make is not worthy of the royal seven sisters. Let me teach you a better way to do it.’ So step-by-step, the tiny moth and Queen Estelle made fabric so soft , so smooth and so delicate, it could only be worn by the skin of Royals. Queen Estelle loved it. She would wear it Everywhere.

Not long after, one day, something truly impossible happened. Queen Estelle was peacefully making more of the magical fabric, when she suddenly heard a battle cry. She immediately shook and dropped her loom. Turns out, it was the Neolithians . They had always wanted to destroy the magical forest, but it was really surprising because the magic of Queen Estelle and

her sisters had always protected the forest from human sight.

Confused, she decided to run to the borders of her forest, and attempt to make peace with the intruders. But as soon as she arrived, something dropped from the trees, high above and killed Queen Estelle. All the magical creatures were terrified, but none of them could find any of the remaining six Xian .

The Neolithians at last conquered the entire enchanted forest and had murdered all the magical creatures, but something caught their eye and they realised it was a magical loom. It was a tiny, tiny patch of fabric. It was reflecting the sun, but as soon as one of the soldiers touched it, it crumpled to dust.

They tried a lot of ways to recreate the piece of special fabric, but they still couldn't make anything as special as the thing they saw that day.

And that is the story of the invention of silk.

New Tales of China's Invention

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Ng, Chung Him – 11*

Li Wei was truly an exceptional man who left an enduring legacy in ancient China. As an inventor and scholar, he demonstrated tremendous curiosity about the world around him and a drive to use his knowledge and skills to help his fellow villagers. Whenever he noticed problems they faced, Li Wei would set about thinking of innovative solutions.

One day, while out for a walk, Li Wei saw that the farmers were struggling tremendously to carry heavy loads of crops from their fields to market. He could see how difficult this made their lives. Always looking for a better way, Li Wei got to work conceptualizing an idea. Drawing on his strong understanding of science and mechanics, he devised a simple but highly effective solution – a wooden cart with large wheels.

The invention of the wooden cart completely revolutionized transportation. It made the farmers' work so much easier, allowing them to bring their crops to market with less strain on their bodies. This improved their livelihoods immensely. Li Wei's clever approach to problem solving and practical application of knowledge earned him great respect throughout the land.

But Li Wei's innovative spirit did not stop there. His keen intellect and relentless drive to progress led him to invent many other tools and devices as well. Creations like improved farming equipment and new irrigation systems not only lessened physical burdens, but boosted agricultural productivity too. This led to a more prosperous and sustainable community.

Beyond his technological advancements, Li Wei was also a dedicated scholar. He pursued knowledge and shared his learning with others. His writings on agriculture, mechanics, and other subjects became foundational texts that shaped intellectual thought in ancient China. As a result, Li Wei's influence spanned generations, leaving an indelible mark on society.

Looking back, Li Wei's legacy demonstrates how individual innovation can profoundly impact a community. His story inspires us all to cultivate curiosity, diligence, and commitment to progress. Li Wei's remarkable achievements stand as a testament to the exceptional ingenuity and intellect of the Chinese people throughout history. In the end, Li Wei epitomized the creative spirit, resourcefulness, and pursuit of knowledge that continues to define China today. His legacy endures as a reminder of how visionary individuals can transform history through innovation.

Li Wei's legacy lives on as a thrilling testament to the power of human ingenuity and the enduring spirit of adventure. His relentless pursuit of innovation not only transformed his community, but sparked a wave of progress that rippled through the ancient Chinese landscape.

With each invention, Li Wei embarked on a new adventure, delving deep into the mysteries of science and mechanics to conquer challenges that seemed insurmountable. His quest for solutions was as daring as a journey to uncharted lands, brimming with exhilarating discoveries and unforeseen triumphs.

Like the explorers charting new territories, Li Wei fearlessly ventured into the realm of knowledge, constantly seeking ways to push the boundaries of possibility. His unwavering spirit of adventure propelled him forward, propelling him to concoct ingenious creations that forever altered the course of history.

As the sun set on his remarkable life, Li Wei's legacy soared like a phoenix born of fiery determination and unyielding curiosity. His impact on ancient China was nothing short of a grand odyssey, where each chapter brimmed with astonishing innovation and boundless exploration. Today, his legacy ignites the flames of curiosity and stirs the adventurer's heart in all who dare to dream and discover. Li Wei's legacy lives on as a thrilling testament to the power of human ingenuity and the enduring spirit of adventure. His relentless pursuit of innovation not only transformed his community, but sparked a wave of progress that rippled through the ancient Chinese landscape.

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New Tales of China's Inventions

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
So, Lok Chun – 10*

In the 5 AD, Mr Wong from the city of Nanjing, a high official, was always seeing people around him have one kind of illness – Fever, and cold. That time medicine, vitamins were not invented. He wants to make something that could help his people going through this kind of illness, that won't infect others. He soon told the ideas to people that he trusted, especially Mr Ng (His assistant), Mr Ng told him that people who tried to do these things to help the world, ended up burning themselves, also he added that he didn't have enough money to afford this “Big Project”.

That time Mr Wong was very scared, and didn't want to try this project. His story wanted to help the people, it became very famous. When the king Zhu heard it, he told Mr Wong that he would give him 200 Jade as his prize to help the people, and also 200,000 Ming Notes for his fantastic project. When Mr Wong heard it, he ran back to his Lab as fast as a cheetah. He told his assistant Mr Ng that the king would give him 200 jade as prize, and also 20,000 Ming Notes for the project. When another very high official Mr Zhuang was very jealous of having 200 jade as prizes. He went to the king Zhu so that he could also make it. The king added that he will give the prize to the first person who made it. Mr Wong was very angry that Mr Zhuang wanted to get the prize for himself. He also knew that Mr Zhuang had no experience in making things that help people. Unlike Mr Zhuang, Mr Wong has experience of Chemicals, and being a doctor. He went to the Chinese market, and brought a bunch of different kinds of Chinese herbs freshly picked from nature. While Mr Wong was buying, Mr Zhuang hired experienced doctors, even the best Mr Lam. After investigating how to do it, they made out what they might need to buy. Then he told his servant to buy all the ingredients.

After a few hours, Mr Zhuang made some progress by having Chinese herbs. Mr Wong was struggling so much, after thinking it over again, and said to himself how about using needles, before 2 years ago there was a guy called Mr Chen having a sickness which was called smallpox, he would die very quickly with that disease. He thought about how he always likes hunting, how about he do hunting for the rest of his life? There was one time Mr Chen went hunting, but accidentally poke himself with a blackberry plant. Suddenly, his small pox is gone! Mr Wong used that logic, and developed a metal sharp thing, using some steel, which he called a needle. Firstly he brought a pig, and animals. Then, he used animals as his test. Then suddenly the small pox is gone! He ran as fast as a cheetah to go to the palace to find humans who have the disease to test it out. When someone told Mr Zhuang Mr Wong to finish his medicine, he was very frustrated. He told spies to spy on Mr Wong on what he was using. When the spies came back for the answer, they say that Mr Wong is using some kind of steel thingy. Mr Zhuang was surprised how he made that medicine. He told his experienced doctors. Finally using the Method finally worked! Both of them send a letter to the king, and are waiting for his answer. After a bunch of days, the king told his assistant to tell Mr Zhuang, and Mr Wong to come to his palace.

After 2 hours, the 2 guys finally arrived at the palace. The King told them he had a decision, he said” Sorry, Mr Wong. Cause I will give Mr Zhuang his prize.”

Mr Wong was very sad, and he saw Mr Zhuang's invention is exactly the same as his, then he thought about it and said “ Can Mr Zhuang show us how to use his medicine.” Mr Zhuang stammered “ Ummm.... Um.....Ok..... I need to go now.....” The King was very suspicious of Mr

Zhuang, and told him “ SHOW US THE MEDICINE, OR ELSE...”Mr Zhuang had no choice but to tell the truth “ The truth is I stole the idea, and the material from Mr Wong. How did you know?” “ My assistant told me he always sees spies in our lab.” The king heard enough he shouted “ GUARDS! Take him to Jail.” After the king told Mr Wong “ I am so sorry..., here’s your prize.” Mr Wong said “ Thanks!” After that, Mr Wong also invented another kind of medicine, and Mr Zhuang became a slave for the King.

That’s what happened to one of the best China inventions — Medicine.

My future invention(JOKER CANDY)

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
So, Pak Ching – 11*

Once upon a time,there was a little girl named Milly. She love making silly jokes but they are not funny.When it is April Fools,everyone make fun of her since she keep telling lame jokes.She feels very sad when others make fun of her.

Sandy Shores invented a new invention called joker candy.After you eat the candy, when you want to tell a joke,whatever you say will be a funny joke which makes people laugh.When Milly knew about this invention,she bought it at a nearby store immediately.She was elated when she finally got this amazing invention on her hands.

Milly was not sure if the Joker Candy actually works,so she ate one and went to the person who never laughs which is Warren.She said this to him,”Why did the chicken cross the road?”Milly continued,”Because the chicken went to get it’s eggs!”It was for sure not a funny joke,but Warren laughed like a maniac.This surprised the janitor as he never heard a bit of laughter from Warren.The janitor questioned Milly how she did that.Milly answered and also told a joke,”What can’t you do when you are a magician?”The janitor laughed together with Warren.Milly was feeling extremely extraordinary as she never made anyone laugh like that before.She went to a nursing home and made old grannies and grandads laugh.The nurse was glad that the old people wasn’t desperate to see their family anymore after just one laugh.

Sandy Shores,the inventor of this magical invention saw what happened and was happy that someone put a good use to his invention.As a reward,he decided to deliver hundreds pack of joker candy to Milly as they were too expensive for a kid to Buy.

Milly went to an orphanage and joked to the kids there.She shared some of her joker candies to the kids to joke with each other and also some to the workers there to make the lonely kids happy.

Eventually,everyone heard about this invention and Sandy Shores made the world a happy place.All well that ends well.

New Tales of China's Inventions

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Wan, Sum In – 10*

In a very long time ago, a young and teenage girl lived in the breezy and sparkling Li river, and her name is Li Mei. She knew life was difficult because a rumor suddenly spread out, and said some people in China always get lost and end up in the ambitious Duran king's hands. The Duran king was selfish and terribly rude, he told all his hard working soldiers to find all those China people who were lost, then ordered them to keep all of those China people who were lost inside cages! Li Mei was desperate to save back all of those china people, Li Mei make something that can lead me to the Duran king and use it to bring those china people back home and she can go back to her ordinary life in the Li River! So she thought: let's call it a compass!

But here comes the problem, and of course, that was lack of resources, because nobody even makes supplies anymore! Everyone was scared and frightened they would get lost in China and stop exploring everywhere to find supplies like wood! Li Mei was worried about all China people that are suffering inside thorny, cramped cages in Duran's Dungeon! So, she started exploring everywhere, including forests and rivers nearby. After awful hard work, she found paper and wood.

And fortunately, she found a shop which is selling metal and bronze. The shopkeeper said "someone was brave enough to send metal from Russia, and that person was famous in China." Li wished one day she'll be like the person the shopkeeper was saying. So she went home and decided she will make it now. After hours of trying, she made a compass. She used a mineral called lodestone. She shaped it into the shape of a spoon, then she placed the lodestone spoon on a bronze plate she made using the bronze. She was ecstatic about saving her beloved china people.

Off she goes! She held her homemade compass and off she went to find the Duran king! After searching for a long time, she found the Duran king's palace is located in Beijing, so she went there and found thorns that were blocking her way. She thought: now what? I must save those china people that were held captive by the evil king! Then she saw there were two soldiers that were guarding the gates. Then she aimed her eyes at them, she asked, "Isn't it painful to guard, especially standing still?" one of them replied, "er...no?" Turns out, Li Mei made a distraction, and she kicked them hard until they passed out. She found a rusty, old key in a soldier's pocket, and unlocked the gate.

When she walked in, she found herself in a big, maggoty old room with statues of the Duran king. Then, surprisingly, the king appeared in front of her.

She was scared but she took a deep breath and pulled herself together. "Well, well, a young teenager, huh? What brings you here? You look like a chinese...you came to save your "friends"? Too late, they were held captive!!! Hahahahahahaha! The king crackled and laughed wildly. "Where are they?" Li Mei asked firmly and strictly. "Calm down! They're alright...well...at least not dead, yet. Enough of them! So, tell me, young girl, what's your name?" his coldly smile felt like

Snow, and Li Mei shivered, so she said "My name's Li Mei, don't hurt my people!" "make me! you're just a dumb teenage girl!" Duran king demanded. Li Mei got furious that the king was harshly mocking her, so she attempted to kick the king too, but then the king shouted like a lion, and to her surprise, 20 guards appeared in front of her eye. Li Mei thought for a second, then used her most powerful weapon. She tried to punch and kick the guards, and made her way to find her people. The king knew the Chinese people were in the southeast, so he grabbed Li Mei's legs, hoping it would stop her from going southeast. Li Mei ignored for hard the king pulled her legs and the wrenching pain she had on her knee. She struggled a little bit but she screamed very loudly, "don't hurt me! You evil king!"

The king closed his ears since her scream was like an elephant or an orchestra to ears, and it was screaming silently. So while the king closed his ears for 2 seconds, she took the chance and ran away. When she saw her fellow chinese people locked in rusty old cages she had a tear in her eye, she told them, "don't worry, i'll get you all out as soon as I find the key that unlocks these cages, I promise." Then she spoke loudly and fiercely to the Duran king and

Yelled,“ Surrender and give me the key to unlock the cages who locked my people, or get punched in the face.”
The Duran king said,"You are a pretty smart,intelligent teenager. Ah, too bad, I have guards guarding everywhere.
Dumb teenagers like you don't stand a chance against a powerful king like me! I won't release your people unless
YOU surrender, dummy!"

“Don’t you dare call me a dummy!” Li Mei screams, then with a powerful kick in the chest, the king was
unconscious and fainted into the hard, solid ground full of rust. After all the guards have been beaten up by Li
Mei,she quickly finds the key to unlock her people. After that, Her compass brought everyone to safety. After all the
Chinese people returned back to safety, a young little girl thanked Li Mei for helping them,and wished to be like Li
Mei when she grew up. Her chinese compass saved everyone, she was welcomed back like a hero. Li Mei was happy
she could bring peace back to China, and this is the story of the Chinese compass.

A Future Invention – A Machine That Can Make You Travel

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Wong, Ho Yi – 10*

A Future Invention – A Machine That Can Make You Travel From a Place To Another In A Blink Of An Eye

In Hong Kong, in 2085, there was a girl named Wong Lee Kee, Karie. She lived with her family in Shatin. She was a top student in Hong Kong Science University. Since she was a top student, she always needed to travel outside Hong Kong to learn. Chan Wing Yim, John, who was Karie's enemy, didn't have a chance to travel outside Hong Kong. He decided to get revenge on Karie when she came back.

John decided to tell everyone that all the inventions that Karie made were made by him. Two weeks later, Karie came back and realized that everyone was saying that she was a big fat liar. She was so angry at John that she threw her books at him. Karie tried to make better inventions in the past few days. But it didn't change the fact of people saying that Karie is a liar. Karie thought that she should just concentrate on making new inventions, so she went back to her room and started thinking about what she should make. Suddenly Karie thought about her learning outside, and wasting money on traveling around the world.

She thought that she could just build a machine to travel around the world.

Karie started collecting materials from many science shops, but she couldn't collect all the important materials and needed help. She phoned her mum and dad to see if her parents had any ideas for buying materials. Her mum suggested Karie to search up the experiment shop online and buy her materials. Karie finally found the correct materials, and started making her invention.

Karie planned her machine and built the base. She figured out a way to make all the coding work with the help of a smart coder. A week later, Karie was done making the machine, she added a few more gadgets and started testing her machine. She firstly puts a pencil into the machine and sees if the pencil will appear from her bedroom to the dining room. It worked, Karie was so happy that she celebrated with candles. Then, her teacher came to find her and said, "Karie, since you are a top student in our school, Maynard University is inviting you to join a course in their school." Karie thought, "It's finally my time to use my newest invention!" Karie told her teacher that she could go to Maynard University.

Karie got the machine set up and went to Maynard University in a blink of an eye. She learned many amazing things there and shared her knowledge and inventions with her classmates. All her classmates were amazed, nobody called her a liar again. Karie continued traveling around the world, and brought back much knowledge. When she was a grown up, she became a famous inventor and everyone adores her. She had a happy life ever again.

Molecular Gastronomy – a Bite of Infinite Creativity

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Zhang, Long Yui – 10*

"Hey! Where are you? "

"I'm here. Ahhhhhhhh! " Those were my last conversations I had with my family, back in the year 1423.

I fell down a mysterious hole, and was trapped in time for several centuries. Let's not

discuss about that terrible accident. Fortunately, I arrived in the future, the year 2059. I

found the future interesting, and marvelous. Things were automated, and it seemed like

the problems in the past were all solved. Later on, I met an enthusiastic friend, named Ethan. Ethan was a radiant, intelligent boy. He wore a pair of round glasses. Under them, were his two glistening, luminous

emerald-green eyes, that were two lustrous marbles. Among all the experiences I encountered in the future, what I wanted to talk about the

most, was the food in the future. On one Saturday, Ethan and I decided to have lunch

together, for I wished to take a look at restaurants in the future. When Ethan and I

stepped inside the restaurant, I glanced at the menu. On the first few rows, it showed: "NEW! NUTRITIOUS MOLECULAR GASTRONOMY:

PORK + CHOCOLATE COOKIE ----- 25 dollars

ORANGE + CRISPY CHICKEN ----- 20 dollars" What? Pork plus cookie? Orange plus chicken? What kind of gastronomy was this?

Ethan chuckled, and answered my question, "This kind of cuisine was called molecular

gastronomy. In the future, food prepared by molecular gastronomy technique is termed

molecular food. Scientists reform, combine and refine the molecules from the original

molecules, so a new food but remaining the same properties of the original one like flavor, was made." So theoretically, that meant you could make an apple having the taste of

fried chicken? "But what's the meaning of this? You can still eat regular chocolate

cookies. Why do people need them to have other looks?" I asked, with both curiosity and

question. Ethan replied, with a grin, "Ha ha! Because this will be much more fun. Plus, the

food will still include its original nutrition. For example, the 'Pork + Chocolate Cookie' dish has the look and the nutrition of pork, but a sweet taste and crispy feeling of a

chocolate cookie. People can get the nutritious by eating what they like!" I sniffed at the

aromatic chocolate cookie, which appeared in the shape of pork, swallowed it, and finally

understood. This was so cool! It's unbelievable! I thought, It is using your own creativity to

create food. Maybe you couldn't wait to come to the future and try this incredible food, but this came

to a surprising news: molecular gastronomy was already invented in the past!

So now, I would talk about things when I was in the past, which was hundreds of years

ago, when I was small. In ancient China, people suddenly had an idea, "If molecules form everything, then why couldn't we change the molecules and form something new?" Excitingly, they invented agar. How did it matter to ice cream that had beef taste? Or cheese having a watery mouthfeel? Agar was a jelly-like food that was refined from algae, the green creatures in the ocean. Molecular gastronomy also required refining the molecules from another object. Except for agar, there was a kind of food named aspic was also created by China in the past. Aspic was a jelly-like food, too, encasing meat, vegetables or fruits inside. I could still remember the wonderful taste and wobbly, bouncy mouthfeel of aspic. Chinese mixed the formation of original food like pork, cooked it, and jelly was formed. How breathtaking this was, to change the molecule formation of food! Molecular gastronomy was further developed and improved in the 20th century. Ethan last time said, "I didn't know there was molecular food in hundreds of years ago! I'd like to try it. I thought it only became mature around 50 years ago. Just that some of them were too expensive. Making molecular food was complicated and complex in the past." "What were they like?" "There were different kinds, from roes to desserts. Even cotton candies were molecular food." That day, I switched on the smart TV, for I was interested in molecular food. It was so astonishing, that I saw the kinds of molecular food were already so plenty and many in 2020. Later, in the future, as I also watched on the TV, molecular gastronomy was finally commonly used. The molecular food had vivid and vibrant colors, and indeed wonderful taste. In restaurants, especially in China, most of the food was prepared by molecular gastronomy. That was mainly because China discovered that the mixture of the horn of a unicorn, the feather of a phoenix, and the tears of a blue whale could dissect the molecules effectively! People were shocked, like they had seen a shark. The Chinese scientist soon produced the mixture, which made the price of molecular food much lower because the mixture could be reused. China pioneered not only new and creative, but also an extraordinary way to make molecular food, and the whole world was excited! It was so proud to see our country having a great impact on gastronomy. In the future, and in the past, molecular gastronomy changed the world. It proved the creativity and the ability of humankind, can be infinite. So if you think further, if you think creatively and courageously, you may make a big step.

New Tales of China's Inventions

*Hong Kong Baptist University Affiliated School Wong Kam Fai Secondary and Primary School,
Zhang, Thomas – 10*

Sometime in the mysterious future, at around 3482, there was a guy named Zhang Jing Nan. He was studying at Beijing university, but at one robotic lesson, he thought of an idea, "hmm, what if I made a car that could shrink, grow or even become invisible!"

Zhang Jing Nan got this idea, because he often encountered some REAL annoying things, like really annoying. He often experienced traffic jams, which made him late for school. Also, sometimes the car is way too big to fit in a normal parking space. After he got this idea, he thought of some difficulties that might arise. He knew that his worst enemy, Wong Ho In, would try to demolish his plan and he also didn't have enough money either. But even so, the worst problem is that he was smart but lazy, so he didn't want to do all the work by himself. Zhang Jing Nan tried to find people to invest in his invention, but no one ever thought of this CRAZY idea, so most people just said no, but later they knew, Zhang Jing Nan was the smartest in the whole university and he already had a wonderful idea.

Zhang Jing Nan found this person after just about three billion years. His name was Ma Hon Mei, his English name was Jeff Musk. Somehow, he was the grand grand grand grandson of the legend himself who started the idea of electric cars, Elon Musk. Ma Hon Mei was born in America, but went to China for university. Ma Hon Mei was an insanely rich man, and he invested three billion dollars, which wasn't that much at 3482, but was already more than enough for Zhang Jing Nan, and Ma Hon Mei was willing to do the invention with him. But later he knew Wong Ho In heard them talking. Wong Ho In went to his lab in his home and started creating, but he soon figured out that it was too hard for him, so he gave up, and she thought, "if i can't create it, then nobody will create it! I am going to demolish Zhang Jing Nan's plans! HaHaHa!" Wong

But on the other hand, Zhang Jing Nan met the same problem, but he did not give up. He went to the Anything Shop, and bought the best accessories to create cars etc. And started experimenting. At the time, there was a thing called a small small and big flashlight, but when you use it in the car you will not shrink or grow, only the car will do so, so Zhang Jing thought of an idea. What if he made a button that is connected to the small, small and, big flashlight. Then figure out how to make the person inside shrink and grow as well, but it was really late already, so he went to bed first. When it was the other day, he saw his experiment all ruined, and he knew it was Wong Ho In. At night, when Zhang Jing Nan was asleep, Wong Ho In sneaked into his house and broke everything, then he left without anyone noticing. Zhang Jing Nan wanted to call the FPD, (Future Police Department) but didn't have any evidence, so he put a camera in the lab, trying to catch Wong Ho In red-handed.

Fortunately, Wong Ho In came tonight and did the same thing as last night. And when Zhang Jing Nan woke up, the experiment was all ruined, but the camera survived, and he took a look at the video and he said to himself, "I knew it was Wong Ho In! Now it's time for the best part". Zhang Jing Nan called the FPD and showed them the proof, then the FPD went and arrested Wong Ho In. Somehow, Wong Ho In is related to several crimes, such as stealing and many more. One of them is even bullying people at school and making the person being bullied have some serious physical and mental issues. She had to stay in jail for twenty-seven years.

Finally, Zhang Jing Nan made the car officially and got the FNBP (Future Nobel Prize) and became the richest person in China. He had a net worth of over nine hundred trillions. While Wong Ho In was still living in prison.