



Poetry

Group 3

Visions through a kite

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Domnitz, Ayala – 12

Flying through the air – fast and steady
Dancing in the sky, a sight all long to see
My wings set out and free
The shining sun blazing down on me
Lying on the wings of breeze
With not a single care

So free and proud; yet tied to a string
Up high, broad, tall, what a thing!

As I fly through the sky
I think how and why
I am held by a string
Yet feel so free, like a king

Plastic and string
All you need for a very big grin

The higher I go the more I see
The islands and the seas
As beautiful as can possibly be

In China – the place of my birth –
Stands the greatest structure in all the earth
The great wall, standing tall
Over which I soar following nature's call

The wind holds me high
While I touch the sky
As I gaze through the clouds
I see all the bright colors shining proud

Up high, the air so fresh and clean
A world of new possibilities can be seen
As I rise up from the ground
The feeling of freedom can be found

But as I arise,
The perfect sky can quickly disguise
Danger approaches as pollution quietly encroaches
The breeze of smoke can rise
We are destroying our air, why don't the people care?

As I fly around and admire the beauty that I see
You have all closed your eyes to the potential that can be.

Paper That Flew With The Wind

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Wall, Jemaiah – 13

I seem to be floating high, a graceful flight,
Reaching heights, embracing the light.
Being guided by a steady hand.
Every gust, a step ahead,
Guided by winds, where dreams are spread.
I am paper that flew with the wind.

Can it be attained,
Paper aloft, with the air it gained?
The concept so unimaginable.
Parchment and wood together entwined,
Soared high, so unconfined.
For it was paper that flew with the wind.

A chinese farmer was legend,
A hat his only possession,
To keep it from blowing in the wind,
He tied it carefully to a string,
Creating this magnificent sort of thing.
So became paper that flew with the wind.

If we go back to 200 BC,
With General Han Hsin of the Han Dynasty,
He flew FengZheng over the City,
To find the distance past the barriers,
Surprised the enemy, and were conquerors.
Due to the paper that flew with the wind.

Now, whatever will I call this,
This invention of outright bliss.
It reminds me of a bird,
the bluejay, the sparrow or the kite?
The egret or robin, what a plight.
But it was paper that flew with the wind.

My spirit and kite flew in harmony,
Weaving an exhilarating symphony,
One that was fit for a king.
For aren't we all kings, in life's grand play,
Shaping our kingdoms, in our unique way?
For we can be paper and fly with the wind.

Whispers of Silk

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Wall, Keziah – 13

In ancient China, where it had just begun,
Amidst the jade mountains, beneath the rising sun,
Silk, a gift from nature's loom,
Whispered secrets of a land in full bloom.

But how did this happen? Where did it start?
In a palace on a hill, set apart.
The Empress, a visionary with wisdom to behold,
Unveiled the secret of silk, a tale to be told.

With a gasp, she dropped it accidentally,
Silk cascading into her tea,
The threads danced and swirled in the golden brew,
Infusing her drink with a magical hue.

With delicate touch, they gently unwound,
The secret threads that nature had bound.
Transforming silk cocoons into fabric of lustre,
A shimmering tapestry, a vision to muster.

And in the palace of the empress so fair,
Her heart skipped a beat, enraptured by the sight so rare
As she sipped her tea, delicate and refined,
A strand of silk, by fate, she did find.

Oh, the tales it wove, the stories it told,
Of ancient empires and legends of old.
Silk, a symbol of wealth, luxury, and grace,
Woven into the fabric of China's embrace.

Her creation of silk, a story to be told,
Can be woven into stories, a treasure to behold.
The Empress's legacy, forever will unfurl,
Whether in ancient China, or the modern world.

An Epistle to Youthful Dreams ~ Cai Lun

Carmel School – Elsa High School, Rebibo, Lea – 13

O endowed honored youth,
In the realm of your generations, seek the truth.
For when the great spirit offers itself to you,
to embrace fate's whisper, NuWa calls, '*you must seize your cue.*'

With open ears all attend,
To words that I, Cai Lun, shall now lend.
Within your grasp, the fate of our human kind,
Lies not in bounds that others bind.

Like in China's vast expanse, let your boundless dreams ignite,
As if fireflies in the night, suffusing a spell-binding light.
May you entwine your aspirations, like silken threads so fine,
and let your ingenuity roar, like a soaring phoenix at its prime.

Reminiscent of ancient ink upon a parchment fair,
concealing your thoughts, those dreams take flight through air.
Embrace the boundless realms of 'what could be?',
For in your hands, lies our world's future destiny.

Such myriads of ideas, bound to ripen like mulberries on a vine.
Some already sprouted, their joyful flourish, a kaleidoscope of design.
So let them prosper, these abundances so divine,
Let them bloom and sparkle, like the many stars that shine.

And O how earth's luminous dust of thunder's wrath,
Or our guiding star, in nature's weary path,
All envisage from the worlds tapestry of red and starry gold,
A land of stories, triumph and legends that are yet untold.

In this journey of life, where hopes entwine,
Your essence shines, a beacon so dominant and sublime.
For Cai Lun sees the spark within each soul,
A flame of imagination that makes us in control.

O endowed honored youth,
In the realm of your generations, seek the truth.
And as you ponder inventions yet to come,
Let your imagination soar, a journey only begun.

Yours sincerely,
Cai Lun

China's greatest inventions — which one is best?

Diocesan Girls' School, So, Tsz Yu Tiffany – 12

In the ancient lands when legends unfold,
China's greatest inventions remain untold.
Four wonders, each with own its story,
And with each of these tales we unveil their glory.

First came the compass, the explorer's guide,
Leading ships through the oceans deep and wide.
The magnetic needle, brave and ready —
Faced all challenges calm and steady.

Next was paper, the knowledge's bank,
The bearer of wisdom, true and frank.
From calligraphy's swift and elegant strokes
To inspiring stories, it invokes.

Gunpowder was after, a force to reckon,
With violent power that none can beckon.
Fireworks shooting high, illuminating the night,
Or cannons flashing in battles' might.

Lastly, printing, an astounding art,
Spreading ideas, igniting both minds and the heart,
Symphonies of words, spreading out wide,
Flawlessly demonstrating the inventor's sweat and pride.

Now, let our long awaited debate commence,
Which design reigns high in eminence?
Could it be the compass, showing us the way,
Or paper, preserving thoughts every day?

Could it be gunpowder, savage and bold,
Or printing, a legacy to eternally hold?
Each invention, a masterpiece of its own,
All evidence of the excellence China has shown.

But in truth, we mustn't compete,
Rather, cherish the wonders of these miracles complete.
For united, they exemplify,
China's creativity outstretching the sky.

Inventions intertwined, a heritage grand,
A testament to the nation's hand.
Let's celebrate what all marvels possess,
And honor China's exceptional success.

Old inventions and new innovations of China

Diocesan Girls' School, Chung, Hei Kiu Osanna – 13

Perhaps some people know about China's four great inventions,
Although others may have long since forgotten these creations:
Paper, printing, the compass and gunpowder,
Exhibiting the brilliance of our ancestors,
Related to the present despite all of time's evolutions.

Pioneering new domains, from finance to technology,
Reintroducing: the modern inventions of our country.
Instead of paper money invented in the Northern Song dynasty,
NFTs and digital commerce replace cash and currency.
Taobao, for example, as an icon of online shopping
Introduces China's capability in product manufacturing.
Netizens increasing, growing phenomenally,
Going online to shop, pay or browse Baidu daily.

Continuing to diplomacy, trade and transportation:
One belt, one road, the legacy of past navigation;
Meituan bikes, not only rapid but also reachable;
Propelling upwards, the Comac C919 is truly remarkable;
Accelerating across the country on the high-speed railway;
Sustainable vehicles, electrical and environmental headway;
Surpassing speed and expectation.

Galactic ventures made possible by the Long March rocket family,
Unknowns answered with rovers named after a lunar deity.
Not to mention the construction of an independent space station,
Proving the nations' potential and progress in space exploration.
Outstanding minds are deeply rooted in our culture,
Whether it's developments in AI or agriculture,
Disrupts the world, both ancient and contemporary;
Experimenting with innovations, making novel thoughts a reality
Rendering us proud of our Chinese nationality.

Father of War

Dulwich College Beijing, He, Benita –

A pinch of saltpeter, charcoal, and sulfur.
Give it a good mix, and you've got gunpowder.
A foolish idea, I know, but at first, I could not see why,
When I invented it, I didn't realize it would cause so many to die.
I only wanted to make the great Elixir of Life,
Earn lots of money, settle down somewhere nice.

One year later:

The 'Elixir' is deemed useless; it doesn't work at all.
But I did not lose hope; it was used for fireworks, after all.
Beautiful explosion after beautiful explosion of red streaking across the sky.
Tears of pride fill my eyes as I watch the fireworks fly.

A few years later

In my grave, I lay— serenity shattered, but I'm not awake.
I am confused by the trembles in the ground.
It isn't natural, and certainly not just an earthquake.
My soul floats above my grave, determined to see what caused these sounds.
My heart sinks as I see the sight before me—
Part of my soul withers as each boom sounds against the ground:
It is war.

Now, I lay in my grave, this time only half-awake— disturbed by the sights I saw.
I hear the people praise my name, thanking me for my creation—
The secret weapon, passed down for generations,
Enabling them to win a battle in every single situation.

I wake with a start— now I'm truly awake:
In soul, if not in form, but —oh— how I want to break
Out of this cold damp grave, unable to do anything.
Except for watching my men slaughter one other.
It's all my fault. it's all my fault!
My harmless invention— now, a deadly weapon.
I should have predicted it— humans are like bloodhounds,
The trenches are their playgrounds.

The muffled noises accumulate,
It's something I simply cannot take!
Help me— fill my nonexistent ears with wax,
Do anything you can to make my soul relax.

Present day

To this day I still hear
The cries and screams of fear
Piercing through the air,
Like a sweet angel's cry
Amidst a swarm of angry demons.
How did it come down to this?

Why had I never known?
My grave today is littered with a pile of dusty bones.

To this day I still see
The salty tracks of tears
Gushing out of a pair of undersized eyes,
As if the child would somehow
Wash away the world's miseries with his tears.
How did it come down to this?
Why had I never known?
I should've known that I would reap what I had sown.

To this day I still smell
The metallic scent of blood
Barely there,
But still polluting, lingering in the air.
How did it come down to this?
Why had I never known?
Beside my grave are the dead soldiers' names etched in stone.

It's been over a century,
Since those traumatizing days,
Yet I know this hasn't stopped, only continued in different ways:
Soldiers parting from their families carrying backpacks full of death.
Never knowing when they might breathe their last breath.

It's been over a century,
Since those traumatizing days:
Blood and shrapnel
Litter my grave.

The Fascinating Invention of Gunpowder

ESF Discovery College, Jain, Rishit – 11

China, oh China, land of ancient wisdom and modern bliss,
Countless inventions and genius minds that changed history's abyss,
From papermaking to printing to the compass, China's contributions are vast,
But one invention stands out from the rest: gunpowder, a substance that lasts.
Chinese monks discovered the technology in the 9th century,
During their quest for longevity,
Truly, they stumbled upon the substance that changed history.

Gunpowder and firearms as we know them were developed
During the Song Dynasty, which began in 960.
Historians regard the Song Dynasty as a highly prosperous time
And assert that it marks China's entrance into the modern era, so sublime.

In 1044, Zeng Gongliang's pen unveiled the blend
Of saltpeter, sulfur, and charcoal, a secret to defend.
Initially for merriment, like fireworks in the night,
Its military soon shone, a force to incite.

The Mongols soon emerged as an ambitious society,
Their conquests spread it across Asia; soon, gunpowder was used widely.
It reached the Middle East by the 13th century,
And traders and crusaders came into contact with it, you see.
It's the source of tanks, a weapon of war
that changed the world's ranks.

A materialistic culture arose during the Song Dynasty,
And the circulation of money became widespread, you see.
But the development of gunpowder hints at a modern interest
In the practical applications of intellectual speculation, no less.

The speed of change in China today is dramatic and fast,
A resource that no other country has, a future that will last.
So let's celebrate China's rich history and culture
And honor the genius minds that have made it a wonder,
For it's a land of ancient wisdom and modern bliss,
China, oh China, what a land it is!

New Tales of China's Inventions – The Disciple's Discovery

ESF Island School, Chand, Nimisha – 13

“A battle will commence in just a few days from now.
We need all that we can get, remember your vows,
We have sworn to our leader that we will find a way
A scheme to prevent our warriors from death and decay”

The master paused his speech, and his breath faltered.
“What?!” the crowd exclaimed, “How?!” they hollered
“A perpetuity medicine? That's impossible, unheard!”
“Stop”, the master went on, “This all might seem absurd,”

“But as the leader of this alchemist organisation,
I believe we have the ability to perform this investigation,
If not, we we will simply go to the battle empty handed
And there's a slight chance we might get reprimanded”.

“Thank you all of listening, your work can now resume”,
He turned to his disciple, and his face spoke the word ‘doom’.
The disciple gulped in nervousness, and faced the master's eyes
“Your job is the same”, the master announced, “go gather supplies”.

“And if you return even the slightest bit late”
“Know that a punishment will always await”.
Whimpering, the disciple scurried down to the woods
Hoping that he would find some exceptional goods.

It would be a shame to be treated a stranger,
By the master himself, who posed some danger.
With those exact thought to encourage him on
He ventured into the forest, hoping to return before dawn.

The trees were majestic, the herbs and leaves
The ample bird nests, properly weaved
And while all of this was truly mesmerising to see,
He needed something that was useful to some degree.

The pouches in his bag contained vials to hold
Their bodies were transparent and the cap was gold
He took one out, and a flower was in his view
With a small stick he pushed some pollen through.

Happy with his discovery, he found his motivation,
“Wonder what's there..?”, he eyed a rock formation.
This was territory he had never explored,
Not that he was even ever assigned these chores.

The cave was so big, and so much to scout
Would he make it back, it was evening no doubt
If he took the whole night, he would never get sleep
And he was already inside the forest too deep.

But this was an opportunity, a risk he was willing to take
“I'll only get the necessities, see what I can make”.
As he went in deeper, he saw sulphur on the ground
Somewhere near, a volcano had to be bound.

Taking another vial, he took as much sulphur as he could manage

Hopefully in the future, these would come to his advantage
He went on collecting more and more, his excitement never to end
Until he came to the realisation of how much time that he had spent

He needed a product, he couldn't just return with some rosemary and thyme,
And on top of that, per his calculations, he was going to barely make it on time.
He took all the vials he had, and carefully began to think,
He had some formulas in mind which he needed to link.

He combined saltpetre plus sulphur, and some charcoal too
Who knows what wonders this experiment will do?
According to his knowledge, it would create quite a spark,
And quite strong enough to create light in the dark.

The charcoal helps to make this thing burn bright
The sulphur is both useful to fuel, and to ignite
The saltpetre is what was missing, the oxygen we need
And together it holds power, real power indeed

“Maybe if I present this”, he thought, “I will make a name for myself at last”,
“People would forget the mistakes I made, and failures in the past”.
A smile emerged on his face, and excitement ran through his veins,
If they could use this in the war, they would definitely take the reins.

This battle they were fighting, it was his chance to succeed
The invention had to be useful. It was guaranteed.

Unfortunately his plan was on its way to fail,
His idea was really not going to prevail.

“But master!”, he begged, “this mixture might explode!”
“Might?”, The master scoffed, “we need death antidote,”
“We’re looking for immortality, not some random mess”
“But—” the disciple said and stopped. He just wanted to impress.

The master shot him a look of disapproval and turned to face the others
The disciple was treated like a slave, while the rest were like brothers.

Moping was useless, and he realised what time it had become
He smiled at the thought and suddenly things weren't that glum
He looked behind, to make sure no one was to stalk
He imagined her face, love blooming in him as he walked

In through the bushes, a little farther by those trees
He felt the thrill of this mission, and also the breeze
Standing there, waiting, the woman for whom he longed,
He'd been meeting her for months, with him, she belonged.

It didn't matter that she was with the rival team they had to fight,
He trusted her to keep secrets, when they secretly met at night.

“Oh how I waited for you so long”, she said with her eyes sad,
“At one point I thought you'd left me, and I hoped you weren't mad..”
“Of course not my dear!, it's just my master made me stay”,
“I am really so sorry”, he conceded, “I apologise for the delay”.

“What's in your hands?” the girl seemed eager to know.
“It's a mixture of some substances, it should make things glow”.
“Here you can have some”, he handed her all the vials
“It's useless anyways, the master says it isn't even worth a trial”.

“It’s supposed to make things blow up, but now I have some doubts” .
“It’s ok” the girl comforted, “I believe what it’s about”,
“Well I do have to go, sorry this was short” the girl said,
After the battle”, she paused, “I hope you aren’t dead...”

With that they departed, and awaited the battle to commence
They had no immortality, and the last few days were tense.
The disciple was told to sit in the healers tent, his only job was to cure
But hopefully the battle went well, and the soldiers would endure

Everyone was anxious.. then there was a stab and a scream
The battle had officially started, this was no dream
And everything was just slashes. the clanging of metal
Destroying all the nature, the flowers and its petals

Then there was a peculiar sound, the disciple stood up straight
Was it... an explosion? or was what he heard a mistake?
The sound was endless, it kept on firing again and again
The sounds overpowered the sounds of our men.

A rustle was then heard, and the disciples attention was taken
His body shivered in fright, and from the inside he was shaken

He turns around. The girl stood there with a different look in her eye
“Oh my gosh, you’re alive!”, the disciple jumped to hug her as he cried.
The woman didn’t move though, she was stuck to the ground like glue
“What’s wrong, my dear”, the hint of concern in his voice grew.

“So naive as always..”, the girl trailed off and looked down
Hearing this comment, the man backed away with a frown.
“My love you were right, the gunpowder does explode”, she finally looked at his face
With a pitiful look she replied, “Unfortunately, everyone thinks you’re a disgrace”.

This harsh truth had taken the disciple aback, it was something he didn’t expect
Suddenly the girl he met from time to time, had lost all her poise and respect.
“So it was actually you who did this”, he pointed to the outside.
“You’re the only reason why all of our team is about to die”.

The girl simply walked around like she didn't have a care in the world.
The man’s eye twitched, controlling himself as his anger unfurled.

“Why did you do this?” he said, “Why would you harm lives?”
The girl replied, walking on ahead, “my dear, don't you realise?”
“Gaining power is much more exciting than our love here”
“No..”, he cried, “the woman I love is now something I fear”

“Then run away, for all I care”, the woman disappeared behind the tent.
“You’ll die in this war”, she remarked, “don't keep waiting for my repent”
Silence echoed throughout the space, and it was all too quiet for one.
A tear of regret fell down the disciple’s face, saying “What have I done?”

All of a sudden, a loud bang surrounded the entire warfield
Knocking down every barrier, every sword and shield
Reduced to atoms, the man started to burn in the fire
“This is how I die”, he winced. “I trusted a liar”.

Legendary Discoveries of the Chinese

ESF King George V School, Chan, Pui Yin Brandon – 12

Creating one of the great four:

The compass, which is the legacy of more,
The idea of it seemed hopeless and in vain.
Chinese inventions remain countless in the brain.

Stressed, anxious, apprehensive and lost,
The legend of the guide will never come with a cost. Everyday
helping tourists in distress,
The Chinese creation will never fail to impress.

Inventing the second of the great four:

The ink with which a brush dances and soars.
A feat that was modified by the Chinese hand,
Was first invented in the desert land.

Slow down, slow down, with each flick you make,
Everybody's bound to make a disastrous mistake.
Communication now possible with silent strokes,
With facial expressions now hidden, the cruel beast awoke.

Innovating the third of the great four,
The destruction it holds, so tiny yet roars.
Originated in China in desperation for peace,
Very successful as its standards increase.

Gray as wool and light as a feather,
The sparkles of dust all gathered together.
Preparing to make a great big boom,
The enemies of the legend all wait for their doom.

Discovering the last of the great four:

The printer that always presses out some more,
Copies of the original,
Will always be flawless and additional.

Nonetheless, when the printer lands, Made
from Chinese hands,
Presses down to smudge red ink,
Into the paper with a great Ka-chink.

So there we go, the legends of the Chinese,
All explained in detailed expertise.
Now you know the Chinese inventions,
How great Chinese ideas mentions.

The Old and the New

ESF Sha Tin College, Tong Kyra – 11

Spark
Ignite.
Fireworks light the sky up.
Crash!
Bang!
Colors weave and flow like fishes in a river
Twine around each other,
Taste each other,
Before they join on a new and arduous journey.

Pound.
Spread.
They peel the thin material off.
Light as a feather,
With a texture
Rough yet smooth.
Watch as it is filled
With the artful strokes of a scribe's writing
Or a painter's art.
The paper slowly becomes decorated.

Shift.
Point.
The tip swivels around as the winds guide it
North, south, east, west
Home, mountains, rivers, kingdoms
Villages, forests, oceans, beaches.
The places are endless.
Take the compass, they say,
And you'll rule the seven seas.

Click.
Clack.
Arithmetic in your fingers.
Slide.
Count.
The beads follow the mathematics.
No more long and arduous hours
Of counting, thinking, trying to calculate in your mind.
The abacus sits stoically,
Waiting patiently for the calculation to finish,
For its purpose to be complete.

For all of these things to be complete.

Mindscapes of China: Where Brilliance Blooms

ESF Sha Tin College, Wong, Qian Yu Sharmaine – 13

In the country of China,
A nation of unity, an innovative space.
For five thousand years, she has stood with grace,
With intellect from minds, sharp and swift,
Harmonizing numbers and equations
With nothing adrift.
The abacus, the ancient calculator of old,
With a flick of the beads and rods,
calculations quickly unfold.

Through the ages, her thirst for knowledge prevails,
Her inventions astound, her discoveries inspire,

Seeking direction across vast seas,
People longed for guidance,
An answer to appease,
A magnetic dance, a northward pull,
The lodestone compass was a precious tool,
With the aid of the bronze stone,
Became an amazing dual.
For those who wander, going astray,
No longer adrift, finding their way.

With resilience as her guiding light,
A delicate frame, crafted with care,

Paper or silk, it gracefully bears.
Intricate patterns, vibrant and bright
An unveiling beauty in the darkness of night.
From palace gardens to humble abodes,
Lanterns adorned, their secrets bestowed.
The lantern, a glowing sensation,
Illuminating lights with a spark of creation.

A hunger for knowledge,
like massive flowing streams,
Through which turbines and generators,
fulfilling numberless dreams.
The Three Gorges Dam, a majestic sight,
Mighty and vast it stands with pride,
Harnessing the Yangtze river's powerful tide.
Its walls, like giants, reaching the sky,
An emblem of progress, towering high.

In the vast expanse where stars align,
China's space program begins to shine
With Chinese Interplanetary Explorations,
Mars orbiting and landing and roving.
From numbers and algorithms,
computations precise,
With satellites orbiting the globe.
Chang-e and Tian-wen
Missions shining above.

Through the ages, her thirst for knowledge prevails,
Her inventions astound, her discoveries inspire,

China sought to embrace a new era,
Modern agricultural processes, the best in the world
Her grain production, to all countries unfurled
So development and prosperity sprout.
Her call to those in need echoed far and wide,
Precision farming became the creed,
AI and sensors met every need,
Satellites mapping the lay of the land,
Guiding farmers with a digital hand.

They weave success with threads of gain.
Amidst the whispers of the past,
A tradition holds steadfast, steadfast,
Silkworms dance on mulberry trees,
Their delicate threads, a gift to seize.
In bustling workshops, skilled hands toil,
With nimble fingers, they gently coil,
Spinning dreams into shimmering threads,
Crafting tales in the silken spreads.

Since these times, China's thirst for knowledge prevails,
Their inventions will continue to astound, their discoveries will always inspire.

The Gift of Paper

ESF South Island School, Wong, Waai Chung Brandon – 14

*“The journey of
a thousand miles
begins with one step.” – Lao Tzu*

The Gift of Paper

In the realm where ancient China's embers glow
Where wisdom and innovation intertwine and flow
A tale unfurls
A prophet's legacy to bestow

In the land where legends breathe life anew
Dragons dance
and phoenixes majestically pursue
Cai Lun, a man adroit
with profound ingenuity
He unveils a marvel

Mulberry bark, hemp
old rags and fishing nets too
With dexterous hands, he pulps
and presses

Paper is born

Ink pirouettes on parchment's pure expanse
Calligraphy —it is a sort of elegance
bewitching those who behold
Its dance

Scrolls of Confucius, sacred and copious
portray secrets of the past
Legends of warriors, poets, emperors
engraved on paper, a testament to China's name

By virtue of Cai Lun's wits
the written word ascends

The Great Wall's splendour, a guardian resolute
and terracotta warriors too, his honour they protect
Paper, a witness to
China's prestige —a phoenix rising with grace

*Let minds become dragons
and soar through
these boundless skies of
imagination.*

Gunpowder

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Chung, Christopher – 14

A spark of a new genesis,
A new power deciphered,
Celebrations,
Made bright and happy,
They are the sun of the night,
Unbinding the forbidden darkness
Is something wrong?

Nothing,

When it is ignited,
It is like a power,
The whistles of fireworks,
It resonates in the dark,
It lights up our happiness.
Its dazzling brightness,
Smiles at you,
Laughs at you,
What could go wrong?

Nothing,

Its pyrotechnics are pure art,
The light shall never diminish,
With its magical splendour,
It will never fail to impress you,
Its pulchritude exhibits the word,
“Art”
What could go wrong?

Everything,

A spark of death,
A spark of war
A spark of depression,
Bullets consume lives,
The ghastly augmentation of gunpowder,
Bloody,
Deathly,
Feared,
The epitome of the word
“Death”.

Warmth in the Rain

Harrow International School Hong Kong, He, Emily – 14

A rainy day,
and a bird under an elm,
wings spread, a natural umbrella

Inspired,
he plucked a leafy branch to try
A crude, yet workable prototype
—— the first-ever Chinese umbrella

Amid the thunder,
lightning breaks through the sky
Umbrellas bloom,
a wondrous sight to see

A shelter from the rain,
these elegant imitation of nature,
graceful and refined

Roofed with oiled paper,
strong and light
Rainy seasons are no longer a blight,
that under the umbrella
ones will never get wet

Frolic under the rain
—— raindrops transform to joy

Umbrellas bloom,
a spectacular sight to see

A home under the rain,
these mighty symbols of protection,
powerful and staunch

Structured with wooden,
firm and tight
Rainy seasons are no longer a blight
that under the umbrella
ones will never be cold

—bringing warmness to those
whose heart are frosty
and need a place for healing their scars

China's Inventions

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Thain, Cherise – 13

In ancient lands where wisdom thrived,
New tales of China's inventions arrived.
A tapestry woven with innovation's thread,
Transforming the world with the words unsaid.

The abacus, a humble wooden frame,
Calculating numbers without any shame.
Beads danced upon its rows so fine,
Revealing the mysteries of math's design.

Silk, a delicate fabric from nature's loom,
Woven threads whispering tales of bloom.
Embracing bodies with elegance and grace,
A gift of beauty from an ancient place.

Gunpowder's explosion shook the earth,
A discovery that ignited both joy and dearth.
From fireworks to weapons, a double-edged sword,
A reminder of power, both loved and abhorred.

Compass guiding the lost across seas,
Navigating the unknown with steady ease.
Magnetic needle pointing true and strong,
Helping explorers find their way along.

China's inventions, a treasure trove,
A legacy of brilliance and resolve.
Innovations that shaped our world's design,
A testament to the human mind's divine.

Illuminations of the Skies

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Wong, Prima – 13

I remember when my eyes were full of stars.
As the night sky exploded with color.
I take in the chill that warms my heart.

When the sun has set,
And left only the somber quiet of the evening,
It pierces my ears.
The glow of the moon reigned over the heavens above,
And the stars scattered, watching over.

Suddenly, a cry
Not of pain, but wonder, of amaze.
A series of warm glows pierced through the dusky sky,
Dancing across my face

Flickers and bursts.
Left darkness in the wake.
Yet bring the promise of hope
To look away, I tried
But I could not bear to lose the sight
Descrying the great tapestry
It casted a spell of empyreal radiance,
On my soul that night.
A way to set the stars alight.
Condensed for mine own delight.

Under the weight of the sky,
In the cold of the harbour I stand.
Even in the darkest of times.

Every night I dream of the stars.
I marvel at the sight.
And each time I close my eyes, they fill with colours too bright to be true.
They take me back to that night.

Stained Realities – The Dark Side of a Spark

Harrow International School Hong Kong, Ying, Alicia – 13

Monday,
I woke up with an idea,

Skies of grey
And hollow dismays
From my chamber, I see.
Colours that I plead.

Colours that make empires sing
And kingdoms fall.
Medicine that treats.
Everyone
Free for all

Tuesday,

The idea came to mind,

Harnessing luminance,
I strive for life.
For passion
For sparks
For scintillating delights

A concoction of black
Pilgrimage for eternity
A treatment for death
Never-ending might

Wednesday,

It popped into my mind,

And it crackled in the sky.
It soothed the body –
Satiated my eyes.

An array of the rainbow,
But in another form
“Heaven is so far, so high”.
But with my sparks,
I can make angels cry.

At night when the monsters prey
My colours scare them away.

Thursday,

It was discovered.

Kings bought and villagers talked.
Of the little glimmer of pigment

Friday,

Something was off,
Where was the colour and where was the love?
Sparks don't fly.
But bullets do

Not piercing my eyes,
It pierces my heart.

Soon, a merchant call.
From a land where no one knows.

Millennia pass,

From a spark of colour,
To more than that
Countries fall.
Yet heaven sings
About the foolish moments when people boasted
About making angels cry.

An ambitious expedition
Exposed to corruption.
Turns into the subject,
Of world-wide discussions.

Instead of colours,
Metal weapons are used.

We used to scare off monsters,
Now we are them.
And they are us too.

I Forget Me Not

Heep Yunn School, Li, Xinyan Cathy – 12

With a mind sharp enough to
kill a man.
With hands strong enough to
crush a mountain.
My dear friend,
Cai Lun, is the
Master of Inventors.

One day, I made
a request,
“My friend, talented you are, but
you have forgotten the most
important thing of all.”

My friend looked over,
curiosity lit in his bright eyes,
“What might that be?
a magical tool?
a spell to eliminate all the dark and unforgivable beings
known to humankind?
pray tell, friend,
what is more significant
than what I have already created?”

I replied,
“Oh, my dear friend, you must
think beyond the unknown!
Have you ever thought of
something that might resemble a
plain handkerchief?
Fragile yet so strong,
worthless yet so priceless,
small yet so large...”

My friend looked over,
wonder lit in his bright eyes,
“Oh yes, friend, you are one
clever lad.
I will make something
just like that!”

and that, my friends,
is how Cai Lun,
Master of Inventors,
invented what we now call
Paper.

My Memories,
are faithful things
they never leave
they dance and prance
in the deep hollows of my lonely bones.
They accompany me
often with an air of melancholy

and empty, empty regret.

My Memories,
are impish things
they taunt and tease
especially when I am blue.
They prank me
though harmless,
they cut through me,
leaving the Scars that now shape
the person I am.

Every so often,
my Memories flow out of my eyes
and take the form of silent tears,
they roll down my cheeks,
until they meet the hard surface
of the Paper
in front of my haunched frame.

I try to resist
every time,
I try
I try and try and try

it's no use.
My Memories refuse to
let me go
as if the Paper
was a magnet,
attracting those
forlorn Memories of mine
like bees and sweet honey

but I will burn them
until they are no more than
worthless piles of
ashes on my
abandoned fireplace.

I take a piece of
finely crafted paper
and wait.
I wait for the
dam of my eyes
to break.
I wait for the tears
to flood me again.

They came
with the pure desperation of
a weak, powerless girl who
knew that the only way
for her to win, was
to survive.

They came
with the force of

a conquered kingdom's army, the
necklace of hope that
the innocents hopelessly
cling to.

The sheer beauty of it,
brought me to my knees.

The Paper is fragile no more.
It shoulders the
burden of holding
my Memories, my Soul
it helps me stand tall
the Paper is strong now.

The Paper is worthless no more.
It paints the picture of the
tempest within me
it keeps my sanity at bay
the Paper is priceless now.

The Paper is small no more.
it is a Labyrinth,
leading every other soul
except mine, astray
it keeps me protected
the Paper is large now.

The Paper is thrown
into the fireplace.
It does not
burn

The Paper is thrown
into the ocean.
It does not
tear

I put the Paper in
a Jar.
I seal the Jar.
The Paper vanishes.

Wisps of smoke take
the Paper's place
weaving through each other,
my Memories entwined in the
shadows of my mind
and disappears, once and for all.

My Memories
bid me a
fond adieu.

I ask myself,
where am I?

what am I?
who am I?
I don't know either
I feel nothing
but I feel
everything

I have trapped myself
I have lost myself
I have forgotten myself
but I am not
who I was.

alas,
in the midst of
my lost Memories,
I find what I
have been searching for:
forgiveness for my past
peace with myself

my Memories,
though forever lost,
remain deeply imprinted
in the core of my soul

my Memories,
though forever lost,
my Soul stays
alive
I know.
I know who
I am.

I am the Paper
that is fragile and strong,
that is worthless and priceless
that is smooth and rough

a story untold,
overlooked,
forgotten by all

but,
in the end,
I Forget Me Not

Firework

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Jiao, Hui – 14

*Green and red flowers appear throughout the sky.
Bright flames flashing across by.*

*Sparkle light cracking, making loud noise,
I can't even hear my own voice.*

*Sadness and anger disappear.
All that was left was joyfulness and excitement.*

*Everyone waits for the fireworks to appear.
All of us wanted to celebrate the new year.*

*Fireworks are like an art.
When it exploded it was like sprinkles falling.*

*I always like fireworks.
It scared my fear away.*

*It makes me feel relaxed and peaceful in this moment.
When fireworks appear at midnight.*

*It is like a meteor flashing through the sky.
The fireworks look so beautiful.*

*I would love to see it every day.
But it only appears for a few seconds.*

*I wish it could stay forever.
This is an unforgettable thing.*

Firework Festival

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Xu, Zhou Fan – 13

The night in summer,

Streets with yellow lights.

Red lanterns hanging,
Above the eaves.

Boys and girls side by side,
Fingers holding tight.
Under the ambiguous night,
Fire lights flashing.

Girls' face blushing.
Light shadow allude,
On her pink face,
On her lovely figure.

Cherry Blossoms fall on their shoulder,
Fire lightened their figure.
Bathrobe with colorful pattern,
Under the light.

Inflecting the fireworks.
In their eyes.
This wonderful moment,
Everything stopped at this time.

Chinese Inventions

Hong Kong Adventist Academy, Yip, Chin Yue – 13

The Chinese people invented paper.
It was invented in 105 AD.
People still use it now,
Paper was invented around the Han dynasty.

The Chinese also invented chess,
It originated around 200 BC.
The person who invented it was Han Xin,
Some people would think it originated in India.

The Chinese also made Paper Money,
It appeared in the 12th century.
It was made so merchants don't have to carry thousands of coins,
It was also invented in the Tang Dynasty.

Silk was an invention from the Chinese too,
The silk was discovered 5,000 years ago,
Princess Xi Lingshi discovered it.
It was from 3630 BC.

The Invention of Paper

Korean International School, Kim, Ching Hei Justin – 12

a world full of inequality
there was a time

an era to justify prosperity and peace,
the zenith of philosophy and motion;
in the ancient worlds of the Han dynasty
where chants of spirits lingered –

Ts'ai Lun announced
a new invention was born:

the paper.
so much depends upon
such brittle papyrus
scumble with animal skin
always different

de-fibred bamboo slips interweaving with delicate hands
mulberry bark, soaking the concentrated layers;
they would embrace many festivals and celebrations
and a delicate spider's web, woven so fine.

the essence of lime in a stone kettle
eight days and nights of time passing,
placed into a giant mortar –
peasants and slaves would penetrate in unison

i can feel it glowering
a graceful ballet, born to be married
such fragrance, the art of paper was born
oh, the burning passion of the never-ending cycle.

the damp coarse sheets parched on racks
like a sleeping ox carried by the breeze
the moisture putters and escapes –
the journey has reached its destination.

merchants replace with paper receipts
whereas artisan portrays meticulous tapestry,
latest politics recorded by scholars;
farmers using newspaper for paper mulching

it would have been mundane
in the realm of words, a treasure is composed
the power of the paper remains
ink bleeding through with stories untold

in a world full of inequality
there was a time

an era to maintain prosperity and harmony
the zenith of principles and motion;
in the modern days of this generation
one of the most important materials throughout history –

a significant item that helped make our lives easier:

the paper.

How Tea Came to Be

Nord Anglia International School, Bogard, Ari – 12

It blew in the wind,
Attached to its tree,
Attached to its family,
When suddenly,

A gentle gust of wind,
Made it fall,
Falling,
Falling,
Falling,

It was angelic,
In that moment,

It was a feather,
Falling from a nest,

It was a piece of paper,
Blowing weightlessly in the wind,

It was a bird,
Slowly flapping its wings,
Flying over a picturesque mountain,

It was a snowflake,
Unaware that it was soon going to melt,
And fade away forever,
Or so it thought,

It was graceful,
In that moment,

It was a ballerina,
Performing most elegantly to a sold-out theatre,

It was a swan,
Gliding across a smooth, cool, lake,

It was a part of its surroundings,
It fit in perfectly,
It was the missing puzzle piece,
The cherry on top of a perfect landscape,

So down,

Down,
Down,
It went,
Until suddenly,

Plop!
It landed,
As daintily as it had taken off,

Its beauty was overlooked at first,
It may have been neglected,
But soon,
It would become the epitome of elegance,

And it was now in a regular,
Normal,
Perhaps even boring,
Cup of steaming water,

The emperor did not notice its significance,
Had no idea that drinking it would change the course of history,
And took a sip,

And that one sip,
From that one small, inconspicuous leaf,
From that one charming little tree,
From that one beautiful little garden,
In a small but comfortable palace,
Owned by a renowned herbalist,
In the middle of a vast country,
In a big, wide world,
In a never-ending universe – its full contents unknown,

Changed everything forever.

A Creation Emerged

Nord Anglia International School, Boyd, Isabella – 13

In ancient China, where wonders were born,
A creation emerged, rainstorms to scorn.
With skillful hands and minds so bright,
The umbrella bloomed, a marvellous sight.

China's inventions, how they astound,
Umbrellas, like petals, opening all around.
Silk and paper, their canopies unfurled,
Shielding from showers, a precious world.

From Qin Dynasty's reign to Song's golden age,
Umbrellas flourished on history's stage.
Bamboo frames, sturdy and strong,
Carrying dreams as they danced along.

Under their shelter, a refuge we find,
A haven from raindrops, a solace defined.
From emperors to peasants, they gave respite,
A symbol of protection, in darkness or light.

In intricate patterns, they were adorned,
Painted with beauty, love, and stories reborn.
From delicate blossoms to mythical creatures,
Umbrellas spoke tales, woven with features.

Invention of foldable umbrellas, a grand innovation,
Transformed portability, changing life's station.
Compact and convenient, they travelled with grace,
A companion in the rain, a smile on every face.

Through dynasties and ages, they stood tall,
Witnessing China's rise, embracing it all.
A symbol of creativity, resilience, and art,
Umbrellas, in China's heart, played their part.

So let us celebrate, China's gift to the skies,
Umbrellas, reaching out, with love and surprise.
Inventions so cherished, a legacy so bright,
China's umbrellas, forever taking flight.

Reshaping the world

Nord Anglia International School, Fukuda, Maya – 13

In ancient lands where wisdom bloomed,
Where scholars sought to break the gloom,
A tale emerged, a wondrous sight,
Of how China birthed a gift of light.
In the kingdom of Han, where legends dwell,
A secret whispered, they chose to tell,
Of a substance rare, so light and thin,
That could hold thoughts, the ink would swim.
From bamboo's hollows, they would craft,
A medium crude, yet it held a draft,
But the sages yearned for something more,
A canvas pure, their musings to pour.
Then came Cai Lun, a master's hand,
With skill and vision, he took a stand,
In the year A.D., one hundred and five,
He changed the course of life's grand drive.
He gathered fibers, plants from afar,
Macerated them, a process bizarre,
Until a pulp, so soft and fine,⁴⁴
Became the base for tales divine.
With patient hands and tender care,
He spread the pulp on screens so fair,
Pressing, drying, the water's flight,
Transforming chaos to sheets of white.
And there it was, a revelation true,
A gift to scholars, both old and new,
Paper, they named this marvel born,
A vessel pure, where knowledge would adorn.
Through scrolls and books, a written tide,
The wisdom flowed, unbroken, wide,
From thoughts of sages to poets' verse,

Paper captured tales, an eternal nurse.
Across the lands, this art would spread,
 Paper's influence, no limits ahead,
 Enlightening minds, igniting flames,
A testament to human's creative aims.
 China's invention, a stroke of fate,
A legacy cherished, both small and great,
 For paper's birth, a debt we owe,
 To the land that nurtured it to grow.
 So let us honor those ancient days,
 When China's ingenuity lit the blaze,
 And as we write, our stories unfurled,
We celebrate the gift that reshaped the world.

Silk

Nord Anglia International School, Le, Han Han – 13

In realms of elegance and grace,
A fabric woven, fine embrace,
Silk, a treasure from nature's loom,
Unveiling secrets, a delicate bloom.

From silkworm's humble, silken thread,
A masterpiece of nature's spread,
With shimmering sheen, a lustrous glow,
Silk whispers tales of beauty bestowed.

A silken cocoon, a world unseen,
Nature's wonder, a precious dream,
Silkworms spinning, with patience and care,
Crafting a fabric beyond compare.

In garments crafted, silk finds its grace,
Flowing and draping, with elegant pace,
Adorning emperors, queens, and kings,
Their regal splendour, silk's offering brings.

Through time and trade, silk's journey unfolds,
Across distant lands, its story moulds,
A bridge connecting cultures diverse,
Silk's timeless allure, a universal verse.

In tapestries woven, legends take flight,
Painting stories, captivating sight,
Silk's vibrant threads, like colours ablaze,
Weaving tales of ancient days.

From East to West, its beauty unfurled,
Symbol of luxury, admired and twirled,
Silk's touch, a caress against the skin,
A whisper of opulence, a love to begin.

So let us treasure this gift so rare,
Silk, a fabric beyond compare,
A testament to nature's art,
Weaving dreams from the silkworm's heart.

China: A Tapestry of Tranquility and Inventions

Pui Kiu College, Chang, Lok Man – 13

People in The Neolithic Age had the most tranquility life,
But their ideas are not naive.
Beautiful drawings and exquisite pottery,
Lots of them are excellent in light.

In the 2070BCE,
Chinese people had developed bronzes.
From cups for wine to container for meat,
Xia Dynasty is the head of these.

Most people only knows the excruciation of the Zhou King,
But stone, jade, bone, copper in Shang Dynasty's progressive is also big.
People made white crystal clear jade and beautiful pottery,
Chopsticks made by bronzes are also elegant and utility.

Zhou dynasty developed the gear of correction tape—
They found the pinion drive.
A gear can make the other gear move,
Makes the horses use less force.

The Spring and Autumn Period and the Warring States Period had lots of philosopher,
Confucius, Laozi, Mozi, Zhuangzi are heads in there.
Most of them died in the war,
But there ideology makes us shocker and shocker.

One of the most valuable thing of China is Silk,
Which is made in Han dynasty for first.
They sell those to people in other countries,
Which developed the "Silk Road" walked by Qian Zhang.

Qin Shi Huang made a huge place underground,
And his dead body is placed in there.
People don't want to open his grave,
Cause he putted mercury in it for not letting his body broke.

Tri-coloured glazed pottery of the Tang Dynasty is a huge discovery,
Which is making people excitingly.
Using only three colour to make such beautiful horses,
Makes the history of Tang more curious to me.

The first money made by paper appeared in Song Dynasty,
Which is called "Jiao Zi".
This is more convenient to people using money,
And it's popular for people after to use.

Si Nan made the first North Pointer in China,
Making war in smog being easier.
Gunpowder is also a big development in the past,
But it's used at war for the first time in Ming Dynasty.

There's a boy in Qing Dynasty who made lots of things,
His name is Huang Lu Zhuang.
People said that he had made the first bicycle in the world,
Which is 100 years earlier than the bicycle developed in other countries.

Inventions from China is very useful and beautiful,
Some of them is still be used nowadays.
Hope China can continue these good inventions and help people more,
Being the most helpful country to the world!

Chinese Medicine: Ancient Wisdom for Well-being

Pui Kiu College, Chu, Lok Lam – 13

Inventing such pure delicacies,
Are none other than Chinese scholars.
But it all started with something much smaller,
The history of Chinese medicine is like none other,
though it's not that easy to offer.
They can be easily overlooked,
why is it that they're misunderstood?
By people all around the world,
These thoughts certainly aren't the first.
The taste can be both bitter and sweet,
Isn't that just neat?

When it comes to beliefs,
Some say,
it's part of your religions and spirit that puts you at ease,
guess that's up to you to believe.
It solves things in all nature ways,
It can ensure that you're safe,
Just put in some faith!
Soothing and no side effects,
Is there anything left?
From blood pressure levels to skin conditions,
This is a good invention!
It might not suit your taste,
But it can't easily be replaced,
That would be too much of a waste!

New Tales of China's inventions

St. Joseph's College, Chen, Yat Seng Marcus – 12

China's inventions are many,
with their hidden backstories plenty.
Marvel at these fascinating stories,
and learn about the lessons within.

In a long and cold winter,
some tea might cast away the shiver.
The king's servant poured hot water
into a cup where the fallen leaves gathered.

The king was an herbalist,
so he could not resist
playing with infusion!
And, thus, tea became his invention!

Now, would you like an egg waffle?
A food nobody would find awful.
But, do you know about its tale?
I will explain without fail.

Shopkeepers in the 1950s
had broken eggs too plenty.
They tried to find some use for it,
and they invented something from it.

They mixed the eggs into a batter
and put it in a mould thereafter.
Cook it in the mould for a while,
and the egg waffle got people wild!

China's inventions are many,
with their hidden backstories plenty.
Do you know about these hidden gems?
They are waiting for us to unveil!

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chan, Tsz Chin – 12

China made tons of inventions,
From Paper to Trains.
They are honourable mentions,
Which always remains.

Inventions come from all dimensions.
There's always something new here
We are the centre of attentions
China fear no fear.

China made 4 great inventions,
Paper making, gunpowder, compass, printing
These bring marvellous intentions
This is just the beginning.

Compass is to tell the direction
Often used during hiking.
We all need this invention
It is always to our liking.

Paper making often used for printing
Invented in Han Dynasty AD 105
Paper and printing has long been existing
It is really what we need to survive

New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,
Cheung, Hei Yeung Andy – 13*

Born in the year 1933,
Kao Kuen, in a Shanghai family.
After the Communist revolution,
His family went for Hong Kong immigration.

A young and talented man,
His work for fiber optics began.
Years of hard work and aspiration
Made him the father of fiber-optication.

From deep within the Earth to oceans wide,
His invention spanned the globe, far and wide,
Transforming the landscape of our modern age,
Empowering generations, turning a new page.

So let us celebrate this wonderful invention,
Enriching the world with this marvelous innovation,
This new tale of China's invention,
Certainly is the world's admiration.

Ode to Porcelain

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Chow, Kei Tung – 12

In China's ancient realm of grace and lore,
Where art and stories intertwine evermore,
Lies a treasure made with the finest skill,
A symbol of delicacy, elegance, sitting still.

Behold, the porcelain, delicate and fine,
Telling tales of centuries, ageing like fine wine.

Through expertise craftsmanship, it travels,
By delicate hands, thy unravels,
The beauty of porcelain, a newborn,
Crying of history and art, combined and reborn.

Behold, the porcelain, delicate and fine,
Telling tales of centuries, ageing like fine wine.

Through blue and white hues, like the whispers of the sea,
A tranquil song, enchants you and me,
In detailed patterns, secrets lie concealed,
Amongst the porcelain's waters, mysteries were revealed.

From tea ceremonies to museum display,
Our porcelain ages throughout the day,
A gentle reminder, of culture and pride,
In China's porcelain, history shall forever reside.

Behold, the porcelain, delicate and fine,
Telling tales of centuries, ageing like fine wine.

Gunpowder

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,
Chung, Ching Sonija – 13*

A barrel of black sand falls to Earth,
Associated with ink yet similar to smoke's rebirth.
Coal, saltpetre and sulphur unite,
Came from ancient mystics' divine light.

Inventing gunpowder is The Red Dragon's immense feat,
When time-worn fields are broken, victory is sweet.
Insignificant black dirt holds potent power,
Flames cracking, deities left to cower.

Festivals welcome spring with a joyful cheer,
Whips burst open and the smells of New Year appear.
The motherland of this beautiful art,
Fireworks, a spectacle, an exciting impart.

Then the modern world unfolds,
They no longer fight with swords so bold.
Iron rifles guard the frontier, protect its land,
Arrows of heaven scatter the clouds, shielding their homeland.

Next come the fantasies of spaceship high,
Jumping through the clouds, dominating the sky.
Spacecrafts and stations in planetary quests,
Shall not forget the black powder's bequest.

Evil treats it as a weapon, catastrophe he brings,
Shells crafted with snores as the night sings.
Tyrants have seized and entangled themselves by wicked might,
Human's ambition, perilous, a dangerous sight.

Wise minds seek knowledge, achieves its goal,
Science climbs, it's forever to claim.
Escalating the world with scientific stride,
Innovation and technology, a milestone guide.

Discovery of gunpowder, a world-shaking force,
Wisdom of ancestors, the pinnacle of course.
Gunpowder of The Red Dragon, ingenious and grand,
A celebration of amazing achievements in this earthly land.

New Tales of China's Inventions

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,
Ho, Nok Yee Sophie – 12*

China, a country with such rich history,
Is sure to have a wide array of inventions and technology.
Ranging from paper making to ammunition,
Follow me as we explore the Four Great Inventions of our nation.

Starting with paper making, tracing back to 105 AD,
Using old rags, fishing nets, and fibres such as mulberry.
Providing an apparatus to write on, these silky smooth sheets,
It is truly one of China's greatest feats.

Then, creating printing,
Ancient technology is truly astounding.
With the woodblock and moveable printing types,
It will develop into modern society's useful device.

Third comes the compass,
Using lodestone to guide us.
Originally invented in the Warring States,
Leading men to the direction it navigates.

Lastly, we have gunpowder.
Though originally created not for military power.
Used to make fireworks for festivals,
Not for wars and violence detestable.

After everything we saw,
I am very much left in awe.
Knowing so many inventions derive from my country,
I've never been prouder of my nationality.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Kong, Hoi Lam – 13

In the realm of wonders, where dreams take flight,
China is the figure of innovation's sight.
From ancient times to the present day,
Its inventions paved an extraordinary way.

“The Four Great Inventions” of great renown,
The Red Dragon deserves a crown.
Shaping civilization and influenced all,
Leaving their marks and standing tall.

In the distant past, the compass arose,
Magnetised needle, the direction it chose.
Across the oceans, in wars it would dominate,
Trades and cultures, led by its great.

Then from bark to clay, the craft refined,
That was the birth of paper, the flow of mind.
As its accessibility grew far and wide,
The costly mediums had to step aside.

Under the abyss, the potent secret untold,
“Boom!” The power of gunpowders behold.
Sparks ignited, brightening the night skies,
Bursting its frenzy, in glory of battle it flies.

With skilled hands danced upon the printing press,
Rising efficiency, remarkable progress.
Woodblock and movable type, together they shined,
Recording history's footprints, incredibly designed.

Embarked on a voyage through time vast span,
From historical marvels to modern China's plan.
Flourishing creativity it thrives,
The world connects and derives.

WeChat is the social platform lead,
Always fulfilling every need.
Messaging and shopping, all in one place.
Living in a digital society with convenience and pace.

Swiftly on the road they ride,
Electric cars are filled with eco-pride.
Green technology, a cleaner lane,
Driving us to a future that will sustain.

Towering rocket ascends,
With blazing flames it transcends.
Over the sky it soars,
Unveiling mysteries in the cosmic lores.

Bygone creations had built an immortal brand,
Its craftsmanship today continue to awe and expand.
An amazing feat of human endeavour,
The Eastern fantasy, since and forever.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,

Kung, Hoi Nga Daisy – 11

In ancient China's realm of old,
Inventions wondrous did unfold.
Silk, a treasure spun with care,
Threads of elegance beyond compare.
Paper, a medium for thoughts to flow,
A canvas where knowledge could bestow.
Compass, guiding explorers afar,
Navigating by stars, a guiding star.
Gunpowder's fiery burst of might,
A force that changed the world's delight.
Ink and brush, calligraphic dance,
Strokes of beauty, a visual romance.
Tea, brewed to bring harmony's embrace,
A sip of solace, a tranquil space.
Through time, these inventions inspire,
China's legacy, innovation's fire.
Invention's tapestry, rich and grand,
Woven by China's gifted hand.
A testament to human creativity,
Shaping history with ingenuity

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Lau, Wing Hei – 13

Once upon a time in ancient China's land,
A tale of invention, both wondrous and grand,
A young artist named Li, with a heart full of dreams,
Embarked on a journey, or so it seems.

In a bustling village, where colors danced in the air,
Li stood before a canvas, his thoughts unaware.
He longed for a brush, with magic to create,
A masterpiece that would leave the world in a daze.

With hope in his eyes, he set out to find,
A legendary brush, whispered by passing winds.
Through mountains and rivers, he traveled with zeal,
To seek an invention, that was almost unreal.

On a misty morning, amidst an ancient grove,
Li encountered an old man, whom legends behave.
His face wrinkled with wisdom, his eyes shining bright,
He spoke of the brush, with immense delight.

"Seek the Enchanted Brush," the wise man declared,
"Hidden deep in the mountains, where secrets are shared.
It possesses the power to bring art to life,
But be cautious, young artist, in this perilous strife."

Eager and determined, Li ventured ahead,
Through treacherous terrains, over paths unknown and dread.
With each step, his passion grew stronger and bold,
For the Enchanted Brush, worth more than gold.

After days and nights, he reached the mountains high,
A mystical aura filled the surrounding sky.
With trembling hands, Li reached a hidden cave,
Where the brush lay in wait, ready to be brave.

He picked up the brush, with reverence and care,
Its bristles seemed to shimmer, in the sunlight's glare.
He dipped it in ink, and with a stroke so fine,
The world around him transformed, like a cherished design.

Mountains came alive, with their majestic peak,
Rivers cascaded freely, as their stories did speak.
Dragons soared through the sky, with scales that glowed,
And cherry blossoms bloomed, along the winding road.

Li painted tales of love, of courage, and strife,
Of heroes and villains, in the tapestry of life.
His art touched the hearts of those near and far,
Bridging gaps and differences, like a guiding star.

The Enchanted Brush became a symbol of hope,
For a nation united, where dreams could elope.
China's invention, a gift to the world,
A testament to the power of imagination unfurled.

And so, the tale of Li and his enchanted brush,
Continued to inspire, with every single brush.
In the Hong Kong Young Writers Awards of '24,
Li's story was celebrated, forevermore.

For his imagination soared, like a bird in the sky,
And his creation echoed, as the years went by.

In the New Tales of China's Inventions, set free.

Poem about China's inventions.

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Li, Zien Angela – 13

The land where tradition and innovation thrive,
So very long it dates back centuries before,
The time when emperors still ruled the lands,
People's creative ideas have never been ignored!

A black powder made by a peaceful mind,
Sadly turned to a tool of massacre,
But it is an item of much importance,
I'm sure gunpowder was never meant for slaughter!

This fabric so very soft to touch,
Full of colour and just so beautiful,
It is an existing masterpiece indeed,
Even its sight is very delightful!

Possibilities certainly don't end there yet
For there's still so much to be found,
Maybe a train that's the speed of light,
How about a new pet robotic hound?

Who will be the ones to seek them out?
Can it possibly be your creative mind?
Or will they be made by somebody else,
Let's see what your creativity can find!

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Liu, Sum Yin – 11

The deep dark waters, was a place full of life
There lived different creatures from a to z
And came a chinese inventor, called Asife
Created a device that defied the sea.

He stayed in his lab, day and night
Tested his studies for a right pick
His mind seeing visions of excite
Until at last, he hit upon the right mix

He called it the 'Aquamarine breathe' a name so grand
Was an invention which created a path of light
To a marvellous place filled with lots of life and land
A world humans could do explorations with delight

In the ocean's depths, he swam with ease
Without the need for a breath of air to keep
this invention, was a gift to all mankind
It opened up a world, so vast and kind

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Oh, Jia Wei Vian – 12

China's inventions.
Each thought made by the people,
greatly meaningful.

Yeast and rice to wine,
Drank during celebrations.
Cheers to legacy.

Silent flows of water,
Turn the cogs within the clock.
Ancient pulse endures.

Pitter patter plunk,
Rain falls on the umbrella.
Shields the host from harm.

North, south, east to west,
Gears, wheels, driving the system.
The trusty compass.

A development,
Leading to discoveries.
Brings forth the future.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Santos, Chloe Ann – 13

In the land of legends and ancient mystique,
Where dragons once roamed and emperors would speak,
A land of wonders and tales to unfold,
China's new inventions, let their stories be told.

From the realm of technology, cutting-edge and bright,
China's innovation shines with radiant light.
The whispers of drones fill the tranquil air,
As they soar with grace, beyond compare.

In the bustling cities, where dreams take flight,
High-speed trains race, a magnificent sight.
Bullet trains whizz by, with lightning speed,
Connecting the nation with incredible need.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Tang, Kai Pong – 13

A star, harvested from the sky, leading the path for a traveller's eye,
4 arrows aiming for a globe's corners, truly an explorer's device.
Returning to space centuries later, BeiDou grants unlimited navigation,
from a compass to a star's illumination.

A dust tainted with an abyss, a byproduct of immortality,
becoming metal dragons, used in wars to conquer.
Mixing light with the shadows, these serpents transform,
gunpowder into lasers, an artificial storm.

Made with nature, a blank canvas appears,
a demonstration of humanity for a thousand years.
Becoming a tool, an authority of creation,
a piece of paper is the greatest weapon.

A weapon of creation is useless without a user, black ink seeping into white paper.
A yin and yang symbolise our potential,
printing the pinnacle of what our world offers.

4 simple inventions that transformed our world,
a crucial foundation for what has yet to come.
As we turn to the future, a world of technology,
I cannot help but think about what China will have to offer.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Wong, Hoi Kiu – 12

In ancient lands, where tales forerun,
China's inventions, a new chapter has begun.
Silk weaves a story of beauty untold,
Threads of elegance, shimmering gold.

Paper unfolds, a canvas for minds,
Words inked with wisdom, stories behind.
Compass points true, guiding the way,
Exploring horizons, where dreams lay.

Fireworks ignite, painting the night,
Colors bursting, a celestial sight.
Abacus beads, calculating with grace,
Unveiling mysteries, numbers embrace.

Tea leaves rustle, a moment of peace,
Resting under a tree, worries release.
Porcelain vessels, delicate and rare,
Artists' creations are beyond compare.

China's inventions, legends reborn,
A legacy cherished, from dusk till dawn.
The Innovation's spirit is forever alive,
In the heart of progress, they will thrive.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Wong, Yat Hei Max –

13

In China's land of ancient knowledge,
Where inventions build the days of ledge,
New tales minds and ancient history fallen.
Guiding us to a whole new era.

From paper and printing to gunpowder's magical.
Inventions from China have left a colourful start.
Now the future rises, and history blends,
As new stories of innovation transcends.

High-speed rail and high tech industries,
From ancient wisdom, to new world.
Connecting the world in a modern dance,
New tales of China's inventions advance.

The dragon's spirit, bold and wise,
Flows through these creations that mesmerize,
A legacy of brilliance for all to see,
New tales of China's inventions set minds free to a new era.

So let's celebrate this grand and grand,
The legacy of China, a special land,
For new tales of invention continue to rise.

New Tales of China's Inventions

St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School, Yu, Sing Ho – 12

Silk's strands bright, a glowing delight,
Woven delicately, a fabric which is light.
Emperors adored it in garments so fine,
Silk's elegance is a treasure so divine.

Compass guides us through the haze,
Navigating oceans, in ancient days.
Explorers brave, exploring unknown shores,
Compass' magnetic needle, adventure it pours.

Gunpowder's flames, a spark in the night,
Explosions boom, illuminating the sight.
Fireworks ignite, in a vibrant display,
Gunpowder's spectacle, joyous array.

Invention's marvels, China's pride,
Silk, compass, paper, gunpowder's stride.
All four inventions make tales of gold
China's inventions, a story to behold.

New Tales of China's invention

*St. Margaret's Coeducational English Secondary and Primary School,
Yu, Tsoi Hing Ashley – 12*

There's a place where birds call
And the sun blazes in the fall
China stands, diverse and vast
With wonders from future to the past

Inside this place
It's full of amaze
Rainbow everywhere
Shining through out anywhere

Next to the rainbow
Inside the shadow
There's a treasure box
Full of paper

Every each paper
Is made by a fairy
She sings day and night
Just to make paper

Everyday at midnight
She'll go down town
With vibe and hype
To deliver paper

This is the story
Of the one and only
paper fairy
China's paper delivery

Creative Writing
Poetry
Group 3



Should paper not exist

Good Hope School, Lau, On Kei – 12

Should paper not exist
Knowledge would resist
People's learning remain
Turning senses into a stain
Lives without long lists

Should paper not exist
Finances would be missed
Coins dwell in our bags
Pockers all in rags
Economy shall desist

Should paper not exist
Traditions would not persist
Pleasure from above
Decorations like paper doves
We will never reminisce

Should paper not exist
Our lives would be a mist
The future would turn to ash
Progress would be trash
Thoughts will be all blisped

Dragon's Dreams: A Tapestry of Chinese Ingenuity

Ling Liang Church E Wun Secondary School, Kaur, Sukhveer – 13

In the land where the dragon's breath warmed the forge,
Where wisdom wove silk threads through history's gorge,
A nation arose, cradling invention's seed,
In the heart of the Middle Kingdom, ingenuity's creed.

From the compass that danced with the Earth's silent song,
To the paper that carried ancient wisdom along,
The printing press inked with scholarly might,
China's mind blossomed in the scholar's dim light.

But let us dream further, past the Great Wall's embrace,
To a realm of new tales, both of time and of space,
Where the bamboo shoots upwards, reaching for stars,
And the mind's eye envisions, no borders, no bars.

Behold, the Cloud Loom, weaving mist into silk,
A fabric so fine, it's akin to warm milk,
Drifting down from the heavens, dressing emperors anew,
In garments that shimmer with the dawn's early dew.

Imagine the Jade Flute, playing tunes that can heal,
Its melodies flowing like a river's soft peal,
Each note a balm for the weary soul's cries,
A symphony of peace, under the endless skies.

There, the Iron Phoenix spreads its grand, fiery wings,
A marvel of flight, defying the strings,
Of gravity's pull, soaring through time,
Uniting the heavens and earth in one climb.

With brushes that paint not just colors, but thoughts,
Capturing dreams, untangling knots,
The Canvas of Echoes reflects what is true,
A portrait of moments, in red, black, or blue.

The Seed of Shennong, a botanical wonder,
Sprouting crops in a day, without plow, without thunder,
A bounty for all, from just one tiny grain,
Ending hunger and strife, no more famine's chain.

And the Dragon's Gate, a portal to traverse,
Through dimensions and realms, the universe's diverse,
Network of galaxies, in one blink crossed,
By the spirit of wanderers, never to be lost.

Let us not forget the Chariot of Light,
A carriage that travels faster than sight,
Through fields of rice, over mountains and streams,
Carrying dreams in the blink of moonbeams.

These are the tales of what might yet come to be,
In the land of the dragon, where thoughts swim free,
A testament to a culture so bold and so bright,
Where the future is waiting, just out of sight.

In the heart of China, where the old meets the new,
The spirit of invention always rings true,
With each story that's told, and each idea that unfurls,
The Middle Kingdom inspires.

The Four China Inventions

Po Leung Kuk Choi Kai Yau School, Sun, Audrey – 12

In ancient lands where empires roar,
tales were woven, as unfurled its store.
Innovations spun in tapestries of yore,
as ideas galore erupt and soar.

Creativity splashed within traces of ink,
Cai Lun's creation, made in a wink.
woven into delicate sheets without time to think,
paper, history's treat although it's not candy pink.

Gunpowder's spark, a flash of harms,
Wei Boyang's gift, petrifying charms.
Fireworks and propellant firearms,
saltpeter sure did set off alarms.

Pointing off into the northern unknown,
Shen Kuo's compass, not a phone.
Every single direction shown,
giving guide in seas and mountain zone.

A marvel's mold, where letters stance,
Bi sheng's press, quality and speed enhance.
Ink-drenched characters, a vibrant trance,
words always moving, a rhythmic dance.

In clasp of history, innovation sprint,
Carving a path, with tenacious tint.
From east to west, their echoes imprint,
Robust innovations, a legacy glint.