

Nov 2016

**OUR WORLD
AND BEYOND**

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P.02-11: School News

P.12-13: The Imaginary World

P.14-17: Our World

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English Fun Camp

Our English Fun Camp was successfully held on 8, 15, and 22 Oct. Over 30 primary schools have joined this year, and the student participants had so much fun! Our student leaders also had a fabulous time leading and playing games with them. Here are some of the titbits of the camp:

Our S1 students demonstrating the instructions of the game.

Some of them were only participants last year; this year they have already become leaders!



Students playing warm-up games by thinking of an action that represents themselves.

Many of them were really creative with their actions!



Thinking of a slogan to represent the team.

“We are the Archers!”





P.6 students having fun with their team leaders. It's amazing how they bond so quickly!



For a moment, the students' realistic drama performance really seemed like someone was hurt and had fainted on stage!

Nothing ends as perfectly as a fired up group dance! Both our leaders and the P.6 students did so well! It was really impressive!



Finally, a group photo! :)



English Literature Society



The **English Literature Society** held its 2nd poetry workshop on 4 Nov, featuring Found Poems.

Two types of Found Poems were introduced to the students, and they all had fun creating their own piece of artwork.

This is probably one of the few times where copying / plagiarizing is so strongly encouraged!!!

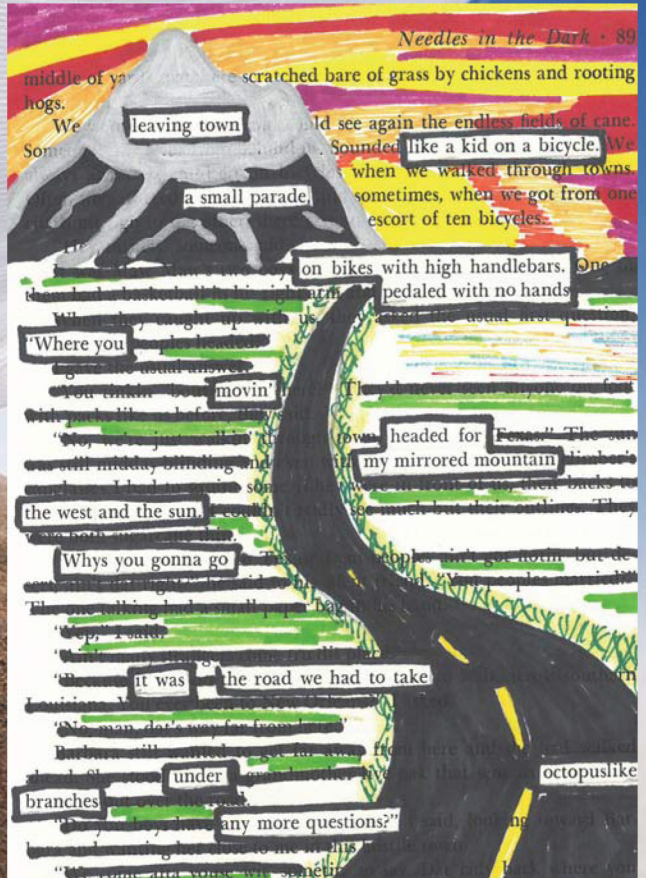
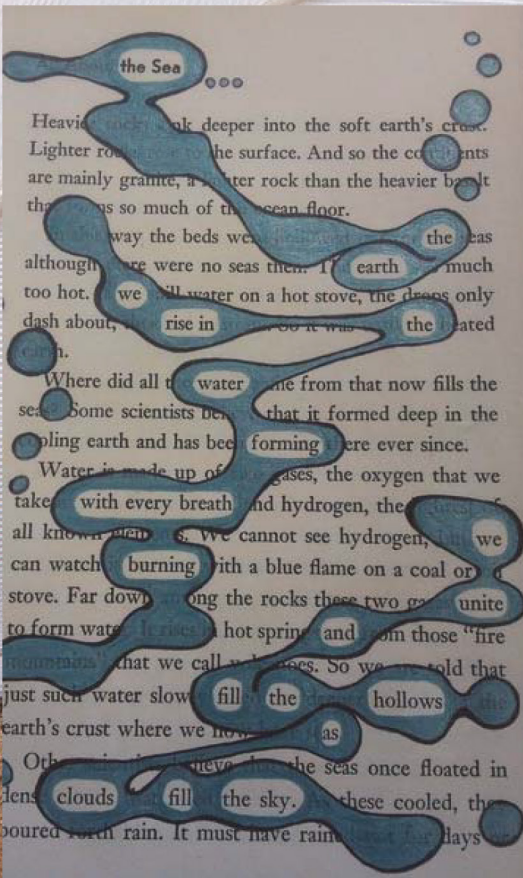
What is Found Poetry?

Found poetry is a type of poetry created by taking words and phrases from other sources and reframing them as poetry.

You can making changes in spacing and lines, or by adding or deleting text, thus forming your own new meaning to the passage.

There are two common types of **Found Poems**, and below are two samples of one of them.

We highlight the words or phrases we want from the same page of the book, and we use them to make our own poem - possibly with a **COMPLETELY DIFFERENT MEANING!**



The other type is to pick different words or phrases from different books or people and link them up. Here is a sample:

Hope

- Hope is a waking dream. (Aristotle)
- I have a dream — (Martin Luther King)
- May the odds be ever in your favour! (The Hunger Games)

Here are some of the wonderful samples written by our students:

Comrades — 3A Rachel Chan

Comrades,
Of the golden future time,
We shall wear clothes;
For the day we set free,
We shall sleep in bed;
On the day that sets us free,
No one shall kill other;
From morning to night,
No one worked like slaves.

Comrades,
All that year –
We are equal.

Don't imagine, Comrades;
The picture of future is waiting.

Exit of Dream Hall — 3A Fiona Chiang

Floating with golden pillows
Misty pumpkin shaded sky
Grapefruit yellow sea
Pink cotton Melon
Forest green candy.

Feeling unrealistic when it came true,
But it instantly faded away.
No peace
But sadness.

Tales of Childhood — 3C Lavender Heung

He was obviously trying not to laugh.
He broke about fifty school rules.
No one found out.

She pointed straight, let out a high-pitched yell,
"Nasty little pig!"
He began to shiver.

He hasn't got any magic powers to deal with facts.
He is ready to be honest.
Ready for death.

Not to be late for prayers, he muttered,
"To your deepest sympathy..."
"Stop that talking!
I don't want any lies.
I know you very well –
Cheekiest boy!"
Evil smile widened.

Goodbye

— 3C Bobo Ho

On the morning of his departure, having walked a long time
He believed he would never come back.

They were both silent.

He was surprised that there were no reproaches

He failed to understand this calm sweetness.

She didn't want him to see her crying.

Anything essential is invisible to the eyes.

She was his only one in the whole universe.

Good-bye.

At The Moment

— 1C Kitty Tung

The light was shining over my garden.
I saw him walking towards me.
He waited and looked at me –
At that moment.

At that moment, he smiled.
His voice went into my ears.
I could feel my heart beating loudly.

I cried.
Why did I have to be alone?
His voice went into my ears again and again.
Why did he have to be alone?
We sat together before.
We examined the cakes together before.
It's too late.
I went out.
We can't go back.

Trigger Events

— 3D Kitty Cheng

Spent a morning recalling what happened,
Our conscious engagements are risks
attached.

In front of a driver on automatic pilot,
Opening you up to other problems –
Trigger old feelings.

Childlike or defensive does not match the
way of living.

Unconsciously push feelings out of my
mind, and

Rationalize away things and problems –
Destroying motivation,
making me feel bad or unsatisfied.

Who am I?

Identify and name me "Emotions":

How strong I feel—
by choice of words.

School Values

This year, our school is promoting **FOUR** core values :

Servant Leader

Passionate Learner

Youthful Seeker

Compassionate Neighbour

Four students were invited to do a sharing session during School Assembly. Below are the excerpts of their sharing:

Being a servant leader requires time and effort. When I was young, I thought a leader decides everything and expects others to listen without asking any questions. As I grew older, I realized this cannot be farther from the truth.



A leader is a servant in disguise; they are the ones who willingly put down their own thoughts and serve others. Many a time we think that our own plan is the best, but it is usually until we communicate and collaborate with others that we finally attain our goal. One's point of view is usually too narrow, and it is better and more responsible to listen to others before making the final judgment.

As one cannot be a leader forever, it is also the leader's duty to find suitable assistants and cultivate future leaders to let the group develop healthily. Leadership skills are bred by time and responsibility. As leaders, one should think beyond oneself and provide encouragements and opportunities for others to train their skills..

There are different styles of leaders in the world. Which type of leader do you want to be?

— 6E Maggie Fan



To most of the students, learning seems to be an agony since it is always related to examinations. Yet, learning should not be limited to academic studies. The world is huge and knowledge is actually everywhere!

The first thing that you can do is develop an interest and a dream. They motivate us to learn with a greater curiosity and passion. My dream is to be a lawyer in the future, so I joined the Mock Trial and Mock Mooting Competition last year to learn more about the legal field. It allows me to pave my way to becoming a lawyer in the future.

The second thing that can ignite our flame for learning is our desire to become “a better me”. When we face our fears and weaknesses or put ourselves in uncomfortable positions, we can train ourselves to grow and rise above the challenges. In competing against others, I realized my own inadequacies or knowledge on current issues. This drives me to do more research in order to equip myself for the next competition. Innovative but informative channels like **Ted-Ed** from Youtube and applications like **Curiosity** provide ways for us to learn conveniently.

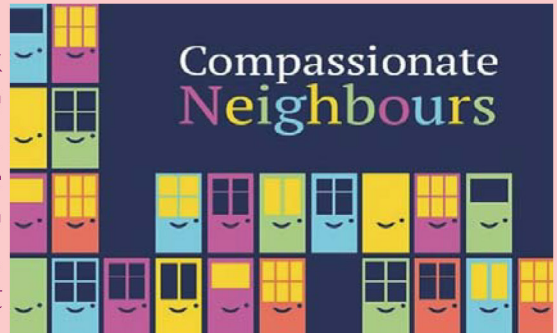
All in all, this world is full of amazing things and I think it is worthy opening the door of our hearts and let learning be the passion of our life.

— **5D Debbie Wong**



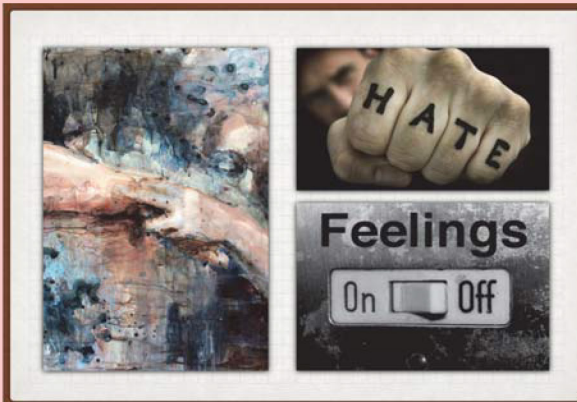
To be honest, I am not an extremely charitable person, and I am still learning how to be a compassionate neighbor; but I can share with you some of my (failed) experiences, and maybe that can inspire you what it means to be a compassionate neighbor.

Many people joined voluntary work programs because they want to gain a deeper level of happiness and satisfaction. So did I. However, when I went on the summer camp for left-behind children in 2014, I completely changed my mind. Voluntary work is indeed a great frustration!



When I first went there, I thought the left-behind children were my main focus group, so I gave them my full attention. However, I neglected my assistant, who also grew up in the same community. Gradually I found that he always left the class without permission. At that moment, I thought it wasn't my fault, and his irresponsible behavior was unacceptable, so I reported this case to the chief. Naturally, my assistant was punished. Since this incident seemed to be solved, it

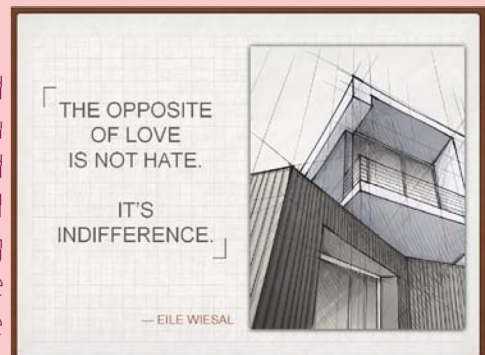
didn't really bother me afterwards as I believed I did the right thing — that is, until I got a note from the boy saying, "I hate you".



I suddenly realized that I know nothing about this boy; I punished him just because he violated the rules. I returned to Hong Kong overwhelmed with negative emotions, and I couldn't let go of my regretful feelings even though I knew I wouldn't see him

again. I decided to tell the CHC Gospel Assistant my feelings, and she just embraced me. At that moment, although I am still guilty, I felt I was being pardoned and empathized. That was when I truly felt what compassion really is.

Compassion is not charity; it is not good deeds. Compassion is true empathy, where you walk into someone's situation and understand his need. Compassion is the unconditional forgiveness for wrong deeds. Being compassionate is hard but it is something we have to try. Treasure every encounter you have with your friends or even strangers. Don't regret what you did or didn't do. Let's learn to be a compassionate neighbor together!



— 5B Naomi Chung

The most important thing for a seeker is to understand the nature of the target it is chasing after. In other words, to be a seeker, one must first know what is the object that is sought after. Do you know the correct path that can lead you to your goal?



For me, I am a Geography fanatic and would like to further explore in Natural Science. Being inspired by a teacher, I realized the importance of first-person experience in studying Environmental Science, as they focus not only on theoretical knowledge, but also real observation in field study. As such, I started finding different activities and opportunities that allow me to have site-visiting experience, such as field trips to Geopark, dolphin watching, visiting the Arctic Village etc.

A seeker has to be adventurous and step out of one's comfort zone. The targets or ideals usually require one to walk a long way to reach their destination. What seekers have to do is simply leave the comfort zone. Indeed, the journey to the destination may be full of obstacles and uncertainties. Having less study and leisure time may be one of the costs for joining so many activities, but it is always worth it when I look back at what I have learnt or look at where I am heading towards.



Ironic as it may sound, a youthful seeker is not limited by age. I didn't understand the true meaning of youthful until I met two influential people. One of them is CUHK GRM lecturer Lam Chiu Ying. He devoted his whole life to research on environmental studies and related issues, and has just released several essays about the Third Runway System a few months ago. The second person is Dr. Lee Lok Sze. I met her several times because of the study tour to Arctic Village. She has been studying North and South Poles for more than 50 years, but when she talks about her latest discoveries in the arctic region, she immediately becomes so enthusiastic. Their passion in environmental protection inspires and challenges me, especially when they are already 67 and 72 years-old respectively. Real youth is not about age, but the attitude. Sustaining one's passion and enthusiasm is the hinge to be a youthful seeker.



Understand your targets; be active and devoted. If you can hold onto your passion, you can also be a Youthful Seeker!

— 6D Sarah Or

The Black Box (Part 1)

5E Vincent Wong

A flash of light appeared in the Haven star system and a group of a hundred or so ships appeared.

‘Sir, we have arrived at the Haven System.’

James Coy, working on the ship Gigabyte, reported to Admiral Anderson.

‘Good. Let’s take a break.’

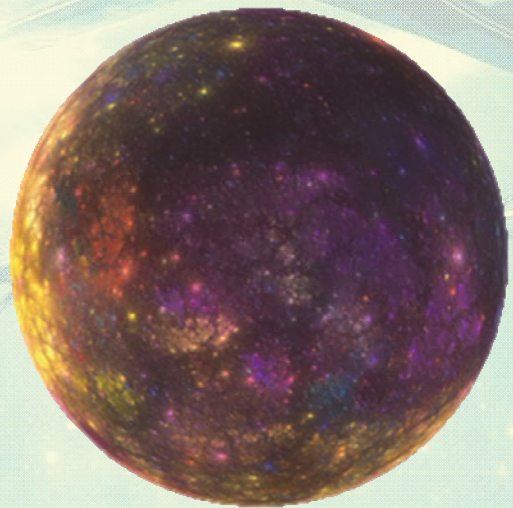
The Admiral looked out of the window. As he stared at the planet Haven, he could see lights grouped on the land mass of the continents, showing where the great cities and towns were at.

‘I wonder how my family is doing on Haven right now...’ Anderson thought. ‘I guess they are celebrating the great Colonial Day.’

As he looked carefully, fireworks could be seen on the sky of Haven. The people were very clearly having a good time, celebrating the establishment of the first human colony in outer space.

Anderson took out a bottle of juice from a fridge nearby, opened it and sipped. He leaned against the wall of the corridor, enjoying himself in a festival mood.

But that did not last long.



‘Something...’ James muttered. ‘Something... it doesn’t look good... they are approaching at light speed! They are... never mind, just look at the screen will you?’



The radar was shown on the screen, and at the center there was a bunch of green dots packed tightly. At the edge of the screen, red dots began flying in with a perfect parabola aiming at the green dots.

‘No...’ Anderson put down the drink on a table nearby. ‘No... This is not possible...’

He quickly switched on his personal computer, and looked up the entries.

‘No no no...’ Anderson was shocked, ‘It cannot be... the Rogue AI? How is that possible?’ He searched for James. ‘James, what do you know about the Rogue AI?’

‘Sir, I don’t know about them well,’ James responded, ‘I only know that they had not been seen for at least 400 years after they developed self-awareness...’

‘Then this is getting serious,’ Anderson said sadly, ‘come on, we got a fight to win.’ He picked up the microphone. ‘This is Admiral Anderson to the Fleet: We are attacked by the crazy Robots! Destroy them at once!’



To Be Continued...

In the metro's herded crowd, there buried a man in the same old boot that stood out from all the other shining flashy shoes. The same old boot that used to tread on the stained grey snow from very edge of Europe, in the empty hollow street where everything remained dead and still. Fogged in the frigid snow, his only struggle was to keep everything in line in order to keep his own family alive. Andres can still remember it like yesterday. The familiar images of the broken roads flashed before his eyes.

In the relentless gust of crisp white snows swept the land with its chillness, a small child with his face covered in a massive scarf - his precious property given by his mother - on his foot. He clutched his frozen tiny little fingers onto the oversized coat, he surely did notice the frostbite looking extremely obvious on his wanly pale skin, but he told himself to march on to the way to school, deep inside his heart, he knew.

He knew this would be the only chance for him to shine for his family and country, despite the cold that landed its cruel fangs on him, however difficult, the little boy still waded his own way to school.



Day by day after school, the boots at the end of road, the make-shift gate of the school, there stood a figure with open arms, waiting his dearly student to come with a sincere smile, a youthful heart. Sometimes after school, the heavy boots would company Andres to the mart nearby to buy his sweets if he had a few pennies for spare. Though rare, he saved up for it one penny after one penny. Not minding his rare presence in the store, the cashier always chit-chatted with him with her lovely warm smile, they would chat about his family, stories and anything that came to Andres' mind. This was already everything Andres would ask for, in the past.

Many years later, now he is here, in the crowded streets roaming in the famous fancy city, Hong Kong.

Andres took a glance around him as he strolled out to the concrete bricks, seeing businessmen looking down at his watch while trotting to their workplace, students panting, chasing



after their bus, and teenagers staring down at their phone glassy-eyed with their earphones on. The distant spread like a plague, once the silence loomed over, it quietly placed a barrier between people's shoulders. No one looked others in the eyes, no one. The one and the same poker-face plastered on everyone's face. Neither a thank-you nor greeting is uttered from that mean tiny mouth. How loud are the beeping traffic-light and the howling engine of the vehicles passing by, chasing one after another.

He blended in with the others and made his way to a cafe, craving for a coffee to ease his tension. As he took a small sip from his coffee, a shrill voice caught his attention. He looked towards that voice and there was a little girl with an elegant violin in her hands, frowning at her mother. "I want that one from Italy, not this one from Malaysia!" The girl piped up and pointed at the violin. "But this one is still well-made and intact, there's nothing wrong with it. In fact, it looks great!"

The mother countered and shook her head in disappointment. Before she could say another word, the kid abruptly started screaming in tears and gibberish that Andres couldn't withstand. Tears kept streaming down her cheeks, and the crying wasn't music to his ears either. The loud unwanted, disturbing noise attracted every single eye in the cafe while the mother tried relentlessly to calm her daughter down. Faces of disgust appeared, but those spectators continued their meal shortly after. To Andres, blood was already boiling in his veins, exhaling a long breath with discontent, he grabbed his cup and trampled to the exit before he got sulked seeing another spoiled kid.

It surely wasn't hard to let time fly when you wandered with a coffee in hand, with a calm mind in the cozy evening breeze. Down at the end of the street, there sat a student in uniform, gazing at the school gate. His figure was slouched upon the cold concrete wall, with an emptied lunchbox in his hand, eyes staring off in the distance.



A student leaning on wall isn't weird, but when a student still stray after school in late night, no doubt it is not typical at all. "Why wearing such a weary face and stay here after school in night?" Andres approached the teen and nudged him on the shoulder. There were a few moments of silence where the teen was still reluctant to respond.

"I had trouble in studying and I can't get any helping hand because no teacher likes me at all. Nor do my family. This is the only place where I can breathe without receiving harsh remarks.

"He finally whispered in a hushed voice. "But you got to have something to be good at, right? " The other man asked again. "I hope so. But I don't have any plans to study any further. It's not my thing." with that, he meandered off the street as Andres watched the shadow disappear at the end of the horizon.

Hong Kong might be the Neon Light that lit up Asia, but it certainly doesn't light up people's heart.



Terrorists: Their Assets

4C Henry Cheung

THE GUN: The Kalashnikov AK47

Terrorists use a lot of captured weapons either left over by the US army or captured in random raids during platoon, but the majority of the insurgents faced by NATO troops and their other allies do wield the AK47 and the various incarnations of the icon of terrorism that Mikhail Kalashnikov had accidentally created. This brings me to the reason how terrorism has come to be.

Development of the AK47 began in late 1945 when the Soviet Union saw how effective a rifle with a bigger caliber could be in combat, demonstrated by the *German Sturmgewehr 44 assault rifle*. The bigger

caliber bullet provides more 'punching power' as the Americans say. It could easily punch through brick walls or small foliage in WW2 combat. In more open areas, it also allows for a further effective range. The only reason its descendant has a smaller caliber is because body armor became an extra barrier that a sharper bullet could punch through easily.



70 years later, the AK is still the most popular weapons system in the world, with sniper rifle, sub-machine gun, LMG, and shotgun versions developed for different purposes. What they all have in common are an easily manufactured stamped-steel and wooden handguards, high reliability and durability in combat. What's most important for those cash-strapped insurgents in the Middle East is that it is almost as affordable as a handgun wherever you find one. Ammunition is cheap as well with a TON of surplus bullets that are still reliable left over by the Soviet Union. In fact, 7.62x39mm ammo are still being produced at a ridiculous price for consumers in the US.

THE VEHICLE: Pickup Trucks

If you have seen news about Al-Qaeda before, you will not be unfamiliar with their pickup trucks which are either mounted with machine guns (usually captured from wrecked Humvees) or headbands with AKs. The reason for this choice of vehicle is obvious: they're cheap, they're durable, and you can fix those trucks with any scrap metals you can find on the side of the road. These pickup trucks are also popular in the Middle East with normal civilians, so replacement parts are very easy to find.

Blending in is an easy job because shedding its machine guns would allow it to look exactly like anyone else going to the market. Versatility is also one of its pluses with good handling, high towing capacity (for captured artillery guns) and a rear bed for anything from ammunition to anti-air guns or even small missile racks. I'm pretty sure those insurgents deciding to use pickup trucks have also watched an episode of the English motoring show called Top Gear where they tried to destroy an older variant of a Toyota Hilux by hitting it with a wrecking ball, immersing it in seawater, setting fire to it, and dropping it from 30 stories above the ground. Yet it still managed to be drivable without any replacement parts. Most importantly, they don't use jet fuel and they don't need a refuel even after one hour of driving in a warzone.



TACTICS: Guerilla Warfare

Remember the Vietnam War? This was why the Americans were forced to retreat. Guerrilla warfare is a tactic where an army has no specified movement or 'big pushes' like World War 1. Any attacks are either spontaneous or planned ambushes where mass amount of troops appear out of nowhere and could cause large casualties to platoon movements or armored convoys. These tactics are extremely effective in urban or jungle environments, where tanks don't have enough space to maneuver their 4m long barrel. Small scale attacks are also easily escalated because insurgents are scattered everywhere throughout a city, instead of concentrating in an army base 30 minutes away.

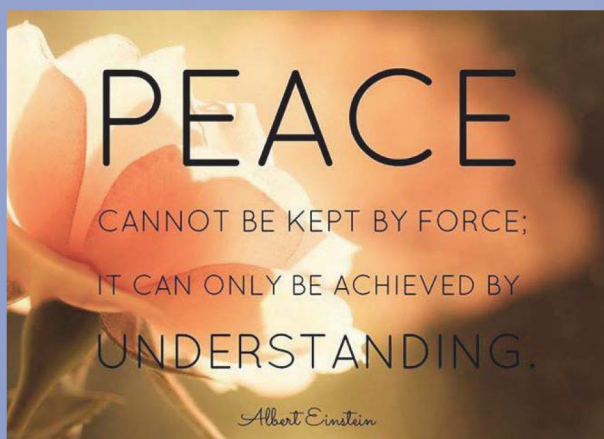


They also have the advantage of being in their own city, instead of international forces with at most 2 years of active warzone service before going home. When an ambush is set up, the sound of gunfire could easily draw in dozens more support and cause a small army squadron to be outnumbered before allied evacuation could be coordinated. However, NATO troops usually have snipers overlooking the patrolling squadrons and could provide enough support for the marines to wait out.

DISCLAIMER: Author's Note

Even though I made these insurgents sound like they have the upper hand in this war, these guys are **irrational extremists** who are reading the Quran the wrong way; they think that any non-Islamic believers are works of the devil trying to undermine them. I'm not saying all Muslims have evolved to terrorists, but those who have decided to pick up their guns and slay thousands of civilians and soldiers are undeniably twisting the meaning of religion and justifying their evil deeds through their selfish behaviour. The Jihad, also known as Holy War, is simply a means for these selfish people to get what they want through the shell of the Islamic belief.

Although we cannot completely eliminate terrorism in the short run, understanding their nature and know more about them helps us know what we should or should not believe in. Apart from knowing what weapons and tactics they use, the next step is to ask ourselves, what have the terrorists done that could benefit the world? What would happen if they did what Hitler can't? Remember, Hitler had once promised his people a future of wealth and prosperity too, but what had he done to those who had opposed him? To know what we believe in, we have to first know what we don't believe in and why. In this case, we have to acknowledge the nature of these wars before we can truly understand the importance of peace in this world.



Learning vs Education

5E Charis Cheng

It goes without saying that people generally do not want to be illiterates or “idiots”, **but why is it that, at the end of the day, there are not much passionate learners in our society?** My answer is simple — it has something to do with our studying method and the education system.

To us, studying is almost equivalent to having an enormous workload, being deprived of sleep, suffering from peer pressure, etc. I personally believe that it is normal for senior form students to feel stressed about their



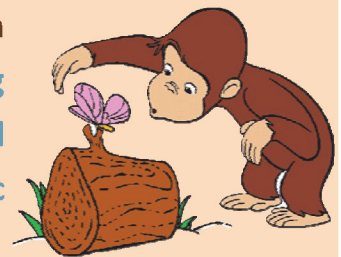
DSEs, as the exams more or less sketch a rough blueprint of their future. However, it is apparent that senior form students are not the only ones suffering now? Recently, a photo went viral on the Internet, showing that a P.1 student scored -82 marks in a dictation. Apart from being ridiculous

to many, it seems very ironic as well, for they should not even have an idea of what negative numbers are. **One cannot help but question, is this amount of punishment, discouragement, and pressure to students**

reasonable? People always theoretically suggest that children deserve a happy childhood, and teenagers should have a carefree adolescence to explore their potentials and the world. However, when we look back at the reality, this seems to have simply dissolved into a

mere theory —**the fact is, many students in Hong Kong have been, for many years, trapped like a bird in a cage, busy pecking on their books for basic**

survival.

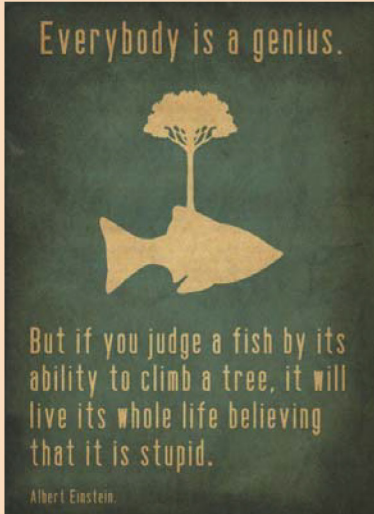


Many students are reluctant to study, and yet learning is naturally supposed to be joyful. Remember the time when we were curious about how different things work, or even bombarded our parents so they tell us the answer? Remember the time we wanted to get into the “laboratory” (or the kitchen) and mix this or touch that? Most of us were born to be learning



that develops or fosters our future crave. **With our exam-oriented, spoon-feeding, and creativity-stifling education system, somehow — gradually — we all turned to learningphobes.**

Receiving education is an important stage in one's personal development. How a student is taught could greatly influence his or her interest in a certain subject and thus their future career. The methods used to teach can even shape a student's personality. You probably have heard of the analogy that tree-climbing cannot be used as an assessment to judge a fish's ability. **If a fish is forced to climb a tree and keep failing, it would make the fish lose its confidence. Everyone is unique.** Some even go as far as to say everyone is a genius in a certain way. **The bottom line is: we**



all have different strengths, but our education system does not really empower us with the necessary skills to be even better.

A nice way of summarizing it would be it requires versatility, yet the brutal truth is really forcing a standardized equation upon individuals and expects one size to fit all. **Although the intention to make us all-round is good for our whole-person development, it limits our possibilities and forces us to live under a certain mode while possibly destroying some of the students' confidence along the way.** An artist doesn't have to master trigonometric functions in order to draw a masterpiece, but it is getting a level 2 in Mathematics is required if he or she wants to study Fine Arts in the university. It's almost cruel when talented students' dreams are crushed the moment they don't satisfy a certain preset criteria which does not play towards their strength. It is no wonder why they feel frustrated, or even fearful, towards learning.



The social environment also plays an important role to students' passion in learning. In foreign countries, people who study the Arts or do



creative work are well-respected. However, people who are devoted in these fields in Hong Kong are sometimes described as “rebels”, or even “failures”, for they are not “Doctors” or “Lawyers”. These social judges seem to draw an equivalence between one’s occupation and one’s level of success and integrity as well as the respect they should receive. **Although it is perfectly normal for students to consider their future occupation before enrolling into different programs, but it may be even wiser to consider our genuine dreams and interests and what we truly like in life.** The emphasis of some subjects as “more respectable” and “more successful” simply silently stereotypes others as one of a “lower ranking”. This may cause students to change their decision and abandon their interest.

If we observe the education system in Finland, a country which is said to have the best and most successful education systems in the world, we can see how Finnish students are passionate learners who are eager to learn. They think that learning is challenging but interesting. They have none but one exam before they enter university, and **they celebrate personal achievements more than the scores attained. To put it simply, their system teaches students how to learn in the world, and not how to take a test.**

Different modes of education can cause students to have different attitudes towards learning. It is important for us to be a passionate learner as studying is a lifelong process. Although we cannot alter the social environment and the education system, we can still try to make ourselves passionate in learning, and be persistent with our interests. **Our society needs not only experts in attempting examinations, but also people with creativity, courage and many more qualities to shape a better world.**

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