

Issue 26

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MATRIX



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SHATIN PUI YING POST

Memories

do something
awesome



Editor's Note:

What comes to your mind when we mention the word "memories"? For me, the tune of the song "Memory" (from the musical, *Cats*) immediately plays in my head. It also reminds me of what Queen Elizabeth II remarked in response to Meghan Markle and Prince Harry's interview with Oprah Winfrey - "some recollections may vary".

In this issue, our writers explored the theme of "memories" and created masterpieces of poetry and prose. They share with us their insights into memories and stories inspired by the word. Enjoy the chance to take a glimpse of their private recollections. Happy reading!

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MEMORIES:

AN ACROSTIC POEM

Memories live on forever; they do not fade.
Even though the world ends, and people change,
Memories are permanent:
Old, yet original;
Rare, yet memorable;
Incredible, yet not imaginary.
Even though we forget things,
Still memories remain...

A+



*A poem worthy of a gold star, Eunice!
I like your suggestion that memories
take on an independent life of their own.
May I publish this in the school
magazine?*

Memories of Home

In a picturesque, warm town,

Wailing.

A newborn baby opens his eyes, clenches his tiny fists and starts to explore.

Everything is new and pure.

His parents give him boundless, endless and selfless love.

He gradually grows.

He learns to grab the milk bottle on his own.

He pushes himself up and tries to roll over alone.

He crawls on the polished wooden floor.

He holds on to the firm, red sofa and pulls himself upright.

His parents give him boundless, endless and selfless love.

He gradually grows.

He eats on the wooden table with sharp edges, throwing food to the tail-wagging husky.

He stands in front of the white wall, using crayons of various colours to draw the world's beauty.

He reads illustrated children's books, falling asleep holding them.

His parents give him boundless, endless and selfless love.

He gradually grows.

He bursts into laughter chatting and playing with his classmates.

He cries his eyes out bumping his head against the railings at the harbour.

He steps on cloud nine enjoying ice-cream with his parents outside the ice-cream parlour.

The boy grows, studies, gets married, and finally, he leaves.

He leaves his parents.

He leaves his home.

He leaves behind his memories.



TO:
PAR AVION

RACHEL WONG 4B (18)

MAKING UP OUR LIVES



Maybe they are etched in your mind,
Experiences that are beyond your imagination.

Maybe they are blurred, obscure;

Occurred once upon a time.

The reason why we take photos is to tell stories,

To keep those memories forever.

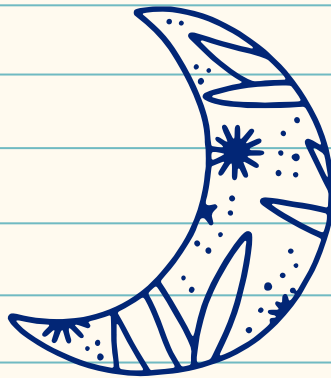
Imagine losing all your memories suddenly:

Without the past,

What would your life be?

Everyone should own precious memories,

So why don't we create some?



Sam was here XD

OMG! Sam! Draw in your own bookkk!!!

no lol

Remember

Remembrances.

Every moment of life is a

Milestone.

Each of the ups and downs

Motivates us to get through the lifelong marathon,

Bringing us over all the hurdles.

Enjoy the sweetness and bitterness of days;

Revel in and embrace the miscellany of

memories in our lives.

Dear Ariel,

Remember to eat
your fruit!

Love, Mum

You're awesome!
- Your best
friend (duh!)



DO NOT FORGET!!!

Dentist's appointment
tomorrow

3:45 pm-4:15 pm

CHRISTY LAU 5D (10)

ON NOT BEING A GOLDFISH

I wish I were a goldfish
with a tiny brain and three-minute memory.
I could give up my confusion,
my embarrassment and my anger.
Alas, I am not.



Smiles remind us of delight;
Tears recall sorrow.
Life happens in a flash
but memories last forever,
deeply imprinted in our minds.

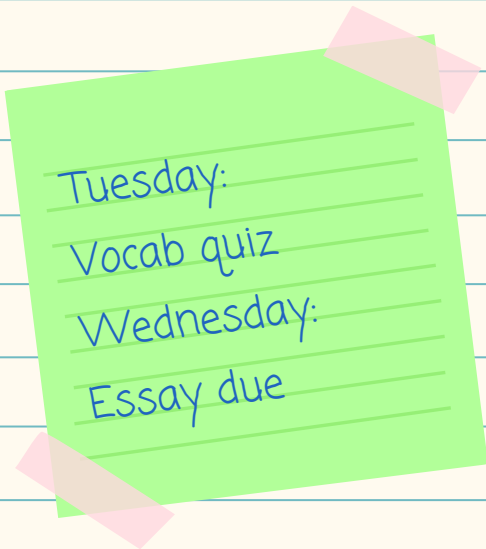


Memories are the takeaways of our lives.
With them, we review our mistakes,
reflect on our faults,
and turn over a new leaf.
So, no matter how you are feeling now,
looking back, you will cherish this memory.



My English Journey

I remember English being so easy,
when I just had to shout "ABC" in class.
But then "he, she, it", "you, we, they" and "was, were, been"
started to confuse me.
I would love to know more about the beauty of this
language -
If only practice papers for the DSE were not so scary!



Hey, how do
you spell
"reminiss"?

R-E-M-I-N-I-S-C-E
?!?!?!?!?!?

Yeah, weird spelling LOL

Thxxx

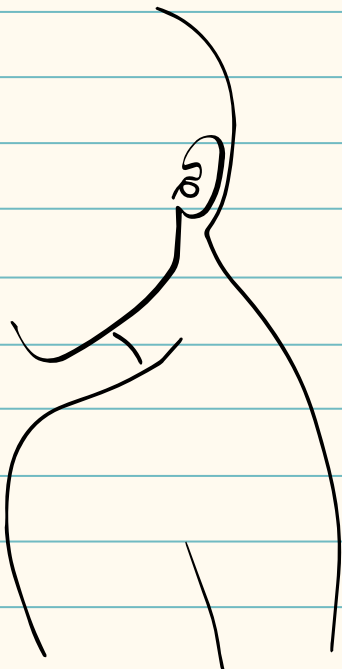
Corrections:
reminisce reminisce reminisce reminisce reminisce

The Second Family

by Jasmine Yuen 4B (20)

It has been a long time since I saw my brother, Liam. Oh! I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Neil, Liam's elder brother. Unfortunately, our family has split up for almost a year. Last year, our dad, Richard, had an affair, giving our mother, skyla, no choice but to get a divorce. Nevertheless, Mommy only managed to get custody of me but not Liam. He was forced to live with our irresponsible dad. We miss him day and night but there was no way we could have met up with him. He is definitely a child locked in chains except when he is at school.

Yesterday, we finally saw him again. Liam looked a lot skinnier than he did last year when we parted, but that was not all...



'wake up, Auntie skyla! wake up! see who is coming!'

'Liam?'

Hi, I'm skyla. wait, wait, wait... don't

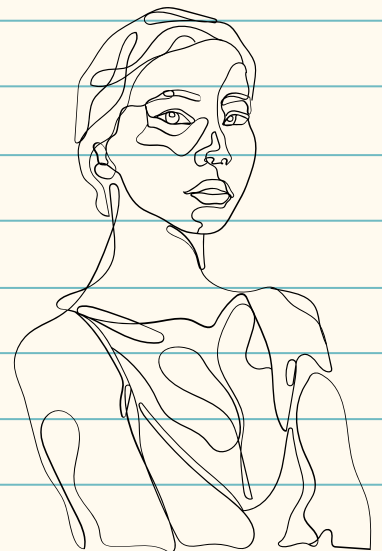
misunderstand the situation. I'm not Liam's biological mother, even though we have the same name. You may say that I'm his... second mother.

It is totally unacceptable that my son is being treated like a servant. Doing an endless list of chores every day, he does not have time to rest at all. That's why I'm here. Being a smart woman, I know Richard well. I know his mind. Liam often begs Richard to let him see his mother, but obviously Richard hates this and Liam will never get permission to fulfil this tiny request.

In order to distract Liam, Richard gives him a gazillion of chores to do. To be honest, having been a housewife for years, doing housework is my strength and a hobby. Therefore, whenever Liam is ordered to wash the dishes,

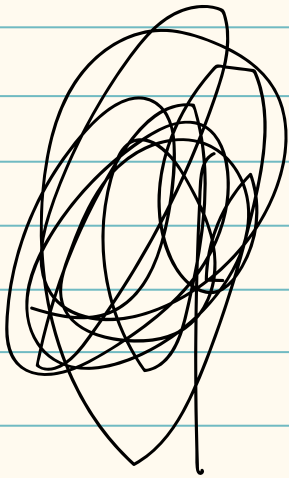
Character sketch:

Auntie Skyla



clean the toilets or sweep the floor, I'm always there to help him.

Portrait of Richard:

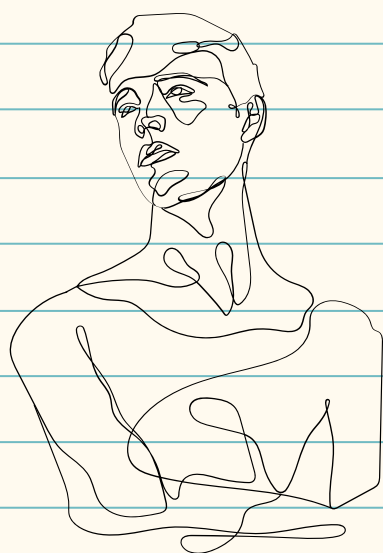
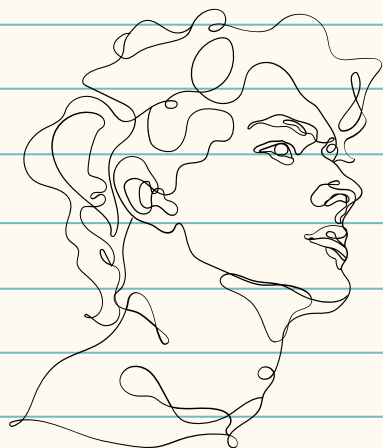


Richard is the most ridiculous father I have ever seen. He fought for Liam's custody so hard back then, but he has never shown any affection for him since. I wonder what made him so obsessed with gaining custody of Liam in the first place. I remember that, two weeks ago, Liam had a fever after removing overgrown weeds in the rain. Not only did Richard not

take Liam to the doctor, he even shouted at him, blaming him for not finishing his chores. What a heartless father! Seeing Liam lying on the bed, looking exhausted, I was heartbroken. The memory of this incident is so vivid that it won't disappear, even if I lose all of my other memories.

Bonjour. It's Geoffrey speaking. I'm French but I can speak both French and English. Truth be told, learning English was not as easy as I had thought, but it is all worthwhile as I can communicate with Liam. Liam is my

character sketch:
Geoffrey



best friend and I hope he thinks of me in the same way. After getting to know him, I realized that he is actually a shy and bashful guy. He is not good at socializing, so here I am to help him make some friends at school. Besides, Liam's dad always leaves Liam alone at home, and so I am always there for him; we are like peas in a pod. I guess I have an easygoing personality, haven't I? But it's undeniable that I can be quite impulsive sometimes. Yes, an impulsive Frenchman, a strong and righteous Frenchman.

Yesterday, Liam and I would have gone on a hiking trip organised by the school. Liam's dad didn't know about it as he only pays attention to the stock market and his new girlfriends. You know, he has given Liam the cold shoulder thousands of times. He only allows Liam to go out alone once in a blue moon. We all know the reason — he does not want Liam to meet his mother. With a dad like that,

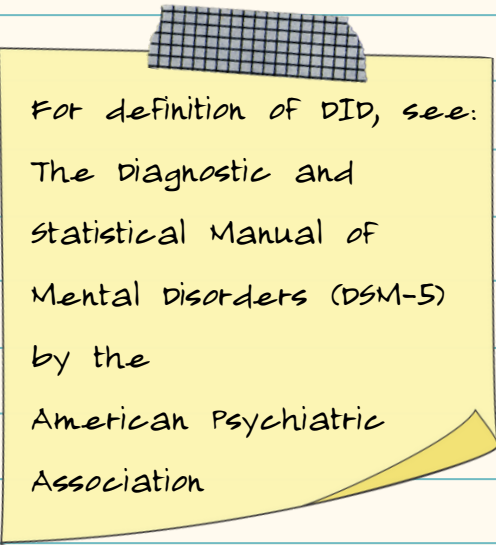
Liam is the unluckiest child I have ever met.

Back to the story, when we were about to leave for the hiking trip, Richard stopped us from going. I couldn't stand the ruthless bully anymore and punched him, hard, in the face. We had endured him for long enough. It was the best memory I had ever made. I fought back for Liam. After that, I rushed out of the house as fast as the wind blows and dashed to school, where I met Liam's dear mother...

If you are clever enough, you may have understood the situation. These are all memories, individual and separate memories stored in the same body. I am a patient with dissociative identity disorder (DID).

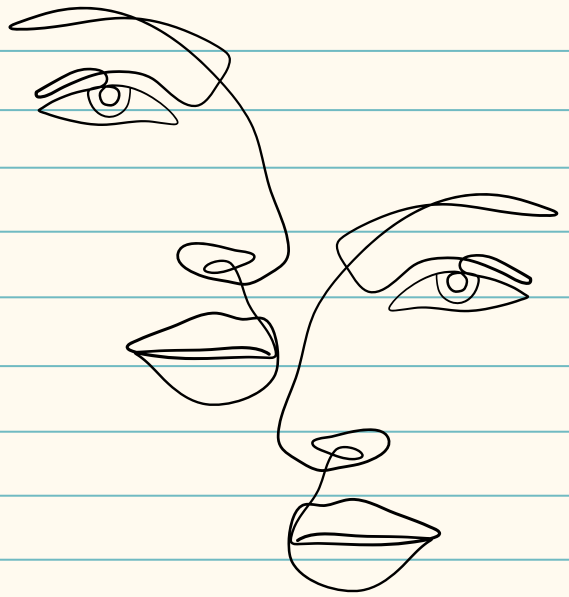
Dissociative identity disorder (DID) is a mental disorder characterized by the maintenance of at least two distinct and relatively enduring personality states.

When I was first diagnosed with DID, I was astonished, but I knew



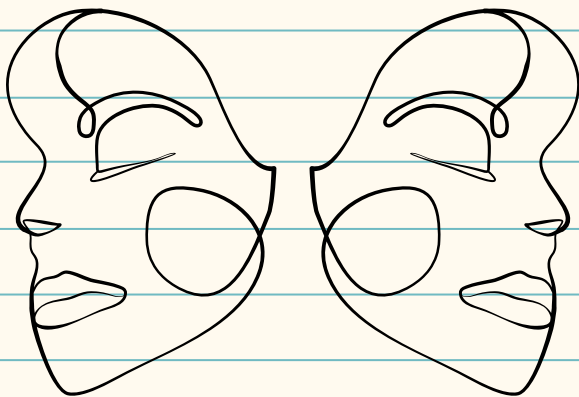
For definition of DID, see:
The Diagnostic and
Statistical Manual of
Mental Disorders (DSM-5)
by the
American Psychiatric
Association

that my disorder was initiated by that aggressive beast, Richard. I know, you must be confused, thinking, 'Huh? DID? Like Billy Milligan, who lived with 24 alternate personalities? You mean you're barking mad?' But here's what skyla, Geoffrey and I want to



say to you guys, who may think that people suffering from mental illness are misfits.

I am not a child who merely wants to escape from trouble. The fact is that I have encountered too many things that I should not have. I have NO way out. skyla and Geoffrey are not wacky creations. They were born to be my spiritual partners who would help, come rain or



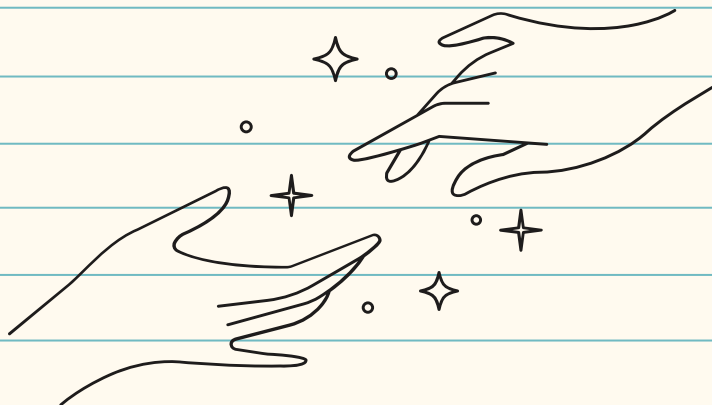
shine, and we would survive the pain together.

At home, skyla helps me finish the housework, and at school, Geoffrey builds friendships with schoolmates so that I can enjoy a

joyful school life whenever I wake up.

Indeed, their existence is not a fault, but the precious destiny we share. Living in adversity and not knowing when it will end, I am glad to have Skyla and Geoffrey to weather the storm with me. Despite our memories not being identical or occurring consecutively, we share our memories and feelings, making up my memory like the pieces of a puzzle. Not only are they my soulmates who treat me the best that a person can be treated, but they are also my saviours. If it's alright, I hope wholeheartedly that they will stay here, in my heart, forever. I wish to have them in every memory.

I am a DID patient, Liam Fazakerley. I have two families. One is broken, but another, a warm and private one, nestles snugly inside me.



The Award Winner

by Stephanie Chung 4C (8)

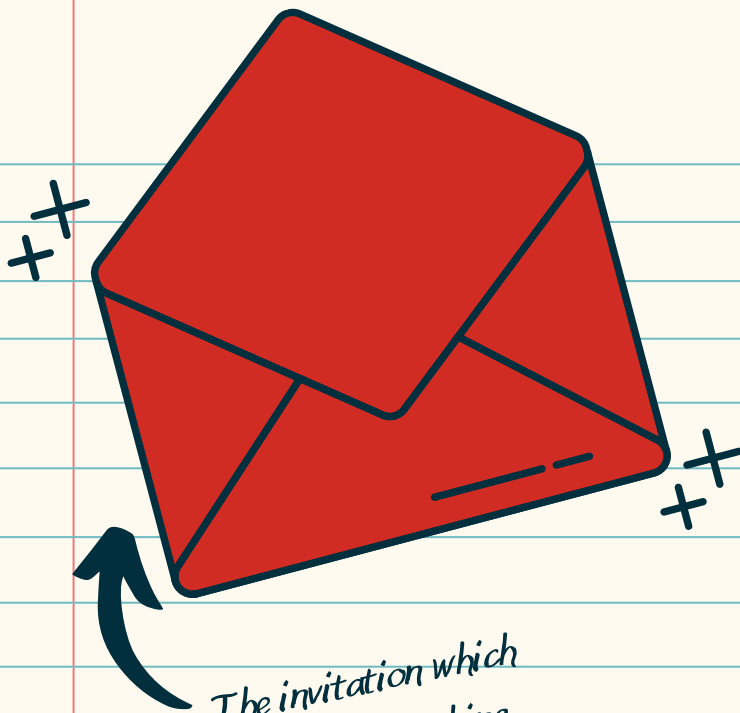
After forty years of teaching, Miss Lee retired. Life after her retirement was quite boring. She woke up at 8am, made herself toast, went grocery shopping, had lunch, watched TV, had dinner, and watched TV again, all alone, repeating the cycle every day.

One day, when she checked her mailbox, she saw an invitation to an awards ceremony. She was confused. Had they sent the invitation to the wrong person? No, the invitation clearly said 'To Miss Amanda Lee'. Who was the recipient of the award? Perhaps it was one of her students, she thought. A lot of her students had entered respected professions and some had even made remarkable contributions to society, but none of them had ever invited her to an awards ceremony.

She began to think, who would it be? Maybe it was the class brainiac, the hard-working Cindy Chan - Dr. Cindy Chan now. After leaving secondary school, she attended a prestigious medical school and graduated top of her class, obviously: she never came second. One time

Notes on Free Indirect Style:

'The narrator takes on the speech of the character, or... the character speaks through the voice of the narrator, and the two instances are merged.' - Gérard Genette



The invitation which started everything

when Miss Lee went to the hospital for a routine appointment, she bumped into Chan, now Head of the Department of Cardiology. Miss Lee went up to her and greeted her, but Chan was not free to chit-chat with Miss Lee. She just

said, "It is so great to see you, Miss Lee. Sorry, I'm in a rush. Let's talk next time." Miss Lee had barely said a word before Dr. Chan had left. Could Cindy Chan be the award winner? Miss Lee doubted it.

Maybe the award winner was Alex Wong, another former student, now a successful businessman. Once, at a department store, Miss Lee saw Alex Wong in an expensive suit. She said hello, but Wong did not seem to remember her. Miss Lee tried starting a conversation with Wong, but he abruptly walked away from Miss Lee

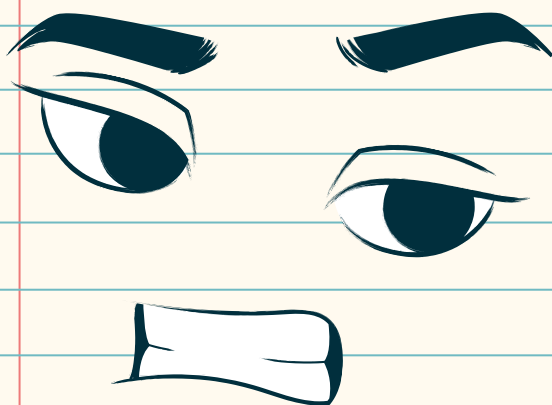


Our dad is a businessman - AND he's called Alex!

towards another man in a fancy suit. They shook hands and left the department store. Miss Lee was left alone again. Maybe the award winner wasn't Alex Wong after all.



Moral of the story: **NEVER** trust anyone in a fancy suit.



Selfies are for fools

Note the spelling of 'selfies.'

Can you really judge a book by its cover?

Miss Lee racked her memory some more. Maybe it was the sweet, charming Andy Kei, who became an actor after graduating from secondary school. A few months ago, on her way home after eating out with friends, Miss Lee happened upon the now-famous Andy Kei. Kei recognised Miss Lee and immediately greeted her, "It is so nice to see you, Miss Lee. Let's take a picture together, shall we?" Before Miss Lee could respond, Kei had grabbed her phone and taken a photo with her. All the while, Andy Kei's manager was pointing to his watch as he darted sour glances at them, so Kei left after a hurried goodbye. Could the award winner be him? It was possible... but unlikely.

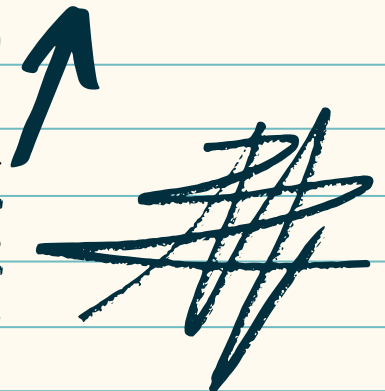
After reminiscing about her numerous successful students, Miss Lee began to remember some of her worst students, especially Landon Fung: he was the most underachieving student she had ever taught.

Fung was the king of troublemakers, Miss Lee remembered. He never followed the rules in class and was always interrupting her when she was saying something important. He wanted to drive every teacher crazy. Yet, Miss Lee still remembered him with fondness.

Notes on characterisation:

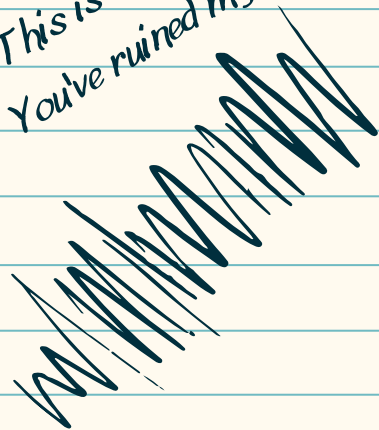
- give a variety of examples
- use figurative language
- habits / typical speech patterns
- other characters' perceptions and opinions (???)

Fung was not a well-behaved student, but Miss Lee never stopped trying to help him. **OMG - this happened**
Once, after interrupting Miss Lee **O.N.E T.I.M.E!!!** aggressively in a lesson, she asked him to meet her for a chat after school. Even though Miss Lee waited until 7pm, he never showed up. Miss Lee then tried calling his parents, but they didn't seem concerned. The next day, when Miss Lee asked Fung



to explain his absence, he replied, "I am busy," and went back to class. Miss Lee was frustrated. She thought for a long time about what she could do to help Fung. "Could we have one conversation, just one, and I promise to leave you alone after it?" Miss Lee asked. "I am busy," he replied with his catchphrase.

*This is so unfair!!!
You've ruined my life!*



One day, after Fung got into a fight with a student in another class, Miss Lee got a chance to calm him down and have a conversation with him.

"What sorts of activities interest you?" Miss Lee asked, instead of scolding him about the fight. If Miss Lee's memory served her, Fung was caught off guard. "I don't know," he mumbled.

Constructing dialogue:

- Contractions - yes
- Can write fillers (e.g. um, er) - !!!
- Illustrate tone - use verbs (e.g. seethed, whispered) or adverbs (e.g. carelessly)

Note to self: add to word bank

"It doesn't have to be academically related. Or perhaps you could tell me what you would like to do in the future?" Miss Lee asked.

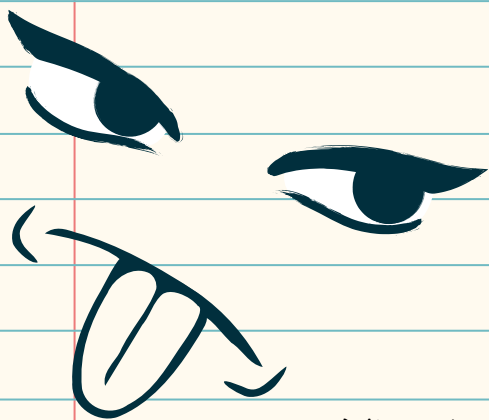
"I... em... I don't know," he said again.

When Miss Lee was talking with Fung patiently, giving earnest and well-meaning advice, Fung was humming a song he claimed he wrote. Miss Lee was furious. However, just as she was about to express her rage at Landon Fung's disrespectful behaviour, an idea sprang into her mind: what if Fung pursued a music career?



Miss Lee recommended that Fung join some programmes in music composition and even brought him some brochures. Surprisingly, a couple of days later, Miss Lee got word that Fung had joined a course in pop music composition. However,

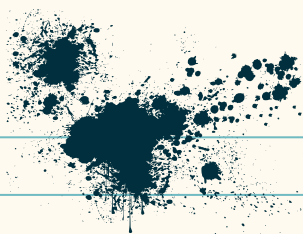
not long after, Fung got into a fight again. The school had to expel him. Miss Lee could only wish him the best and watch him leave the school. She had never seen him since.




Miss Lee looked at the details of the awards ceremony: it was a music awards ceremony. Was the award winner Fung? Maybe.

There was only one way to find out - Miss Lee decided to attend the ceremony.

Landon Fung = Larrest character ever!



At the ceremony, celebrities filled the banquet hall. Miss Lee was feeling shy and awkward when a young man came up to her and said, "Miss Lee, thank you for coming. I was wondering if you would come." Despite having changed a lot, it was, without a doubt, Landon Fung. They had a long conversation, longer than any one they had ever had. The presenter of the ceremony then interrupted them and presented the award for Best Pop Composer to Landon Fung.



In his acceptance speech, Fung said, "First of all, I want to thank my class teacher in secondary school, Miss Lee. When I was young, I was an annoying, immature boy who didn't know what he wanted to do in the future. At school, I skipped class, cheated in tests and got into fights. I did everything that a bad student would do because I thought no one cared about me. However, Miss Lee made me think otherwise. She sat down with me and talked to me instead of scolding me after I got into a fight. She learnt that I had a gift for composing, and recommended a few composition programmes to me. Without her, I wouldn't be the person standing here today, and I wouldn't be composing songs for those who are inspired by my music. I am glad that Miss Lee is here today, so she can witness my accomplishment with her own eyes. Thank you, Miss Lee, for not giving up

on me."

After the ceremony, Fung invited Miss Lee to a party. At the party, every student that Miss Lee had ever taught had gathered to surprise her. Her students came up to Miss Lee and thanked her one by one, and Miss Lee remembered every student's name and her experiences with them. They had all grown up. Some of them were at the top of their field; some of them were engaged, and asked Miss Lee to attend their weddings; some of them were married and showed her photos of their children. Miss Lee was thrilled. Although she had never won an award, she was a memorable teacher who made a significant impact in her students' lives. After tonight, life after her retirement might not be so boring as it had been.

P.S. Miss Cheng, I'm sorry for the graffiti. I think my little sister felt offended because she felt that Landon Fung was based on her - he wasn't, even though they share lots of similarities!

Dear Miss Cheng,

I'm sorry for drawing on Stephanie's work. I won't be doing that again.

- Jenna (Stephanie's little sister)

Stephanie - Your use of the free indirect style was superb! I also enjoyed your vivid characterisation of Landon Fung - perhaps too vivid, given your sister's reception!

Jenna - I'm glad to hear you've learned your lesson. Would you like to be an illustrator in the future? I love Quentin Blake!

A Night to Remember

by Sammi Wong 5D (19)

Last Monday was the most magical day of my life. I was lucky enough to have the privilege of attending the annual Secondary School Drama Awards ceremony and was even nominated for the award of 'Best Supporting Actress'.

When I first received the news of my nomination, I went ballistic and screamed with joy. I never expected to be invited to this awards ceremony, let alone be nominated for an award.

I took inspiration from some of my favourite actresses' red carpet looks and bought a dress just for the ceremony. Of course, it was not as costly as their ten-thousand-dollar designer dresses, but it made me feel like a million bucks once I put it on! When I arrived at

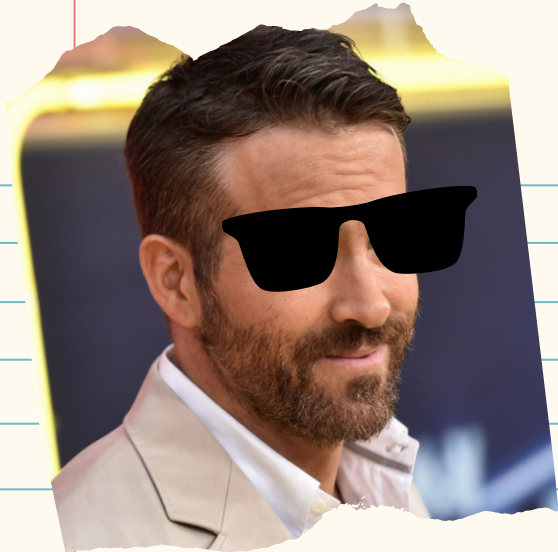


the ceremony for rehearsals, I was greeted by the make-up crew who seated me in front of a mirror. It was the first time someone did my make-up and that was when I really felt like an actress. When the ceremony started, I couldn't help but notice all the glamorous guests around me, in their smart suits and gorgeous gowns. I felt plain and dowdy in comparison, as though I were a budget celebrity.

Even though I didn't win in the end, I don't regret going to the ceremony at all. I was a little bummed out when they announced someone else as the best supporting actress, but after all I am just an amateur and being a nominee was already out of this world to me.

Another awesome thing that happened was that my idol, Saoirse Ronan, attended the ceremony as a guest star! When she stepped onto the stage, everyone gasped and she got a standing ovation. I even took a picture with her afterwards. It was such an honour because I had looked up to her ever since I watched her performance in Greta





Gerwig's Little Women. I remember being so star-struck that I couldn't stop stuttering when I talked to Saoirse.



At the end of the event, all our parents became the paparazzi as we walked down the red carpet. I've got to say, I was almost blinded by the flashing lights from the cameras and deafened by our parents' thunderous shouting. I guess it wasn't as amazing as I had imagined.



It is understandable why many teenagers nowadays aspire to be actresses or actors and enter show business. I myself look up to loads of famous actors and actresses, like Zendaya, Ryan Reynolds, Jennifer Aniston, Tom Holland, and more. Watching the

behind-the-scenes of movies showed me how fun being an actress could be. But let's be honest, the most alluring part of being an actress is having that glamorous life. As I searched for the net worth of actors and actresses online, the screen was filled with jaw-dropping numbers that I don't think I can ever make.

In short, for someone like me, who had never attended this kind of grand event, the ceremony was the equivalent of the Oscars. Even though I didn't win this time, I will try my best to hone my acting skills. Hopefully, I can be awarded the title of 'Best Actress' next year. Being able to make a living out of acting, which is something I love, is a long-cherished goal of mine. I wish that, someday, I can attend the real Oscars. For all of you who are also interested in the performing arts or those who aspire to be actors, the journey will be full of hurdles but it will certainly be worth it.



Lingering On

by Pauline Yau SD (25)

People who come and go in our lives leave memories in our hearts like they are marking their territories. We who have lost loved ones can only rely on memories to see them again.

But all memories are damp and will rot in your heart.

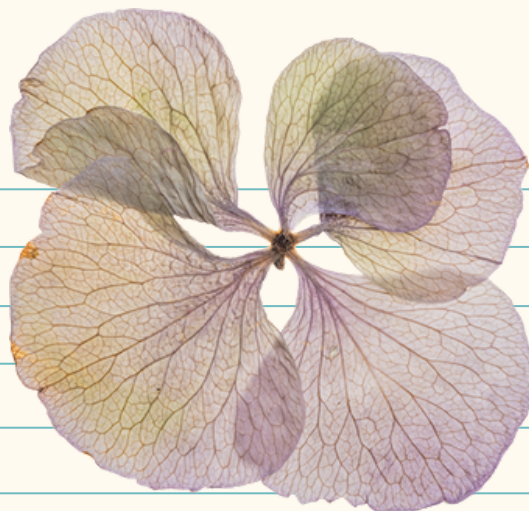
Something people don't talk about is that memories have an expiry date. Once memories reach that date, they will dim and rot.

The healthy thing to do then is to give up the memory, let it sink in the deep dark corner of your subconscious. However, we often don't. We who have lost loved ones tend to linger over memories.

We dig out the rotten memories from our hearts, holding the deteriorated and decayed moments in our muddy hands, reluctant to bury these beautiful events that have happened in our lives. We keep replaying the same sweet stories even though they are fading away like withered flowers.



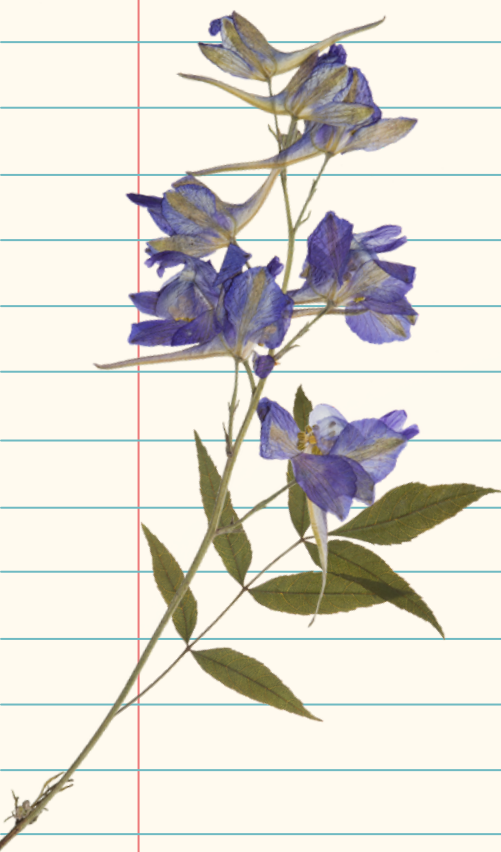
Gradually we will be absorbed, swallowed by those rotten memories. We will live in a fairytale constructed by memories forever, cut off from the world quietly.



We become indifferent to the people around us. We bury ourselves in our depression and loss. We are back in the past, and yet we don't look happy. We are rotting with the memories.

Lingering on memories will make us ugly.

I was a person who lingered over memories once.



One night, my grandmother went to bed and never woke up again. Devastated, I lurked in the memories I shared with her so I would never have to face the fact that she was gone forever.

I replayed the numerous times that she brought me to the park and skipped rope with me, or when she bought me ice cream so that I would stop crying. But the memory that I replayed the most was the fight that we got into before she went gently into the night. I couldn't forget it and forgive myself. Hopelessly I thought, if I thought

about it often enough, I would feel better and find a way to reconcile with her.

Eventually, my friend couldn't stand seeing me living in reminiscence. She was tired of my nostalgia and she feared the memories would consume my soul. Day by day my face got paler and paler because rotten memories had sucked the energy from me.



So, she yelled at me mercilessly, saying I was stupid to linger on the past, shouting at me for not listening to her advice, not working hard to get over the grief and live happily.

I heard those words without listening to them. My heart was indifferent and every word of hers was weightless to me.

Finally, when she was on the edge of giving up, she gazed at me affectionately and said bitterly, 'If you choose to forget, put your memories back where they belong and give yourself the possibility of salvation from pain, you will live the rest of your life well.'

I listened to those words, moved by them. I got up and went home, washed my face and tucked myself into bed. Then I dreamt a little dream of my grandmother for the last time, putting away the memories in the back of my mind.

Dear Reader,

Never forget to stay awesome!

With love,

The Matrix Team

SO GOOD

Contributors: Eunice Chan (4B), Angel Chan (4B), Rachel Wong (4B), Jasmine Yuen (4B), Stephanie Chung (4C), Ariel Chung (5D), Christy Lau (5D), Yan Ling (5D), Sammi Wong (5D), Pauline Yau (5D)

Editors: Ms Lai Wan Sze, Mr Wong Sing Tsun Derek, Ms Cheng Shui Kwan Fronia

Advisor: Ms Wong Siu Yung Helena

Special thanks: Ms Iris Lam