



SKH WEI LUN PRIMARY SCHOOL

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Wei Lun Creative Chronicle

INSIDE
THIS
ISSUE

2025-2026
ENGLISH
COMPETITION
WINNERS



An Elephant Community Press Publication

Intro Text

Dear Parents and Students,

Welcome to the 5th edition of the 2025–2026 WL English Writing Competition Magazine, a celebration of some of the most talented young writers in our school community.

This magazine showcases the very best pieces from our annual English writing competition, and we could not be more proud of what our students have produced. The quality, creativity, and heart that went into these entries is a true testament to the remarkable writers developing right here in our school.

This year, students were given the prompt to write a story that focused on one or more of the following positive values or attitudes: perseverance, respect for others, responsibility, national identity, commitment, integrity, benevolence, law-abidingness, empathy, diligence, unity, or filial piety. Students were then free to be as creative as they wanted, as long as they could meaningfully integrate one or more of these values into their writing, and the results were genuinely impressive.

When judging the pieces, teachers considered a mixture of creativity, effort, English language sophistication, and how successfully each piece incorporated one of the competition values. We had many outstanding pieces that, despite their quality, did not receive awards simply because they did not fully integrate one of the listed values. The standard this year was exceptionally high.

Teachers had a difficult time selecting winners (a wonderful problem to have) because many entries were so strong. In the end, it often came down to how clearly and effectively a piece brought one of the values to life. To every student who submitted a piece: you should be incredibly proud of yourselves. Your willingness to take creative risks and express yourselves through writing is something to be celebrated.

A heartfelt thank you also goes to the parents who encouraged, supported, and nurtured their children throughout this process. Your investment in your child's love of writing makes all the difference, and it clearly shows in the pages of this magazine.

All the best,
Mr. Church

TABLE OF CONTENTS

P1

04 1st Place: Keira Tao, 1C
04 2nd Place: Deesha Hariharan, 1B
04 3rd Place: Jacob Chen, 1C
04 Merit: Taylor Fei, 1B
04 Merit: Isla Lai, 1A

P2

05 1st Place: Sterling Ahn, 2B
05 2nd Place: Hope Leung, 2B
05 3rd Place: Veromca Lee, 2C
05 Merit: Marcus Ho, 2A
05 Merit: Cassandra Bleasdale, 2C

P3

06 1st Place: Ethan Wu, 3B
06 2nd Place: Lai Yat Fung, 3B
07 3rd Place: Ryan Siu, 3A
07 Merit: Joy Wang, 3C
07 Merit: Jasmine Po, 3C

P4

08 1st Place: Sophie, 4C
08 2nd Place: Janaya Cheng, 4C
09 3rd Place: Lawrence Wong, 4B
09 Merit: Amelia Lu, 4C
09 Merit: Alan Tong, 4A

P5

10 1st Place: Sophia Chua, 5A
10 2nd Place: Charlotte Jackson, 5C
11 3rd Place: Karina Wong, 5C
11 Merit: Erin Leung, 5B
12 Merit: Emma Tsang, 5A
12 Merit: Kevin Chen, 5A

P6

13 1st Place: Woody Cheung, 6B
13 2nd Place: Haisley Liang, 6B
14 3rd Place: Ethan Chen, 6B
14 Merit: Chessa Cheong, 6A
15 Merit: Kimi Cheung, 6C
15 Merit: Eunice Chan, 6B



Name: Keira Tao | **Class:** 1C

An Empathy Story

One day, a mother holding a child and carrying a baby was walking on the street. She was wearing a green dress. Suddenly, her plastic bag broke, and the oranges inside scattered on the ground. A young

boy paused, knelt and helped the mother gather the oranges. "Everyone has tough days." He reassured the mother with a smile. His kindness definitely brightened the mother's day.



Name: Deesha Hariharan | **Class:** 1B

Being Respectful

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Claire and a girl named Aira. They are best friends. Claire is kind and she has lots of respect for others while on the

other hand Aira is rude. One day, Aira saw Claire and said, "Hey, Claire! Why is your dress so ugly?" Claire replied, "I am not as rich as you, Aira. You need to learn to be respectful because ugly is a rude word." Aira understood and hugged Claire and said, "Sorry, Claire, for being rude. I have many beautiful dresses I can share with you. I promise to always be respectful." The End.



Name: Jacob Chen | **Class:** 1C

Bivy and the Giant Carrot

One day, there was a smart rabbit called Bivy. Bivy went to his garden to pick his carrots, and he saw a giant carrot.

He tried to pick it, but he failed, so he built a machine and tried again and again. Finally, it worked. Now he can enjoy the carrot with his family.



Award: Merit | **Name:** Taylor Fei | **Class:** 1B

Stacy

In the summer, all the mermaids went to sea polo. Stacy wore glasses and had pimples, and Bella and Chelsea laughed at her. Then a fire started at sea polo. Stacy was brave and put it out.

Bella and Chelsea saw how kind and strong she was. From then on, they were all friends. Bella and Chelsea learned to always be nice.



Award: Merit | **Name:** Isla Lai | **Class:** 1A

The Injured Cat

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who saw an injured cat. She took the poor cat and brought it to the vet. That day, she saved the cat's life, brought her home, and gave the cat all her love.



Name: Sterling Ahn | Class: 2B

Alex's Chess Dream

There was a little boy named Alex, and he had a dream. His dream was to beat his dad at chess. Alex's dad was an

amazing chess player, and Alex lost to his dad at every chess game. Alex felt very defeated and wanted to give up. But his dad told him to try, try, try again, so Alex read books about chess to learn moves, played different chess challenges and puzzles, and kept on practising with bots and other players.

Finally, one Sunday morning, after Alex and his dad had breakfast, they played a game of chess. After 30 minutes, Alex proudly yelled out, "Checkmate!" and won the game!

Alex proved that perseverance, commitment, and hard work could make our dreams come true.



Name: Hope Leung | Class: 2B

Respect at the Library

One day, Belle the dog wanted to borrow books from the library and asked if Lily the cat would like to come

along. Lily agreed, and they went to the library. After borrowing some books, they were about to go home when suddenly Randy the bunny accidentally bumped into Lily. The books fell onto the ground. "Watch where you're going!" shouted Lily. Randy said sorry many times, but Lily did not forgive him. He started to cry. "Sorry, Randy, forgive Lily," said Belle. Lily learned that if you respect others, others will respect you too.



Name: Veromca Lee | Class: 2C

Panchi the Monkey

Do you know animals could have empathy?

In a Japan zoo, a lovely orphan monkey named Panchi

lived alone. He felt sad and cold as he held his soft, orange plush toy. He missed his mummy. One day, a kind hero monkey saw him. He heard Panchi crying and gave him a warm hug. He invited Panchi to join his group. Now they play together and feel happy!



Award: Merit | Name: Marcus Ho | Class: 2A

The Missing Shell

One day, a mouse and a bird saw a turtle was crying. The bird asked, "What happened?" "My shell is missing!" said the turtle. The bird said, "I can understand how you feel. I lost my jetpack last week. I was sad too because I

cannot fly well without it. My friend Mouse helped me find it, so we can help you too!" "Yay, let's go!" said the mouse and gave the turtle a candy.



Award: Merit | Name: Cassandra Bleasdale | Class: 2C

Saving the Clam

Ten days ago, I went to the beach in the North Plaza. I was playing in the sand, and I saw a clam on the hot and dry sand. It needed water, so I grabbed

my bucket, put in some sand and water, and placed the clam inside. I carried the bucket to the ocean and gently let it go. I felt happy. The clam was safe.



Name: Ethan Wu | **Class:** 3B

A Taste of Reunion



I am eating my grandma's radish cake. It is golden and crispy on the outside and soft inside, just like steak. Grandma says this is a taste from her home in Taiwan; we eat it because it brings good luck.

Last year, I was in Dalian with my other grandparents for the New Year. We made dumplings together. My dumplings looked like wontons, and grandma laughed and said, "It is okay, what matters is the filling, not how it looks." It was a cold day because I was in the northern part of China, but the kitchen was as warm as spring.

My thoughts drift to Singapore, where I was born. There, the New Year doesn't have winter. My mom would buy jerky, a must-have for Chinese New Year in Singapore. The jerky is sweet and crispy. People believed it gave them good fortune.

I used to wonder why we eat so many different foods. The radish cake from my grandma, the dumplings from my other grandma, and the jerky from Singapore all look and taste so different. Mom told me that even though the foods are different, they are all special New Year dishes for Chinese people.

Then I understood. Just like the radish and rice flour in the cake, the skins and fillings of the dumplings, and the meat and spices in the jerky. Each ingredient is different, but all mixed together to make something great. We are also different, coming from various places and speaking different languages, but we are all Chinese. This feeling of belonging is as strong as the flavour in our food.

As I finished my radish cake, I realised that all Chinese people wish for the same things during the New Year: reunion, peace, and happiness.

Name: Lai Yat Fung | **Class:** 3B

Kindness Is Free



After school, the sky turned grey. I heard the rain tapping on the window. Tap, tap, tap. I hoped it would stop soon. I took out my umbrella. It was blue with little rockets on it.

Then I saw Nathan. He was sitting on the bench. His hair was wet. He looked at the rain and did not move. "Nathan!" I called. "Come with me." He ran to me. We walked side by side. My umbrella was small. My right arm got wet. Water dripped down my elbow. But Nathan was dry. His bag was dry too.



He said, "Thank you. You didn't have to do this." I said, "I know. But I wanted to." At the gate, his mum gave me a big smile. Nathan waved and said, "See you tomorrow!"

I walked home. I felt cold. My trousers were wet. But I did not care. I kept thinking about Nathan's smile. My mum always says, "Kindness is free." Today I was kind. It was free. But it felt like the best thing I did all day.



Name: Ryan Siu | **Class:** 3A

Dash and Freddy



Once upon a time, there was a cat named Dash and an owl named Freddy. They lived deep inside the dark forest of the North.

One day, Dash was dashing around the forest, and as he was leaping over a pond, he didn't realize that there was an alligator hiding in the water, which was about to jump up and eat him. Just when the alligator almost snapped him apart, Dash shouted, "Help! I'm going to die!"

Freddy heard him and flew to the pond and swooped Dash away just before the alligator's jaws closed.

In the end, Dash thanked Freddy and said that he would never argue with him ever again. They became friends and always helped each other.



Award: Merit | **Name:** Joy Wang | **Class:** 3C

Beijing

Before, I had a blue monster inside me. It made me angry and rude. I felt lonely and sad. This Spring Festival, I went to Beijing. I saw red lanterns and heard firecrackers. I got red pockets with money! Nice old people showed my monster how to change colours by teaching her to be polite and respectful.

Now we feel happy together!



Award: Merit | **Name:** Jasmine Po | **Class:** 3C

A Kind Ride

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Rose. One day, she and Lucy were having a great time riding their bicycles. On their journey, they met a beggar dressed in very tattered

clothes. They gave the old man some food, saying, "Uncle, we've given you some food to eat. Take care!" The old man thanked them. Rose said, "That old man was so pitiful!" Lucy said, "Yes, thank goodness we gave him some food, otherwise he might have gone hungry!" The two girls smiled at each other and rode on, glad that they had shown kindness to someone in need.

Name: Sophie | Class: 4C

Kobe Bryant



What is perseverance? Maybe perseverance looks a lot like Kobe Bryant. He went after his basketball dreams and never gave up when encountering setbacks. Rather than wallowing in failure, he immediately looked for solutions to his problems. This is the essence of the persistent Kobe Bryant.

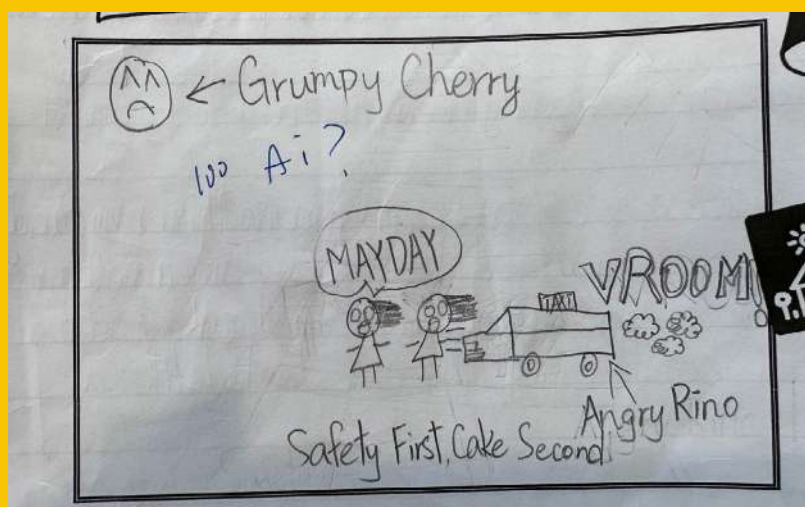
"Have you ever seen Los Angeles at four o'clock in the morning?" This famous quote is a true portrayal of his life. One night, he played basketball until four o'clock in the morning; whenever he realized he wasn't good at something, he had the perseverance to practise it endlessly. This is the persistent Kobe Bryant.

"Love me or hate me." He didn't mind what people said about him.

He just wanted to be himself, and he refused to change for others. Time moves quickly, and we are growing up fast, too. When we face a problem, we can think about Kobe: what would he say? What would he do? Maybe that inspiring mindset is the greatest gift Kobe Bryant gave to us.

Name: Janaya Cheng | Class: 4C

Safety First, Cake Second



Once upon a time, there was a girl called Lu Lu. She was kind and friendly. She loved to help people and play with her friends.

One sunny afternoon, Lu Lu and her friend Co Co were rushing to the cake shop when they reached a busy road. Co Co wanted to dash across to save time, but Lu Lu shrieked, "Mayday! Abort mission!" She yanked Co Co back just as a crimson taxi thundered past with a loud "VROOM!" The wind slapped their cheeks, instantly giving them gravity-defying, bird-nest hairstyles. "Do you want to be a human pancake flatter than a strawberry tart?" Lu Lu gasped. They waited as the red light glowed like a grumpy, giant cherry.

Finally, the green man began dancing. They marched across like victorious gladiators. Being law-abiding was their superpower shield. "Safety first, cake second!" Lu Lu laughed. That day, the cake tasted like a glorious victory!



Name: Lawrence Wong | **Class:** 4B

Never Quit



"Five-one!" the referee shouted. My heart sank. I was losing badly in my table tennis match. The crowd was noisy, and the lights felt too bright. My hands were sweaty, and I could barely hold my racket properly. I wanted to give up. But then I remembered what my coach always said: "Never quit. Fight for every point."

So I took a deep breath and focused. The ball came fast, but I hit it back. Thwack! I got one point. Then another. Thwack! Thwack! Slowly, the score changed. Six-five.

Eight-eight. My legs were tired, but my heart was strong. I kept trying my best. Finally, it was match point. I watched the ball carefully and hit it hard. It landed perfectly on the other side. I won!

Everyone clapped. I was tired but so happy. My perseverance helped me turn a loss into a win. I learned that giving up is never the answer.

Award: Merit | **Name:** Amelia Lu | **Class:** 4C

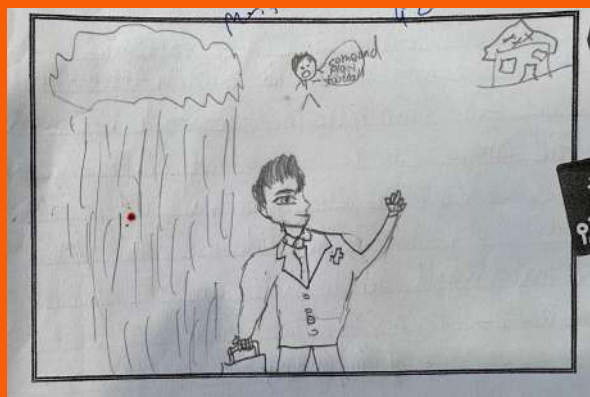
A Mother's Dedication

Last month, my mom took me to Zhuhai to attend violin master classes. On the first day, she accidentally twisted her ankle when she was rushing to find the classroom. Her right foot became super swollen and did not fit into her shoe anymore. I was very worried, but she insisted on accompanying me to all the classes that week instead of going to see the doctor immediately.

I noticed her limping, but she never complained. Every day, she walked with me to different master classes, recording the lessons for me. When I asked if she was okay, she simply said, "I am fine, focus on your lessons."

After we returned to Hong Kong, her ankle was more swollen than before. The doctor said it was fractured. I was shocked and felt guilty, but she reassured me, saying, "It was worth it to see you improving your skills, and I did not want you to miss this great opportunity to learn from the world-renowned professors."

Her love and perseverance taught me the true meaning of dedication and sacrifice.



Award: Merit | **Name:** Alan Tong | **Class:** 4A

Doctor Alan's Mission

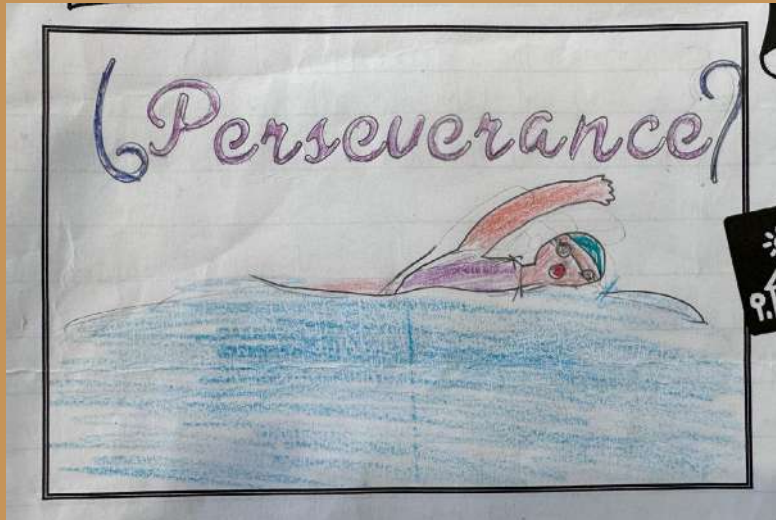
Once upon a time, there was a young doctor called Alan. He worked very hard, but was sent to a remote village by the government. One day, a poor old man was seriously sick and needed a doctor urgently. Alan quickly packed what was necessary and walked as fast as he could to the little, worn-out hut of the old man. At first, all went well on his way. However, suddenly it began pouring heavily. Even so, Alan still insisted on walking ahead and thought, "Although it is raining, my patient is waiting and needs me. I must carry on." Then he met his friend, Frank. Frank said,

"Let's go and play football." But Alan refused and pressed on with his journey. After that, a tree broke and fell down right in front of him. He was scared but jumped over it and continued forward. Finally, he arrived at the old man's hut just in time to save him. The old man gratefully and wholeheartedly thanked him. Alan went home happily with a sense of great relief and satisfaction.

This story tells us that if we have a duty to perform and a mission to achieve, we must see it through, even when challenges and temptations arise. We need to have a sense of responsibility and commitment.

Name: Sophia Chua | Class: 5A

Perseverance



Everyone on Earth has been through difficult times in life, but we can fight these obstacles with perseverance. I would like to share one of my experiences.

When I was three, my mom announced, "Sophia, we are going to start learning how to swim!" At first, I was very enthusiastic until I saw the pool. It was massive. I stared down at the pool, and the water was so dark that I couldn't see the bottom.

I still remember the smell of chlorine that hit my nose when I walked into the pool area. My body was trembling, and cold sweat dripped down my forehead. I dipped my toes into the icy cold water. Another shiver went up my spine. I took a deep breath and jumped in. At first, the cool water overwhelmed my body, and I shivered all over, but I soon got used to the temperature

and started to move my limbs.

Every time I went in the water with my parents, I felt a knot in my stomach. But whenever I wanted to give up, I would say to myself, "Tougher, stronger, fear less!" After months of learning and practising with the help of my coach, I finally began to get the hang of moving through the water.

With consistent practice, I learned backstroke, freestyle, and breaststroke. I started to join competitions. There were times I wanted to give up, but perseverance kept me going. If I didn't have perseverance, I wouldn't have done any of this.

Truly, everyone on the planet faces difficult challenges and obstacles in life, but we can fight them with perseverance. Together!

Name: Charlotte Jackson | Class: 5C

A Warm Act of Benevolence



Every year, my friends and I dress up in themed costumes and go trick-or-treating in Discovery Bay at Halloween. Last year, we dressed up as characters from the popular K-pop animation Huntity. We were all very excited and looking forward to the event. Little did I know that I would also gain a memorable lesson about the true meaning of benevolence — caring for those in need rather than only thinking about one's own joy.

We started our trick-or-treating adventure early in the evening. The neighbourhood was decorated with glowing jack-o'-lanterns, sparkling fairy lights, spooky ghost streamers, and haunted houses. We were all mesmerised by the eye-catching decorations. We chatted excitedly as we walked up to each house and got lots of candies, eyeball gummies, marshmallow Frankensteins, spider

chocolates, and more. As the night progressed, more and more people joined in for the fun. Some dressed as fairies, mermaids, and cartoon characters, while others dressed as vampires, werewolves, witches, skeletons, and zombies. The whole area was filled with a spooky but fun atmosphere!

As our adventure was coming to an end, I suddenly saw a little boy trip on the sidewalk curb. All of his candies fell out of his candy bucket. The poor little boy started crying, and his parents were nowhere to be seen. Immediately, I stopped and went over to check on him while my friends carried on walking. "Are you alright? Are you hurt?" My heart felt for the poor boy, and without hesitation, I gave half of my candies to him. I helped him pick up his spilled candies and comforted him until his parents came back. They thanked me for helping their son.

After the incident, I rejoined my friends and headed home with half a bucket of candies. I didn't feel sad, I felt great. That night, I shared my story with my parents, and we talked about the real meaning of benevolence. It is about acting with kindness when seeing people in trouble. Benevolence is not just a word; it is a kind choice that comes from our heart to help others without asking for anything in return. This meaningful experience stays in my heart forever and reminds me to be kind every day.

Name: Karina Wong | **Class:** 5C

Reconciliation in the Park



There was a smart but shy stray cat that lived in a sunny park. It was very afraid of people, especially a little boy and his playful dog. Every time the boy saw the cat, he picked up a small stone to pretend to throw it and scare the cat away. The dog barked beside him, as if cheering for its owner. The cat felt very sad and angry. It thought they were always bullying it. One day, it decided to take revenge, so it quietly took the boy's favourite red ball and hid it deep in the grass.

One afternoon, the cat was walking in the park when it suddenly saw the dog lying beside a small path. It looked like it was in a lot of pain. It had chased a butterfly, gotten lost, and twisted its leg so it couldn't move. The cat felt a conflict in

its heart. The boy and the dog had bullied it before, but now the cat also felt pity for the hurt dog. At last, its kind heart won, and it decided to help the dog find its owner.

The cat ran around the park and finally met the boy, who was worried and searching for his lost dog. When the boy saw the cat, he still frowned and looked unfriendly. The cat quickly ran back to the grass and took out the red ball. It placed the ball gently in front of the boy, then looked up and said "Meow," as if asking the boy to follow it. The boy felt surprised, but when he saw his favourite ball, he followed the cat. The cat led the boy to the small path where he finally found his injured dog.

The boy turned to the cat and, for the first time, smiled and said, "Thank you very much! You saved my dog!" From that day on, the boy, the dog, and the stray cat became good friends and brought more warmth and laughter to the park.

Award: Merit | **Name:** Erin Leung | **Class:** 5B

Claire and Nera

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Claire. She studied in Wei Lun Primary School with her friends, and they had a great time. But one day, an evil girl named Nera enrolled at the school and almost changed everything for Claire.

One day, Nera danced on the table and stole a classmate's pen as if no one would know. Claire witnessed this and decided to tell the teacher out of kindness. She thought, "If I don't stop her this time, she might get even worse. I have to help her return to the right path." When the teacher scolded Nera, she acted as if she would change. She apologized to the classmate and swore she wouldn't do such things again. Little did Claire know, Nera had no intention of changing. Deep in her heart, she was furious at Claire and was already planning revenge.

Nera's first attempt was to tell on Claire, but she failed because Claire had always been a good student. Then Nera had another idea: "What if I befriend Claire's friends, gain their trust, and then tell them lies about Claire



hurting me?" Nera talked to Claire's friends and pretended to be friendly. Then she went to the bathroom, hurt herself to leave bruises on her arm, and ran crying to Claire's friends. "Claire hit me on my arm! Look! It hurts a lot!" Claire's friend Aria said, "I doubt she would hit anyone. She's nice to everyone, even her bullies! It's just a big fat lie, isn't it?"

Seeing her lie exposed, Nera also realised that her own friends were standing behind Claire's friends and had heard every single detail. They sighed, "We don't want to be friends with a liar." Nera sobbed, "No... no...!" but no one showed any sympathy. In the end, Nera not only failed to steal Claire's friends, but she also lost her own and was left with nothing but bruises.

This story tells us that we must be honest, or we will come to regret it.

Award: Merit | **Name:** Emma Tsang | **Class:** 5A

The Friendly Village

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful village, but it wasn't popular at all because, when tourists came, the villagers ignored them and were impolite, until a boy named William did something that changed everything.

William was a young boy who lived in the village. One day, he saw his father disrespecting some visitors. William was shocked because his father was always loving and kind to him. William decided to change the village into a friendly and considerate place.

The following day, an old tourist wearing smart clothes got lost in the village. "I wonder if someone could help me," he muttered. A moment later, William came politely to his aid and showed him the way. The old tourist thanked him warmly. "Thank you. I will tell everyone about this, and soon, more people will know this village. I will never forget your kindness!" Soon, the villagers followed William's example and became friendly and considerate. They showed respect for others, and the village became a popular attraction for tourists.

This story tells us that treating others with kindness, empathy, and consideration can make the world a better place.



Award: Merit | **Name:** Kevin Chen |

Class: 5A

The Three Rabbits

Once upon a time, there were three rabbits. The eldest brother was called Peter, the second brother was called Tom, and the youngest was called Sam. They had a garden with only three flowers in the world: pink, red, and blue.

One day, a kind witch came and said to them, "Peter, Tom, Sam, I know you all love flowers. Here is a sack of flower seeds. Find the rain and grow them in the ground, so that the world will become more beautiful!" After saying that, she flew away.

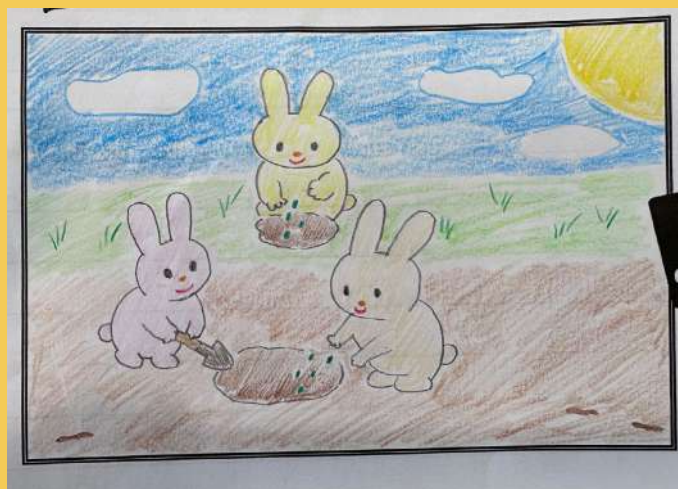
"Let's find the rain and grow the seeds!" said Sam. "Good! Let's go and find the rain!" said Peter.

After a while, they found the rain! But when they were going to plant the seeds, the rain stopped. They ran after the rain: they ran up the hill, they ran across the savannah, and they went into the forests and out of the forests. They had already used over half of the seeds, but they still didn't find enough water.

The second brother felt tired and wanted to give up. The eldest brother said, "Don't give up. Let's keep planting the seeds!" "Okay, I won't give up!" said Tom.

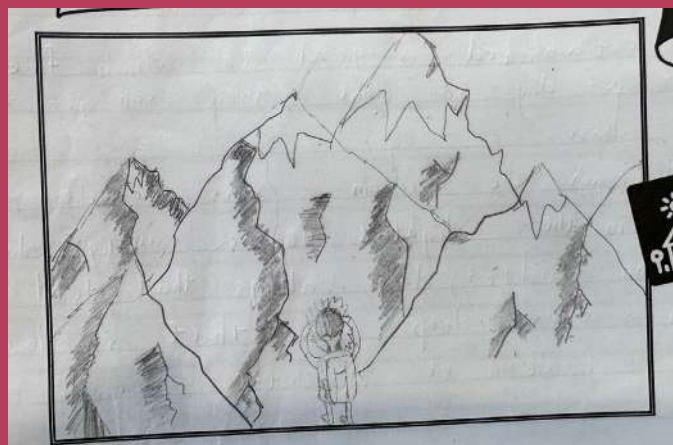
After a few days, they planted all the seeds and went back home to rest. After some months, it rained and rained. After a few weeks, they went out and looked. The hills, the savannah, and the forests were all covered with many flowers. It was so beautiful!

Now they understood: only by making efforts can we earn our rewards. Because of them, the world had become much more beautiful.



Name: Woody Cheung | Class: 6B

Tom's Everest Dream



Ever since he was a young boy, a man named Tom had set himself one ultimate goal: to conquer Mount Everest. Now, after years of dreaming, his journey was finally beginning.

He and his friend prepared meticulously, packing gigantic backpacks filled with everything they would need: oxygen tanks, canned food, bottled water, a paper map, a compass, sturdy rope, a warm fur coat, reliable trekking shoes, and essential safety gear. Taking a deep breath, Tom whispered to himself, "Let's do this." He zipped up his fur coat, checked his climbing harness, and took his first step from the foot of the legendary mountain.

On the very first day, they made a plan. Night climbing was far too dangerous, so they set a goal to

cover five kilometres each day. At this steady pace, they hoped to reach each base camp safely along the way.

The terrain was treacherous. Even the slightest noise could trigger a rockfall. They navigated unforgiving ridges, peered into valleys that seemed bottomless, and trudged through deep snow that felt like it was going to swallow them whole. Despite these dangers, they pressed on and made it to the second base camp. It was a breathtaking sight, nestled among towering ice walls and endless fields of glacial ice as hard as stone.

When morning came, the golden rays of the sun reflected off the snow and hit the camp with surprising force. It felt like an oven, and they had to quickly peel off their heavy coats to avoid overheating. After a quick meal of canned soup and beef, they resumed their journey.

The challenges grew more intense. They carefully crossed the infamous Death Zone, a sharp, snowy ridge where one single misstep could be fatal. Then came the final obstacle: the Lhotse Face, a terrifying, almost vertical wall of ice, a 1,000-metre climb where even the slightest mistake could cause a deadly icefall.

But they persevered. Finally, after what felt like a lifetime, they made it to the peak. Standing on top of the world, they were overwhelmed with an incredible sense of accomplishment. They were far above the clouds, and their oxygen supply was running out, so they couldn't stay long. They raced back down as fast as they could.

When they finally reached the bottom, safe and sound, a deep sense of fulfilment washed over Tom. The dream that had started so long ago had finally come true.

Name: Haisley Liang | Class: 6B

The Story of the Autistic Kid



Last week, a new girl named Fiona joined our class. She has a special ability. She has autism, which means she sometimes talks to herself, gets scared by loud noises, and doesn't look you in the eye. Most kids stayed as far away from her as they could. They whispered and pointed. It made my heart feel uneasy. I felt empathy for her. She always sat alone at lunch. That was, until one day, everything changed.

A boy named Shrek was being really mean. He randomly knocked her books off the lunch table on purpose and laughed at her. He shouted, "Pick them up, weirdo!" The cafeteria went silent. Everyone had their eyes on Fiona. She froze, her eyes wide and scared.

That's when my superhero moment happened. I didn't have laser eyes or super strength. My power was respect. I walked over and stood between Fiona and Shrek. "Stop it, Shrek. That was not funny," I said, my voice a little shaky. Then I knelt down and started picking up Fiona's books. I looked at her and said, "Let's go sit somewhere else together," with a gentle smile. Her face lit up with a tiny smile. I helped her carry her things to my table. We ate lunch together. She told me about her pet hamster, Snowy, and made funny jokes.

The best part? After seeing what happened, some other kids came over too. They apologized to Fiona and started asking her questions. Now she has a whole friend group to sit with. Shrek also came up to Fiona and mumbled a sorry.

I'm not a superhero with a cape, but I learned that respect and helping others is the best superpower. When you treat someone with kindness, it's like a wave that spreads throughout the ocean. Now, Fiona isn't the kid nobody likes. She has a lot of good friends, including me.

Name: Ethan Chen | **Class:** 6B

My Journey of Cantonese Opera



Time flies like an arrow. It is hard to believe it is my last few months at Wei Lun Primary School. There are many things worth cherishing, but I would like to share my journey of learning Cantonese opera and my mentor, Mrs. Xu.

Four years ago, my mum signed me up for Cantonese opera lessons to improve my Chinese. At the time, I was extremely reluctant. I thought the slow, drawn-out tunes were boring, and I would daydream about skipping practice to play outside.

Mrs. Xu had retired from her vice principal role and devoted herself to promoting and preserving Cantonese opera. She didn't just teach us lines and melodies, but she

poured her heart and soul into every lesson. She would arrive at the classroom early, adjusting the sound system and carefully checking scripts. She even spent her own savings on props and classical music scores, and her own time helping us practise, her voice growing hoarse from correcting our pronunciation word by word.

One time, I felt completely frustrated after a competition. My performance was full of mistakes, and I wanted to give up. Mrs. Xu didn't scold me. Instead, she shared her own childhood story, how she had fallen in love with Cantonese opera at a young age, practising every day even when she was tired, and how she had performed on stage for decades, never tiring of it. "Learning is an endless journey," she said softly.

Her words touched me deeply. I began to look at Cantonese opera differently. I noticed the way the silk costumes swirled, the stories behind each character, and the pride in Mrs. Xu's eyes when we nailed a difficult aria. In the following two years, I practised diligently and eventually won silver and gold medals in competitions. I truly enjoy acting as different characters, generals, and scholars on stage. Each performance feels like a new adventure, and I can feel the weight of the culture I am carrying.

Mrs. Xu is the kind of person who gives without asking for anything in return. She continues to teach for free, travelling to different communities to share this art with more people. When I grow up, I aspire to be like her, passing on the beauty of Cantonese opera to the next generation.

Award: Merit | **Name:** Chessa Cheong | **Class:** 6A

Sports Day Perseverance



Today was sports day, and I took on the 400 m race. It started well, but halfway through, my legs were absolutely spent, and my lungs felt like they were on fire. The sun was brutal, sweat stung my eyes, and for a split second, I was this close to quitting. Suddenly, my mother's mantra, "Never give up!" echoed in my mind. I took a massive breath and dug deep.

Right then, I heard Chloe and Nina going wild in the stands, yelling, "Go! You're almost there!" Their energy was the fuel I needed. I charged through the finish line, and I actually won! Looking back, the trophy is a great souvenir, but the real victory was silencing the inner critic that told me to stop. Now I feel ready for whatever challenge comes next.

Award: Merit | **Name:** Kimi Cheung | **Class:** 6C

Felix's Dream



Once upon a time in a prosperous city in Australia, there lived a boy named Felix who dreamed of becoming a popular idol. Every day, he would watch his favourite idol dance and sing. Felix was very determined.

Felix dreamed of the spotlight. He practised dance routines in his bedroom until the floorboards groaned, and sang along to pop songs with all his heart. His voice, high and crystalline, soared into registers that made his classmates snicker, calling it “a mouse being stepped on.” His dancing, though energetic, was often a beat behind, his limbs seeming to have their own clumsy conversation.

Then it was time for his voice to change. When he tried to sing the high, clear pop songs he loved, his own voice emerged as a low, rumbling baritone that seemed to shake the posters on his walls. To Felix, it sounded all wrong, like a cello trying to play a flute's melody. He felt his deep voice was a curse, a barrier he could never overcome.

His sister suggested he try a street performance. People were drawn in by his voice. A talent scout was also attracted by his deep voice and gave him a business card for a famous entertainment company, JYP. The founder came to find Felix and said, “Hi, I am JYP's founder. Your voice isn't bad, it's a powerful, rare instrument.”

Felix auditioned for a new talent show, choosing not a generic pop song but a rock song that suited his deep voice, and choreographing a rock dance that told a story. The judges were stunned. It wasn't the polished perfection they expected. It was raw, different, and utterly captivating.

Felix learned that a true idol isn't a copy, but an original. He finally understood that his voice wasn't a flaw, it was his foundation. He taught everyone the importance of not giving up on their dreams.

Award: Merit | **Name:** Eunice Chan | **Class:** 6B

Ivory's Secret

Ivory was the daughter of a very wealthy family. Everyone thought she had a perfect life. She could buy anything she wanted and go anywhere in the world, but deep inside, Ivory hated it. Why? Because she was treated differently. Every time she switched schools, everyone swarmed around her hoping to become friends, even teachers favoured her among all the students, and some of her friends were just using her for money. Ivory was sick of it, so she decided to change. She told her dad she wanted to switch schools again.

A week before she went back to school, she cut her hair and bought new clothes to look simple and different. She gave herself a new name, Faye, and even told her family to call her by that name.

A week flew by, and it was time to go to school. Faye put on her new uniform and headed out with excitement about her new life. When she got to class, two people came up to her. “Hi, my name is Emilia.” “And my name is Marigold. Can we be friends?” Faye immediately accepted their offer. She hadn't expected to make friends this fast.

A few months passed, and Emilia, Marigold, and Faye quickly became best friends. One day at recess, Faye accidentally dropped her ID. Marigold and Emilia found it on the floor and picked it up, then they saw the name: Ivory Cheng. They immediately knew it was Faye. They hadn't expected her to be the daughter of the wealthiest family in the city. They went to Faye and said, “You don't need to hide it anymore. We know who you are, and we will still treat you just the way we treat everyone else. Let's go back to class, Ivory.”

