





"Still" is an exquisite mini-anthology showcasing the works of Pooikeinians. This remarkable compilation not only encapsulates the tranquility of our minds but also perpetuates the beauty of English. With its diverse array of articles, stories, letters, and captivating contributions from our students, this edition presents a unique opportunity for Pooikeinians to exhibit their boundless creativity, imaginative prowess, and masterful command of both fiction and non-fiction writing.

Our heartfelt appreciation goes to the students for their work and to their teachers for their support and encouragement in nurturing our students' writing skills. Thanks also go to the Supervisor of the English Department, Ms. Jenny Sit, for her support to the department and the publication of this anthology. The Still anthology committee consisting of Mr. David Tobin, Mr. Dane Powell, Ms. Jane Lo, Ms. Sophie Bridge, Mr. Brian McAuley, Mr. Daniel Hyam and Ms. Coco Cheung. We would like to especially thank the supervising teacher, Ms. Rachel Wong, whose relentless dedication and tireless endeavor have brought forth this extraordinary compilation.

With every page turned, this anthology stands as a lasting tribute to the incredible growth and creativity of our students. We sincerely hope that the vibrant expressions and insightful reflections captured within these pages will inspire, uplift, and intellectually engage all readers. May this collection ignite a passion for both writing and reading that endures well beyond this volume, leaving a meaningful and memorable impact on the hearts and minds of everyone who explores it.

Ms. Eva Yuen

Panel Chair, English Department









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of the Mountain 🛞

The mountain is a giant turtle,
Massive and green.
It sits all day and relax,
Without cracking its many backs.
Hour upon hour it snores,
Ignoring the pain from the woodcutters axe,
While watching the hikers climb to its top.

And when it hits midnight,
There is no longer sunlight.
The giant turtle finds a place to accept its fate,
It slowly moves its body to a comfy state.

When its spring,
It hears the birds sing.
It wakes up with a new colour,
From head to toe,
It turns into orange.
The turtle becomes as confident as Hercules,
And starts snacking on some trees.

When it turns into winter,
It becomes shy and cold,
Because of its hairless body and cold shell,
That's already very old,
And the snow covering its back.

But no matter what season, it would always stay calm for no reason. It is always ginormous, wise and green, That's why the turtle is just like a mountain.











⋘ The Blustery Wind **⅔**

The blustery wind is a tempestuous eagle, Menacing and strong. With it's gale and gusty winds such regal. Could be motionless or still, but when gone rogue. Everything gets wrong.

The blustery wind are an eagle,
When everyone's on duty, it comes
As sneaky as a fox, but destroys things in his way.

Typhon, tempest, gale storm whatever you name it.

Everyone hates but won't stop anyway.
And 'swish, swoosh, swish, swoosh!'
Off it goes with a sploosh.
Trees blown, birds moaned,
Building collapsed on it's own.
Nothing will stop the eagle.



The blustery wind are an eagle,

So even daunting and mighty like a soldier stomping through its way.

A calm breeze clings to the sky,

But suddenly strong winds rise.

The eagle swings and sways,

Rushing the barrier through its way.

But on summers things gets calm,

Mr. Eagle stays with an ease breeze on the beach with palm.

Resting with swift and haste winds, it still pairs with sunshine's calm.

'Again, Again, and Again!',

The wind strikes back when?

Winter.....

See you again eagle.



🎇 The Last Ice Penguin 🤅

White as day, dark as night, He stands before you all, in his cold might, On this twilight night, he jumps down, Sliding on ice, what a sight!

Absolute zero, power of a hero, The ice in his hands are as of a legend, Outside as cute, inside as cold, Even though he is acting, he has a heart of gold.

Ka-Ching! His beak as sharp as a sword, His fur is fluffy, just like a puppy, Slipping and sliding, in water he's gliding, He moves with elegancy, very enticing.

He's not alone, he has a power, One that any animal would desire, The power to control ice, glacial uprising, He has one goal, to stop the climate from changing!

Slippery as soap, as tall as the heavens, New glaciers are forming, preventing the warmth from coming, One might be weak, but together they're strong, And they have an ally, which is coming along.

Penguin and ice, a dynamic duo, Best friends forever, brother to brother, Even though they failed, they still have each other, The world is ending, the heat has won.

"Sorry everyone, I've failed you all",
"I've just tried my best, that's all",
"It's okay, we know you did",
"We are grateful, for your determination."







Rest In Peace, My Beloved Son



One month ago, I saw a man outside the window of my house. When I went to open the door for the visitor, he flung open the door of my house. He said 'I am sorry, are you Herbert White's relative? I am from Maw and Meggins.' I immediately asked 'What happened? Is Herbert hurt?' He replied with grief 'Yes, he was badly hurt, but he is not in any pain' I was glad at the moment. However, I soon realized a horrible fact, which was that my son was dead, and my one and only beloved son was gone. My greedy husband asked almost immediately 'How much is the compensation?' He still cared about the money he could get from my son's death. The visitor replied to his question '200 pounds, the compensation is 200 pounds.' It felt like a bomb explode in my head. I fell to the floor and fainted as the words 200 pounds repeated in my mind over and over.

All of this was caused by that monkey's paw, and my husband's greediness; this is all their fault. If that soldier didn't come, if my husband didn't take the paw and if he hadn't wished for 200 pounds, none of this would have happened. They broke the relationship between me and Herbert. Once, we joked with each other and chatted and played together every night happily. Everything was perfect. But now this only happens in my imagination and dreams. All of it is gone because of the horrible paw and now, I could never see my son again.

After Herbert's death, every day is boring and lifeless. I could never make breakfast for him, send him off to work, or chat with him, all of these blessings are now gone. I can never see my beloved son again. Every day I stand beside the door, hoping that it's just another of Herbert's jokes and that he would come back from work one day and ask me 'How is the joke, did it scare you?' However, all of these are just my wishes. My relatives and friends all say I'm crazy. They say that just I sit in Herbert's room alone, talking to the air, laughing on my own. I remember that I had a dream about this before, in the dream I chatted with Herbert happily, I don't think I can tell apart my dreams and reality now.

However, I finally thought of a plan to bring back my beloved son. To mourn my son and share the joy of bringing my son back, I wrote this blog. To get my son back, I will force my husband to wish for my son to be alive again with that monkey's paw. No matter how heavy the consequence are, I won't be scared. The pain of losing him is much more serious than any consequence. Now, I can finally bring him back, finally!







He was running out of time, Charles and his coworker, Hank were head engineers at the Chernobyl nuclear power plant. One day, the coolant rods and the fans malfunctioned, leading into a temperature increase. Though this may seem insignificant, this led to the already-aging core's condition worsening. The core exploding was nearly unavoidable.

As soon as Charles noticed the temperature being higher than usual, he notified his coworker about it, "Hey Hank, isn't the core temperature a bit too high?" Hank looked at the temperature reader, and it was about 100 degrees above average. Hank shrugged it off and blamed it on the age of the core. Luckily, Charles didn't believe in Hank because if he did, the entire nearby area will be burnt to a crisp, never to be resettled ever again. Charles looked at the temperature reader again. It had gone up 25 degrees already. It was currently at 4300 degrees and when it reaches 5000 degrees, the core will start to have a meltdown and explode. It was also raising very quickly too. About 100 degrees every minute on average. 'Hank, this isn't normal, the core temperature can't be this high!' Charles said. This time, Hank took him a bit more seriously so he glanced at the temperature reader, it had gone up 200 degrees from last time.

Hank stared at it for about 15 seconds before saying 'At this rate, the core will reach critical temperatures in 7 MINUTES!' with a trembling tone. Charles after hearing that, quickly cooked at the core though the window, it was starting to grow blue, brighter and brighter every second. He told Hank to start initiating the lockdown protocols to try to save as many workers as they could. With the alarms sounding and lamps flashing red, many workers rushed to the exit and ran away for their dear life. Only they could do something about the core. 'Time is running out!' Hank screamed, scrambling through files trying to find the instructions on how to fix the core. With 4 minutes remaining, the core reached critical condition. Charles on the other hand, stayed calm and collected, thinking of a way to cool the core. He noticed the fans were not spinning so he tried to crank them up to max power. Nothing happens. He tried to lower the five coolant rods,



nothing happens again. Apparently the electrical were connecting the control room to the coolant rods and the fans was broken. "The wire is fried, we can't do anything!" he cried as he turned to Hank for help. What did he see? A knocked out Hank on the floor. He hit his head on one of the shelves. 6 minutes remaining. It was only Charles now. Charles suddenly remembered the hazmat suit in the corner, he quickly put it in and looked for the best and went into the core room. He manually pushed the cooler rods into the slots with all if his might. One by one, they were pushed in. the core started to dim, the core temperature was starting to lower. Crisis avoided. Charles single handedly saved an entire nuclear power plant.

He quickly took off the decaying suit and picked Hank up, putting him into the backseat of his car, taking him into the hospital for some much-needed help.

The next month, Charles was crowned hero of Chernobyl and was also given the Medal of Honor. This changed his life as he was now one of the most beloved people in the nation. This also brought attention to nuclear power plants and the government funded a large batch of money to repair aging nuclear cores across the country.









Ta was so terribly cold. Snow was falling and it was almost dark. Evening approached, the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom, a poor little girl, bareheaded and barefoot, was walking through the cold streets of Copenhagen.

She had had her slippers on before she left her house, but what good had they done her? She had lost one of them while running across the road to avoid a old hobo, and she had gotten the other one punctured somehow and had taken it off, and so she pathetically walked through every street in the small town, trying to find a person to buy her matches, but in the end no one gave her a single cent.

She strolled along with despair across the street; it was empty, only a few foxes had came out to catch their prey. The poor little girl sat next to a small wooden hut, exhausted. She saw a young couple, happily sitting next to their dining table, contentedly enjoying their beautifully rout goose, for it was New Year's Eve.

For a split second, the little Match Girl had a brief thought of going home, but the wind blew harder, as if answering her pointless question; for she had sold no matches, nor earned a single cent, and her father would surely beat her. Besides, it was cold at home, for they had nothing over them but a roof where the wind whistled even though the biggest cracks.

She had started to turn blue from the cold. Oh how much a single little match might warm her! If only she could take one from the matchbox and rub it against the wall to warm her hands. She drew one out, r-ratch! Oh, how it wonderfully spotted and burned! It emitted a shining reddish-orange glow, but instead of seeing a flame, she saw a beautiful scene. From within the light, she saw some young children, happily playing with each other. Oh, it would be such a delightful experience to play with them. She tried to walk to them, but they disappeared as her match burned off, and she was left with white ashes on her palm.



As she continued walking, she felt cold again and so she struck another match, r-r-ratch! Oh how brightly the light shone on her youthful body, her eyes shimmering with a warm orange reflection, as she looked into the flame. This time she saw her father. The little girl saw that he was like the oblivion, scolding and screaming at her, so she put away the match swiftly. Scared of seeing her father, she continued to try selling matches, and of course, she failed.

It was late into midnight now and it was extremely cold. She couldn't feel her fingers and her toes were numb. She lit her last match, burning so brilliantly and brightly. She saw her beloved grandmother, "Oh, please take me up to the skies, so I can be with you!" And so she embraced her beloved grandmother as she took her upon the clouds...

But then by chance, a doctor came by and saw the dying little match girl, sitting there, motionless. He was a good doctor, so he took her to the hospital and demanded that she receive a body check. In the end, they found out that she had white phosphorus poisoning which explained, the white ashes on her hands...







卷 Thank you, Grandma! 💸

Do you know any women you deeply admire, for simply being strong and ambitions? Or any women you see as an idol? Well.....I'm very proud to say - I know a woman whom survived the dangerous, life threatening disease, and overcame multiple mental and physical trauma, my grandmother.

My grandmother is nearing 90 years old, living in a small village in china, with her 4 guard dogs and 2 large fields of land, where she'd grow crops and sell for income in the nearly market. She's still super healthy, and she's living happily by herself.

At a young age of 4, her mother had left her and her two brothers with their abusive and drug-addicted father. He forced them to work and grow crops for him every day, her and her siblings only had the chance to receive education at 12 years old.

At 17 years of age, she finally realized that her father was mistreating her and her siblings. One day while their father was asleep she snuck out and escaped the living hell she was in. Since they lived in a village far away from the city, she walked countlessly for 4 days without food or



water, unfortunately, on her way to the city, she was kidnapped by a few adult men. There, she was used for her body and she was verbally abused for days, until one day, she found a key and unlocked the basement door and she fled towards the city.

At 17-24 years of age, she worked at a market to save money and to survive. There, she met my grandfather, and soon after at age 27, they had finally saved up enough money and moved back to ling at the villages. Since my grand fatter was an architecture, he built them a nice cozy house with a well, good enough for a self- sufficient living for years, things were great until......



Due to the lack of nutrition and constant smell: of toxic acids and smoke, she had developed cancer. She didn't realize it until she had reached level 3, at this point, it was fatal, but my grandfather used all the money they had saved up together to get one the best treatments they could've ever found. After 2 - 3 years of fighting, she had beaten cancer.

That doesn't stop there! At age 37, they had their first child: my mother. Surprisingly, my mother was both healthy, and she was given the life my grandmother never gotten. The following years, they had 3 more children, and they were a happy family of 6.

2 years ago, my grandfather suddenly fainted and my uncle was rushed immediately to the hospital, we were confused on why it was so sudden, but it turns out, my grandfather has not been eating well, he has been skipping meals due to a genetic eating disorder - He had a sudden heart attack which the reason is still unknown till this day, on 6/8/2023, he died on the hospital bed, laying there breathlessly. My grandmother and all my relatives, especially my grandmother were all devastated, she fell into heavy stages of depression and needed therapy. It was written on my grandfather's will that all the 60k cash he had saved all was went to my grandmother, incase anything happened to her.

A while back, she had felt a sudden sharp pain on her knee and my uncle rushed her to the hospital. It turns out she had fallen into a 20 day coma, and half her body was unmovable and she was unable to feel or touch anything. My parent's siblings split the 60k my grandfather had left for my grandmother's future treatment and my mother paid for my grandmother's treatment, causing a small dent in my family's economic state. She's okay now.

I admire her and look up to her, after all the trauma and suffrage she has went through, she's still here on earth, if I was her, I would end my life early in life, without her I wouldn't be here at all. Whenever I feel upset, I would remember her and the trauma she had once gone through in her life, happy early 90th birthday, grandma!







I was known for being curious, I would question my mother about everything I couldn't understand. Sometimes I would try and understand it myself, but that usually goes wrong.

Today when I was on the streets I noticed a cottage on a tall hill faraway. It looked very mysterious and I was skeptical about it as I never ever saw it. I headed towards it as fast as I could. Eventually, I was getting closer, but then I stumbled upon a mysterious and enormous forest on the lowest point of the hill. This wasn't any forest, some trees had purple leaves or glowing fruits. I remembered what I came here for, so I never gave up, I stepped into the forest to embark on a magical adventure.

When I was navigating my way through the forest, I heard a crack, 'I seem to have stepped on something', I thought to myself. It had to be a branch right? Wrong, as that's what I thought too, it was actually an old, study gold ring. 'This had to be hundreds of years old, if not thousands,' I thought. I picked it up, and rubbed it with my shirt. 'Poof!' suddenly, a fairy appeared! This was mind-blowing, my jaw dropped as the fairy transcended upwards. The fairy had a glowing gold halo, a white dress and had pink wings. 'Hello George' she calmly whispered. I was shocked as it knew my name. I turned around to see if anyone nearby, I was all alone.' I shall grant you one wish for freeing me, George'. She whispered. 'I want to have the power to time travel!' I said as it was my dream superpower, I could undo my past mistake. 'Very well' she said as she snapped her fingers and varnished. 'I wonder what I could do with my new power.' I thought.

I forgot that I was on a journey to the cottage on the hill, since I was carried away by my super powers. The first time period I traveled back to was to when my grandmother was still taking care of me and, more importantly alive. I said where I wanted to travel to, and in a blink of an eye I had arrived there. I saw my grandma sitting in an armchair, I knocked on her door, she opened it, she couldn't recognize me at first, but when I said my name, she was shocked. I saw my baby self crawling around. I chatted with her on what was happening in the future.

Suddenly, a man with a dark top hat, wearing sunglasses and a suit knocked on the door. I opened it and asked the purpose of the visit? 'I come from the cottage on the hill George, I was spying on you since the start, nobody ever dared to walk into the forest, especially freeing my test subject', he said in a deep voice. I was doomed by his words, my grandma too. My young self crawled under the bed to hide. I said goodbye to my grandma, and quickly said the magic words to teleport to the present time.

But, I was not teleported immediately, but to this strange purple dimension with many portals. I turned around and saw the mysterious man, turns out he was a time traveler too! I quickly ran from portal to portal, trying to escape him but he was on my tail! He kept chasing after me. I couldn't lose him, but then I thought of a great idea. I quickly opened a portal to the present time and ran through it as possible, he followed me of course, but then, when he ran through, I quickly closed the portal, and it worked, the portal closed, snapping his body in half, I was relieved.

When I traveled back to my grandma, I realised she had been slaughtered by the 'time demon'. I was in grief, feeling regretful, I traveled back to the present in despair, I learnt to never mess with time, and to not be so curious.







Class Time, Yay or Nay? 粥

As technology improves, minds grow and the world evolves, more and more schools start to improve their extra curriculums nurture their students with more activities.

Recently, some secondary schools trialed extended class time periods. Students were given four extra periods of class time in a week. It is only fair to do the same to all forms.

Four extra periods of class time per week definitely, most undoubtedly reduces students' study pressures. School is getting harder, especially for senior forms, and having extra fun would not hurt. It would even help students release stress, to take a deep breath and relax as they let themselves be hauled away to adventurous exploration sham their class committee. School is not just about studying and getting academic results. Memories last a lifetime, and success is not final. Imagine graduating from secondary school. As you remind and walk down the memory path, would you want to remember a life with dull medals and certificates, or feel the nostalgia coming from a life full of adventures? The latter one, of course. Four periods of class time per week helps you do that.

Furthermore, class time helps improve bonds between classmates. Secondary school friendships are important. When you've mating friends, you're making buddies that'll walk with you forever. At school, you will study together. At home, you will call each other on the phone that your family haste pay extra to cover the telephone bills. In the future, you'll eat out together, experience adult life together. Four extra periods of class time brings classmates together and builds a strong, steady friendship as you laugh together, tease each other and help one another out.

You might argue that this leads to extended school time, but that is not the entire picture. Playing musical chairs, hosting a Dodgebee tournament and enjoying a food



buffet is pure turn. There is no hard work involved, and the aspect of a class of 30 students making effort just so one another can have Fun in class time is the best thing ever. Besides, number of the benefits from having tour extra periods per week is more than that of disadvantages. While you might lose your personal time to rest or relax, another pro about class time is that there are no limits in activities. Students can spontaneously change their activity plans to another day and rest together, thus again improving their relationship. So while having more school hours might not be the best thing, benefits from four extra periods at class time outnumbers the bad aspects.

While the city of Hong Kong continues to strive for the best, it is crucial that we create a fair work-life balance in the midst of all the change. Would the final decision be extra unification of unforgettable extra class time periods for all forms, or would there be three senior groups left out?









Raising Bus Fares, A Necessary Evil or

An Unfair Burden? 🔆



The start of 2025 brought an unwelcomed change for most Hong Kongers - an increase in the bus fares, this time ranging from 4.3% to 7.5%. This marks the second increase in a year following the last increase in June 2024. The government and bus companies justified the increase by showing increasing fares of bus financial forecasts and bus maintenance fees. However, this decision has sparked a large debate among the community, is this increase a necessary move for sustaining public transport network or does it unfairly burden the people who rely the transport?

From the perspective of bus companies, the increase was not only reasonable, but also very necessary. Rising operational costs, such as fuel prices and maintenance prices have placed a significant strain on their financial sustainability. Without more revenue, the bus companies may struggle to maintain their high - quality services demanded by the public. Furthermore, the transportation industry is under increasing pressure to make their transportation more environmentally friendly, such as using electronic buses, which require a large amount of money to build or buy. An increase in the bus fares help these companies cover these costs and stay competitive while still providing high quality services.

The government also argues that the increase was carefully calculated to minimize the financial burden on both the public and the bus companies. By limiting the rise to 7.5%, the government is able to balance the operational needs of the bus companies with public affordability. Compared to private transport like taxis, buses still remain a relatively cheaper option for citizens. To add on, the revenue from these bus companies can be used to improve their public transport, benefiting society as a whole.

However, not everyone has the same opinion on the increased fares. For many Hong Kong residents, especially low income families the fare hike feels like an unnecessary financial burden. Hong Kong is widely known for its high cost of living. Even small



increases in transportation fees can accumulate, reducing extra income and worsening the economic inequality. For these people, public buses are not just a convenience but also a necessity. People argue that the government should seek alternative measures, like cost-cutting initiatives, rather than shifting the financial burden onto the public.

Moreover, some question the transparency of the process. Have the bus companies and the government really explored and exhausted all options, such as reducing inefficiencies? Without clear public insight into their financial status, the skepticism about the necessity of those sudden fare increases will only continue to persist. The lack of trust will only fuel the resentment of the residents.

The increase of bus fares highlights a critical tension between maintaining sustainable public transportation and promising affordability for the public. While the financial challenges faced by the bus companies are undeniable, the government should still do more to assist vulnerable populations from the constant rise of everyday living costs. Greater transparency and investing in cost cutting innovations could help strike a much better balance. By addressing these concerns, the government and bus companies can foster better public trust and ensure that buses can remain accessible and affordable.









To Extend the School Easter Holiday

from 12 Days to 18 Days. 🛞



Let's take a stroll down memory lane. Do you remember when you were students, did you ever have the feeling of exhaustion from the constant burden of looming homework deadlines or stressful examinations? Do you remember wistfully thinking of an extended holiday? Well, please keep these feelings in mind. I'm quite sure all sane students both in the past and nowadays would wish for a break where they could enjoy the sweet taste of freedom away from the chains that usually bind them.

School is crucial for us to learn. It prepares us for our future and shapes us to become hardworking members of society, such as all of you sitting before me today. However, this constant heavy workload of students can cause detrimental issues to both mental and physical health. A study conducted recently revealed that over 87% of students showed symptoms of constant anxiety towards homework assignments and weariness towards examinations. This staggering number is enough to show that students truly deserve a restful holiday. Therefore, I propose to extend the school Easter holiday from 12 days to 18 days.

Additionally, a school does not operate only with students. The teachers working there and all the other principals, deans and so on also drag themselves out of their warm cozy beds and wake up at the crack of dawn to come to school. Apart from students, distinguished ladies and gentlemen, you too deserve a break. An extended school holiday is deemed necessary for everyone to take care of themselves and spend some time doing what you love. Instead of rotting away at a desk, looking at a stack of students' hastily scribbled homework that you most definitely do not want to read, would you not prefer to be doing something else?

I want to make myself clear, I'm not saying that students should be lazy bums during the extended holiday and lie on their bed as if it were their coffins, doomscrolling on Instagram watching brain rot reels.



No, even if an extended holiday is granted, a small amount of work is still required to ensure the students don't forget basically everything they've learnt before the holiday and come back to school eerily similar to brainwashed zombies. It would be a pain for all teachers to watch helplessly as their students mumble and groan about not remembering a previous topic. Studies show students suffer from something nicknamed "post-holiday blues', which describes students being whiny about going back to school and forgetting what they've learnt.

Therefore, as a student myself, I think it is only fair it the Easter holiday is extended, then a reasonable amount of holiday homework should also be added to keep students in check and keep up with their subjects.

Now, I would like to bring you back to reality from your enjoyable trip down memory lane. Please consider an extension of the Easter school holiday from 12 to 18 days, which will benefit everyone here and let us smell the fresh air again.









Dear Editor,

I am writing to express my disagreement towards the recently published article about opening up sports facilities for free for the publics' use. Through the idea may sound fantastic to some, it carries a lot of unfairness and negative results.

First and foremost, as stated in the article, people are more likely to use facilities if they know they do not need to pay for them. However, as a student athlete, I absolutely disagree with this idea. If the people who want to use the facilities are the same people who are lovers of sports, they would not mind paying the small fee to use it. Opening up the facilities for free may just be a waste of work and resources, as some questionnaires showed that, if people are not interested in sports, no matter how cheap the fee is, they won't bother to make an effort to use the facilities provide for us.

On top of that, opening up facilities is also hugely unfair to those who had paid to use the facilities beforehand. Some people may feel frustrated that they paid so much money on sports equipment and suddenly it is free for all to use. According to comments on various posts, people would like to get what they paid for. If others are getting the same treatment without paying, then they feel as if they got scammed.

Through some may claim that more people would like to try out new things like sports and use the facilities, it will most likely also overcrowd those places. Hong Kong people love free things, it does not matter if they are interested in it or not they will always get their hands on free things regardless. The same thing will apply to those sports facilities. Those people may have the fear of missing out, so even if they don't do sports, they will be present at the facilities just so they think they can 'save up' money by attending places



for free. Not only will it result in overcrowding. But it also leads to disturbance and bother athletes who are serious about their training. For example, if the pool is overcrowded with people, no one can swim, everyone would just be pushing around. That would waste a lot of time and resources.

To conclude, facilities should not be opened up freely for the public's use. I firmly believe that people should get what they paid for, and letting facilities open up for free will just result in lots of chaos and negative impacts. Surely the Government can rethink about all the negative impacts and how little good would it do for the community and consider cancelling the 'Sports for All Day' event?

Yours faithfully, Chris Wong









When Michael's unbearable hunger kicked in, He decided to walk to the front door and leave this place for good. But then suddenly the old and rusty wooden door that was once open shut in his face with a loud "Bang!" Michael was petrified at this moment after realising that he would not be able to leave this manor and he would never be able to see his friends and family again. Realising that he had nowhere to go, Michael decided that he should wander around and explore the manor to kill time; little did he know that this was the worst decision that he made: When Michael returned to the photo frame of a family of three which was hung on a wall, it came to his attention that the Father of the family was missing in the picture. Michael had cold sweat dripping from his temples after realising that the Father may have walked out of the picture and broken the fourth wall.

Michael then walked as fast as he could away from the photo. He went to one of the many hallways in the house and saw a floating orb which was glowing blue. Upon further Investigation, Michael grabbed his camera, which was resting on the countertop. He snapped a picture and when he looked at the film, he saw a tall figure with a top hat whose body was barely visible. "Could this be the father of the family from the photo?" Michael asked himself. Then the orb started moving around the house as if it was trying to lead Michael somewhere. Out of curiosity, Michael followed the orb around the house. The blue orb led Michael to the attic. When Michael opened the attic door and looked up, an unpleasant aroma filled the air.

upon further inspection, Michael realized that the attic contained books and documents dating back to the 1940s. It was as if the man in the top hat had taken the form of a blue orb and tried telling Michael something. Michael picked up one particular book from the shelf as it was red in colour, unlike the others. After reading the first page, Michael realised that the book was a diary belonging to a little girl called Anne.

Maybe Anne was the little girl from the picture.

After reading Anne's diary for longer Michael realised that the family of three had escaped a concentration camp and had been on the run, hiding from the Nazis. Then the orb



led Michael to a hidden bunker, the entrance of which was below a rug. Michael used all his might to open the 10 tonne steel door. When the door opened, Michael was greeted by a room with a blood puddle and decomposed bodies lying on the floor. There were also some bullet holes in the dead bodies, and a weird gun-powder like smell. Michael put the pieces together and realised that the family of three was on the run after escaping the Auschwitz concentration camp in Poland. They hid in this bunker underground but were found by Nazi troops and mercilessly shot to death by firing squad.

The blue orb suddenly spoke in a haunting way, 'You have disrespected the dead and disturbed my rest. Now you will suffer the consequences.' Michael was then knocked unconscious and fell to the blood - stained ground, never to see the light of day again. Despite many efforts to locate and rescue Michael, he was never seen again.

The only evidence that the rescue teams found was a photo frame intact with a family of four in the photo. There was a teenage boy standing next to the father in the picture; it was Michael ... There he was, stuck in 1940's Poland, with no way to escape: he was trapped tor eternity.









The sky flashed with red and blue as the people dressed in blue warned the others to stay back. Approaching slowly with a shotgun, the police watched as the lion took his last breath, his claws dragging on the concrete floor in his last moments of desperation.

The lion growled in the air, calling for all the animals in the forest to gather at his feet. Immediately, the animals came to his call, bowing before him. The sky seemed to have darkened, but nonetheless, the lion still held a fierce face.

'I can sense it. They're coming.' The animals gathered in the area instantly grew loud, panicking for the future of their lives.

'My poor babies..." the bunny cried out. 'What shall we do? Time is running short.....' the camouflaged one curled into a ball, as if he were trying to merge with the ground.

'But! Do not fret!' The instant shout sent everyone into a wave of silence. 'I will protect this kingdom with my last breath!' The lion promised, but the animals only seemed more uneasy. 'The humans will not hurt us or our Kingdom!' Everyone knew this would be a pointless promise.

To another day with warm sunshine. The animals were happily enjoying their morning, as if the news they'd heard a few days ago was only a faint whisper.

The lion stood on a rock, tapping his claws as he stared into the distance. Time was running short. There was no use of avoiding this war of bloodshed.

"We are ready, sir!' A tiger stood by his side, and he only growled in return. A group of cars could be seen in the distant fog. This meant war.

A few seconds later, the sound of gunshots rang through the kingdom. Animals of all shapes and sizes immediately went to hide; the ones on the frontlines were trying their best to stop the advanced predators.

The lion roared in fury; the animals continued charging at the humans, while the others laid on the floor, muttering their final words.



The sight was grim, yes, but only humans can do so much. For the entertainment of children, sacrifices had to be made. And so, the cages of the cars had finally opened.

The lion charged for a human, dodging the bullets that flew right beside him. His goal? To destroy the cars. He ran straight towards the cage, prepared to destroy it from the inside out. The lion Jumped inside, but the metal was sturdier than he had expected. With the sound of a clang, the lion immediately looked up. He was trapped. He looked out the cage doors, shaking them with all his might. His soldiers, once fighting alongside him, were desperately holding on, trying to secure the kingdom. The lion shouted in a moment of fury, but he could only see the sight for so long.

The engine started, and the picture of his warriors bravely fighting disappeared into the distance.

The lion tried to claw at the gate; tried hitting his head through the metal walls. Nothing. There was nothing he could do to escape his demise. He looked around the area. The lock. He could try biting it.

The lion ran over and reached out for the metal lock. He opened his mouth and his pearly whites contacted the cold silver. He yanked the lock, and ran backwards...... it was open!The sounds of the bustling city! He heard them! The lion jumped out of the restraining car, and ran away as fast as he could. The sounds of sirens beeping, a noise he had heard all too well, began chasing him again. As expected, the advanced predators were a challenge.

The lion jumped through windows, crashed through walls, and growled at the people who flashed a light at him with a rectangular device. They were all only nuisances. He had to get back to the kingdom and save his subjects. Their lives depended on him.

He leaped over a fence, crashing his head into a glass door. He stopped for a while as he listened with his alerted ears. The sounds of sirens seemed to have gone away.

Taking a quick breather, he stopped in the area he had crashed into. His claws gripped the counter that reached his torso, and he looked out, ready to run whenever necessary.

Secondary 4



A shout suddenly pierced his ears.

'Mom! A lion! A lion!' The girl dropped her painting, and ran straight back to her room. The lion scoffed. Even humans can be so puny, like the prey in his kingdom.

But, his small rest had to come to an end, as the sirens grew louder in the distance again. He immediately ran straight out, looking at the previous car that caged him, and new cars with red and blue lights on the top. Nothing could stop him from going back.

The lion began his voyage again, running with all his might, clawing at anyone that was armed who tried to step in his way. His feet touched the concrete floor and he longed for contact with the grassy fields again.

His adventure continued, until he felt a pang of pain in his chest. The lion looked down. A patch of red gathered over his heart. His paws stopped working, and he collapsed in an instant.

People held their phones over the injured animal, as the police loomed, thinking that they had lost another toy that was about to enter the zoo.

The lion breathed with all his might as he laid limply on the floor, his vision swarming with red and blue lights. 'Time to clean up.' A person ordered. In his last breaths the vision of his kingdom that thrived happily smudged out.

For his kingdom... he had to go back......For his kingdom..... His vision faded to black.





4F Timothy Sze & 4F Max Li



For The Love Of The Sport -

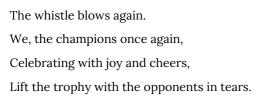
A Love Poem



On the green field where dreams propel,
Passion, bright and fierce energy like a cell.
With every kick, like a heartbeat song.
Embarking on a journey where we all belong.

The whistle blows, the fire ignites, We all enjoy such good nights. The atmosphere was strong, lively, And of course they shouted, loudly.

From grassy pitches to stadiums grand,
Together we rise, hand in hand.
In victory's glow or defeat's embrace,
Football, my love, a timeless grace.



Oh, how do I express my love of this sport?

Through my diehard support.

I stand in the stadium with my heart quickly beating.

Words can't describe this flabbergasted feeling.











Times have changed, and will continue to change. There's no arguing about that. But the staggering speed and progress with which time flies, along with the innovation and increasing importance of Science and Technology that comes with it, has left some people doubting whether History remains one of the most important school subjects. In this essay, I will discuss the views for and against this statement, as well as offer my own input.

First and foremost, in a much more modernized and digital world, Science and Technology have indeed become more relevant, especially after the disaster that was COVID-19. Not only developing vaccines and cures but also apps and software that allow people to work and learn from home or simply to keep in touch without leaving their doorstep become top priorities during those trying times. Even right now, the meteoric rise and development of more advanced technology in areas such as Artificial Intelligence, electric vehicles, virtual reality, space and deep sea explorations are clear indicators that individuals talented in Science and Technology are in high demand, and might even become more advantageous when looking for jobs.

On the other hand, History is not simply the study of bygone centuries and eras. It also represents the memories, the culture, the progress of humanity as a whole, or in certain parts of the world. History is also a treasure trove of relevant knowledge and experiences, as we can learn from our achievements, mistakes, or simply how we came to be by studying key moments such as wars, dynasties, revolutionary breakthroughs and both natural or man-made disasters. The list goes on and on. Without learning from History, one could say humanity would eventually be doomed to make the same errors our ancestors once made. In fact, without learning from History, humanity might not have even progressed at all!



I gravitate toward disagreeing with the statement claiming that History is a less important school subject than Science and Technology. I'm neither claiming that one subject is superior, nor saying that another subject should be banned. In fact, the two are more closely linked than one might think. Da Vinci's drawings, Newton's theories and laws of Physics, Darwin's theories of evolution, Edison and Tesla's controversies about electricity and the light bulb, Cai Lun's invention of paper – all these historical figures are important beings in humanity's development in Science and Technology. Without looking back, how can we move forward?









The Underlying Boon of Hong Kong's

Disappearing Population 🛞



From a report conducted in 2022 by the Population Division of the United Nations, the youth fertility rate in Asian countries has decreased by 57% over the last decade. This is largely due to people aged 18 to 25 years old choosing to pursue their dreams before starting a family. Although many argue that low fertility rates are detrimental to the development of a country, I beg to differ.

Contrary to this belief, low fertility rates can symbolize advancements in both social structures and societal values, not only in Hong Kong but across the entire world. I believe that the decline in fertility rates in Hong Kong and other Asian countries is actually evidence of increasing freedom of choice, gender equality, and higher levels of education that our society has achieved over the years. Rather than viewing low fertility rates as inherently negative, there are numerous underlying benefits to consider.

The freedom of choice

The decreasing youth fertility rate is, in fact, a sign of prosperity in society. According to research conducted by the Youth Development Committee, more than 73% of teenagers and young adults prefer to pursue education and chase their dreams rather than start a family. Most respondents explained that their choice was influenced by the rising costs of education and living.

"Education and investment feel safer than investing in a family," said one respondent. This is a valid yet unfortunate reality as inflation has significantly increased the financial burdens on parents, especially in Hong Kong. However, I believe this shift towards prioritizing education and personal goals can benefit the economy in the long run.

With more young people choosing to pursue their dreams and start businesses, there will be an increase in job opportunities. Isn't it a good thing for society to grow toward individual freedom? Children should not be seen as the sole measure of growth in so-



ciety. By embracing these values, we can foster a stronger and more prosperous community.

Gender equality

Gender equality is another positive aspect reflected in these statistics. During the baby boom era of the 1960s to 1980s, which occurred in most Asian countries, societal expectations often placed women in the role of "caretaker," staying home while men worked. However, the decline in youth fertility rates demonstrates that society has evolved past rigid gender roles. Women and men today have the freedom to choose between education, work, or family without being constrained by traditional norms.

This shift reflects modern values, where the roles of men and women are increasingly equal. Sustaining and promoting these values will only contribute further to societal development.

Higher levels of education

Higher levels of education are another key factor behind declining fertility rates. In Hong Kong, schools have emphasized sex education, with 97% of young adults understanding the importance of family planning and the responsibilities that come with starting a family. This trend is not limited to Hong Kong but can also be observed worldwide.

Better sex education not only teaches young people about responsibility but also plays a crucial role in their development within society. By prioritizing education on these matters, we can help the younger generation mature into responsible and capable leaders.

To sum up, low fertility rates are actually a sign of a promising economy—not just in Hong Kong but across many communities. Although some may see it as a harbinger of a declining population, I believe it reflects progress in education, gender equality, and personal freedom. By sustaining these values, we can continue to develop our society into a more equal and peaceful place.







My Inspiration

During a random weekend, I was finding TV programmes to watch while eating breakfast as usual. I discovered an episode of the talk show, You Quiz, which aired on January 8. The famous K-pop star, Song Hye-kyo shared about how she coped with overwhelming pressure and her habit of planning her day, which is to write down ten things she was grateful for every morning. At that moment, I started thinking, would I be more joyful and relaxed when coping with stress from studies or interpersonal relationships if I also wrote down ten things I was grateful for that day? Meanwhile, I doubted the number of ten as I did not think a person would be able to encounter ten things he or she would be grateful for. Therefore, I searched online and joined the 21-Day Gratitude Challenge Program.

The 21-Day Gratitude Challenge

At first, I was a little worried and at a loss when I received an online assignment through email from the company. It was literally 21 pages that were almost blank except the top right corner showing which day that page belonged to, I was still really confused after reading the instructions of the challenge in the email. However, I still started writing something such as the food that I had eaten, the activities I had joined, as well as the precious time gathering with friends or reading letters from my pen pal. Day by day, unlike the first few days, I found out, surprisingly, writing ten things is easier than I thought. Sometimes I even wrote more than ten things. Memories and special experiences of the day popped up in my mind right after I opened the assignment.

Reflection

After these 21 days, there is truly a huge difference in my daily life. Apparently I had less negative emotions as I was thinking how to turn the bad things into something that I would be grateful for when I encountered challenges. Even my parents told me

that it seems that I had thrown less tantrums and was smiling more frequently in recent days. For me, I had been much more relaxed than before, even if more studying materials and assignments piled up and I had no idea how to get rid of them previously. Digging out my memories and writing down things that I was grateful for made me feel a lot better near the end of the day. This challenge reminded me of how much fortune I had encountered and how I could cope in hard times during those 21 days.

"From Misfortune to Fortune"

Originally, compared to my friends, I was a "technobimbo". Another big challenge I faced was I was not familiar with using the computer, searching and clicking on the website, as well as using the "document" app for writing the ten things. I always used over an hour to finish writing ten things every day in the first week. It was more time-consuming for me to write down the ten things successfully than thinking of those ten things. Nevertheless, I was more familiar after 21 days practising the steps. I started to discover how amazingly technology could benefit our daily life and I could enjoy exploring more apps and skills when the computer. Never had I thought about this benefit by doing this challenge and it is a totally an extra gain.









A Culture Rising in Hong Kong 🔆



Last weekend, the Hong Kong Convention and Exhibition Centre hosted the Anime Expo, which attracted over two hundred thousand visitors. The exhibition showcased video games, manga, and animations from all over the world. Cosplayers were one of the main highlights.

You may ask: why does cosplaying seem to be gaining so much attention? Well, it can be attributed to the changing perception of Hong Kong people towards cosplaying. Sica Ho, a cosplayer since 2000, shared, "People perceived you as a weirdo if you cosplayed 20 years ago." During the 2000s, Japanese anime was still unfamiliar to the public. Nerds, geeks, weebs - people had all sorts of labels for anime lovers. They often viewed cosplayers as people who dressed revealingly and were rebellious.

With the advancement of technology, a skyrocketing number of Japanese anime series appeared in the market. One Punch Man, Jojo's Bizarre Adventure, My Hero Academia - these are all household names among Asian teenagers. People can now watch anime easily with subtitles and translations. The public has developed a more positive view of anime and sees cosplay as a form of creative expression. This has led to a golden age of cosplaying.

With rising acceptance, cosplaying has become a trendy hobby that appeals to youngsters. The increasing number of cosplay Instagram accounts is proof of this trend. Emily Chan, the mother of Angela Yuen (a teen cosplayer), shared, "I am grateful that cosplaying helps my daughter." Angela suffered from bullying at school and was depressed. She recalled it as one of the worst times in her life. She had no friends until she started cosplaying.

Cosplaying brings together groups of people, especially teenagers who share a common interest, creating a sense of belonging among them. Moreover, Emily believes that



cosplaying has improved Angela's interpersonal communication skills, making it a surprisingly effective treatment compared to costly therapies.

Cosplaying is undeniably in vogue. It captures the essence of our era – a blend of the virtual and real world – which explains why the younger generation is drawn to it.

Meanwhile, the Hong Kong government should not overlook the potential of this culture. In Taiwan, young people are given opportunities and incentives to explore various cultures, allowing them to become more well-rounded. In my view, providing funding for more shows and exhibitions would help the cosplaying culture thrive in Hong Kong. I look forward to seeing schools set up cosplay clubs! That would make Hong Kong a more energetic and culturally diverse city. "It could even become a tourist highlight in the future!" Angela said excitedly.

All cultures should be better appreciated. Perhaps in the future, people will not only cosplay as Japanese anime characters but also as characters from local Hong Kong manga!









Independent Stationery Shops -

An Endangered Species 🛞



Have you ever wondered why some stationery shops that were seen in the past have almost died out in just a few years? Maybe you didn't notice this phenomenon because you tend to shop at chain stationery stores like Muji or the Commercial Press. The number of small, independent stationery shops in Hong Kong has experienced a significant decline in recent years, and it has led to rising concerns among local business owners and customers.

To discuss the reasons for this phenomenon, there are in fact causes from various perspectives. To begin with, there are the owners of these stationery shops. Hong Kong has always been a city of high living standards, with low taxes but relatively high income, providing a comfortable environment for shops to exist. Unfortunately, in the past few years, due to the pandemic, many small scale and independent shops have not been able to pay the extremely high rent due to reduced foot traffic and sales. They need to face the problem of being closed down forcefully, especially the shops that are "out of trend".

So what does "out of trend" mean? It means that the commodity in that shop is not as well liked as before. Compared to independent stationery shops, chain stationery shops which provide other products have all the upsides of the independent shop but not the downsides. According to a survey conducted by the Hong Kong Art and Culture Association, there was a decline of independent stationery shops by 50% last year. "Old stationery shops are not enough for us. Here, products are just better. They have everything," said Chris Wong, a customer from a chain stationery store. Large chain stores offer stationery products at lower prices. Moreover, the range of stationery products offered is much wider, contributing to the decline of independent shops. Also, the rise of e-commerce and the convenience of online shopping platforms can help customers to reduce the time they need to spend in the shops. The convenience



and the rising trend of the internet are the reasons that it is difficult for small stationery shops to compete.

However, independent stationery shops have their own value and market. Many small independent stationery shops have been serving the community for decades. They hold cultural value and collective memories of the neighbourhood. "We are all Hong Kongers. How can we not help when we see others in trouble?" said David Chan, the owner of Man Ho stationery shop. Hong Kong culture is something that connects people, something that younger generations should learn.

Furthermore, some independent stationery shops are finding ways to survive from the torrent. They are now focusing on niche markets, like offering unique, handmade, or customized products that cannot be found online. It provides a chance for traditional stationery shops to showcase their originality and uniqueness. Recently, the government has also started to implement measures to preserve traditional Hong Kong style. They have started to leverage social media to do marketing for traditional Hong Kong shops. It will surely engage loyal customers, giving a considerable income to independent stationery shops.

The future may seem uncertain, and no one can guess what will happen next. Independent stationery shops can only survive by emphasizing the uniqueness and flexibility of the shops. This makes them stand out in the competitive market. Let's just hope that 50 years later, we can still see the white signboards with red writing.









Dear Editor,

There have been numerous controversies surrounding the advent of more dog-friendly venues. As a regular reader of your column who takes heed of ubiquitous issues, it is my conviction that this trend is not favourable to both humans and dogs.

To commence with, from the perspective of customers and visitors of dog-friendly places, their service experiences may be worsened. According to a survey conducted by Hong Kong University regarding experiences in those places, Ms. Wong believed that the barking sounds of dogs were so annoying that she could barely hear the conversations between her and her friends. Referring to Mr. Lau, his daughter was bitten by an enormous dog in West Kowloon Park. This illustrates that dogs caused sound pollution and posed certain risks to visitors in dog-friendly places.

According to Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs, safety and social needs are basic human needs. As dogs may unintentionally hurt or bother visitors on certain occasions, the aforementioned needs cannot be satisfied. As a result, I believe certain restrictions should be imposed on dog-friendly venues.

Alongside consumer discontent, the mental health of puppies is another reason that should not be ignored. In dog-friendly shops and restaurants, visitors often tie their dogs in corners or under their tables. According to Mr. Peter Birmington, a well-known dog specialist, if dogs stay indoors and are unable to move around for more than an hour, they will feel run-down and uncomfortable. If this happens frequently, the dogs may develop depression or anxiety. As a matter of fact, dogs enjoy running about on large grasslands and being under the sunshine. Forcing them to stay indoors while their owners are shopping or enjoying a meal for a long duration is undeniably detrimental to their mental health. It is beyond dispute that this practice should not be advocated.

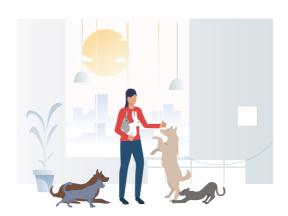


Some advocates may adamantly proclaim that under this trend, humans are allowed to spend more quality time with their pets. Nonetheless, if you examine this statement more seriously, any clear-minded person would point out its untenable essence. According to research from the Hong Kong Pet Society, the majority (80%) of visitors to dog-friendly restaurants did not interact with their dogs during their visits. Instead, most consumers focused on chatting with their families and friends, browsing products in the stores, or enjoying their ordered cuisines. The feelings and needs of their pets were ignored. Therefore, it is not true that the quality time between dog owners and their pets is enhanced by this trend.

In a nutshell, advocates for more dog-friendly occasions argue that relationships between dogs and humans could be improved, while sceptics worry that the health of both humans and dogs would be negatively affected. In my opinion, restaurants, shops, and stores may consider setting up dog-friendly and dog-unfriendly zones, so visitors can choose a quieter environment without dogs if they prefer. Moreover, dog-friendly zones should be designed in outdoor spaces to allow dogs to enjoy the sunshine while waiting for their owners to finish their meals or conversations.

I sincerely hope this letter sheds some light on the concerns regarding the increasing number of dog-friendly places.

Yours faithfully, Chris Wong







% Irony in Parson's Pleasure 🛞

Irony is often used in the story "Parson's Pleasure", both for comedic effect and for the narrative. It is used to dramatize the story and make it entertaining to read.

To start, the story's name itself is rather ironic in my opinion. Parson is a job at the church, and is seen as very holy, the word "pleasure" often carries rather haughty connotations as seen by how it is often paired with words that are negative such as "Guilty" as in "guilty pleasure", meanwhile the main character himself, Boggis never slows any signs of guilt at all, he even takes pride in this act of scamming the poor for their furniture, as seen by how he brags about all these scams in front of his furniture connoisseur friends. In Britain, where the story takes place, all specifically in the tire of 190s when the story was written and when it takes place, "Parson's Pleasure" is a famous nudist spot for British gentleman to bathe in, hinting that this story is rather haughty before it even starts. It is ironic that Ronald Dahl put such a holy job next to the word "pressure", its even more ironic that "Parson's Pleasure" happens to be a famous nudist spot in London, to add to this, Boggis himself isn't even a Parson, showing theres absolutely nothing holy or pure about this story, this can be all inferred before reading the actual story.

Secondly, you can connect on the irony of how Boggis decides to disguise himself as a Parson, a job at the church. Generally speaking, churches encourage people to be honest, but we see time and time again that Boggis lies in order to obtain what we wants, he even tells the people he is accepting that he is dishonest, as seen with how he uses dishonesty to gain trust, then proceeds to blame it on the church, when talking to the woman in the Queen Annes house. This is another example of how irony is used for the narrative, at the end of the story, Rummins even manages to guess ill intentions that Boggis has, but he is technically gets it wrong, this is dramatic irony, we know Boggis is trying to scam Rummins of his Chippendale Commode, and is doing so just for the fun of it while Rummins simply thinks he is doing this for money, this very humorous that he is dressing up as a holy, honest and pure figure as a rather haughty, dishonest and impure man, this is ironic.



Thirdly, the use of his name Boggis is rather ironic to a certain extent. "Boy" is a vulgar slang for working class man during this time and his original occupation being a furniture dealer, an antique furniture dealer is rather high class, even as a person, having a name with a name which includes a Vulgar slang for toilet which is seen as dirty and impure is rather ironic. Additionally, he thinks of how it he gets a Chippendale commode, its name "Commode", commonly used as a more elegant form of saying toilet, which makes the "Boggis Commode" wean double toilet, which is rather fumy. I find this partially ironic.

Finally, the dramatic irony in the final for paragraphs of "Parson's Pleasure" can be commented on, Boggis is seen to be very happy, unknowing of what's happening with his commode, while there is a very grotesque scene with Rummins butchering the commode, Rummins himself says "that was a bloody good carpenter put this job together", even after being manipulated into thinking the commode is a fake, the irony being that he was right, the carpenter that made the commode was very famous, and was exceptional at his craft, how he thinks the commode is a duplicate, and is sawing it apart. Everything about the ending is ironic, if Boggis wasn't so keen on haggling a good price for the commode, and hadn't said he only wants the legs, he would've gotten the commode fully, and his dears would've come true.

In conclusion, "Parson's Pleasure" uses irony everywhere, from start to end, everything about it is ironic, it is used for comedy and narrative, it is even used for characterization, you could say there is nothing but irony in the story.









An Essay on Miss Jean Brodie



Miss Jean Brodie is presented as an unique character in the story. Her personality flows along the story, and how it shapes her as a good and bad teacher to me Brodie set.

Brodie is egotistical. Despite being suspected of her teaching methods in Blaine – 'she was held in great suspicion' she calmly commented 'I shall not resign'. She discusses her affairs to the girls, whom had 'trained up her confidence'. This shows she is rebellious in her education to the girls, and talks about her secrets, spilling



the tea only to groom the girls. She talks about her prime to the girls, and the meanwhile asks the girls about the greatest Italian painter, 'The answer is Giotto. He is my favorite.' This shows Brodie is self-centered, teaching the girls to only be tending to her likings, rather than general students do, learning general, unbiased information.

Brodie is the lesson – the key mage to all educational topics the girls have to learn. With Brodie's love for art and beauty, 'honest soup and water', 'the cave of the skin', 'Italian Renaissance Painters'... And her life lessons 'I will tell you about my holiday to Egypt, the skin care of the face and of the hands'. This shows Brodie has a rather luxurious, high-life type of lifestyle. Since she is the key image, she flexes about these things to the girls. Leading on, she is manipulative, always needing an audience. She dwells on about her late lover, 'Hugh was the Flower in the Forest, lying in his grave.' This made the girls cry, which indicates Brodie uses her sob stories to flat out manipulate the girls, reeling in an audience as the center of attention. She also mentions 'You girls are my vocation. If I were to receive a proposal from the King-of-Arms, I would decline it because I am dedicated to you in my prime.' Persuading the girls, per usual. Brodie is also rebellious of her education, mentioned above. With her 'rivalry' between Miss Mackay and Miss Lockhart, she strongly emphasizes on what in her mind is the most important. 'Safety does not come first. Goodness, Truth, Art and Beauty comes first. Follow me'. - asking the girls to believe her, roasting Miss Mackay for putting on the 'safety' sign. She also dislikes Miss Lockhart, dismissive of science. 'Art comes first, then philosophy, then lastly science. That is the order of their importance.' She priorities art in front of every other subjects, whereas Lockhart is a science teacher whom the

girls had started to escape Brodie's 'boring' lessons to see just to remove the ink on their sleeve, and Brodie has her suspicious.

Although Brodie has her a lot of Haws, the readers love her for the admirable side of a teacher she is. Brodie breeds maturity and independence in the girls - 'I am putting old heads on young shoulders', and her way to do that is, 'what I do us to lead something out of the pupils soul, and Miss Mackay is putting in something in their heads which is not there.' To lead, is the true form of education, according to Brodie. She leads, Mackay thrusts. She is also keen on the girls,' Give me a girl at an impressionable age, and she is mine for life.' 'My girls, you will be the crème de la crème? By Chapter two it mentions. 'Transfiguration of the common place' - refers to Brodie making ordinary into extraordinary - turning 10 year old girls into matured, independent children. Brodie doesn't follow the traditional way of teaching either in schools, usually they wouldn't take students out for a trip to the slums - exactly where Brodie took the girls out for education, as a life changing experience for them to see more, know more about the world. By her trendy, outstanding learning methods, the girls saw the streets in real time which names are on the newspapers, 'The lawn market etc.' where they are plagued by poverty and roughness in the other side of Edinburgh. The girls notice children's poverty running with no shoes on, the alcoholism that reeks, and they learn that there are many different Edinburgh's apart from theirs. Brodie talks about history, and shows sympathy to the Unemployed - 'We must pray for the Unemployed. Sandy, don't stare.' Whereas she is less hateful towards them because there is no need to be hypocritical. Here Brodie can be seen as rather respectful to these in need.

Last but not least, Brodie is a fascist god-complex. Being referred to as the 'Loan of Arc', which is Bathos, and the 'head' – the mother hen cot of the Brodie set, the girls are the chickens (chicken & ducks complex). Brodie set is Miss Brodie is being the leader. Brodie likes Italian painters, Mussolini, and the history.

To conclude, Miss Brodie is both a good and a bad teacher. The bad that she is egotistical, self-centered, biased on education, but is admirable of her ways of bring out the girls' maturity, independence, and the knowledge of the general knowledge. She aims to lead the knowledge out of the girls' mind and soul, preparing for their extraordinary upbringing 'the crème de la crème'.



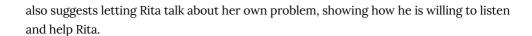


🚜 Analysis on Educating Rita 💃

To a smaller extent I agree with this statement. Despite how Frank lets his drunkenness affect his teaching and is reluctant to change, he was a caring and understanding teacher for Rita, and even helped her achieve the academic goal despite his refusal, not wanting to turn her into an academic machine.

Frank was presented as unsympathetic when he relies on alcohol to numb himself instead of tackling his troubles. His storage of bottles of alcohol hidden in his bookshelf not only helps to numb himself, but also reflect his dissatisfaction to the education system. Then extended to his displease of his own literary work as it satisfy the academic world, treating it as "rubbish". Frank's admission to Julia for staying in the pub for a day or two more, also reflects how he uses alcohol as a coping mechanism. Despite Rita also pointing out the harm, "it won't do you any good.", "it would kill your brain cells." And "it won't solve your problem". All reflecting how Frank escapes to face his struggle and only relies on alcoholism Frank ignoring. Rita's praises and excitement to his piece of work and still dismisses it with insults thrown like "a pile of self-conscious allusion is worthless, talentless." And "pretentious". Reflects how his own self-criticism mindset is stopping him from acknowledging the value of his own piece. His reluctance to change and finds excuses to call his work trash, makes him an unsympathetic character who is limited by himself, yet isn't willing to change. Even getting too drunk at lesson that he fell off the stage, where he is sent to Australia. Only better than sent to prison.

However, Frank was a caring and understanding teacher for Rita. Not only he wasn't taken back when Rita curse, saying "There is no bad language, only had use of language." He also doesn't judge or treat Rita as a working class to make fun of. For example when he invites Rita to his home for a dinner, Frank saw it as a chance for Rita to meet new people instead of trying to make her only as one to let others laugh at. Frank being wise on not judging Rita cursing as a way to express herself, and values and respects Rita as another than to make fun of, makes him a good teacher that readers are willing to sympathize for. When Rita has her books burned by Danny, Frank expresses his worry for Rita first than the books, showing how he value's Rita's well-being over the books. He



Frank was also a good teacher in teaching in teaching Rita academically. By predicting that peer Gynt would appear on the exam, he taught Rita the correct approach to answer and compose the essay. Instead of directly telling Rita the irony in Howards End by E.M. Forster, Frank catches an example when Rita was ranting. Drawing her the connections such as her dress and society, and drugs and addiction, that Rita understands and notices herself that in Howards End no one is connected. Frank also doesn't let go when there is a chance to teach, when teaching Rita what assonance means, he emphasis how it helps create a song like effect and is done on purpose. Frank's eagerness to deliver knowledge through Rita noticing it herself and insistence to make the knowledge clear and correct, highlights how he is a responsible teacher. Despite having an argument with Rita, he still phoned Trish reminding Rita her examination time and place, scared she would miss it. Thus Frank is a good teacher to Rita, helping her attain her exam and fulfil her goal.

Overall, Frank is a stubborn and resists to change individual. But the caring and understanding side of him to accept Rita, and how he helped achieve her goal, passing the exam. All reflects how a good teacher he has been to Rita and makes him sympathetic to readers, by seeing how he treats Rita.







Comparing Characters in the Story of Vertigo and The Things They Carried

In 'Vertigo' and 'The Things They carried', both Scottie and Cross blame themselves for the death of a character, thus turning to their duties as a way to atone. However, both characters push away or close themselves off through their atonement, near truly feeling redeemed from their self-imposed blame.

To start, both Scottie and Cross blame themselves for the death of a colleague. In 'Vertigo' Scottie minor slip-up while chasing a criminal causes him to slip on a house roof. While the policemen tries to pull Scottie up, he falls and dies. Through focusing the camera on the trying to pull each often up, to the officer falling, then to Scotties scared face it shows how Scottie cumulates him tripping and haring the officer often him help, that led to the officer's death. His blame towards himself is further seen through his dialogue with Midge, where he constantly states that his aerophobia is to blame, and that he has nightmares. He even goes as far as to say he will quit his position due to his aerophobia, showing the depth of his guilt towards being unable to save the officer.

In 'The Things They Carried', Cross blames his love for Martha as the cause of Ted's death. It's described that Cross "was not there" while being in the tunnel, instead thinking of Martha, thus being absentminded. While all of his crew were joking around. Ted is shot on his way back from peeing. Cross blame on himself is seen through the story's description of him feeling share and hating himself, going as far as to say that "he had loved Martha more than his men, and as a consequence Laender was now dead. "This shows how Cross sees his love for Martha as a vulnerability, and as the cause of Ted's death, projecting his own guilt onto his love and on Martha herself. In both stories, while Ted and the officer's deaths aren't directly caused by Scottie and Cross, they both see their own tears and love as weaknesses and thus a cause to their deaths.



Both characters then turn to their duties as a form of atonement, acting as a key turning point in both stories and the characters changes. In 'Vertigo', Scottie at first decides to turn away hon his old detective work, yet is unable to turn down Elster's request to follow and protect his wife, Madeline. Despite the absurdness of Madeline's condition, with Scottie himself even stating how unbelievable it is, Scottie is unable to turn away, seen through how he turns back home the door physically while meeting with Elster, as well as how he inevitably goes to Ernies to see Madeline, thus falling into Judy and Elster's plan. This shows how Scottie, once given an opportunity to redeem himself, is unable to turn away from it. This is further seen through his interactions with Madeline. Despite his main duty to protect here from herself and her suicidal tendencies, he encourages Madeline to go to the stables in hopes of crying here, ignoring the risks to her safety despite her previously jumping from her harbor. This shows how Scottie's need to redeem himself from his previous 'failures' overrides his logical judgment, as he prioritizes solving Madeline's case over her safety. However, in doing so and falling deeper in to Elster and Judy's schemas, he becomes closed off to Midge. This is seen through to differences between their interactions before and after getting involved with Elster. Before Scottie openly discusses his plans with Midge, sharing how he plans to quit and how he blames himself for the officer's death. This openness and closeness contrasts to Scottie's hesitant Core to discuss about his new case about Madeline to Midge, only going to here to ask for assistance, not expecting here to come along, seen through Scottie having to follow Midge out of the door instead of his leading the way. His reluctance to discuss with Midge is seen most prominently when they are both in the car and Midge deducts the truth by herself. However, Scottie instead of tells her goodnight and leaves, showing the distance he how built between them.

In 'The Things They Carried,' Cross convinces himself that Martha never had and never will love him, in hopes of easing the guilt. This is seen through the contrast in language while describing him and Martha before and after Ted's death. In the beginning, Scottie uses words like 'maybe', 'almost sure', 'almost certainly' to describe Martha's actions



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towards him, showing Cross uncertainty towards Martha's feelings towards him. Yet, after Ted's death, Cross instead uses words that imply certainty, that such as "she did not love him and never would". Despite Martha's gestures of affection such as giving Cross her pebble and letters, Cross suddenly seem certain that Martha did not return his feelings. His decision to cut off his connection with Martha is further shown when Cross seem to see Martha, yet he doesn't nod to her, even when its stated that he 'almost' did, instead turning to his maps instead, showing how he physically and mentally closed himself away from his love and turned to his duties instead, implied by the map, going as far as to burn Martha's letters. He instead focusses his attention towards his duties and responsibilities, as seen through how he would impose strict discipline, confiscate Ted's dope, compared to the past where he'd allow his troops to abandon equipment, showing how Cross blames his pervious leniency and his love for Ted's death, thus becoming more strict and 'impersonal' in hopes of presenting any future incidents and atonement, thus closing himself off from Martha and his crew.

Therefore, both Cross and Scottie blame themselves for death that they did not directly cause, and close themselves off from people who care for them, Martha and Cross's crew Midge, instead focusing on their responsibilities and duties as a form of redemption and atonement for their guilt.







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