

Students' Work





Chan Lai Shan 1A



Chan Man Yi 1D



Lau Yuen Ying 1D



Law Ka Wan 1D



F.1A



F.1B



F.1C



F.1D



poon man 2A



Chan Ka Man 2B



Chan Lai Man 2C



yeung lok yiu 2C



Kau Tsz In 2C



li sin ting 2D



Lau Man Ting, Lau Yee Ting,
Lee Hiu Tung, Lee Kei Ying,
Leung Ho Ying, Siu Wing Yan,
So Man Ting, Ting Hiu Tung 2A



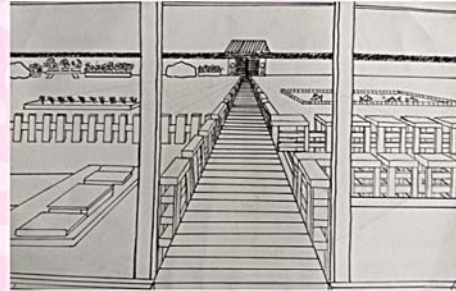
Chung Wing Lam, Lee Tsz Wing,
Liu Tsz Ting, Ng Lai Yi,
Wong Hau Yuet, Wong Ho Yi 2C



Gurunghima, Gurungsukla,
Inderpreetkaur,
Kimonthapa Muqadasbibi Ttahirelza 2D



Yu Sin Tung 3B



Kwan Lok Lam 3B



Wan Tung Ling 3C



Kwok Yan Yan 3C



Chan Wai chi 3C



Lai Hoi Ying 4A



Wong Yee Ling 4C



Kwok Yan Yan 3C



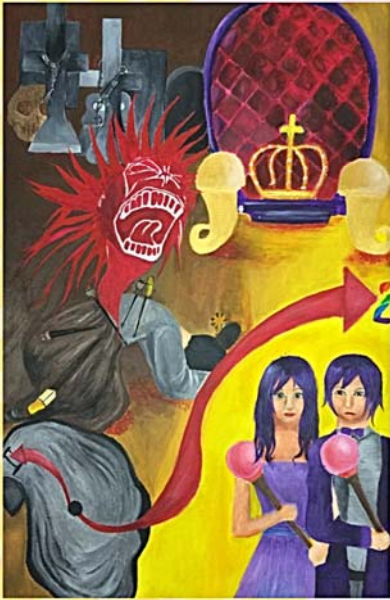
Law Wa 4E



Lee Hoi Yuet 4E



IQRA 4E



Wong Sze Wing 5A



Chan Woon Yeung 5B



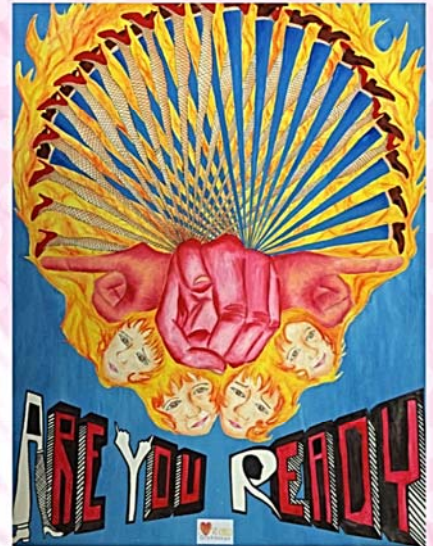
Yuen Tsz Ling 5B



Ng Hiu Tung 5B & Ma Wai Yin 5B



Ng Hiu Tung 5B



Yeung Sum Yu 5C



Ng Po Lam 5D



Ng Tsz Ying 5C



Hui Ming Shan 5D



Ma Wai Yin 5B, Ng Hiu Tung 5B,
Yuen Tsz Ling 5B,
Chan Ching Nam Audrey 5C,
Ng Tsz Ying 5C, Yeung Sum Yu 5C



Chan Yuen Wing 6A



Lau Hiu Ying 6A



Wong Wai Ting 6A



6A 陳元詠 6B 黃嘉琪
6C 封芷晴 6C 馬海桐



Ma Hoi Tung 6C



Wong Ka Ki 6B



Fung Tsz Chine 6C

The Filial Son

1C Yeung Tsz Wan, Eloisa

There was once a little boy named Edward. He was born in China from a low-income family. His father was a warrior, always going out to fight against the enemies. He had a stepmother and a stepbrother. Edward was very filial. When he grew-up, he became a more dutiful son.

One day, when his father came back from war, he found out that his father was blind. Then his stepmother came up with the most vicious idea--to kill Edward and get all the inheritance from his father.

But whenever Edward's stepmother wanted to kill him, he was very lucky that he could escape because of her clever wife. Each time the stepmother's growing slier and slier. She even abused his own child to let Edward think that his stepbrother was in danger and then the stepmother could put Edward to death.

Edward started to think that something weird was happening. The next day, he finally found out what was going on! Her stepmother wanted him to die and get all the inheritance! But Edward didn't believe in his wife's advice. He thought that he was not hard-working enough so his stepmother was mad at him.

Every night after work, Edward and his wife reviewed what they did every day and thought of ways to improve their worsening relationship. But his stepmother still kept on thinking of plans to get rid of him.

At last, Edward's filial behavior moved the god. That's why whenever Edward was in danger, he was always feeling fine. His stepmother also realized that she was wrong all the way through. She finally owned up to her own mistakes and wicked thoughts. Kind-hearted Edward still forgave her. In the end, God even healed his father's blindness. His father was very proud of his son that he has done a very good job in solving the family conflict. Ever since then, they all lived happily and harmoniously.

An Interview with Mrs. Weird, our new English teacher

2C Kimon Thapa Pachabhaiya

Mrs. Weird is the weirdest teacher ever. She is going to be 1A Group 1 students' new English teacher. LKL Magazine has interviewed Mrs. Weird.

LKL Magazine: Mrs. Weird, why are you called 'Mrs. Weird'?

Mrs. Weird: Actually, I was called Mrs. Lancy, but some years ago I started wearing the kind of clothes that I am wearing now and everybody kept calling me 'Mrs. Weird, Mrs. Weird', so I thought it was kind of a good name, so I named myself Mrs. Weird. Don't you like my new name?

LKL Magazine: Yes, and Mrs. Weird, why do you wear a pair of high heeled shoes where one of the heels is broken?

Mrs. Weird: Well actually both of my heels were broken, but I taped one of my heels.

LKL Magazine: Mrs Weird, why do you have a scar on your left cheek?

Mrs. Weird: It is because I had an accident ten years ago. Luckily I only have a scar on my cheek.

LKL Magazine: Mrs. Weird, why do you wear your hair in two pigtails?

Mrs. Weird: It is because I like pigs and when I was small I always tied pigtails and now I like pigtails.

LKL Magazine: Mrs. Weird, why is only your left front tooth black?

Mrs. Weird: Because I always chew chocolates, candies and bubble gums with my left teeth, but I don't know why my left back teeth aren't black.

LKL Magazine: Mrs. Weird, do you like teaching English?

Mrs. Weird: Oh! I love teaching English and I love children.

LKL Magazine: Thank you Mrs. Weird for talking with us.

A Visit to Crossroads Foundation

3C Ahmad Kamaria

When our English teacher told us that we were going to experience what it is like to be poor, I was really excited. I thought it was just another field trip for me, but after the activity, this wasn't just another field trip. It was a wake up call for all of us, reminding us that there are serious poverty problems in this world. It is our responsibility and we have to do something about it instead of blindfolding our eyes and pretending we haven't seen anything. That day at Crossroads Foundation, we played a game 'The Paper Bag Simulation'. We were put into groups that were our 'family' and we had to make paper bags and sell them to shopkeepers to earn money for our rent, food, medications and toilet. We had three sessions of 10 minutes that represented 10 hours a day, for a week. The rent and food prices were really high and the food prices got higher two times each session. Just \$10 or \$20 increase in food prices increased the pressure on us to earn enough money for rent and food. After the second session, three of our family members got sick because of food poisoning, that meant they had to stand for three minutes and we had to spend money on medicines. You would say it's just three minutes, after three minutes they would go back to work, but in those three minutes we could have made more paper bags than we actually did and we could have earned more money, so those three minutes were very precious for us. At one point, we were panicking and really freaking out because we were running out of time and we still didn't have enough money for our rent. If we didn't pay our rent, we were going to be put under the bridge where the loan shark was going to control us. Thankfully we paid all of our rent and food in every session. I remember running to shopkeepers to sell our paper bags and asking them for more money. My family member Joey and I were panting so hard and we were so tired after the game. We kept running back and forth. We were so desperate because our lives were depending on the money earned by the paper bags sold. I also had to sing for a shopkeeper to get more money. All I thought was to sell as many paper bags as I could before the time was up, nothing else was on my mind.

When the game ended, I was tired but relieved. I was 'me' again, I was a normal student with nothing but only school to worry about. I was relieved when it was all over, but then I felt I was selfish. I thought to myself, 'I feel relieved right now, but all those billions of people living in poverty never feel relieved. They have to work day and night and worry about their rents and food. Some don't even get food. I had to sing for the shopkeeper but in real life they have to do horrible things not just sing to the shopkeepers.' During the game, I didn't think about my homework or my maths test. I didn't think about what I was going to do this Sunday or what movie I wanted to watch on Friday night. I didn't even get the chance to just sit and think about something else other than staying alive. I felt horrible. We hate going to school and see it as a nightmare, but for some unfortunate children, it's a dream impossible to reach. I can just go to my mom and ask for money, but poor children work hard, earn money and then give it to their parents. We have everything we need, but we still selfishly complain.

I already knew this world was full of bad people, but that day I was reminded that they weren't just bad, they were greedy and cruel. Brave sons and dads donate their organs for money but greedy people take all of their organs, killing them for money. Disgusting landlords ask mothers or daughters for their bodies in exchange for giving them more time to pay for rent. The women have no choice but to accept because their families are depending on them. For them, their dignity and pride are nothing but their family is everything for them. These people are living such hard lives while I have a perfect life. After the visit to the Crossroads, I am so grateful for what I have. I have everything. I realize that I am rich, even if my parents aren't millionaires, even if we don't have fancy cars or brand name clothes, I am rich. I have a home, a family, school to go to, TV, computer, mobile phones, a comfortable bed to sleep in, I get food three times a day. I just have everything and I'm never going to take it for granted. I want to help the unfortunate people and I hope that when I grow up, I can have the ability to help the unfortunate people. We have education and I think we should use it as a power to help the poor. We should be more grateful for what we have and stop complaining about what we don't have. I am really glad that we had this visit to Crossroads and hope to go there again.

Grandma Stevens

4E IQRA

Sitting at the beach, listening to the sound of waves splashing, watching the sky, a mixture of colors and a huge red-orange ball about to disappear behind the mountains - it was all very soothing. Smarah liked to come here; she was here again, sitting far from everyone who was in sight, lost in her own thoughts.

In a small town named Sunny Bay in Australia, there was Mrs. Stevens, Smarah's neighbor, an old lady in her late sixties. Over the years, Mrs. Stevens had become Grandma Stevens for everyone. Grandma Stevens also had a daughter, Marianne; she was in her late thirties, happily married to a guy called Mark, and mother of twin boys who were in their early teens, Josh and Larry. Marianne lived quite far from Grandma Stevens, in a town named Willowland, but she, along with Mark and twins, came to visit Grandma Stevens almost every weekend. In the rest of the days, people of the whole neighborhood made sure Grandma Stevens was alright. Every neighbor believed that it was his or her duty to look after the old lady because anyone who thought about Grandma Stevens was actually thinking about an old

woman with a kind motherly smile, to whom they could always go in the moment of need. She would help them in any way she can, even if she had no solution for their problems, she always had kind words to lift up their spirits. Everyone adored her, and she deserved nothing less than that.

Smarah still remembered how Mr. Stevens used to say, "I'm telling you Smarah dear, when Leslie married me, she actually married my whole neighborhood."

Grandma Stevens would roll her eyes but fail to hide her smile. She loved everyone in the neighborhood; even people with sour personality could also not resist the kindness of Grandma Stevens. Mr. Stevens was just as pleasant as Grandma Stevens. No one could decide who was more good natured; both of them were role models for everyone, as individuals, a couple as well as parents. Mr. Stevens' family was an exemplary family in Sunny Bay; people always talked good about them, Smarah could not remember a single negative remark which she must have heard about the Stevens.

Smarah thought about the day Mr. Stevens died. Three years ago, the whole Sunny Bay and even people from the nearby towns had come to pay their respect to the Stevens' family. After Mr. Stevens' death, Marianne had insisted that Grandma Stevens moved to Willowland with her, but Grandma Stevens refused to go. When the neighbors heard that Grandma Stevens wouldn't go, they had come to assure Marianne that they'd take good care of Grandma Stevens, and they all kept their promise.

After the death of Mr. Stevens, Smarah became even closer to Grandma Stevens, she visited her often. Grandma Stevens became Smarah's mentor, she'd guide her and advise her, she'd teach her lifelong meaningful lessons. Smarah liked to get guidance from Grandma Stevens.

Once Smarah had asked Grandma Stevens, "Granny why do you do so much for everyone? You're the kindest person I've ever known. I've never heard anything negative about you. Everyone respects you so much." Grandma Stevens smiled that motherly smile and said, "Dear child, I find comfort in helping others, I feel a sense of achievement when I see people being happy because of me. I feel peaceful while thinking that people remember me in good words. Smarah, my dear, always remember one thing, "what goes around, comes around one day." If you remember and understand this, you'll always be careful of what you do. If you expect kindness from others, offer them yours first and you'll see that one day. They'll be kind to you. And remember dear, not even a tiny good deed is wasted. One day or another, you'll be rewarded for every good you do." Smarah nodded, letting the words absorb deeply. And another time, she said to Grandma Stevens, "If anyone is in low spirits, you're the first person who comes in their mind to approach for comfort. You're a healer, Granny." "You know, Smarah honey, I believe kindness is the key to happiness. If one wants to lead a happy life, he should be kind and helpful to others.", Grandma Stevens went on, "If I get to know that I'll die tomorrow, I'll embrace the angels of death, because I've made the most of my life. I'd be happy to be able to rest and be at peace forever," Smarah's time spent with Grandma Stevens was changing her. It was a positive change. She was becoming more and more empathetic and just as Grandma Stevens had said, showing kindness to others made her happier each day. People in the neighborhood and in school began to like her even more. "You know, Granny, I feel so blessed when I see the happiness on faces of people who I help. It lifts my spirits." Smarah said to Grandma Stevens the day she had helped an old man carry the groceries for him. Grandma Stevens smiled, "God bless you."

By this time, the Sun had completely disappeared, it was getting dark. Smarah stood up, she planned to visit Grandma Stevens before going home; she hadn't visited her for two days now. As she was nearing Grandma Stevens house, Smarah saw a young boy walking, actually crippled and with great difficulty, it looked like he was hurt. He was carrying a bag which looked quite heavy. Smarah approached him and offered to carry his bag, his house was about fifteen minutes' walk away. When she handed him the bag in front of his house door. He said, "How can I thank you, I..." Smarah cut him off saying, "By helping someone else who is in need." She smiled and headed for Grandma Stevens house. The young boy, Jim watched her until she was out of sight and then opened the door to his house and went inside.

Epic Deeds

5E Ankle Ng Yan Ki

I was not an epic story, it never was.

I had not heard from him ever since we were at war months ago. If those days were meant to be cloudy, the heaviest rainstorm came when I knew he passed away due to a massive overdose of drugs.

I did not go to his funeral, I could not. I could not stand there and watch him, who was once the love of my life, being burnt to ashes and scattered to the ocean.

Not only couldn't I face his death, but I was also unable to face my life.

By pretending that I was ill (physically but not mentally because I did not have to fake that), I kept skipping school - That was the darkest moment of my life. There were some stars that shone in the darkest, gloomiest hours and led me out of the dark.

After the first week, my phone was buzzing non-stop all the time. However, I did not answer any of them as the only person to whose voice I wanted to listen was gone. All of a sudden, the bell rang and interfered with all the blues music clogged up in my house. I opened the door hesitantly, and not so surprisingly, Anna, a friend of mine showed up.

"Hey Stacie, do you feel like getting out of here and grabbing a cup of coffee with me?" To my amazement, she did not take her pity out on me and asked if I was okay just she would everyone else. After getting changed, I stepped out of the door--the 'walls' I had been building around myself from the world, for the first time of the week.

She sipped her cup of Cappuccino with an eyebrow raised, "You know what, the lady from the tuck shop got sacked because she lost all the cupcakes for the annual Christmas party."

I did not answer her, as usual.

"The entire school was shocked and really concerned about it. Well, we all know her cooking is the best, after all."

I thought I was the laughing point among all the students, which was good because the last thing I wanted was the redundant sympathy from all my dear teachers and schoolmates.

"And she came back when she baked a double amount of cupcakes on her own as a remedy."

"Well, our school hires and fires staff in an instant," I gave an ordinary response to her which was not so ordinary in that case as I broke the silence in me.

"As always," she shot me a warm grin. I never thought of Anna as a warm person but the warmth in that grin nearly melted my frozen heart. I could feel her worry for me without expressing hers in thousands of useless words.

"So, do you thncy coming back to school on Monday as a complete follow-up on this piece of gossip.!? Seeing is believing."

"Definitely," I felt a smile stretch my lips.

Being back at school was not as hard as I thought. Most of my friends did not ask about me or him for tile whole world probably knew about that. Life goes on although there had been thunderstorms and typhoons.

My teachers did not ask or give me weird stares either - the subtleties in their concern was like a warm beam of light. Like Ms. White, the music teacher, played a marathon of positive but not so cheesy songs during the lesson, claiming that it was "a special unit as an encouragement for our upcoming public exams".

"... It's always darkest before the dawn."

These were the most impressive lyrics I heard from the lesson, perhaps I needed to send all the blues music discs to the dumpster.

And there was Miss Preston, who gave us a handout of "useful proverbs" full of inspiring implications and told me to read aloud a few of them to the whole class.

"Good job, Stacie," and the class clapped their hands with lots of unspoken words.

As the school bell rang, some of my friends from another class turned up and blindfolded me.

"Stacie, it'll take a few seconds," I could see their smirks even if I could not actually see them.

As I was brought out of the dark, a cake with the words "WELCOME BACK, STACIE" popped up in front of me.

"Girls, I'm lost for words," I really was - they literally threw me a party to celebrate my comeback. As the Beatles' "Let It Be" was played as the background music, my friends hugged me one by one with their thoughtful and caring hearts.

As the tears were shed, the most vivid rainbow appeared to replace the storm. He might have been the sun of my life but there were still good people around me who guided me to a new page of life and brought me out of the 'dark age' with their good deeds.

Good deeds do not necessarily imply magnificent feats done only by heroes or heroines. As long as you are a good person, you may perform good deeds by being considerate and simply showing your care with a smile.

There are hardly epic good deeds done by epic good people - you feel a delicate part of them and together it would be epic to your life.

The End

Strive for the best- The story of Chris Lee

6E Chan Hiu Ning

In our life, we will face many challenges. Although there will be hard times and sad moments, if we can remain confident and strive for the best, we will eventually achieve our goal. It may sound like a cliché, but Chris Lee, one of the 'Person of the Year' for 2008, shows us it's true.

Chris Lee is a 25-year-old athlete. He plays basketball and is in the famous NBA basketball team. Everyone thinks that Chris is a gifted player, but he thinks his success came from his special experience. 'Success doesn't come for no reason, you have to fight for it,' Chris once said.

Chris comes from a single-parented family, his mother needed to work all day long to earn money. Chris had to take care of himself since he was very small. He went to school by himself, cooked dinner by himself and did the housework by himself. Although it seems sad to us, Chris didn't complain about it. He even considered it a way to train himself, 'My childhood gave me the chance to become independent and strong, which helped me to overcome the strict basketball training.'

However, the lack of parental care wasn't the only challenge that Chris faced. He has difficulties in reading and his academic results weren't good. Chris found it difficult to deal with the school work, especially when he went to secondary school. Chris was first fed up with the bad results and gave up for a while. That was the time when Chris did nothing but play basketball, his only interest. He didn't pay attention during the lessons, all he was thinking about was playing basketball after school.

But this period didn't last long. After about a few months, Chris started to realize he couldn't go on like that forever. 'I was confused, I knew I wanted to be a basketball player in the future, but without a good academic result, I wouldn't be able to go anywhere!' After that, he started to work on improving his studies. Every day, he stayed at school late in order to have extra lessons with the teachers. He also revised and did dozens of exercises after he went home. This was a really hard time for Chris. But with the teachers and classmates' support, his academic results greatly improved and he was able to go to a university.

With his effort and spirit, Chris could finally achieve his goal. He attended various basketball competitions and his outstanding performance was noticed by one of the judges, who is the coach of NBA. Now, Chris is training in the NBA team and he will hopefully become the first official Hong Kong player.

Chris' experience tells us that nothing is impossible. Even if there are difficulties and failures on the road to success, you can always tackle them if you work hard. Chris' problems are actually quite common in society, we may need to face them ourselves as well. Therefore, Chris can be our role model. We can look up to his confidence and hard work, and learn to solve problems in his way.

The story of Chris also inspires us to think of our future. Since he's small, Chris had already set up a goal for himself, which pushed him to work hard for his dream. We can also set up a goal for ourselves, and develop confidence and ambition to fight for the future, to strive for the best.

啊！畢業了！

一丙 吳筱琳

啊！經過了六年的努力，終於畢業了，我們要向老師和同學揮手告別！踏出學校的大門，迎接中學的生活。

在這六年，老師不斷悉心地照顧我，你們還耐心地教導，令我們有一個快樂的小學生活。記得剛升上小學的時候，我們對學校的每一樣事物都感到很陌生，幸好有老師的幫助，我們才不會感到孤獨。有時候，我們可能會犯錯，但你們不會大聲地責罵我，只會耐心地糾正我們的錯處，令我們不再重犯。在上課的時候，我們可能不明白一些詞語的解釋或課文的內容而多次舉手發問，但你們卻不厭其煩地教養我們，令我們的知識更豐富。

陪伴著我們成的人，當然也少不了我們的同學。我們曾經一起上課，玩耍，一起共度患難，一起歡笑。在不開心的時候，我們還會在身邊互相鼓勵呢！記得，我們第一次參加朗誦比賽，大家都緊張得冒汗，但我們卻互相鼓勵，雖然我們最後沒有獲得獎項，但卻增進了彼此之間的友誼。

現在我們都畢業了，大家各奔前程，升上不同的中學，離開這所陪伴了我們六年的小學，真叫人依依不捨！但畢業也印證了我們踏上另一個階段，也證明我們成長了！

家書——謝謝您的愛

三丙 劉鑽

親愛的媽媽，

● 媽媽，您養育了我整整十四年。這十四年裏您對我的無私奉獻和栽培，我都得一清二楚，我沒有忘記媽媽您如此的偉大。

● 自我出生那刻開始，您就視我為您的寶貝，您將所有的心血和期望都寄予在我身上。您為了讓我得到較良好的教育，不惜放棄您在外地的事業，帶著我來到香港發展，我來知道您來到香港並不開心，您並不適應香港步伐急促的環境，也很想念外地的外公和外婆。但您為了不讓我難過，您每天都會掛著甜美的笑容。您和爸爸的關係逐漸變得惡劣，每天吵個不停，你仍然強忍著淚水，含辛茹苦地養育我。

● 有一件事我一直歷歷在目。還記小學六年級時，很多功課都需要使用電腦，但是我們家境並不富裕，您為了我的學業著想，每天都兼顧兩份工作，由凌晨四時到深夜，每天步行到公司，午餐只吃一個麵包，為的只是想省下多一點錢，儲起來供我買電腦。您每天拖著一個疲累的身軀回來，但我卻沒有任何方法減輕您的負擔，看著您的臉上多了幾條皺紋，雙手慢慢地變粗糙，您知不知道我心裏難受得很？

● 十四年裏，我不長進也不懂事，歷年來犯下無數過錯，錯得連我自己也覺得過分，但您也循循善誘地教導我。每次我犯錯都會向你許下承諾永不再犯，您也總會滿懷希望的希望我真改過。我許下了太多的承諾，而您給予我的是無數的機會，到最後希望變成了失望。媽媽，對不起！就讓我在往後的日子裏好好彌補我的錯。

● 回顧這十四年，想起了許多往事，包括媽媽您對我歷年的愛和養育之恩。您給予我的照顧，寄予在我身上的希望和心血，我都會銘記於心，你為了女兒我實在過於操勞了，接下來的日子就讓女兒好好讀書，然後報答你。媽媽，謝謝您的愛。

女兒

敬上

二零一三年九月十三日

原來如此

四戊 徐嘉寶

四周漆黑，了無燈火，只見千億個黑影匆匆溜走，與我擦身而過，那些黑影，有我熟悉的，有我陌生的，有我曾遺忘的，我心中不禁疑惑起來。我仍繼續向前奔跑，忽然略觀四周，兩旁浮現一些零零碎碎的片段，身旁的黑影與我一樣，既不停留，也不細看，略觀罷了。我好奇回首，望見有些黑影漸漸緩慢了；有些黑影則加快了步調，甚至超越了我；而些黑影雖暫停了腳步，卻被其它黑影不停推向前。此時，我的心徒添了一份對未知的恐懼，但同時多了一股直奔向前的衝動與熱誠。我一直向前狂奔，突然有一股巨大的光芒刺耀著我，我穿過光芒，同時亦橫越了盡頭.....

晨光噉噉，刺眼的陽光透射在我的眼上。此時，我終於在睡夢中醒來。我徐徐拖著疲倦的身軀，準備上班。

其實我厭倦工作，並非因我不求上進，而是因為我在工作上諸事不順。回憶起一年前，與我一同成為工作新人的兩位同事，都紛紛升上部門主任了。而我，仍是一個卑微的小白領。我有想過放棄，得過且過地完成工作，甚至想請辭，但我實在擔憂沒有工作後的生活，於是我打消了這一個念頭，繼續做一個普通的小白領。

我每日的生活便是上班，下班，別沒其它。每天早上，在往上班的路上，總是人頭湧湧，身邊的路人都急著上班，有一些笨拙的人走得較慢，也會被人擠向前。我早已適應，但面對每日單調的生活，我真的很不甘心。我沒有目標，胸無大志，我開始想，我上班為了甚麼，我的人生是為了甚麼。

不管為了甚麼，我突然很想積極一次，努力一次。於是我拚命努力地工作，務求做到一絲不苟。這種情況維持了半年，但依然得不到賞識。有一次，聽見同事們已想好下班後的活動，我很想很想就此放棄，但一想到半年以來自己的努力，又很不捨得。就在那一天，我自覺地留在公司工作，看著桌上的文件，眼前滿佈資訊的電腦，想到同事都已離去消閒，我不禁泛起淚水。我一邊流淚，一邊工作，我很想忍住淚水，卻不成功。我立刻跑到洗手間，把我的情緒通通抒發出來。嚎啕大哭後，我稍為冷靜下來，忽然想起半年前作過的那一個夢，那個夢很奇怪，因此我記得。我記得在夢中，我不停向著有光的方向跑，一跑過了那道光，我便醒了。一直疑惑於夢的內容，但今天有所明白了。我又回到辦公室，繼續工作。

在半個月後，我收到通知，我升職了，我終於被賞識了，我很快樂。因此，我繼續不停盡心盡力地努力工作。上司不時讚賞我，看重我，更開始讓我處理一些較重要、複雜的案子。雖然我比以前辛苦很多，但我卻很開心，我似乎終於找到我人生的目標。

我佇立在街上，望著藍藍的天空，憶起那個奇怪的夢，我終於明白，那一個夢是指引著我們人生的方向。

我們的人生像一條路，路上有許多人，有你認識的，有你曾認識的，也有你遺忘的。有些人會用盡全力跑，有些人會慢慢地走，甚至有人會停下來休息，但被人逼向前。你跑得越快，離自己的目標便愈近，走得越慢，則離自己的目標越遠。

我們有時會想為自己的目標而努力，卻害怕未能達成目標，如熱愛音樂的人，他們可能會害怕音樂不能維生而放棄，但這個夢告訴我們，無論放慢步調或停下腳步，你一樣要往前行，只有這樣，你才能夠穿越目標，橫越人生。

繼續懷著熱誠，努力前行。原來，人生便是如此！

講不出的說話

五丙 吳子凝

甚麼時候我們出現了這麼一條裂痕？隨著我的成長，它漸漸擴大，成了狹逢，成了溝壑，成了懸崖。

又是甚麼時候我不再跟你盡吐心中話，話到嘴邊，又咬緊下唇把它咽回肚子裏，心藏的秘密一日復一日，可能已有整丈高了吧……

妹妹開始上學後，媽媽又回到以前沒有我們的時候一樣重新開始工作，每天見她的時候就只有一起出門，或是哪天她早了下班就能在家碰個面，我們大部分時間都是以小紙條溝通的。

從那時開始，我每天有甚麼事都可能自己解決。記得那時還小學五、六年級，我跟班上一個男生打架，說起來還真是挺幼稚，事情起因已經不太清楚了，就知道後來那男生的家長去班主任那投訴，我沒有把事情告訴媽媽，她好像也是因為工作繁忙錯過了班主任的來電。幸好也不是傷到了甚麼部位，就是手腳有點破皮。後來被班主任罰了整整一個月站，心裏特委屈，可是禍是自己闖的，拼著命也要打贏那男生，自己就當然要承受後果，這除了是自己不想麻煩媽媽，也同時不想她操心。所以就一直被她冠上一個不會讓她操心的女兒的美名，可是有時候我真的很累……

「你知道的，其實是我選擇讓你知道的，其他的你不必知，也不會知。」我想這句話應該會一直深深地刻在她心中吧。從來沒讓她費心的女兒，一升上中學就在不停的惹麻煩，成績也有了落差。「你知道甚麼？你就知道我成績不好令你沒面子，但是當初是誰不管我的能力，執意幫我選中學的？」上學期的成績表派回來了，因為成績不如她預期的一樣，我就知道回來必定又是一場暴風雨。這次我真的把她氣到了，在她心中我剛才那句會被歸納為頂嘴，更會覺得我沒悔意。

我不是不知道語言傷害比任何也來得重，可是當氣在頭上，很多具傷害的話都會衝口而出，把你傷得遍體鱗傷。每當我冷靜下來都想跟你說聲對不起，可是自己就是要面子的要命，結果次次都告吹。

對峙的懸崖上，站著我們，明明大家就在眼前，但卻相隔萬丈深溝。想對你說的有很多，但能衝破關口的就只有那沒經大腦思考，衝口而出的令你傷心的妄言。



講不出的說話

五丁 傅穎霖

我再次回到家鄉，老巷中一依舊，可我卻懷著忐忑的心情站在家前，不敢推門而進。

兩年前的一夜，我們吵得臉紅耳赤。我堅持要去學廚，你卻固執地要我繼續升學，我們各自站在自己的立場，不肯卻步。我們之間的感情就如一條拉扯得極繃緊的弦線，稍一碰便會斷掉。那夜我趁著你睡覺偷了你數千元，慌忙地收拾行李，落荒地逃離了，逃離了這個家。我張開雙臂，向天空大叫：「再見了老頑固！我終於離了你的束縛！」每次與你吵架時，我都想與你講這些話，可看見你怒髮衝冠，充滿威嚴的臉，我又會把它吞下肚，成了講不出的說話。



沒多久我到了一間餐廳學廚，在勞碌完一天回家後，我總希望桌上會有一碗冒著煙的熱湯。我太善忘了，忘記了你已不在我身邊。夜裏再不會有人怕我著涼，為我蓋被了。月圓人合，在中秋佳節，父母牽著孩子的手欣賞花燈，可我卻隻身孑孓著，與你分隔二地。

我開始害怕我們從此會如風中的轉蓬，各自奔向渺茫，再不相見。有好幾次我提起了電話，想跟你說：「我想念你了，可以原諒我嗎？」但我又怕你不肯原諒我，令我最後的希望也破滅。於是我放下電話，成了講不出的說話。

大街上，一個老人迎面而來，夕陽的餘暉速寫著他臉上的蒼老嶙峋。我不禁想起你。你也已經在不知不覺間老去了，腿腳再不利索。沒有我在身旁，在你風濕時，會否有人替你捶骨？那夜，我乘上了夜火車回家。

於是，我站在門前苦苦思忖著要對你講的話。「請原諒我的任性及不成熟。」這兩年來我不斷反思，從我呱呱落地的一刻，你便一直悉心照顧著我。你想我繼續升學，讓之後的道路便坦順。我很感謝你的付出、關心。但我想追逐我的夢想，我希望你能理解，見證我當上一個成功的廚師，品嚐我用心為你煮的菜。

我鼓起勇氣推開門，映在我眼簾是桌上冒著煙的熱湯。你的眼神閃過一絲驚訝，然後又回復從前的溫柔，彷彿甚麼都未曾發生。「你累了，快喝湯吧！」我強忍眼淚，喝下了熱湯，喝下一肚溫暖。我緊緊抱著你，哽咽著，說不出話來，但我想你也能從我們緊抱著的溫暖中感受到我講不出的說話吧，謝謝你，父親。

唐老師，我最敬愛的老師

六丙 梁蕙淇

偶爾經過那條馬路，唐老師的背影彷彿展現在眼前，揮之不去。直到現在，我仍記起那場大雨，使我反思的一場大雨。

唐老師任教我班的中文科，有著高挑的身材，五官端正，經常對同學微笑打招呼，在眾多的女教師中尤其突出，在校內有著很高人氣。可是，我與校內一般女生不同，對於他經常向著同學微笑打招呼的行為並沒有好感，反覺得他惺惺作態，故意裝作友善。

在某一節中文課堂，唐老師教授課本期間，一隻暗黑色的蠍子靜悄悄地爬進我們班房內，嚇得同學們都跳起來尖叫，尖叫声此起彼落。正當同學準備用厚重的書本擲死它之際，唐老師頓然大聲喝止同學，我們全都呆定定的看著他，只見唐老師臉上的笑容消失了，換來的是嚴厲尖銳的目光盯著那位同學，著意他放下書本，繼續上課。

那一節的中文課，蠍子早已不見了蹤影，但唐老師臉上那嚴厲的神情直至下課仍未消去，亦沒有向我們解釋他為什麼要嚴厲喝止同學的行為。

我百思不得其解，唐老師為什麼為了一隻微小的昆蟲而嚴厲的喝止同學。

直到後來——那一場大雨，我才恍然大悟。

那是一個下著滂沱大雨的黃昏，街上行人都提著雨傘，踏過街上的污水急忙地回家。我拿著沉甸甸的書本，撐著雨傘回家途中，在馬路旁邊看見唐老師滿身濕透，幫助一名露宿者收拾個人物品及紙箱。途人經過他們身邊並沒有停下來協助他們，任憑他們受到雨水的洗禮，不屑一顧的冷漠地急步走過他們的身旁。

縱然途人的冷漠，雨點無情的打在唐老師的背上，唐老師臉上那一掛笑容從未消去。

我緩緩地走近他們，唐老師察見我的身影，微笑道：「快點回家吧，很大雨呢！」我把雨傘湊近到他們，看著唐老師原本白亮亮的襯衣，都被雨水及泥濘弄到滿身骯髒。我不發一言，默默地站在唐老師身後。滂沱大雨，唐老師並沒有如其他途人般冷漠地沒有伸出援手，毫不介意雨水沾污衣服，只為了幫助這位露宿者。

頓然間，我明白了。

相比其他人眼中，那隻蠍子和那位露宿者對他們而言並沒有什麼價值，可以隨意地了結它的生命、肆意地忽視他的存在。但唐老師比起一般庸俗的眼光更懂得尊重他們，更懂得去憐憫我們一直忽視的事物。我在唐老師身上找到功利社會中漸漸消失的不忍之心。相比途人，還有我，他帶著惻隱之心去面對社會，仍然抱持著這種難可貴的心。

我俯下身子，向唐老師遞上紙巾，默默為唐老師打傘。相比唐老師，我是多麼的無知可笑，我連對一條小小的昆蟲都沒有憐憫之心，對於露宿者更抱著漠視的態度。假若我沒有遇見唐老師，也許我會如途人們般，冷漠地經過露宿者旁邊。我站在唐老師身旁更感無地自容了。

雨水依舊嘩啦啦地落下，我看著唐老師的身影，卻看見中國文化中「仁」的表現——由社會上的弱勢社群以至於毫不起眼的小昆蟲，唐老師都憐憫他們，以身作則地樹立良好榜樣。

唐老師不只授課本上的知識，他那份崇高的情義更令我明白到做人處世的態度。我開始改變對唐老師的看法，他那份難得的惻隱之心，使我更對他昂起了敬愛之情。

我感激那場大雨，深深打在我心。

己所不欲，勿施於人

六戊 陳曉寧

「促請政府盡快落實擴建堆填區！」、「消滅垃圾，政府有責！」、「反對垃圾徵費！」此起彼落的叫喊聲從我身處的隊伍中傳出。今天的天氣晴朗，鮮紅的橫額在藍天映襯下如一群振翅高飛的候鳥。隊伍正以緩慢的速度前進，但我們的心情卻無一不是亢奮的。我跟隨大隊竭力呼叫口號，高舉旗幟的手臂堅定得像一根結實的旗桿。反對！反對！強烈的訴求不僅僅是我口中吐出的話語，更是我心中的真實的感受。

今天是我人生第一次參加遊行。自政府宣佈堆填區快將飽和，需徵收垃圾處理費後，不少市民便表達了強烈不滿，而我亦是其中之一。每當看見那列印著惱人數字的收費通知和電視上政府官員那一張張似是複製出來的無可奈何嘴臉，我便會氣憤不已。處理垃圾不是政府一直以來的責任麼？難道現連丟棄物品也付錢了？然而比起政府，那些反對擴建堆填區的傢伙卻更叫我火冒三丈。因為他們自私的決定，全港市民也被牽連受罪了。不就是街道臭一點、車子多一點麼？一想起那些可惡的居民哭喪著臉訴說著那些臭味如何毀掉他們的生活時，充斥著怨憤的血液便會直衝腦袋，令我巴不得把他們狠狠罵一頓。

抑壓多時的情感有如燒紅的鐵材般，在猛烈陽光照耀下更見熾熱了。我們四周均擠滿了大汗淋漓的示威者，他們臉上、頸上的汗珠閃閃發亮，衣服更是沾濕了一大片。眼前的景象雖令我感到十分悶熱，但我卻沒有絲毫不滿。我覺得自己彷彿是一隊革命軍的一員，我們義正詞嚴的言論將震撼政府總部，我們所踏出的每一步均會協助我們反抗無理的政策，我們將會勝利！

正當我沉醉在這莊嚴而火熱的氣氛時，前方的隊伍忽爾停了下來，甚至連高喊著口號也被調低音量了。藍色的旗幟在街道另一方出現，有如一朵朵烏雲阻隔了飛鳥的去路。「支持政府垃圾徵費」，「減少垃圾，人人有責」等言語猶如炸彈般在我們前方爆發。我看不清前方，但已確能認他們是反對擴建堆填區的傢伙。無數「噓」聲立刻從我四周傳出，蓋過了他們的荒誕言論。

與我們敵對的遊行人士不甘示弱，七嘴八舌地反駁起來，但不久又被我們的辱罵掩蓋了。我叫喊著平常從未有機會表達的斥責，激動得面紅耳赤。他們的意見在我耳中成了比夢囈還要無稽的瘋語。在口角過後，前方的人們開始互相推撞。我們像愛逞強的小孩般隨波逐流地推著、喊著、走著，竟漸漸失去起初興奮心情。

我究竟是為了甚麼而抗爭呢？堆填與垃圾徵費的問題在遊行的熱度下漸漸溶化，只剩下模糊的略影。在雙方推撞下，我被逼至牆角，被人群阻礙的視線終於能看清楚局面；藍色和紅色的橫額成了地上的碎紙片，決心守衛家園、支持徵費的遊行人士激動地訴說著由衷的話語，卻換來反對者無情的指罵與恥笑。剛才心中那彷彿正進行革命的高昂情緒這時一掃而空——此刻我們已經不是在表達訴求，而只是單純阻止別人表達訴求罷了。

衝突隨著警方的介入而結束。走出警署，熾熱的太陽早已離開，陣陣晚風吹來倒也令人覺得爽快。今天的遊行本應令我感到亢奮，但我現在心中卻是不感半分愉快。儘管我已漸漸走遠警署，但那裏面「警察阻礙言論自由！」、「你們沒有權拘捕我們！」的聲音仍依稀可聞，胸口感到異常迷惘，彷彿過去的激憤從未存在似的。

走著走著，一股難聞的味道悄然無聲地闖進了我的鼻孔。我朝旁邊一看，這才發現自己不知不覺走近了一個垃圾站。臭氣愈發濃烈，有如一幅嘔吐物的特寫。我捂著鼻子快速走過，這才算活了過來。說不定嚇人的惡臭真能毀掉人的生活呢。

傍晚的涼風吹散了臭氣，卻沒法驅趕我心中沉重而複雜、難以言喻的感受。「己所不欲，勿施於人」，這從來只屬於聖人的言論，我今天竟真切地感受到了。不想為垃圾問題負責任、不想表達訴求時不受尊重……一直以來我們都在埋怨自己受到不公平對待，但卻又一直不自覺地把這些「不欲」加諸在他人身上，讓他們遭受比自己更不公平的對待。不安與內疚慢慢在我心中萌芽。這下，我總算是醒悟過來了。

是否有補救方法呢？我抬頭望著天空，主意竟蜂擁而至，彷彿它們一直存在於我的腦海中，只消我實行罷了。先從回收報紙、塑膠瓶等開始吧！有了這麼一個目標，前方的路愈走愈分明，天也好像亮起來了。